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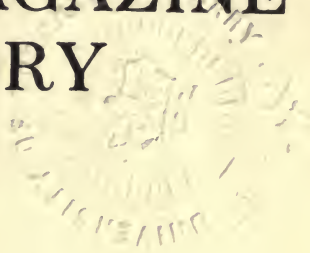
VOL. II 1918-1919

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



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PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by MILO M. QUAIFE, Superintendent

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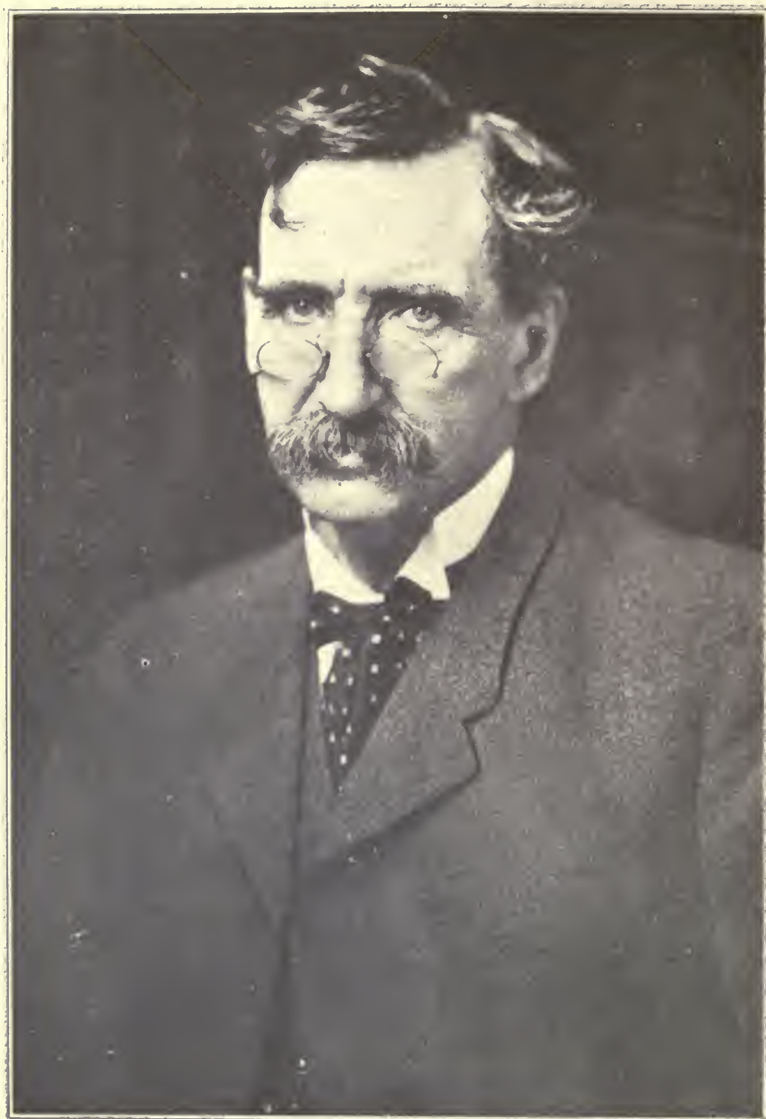

WILLIAM DEMPSTER HOARD, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, 1888-90

From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

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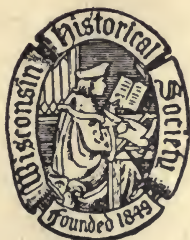

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THE BENNETT LAW IN WISCONSIN

Louise Phelps Kellogg

The political significance of the Bennett Law agitation has long been a matter of record. German-American opposition to the law's provisions completely overturned the government of Wisconsin in the year 1890, elected a Democratic governor and legislature, sent in the succeeding years two Democratic senators and several Democratic representatives to Congress, and gave Wisconsin's vote to Grover Cleveland at his second election in 1892. The social significance of the agitation is realized only in connection with the present world crisis, and with Wisconsin's share in the nation's war upon Germany. The conditions of Wisconsin's German settlements, as revealed by the Bennett Law discussion, have an important bearing upon our present problems.

The Bennett Law was simply a compulsory educational law designed to prevent nonattendance and truancy in the schools, and child labor in the factories. In 1879 a compulsory school law had been placed upon the statute books. Its inefficacy was revealed by the biennial report for 1887-88 of Superintendent of Public Instruction Jesse B. Thayer. He called attention to the proportional decrease in public school attendance as compared with the state's increase of population.[1] The numbers of children in the private and parochial schools he had not succeeded in obtaining. Statistics were produced during the Bennett Law campaign to show that from 40,000 to 50,000 children of the state, between the ages of seven and fourteen, attended no school. The extent of the state's illiteracy was thus called to the attention of the officials, whereupon Governor William D. Hoard in his first annual message of 1889 to the state legislature used these

[1] *Biennial Report of the State Superintendent of the State of Wisconsin for the years 1887-88* (Madison, 1888), 17-20.

words, which have become historic: "The child that is, the citizen that is to be, has a right to demand of the State that it be provided as against all contingencies, with a reasonable amount of instruction in common English branches. Especially has it a right to demand that it be provided with the ability to read and write the language of this country. In this connection I would recommend such legislation as would make it the duty of county and city superintendents to inspect all schools for the purpose and with the authority to require that reading and writing in English be daily taught therein." [2]

In response to the governor's recommendation a bill was introduced into the Assembly whose provisions were less drastic than the measures proposed by the message. The bill did not provide for inspection of private and parochial schools; in fact it made no reference of any kind to these institutions. It merely required the attendance of every child between the ages of seven and fourteen upon some school, in the district where he resided, for not less than twelve weeks, subject to a fine or penalty imposed upon the parents for noncompliance. The enforcement of this provision was placed in the hands of the local school boards, who were given discretionary powers where physical or mental conditions rendered noncompliance inexpedient or impracticable. In section five it was declared that "no school shall be regarded as a school unless there shall be taught therein, as part of the elementary education of children, reading, writing, arithmetic and United States history, in the English language." Other sections provided against truancy and the employment of child labor. No person, apparently, saw anything about the bill obnoxious to any class of the population. It went through the usual routine of the legislative factory and was introduced into the Assembly by Michael John Bennett, of Iowa County, chairman of the house committee on education. Several hundred copies of the bill had been sent beforehand to prominent

[2] *Message* of Governor William D. Hoard, Jan. 10, 1889, p. 17.

educators of the state, none of whom perceived in the proposed measure anything in the least detrimental to our educational systems.[3] There was no division on the question in the Assembly, and the bill passed without a dissenting vote.

The Senate committee on education was presided over by Christian Widule, a Milwaukee German-American, member of the Lutheran church, and a legislator of experience. He saw nothing objectionable to his constituents in the bill, and its passage in the Senate was like that in the Assembly, unopposed. Governor Hoard affixed his signature April 18, 1889, and the bill passed apparently into the limbo of routine laws, unnoted by the community at large.

After the law became an issue between the two political parties of the time, attempts were made to ascertain its parentage. Its opponents claimed that they were fighting "outside interference" with Wisconsin affairs, that the bill was framed by parties from the East, who were trying to foist "nativism" or "know-nothingism" upon the Middle West. In corroboration of their contention they pointed to the Illinois law passed in the same year, with almost the identical provisions of the Bennett Law.

Its supporters, on the other hand, insisted that the bill originated among Milwaukee Germans, and was introduced chiefly to prevent child labor, that its compulsory features were adapted from the legislation of other states by Robert Luscombe, a Milwaukee attorney, and that the measure was submitted to many representative Milwaukee Germans, before being sent to the legislature at Madison.[4]

Whatever is the truth about the authorship of the law, it is plain that its obnoxious character was not discovered until some time after its passage, and that this character was first revealed to the community by the protests of German reli-

[3] Letter of Assemblyman M. J. Bennett printed in Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Oct. 28, 1889, to reply to the charge that the bill was "railroaded" through the legislature by unfair tactics.

[4] Chicago *Herald*, March 9, 1890, copied in Madison *Democrat*, March 11. See also Milwaukee *Sentinel*, March 13, 1890.

MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE GERMAN SETTLEMENTS IN WISCONSIN, BASED ON THE CENSUS OF 1880

gious bodies, interested in the maintenance of parochial schools. In order to understand the extent and importance of the opposition evoked, it will be necessary to analyze briefly the factors in the German settlement of Wisconsin.

There is a general impression that the earliest and most influential, if not the largest body of German immigrants to Wisconsin, belonged to the class now known as "intelligentia," the liberal and educated men who escaped from Germany because of political persecution after the unsuccessful Revolution of 1848. This class, known as "Forty-eighters," and represented to the Nation at large by Carl Schurz and his compeers, comprised but a small section of Wisconsin Germans, and although much before the public, was less influential with contemporary German-Americans than has been commonly supposed.

The earliest groups of Wisconsin Germans left the fatherland to escape religious rather than political persecution, and that not because they were more progressive, but because they were more conservative than their contemporaries in the prevailing state churches of their several localities.[5] Moreover, the emigration was arranged and conducted by the pastors of congregations, which settled as colonies upon large areas of Wisconsin's public land.[6] Even after persecution had ceased in Germany, congregational groups, closely knit by religious and social similarity, usually headed by their pastors, continued to emigrate and to build on Wisconsin soil a village for each group with a church and school similar to those in the home land.[7] Thus in the New World German communities were reproduced with the institutions and atmosphere of the German home, where their former language, customs, and modes of thought were perpetuated.

[5] William H. Whyte, "The Settlement of Lebanon, Dodge County" in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings,* 1915, 99-110.

[6] Mrs. Kate Everest Levi, "Geographical Origins of Wisconsin Germans," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* XIV, 342-51.

[7] Kate A. Everest, "How Wisconsin Came by Its Large German Element," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* XII, 333.

This method of settlement with its close community life should be studied in relation to the geographical distribution of the German population of the state.[8] The most of the German-Americans were in 1880 grouped in the lake-shore counties, and those directly back of them, Jefferson, Dodge, Fond du Lac, Marquette, Green Lake, Winnebago, and Outagamie, with a contiguous northern spur in Shawano and Marathon counties. The German settlers of the state thus formed a fairly solid block of population, extending from Milwaukee northward along the lake shore to Green Bay, westward to Rock River, and northward along the upper Wisconsin, in a remarkably compact geographical unit.

The solidarity of Wisconsin German settlement is still better understood when the origin of the groups in the homeland is studied. Some years ago a very careful survey was made of the regions from which the German immigrants to Wisconsin came.[9] In this study it is disclosed that by far the larger portion of them, especially those forming the compact eastern geographical unit, emigrated from North Germany and from those provinces that are a part of the kingdom of Prussia. Moreover they were from the part of Prussia—Pomerania, Posen, West Prussia—that constitutes the very heart and center of junkerdom, where are located the vast feudal estates of the Prussian nobility, the laborers and villagers of which are still held in a kind of serfdom under the domination of church and state. Thus a large number of Wisconsin immigrants had long been under the dominion of a feudal caste, and had been rendered docile and subservient to superiors, whether of church or state, by long centuries of subordination.[10] Having by immigration freed themselves from the overlordship of the nobles, they turned to the advice and assistance of their pastors, and docilely yielded to the leadership of the Church. Thus was

[8] See map on page 6, reproduced and adapted from that in *ibid,* 304.
[9] *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* XIV, 341-93.
[10] *Ibid,* 348, 351-52.

developed a clannish spirit and a strong desire to perpetuate Old World surroundings, customs, and habits in the New. These immigrants came to America for economic, not for social freedom. They desired Americanization, only in so far as it was necessary to make a living.[11] Settled in German communities, they came in slight contact with Americans. They clung with much tenacity to the habits, customs, and language of the fatherland, and their purpose was to keep their children in the same social structure and under the same régime of isolation and tutelage in which they were themselves. Thus grew up a "Germandom" [12] in the heart of Wisconsin—a body of people speaking only the German language, maintaining the customs and culture of their first home, and supporting at least a sentimental and spiritual connection with European Germany.

The bulk of the North Germans were of the Lutheran faith; their churches and the schools attached to them were the center of their system of "Germandom." The tendency of the younger generation was to break away from the home customs, to learn the English language, to mingle and assimilate with the youth of the land wherein they were born. The Lutheran Church and the parochial school system were the bulwarks on which the older people relied to maintain their racial exclusiveness. It frequently happened that in the smaller communities the parents were more Americanized than the children. Instances were cited during the Bennett Law discussion, of English-speaking fathers, natives of Germany, whose children, born in Wisconsin, knew only Ger-

[11] *Sentinel,* Aug. 8, 1899; an opponent of the Bennett Law wrote, "The average German did not come to the United States to be Americanized."

[12] The word "Germandom," constantly employed by the American press during the Bennett Law discussion, is a translation of the German word "Deutschthum." An adherent of this doctrine was called a "Germanist." The *Reformer,* German labor organ (cited in the *Sentinel* Oct. 25, 1889), said, "The Germanists or German Know-nothings must not be permitted to form a state within a state. * * * A man may be both a German and a good American citizen, but can he be a good American citizen and a Germanist?"

man.[13] This was the condition of affairs that the Bennett Law was designed to modify.

With the emigrants from South Germany, conditions were somewhat different. Their settlements were more scattered, and more in contact with Americans. The outlying German groups, for instance those in Sauk and Buffalo counties, were South Germans. But they were nearly all Catholics, and the priests in charge of their congregations were, as a rule, German born. In 1889 the archbishop of Milwaukee, and the bishops of the two dioceses of Green Bay and La Crosse were natives of Germany. Most of the Catholic parochial schools were taught in German, and the anti-Bennett Law agitation brought about the phenomenal union of Lutherans and Catholics upon a single platform. The Catholic opposition to the law was in its inception less pronounced, and on the whole was less aggressive than the Lutheran. This was doubtless due to non-German elements in the Catholic Church, especially to the English-speaking Irish. It was not until March 12, 1890, that the three prelates of the state issued a formal manifesto against the Bennett Law, and that the whole force of the Catholic hierarchy was employed to obtain its repeal.

Quite different was the attitude of the liberal-thinkers in religious matters, who deplored the limited vision of both Catholics and Lutherans. Most of these "free-thinkers" were members of the Turnvereins, which as a rule were pronouncedly in favor of the Bennett Law. A considerable number of the "intelligentia" were, however, owners or editors of the German press. As such they were interested in maintaining not only a sentimental attachment for things German, but also the habitual use of the German language. The too rapid growth of the knowledge of English

[13] Letter from Stevens Point, dated Feb. 5, 1890, printed in *Sentinel*, Feb. 7. In issue of *ibid*, Feb. 12, a German-American argued that there was no necessity of learning English, since in many communities of the state only German was used, and it was almost universally understood.

meant a decrease in subscriptions and a consequent loss of income. Thus prudential motives led German editors, with a few notable exceptions, to regard the Bennett Law with suspicion, and to consider it a curtailment of personal liberty.[14] The same kind of motives explains in part the attitude of the educated clergy. These churchmen recognized in the English requirements of the Bennett Law the beginning of the end of German language schools and churches. They considered the law the "entering wedge," in a process that would end in the disuse of the German language, and the termination of their own usefulness. Thus, for the most part they were unable to reason calmly about the provisions of the Law.

A study of the Bennett Law agitation throws into relief the social and historical conditions of the larger number of German communities in Wisconsin. These communities, both urban and rural, were settled around a church and a parochial school, conducted largely in German. That language was the habitual one. German books alone were read, German songs were constantly sung, and the newspapers read by the people were printed in German.[15] As distance lent enchantment to the scenes of early life, Wisconsin Germans dwelt with ever-increasing fondness upon the ways of the fatherland; their dearest hopes were to rear their children with a similar attachment, and to impress them with the superiority of things German over things American.

After the founding of the empire in 1871, to the idyllic memories of early life was added a pride in the recent achievements of Germany. Thereafter in some quarters, a touch of the arrogance that has in recent years irritated the world against the Teuton appeared in the utterances of Wisconsin Germans. Occasionally one boldly stated that it was hoped

[14] See an interesting discussion on the difficulty of Americanizing well-educated German immigrants in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings,* 1897, 105-106.

[15] The value of the German press as a stage in the process of Americanization should be recognized. These papers brought much information about American life and customs to the attention of those who could not read English. See *ibid,* 112.

that the Germans would remain a distinct class in the United States, that they and their posterity would constitute a separate and perhaps a superior element in the great current of American life.[16] As the national pride grew the determination to maintain a "Germandom" in America grew likewise. This determination was stimulated by recalling the services to America of historic German-Americans. The exploits of De Kalb, Herkimer, and Muhlenberg in the Revolution were dwelt upon; the heroism of the Civil War veterans of German birth was constantly recalled. Wherever a man of German ancestry (and they are many) had rendered distinguished services to America, his name became a household word.[17]

Along with this pride of race grew the pride of language. "Hold fast to the German customs and manners and the dear mother tongue," was the adjuration oftenest addressed to the German voters of Wisconsin.[18] Dwelling upon this subject brought out the declaration that German was not a "foreign" language in America. "Having been spoken for centuries by a not inconsiderable number of the population of the Old Colonies and of the revolutionary heroes, and at present by millions of the inhabitants of the States and Territories—it is no more a *foreign* language than the English language, which like the German was not spoken by the natives of this Country, but was imported from foreign lands." [19] When the term "German-American" was used, the hyphenated word "English-American" was applied to the other members of the community. Attempts to introduce the English language

[16] Summary of an article from the *Germania*, published in the *Sentinel*, Dec. 27, 1889.

[17] October 6, 1890, during the heat of the gubernatorial campaign, a German-American day was celebrated in many districts of the state. In Milwaukee huge floats pictured the first settlement at Germantown, Pennsylvania, the deeds of Herkimer, Muhlenburg, and other Revolutionary heroes. Both Candidates Hoard and Peck spoke to the assembled concourse.

[18] *Germania*, March 28, 1890.

[19] Christ. Koerner, *The Bennett Law and the German Parochial Schools* (Milwaukee, 1890), 10. This was a campaign pamphlet now preserved in the Wisconsin Historical Library.

were labeled as efforts of "nativism," a revival of the "Know-nothing" enmity to recent comers from Europe. It was into communities imbued with such ideas of German life in America that the Bennett Law came with an awakening shock of danger. They met it by direct action with such unanimity that the entire body politic was aroused, and a political campaign unlike any other in the history of the state ensued.

The German voters had for years constituted the great bulwark of the Republican party in Wisconsin. The earliest German immigrants were Democrats, but during the agitation of the slavery issue they rapidly became Free Soilers, and about 1856 they nearly all united with the Republican party.[20] They supported the party of freedom and union throughout the Civil War, and Governor Edward Salomon, of German birth, carried the state safely through the darkest and stormiest period of that conflict. Thenceforward the Republican leaders counted upon an almost solid German vote. During the reforms of the first Cleveland administration some of the German intellectuals became Democrats because of their civil service and tariff reform principles; but the great mass of the German-Americans in Wisconsin, through their very conservatism, clung tenaciously to the party to which they had for a generation belonged. Nothing but what they considered an attack upon their churches, schools, and language could have carried them en masse from one party into that of the opposition. Before outlining the steps by which this result was achieved, it will be necessary to define the position of the German press of Milwaukee, which was chiefly instrumental in conducting the anti-Bennett Law campaign.

There were in 1889 four daily papers published in the German language—the *Arbeiterszeitung* (after December, 1889, the *Volkszeitung,* when it had absorbed the *Tägliche Reformer*), the organ of the labor and Socialist element; the

[20] Ernest Bruncken, "Political Activity of Wisconsin Germans, 1854-60" in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings,* 1901, 190-211.

Freie Presse (which in January, 1890, became the *Abend Post*); the *Herold;* and the *Seebote.* Of these the first two supported the Bennett Law, the last two opposed it. The *Seebote* was an independent Democratic sheet owned and edited by ex-Congressman P. V. Deuster. It came into the contest as a Democratic organ, and strongly upheld parental rights and personal liberty. The *Herold* was a strong Republican paper, the founder of which, W. W. Coleman, had died in 1888. His son, Edgar W. Coleman, hesitated long between the traditions of the party and those of the language. October 14, 1889, the *Sentinel* in an editorial stated, "After sitting on the fence for several months and watching the controversy concerning the Bennett law, our neighbor, *The Herold,* softly gets down on the side of its opponents." The three most influential German weeklies were the *Germania,* the *Columbia* and the *Excelsior.* The latter two were Catholic organs; the *Germania* was the official Lutheran paper. The editor of the latter was George Koeppen, a highly-educated man and an able penman. Its legal editor, Christ. Koerner, was the leader of the anti-Bennett Law forces. It was in the pages of the *Germania* that the contest was begun, and it was in great part due to its influence that the opponents of the law were successful.

The first mutterings of the storm were heard in June, 1889. Two German synods in session respectively at Portage and Sheboygan passed resolutions denouncing the educational law passed at the late session of the legislature as an attack upon German churches, schools, language, and press.[21] June 20-25 the Evangelical Lutheran synod of Wisconsin met at St. Peter's Church, Milwaukee. On the latter date resolutions were passed declaring that the new school law was oppressive and tyrannical, that its enforcement threatened the existence of the synod's schools and churches, and that it

[21] Milwaukee *Journal,* June 15-18, 1889.

ought to be repealed.[22] A committee of six prominent pastors, editors, and professors was appointed to take steps to carry these resolutions into effect; this committee first suggested that the Germans of the state should "emphasize their declaration at the ballot-box."[23] July 27, a German pastor wrote of "crushing the Republican party" if it did not yield to the demand for repeal.[24] These threats of political action, however, were in the early stages of the discussion merely sporadic; the committees first proposed that the law be ignored, and if prosecution ensued, its constitutionality be tested in the state supreme court.[25]

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* was the first newspaper to take up the challenge thrown down by the champions of the Lutheran Church. It sent Henry E. Legler, then a member of its staff, to visit the parochial schools of Milwaukee; his report proved that the Lutheran schools of the metropolis were well within the law, which had no application to institutions wherein English was taught for twelve weeks of the year.[26] It was this report and the subsequent editorial comment that forced the issue into the light of day. It was the language requirement to which the church authorities objected. The Milwaukee schools were by no means typical of parochial schools throughout the state. Case after case came to light in the subsequent discussion of children born and reared in Wisconsin who were unable to speak a word of English.[27] From Manitowoc came the statement that not one in ten of the parochial schools in that county taught a word of English.[28] It was asserted that even public schools in the thickly settled German districts were conducted wholly in German.[29] In fact, said the Manitowoc County *Chronicle,*

[22] *Sentinel,* June 25, 1889.
[23] *Journal,* June 24 and 25, 1889.
[24] *Sentinel,* July 27, 1889.
[25] *Ibid,* July 15; *Journal,* July 9, 1889.
[26] *Sentinel,* July 1, 2, 3, 7, and 8, 1889.
[27] *Ibid,* Sept. 21; Oshkosh *Times,* Nov. 8, 1889.
[28] Manitowoc *Pilot,* reprinted in *Sentinel,* July 5, 1889.
[29] *Sentinel,* Nov. 27, 1889.

"strike the two words *in English* from the law and not a churchman in the State could be found to raise his voice against it." [30]

During the heat of the contest each political party accused the other of having brought on the conflict. In truth neither Republicans nor Democrats were eager to bring the Bennett Law into the political arena; it was the situation itself that forced the issue. The methods of the two parties were necessarily different: the Republicans sought to soothe, convince, and persuade; the Democrats sought to avoid the issue. Thus the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* leading organ of the party in power and chief supporter of Governor Hoard, filled its columns with simple, reasonable, well-written editorials urging the need of the law, the harmlessness of its provisions, the ease with which its requirements might be met, and the advantages that would ensue to the Germans themselves and their children from its enforcement. The Madison *Democrat,* on the other hand, throughout the critical summer and autumn of 1889 carefully avoided all mention of a subject that was agitating the minds of nine-tenths of the people of Wisconsin. The Democratic Milwaukee *Journal,* edited by Lucius W. Nieman, raised other issues, largely ignored the Bennett Law, and as late as December 26, 1889, wrote "It is amusing to read the efforts [of the Republican papers] to convince the public that the Democrats are making the Bennett Law a political issue." None the less the Democratic leaders had by this time begun with a quiet astuteness to make approaches to the German voters. Not to appear too anxious was for a time their best policy. They were not ready, as a German Democrat of Oshkosh stated, "to barter off the common school system to carry a caucus." [31] They preferred to throw the onus of the law's passage upon the Republican legislature, and to await the turn of events for the moment to declare against the law.

[30] Reprinted in *Ibid,* Oct. 4, 1889.

[31] Article by Charles W. Felker, of Oshkosh, printed in the *Sentinel,* March 6, 1890.

Governor Hoard, on the other hand, less astute and more outspoken, attempted to defend the law in several speeches made during the autumn of 1889 at farmers' institutes and county fairs. It was asserted by some that the country Germans were favorable to the law, and that the opposition existed only in the religious press at Milwaukee.[32] It was known that Hoard had not been in 1888 the chosen candidate of the Republican State Central Committee, and politicians saw in his championship of the Bennett Law an attempt to secure his renomination in 1890. He spoke enthusiastically about the "little schoolhouse" as a watchword to rally the people to his standard. No one who reads the speeches of the campaign can doubt the governor's sincerity, or his enthusiasm for the cause of popular education. The Republican managers, less courageous and more weatherwise, attempted to restrain his ardor in the interests of prudence. November 11, 1889, Governor Hoard wrote a letter to Hon. John Luchsinger, of Monroe, stating his position on the Bennett Law. The latter retained the letter for several days fearing its contents were calculated to arouse a storm of criticism. November 28, Mr. Luchsinger received from Henry C. Payne, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, a request to have the communication printed.[33] November 30, it appeared simultaneously in the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* the Madison *State Journal,* and other prominent Republican papers. In it Governor Hoard gave at some length his en-

32. Milwaukee *Journal,* Oct. 21, 1889.

33. The letter of Payne has never before been made public. It was recently presented to the Society by Mr. Luchsinger. It reads:

Milwaukee, Nov. 28th, 1889.

Friend Luchsinger

I understand Gov. Hoard has written a letter to you giving his views of the "Bennett Law" at length.

I write this to request that you will publish the letter in your local paper [it first appeared in the Monroe *Sentinel*] and send a marked copy to Horace Rublee of Sentinel—

Gov. Hoard assents to this, and I hope you will do it—you can publish it without making your name public if you prefer.

Yours truly
H C Payne

dorsement of the Bennett Law, enlarged upon its benevolent character in the interests of immigrant children, and closed by asserting that the law would not be made an issue in the next election unless it was forced into the campaign by its opponents.

The effect of this communication was not at all what had been hoped by the Republican leaders. Instead of allaying it increased the storm of opposition. Sarcastic references appeared in the German and the Democratic papers to the governor's solicitude for the "poor little German boy," which was so much greater than that of the child's parents. The term "parental rights" became a watchword of the campaign. It was soon evident that the German Republicans would demand the repeal of the law as the price of their adherence to the party.

The champions of Anti-Bennettism had already begun to threaten a measure of "frightfulness," to apply the term to a political method. The *Columbia* on November 17, 1889, said, "Perhaps it would be well for German blows to be felt in Wisconsin." At a meeting held December 27, 1889, at the home of Pastor Bading of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Milwaukee, Colonel Conrad Krez, a recently deposed Democratic official, was reported to have said, "The law is tyrannical * * * We want to be understood that we are the state! We pay the officials, the governor, the legislature. * * * The Germans only want their rights as they have had them heretofore; if they suffer them to be taken away from them, then they are not worthy to speak the language of Luther. * * * But they will only be heeded if they are feared."[34]

The meeting above alluded to had important consequences. It was attended by a number of laymen, Catholic

[34] *Der Herold,* Dec. 29, 1889, translated in the *Sentinel,* Dec. 30. It is due to Colonel Krez to state that he protested the *Herold's* report of his speech, but in his protest he emphasized the statement "that it was necessary to strike their opponents with fear and for that purpose to organize their voting powers." See the *Sentinel,* Jan. 1, 1890.

as well as Lutheran. They passed resolutions asserting that *without distinction of party* they would give their support at the next election only to candidates opposed to the law, who would vote for its repeal. Thus was cemented the union between all opponents of the law, and notice was served that German-Americans would make it an issue at the ballot box. Colonel Krez picturesquely summed up the German understanding of the situation: "Why all at once this war on the Germans here in Wisconsin as well as in Illinois? For the Bennett Law indeed means war." [35]

Under the guidance of such leaders, the German voters were promptly convinced that the Bennett Law was a covert attack upon their mother tongue, their parochial schools, and their religion, upon personal liberty and freedom of conscience. They were convinced that it arose from hatred to foreigners, that it was sinister in its purposes, in short, that it was intended as a blow against all they held most dear. They, on their part, protested that they had no hostility to the public schools nor to the English language, that they wished merely to be let alone, to be permitted to live their own lives, and to bring up their children according to parental rights. On both sides there was more or less misrepresentation and misunderstanding. The ignorant Germans understood that by the Bennett Law their language was prohibited in their schools and churches, that if the law was enforced they could be fined and imprisoned for sending their children to parochial schools, and that the law was aimed at the destruction of all religion.[36] A panic fear seized upon the minds of the lovers of the German language and customs, and the reasonable appeals of the English-speaking Republicans were of no avail. In vain it was represented that German was taught in the public schools, that a knowledge of both English and German was desirable, that the law was not hostile to

[35] *Ibid.*

[36] Wausau *Torch,* cited in *Sentinel,* Jan. 20, 1890.

parochial schools. The larger number of Wisconsin Germans had become convinced that the Bennett Law was sinister in its designs, and had determined to express their disapproval of it at the polls.

Singularly enough, and as a matter of mere coincidence, the state supreme court handed down a decision March 19, 1890, upon a case involving the reading of the King James version of the Bible in the public schools. The Catholics had entered a plea that such reading was sectarian instruction, forbidden by the state constitution, and the court upheld this contention. The effect of this decision was to render the supporters of the public schools determined not to yield to any demands of the Catholics, who were supposed to be planning for a division of the school funds. The Lutherans distinctly denied any such design upon the school funds, asserting their willingness to pay taxes for the public schools, and at the same time to support their own parochial schools, provided they were permitted to manage them without interference. None the less the supreme court decision accentuated the distrust of parochial schools in the minds of the English-speaking Protestants of the state, and widened the breach between the several religious elements.

The Bennett Law agitation made its début as a political issue in the spring of 1890 at the Milwaukee municipal election. The municipal election of Oshkosh was likewise influenced by the same issue. February 27 a joint declaration was issued by the German Protestants of Milwaukee that they would vote for no aldermen who were not pledged to the repeal of the Bennett Law. Anti-Bennett Law Clubs were formed throughout the city, most of them in connection with the Lutheran Church societies. The *Herold,* encouraged by an attack upon "nativism" in the New York *Staatszeitung,* supported the Anti-Bennett Law agitation. As an incident in the struggle, Editor George Koeppen of the *Germania* declined the appointment offered him by Governor Hoard,

as regent of the state university, "in order to emphasize his disapproval of the Bennett Law."[37]

March 13, the manifesto of the Catholic prelates appeared placing the Church squarely on an Anti-Bennett Law platform.[38] In response the Turners of Milwaukee passed resolutions supporting the law and denouncing the attempt of the Church to meddle in political affairs. March 22, the Republicans held a convention and renominated the mayor of Milwaukee, Thomas H. Brown. Henry C. Payne on this occasion made a conciliatory speech, advocating the amendment of the Bennett Law, while maintaining the necessity of public education, and the natural right of all American children to learn the language of the country. Three days later the Democrats held their convention; their platform met the issue squarely, declared for the repeal of the law since it was uncalled for, harsh, unjust, and infringed the rights of conscience and of parents. Their candidate for mayor was George W. Peck, a journalist humorist, best known as the author of ***Peck's Bad Boy.***

The campaign that ensued was short and stirring. The church authorities bent all their resources to its winning; every Lutheran and Catholic voter was visited by his priest or pastor, and his aid solicited. Peck in an astonishing speech described the Bennett Law as the forerunner of a prohibitory one, both encroachments by the puritan element upon personal liberty. When, on April 2, the votes were counted, Peck was found to be elected by a plurality of about 4,000. The Republicans and the law's supporters had met their first defeat.[39] The day after the victory the ***Seebote*** said, "We will not be robbed of the dear speech in which our mothers

[37] *Sentinel*, March 8, 1890.

[38] The bishops argued that the law was unnecessary, offensive, and unjust, because (1) it interferes with parental rights; (2) it threatens unjust penalties; and (3) it opens the avenues to partiality and injustice. March 19, Governor Hoard replied to the bishops' letter. See Chicago *Times* of that date.

[39] All the Milwaukee papers are filled with details of this brief campaign. The *Sentinel's* editorial pages from March 22 to April 2, 1890 contain almost no other matter than that bearing on the Bennett Law.

taught us our first songs. The German language shall be maintained in America." The *Germania* exulted over "the wonderful victory for Germandom over narrow-hearted nativism." The Chicago *Times,* however, chief Democratic organ of the Middle West, declared, "If the State follows Milwaukee, the Democrats will meet a deserved defeat. The State of Wisconsin has the right to Americanize its foreign population."

By the middle of April both Catholic and Lutheran papers had served notice on the Democrats that the Bennett Law would be an issue in the fall elections. If the party refused to obey the Germans' behests, they would call an Anti-Bennett Law party into life.[40] May 10 an official call was issued for an Anti-Bennett Law convention to meet in Milwaukee on June 4. May 26-28 a convention of Catholic benevolent societies held in Milwaukee was made the occasion for a fierce attack upon the law. As the Chicago *Herald* stated, "The opposition is directed against what the law is believed to be, not against what it is."[41] Catholic opposition was at this period combined with anti-Masonry, Bishop Katzer attacking the Masonic order as the secret author of the law.[42]

Before the meeting of the Anti-Bennett Law Convention, one last effort was made by the Lutherans to compromise with the Republicans. The *Germania* offered a substitute for the Bennett Law, which required all children to attend school sixty days in the year, but *omitted the English requirement.*[43] The primary objection to the law was once more made clear.

The drama now moved swiftly to its denouement. No attempt was made by the Republicans to accept the Lutheran olive-branch. The nominations of Hoard and Peck for governor were foreordained; the platforms of the contending

[40] *Columbia,* April 15, 1890; *Seebote,* April 16; *Catholic Citizen,* April 26.
[41] Chicago *Herald,* May 26, 1890.
[42] *Sentinel,* May 28, 1890.
[43] *Germania,* May 31, 1890. The italics are ours.

parties met the issue squarely. The Republicans supported the principles of the law, while offering to amend certain objectionable phrases. The Democrats denounced the law as unnecessary, unwise, unconstitutional, un-American, and un-Democratic, and demanded its repeal.

The other foreign elements of the state were as much affected by the Bennett Law as were the Germans. The Bohemians and Poles, however, were both Democratic and Catholic, so little hope was offered of swaying their vote.[44] The great majority of the Scandinavians, on the other hand, were Republican, and eager for the Americanization of their children. An effort to unite them with the opponents of the law was quite successful by utilizing the "district" clause of the bill. The Scandinavians had parochial schools, but not in large numbers; it was represented to them that the law forbade them to patronize any schools but those of their own district, and thus many who favored teaching English in all schools, were induced to vote for the repeal of the Bennett Law.[45]

The campaign was unexampled for earnestness and intensity. The "Little Schoolhouse" was the symbol of the Republicans, "Stand by it," their rallying cry. October 9, 1890, Hoard wrote from the executive chamber, "The *duty* of the State to require, and the *right* of the children of the State to receive instruction in the language of the country shall be insisted on."[46] Senator Spooner stumped the state making speeches of great effectiveness and persuasiveness. The Republicans were confident of a successful result.[47]

[44] The Bennett Law supporters printed appeals in German, Polish, French, Norwegian, and probably in other languages, headed by a cut marked in the several languages "The Little Schoolhouse" (surmounted by an American flag); "Stand by it."

[45] *The Life Story of Rasmus B. Anderson as told by himself, with the assistance of Albert O. Barton.* (Madison, 1915), 594-600.

[46] Broadside in possession of Wis. Hist. Society.

[47] A Republican journalist who campaigned with Hoard through the lake-shore counties recalls that the party expected a plurality of 100,000 for Hoard.

The Germans on their part were not less active. The Anti-Bennett Law Clubs, used with such effect in the Milwaukee municipal campaign, spread over the state. Thousands of German leaflets were printed; songs were prepared whose refrain was "Unser Sprache und Sitten, die geben wir nicht hin." [48] Individual voters were solicited by pastors and priests. The result is well known; the forces of "Germandom" united with the Democratic machine made a clean sweep of the state. Peck was triumphantly elected, and at the legislative session of 1891 the Bennett Law was repealed.

But in its defeat, the principle of the law triumphed. In their very eagerness to prove that it was unnecessary, its opponents began to obey its behests. In its weakness appeared its strength. April 22 it was announced that the Lutherans had revised their school curriculum and introduced therein more English.[49] By August, the parochial schools of Manitowoc County had so improved in the teaching of English, that scarce one was to be found that would be disqualified under the Bennett Law.[50] The discussion had accomplished what the law could not do: the stronghold of "Germandom" was demolished. "It never shall happen again" became the motto of wise Germans; and as the heat of the conflict died away, and the animosities it awakened softened, the beneficent purpose of the law stood revealed. Gradually the teaching of English became the rule, not the exception, in all the schools of the state. Slowly Wisconsin Germans came to accept the plea of their noblest leader: "Let us never forget that we as Germans are not called upon here to form a separate nationality, but rather to contribute to the American nationality the strongest there is in us, and in place of our weakness to substitute the strength wherein our fellow-Americans excel us, and blend it with our wisdom. We should never forget that in the political life of this republic,

[48] Pamphlet in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.
[49] *Sentinel,* April 22, 1890.
[50] Manitowoc *Pilot,* Aug. 16, 1890.

we as Germans have no peculiar interests, but that the universal well-being is ours also."[51] In the fires of the present world crisis and the testing of America, may we all learn that "it is by unity of speech and harmony of thought that the ultimate American is to be the light of civilization."

51. Speech of Carl Schurz, cited in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XII, 310.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

MRS. LATHROP E. SMITH

I have been requested to relate my recollections of some of the events of the days of the Civil War and am glad to comply with this request. My story is not like the one you will find in the histories of the war written by real historians but is a record of events, trivial perhaps to others, but of great interest to a schoolgirl of those days and written from a schoolgirl's point of view.

The first presidential campaign in which I had any interest, really the first one I remember, was that of 1856 when the new Republican party nominated John C. Frémont as their candidate. There was great enthusiasm all through the North and Republican clubs were organized in every city, village, and hamlet. In our neighborhood of Windsor, twelve miles north of Madison, such a club was organized in which my brother, Clement E. Warner and his friend, Herbert A. Lewis (who afterward became my husband) took great interest. Herbert was secretary of the club, and although the boys were not yet twenty-one, they attended every meeting of the club and were quite as much concerned about its success as if they had been old enough to vote. I heard many of their discussions in our home and was very anxious to have Frémont elected president. A great many political meetings were held and we all sang songs and hurrahed for Frémont. One song began:

> "A mighty army march we forth
> With Frémont in the van,"

and the chorus ended with:

> "Our watchword Jessie and the right
> There's no such thing as fail."

Jessie was the daughter of Senator Benton of Missouri and had eloped with Frémont and become his wife. A large

Frémont ratification meeting was held in Madison at which Carl Schurz and William H. Seward were the orators. Of course such a meeting was attended by all the country round about. A procession of wagons over three miles long was formed decorated with national flags and banners of every description. The plaudits of the people were given to the delegation from the northeastern section of the country, comprising the towns of Sun Prairie, Bristol, and Windsor. Our wagon on this occasion, like many of the others, was a lumber wagon drawn by a four-horse team and equipped with a hayrack on which were arranged two rows of seats all around so as to accommodate thirty or forty men, women, and children. The flag which we carried was the first flag I can remember. No flags were to be bought in those days, and this one was made for the occasion by hand, with painstaking care, by Aunt Sarah Haswell, from cloth purchased at the store in Madison.

Those who lived in our neighborhood will always remember with great interest the winter of 1858-59. A teachers' institute was held in the red schoolhouse every two weeks throughout the winter and was attended by the older scholars and the teachers in the near-by schools. Otis Remick taught in our district, E. G. Miller at Token Creek, Herbert Lewis in the Clements neighborhood, Samuel Powell in Sun Prairie, Willard Chandler in the Carpenter neighborhood, and Clement Warner in the Hundred Mile Grove. Mr. Remick invited many of the Madison educators to come out and address the meetings and during the winter we listened to Superintendent Craig, Professor Jewell, Chancellor Barnard, Professor Pickard, and others and had a very interesting time. Most of these teachers were University students and afterward served in the Civil War—Remick, Miller, and Powell from the beginning to the end.

Another flag I well remember was made for Rockford Seminary soon after Fort Sumter was fired upon and used during the war and for many years afterward. The reason

I remember this flag was that Marie Miner and I were appointed by Miss Anna P. Sill, the principal, a committee to purchase the cloth of red, white, and blue of which the flag was made. Marie Miner was afterward Mrs. C. H. Richards, our pastor's wife in Madison for over twenty years. I was rooming with Sophie Smith (now Mrs. Willet Main) in the Seminary at that time and soon after the first call for troops we received letters, she from her brother Henry and I from Otis Remick, a friend, who were students in the University of Wisconsin, telling us that they and several others whom we knew had enlisted in Company K of Madison—Captain Lucius Fairchild, the First Wisconsin Infantry commanded by Colonel Starkweather—and would go into camp at Milwaukee. We replied, expressing our approval of their course and wishing them success in crushing the rebellion and a safe return home.

In Civil War days, the Y. M. C. A. did not furnish, as it does today, comfort, entertainment, reading material, and other necessities and the soldiers were sometimes very lonely and resorted to many methods of entertainment, one of which interested the girls at home. One day several of the boys were together and one suggested that each should put into a hat the name of a girl he knew and that then each soldier should draw a name and write a letter to the bearer of it. My name was drawn and shortly afterward I received a very fine letter from a soldier of whom I had never heard, telling of the arrangement and asking a reply to the letter. I did not reply and when the war was over I asked my friend why he put my name in that hat and he said: "We were so lonesome we wanted to do something and when that suggestion was made, we at once adopted it. Why didn't you answer the letter?"

"Did the other girls answer?" I asked.

"None of them" he replied. "Theirs was not a wise selection of names."

Thus began our writing to the soldier boys, which continued for the next four years, and many events of interest we learned about in the letters which came to us from our soldier friends. The girls in those days were patriots and anxious to do all they could for the boys in the Army who were their friends and many of them wrote to a number and had to be very careful to put the letters in the right envelopes, for there were some instances of misplaced letters which caused sad terminations of former pleasant relationships. So the girls learned to be very careful.

Those boys were members of the Athenaen Literary Society in the University and when they went to war their society regarded them as heroes and wanted their pictures to hang on their walls. Since they had no uniforms at that time, they borrowed some in which to have their pictures taken; later they learned to their chagrin that the uniforms they had borrowed were officers' uniforms whereas they were privates. However, time soon corrected the error, for after their original three months' enlistment had expired they went back into the Army as officers in other regiments, after which their pictures in officers' uniforms were no longer out of place.

Here I must tell of an incident which happened twenty-five years after the war. E. G. Miller, one of the First Regiment boys and afterward until the end of the war captain in the Twentieth Regiment, lived in Waterloo, Iowa, and his son, Ned Miller, came to the University and lived in my home while there. One day he came home very much excited, saying that he had been to the rooms of the Athenaen Society, of which his father was a member in 1861, and tried to find the portraits of those boys about which his father had told him. After a vain search, the janitor showed him where those pictures had been placed by the later Athenaens—out on the rubbish pile. This revelation made him exceedingly angry.

In the early days of the war, many patriotic meetings were held and every effort was made to induce young men to enlist. They were urged and coaxed and persuaded and driven and ridiculed if they wouldn't go. Bounties were offered, cows and many other things besides, as well as good money, if the boys would only go—go and enlist, go at once. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" became as familiar to the young people of the Nation as their A, B, C's and we sang many songs from our patriotic songbook, *The Bugle Call.*

The women, too, were doing their part. Societies were organized for preparing articles for the Sanitary Commission and in every place the women met to scrape lint, roll bandages, make needlebooks, and knit socks and all the other necessary things for the soldiers. Marie Miner wrote me from Rockford Seminary that every Seminary girl spent all her spare time knitting. Nowhere could a girl be found who was not knitting away furiously on a blue sock for some soldier. I remember well one ride Mrs. W. H. Chandler and I took canvassing the town of Windsor for old linen and cotton and other supplies. We gathered the goods, but when we had almost finished, our horses ran away, and although we reached home in safety with the supplies, the fright which we had that day unfitted us for years for driving horses with any degree of pleasure.

All over the country, the work of enlistment went on and in the University the classes steadily decreased in numbers. By 1863, the regents began to fear that the University would soon be left with only the buildings and the faculty. So they decided if the young men were all going to war, they would admit the young women of the state to a Normal Department. It might help the girls and at the same time keep the faculty busy. Both objects were accomplished when the girls came in the spring of 1863. The newcomers were quite surprised, when they entered the University, to find that the men students who still remained felt humiliated over

the presence of girls in the University and that some of the professors, even, did not entirely approve of the new plan. Most of the faculty, however, and especially Professor Sterling, the acting president, Professor Allen, and Miss Moody of our Normal Department did everything in their power to make it pleasant for the girls, of whom I was one. The boys roomed in North Hall, the girls in South Hall. Although our paths crossed as we went to our chapel exercises and recitations in the north end of the main building and the boys went to theirs in the south end of the same building, they did not recognize our presence and we were just as oblivious of theirs. Not until February, 1864, after our first Castalian exhibition, did the young men and young women ever meet socially.

That evening we acted "The Great Rebellion" and invited the faculty and students to attend. They came. We had a Goddess of Liberty and each state was represented by one of our number. South Carolina seceded and other southern states followed. New York and Massachusetts and other northern states remonstrated and after much consultation, argument, and compulsion the seceding states all came back, the Union was preserved, and the Star Spangled Banner waved in triumph over a united nation. The Castalians thus accomplished in one evening what took the United States four years of time and a vast sacrifice of money and human life to do. That night Mrs. Sterling invited the girls of the Castalian Society and the senior and junior classes of young men in the University to come to her parlors for a social time. We went and had a pleasant time.

When, a few months later, the senior class (all but one) enlisted in the Fortieth Regiment, the principal of our Normal Department went as the captain of their company. The boys came up from Camp Randall and spent their last evening with the girls, and we gave them the needlebooks we had made and told them how glad we were they were

going, and hoped they would all return, none the worse for their hundred days' service to their country. I understand the boys and girls of Wisconsin have been on friendly terms from that day to this.

We had exciting times in the University that spring of 1864—so many of the boys beside the senior class enlisted and so many outside the University. One night at the supper-table Professor Allen said to me: "We have some new recruits from your town today."

When I asked, "Who?" he replied, "S. H. Sabin, Sylvester Raymond, James Swain, and Herbert Lewis."

"Oh," I said, "you've spoiled our choir. They all, except Sylvester Raymond, have been singing in our choir ever since the church was built."

Mr. Sabin was chosen first lieutenant of the company and was a very efficient and popular officer.

There were no commencement exercises at the University that year, as the senior class was in the Army. They, however, received their diplomas just the same.

It was that same year, 1864, that my brother's regiment, the Thirty-sixth, under command of Colonel Frank Haskell, was in Camp Randall for a short time and then went to the front. My brother was captain of Company B. I remember when we were watching the regiment file out of Camp Randall to take the cars how a man looking on said: "Pretty green troops, pretty green troops to send to the front." I can still recollect my feeling of indignation that he who was staying at home should criticize those going to fight for him.

Colonel Haskell had proved himself a brave officer before he became colonel of the Thirty-sixth and he was very ambitious for his regiment. They were quickly put into active service and the following letter, written by my brother, describes his first experience as a fighter.

Sunday, June 5-64
Gaines Farm. 8 miles from Richmond

FRIEND HERBERT,

Sabbath afternoon, and as I have some leisure, I will improve it by writing to you. I don't remember whether I have written before or not, but I wish to say you must write to me often, whether you hear from me or not. I am sitting on a haversack behind a breastwork writing on a crackerbox with the bullets whistling over my head containing the compliments of the Rebs who are lying about thirty rods in front of us. We came here day before yesterday. We were pressing up to the enemy's works, Colonel McRean commanding the brigade. He got detached from the command with a few men and was killed. The command then devolved upon Col. Haskell. He had just ordered the men to lie down, and was standing himself when he was shot through the head by a rebel sharpshooter. He fell unconscious and was carried to the rear, lived about an hour. Lieut. Atwell was wounded about the same time. A few minutes after Lieut. Lamberton, who was in command of Co. B, was placing some rails for a breastwork when he was shot dead. Col. Porter of the 8th New York was killed about the same time eighty rods on our left. I lost four men slightly wounded the same day but taken together the day was a play day to me compared with the 1st of June. On that day, we were at a place called Turner's Farm. About five O'clock four companies on the right of our regiment were detached and taken forward to charge the rebel works. We were deployed in single line. Were supported on the right by the 7th Michigan, an excellent regiment, and on the left by the 42nd. of New York. Maj. Hooper was in command of the line and I of our four companies, Captains Weeks, Lindly, Newton and Burwell of the companies respectively. At a certain signal we were to charge across an open field about fifty rods through soft sand and carry if possible the rebel works.

At the signal, our men and the 7th Mich. started. We were met with a perfect storm of balls. The New York regiment did not start at all, the Michigan retreated in a few minutes. Our men charged right across the field up to and some of them over the works. They were met by shot cannister and musketry and four rebs to our one. We gave the order to retreat, but the men moved on into the very

jaws of death—when they broke and every man took charge of himself. After I saw that it was hopeless, I made my way to the right where the woods were nearest. I would drop every time I thought they were going to fire the cannon and then rise and run a few rods. The first man I saw in the woods was Capt. Lindly, wounded; the next was Lieut. Weeks. Capt. Burwell was shot and I am afraid is lost. Lieut. Newton was lost. I went into the charge with sixty men and came out with twenty. It is needless to say every man and officer did his duty.

Clement.

When the result of this charge was reported to Colonel Haskell, he said: "I was ashamed of those veteran regiments. It is a soldier's duty to obey orders. It isn't possible for them to understand the reason why. Your company did right in crossing that open field and should have been supported by the Michigan and New York regiments."

After Colonel Haskell's death and the wounding of Lieutenant Colonel Savage and Major Brown, my brother was in charge of the regiment, until in August he was wounded, losing his left arm. Major Hamilton also was wounded at the same time, a ball passing through his nose and lodging under his cheek-bone. They were wounded at Deep Bottom and were soon after sent to Armory Square Hospital in Washington, D. C.

Soon after this, I received the following letter:

Armory Square Hospital,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sister Sabra,

I came to the hospital on Monday and as I am in need of some nice little girl to wait on me I have concluded to send for you. I am very comfortably situated here and have every care that a wounded soldier needs. Gov. Randall, Adj. Gen. Gaylord, Mrs. Scidmore and quite a number of Wisconsin friends whom I was glad to see have called on me. I expect Major Grant, the paymaster here this afternoon to pay me. If he comes I will send you money to come with. If

not father will furnish you the money, and I will repay him. You may have noticed that I have employed an amanuensis as I am rather too weak to write myself, but the Doctors say my wound is doing well.

When you get to the depot take the horse cars to Seventh street, then to Armory Square Hospital where in Ward K you will find your brother. You will board with Mrs. Scidmore who keeps a boarding house for Wisconsin people on Massachusetts Ave. and 7th Street.

Yours,

CLEMENT.

The letter came just before noon and in the afternoon father brought me to Madison and I left for Washington that night. Before taking the train, I called on Mrs. David Atwood, who was a sister of Mrs. Scidmore with whom I was to board while in Washington, and she gave me a letter to Mrs. Scidmore. Soon after, I met Professor Read of the University, to whom I had recited Mental Philosophy and Political Economy the winter before, and he inquired about my brother. When I told him he had sent for me to come to him in Washington and I would go that night, he said: "But, Miss Warner, who goes with you?"

When I told him I was going alone, he seemed shocked. "Oh" he said, "I don't like to have you take this journey alone in these war times. There is no telling what may befall you." After thinking a moment, he added: "Now I want you to let me go and see the Governor and get a letter from him for you. It may be just what you will need in some emergency and I shall feel safer about you if I do it."

He soon returned with the letter, and armed with this and the one given me by Mrs. Atwood, I began my journey, which proved to be a very pleasant one. I reached Washington safe and sound and Mrs. Scidmore received me with open arms saying: "I know all about you. I have been to see your brother and am ready to receive you into my home and heart and be your mother while you are here."

Her kindness and that of her sister, Miss Sweeney, who was a clerk in the Treasury Department, I remember with gratitude.

After eating supper, two of the Wisconsin gentlemen at Mrs. Scidmore's went to the hospital with me and we found my brother very impatiently wondering why his sister didn't come. He said he had been looking for me for two hours. He knew just how long it would take to come from Madison to Washington and thought I was two hours late, which was in fact the case, an accident on the way having delayed the train just two hours.

I spent the morning with him every day and a part of the afternoon. Mrs. Scidmore frequently sent nice things for him and Major Hamilton to eat and I did many errands for them besides bringing them reading matter and reading to them. In the afternoons, after I came home from the hospital and Miss Sweeney was through with her day's work, we went to many places of interest in and around Washington. We went to Georgetown and Alexandria, where we went into the church which President Washington used to attend, and sat in his square box pew. In the cemetery by the church I saw for the first time the slabs of marble placed flat on the graves and almost large enough to cover them to mark the resting place of those lying beneath. One peculiar inscription told of the "beloved 9th wife who died in the arms of her disconsolate husband." Some miscreant had evidently changed a figure four to a figure nine, thinking, no doubt, if the loss of the fourth wife would make the husband disconsolate, the loss of five more would make him more so.

In the officers' ward where my brother was, the ward mistress was a Miss Lowell (a relative of James Russell Lowell) of Boston. All the ward mistresses seemed to be very efficient and very interesting women and some of them were very fine looking. There was one who passed through our ward every day when she went to dinner, who received

the undivided attention of every officer in the ward as she passed through. They began to examine their watches long before dinner time to see if it was time to get into position for they evidently meant to see her as long as possible.

Many friends of the officers came to sit with them during the day and others came to call and to visit. One day a very nice, motherly-looking woman came in and said she wanted to see all the officers who came from Wisconsin, and as she was introduced to each one she took his hand and said, "I am from Wisconsin and glad to meet you because you are a Wisconsin soldier." Then with tear-filled eyes she bade him "goodbye" and "kissed him for his mother." They received the attention in the spirit in which it was given and were very quiet as she passed along.

One day a wounded officer was brought into the ward who seemed to be enduring great suffering. He found a great deal of fault with the nurse and with his father and groaned continually. This continued for some time until it was noticed by everyone. At length he groaned a little worse than he had before, when the man on the next cot groaned just as he did, and the next and the next, until every one on that side of the ward had groaned. Then they commenced on the other side and my brother and Major Hamilton, when it came their turn, groaned just as the rest had done. "Why," I said to my brother, "What did you do that for? How could you be so cruel?"

He replied, "That, my little sister, is army discipline. Of course that man is in pain, but so is everyone in this ward. You don't suppose we could stand it if they all groaned like that, do you? No, a soldier must learn to endure without groaning. You will see that he can learn his lesson."

And so it turned out, for the sufferer groaned no more.

Many ladies used to visit the hospital and bring flowers and oranges and other things to the soldiers. Of course they were always grateful for these attentions, although they

didn't much need the oranges for almost everyone had a box under the head of his cot. One day a young lady came in and evidently thinking the captain who used to groan looked as if he needed sympathy more than any of the others, gave her offering to him. In a few days she came again and brought him something more and then again. When she went away this time, she forgot something and came back just in time to hear the officers bantering him about the attentions he was receiving, asking if it wouldn't be fair to divide, etc. She came directly to me and said: "I want to see you." When we were outside, she asked: "Do these officers make fun of me when I come in here?"

"O," I said, "they make fun of everything they can, of the nurses, the ward-mistresses, the doctors, each other, yes, and the visitors—you and me. But they mean no disrespect to any of us. They simply must do something to drive away the sadness and gloom of sickness and pain. They don't mean anything and we mustn't mind it."

But she didn't come any more, and so the men lost this source of amusement.

After three weeks in the hospital my brother and I came home, visiting in New York and Michigan on our way, and at Thanksgiving we had a house party for our soldier boys. Major Hamilton came out from Madison and Herbert Lewis, who had returned from the hundred days' service in the Fortieth and been elected clerk of the court, and his sister and her friend Eliza Noble (later my brother's wife) were also with us. One evening the boys gave a talk in the church about their experiences in the Army. We had a gay time over Thanksgiving and then Clement and Major Hamilton returned to their regiment and remained with it until the close of the war.

The war finally ended and when General Grant and General Lee were having their consultation over terms of surrender, my brother's regiment, as he told us, with many

others, was drawn up in line of battle facing Lee's army near the house where the conference was being held. When it was concluded, a sergeant came from the conference and brought word to our soldiers, which the Thirty-sixth Regiment was one of the first to receive: "Lee has surrendered. Pass the word down the line."

The word was passed down the line and instantly there was no longer a line of battle. The men threw down their guns, hugged each other, rolled on the ground, threw their caps in the air, shouted and sang, and made every demonstration possible to show their joy at the prospect of going home.

The job of conquering the South had taken much money and many lives, but the country believed it was a job worth doing and that it was well done—a good fight for a just cause.

DOCUMENTS

A PICTURE OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES ARMY: THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL NEWMAN

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY MILO M. QUAIFE

During the early summer of 1789 the new national government of the United States fluttered feebly into being. Among the numerous problems which it inherited from its predecessor none was more pressing than the protection of its citizens on the Ohio frontier, and the ending of the Indian outrages in that region. Thus, coincident with its birth, the new government confronted a warlike situation. For the waging of war we were as little prepared as we were in 1898 or in 1917. As in 1917, too, the American government and people were extremely reluctant to engage in war at all. Not unlike the conduct of Imperial Germany in recent years was that of the northwestern Indian tribes toward us a century and a quarter ago. And with like results was it attended, for, after repeated efforts to avert the necessity therefor, the government in 1790 took measures for the creation of an army for the chastisement of the tribes who were slaughtering its citizens on the frontier.

When this decision was reached the military force of the United States consisted of one regiment of three hundred or four hundred men, garrisoning the several posts on the Ohio River. Its ranks were to be filled by recruits drawn "from Maryland to New York"; while a second regiment was authorized, all but two companies of which were to be recruited in New England. For the rest, enough militiamen and six-months' levies were to be enrolled to bring the total to three thousand men. Governor Arthur St. Clair, a veteran of the Revolution, was appointed major general in charge of the entire military force, and to him instructions were given out-

lining a plan of campaign which, it was expected, would bring peace to the troubled frontier. Briefly stated, he was to proceed from Cincinnati to the site of modern Fort Wayne, in the heart of the hostile country, and there establish a permanent garrison of size sufficient not merely to ensure its own safety but to provide also an expeditionary force of several hundred men available for use as the occasion should arise.

The motives of the American government were liberal and humane, and the plan of campaign laid down left nothing to be desired. Its execution, however, was conducted with as much folly and inefficiency as could well have been displayed in connection with a single military campaign. History does not repeat itself in the sense that precise situations and movements are ever reproduced; but broadly considered, in perusing the history of our first national war, the citizen of the United States acquainted with the events of the last four years encounters much that is strangely familiar. The pacifists who oppose all military measures, those who would subdue mad beasts or raging men by the sweet arts of moral suasion, did not originate in 1914. Woodrow Wilson's administration was not the first to manifest toward a hostile and belligerent people an attitude of patient forbearance and lofty idealism; nor the first to make the painful discovery that in the end the policy of moral suasion must be backed by bayonets. Nor, finally, is the present war the first into which the American nation has entered unprepared, entailing thereby a far greater expenditure of blood and treasure than would otherwise have been required.

In the end we won our first war, of course, as, please God, we shall win in our present struggle. Despite early unreadiness and inefficiency, a nation of three million prosperous Americans finally worsted a few thousand half naked savages. But to accomplish the task involved five years of time, the dispatch of three successive armies and many minor expeditions, the destruction of hundreds of American citizens,

soldiers and civilians alike. The greatest disaster to the whites and triumph of the Indians occurred in the overthrow of St. Clair's army in 1791. Probably there is no more depressing chapter in American military history than the story of this campaign. To tell it here is not our purpose, but merely to introduce the story of one who took part in it. Captain Newman's journal affords but a partial view of the campaign,[1] but it presents a rare, if humiliating, picture of life in the first United States Army. Much water has passed under the bridge since 1791 and the American Army today is vastly better as well as larger than that which St. Clair led to destruction in the time of our national infancy. We are entitled to take such pride in this improvement as the facts may justify, yet in the opinion of the Nation's greatest living military leader, at the outbreak of war a year ago, our Army was as little fitted to meet its great adversary as was the army of St. Clair to meet the northwestern tribesmen.

The plan of the government contemplated that St. Clair should have three thousand effective troops assembled at Cincinnati by July 10, 1791. Delays of all kinds ensued, however, so that not until October could he count two thousand men. Thus the possibility of carrying out the campaign this year as planned was effectually obviated, even had St. Clair's force constituted a real army. From the General down, however, the whole force was so ill-equipped for the work in hand that it was a ghastly blunder even to essay an advance into the Indian country. Competent judges, such as General Harmar, fully aware of this, foretold with confidence the consequences of such an advance. Notwithstanding, St. Clair's instructions were explicit, and early in the autumn he led his army out from the vicinity of Fort Washington on the painful march which terminated in its destruction. The journal we print is drawn from the rich stores of the Draper Col-

[1] The comprehensive story of St. Clair's campaign may be read in Roosevelt, *Winning of the West,* vol. IV, or in Archer B. Hulbert's *Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin.* A briefer narrative of it may be found in the present editor's *Chicago and the Old Northwest,* chap. V.

lection in the Wisconsin Historical Library. The author, Captain Newman of Boston, had served as ensign and lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. Apparently he gave ear to the call of his country when in 1790 New England was asked to supply the bulk of the newly-authorized Second United States Regiment. He became a captain and in this capacity led his company from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and thence down the Ohio to the general rendezvous at Cincinnati. The journal covers this journey and the further northward advance of St. Clair's army until the termination of the record on October 23. Twelve days later the diarist was slain, as were most of his companions, in the defeat of November fourth.

The fact that the journal was discontinued on October 23, and the further one that unlike its author it escaped destruction in the wilderness are probably due to the situation explained in the entry for October 22. Preparatory to continuing the advance from Fort Jefferson Captain Newman packed and left behind his personal baggage except such as he could carry in a knapsack. Under such circumstances it seems likely he concluded to dispense with the further keeping of a journal.

In closing one final fact may be noted. St. Clair's little force comprised two regiments of regulars, two of six-months' levies, and a body of Kentucky militia. About the only semblance of soldierly discipline in the entire army was that maintained by the regulars. The picture which Newman presents, therefore, describes not the worst elements of the army but its choicest troops. It confirms with painful completeness the judgment of a contemporary observer that "men who are to be purchased from prisons, wheelbarrows, and brothels at two dollars a month" would not answer for fighting Indians.

CAPTAIN NEWMAN'S ORIGINAL JOURNAL OF ST. CLAIR'S CAMPAIGN

Journal from July 30th. 1791

Was Muster'd, Inspected, & March'd at ½ past 6 O Clock PM. with Eighty One Men and four Women for Fort-Pitt[2] The weather dry & dusty. Cross'd ye Schuylkill & Encamp'd at Follarny Hill 3 Miles from Philadelphia. at Ten P. M. Isaac Garrison & William Hickman supposed Deserted, came in & were pardon'd.—NB. March'd with 5 Prisoners Confin'd for Desertion, 1 upon suspicion of having previously Inlisted & 4 others for Crimes of difft. Denominations

Sunday July 31st.

Countersign Philadelphia

Took up our March at 5 AM, a heavy Shower coming on, with ye. appearance of steady rain, Encamp'd at Blockley Township 3 Miles from our last Encampment where, agreable to the spirit of ye. Instructions receiv'd from ye. Secy. of War the following Order was Given—

"Camp at Blockley July 31st. 1791. It is at all times necessary to the Honour, Comfort & happiness of a Soldier, to Conduct himself with decency & good Order, more particularly on a March. The Commanding officer therefore enjoins the utmost regularity & propriety of behavior The Non Commission'd officers will see that their respective squads keep themselves & their Arms & Accoutrements Clean & fit for service, they will also pay attention that their Men while on the March do not quit their Sections or Straggle from the detachment, for this purpose a Guard consisting of 1 Sergt. 1 Corpl. & 15 privates will be Mounted to form a rear & Camp Guard to secure the Deserters & other Prisoners to pick up Stragglers, & to take care of the Baggage—

Any Soldier who may so far forget he is at all times amenable to the Civil Authority, as to wantonly abuse or ill treat any of the Inhabitants of the United-States, or is so lost to the Character of a Soldier as to disgrace this detach-

[2] The route followed by Newman's company between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh was the Old Glade Road, later known as the Pennsylvania Road. It was the shortest highway across the mountains from the seacoast to the Mississippi Valley system and is roughly paralleled today by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The history of this famous highway has been told by Archer B. Hulbert in his *The Old Glade (Forbes's) Road* (Cleveland, 1903).

ment by plundering, or Stealing even the smallest article from the Good People of the Country, may depend on being immedeatly punish'd on the Spot & that too in a severe & exemplary Manner—

Samuel Newman Cap^{t}. 2^{d}. U S Reg^{t}.
& Commanding Officer

The Weather Clearing about Ten OClock AM. Intensely hot, induced me to defer Marching until ½ past 4 PM, when it was again resumed & we Encamped at the White horse, Radner Township, & 7 Miles from Blockley.—Countersign—Knox—Order'd y^{e}. General to Beat at ½ past 3 A M

Monday August 1st. 1791

March'd at 4 A M. But observing the Men fatigued, & unused to Travelling, was unwilling to lead them farther than the White-Horse in East-Whiteland, fourteen Miles from Radnor where we Encamped for y^{e}. day & night, at ½ past 8 P M received an Order from the Sec^{y}. of War to permit Mary Hastings to join my Company! this Casualty encreased my Provision Return to Eighty Eight, she's a d—d Bitch & and I intend to Drum her out the first time she gets drunk[3]—Order'd the General at Three—Countersign—Jackson—Weather warm & rainy y^{e}. March very dusty, in y^{e}. afternoon a small shower

Tuesday Augst. 2^{d}.

Struck our Tents, & march'd at 4 OClock A M nothing remarkable occurred on our March to East Kallan [Caln] Township 15 Miles from Whiteland. At this Place the Men getting drunk, & becoming refractory, severity again became necessary, & four of the most impudent were very severely flogg'd by the tune of *Laragrogan,* notwithstanding which a likely Young Irishman by y^{e}. name of William Carson who had been a spectator of y^{e}. whole, Inlisted on condition of receiv^{g}. his Bounty at Fort-Pitt—This of consequence encreased my provision return to Eighty Nine—The foll^{g}. Order was given [in] Camp at East Kellan [Caln] Town-

[3] The attendance of large numbers of women upon so arduous and dangerous an Indian campaign as St. Clair had in hand affords but one of numerous evidences of mismanagement of the enterprise. Upwards of two hundred women and children accompanied the army into the wilderness, practically all of whom were slain or captured in the defeat of November fourth.

ship Aug^st^. 2^d^ 1791 The Commanding Officer reminds the Serjeants Commanding Squads, of his Orders at Blockley 31st. Ultim^o^. he repeats that Order & expects they will pay the strictest attention to the Cleanliness of their squads, & in particular to their arms & accoutrements, as many of the Men have been unpardonably negligent upon this point.

He laments the necessity of punishing those who have been refractory. he again assures the Soldierlike & obedient of his protection, & his readiness to make their situation Comfortable & happy—but while he gives them these assurances, they may rely on it, the impudent, the Willfull, the Drunkard, & the Disobedient, shall always meet his Censure, & immediate punishment—

The Orderly Serjeant will immedeatly make out a Mess Roll, taking care, to put the head of each Mess at the top of their respective mess Lists. The other Serjeants will make a return of the Men belonging to their respective Squads, & occasionally report the Casualties which may take place—

The Serjeants commanding Guards will make a Morning Report of their Guards, the number of Prisoners, for what Crimes they are Confined, by Whom, & such occurrences as may have come within their Notice—Countersign Boston—Weather warm & dry General to Beat at 3 AM. Tomorrow

Wednesday Aug[st]. 3[d].

March'd at 4 OClock AM, no Occurrence worth notice, except the Orderly conduct of the Men, whose behavior has indeed exceeded my expectation! releas'd Three who were Confin'd yesterday, & hope the severity made use of, will have the effect expected from it—Encamp'd at—The Sign of the Duke of Cumberland, 16 Miles from East Kallam [Caln] & 9 Miles short of Lancaster, Order'd the Men to prepare Clean Shirts, Jackets & Overalls, & to Reserve some of their flour, that our entrance into the Town may be respectable as those who have gone before us. Still warm & dry. General to Beat at Three AM Tomorrow—Countersign Mifflin—was Join'd by James Johnson a recruit Inlisted in Phil[a]. since my departure.

Thursday Aug[st]. 4th.

March'd at ½ past 4. halted at Conestogoe Creek, Two Miles from Lancaster, made the Men dress in their Blue Uni-

forms & powder—Encamp'd at Lancaster ab^{t}. 12 at noon. Warm & exceedingly dusty. between 10 & 11 at night had a fine rain which lasted untill daylight.—Two Villians, Saml. Reeves and John Cook deserted from their Post while on Centinel; between the hours of 11 & 12. Countersign Hancock.—Many of y^{e}. men Lame & very much fatigued.

Fryday Augst. 5th.

Sent Serj^{ts}. Elderkin & Cummings with parties upon different roads. Inlisted James Stewart, nothing remarkable except heavy rain & Thunder in y^{e}. night. Countersign Cushing

Saturday, Augst. 6th.

The Serj^{ts}. not return'd & the Men who were lame under Doct^{rs}. care I determin'd not to March untill Monday.—Inlisted William Miller—Gave the Men the Months pay I rec^{d}. for them in Phil^{a}.—this of Consequence introduced rum & Laragrogan once more—Countersign Adams Weather very hot—

Sunday Augst. 7th.

Serj^{ts}. return'd without having heard of the Villains who deserted Inlisted Michael Forrest, took up my provision Returns, settled with the Contractor, & Order'd the General at Three A M Tomorrow. Countersign Sinclair—

Monday Augst. 8th.

March'd at 4 AM. weather hot & the Men fatigued, Encamped at Elizabeth Town 18 Miles from Lancaster.—dismiss'd M^{rs}. Graham on the road, for impudently bringing, at three different times this Morning, Canteens of rum to the Men, Notwithstanding *her* promises, & my *positive* Orders to y^{e}. Contrary, & in defiance of my repeated threats to Drum her out of my Camp if she presum'd it. hope this example will deter y^{e}. rest of y^{e}. fair sex who accompany my detachment, from committing errors which may deprive them of the *honour* of following of it.—nothing material except rain ab^{t}. 11 P. M. General to beat at Three tomorrow Morn^{g}. Countersign Scott

Tuesday Augst. 9th.

rain Weather until ½ past 11 A M. when it clear'd excessively hot and sultry March'd at 5 P M, forded the Swetara river knee deep & encamped at E Middletown 8

Miles from Eliz^{a}. Town. roads bad, weather warm—Countersign Lancaster. General to beat at Three.—

Wednesday Augst. 10th.

Took up our March at 4 AM. Cloudy & drizzly, cleard ab^{t}, 9 A M. Crossed the Susquehannah at Chamber's ferry & Encamped at the Silver Springs (a Name which I presume arises from the great number of fine Springs to be found there) 16 Miles from Middletown & ten from Carlisle, at ½ past 3 P M had a Violent Thunder-Storm accompanied with heavy rain which lasted during y^{e}. night.—Order'd y^{e}. General at four—Countersign—Lincoln.

Thursday Augst. 11th.

Cloudy—Tents, Mens Clothes & Baggage so wet & soak'd with rain as to induce me to defer Marching untill Two OClock P M, when we struck our Tents & proceeded to Carlisle, where we Encamped. C-sign Green roads heavy & excessively muddy

Fryday Augst. 12th.

Fair, pleasant weather, made arrangements with y^{e}. Commissary for Provissions to Dermot's in y^{e}. Glades, 30 Miles t'other side Bedford—Drew 90 doz Cartridges—procur'd another Waggon—& prepar'd to march tomorrow Afternoon —Drummed M^{rs}. Willaghan out of the Camp for bringing rum into it, and dissmiss'd M^{rs}. Brady for her Insolent language during y^{e}. punishment of Robert Cook & John Peters, the former of whom rec^{d}. 28 Lashes, & the latter—20 for geting Drunk, notwithstanding repeated Orders against it. Order'd the womens provisions to be given in future to Coltrmans and the Fifer's Wives, who have as yet behaved very well—thank God I have now no more than my Compliment of Women—Inlisted John Carnes Countersign Steuben—

Saturday Augst. 13th.

Pleasant Morning—Found M^{rs}. Brady had stole into the Camp after the hour of challenging was over, her Contrition & Intreaties, with the consideration of its being in a manner impossible for her to carry her Clothes & an Infant 120 Miles back again—induced me to take her promises of behaving better in future, & permitting her to follow y^{e}. Camp during

decent conduct—The Waggoner which had been engaged not coming in, in season, protracted my March untill near 7 PM. when having nearly as many Prisoners as Guard & some of them desperate, abandon'd Scoundrels, order'd them ty'd in Couples, & by that means conducted them safe thro^{h}. y^{e}. woods to Mount rock 7 Miles from Carlisle where we encamp'd. Countersign Moultrie weather still serene. General to beat at 4 tomorrow AM

Sunday Augst. 14th.

March'd at ½ past 4 A M. Fine agreeable Morning. Found my left Foot which had been hurt on y^{e}. March from Middletown to Carlisle, very painfull & much inflamed, of consequence, the road to Shippinsburgh 14 Miles from M^{t}. Rock tediously long & tiresome—Encamped by a fine run of water which reliev'd the Mind as well as Body, as we had not seen one during the March—having rec^{d}. information of Two Deserters confin'd in the Jail of Chambersburg 11 Miles wide of this detach'd Serj^{t}. Cummins & four good Men, with the underwritten Letter, with instructions to secure them in the best manner possible & to meet me tomorrow at Scinners in the Mountains 13 Miles from this Encampment—

"Camp at Shippensburgh Augst. 14th. 1791

Sir

The bearer of this, Serjeant Cummins, has my Orders to receive Two Men, suppos'd to be Deserters from the Army, & who are now in your Custody.—I'll thank you to give him a receipt expressive of its being for Jail fees, or any Shackles for the prisoners which may be consider'd necessary to secure them while on their March to Fort-Pitt.—The importance of apprehending & securing those *daring* Villains, who *rob* our Country of their Bounty Money, Clothing & Subsistance, must be obvious to every Man who has his *own*, or his Country's Interest at heart.—it is also as true, that those Virtuous Men, who discover their abhorrance of this worst of all Crimes, by confining the perpetrators of them untill they can be conveyed to the Corps which they have abandon'd, should have a *pecuniary* reward for their patriotism.—This may be obtain'd by the Gen^{t}. who took them up; after their *desertion* has been made *certain*—by an application to the Commanding Officer of the Company from which they deserted, or the Command-

ing Officer at the Post to which they may be carried.—There can be no doubt arise on this subject. Serjeant Cummin's receipt to you for the Men with the record of their conviction, will be sufficient Vouchers for Ten Dollars a piece for the Deserters To those who can make it appear that they deposited them with you.—

I am Your most obedient
humble servant
Samuel Newman Cap^{t}.
2^{d}. U S Reg^{t}

M^{r}. Owen Austin under Sheriff
County Franklin

Order'd the General at ½ past thre—Countersign Warren. Pleasant weather during y^{e}. night

Monday Augst. 15th.

March'd at Four AM. fine Morning—found on calling y^{e}. roll, that William Hickman, a sculking lazy rascal had deserted, must confess I would not send ½ Mile after him upon any other principle than seeing him severely punish'd. I however stimulated some of the Inhabitants to pursue him, by giving them a description, & a promise of Ten Dollars for apprehending him, & flatter myself he is taken 'ere now.— Encamped at Scinners in the Mountains, after crossing one of 4 miles over & in the afternoon was join'd by Serjeant Cummins with one of the Deserters I had sent for by the Name of Jn^{o}. Hamilton of Cap^{t}. Zeiglers Comp^{y}. 1st. reg^{t}.— the other Scoundrel who had deserted 4 times, & had escaped from Cap^{t} Phelon's Guard in the Mountains, was *conscientiously* detain'd, lest he should suffer Innocently! *Sensible, judicious* people! how happy for the *impudent, harden'd* Villain, to have fallen into the hands of Men of penetration! but alass what might be the fate of a Man of refinement, reduced by *missfortune* to *suspicion,* should it be *his* fate to show a missconstrued sensibility in his Countenance before Men of equal discernment!!!

Serjeant Williams, notwithstanding my advice to refrain from drinking, & repeated Lectures & admonitions on the subject, has been drunk all day while on Guard, and I have order'd him confined & carried on under Guard to Fort-Pitt.— to take his tryal.—released Robt. Cook & John Peters who were punished at Carlisle—Countersign—Montgomery General to Beat at three—

Tuesday Augst. 16th.

March'd at ¼ past four AM—Cross'd Two Mountains one of 3½ the other 4 Miles over, forded Conocochegue Creek & encamped at Fort-Littleton 13 Miles from Scinners.—during the March M^{r}. Laury Quater 2nd. Reg^{t}. of Levies being with y^{e}. rear Guard & Waggons in y^{e}. Mountains, discover'd a Man making observations on the troops & sculking in y^{e}. bushes, who on finding himself discover'd, escaped into y^{e}. Woods two Miles further M^{r}. Laury perceiv'd the same Man, on shewing an inclination to speak to him, he again disappear'd.—suspicion was excited, & M^{r}. Laury kept a look out; when he a third time pass'd upon him, when he had no chance to escape & was made prisoner the Old Overalls he had on, & a pair Shoes, evidently Soldiers Shoes, induced me to order him link'd to Hamilton, and determin'd me to carry him on, not doubting I shall find an owner for him. he calls himself James McDougal, denies his having ever deserted, except from y^{e}. British Army. in short his accounts of himself are so various & contradictory, that I think myself, upon every principle, justified in the step I have taken—Countersign—Mercer—Orderd General at 3 AM

Wednesday Augst. 17th.

March at 4 AM. Foggy in y^{e}. morning & Cloudy most of the Day. The roads being bad, & almost impassible for my baggage, & of consequence rear Guard to keep up. left them & push'd for Juniata, forded the river at the ferry or Crossings at six P.M. heard that the waggon with the Tents & my own Baggage, was broken down, the Waggon with my Provisions having arrived, & it beginning to rain I march'd the Men to a Horse shed, provided Straw for them, & made their situation comfortable as possible. at 7 PM. Serjeant Harmon to whom I had given permission to loiter in y^{e}. rear, came in with part of the Guard, with an acc^{t}. of Serjeant Peirce's being drunk, & having scatter'd his Guard in such a Manner as to give John Anderson a fellow who was confin'd for desertion, an opportunity of slipping his Irons & making his escape, a promise of Ten Dollars for his apprehension has induced some active Inhabitants to pursue him. Juniata is 19½ Miles from Littleton.—The Desertion of y^{e}. above Villain, & some discovery's I made of the rest of

the Prisoners being privy to his escape, & having laid a plan to effect their own, forced me to a severity, distressing to my feelings, but which from the nature of the Men I am plagued with y^e^. command of, render'd absolutely necessary, to convince them, that tho! willing to give every proper indulgence, I could also punish with rigor. Every Prisoner therefore, was made to dance Laragrogan, & their hands chain'd behind them, except the one who was link'd to Anderson, & whom I order'd to be chain'd to y^e^. Waggon.—This part of my Journal should it ever fall in other hands than I now expect it will may strike y^e^. humane & susceptible heart with a contempt for me, & a degree of horror at y^e^. transaction! but let them be assur'd, that however refin'd their feelings may be on y^e^. subject! mine are no less so, Heaven knows, my heart, replete with sensibility, bled upon the occasion, while the Duty I owed myself & my Country, painfully convinced it of y^e^. impossibility of avoiding it. My waggon not coming up, did not order y^e^. General at any particular hour, sensible I could not take up my March without it—C-sign Smith.—

Thursday Aug^st^. 18th.

Ab^t^. 3 AM it began to rain, it was nearly Nine this Morning when Serj^t^. Peirce arriv'd with the remains of his Guard & the Waggon! the ground wet & uncomfortable, prefer'd keeping y^e^. Men under the Horse-Shed, rather than Encamping—received information that Patrick Powers while on Sentry had endeavor'd to persuade some of the Prisoners to desert with him! — I order'd the Company & Prisoners Paraded, tied him up to a Waggon Wheel, & gave him 50 Lashes well laid on, & confin'd him to take his tryal when we join the army at headQua[r]ters.

The conduct of Serj^t^. Peirce had reduced me to the disagreable alternative of ruining of him by making him a Subject for a Court Martial, or risking my own reputation by an ill-timed lenity! I have endeavoured to avoid both, by suspending his Command untill his Conduct shall merit its renewal: I confess I have my doubts on the Subject. tho! at y^e^. same time certain y^e^. error leans to humanity & cannot materially injure y^e^. service.—His situation with me deserved a better return. — destitute of Friends who would assist him

he apply'd to me to take him as a Cadet or Volunteer, neither of these were in my power — his professions of skill in Surgery & Medicine, with the Idea that an Army divided as ours must necessarily be on y^e. Frontiers would require assistant Surgeons Mates, & a desire to extend y^e. *consoling* arm of an *Active Commiseration* to y^e. unhappy & friendless; induced me to give him y^e. highest rank in my power, & to make a $Serj^t$. of him. —Would to God I could say his conduct on y^e. March justified my opinion of him, at the time of his appointment, but it has unhappily been otherwise; a too strong propensity to liquor, has repeatedly prevented my placing y^e. confidence I ever wish to repose in my Non-Commission'd Officers, & unless speedily conquer'd, will undoubtedly deprive me of y^e. gratification of recommending him, to an employment at once permanent & honorable. Nothing material excepting the q^r.$Mast^r$. $Serj^t$. Lewis[?] being struck at by a rattle Snake; fortunately having very loos Overalls, he received no Injury — the Snake was instantly killd. — incessant rain during the day & Night. C-sign North—

Fryday Aug^{st}. 19th.

The rain ceas'd ab^t. 4 AM—Weather still fluttering. concluded not to beat y^e. General untill Six AM, took up our March at 7. Weather Cloudy & fluttering during the Day.— Encamped at Bedford 14 Miles from y^e. Crossings of Junietta — rec^d. information of Three Deserters being in y^e. Jail; paid the fees; employed the Smith to make Irons for them & the Villains I have already under Guard. — C-sign Bradford Order'd y^e. General at Three & the Waggons to be laden & to proceed immedeately. — Wrote by post to Maj^r. Stagge $respect^g$. deserters.

Saturday Aug^{st}. 20th.

Sent my Waggons on at Three & followed them with the Company & the Prisoners at 4 AM.— Forded the Juniata three times during y^e. March & Encamp'd at a place call'd Hughes's Camp 17 Miles from Bedford, thro! a Hilly (in $Mass^a$. I should have call'd it Mountainous) Country, badly supply'd with Water but *abundantly* furnish'd with Wood.— Gave the following Order

Camp at Hughes's Camp Augst. 20th.

The Commanding Officer again calls upon the Serjeants Commanding Squads, to pay attention to the Order & Cleanliness, of their respective Squads, he assures them this will be the last time he will trouble himself to call on them in this way. Many of the Men are Scandalously negligent, & they may depend on being punish'd for any future inattention.—Each Man will receive Twelve rounds of amunition this Ev^{g}.—Any Soldier who may be hardy eno! to draw his Charge after having been on Guard, except in the presence of the Serj^{t}. who commanded it, will be instantly punish'd.—if he presumes to discharge his piece without first having obtain'd permission from a Commiss.^{d} Officer, he will immedeatly receive 100 Lashes — They may also depend on immedeate punishment if they suffer their Cartridges to get wet by neglect, or their Arms to get rusty!! & unfit for Service. Serj^{t}. Williams having been Inlisted by a Gen^{t}. who possibly may have placed a Confidence in him, & who I am inform'd knows his family to be respectable; with his Solemn promises to reform, & conduct himself with propriety in future, has induced me to release him, unwilling to give pain to the Officer, although justly displeased with y^{e}. conduct of the Serj^{t}. — Mich^{l}. McGill was also releas'd from the Guard, upon a Consideration of his having been *severely* punish'd, & an unwillingness to march more Prisoners through the Country than may be absolutely necessary for y^{e}. good of the Service to retain; as even after their release I shall have 14!—Countersign Wells — Order'd y^{e}. General at Three —

Sunday Augst. 21st.

Cloudy, drizzly, threat'ning Morning. — March'd at five A M with small prospects of a decent one! was however very agreably disappointed by its clearing ab^{t}. 7. Crossed one of the Alleghany Mountains, which I found by no means so tremendously high & frightfull as I expected! and indeed no ways to be compared to the Mountain I pass'd previous to Encamping at Scinners, either for Length or roughness. Encamped & drew Two Days Provision of Beef & Bread at M^{c}. Dermot's in the Glades—13 Miles from Hughes's Camp. Countersign — Reed — General to beat at 5. —

Monday Augst. 22^{d}.

Cloudy & Foggy. March'd at 6 AM. nothing uncommon during the March. Encamp'd at Beams's. 12 Miles from M^{c}. Dermot's, Sent Jn^{o}. Anderson & Danl. Ryan forward to let M^{r}. Lovardlyyer know of my approach & that I should want three days Provision for 89 Men & 5 Women of Beef & Bread only, having drawn y^{e}. small parts of rations from Carlisle to Pittsburgh. — General at 5. Countersign Cobb —

Tuesday Augst. 23^{d}.

Heavy Fogg. March'd at 6 AM—Clear'd ab^{t}. 8. Cross'd a hill by the Name of Laurel Hill, 10 Miles over, the Stoniest & worst road I almost ever saw, but not very steep or Mountainous — Encamped in the Woods by a fine spring 14 Miles from Beams's. Countersign—Trescott Order'd the General at Three.—

Wednesday Augst. 24th.

Thick Fogg. March'd at Four AM. several small Showers during the March of 10 Miles to Loveangeyr's where I drew three days provision, up to Fort-Pitt, with a dertimination to renew my March at ½ past three PM—for Perry's Mill, 7 Miles from Loveangeyr's, but at this moment ½ past One P— M— there has commenced a very heavy Shower of rain, accompanied with Thunder; shall proceed as soon as it clears. — Clear'd ab^{t}. three P M— took up our March & Encamped at Perry's Mill — General to Beat at three Countersign Burnham Showers during y^{e}. Night.—

Thursday Augst. 25th.

Sent my waggons on at Two AM intending to measure 20 Miles. March'd with my Company at ½ past 4 AM Forded a Creek call'd the little Sweetly, halted at Squire Hillmans 17 Miles from y^{e}. Mills, Order'd the Lads to wash their Shirts & Overalls, against the Waggons came up; & intended for the Widow Myer's, which would have completed y^{e}. distance proposed; but y^{e}. badness of y^{e}. roads, made still worse by yesterdays rain, and a smart Shower ab^{t}. ½ an hour after I halted this day, render'd it impossible for them to come up untill 8 P— M— of Course Encamped for y^{e}. Night — Order'd the General at ½ past Three. Countersign—Heart

Fryday Augst. 26th.

Sent on the Waggons at Two A— M— between that hour & Marching at 4 AM. discover'd Patrick Dalton, & Michael Caton had made arrangements to desert, & would undoubtedly have succeededd but for the accidental jump of one of my Serjeants over a Fence, where he perceiv'd Dalton's Haversack & Musket; Caton had ever been honor'd with Confidence, & was at this time forward with the Waggons, but some circumstances having created suspicion he was secur'd, & a number of Fowles found in his Haversack, more Cartridges ab^{t}. him than had been deliver'd to him, and his Piece Charged — Dalton also had 49 rounds and his Musquet Charged with two Balls & his Haversack well stored with Stolen provisions. they both danced Laragrogan & were put in Irons to take their Trial at Fort-Pitt. Forded Turtle Creek & Halted at the Two Mile run ab^{t}. Three hundred yards from the Monongohela river, & Two Miles from the Town. Order'd the Tents, Camp Kettles & Bowles Scrub'd, & the Men to prepare to make a handsome entrance into Pittsburgh. Weather Cloudy & Foggy all the Morning but Cleard ab^{t}. ½ past Eleven AM very hott. — Countersign. Craig.— the following is the Copy of a Letter to Major Craig —

Two Mile run Augst. 26th. 1791

Sir

M^{r}. Laury, Quater-Master 2^{d}. regiment Levies, will inform you of my arrival at this Place. he will also receive such directions as you may have for me, & such information respecting the Ground I am to Encamp on in Pittsburgh, as you may chuse to communicate—

I am with respect —
Your most obed^{t}.
hble Servt.

Major-Craig Commanding
Officer at Fort-Pitt

Saturday Augst. 27th.

March'd into Pittsburgh ab^{t}. 11 OClock AM. & Encamped, made some few arrangements as to going down the river, & wrote an acc^{t}. of my arrival to Genl. Knox. Countersign Butler. —

Sunday Augst. 28th.

Nothing material except dining with Major Craig, pass'd an agreable afternoon & Ev^{g}. & return'd to Camp before Tatoo. Countersign— Sullivan — Inlisted, Henry Craige

Monday Augst. 29th.

Sent such of my Arms as wanted repairing, to the Armourers draw'd all y^{e}. Clothing for my recruits Inlisted on the March excepting Coats & Hatts—pass'd an Agreable Ev^{g}. with some of the Belles of Pittsburgh & retir'd to Camp at Eleven Countersign — Neville.—

Tuesday Augst. 30th.

Receiv'd my Barrel of Spirits, & that with my Groceries which I had left in Phil^{a}. —procur'd a Physician to take care of some of my Men who had got Lame on our March. — Ab^{t}. half past Ten A M had a smart shower, with sharp lightning & heavy Thunder Struck Tents at 4 P M — march'd to a fresh piece of Ground & Encamped nigher the Monongehala on the Point between that & the Alleghany river. in the Ev^{g}. one of my Men, James Haney fell down the Bank ab^{t}. 40 feet, but happily rec^{d}. but little other injury than that occasion'd by his fright. — Countersign Brooks.

Wednesday Augst. 31st.

Cloudy & likely to rain, but this is the first Morn^{g}. which has been Clear of very thick Fogg, since we Cross'd the first Mountains. rain at 4 P.M. Cap^{t}. Ruecastle of 2^{d}. Reg^{t}. Levies. Inlisted a Judge of the Court Bucks County as a Serj^{t}. Countersign Hull —

Thursday Septr. 1st.

Fine Day. draw'd from the Commissary Military Stores. Fusils for myself & Officers. Countersign Tyler

Fryday Septr. 2^{d}.

Draw'd 20 Days provision to carry me down to Fort Washington—& prepar'd to go off tomorrow Countersign Eustis —

Saturday Septr. 3^{d}.

Cloudy Morning. Commenc'd raining ab^{t}. 2 P M am advised by People who are better acquainted with y^{e}. river than myself

to wait untill Monday. Countersign Crocker — Jas Keary Desert.

Sunday Septr. 4th

Am happy to find the river rises fast & am still advised by Genl. Neville to wait untill tomorrow when there seems little doubt of its rising in such a manner as to enable me to pursue my Voyage to Fort Washington 600 Miles from this by Night as well as Day, which has been impossible for some Months past. steady rain. God grant it may continue, & my expectations fulfilled. Countersign Townshend—

Monday Septr. 5th.

Cloudy Morning, found river rising & rapid, settled with the Contractor for Provisions, & the Commissary Military Stores got every thing on board & Embark'd at Eleven A.M. rain at Two PM. which continued all Night & made our situation very uncomfortable. form'd the Men in my own Boat into 6 watches or reliefs which made their Duty light. Order'd Mr. Greaton to do likewise, & always to keep his boat within hail.

Tuesday Septr. 6th.

Pass'd Buffaloe Creek at 6 A M 72 Miles from Pittsburgh pay'd a Musical compliment to a Militia Guard at that place, & sent a Canoe ashore for Milk. In ye. Afternoon pass'd 3 more Guards to all of whom we shew our Colours & paid the usual Compliments of beating a March, which appear'd to be understood but by one of them, who seem'd to return it with great satisfaction. in the night we pass'd the last Fort on ye. river untill we come to Muskingum.

Wednesday Septr. 7th.

Abt. ten A M having an excellent Glass discover'd Men on Shore abt. 3 Miles a head filing off thro' the bushes as I supposed to attack us, prepar'd to receive them & kept my lads at their arms untill we arriv'd at Muskingum which was at 3 P M. pay'd the compliment of ye. Drum & receiv'd a Salute from the Blockhouse. found Colo. Sprout & many of my acquaintances who were happy to see me. was delighted with ye. situation of Marietta. but think ye "Campus Martius" derives its principal excellence from its strength against an

Indian rather than a Military Enemy,[4] took my leave at 6 P M accompanied by Maj^{r}. Cushing & a number of Gen^{t}. who were bound to Belle Pre & who were polite eno'. to go with us 25 Miles beyond it. after having made me a present of some Squashes Melons &c & enjoying themselves dancing until ½ past 3 A M. think they have "paid dear for their Whistle" as they have to row back against y^{e}. Current which now runs ab^{t}. 4½ knots.

Thursday Septr. 8th.

Sick all Day. at 8 P M came opposite the French Settlement of Galliapolis. sent a letter ashore to Cap^{t}. Guion, was unhappy that my head ache & something of a fever prevented my Visiting of him. fine Ev^{g}. 'till ½ past ten when it began to rain & continued all night.—

Fryday Septr. 9th.

rainy Morning. the roof of my Boat leak'd all Night, had a wet uncomfortable time of it altho! I feel a little better ab^{t}. 8 AM. pick'd up a large Canoe which I order'd cut to pieces & Scuttled lest the Indians should make use of her to capture y^{e}. Merchant boats passing on the river. ab^{t}. 11 A M saw a very large Bear swim across y^{e}. river, M^{r}. Craig jump'd into y^{e}. Canoe, but bruin reach'd ye Shore before him & made off. this is ye first large species of Game I have seen during my March to Pittsburgh or sail this far down the river, except one Fawn. Shott 2 Turkeys. — Finding we had got into the most dangerous part of the river from Pittsburgh to Fort-Washington. Order'd a Serj^{t}. & 12 mounted every night instead of the former watches. in both boats

Saturday Septr. 10th.

Thick Fogg. oblig'd to beat the Taps most of y^{e}. night and untill ½ past 8 this Morning, as my boat row'd faster than M^{r}. Greaton's. was happy in finding (when it Clear'd) that we had not seperated — saw another Bear come down to y^{e}. river, who also fil'd off on percieving us. Landed at the famous Settlement of Limestone ab^{t}. ½ past 4 P M. to say

[4] Fort Harmar was established at the mouth of the Muskingum in 1785 by Major John Doughty. Next to Fort Washington (at Cincinnati) it was the principal military establishment on the Ohio frontier. In 1788 the famed Ohio Company founded Marietta, and among the numerous classical names which they sprinkled over the site of their wilderness metropolis that of Campus Martius was given to their central stockaded inclosure.

I was disappointed would give but a small Idea of the place or my feelings. 'Tis true the Land ab^{t}. it is luxuriantly fertile, & the Town is happily situated. but the houses for so old a settlement, are contemptibly mean, and badly built, most of y^{e}. People poor & lazy. & the streets abominably filthy & dirty, owing to their Hogsties being contiguous to them. & from laziness or some reason incomprehensible to me their suffering the filth & excrements to run into the Streets. Limestone is 60 miles from Fort Washington hope to get there tomorrow. had a most Violent squal of wind & rain ab^{t}. 11 P M. which lasted upwards of an *hour* & in which we were in danger of foundering or being driven on Shore & in which myself & Bed got most thouroughly wet. the other boat was also in a disagreable situation. —

Sunday Septr. 11th.

Foggy till 9 AM. when it Clear'd very Cool found ourselves within 14 Miles of Head-Quarters order'd the Men to prepare themselves for making a handsome appearance on Landing. — Landed at at a Settlement call'd little Miami— it is indeed a beautiful situation & y^{e}. people appear contented & industrious. ab^{t}. ½ past 4 P M. landed at Fort-Washington. waited upon Genl. S^{t}. Clair & encamp'd in front of y^{e}. Battalion. C-sign France

Monday Septr. 12th.

Made a report of my Comp^{y}. & returns for Arms, Accoutrements & Clothing. Din'd with Genl. Harmar. rec^{d}. Orders to hold myself in readiness to march at y^{e}. shortest notice with y^{e}. army. C-sign—Vigo

Tuesday Septr. 13th.

Went on Fatigue with 90 Men to haul the Boats up on y^{e}. Bank—had complaint that 25^{lbs}. Bacon had been stolen altho! a Corporal & 3 Men had y^{e}. Care of it. instantly broke y^{e}. Corp^{l}. & made him & y^{e}. whole Guard dance laragrogan. C-sign Detroit—

Wednesday Septr. 14th.

Prepar'd to March. busy all day, wrote to Boston. din'd with Cap^{t}. Bradford & a parcel of genteel Officers of the Garrison. C-sign Bell Pre'. 4 Indian Warriors came to see their families who had been captur'd.

Thursday Septr. 15th.

March'd at 8 AM. for HeadQuaters 24 Miles from Fort-Washington Came on drizzling rain ab^{t}. 11 AM. Forded two deep Creeks during y^{e}. March. & halted at Mill Creek 10 Miles from Fort-W— the roads so very muddy our baggage could not keep up, of consequence was oblig'd to lay in y^{e}. Woods on a wet piece of Ground, without a blanket or Great-Coat—their Nankeen Overalls & a linnen Jacket, must confess I was most uncomfortably Cold. altho I lay with my feet to a good fire. the fog was so heavy as to wet my Jacket & Overalls thro! ab^{t}. 12 O Clock at night a very large Tree fell upon two of Cap^{t}. Phelon's Men, one of whom died in ab^{t}. three hours after, the other was badly wounded but not dangerous. — There was no Countersign given, it being consider'd unnecessary, as our Men or Officers could have no call out of ye line of Centinels. the mode of conduct order'd for y^{e}. reliefs, was for y^{e}. Sentry to order y^{e}. Corporal of ye relief to ground his Arms, advance & make himself known after which he approach'd & reliev'd ye Sentry.

Fryday Septr. 16th.

took up our March at 6 OClock A. M. forded several Creeks & small runs. & was oblig'd to halt & make booths & 2 OClock P M. as y^{e}. Surveyor had not blaz'd y^{e}. Trees or open'd y^{e}. road further than 10 Miles! & had left us to find our way out of y^{e}. Woods as we could. this of consequence brought on reconnoitering, & y^{e}. rifle Men were sent forward to make a new road into y^{e}. old one, which was discover'd ab^{t}. 3 Miles from where we halted. at 4 P. M. our Baggage came up & we got something to Eat & drink, it being y^{e}. first time since ye day before we march'd dinner time. "tight times in y^{e}. Jerseys."

Saturday Septr. 17th.

March'd at 6 A M. Enter'd y^{e}. Grand Camp at the Great Miami ab^{t}. noon.[5] after hav^{g} March'd 10 Miles more! hav^{g}. in y^{e}. whole march'd upwards 30 Miles in y^{e}. New road! instead of 24 in y^{e}. Old one! with four Companies 2^{d}. U S Reg^{t}. 2 Battallions Levies & 5 pieces of Artillery. C-sign Tennessee.—

[5] This camp was on the site of the city of Hamilton, Ohio, which takes its name from Fort Hamilton, built by St. Clair's army between September 17 and October 4, 1791.

Sunday Septr. 18th.

The whole Army Order'd under Arms at revellie beating every morning, & to continue under Arms untill the Fog Clears so that an Enemy may be discover'd at y^{e}. distance of 200 yards. this Order kept us on y^{e}. Parade two hours to Day, & in all probability will every day. as y^{e}. Fogs are constant & heavy every Morning untill 7. or 8 OClock.—At 11 OClock A Man came in belonging to M^{r}. Cobb's party who had been detachch'd from Fort-Washington with 20 Men to flank & Cover provision boats down y^{e}. river. with information that during their March they had been frequently fir'd on by y^{e}. Indians but happily without Injury. they return'd y^{e}. fire but with no other success than driving y^{e}. Indians, rescuing a Horse which had been stolen from Judge Symmes, and taking a Tomahawk which they left in their hurry. Genl. St Clair arriv'd from Fort-Washington ab^{t}. 4 P M. C-sign Petersburgh.

Monday Septr. 19th.

Cap^{t}. Faulkner with 20 rifle Men were sent out after 10 Indians who were discover'd a small distance from Camp upon our right flank.—several very large rattle-snakes have been kill'd by our Men, in our own Camp since we came here.—M^{r}. Cobb came into Camp ab^{t}. 12 at Noon with his detachment. the boats & provisions were left at Dunlap's Station 6 Miles from this—Commenc'd raining ab^{t}. 6 P M. during y^{e}. night we had y^{e}. sharpest lightning & heaviest Thunder & rain, which I have as Yet seen, but having a tolerable Tent of y^{e}. sort, & y^{e}. coarse long Grass in this Country when Cut & dried, answering y^{e}. purpose of Straw. I was pretty tolerably Comfortable. Counter-sign Miami

Tuesday Septr. 20th.

Warn'd for Court-Martial but as some of y^{e}. Prisoners were of my own Company, & I felt that I had prejudged, I made application to Genl. S^{t}. Clair who order'd another Officer in my place.—At night went on Picket with 1 Serj^{t}. 1 Corp^{l}. & 15 privates! cannot acc^{t}. for the mode in which Duty is generally done in this Camp. but concieve it absolutely unmilitary. but as older officers than myself have done y^{e}. same Tour in y^{e}. same I think ridiculous mode I acquiesce. but hope y^{e}. still will be alter'd when we move towards y^{e}.

Enemy, who I am inform'd are 1500 strong & are determin'd to give us Battle. So be it, altho! I am sorry to think our force not so respectable in point of strength as Numbers.—Countersign Kent.—

Wednesday Septr. 21st.

Came off Picquet at Revéllié. was immedeatly order'd to make out a Muster Roll, & an Inspection return against tomorrow! Consideration is one of y^e^. first properties (in my estimation) of a good Genl. but to put an Officer on Duty, & as soon as he comes off expect, a three days business with close application, to be perform'd in little better than 1|2 one! is a refinement beyond my Comprehension! however what can be, shall be done—Cap^t^. Faulkners after a circuitous March of 40 Miles thro! the woods, return'd with 6 Horses but without having seen any Indians.—Countersign—Cincinnati

Thursday Septr. 22^d^.

rainy, drizzling Morning. On Calling in the Levie Centinels upon the Bullock Guard, found one of them Missing. the adjacent ground was search'd without success. it is presumed he fell asleep on his post, and was taken off by the Indians. Our Battalion was Muster'd by Col^o^. Minzies one of the Inspectors for the Troops of the U S. they made a decent appearance, tho! by no means what I presume they will at a future day.—

As for Inspection, it was found impossible for any Cap^t^. of our batl^n^. on y^e^. Ground to comply with y^e^. Order, as we were *hurried* (myself ever since I have been *appointed,* from *every* place!) from Fort-Washington & oblig'd to leave many of our most essential papers besides some of our most necessary baggage behind. The Inspector must do *his* duty & report us to y^e^. Genl. but I have no apprehensions, conscious of having discharged my duty in every point my abilities w^d^. admit of. raind all night. C-sign Onslow

Fryday Septr. 23^d^.

Rainy, disagreable Morning. Clear'd ab^t^. 10 AM. Major Hart return'd from Fort-Washington, but with small encouragement as to our baggage being forwarded. This is against *me,* as *all* my Stores were left there, & the difficulty of getting them sent to me, naturally encreases with my dis-

tance from them: however it is nothing uncommon to Soldiers, & I must & will be contented.—In y^{e}. Afternoon my boy return'd to me from y^{e}. hospital at Fort-Washington, poor boy, y^{e}. scenes are so Novel, & as he concieves hard, that it affects his Spirits & makes him unhappy. however, he little thinks that the fatigues & dangers are yet to come! Indeed the anticipation of a Winter's Campaign, in a Country inhabited only by wild beasts, or y^{e}. still more ferocious *biped* of y^{e}. forest, without baggage, & I very much fear in a manner without provisions! as it is clear to my understanding, that the frost will destroy y^{e}. herbage of the Country, which is y^{e}. sole dependance at present of our Batt-horses & Cattle! I say this anticipation, with y^{e}. reflection of having no other covering in our *best* situation, but our Tents in y^{e}. middle Winter, & that when on picquet we shall not be allowed fire, however stormy or cold it may be! I confess affords me but little satisfaction in y^{e}. contemplation—rain'd from 6 P. M. all night. Countersign Batavia.

Saturday Septr. 24th.

Rainy, stormy Morning. rain'd all Day, but absolutely pour'd in sheets & torrents all night! Tent, bed & Clothes Wet, d—d the Economy of the Contractor for y^{e}. thinness of our Tents, particularly the backs & doors which are made of very coarse Oznabrigs! & thro! which the rain beat, as if thro! a Sieve! this is the Country cheated, and the Soldier imposed on[6]. Countersign—Africa

Sunday Septr. 25th.

rain 'till 9 oclock AM when the sun bless'd our Eyes once more din'd upon Bear, Venison, & Wild Turkey. pass'd y^{e}. Ev^{g}. with some of y^{e}. Bloods of y^{e}. 1st. U S Reg^{t}. retir'd to my Tent at 11 P M C-sign Saxe

Monday Septr. 26th.

Cloudy Morn^{g}. Clear'd Warm ab^{t}. 10 AM. struck my Tent, and *thouroughly* dried y^{e}. Ground upon which it had been pitched. Finding that Henry Craig, John Kline, &

[6] There is ample testimony from other sources corroborative of these observations concerning the quality of the tents. If one may attempt to distinguish amid a general riot of mismanagement it would perhaps be fair to say that the conduct of the quartermaster's department was particularly notable for its all-around inefficiency.

John Moss, three Soldiers of my Company, to whom I yesterday gave permission to go to to y^e^. river to wash, had not return'd; & on examining their Clothing that they had left some of their dirty Clothes & old Shoes behind, & had taken the best of each with them, I was induced to believe they had deserted; altho! I confess my Common Sense much stagger'd at y^{e}. belief of three Men without Arms, deserting from a Camp surrounded by an Enemy ever watching its motions, & ready to take off the Fore-tops of any who ventur'd out of it without a Guard! The Commanding Officer has however Order'd out some Rifle-Men & light Horse, if possible to apprehend them. may they succeed, indeed I hardly concieve their escape possible. Countersign

Tuesday Septr. 27th

Thick Fogg in y^{e}. Morning which in this Country generally indicates & produces a fine clear day! while a Clear Morn^{g}. is as infallible a sign of rain in y^{e}. course of it! Cleard ab^{t}. 10 AM. Cap^{t}. Phelon sent off with 50 Men to Fort-Washington to escort baggage to y^{e}. Camp.—Hear y^{e}. Indians took 56 Batt horses from Ludlow Station y^{e}. night before last! Ludlow is 14 Miles from our Camp, 7 Miles from Fort Washington, & between both!—It seems to be their adopted policy to capture our horses, & is beyond a doubt y^{e}. most effectual mode of preventing y^{e}. expedition against y^{e}. Mimi Towns as our Army cannot move without horses to transport y^{e}. necessary provisions & Stores.—The Pack horse Masters of our own Camp on Counting their horses miss 100! which are also supposed to be taken by y^{e}. Indians!

Wednesday Septr. 28th.

Thick Fogg. Am inform'd by my Orderly Serj^{t}. that two of my lads, two brothers by y^{e}. name of Depew, to whom I had yesterday given permission to go to y^{e}. river to wash, have not ret^{d}. or been heard of! I am very apprehensive that they have fallen into y^{e}. hands of y^{e}. Indians, as they have ever appear'd contented with their situation, & conducted themselves with decency and civility. Warn'd and sat as President of a Regimental Court-Martial.

Thursday Septr. 29th.

Thick Fogg. Heard that the two lads mention'd above had got lost in y^{e}. Woods & had straggled to Dunlap's Station down y^{e}. river where they are now confin'd by y^{e}. Command^{g} Officer in suspicion of desertion.—

Fryday Septr. 30th.

Went on Fatigue with 250 Men & three Subalterns to the Garrison, completed y^{e}. Picketing, cut slabs to line it, & Logs for y^{e}. foundation of y^{e}. Banquetting round it. rec^{d}. Orders respecting y^{e}. line of March & Battle, & those appointing a Board of Officers to settle y^{e}. rank of y^{e}. Army.—

Saturday October 1st.

Clear Morn^{g}. commenc'd raining with very heavy Showers ab^{t}. 8 OClock AM. by y^{e}. Order of Major Heart gave in the dates of my Commissions, to y^{e}. Board of Officers. confess I have no great expectations upon any of them, except y^{e}. rank of "86. & shall acquiesce in that *general principle* which shall pervade y^{e}. *line* of y^{e}. Army.—Cap^{t}. Phelon return'd with his Command from Fort-Washington ab^{t}. 10 OClock A M.—ab^{t}. 3 hours after his return y^{e}. Indians kill'd a Soldier of y^{e}. 1st. U S Reg^{t}. took another, & six horses only 2 Miles from Camp. a Party of rifle-Men are order'd out to pursue them.—

Information has also arriv'd in Camp, of Major Davison of y^{e}. Militia having been kill'd this day by y^{e}. Indians, at y^{e}. point of y^{e}. Great-Miami a few Miles from Camp. rain'd all day & Night.

Sunday October 2^{d}. 1791

Clear Morn^{g}. 'till 11 OClock AM when it thicken'd up. these as usual were y^{e}. never failing indications of foul weather ab^{t}. 4 P M it commenc'd raining & continued all Night, & a cold, uncomfortable one it was. at roll Call rec^{d}. orders to hold ourselves in readiness at y^{e}. Shortest notice. we at y^{e}. same time had y^{e}. order of Encampment. March & Battle communicated to us—as far as I am capable of judging, think them excellent, & am much pleased with them

Monday Octr. 3^{d}

Cloudy & Chilly. Violent Cold in my head & limbs, however hope we shall not march to day, & that I shall feel more

equal to it. indeed at present, I am y^e^. only Cap^t^. in our reg^t^. who is well eno! to do duty. Kirkwood has been confin'd ever since we came here. Phelon has been unable for duty these 10 days, & Shaylor is taken very ill this Morning—heard that two of my Men who deserted from this place are taken & confin'd in Fort-Washington

Tuesday Octr. 4th.

General beat inst^d^. of revellie, struck our Tents, and March'd ab^t^. 11 AM. Forded y^e^. great Miami river, which was up to our middles & very rapid. this Country I concieve very unhealthy as we have continued Fogs, heavy dews, cloudy chilly weather, or rain. this day we are wet, cold, & uncomfortable. march'd as I suppose 2 Miles from y^e^. river it being impossible to march further as we had y^e^. roads to cut. halted in a wood in which was abundance of under brush & briars.—however, made good fires, dried ourselves & pitch'd our Tents. hear that a Serj^t^. and Corp^l^. of y^e^. Levies deserted last night. while on duty at y^e^. Bullock Guard.—The Army had march'd in two Columns single file at y^e^. distance of 2 or 3 hundred yards between y^e^. Columns, each of which was headed by two pieces of artillery, & bro^t^. up by two more in y^e^. rear, y^e^. Cattle & Batt horses moving in y^e^. Interval between y^e^. Columns. y^e^. order of Encampment y^e^. same as y^e^. order of March except y^e^. front & rear being turn'd to form an Oblong Square of which my Company form'd y^e^. right of y^e^. rear face & a Comp^y^. of y^e^. 1st. U S Reg^t^. y^e^. left. both these regiments forming y^e^. first, y^e^. rear of y^e^. Column on y^e^. right, & ours the rear of y^e^. Column on y^e^. left.

Wednesday Octr. 5th.

Cloudy Cloudy & chilly General inst^d^. revellie, March'd at Nine AM. & notwithstanding y^e^. line of March was alterd & y^e^. Columns on y^e^. flanks of y^e^. Stores provisions & Baggage had only a foot path to Cut! y^e^. road orderd to be cut for the Artillery &c &c &c in y^e^. Centre between the Columns employed y^e^. whole day 'till 5 OClock PM. to measure a distance of three Miles!! on y^e^. March y^e^. advanc'd picket discover'd an Indian on horse back upon full speed. during this small March forded a Creek over our knees. Encamp'd in y^e^. same manner only that y^e^. whole of 2^d^. U S reg^t^. 2 p^s^. [?] artill^y^.

& part of y^{e}. 1st. U S Reg^{t}. form'd y^{e}. rear face. this bro^{t}. my Comp^{y}. 2^{d}. on y^{e}. right NB This day was pleasant & y^{e}. Sun Shin'd!!

Thursday Octr. 6th.

Cloudy Morn^{g}. & Cold at revellie beating it being my Tour of duty, took command of y^{e}. advanc'd Guard consist^{g}. 1 Cap^{t}. 1 Sub 3 Serj^{ts}. 3 Corp^{ls}. & 54 Privates. with every possible exertion y^{e}. Army only made 5 Miles. at night Commanded the Advanc'd Picket. Altho! it had cleard ab^{t}. 11 OClock A M & the Day had been warm & pleasant; y^{e}. night was uncomfortably Cold & Chilly. this we experienc'd in its full effect, not being all^{d}. to make a fire or lay down with their blankets on, as that would have defeated y^{e}. intention of Posting us, by discovering our position to the Enemy. during y^{e}. March forded two Creeks, over our knees.—

Fryday Octr. 7th.

Clear Morn^{g}. & a pleasant day! Order'd with my Picket, to constitute y^{e}. rear Guard of the Army. oblig'd to wait on y^{e}. Ground more than hour after y^{e}. whole Army had mov'd, to wait for an Ox Waggon that had broken down yesterday. overtook y^{e}. Troops ab^{t}. 3 P. M. & y^{e}. Whole halted ab^{t}. 5—having made 5 Miles more during y^{e}. day! Was reliev'd from my Guard ab^{t}. 6. & slept sweetly & soundly all Night. I was indeed fatigued.

Saturday Octr. 8th.

Clear Morning and a fine day. March'd at 8 OClock AM. measurd 5½ Miles during which Faulkners rifle-Men discover'd some Indians who had unfortunately percieved their approach, & they could only get a Shot at one of them four of y^{e}. party fir'd but miss'd him. Just before we Encamp'd Genl. Sinclair join'd us from Fort-Washington Billy a Weeaw' Indian one of those who came in to Fort-Washington on y^{e}. 14th. Ult^{o}. came with him, conjecture is alive & alive let it be I care little ab^{t}. it.—

Sunday Octr. 9th.

Fine Morning & pleasant day. March'd ab^{t}. 8 AM. on the March an Elk got surprised between our Column & y^{e}. Baggage & in ab^{t}. an hour after a fine Doe. they both escap'd as we had positive orders not to fire. these are y^{e}. first wild

quadrupeds of y^{e}. Forest that I have seen frightned & upon y^{e}. run. their appearance caus'd a variety of sensations. measur'd 4 Miles this day.

Monday Octr. 10th.

Pleasant all Day. March'd at 7 AM. On the March at diff^{t}. periods of it. 1 Buck and 2 fine Doe & a Faun run within fifteen yards of me between y^{e}. Column 2 y^{e}. baggage & finally broke their way out, thro! a part of our Men. made $7\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.

Tuesday Octr. 11th.

General, as for y^{e}. week past. inst^{d}. of revellie. March'd at 7 AM pass'd several Indian Bowery's. & y^{e}. advanc'd rifle Men saw some Indians on horse back. a detachment of the Cavalry were sent on their trail, on halting was order'd with a Subaltern, non Commiss^{d}. in proportion & forty privates to forage for y^{e}. Army. made 6 Miles halted early in consequence of an extensive prairie & Morass appearing in front.—found two horses on y^{e}. Ground which were hoppled with an Indian Cloth, suppose them to be two that have been stolen from us on our march.

Wednesday Octr. 12th.

Genl. Sinclair & Butler, with y^{e}. Surveyor out reconnoitering & exploring our way round y^{e}. Prairie General beat at 11 AM. struck Tents & March'd at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 previous to which, some [one or two words torn off] Men [several words torn off] scout discover'd an Indian Cabin [word torn off] $\frac{1}{4}$ of a Mile from our Camp. on entering it they found a fine Bear recently slaughter'd, a whole deer cooking, & a number of skins! all which they made free with. a piece of y^{e}. Bear I had for dinner, & partook of y^{e}. Venison for Supper.—Another party [of] Rifle Men started 3 Indians whom they unsuccessfully pursued without being able to obtain firing distance but on their return fell in with a single Indian whom one of them wounded at 60 yards. a second rifle Man fir'd & as he suppos'd fetch'd him, but a third, at 30 yards bro^{t}. him on all fours, made a prize of his rifle, but on his giving y^{e}. war hoop, the orders of his Serj^{t}. who commanded y^{e}. party only 5 in number, & an apprehension that their might be a party secreted in y^{e}. swamp to which he had crawled, induc'd him to quit him. y^{e}. rifle he bro^{t}. in to authenticate his Story.

Cap[t]. Butler took a fine horse, hoppled with [one word and part of another torn off] hoppus, [?] a pair Indian Leggins and a p[r]. Mockasins on [word torn off].—during y[e]. March one of y[e]. horsemen observ'd [th]at there was 2 Artillery horses at a little distance. the Cavalry mov'd, but y[e]. horses were taken off before they arrived! & y[e]. pursuit unsuccessfull. they however left a pair Mockasins in lieu thereof.—made ab[t]. 4 Miles this day.—this night Ice made y[e]. thickness of a pistareen!

Thursday Oct[r]. 13th.

At revellie beating, went on fatigue to cut y[e]. road. cut 6½ Miles & was Order'd back y[e]. Gen[l]. having determin'd to erect a Blockhouse ½ mile from our last nights encampment returnd ab[t]. ½ past three. when a 1 Cap[t]. 1 Sub. & 60 Non-Commiss[d]. & privates being wanted to continue on fatigue, Cap[t]. Smith of y[e]. 1st. U S reg[t]. & myself drew for y[e]. command. I was fortunate & got clear. Commenc'd raining at 11 P M. & continued very stormy all night. Tent leak'd as usual, & y[e]. Contractor got his Benediction. supp'd with Lieu[t]. Melcher 1st. U S Reg[t]. upon Bear, & Coffee with milk in it!!

Fryday [date torn off]

Clear'd ab[t]. 8 OClock. went on General Court-Martial [at] 9. The fatigue parties began to clear y[e]. ground for y[e]. Blockhouse.[7] am fearfull it may be my lot to remain here, as I understand a Cap[t]. from y[e]. 2[d]. U S reg[t]. will command.—Confess I think y[e]. ground too approachable as it is surrounded by a number of small Nolls, behind which an Enemy in a Country like this might lay conceal'd, & extreemly distress if not cut off y[e]. supply of water from y[e]. Garrison. commenc'd rain ab[t]. 9 OClock P. M. & raind very hard all night.

Saturday Oct[r]. 15th.

rain'd all day. a Bear run into y[e]. Camp & was kill'd. a Militia Man being out hunting, discovered an Indian Camp. a party of Militia are sent on one route & a party rifle Men on y[e]. other. ab[t]. 4 P M they returnd without hav[g] made any discoveries. rain'd [ms. torn] Night.

[7] The fort built here was named in favor of Thomas Jefferson. It was near the site of modern Fort Jefferson, Ohio. The army was occupied here until October 24.

Sunday Octr. 16th.

raind all y^e. Morn^g 'till 11 AM. a fine Buck & Doe ran thro! y^e. Camp & escap'd. y^e. Buck ran between Cap^t Phelons Tent & y^e. one on his right, y^e. Doe passd y^e. Majors Tent & appear'd much fatigued. at 4 P. M it began again to rain & continued all night—during which two or three of y^e. Centinels fired, undoubtedly thro! mistake as I have heard of nothing material taken place.

Monday Octr. 17th.

Chilly, drizzling rain all day. two horses were bro^t. in two rifle Men were kill'd while hunting ab^t. 6 miles from Camp. rain'd & hail'd all night.—

Tuesday Octr. 18th.

rain 'till 9 AM. y^e. Sun popp'd upon us two or three times untill one OClock P M, when it again became Cloudy & Cold. Cap^t. Shaylor arriv'd from Fort-Hamilton at which place we left him Sick.—His accounts [one or two words torn off] [di]scouraging as to our suddenly receiving proper, if [an]y supplies or provision, indeed we just begin to realize part of my anticipation of y^e. 23^d. Septr. the Pea-Vine, our principal dependance for y^e. subsistance of our horses &c. & all the herbage of y^e. Country except long Sour Grass & decay'd leaves, are cut off, y^e. horses are enfeebled & die daily, we had only a few bags flour on hand for y^e. support of y^e. whole Army, untill y^e. arrival of the brigade of 60 horses with which Cap^t. Shaylor came, & they have only brought three days; on y^e. road they met a brigade of horses which left us two days ago, but y^e. badness of y^e. roads, render'd still worse by y^e. heavy rains, had worn y^e. horses down, discouraged y^e. pack-horse Master, who Cap^t. S. informs swear they will not return!! our situation in a few days will be [c]ritically distressing, if M^r. Duer's agents have no other [d]ependance for y^e. transportation of provision to us, than [the p]resent set of horses belonging to y^e. Army. heaven knows [the] Creatures can bear but little if any burthen, & a few days [or w]eeks will finish y^e. Campaign with most of them.

Wednesday Octr. 19th.

[S]till Cloudy & Chilly. three Officers Servants were bro^t. in by the rifle men. they had stolen their Masters horses, had

pack'd up some of their Clothes & were going off to y^e^. Indians. they were Servants to the Capts. Armstrong & Ford & Major Furguson.—An order came from ye. Genl. "that untill further Orders no person in ye. army is to draw more than one ration P day. that ration to consist of 1 1|2 pounds Beef & ½ pound flour" ye. extra beef [be]ing substituted for ye. deficient flour.

Thursday Octr. 20th.

Pleasant 'till 3 P M. when it again lowr'd & threaten'd. recd. Letters from my good Mother, Peggy, & Betsey Major Stagg, & Capt, Pratt. they afforded me most sensible pleasure. it call'd my imagination to my Native home & ye. peacefull scenes of domestic life. my fancy presented my friends in various points of vie[w] & led my mind to ye. variegated pursuit in which they engag'd; may they ever be promotive of their best interest. [&] happiness. this night was ye. coldest we have yet had.

Fryday Octr. 21st.

Clear Cold Morning. the General Court-Martial on which I have sat every day since ye. 14th. Inst. was dissolved having tried all ye. prisoners who were confind for Capital Crimes.—very Cold all day & night, in ye. Evg. it spit Snow—

Saturday Octr. 22d.

Clear & Cold, It having Yesterday been Order'd that ye. Army shd. draw only ¼lb. Flour & no extra Beef, 'till a further supply arriv'd. Sixty of ye. Kentucky Militia left us,[8] & ye. remainder swear they will not stay if they are to be reduc'd in their rations pack'd up all my baggage except two Shirts & a few necessaries which I can carry in a Knapsack, & intend leaving them at the Garrison, as we are not to have Batt—horses, an[d] am inform'd ye. General means to advance 20 M[iles] [one line too faint to read] as to have our necessaries scatterd throughout such wilderness as this.

[8] They left threatening to seize the supplies which were being forwarded for the further support of the already starving army. Whether to protect the supplies or to secure the deserters themselves St. Clair sent the First United States Infantry in pursuit of them. Due to this fact he went into the battle of November fourth deprived of half his force of regulars, which constituted the backbone of his army.

Sunday Octr. 23^{d}.

[C]lear & Cold in y^{e}. Morn^{g}. but moderated as y^{e}. Sun rose. Cap^{t}. Shaylor & Lieut. Bradley of our reg^{t}. are appointed to this Garrison. thank God it was not Phelon or myself. the Army are order'd to hold themselves at y^{e}. shortest notice. suppose we shall March tomorrow adieu Baggage for a small time at least.—At 3 P M y^{e}. Army attended y^{e}. Execution of two of y^{e}. Officers Waiters who were desert[ing] to y^{e}. Enemy, & a Levy Soldier who [had] Shot his [ms. illegible] threaten'd to Shoot his Officer

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

SOME LIGHT ON TWO HISTORICAL HOAXES

We set our pen to this topic because of the evident need of informing our readers concerning a type of historical error that seems to be widely prevalent, and about which inquiries and requests are frequently sent to the Library. A few weeks since came a letter from distant Washington, asking how much would be paid for "what we consider a valuable paper"—the sheet in question being the issue of the Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* for July 2, 1863. With far greater frequency, however, do such letters come concerning the *Ulster County Gazette* of Kingston, New York, for January 4, 1800. This paper contained an account of the funeral of George Washington, printed in columns bordered with heavy black mourning lines. It is indeed a fact that there was a paper at Vicksburg known as the *Citizen* which in the scarcity of materials which prevailed during the famous siege of 1863 was published for a time by the resourceful editor on wall paper; and it is a further fact that at Kingston, New York, both before and after President Washington's death was published a paper known as the *Ulster County Gazette.* It is rarely, if ever, the fact, however, that the many people scattered over the country who think they possess veritable original issues of these two papers are correct in their supposition. So widely distributed are copies of the *Ulster County Gazette* of January 4, 1800, that had this obscure country weekly of six-score years ago enjoyed the circulation of a modern metropolitan daily there would still be cause for wonderment over the number of copies that have survived. The simple fact is, of course, that these copies are all spurious, none of them being over sixty or sixty-five years old, while many of them are less venerable by far than the first automobile or the crop of high-school graduates of this year, 1918.

The *Ulster County Gazette* was established in 1798 and continued publication until 1822. During this entire period its publisher was Samuel Freer and his son (the latter alone after the death of the father). The younger man died in 1840, and not until ten or

fifteen years later was the first reprint of the now famous paper made. Since then reprints have been numerous; over a score have been listed by the Library of Congress, but it is probable many more have been made.

The reader will doubtless be curious to know what motives inspire the reprinting of this and other old newspapers. Fundamentally the motive in all cases is a desire for profit from the transaction, although this is frequently obscured, doubtless, by another, the practically universal interest in old things possessed of familiar historical associations. Now it is a curious fact about newspapers that practically all of the enormous number currently produced are destroyed within a short time and but few people, relatively speaking, have ever seen a newspaper of any considerable age. Thus, only a few weeks ago the news item was carried all over Wisconsin that in tearing down a house at Appleton between the walls had been found an "ancient" paper, being an issue of the Lawrence College paper for the year 1879. Evidently the incident was regarded by those who are familiar with news values as worthy of widespread heralding, even in this time of climacteric stress over the mightiest warfare the world has ever witnessed. Because of this widespread interest in relics of the past, newspaper publishers and others from time to time reproduce an issue of some early paper—frequently one of their own, or it may be one dealing with some event of universal historical interest. Such an event would be preëminently the death and funeral of Washington. Particularly in 1876, when the celebration of the national centennial aroused widespread popular interest, would anything which seemed to pertain directly to the Father of his Country command a widespread appeal. This appeal was cleverly capitalized by one publisher of a spurious reprint of the *Ulster County Gazette* about the Centennial Year in a circular headed "The Oldest Paper! A relic of 1799. Death of Washington! Slavery in New York, etc." It offered, at the price of ten cents a copy, a reissue of Freer's paper concerning the death of Washington so like the original that were Freer himself still living he would be unable to detect the counterfeit. The reprint could "only be obtained from our authorized traveling agents," and would be placed on sale in all the cities of the country.

A tramp printer of Ethiopian persuasion turned the death of Washington to private account in slightly different fashion at

Decatur, Illinois, a dozen years ago. He canvassed the retail merchants of the town for quantity orders for the paper, which he proposed to reprint, holding out the inducement that they could win favor with their customers at slight expense to themselves by enclosing with each order of merchandise sold a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette* containing the account of the death of President Washington. The argument of the sable salesman was successful to such an extent, I have been informed, that several thousand copies of the paper were struck off in a back-room print shop in Decatur, Illinois, one hundred and seven years after Washington's death.

Both the paper and the printing of these modern reprints differ from the original, so that it is not difficult for an expert to detect the spurious issue. For the guidance of others who may be interested in this particular paper it will suffice to note that so far as known not a single original copy of the issue of January 4, 1800, is still in existence. A good illustration of the unreliability of family tradition and, consequently, of the care the scholar must employ in making use of information of this character is afforded by the fact that possessors of copies of the *Ulster County Gazette* commonly relate (and doubtless commonly believe) that their issue has been handed down in the family as a prized heirloom through a long period of time. A concrete illustration of this sort came to the writer's attention in Chicago some years ago. A negro offered to sell for twenty dollars a copy of the paper under discussion, accompanying the proffer with a moving tale of family illness which forced him thus to sacrifice an object which had been treasured in the family for generations.

Another well-known newspaper which seems to have undergone frequent reprinting is the Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* for July 2, 1863. Unlike the *Ulster County Gazette*, however, the counterfeiting of this paper seems wholly to have escaped the attention of librarians, at least to the extent that no comment concerning it has ever come to my attention. The story of the famous wall-paper edition of the *Citizen* is interesting enough to justify relating, entirely aside from our present interest in the reprint editions of it that have been put forth from time to time. At the time of the famous siege the *Citizen* was being published by J. M. Swords. In the extremity to which he was reduced through scarcity of supplies as the siege progressed

he had resort to a supply of wall paper for stock on which to print his daily sheet. Reasoning both from the probable circumstances of the case and from the copies of the paper in the Wisconsin Historical Library it seems improbable that Editor Swords' supply of wall paper was all of one pattern. Probably the sale of his paper affords the only instance in history where wall paper was purchased at high price without regard to its quality or pattern. I speak advisedly concerning the price, for in the issue of June 18 the editor explains that newsboys who sell his paper for fifty cents do so without authorization from him. "The price of our paper at the office is twenty-five cents," and those who object to the "extortion," of the newsboys are advised to purchase their papers from the editor direct. The copy before us of the sheet which thus commanded a price of fifty cents on the street consists of four columns seventeen inches in length, two of them being devoted to modern news and only two to local items. One of them relates that during the working off of the edition of two days before a thirteen-inch Yankee bombshell "made a dash" into the office. Passing through roof and floor it buried itself in the ground and there exploded, sending its fragments upward again, bulging up the floor, and filling the office with a suffocating stench of powder. The notice concludes with a sarcastic fling at the Yankees who have "no better sense than to throw bombshells at the printers while they are trying to circulate truth and intelligence among the people." That under such untoward conditions for the prosecution of intellectual endeavor the editor retained a sense of humor is indicated in another local item headed "Improvement." "At a great expense and with the most untiring labor," it relates, "we have succeeded in making our paper a pictorial sheet, to the great delight of our readers." Citizens are urged to save "these illustrated papers" until the close of the war when their beautiful designs can be used to ornament the walls of rooms.

The copy of Editor Swords' paper now before us was preserved in accordance with his advice but hardly in a way foreseen by him. It was sent to the State Historical Society from the "Yankee" camp in the rear of Vicksburg, June 26, 1863, by Lieutenant W. W. Day of the Eleventh Wisconsin Infantry. While on picket he had challenged a Texas soldier to meet him between the lines for a talk.

The Texan accepted the challenge and Rebel soldier and Yankee foeman conversed for an hour in the no man's land before the grim fortress which Grant was so hotly besieging. The paper which Day procured from the Texan will long be treasured by our Society as an interesting memento of our great civil conflict.

Vicksburg surrendered July 4 and the incoming Yankees found the *Citizen* for July 2 still on the press. Stopping to add a valedictory footnote they ran it off, thus completing the production of a famous paper. The *Citizen* died as it had lived, in an atmosphere of banter. Commenting on the report that "the Yankee Generalissimo" had expressed an intention of celebrating the Fourth with a dinner in Vicksburg, the editor concluded: "Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is 'first catch the rabbit,' &c." The Yankee valedictory, printed on the same page with the foregoing, began: "Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union flows [floats] over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has 'caught the rabbit' * * * The *Citizen* lives to see it. For the last time it appears on 'wall-paper.' No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule-meat and fricassed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

The Wisconsin Historical Library has five copies of this paper. Two of them are original copies, the other three are reprints. The original issues are printed on wall paper having a blue flower design on light tan background. Of the three reprints one was gotten out by a patent medicine firm in Chicago in the later eighties. It does not profess to be other than a reprint, and in place of the wall-paper background of the original the reverse side of this sheet is covered with testimonials from grateful patients. Parenthetically it may be added that one of these affords the most interesting item of the entire sheet, being given by one "William R. Harper, Professor of Hebrew, Yale College." The two remaining reprints are on wall paper, the figure differing in each case and also from that of the original issue. Obviously intended to pass muster for the original, any competent newspaper librarian would detect the fraud upon cursory inspection. How many reprint editions of this paper aside from the three before

us have been made, and whether the work will go on until issues of the Vicksburg *Citizen* become as widely diffused as those of the *Ulster County Gazette* are interesting questions. Enough has been said to enlighten the reader concerning the general situation with respect to these two papers, and to discourage the entertainment of undue expectations concerning the historical interest or financial value which attaches to any copy of them he may happen to possess.

M. M. QUAIFE.

TWO EARLY ELECTRIC PLANTS IN WISCONSIN

Because of its unique topography Wisconsin possesses an abundant supply of water power which makes it rank high among the states in the possession of that resource. A wide, flat highland, varying in height from 1,900 feet in the eastern part to 1,000 feet in the western, crosses the northern part of the state, and from it the rivers descend in every direction except eastward. Because Lakes Superior and Michigan bound the state on the north and east and the Mississippi River on the west and southwest, all rivers must find a low trough at a short distance from their source into which to discharge. A rapid fall and large water powers are the result.[1]

The importance of water power in a state with no coal supply is enormous. The need and opportunity for the development of this resource were early realized, and Wisconsin soon became the field for the operations of electrical engineers. J. N. Cadby, a consulting engineer, of Madison, has kindly furnished from his correspondence the data for the following descriptions of two of the earliest electric plants in the state, one in Appleton, the other in Burkhardt.

The first commercial electric lighting plant in the United States was, so far as is known, the Appleton Edison Light Company, which began operations August 20, 1882. It thus antedates by two weeks the New York Edison Electric Illuminating Company, started September 4 of the same year, which is generally regarded as the first of its kind. In the Appleton plant was installed a dynamo known as the K type, its capacity being 250 16-candlepower lamps, 120 volts D. C. As there were no meters with which to measure the current,

[1] Leonard S. Smith, *The Waterpowers of Wisconsin,* Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Bulletin, XX, 9.

a charge to mill customers was made at the rate of $2 a lamp a month when the lamps were burned fifteen hours each night. Residence lighting was charged at the rate of $7 a lamp a year. The charge for a 16-candlepower lamp was $1.40. Lamp renewals were furnished by the company.

The place furnished with electricity farthest from the station was the Waverly House, a little over a mile away, which was supplied with thirty lights. The amount of copper required at 110 volts was necessarily very large. Bare copper wires were used for this line, the sizes being Nos. 5, 6, and 7.

The first places supplied with lights by the company were: Appleton Paper and Pulp Company, Tiago Company (paper mill), Vulcan Paper Mill, Atlas Paper Mill, Appleton Waterworks, and the residences of H. J. Rogers, F. H. Blood, George Miller, Peter Thom, and Captain N. E. Morgan.

In 1883 another station of the same capacity was built a mile distant from the first station and from it mills and residences in another part of the city were supplied. Both stations were operated on the two-wire system.

A new central station was built in 1885 and into it were moved the two dynamos. Two new generators, operating at 160 volts, were added to the equipment and were operated on the three-wire system. Machines of this special higher voltage were used in order to save copper, for water power was a secondary consideration, and it was figured that fifty volts would be lost in the feeders supplying the uptown districts.

Electrical apparatus in those days was very crude. There were no voltmeters or amperemeters installed in these early plants; the candlepower of a lamp was judged by looking at the light. Fuse blocks, plugs, and lamp sockets were made of wood.

The first officers of the Appleton Edison Light Company were as follows: president, A. L. Smith; vice president, H. J. Rogers; secretary and treasurer, Charles Beverage; superintendent and electrician, W. D. Kurz. Of these men Mr. Kurz is the only one now living.

Concerning the company's claims to being the first commercial lighting company in the United States, Samuel Insull, head of several

FIRST CENTRAL ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT
IN THE UNITED STATES

THE BURKHARDT MILLING AND ELECTRIC POWER PLANT

large electric systems in Chicago and vicinity, who was an assistant to Thomas A. Edison in his early work, writes:[2]

The first commercial central-station plant erected anywhere was that installed by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York. It served a territory about a mile square, extending as far south as Wall Street. The station was located on Pearl Street one or two doors south of Fulton Street. The system employed was the Edison two-wire main-and-feeder system. It was put into operation September 4, 1882. Some time after the construction of the New York plant was begun, a small central-station plant, of only 250 16-candlepower incandescent lamps, driven by water power, was projected at Appleton, Wisconsin. The Appleton plant was started August 20, 1882, just two weeks before the New York station was put into operation; so that, judging by the date on which the first commercial plant was put into operation, while New York can lay claim to the credit of projecting the first central station system, Appleton, Wisconsin, in the heart of the Central West, seems entitled to the credit of putting into operation the first commercial central station and to have been a pioneer in a business which in less than three decades has grown from nothing to an investment in this country alone which can only be expressed in ten figures.

One of the first transmission lines in this section of the country was built by Christian Burkhardt in St. Croix County in the fall of 1891. During the summer of that year Mr. Burkhardt had attended the Electrical Exposition at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and had visited a power plant then furnishing 1,000 horsepower for a transmission line of 115 miles with 30,000 voltage, between Laufen on the Neckar River and Frankfurt. On his return he began the construction of a wooden dam with a sixteen-foot head on Willow River, one mile north of Burkhardt.

The power house was a frame structure; American turbines made in Ohio, capacity seventy-five horsepower under an eighteen-foot head, were used. A direct-current, forty-horsepower motor and a fifty-horsepower generator built by the Rockford Electric Company were installed. The length of the transmission line was about a mile, voltage 500. The plant was completed in 1892 and furnished the additional power for operating the Burkhardt flour mill until 1914 when the plant now in use was built on Willow River.

MARGUERITE JENISON.

[2] Samuel Insull, *Central Station Electric Service* (Chicago, 1915), 146-47.

THE STORY OF OLD ABE

The love of sailors and soldiers for mascots has long since become proverbial. Probably the most noted mascot in American military annals was "Old Abe," Wisconsin's famous Civil War eagle. Nor did the influence of Old Abe terminate with the conclusion of the war. Like John Brown, his soul goes marching on. His story has inspired numerous generations of American school children during the last half century. Now, in the greater struggle for democracy that engulfs the world Old Abe is hard at work, raising money for the boys in khaki, even as he did in lifetime for the boys in blue. A recent letter from Chambers, Nebraska, requesting a picture of Old Abe and an authentic history of him, conveys the news of a plan for a modern prototype of Wisconsin's famous bird, sentimentally capitalizing Old Abe's reputation, to make the circuit of the state in the interests of the Red Cross, until finally, his work completed, he shall find permanent resting place in the Nebraska Historical Library at Lincoln. We cheerfully supplied the photograph and the history; may the Nebraska eagle do as much for his country in its modern fight for freedom as did our own Badger bird half a century ago. Because of its timeliness and interest we publish here the story of Old Abe, prepared by Frederick Merk, formerly a member of the Society's editorial staff.

Many of the regiments that went forth from the North during the Civil War to do battle for the preservation of the Union carried with them some pet or mascot. Of them all the greatest fame was attained by the mascot of a Wisconsin regiment, Old Abe, the famous war eagle. Old Abe was as well known to the average soldier of the western army, during the war, as many of its commanding generals, and his reputation continued to spread after peace had returned, until it had reached to every part of the country.

The eagle was captured in 1861 when but a few weeks old by a young Indian brave of the Lake Flambeau tribe on the upper waters of the Chippewa River. By him it was raised and trained until the outbreak of the Civil War, when it was taken to Chippewa Falls and offered for sale to a recruiting officer of the First Wisconsin Battery. A bargain could not be struck, however, and the bird, now two months

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OLD ABE, THE WISCONSIN WAR EAGLE
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

old, was taken to Eau Claire, where the Eau Claire Badgers, a company just organizing for the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, were in camp. They bought the bird for $2.50, and straightway Old Abe entered upon his military career. To gallant Capt. John E. Perkins, who fell at the battle of Farmingham, the eagle owed his appropriate name, given, of course, in honor of President Lincoln.

Old Abe quickly won his way to the hearts of the Eau Claire Badgers. In September, 1861, when the Company was sent to Camp Randall, at Madison, to join its regiment, an incident occurred which at once won for him the esteem of the whole regiment. As the "Badgers" marched through the gates of Camp Randall to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and amid the cheers of the assembled troops, Old Abe seized with his beak the end of the flag floating over him and spreading it out to its full length, flapped his pinions as though inspired. The excitement of the crowd knew no bounds. Cheer upon cheer resounded, and the regiment vowed that the eagle should henceforth be its honored leader. When the Eighth Wisconsin was sworn into service, a prominent part in the ceremony was reserved for Old Abe. A beautiful shield had been prepared for him as a perch, and upon this he sat in dignified calm as the flag was draped about his wings.

Throughout the entire service of the Regiment Old Abe was attended by a special bearer, who in time of battle set him next to the regimental colors. At the battle of Corinth he is said to have risen suddenly from his perch, and soaring high above the clouds of smoke and flying shells, screamed out his defiance to the enemy. Whether authentic or not, this story has taken a prominent place in the romance of Wisconsin history. At least one soldier of the Regiment denied the tale at the time, declaring that Old Abe exhibited in battle more prudence than valor, and that he usually came down discreetly from his perch to be out of the way of flying bullets. Other soldiers, however, declare that in time of battle, when shot and shell were flying thickest, he would respond to the cheers of his comrades by spreading his wings to their full length and uttering the piercing screams for which the eagle is noted.

Whether Old Abe was a craven or a hero need not concern us here. He undoubtedly inspired his regiment in many a close-fought contest to rally to his defense when he seemed in danger of being

taken. Although the Confederates contemptuously referred to him as "The Yankee Buzzard," they made repeated efforts to capture him, and General Price is said to have remarked that he would rather capture Old Abe than a brigade of northern troops.

Old Abe accompanied the Eagle Regiment, as the Eighth Wisconsin came to be popularly known, through seven states, and served with it in seventeen battles. Twice he was touched by Confederate bullets, one of which carried away a third part of his tail feathers. He was publicly complimented during the war by such prominent men as General George Thomas and Secretary of War Cameron. Wherever he went, people thronged from far and near to behold the "fighting eagle."

After the war Old Abe became an honored charge of the state, being kept in a special room prepared for him in the State Capitol. He was always in demand for soldiers' reunions, centennials, and fairs in every part of the country, and the sale of his photograph is said to have netted for such affairs a total of $80,000. At a single fair, the Northwestern Sanitary Fair, held in Chicago in 1865, he thus earned in a few days $16,000. Many extravagant poems were written in his praise, and one considerable book was written about him. After his death in 1881 his body was stuffed to be preserved among the war relics of the state. In the fire which destroyed a large part of the Capitol in 1904, however, it was burned, a loss which occasioned widespread regret throughout the state. A photograph of Old Abe, when he was mustered into service, and a number of pamphlets and books written about him, are preserved by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

A CASE OF PRIMITIVE JUSTICE

The narrative which follows we take from the manuscript diary of Governor William C. Lane of New Mexico, now in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Library. Born in Virginia in 1789, Lane removed to Kentucky in 1811. After several years' service in the regular army in the capacity of surgeon he settled in St. Louis where he continued to live until his death in 1864. He was first mayor of St. Louis and nine times reëlected. In many other ways the influence of his busy career was impressed upon the young city at the

mouth of the Missouri. In 1852 he was appointed governor of New Mexico, and served in this capacity about a year. The diaries before us deal with his outward journey from St. Louis to New Mexico, most of the period of his sojourn there, and the return journey to St. Louis and Washington in the autumn of 1853. The story which follows occurs in the diary under date May 6, 1853.

Sta Fé—May 6th

THE JUDGMENT

The Pueblo Indians of N. Mex. are civilized communities; each being governed by its own Laws, administered by its own officers; & all being subject to the authority of the Govr. of the Ter. of N. Mex as supt. Indn. Affairs. There has been no interference with their Laws, which are merely their ancient customs, except where appeals were taken, from the decisions of the Pueblo Tribunals to the Tata—[Govr. of the Ter.]—A case of this kind was decided today.

A Muchacho of Pojuaque, (Po-whack-e), courted a Muchacha of Nambé, a neighboring Peublo, for 2 long years; at the end of which period the Friends of the Boy, according to established rule, went in a body & made a formal demand of the hand of the Girl, for the enamoured Swain—Consent was given, by her widowed Mother, & they were married.—These Indians are nominally Catholics, & the Muchacho and Muchacha, were married by a Priest,—the Boy promising, as a part of the marriage ceremony, to live with his mother-in-law, at Nambe. But the Honey-moon had not passed away, before the Boy was summoned, to return to his own Pueblo, with his Bride.—He was at a loss how to act, but finally went home, without his Bride, who remained with her mother.—Filial affection, was str[o]nger, than love for her husband, & she clung, like Ruth, to her mother, and the Muchacho soon after returned, to the House of his Mother-in-law. The Govr. of Pojuaque, then demanded him of the Govr. of Nambé; &, according to their usages, which do not permit the expatriation of Males, except under certain circumstances, he was surrendered & forcibly carried Home to Pojuaque. The mother-in-law then appealed to the Tata, & he ordered the authorities, to reconsider the case, and decide upon it again. A rehearsing was had & the former decision affirmed.

The disconsolate mother-in-law, then made an earnest written appeal, to the Tata (Govr of the Ter.), & all the parties were summoned before the Govr and patiently heard.—When the Boy, (as he was called, altho' he was some 24 years old) was asked whether he loved his wife, & wished to live with her, he replied in the affirmative, but expressed a wish to reside at his own Peublo, with his own rela-

tions: and when the girl (some 15 years old) was asked the same question, she frigidly replied that she was now married, & must of course live with her Husband, but steadfastly refused to leave her mother's House. The mother urged the binding force of the promise, made by the Boy, at the marriage, not to take her child away; & plead her widowhood & helpless condition, having no husband, no son, & 3 other young daughters, with poverty staring them in the face. She was rather a pretty woman, of some 35 years of age, tall, slender & graceful with a remarkably pensive countenance. She was moreover eloquent, & spoke both her own language, & the Spanish, with remarkable fluency. The relations of the Boy, & the authorities of Pojuaque, protested against the validity of the marriage stipulation, of the Boy to remain at Nambe, [illegible] of its having been made without the authority of his adopted Father, & against the laws of the Peublo and that no condition of the kind was made by the mother when she consented to the marriage.—The authorities of Nambe said that they had merely complied with the customs of the Pueblos, in delivering up the boy to Pojuaque.—

Much argumentation ensued, & the Tata or Father, of all the Peublos, was not a little perplexed, in making a judgment in the case. —The laws of New Mex^{o}. allowed the Boy to go where he pleased; but the laws of his Peublo, denied him this privilege. The Boy had made a marriage vow, which he now believed he had no right to make, & wished to break, & to take his wife away from her mother. The Girl acknowledged her obligations to Husband, but was firm in her resolve, to remain with her mother, even if it should part her from her Husband.—Whereupon the Judge took up the Bible & gave a decision according to the Laws therein contained—He pointed to Genesis Chapter 2, verse 24. "Therefore shall a man leave his Father & his mother, & shall cleave unto his wife & they shall be one flesh" And to Deuteronomy chap 24 verse 5 "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at Home, for one year, and shall cheer up his wife, which he hath taken," and decided, that the Boy sh^{d}. live at the House of his mother-in-law at Nambe for one year, & that a final decision of the case sh^{d} be postponed, until the expiration of that time.

The mother-in-law wept with joy; the young wife (who was remarkably good looking) maintained her attitude of indifference, the Husband expressed his willingness to abide the decision of the Judge & the people of Nambe manifested the highest satisfaction; but the people of Pojuaque murmured, & a Lot of Lawyers amongst them commenced a speech in opposition to the decision; whereupon the Father stamped his foot, & commanded that all should submit to his decision, in silence, which was done, without another word.—

The mother, the young wife the Husband, & the men of Nambé, followed the Govr. from the Indian office to his quarters, to embrace & thank him, for making so righteous a Judgment;—and then went on their way to Nambe, rejoicing—

THE PATRIOTIC RECORD OF THE MANITOWOC FREIER SAENGERBUND[1]

Patriotism roots in tradition, for it is the stories of the sires that rouse the spirit of the sons. It is therefore fitting that in time of war we recall the services and sacrifices of the past and gain therefrom encouragement and inspiration. And this society is most fortunate in its record of service, both civic and military, and especially so in its soldiers' roll of honor.

This beautiful city of ours was once a straggling village, whose river quietly meandered into the lake, unfettered by docks and harbor piers, and whose surrounding hills were shrouded in the verdure of primeval forest. Modern conveniences of light and water, of paved streets and parks, of autos and of movies, were then undreamed of, for those were the days of the simple life.

About the middle of the last century there came into the village and county large streams of emigrants from Germany. They were Americans in spirit before they arrived, for they were anxious to escape the militarism and caste conditions of Europe, and were eager to become worthy citizens of this Republic. They brought with them an inborn love of song and festive mirth that cleared and warmed the social atmosphere of the pioneer community. One of their first united efforts was to organize this Free Singing Society, the "singing society" typical of their German habits, the "free" expression of their American spirit.

They came at a time when the discussion of state rights and slavery was growing more and more bitter and was steadily leading to the irrepressible conflict between the North and the South. Instilled, as they were, with republican tendencies, they offered a promising and fruitful field for the Union sentiment and the anti-slavery propaganda. The news that actual war had begun reached

[1] The Saengerbund, according to custom, still gives concerts once or a twice a year. At this one, a Red Cross benefit, Hon. Emil Baensch made the above address.

Manitowoc on April 19, 1861. And on that very day four members of this society enlisted, followed soon after by three others.

These seven free singers joined the ranks of Co. A, Fifth Wisconsin Infantry, the first company to leave this county. There was Ed. Schindler, who served the full term, until mustered out in July, 1864. Theodore Ruediger remained with the company for over two years, and was then transferred to the V. R. C. Guido Lindeman was with the company over three years, and was then transferred to Co. C of the Independent Battery. Peter Sherfius went out as second lieutenant of the company, and after his discharge was followed in office by Henry Roehr, who had been first sergeant. Both were active members of the society. Gustave Esslinger was soon promoted to first lieutenant of Co. K, of the same regiment, and left the service on account of wounds received in the battle of Gainesville. Charles Pizzala, who had held various offices in the society, resigned from the company after about a year's service, to accept the first lieutenancy in Co. F of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin. He was later made captain of Co. G of the last named regiment and was killed in action while bravely leading his men at Chancellorsville.

After the departure of this first company, the organization of a second one was at once agitated. In the summer of 1861 Fred Salomon, one of the earlier members of the society, had been commissioned colonel of the Ninth Wisconsin Infantry. In view of this fact it was an easy matter to gain recruits and Co. B was soon ready for duty. In that company Gustav Bloquelle served his full term, being mustered out in December, 1864. Fred Heineman did likewise, part of the time being assigned to duty at regimental headquarters. A. B. Chladek, long-time secretary of the society, became sergeant major of the regiment and was later made second lieutenant of his home company. Hugo Koch also won promotion to a second and then to a first lieutenancy and was assigned to duty with the divisional headquarters. Carl H. Schmidt enlisted as a private, passed through the various noncommissioned grades to second lieutenant, then to first lieutenant, and came home as captain of Co. F. Colonel Salomon remained with the regiment about a year and was then promoted to brigadier general and at the close of the war had reached the rank of a major general.

In the second year of the war President Lincoln had requested the governor of Wisconsin to recruit a regiment made up of German-Americans, and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Infantry was organized in response thereto. Manitowoc County furnished Co. F, recruited in August, 1862. In that company Paul Leubner served his full term, being mustered out in June, 1865. Nic Roeder served from the start and died in service at Chattanooga in December, 1863. Otto Troemel, who had been the director of the society for several years, was from first sergeant of the company advanced to second and then to first lieutenant, and was discharged on account of wounds received at Gettysburg. Henry Greve's service was similar; starting out as sergeant, he became second lieutenant of Co. K, then first lieutenant of Co. E, and was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. Wm. H. Hemschemeyer enlisted as a private and reached the grades of sergeant and first sergeant; he then left the company to become first lieutenant of Co. I, and soon became its captain. Henry Baetz was captain of the local company and in the spring following was made major of the regiment; like his friend Troemel, he also was wounded at Gettysburg. Nicholas Wollmer went out as sergeant of Co. D of the same regiment; later he was promoted to first lieutenant of Co. G; at the battle of Peach Tree Creek he received severe wounds from the effects of which he died. His body was sent to Manitowoc and old settlers still speak of his funeral as the largest ever seen here.

As the war continued, more and more soldiers were needed, and the older men began to offer their services. In the Forty-fifth Wisconsin, we find Charles Korten as second lieutenant of Co. D, and Charles White as first lieutenant of Co. G. In the Forty-eighth Wisconsin F. A. Schenck was hospital steward, and Adolph Wittman was captain of Co. D. Besides those found in Wisconsin's muster rolls there was Dr. Mueller, who had removed from the village, who was commissioned as surgeon and died in service. And Carl Wimpf, who happened to be in St. Louis at the time, enlisted at that place and saw serious service as a member of the First Missouri Battery.

This roll call of twenty-six names makes up a proud record for it represents a goodly half of the active membership of the society. Four of these were wounded and four died in service. None of them were quitters but all remained the full term with their company except,

of course, those who were promoted to commissioned officers, and as to these the record is unusual and it is doubtful whether it is equalled by any society of similar size. The free singers of Manitowoc not only answered the call promptly, and served their country loyally, but by their merit two-thirds of them won promotion, namely ten lieutenants, four captains, one major, one surgeon, and one major general.

And those who remained at home were no slackers. The old minute book records as one of the first acts the release of all soldiers from payment of dues. And then, as the stress of war was being felt, we find entries of preparations for concerts for the benefit of soldiers' families. They appointed their own committees to distribute the proceeds of these concerts, for there was then no centralized body like the Red Cross of today. At every bazaar for the benefit of soldiers they volunteered their aid, and at every Fourth of July and other patriotic demonstration they were on deck. They enlisted the services of the ladies and the children, who picked the lint and wound the bandages, did the sewing and the knitting, packed and forwarded boxes of eatables and delicacies, thus forming a strong and active reserve army of encouragement for the boys at the front. And when the Johnnies came marching home again, they were received with songs of joy and thanksgiving.

And in the early seventies, when times had become normal, and peace smiled upon a reunited land, the children gathered cedar in the woods, and the women wound it into wreaths and intertwined them with flowers. And then the men, escorted by the militia company, marched to the cemetery and placed a wreath upon the grave of every soldier. This society has therefore to its credit the first observance of a decoration day in this locality, and that long before Memorial Day became an established function in this county.

And today, when this country has become engulfed in a world war, we find the society again promptly rallying around the flag. In every patriotic effort, for the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Thrift stamps, the Liberty bonds, its members are in the very forefront of activity. Grandmothers are bringing forth their long unused knitting needles, and are smilingly teaching their daughters and granddaughters a well-nigh forgotten art. Under the modern method of

enlistment the sons only have been called to the colors, and in the trenches and in the camps are loyally upholding the honor of their country. And here is the roll call of their fathers:

John Chloupek, Alex Dusold, Theo. Loef, Max Rahr, Louis Schmitz, John P. Schreihart, Emil Schroeder, John Schroeder, Louis Schuette, Fred Schultz, John Staudt, Charles Streich, Jacob Stueber, Gustav Umnus, George Urban, Emil Vollendorf and Joseph Willinger.

Thus, in the sere and yellow leaves of the old record book we read the story of how the fathers carried the flag and kept step to the music of the Union. And turning to the present we see the ranks of stalwart sons who "have in their hearts the living fires, the holy faith that warmed the sires."

May 24, 1918.

THE QUESTION BOX

The Wisconsin Historical Library has long maintained a bureau of historical information for the benefit of those who care to avail themselves of the service it offers. In "The Question Box" will be printed from time to time such queries, with the answers made to them, as possess sufficient general interest to render their publication worth while.

HISTORIC TREES IN WISCONSIN

Can you give me information concerning trees in Wisconsin which have been associated with historical events or prominent people, or which are noteworthy for other reasons?

I am collecting data about such trees in the United States and any assistance you can render in connection with Wisconsin will be greatly appreciated.

Oren E. Frazee,
St. Cloud, Minn.

The following résumé has been prepared by Miss Kellogg in response to your inquiry concerning historic trees in Wisconsin. We trust it will prove to be of some assistance to you.

I Trees in Indian lore and archeology.

1. Mound trees.

Many of the Indian mounds scattered over central and southern Wisconsin are covered with trees some of which have grown to great size. Early archeologists in Wisconsin supposed that these indicated a great age for the formation of the mounds; more recent investigators, however, are of opinion that none of the trees growing from the mounds are old enough to indicate that these earthworks were thrown up more than two or three centuries before the discovery of America. It is now thought that no trees in Wisconsin are more than five or six hundred years old. In the Arbor Day *Annual* for 1893 an oak standing three miles west of Whitewater is described, that is supposed to be older than the time of Marquette. An oak growing on the nose of the bear mound on West Washington Street in Wingra

Park, Madison, is quite large, but probably not more than a century old.

2. Manitou trees.

The Indians venerated natural objects, considering them as manifestation of spirits or "manitous," whom they attempted to appease by some form of sacrifice. Most of their manitous were animals, birds, and reptiles. Occasionally a tree or a stone became the object of their veneration. Henry R. Schoolcraft in the *American Indian* (Rochester, 1851) 78, relates the worship accorded to a large mountain ash in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. So far as we have been able to discover no such tree is noted in Wisconsin annals, although doubtless there were such objects of Indian veneration within this state.

3. Burial trees.

Indian methods of burial varied with each tribe, sometimes even with different clans within the tribe. Tree burial was common among Wisconsin Indians. The body was wrapped in blankets and then placed upon a scaffold high in the branches of a tree. Sometimes the corpses were swung between two trees and left to the elements, and upon rare occasions the body was deposited upright in the trunk of a hollow tree.

4. Cache trees.

In making hordes of stone or copper implements, the aborigines frequently concealed them among the roots of a tree. Instances of the finding of such hordes or caches under stumps or the roots of living trees in Jefferson, Dodge, Washington, Calumet, and Sheboygan counties are given in an article upon "Caches" in *Wisconsin Archeologist*, volume VI.

5. Trail trees.

In order to mark Indian trails, trees were bent or twisted as signposts pointing the way. A tree so treated is found in Mercer's Addition to the Tenth Ward of Madison. This hickory tree marked the crossing of two trails, and its branches were twisted to point in the four directions. One of these pointing arms has been broken off, but the other three are yet to be seen.

At Green Lake on the Victor Lawson estate are bent trees indicating an old trail passing through the grounds. See *Wisconsin Archeologist*, XVI, 43.

In the city of Milwaukee near the corner of Wells and Thirteenth streets once stood a beech tree upon whose trunk was carved an Indian figure with a bow in one hand, and an arrow in the other; the arrow pointed towards the Menominee River, and the bow towards the Milwaukee. See *ibid.*, XV, 104. This tree is no longer standing.

6. Council trees.

A very remarkable instance of this kind of tree was the so-called "Treaty Elm" that stood at the extremity of the point of land jutting into Lake Winnebago from the inlet of Fox River, now a part of Riverside Park at Neenah. This elm was of immense size and girth, and was used as a guide by steamer pilots on Lake Winnebago. It was under this elm that the famous colloquy between the Winnebago chief, Four Legs, and Col. Henry Leavenworth is supposed to have occurred, probably in the year 1819. The incident is thus related by Col. Thomas H. McKenney:

"When Gen. Leavenworth, some years previous to 1827, was ascending the Fox River with troops, on his way to the Mississippi, on arriving at this pass Four Legs came out, dressed in all his gewgaws and feathers, and painted after the most approved fashion, and announced to the General that he could not go through; 'the Lake,' said he, 'is locked.'

" 'Tell him,' said the General, rising in his batteau, with a rifle in his hand, 'that THIS IS THE KEY, *and I shall unlock it and go on.*'

"The chief had a good deal of the better part of valor in his composition, and so he replied, 'Very well, tell him he can go.' "

The Neenah Council Tree stood until 1890 when in widening the channel of the river it became necessary to cut it down. A good photograph of this elm is in the museum of the State Historical Society, and a slab from its wood forms a large table top in the old log cabin of Governor Doty, which is preserved at Neenah as a relic of olden times.

II Trees marking historic sites.

1. The Fort Howard tree.

The Wisconsin tree best deserving the title "historic" is the elm at Fort Howard, still standing in the yard of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, protected by a railing erected by the railway company. This tree marks the site of the first permanent fortification in

THE OLD FORT HOWARD ELM
From a recent photograph supplied by Miss Deborah Martin

Wisconsin, and represents two hundred years of the history of this region under the rule successively of France, Great Britain, and the United States. The exact date of the building of the first post upon this spot is lost in the mists of antiquity; we know, however, who was the French commandant of the Fort St. Francis in 1718, and surmise that the post was built not long before that date. To relate the history of this post would be to epitomize the history of Wisconsin during the entire French régime. Enough to say that the garrison with difficulty held in check a horde of restless savages; that around this fort were waged the battles of the Fox Indian wars. It was also an extremely profitable fur trade post, and was a center for the graft and peculation that finally led to the overthrow of French sovereignty in America.

After the evacuation of Fort St. Francis by the French, the British in 1761 occupied and rebuilt the post, christening it Fort Edward Augustus. The English tenure was very brief, being maintained only until Pontiac's Conspiracy in 1763. Then the garrison was permanently withdrawn and not replaced until after the War of 1812. In August, 1816 the United States occupied this place with a strong garrison, and built thereon the military post named Fort Howard. This was almost continuously garrisoned until 1852, when the need for martial protection ceased. The garrison was at that time removed, the land and buildings were sold, and but few reminders are left of the historic importance of old Fort Howard save the old elm tree. This stands just south of where stood the commanding officer's quarters, which were occupied by several men noted in American history. Probably the best known of the American commandants was Major Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became president of the United States.

2. The Prairie du Chien tree.

Visitors to Prairie du Chien are shown a tree in whose branches the rebel Indian Chief, Black Hawk, is said to have secreted himself. This is a legend with no foundation in fact. After his uprising Black Hawk had no opportunity of visiting Prairie du Chien until he was brought there as a captive. Then he was at once placed in the guardhouse at Fort Crawford.

3. Historic trees at Portage.

Next in importance to Green Bay and Prairie du Chien in the early history of Wisconsin is the place where now stands the city of Portage. There from time immemorial craft were transported from the Fox to the Wisconsin over a little meadow that formed the watershed between the two mighty systems of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. In 1828 the United States government built Fort Winnebago at this site, and appointed as Indian agent John Harris Kinzie, son of the early trader at the Chicago portage. Thither in 1830 Kinzie brought his bride, who became the author of the descriptive volume called *Wau Bun.* When Agent and Mrs. Kinzie arrived at the portage there was no agency house ready to receive them, but during his term of office one was begun, across the Fox River from Fort Winnebago, and on the northern borders of the portage meadow. There maple trees were planted for shade and three of them are still standing in the northwestern corner of the Second Ward of Portage City to mark the site of the old Agency House where Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie entertained so many of their dusky wards.

About half a mile east of these maples is an elm, the solitary survivor of a group of three that stood in front of the first tavern in that part of the country, built and owned by Captain Gideon Low, and called by him the "Franklin House." In 1902 the Wau-Bun chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution planted three elm trees to mark historic sites around Portage: one upon the waters of Fox River where the Indians drew their canoes ashore to transport them across the portage; another, on the bank of the Wisconsin River near the site of the monument of Jolliet and Marquette, marks the western end of the famous portage trail. The third elm tree was planted on the site of the first Catholic church and its cemetery, wherein was deposited the body of the noted Indian trader, Pierre Paquette, who was tragically slain in 1836. The site of Paquette's murder, on the corner of West Cook and Mac streets, was marked at a later date by a fourth elm tree.

4. Historic trees in Dane County.

The first house in Madison was built in the early spring of 1837 under the shade of a large bur oak that stood a short distance from the bank of Lake Monona just off from the present King Street.

This historic oak still stands on South Butler Street upon the property of William Oppel, although the house it sheltered has long since been torn away.

On the farm of Knut Juve, in Pleasant Springs Township, still stands one of the two oak trees under which was gathered on September 2, 1844, one of the first Norwegian congregations in Wisconsin. The pastor was Rev. J. W. C. Dietrichson, newly arrived from Norway, and the congregation soon thereafter organized, dedicated on December 19 of the same year a log church which is thought to be the first Norwegian Lutheran Church consecrated in America.

On the bank of Lake Mendota, in the city of Madison, near the foot of North Livingston Street, is a group of willow trees that have grown from cuttings brought by a former sea-captain from the first grave of Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena.

In 1916 there were planted at the village of Mount Vernon elms brought from the original Mount Vernon in Virginia. The occasion of the planting brought together the people of the neighborhood, and an address was made by Hon. John S. Donald, then secretary of state for Wisconsin.

5. Trees marking surveys.

The first road in Wisconsin was laid out and marked in 1832 by United States troops from the garrisons at Forts Howard, Winnebago, and Crawford. In Calumet County on the edge of the old military road there still stands on the land adjoining the F. W. Bishop place at Sherwood a tree on whose trunk were carved the names and companies of several of the soldiers employed in cutting this first Wisconsin road. In 1907 the names were quite legible and probably are so still.

The northeastern boundary of the present state of Wisconsin, as described in the enabling act for Michigan, represented an impossible line, as was proved by the report of a reconnaissance made in 1840 to the War Department by the surveyor Thomas Jefferson Cram. In March, 1841 Congress ordered a second survey, and Cram went again to the northern Wisconsin woods and, after enduring great hardships, completed the difficult task of surveying the boundary for over one hundred miles. His companion on this second survey was Douglass Houghton, a famous engineer for whom later the city of

Houghton, Michigan, was named. Some years since a souvenir of their early explorations was found on a large pine tree on the shore of Trout Lake, in Vilas County. Upon a blaze two feet long and one foot wide had been cut the inscription: "XIX T. J. Cram D. Houghton Aug. 11, 1841." The tree fell before the axe of the lumberman, but the slab containing the inscription was saved, and presented by John B. Mann, of Minocqua, to the museum of the State Historical Society.

In conclusion it may be noted that the long lines of lombardy poplars seen by the roadsides and farmsteads in the eastern part of the state were usually planted by the German immigrants. The Americans preferred elms, maples, and occasionally planted fir trees as windbreaks. Some time during the decade of the seventies Mr. Adolph Meinecke brought willow cuttings from Silesia, from Haute Marne near Langres, France, and from Turin, Italy, for use in his manufacture of willow ware furniture. These he planted on his farm near Milwaukee, and they have grown and flourished. The Italian Silver Willow (*Salix viminalis*) and the Red Willow (*Salix rubra*) have proved most useful for manufacturing purposes.

I am delighted with the fund of material you sent me regarding the historic trees of Wisconsin. It will prove of valuable assistance to me in my research problem.

I take pleasure in telling you that the Historical Society of Wisconsin has evidently made a more thorough investigation of the subject for me than has any other historical society in the United States.

Thank you very heartily for your kind assistance.

Oren E. Frazee,
St. Cloud, Minn.

THE INDIAN TRADE OF ROCK RIVER VALLEY

I am trying to learn more about the fur trade that was carried on along Rock River, in this state, and in your *Chicago and the Old Northwest* I find so many references to the letter books of the Indian Department that I conclude that you visited Washington and made a personal examination of those books and other documents there. If I am right in this, I wish you would advise me if in your investigation you ever came upon any book or document showing to whom licenses to trade with the Indians in Illinois were granted prior to 1821. I have examined the reports of the Secretary of War showing the names of persons to whom licenses were issued in 1821 and subsequent years

to 1830, but I would like to know who was licensed to trade with the Indians at Grand Detour prior to 1821. I have indisputable evidence that there was a trader there.

WM. D. BARGE,
Chicago, Ill.

The Indian trade in the territory now known as Illinois and Wisconsin was in a very confused and disjointed condition after the War of 1812 until the abolition of the Factory System of the United States and the passage of the Act of Congress, May, 1822, regulating the issue of licenses. The British traders had no intention of relinquishing so valuable a trading ground, if by any species of subterfuge they could continue to control it. Illinois had been supplied for many years from Mackinac by the traders of the Michilimackinac and South West Fur Companies. The Rock River district was supplied from three main posts—the upper river from Green Bay, the central portion from Milwaukee, and the lower portion from the Mississippi River traders, some of whom went overland from the Des Moines Rapids, but most of whom had headquarters at Prairie du Chien. The Illinois River was a separate district and was supplied from Mackinac via Chicago.

The traders of the South West Company were the ones who formed the American Fur Company, and although under the presidency of an American, John Jacob Astor, with ostensible headquarters at New York, were in reality nearly all Canadians and brought their goods to Mackinac from Montreal. At the close of the war of 1812, the United States placed agents at Peoria, Prairie du Chien, Chicago, Green Bay, and Mackinac; and established United States factories at all these places except Peoria. About 1818 a branch factory connected with Prairie du Chien was placed at Fort Edwards, the end of the Des Moines Rapids. It was expected by these means that all the Indians would be supplied with American-made goods and would bring their furs to the factories for exchange. Agents were not, however, prohibited from issuing licenses to individual traders, and even the governors of the territories, as superintendents of Indian Affairs within their borders, assumed the right to issue licenses. This system, or lack of system, led to great confusion. A license issued by one agent might be revoked by another if the trader was found violating, as all traders did, the law against supplying liquor to

Indians. The first agent at Mackinac charged $50 each for licenses; for this practice he was sharply rebuked. (See many documents in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XIX.) This was also complicated with issuing licenses to foreigners. At the close of the war Astor secured from the President a suspension of the rule against issuing licenses to foreigners, and the right was given each agent to use his discretion. This led to so many abuses that in 1818 the President issued an order that no foreigner should have a license. (*Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XX, 16, 17.) All kinds of subterfuges were resorted to; some American, an ex-soldier, or any employee of American citizenship took out the license, and the real trader accompanied him as an engagé until the trading ground was reached, when the disguise was thrown off and the usual relations of "bourgeois" and "engagé" resumed.

Thus it was not until 1822 that the license matter was reduced to a definite and dependable system.

In order to find the names of Rock River traders in the period from 1816 to 1822 you will be obliged to pick up the evidence bit by bit. In *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XII, 154-159 is published a list for 1818 of the American Fur Company employees. Those of the Illinois River are listed separately but as Rock River was supplied from Green Bay, Milwaukee, and the lower Mississippi, one cannot be sure who were definitely located on Rock River. Our own opinion is that Rock River was largely supplied by what was known as the "drouine" method (see explanation *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XIX, 200, note 86, and XX, p. xix). For the Madison or Four Lakes region we have no account of traders earlier than 1825, although no doubt traders had been here from the time of the French régime. Old Tibault of Koshkonong and Beloit, and LeSellier from Milwaukee who traded along the Rock from the Four Lakes south were the earliest traders of whom we have any knowledge. They were both probably in this region prior to the War of 1812.

THE FLAG OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY

I have recently been assisting to prepare the Civil War battle flags of Wisconsin regiments for their final resting place in glass cases, in the beautiful room allotted to the G. A. R. in this building. One of these flags (of my own regiment) is a state flag of blue silk,

with the state motto "Forward," the United States seal, and the name of the regiment, ("10th Reg^{t}. Wis. Cav."). Pinned upon this flag I found a piece of paper, on which was written these words:

"Captured by Corporal T. Goodwin, Co. C, 3d Arkansas Regt., Harrison's Brigade, Humes Division, Wheeler's Corps, Dalton and Cleveland Road, May 9th, 1864."

This was in North Georgia, at the beginning of Sherman's Atlanta campaign. I distinctly remember that battle, as I lost my cap by a flying bullet, and would have been taken prisoner if I had not had a faster horse than my pursuers, as I returned from carrying dispatches. We lost our Colonel, who was taken prisoner after having two horses shot under him, and we lost a number of others, killed, wounded, and captured.

I am specially interested to find out how this flag came to be *returned to Wisconsin* after being captured. The flag of the 21st Wis. Inf. was captured at Chickamauga, and that of the 36th Wis. at Petersburg—and both of these were returned from Richmond to Washington after the war—then from Washington to Madison in 1905. Both of these are on record in the Adjutant General's office in Washington. But that office has no record whatever of this flag of the 10th Cavalry, so it is not likely that it came that way. I can find no record of it in the State Adjutant General's office here, in any way. None of the surviving comrades of my regiment (50 or more still surviving) have any recollection about the capture or return of the flag. So I am still more anxious to know its history.

There is a large number of letters, written from the front by Wisconsin soldiers of the Civil War, now on file in the archives of the Historical Society. Also a large number of letters and other papers of the Civil War, which were formerly in the vaults of the Governor's office here. I believe these letters have been indexed in some form. Now if some of your staff can find any information about this particular flag among these papers, I shall appreciate it very much indeed. There are also some scrapbooks in the Society's library, clipped from newspapers during that war, which might possibly help. I would be glad to do this myself, but my work in the Capitol ties me up closely from 8:30 to 5 every day. You see, I want to put a historical label on the flag, giving its history, before these flags are finally sealed up in cases, which will probably be within a week or two. The dates to look for (among letters or scrapbooks) would be during the months of May and June, 1864, as the capture occurred May 9th of that year.

Stanley E. Lathrop,
Madison, Wisconsin.

I have had Dr. Oliver, who is our worker in the Civil War field at the present time, look into the material in response to your request of April 9. The clippings in the E. B. Quiner collection to which you refer do not deal with anything after December, 1862. There is nothing in them, therefore, concerning the incident in which you are interested. The collection of governors' letters has been worked for May and June, 1864, but we fail to find any mention of the capture or return of the flag.

There is no history of the regiment in the library which probably means that none has ever been published. We are not able, therefore, to find a satisfactory answer to your inquiry.

THE SULLY PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

I have been endeavoring to assist a friend of mine who has in preparation a life of Edgar Allan Poe. One of the quests we are making is to find the Sully portrait of Poe, which is well known to have been in existence, but the whereabouts of which is not now known.

This portrait was painted at Richmond, Virginia, by Robert Matthew Sully (nephew of Thomas Sully).

Inasmuch as a more or less extended and careful search in Virginia has not discovered this portrait, and as Mr. Sully and Mr. Draper had quite an extensive correspondence, and as Mr. Sully (I am informed) did considerable work for Mr. Draper, and resided some time in Madison, I am led to inquire if any such portrait happens to be, or is known in that locality.

I am not well acquainted with the details of Mr. Sully's life but I am quite certain that I have heard that, after studying abroad under Sir Thomas Lawrence, he lived some time in Madison, and died there. Such being the case, it seems most probable that the Poe portrait was there, for he and Poe were devoted boyhood friends.

Any consideration you may give this topic, and any suggestion you may make, I will very deeply appreciate.

LANDON C. BELL,
Columbus, Ohio.

Robert Matthew Sully's portrait of Edgar Allan Poe is not in the museum of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, although his portraits of Black Hawk, the son of Black Hawk, White Cloud, Pocahontas, and Chief Justice John Marshall are to be found here. Mr. Sully never resided in Wisconsin. He set out from Richmond, Virginia, in the autumn of 1855 with the intention of establishing

a permanent residence at Madison, but died en route at Buffalo, New York, October 16, 1855. That he had not previously visited Wisconsin is shown by the following excerpt from his letter to Lyman C. Draper, dated Richmond, Virginia, March 20, 1854: "I have long cherish'd the wish to visit Wisconsin—I may do so, in the course of the ensuing summer." This letter was written in acceptance of his election to honorary membership in the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

The early files of the Society reveal eleven letters written by Mr. Sully to Dr. Draper in 1844-45. They have to do with the portraits which Mr. Sully painted for the Society and with his proposed removal to Wisconsin. There is no mention of his portrait of Edgar Allan Poe.

The enclosed copy of a letter written by Mr. Sully's son, Edwin Sully, shows that the former's luggage was lost at Buffalo, New York, and never reached Madison. It also shows that the son was endeavoring to locate his father's paintings. It may be that he succeeded and that the information may now be had from Mr. Edwin Sully's representatives.

COMMUNICATIONS

THEY KNEW COLONEL ELLSWORTH

Your volume I, number 4, of June, 1918, on the life of Colonel Ellsworth received. I thank you very much for it. It puts me back to the session of the Legislature of 1898, when I was chairman of the committee on military affairs, and acted on the bill of appropriation for the state militia.

A Doctor ———, a proselyte of the Presbyterian Church, came before the committee and protested against the proposition, and amongst the arguments he made he alluded to Colonel Ellsworth and his regiment of thugs. Said they were raised in the slums of New York and were outlaws of the rawest kind.

After he was through talking, being very familiar with Colonel Ellsworth, I called the gentleman down good and plenty, and made him feel like a counterfeit five-cent piece.

He got Billy Wilson's zouaves confounded with Colonel Ellsworth's regiment. They were a band of thugs, not a man amongst them but had served a prison sentence, a worthless and disgraced bunch.

D. G. James,
Richland Center.

I read with much interest the article in the June Wisconsin Magazine of History on Col. E. E. Ellsworth, by Chas. A. Ingraham. I had the pleasure of seeing Col. Ellsworth and his company give one of their exhibitions. I was publishing a newspaper in northern Illinois, and I was present at the Republican national convention in the Wigwam in Chicago when Lincoln was nominated the first time for president.

I had a seat in the reporters' gallery and Col. Ellsworth's company occupied a platform only a few yards from where I sat. The proceedings of the convention were halted while the company gave an exhibition of their drill. They went through their maneuvers with a precision that was remarkable, and when the order was given to "order arms" their muskets went to the floor as one piece. Their exhibition was received with repeated rounds of applause.

The convention was held in May, 1860— two months before the company started on that celebrated trip through the East.

M. P. Rindlaub,
Platteville.

LIGHT ON EARLY EDUCATIONAL CONDITIONS IN MADISON[1]

My mother, Mrs. James M. Flower (Lucy L. Coues) has asked me to reply to your letter of December 7, receipt of which was previously acknowledged. She is too much of an invalid to prepare such an article as you suggest, but she has furnished me with some information that may be of use to you.

When she arrived in Madison she entered the home of Governor Delaplane as governess. Later there was need of an assistant teacher in the Madison High School, of which Professor O. M. Conover was then principal, and she was asked to take the place. She agreed to do this if Governor Delaplane would release her, which he kindly did.

At the end of her first term in the High School, Miss Coues was given a city order for her salary. She asked what she was to do with it and was advised to sell it for whatever she could get for it, as Madison was hard up and could not pay in cash. City orders were then at a discount of from 25 to 30 per cent.

Miss Coues did not feel that she could afford to lose 25 to 30 per cent of her salary, and she was advised to see Julius I. Clark. (She thinks that is the name, but is not sure of it.) She thought it very unfair that she should have been engaged without any explanation of this frightful discount, and Mr. Clark so far agreed with her that he advanced the money to pay the order himself.

Miss Coues then asked Professor Conover how he got his money, and learned that the High School had taken over the University Preparatory School, for which the University made regular cash payments to the city. Professor Conover's salary, by special arrange-

[1] This letter was called forth by the publication in the first issue of the Magazine of the Civil War diary of Harvey Reid. Its appearance led to our attention being called to the fact that Miss Lucy Coues (now Mrs. James M. Flower), teacher of the Madison High School in 1861, was still living in Coronado, California. Accordingly we invited her to prepare for the Magazine an article on her Civil War recollections of Madison. The letter we print, written by her son, explains why this was not done.

ment, came out of that, and Miss Coues decided that she would like to have a similar special arrangement. She so notified the Board and was assured that the matter would receive attention before the opening of the next term.

When she returned from her vacation she learned that no action had been taken with regard to this, and she at once announced that the High School would not open until such action had been taken—at least not with its full teaching force of two. She was told that there wasn't time for a meeting of the Board, as the necessary notices could not reach the members quickly enough. She promptly offered to see to that herself. And she did, delivering all the notices personally. She was informed afterward that it was the first full meeting of the Board ever held. And it passed the resolution that assured Miss Coues her salary without discount.

Daniel K. Tenney then took up the question of city finances and argued that if the city's income would not meet the city's expenses, the thing to do was to cut the expenses rather than try to meet them with orders that were of problematical value and that no one wanted. As a result of this, the High School was given up temporarily and the use of the building offered to Miss Coues to continue the school on her own responsibility. This she did until she married. The school during all this time was for girls as well as boys and not part of the time for boys alone, as has been stated.

Elliott Flower,
Coronado, California.

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

In the three months' period ending July 1 there were eleven accessions to membership in the State Historical Society. Miss Julia Lapham, of Oconomowoc, Mrs. I. W. Moyle, of Big Bend, and Mr. Henry Bleyer, of Madison, were tendered life memberships by the Advisory Committee of the Society in recognition of gifts made or other services rendered by them. Other new members are John N. Cadby, Madison (life), and Charles H. Bachhuber, Port Washington, Wells Bennett, La Crosse, Carrie Blair, Appleton, Ella Brunson, Los Angeles, Charles T. Greve, Cincinnati, Mary Ryan, Port Washington, and Dr. Charles H. Vilas, Madison.

Dr. Louis Frank, of Milwaukee, for several years past a curator of the State Historical Society, died suddenly at his home on May 12, 1918. Dr. Frank was a man of varied attainments—physician, poet, musician, historian, and lover of literature in general. He compiled and in 1914 privately printed a notable history of medicine in Milwaukee; prior to this he compiled and published a family history. In other lines, he contributed to medical journals and wrote also on musical and poetical themes. His death is a distinct loss to the historical and cultural interests of Wisconsin.

One of the most interesting collections of war relics that has yet been placed on exhibit in the State Historical Museum in Madison is that presented by Ray E. Williams, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin of the class of 1916. As an ambulance driver in the Verdun region of France, Mr. Williams had opportunity for collecting numerous war trophies. Among those now on exhibit are samples of the steel helmets worn by the American, French, and German troops, a belt worn by the French engineers, a French flag, a French and a German fatigue cap, a gas mask, a rubber lined cloth case in which the gas mask is carried, a French bayonet, a flash-light and whistle used by ambulance drivers, an aerial torpedo, hand grenades, a fuse of a German 155 m m shell, a 37 m m shell used by the French, a war map carried by the German soldiers in the early part of 1917 showing the various European battle fronts, and numerous passports and certificates.

During the past year the State Historical Museum has been engaged, among its other work, in the making of a collection of Ameri-

can and foreign postage stamps. This collection, which is being made with the assistance of various friends, now numbers between two and three thousand specimens. The stamps are mounted on loose sheets, which, when not on exhibition, are filed in manila paper covers. A number of them are constantly on exhibition and provide a center of attraction especially to the young philatelists of Madison and the surrounding country. Many experienced collectors also consult the collection from time to time. The museum is endeavoring to increase its present collection and will be indebted to collectors and others for presenting their duplicates. In homes here and there in Wisconsin are albums of postage stamps which have been laid aside or discarded by former collectors. These can be made of educational value to hundreds of visitors by giving them to the museum. Old styles of post cards, "postage paid" envelopes, revenue stamps, stamped covers, and precancels are also desired.

In the museum corridor and in a small room set aside for this purpose near the auditorium are a number of bulletin boards of several sizes on which examples of the numerous posters, proclamations, handbills, and other literature issued by the Government, state councils of defense, and other war work organizations are continually exhibited. Changes are made every week, those last on exhibition being placed in the files in the Society's library and manuscript and document departments. Thus visitors are kept quite fully informed of the progress of war work in nearly every part of the United States.

Among the posters on display during the summer were some illustrating the service of the United States Coast Guard, the Navy and Marines, Committee on National Preparedness, National War Garden Commission, Committee on Public Information, War Savings, Food and Fuel Administrations, British Army Enlistment, and Underground Railways of London. The number of posters and similar material received by the Society every week is quite large. Much of this material is already being frequently consulted by students.

The Historical Museum of the La Crosse State Normal School has recently added to its collections some thirty or more photographs showing views in logging camps and scenes of logging operations as they were conducted from about 1890 to 1895 on the east fork of the Black River. The La Crosse museum is rapidly becoming one of the leading exhibition halls among the educational institutions of the state.

One of the splendid bands which enlivened the work of the boys of sixty-one was that of the First Brigade, Fourth Division, Fifteenth

Army Corps, many of whose numbers lived at Brodhead, Wisconsin. The director of the band was E. Q. Kimberley, of the Third Wisconsin Infantry, now a resident of Janesville. The band followed Sherman to the sea, and participated in the grand review at Washington at the close of the war. In August, 1864, the citizens of Galena tendered a reception to their distinguished fellow townsman, General Grant, and by special request this band was engaged for the occasion. A week was consumed in the journey, the men traveling in a magnificent band wagon drawn by four beautiful light grey horses. Another notable occasion for which the band's services were demanded was the first meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, held at Madison shortly after the close of the war. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and other notables were present. By special request a young girl from Windsor composed a laudatory poem for this occasion, verses being directed to each of the leading generals in attendance. It had been understood that Sheridan would not be present, but unexpectedly he came, and on being apprised of this at the meeting where the poem was to be read the young poet hastily penned two additional verses devoted to him. Poem and poet alike were accorded tremendous applause. Those who care to learn more of this incident may find a full account of it in the installment of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's autobiography published in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, 1918. Mr. Kimberley has recently presented to the State Historical Library sixteen well-preserved ambrotypes of the members of the noted Wisconsin Civil War band of which he was the able director.

From Mrs. William C. Meffert, of Arena, have been received three manuscript volumes of her late husband's Civil War diary. Mr. Meffert was a member of Company H, Third Wisconsin Infantry, and served until the end of the war. Not all of his diary has been preserved, apparently, but the three volumes now turned over to the State Historical Library constitute a welcome addition to its manuscript records pertaining to Wisconsin's participation in the Civil War.

At Brookfield, Waukesha County, on July 4, a memorial tablet to Nathan Hatch, a soldier of the American Revolution, was unveiled with appropriate ceremony. The marker was provided by the Waukesha chapter of the D. A. R., and the ceremony which attended its unveiling was in the charge of this organization.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the First Presbyterian Church of Beaver Dam was celebrated with appropriate services at the close of May. At the historical service on June 2 was

read an account of the founding of the church, written by Dr. J. J. Miter who was its pastor for nineteen years beginning in 1856. The first church building, erected in 1844, is still in existence, being now a vacant dwelling house.

The golden jubilee of St. Peter's Church at Reedsburg was celebrated in the city park Sunday, June 9, 1918. Of the fifty-three charter members of the church six lived to witness its semicentennial. The parish now numbers 1,100 communicants, and the church property is assessed at $100,000. During its fifty years the church has had five pastors, one of whom, Rev. A. Rohrback, served for forty years. The jubilee services were attended by upwards of 3,000 people.

The Assembly Presbyterian Church of Beaver Dam was organized May 3, 1858 with twenty-one charter members. In May, 1918, the sixtieth anniversary of the church was celebrated, with three of the charter members present. An unusual fact of interest about this church is the service of one pastor, Rev. T. S. Johnson, for fifty years, from 1867 to 1917. Rev. Johnson is still officially connected with the church in the capacity of pastor emeritus.

The Union Church of Windsor observed its sixtieth anniversary on Sunday, June 14, having been founded June 12, 1858. Of the thirty-two charter members but two are still alive, Miss Frankie Warner, of Windsor, and Mrs. Lathrop E. Smith, of Madison, whose wartime recollections we publish elsewhere in this MAGAZINE.

One of the most notable women of the Civil War was Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy. She died at Kilbourn in 1900, and on every Memorial Day the veterans against whom she fought decorate her grave with a flag, according her in death the same recognition they give their own departed comrades. At beautiful Forest Hill cemetery, Madison, each one of the scores of graves in Confederate Rest is decorated with flowers in the same way as are the graves of their erstwhile foemen in the burial plot consecrated to Union soldiers a few rods away. Such acts as these help to emphasize the fact that the issues of the great struggle between the Blue and the Gray are now a matter of history only.

The first issue of this MAGAZINE contained an appreciation of Increase A. Lapham and an account of the unveiling of a memorial tablet by the Waukesha County Historical Society on Lapham Peak, named by the United States government in his honor. A letter from the daughter of Dr. Lapham, written May 21, 1918, conveys the information that the memorial tablet has been defiled by neighbor-

hood hoodlums who have made of it a target to shoot at, as a result of which it has been badly damaged. Such an act of vandalism illustrates anew a theme on which the editor of these notes has more than once dilated: that a lack of reverence is one of the besetting sins of American life. We use the term not simply in its religious sense, but rather in its broadest significance. Could the hoodlums who defiled the Lapham monument have possessed any real knowledge of his self-sacrificing career as a soldier of the common good, we are persuaded that comprehension of the significance of their act would have stayed its perpetration. The roots of patriotism and of local history are inseparably intertwined. Familiarity with the latter subject must ever constitute a potent factor in the development of the former.

An interesting journalistic change was the passing of control of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* to William H. Park at the end of May, 1918. Mention of the *Evening Wisconsin* carries one back to the early beginnings of journalism in this state. The first Milwaukee paper and the third established in the state was the *Advertiser* founded in 1836. In 1841 Josiah Noonan purchased the *Advertiser*, and turned it into the Milwaukee *Courier*, which was edited from 1843 to 1847 by John A. Brown. The career of the *Courier* under Brown's leadership, if short, was far from placid. In 1845 Rufus King removed from the capital of New York to the metropolis of Wisconsin to assume the editorship of the *Sentinel*. About the same time the debate over statehood and the framing of a constitution for Wisconsin developed, and for several years absorbed the state as no other political issue in its history, probably, has done. In this struggle the *Courier* voiced the sentiments of one party, the *Sentinel* those of its rival. These were the palmy days of personal journalism in America; Wisconsin was a frontier community, and both King and Brown were fluent and able editors. Politics afforded the staple topic of editorial discussion, in waging which the rival editors seem to the modern reader literally to have dipped their pens in gall. One who has never looked at these old-time sheets can have little realization of the bitterness of the invective with which their discussions and recriminations were tinged. Regardless of the comparative talents of the editors, the *Sentinel* proved to possess better staying qualities financially, and in the spring of 1847, having delivered himself of a fiery valedictory, Brown departed for other fields. The *Courier* was purchased by W. E. Cramer, and on its ruins was founded the weekly *Wisconsin*, and shortly thereafter the daily *Evening Wisconsin*. For seventy-one years until the recent change of ownership its management was practically continuous. It is an interesting coincidence that the *Tribune*, Chicago's oldest and perhaps greatest

paper, was founded two days after the publication of the *Wisconsin* by Cramer.

On June 19 the Appleton *Evening Crescent*, the oldest paper in Outagamie County, passed into the control of the Meyer Press Company. The *Crescent* was started in February, 1853 by Samuel Ryan, Jr. With one brief exception in 1854-55 he controlled the paper until his death in 1907. Since 1907 Samuel J. Ryan has been the editor, having been for thirty-one years the active head of the enterprise. From the pioneer epoch of 1853 to the present time is a far cry in the history of Wisconsin journalism; such is the span which the Ryan family's control of the *Crescent* covers.

Professor John B. MacHarg has succeeded Professor Custer in the history department at Lawrence College. Professor MacHarg spent the summer at Columbia University, New York, taking a special course in the teaching of history.

On April 19 at La Crosse was celebrated the centennial of the birth of Cadwallader C. Washburn, the principal feature of the program being an address on the life of Washburn by Frank Winter of La Crosse. The following sketch of Governor Washburn's career was supplied for the printed program by the State Historical Library:

Cadwallader C. Washburn, son of Israel and Martha Washburn, was born in Livermore, Maine, April 22, 1818. Of the seven sons born in this family four were elected members of Congress, each representing a different state, and two of them served as governor of their respective states. Cadwallader left his New England home at the age of twenty-one and started west, stopping at Davenport, Iowa. He later removed to Rock Island, Illinois, and in 1842 settled in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, where he entered upon the practice of law. For the next forty years he ranked as one of the foremost men of the state. He was elected a member of Congress in 1854 and served for six years. He declined another election and early in the spring of 1861 changed his residence from Mineral Point to La Crosse. When the Civil War broke out he was appointed colonel of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry and rose to the rank of major general. He assisted General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg, and later was placed in command of the District of West Tennessee and of Vicksburg. In 1866 he was again returned to Congress and served two more terms. In 1871 he was elected governor of Wisconsin. Defeated for reëlection in 1873, he devoted the remainder of his years to the management of his immense business interests. Here he achieved his greatest success in

life. He was the first man in the United States to introduce the system known as the patent process of manufacturing flour. His great mills at Minneapolis, with their yearly capacity of 2,000,000 barrels of flour, were his greatest pride, and he was universally admitted to be the foremost authority in America on the milling of flour. He was famed as a benefactor and philanthropist. For the six years preceding his death he was president of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, donated to the state university the astronomical observatory, which today bears his name, provided for the establishment of a public library in La Crosse, and for the erection of an orphans' asylum in Minneapolis, in honor of his mother. Because of the many public services he rendered, the legislature of Wisconsin by law created him a life regent of the state university, an honor never before conferred on any citizen. He died May 14, 1882.

The men of the Eighty-sixth division of the national Army have chosen for their unit the name of Black Hawk Division, in memory of the historical associations which cluster about the name and country of this famous but unfortunate Indian warrior. Too often in America the charm and inspiration which the possession of a fitting name involves is ignored by those who happen to have the power of fixing the designation by which an organization or a place shall be known. The highly practical corporation which provides our sleeping cars has long recognized the value which attaches to a well-chosen name. May those in charge of our new national army show similar wisdom. In naming the Black Hawk Division an excellent beginning has been made.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society was held at the Congregational Church in Waukesha, May 4, 1918. The forenoon session was devoted to reports of committees, the election of officers, and other routine business. The literary program in the afternoon was given over to papers on the Civil War. Mrs. W. H. Tichenor presented a paper on "The Work of Waukesha County Women during the Civil War"; Mrs. Louise Williams' recollections of "Civil War Times in Summit" were read by Mary Newnham; and a letter was read from Adelia Leavitt, who served as hospital nurse during the war. The paper by Mrs. Tichenor was published in the Waukesha *Freeman*, May 23, 1918.

The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the state normal school at Whitewater was fittingly observed during the week beginning June 9. There was a patriotic service in honor of the 131 former students of Whitewater now in military service, the address being

given by Hon. Arthur H. Sholtz. The baccalaureate address was given by Judge S. R. Alden, of Terre Haute, Indiana, and the class oration by Rev. W. H. Parker, of Dedham, Massachusetts. One of the most enjoyable parts of the celebration was the old-time assembly conducted by Andrew Hutton, of Waukesha. Twenty former members of the faculty sat on the rostrum and delivered brief addresses in the style of forty years ago. The alumni address was given by Judge C. E. Randall and the commencement address by Professor Rollin D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago. All of these speakers are notable graduates of Whitewater.

Platteville and Whitewater Normal Schools were created by the same legislative act, and established by the same meeting of the board in 1866. Platteville opened first in a rented building. Whitewater constructed its own building, so that this, now a portion of the main school building, is the oldest normal school building in Wisconsin. It was formally opened for the reception of students April 21, 1868.

Democratic Ideals. Sketch of Clara Bewick Colby (n. p. 1917) by Rev. Olympia Brown is a small volume devoted to the career of this Wisconsin woman whose life work is so prominently identified with the cause of woman suffrage in America. The author is herself a veteran worker in the woman suffrage movement and writes of Mrs. Colby from intimate first-hand knowledge of the subject. The volume should possess considerable value for the student or the historian of the woman suffrage movement in the United States.

Publication of an interesting and lengthy narration of local history was begun by the Mayville *Banner* on May 9, with the printing of the first installment of Clarence L. Powers' "When the Pioneers Came to Wisconsin." Although the title is general, the story deals with a particular pioneer, Soldan Powers, who migrated to Wisconsin from the older East in 1837.

The first number of the *Anishinabe Enamiad,* edited by Father Philip Gordon of Reserve, Wisconsin, was issued in April. Father Gordon, a man of university training, is devoting his life to work among the Chippewa, and has been adopted by them into tribal membership. The *Enamiad* is a monthly organ devoted to the interests of Catholic Chippewa Indian missions and missionaries.

"Pioneer Occupations," written for the Sauk County Historical Society by N. G. Abbott of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, was published in the Baraboo *News* of April 4, 1918.

Of similar interest to the foregoing is an article in the West Bend *News,* April 3, 1918, on "The Old-Time Ashery." It gives an inter-

esting description of this now long-forgotten industry, as practiced in the vicinity of West Bend.

An interesting pioneer narrative entitled "Civil War Times," by J. T. Barto, was printed in the Richland Center *Observer*, March 28, 1918.

A reminiscent narrative of the first murder trial in Baraboo, written for the Sauk County Historical Society by R. T. Warner of Everett, Washington, was published in the Baraboo *News* of May 30, 1918.

An unofficial survey recently conducted by the authorities of the Stevens Point State Normal School on the extent to which the faculty and students have engaged in present war activities shows that they have loaned over $23,000 to the United States government and contributed upwards of $3,500 to war activities; that 18 salesmen were furnished for the liberty loan drive and war savings stamps; and that practically every member of the student body had engaged in one or more definite war campaigns.

A program of special historical interest was that carried out by the Milwaukee County Council of Defense on Tuesday evening July 2, 1918 when a reception was tendered to those persons of foreign birth and parentage in that city who had become naturalized during the last year. There were over five hundred new citizens and they, together with their families, were given a cordial welcome to the citizenship of Milwaukee.

THE TWEEDY PAPERS

John Hubbard Tweedy, of Danbury, Connecticut, settled at Milwaukee in the summer of 1836. He was then twenty-two years of age, a graduate of Yale College, and a member of the New Haven bar. He made Milwaukee his permanent home, and there died November 12, 1891, full of years and honors. Mr. Tweedy represented the Wisconsin New England element at its best. Upright and industrious, moral and public-spirited, broad-visioned and patriotic, he contributed in generous measure to the upbuilding of the territory and its future metropolis. Mr. Tweedy was retiring in his habits and tastes and accepted public office only under the stern prompting of duty. His share, nevertheless, in the early history of our community was considerable. When he had been but three years in Wisconsin, Governor Dodge appointed him receiver of the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company, where his sense of the caution needed in a public trust involved him in difficulties with the more speculative spirits of that early enterprise. In the legislature of 1841-42, Mr.

Tweedy was a member of the council, and aided with valuable advice the early territorial legislation. Mr. Tweedy was a Whig both by inheritance and by conviction, when the majority of the voters in Wisconsin were Democratic. Nevertheless so great was the public confidence in his wisdom that he was chosen member of the first Constitutional Convention, the only Whig delegate from Milwaukee County. After the defeat of the first constitution, he was nominated as candidate for territorial delegate to Congress, and to the surprise of his friends and of himself, he was elected, and became the last representative of the territory at Washington, serving from September, 1847, until the admission of the state in June, 1848. He was, while still delegate, nominated by the Whigs for first governor of the new state, but was defeated at the polls by the Democratic nominee, Nelson Dewey. The year following this election Mr. Tweedy was postmaster at Milwaukee; and in 1852 represented his district in the State Assembly. Thereafter he declined all public office, and devoted himself to private business, and to the many philanthropies in which he was interested. Although no longer in the active political field, he maintained a strong interest in the state's government, joined the Republican party upon its inception, and was a trusted adviser of the party leaders. He was the Wisconsin member of the Kansas Aid Society, and assisted in raising funds for its purposes; he helped to finance the election of 1855 which placed a Free Soil senator in Congress from Wisconsin, and the elections of the succeeding years for Republican representatives. During the Civil War Mr. Tweedy's patriotism was a valuable aid to the state administration. After the war his health declined, and he lived in retirement, never losing, however, a keen interest in the affairs of state.

His son, John H. Tweedy Jr., has presented to the Society a collection of his father's papers. This is probably the most important gift for the ante-Civil War period that has been received since the Strong and Woodman papers were acquired. While the Tweedy collection cannot be compared to either of these two other collections in quantity, its quality renders it of especial value to the state historians. The papers relate to many of the most important phases of political activity in the territory and in the early years of statehood, and while not in the least local in character reflect conditions of early days in Milwaukee's political history.

The range of dates is from 1834 to 1894, but after 1860 the papers are few and comparatively unimportant. The earliest letters are from college comrades, one of which describes a Yale Commencement of 1836. Next in order of time are series of land deeds and legal papers relating to the early history of Milwaukee. The papers of a suit in chancery between the Bank of Michigan and Solomon

Juneau throw light on the early sales of Milwaukee lots, and the methods of financing the village's first improvements. During his receivership for the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Mr. Tweedy had a sharp difference with Byron Kilbourn concerning the methods of floating loans. Kilbourn, who had been appointed financial agent by the governor, had secured a number of loans in Ohio, which were to be paid in bank notes. Tweedy refused to accept anything but specie. Kilbourn's letters of 1840-41 are interesting material for the study of early financeering.

At the time of Tweedy's election in 1847 to the delegacy, political parties in Wisconsin were in much confusion. The reigning Democratic party was split into factions, corresponding to the national divisions, and known as Barnburners, Hunkers, Tadpoles, and Locofocos. The nomination of Moses M. Strong had alienated some of these factions, and on the strength of this opposition Tweedy, the Whig candidate, was elected. A letter from Rufus King describes in a graphic manner this campaign.

The larger portion of the collection consists of the correspondence received by Mr. Tweedy during his few months at Washington as Wisconsin's delegate. Among these letters are many of great interest, such as that of John Catlin, last territorial secretary, announcing the popular acceptance of the constitution, and requesting that steps be taken to secure Wisconsin's admission to the Union. Other writers, such as Marshall M. Strong, Josiah Noonan, and Rufus King describe to Tweedy the progress of the Constitutional Convention, and the favor with which the new constitution was received by all parties. Letters are to be found from most of the prominent Wisconsin men of the period: from William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander, resident of the mining region; from Agostin Haraszthy, the distinguished Hungarian immigrant to Sauk County; from Daniel Whitney and Henry S. Baird, leading spirits at Green Bay; from Orsamus Cole, Mortimer M. Jackson, and Levi Hubbell, later of the state judiciary; and from many other well-known pioneers of the state. The subjects are as varied as the writers, applications for appointments to West Point, recommendations for federal offices, requests for information concerning pension and land entries, pleas for new post-offices and post routes, claims to be prosecuted against the government, petitions for new harbor and river improvements and the building of lighthouses—to all these and other matters the delegate was expected to give his personal attention. Indian affairs were likewise within his province; petitions from the Stockbridge, and a plan for a Menominee treaty are found among these papers.

The Mexican War was being fought during Tweedy's delegacy, and a letter from Wiram Knowlton decribes the Wisconsin volunteers

raised for that service. Purchases were also being made of Mexican war-scrip which was speedily invested in Wisconsin lands. A number of deeds signed by Presidents Polk, Taylor, and Fillmore show that Tweedy took advantage of this opportunity for investment. Possibly the most interesting of the delegacy letters are those relating to the northwest boundary of the incoming state. The enabling act had named the present St. Croix boundary, but the second Constitutional Convention expressed a preference for a line along Run River, and Tweedy was charged to present this request to Congress. The acceptance of this line would have made St. Paul and Minneapolis a part of Wisconsin. Letters pro and con from the inhabitants of the district, and from pioneers of Prairie du Chien are among these papers. The Antis had the most influence on Congress, and the St. Croix line was made the boundary.

After Tweedy had returned from Washington and had been defeated in the canvass for the first governor of the new state, he turned his attention to railroad development in Wisconsin, and there are among his papers several letters from engineers and financiers on the building of the first iron ways in the state. An apportionment document, undated, seems to refer to the legislative Assembly of 1852-53, of which Tweedy was a member. The papers of the period immediately preceding the Civil War, while few in number, are of considerable interest. Wisconsin's contribution to the Kansas Aid Society passed through Mr. Tweedy's hands, and several papers refer to this activity. Carl Schurz wrote in 1859 of the situation of the German press and German voters in the state. Two letters from Timothy O. Howe ask Tweedy's help in rescuing Wisconsin Republicans from the States-rights heresy into which they had fallen in opposing the Fugitive Slave Law; and in connection with the latter law appears a characteristic letter from Sherman M. Booth, written from "U. S. Prison, Custom House, Milwaukee, April 10, 1860." Of another character is a letter from Catherine Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and of Mrs. Stowe, concerning the founding of "Milwaukee Female College." Mr. Tweedy was one of the first trustees of this institution, and remained a member of its board until a year before his death. An early subscription list testifies to his practical assistance. The rest of the papers are miscellaneous in character, chiefly financial and commercial. A few letters from former college friends show the pleasant leisure of cultivated retirement and habits of reading and reflection.

The gift of the Tweedy papers is a new recognition of the State Historical Library as the most appropriate depository of the collections of Wisconsin men and women. It is to be hoped that it may stimulate other private owners of such letters and papers to place them where they will be of value to the historical workers of the state.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

A Working Plan for Forest Lands of Peninsula State Park is the title of Bulletin No. 3 issued by the Wisconsin Conservation Commission in December, 1917. During July and August, 1916, a survey was made of the Peninsula State Park with the view of instituting a proper management of the forests and for introducing a plan that would bring the lands to their highest productive capacity. From the data then secured, a comprehensive working plan has been adopted for the ensuing ten years. Of the 3,700 acres contained in the park, over 2,700 are still wooded. It is estimated that almost 5,000,000 feet of timber is yet standing. The policy of the state in managing the park is to preserve it primarily for recreation, and incidentally to utilize the forests so as to produce a small revenue therefrom. This latter practice, however, will be carefully guarded.

In her uncleared northern lands, Wisconsin has an undeveloped kingdom of great potential value, larger in area than either Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, or the Netherlands. The Agricultural Engineering Department of the University of Wisconsin, in its effort to have this region settled, has issued a bulletin, No. 886 of the University Series, entitled *Land Clearing in Upper Wisconsin.* Land clearing specials have been run through these northern counties, and have given practical demonstrations of the best methods to be used in pulling stumps, which have been the greatest obstacle to prospective settlers. Evidence of the interest taken by the state at large in the development of this section of Wisconsin is seen in some of the acts passed during the legislative session of 1917. Chapter 658 of the session laws authorizes the University of Wisconsin to conduct investigations and demonstrations in order to determine the most efficient and economical method for clearing land. An appropriation of $37,250 for the ensuing biennium was voted to carry on this work. Another act was passed authorizing the State Department of Agriculture to purchase dynamite and other explosives to be sold at cost to bona fide settlers. Another appropriation of $3,500 was made to pay for the printing and distribution of a soil survey map of the upper half of the state to be issued by the Geological and Natural History Survey.

The Wisconsin *State Board of Health Bulletin*, for December, 1917, shows that for the three months of October, November, and December of that year 6,414 deaths were reported from the various townships, incorporated villages, and cities in Wisconsin. This corresponds to an annual death rate of 10.2 per thousand population.

These figures represent a slightly lower death rate for the quarter than has been the average for the last ten years. Practically all of this decline has been due to saving the lives of a greater percentage of children.

According to a bulletin issued in December, 1917, by the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin entitled, *Marketing Wisconsin Milk*, the per capita consumption of milk in this state amounts to about .6 to .8 of a pint daily. Practically all of the milk is now sold in bottles. In Milwaukee over 86 per cent of the total was handled in this manner, in Eau Claire 91 per cent, and in Beloit 81 per cent. Since the practice of bottling milk has come into vogue only within the last fifteen or eighteen years, the above statistics indicate how completely this plan has grown. A few cities, Madison, Eau Claire, and others have passed ordinances that forbid the retailing of milk except when bottled. Pastuerization is also becoming more general, especially in the larger cities. In Milwaukee 91 per cent of the milk retailed is pastuerized. The survey also discloses the fact that the practice of keeping cows in towns and cities has almost ceased. In Eau Claire, a city of 19,000 population, it is estimated that not more than 75 cows are kept for milk. The estimate for Milwaukee was given at less than a dozen. The survey shows that in handling the milk the farmers receive scarcely more than half the price which the consumers pay, the transportation companies taking approximately 7 per cent and the distributers 33 per cent.

A helpful bulletin on the subject of the *Wisconsin Income Tax Law*, issued in December, 1917, by the State Tax Commission, contains the laws of 1911, and the amendments of 1913, 1915, and 1917, together with the citations to decisions of the supreme court and some of the important rulings of the commission on the subject of income taxes. The primary object of the bulletin is to assist assessors of income and taxpayers in performing those duties imposed upon them by the tax laws.

In a bulletin issued by the State Department of Education in January, 1918, for the Boys' Council of Defense, entitled, *Organization and Training of the Labor Supply in the Public Schools*, the statement is made that the largest supply of possible farm labor in Wisconsin is in the high schools of our state. The schools are urged to make that supply of labor available for the farms of Wisconsin. Courses of study were to be so arranged and the schedule so adjusted as to enable those boys who desire to engage in food production work

to do so without loss of credit. An outline of the special work to be accomplished in each particular agricultural section is set forth in the bulletin.

The secretary's report of the annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society, published in *Wisconsin Horticulture* for January, 1918 shows that that organization is doing a great war work in the matter of increasing and conserving the commissary stores of the state. Through the efforts of the Wisconsin Gardeners' Advisory Council, they enlisted a great army of volunteer workers during the year 1917, and approximately 200,000 home gardens, averaging one-twentieth of an acre each were cultivated in this state.

The *Sixth Annual Report on the Workmen's Compensation Act*, issued by the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, shows that during the year between July 1, 1916 and July 1, 1917 there were 20,560 compensatable accidents reported. This number exceeded those reported during the preceding year by more than 25 per cent and those of two years ago by 85 per cent. The number of cases in which a settlement was reached also showed a great increase, the total being 17,157. Of this number 219 were fatal cases. The benefits paid out in the cases settled during the last year reached $1,517,329. Of this sum, $1,184,371 represented indemnity paid to the injured workmen or their dependents, while $391,958 were paid for medical aid. More than 96 per cent of the cases settled under the compensation act during the year were adjusted between the parties without a formal order from the commission. Out of a total of 832 decisions rendered by the commission only 50 were appealed to the courts, and in only 2 cases was the decision of the commission reversed.

The Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin has issued a bulletin (No. 881) entitled *The Great War*, by Professor W. J. Chase. It includes a study outline of the causes, the immediate background, and the beginnings of the war. The outline was originally planned as a guide-study to be used in making up club programs, but owing to the demand for its use it was revised to meet the needs of any group of serious minded people.

The *Annual Report of the Dairy and Food Commission*, issued in February, 1918, placed the total value of the dairy industry in Wisconsin at $150,000,000. The production of cheese in 1915—the last year for which figures are given—amounted to 234,929,037 pounds, and was valued at approximately $33,000,000. Dodge County still held the lead as the banner county in the production of

cheese, with a total of 23,061,528 pounds at the close of the year 1915. Sheboygan was second with 21,363,448, and Manitowoc third with 15,587,573 pounds. There were 435 more cheese factories in operation in 1916 than in 1910. The production of butter in factories amounted to 124,636,071 pounds in 1915, and was valued at $34,744,774.51. Under the license law that became effective January 1, 1916, 1,028 butter makers and 2,457 cheesemakers took out licenses in 1916 for operating their business. The report shows that the milk condenseries have had a remarkable growth in Wisconsin. In 1915 they bought 396,607,532 pounds of milk, and have been responsible for building a large number of creameries and cheese factories in communities adjoining the condenseries.

Circular 100 issued in February, 1918 by the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of Wisconsin is entitled *Hints on What to Eat During the War.* For the four basic foods, wheat, meat, fat, and sugar, other articles must be substituted if our nation is to give that support to our allies which it is expected to give during the war. The substance of the whole bulletin is summed up in these statements. Save wheat—use more corn. Save meat—use beans and fish. Save fats—use just enough. Save sugar—use syrups.

According to Bulletin number 14, issued by the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture in February, 1918, entitled *Agricultural Statistics for 1917*, Wisconsin has added over 700,000 additional acres to the cultivation of crops since the 1910 census. The total area devoted to cultivated crops has increased from 7,915,904 acres to 8,689,354, or nearly 100,000 acres each year. The statement is made that there is yet a productive region equal to all land now in such crops in Wisconsin remaining to be developed in the upper part of the state. Several counties in that territory have doubled their acreage of cultivated crops since 1910. The total value of all farm crops in Wisconsin for 1917 was estimated at $330,656,000, which is an increase of $103,577,000 over the 1916 estimate. The total value of live stock on the farms in Wisconsin on January 1, 1918 was placed at $316,253,000. This exceeded the estimate of the preceding year by more than $42,000,000.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Rail Road Commission of Wisconsin, Part I, which covers the period from June 30, 1915 to June 30, 1916, shows that a total of 405 cases were heard by the commission. Of this number 228 were railroad cases, 140 utility cases, and the remainder involved the administration by the commission of the stock and bond, blue sky, water power, convenience and necessity, and non-

duplication laws. During the period covered by the report 148 formal railroad decisions were issued, and 142 utility decisions were rendered. The tariff department of the commission reports that 12,930 bills were audited, and that overcharges to the amount of $279.90 were discovered. Of this amount all but $58.50 had been refunded by the carriers.

The First Annual Report on the Statistics of Municipal Finances, issued in April, 1918, contains data that is the result of seven years of labor on the part of the Wisconsin Tax Commission. Since 1910 that commission has been collecting reports of receipts and disbursements of over 1,500 towns and villages, 128 cities, and 71 counties in Wisconsin. By a series of tables and charts, numbering 38 in all, the report shows the finances of all civil divisions of the state. The tables and charts illustrate in a most striking manner the differences between the financial systems of the different municipalities.

Bulletin number 31 of the *Wisconsin Farmers' Institutes*, issued in April, 1918, shows the manner in which the Wisconsin farmers have met the great emergency that befell them following the outbreak of the war. One special feature that is emphasized in the report is the fact that those counties that had already employed agricultural agents proved to be much better prepared agriculturally to meet the tests imposed upon them than those that were not supplied with agents. Several counties that had not adopted the policy of employing agents fell in line immediately following the declaration of war and employed emergency food agents. The bulletin shows that there are six different institutes all devoted to agricultural interests that hold regular sessions in Wisconsin.

According to a bulletin on *The Mineral Resources of Southwestern Wisconsin*, prepared by W. R. McConnell of the Platteville State Normal School, issued in April, 1918, Wisconsin produced over $10,000,000 worth of zinc in 1915, and was excelled by only two states in the Union. All the lead and zinc mines of Wisconsin are confined to the three counties of Grant, Iowa, and Lafayette. The report shows that lead mining, once the leading industry in that section, is fast disappearing. Only 3,000 tons of lead valued at $171,000 were mined in 1915. Southwestern Wisconsin is geographically a part of the Upper Mississippi Valley Lead and Zinc District, which includes parts of Iowa and Illinois. In 1915 the entire district produced 46,900 tons of zinc and of this amount Wisconsin alone produced over 41,000 tons, or more than seven-eighths of the entire amount.

A pamphlet entitled *Election Laws of Wisconsin of 1917 and 1918*, issued in May, 1918, and prepared by Merlin Hull, Secretary of State, contains a reprint of all the election laws found in chapters 3 to 12 inclusive of the Wisconsin statutes of 1917 as amended by the special session of the legislature that convened in February, 1918. All those chapters and sections that are necessary or helpful in the proper conduct of elections are included. The pamphlet is especially valuable to naturalized citizen voters.

THE WIDER FIELD

Mr. Edwin O. Wood of Mackinac and New York has been for many years a lover of the scenic and the historical attractions possessed by the "fairy island" at the head of Lake Michigan. As a result of this liking he has prepared and published two fine volumes, richly illustrated, under the title *Historic Mackinac*. The first volume is devoted to a narration of the events pertaining to the Mackinac country from the beginning of French occupancy down to the present time. The second volume contains a collection of original narratives by travelers and others (such as Schoolcraft, Mrs. Kinzie, Bayard Taylor, and Wm. C. Bryant) about Mackinac. Mr. Wood does not pretend to be a trained historian and frankly puts his volumes forth as an offering of love for the benefit of any who may enjoy reading the legends and history of Mackinac. For the traveler or the reader who enjoys a narration of real life rather than a work of fiction, these handsome volumes will have a distinct attraction. The scholar will find in them but little assistance, but the author did not undertake, evidently, to write for his benefit.

The *Michigan History Magazine* for April, 1918 contains an interesting survey of Michigan's part in the Great War by Major Roy C. Vandercook, secretary of the Michigan War Preparedness Board. Such surveys, giving a complete account of the war activities of any state, by those who are in position to know the facts, are of great historical importance and will be the basis from which much historical study will develop in later years. Other articles appearing in the same issue are: "The Creation of Michigan Territory," by William L. Jenks; "History of Prohibition Legislation in Michigan," by Floyd B. Streeter; "James Burrill Angell and the University of Michigan," by Wilfred B. Shaw; "Early Catholic Missions in Emmet County," by Judge Thomas Lineham; "The Michigan Audubon Society," by Mrs. Edith C. Munger; "The Pageant of Escanaba and Correlated Local History," by F. E. King; "Reminiscences of the Mackinac Country," by Brayton Saltonstall; and "Memories of Northern Michigan," by Archibald Buttars.

The January, 1918 number of the *Archaeological and Historical Quarterly* is devoted entirely to a treatise on the History of Educational Legislation in Ohio from 1803 to 1850, written by Edward A. Miller.

Two articles are found in the March number of the *Indiana Magazine of History*. The longer and more important one continues J. E. Murr's "Lincoln in Indiana," begun in the December, 1917 issue. The other article is a short account of "Topenebee and the Decline of the Pottawattomie Nation."

The Anti Slavery Movement in Kentucky Prior to 1850 by Asa Earl Martin is a substantial and scholarly monograph issued as Number Twenty-nine of the Filson Club publications. The new volume continues the attractive typographical style inaugurated recently with the issuance of Number Twenty-eight of the Club's publications. The scholarly character and attractive dress of this Society's issues render them noteworthy among western historical publications where too often either form or scholarship, and sometimes both, are sacrificed in deference to political or other considerations.

The *Journal* of the Illinois State Historical Society for April, 1917 was issued in April of the present year. Its leading article is an excellent study by Judson F. Lee of transportation as a factor in the development of northern Illinois prior to 1860. Another article of much interest and timeliness is an appeal by Jacob Piatt Dunn, of Indiana, for the preservation from impending oblivion of our native Indian languages of North America.

The major portion of the April number of the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics* is devoted to "Relief Work in Iowa During the Civil War," by Earl S. Fullbrook. Aside from this is a short article on the death of Albert Sidney Johnston on the Battlefield of Shiloh, contributed by Joseph W. Rich.

Several interesting articles comprise the contents of the April number of the *Missouri Historical Review*. H. A. Trexler contributes the second installment of his study of "Missouri-Montana Highways"; the third installment of the translation of Gootfried Duden's report on western American conditions is presented by Wm. G. Bek: "Missouri and the [present] War," and a memorial sketch of Francis A. Sampson, former secretary of the Society, are contributed by Floyd Shoemaker.

Among the leading articles in the April number of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* is an interesting account of "The United States Gunboat Harriet Lane," by Philip C. Tucker. Other contributions worth noting are the second installment of "The Powers of the Commander of the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Department," by Florence E. Holladay, and "Hamilton Stuart: Pioneer Editor," by Ben C. Stuart.

A significant indication of the ever-increasing interest in the subject of Spanish-American history and relationships is afforded by the appearance in February of the first number of the *Hispanic American Historical Review.* The new quarterly is admirably sponsored, and enlists the support of such men as President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, Secretary Lansing, and John Barrett. Judged by the first issue, the *Review* bids fair at once to take prominent rank among the leading historical quarterlies of America. It should be a matter of particular interest to Wisconsin readers that the managing editor is James A. Robertson, long connected with Wisconsin and associated with the late Emma Blair in editing the monumental *Philippine Islands* in fifty-five volumes.

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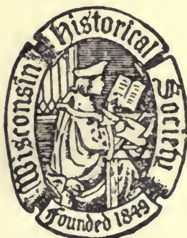

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by MILO M. QUAIFE, Superintendent

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ALFRED BRUNSON
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

ALFRED BRUNSON, PIONEER OF WISCONSIN METHODISM

Ella C. Brunson

With his characteristic regard for detail, the subject of this sketch opened the "Birth Record" of his immediate family with: "Alfred, born in Danbury, Ct. on the morning of Feby 9, 1793, in one of the worst snow storms of history." Frequently through life, when referring to this event, he expressed some curiosity to know whether the storm had had any influence on his career, which, at times, bore a close resemblance to the weather on the day of his advent. His father, Ira, was a direct descendant of Richard Brownson, a member of the company of Rev. Joseph Hooker, who came in 1633 from Braintree, England, to escape the religious intolerance of that period. Alfred was the oldest of the seven children born to Ira and Permelia Cozier Brownson. As young Alfred grew up he attended school, in the winter seasons, from the age of seven to that of twelve years, but his time in summer was needed to help his father who was crippled with rheumatism, contracted through overindulgence in athletic games and subsequent careless exposure.

When Alfred was seven years old the family removed to Sing Sing, New York, where his father operated a ferry across the Hudson River, conducted an inn at the landing, and established and managed a brickyard and a stone quarry. The eldest son, a large and unusually sturdy lad, a natural adept and an apt pupil, soon became an expert in many occupations, and as his father's assistant learned to run the ferryboat, a piragua of two masts. He thus acquired a nautical knowledge of inestimable value to him in his pioneer life on the western frontier, where much of the travel was by the waterways. Young Alfred's chief pastime was casting cannon, making wooden guns, and building forts; as a leader

among his comrades he equipped them with arms and trained them as soldiers in the methods of warfare which he learned from his books and from the conversation of his elders. So marked was his military taste that his father planned to educate him for the army, and to this end sent him to a local academy which prepared students for West Point. But the accident in 1806 that cost his father's life brought the boy's air castles to the ground, and changed the entire trend of his life. During a violent gale his father, returning from across the river, attempted to land the boat, when, hampered by heavy clothing and his movements hindered by his crippled condition, he was struck by the sail and brushed into the water. Alfred, seeing the accident from a distance, ran to the landing, sprang into a skiff, and, with a man to row for him, attempted to effect a rescue; but the wet hair of the drowning man slipped through the lad's fingers, and, powerless to help him, he saw his father sink for the last time. Although a mere boy in years, this incident made the lad a man; from that hour he assumed, with his mother's aid, the care of the six younger children. When the estate of the father was settled an error on the part of the lawyer in charge changed the spelling of the name from Brownson to Brunson, an orthography retained by the family since that time. (Other branches dropped the *w*, spelling the name Bronson, while still others retain the original orthography, Brownson.)

It was deemed advisable, in view of the changed circumstances of the family, to return to Danbury where young Alfred was apprenticed to a shoemaker, his mother's brother, son of Benjamin and Sarah Cozier, early and prominent settlers of Connecticut. Alfred soon became proficient in this trade, and in the new country to which he was later to emigrate it proved a useful acquirement.

Someone once said: "A great man condemns his friends to the task of explaining him." This was sufficiently true of Alfred Brunson to justify a few words regarding his personal

appearance and characteristics. One's first impression upon meeting him was that he was an austere man, abrupt and gruff, but when one came to know him, he was found to be genial and approachable, while the abiding impression made by his strong personality was that of a plain honest man who loved justice and fair dealing. In person he was straight, well-knit, and powerful, weighing in his full vigor from two hundred to two hundred twenty-five pounds; he was as athletic as his own father had been, dignified in carriage, with a long head, jaw square rather than oval, a massive forehead, above which, after his fortieth year, was a halo of grey hair. Thus he was distinguished and attractive in appearance.

Much of the literary activity to which the later years of his life were devoted was in the nature of controversy, but he conducted it without bitterness or narrowness. If the subject was one upon which his experience gave him authority to speak, he wrote naturally, with a good command of language for a self-educated man. His zeal for what he thought to be the truth sometimes led him to vehemence of expression, but even his intensity was coupled with charity of spirit toward his opponent, his antagonism being directed toward the error rather than the person. Loyalty was a deep and fixed principle of his conduct; for his country, his church, and his friends, he was an able advocate, but woe to the perverter of truth, the traitor, or the inhumane; for them he had at his command severe language, and in his denunciation of crime or injustice he never minced his words. Hospitable to the verge of embarrassing his family, he always kept "the latch-string out," and especially welcome, next to those of his kin, were "those of the household of faith." No visitor came with a need, temporal or spiritual, that it was not promptly met to the best of the host's ability, and he frequently said in later years that the "bread cast upon the water" in pioneer days, returned long afterwards in the form of loaves for crumbs. How he loved inquiring youth! No questioner ever came to him that

pen, paper, or book was not gladly laid aside to consider and explain any matter within his ken. No one, however, knew his limitations better than he himself, and if not able to answer a question, he promptly admitted the fact, but lost no time in acquiring all possible knowledge upon the subject. He particularly admired a good command of language, and often said that he acquired his own knowledge of its use by listening to the best scholars and remembering their construction of sentences and use of words.

To his keen sense of the ludicrous and love of a good story, of which he had a rare collection, Mr. Brunson attributed his ability to throw off and forget annoyances that to other natures would have been a serious handicap. With a really good and appropriate story for all occasions he often turned what promised to be a grievous altercation into a hearty laugh, ending the matter in complete understanding. He never laughed aloud, but shook and chuckled till tears rolled down his cheeks, and long after turning his attention to other things a smile would play about his mouth.

Prematurely developed by the circumstances of his early life, and the hardships then the lot of those dependent upon their own resources, Alfred Brunson took up a man's work before he was out of his teens. The invincible spirit displayed in his boyhood games remained with him through life. Having assured himself that he was right before he undertook any new or unusual task, nothing dismayed or made him afraid; his mind was firmly fixed upon the thought that the Divine Power, upon which he depended with a childlike faith, was with him in all things. Never, after his conversion, which was the direct result of his father's tragic death, did he doubt for a moment that he was led, guided, and, in answer to prayer, directed in what he did. If his efforts met failure, he judged that the fault was within himself, or that it was providential interference, and that there was something else for him to do, in which he would succeed.

After several years at Danbury, Connecticut, Alfred Brunson was married at the age of nineteen to Eunice Burr, a distant cousin of Aaron Burr, and the young couple soon went as missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Western Reserve, a new field in far-away Ohio. Finding himself near the frontier where the struggle between the new country and England was in progress, he placed his family in safety, and enlisted in the Twenty-seventh United States Infantry, then being recruited at Warren, Ohio, and was made orderly sergeant of his company. His diary of the ensuing campaign is now in the Wisconsin State Historical Library. The author's experiences likewise furnished the topic for many a long winter evening story, never to be forgotten by his children and friends. They loved to persuade him to relate his early adventures, for he was a natural story-teller, and with his remarkable memory and his well-stored mind, he made an evening pass most entertainingly.

Among the incidents narrated by him of that historical period, one that never failed to hold the attention of his children concerned the primitive methods of living in the camp of that early day. The crude manner of preparing their rations, to which the soldiers were driven in 1812, proved the old adage: "Necessity is the mother of invention." Once while the members of his company were camping at the mouth of the Huron River, waiting for a violent wind to subside before they could cross on their route to Fort Stevenson, they found themselves separated from even their limited camp equipment, but having rations with them, they prepared them much after the manner of the native Americans whom they were fighting. They built a fire of driftwood on the shore, mixed flour and river water in pieces of bark or any receptacle they were fortunate enough to have, and without salt, yeast, or shortening wrapped the dough in bark or leaves, and baked it in the ashes, or before the open fire as the hoecake of the South is baked. Bits of salt pork impaled on sticks were

broiled to a turn, and both bread and meat tasted like a banquet to the tired and hungry men.

A story of the sentinel, who mistook a black turkey for an Indian and shot it, was a never ending source of entertainment to his children. The shot that killed the turkey alarmed the whole camp and brought the men to arms. How the rising moon, full and red, was mistaken for the dreaded English craft *Queen Charlotte,* armed with "seventeen long guns," the terror of the Lakes, was another tale that held us spellbound. Preparations were at once made to give the visitor a warm welcome, and the soldier boys were greatly disappointed when the alarm proved to be false. Real soldier experiences were the long nights of camping with no shelter from pouring rain, when the men were obliged to lie upon their guns to keep them dry, expecting every moment to be attacked. So infested were the woods with skulking, hostile Indians, that American soldiers passing from one of their own camps to another were frequently killed, as were many of the men who went out to rescue the bodies of their fallen companions. Mr. Brunson heard the story of the death of the great war chief, Tecumseh, from the lips of the chief's own aide-de-camp. In after life he prepared an article on this much-mooted subject which was published in the fourth volume of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections.*

At the expiration of his year of enlistment, General Cass, under whose direct observation Sergeant Brunson had served at the head of a platoon in the stead of a commissioned officer, sent for him and offered him the first vacancy among the lieutenants; the company also asked the privilege of buying his uniform and sword if he would remain with them, but he declined both offers, preferring to "be about his Father's business" in the calling to which he had consecrated his life. So he returned to Ohio to continue his missionary work. Long quiet years of earnest effort followed, while one after another his children were born and a little family grew up around him.

These were years of self-sacrifice and hard work, preparatory to his future upon the far American frontier. His last station in that part of the country was at Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he was for several years a member of the board of trustees of Allegheny College.

In 1835 a call came for missionaries to go to the Northwest Territory, to minister both to the whites and to the Indians of the frontier. Mr. Brunson was instrumental in bringing the need before the Pittsburgh Conference, of which he was a member, and the presiding bishop urged him to accept the responsibility of founding a mission in this new field. His family consented that he should visit the country before deciding to move there, and he soon set forth in company with his colleague, the Reverend Mr. Weigley. In six weeks, in a buggy with two horses, they drove over one thousand miles from Meadville to Springfield, Illinois. From the first glimpse thereof they were attracted to the western country and determined to make it their future field of work. They reached Illinois in time to attend the annual conference, the farthest western Methodist conference then organized. At that session Mr. Weigley was assigned to the district of Galena, while Mr. Brunson's circuit covered the territory from Rock Island, Illinois, to St. Anthony's Falls, Minnesota, a district five-hundred miles in length, and seventy-five in width. Dubuque, Iowa, was the only settlement west of the Mississippi River, and those upon the eastern side were few. Mr. Brunson, in order to enter the country north of the Wisconsin River, made his way on horseback to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, arriving there late in the fall of the same year. This trip was often referred to by him as one of the most difficult but one of the most interesting of his whole life. The country was sparsely settled and abounded in wild animals; the road was nature's own highway, except where it was possible to follow the military road made in 1834 by the soldiers from Fort Winnebago (where Portage, Wisconsin,

now stands) to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien. On the outward route Platteville was the first place in Wisconsin where Mr. Brunson stopped. There the proverbial frontier hospitality soon drove from his mind the unpleasant features of the trip. Lancaster was the next settlement reached and here his notes state: "Occupied the room with Sir Charles Murray, a chamberlain of Queen Victoria, sent over by that estimable and enterprising lady, to select lands on which to make entry, but paying taxes for many years and then selling at a loss would indicate a case of mistaken judgment." The journey from Lancaster to Cassville was made with but one break, "at the home of a brother in Christ, where I was most cordially received and entertained in the true pioneer spirit." The people along the route were overjoyed to see a newcomer, and although often but one member of the house was a professed Christian, the entire family welcomed a stranger from the East, particularly when he was one who could be trusted. Church people, of whatever orthodox denomination, were distinctly glad to see a missionary of an established church society, and welcomed a speaker on sacred as well as temporal subjects.[1]

It was truly on the verge of civilization our traveler found himself after crossing the Wisconsin River, but even at that late season he thought it a promising country, and the sandy soil appealed to one tired of clay, mud, and soggy turf, because the rain drained off at once, and in half an hour after a downpour walking was comfortable. Inquiry made of the residents at the little settlement of Prairie du Chien as well as of the military men at the post of Fort Crawford elicited the following information which is copied from the traveler's own notes:

> Prairie du Chien, written by the French settlers "La Prairie des Chiens,"—and being translated meaning "the prairie of dogs," because of the great number of the little animals found here, was the second settle-

[1] The journal of this trip is published in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XV, 264-91.

ment in this section. The Fox Indians being camped here at the time of the naming of the settlement, with a chief named "Dog," may have had some influence in the matter of naming the colony. There were well built Indian houses here when the first white man came, and the natives had gardens and live stock, but my own will be the first frame building in the country. The earlier comers learned much of value from the Indians and we in turn gathered from them invaluable information in pioneering useful now and anywhere in an emergency. The use of sugar to preserve meat when salt was exhausted was a new idea, but practical, as are many Indian customs we may well copy. Game was plentiful and all animal food easy to procure, either by traps or from native hunters.

It is of record that in 1804 a Frenchman by the name of Roulette [Rolette] and a Scotchman named Cannon [Campbell] appeared at the settlement and established a fur-trading post among the Indians and French hunters already on the ground, and those who came for many years after. Descendants of Roulette still live here and are counted among the substantial citizens.

When the war of 1812 broke out the inhabitants of this thriving settlement drove out all English sympathizers, and the island in the river being most thickly settled, became the village proper, every precaution being taken for the safety of the settlers. But the English learned of the lack of troops then at the place and surprised the Americans and natives (French) taking and holding possession of the Ft. then established at the north end of the island, until the close of the war in 1816, when Col. Hamilton occupied it and built a blockhouse on the site later occupied by the H. L. Dousman residence. An earthquake was said to have shaken the territory in those early days but none has been felt since.

The location of the Fort it seems was changed twice. The first one was located at the north end of the island, the second on the main land, and the third, built in 1830 by Zachary Taylor, Commandant, stood near the middle of the length of the prairie, on the hill overlooking the river. Taylor was in command at the time of my arrival and to him and his officers I was indebted for many courtesies shown me and my family, our home being made with them in the Fort until the completion of our house, brought with us, and erected half a mile south-east of the Fort.

At the time of the building of the last Fort but one American family was numbered among the two-hundred inhabitants of the place, the remainder being French, Indian and half-breeds. But from that date the town had grown and on my arrival there were four-hundred souls within its boundary, three American families, and two-hundred officers and sol-

diers in the garrison. No doubt the protection offered by the Fort, should the need arise, attracted settlers to that locality, and the nature of the soil, the majestic river and beautiful bluffs on both sides of the river, made an attractive setting for a new town. The most prominent of its citizens at this date were the Roulette, Brisbois and Jean Baptist Faribault families.

The first steamboat to come up the Mississippi River was the "Virginia" from St. Louis, and its landing was a great event in the history of the place. No citizen able to walk was absent on the occasion, and the feeling that they were really connected with the great outside world, was established. This was increased in 1823 when a post office was established, and mails were received once in two months in the summer, and once in the winter seasons, letters folded in a sheet of fools-cap paper, addressed and stamped on same.

While well pleased from the first with this new country, Mr. Brunson did not consider taking his family farther into the wilds, and decided to locate at Fort Crawford, for protection in case of an uprising among the Indians so thick about them, and not always peaceable. With this thought in mind he purchased of the government a tract of land, and made arrangements for the reception of himself and family on their arrival. Leaving Prairie du Chien December 29, 1835, on horseback, he rode to Meadville, arriving in February, 1836, having been gone from home six months, traveling, mostly in the saddle, about three thousand miles, part of the time in the winter season, without losing a day on account of illness.

Mr. Brunson had in the meantime communicated with his wife, a most businesslike and competent helpmeet, and she had contracted for a keel boat, and a dwelling house, built in sections ready to be put together, every door and window ready for its place—the whole to be loaded at a given date for the journey to the new country. The house, eighteen by thirty-four feet, two stories, with an ell twenty by twenty-seven feet, was ready on the missionary's arrival at home, but business affairs delayed the departure of himself and family until the middle of June. So great was the interest among

THE OLD BRUNSON HOME AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

his neighbors at the return of one from the unknown West, that Mr. Brunson was called upon to lecture, to write, and to talk incessantly of what he had seen and learned.

At the hour set for the Brunsons to leave the dock at Meadville, the place was thronged with people, some coming out of curiosity, but most of them as friends to wish the travelers Godspeed, for no one felt they would ever see the venturesome emigrants again. A missionary hymn was sung, prayers were offered, and after a tearful farewell the boat with the family, house, and worldly goods, started on its trip, going down the canal to French Creek, and thence down the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh. With the Brunsons on the boat were two young men who had been engaged for a year's service in the new country, a carpenter and a day laborer. At Portsmouth, Ohio, the party was joined by Mr. Brunson's sister and her family. Her husband was later the founder of the town of Patch Grove, Grant County, residing there until his death.

As far as St. Louis the trip was made by contract with a steamboat captain, who was pledged to tow the flat boat to that place for the sum of two hundred fifty dollars. The trip was made without special incident, except the wetting the passengers received when running the Falls of the Ohio. At St. Louis, for the consideration of six hundred fifty dollars Mr. Brunson contracted for the towing of the boat to Prairie du Chien, where it landed July 16, 1836. He immediately began the erection of the house, splitting the lath for it with his own hand. There are yet to be seen places where the hard lime plaster is from one-half to two inches thick, in order to smooth the inequalities of the handmade lath. The writer visited this house last summer after an absence of thirty years, and found it in a remarkable state of preservation, after its eighty-one years of storm and sunshine, with some of the original plaster still in place.

Prairie du Chien was, at the date of the landing of the Brunson family, the principal depot for the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, most of the travel being along these waterways. All about were bands of Indians, and robberies and murders were not unusual occurrences. Parties leaving Prairie du Chien for distant points went, as far as possible, in fleets too strong for the marauders, exchanging at the Prairie the smaller boats in which they came over inland streams for those of larger size used upon the Mississippi. Each fall they came to the Prairie with goods for the trade, which in those days were brought from Montreal to Green Bay through the Lakes, up the Fox River to where Portage now stands, and thence to Prairie du Chien.

Before Mr. Brunson's advent the first Sunday school in Wisconsin had been established at Prairie du Chien by Mrs. Lockwood, wife of a well-known fur trader, and sister of Major William and Doctor Wright, both stationed at Fort Crawford. Mrs. Lockwood took an untiring interest in all that tended to the educational and religious growth of the town, and to the end of her long and useful life was held in the highest regard by the entire community.

Mr. Brunson felt the need of an interpreter for his missionary work, and learning of a mulatto slave, named Jim Thompson, who had been converted, had something of the missionary spirit, and was above the average of his race in education and mental ability, he approached the slave's master, a Kentucky officer stationed at Fort Snelling, and ascertained that Jim could be purchased for twelve hundred dollars. The missionary then wrote a letter to the Methodist publications of the time, setting forth his need and the ambition of the slave, and the result was that the money was quickly raised and forwarded. Jim was set free and at once became a capable and faithful interpreter. He served long and well, settling at the end of his years of usefulness in St. Paul, where he died at an advanced age, in 1884. He was

a loyal and consistent Christian, devoted as a servant, and never happier than when his voice was lifted in the sweet tones of his mother's race singing the hymns of the church, or the melodies of his own people. He was a famous hunter, and the game needed for food was secured by him on excursions into the wilderness of the great territory. But Jim was not without another inheritance from his mother; his superstitious fears were not always in complete abeyance to his religious belief in Divine protection, and exposed him to many a practical joke played by his associates.

When the Brunsons settled at Prairie du Chien lumber was selling at "twenty dollars per thousand feet as it came from the water, good, bad, and indifferent, and mechanics labor two and a half to five dollars per day, while their method of performing the same was only about enough to give them a good appetite for meals." The west side of the river was without civil government, and the lead mines having attracted wide attention, military authority was frequently necessary to protect the enterprising miners from the aborigines who protested silently but ineffectually against the invasion of the white man. The Indians were eventually persuaded to cede the land to the United States. Justice was but badly administered in this new country, and often the people were compelled to take matters into their own hands; in the event of a serious crime they "gathered at a given place, appointed judge, clerk and sheriff. The empaneled jury, finding a bill against the accused, he was arraigned, counsel and petit jury being provided, and following the usual forms of trial, the culprit was found guilty and hanged all within a few days, although witnesses testified that the form of law was always strictly observed." The primitive days were full of narrow escapes and many dangers, although the Indians were always faithful and friendly to the "White Rabbit," a name given Mr. Brunson by the Kickapoo Indians because of his abundant white hair and gentle patience.

After two or three years of missionary work, Mr. Brunson's health failed, and he determined to study law. In the fall of 1840, after having been admitted to the bar, he was elected to the house of representatives of the territory. That year he first visited Madison, whither the capital had been removed from Belmont, and which he describes as "A beautifully situated village," but "the vice and wickedness of the whole territory seemed to be concentrated there." He was especially shocked at the number of "sharpers" who assembled at the place, "trying to skin Uncle Sam," and the "appointment of as many clerks and officers to the two houses as there were in Congress." But his study of human nature had taught him the folly of making open warfare on every opinion that differed from his own, so he contented himself with using what influence he could when preaching on Sundays in Representative Hall to foil the dishonest and personal ambitions so much in evidence. Mr. Brunson was a Whig in politics, while most of the people of the territory were Democrats; he was, therefore, soon retired from public office. But before this occurred he had been able to forward some important measures that tended to make the West, and particularly the community that elected him, a more desirable place in which to settle. While dissatisfied with the legislative session as a whole, he acquired information that made him in demand later as a campaign speaker.

In 1842 Mr. Brunson received from the federal government, at the suggestion of Governor James D. Doty, a commission as subagent to the La Pointe Indian Agency of the Lake Superior country. The trip to that region, made the following year, was one of intense interest to him, being for the most part, except for the trails of fur traders, through primitive and unexplored territory. Most of the traveling in that country was then by the waterways, and in the summer season, so it was with unusual care that Mr. Brunson's party prepared for the long overland spring journey. The cara-

van consisted of three wagons, nine yoke of oxen, three horses and fourteen men, including Mr. Brunson's oldest son, Jim, the interpreter, and a miner named Whitaker, who was an expert woodsman. They set out on May 24, 1843, as soon as grass for the live stock was well started. Following the ridges of the bluff the leader guided his party through the wilderness, steered by the faithful compass that had piloted him from Pennsylvania, and which was never out of his pocket until the highways and landmarks of the territory were well established. In the four hundred miles traveled, but two stops were made where white men were found, at the Falls of the Black and of the Chippewa rivers, where cities bearing these names now stand. One man during the journey wandered from the camp and was lost among the hills. Following one stream after another he reached the settlement of La Crosse, undergoing hair-raising experiences en route; he thence went up stream to Black River Falls, where he arrived before the caravan did.

The mills at these falls were then in the hands of Mormons, who were preparing to build a city and a temple at Nauvoo; they were prevailed upon to ferry the wagons, horses, and men across the river, while the cattle swam. From this point the course of travel lay northwest. On this lap of the journey two of the three horses wandered away from camp at night and were not found, so the party went on somewhat handicapped. In later years Mr. Brunson was told by a traveler that he had seen the bones of two horses with the remnants of rope by which they had been tied to billets of wood, in the vicinity of the last camp occupied by the caravan; the presumption was that the animals had become entangled in the thicket, and unable to extricate themselves, had been killed by flies which were unusually bad that year.

The wayfarers passed by the pipestone hill so dear to the hearts of all Indians of that day, and in his notes Mr. Brunson says: "That stone will some day become an important article

of commerce because of its ornamental beauty and peculiar quality. It is so soft it can be cut with a knife when taken from the quarry, but polished and exposed to the air becomes as hard as marble." The imposing buildings of the Twin Cities of Minnesota bear out his prophetic statement. In later years Mr. Brunson, when riding through the tunnel on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway between Mauston and La Crosse, went directly under the trail over which he had passed in 1848.

On all trips through the country, then almost unknown to the white man, Mr. Brunson wrote many letters of a descriptive character, which at every opportunity he mailed back to civilization. These descriptions sometimes found their way into print and drew the attention of people who contemplated emigrating to the West. It was not an unusual occurrence for their author to be called upon by total strangers who gave him the pleasant assurance that their coming to the new country had been due to these articles. Mr. Brunson addressed a letter to Governor Doty, describing his first trip to the Lake Superior region, which description was said to have brought to notice a vast and fertile portion of the territory. It was printed by the order of the territorial legislature, to which the communication was sent by the governor, and, scattered over the states in pamphlet form, it resulted in an exodus to the Black and Chippewa valleys.

In these years of pioneer life Mr. Brunson's natural ingenuity gave him an advantage over many of the newcomers. He was always ready to suggest a way out of a dilemma and some of them were certainly novel ways. The winter of 1855-56 was an unusually early one; the snow fell to a great depth before the ground had frozen. The first heavy fall found him seventy miles from home in a buggy. His Yankee ingenuity came to his rescue, and, securing the assistance of a workman, he set about the business of getting home. They built a rough sled of boards and removing the

wheels from the buggy lashed it firmly to the sled, the pole still serving its purpose, with the wheels fastened under and behind the buggy box. With this device the horses had easy work and reached Prairie du Chien in two days. Dr. Elliott, then editor of the *Christian Advocate,* found endless amusement in this incident, and commenting on it said: "None but a genuine backwoodsman would have thought of such a contrivance."

Living under all the presidents from Washington to Hayes, Mr. Brunson took the keenest interest in every phase of political life, and his pen was frequently active on subjects of national moment. At times he was moved to verse, his most notable production being "Patriotic Piety," which was often printed fifty years ago, after his return from the Civil War. "The Tarpaulin Jacket," a semireligious song, full of nautical terms made to apply to the voyage of life, gave evidence of the hopeful chart by which he steered his own craft.

In an early day Mr. Brunson became a member of the Masonic Order, which he held in regard next to the church he served. In 1850, after suffering defeat in a judicial campaign, he once more entered the Methodist ministry and became a member of the West Wisconsin Conference. Two years later he was appointed presiding elder of Prairie du Chien district. Though sometimes away for months at a time in the performance of his duty, first among the Indians, later as presiding elder, Mr. Brunson had no other home after coming west than Prairie du Chien. He saw the settlement grow from a village to a city, and in all the years felt the deepest interest in its progress, being always ready to participate in any work for the advancement of the community and its welfare. He was the first chairman of a school board in the settlement, chosen some time before a school was really established. "A History of the Lower Town School District" from his pen, read at the dedication of a "new stone

school house" in 1856, is still in manuscript and contains interesting bits of local history. His brief visits home between Sundays, or, when in charge of the Prairie du Chien District he held quarterly meetings in the home town, were looked forward to and planned for as in any family the coming of the dearly beloved head is anticipated. But then, as after he was superannuated, he was never idle, and we seemed to know instinctively that he was not to be disturbed when writing. When work was laid aside, however, he gave us his undivided time and attention, and his family was his sole interest. He had in an early day built in one end of the carriage house a long and well-equipped carpenter's workbench, and, when weary of mental exercise, he was often found there with his tools, busy on some convenience for the house, some necessary repairs, or some toy for the little ones of the family; for this occupation he had a natural gift that had been practiced diligently in the primitive days on a western farm.

When the Civil War began, Mr. Brunson, although far beyond the age when men are expected to undertake active military operations, volunteered, his services were accepted as a chaplain, and he was assigned to the Thirty-first Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. In the summer of 1863 ill health made a furlough necessary, and this, because of physical weakness, was terminated by resignation. To him belongs the rare honor of having served his country both in the War of 1812 and in that of 1861-65. After the war, he continued his work as a Methodist itinerant until 1873, when he had attained the age of eighty. He was during his later years one of the most prominent members of West Wisconsin Conference, and was four times chosen to represent it at the quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Nothing in later life gave this enthusiastic and indefatigable worker the pain that came to his heart with the realization that he was "a superannuate." No regret of his

life was so poignant. His usefulness, however, was not terminated, and with the undaunted spirit that had characterized his entire life, he met this new adversity—for such he looked upon it. He was made an associate editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* published at Chicago, an honorary correspondent of the New England Methodist Historical Society, and he became a correspondent of several newspapers and magazines whose management valued the ripe knowledge, clear thinking, and reasoning faculties, that, to the end, remained unclouded.

Among the articles from his pen the following are in the *Wisconsin Historical Collections:* "Ancient Mounds of Crawford County"; "Wisconsin Geographical Names"; "Early History of Wisconsin"; "Sketch of Hole-in-the-day"; "A Methodist Circuit Rider's Tour"; "Death of Tecumseh;" "Memoir of Thomas Pendelton Burnett." In the press of his day appeared articles showing the wide range of subjects to which he gave thought and attention. Some of these subjects were: "Tom Paine's Death"; "Death of Old Abe"; "How Life Looks at Eighty-three"; "The Irrepressible Woman Preacher"; "Universal Taxation"; "Masonic Cornerstone"; "The Turko-Russian War, a Prophecy"; "Spelling Reform"; "The Pillager Indian"; "Sketch of Political History"; "Water in Wisconsin," etc. He was also the author of two books. In 1872 the Methodist Book Concern brought out in two volumes, *A Western Pioneer: or incidents in the Life and Times of Rev. Alfred Brunson related by himself;* and nine years later the same house published his *Key to the Apocalypse.*

Mr. Brunson's first family consisted of two sons and six daughters all of whom were grown and married at the time of their mother's death, which occurred during the epidemic of fever that swept over the country in 1846. The sons, Ira Burr and Benjamin W., surveyed much of the new territory into which they came with their father, and laid out the city

of St. Paul where Benjamin lived from its early settlement to the time of his death in 1898. The elder, Ira Burr, always lived near his father, and between them existed one of those rare bonds that bridged the twenty years that lay between their ages in a companionship more like that of brothers or friends than that of father and son. Mr. Brunson's second marriage was to Miss Caroline S. Birge, of Belvidere, Illinois, and to her two daughters came, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hitchcock, still a resident of Wisconsin, and the writer of this sketch. We are said to be the only children in Wisconsin of a participant in both the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Mr. Brunson's third wife was Miss Malinda Richards, of Paris Hill, New York; she survived him ten years.

On the morning of August 3, 1882, the subject of this sketch passed from life after months of painful suffering, borne with the meek patience that was the strongest argument possible for the faith he so loyally defended. He sleeps in the old Lower Town Cemetery at Prairie du Chien, where his grave has been marked by the Daughters of 1812 and by the Grand Army of the Republic.

A VOICE FROM GERMANY

To know the real mind of the German people with whom we are at war would be of immense advantage to our country at the present time. What thoughts are seething in the brains of the sixty-odd million German civilians; to what extent have they believed in the ambitious designs of their rulers or approved the despicable methods employed by them in waging their contest for world mastery; what distinction, if any, can properly be made between the Imperial Government and the German people—these are questions fraught with vast significance to the entire allied world.

We present in the following pages some contribution, slight though it may be, toward answering these questions. Much water has run under the bridge since 1914, and it does not necessarily follow that German public opinion is the same today as it was in the opening year of the war. Nevertheless, accurate knowledge of what the German people really felt and hoped for at that time is essential to the passing of correct judgment upon the whole set of issues which center around Germany's course in the war. From this point of view the letter which follows is believed to possess other than mere academic interest.

The intimate character and the serious tone of the letter are self-evident. It was written to a cousin in Wisconsin. The writer was a prosperous manufacturer, a "Herr Kommerzienrat," much of whose trade, prior to the war, was with England. He had repeatedly visited that country, and is said to have been "under ordinary conditions a very good-hearted, jovial fellow." The letter is believed by its recipient to express excellently the viewpoint and state of mind in the early days of the war of the class to which the writer belonged. In the mind of the American reader, it will tend to strengthen the conviction, we believe, that short of abject submission to

Prussianism there can be no real peace in the world until the German people are beaten into a state of mind which will lead them permanently to eschew the entire set of ideas which the term "Prussianism" connotes.

The translation of the letter into English has been done by Mrs. Kate E. Levi of the Wisconsin Historical Library.

Cologne, Dec. 27th [1914]

Dear Cousin George:

For a long time we have been waiting for some message from you and your family. Our aged Uncle Dierlam and his daughter Louise, whenever we met, always inquired whether I had heard anything from America. They were anxious to know whether you and your sons had reached home in safety.

Finally, your letter of Oct. 30th came yesterday and brought us very interesting news. I thank you most heartily for your complete information, and before all else, I wish to express our sincere sympathy with you and your loved ones for the sorrow which has come upon your family. Likewise I wish to thank you for the fine photographs which are well done and which delighted us exceedingly; also for the English brochure which we will read within a few days.

You can easily understand that now everything is subordinate to the events of the Great War which has been forced upon us. We had not thought, when we left here in the spring, that political events would suddenly assume such a serious aspect.

One must have been intimately acquainted with the whole historical development of the last twenty years in Europe and must have closely followed events in order to form a correct idea of the systematic plans by which our jealous enemies, France, Russia, and England, have endeavored to shut us in and ruin us as a World Power. Though the diplomatic history of the recent great combination is a matter of violent controversy between the contending powers, and though our enemies are guilty of an astonishing amount of lying and deceit, yet one fact stands out clear and established both for us and for everyone who thinks honestly: namely, that the German people, their ancestors, our Emperor, and both the respon-

sible and the subordinate officers of the Government, *have not wished for* this war. For many years and even up to the last moment, they took the greatest pains to maintain the peace which for forty-four years they had so carefully guarded.

The attack of our enemies is the result of the machinations of King Edward of England, of national hate and of industrial and political jealousy. Fear of the growing commercial and industrial strength and importance of Great Germany was the incentive to war on the part of our enemies. With France, there is hate in some measure, since by their defeat in 1870, the French people were humiliated in their colossal conceit and pride and for many years have nourished revengeful feelings. With many billions has France bought Russia as an ally, and these uncivilized Asiatics, desiring to take possession of Constantinople and Asia Minor, have armed themselves for a long time by means of French gold, and made systematic preparations for this war. Now, it has come upon them at an undesirable time, when they are suffering from a failure of crops and from threatening revolution. That England, however, without reason, without necessity, only from commercial jealousy, from malice and anger because our Germany is progressing industrially, declared war against us,—that we regard as so base and underhanded that we can scarcely find words to express our indignation. The treacherous Britains wish to make the world believe that it was only the breaking of the neutrality of Belgium which caused them to form an alliance with France and Russia. But, meanwhile, documents of a different kind have been found by the German Government, which have established beyond a doubt the fact that England, Belgium, and France have, for some time, been making arrangements for an attack upon us, and these facts were well known in our military circles. Should one, then, allow these enemies the first opportunity, or place much stress upon Belgian neutrality, while yet French fliers and officers in automobiles moved over Belgian territory long before our troops entered? There remained for us only one thing to do,—to be ready and to "outstrip" the enemy,—— which fortunately we took good care to do. But, even after the French had ridden over Belgian boundaries, the German Government with entire courtesy asked the Belgians whether they

would permit the German army to march through the country; but they would not permit it, even with the assurance that no harm should come to any inhabitant, that we would pay full value for all we purchased, and that their country should remain uninjured. Since these requests were answered by a declaration of war on the part of Belgium, we also must proceed with force. Yet this we can affirm before the world,—that, likewise, after the taking of Lüttich and Namur, we again offered peace to Belgium in a chivalrous manner, and again without result.

So Belgium is the first sacrifice of English self-seeking politics and has indeed ceased to exist as an independent state. The second sacrifice will be France, and not even two million English soldiers can win back either in a short or long time the land which we have seized and intend to seize, in spite of the bombastic utterances of French statesmen, such as Viviani, about which we smile indulgently. This sort of people deceive themselves and ignore the plain facts. For raising their courage, they boast of their noble alliance, and how and when Germany will be defeated. Yet with all their attempts in the last days, to break through the German lines, they have met with colossal losses in dead and prisoners, terrible sacrifices—and they will experience yet more.

Of peace, nothing will be mentioned by us. When it is concluded, it must be honorable for us, and worthy of the sacrifices forced upon us. First when we have reckoned with the most contemptible and most despised of our enemies,—with England—(and that will give the key to the whole reckoning, which will astonish the world), then they may dare to mention peace to us. Until then we *hold ourselves ready for every sacrifice.* "Brittania rules the waves" will be a thing of the past. The Germans in the future will no longer allow the haughty Britains to make the rules and take the leading place upon the seas.

You can have no conception, dear George, of what bitterness, what hate toward England exists among us, especially since they have also caused the Japanese to turn against us. By that act, Great Britain has created, for generations to come, the most relentless enemies. Time will tell the consequences. There is no inhabitant of the German Kingdom who is not firmly convinced that to England,

and England alone, belongs the blame for this unholy and terrible war, since, without her participation, neither Russia nor France would have ventured to encounter us. Intelligent Frenchmen already understand that they are dupes, and, like all the Continental Powers who have allied themselves with England, are compelled to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her. This time, we think, these chestnuts are burned, and John Bull may also burn his fingers a little. We have now dispensed with the French word "adieu" and address each other in welcome and departure only thus: "God punish England."

We have not entered the war to gain new territory. We fight for our national honor, and for our existence, and most nobly and wonderfully are our whole people preparing themselves for it.

Dear Cousin, one must have lived in it and taken part in it in order to understand our mobilizing during the first weeks after the declaration of the war. This transformation, to one who remembers only the past, is almost incomprehensible. Everything petty and common has disappeared. A spirit of sacrifice, a seriousness, an uplift came on that day such as one could not have dreamed of and this time will be a blessing to our people under all conditions.

We laugh at the word "militarism," which our enemies point out as that for which the whole world suffers. What would have happened to us, if we were not a people under arms—alert and ready to contend with the whole world? God be thanked that we must all pass through the good school of military service! Whoever has expressed himself at all on that point has regretted only this one thing—that we are not all completely equipped men, in actual service. We could then place two million more men in the field for the Fatherland, and would perchance have finished with our enemies three months earlier.

Our reserves are almost inexhaustible. Today there are more than two million young, healthy, and strong men not yet called, who await with impatience the chance to serve the Fatherland. Thus all the garrisons are filled and youths of eighteen and nineteen years are not yet called into service, as they are in France.

That Germany is financially in fine condition is well known. It appears certain that neutral states will have to suffer more on

account of the war than we ourselves. If you could look in upon us now, you would find that we live in the greatest contentment. All industries are in full operation. Above all, wages are good and there is no want, or loss of employment. We are surprised, ourselves, to see how smoothly everything moves along. The government takes care that there shall be no graft in food supplies. In the military storehouses, everything is provided for the support of our entire army for a year. This (our enemy) did not anticipate, and they can starve us as little as they can ruin us commercially. In northern France great quantities of wool and cotton were unexpectedly found, likewise in Belgium, which will tide over our home industries during the critical period. Recently, America has spoken somewhat more plainly with the brutal English, and will also be able to supply us with wool. We have long wondered that the United States submitted to this English dominance, and have regarded it as an indication of unfriendliness toward us, that our enemies receive immense quantities of war material from that source.

All the money which we spend remains in the land, which is a matter of inestimable value. We have the best resources of France, her chief industries, and the richest part of the country in our possession. Beautiful Belgium with its coal mines and all its wealth is in our hands, also pledges to the value of about forty billion marks, and I should like to know who can wrest them from us. All attempts of the English and French to do that are pitifully shattered, since they always repeat their bloody sacrifices. When we are ready in the East, we will utter a yet more emphatic word in the West.

To return again to "militarism" which our enemies lay such stress upon: I believe that America will wish for such a system of preparedness when once half a million Japanese have trod upon the soil of the Union. So far from stress and danger, one perhaps judges unjustly of our military system. But our geographical position has compelled us to adopt universal compulsory military service. Such a system is alike the school of serious work and fulfillment of duty, the foundation of order and punctuality and a leveller of social ranks—the most democratic institution of which one can conceive. The happiest recollections are connected with my military service; the truest bonds of friendship were formed there.

Our Emperor is no idol. We know that he is a man like us, with his weaknesses and failings. But to us he is the symbol of authority, the embodiment of the monarchical principle, which has proved itself most valuable. As a man, as a father, as a governor, and as a soldier, he serves as a model, and in republics with their corruption and the eternal struggle of parties for power, who serve only to enrich themselves as speedily as possible, we see no ideal. Poincaré, the President, was the greatest war baiter, while our Emperor up to the last moment tried to maintain peace. Under our constitutional monarchy in Germany we have a government more absolutely honorable, reliable, intelligent, uncorrupted, and honest than has ever been found in the world, and a model local and state government. In whatever pertains to civil freedom, we feel that we, by our system of order, honesty, and exactness, are just as fortunate as the freest Americans. That, only by the way, however.

We observe with regret that our enemies, by a real campaign of lying, intrigue, and defamation with all neutral states, seek to set us in the wrong, yet without being able to turn them against us. But we have a good conscience and in no case have done anything which would violate the people's rights, or the principles of humanity. For that our people are too highly gifted in good nature and too well trained. We regard the American people, in spite of their strong English ancestry, as so right-minded that they will be on our side when they come to know the whole truth free from falsehoods. Fortunately we are not wanting in other sympathies, and will say nothing of the possibilities of a union with Spain or Mexico to counterbalance things.

Great, indeed, are the sacrifices which we must endure. Our best men—scholars, artists, leaders of industry, generals, and high officials—have fallen upon the field of honor, and many widows and orphans mourn for husbands and fathers. These sacrifices will not be in vain. We know that we conquer, because we *must* and *will* conquer. We are all fighting for honor and existence and such incomprehensible powers have shown themselves in our people as we had no conception of. Hail Germany! We do not wish to rule. We wish only equal justice for all peoples and that we will obtain. The arrogance of Great Britain, in thinking that the sea belongs to

her, has within a hundred years become so deep-rooted that it is now a settled belief. But we, also, wish to maintain our place in the sun, and to build us a fleet which will surpass that of England. This will be the first blessing resulting to us from this war. The English are a domineering race, without honor, brutal, rough, reckless, and of low intelligence (naturally always with exceptions). In many ways also simple and dull; in the common ranks they are very uncultivated. With this sort of people, we must be alert, and, by degrees, must gain the ascendency. Germany and America should form a friendly alliance; then they could dictate peace to the world and lay a hand upon this malicious and insolent yellow race, before it is too late. This treacherous Albion has sorely transgressed against us and the whole civilized world, while it allied itself with the people of Asia.

I have been somewhat prolix, dear George, and you will indeed think I have said enough. But since from your letter I have gained the impression that in many respects an explanation is needed, I thought I might speak freely from my innermost convictions and I hope that you will not think evil of me. Perhaps I have said too much about the English. As a people they are to be judged not personally, and that I beg you to understand. My judgment applies to them only as a nation, not as individuals, among whom are both good and bad as with us all.

Jan. 3, 1915. Meanwhile we have crossed the threshold of the New Year. I wish you and your loved ones, with all my heart, happiness and God's blessing; may it bring us all peace and rest.

Our Emil is free from military service because he is not strong; George will enter the service in a few days. Two sons of my sister Augusta are in the field and in constant danger. Two cousins, young, hopeful, intelligent men of twenty-five and twenty-seven years of age, have already fallen and the son of my agent is a prisoner in Russia after a night battle. From our city there are over 500 soldiers in the field. All have gone out with great courage to victory or to death. In Germany we have over 600,000 prisoners unwounded—Russians, French, English, and Belgians and their foreign allies. In Austria there are 300,000 Russians and Serbs and all are well treated and cared for, while in the enemy's land interned

Germans have to suffer unheard of things in most disgraceful prisons. Do the Americans know that?

Although there is much grief and sorrow in many families, it is borne not only without complaint, but with valor and high courage, while new heroes and fighters are constantly entering the struggle with joy and enthusiasm. We are not at the end of our strength and will under all circumstances hold out until we gain an honorable peace, since the Right is on our side, the good conscience, and the determination to win.

The Empire must still survive for us.

With heartiest greetings from our whole family to you and all your loved ones, both near and far, I remain in true German faith,

Your devoted cousin,

George Wagner.

THE FINGER OF GOD IS THERE[1]

REVEREND P. PERNIN

CHAPTER I BEFORE THE CATASTROPHE

A GLANCE AT THE COUNTRY

A country covered with dense forests, in the midst of which are to be met with here and there, along newly opened roads, clearings of more or less extent, sometimes a half league in width to afford space for an infant town, or perhaps three or four acres intended for a farm. With the exception of these isolated spots where the trees have been cut down and burned, all is a wild but majestic forest. Trees, trees everywhere, nothing else but trees as far as you can travel from the bay, either towards the north or west. These immense forests are bounded on the east by Green Bay of Lake Michigan, and by the lake itself.

The face of the country is in general undulating, diversified by valleys overgrown with cedars and spruce trees, sandy

[1] The terrible forest fire which has recently devastated northeastern Minnesota lends peculiar timeliness to this thrilling account of the fiery hurricane which swept over the counties of northeastern Wisconsin in October, 1871. Coming so close to the Chicago fire of October 9, 1871, the Wisconsin fire failed to attract the degree of attention of the outside world which the magnitude of the disaster merited. Over a thousand persons were burned to death, almost as many more were painfully wounded, and three thousand were rendered destitute. But the mere statement of these figures conveys little or no impression of the real character of the fiery ordeal to which the people of northeastern Wisconsin were subjected. For this we can only look to the narratives of those who went through it. Too often such witnesses lack the inclination or the ability to record their story in enduring form. Fortunately for us the Peshtigo fire produced a capable historian in the person of Father Pernin, the village priest, the first half of whose narrative is presented in this issue of the Magazine. The little book from which it is taken was published at Montreal in 1874, with the approbation of the Bishop of Montreal, and sold for the benefit of "the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, in Marinette, State of Wisconsin," which Father Pernin was then building. Although many copies of the book must have been printed and distributed, not until three years ago did the State Historical Library learn of its publication, and the copy then secured is the only one of whose present existence we have knowledge. It is a small paper-covered volume of 102 pages, and contains, in addition to the narrative proper, the first installment of which is before the reader, an introduction and an appendix dealing largely with matters of Catholic faith which we omit to reprint.

hills covered with evergreens, and large tracts of rich land filled with the different varieties of hard wood, oak, maple, beech, ash, elm, and birch. The climate of this region is generally uniform and favorable to the crops that are now tried there with remarkable success. Rains are frequent, and they generally fall at a favorable time.

NATURAL CAUSES OF THE CONFLAGRATION

The year 1871 was, however, distinguished by its unusual dryness. Farmers had profited of the latter circumstance to enlarge their clearings, cutting down and burning the wood that stood in their way. Hundreds of laborers employed in the construction of a railroad had acted in like manner, availing themselves of both axe and fire to advance their work. Hunters and Indians scour these forests continually, especially in the autumn season, at which time they ascend the streams for trout-fishing, or disperse through the woods deer-stalking. At night they kindle a large fire wherever they may chance to halt, prepare their suppers, then wrapping themselves in their blankets, sleep peacefully, extended on the earth, knowing that the fire will keep at a distance any wild animals that may happen to range through the vicinity during the night. The ensuing morning they depart without taking the precaution of extinguishing the smouldering embers of the fire that has protected and warmed them. Farmers and others act in a similar manner. In this way the woods, particularly in the fall, are gleaming everywhere with fires lighted by man, and which, fed on every side by dry leaves and branches, spread more or less. If fanned by a brisk gale of wind they are liable to assume most formidable proportions.

Twice or thrice before October 8, the effects of the wind, favored by the general dryness, had filled the inhabitants of the environs with consternation. A few details on this point may interest the reader, and serve at the same time to illustrate more fully the great catastrophe which overwhelmed us

later. The destructive element seemed whilst multiplying its warnings to be at the same time essaying its own strength. On September 22 I was summoned, in the exercise of my ministry, to the Sugar Bush, a place in the neighborhood of Peshtigo, where a number of farms lie adjacent to each other. Whilst waiting at one of these, isolated from the rest, I took a gun, and, accompanied by a lad of twelve years of age, who offered to guide me through the wood, started in pursuit of some of the pheasants which abounded in the environs. At the expiration of a few hours, seeing that the sun was sinking in the horizon, I bade the child reconduct me to the farmhouse. He endeavored to do so but without success. We went on and on, now turning to the right, now to the left, but without coming in view of our destination. In less than a half hour's wanderings we perceived that we were completely lost in the woods. Night was setting in, and nature was silently preparing for the season of rest. The only sounds audible were the crackling of a tiny tongue of fire that ran along the ground, in and out, among the trunks of the trees, leaving them unscathed but devouring the dry leaves that came in its way, and the swaying of the upper branches of the trees announcing that the wind was rising. We shouted loudly, but without evoking any reply. I then fired off my gun several times as tokens of distress. Finally a distant halloo reached our ears, then another, then several coming from different directions. Rendered anxious by our prolonged absence, the parents of my companion and the farm servants had finally suspected the truth and set out to seek us. Directed to our quarter by our shouts and the firing, they were soon on the right road when a new obstacle presented itself. Fanned by the wind, the tiny flames previously mentioned had united and spread over a considerable surface. We thus found ourselves in the center of a circle of fire extending or narrowing, more or less, around us. We could not reach the men who had come to our assistance, nor could we go to them without

incurring the risk of seriously scorching our feet or of being suffocated by the smoke. They were obliged to fray a passage for us by beating the fire with branches of trees at one particular point, thus momentarily staying its progress whilst we rapidly made our escape.

The danger proved more imminent in places exposed to the wind, and I learned the following day, on my return to Peshtigo, that the town had been in great peril at the very time that I had lost myself in the woods. The wind had risen, and, fanning the flames, had driven them in the direction of the houses. Hogsheads of water were placed at intervals all round the town, ready for any emergency.

I will now mention another incident that happened a few days before the great catastrophe:

I was driving homeward after having visited my second parish situated on the banks of the River Menominee, about two leagues distant. Whilst quietly following the public road opened through the forest, I remarked little fires gleaming here and there along the route, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Suddenly I arrived at a spot where the flames were burning on both sides at once with more violence than elsewhere. The smoke, driven to the front, filled the road and obscured it to such a degree that I could neither see the extent of the fire nor judge of the amount of danger. I inferred, however, that the latter was not very great as the wind was not against me. I entered then, though at first hesitatingly, into the dense cloud of smoke left darkling behind by the flames burning fiercely forward. My horse hung back, but I finally succeeded in urging him on, and in five or six minutes we emerged safely from this labyrinth of fire and smoke. Here we found ourselves confronted by a dozen vehicles arrested in their course by the conflagration.

"Can we pass?" inquired one.

"Yes, since I have just done so, but loosen your reins and urge on your horse or you may be suffocated."

Some of the number dashed forward, others had not the hardihood to follow, and consequently returned to Peshtigo.

It may thus be seen that warnings were not wanting. I give now another trait, more striking than either of those just related, copied from a journal published at Green Bay. It is a description of a combat sustained against the terrible element of fire at Peshtigo, Sunday, September 24, just two weeks before the destruction of the village:

Sunday, the 24th inst., was an exciting, I might say a fearful time, in Peshtigo. For several days the fires had been raging in the timber all around—north, south, east, and west. Saturday the flames burned through to the river a little above the town; and on Saturday night, much danger was apprehended from the sparks and cinders that blew across the river, into the upper part of the town, near the factory. A force was stationed along the river, and although fire caught in the sawdust and dry slabs it was promptly extinguished. It was a grand sight, the fire that night. It burned to the tops of the tallest trees, enveloped them in a mantle of flames, or, winding itself about them like a huge serpent, crept to their summits, out upon the branches, and wound its huge folds about them. Hissing and glaring it lapped out its myriad fiery tongues while its fierce breath swept off the green leaves and roared through the forest like a tempest. Ever and anon some tall old pine, whose huge trunk had become a column of fire, fell with a thundering crash, filling the air with an ascending cloud of sparks and cinders, whilst above this sheet of flames a dense black cloud of resinous smoke, in its strong contrast to the light beneath, seemed to threaten death and destruction to all below.

Thousands of birds, driven from their roosts, flew about as if uncertain which way to go, and made the night still more hideous by their startled cries. Frequently they would fly hither and thither, calling loudly for their mates, then, hovering for a moment in the air, suddenly dart downward and disappear in the fiery furnace beneath. Thus the night wore away while all earnestly hoped, and many hearts fervently prayed, for rain.

Sunday morning the fires had died down, so that we began to hope the danger was over. About eleven o'clock, while the different congregations were assembled in their respective churches, the steam whistle of the factory blew a wild blast of alarm. In a moment the temples were emptied of their worshippers, the latter rushing wildly out to see what

had happened. Fire had caught in the sawdust near the factory again, but before we reached the spot it was extinguished. The wind had suddenly risen and was blowing a gale from the northwest. The fires in the timber were burning more fiercely than ever, and were approaching the river directly opposite the factory. The air was literally filled with the burning coals and cinders, which fell, setting fire all around, and the utmost diligence was necessary to prevent these flames from spreading. The engine was brought out, and hundreds of pails from the factory were manned; in short, everything that was possible was done to prevent the fire from entering the town.

But now a new danger arose. The fires to the west of the town were approaching rapidly, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save it from utter destruction. A cloud of hot, blinding smoke blew in our faces and made it extremely difficult to see or do anything; still prompt and energetic means were taken to check the approaching flames.

The Company's teams were set to carrying water, and the whole force of over three hundred of the laborers in the factory and mills were on the ground, besides other citizens. Goods were packed up, and moved from buildings supposed to be in immediate danger. Indeed a general conflagration seemed inevitable. I have seen fires sweep over the prairies with the speed of a locomotive, and the prairie fire is grand and terrific; but beside a timber fire it sinks into insignificance. In proportion as the timber is denser, heavier, and loftier than the prairie grass, the timber fire is intenser, hotter, grander, than the prairie fire. The fire on the prairie before a high wind will rush on and lap up the light dead grass, and it is gone in a breath. In the timber it may move almost as rapidly, but the fire does not go out with the advance waves which sweep over the tops of the trees and catch the light limbs and foliage. Nor is there the same chance to resist the approach of fire in the forests. It is as though you attempted to resist the approach of an avalanche of fire hurled against you. With the going down of the sun the wind abated and with it the fire. Timber was felled and water thrown over it; buildings were covered with wet blankets and all under the scorching heat and in blinding suffocating smoke that was enough to strangle one, and thus passed the night of Sunday.

Monday, the wind veered to the south, and cleared away the smoke. Strange to say not a building was burned—the town was saved. Monday the factory was closed to give the men rest, and today, September 27, all is quiet and going on as usual.

What did these repeated alarms filling the minds of the people with anxiety during the three or four weeks preceding the great calamity seem to indicate!

Doubtless they might have been looked on as the natural results of the great dryness, the number of fires lighted throughout the forests by hunters or others, as well as of the wind that fanned from time to time these fires, augmenting their strength and volume, but who will dare to say that they were not specially ordained by Him who is master of causes as well as of their effects? Does He not in most cases avail Himself of natural causes to execute His will and bring about the most wonderful results? It would indeed be difficult for anyone who had assisted as I had done at the terrible events following so closely on the above mentioned indications not to see in them the hand of God, and infer in consequence that these various signs were but forerunners of the great tragedy for which He wished us to be in some degree prepared.

I cannot say whether they were looked on by many in this light or not, but certainly some were greatly alarmed and prepared as far as lay in their power for a general conflagration, burying in the earth those objects which they specially wished to save. The Company caused all combustible materials on which a fire could possibly feed to be taken away, and augmented the number of water hogsheads girdling the town. Wise precautions certainly, which would have been of great service in any ordinary case of fire but which were utterly unavailing in the awful conflagration that burst upon us. They served nevertheless to demonstrate more clearly the *finger of God* in the events which succeeded.

As for myself, I allowed things to take their course without feeling any great anxiety as to consequences, or taking any precautionary steps, a frame of mind very different to that which I was destined to experience on the evening of the eighth of October.

A word now about my two parishes.

PESHTIGO

Peshtigo is situated on a river of that name, about six miles from Green Bay with which it communicates by means of a small railroad. The Company established at Peshtigo is a source of prosperity to the whole country, not only from its spirit of enterprise and large pecuniary resources but also from its numerous establishments, the most important of which, a factory of tubs and buckets, affords alone steady employment to more than three hundred workmen. The population of Peshtigo, including the farmers settled in the neighborhood, numbered then about two thousand souls. We were just finishing the construction of a church looked on as a great embellishment to the parish.

My abode was near the church, to the west of the river, and about a five or six minute walk from the latter. I mention this so as to render the circumstances of my escape through the midst of the flames more intelligible.

MARINETTE

Besides Peshtigo, I had the charge of another parish much more important situated on the River Menominee, at the point where it empties into Green Bay. It is called Marinette, from a female half breed, looked on as their queen by the Indians inhabiting that district. This woman received in baptism the name of Mary, *Marie,* which subsequently was corrupted into that of Marinette, or little Marie. Hence the name of Marinette bestowed on the place. It is there that we are at present building a church in honor of our Lady of Lourdes. At the time of the fire, Marinette possessed a church, a handsome new presbytery just finished, in which I was on the point of taking up my abode, besides a house in course of construction, destined to serve as a parish school.

The population was about double that of Peshtigo.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE

Before entering into details, I will mention one more circumstance which may appear providential in the eyes of some, though brought about by purely natural causes.

At the time of the catastrophe our church at Peshtigo was ready for plastering, the ensuing Monday being appointed for commencing the work. The lime and marble dust were lying ready in front of the building, whilst the altar and various ornaments, as well as the pews, had all been removed. Being unable in consequence to officiate that Sunday in the sacred edifice, I told the people that there would be no mass, notifying at the same time the Catholics of *Cedar River* that I would spend the Sunday among them. The latter place was another of my missions, situated on Green Bay, four or five leagues north of Marinette. Saturday then, October 7, in accordance with my promise, I left Peshtigo and proceeded to the Menominee wharf to take passage on the steamboat *Dunlap*. There I vainly waited her coming several hours. It was the only time that year she had failed in the regularity of her trips. I learned after that the steamboat had passed as usual but stood out from shore, not deeming it prudent to approach nearer. The temperature was low, and the sky obscured by a dense mass of smoke which no breath of wind arose to dispel, a circumstance rendering navigation very dangerous especially in the neighborhood of the shore. Towards nightfall, when all hope of embarking was over, I returned to Peshtigo on horseback. After informing the people that mass would be said in my own abode the following morning, I prepared a temporary altar in one of the rooms, employing for the purpose the tabernacle itself which I had taken from the church, and after mass I replaced the Blessed Sacrament in it, intending to say mass again there the next Monday.

In the afternoon, when about leaving for Marinette where I was accustomed to chant vespers and preach when

high mass was said at Peshtigo, which was every fortnight, my departure was strongly opposed by several of my parishioners. There seemed to be a vague fear of some impending though unknown evil haunting the minds of many, nor was I myself entirely free from this unusual feeling. It was rather an impression than a conviction, for, on reflecting, I saw that things looked much as usual, and arrived at the conclusion that our fears were groundless, without, however, feeling much reassured thereby.

But for the certainty that the Catholics at Marinette, supposing me at Cedar River, would not, consequently, come to vespers, I would probably have persisted in going there, but under actual circumstances I deemed it best to yield to the representations made me and remain where I was.

God willed that I should be at the post of danger. The steamboat which I had expected to bear me from Peshtigo, on the seventh of October, had of course obeyed the elements which prevented her landing, but God is the master of these elements and Him they obey. Thus I found myself at Peshtigo Sunday evening, October 8, where, according to all previous calculations, projects, and arrangements, I should not have been.

The afternoon passed in complete inactivity. I remained still a prey to the indefinable apprehensions of impending calamity already alluded to, apprehensions contradicted by reason which assured me there was no more cause for present fear than there had been eight or fifteen days before—indeed less, on account of the precautions taken and the numerous sentinels watching over the public safety. These two opposite sentiments, one of which persistently asserted itself despite every effort to shake it off, whilst the other, inspired by reason was powerless to reassure me, plunged my faculties into a species of mental torpor.

In the outer world everything contributed to keep alive these two different impressions. On one side, the thick smoke

darkening the sky, the heavy, suffocating atmosphere, the mysterious silence filling the air, so often a presage of storm, seemed to afford grounds for fear in case of a sudden gale. On the other hand the passing and repassing in the street of countless young people bent only on amusement, laughing, singing, and perfectly indifferent to the menacing aspect of nature, was sufficient to make me think that I alone was a prey to anxiety, and to render me ashamed of manifesting the feeling.

During the afternoon, an old Canadian, remarkable for the deep interest he always took in everything relating to the church, came and asked permission to dig a well close to the sacred edifice so as to have water ready at hand in case of accident, as well as for the use of the plasterer who was coming to work the following morning. As my petitioner had no time to devote to the task during the course of the week, I assented. His labor completed, he informed me there was abundance of water, adding with an expression of deep satisfaction: "Father, not for a large sum of money would I give that well. Now if a fire breaks out again it will be easy to save our church." As he seemed greatly fatigued, I made him partake of supper and then sent him to rest. An hour after he was buried in deep slumber, but God was watching over him, and to reward him doubtless for the zeal he had displayed for the interests of his Father's House, enabled the pious old man to save his life; whilst in the very building in which he had been sleeping more than fifty people, fully awake, perished.

What we do for God is never lost, even in this world.

Towards seven in the evening, always haunted by the same misgivings, I left home to see how it went with my neighbors. I stepped over first to the house of an elderly kind-hearted widow, a Mrs. Dress, and we walked out together on her land. The wind was beginning to rise, blowing in short fitful gusts as if to try its strength and then as quickly

subsiding. My companion was as troubled as myself, and kept pressing her children to take some precautionary measures, but they refused, laughing lightly at her fears. At one time, whilst we were still in the fields, the wind rose suddenly with more strength than it had yet displayed and I perceived some old trunks of trees blaze out though without seeing about them any tokens of cinder or spark, just as if the wind had been a breath of fire, capable of kindling them into a flame by its mere contact. We extinguished these; the wind fell again, and nature resumed her moody and mysterious silence. I reëntered the house but only to leave it, feeling restless, though at the same time devoid of anything like energy, and retraced my steps to my own abode to conceal within it as I best could my vague but continually deepening anxieties. On looking towards the west, whence the wind had persistently blown for hours past, I perceived above the dense cloud of smoke overhanging the earth, a vivid red reflection of immense extent, and then suddenly struck on my ear, strangely audible in the preternatural silence reigning around, a distant roaring, yet muffled sound, announcing that the elements were in commotion somewhere. I rapidly resolved to return home and prepare, without further hesitation, for whatever events were impending. From listless and undecided as I had previously been, I suddenly became active and determined. This change of mind was a great relief. The vague fears that had heretofore pursued me vanished, and another idea, certainly not a result of anything like mental reasoning on my part, took possession of my mind; it was, not to lose much time in saving my effects but to direct my flight as speedily as possible in the direction of the river. Henceforth this became my ruling thought, and it was entirely unaccompanied by anything like fear or perplexity. My mind seemed all at once to become perfectly tranquil.

CHAPTER II DURING THE CATASTROPHE

It was now about half past eight in the evening. I first thought of my horse and turned him free into the street, deeming that, in any case, he would have more chance of escape thus than tied up in the stable. I then set about digging a trench six feet wide and six or seven feet deep, in the sandy soil of the garden, and though the earth was easy enough to work my task proved a tedious one. The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive, strangely affecting the strength and rendering respiration painful and laborious. The only consideration that could have induced me to keep on working when I found it almost impossible to move my limbs, was the fear, growing more strongly each moment into a certainty, that some great catastrophe was approaching. The crimson reflection in the western portion of the sky was rapidly increasing in size and in intensity; then between each stroke of my pickax I heard plainly, in the midst of the unnatural calm and silence reigning around, the strange and terrible noise already described, the muttered thunder of which became more distinct as it drew each moment nearer. This sound resembled the confused noise of a number of cars and locomotives approaching a railroad station, or the rumbling of thunder, with the difference that it never ceased, but deepened in intensity each moment more and more. The spectacle of this menacing crimson in the sky, the sound of this strange and unknown voice of nature constantly augmenting in terrible majesty, seemed to endow me with supernatural strength. Whilst toiling thus steadfastly at my task, the sound of human voices plainly audible amid the silence and species of stupor reigning around fell on my ear. They betrayed on the one hand thoughtlessness, on the other folly.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF SOME

A neighboring American family were entertaining some friends at tea. The room which they occupied at the moment

overlooked my garden; thus they could see me whilst I could as easily overhear them. More than once, the smothered laughter of some of the guests, especially of the young girls, fell on my ear. Doubtless they were amusing themselves at my expense. About nine, the company dispersed, and Mrs. Tyler, the hostess, approached me. The actions of the priest always make a certain impression, even on Protestants.

"Father," she questioned, "do you think there is any danger?"

"I do not know," was my reply, "but I have unpleasant presentiments, and feel myself impelled to prepare for trouble."

"But if a fire breaks out, Father, what are we to do?"

"In that case, Madam, seek the river at once."

I gave her no reason for advising such a course, perhaps I had really none to offer, beyond that it was my innate conviction.

Shortly after, Mrs. Tyler and her family started in the direction of the river and were all saved. I learned later that out of the eight guests assembled at her house that evening, all perished with the exception of two.

THE FOLLY OF OTHERS

At a short distance from home, on the other side of the street, was a tavern. This place had been crowded all day with revellers, about two hundred young men having arrived that Sunday morning at Peshtigo by the boat to work on the railroad. Many were scattered throughout the town, where they had met acquaintances, while a large number were lodging at the tavern just mentioned. Perhaps they had passed the holy time of mass drinking and carousing there. Towards nightfall the greater part of them were too much intoxicated to take any share in the anxiety felt by the more steady members of the community, or even to notice the strange aspect of nature. Whilst working in my garden, I

saw several of them hanging about the veranda of the tavern or lounging in the yard. Their intoxicated condition was plainly revealed by the manner in which they quarrelled, wrestled, rolled on the ground, filling the air the while with wild shouts and horrid blasphemies.

When hastening through the street, on my way to the river at the moment the storm burst forth, the wind impelled me in the direction of this house. A death-like silence now reigned within it, as if reason had been restored to the inmates, or fear had suddenly penetrated to their hearts. Without shout or word they reëntered the place, closing the doors as if to bar death out—a few minutes later the house was swept away. What became of them I know not.

After finishing the digging of the trench I placed within it my trunks, books, church ornaments, and other valuables, covering the whole with sand to a depth of about a foot. Whilst still engaged at this, my servant, who had collected in a basket several precious objects in silver committed to my charge, such as crosses, medals, rosaries, etc., ran and deposited them on the steps of a neighboring store, scarcely conscious in her trouble of what she was doing.

She hastily returned for a cage containing her canary, which the wind, however, almost immediately tore from her grasp—and breathless with haste and terror she called to me to leave the garden and fly. The wind, forerunner of the tempest, was increasing in violence, the redness in the sky deepening, and the roaring sound like thunder seemed almost upon us. It was now time to think of the Blessed Sacrament—object of all objects, precious, priceless, especially in the eyes of a priest. It had never been a moment absent from my thoughts, for of course I had intended from the first to bring it with me. Hastening then to the chamber containing the tabernacle, I proceeded to open the latter, but the key, owing to my haste, slipped from my fingers and fell. There was no time for farther delay, so I caught up

the tabernacle with its contents and carried it out, placing it in my wagon as I knew it would be much easier to draw it thus than to bear it in my arms. My thought was that I should meet someone who would help me in the task. I reëntered to seek the chalice which had not been placed in the tabernacle, when a strange and startling phenomenon met my view. It was that of a cloud of sparks that blazed up here and there with a sharp detonating sound like that of powder exploding, and flew from room to room. I understood then that the air was saturated with some special gas, and I could not help thinking if this gas lighted up from mere contact with a breath of hot wind, what would it be when fire would come in actual contact with it. The circumstance, though menacing enough, inspired me with no fear, my safety seemed already assured. Outside the door, in a cage attached to the wall, was a jay that I had had in my possession for a long time. The instinct of birds in foreseeing a storm is well known, and my poor jay was fluttering wildly round his cage, beating against its bars as if seeking to escape, and uttering shrill notes of alarm. I grieved for its fate but could do nothing for it. The lamps were burning on the table, and I thought, as I turned away, how soon their gleam would be eclipsed in the vivid light of a terrible conflagration.

I look on the peculiar, indeed almost childish frame of mind in which I then found myself, as most providential. It kept up my courage in the ordeal through which I was about to pass, veiling from me in great part its horror and danger. Any other mental condition, though perhaps more in keeping with my actual position would have paralyzed my strength and sealed my fate.

I vainly called my dog who, disobeying the summons, concealed himself under my bed, only to meet death there later. Then I hastened out to open the gate so as to bring forth my wagon. Barely had I laid hand on it, when the

wind heretofore violent rose suddenly to a hurricane, and quick as lightning opened the way for my egress from the yard by sweeping planks, gate, and fencing away into space. "The road is open," I thought, "we have only to start."

THE GENERAL FLIGHT

I had delayed my departure too long. It would be impossible to describe the trouble I had to keep my feet, to breathe, to retain hold of the buggy which the wind strove to tear from my grasp, or to keep the tabernacle in its place. To reach the river, even unencumbered by any charge, was more than many succeeded in doing; several failed, perishing in the attempt. How I arrived at it is even to this day a mystery to myself.

The air was no longer fit to breathe, full as it was of sand, dust, ashes, cinders, sparks, smoke, and fire. It was almost impossible to keep one's eyes unclosed, to distinguish the road, or to recognize people, though the way was crowded with pedestrians, as well as vehicles crossing and crashing against each other in the general flight. Some were hastening towards the river, others from it, whilst all were struggling alike in the grasp of the hurricane. A thousand discordant deafening noises rose on the air together. The neighing of horses, falling of chimneys, crashing of uprooted trees, roaring and whistling of the wind, crackling of fire as it ran with lightning-like rapidity from house to house—all sounds were there save that of the human voice. People seemed stricken dumb by terror. They jostled each other without exchanging look, word, or counsel. The silence of the tomb reigned among the living; nature alone lifted up its voice and spoke. Though meeting crowded vehicles taking a direction quite opposite to that which I myself was following, it never even entered my mind that it would perhaps be better for me to follow them. Probably it was the same thing with them. We all hurried blindly on to our fate.

Almost with the first steps taken in the street the wind overturned and dragged me with the wagon close to the tavern already mentioned. Farther on, I was again thrown down over some motionless object lying on the earth; it proved to be a woman and a little girl, both dead. I raised a head that fell back heavily as lead. With a long breath I rose to my feet, but only to be hurled down again. Farther on I met my horse whom I had set free in the street. Whether he recognized me—whether he was in that spot by chance, I cannot say, but whilst struggling anew to my feet, I felt his head leaning on my shoulder. He was trembling in every limb. I called him by name and motioned him to follow me, but he did not move. He was found partly consumed by fire in the same place.

Arrived near the river, we saw that the houses adjacent to it were on fire, whilst the wind blew the flames and cinders directly into the water. The place was no longer safe. I resolved then to cross to the other side though the bridge was already on fire. The latter presented a scene of indescribable and awful confusion, each one thinking he could attain safety on the other side of the river. Those who lived in the east were hurrying towards the west, and those who dwelt in that west were wildly pushing on to the east so that the bridge was thoroughly encumbered with cattle, vehicles, women, children, and men, all pushing and crushing against each other so as to find an issue from it. Arrived amid the crowd on the other side, I resolved to descend the river, to a certain distance below the dam, where I knew the shore was lower and the water shallower, but this I found impossible. The sawmill on the same side, at the angle of the bridge, as well as the large store belonging to the Company standing opposite across the road, were both on fire. The flames from these two edifices met across the road, and none could traverse this fiery passage without meeting with instant death. I was thus obliged to ascend the river on the left bank, above the

dam, where the water gradually attained a great depth. After placing a certain distance between myself and the bridge, the fall of which I momentarily expected, I pushed my wagon containing the tabernacle as far into the water as possible. It was all that I could do. Henceforth I had to look to the saving of my life. The whirlwind in its continual ascension had, so to speak, worked up the smoke, dust, and cinders, so that, at least, we could see clear before us. The banks of the river as far as the eye could reach were covered with people standing there, motionless as statues, some with eyes staring, upturned towards heaven, and tongues protruded. The greater number seemed to have no idea of taking any steps to procure their safety, imagining, as many afterwards acknowledged to me, that the end of the world had arrived and that there was nothing for them but silent submission to their fate. Without uttering a word—the efforts I had made in dragging my wagon with me in my flight had left me perfectly breathless, besides the violence of the storm entirely prevented anything like speech—I pushed the persons standing on each side of me into the water. One of these sprang back again with a half smothered cry, murmuring: "I am wet"; but immersion in water was better than immersion in fire. I caught him again and dragged him out with me into the river as far as possible. At the same moment I heard a plash of the water along the river's brink. All had followed my example. It was time; the air was no longer fit for inhalation, whilst the intensity of the heat was increasing. A few minutes more and no living thing could have resisted its fiery breath.

IN THE WATER

It was about ten o'clock when we entered into the river. When doing so I neither knew the length of time we would be obliged to remain there, nor what would ultimately happen to us, yet, wonderful to relate, my fate had never caused

me a moment of anxiety from the time that, yielding to the involuntary impulse warning me to prepare for danger, I had resolved on directing my flight towards the river. Since then I had remained in the same careless frame of mind, which permitted me to struggle against the most insuperable obstacles, to brave the most appalling dangers, without ever seeming to remember that my life might pay the forfeit. Once in water up to our necks, I thought we would, at least be safe from fire, but it was not so; the flames darted over the river as they did over land, the air was full of them, or rather the air itself was on fire. Our heads were in continual danger. It was only by throwing water constantly over them and our faces, and beating the river with our hands, that we kept the flames at bay. Clothing and quilts had been thrown into the river, to save them, doubtless, and they were floating all around. I caught at some that came within reach and covered with them the heads of the persons who were leaning against or clinging to me. These wraps dried quickly in the furnace-like heat and caught fire whenever we ceased sprinkling them. The terrible whirlwind that had burst over us at the moment I was leaving home had, with its continually revolving circle of opposing winds, cleared the atmosphere. The river was as bright, brighter than by day, and the spectacle presented by these heads rising above the level of the water, some covered, some uncovered, the countless hands employed in beating the waves, was singular and painful in the extreme. So free was I from the fear and anxiety that might naturally have been expected to reign in my mind at such a moment, that I actually perceived only the ludicrous side of the scene at times and smiled within myself at it. When turning my gaze from the river I chanced to look either to the right or left, before me or upwards, I saw nothing but flames; houses, trees, and the air itself were on fire. Above my head, as far as the eye could reach into space, alas! too brilliantly lighted, I saw nothing but immense volumes of

flames covering the firmament, rolling one over the other with stormy violence as we see masses of clouds driven wildly hither and thither by the fierce power of the tempest.

Near me, on the bank of the river, rose the store belonging to the factory, a large three-story building, filled with tubs, buckets, and other articles. Sometimes the thought crossed my mind that if the wind happened to change, we should be buried beneath the blazing ruins of this place, but still the supposition did not cause me much apprehension. When I was entering the water, this establishment was just taking fire; the work of destruction was speedy, for, in less than a quarter of an hour, the large beams were lying blazing on the ground, while the rest of the building was either burned or swept off into space.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE

Not far from me a woman was supporting herself in the water by means of a log. After a time a cow swam past. There were more than a dozen of these animals in the river, impelled thither by instinct, and they succeeded in saving their lives. The first mentioned one overturned in its passage the log to which the woman was clinging and she disappeared into the water. I thought her lost; but soon saw her emerge from it holding on with one hand to the horns of the cow, and throwing water on her head with the other. How long she remained in this critical position I know not, but I was told later that the animal had swam to the shore, bearing her human burden safely with her; and what threatened to bring destruction to the woman had proved the means of her salvation.

At the moment I was entering the river, another woman, terrified and breathless, reached its bank. She was leading one child by the hand, and held pressed to her breast what appeared to be another, enveloped in a roll of disordered linen, evidently caught up in haste. O horror! on opening these wraps to look on the face of her child it was not there. It

must have slipped from her grasp in her hurried flight. No words could portray the look of stupor, of desolation that flitted across the poor mother's face. The half smothered cry: "Ah! my child!" escaped her, then she wildly strove to force her way through the crowd so as to cast herself into the river. The force of the wind was less violent on water than on land, and permitted the voice to be heard. I then endeavored to calm the anguish of the poor bereaved woman by suggesting that her child had been found by others and saved, but she did not even look in my direction, but stood there motionless, her eyes wild and staring, fixed on the opposite shore. I soon lost sight of her, and was informed subsequently that she had succeeded in throwing herself into the river where she met death.

Things went well enough with me during the first three or four hours of this prolonged bath, owing in part, I suppose, to my being continually in motion, either throwing water on my own head or on that of my neighbors.

It was not so, however, with some of those who were standing near me, for their teeth were chattering and their limbs convulsively trembling. Reaction was setting in and the cold penetrating through their frames. Dreading that so long a sojourn in the water might be followed by severe cramps, perhaps death, I endeavored to ascend the bank a short distance, so as to ascertain the temperature, but my shoulders were scarcely out of the river, when a voice called to me: "Father, beware, you are on fire!"

The hour of deliverance from this prison of fire and water had not yet arrived—the struggle was not yet over. A lady who had remained beside me since we had first taken to the river, and who, like all the others, had remained silent till then, now asked me:

"Father, do you not think that this is the end of the world?"

"I do not think so," was my reply, "but if other countries are burned as ours seems to have been, the end of the world, at least for us, must be at hand."

After this both relapsed into silence.

There is an end to all things here below, even misfortune. The longed-for moment of our return to land was at length arriving, and already sprinkling of our heads was becoming unnecessary. I drew near the bank, seated myself on a log, being in this manner only partly immersed in the water. Here I was seized with a violent chill. A young man perceiving it threw a blanket over me which at once afforded me relief, and soon after I was able to leave this compulsory bath in which I had been plunged for about five hours and a half.

(To be continued)

BADGERS IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN[1]

Dear Mother: I have not had a chance to write you a long letter since Willard's death. You see there is no censor here, so the only time I can write is when I see one of the officers of our company.

I had been out with a scouting party and had just come in from No Man's Land. All the boys carried bombs in their shirt fronts. When Willard reached in to get his, the pin that holds the igniter fell out from one of three he had in his shirt. He pulled out two but did not get the right one. There were too many men around him to pull out his shirt and let the ignited bomb drop in the trench, so he cried to the men to run and he hung on to all three bombs, bending over and holding them close to his body. He could probably have saved his own life if he had pulled out his shirt and let the bombs drop, but if he had done that it would surely have killed five or six of his comrades. He chose death rather than let his men get the fragments from the bursting bombs. All three bombs exploded. He did not suffer much, which was merciful. It was a mighty heroic action, a thing I never would have the nerve to do.

I attended the funeral and was never prouder of my brother. The French and soldiers of all nations, who were present, took off their helmets and saluted as a marked honor to a man who was willing and did die to save the lives of his comrades. We are all mighty proud of him, but it would have been easier for us had he lived.

I know it is mighty heart-breaking, mother, but you must be as proud of being his mother as I am of being his brother. We were always together up to the time he got his new job. God bless him and keep you. All the officers are very kind and have done more than their share to make things easier for me.

Well, mother, do not worry about me and when you think of Willard, think of the glory of his death—dying to save the lives of his comrades.

[1] This letter was written by Chester A. Purdy to his mother at Marshfield, describing the heroic death of her son, the writer's brother, on the western front. We copy it as printed in the Milwaukee *Journal* of September 24, 1918.

LEARNING TO FLY[2]

A sergeant brought me a pair of goggles, an aviator loaned me his helmet. I put them on and followed my pilot to the ship. He climbed into the front cockpit and I into the back. The time was when this little act would have caused my heart to beat rapidly and my nerves to tingle with excitement but, during the past four months I have witnessed so many thousands of flights and have seen so little trouble as a result of them, that I climbed in with no more apprehension than I would have experienced in stepping into an automobile and less than would have been the case with some drivers I have known at the wheel. Why should I fear? Was not Macready, my pilot, the most careful as well as the most skillful and calculatingly daring pilot on the field when all the pilots are men picked for their skill and daring? And now before we start let me describe briefly the cockpit in which I find myself, that you may better understand my story later on. It is a little circular pit about two and one-half feet in diameter and perhaps three feet deep, its rim deeply padded all round with soft black leather stuffed with hair. In front is a small crescent-shaped wind shield about eight inches high made of celluloid. I slide down into a soft leather covered seat, buckle a strap of webbing about four inches wide across my lap and size up the contents of the pit. In front of me is an instrument board much like that of an automobile, containing a throttle wheel, a switch, a clock, an oil gauge, and a barometer so set as to register zero on the ground, with a scale indicating by hundreds the altitude in feet above the ground. My feet rest naturally against the rudder control yoke and standing vertically between my knees is the joy stick or control lever. These two control the flight of the machine and each cockpit has its own set so that the ship may be steered from either. Set the joy stick vertical and you sail along on an even keel rising a very little all the time; pull it toward you and you rise; shove it forward and you descend; swing it to the right and you tilt to the right, to the left and you tilt to the left. Push forward the rudder control with your right foot and you turn to the right, with your left foot and

[2] Narrative by Lieutenant James H. Fowler, of Lancaster, printed in the Lancaster *Herald,* July 3, 1918.

you turn to the left. That's all there is to it. Just do the simplest, most natural thing.

"Contact," calls the mechanic out in front of the machine. "Contact," answers my pilot as he closes the switch. The mechanic throws the propeller over and the motor begins to purr.

"All set, Lieutenant?" calls the pilot. "Let her go," I answer, and with a deafening roar we are off bumping along the ground as we "taxy" across the field on the take-off. I feel the tail rise in the air; we gain in speed and the bumping grows gentler and gentler, then ceases, and looking down I see the earth receding and racing backward under me. We are in the air and flying!

We circle the field, climbing rapidly, and as we pass over the starting point I look down on the hangars four hundred feet below. We continue to circle the field climbing higher and higher and suddenly I realize that I am still gripping the cowl with both hands, and that this precaution is quite useless. So I lean back and settle myself comfortably and, having nothing else to do with my hands, I take the joy stick and follow its motions to get the feel of flying without the responsibility.

As we get further and further from the earth, the most astonishing sensation to me is the entire absence of any sense of speed. Though the wind is whistling by at the rate of a mile a minute we seem to be standing still in the sky. I am reminded of the old lady who, watching her son's company march by on parade, turned to her neighbor and said proudly, "They're all out of step except John." So with us, up here in this tiny machine we seem the only fixed thing while the earth like an immense green patchwork quilt rolls lazily backward under us.

In the meantime we have continued to climb, cruising about the country adjacent to the field, until the barometer marks 2,500 feet. Now we "porpoise" across the sky, shooting upward at a sharp angle and dropping down the other side, for all the world like a great sleigh going over giant "thank-ye-mams," and then the pilot "cuts" his motor so that he may make himself heard, turns round and asks me how I feel. I tell him I'm enjoying it hugely.

"Some stunts?" he inquires, indicating a loop with his hand.

"Anything you like," I answer, and then for twenty-five minutes he gives me about everything in the stunt line he has in his repertoire.

I feel the ship nose up and we climb steadily; the hand on the dial indicates 3,000 feet, 35—36—37 hundred then forward goes the stick and we slide downward at a terrific speed, throttle wide open; back comes the stick, slowly at first, then swiftly until its top is in the pit of my stomach! Up we come in a great sweeping curve until we hang poised in the air, tail downward and almost stationary. Then slowly we tip backward and cross the upper arc of the circle flying upside down. For a space of one or two seconds I look straight down at the earth three-fourths of a mile below and realize that there is nothing beneath me but a strip of webbing; then down comes her nose on the backward arc of the circle and with every wire shrieking we sweep downward in another great curve, the stick moves forward, and we level off in the same direction we have been going.

Again we climb and again repeat the stunt and this time I realize that the strap is not really necessary as the centrifugal force is so great that I sit as firmly in my seat when upside down as when rightside up, and the strap is not even tight. Nevertheless I feel more comfortable knowing it is there. A third time we repeat the trick but this time just as we are on the point of tilting over backward the stick swings to the right; down goes the right wing until we stand exactly on edge; we turn an enormous "cart-wheel" in the air, roll over somehow, turn right side up, and glide away in the direction from which we came—an "Imnulman turn," my pilot tells me later.

We climb a little and I am wondering what is coming next when back comes the stick and we shoot up at an angle of forty-five degrees until the propeller slips through the air, fanning it back past us at a terrific rate, but no longer lifting the ship. Slowly her nose settles and we plunge vertically downward a thousand feet, whirling round and round in a tail spin, flatten out gracefully and start for home, the barometer registering 2,700 feet. We are about four miles out and we make a bee line for home doing a series of wing-overs on the way.

Arriving over the flying field still half a mile in the air, I get the thrill of the entire flight when my pilot puts the stick a little forward and over to the left, gives her a little rudder to the left, and then as we tilt over until we stand exactly on edge brings the stick back and sends us downward two hundred feet in a "tight-spiral." The ship tears downward almost on edge following the path like the turns of a giant corkscrew; the motor is shut off but the screaming of the wind through the wires sets my ears ringing until they hurt. For the first time I am fully conscious of speed as old Mother Earth comes rushing up to meet us. Never have I seen trees, houses, fields, and men increase in size as rapidly as in the ten or fifteen seconds required to come down those two hundred feet. Just as it seems the earth is about to meet us we sail away some five hundred feet up, circle round until we face the wind, and glide down upon the landing field. Our wheels touch with a slight thud and we turn and taxy back to the starting point. I spring out and find that the ground is just as firm as when I left it. I am not even dizzy. Looking at the clock I see that we have been up just forty minutes. As we stroll up to the bench one of the aviators inquires of Macready, "Mac, what in h— were you doing up there?"

And Mac, the silent one, answers with a smile, "Just doing a little rehearsing."

A DARLINGTON BOY ON THE *TUSCANIA*[8]

You wanted me to tell you more about the *Tuscania.* Well, I think from the papers I have seen, you could imagine just how it happened, etc. It happened February 5, 1918. We were due to land in Liverpool the following morning. About 5:30 that evening I was sitting talking to the members of my Company, on the lower deck (I, myself, had a stateroom up on the upper deck). I was waiting for the supper bell to ring, when all of a sudden, the sub, or "tin fish" as we now call them, hit us. It was a queer, deadening noise, and put the lights out immediately and water was shooting all over from bursted pipes caused by the explosion. We had been talking about the danger that we were in just before she was struck,

[8]This letter, written in France, June 3, 1918, by Ray Stephenson is reprinted from the Darlington *Democrat* of July 11.

as the men on the boat said it was the most dangerous part of the water, and was filled with mines, submarines, etc. As soon as we came to our senses, there was a mad rush for the steps leading to the upper deck. It was pitch dark outside and no lights were allowed on deck after dark at any time. Well, in getting out of the place I was at, there were big iron posts and steel bars; it reminded me of a jail. I managed to crack my head against one of the posts, and, together with that and the excitement, I was about all in. I carried the cut and bump, as a reminder, for a couple of weeks; but I found out there was no need of anything to remind me, for I could dream constantly, night after night, and imagine I was still on the water.

I got up two flights of stairs and made for my stateroom, as I did not have my life preserver with me, due to carelessness, as we were cautioned never to appear at mess without one. There was no order enforced though, and naturally the fellows got careless and would go around without them, unless at boat drill, where it was compulsory.

I got to my room, by luck, after feeling my way. I got down on my hands and knees and confiscated my pack and found a flashlight, then put on my life belt, and away I went to the outer deck. We were all assigned to certain places on the different decks. I had a hard time to make my way through, as the fellows were all trying to get away in the lifeboats as they were lowered. I was one of the unlucky ones, for when we got to our deck all to be found that looked like it might have been a lifeboat was a lot of splintered timbers. We waited and waited and saw lifeboats, one after another, being lowered and paddled away. Several smashed boats were thrown from the top deck, striking and upsetting loaded boats ready to pull away. The boys were thrown into the water and were floating around perfectly helpless, and their cries were of no use for we could do nothing.

After every lifeboat was off, things began to look pretty blue, and were getting worse every minute. There was not even as much as a board left for us to float on, and the only thing we could see to do was to wait and hope. Every once in a while faint lights were seen in the distance, and we did not know whether it was help coming

to us or a light in some lifeboat, as the night, as I have said before, was as black as I ever saw it. Finally it started to rain, and then the thoughts of our being in the cold, salty water made us stop and use some headwork, and do it quickly, for the *Tuscania* had already tipped considerable and was sinking fast.

All of a sudden a crash was heard on the opposite side of the boat, and, after going over, we found it to be a torpedo boat destroyer. Men were going down the ropes like rats jumping into a river. Several fell and others were crushed between the destroyer and the *Tuscania,* from the dashing of the waves. About half an hour after the first one left—it was then 9:30—a second destroyer pulled up, and it was then I made my get-away. I landed on the destroyer in good shape and went to find a place to ride for the remainder of our trip. I had on only a suit of underwear, shoes, shirt, and trousers when I got off, and it was a cold night, too.

Well, as we pulled out, another submarine fired at us and missed, and we were told it was sunk by depth bombs from the destroyer. These destroyers could have come to our rescue sooner had they not been loaded; but they had to go to the nearest shore and leave their crew, and thousands of gallons of oil, which they burn, were dumped out. In the first place they were not supposed to take us on; that is the rule of the sea; but they took the chance; otherwise we would have all been drowned, that is, those who had no lifeboats.

We got to Bemerency, Ireland, about 2:30 in the morning, and they had a lunch for us and then we went to bed. It was about four weeks before our Company were all together again, outside of three men—two of those were drowned and the other was McCauley, who used to drive jitney with Guy. He had pneumonia when we were torpedoed and he got away in his underwear only, and was in a hospital at Larne, Ireland, until about six weeks ago. His voice has never been the same since. We had the best of treatment in Ireland and England. We crossed from Dublin, Ireland, to Holly-head, England, in a fast mail and passenger boat, escorted by two American destroyers.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH SUBMARINES[4]

On arriving on board we were assigned to quarters and I was appointed officer in charge for the day to look after the men. The ship's officers were all the very finest men. All perfect gentlemen and as we were to be together for some little time we made ourselves comfortable as possible and succeeded with their help. We were on board for a full day before we left the harbor. When the tugs came up, we all naturally experienced the thrill that comes over all the boys when leaving our side. There was no demonstration on leaving. Several passenger ships nosed their way down the channel in our wake and took their stations behind us when well under way. Our ship was the flagship of the convoy. When we had got well started a motherly looking United States battleship dashed up and took her station beside us and this formation we kept all the way over excepting for a few hours during a couple of terrifying sub attacks.

After getting our assignments to table and cabins we settled down to a routine, a little drill in morning and afternoon, boat drill, and games of quoits, and so forth on deck. Every evening before dinner the ship's officers and our officers all met in the lounging room and raised a glass to the King and one to President Wilson. Dinner was always a jolly meal and after dinner we nearly always played a game of bridge. There were only about twenty-five of the officers altogether and part of them were midshipmen and they were not allowed in the lounging room with the senior officers so occasionally we would spend part of our evenings in the gun room with them. All of them were so different from any men I have ever known and all such perfect gentlemen that their society during the whole trip was just one lovely experience. There was very little rough weather crossing and only a few of our boys became ill and fortunately I was not one of them.

The climax of our trip came one beautiful afternoon when not so very far from the end of our trip. I was sitting upon the boat deck with some of the naval officers and two or three of ours. We had been taking pictures and it was so warm and nice that we just stretched

[4] Letter of Lieutenant Sam Ferguson, written in England May 14, 1918, and printed in the Oshkosh *Northwestern* of July 22.

out in our chairs and were terribly lazy. We were all brought to life by a crash of a gun fired by one of the destroyers which had just joined us that morning followed by the warning blasts of the sirens. Our men all went to stations in a very orderly manner. About ten seconds after quarters was sounded, the flagship of the destroyer convoy dashed across our bows and dropped a depth charge over the spot where Fritz had shown his periscope. It was so close to us when he came up and the destroyer dropped her depth charge so close to us that when it exploded it just lifted us and we all thought that we had a "tin fish" in our internals. The destroyers dropped four more depth charges, the third one of which brought the submarine to the top. So you can know that at least one load of the Huns has gone under. The spectacle afforded by the destroyers darting back and forth, the warning sirens, and the crash of the depth charges, the smoke screen thrown out by them to hide the convoy was something that I never shall forget. All the ship's crew were at quarters and all the guns were manned, ammunition hoists vomiting out shells and cartridges. Every minute we expected to go to the bottom. My station was aft on the promenade deck and after verifying my men I went up on the boat deck with the ship's surgeon and took the whole show in and it was truly wonderful. After the sub was brought up and the men had all left stations we settled down again on the boat deck though we were much keener on looking around over the water than we had been. We formed a group finally and had taken a couple of snapshots of ourselves when all of a sudden the sirens started in again and at the same time all the destroyers and our port guns opened up on another submarine that had come up off our port bow. Everybody dashed to stations again. Being up on the boat deck we saw this whole show from the start. It was terribly exciting. Our guns make a terrific noise and the concussion is wonderful. Every shell that dropped on the place burst at impact with the water and when it was all over we felt that we had seen a real engagement.

After this affair everything settled down, though most of the men slept on deck that night and I was officer of the day and I had to stay up most of the night to check up on our sentinels. The next morning we sighted another one; she was too far away and

she gave us a wide berth. About 7 o'clock that night we witnessed a battle between a trawler and a floating mine. The trawler was trying to sink the mine, which she did. That was also very exciting.

Our journey drew to a close soon after this and the time finally came when we had to leave the ship and bid goodbye to the ship's officers. We all got to think a great deal of these men. They are all fine brave chaps and they get a great deal of grief in this war that is unheralded and not generally known.

A DESCRIPTION OF SHELL FIRE[5]

I suppose Robert (the writer's son) and some of his chums would like to know how it feels and sounds to be under shell fire from artillery. I will try to describe it. I don't want to harrow your feelings, but only will give as complete a picture as I can of the unusual things that happen. I mean unusual to home folks. Your troops are in a center of resistance. They hold a certain front. It is covered with barbed wire on all sides. They live in dugouts beneath the ground very strongly built. They have trenches for protection when fighting. Two to five hundred yards away is another line much like yours. Here are the lairs of your enemies; scarcely do you ever see them. There are miles of wire and trenches over there; you can even see villages but men or animals you never see. Nights you hear his wagons rumbling up with supplies, likewise he hears yours. Except for the wire and the outlines of trench the world seems peaceful. On hot days the heat waves shimmer across No Man's Land, and the tall grass and bushes billow in the breeze out there just as they do on the fields of La Crosse County. You know that men in greenish-grey uniform are somewhere over there. You have seen yawning shell holes in your own lines, great trees broken down, small trees uprooted, so you know that somewhere over there behind Fritz's hills and woods he has batteries of light and heavy artillery. Just now he is saving ammunition and you walk the woods in peace. Comes a day when his hidden guns suddenly speak. There are four—six—eight loud reports over across and instantly you hear a shriek as of eight devils. It is the shell

[5] Written by Lieutenant Colonel Glenn Garlock and published in the Fort Atkinson *Union,* July 19, 1918.

traveling through the air and turning rapidly. It is coming your way for it swells to a louder and louder tone. It is just an instant or two you have to note it, but note it you do, this whine of the approaching missile, then bang! The shell has burst. You are a bit surprised to find it has not hit you and almost at the same instant there are four—six or eight more bangs. You hear the fragments flying through the trees but by this time you have found a hole or a large tree and are lying low hoping that no shell hits directly on your tree. The reports and explosions continue and you wait hoping for the end to come pretty quick. Maybe the range changes and the exploding shells go somewhere else. You get up and beat it for some real shelter. You never trust the woods again for Fritz is methodical; he opens fire quick and at as short range as possible hoping to catch you out of your trench or away from your dugout. In ten minutes when he thinks you have come out to see the damage done he will rip off thirty to fifty more. Two can play the game, however. There are some batteries that belong to your sector. A word to them and every twenty minutes Fritz gets some little and big shells landed in spots that bother him. I should say the worst thing about shell fire is the sound of the shell traveling through the air. You can hear it for a long way. One day I think perhaps three hundred were sent over our heads on a road in the rear. They kept coming over all the morning and, while they did not explode until they had gone half a mile beyond us, I confess I did not like the noise they made a little bit. After two or three days you get to know the batteries that usually bother you and when they fire you duck; the others you pay no attention to. There are certain spots Fritz pays special attention to; these you and your men keep away from as far as possible. Your men have been in the habit of watching Boche planes when the French artillery is bursting shells around them. You have warned your men again and again to duck under trees when a plane approaches but some are careless and will rubber if no officer is about. They are getting wiser now and warnings fall on receptive ears.

WISCONSIN BOYS AT BELLEAU WOOD[6]

If, sometime in the future you happen to speak to a Marine and told him you had received a letter written in the Belleau (now Marine) woods I really think he'd doubt your statement, but your letter came to me with the ration detail last night and I had this paper in my pack so am answering.

We were billeted in an immense chateau barn when the orders came to pack immediately as the Germans were coming on the double for Paris.

On June first we left the truck train which had taken us forty kilos and hiked four more along the Paris-Metz road where we fixed bayonets and skirmished across a wheat field and into a deserted farm yard.

The line ran parallel to that position about one mile ahead. On the afternoon of June 2, at four o'clock, a five inch shell struck the apex of the barn I was in and how I escaped the falling debris I couldn't understand then but can now—God was with me. Mr. Whiting, our second in command, was lying next to me and was horribly cut. Well, everyone ran about and an order was given to take to the woods about one hundred yards away. Just as the Company was midway between barn and woods a shell struck the path killing five and wounding twenty. Those of us who reached the woods started digging in and believe me since then we have all had more than our share of that. We dig probably three feet deep, two feet wide, and five feet long, then if possible cross logs above at the head and throw dirt on the logs. This at least makes a shrapnel-proof home. We stayed in that woods only three days, then one night were taken to Lucy, a wrecked village on the front line (at that time). Upon our arrival there I was sent as connecting laison or runner to the 79th Company on our right. I reached there at 2 P. M. and had just completed my dugout when word came that we were to "go over" at 4:30 P. M. Well, I had always imagined going over would mean climbing out of one trench and running to the next but here we were on the edge of a woods with just fields and patches of woods in front of us.

[6] Letter of Hugo A. Meyer, of Sheboygan, to Mrs. Reiss, July 4, 1918, printed in the Sheboygan *Press* of August 19.

At the appointed time we started out of the woods in skirmish line and advanced possibly one hundred yards when things began to happen. I don't think I shall ever be able to write or relate the happenings of the next two hours for they were too terrible. They had cross machine gun fire on us, rifle fire, and artillery. I can safely say that no man crossed those fields and woods that day without praying. Comrades and men killed and wounded on all sides, but we still advanced. All runners stayed with the captain when not running to different platoons on messages and at one time crossing a field we were forced to stop behind a patch of briar. All of us were as close to Mother Earth as possible and still they were hitting us. I scraped a little hollow and buried my face in the briars and even then a machine gun bullet scraped my helmet and hit the man on my right in the leg. God, I saw entire platoons simply slaughtered that day with officers leading them, too. Well, that kept up until nine o'clock when we reached a ravine leading into Bouresche, the town we had to capture. Dead were piled three and four deep in that ravine. Men with skulls shot off, or both legs—oh, it was terrible, and the moaning—God, how I prayed.

News came that Lieutenant Robertson had entered the town with sixteen men and needed help so Captain Jane, 79th, collecting his company, found he had sixty left out of two hundred fifty and with this handful we ran through a terrible barrage and into the town. Germans had left it so quickly that in some homes we found spareribs and other food still warm. The captain posted what men he had and sent a runner to Batt. for more men.

Well, we stayed in town seven days before being relieved and during that time we runners delivered ammunition (the Boche made two counter attacks) and buried dead. I remember burying one man in five pieces. The enemy besides bombarding us continually sniped into the roads and we had to be very careful. After being relieved from Bouresche we stayed in a patch of woods outside for about five days, received replacement, and entered the woods we are in now. The Germans had some wonderful machine gun nests here and it cost both the 5th and 6th Marines an awful bunch of men but the entire woods are now ours. Can you imagine being sniped at with an Austrian 88, or 3-inch gun. Well, the Boches are doing it.

All you hear is whizz-bang. Lieutenant Timothy was standing just above my dugout when one exploded above him. I ran for stretcher bearers but when I returned he had died. Oh, the sights we all have seen! A dead man means nothing here. We were relieved from the front line night before last and are now just on the edge of the woods waiting for divisional relief which is coming at last. We have been up here thirty-four days now and all of us are just on edge. Twenty from each company left last night for Paris to parade on the Fourth but I am now Batt. runner and all runners had to stay on duty. We may get there on the fourteenth though.

I've seen more aeroplanes and air battles up here than in the Verdun sector. Saw one Boche plane drop in a mass of flames just day before yesterday.

All the men seem changed. This month in these woods has made many a man a Christian.

We are far from being out of danger even now, but somehow I feel sure we'll all get out safe. I lost all my equipment that day in Bouresche but have salvaged another. Picked a dandy razor off one Boche, a flute off another, also some photos and stuff. I have a complete German medicine case of fine leather and do hope I can send the things home. We have lived on French monkey meat and hard tack for days, but now chow comes in at night pretty regular and once in a while we get Y. M. C. A. stuff.

AN ARTIST IN BATTLE[7]

First of all I must tell you that I have had the ineffable good-fortune to land in the base hospital at our own headquarters town, so that a flock of my friends is coming to see me—including the charmers of the Rue Musette, whom it is awfully nice to see under the circumstances. Owing to the very great pressure on the railroads, naturally enough the result of the offensive, the evacuation of the wounded to the back area did not take place as rapidly as it might have. It was not until the twenty-second that I reached here, having been moving from one hospital to another since the fifteenth, the day I was "potted." It was this moving about and the natural

[7] Letter of Kenneth Conant to his parents, July 25, 1918, printed in the Two Rivers *Chronicle* of September 10.

lassitude incident to a little fever that kept me from writing more than the little squib of a letter that you've received by this time. My wounds have been getting on pretty well all the while, being clean and decent, all of them, and not at all irritating unless stirred up by moving about too much. They are nearly ready to be sewed up, and from that moment will heal rapidly. I may even be walking, after a fashion, in two weeks, though my leg will be stiff for a while after that.

It was within a few hours of the time when I finished that long letter on the small sheets of paper that it all began. I should have missed the start of it if it had not been for the return of my two companions, who came back feeling sociable after having helped the "Froggies" celebrate the 14th in "red ink" and "fizz water." They woke me. The shooting was already going on, but it seemed hardly more than the usual barrage for a coup de main, of which we had been able to watch several within a week, from a distance, of course.

While I was trying rather crossly to get to sleep again the fracas all at once magnified itself astonishingly, and we forgot all about going to bed, for we could not help realizing that here was something really extraordinary. We stepped out of the tent and the full sweep and grandeur of it broke on us. The thing was being done on an immense scale. We stood amazed as fury after fury was released—telling each other how wonderful it was. It had the glory of a storm, not a whit less impressive and more sustained and terrible. Cannon shots followed one another like the beat of the knives of a planer—it doesn't seem possible to you, but it is true without exaggeration.

Think of shells being sent over that fast for hours, smashing trenches into nothing, and raking the back area for miles and miles—think of making a hurricane like that, and putting to shame God's best thunder. Lights of all kinds were in the sky, which was strangely streaked with low hanging clouds—lights made by the bright flashes of the guns near us replying to the Germans—and great illuminations, like a curiously dislocated dawn, where enemy shells fell. It was magical and creepy—unearthly darkness, unearthly lights, and that unearthly roar engulfing it all—the sound of unimagined power, which we felt in the grinding and trembling of it, just

as one standing by the drive of a great engine feels its power. And there was the sound as of unimaginably great iron things, thundering their way across the brazen roof of the sky—O, a huge and marvelous roar that put awe into our hearts.

And now they began to come nearer to us, but we were too interested to heed them very much. A man was sent around to "wake everybody up," and he had to come twice for us, because we did not realize that he had expected us to go to the battery dugout on the strength of his waking us up. Now we were willing enough to seek better shelter than our tent on the hillside afforded, for some shells had landed to each side of and beyond us. They gave the impression of being in a breathless hurry to reach the ground, and they exploded with surprising promptness on getting there. We left everything behind and stumbled up toward the dugout through the uneasy darkness. Then, after a last look at the display, we climbed down the long stairway into the groaning abri. It was full of men, and resounded with the vibration of the shooting of French batteries nearby, and occasionally shook with the concussion of a nearby exploding shell.

To lean against its chalky side, braced, perhaps, against a clammy timber, and stretch one's legs out as well as possible in its narrowness, offered a poor comfort, but we were glad of it after the first excitement had worn off, and we had tired of standing about talking. A little after us, some men had come in from the echelon. Several shells intended for a battery not far off had caused a considerable confusion there, together with the loss of some men and animals, and they were breathing with the excitement of trying to get their charges out of the place. There had been, too, the rescue of the wounded and the search for missing men. But it quieted down. I was already beginning to feel at home because the place sounded for all the world like the lower level of the Harvard Square subway during the rush hour. But in the meantime the enemy had lifted his barrage and come across, thus calling our guns into play. The dugout was almost directly under one of the batteries, so that there was a sickening blast of concussion at each shot, to add to the unsteady rumble from other hard-working batteries. The calls for men—until then for one or two to do this or that—now came

regularly, as the gun crews changed off. And so passed the night. I got a little sleep—so did everyone.

In the morning came the call for men to relieve a weary crew of ammunition carriers, and I went up into the beautiful sunlight to do my bit with some other volunteers. The great barrage had ceased, but the Germans were peppering us in a very lively fashion still. Shells were coming over and landing noisily in the camp across the way. A building over there was burning quietly with much smoke, and waves of orange flame that mingled hotly with it. The shells we were to carry were in a pile at the edge of the road, set into the low bank for protection. Some of the men handed them up, while others, including myself, carried them—by threes, for a 75 shell weighs twenty pounds—across the broken space to the abri back of the piece itself. I was much exhilarated, for it was the first time that I had been under fire. I must have seemed excited alongside of the phlegmatic gunner and his assistants, to whom it was not such a new story. I enjoyed it to the full, even the firing of the gun, which, when you are near to it, shakes everything you have when it goes off. I couldn't help noticing how vividly I saw everything, and how small my field of vision seemed—my excitement, perhaps. Well, at length the pile of shells was safely transferred, and we retired to the dugout once more somewhat relieved. I admired, but hardly envied, the captain with his megaphone, and the others who stayed outside.

But our turn came again soon, and this time it was the battery itself that the Germans were shooting at. They had sent over a flying machine which had set fire to a kite balloon near us, and discovered us as well—it was the smoke which gave us away—and now they had a very accurate idea of where we were. While we were looking for the proper pile of shells to carry over, a 77 lit a few feet from the gun we were serving. We ducked naturally enough, then started back to work, but hardly had we grouped ourselves about our pile ready to begin, when there was a comical, hot little explosion back of us, and six of us had been hit.

It was a 77 filled with high explosive, but it sounded, not like a giant firecracker, but like one of those foolish little ones, much magnified. We had not heard it sing, as one does hear those which

light at a little distance—but all at once the air seemed very full of something and then came the explosion. It was fatal to one man, who died in my arms while I was trying to staunch a big wound in his chest, for while my leg felt hot and prickly I was able to walk about, help lay the wounded gunners on a stretcher after the other poor fellow had died, and then make the dugout unaided. There I lay quiet for a while; before long I was carried off to the dressing station a few rods down the road and my journey back had begun.

I was content to lie there. I felt very peaceful and I was not in pain. I knew that the attack had been repulsed for the range, after diminishing steadily during the night from 7,000 to 4,000 meters, had been raised 200 meters not long before my adventure, and the gunner had found time to tell us that "they're keeping 'em back of the 4,000 yard line anyway." From where I lay I could see several of our batteries hard at work. I could hear the whistle and sing of the shells going each way, and the lively bang of the incoming ones. It did not seem at all dangerous, and was indeed very entertaining. A cloud of flying machines came over—no less than thirty-one, they say, for reconnaissance work. They swooped impudently low and one machine even sprayed one of our batteries with bullets. One of them flirted insolently about not far from us. I saw the big black cross on the grey fuselage of his machine. Then there were a few others—the noise continued—then at last an ambulance came for us. I was hit between —— and —— not more than a couple of miles from where Mlle. Herold's fiancé was killed, curiously enough.

The trip to a little town ten miles the other side of —— was a trying one. But the people at that hospital were as devoted and unselfishly willing as could well be. They and the softness of the white bed I had (so grateful after sleeping on the bare ground as I had been doing) set me quite to rights. I was sent to another hospital on Wednesday, and there operated on, on Friday to still another hospital still farther from the line, and then, beginning Monday noon, I had the eighteen hour ride down here in a really admirable hospital train.

AN APPEAL TO OUR MEMBERS

The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY is being published for you. In our first issue, in introducing the new publication, we stated our hope to make it as interesting as possible to the ordinary reader. "As our immediate constituency," we said, "we have in mind the seven hundred members of the Society, whose tastes and interests, we have faith to believe, are shared by thousands of other citizens of Wisconsin." With this issue the Magazine has become a toddling babe of eighteen months. Since its birth many of our members and other readers have written us expressing their opinion, favorable or otherwise, of the Magazine. A number of these expressions we print in the following pages. Yet the total number received thus far represents but a small proportion of the Society's membership. With a view to enabling us to make the Magazine more interesting and valuable, we very much wish to receive the constructive criticism of members of the Society concerning it. Write anything you feel moved to submit, but by way of indicating the things we would most like to learn we suggest that you include in your communication answers to the following: What department or aspect of the Magazine pleases you most? What feature of the publication pleases you least? What would you like to see added to it? Or what change made in it as at present conducted?

We cannot guarantee, of course, compliance with all the suggestions that may be made. But we do promise to give them prayerful consideration. Should a sufficient number of worth while comments be received we may decide to print them in some future issue. They may be addressed to the Superintendent, State Historical Library, Madison.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

LONG LIFE AND ABUNDANT SUCCESS

Just a brief note to inform you of my high appreciation of the new MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, just started by our Society, and especially of your article contributed to the first number. I am glad to know the facts contained in the history of so eminent a man as Dr. Lapham. I hope the magazine may have more than ephemeral existence, as so many have. I wish you and the new magazine abundant success.

J. W. VANCE

Madison, Oct. 25, 1917

PROFESSOR SANFORD RESORTS TO PROPHECY

I wish to congratulate you upon the new quarterly that took us by surprise a few days ago. It is very attractive in appearance and will doubtless be as attractive in content, though as yet I have not had time to do more than glance inside.

The magazine will find a place for itself, I predict, and will be appreciated by the members of the Society. It will serve to augment the number of members, I have no doubt. It will serve to keep Wisconsin well in advance of the other states, historically.

Wishing you the utmost success for the future conduct of the magazine, I am,

Yours very truly,

ALBERT H. SANFORD

La Crosse, Oct. 28, 1917

BEST OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY MAGAZINES

Accept congratulations on the excellent quality and attractive appearance of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. I think it is going to rank as the *best* of the historical society magazines.

I. C. B.

COULD NOT LAY IT DOWN

This afternoon I received volume I, number 1, of the new quarterly. I was so interested in this new venture that I never let it get out of my hands until I had read every word in it. Please permit me to congratulate you on this new departure. I feel confident it will redound greatly to the success of the Society. I have felt for

years that the Society ought to do something to insure greater popularity beyond the confines of Madison, and I am sure the receipt of a reminder in the shape of so good a magazine every three months by the members at large will greatly stimulate their interest in the Society.

DR. H. B. TANNER

San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 26, 1917

SOMEWHAT DRY

The September number of the State Historical Society's magazine has just come out. We suggest that it be carefully laid away with the other relics.

Daily Cardinal

Skyrocket column, Oct. 24, 1917

A MOST VALUABLE PROJECT

I must take a minute in the midst of Camp Devens Library activities to congratulate you on the appearance of the first number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. It is a most valuable project and begins on the very high standard of all activities of the Society both in subject matter and in typography.

It is only by constant publication in all states of historical material that the true history of the United States can ever be written in all its aspects, social, economic, etc.

ASA CURRIER TILTON

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 26, 1917

BEST LOOKING STATE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

I have read the September number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY with pleasure. The contents are excellent, and the cover design is unique. I am sorry, personally, that you decided on uncut pages. I have a special dislike for this feature in any magazine. This is such a slight matter, however, and follows such an authoritative precedent, that I am loath to count it in expressing my delight with the new magazine. It is the best looking state historical magazine in the field, I think, with no intention to make any unfavorable comparisons, and its contents are uniformly of high grade.

G. N. FULLER
Secretary, Michigan Historical Commission

THEY LIKE IT

The magazine is certainly a credit to our Society.

HENRY E. KNAPP

Menomonie, Nov. 7, 1917

I certainly enjoyed the first number of your new magazine and wish you much success.

ERNST VON BRIESEN

Milwaukee, Oct. 26, 1917

The magazine was a happy surprise and I enjoyed it very much.

HENRY MCCONNELL

Walloon Lake, Mich., Oct. 29, 1917

I am in receipt of the first issue of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. I find it most interesting, and will look forward with pleasure to further issues.

MRS. LEWIS TYLER HILL

Sparta, Nov. 21, 1917

Heartiest congratulations on the first number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. It is a dandy and will, with the others that follow, make membership in the Society more valuable than ever.

H. H. WOOD

Madison, Oct. 29, 1917

Accept my congratulations on the successful issue of the Society's quarterly. It ought greatly to increase interest in Wisconsin history.

J. W. CLINTON

Polo, Illinois, Oct. 25, 1917

A WISCONSIN EDITOR'S COMMENT

I just want to express a word of congratulation on the excellence of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. I was interested in every article and especially enjoyed the one on I. A. Lapham. The short notes at the end are fine and the more you have of these the better. In the New York *Botanical Garden Magazine* a mention is made of the people of note who come for a visit or investigation. Will be glad to see this feature kept at the high standard set by the first number.

H. E. COLE

Baraboo, Nov. 2, 1917

KIND WORDS FROM CANADA

I want to congratulate you and the Society on the high standard you have set in the opening numbers of the quarterly. I wish we had something like it here in Ontario. It is an ambitious work but should bring good results in stirring interest in the history of your state.

FRED LANDON, *Chief Librarian*
Public Library, London, Ontario

I am in receipt of the first number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, for which please accept my warmest thanks. If this first issue is an earnest of what we may expect from the magazine in future, I have no fears as to the success of the venture, which has my best wishes. I trust that it is your intention to place the name of this department on your mailing list to receive the magazine regularly as issued.*

E. O. SCHOLEFIELD, *Provincial Librarian*
Victoria, B. C.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDLY RIVALS

This note of congratulation is somewhat tardy; but I do not wish the appearance of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY to pass without a word of commendation. You are to be congratulated upon the publication. I know that you will not only maintain but will improve upon its standards as time goes on.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent, State Historical Society of Iowa
Jan. 12, 1918

Just now, however, I want to congratulate you on the first issue of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. I have read it with great interest and feel sure that it will prove to be a popular and useful enterprise.

SOLON J. BUCK,
Superintendent, Minnesota State Historical Society
Nov. 2, 1917

I am writing briefly to extend very sincere and hearty congratulations on the publication of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

The first volume has a fine table of contents, and you have thereby set yourself an excellent pace, which it is hoped you will have no difficulty in maintaining.

I feel very certain that you could have adopted no more effective agency for the preservation of all forms of historical materials, and I hope the venture may be the success so much desired by you and your associates.

THOMAS M. OWEN
Director, Department of Archives and History
Montgomery, Alabama

FROM A WISCONSIN LIBRARIAN

Please accept our hearty congratulations upon the very fine appearance of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, volume I, number 1, which we have received. We receive the Minnesota magazine of like purpose, and enjoy it very much. But it really looks as if our own was to be rather more than a fair running mate for it. There are so many things, these sorrowful days, that women folk must do, that this acknowledgement has been delayed to the point of rudeness. But, believe me, I have intended to write every day and thank you in the name of our little library, and also to express my own enjoyment and appreciation of your new venture.

CAROLINE BABBIDGE, *Librarian*
Prescott, Nov. 14, 1917

WHO WILL READ IT?

But don't you think you are piling up in that magazine a mass of papers of little value? You will multiply volumes; but do you think they will really be read in the vast pressure of present times?

EDWIN HALE ABBOTT
Boston, Sept. 24, 1918

READS EVERY WORD

I read every word in the quarterly. I think the quarterly and the *Geographic* [*Magazine*] are in a class together in that they are the best magazines of which I have knowledge.

J. G. D. MACK,
State Chief Engineer
Madison, Sept. 26, 1918

A DELIGHT

The magazine also reached me, and is certainly a delight. You are to be congratulated on the publication, and my mind was at once filled with the things I would be only too glad to prepare for

its pages, relative to the early days of Wisconsin, as the recital came to me from Father and elder brother, Ira B. Brunson.

Ella C. Brunson

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 3, 1917

OF LIKE MIND

I think the magazine is *wonderful* in every way.

Mrs. S. K. Curtis

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct., 1918

A VERY VALUABLE WORK

I enjoy very much the publications both in the magazine and in book form. You are doing a very valuable work, not only for Wisconsin, but what will prove of great value to the whole country.

M. H. Fitch

Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 24, 1918

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS[1]

A PANTHEON OF WISCONSIN HISTORY

Some recent gifts of valuable collections of manuscripts to the State Historical Library direct attention anew to the remarkable manuscript collection which the Society, aided by the coöperation of farsighted citizens of the state, is slowly accumulating at Madison. By far the most important collection of historical manuscripts in America is that of the Library of Congress at Washington. The Library long since adopted the policy of gathering in, whether by gift or purchase, as many as possible of the personal manuscript collections of men and women who had borne a worthy part in the ever unfolding drama of American history. Especially does the Library seek to acquire the papers of the presidents of the United States. So successful has it been that it now requires a good-sized volume merely to describe briefly the contents of the manuscript division of the Library. To it, as to a central lodestone, are drawn all serious students of American history from whatever quarter of the nation or the world they may hail. Here one may see and study at his leisure scores of thousands of letters written by or to President Washington, and there are collections great or small of the personal papers of hundreds of other Americans.

Outside the Library of Congress there are a number of important collections of historical manuscripts, prominent among them being that of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison. The foundation of this collection is the famous Draper manuscripts, whose acquisition was the lifetime task of Lyman C. Draper, of Madison, one of the foremost historical collectors America has produced. The Draper manuscripts deal with the Revolution in the West and the subsequent history of this region for nearly three generations. They are known wherever American historical scholarship exists, and are consulted annually by hundreds of students and investigators. They include the original papers of such men as Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, and

[1] Reprinted from the Madison *Capital Times,* September 21, 1918.

of scores of others who were workmen in the upbuilding of our middle western commonwealths.

Although less widely advertised and known than the Draper papers, perhaps, other manuscripts in the Historical Library far excel the Draper papers both in bulk and in immediate interest to the people of Wisconsin. Among early builders of Wisconsin's greatness are to be found the papers of such men as Moses Strong, Michael Frank, and Morgan L. Martin. The papers of Cyrus Woodman, one of the rarest men Wisconsin has ever numbered among her citizens, alone number some two hundred bound volumes. These came from Cambridge, Massachusetts, about three years ago, the gift of a son of Mr. Woodman, through the intercession of a nephew, Mr. Ellis B. Usher, of Milwaukee. The Strong papers were given to the Library some years earlier by a granddaughter, Mrs. John M. Parkinson, of Madison. Strong came to Wisconsin in 1837, settling at Mineral Point, and for a generation was one of the leading men in the state. To consult such papers as his, and those of Martin, Tweedy, and others, so famous a historian as Professor Channing, of Harvard, made the long journey to Madison a few months ago; and the results of his gleanings will appear in the forthcoming volume of his monumental history of the American people, now in process of publication.

Within recent weeks several important collections of papers have been added or promised to the Library. The daughters of Morgan L. Martin, who live at Green Bay, are about to supplement the Martin collection with an additional installment of papers dealing with Martin's career as delegate to Congress and other territorial matters. These papers should fit in admirably with the Strong collection and the John H. Tweedy papers. Tweedy, like Martin, was territorial delegate from Wisconsin, having beaten Strong for this honor in one of the most remarkable electoral contests ever waged in Wisconsin. The Tweedy collection was given to the Library about three months since by John H. Tweedy, Jr., of Milwaukee. Another recent acquisition of much interest are the papers of Rev. Matthew Dinsdale, a pioneer Wisconsin preacher, presented by his daughter, Mrs. Magnus Swenson, of Madison. One of the most important collections of papers in existence for the political history of the state is

that of the papers of the late Elisha W. Keyes, presented by Mrs. Keyes some two or three years since. Of similar importance but of more recent acquisition and interest are the papers of Senator Paul Husting, presented by his parents and brothers in August, 1918. They have not as yet been examined in any way but it may be noted that in bulk they fill several packing boxes, and an indication of their character is afforded by the few selections from the late Senator's correspondence published in the June number of the Wisconsin Magazine of History.

These are splendid acquisitions of enduring value to the state's great library, and the fact that such families as those of Tweedy, Martin, Keyes, and Husting have thus made provision for the permanent preservation of their great ones' papers, and their use, under proper restrictions, is very encouraging to those who take an interest in preserving the record of Wisconsin's development. Less encouraging, however, is the reflection that, despite the best efforts of the workers in the State Historical Society, far more of these valuable historical materials are allowed to be destroyed through inertia or ignorance on the part of their possessors than find their way to the Library for permanent preservation. Thus the papers of Governor Doty, carefully saved through a busy lifetime, are said to have been sent to a Menasha paper mill after his death. The papers of Governor Washburn, one of the state's greatest sons, have long since vanished—probably they have been destroyed, although no definite information on this point can be had. The papers of Henry C. Payne, another of Wisconsin's most noted men, were destroyed only a few years ago. Many other illustrations might be given, but it will be more profitable, perhaps, to dwell for a moment upon some of the reasons which impel people thus to permit (or commit) the destruction of valuable historical records—records which, if preserved in a public institution, would constitute a far more conspicuous and enduring monument to the one whose deeds they commemorate than the costliest one of bronze or granite that can be erected. The two chief reasons have already been named—inertia and ignorance. By inertia I mean not only the disposition to delay till a later day the performance of a task which can thus be put off, but also the idea, inspired by affection, that some day

the owner will wish to read through the papers of the parent or husband who has gone before—after which he will send them to the state library. Now, as a matter of fact, practically never does one act upon this vague intention. So the months slip into years, the library ceases to petition for the papers, and they find their way to attic or storeroom and temporary oblivion. In due time the owner dies or moves away. In either event the papers, left behind, fall into the hands of strangers, executors, or more distant relatives who know or care nothing about them and they are sent to the bonfire or the paper mill. In occasional instances, by some rare chance, they may still find their way to the historical library or some similar institution. Many interesting stories of this sort might be supplied, but I content myself with one of considerable interest at the present time. Milwaukee has recently celebrated, with much sentimental pride, the centennial of the coming of Solomon Juneau to the site of Wisconsin's metropolis in the year 1818. Juneau was a fur trader both before and after the birth of the city which has made him famous. In later life he removed to Theresa, Dodge County, which was his home at the time of his death. Not long ago, in tearing down an old house there a considerable collection of Juneau's fur trade papers was found. The discovery was called to the attention of the Husting family at Mayville (Mrs. Husting is a daughter of Juneau) with the result that only in the present year were the long lost papers added to the Milwaukee Public Library. That they will now be carefully treasured by the library and reverently gazed upon by endless generations of Milwaukeeans may be taken as a matter of course.

Under "ignorance" I do not mean to imply anything of discredit; nevertheless it is an outstanding fact that, all unwittingly, precious records are being destroyed every year in Wisconsin simply because the possessors of them have no proper conception of their significance. Here, again, many stories might be told, without going beyond our own Wisconsin experience. Governor Dewey kept a voluminous diary. On his death it fell into the hands of a neighbor and admirer, who thus saved it from an impending bonfire. The new owner took pride in displaying his possession, and in the course of years gradually gave away many volumes of the diary, one to one

person and one to another. Thus the diary has become scattered to the four winds of heaven. Three or four volumes rest in the Historical Library; the others are probably lost forever.

A final reason for delay or failure to turn papers over to the Historical Library is the feeling, oftentimes, that private records ought not to be thrown open indiscriminately for public reference. This is an entirely proper consideration, and the Historical Society has long since taken proper steps to meet it. It may be noted that the lapse of a sufficient period of time commonly suffices to remove the chief objection concerning public consultation of private papers. Thus, most men would be averse to having their daily expenditures published in the newspapers or read in public meeting. Few of us would object, however, to this being done fifty years after our death. Incidentally, no one but a scholar would ever trouble to read them after such a lapse of time; and the scholar would do so for scientific motives, rather than with a view to acquiring subject matter for neighborhood gossip. The Library authorities, therefore, invite the deposit of manuscripts, agreeing to observe whatever conditions of privacy in their administration propriety may dictate. Thus in 1894 a certain bundle of papers was given to the Library with the condition that it be not opened for twenty years. The condition was, of course, faithfully complied with. There are other collections of men still living, which will remain sealed up until a suitable period after their death shall occur. Naturally nothing will be given by way of illustration in this connection.

Limitations of space forbid further discussion of our subject, interesting as it is to the writer. In concluding, however, I wish to impress upon all who may read these lines the fact that the state of Wisconsin has provided a magnificent temple to house the records of the doings of her sons and their countrymen; that anyone who has in his possession letters or diaries, account books, or other historical papers which are worthy of preservation is derelict in his duty to himself and to the state if he does not take the necessary steps to insure their preservation in the Wisconsin Historical Library. If he is in doubt whether they are of such character as to be worth preserving there this fact can be readily ascertained by laying the matter before the Library administration. It is probably entirely

safe to say that Wisconsin already has the greatest historical collection west of the Alleghenies, and certainly one of the greatest in America, the envy, far and wide, of our sister commonwealths. This has been brought about by the coöperation and efforts of hundreds of individuals. Let each reader do whatever may be in his power to develop further the collection already so splendidly begun.

M. M. Quaife.

A DRAMATIC REUNION

In the Civil War members of the same family were often found fighting in the ranks of the opposing armies. So, too, in the present war it is inevitable that many of our soldiers who go to Europe to fight in Democracy's battle have kinsmen fighting in the ranks of the foe. The story of how one Wisconsin soldier thus found his brother in the midst of a bayonet charge we give on the authority of the Kenosha *News* for July 30, 1918. Surfeited by the horrors of the world war, it is exceedingly pleasant to come in real life upon such an event as befell Frank Hormac, of Kenosha.

" 'Stop, Brother!' a man shouted as Frank Hormac went over the top in the charge of the Italians and the allies in one of the first offensives of the Austrians in Italy. Frank Hormac, wearing the uniform of a United States regular, drew back a minute, lowered the menacing gun and bayonet, and a second later the charge went on while the two brothers were in each other's arms.

"The brother who had been left in Austria years ago, had been called for service in the Austrian army. His relatives in Kenosha had heard little from him since the breaking out of the war and he had not been advised that his brother in Kenosha was fighting with the Americans.

"Frank Hormac, former employee of the tannery here, had been one of the first men in Kenosha to go into the United States regular army after the breaking out of the war. His company was one of the first to be sent to the European battle-fields and it was brigaded with one of the French units and with this unit sent out to aid the gallant Italians when the Austrians made the first great drive into Italy.

"According to the letter received from the Kenosha soldier, the fighting had been bitter along a long line. Austrian and allied troops had been repeatedly caught in the charges over No Man's Land and finally the little American unit was called to take its place in the front line of the battle. With the order to 'charge' Hormac was one of the first men to go over. His bayonet was lifted to strike when the gleam of recognition passed over the face of the weathered Austrian soldier in front of him and Frank Hormac heard the call 'Stop, Brother!' It was a call of surrender, but a call of kinship and the Kenosha man at once recognized it.

"Hormac promptly took his brother and he was taken to the rear where the allied ranks had pitched their camp. He expressed a willingness to leave the Austrian army and gave the American unit valuable information as to the location of the Austrian divisions. Later the Americans and French, working on the information which had been given by the Austrian brother of the Kenosha soldier, made their way behind the Austrian's lines under his guidance and captured one large gun, fifty machine guns, and more than two hundred hand grenades.

"Frank and John Hormac are now united somewhere back of the Italian lines along the Piave. The brother, who wore an Austrian uniform until he met his brother from America in the charge, is now a noncombatant while Frank Hormac is still fighting with his American comrades. Sometime when the Huns have been driven back the two brothers are coming back to America."

WISCONSIN HOME GUARDS DURING THE CIVIL WAR[1]

The movement that is spreading throughout Wisconsin to organize home guard units finds many precedents during the Civil War. When President Lincoln called upon the northern states for their organized militia in April, 1861, Wisconsin was asked to furnish only one regiment for immediate service. This came as a severe disappointment to our patriotic leaders, and Governor Randall at once sent a dispatch to the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, urging him to accept additional units from this frontier state. He predicted

[1] Prepared for the State Council of Defense by John W. Oliver, of the editorial staff of the Wisconsin Historical Library.

a long struggle between the two sections, and insisted that a vigorous show of arms by the northern states would not only tend to weaken the forces of the Confederacy, but would likewise discourage any possible sentiment for the rebellion in this section of the country.

The feverish excitement that prevailed throughout Wisconsin saw thousands of men offering their services before the state or national government could accept them. On April 15, 1861, the same day on which Lincoln issued his proclamation, a monster mass meeting was held in the state capitol. Among the patriotic addresses given, Senator Brown, of Waupaca, sounded the keynote for the volunteers when he stated that the real question is not who shall *go,* but who will be compelled to *stay at home.* "If we sent 20,000 men to this war, he added, "and it should be as destructive to life as ordinary wars, we will not lose half as many men in battle as *would spoil at home for want of a fight.*"

The state authorities were greatly embarrassed because of their inability to accept forthwith the thousands of men who offered their services. "We'll spoil for want of a fight" became a sort of a slogan for the disappointed patriots. Something had to be done. Suggestions began to pour into Governor Harvey's office and that of the adjutant general urging the citizens of every town in the state to organize home guards and practice military drilling. Legal sanction was given to the movement during the special session of the legislature in 1861. These organizations served a twofold purpose. Men were trained for active service in warfare, and, when their turn came to volunteer, were ready for action. Also, the presence of a military unit appearing in public once or twice a week tended to discourage those southern sympathizers who could be found in every state north of the Ohio.

The latter function was, of course, the primary one for the home guard organization. As the war progressed, the able-bodied volunteers of the state were sent to the front, and the danger of local disturbances became more threatening. Governor Harvey was quick to recognize this, and to check its development he promised the home guards whatever assistance the state had at its disposal. Local companies sprung up all over Wisconsin. The letters which their officers addressed to the adjutant general, now in possession of the

Wisconsin Historical Society, show that Governor Harvey had guessed right. The secession movement was squelched at the very outset of the war, and to the Home Guards belongs the credit.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY TOKENS

The "Great Company" is what the Hudson Bay Company is called in Canada, and its history bears out this title, for of all the fur trade companies it has been the greatest in both length of time and extent of operation. Even today it is a powerful factor in the economic life of the far Northwest, and by its influence vast regions of barren land are policed and made to yield their harvest of splendid furs.

The fur trade has been in all times carried on almost wholly by barter. Dealing with a primitive people who had no notion of the complicated system of money exchange, calculations were based on merchandise exchange, in which the red man was very shrewd, estimating to a nicety the amount of blankets, guns, kettles, and beads his pack of furs should bring him. It was, nevertheless, necessary to have a standard of value, and from the earliest days of the American fur trade that standard was a beaver skin. Beaver was the most stable and constant in value of all peltries, and when it was used by the fashionable world to make hats, the supply never exceeded the demand. The beaver skin, as a standard of value, was called by the French Canadians a "plus" (pronounced "ploo") and this was the term in use in Wisconsin and those parts of the country where the French Canadian populace formed the majority of the fur trade operators. In the Hudson Bay Company, however, most of whose workers were of Scotch or Irish origin, the value of one beaver skin is spoken of as a "made beaver," while the Indians retain the primitive word "skin." In the course of time it has come to pass that a beaver is more valuable than a "made beaver" or a "skin," but these terms are still used as a standard from which negotiations are calculated. Some time about 1867 the Hudson Bay Company issued an edict that thereafter all transactions should be reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence. This caused great confusion in the trade. Mr. Isaac Cowie, long employed by the Great Company, writes, "Whoever was the Hudson Bay official, who superseded the simple 'skin

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY TOKENS

way' for the 'money way' of trading with Indians, he certainly gave us no end of torment and trouble."[1]

Some time before this change occurred the company had struck, for use in one of its districts, a series of tokens or brass coins to represent a "made beaver" or one skin, and others for the fractional parts thereof. These coin tokens were used only in the East Main district, a region lying between Hudson Bay and Labrador, drained by the Rupert and East Main rivers. It is a somewhat barren district containing only a limited supply of fur-bearing animals, and its fur trade was never of great extent. The tokens struck for its use, therefore, are quite rare and are much desired by collectors. They bear upon the obverse the arms of the Hudson Bay Company, a beautiful heraldic device with the motto "Pro Pelle Cutem." Upon the reverse was stamped "H. B." for the Company's title, "E. M." for the East Main district, and "N. B." supposed to be a misprint for "M. B." "made beaver." They were in four sizes, the largest with the figure 1, the others fractional—one-half, one-quarter, and one-eighth of a skin.

When the first of these appeared at a numismatist's sale about 1890, it was thought to be unique, and brought the sum of $125. Later, more of these tokens came into market, and the price was much reduced. Nevertheless a full set is very difficult to obtain, and only a few collectors have succeeded in completing one. Mr. B. K. Miller, of Milwaukee, who has traveled widely in the far Northwest, succeeded in securing a set of these beaver skin tokens. He says that during a long journey on the Mackenzie River he found but one complete set which its owner parted with on the condition that it should be called by his name, the "Christy Collection."

Mr. Miller, desiring to place these tokens in a permanent collection, has presented the set to the Society, where it now supplements the large number of fur-trade articles and implements previously placed in the Society's custody.

These small insignificant-appearing coins are interesting not only for their rarity, but for the pictures they evoke in the mind of one familiar with the history and romance of the fur trade. They remind him of vast northern seas filled with floating ice that must

[1] Isaac Cowie, *The Company of Adventurers.*

be braved to reach the posts on the shores of the great Arctic Bay of North America. On these bleak and wind-swept coasts stand the great "factories" or warehouses, where thousands of bales of blankets and cloth are stored, and where thousands of furs are annually brought for the overseas voyage to the London market. These tiny tokens conjure up visions of the long, long trails over which the dog sledges pass, and the icy streams filled with swift rapids that must be stemmed or portaged by the expert canoe men of the north, penetrating to regions where only the trader and the aborigines are found. They remind one of the dark forests and ice-bound plains whose fastnesses must be conquered, and most of all of the long cold winters in the log forts of the interior where the trader waits with what patience he may for the results of the patient trapping and persistent hunting of his dusky customers. And then in the spring, how the wilderness awakens, how long trains of Indians converge upon the traders' posts, and what days of bargaining, feasting, and relaxation ensue.

If one wishes to be reminded of the swiftness of Wisconsin's progress, it is only necessary to recall that only a century ago and for two centuries before that the only economic interest of Wisconsin was the fur trade; that our great state was then, like the northwest territories of the Canadian Dominion today, only a fur-bearing reserve where a few thousand red men hunted for peltry and a few score traders trafficked with the tribesmen in "skin way" or "money way," but always by barter for the rich harvest of furs.

Louise P. Kellogg.

CHICAGO'S FIRST BOOM[1]

Fort Dearborn
6. June 1835

* * *

every House in town is filled to overflowing, from Ten to Fifty arriving daily. Capt Hunter sold his Land here for 25 000 and the Bronsons have been offered 100.000. I suppose it will bring

[1] The writer of this description of Chicago's first great real estate boom was Major DeLafayette Wilcox of the regular army who entered the service in 1812 and was stationed for a number of years at Fort Dearborn and other northwestern posts. The early portion of the letter, which we omit to print,

150.000. so you see what speculations are going on here, I am sorry that I made out so badly for you, but if you are disposed to trade on the 500. I have no doubt I can mak in 1000 in a year, or if you will make any one else here your agent they will be able to do the same; Lt Jameson received a commission from Maj Whiting last night to purchase to the amount of 1000 for him, the Lots are verry high but going higher every day. I have purchased one for 1000. and one for 200. since I sold the House my water Lot is worth about 4000 now, you may think that I talk too much about Lots; but there is an opportunity here of making something such as few Officers have, and I should feel that it would be wrong to neglect it. had I done so at first comeing here I should have had more money. now, I think it a positive duty lay up something for my Family; Monday 8. since Saturday morning one ship one Brig and Ten Schooners have come into Port; yesterday passengers were landing all day, say 200 landed, and about the same number on board the morning. on Saturday evening. Mr Walter Newberry one of the Bronson Firm, sold one Block of 8 Lots (which Doct Wolcot bought of the Canal Commissioners) for $35.000. after the great Land sale here I intend to enter a Quarter Section and I will if you think proper enter one for you at the same time, say a half section in a body, I should like to get it near Juliet, it is a flourishing Village and I have three of four find Building Lots there; I wish you could be here this spring for a few days. I have just received your Letter of 30. May. the same Deed that I gave you will answer provided you assign it over to me in the presence of Witnesses, it will also require Mrs Saterlees name with yours, I should like to have it by return of Mail as I cannot get the money until I give a Deed. write me fully what I shall do for you, there is no danger in purchasing Lots at any price now, and none in purchasing Farms this will be a great State; an extra session of the Legislature is to be called this Fall, for the purpose of doing something for the canal, a new paper is to be published here, I expect the first nu[mber] today, if I can get in in season [ms. torn] I shall write to M^rs W next week again and [ ] request her to

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has to do wholly with personal matters. The original manuscript is owned by Miss Marion Satterlee, of New York City, a granddaughter of Major Wilcox, to whom we are indebted for the copy here presented.

pay her Cousin Caroline agreably to M[rs] S request, my regards to her.

Yours Truely
D. Wilcox

Doct R. S. Saterlee
Fort Howard
Green Bay

EDITORIAL

THE WORK OF THE WAR HISTORY COMMISSION

"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth
They must onward still and upward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Thus sang America's poet a generation or two ago. To make a present application of his words, the truth which he preserved in song is of vital significance to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin in this period of world upheaval. The war which began with a royal assassination in far-away Serbia in the summer of 1914 has presented the Historical Society many new opportunities to perform useful service for the people of Wisconsin, by whom it has been entrusted with the task of safeguarding their historical interests. From the very first every possible effort was made to collect war materials for the library and the museum. When the United States entered the war, however, it was seen that extraordinary measures must be adopted. Accordingly the coöperation of the State Council of Defense was sought, with the result that Chairman Swenson created the Wisconsin War History Commission, a committee of the Council charged with the duty of bringing about the collection for permanent preservation of the records pertaining to Wisconsin's share in the war. The Superintendent of the Historical Society is the chairman of the War History Commission, and the other members are William W. Bartlett, of Eau Claire, Carl Russell Fish, of Madison, J. H. A. Lacher, of Waukesha, W. N. Parker, of Madison, A. H. Sanford, of La Crosse, and Captain H. A. Whipple, of Waterloo. No funds were appropriated for the Committee, but this lack was supplied by the State Historical Society, which placed at the Committee's disposal the resources of its organization.

It was very early decided by the Commission that instead of seeking to build up a single central collection at Madison it would bend its energies to procuring the upbuilding of county war history collections in each of the counties of the state. Under the capable and enthusiastic direction of Dr. J. W. Oliver, whose services were loaned by the Historical Society for the purpose, county war history committees were organized during the spring and summer in all but four or five counties of the state. The ideal held before these committees by the State Commission is the collection of all the records of the county's war activities. The foundation of the collection is to be a complete card index of all the sons (and daughters) of the county who enter upon military or other war service. To this end a comprehensive war service card was devised by the State Commission, in consultation with the Adjutant General's office. Whenever possible to do so, a photograph of the subject of the service card record will also be procured and filed for preservation. From this card index as a nucleus the collection is expected to spread to include files of all county newspapers, records of war loan, Red Cross, war garden, and all other organized local war activities, photographs of patriotic demonstrations, leave-takings of men called to service, and all other organized demonstrations of whatever character, letters written home by men in the service—in a word everything which can be made to serve as a matter of record concerning the county's war activities. Appropriate quarters for the collection are found either in the courthouse or in some centrally located public library, and the money needed for filing cases, printing, and other expenses is commonly provided by the county council of defense. The fullest possible degree of coöperation of editors, librarians, teachers, and other community workers and leaders is invited.

Such, briefly sketched, is the plan of operation put under way for the county war history collections. Its successful execution calls for the public spirited coöperation of hundreds

of individuals, none of whom (with the exception of a paid secretary in Milwaukee County) receive a penny of pay. In particular, through the coöperation of the State Department of Education the organized efforts of the tens of thousands of children in the common schools of the state is put at the disposal of the war history committees. In the nature of things the organization will not function ideally in every locality or in every respect. Enough has already been done, however, to reveal that in certain counties admirable work is being done, while a plan of procedure has been worked out which enables all counties to do as well, if they will, as the ideal adopted by the State Commission contemplates they shall do.

A WISCONSIN WAR MUSEUM

Thus a great work has been put under way at an expenditure of considerable energy but of an insignificant sum of money. The State Commission feels that, due allowance being made for the conditions under which all unpaid work must be conducted, the domestic records of our participation in the greatest war of world history are in a fair way to be comprehensively preserved; and it is confident that no such drive for historical records has ever before been made in Wisconsin—perhaps in any other state of the Union. One important aspect of the task committed to it by the State Council, however, still awaits execution. The Committee believes that, just as the materials for the county collections are being contemporaneously gathered, so the state should gather from the battlefields of Europe, and wherever else they are to be found, the materials for a great war museum at Madison. To the extent of its opportunities the Historical Society has been collecting these things since the beginning of the European war, but to do so on any adequate or comprehensive scale is beyond its resources. Only by sending a competent agent across the water, armed with funds and with the necessary authority from the federal government to visit the several military

fronts, to interveiw particularly our Wisconsin men, and to procure specimens of military supplies and equipment, can the object under discussion be realized. This will cost something, of course, but the pertinent consideration in this connection is whether the upbuilding of a great State War Museum is worth the money that must be expended upon it. We think this is so clear that it scarcely requires argument. Our people are pouring out their money like water, and our sons their blood with equal liberality, to the end that our liberty as a people and democracy as an institution shall not be trampled into the dust by the Prussian war lord. Never before, at least in this generation, have we set our hands to such a task—never have our hearts been so stirred by a common enterprise, our wills so animated by a common purpose. Memorials of some kind to perpetuate our endeavors and sacrifices we are bound to have, and money is bound to be spent upon them. Already designing individuals are hard at work seeking to capitalize this impulse of the people for their own selfish gain. Given adequate foresight, the memorials Wisconsin is to erect may be appropriate and useful reminders of our great struggle for democracy. Lacking such foresight, our money will be spent on memorials neither appropriate nor useful as was done in so many states following the Civil War. A great Wisconsin War Museum into which shall be gathered the visible reminders of the deeds of our sons in the war will serve at the same time as an inspiring memorial and a continual source, for all time to come, of patriotic inspiration and solid instruction. For a few thousand dollars expended now it can be had. Will the people of Wisconsin rise to the opportunity while yet there is time? We hope and believe they will. At the time of writing this account the matter has been presented to the State Council of Defense, which unanimously approved the project and voted to present it to the governor with the Council's commendation and support. Every reader of this report, who believes Wisconsin should possess a great war

museum may assist in bringing it into being by invoking the support of his local editor and his county's representatives in the state legislature for the project.

THE MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin is an association for cultural and patriotic development, founded by our forefathers in the days of Wisconsin's infancy. For two generations the state, as represented in the legislature, has supported the Society with ever-increasing liberality, until now its repute as a leader among American historical organizations far transcends the boundaries of the nation. From far and wide workers resort to its library, while its publications, found in scores of libraries throughout the land, constantly advertise to uncounted thousands the fame of Wisconsin and the pride her citizens take in the history of the commonwealth.

Notwithstanding this generous community support of the Society (perhaps *because* of it) comparatively few citizens of the state manifest a sense of individual concern for its welfare. Thus, notwithstanding its record of two generations of conspicuously creditable service, outside the city of Madison no one has ever added any appreciable sum to the permanent funds of the Society, and it is doubtful whether the total amount given for this purpose has averaged one thousand dollars a year during the period of the Society's existence. Again, with a prosperous population of two and a half million, only a few hundred Badger citizens maintain membership in the Historical Society—this despite the fact that the dues are notably modest and the publications issued to members excel in quantity and probably equal in quality the output of any similar organization in America. Many reasons contributory to this state of affairs might be found. Our present interest, however, lies in the contrary direction.

By the fact of membership itself our present members testify their belief that it is worth their while to belong to the Society. Since the Society's influence is spread by its members, the advantage to it of a larger body of supporters is obvious. With a view to further extending the membership, and therewith the influence, of the Society, at the recent annual meeting a special membership committee was appointed with Mr. J. H. A. Lacher of Waukesha, a veteran enthusiast in the local historical field, as chairman. This committee is now seeking to enlist the coöperation of the Society's members in a special drive for new members which it is prosecuting. We desire to urge upon our readers that they respond to this appeal. Pass along to your friends the information you have acquired that membership in the Historical Society is worth while. Read the standing invitation on the inside front cover of this Magazine and, having read it, commend it to the attention of those of your friends who are proud of Wisconsin and interested in her history. In this connection we take the liberty of quoting from a letter which came to hand a few hours since:

> A friend in Detroit has sent me the September, 1918 number of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. It is like a letter from home. From '45 to '67 Wisconsin was my home, ten years in Rock County, and ten years in Green Lake and Fond du Lac counties. I was especially interested in the article of Mrs. Lathrop E. Smith, having known her husband for nearly sixty years in Wisconsin and Iowa, and Stanley E. Lathrop at Beloit, and in Co. B, Fortieth Wisconsin. * * *
>
> Enclosed find four dollars for annual membership in your Society, for which please send me the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY beginning with the [first] number.

May the Magazine be made to serve as "a letter from home" to many another expatriated Badger.

THE QUESTION BOX

The Wisconsin Historical Library has long maintained a bureau of historical information for the benefit of those who care to avail themselves of the service it offers. In "The Question Box" will be printed from time to time such queries, with the answers made to them, as possess sufficient general interest to render their publication worth while.

NAVIGATION ON FOX RIVER AND LAKE WINNEBAGO

I have been very much interested in the early history of navigation on Lake Winnebago, the Wolf and Fox rivers, and have alreaedy started a record from information given me by my uncle, Captain Eb. Stevens, formerly of Oshkosh. I am writing you to ask if you have any records on the subject which you can loan me for a few days.

I am informed by one of the members of the Historical Society, Mr. Foster, of Appleton, that Captain Ed Neff had a very interesting article on the subject in an Appleton or Oshkosh newspaper about twenty-five years ago, and it may be that the Historical Society has a copy of that article.

JOHN STEVENS, JR.,
Appleton

There are many articles in the publications of the State Historical Society on the navigation of the Fox River and Lake Winnebago. I presume you have a set of these *Publications*. If not, they are supplied to the Appleton Public and Lawrence College libraries in your city. For what is contained in the *Collections* you should consult the index volume (number 21) under such captions as, Rivers: Fox; canoe voyages on, etc.; and Routes: Fox-Wisconsin. Among the more notable descriptions are those of Lockwood, Vol. II, 107-09; of Merrell, Vol. VII, 370-72; of Martin, Vol. XI, 395-96; of Mrs. Baird, Vol. XV, 225-31; and of Clermont, Vol. XV, 457.

In the volumes of *Proceedings* of the Society may be found the following as to articles which relate to the subject matter of your inquiry: "The Fox-Wisconsin Improvement" in the volume for

1899, pages 186-94; "Pioneers and Durham Boats on Fox River" in the volume for 1912, pages 180-270.

The History of Winnebago County (Chicago, 1908), edited by P. V. Lawson, contains several articles on the navigation of the Fox River. Longer descriptions which may be worth consulting are, Thomas L. McKenney, *Memoirs* (New York, 1846), 95-104; Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, *Wau Bun.*

We have a good deal of manuscript material on the Fox River improvement and other material on the early history of the Fox River valley. Should you find it practicable to pay a visit to Madison, we shall be glad to put it at your disposal.

NEGRO SLAVERY IN GRANT COUNTY

One of my former teachers is preparing a paper, to be read at the La Crosse Normal School next year, on the subject of "Slavery in Grant County." Can you help us out in this matter? Any suggestions or references on this subject will be very thankfully received.

T. EMERY BRAY, *Lancaster,*
Superintendent of Schools, Grant County

Your question concerning slavery in Grant County is a difficult one to answer; slaves were undoubtedly brought to Grant County, and kept there in servitude, but almost no printed record has been made of such episodes. The following suggestions are all we can offer without extended research.

The first operations in the Illinois-Wisconsin lead mining region under United States leases were conducted in 1822 by Colonel James Johnson, of Kentucky. He brought with him a few slaves to work the mines. Brief descriptions of these slaves may be found in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, VI, 280; XIII, 290-91; 331-33; XIV, 303. Johnson may have prospected some in the Wisconsin mining region, and probably had a personal servant with him. His operations were, however, short lived, and in all probability he took his slaves back with him to Kentucky.

Most of the southern families who settled in southwest Wisconsin brought personal or house servants with them. One of these was George Wallace Jones, whose father, John Rice Jones, was an advocate of extending slavery to Illinois. The younger Jones settled at Sinsinawa Mounds, and had a considerable establishment where

slaves were employed. See John C. Parish, *George Wallace Jones* (Iowa City, Iowa, 1912), 66. Jones was the first delegate to Congress from Wisconsin Territory, and was a well-known statesman of his time.

George W. Featherstonhaugh, an English geologist, journeyed through Wisconsin in 1837. In his book *A Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor* (London, 1847), II, 119, he speaks of seeing a negro, presumably a slave, at English Prairie, on Wisconsin River at a lead smelter's named Stevenson (probably Charles L. Stephenson, later receiver of the land office at Mineral Point).

One of the southern families in southwest Wisconsin was that of the Gratiots. Henry Gratiot is said to have settled in Wisconsin because of his opposition to the system of slavery (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, X, 244). Such scruples did not animate all southern settlers in Wisconsin, however. John H. Rountree of Platteville was a Virginian and his first wife was a Miss Mitchell from the same state. Her family was prominent among the pioneers of Methodism in Wisconsin, and she had three brothers, John, James, and Frank Mitchell who were itinerant Methodist ministers. Of one of these the following account is given in A. W. Kellogg, *A Brief Historical Sketch of the First Methodist Church of Milwaukee* (Milwaukee, 1904), 8.

"In 1844, seventeen years before the secession in the nation, the Church was split in two on this question and there was no power of armed coercion to prevent. James Mitchell's wife's father, a slaveholder in Virginia, had made his daughter a wedding present of two slave girls, family servants in the home, and they followed the Mitchell family fortunes to the free territory of Illinois and Wisconsin. As the times grew hot and the lines tightly drawn, Conference called him to account for permitting his wife to hold her servants and refusing to emancipate them, and at one session, after a hot controversy, suspended him, and at the next, I think, expelled him, or he withdrew and joined the Church South in Arkansas. The last I heard of him he was a colonel in the rebel army in Missouri, whose soldiers, having made prisoner a Unionist, son of Father Ebenezer Washburn, one of the pioneer heroes of New York and New England Methodism, whom Mitchell had known in Wisconsin, he used his

power to free the son. 'One touch of kindly nature makes the whole world kin,' and we forget his foibles for the grand man we first knew."

ELEAZER WILLIAMS AND THE ROMANCE OF THE LOST DAUPHIN

In volume six of the *Collections* of your Society in a paper read March 10, 1870, by Mr. John Smith, it is stated that the Eleazer Williams-Dauphin Claim was based entirely upon a romance written for its author's own amusement, by a Col. H. E. Eastman, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The object of this letter is to ask if a copy of that romance is among the papers filed in your Society's *Collections*, or, if not, where a copy can be procured or inspected.

APPLETON MORGAN,
New York City

I regret that we are not able to find a copy of Colonel Eastman's romance which is said to have inspired Eleazer Williams to assume the rôle of the lost Dauphin, nor do we know where you would be able to find a copy. We have none in our reference library, nor in manuscript form, in our manuscript collection. Application might be made to the descendants or representatives of Colonel Eastman.

The Society is in possession of the private papers of Eleazer Williams which consist of his letters, diary, notes, sermons, Indian vocabularies, and other Indian manuscripts. Filed with these papers are General A. G. Ellis' recollections of Williams and a letter from Henry S. Baird enclosing Williams' application for admission into the Masonic Lodge at Green Bay. General Ellis and Mr. Baird are quoted by John Y. Smith in his article in *Wisconsin Historical Collections* VI, 308-42.

EARLY DAYS AT FORT MADISON, IOWA

During my three and a half years' absence from home I naturally got 'way behind in reading the publications of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and am only now getting caught up. In the *Proceedings* for 1912, page 144 in the paper on "The Capture of Mackinac in 1812" by Louise Phelps Kellogg, it is stated that the attack on Fort Madison was repulsed, and the impression is left that the Indians were not successful. My understanding of the case is that the garrison only held out for a short time and then escaped at night through a tunnel from fort to river—a very short distance, as the fort stood on the bank of the river—to their boats,

after the Indians had set fire to part of the fort. I am particularly interested in this matter from the fact that the next occupant of that site was my grandfather, General John Holly Knapp. He first saw the site in 1830 and returning in 1832 and finding it unoccupied, and learning that Augustus Horton had made some kind of a "claim" to the land, he hunted up Horton, who was living on the big island about six miles down the river, and who had not occupied his "claim," and General Knapp bought Horton's claim—such as it was—and built a house on the fort site in 1832, and thus became the first settler of Fort Madison. In 1835 he built a large building for residence and hotel—The Madison House—utilizing one of the five stone chimneys that remained standing from the old fort for a chimney for his house; also using the old fort well for his well, and the well was still in use when I last visited there in 1908 for the centennial of the building of the fort. The enclosed postcard will be of interest in this connection. My grandfather took some part in the Black Hawk War but just what I do not know, except that he was in attendance at the treaty at Rock Island and there met Black Hawk and evidently much impressed the Chief, for he soon became the General's near neighbor (living only a few miles away) and being a frequent visitor at the General's house; there my father became acquainted with him and his son, Nahseuskuk (a boy of about my father's age), from whom he learned the Sauk and Fox language as they played together, and listened to Black Hawk tell them of wars and sports and how to trap, etc.

The head chief of the Sauk and Foxes—Keokuk—also used to visit General Knapp there. I am also interested in this matter because I was born at Fort Madison though not on the fort site. The General had left his family at Blossburgh, Pa., when he came West, and did not send for them until he had a place ready for them in 1835, and they arrived at Fort Madison October 9, 1835. My father, John H. Knapp (same name as his father and now borne by the General's great-grandson, who is in an officers' training camp getting ready for the present war)—writes in his diary under date of October 31, 1848: "Thirteen years ago the 9th day of this month I for the first time set foot on the west bank of the "Father of Waters" & took up my residence in Fort Madison then containing but about four log cabins three of which were tenanted. Indians then made it a favored place of resort & encampment & a great many were that day to be seen passing in canoes. I saw my father again after about two years' separation & so many new things were seen by me in that year as to mark it indelibly on my memory."

The house in Fort Madison in which Lieut. R. E. Lee lived for a time while stationed at Montrose (a few miles below) was still standing in 1908 and no doubt is now, as it was of brick. Father knew Lee in those days—between 1835 and 1840, I suppose. I wonder whether some history or life of Lee would tell what years he was at Montrose—and how he could have his residence in Fort Madison. I just notice that on the postcard it says Lee and Davis were officers in this Fort. I wonder whether that is true; it was of course much later than 1812 that Lee was at Montrose and lived in Fort Madison.

When I began this letter I only intended to ask about the "repulse" at Fort Madison, but have wandered along much further.

HENRY E. KNAPP
Menomonie

With reference to the inquiry concerning Miss Kellogg's article on the capture of Mackinac, the point you question is correctly stated in the article, since it has reference to events of 1812. It was not until September, 1813, that the garrison was obliged to escape from the Fort in the manner you describe.

If you will look at footnote 34 on page 383 of volume 19 of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, you will find a brief account of the several sieges of Fort Madison. What you say about its later history and your personal connection therewith is very interesting. We are curious to know how your grandfather gained the title of general. If there is a worthwhile story involved here, we would be glad to have you send it to us.

With reference to your other inquiries, it is not true, as stated in the postcard, that Jefferson Davis was ever stationed at Fort Madison. Davis came to Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien) in the latter part of 1828, and spent the next five years, approximately, either there or at Fort Winnebago. During this period he was sometimes sent on detached duty (for example, you are familiar with the stories of his coming to your vicinity in quest of logs), but I think there is no scrap of evidence to show that he was ever stationed at Fort Madison, and plenty to render it reasonably certain that he never could have been located there.

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

Five new members have been received into the Society during the quarter ending September 30. Of these Ralph Percy Perry has taken a life membership. The new annual members are: B. J. Husting, Mayville; Charles H. Metzger, Prairie du Chien; Nettie Sylvester Wright, Monroe; and Marion Wilson, Milwaukee. During the same period two deaths were reported. Henry D. Ryan, of Appleton, died July 13 and Rev. John T. Durward, of Baraboo, died September 13.

On September 3, 1918 the first aerial postal matter ever delivered in Wisconsin was brought to Madison from Minneapolis in the form of a letter from President Brooks of the Aero Club of Minneapolis to Mr. W. A. Devine, postmaster of Madison. This interesting memorial of the first beginning, for Wisconsin, of a work which is destined to assume vast importance in the near future has been presented by Mr. Devine to the State Historical Library for permanent preservation.

Frederic L. Paxson, curator of the State Historical Society and professor of American History in the University of Wisconsin has been appointed chief of the Economic Mobilization Section in the historical branch of the War Plans Division of the General Staff of the army, with the rank of major. It is understood that Major Paxson will have charge of the work of the General Staff in the field of economic studies and investigations.

Dr. John W. Oliver, a member since September, 1917, of the research staff of the State Historical Society, resigned August 1 to enter the military service. During the year spent in Madison Dr. Oliver was chiefly engaged in editing a volume of the governor's Civil War correspondence for publication by the Society and in directing the work of the Wisconsin War History Commission.

Mrs. Sarah Bunn, widow of Judge Romanzo Bunn died suddenly at her home in Madison, September 17, 1918. Mrs. Bunn came with her husband to Wisconsin in 1854. Judge Bunn was for many years a curator of the State Historical Society.

Professor Carl Russell Fish, curator of the State Historical Society and professor of history in the University of Wisconsin, has gone to London for a year's work in the University Union, a

club home maintained for the benefit of members of American universities who are in the military service of the government.

Professor Rasmus B. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage July 21, at their home in Madison. Professor Anderson, journalist and writer, has been prominent in Scandinavian activities in this country and was formerly minister to Denmark. To him belongs the distinction of having held the first professorship in Scandinavian languages in the United States. He has long been keenly interested in the work of the State Historical Society, and has been for about thirty years a member of its board of curators.

The golden wedding anniversary of Hon. and Mrs. John Luchsinger, of Monroe, was appropriately celebrated August 12. Mr. Luchsinger came to America from Switzerland in 1845. He has been for many years a curator and vice president of the State Historical Society, and actively interested in the history of Wisconsin. Perhaps his most notable scholarly contribution has been the history of Wisconsin's Swiss settlement, ably written by Mr. Luchsinger for the Society's *Collections* many years since.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, famous preacher, author, civic leader, and founder of the Abraham Lincoln Social Center at Chicago, died at his summer home in Tower Hill, September 12, at the age of seventy-four years. Dr. Jones was born in Wales but was brought to this country as a child and spent the early years of his boyhood on the home farms near Oconomowoc and Spring Green. In 1863 he enlisted in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery and served to the end of the war. The story of these days in the service, *An Artilleryman's Diary*, was published by the Wisconsin History Commission with a most interesting "author's preface" a few years ago. Dr. Jones received his training for the ministry at Meadville Theological Seminary. In 1910 he was granted the honorary degree of doctor of laws by the University of Wisconsin.

Louis Falge, M.D., of Manitowoc, prominent in his section of the state as a physician, educator, archeologist, and historian, died there after a several months' illness, on Sunday, August 4.

Dr. Falge was a native of Bohemia, who came with his parents to America as a child in 1869. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1884, and from Rush Medical College in 1887. Thereafter, until his death he served his adopted state as a busy physician and useful citizen, at Cato and Reedsville until 1907, at

Manitowoc since that date. During all these years Dr. Falge manifested an active interest in the history and archeology of his region. He is the editor of a history of Manitowoc County, published in 1912, and author of "Indian Remains in Manitowoc County," which comprises the contents of the December, 1915, issue of the Wisconsin *Archeologist.* The erection of the monument to Chief Waumegesako (The Wampum) at Manitowoc Rapids was chiefly due to his inspiration.

Dr. Falge came several times to Madison to pursue investigations in the Historical Library, and a number of specimens in the Museum were contributed by him. An active friend of public education, himself a busy scholar, the state of Wisconsin has lost, by his death, a valuable citizen, the Historical and the Archeological societies a faithful friend and coworker.

Three quarters of a century ago there came to make his home at Mineral Point, in the heart of Wisconsin's lead mine region, a cultivated New Englander, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and to the end of his life a man of highest scholarly tastes. Cyrus Woodman, the immigrant in question, pursued his business calling so vigorously that before many years he was enabled to withdraw from active business and the somewhat primitive surroundings of the lead mine region for a prolonged sojourn in Europe. A quiet, unassuming man, he obeyed literally the biblical injunction with respect to keeping the one hand in ignorance of the doings of the other. He died at Cambridge, Massachusetts (his home during the latter portion of his life) in 1889. About three years ago his lifetime accumulation of papers, carefully arranged and preserved by Mr. Woodman, were given by the children to the State Historical Society. They fill some two hundred bound volumes, and constitute one of the important collections in the manuscript division of the Library. Only when privileged to peruse them several decades after the events with which they deal, have we become aware of many of the good deeds of Mr. Woodman. Among others, he was probably the first man (at any rate among the first) to cherish the idea of a state historical society for Wisconsin. And for years before it assumed more tangible form than that of an aspiration cherished in his brain he was vigorously engaged in collecting newspaper files and other material for its library.

Among the children born to Mr. Woodman during the period of his residence at Mineral Point was a son, Frank. Here he passed the period of childhood and early youth until the time when his father removed from Wisconsin. After securing a thorough education along both cultural and technical lines, Frank Woodman set-

tled in 1874 as a civil engineer at Charleston, West Virginia, where he continued to reside until his death in July, 1918. Quiet and retiring, as his father had been before him, he resembled his father also in his love of learning and in his habit of performing good works without permitting the public gaze to fall upon them. Notwithstanding, he has made a permanent mark upon the life of his home city. From an editorial in the local paper written at the time of his death we take the following:

"One cannot but associate Frank Woodman with the pen and real pictures of the New England gentleman. A generation ago he probably would have reminded us of Lowell, and only the shifting of fashions in attire drew the line of demarcation. He always had the New England mind, the broad understanding, the kindly philosophy which came from his Massachusetts forebears and which had been modified by his long contact with life and its realities.

"Mr. Woodman for so many years was a part and parcel of the civic and social life of the city that a biography of him would be to some extent a history of the city. He was less ostentatious than some city builders, but he simply employed his own means to attain the end. Mr. Woodman was a Christian gentleman in every meaning of the noun and its qualifying adjective. It is really a life's accomplishment to be this."

Wisconsin was truly fortunate in numbering, for a period of years, Cyrus Woodman among her citizens. Fortunate was Charleston when Frank Woodman chose it as the city of his future residence.

Eli Thompson, who died at Sturgeon Bay August 14, 1918, enjoyed the distinction of having been the oldest living settler in that vicinity. He came to Sturgeon Bay as a child with his parents in 1850, his father being reputed the first permanent settler there. Mr. Thompson was a member of the Fifteenth Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War.

Among the valuable relics that have recently been added to the Wisconsin Historical Museum is an old surveyor's instrument—tripod and solar compass—used by Col. John G. Clark, of the Fiftieth Wisconsin Regiment, who died in Lancaster, November 2, 1917. Colonel Clark was in his early life a government surveyor, and followed surveying parties through Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. He assisted in locating a part of the boundary line between Missouri and Iowa in 1852, and the old instrument that he carried with him during many busy years is now permanently housed among the state relics. Also an old slop-brick mold, and an old stethoscope, one of the first used in southern Wisconsin, were donated to the

Society by Colonel Clark's children, William H. Clark, of Oklahoma City, and Mrs. Alice (Clark) Tiel, of Sacramento, California.

Regimental colors of the Third Infantry, Wisconsin National Guards, now the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry, Sixty-fourth Brigade, Thirty-second Division, very much tattered and faded, have been returned from the French battle front and now are on exhibition in the State Historical Museum. The regiment is composed of companies from Neillsville, La Crosse, Hudson, Mauston, Eau Claire, Portage, Wausau, Menomonie, Superior, Tomah, and Sparta. Col. John Turner was in command when the regiment left the state for Camp MacArthur, Texas. The flag was placed in the Society's keeping by Adjutant General Holway by whom it was received in July, 1918, from Postmaster, A. P. O., France.

James M. Comstock, whose death occurred recently at Spokane, Washington, enlisted as a second lieutenant in the First Wisconsin Cavalry at Summit, Waukesha County, in December, 1861, and was mustered out with the rank of captain in 1864. In 1889 Mr. Comstock settled at Spokane where in course of time he won success and fortune, building up the largest mercantile establishment in the city. He had served as mayor of Spokane and as commander of the local G. A. R. post. A sister, Mrs. Carlos Westover, resides in Madison.

A year or more ago elaborate plans were laid for the celebration in Milwaukee in September, 1918, of the centennial of the coming of Solomon Juneau to the lake city. Due to the exigencies of the world war these plans were largely abandoned; nevertheless, public memorial ceremonies were held, and the press of the city gave much space to the centennial. About fifty descendants of the pioneer gathered to participate in the ceremonies held in his honor.

Four signboards marking spots of historic interest along the De Pere-Green Bay concrete highway have recently been erected by the Green Bay Historical Society. One in front of the Country Club directs the tourist to the site of the first frame house built in Wisconsin—the Indian Agency of 1824. Just north of the reformatory one may read: "First Court House and Jail of Northwest Territory Stood Near This Spot—The Settlement was Named Munnomonee, Generally Known As Shantytown." As one proceeds northward a third sign guides the way to "Camp Smith, 1820-22, located on Ridge East." The last one points out the "Old Post Road, Green Bay to Milwaukee, opened in 1830."

An interesting feature of the program of the Wisconsin Commercial Educators' Association, which met in Milwaukee July 1 and 2, was the pilgrimage made to Forest Home Cemetery, where a simple marker locates the grave of Christopher Latham Sholes, inventor of the typewriter. The delegates manifested great interest in the nation-wide campaign the National Shorthand Reporters' Association is now carrying on to raise a fund for a monument to the memory of this former Wisconsin editor and legislator.

Rev. John T. Durward, a member of the State Historical Society, died September 9, at his home in Baraboo, at the age of seventy-one. During his priesthood here, one of the finest rural churches in the state was erected. Father Durward was a lover of literature and himself a busy writer. Among the books he wrote are: *Primer for Converts, Sonnets of the Holy Land, Building of a Church, Casket of Joys, Holy Writ and Holy Land,* and the *Life* and *Poems of B. I. Durward.*

The twenty-fourth meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society was held at Pewaukee September 7, 1918. The two principal papers on the program were: "Boyhood Memories of the Civil War Period," by H. M. Youmans and "Early Days in Pewaukee," by Mrs. Ola Anderson.

Over 1000 people gathered on the grounds of the Old Settlers' Club at Paddock's Lake, August 29, to pay tribute to the memory of the pioneer settlers of Kenosha County. Besides the customary program of reminiscencing, sports, and dancing, a large collection of pictures of men and women who were active in the upbuilding of this section of the country was on display. The principal feature of the literary program was an address on the achievements of the pioneers by Professor O. L. Trenary, of Kenosha.

The Old Settlers of Superior, Duluth, Cloquet, West Duluth, Tower, Ely, and Ashland picnicked at Lester Park, Superior, August 7. Ray Hughes, of Duluth, gave a patriotic address that is reported to have made his hearers feel "like starting right out after the kaiser."

The diamond jubilee of the Lutheran Church at Norway, Racine County, was celebrated September 13 and 14. Besides brief sketches of the history of the congregation by former pastors, addresses were given by Dr. H. G. Stub and J. N. Kildahl, president and vice president of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, and by

J. Nordby, L. Harrisville, and L. L. Masted, prominent clergymen of the eastern district.

The golden jubilee of St. Patrick's Church at Maple Grove was celebrated with appropriate exercises August 20 and 21.

St. Paul's Methodist congregation at Green Bay is planning to observe in April, 1919, the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. In 1869 thirty members organized the First Methodist Church at Fort Howard, but when the city was merged with Green Bay, First Church at Fort Howard gave precedence to that at Green Bay and took its present name.

St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Fond du Lac observed its sixtieth anniversary, Sunday, August 11. Since the time of its removal from temporary quarters in the courthouse in 1860, the congregation has occupied the site at the corner of Second and Marr streets purchased at that time for the sum of seventy dollars. The Fond du Lac *Reporter* of the following day gives an interesting account of the church's history to date.

For the first time in fifty years Principal M. H. Cooke, Milwaukee's veteran educator, was absent on the first day of school. Physically weakened by an operation which he underwent in April, he was granted a leave of absence until December. During his half century of service in Milwaukee, Mr. Cooke had no small part in the early training of many of its prominent citizens.

Captain James H. O'Donnell, Milwaukee's oldest fireman in point of service, died July 3. He had served in the fire department forty-two years and had figured prominently in the Newhall House fire, the Davidson Theater fire, and other noted Milwaukee fire disasters. Prior to his final illness he is said never to have lost a day's service through sickness.

L. B. Caswell, Ft. Atkinson patriarch, lawyer, and former state legislator and congressman is beginning his sixty-fifth term on the school board of his home city. Coming to Wisconsin from Vermont in 1836, his people spent the winter with Solomon Juneau in Milwaukee, and in the spring settled at the southern end of Lake Koshkonong. Their home was on the trail to Madison and among his wealth of stories of pioneer experiences is one of ferrying men over the river on their way to obtain work on Wisconsin's first capitol.

A proposed bridge from Prairie du Chien to Nelson Dewey Park threatens the future popularity of the historic landmark that has spanned the Wisconsin River at Bridgeport for some seventy years. Says the La Crosse *Tribune* of July 9: "There is more history clinging to the Bridgeport Crossing than any other in the state or probably in the Mississippi Valley. Way back in the thirties when a military road was put through from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien for the use of United States troops and to haul supplies to Fort Crawford, a pole ferry was established at Bridgeport Crossing. The military road became the highway for fur traders and their wealth of pelts from Prairie du Chien and other up-river posts and later the great tide of immigration into western Wisconsin and northern Iowa flowed over it. . . . In 1854 by act of legislature a covered wooden bridge at a cost of $30,000 was built to take the place of the ferry. Then a couple of years later, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad reached Bridgeport and boom days followed for the crossing. . . . Even after railroads became plentiful the bridge was much used by Grant County farmers and continued an important thoroughfare. Within the last few years motor touring has added a new sphere of activity to the old tunnel bridge and the half dollars during the touring season pour into the tollman's pocket almost as fast as in 'the good old days.'"

On September 2, 1918, an historical pilgrimage to the site of Fort Winnebago was conducted under the joint auspices of the State Historical Society, the Archeological Society, and the Sauk County Historical Society. The weather was ideal and a fair audience gathered for the occasion, people coming from Reedsburg, Baraboo, Madison, Fort Atkinson, and other points. Aside from the tour over the fort site, and to other places of interest in the vicinity, the principal event of the day was the address of Rev. William Dawson on "The Historical Significance of the Portage." To Mr. H. E. Cole, of Baraboo, credit for the success of the pleasant gathering is chiefly due. An attractively illustrated program for the occasion was presented by Mr. O. D. Brandenburg, of Madison. From it we reprint the following résumé of the historical associations of the portage, prepared by Miss Kellogg of the State Historical Library:

THE FOX-WISCONSIN PORTAGE

This portage has been known to Wisconsin Indians since prehistoric times. The Chippewa called it O-ning-ah-ming; the Winnebago, Wah-wah-on-dah, or the "place where they carry the canoe on the shoulder." French traders probably visited the site by the

middle of the seventeenth century. The first recorded voyage is that of the explorers Jolliet and Marquette, who traversed the crossing between the two rivers in mid-June, 1673. The first explorers to come from the West were Duluth and Hennepin, who ascended the Wisconsin and transferred to the Fox in October, 1680. Hennepin reports that they cut crosses in the trees in token of their presence. Nicolas Perrot, the Baron Lahontan, Charles Pierre Le Sueur were some of the famous travelers who describe the portage in the late seventeenth century.

The Fox wars of the early eighteenth century hindered transportation by the Fox-Wisconsin route. In August, 1727, an expedition passed the portage on its way to build a French post on the upper Mississippi. Thereafter many voyageurs and missionaries transported their effects over this narrow isthmus to and from the country of the Sioux. In 1760 the last French garrison of Mackinac retreated to the Illinois country via the Fox-Wisconsin portage.

During the British régime Jonathan Carver was an early visitor (1766) at the portage where he found Pinnashon, French deserter from the Illinois garrison, acting as transporting agent. Peter Pond in 1774 found the same person portaging effects. Pinnashon was thus the first white settler at the portage. This place was a rendezvous for Indian forces during the American revolution. The expedition against St. Louis in May, 1780, gathered here; and here Long passed, later in the same year, to rescue the traders' furs at Prairie du Chien. By 1793 Laurent Barth had settled at the portage to transport with ox-teams the increasing number of fur traders.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Decorah family of Winnebago chiefs removed to this neighborhood, and about the same time Jean B. L'Ecuyer became transporting agent. In 1801-2 Augustin Grignon first wintered as a fur trader at this site. In 1810 the overland division of the Astorian expedition to the Pacific coast went westward by way of the portage.

During the war of 1812 Robert Dickson, British Indian agent, collected his savage allies at the portage; and the expedition of 1814 passed thither on its way to drive the Americans from Prairie du Chien. By this route the British forces retreated in May, 1815, after the peace of Ghent. With the advent in 1816 of American military detachments, troops passed frequently from Fort Howard at Green Bay to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. In 1827 occurred at this place the dramatic surrender of the Winnebago chief Red Bird.

In 1828 the portage became a military post, when Major David E. Twiggs erected Fort Winnebago. This post was garrisoned until 1845. The military reservation was sold in 1853. During and after

the Black Hawk war of 1832 Fort Winnebago was a useful outpost, and served as a check upon the hostile tribesmen, who in 1840 were rounded up at Fort Winnebago to be transported from Wisconsin.

November, 1849, the town of Fort Winnebago was platted, and in 1851 became the county seat. In 1854 the village was incorporated as the city of Portage. A canal connecting the two rivers was begun in 1838 but not completed until 1876. The first railroad entered Portage in 1857.

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS

An English Settler in Pioneer Wisconsin—The Letters of Edwin Bottomley, 1842-1850. Quaife, Milo M. (editor). Publications of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, *Collections*, Vol. XXV. Published by the Society, Madison, 1918. 250 pp.

Edwin Bottomley, son of an English mill-manager and himself a pattern-maker, emigrated in 1842 with wife and five children to Racine County, Wisconsin. Here he settled on a tract of land, made a home for himself and his family, and took a worthy part in the humble affairs of a frontier community. The letters published in this volume were written to the father, Captain Thomas Bottomley, and cover the period from the beginning of the voyage in May, 1842, to the fall of 1850 when typhoid fever brought the son's career to a close.

The motive of Bottomley in undertaking life in the new country was to acquire a home for old age and, especially, to make provision for his children. It is significant of the outlook of ordinary folk in the England of that time that a man like Bottomley, who had fairly good employment and a comfortable situation, should have felt impelled to leave friends and relatives and face the privation of an unaccustomed life far away, in order to provide for the future. The letters reveal that he was never sorry for his choice, even though there were in the new situation many trials and disappointments. He always felt that his loved ones were secure at least of enough to eat, and he writes commiseratingly concerning those who in the Old World at times during the forties suffered from famine.

The new life in Wisconsin, rough and strange as it was in many respects, laid soon its spell upon the Englishman. In this country, "we have no Police men nor Poor Law commisioners nor are we troubled much with tax gatherers. * * * . our officers such as magistrates, Balif, &c are all working men and stand on equal ground with ourself." (p. 57) He appreciated also that there seemed to be "a general disposition manifested by the Americans to go hand in hand with foreigners and allow them to join in the

govern[ment] of town and state." (p.194) The most considerable activity of Bottomley in community affairs was the part which he took in the building of a church which was largely financed by funds furnished through his influence from the old neighborhood in England. Aspirations for more land also helped to tie him to the new environment, and he went heavily in debt for 340 acres additional to his first holding.

As a farmer, however, it is difficult to see that Bottomley was much of a success. Though considerable portions of his ground were free from timber, he nevertheless broke it out but slowly and never got into cultivation more than about twenty-five acres. From the first he had to employ a hired man for helping to farm little patches which would have been regarded by an American pioneer as hardly furnishing employment to one able-bodied man. He had practically no comprehension of the improvements in agricultural machinery and in agricultural practice which were being agitated widely. His livestock, his will reveals, was inferior. In fact, his farming operations were of the amateurish sort that one could expect from an English factory operative.

There are, however, some interesting data concerning agriculture in the letters. In his first "Account of Expenditure," the fare from New York to Milwaukee is put down at $120, the price of his eighty acres of land at $100. His stove cost him $29.20, and a cow and calf $15. A barrel of the best flour cost, in 1843, $3.50, good beef was three cents per pound and pork from two to six. We have here frontier prices uninfluenced yet by the rise due to California gold. It was in part because of these low prices that Bottomley had to have frequently considerable financial help from the sturdy old father in England and at his death left his estate so involved as to necessitate recourse to the same source. Again we see the difference between this English settler and the ordinary American; few of the latter, we dare say, had relatives on whom they could draw for substantial sums.

The main value of the book lies, as the editor has indicated in his interesting introduction, in the fact that Bottomley represented in his experiences the typical English immigrant to this country, and that these experiences are put before us in gripping form. The spelling and punctuation of the letters are such as the average eighth-grade child of today would be reprimanded for using; but there is literary charm in the ease and clarity of expression, the power of vivid description (as, for example, the account of a fire on the frontier, p. 35) and the artless setting forth of the commonplace affairs of everyday life. The reader, indeed, seems to be a member of the family. So realistic is the portrayal of the scenes, so engrossing the

interest of the book, that one comes with a sense of shock to the end as the lively narrative is brought to a close by the death of the narrator.

There can be no question from the reviewer's point of view that this volume occupies a somewhat unique place in the literature of frontier history and that its publication is well worth while. The editing is particularly commendable because of the omission of the obtrusive footnotes which not unusually are indulged in in such work, and for giving us the letters as they are, simple and sincere.

WILLARD J. TRIMBLE,
North Dakota Agricultural College,
Fargo, North Dakota.

One of the outstanding facts which chiefly differentiates the modern library from its forbear of a generation or more ago consists in the careful classifying and card cataloguing of its contents with a view to rendering them easily accessible to patrons of the library. The newspaper collection of the Wisconsin Historical Library takes prominent rank among the similar collections of the country. In order that its contents might be instantly available to students the Society in 1898 issued an *Annotated Catalogue of Newspaper Files* in the Library. This first work was a pathbreaker in the field of American bibliography. Since its publication, however, a number of institutions have followed the example thus set by the Wisconsin Historical Society, and several notable newspaper catalogues or checklists are now in print. By 1911, the growth of this Society's newspaper collection seemed to render advisable the publication of a second *Annotated Catalogue*, a volume, this time, of almost 600 pages. Unique in certain respects, this catalogue still remains one of the two or three most important publications of its kind in existence. To bring forward to the present time the catalogue of our newspaper collection the Society has now issued a *Supplementary Catalogue of Newspaper Files*, listing the papers acquired from 1911 to the close of the year 1917. Although unannotated, a book of 89 pages is required merely to list the acquisitions of these years. As the title indicates, the new work is designed to be used in conjunction with the catalogue of 1911, the two taken together showing the entire contents of the Newspaper Division of the Library down to the first of January, 1918. To convey a definite idea of the size of a newspaper collection is extremely difficult, since there is no generally accepted unit of measurement. Perhaps the simplest way of approximating the matter is to say that the Wisconsin collection numbers upwards of 26,000 bound volumes. If our newspapers were bound as are those of a sister historical library, the number of separate volumes would easily exceed 100,000.

The compilation of a *History of Wisconsin Methodism,* the first official work of the kind ever written, was voted at the recent Wisconsin Conference. Reverend George W. White, of Beloit, assisted by an advisory committee, was commissioned to the task. Reverend White has written a history of his local church and also one of the Byron Camp Meeting. The latter, which was read at Conference, received such favorable comment that a history of the larger field was suggested with the same author as the historian. The book is to appear in 1920.

In the September 7 issue of the Plymouth *Reporter* H. C. Bade, veteran fireman, tells the story of the Fire Company of that town in commemoration of its organization, fifty years ago.

"Token Creek Village" is the title of an article by M. P. Wheeler, an early settler, in the Madison *Democrat* for September 15. The writer supposes the name of the village to have originated from the finding of an Indian totem and that this incident with the name transformed to the word "token," is commemorated in the name given to the village and the creek.

"Parental Stories of Pioneer Times," the first series of Lieutenant B. J. Cigrand's contributions to the Port Washington *Star,* closed, August 24, with its one hundred nineteenth chapter. The same paper is now publishing a new series by the same writer, entitled, "Living Former Ozaukeeans."

A reprint of "The Discovery of Wisconsin," a chapter from Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Stories of the Badger State,* appeared in the Darlington *Democrat* for August 1 and 8.

"Recollections of the Indian Days" which appear in serial form in the Baraboo *Republic* for July 11 are interesting reminiscences of M. H. Mould put into print at the request of the Sauk County Historical Society.

"A Late Chapter About the Lost Dauphin and a Bit of Romantic History of the Green Bay Region" is the interesting story that O. D. Brandenburg brought back from a visit to the Menominee squaw reared by the widow of Eleazer Williams, the "lost dauphin." The article, which appears in the Madison *Democrat* of August 4, refutes any relationship between Williams and Louis XVI.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The public printer has issued the *Journals* of the special session of the legislature, held from February 19 to March 9, 1918. This session was called by the governor to make appropriations for extraordinary military expenditures, to arrange for the soldiers' vote, and to authorize the executive to appoint some person to fill the remainder of the term of United States Senator Paul O. Husting, deceased. These with a few minor matters constituted the message of the governor to the assembled legislature. The debates on these questions are interesting, and particularly those in the *Appendix* incidental to a loyalty resolution, to which an amendment was passed condemning the conduct of Senator Robert M. La Follette. The full text of the speeches is given.

From the office of the Secretary of State is issued a ***Roster*** of Selective Service of the Wisconsin Draft Administration. This comprises lists with names and addresses of the local boards, of the district boards, and of the medical and legal advisory boards—all serving without salary at the government's call.

A pamphlet of *Songs* for the Wisconsin Student Army has been issued as the first pamphlet of the Student Army Training Corps. The part that music plays in the morale of the army has been recognized since its enrollment. Every large camp has its music master, and the S. A. T. C. will be true to the traditions of the student armies of the past by giving a rousing welcome to this pamphlet.

The University of Wisconsin has printed as a special bulletin the Commencement address of President Charles R. Van Hise on *The War Problem of the United States.* Since its inception President Van Hise has been in close touch with the federal authorities and his presentation of the demands of the war is both comprehensive and suggestive, and is remarkable for breadth of vision, and for grasp of the possibilities for service.

Opinions of the Attorney-General of Wisconsin for the year 1917, when Judge Walter C. Owen occupied that office, makes a substantial volume. Reference to the index reveals that the greater number of opinions were asked for on the following subjects: bridges and highways, education, insurance, military service, mothers' pensions, public health, and registered nurses.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction has issued two bulletins, one a supplementary *Price List* of school textbooks; the other by W. H. Theisen is entitled *Studies in Educational Measure-*

ments, which is a report on the use of some standard tests in Wisconsin schools. Since the personnel departments of the army and of many large commercial houses are applying psychological tests, it is well that those in use in the schools should be carefully standardized.

The Board of Regents of Normal Schools has issued a yearly catalogue of all the seven institutions under its care; several of the schools present individual catalogues, while the School of Physical Education connected with the La Crosse Normal, and the Wisconsin Mining School at Platteville issue illustrated descriptions of their courses that show the latest and most approved methods in these vocational schools.

A number of publications have been sent out by different publicity agencies of the University. Among these are two doctoral dissertations as follows: Bulletin No. 923 in the Economic and Political Science series is a study of *Fair Value—Economic and Legal Principles* by Haskell Bryan Whaling. Although theoretical in treatment, this scientific study will be welcomed by those who desire that these principles should be settled on the basis of justice and human interest.

Immunity of Private Property from Capture at Sea by Harold Scott Quigley is a timely discussion of the principles of international law applied to commerce.

In the High School series two pamphlets have been prepared and issued both with a pedagogical intent. They are none the less of much general interest. The first, prepared by F. D. Crawshaw and W. H. Varnum of the University faculty, is entitled *Standards in Manual Arts, Drawing, and Design.* In a substantial pamphlet of sixty-two pages these arts are considered from the æsthetic and industrial point of view, in addition to the purely pedagogical. Suggestions are made for work in all the school grades, the illustrations are numerous, and there is an especially good bibliography of the entire subject. Complementary to this is Bulletin 944 issued by the Extension Division entitled *Manual Arts as Vocations.* It relates especially to the building and metal-working trades, printing, designing, architecture, and landscape gardening.

The second High School bulletin by Professor Barry Cerf is *A Four Years Course in French for High Schools.* Since the great demand for instruction in this language has rendered the supply of

competent teachers too few to meet the demand, this careful discussion of the aims, the means, and the results to be obtained in high school courses is very timely.

The Extension Division also issues in addition to Bulletin 945, which gives general information on *Correspondence Study,* and outlines its plan, scope, method, system, expense, and credit, a serious study by Professor John L. Gillin on *Some Aspects of Feeble-Mindedness in Wisconsin.* Professor Gillin begins by a definition and classification of these defectives into idiots, imbeciles, and morons, and shows the menace of feeble-mindedness to our institutions, which takes on especial significance in war time under the selective draft. There are, he states, about 200,000 such defectives in the nation, some estimates being even higher. Most of these are inherited cases. Wisconsin's share of such unfortunates is almost 10,000. The state has lately made provision for the especial care of the feeble minded in an institution at Union Grove, but this is insufficient for the needs. When the cost is counted in criminality, pauperism, and vice, the need of scientific methods for segregation and sterilization is evident.

The College of Agriculture in the University issues a bulletin describing the *Short Course in Agriculture* 1918-19. This course extends through fifteen weeks beginning the middle of November and ending the middle of March. The purpose of this course is to give practical farmers the benefit of the scientific work continually being carried on in the Experiment Station, and by a brief residence together at the University during the leisure of the winter, to arouse enthusiasm and *esprit du corps* among our farming population.

Several helpful bulletins from the Experiment Station have recently been sent out. One on *The Hemp Industry* in Wisconsin states that ours has the second largest production of any of the states. Practical advice on soil and seeds follows, and the gross returns are shown to be $75 per acre on the average, with a cost from $8 to $11 more than grain crops.

The March Bulletin No. 290 issued by the State Department of Agriculture in coöperation with the Agricultural Experiment Station is a very important tract on *Farm Making in Upper Wisconsin.* This little volume of seventy-one pages is an entire treatise for the prospective settler, telling him just what to expect and what steps to take to secure a farm home. The neighborhood of markets, schools, and agricultural agencies, the amount of land and the timber on it, its adaptation to dairy farming, and the first steps in root and

grain crops are all described with precision and clearness. This bulletin is a decided contrast to the former prospectuses issued to allure intending settlers. It is a scientific consideration of the advantages and disadvantages that will meet the newcomer in a new land.

In the May Bulletin No. 292, Professor H. C. Taylor discusses *Price Fixing and the Cost of Farm Products.* This is a timely discussion of the principles which should govern the delicate and difficult economic business of price fixing, showing the dangers of a bad system. If, however, price fixing can act as a medium for collective bargaining in the sale of farm products and in the purchase of supplies it may steady prices, guide production, and in a measure direct consumption for the greatest good of all.

The *Report* of the directors of the Agricultural Extension service is a treatise on serving Wisconsin farmers in war time, telling of the testing of seed, of soil management, live stock improvement, and a state wide campaign under a staff of fifty-four men for increased food production.

The potato industry is served by a handsome booklet issued by the Wisconsin Potato Growers Association. It states that during last summer approximately 300,000 acres have been planted to potatoes commercially, aside from the indeterminate acreage of war gardens. Last year the crop was 35,000,000 bushels as against 14,000,000 in 1916. The crop varies with weather conditions, and the extent of pests. A show is to be held at the Milwaukee Auditorium the week of November 20 and 24.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey in coöperation with the United States Bureau of Soils issues four numbers of its Soil series. The first is *A Reconnaissance Soil Survey of Northeast Wisconsin* comprising the counties of Florence, Forest, Langlade, Oconto, Marinette, and Shawano. The others are surveys of the same kind for Jefferson and Columbia counties, and for the northern part of north central Wisconsin. It is unnecessary to point out the importance of this work to the development and settling of the newer regions of our state.

The Industrial Commission has been prolific in publications in an effort to educate the public to the avoidance of accidents and fires. It has printed a revised edition of *General Orders on Safety Building Constructions*, taking as its standard the requirement of no safeguard which cannot be proved to be practical, which is not based on

actual accident experience, and which the commission cannot direct how to install or erect.

A bulletin by the same commission on *Store Fires* states that in 1916 there were in the state 242 such fires with a loss of nearly $700,000, which was somewhat increased in 1917. The commission appeals to all merchants to take extra precautions against such fires as a *patriotic* duty. A bulletin on *Lightning Rods* and one addressed to the *Wisconsin Apprentice* urging him to obey the shop safety rules complete the industrial commission's recommendations. A monthly *Safety Review* is likewise published by this agency.

The State Board of Health issues the eighth edition of the *Powers and Duties of Health Boards* giving a full detail of the laws and instructions for the local boards. It also publishes a treatise on *Venereal Diseases, Their Restriction and Prevention,* which provides timely and simple material for sex education.

The twenty-third annual *Report* of the commissioner of banking is a substantial volume of nearly 500 pages. There are in the state 753 state banks, seven mutual savings banks and fifteen trust companies organized under state laws, of which thirty-nine had their inception during the last year. Their united capital is $25,000,000, an increase of a million and a half over the preceding year. Their resources are $339,700,000, an increase of forty-one million. The coöperation of the state banks in the Federal Liberty Loans is noted.

THE WIDER FIELD

HANSEN, MARCUS L. *Old Fort Snelling 1819-1858.* (Iowa City, 1918.)

The subject of this study, put forth by the State Historical Society of Iowa, belongs to the domain of Wisconsin history as much as it does to that of Iowa, and to that of Minnesota in even greater degree. Its publication affords a fresh illustration of the truth long since regarded by scholars as axiomatic that the forces and activities of human life—which constitute the subject matter of history—pay scant regard to artificial boundaries of geography or government. An American commonwealth—least of all one situated in the upper Mississippi Valley—is not a detached atom floating in boundless space; rather are its various component elements bound by innumerable ties to communities and peoples outside its borders, and only by cognizing its relations with the world outside its legal bounds can its history be known at all. It is greatly to the credit of the historical departments of the states of the upper Mississippi valley that they

have long recognized the elements of similarity common to their historical heritage and that to a greater degree, perhaps, than elsewhere in the United States they have sought to coördinate their activities for the achievement of common ends.

Old Fort Snelling was established practically a century ago as a new outpost of our nation's far flung governmental domain, planted in the heart of a vast domain of barbarism. An infant born to the wife of an army officer en route with her husband to assist in laying the foundations of civilization at the junction of the St. Peters with the Mississippi lived to witness the development at this point of the greatest flour mart the world has ever known, while the centennial of the establishment of the fort finds there the commercial and social metropolis of a veritable inland empire with a population of over half a million souls. Thus graphically is suggested the wondrous change which has come to pass since the little detachment of regulars performed their toilsome journey across Lakes Huron and Michigan, up the Fox and down the Wisconsin, and up the Father of Waters to the mouth of the St. Peters in 1819. At that time the military power of the United States in the northwest found expression in a series of garrisons of which the most important were Fort Dearborn (Chicago), Fort Mackinac, Fort Howard (Green Bay), Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien), Fort Armstrong (Rock Island), and Jefferson Barracks (St. Louis). To curb the troublesome Sioux in their restless feuds with their Chippewa neighbors, to control the relations between them and the white traders, incidentally making clear to the world that the United States and not Great Britain now ruled the region north of the Wisconsin and westward from the Mississippi to the Missouri, Fort Snelling was added to this chain of military forts. Thereafter until the passing of barbarism from this region the military establishment constituted the chief governmental influence in it. How important this was for the development of the civilization which has since come about, is the theme of Mr. Hansen's story. Wisely, we think, he treats the Fort as an institution typical of its kind on the frontier, thus enhancing the significance of the resulting study he has made. He has done his task well, and the book is commended to all our readers as an interesting contribution to the history we share in common with our neighboring states of the upper Mississippi valley.

The volume is printed in the workmanlike fashion common to the publications of the State Historical Society of Iowa—a fashion which Wisconsin cannot hope to imitate so long as the lawmakers continue to prescribe the present inefficient method of printing the Society's publications. We believe, however, that the practice of the State Historical Society of Iowa (illustrated in this volume) of putting the footnote references at the end of the volume entails much needless vexation and labor upon the reader.

M. M. Quaife.

The leading article in the *Catholic Historical Review* for July is by Rev. J. B. Culemans on "Catholic Explorers and Pioneers of Illinois." The other articles in the same issue are on "Diocesan Organization in the Spanish Colonies," and "New Netherland Intolerance." Under "Notes and Comment" appears an account of the measures instituted by the National Catholic War Council to secure for preservation the records of Catholic activities in the Great War.

"The first number of the *Illinois Catholic Historical Review* was issued at Chicago in July, 1918. Joseph J. Thompson is the editor in chief, and an imposing array of church dignitaries lend their countenance and support to the new venture. The magazine is attractively printed and illustrated and the first number sets a standard of interest and achievement which augurs well for the future of the enterprise. Among the leading articles in the first issue may be noted "Early Catholicity in Chicago," by Rev. Gilbert Garraghan; "The Illinois Missions," and "Illinois' First Citizen—Pierre Gibault," by Joseph J. Thompson; and "Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in Illinois" by Rev. Frederick Beuckman. The historical interests of the Middle West are to be congratulated on the acquisition of this promising journal.

The *Indiana Magazine of History* for September is given over to a one-hundred page article on "Secret Political Societies in the North during the Civil War." The author, Mayo Fesler, after an investigation of all available evidence, reaches the conclusion that not one-tenth of the membership of these supposedly treasonable orders (the Knights of the Golden Circle and related organizations) were aware of the designs of the leaders, or would have supported these designs when made known. The attitude of the President and other authorities at Washington of "good-humored contempt" toward the schemers, was, he concludes, fully justified by the facts concerning their puerility and impotence.

Among the articles in the July *Michigan History Magazine* of special interest to Wisconsin readers are "Indian Place Names in the Upper Peninsula and Their Interpretation," by Rev. William Gagnieur, and "County Organization in Michigan," by Wm. H. Hathaway. Other articles include a report on the archives in the State Department at Lansing and an address on "France in the Great War."

The principal article in the *Minnesota History Bulletin* for May is by L. B. Shippee on "Social and Economic Effects of the Civil War

with Special Reference to Minnesota." Mr. Theodore Blegen, of Milwaukee, contributes an interesting discussion of the policy of the Minnesota Historical Society of building up its collections of material pertaining to Scandinavian-American history. The August number of the *Bulletin* has as its leading article an interesting discusssion of "The Influence of Geographic Factors in the Development of Minnesota."

Of the three leading articles in the June *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* the one most closely associated with Wisconsin is by Wm. L. Jenks on "Territorial Legislation by Governor and Judges." "Populism in Louisiana during the Nineties" and "Stephen F. Austin" are the titles of the two other articles in this issue.

Interesting articles in the *Missouri Historical Review* for July are "The Missouri Soldier One Hundred Years Ago," by Wm. R. Gentry, and "The National Railroad Convention in St. Louis, 1849," by R. S. Cotterdill. Two articles of especial timeliness are also included in the magazine: one on General Enoch Crowder, who like General Pershing is claimed as a Missourian, and one by Secretary Shoemaker on "Missouri and the War."

The New York Historical Society has an active Field Exploration Committee, an account of whose doings is given in the July issue of the society's *Quarterly Bulletin*. Those who are familiar with Broadway merely through its reputation as an amusement and recreation center may be interested to learn that by the diligent use of shovel and broom the committee has recently unearthed, within a few hundred feet of upper Broadway, many interesting remains of the Revolutionary camp sites of American, British, and Hessian troops.

A study of *The Illinois and Michigan Canal*, James W. Putnam's doctoral dissertation at the University of Wisconsin, has been issued as Volume X in the *Collections* of the Chicago Historical Society.

The Morrills and Reminiscences (Chicago and Lincoln, 1918) tells in one hundred fifty-seven pages and two score illustrations the life story of Charles Henry Morrill, a native of New Hampshire, who came West at the close of the Civil War and in due time achieved prosperity and prominence in the state of Nebraska.

An Account of A Journey to Indiana in 1817 is the journal of Thomas Dean, of Deansboro, New York, attractively printed by his grandson, John C. Dean, of Indianapolis. Thomas Dean's journey

was made as agent of the Brothertown Indians of New York who were seeking a western home—one ultimately found in eastern Wisconsin. Dean travelled over 20,000 miles in their interest, including four trips to Green Bay. The new publication is an interesting addition to the literature of middle western history. It is interesting to note that until recently the journal was buried away, along with a mass of other papers, in a trunk in an Indianapolis attic. How many such records, one would like to know, are still buried in the attics of Wisconsin? That there are many is certain—as it is that the ravages of time and chance decrease the total with every passing year.

Those who are interested in Traverse City, Michigan, and vicinity will welcome *Old Settlers of the Grand Traverse Region* (Traverse City, 1918), a booklet of eighty-six pages, compiled by S. E. Wait and W. S. Anderson. In addition to many views of early scenes and actors in the settlement of this portion of the Wolverine State, the booklet contains historical sketches of the schools and postoffice of Traverse City, of pioneer life, Indian history, and lists of early settlers in the region concerned.

Three recently printed booklets which have come to the Historical Library seem to evidence the increasing spread, in the older-settled East, of a custom which might well be practiced more generally in the Middle West than is now the case. *Old Providence,* printed for the Commercial National Bank of Providence to commemorate its centenary is well described by its subtitle as "a collection of facts and traditions relating to various buildings and sites of historic interest in Providence." *Some Old Sites on an Old Thoroughfare and an Account of Some Early Residents Thereon,* printed for Macullar Parker Company of Boston, describes the historical evolution of a portion of Washington Street on which since 1857 this firm has been located. *Old Shipping Days in Boston,* compiled and printed by the State Street Trust Company, is the thirteenth annual pamphlet to be issued by this firm. All of the booklets noticed are beautifully printed and illustrated. Although issued primarily to serve the function of advertising the businesses responsible for their printing they constitute useful and attractive additions to the local history section of any reference library.

STATEMENT

of THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY published quarterly at Menasha, Wisconsin, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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None.

George Banta, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-seventh day of September, 1918.

[SEAL] GERTRUDE W. SAWYER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 21, 1920.)

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IOWA COUNTY COURTHOUSE
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

VOL. II, NO. 3 MARCH, 1919

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by MILO M. QUAIFE, Superintendent

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THE STORY OF WISCONSIN, 1634-1848

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

CHAPTER I. PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

TOPOGRAPHY

In the beautiful new capitol of the state of Wisconsin a noted artist has portrayed the commonwealth as a strong and beautiful woman, embraced and encircled by the guardian figures of the Mississippi River, Lake Superior, and Lake Michigan. Thus in symbolic form the painter has vividly portrayed the truth that Wisconsin's position at the headwaters of the two great valleys of North America—the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—has been of supreme importance in the history of the state. To these advantages of position is due its early discovery, its thorough exploration, and its value as a link in the penetration of inland America.

The area of the present state is 56,066 square miles, somewhat larger than the whole of England. In extreme length from north to south it is 320 miles, with a maximum width almost as great. Its distance from the Atlantic coast is about a thousand miles—one-third of the entire distance across the continent. The eastern and northern portions of the state drain into the two upper Great Lakes by short streams with rapid courses. The larger portion of the area belongs to the Mississippi system, into which it drains by a series of large rivers; the largest and most important of these is the one from which the state takes its name. The Wisconsin River rising on the northeastern boundary of the state cuts across it to the southwest, making a great trough which at the elbow in south central Wisconsin approaches within three-quarters of a mile of the eastward-flowing Fox River. The Fox, in its upper course a sluggish stream, winding slowly through lakes and wide-spreads of wild rice, after passing through Lake

Winnebago, the largest lake wholly within the state, rushes with great force down a series of rapids into the upper end of Green Bay, the V-shaped western extremity of Lake Michigan. Thus a natural waterway crosses the state, uniting by means of a short portage the Atlantic waters with those of the Gulf of Mexico, and dividing the state into a northern and southern portion, which have had widely differing courses of development.

The southeastern half of the state, with plentiful harbors on Lake Michigan and Green Bay, opens unobstructedly towards the south and east. It was therefore the first portion to be permanently settled, and has partaken of the civilization and progress of the Middle West. The northern and western part of the state faces toward the farther west, and its development has been delayed by the tardy growth of population at the head of Lake Superior and along the headwaters of the Mississippi. Waterways connecting these two drainage systems pass through this part of Wisconsin of which the earliest known was that via the Bois Brulé of Lake Superior and the St. Croix of the Mississippi. Other streams connect with the headwaters of the Chippewa, the Black, and the Wisconsin. All these routes were explored during the early years of Wisconsin's history, but their rapid flow and difficult portages have made them impractical as commercial routes. The heavy forestation of the northern portion of the state has been until recent times the main fact in its history; while as carriers of timber and as sources of water power the rapid rivers of northwestern Wisconsin have played their part in the production of its wealth and prosperity.

SOVEREIGNTY

Politically, Wisconsin has been included in more different units of government than any of its neighbors. It was first a part of the Spanish empire in North America which claimed all the continent whose southern borders had been discovered

and occupied by Spanish subjects. The Spanish sovereignty in Wisconsin was never more than a shadow, and so far as we know no one of that race ever placed foot upon Wisconsin soil until long after it was possessed by a rival power.

The true history of Wisconsin begins with the coming of the French, who in 1634 sent their first representative to its shores. The period of French occupation was nominally about a century and a quarter; in reality it lasted somewhat less than one hundred years, as more than twenty years elapsed before the first discoverer was followed by others. The real exercise of French sovereignty began in 1671 when St. Lusson at the Sault Ste. Marie took possession in the name of Louis XIV "of all other Countries, rivers, lakes and tributaries, contiguous and adjacent thereunto [to the Sault and Lakes Huron and Superior], as well discovered as to be discovered, which are bounded on the one side by the Northern and Western Seas and on the other side by the South Sea including all its length or breadth."[1]

The French domination of the area we now know as Wisconsin was exercised from the lower St. Lawrence Valley and was directed by the court at Versailles, where paternalism was the fashion, and where the smallest details of administration were decided by the highest powers of the kingdom. It may thus be said that Wisconsin during the French period was ruled directly by the French monarch. Every appointment of a petty officer of the Canadian army to command a log fort by one of Wisconsin's waterways had to be endorsed by the king; every little skirmish with the Indian tribesmen, every disagreement between soldiers and traders had to be reported by the Canadian authorities to the Royal Council, and await its dictum for settlement. Even the power of the governor of New France was frequently overruled by dictation from the Court of France, and orders for the governance of his subjects in Wisconsin were discussed in the presence of the greatest monarch of Europe.

[1] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 27-28.

The French domination came to an abrupt end when in the course of the Seven Years' War, Montreal, including all the upper province of New France, surrendered to the arms of England. The last French garrison left Wisconsin in 1760 by the Fox-Wisconsin waterway, and the next year an English detachment took possession of Green Bay and made Wisconsin a constituent part of the British Empire. Thus it remained until the close of the American Revolution. During the first years of the English possession, the Upper Country was ruled by the military authorities at Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay) and Mackinac, subject to the commander-in-chief of the American armies, and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department. After 1774 Wisconsin was a part of the province of Quebec.

British sovereignty in Wisconsin fell with the Treaty of Paris in 1783, which transferred to the new American nation the land south of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi. The British government, however, claiming nonfulfillment of certain treaty provisions, but in reality acting in the interest of British fur traders, refused to deliver to the United States the northwestern posts. Thus the inhabitants of Wisconsin, while technically on American territory, were practically ruled by English officers. In 1796 after Jay's Treaty with England, the northwestern posts were delivered over to American garrisons, and Wisconsin became an unorganized portion of the Northwest Territory. On May 7, 1800 Indiana Territory was organized with Wisconsin as part of her vast domain. Upon the territorial division into counties Wisconsin became a part of St. Clair whose limits extended from a line nearly opposite St. Louis to the northern boundary of the United States. In 1802 Gov. William Henry Harrison appointed two justices of the peace and three militia officers in St. Clair County of Indiana Territory to serve at the French-Canadian settlement near the mouth of Wisconsin River. The next year a third justice was appointed for Prairie du Chien, and

another commissioned for the sister community at the mouth of Fox River on Green Bay. All these appointees were British subjects and prominent fur traders. Therefore while commissions were issued and writs ran in the name of the United States, British fur traders were in actual control of all governmental agencies in Wisconsin.

In 1808 the United States increased the number of its representatives by the appointment of an Indian agent at Prairie du Chien. This agent was a French-Canadian by birth, formerly a British subject, who had become a naturalized American by residence in the French settlements of Illinois. By race and interests he was allied with the Franco-British traders of Wisconsin.

In 1809 Illinois Territory was set off from Indiana carrying with it St. Clair County in which Wisconsin was included. So far as known the officials appointed by the governor of Indiana for Green Bay and Prairie du Chien continued to act under the commissions already received.

The outbreak of the War of 1812 made a sharp division among Wisconsin's few government officers. The Indian agent was the sole official who maintained his American allegiance. All the other appointees declared for Great Britain, and actively engaged in operations for her benefit. The Indian agent was driven down the Mississippi, and Wisconsin became again a part of the territory of the British empire, guarded by Canadian troops and administered by British officers. In 1814 the Americans made an attempt to repossess themselves of the region on the Mississippi. A force organized at St. Louis ascended the river and built a post at Prairie du Chien. This American post had been held less than a month, however, when an overwhelming British force from Mackinac and Green Bay captured the new fort and expelled the American garrison.

The Canadian authorities were eager to retain possession of Wisconsin, and during the negotiations for the Treaty of

Ghent in 1814 made a determined effort to have the boundary lines redrawn so that Wisconsin would be made a buffer Indian region under British authority. This attempt failed, and in 1815, according to the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, the British garrisons were withdrawn from Wisconsin's soil. Nevertheless, so hostile were the Indian tribes to American reoccupation that not until eighteen months after the signing of the treaty was the American flag raised within the limits of Wisconsin. During this nongovernmental period the British fur traders maintained, as they practically had done since 1761, an ascendancy over the tribesmen that preserved the few settlements from anarchy and destruction. While thus theoretically changing sovereignty several times from 1761 to 1816, Wisconsin was really during the entire period a French-Canadian settlement under British control.

American military occupation began in 1816 when strong posts were built at Prairie du Chien and Green Bay, the garrisons of which overawed the sullen tribesmen. Indian officials were appointed and American traders soon rivaled the operations of the French-Canadians. So bitterly did the latter resent the restrictions imposed upon them by American officers and officials that in 1818 they planned to remove in a body to some place under British jurisdiction taking the Wisconsin Indians with them. Within a few years, however, the friction was adjusted, and the leading Wisconsin settlers became naturalized American citizens.

In 1818 Illinois was admitted as a state into the Union, and Wisconsin was transferred to Michigan Territory. The same year Wisconsin was organized into two counties, Brown and Crawford, justices of the peace were appointed, and American sovereignty became operative within this region. In 1824 United States district courts were organized for that portion of Michigan Territory lying west of Lake Michigan. In 1829 Crawford County was divided, all south of the Wisconsin River becoming Iowa County. In 1834 Brown County

was reduced by the organization of its southern portion into Milwaukee County. In 1836 Michigan was admitted into the Union, and the territory of Wisconsin was organized out of that portion of its limits that lay west of Lake Michigan.

Wisconsin Territory was maintained for twelve years. In 1846 there was a movement for statehood, but the constitution then drawn was rejected by the people, so that not until 1848 did Wisconsin become the thirtieth state in the American Union.

BOUNDARIES

The boundaries of Wisconsin were first laid down in the Ordinance of 1787, which decreed that the southern boundary of the fifth or northwestern state of the Northwest Territory should be an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan; that the western boundary should be the Mississippi to its source, thence by a straight line to the Lake of the Woods and the international boundary; that the northern boundary should coincide with the international boundary through Lake Superior; and that the eastern boundary should be the meridian due north from Vincennes to the international line. The area of Wisconsin as outlined by this ordinance was one and a half times as large as at the present time. By successive measures Wisconsin's boundaries have since been curtailed at the southern, northeastern, and northwestern sides.

The southern boundary was changed when in 1818 Illinois was admitted to the Union. In order to secure for that state a harbor on Lake Michigan, Illinois' northern boundary was shifted from the line due west from the southern point of Lake Michigan, to latitude 42° 30′. This added to Illinois a strip of territory sixty-one miles in width, containing 8,500 square miles, and the site of Chicago. In 1818 there was no one in Wisconsin to protest against this change. In 1838, however, and during Wisconsin's later territorial period, attempts were made to repossess the northern portion of Illinois

on the ground that the Ordinance of 1787 was a solemn compact, and as such inviolable without the consent of all parties concerned. The matter never came before the United States Supreme Court, but Wisconsin's territorial legislature passed several vigorous resolutions on the subject to which Congress paid no attention. Strange to say, many Illinois inhabitants dwelling in the disputed strip would have preferred Wisconsin's jurisdiction; at one time an informal referendum on the question in several Illinois counties resulted overwhelmingly in favor of Wisconsin. No official action, however, resulted, and the enabling act for Wisconsin in 1846 fixed its southern line at 42° 30′.

The eastern boundary as outlined by the Ordinance of 1787 was obliterated when in 1818 Wisconsin became part of Michigan Territory. When in 1834 it became evident that Michigan east of Lake Michigan would soon become a state, it was suggested that all west of Lake Michigan be organized into a new territory. This would have included in Wisconsin the upper peninsula of Michigan, and made our state a topographical unit. Michigan, however, became engaged in a boundary contest with Ohio concerning the harbor of Toledo. Congress decided this controversy in favor of Ohio, but compensated Michigan by adding to her area the lands east of the Montreal and Menominee River boundary. Wisconsin, then unorganized, had no means of protest. Her northeastern boundary was fixed by the erection of the territory in 1836.

Wisconsin Territory when organized included all that portion of the Louisiana Purchase lying north of Missouri, and east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers. This vast region, embracing Iowa, Minnesota, and the larger parts of the Dakotas, was understood to be added to Wisconsin for administrative purposes only. In 1838 Iowa Territory was set off, and Wisconsin was limited to the western boundary as outlined in the Ordinance of 1787. This included within Wisconsin Territory nearly one-third of the present area of

Minnesota. At one time it was suggested that a sixth state should be formed of the territory east of the upper Mississippi and south of Lake Superior. This project was abandoned, however, and the area in question was divided by the St. Croix and St. Louis river line between Wisconsin, admitted as a state in 1848, and Minnesota, organized as a territory in 1849.

Wisconsin in 1848 became a state with boundaries as at present. Although shorn of her original allotment of territory, her present area makes her third in size of the five states of the Old Northwest.[2]

[2] For the entire subject of Wisconsin's boundaries, see *Ibid.*, 451-501.

(To be continued)

MOSES ORDWAY, PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY

Thomas S. Johnson

Moses Ordway, son of Trustum Ordway, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 27, 1788. His parents were poor in this world's goods and it is said that when Moses was a boy they owned nothing but an ax, a log chain, and a yoke of steers. His mother was a member of the Presbyterian Church; his father was a Baptist. The former taught him the catechism and the Christian duties; the latter taught him practical tasks—how to work the land, and to make good use of his powers. There was no school in the neighborhood that he could attend until he was twelve years of age, so he worked for his parents and developed a taste for mechanics. Seeing his bent his father hired him to the village blacksmith for one year, to a carpenter and builder for another; then he was apprenticed for a year to a wagon maker, and after that he worked in a cotton factory.

About this time he fell and broke his shoulder, which turned his attention to the medical profession. Thereupon he studied medicine two years with a local doctor, after which he began to practice. A great revival of religion soon occurred in his village; young Ordway was converted, had a vision of the world of indifference and sin, and resolved to become a preacher. His father was bitterly opposed to this course and wished him to continue his medical practice. His mother said, "Let us pray for guidance and help our boy to go to college." The father replied, "I cannot help." So the young man determined to make his own way, and entered Middlebury College. After graduation from that institution Mr. Ordway studied with the minister at Hillsboro, in preparation for the ministry, and in 1822 was licensed to

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MOSES ORDWAY
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

preach by the Congregational Association of that place. His first charges were in newly-settled regions in Vermont, where he went from one place to another on foot or on horseback, and later in a chaise made by his own hands. In his journal of that period he says:

I always preached three and sometimes four times on the Sabbath and visited families and held meetings in houses during the week. I had good congregations but no souls were converted. I was ashamed and began to look at my promise to God that if he would put me into the ministry I would be an apostle and a revival minister without regard to pay and gather souls to Christ. These were my views at the outset but in getting my education I had forgotten. I repented and determined to reform my life. I resolved to seek a new field and late in the fall of 1823 I started out for St. Lawrence County, New York, and began a work for revival at Norfolk with good results. In the spring of 1824 I was ordained as an evangelist by St. Lawrence Presbytery. God wonderfully blessed my work and opened out my way. A few weeks before I went to Norfolk three pious women met to pray in secret from eleven to twelve each day for a minister and for the church. When I came to the place one of the principal men asked me to preach. I simply said, "You have sent off your good old minister and I conclude that you do not want a minister or any more preaching." But he said they did. I proposed that if the little church of eighteen or twenty members would all come together one week from that day I would be with them. "Agreed," said the elder, but I said to him, "We cannot do anything unless they are all there, both men and women, and this must be a private meeting for the members alone. One week from that time they were all there and the work had already begun. They were tender in feeling, thoroughly convicted, and I did not have to spend days in convincing them that their salvation came out of Zion and that sinners were converted by the sovereign grace of God. They understood that they must ask God to do the work, and God would honor their prayers. In this revival there were forty members added to the church.

Soon after this Reverend Ordway went to assist the minister at Warsaw, New York, in revival meetings, and labored with gracious results as a Presbyterian missionary in the great revivals of the day, in Steuben County and afterwards in Genesee and Monroe counties. To continue his own account, he writes:

On my way home from my revival meetings, in the early part of 1836, I was violently taken with the Wisconsin fever. Hearing about the opportunities for missionary work in that wonderful new world that was opening up so grandly I concluded it would be wisdom to be in season and go there to do needed work in the new settlements. So I commenced preparations at once. I began to sell my property at Rochester and by the first of October, 1836, I was ready to go. We went on an old steamboat which only ran by day and in fourteen days reached Green Bay, Wisconsin. I went immediately to the garrison at Fort Howard and called on Dr. Satterlee, the surgeon, a good and wise man,[1] and made known to him my business. I met a man who had lived near my father and who in a fit of madness had killed his brother and had disappeared. I went across the river and talked with the people. There was a school house where the Episcopal people held a service on Sunday mornings and the Methodists in the afternoons.[2] Our people thought I should hold a meeting in the evening. I then informed them that I should not preach or be known in public until we had a meeting-place of our own. The idea pleased them and they soon purchased a large storehouse which was lately nearly finished. We completed the building and soon had a nice meetinghouse. While this was going on, I was privately looking up material to form a church. I found sixty people who had been professors before they came to Green Bay. Rev. Cutting Marsh,[3] the foreign missionary who was laboring among the Stock-

[1] Richard Smith Satterlee was a native of New York, who enlisted in the army from Michigan Territory and was commissioned, Feb. 25, 1822, assistant surgeon with the rank of lieutenant. Dr. Satterlee succeeded Dr. Foote as garrison surgeon at Fort Howard in Green Bay some time in the early thirties. He was very popular with both town and army people, and assisted in founding the first Presbyterian church in Wisconsin. About 1840 he was removed to another post, and continued in service until the Civil War, when he became chief medical purveyor for the federal army with the rank of lieutenant colonel. September 2, 1864, he was brevetted brigadier general and cited for honors because of "his diligent care and attention in procuring medical supplies, and for his economy and fidelity in disbursing large sums of money." February 22, 1869, he was retired from active service and died Nov. 10, 1880.

[2] A Protestant Episcopal church was begun at Green Bay in 1824, but no building was undertaken, and the organization was not completed until 1829 when Christ Church was incorporated by the territorial legislature of Michigan. "Services were held in the yellow schoolhouse on Cherry Street" until 1838 when the church building was completed.

The first Methodist services were held in Fort Howard garrison when Colonel Samuel Ryan was commandant. In 1832 New York Conference sent the Reverend John Clark as missionary to Wisconsin; he organized a class at Green Bay and in 1834 the Reverend George White was appointed pastor. Services were held in the schoolhouse in alternation with the Episcopalians until the Methodist church building was completed in the latter part of 1836. Deborah B. Martin, *History of Brown County* (Chicago, 1913), I, 256, 259.

[3] For a sketch of the Reverend Cutting Marsh and his work for the Stockbridge Indians see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XV, 25-38.

bridge Indians, had been here and looked up a few. We finally found nine who were willing to be formed into a Presbyterian Church and before our meetinghouse was finished the church was organized. Rev. Mr. Marsh and I formed the church which was the first Presbyterian Church in the territory of Wisconsin.[4]

At this time there were about four thousand inhabitants in Green Bay and they seemed to be agreed in only one thing and that was to blaspheme God and indulge in all kinds of wickedness. About every other night they would have a bonfire and by the help of a whiskey band would have a dance which was so wicked and so wild that many of both sexes would lie drunken on the ground the next morning.

My first discourse was on the subject of the carnal mind being at enmity against God. This was illustrated by the daily life of the people of Green Bay and went home to many hearts. This was on the last of November, 1836, and by the last of December we had gathered a blessed harvest of souls which brought up the membership to eighty. These were received into the church in January and February, 1837. This was a genuine work of grace and attended by many interesting circumstances. At this time I held a revival meeting at the Stockbridge Mission with the Rev. Cutting Marsh, where there were many conversions.[5] About the middle of February, 1837, I took Brother Marsh and we mounted our ponies and started for Milwaukee where we had a call to form a church, and after sleeping two or three nights on the snow we arrived safe in Milwaukee. Here we found a heterogeneous mass of about a hundred and fifty men and thirty women who seemed to take some interest in our work. We held meetings and visited among the people and the church was formed April 11, 1837.[6]

Mr. Ordway remained a month or two in Milwaukee and preached to its pioneer residents. Meanwhile he went to Prairieville (now Waukesha) and took up a homestead claim where his family might live while he continued his

[4] Mr. Ordway would seem to indicate that there had been no Presbyterian organization at Green Bay previous to his arrival. There had been no settled pastor, but the Reverend Cutting Marsh in April, 1836, visited Fort Howard and Green Bay, and organized a small company to whom he preached several times before Mr. Ordway's arrival. Manuscript journals of Marsh in Wisconsin Historical Society.

[5] See Marsh's account of this revival among the Indians in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XV, 159-60.

[6] Marsh's manuscript journal shows that the two ministers reached Milwaukee on March 17. He gives a detailed account of the church organization on April 11, 1837; Samuel Hinman, Samuel Brown, and John Ogden were elected elders; eighteen united in full membership.

missionary operations. On the last of May of this year he returned to New York and began preparations to remove to Wisconsin. He sold his possessions in the East and started west in a two-horse wagon with tools and a hired man to prepare his home and get it ready for his family, who soon followed him to the new territory. After he was settled Mr. Ordway preached in Prairieville for a season when the church secured the services of the Reverend S. Nichols,[7] and Mr. Ordway went out to preach in Troy and in other places in the newly settled regions of eastern Wisconsin. He says in the journal:

As I have reached a good old age, I have to say that God has provided well for me in my support during a ministry of fifty years. I have never come to any severe want and have never had what would be considered a full salary for a single year in my ministerial life. About two-thirds of the time I have received nothing at all from the new and young churches, and besides supporting my family have paid considerably for other ministers. At Waukesha, I preached about two years for nothing. Then, when they got Rev. Mr. Nichols, I paid fifty dollars toward his salary, and at the same time preached a year at West Troy for nothing. At Beaver Dam I preached more than three years without salary and built them a house of worship with little help. When they engaged Rev. Alexander Montgomery[8] for a year I paid fifty dollars towards his support and at the same time went to Fountain Prairie fifteen miles west and formed a church. Whenever my health allowed I was ready to go and hold meetings and preach the gospel and always found work to do and great success in winning souls.

I have in all my ministry never sought for an easy place where they could pay a large salary but on the contrary have always looked for a miserable place where no harm could be done. I would look for a place where the people were so poor, stupid, or heartless that they would not ask a minister to preach to them and would take pains to say that they would not be able to pay, as a gentle hint for you to let them alone.

[7] The Reverend Cyrus Nichols was a native of Reading, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1799. He graduated at Williams College, and studied theology at Auburn, New York. In 1836 he came West and preached at Kenosha and Racine; he was called to the Prairieville (Waukesha) charge, May 1, 1839, and remained one year. For forty years he was a missionary in this state. He died at his home in Racine, Feb. 10, 1883.

[8] The Reverend Alexander Montgomery came to the Beaver Dam church in October, 1845, and remained as stated supply until June 1, 1850.

In such a place I delighted to put my foot. But I never preached to them the love of Christ to harden them for a long siege but began with St. Paul's doctrines, and very soon there would be a new face on things. As soon as they were awake and God began to increase them and they began to want to pay me, I would open the door for some anxious minister, who was ready for work and I would go to another place. This has been the order of my ministry from first to last and I have had not a little comfort in my service.

If some of my ministerial friends think I have been a very worldly minister, doing little for the Lord and much for myself, there is some truth in this for I have done a large amount of manual labor but have made it all contribute to the glory of God and the upbuilding of his church. Take for example our life in Beaver Dam. When we came here it was a dense forest—no houses, no mills, no roads, and no fences. Only a few scattered people and not a rich man among them, but in a few years Grubville,[9] as it was called, became a very noted place with mills, churches, stores, and factories. But it cost much hard work and it is true that I had no small hand in it. I owned the first sawmill. Paul Brower[10] owned the land on which the present upper mill stands. He tried to build a sawmill but had no means and gave it up. He gave his claim to Mr. Goetschius[11] with a contract to build the mill, but he could not do it and gave it to David Drake,[12] who went at it with a will and got the timber cut and the dam partly made but got sick of it and wanted to sell, and I bought the property. The people needed a gristmill and I built one with two run of stones, with circle saws and turning works. I hired capable men and superintended the work and frequently put my own hands to the work.

Mr. Brower and I surveyed and located all of the roads in and out of Beaver Dam as they now run to Watertown, Waupun, Columbus, Fox Lake, Lowell, Horicon, and Fall River. We helped to build the pole bridges and other improvements without one cent of pay. We cleaned

[9] "Grubbing" was a pioneer term for cutting down small elm and basswood trees, the bark of which was fed to stock when pasturage was insufficient or lacking. The term "Grubville" is said to have been applied to Beaver Dam in its early days by envious neighbors who wished to belittle its attractions.

[10] Paul Brower was of Holland origin, but a native of New York and a veteran of the War of 1812. He came to Wisconsin from Jefferson County, New York, in company with his son, Jacob L. Brower, who was the pioneer settler of Dodge County.

[11] Joseph Goetschius was a son-in-law of Paul Brower, who came to Wisconsin in his company. He located at Fox Lake in 1839, and in 1841 removed to Beaver Dam and became one of its pioneer settlers.

[12] David Drake in the spring of 1842 bought forty acres including the water power at Beaver Dam; the same autumn he sold his claim to Moses Ordway.

up the streets and plotted the lots and did what we could to promote the welfare of our city in the face of much criticism and many difficulties.

Mr. Ordway first came to Beaver Dam in the spring of 1842, and, as he relates, built a grist- and later a sawmill; he removed his family to this place in 1843. During all these early months he preached both at Beaver Dam and in all the settlements around. He soon formed at the village a Presbyterian church of eight members and a small Sabbath school of nine children—all the town afforded at that time. Early in April, 1844, he called upon the men of the place to build a good meetinghouse, 16 by 24 feet in size, which was completed in less than one week. He preached in Beaver Dam three years, and during that time there were two revivals and several additions to the membership of the church. He organized a church in Horicon, on the east side of Rolling Prairie, and also in Juneau. He says in his journal:

I formed a church at Lake Emily and preached there for a season and formed a church at Fox Lake. I went to Fountain Prairie[13] the first time right through the woods and not a marked tree for fourteen miles. There I held meetings. Soon the village of Columbus sprang up and a Presbyterian church was formed there with Rev. Mr. Rosencranz as pastor.[14]

My next effort was at Oxford 18 miles north of Portage.[15] Here I formed a Presbyterian church and preached to them a short season. Although only a few families were here we had quite a revival and 10 or 12 united with the church.

My health began to suffer from exposure and in October, 1855, I moved to Rockford, Illinois, and labored as a Presbyterial missionary at Middle Creek, Durand, Poplar Grove, and in many settlements in that vicinity with gracious results.

[13] Fountain Prairie is a township in southeastern Columbia County, which was first settled in 1843.

[14] The first settler on the site of Columbus came in 1849; the town grew rather slowly and the first religious organization was not completed until Jan. 26, 1850. The Reverend C. E. Rosenkrans, who became the first pastor of the Presbyterian church at Columbus, affiliated in 1852 with the Fox River Presbytery. He remained in charge ten years, and died in 1860.

[15] Oxford is a town in western Marquette County, having a population somewhat less than one thousand.

When his youngest son, James, entered the federal army at the beginning of the Civil War, the father returned to Beaver Dam and in April, 1862, took up again the missionary work and assisted the ministers as Presbyterial missionary in this region. His soldier son was killed November 7, 1863, and although the family cares and business interests of the elder Ordway were pressing, he nevertheless visited his mission fields and was ever ready to conduct revival meetings and to help forward the work of the Lord. He had a passion for souls and gloried in the extension of the Kingdom. He was an earnest and fearless preacher of righteousness, unfolding the gospel plan of salvation with great clearness and power. The old settlers of Wisconsin never forgot the pungent sermons of this man of God, nor the kindly offices and friendly welcomes of this pioneer Presbyterial missionary in Wisconsin.

While Reverend Ordway was on a missionary tour to Cambria during the winter of 1869-70, he was suddenly prostrated by sickness and died January 24, 1870, in the eighty-second year of his age. On the following Sabbath morning a union funeral service was held in the First Presbyterian Church in Beaver Dam; burial was in Forest Home, Milwaukee, where his son, Hon. David S. Ordway, lived. The latter son and his sister, Mrs. Mary Goodman, of Beaver Dam, survived their father a few years. One grandson, Fred S. Goodman, has for many years been one of the national secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association, and with his two sons is now in the army work of that organization in the soldier camps in the United States and France.

THE FINGER OF GOD IS THERE

REVEREND P. PERNIN

CHAPTER III. AFTER THE CATASTROPHE

ENSUING PROSTRATION

I came out of the river about half past three in the morning, and from that time I was in a very different condition, both morally and physically, to that in which I had previously been. Today, in recalling the past, I can see that the moment most fraught with danger was precisely that in which danger seemed at an end. The atmosphere, previously hot as the breath of a furnace, was gradually becoming colder and colder, and, after having been so long in the river, I was of course exceedingly susceptible to its chilly influence. My clothes were thoroughly saturated. There was no want of fire, and I easily dried my outer garments, but the inner ones were wet, and their searching dampness penetrated to my inmost frame, affecting my very lungs. Though close to a large fire, arising from heaps of burning fragments, I was still convulsively shivering, feeling at the same time a complete prostration of body and spirit. My chest was oppressed to suffocation, my throat swollen, and, in addition to an almost total inability to move, I could scarcely use my voice—utter even a word.

Almost lifeless, I stretched myself out full length on the sand. The latter was still hot, and the warmth in some degree restored me. Removing shoes and socks I placed my feet in immediate contact with the heated ground, and felt additionally relieved.

I was lying beside the ruins of the large factory, the beams of which were still burning. Around me were piles of iron hoops belonging to the tubs and buckets lately de-

stroyed. With the intention of employing these latter to dry my socks and shoes, now the only possessions left me, I touched them but found that they were still intolerably hot. Yet, strange to say, numbers of men were lying—some face downward—across these iron circles. Whether they were dead, or, rendered almost insensible from the effects of damp and cold, were seeking the warmth that the sand afforded me, I cannot say; I was suffering too intensely myself to attend to them.

My eyes were now beginning to cause me the most acute pain, and this proved the case, to a greater or less extent, with all those who had not covered theirs during the long storm of fire through which we had passed. Notwithstanding I had kept head and face streaming with water, the heat had nevertheless injured my eyes greatly, though at the moment I was almost unconscious of the circumstance. The intense pain they now caused, joined to a feeling of utter exhaustion, kept me for a length of time extended on the earth. When able, I dried my wet garments, one after the other, at the blazing ruins, and those near me did the same. As each individual thought of himself, without minding his neighbor, the task was easy even to the most scrupulous and delicate. Putting on dry clothes afforded immediate relief to the pain and oppression of my chest, enabling me to breathe with more ease. Finally day dawned on a scene with whose horror and ruin none were as yet fully acquainted. I received a friendly summons to proceed to another spot where the greater number of those who had escaped were assembled, but the inflammation of my eyes had rapidly augmented, and I was now perfectly blind. Someone led me, however, to the place of refuge. It was a little valley near the river's edge, completely sheltered by sand hills, and proved to be the very place where I had intended taking refuge the evening previous, though prevented reaching it by the violence of the hurricane. Some had succeeded in attaining it, and had suffered comparatively

far less than we had done. The tempest of fire had passed, as it were, above this spot, leaving untouched the shrubs and plants growing within it.

Behold us then, all assembled in this valley like the survivors after a battle,—some safe and well, others more or less wounded; some were very much so, especially a poor old woman who, fearing to enter the river completely, had lain crouched on the bank, partly in the water, partly out of it, and, consequently, exposed to the flames. She was now stretched on the grass, fearfully burned, and suffering intense agony, to judge from her heart-rending moans and cries. As she was dying, and had asked for me, I was brought to her, though I fear I proved but a poor consoler. I could not unclose my inflamed eyes, could scarcely speak, and felt so exhausted and depressed myself, that it was difficult to impart courage to others. The poor sufferer died shortly after.

Those among us who had sufficient strength for the task dispersed in different directions to seek information concerning the friends whom they had not yet seen, and returned with appalling tidings relating to the general ruin and the number of deaths by fire. One of these told me that he had crossed to the other side of the river, and found all the houses as well as the church in ashes, while numbers of corpses were lying by the wayside, so much disfigured by fire as to be beyond recognition.

"Well," I replied, "since it is thus, we will all proceed to Marinette, where there is a fine church, new presbytery, and school house, capable of lodging a great number."

About eight o'clock, a large tent, brought on by the Company, was erected for the purpose of sheltering the women, children, and the sick. As soon as it was prepared someone came and urged me to profit of it. I complied, and stretched myself in a corner, taking up as little place as possible, so as to leave room for others. But the man employed by the

Company to superintend the erection of the tent had evidently escaped all injury to his eyes during the night, for he perceived me at once. He was one of those coarse and brutal natures that seem inaccessible to every kindly feeling though he manifested a remarkable interest in the welfare of the ladies, and would allow none but them under his tent. As soon as his glance fell on me he ordered me out, accompanying the rude command with a perfect torrent of insulting words and blasphemies. Without reply I turned over, passing beneath the canvass, and quickly found myself outside. One of the ladies present raised her voice in my defense, and vainly sought to give him a lesson in politeness. I never heard the name of this man, and rejoice that it is unknown to me.

A BREAKFAST ON THE GRASS

Ten o'clock arrived. After the sufferings of the night previous, many longed for a cup of hot tea or coffee, but such a luxury was entirely out of our reach, amid the desolation and ruin surrounding us. Some of the young men, after a close search, found and brought back a few cabbages from a neighboring field. The outer leaves, which were thoroughly scorched, were removed, and the inner part cut into thin slices and distributed among those capable of eating them. A morsel of cold raw cabbage was not likely to prove of much use in our then state of exhaustion, but we had nothing better at hand.

At length the people of Marinette were informed of our condition, and, about one o'clock, several vehicles laden with bread, coffee, and tea arrived. These vehicles were commissioned at the same time to bring back as many of our number as they could contain. Anxious to obtain news from Marinette, I enquired of one of the men sent to our assistance if Marinette had also suffered from the fiery scourge.

"Thank God, Father, no one perished, though all were dreadfully alarmed. We have had many houses, however, burned. All the mills and houses from our church down to the Bay have gone."

"And the church?"

"It is burned."

"The handsome presbytery?"

"Burned."

"The new schoolhouse?"

"Burned also."

Ah! And I had promised the poor unfortunates of Peshtigo to bring them to Marinette and shelter them in those very buildings. Thus I found myself bereft in the same hour of my two churches, two presbyteries, and schoolhouse, as well as of all private property belonging to them or to myself.

GENERAL STATE OF FEELING AT MARINETTE AND MENOMINEE

Between one and two o'clock I left in one of the wagons for Marinette, and after arriving there, sojourned for some time at the residence of one of my parishioners, Mr. F. Garon, receiving under his hospitable roof all the care my condition required.

The two banks of the river respectively named Marinette and Menominee and which, united, formed another parish, were strangely changed in appearance. These two sister towns, one situated on the south and the other on the north side of the river, were no longer recognizable. Life and activity had entirely given place to silence and a species of woeful stupefaction. A few men only were to be seen going backwards and forwards, looking after their property, or asking details concerning the conflagration at Peshtigo from those who had just arrived from that ill-fated spot. No women were to be seen in the streets nor even in the houses, the latter having been abandoned. The children, too, with

their joyous outcries and noisy mirth had disappeared from the scene. These shores, a short while since so animated, now resembled a desert, and it was a movement of overwhelming and uncontrollable terror that had created, as it were, this solitude, a terror which dated from the preceding night when the tempest of fire came surging on from Peshtigo, consuming all that part of Marinette that lay in its path. Intelligence of the fate that had overtaken Peshtigo farther increased this general feeling of alarm till it culminated in a perfect panic. Dreading a similar catastrophe to that of Peshtigo, many families hastened towards the Bay, embarking on the steamers, *Union, Dunlop,* and *St. Joseph,* which had been kept near the shore so as to afford a refuge to the terrified inhabitants. The consternation was indescribable, and one unfortunate man on arriving panting and breathless at the boat fell dead from fear or exhaustion. These boats afforded anything but a safe place of refuge, for if the conflagration had broken out as suddenly and raged as fiercely as it had done at Peshtigo, nothing could have preserved them from the flames, and the only alternative left to those on board would have been death by fire or water. Fear, however, is generally an untrustworthy counsellor, and the expedients it suggests remarkably ill chosen. The inhabitants of Marinette and Menominee passed the night of October eighth dispersed in the different boats, and it is unnecessary to add that few slept during those hours of strange anxiety. Terror effectually banished slumber, producing the result fear generally does on the Christian soul, turning it instinctively to prayer, even as the terror-stricken child casts itself into the arms of the mother it has summoned to its help. What are we, poor mortals, exposed to the wild fury of the unchained elements, but helpless children? The Catholics present with one accord cast themselves on their knees and prayed aloud, imploring the Ruler of the elements to stay His vengeful arm and spare His people. They

prayed without shyness or human respect. Doubtless, there were present those who had perhaps never learned to pray, or who had forgotten how to accomplish that all important duty, and these latter might in other circumstances have felt annoyed at such public manifestations of devotion, but in this hour of common peril, all hearts involuntarily turned towards heaven as their only resource. There were no tokens of incredulity, impiety, or bigotry evinced by any. The Protestants who were present, being unacquainted with the Catholic formula of prayer, could not unite their supplications with those of the latter, but they encouraged them to continue their devotions, and when they paused, solicited them to recommence. Danger is a successful teacher, its influence immediate and irresistible. No reasoning succeeds so quickly in making men comprehend the greatness of God and their own insignificance, His almighty power and their own helplessness. Naught else detaches souls so completely from earth and raises them towards Him on whom we all depend.

The preceding details, furnished by individuals coming and going from the boats, were full of interest to me. During this time I remained with my kind host, Mr. Garon, being too ill even to leave the house. The kind attentions of which I was the object soon restored me in some degree to health. Tuesday evening, I was able to visit several persons who had been injured more or less grievously by fire, and to prepare the dying for their last end, as far as lay in my power, in the total absence of everything necessary on the sad occasion. Feeling strong enough, I resolved to return to Peshtigo on Tuesday night, and commenced my preparations. The clothes I wore had been greatly injured by my long sojourn in the water, and I would have willingly replaced them, but found this impossible. The storekeepers, fearing a similar misfortune to that which had overtaken the merchants of Peshtigo, had packed up the greater part of their merchandise and buried it. I could get nothing save a

suit of coarse yellow material such as workmen wear whilst engaged in sawmills. In the absence of something better it had to answer, and about ten o'clock at night I went on board a steamboat about leaving for Green Bay, calling previously, however, at Peshtigo. The night was very stormy, and it was only about daybreak that we ventured to land, the water being very rough when we reached Peshtigo landing, which was about nine or ten in the morning. I remained there only a few hours, during which time I visited the sick beds of several victims of the conflagration.

RETURN TO PESHTIGO

About one o'clock in the afternoon a car was leaving for Peshtigo, conveying thither men who went daily there for the purpose of seeking out and burying the dead. I took my place with them. The locomotives belonging to the Company, having been burned, were now replaced by horses, and we progressed thus till we came up with the track of the fire. We walked the rest of the way, a distance of half a league, and this gave me ample opportunity for examining thoroughly the devastation and ruin wrought, both by fire and by wind. Alas, much as I had heard on the sad subject, I was still unprepared for the melancholy spectacle that met my gaze.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

It is a painful thing to have to speak of scenes which we feel convinced no pen could fully describe nor words do justice to. It was on the eleventh of October, Wednesday afternoon, that I revisited for the first time the site of what had once been the town of Peshtigo. Of the houses, trees, fences that I had looked on three days ago nothing whatever remained, save a few blackened posts still standing, as if to attest the impetuous fury of the fiery element that had thus destroyed all before it. Wherever the foot chanced to fall it rested on ashes. The iron tracks of the railroad had been

twisted and curved into all sorts of shapes, whilst the wood which had supported them no longer existed. The trunks of mighty trees had been reduced to mere cinders, the blackened hearts alone remaining. All around these trunks, I perceived a number of holes running downwards deep in the earth. They were the sockets where the roots had lately been. I plunged my cane into one of them, thinking what must the violence of that fire have been, which ravaged not only the surface of the earth, but penetrated so deeply into its bosom. Then I turned my wondering gaze in the direction where the town had lately stood, but nothing remained to point out its site except the boilers of the two locomotives, the iron of the wagon wheels, and the brick and stonework of the factory. All the rest was a desert the desolation of which was sufficient to draw tears from the eyes of the spectator—a desert recalling a field of battle after a sanguinary conflict. Charred carcasses of horses, cows, oxen, and other animals lay scattered here and there. The bodies of the human victims—men, women, and children—had been already collected and decently interred—their number being easily ascertained by counting the rows of freshly-made graves. To find the streets was a difficult task, and it was not without considerable trouble that I succeeded at length in ascertaining the site where my house had lately stood. My next care was to look for the spot where I had buried my trunks and other valuables. This I discovered by means of the shovel which I had employed in digging the trench and which I had thrown to a short distance, my task completed. There it still lay, half of the handle burned off, the rest in good order, and I employed it once again to disinter my effects. On moving the sand, a disagreeable odor, somewhat resembling that of brimstone, exhaled from it. My linen appeared at the first glance to be in a state of perfect preservation, having kept even its whiteness, with the exception of the pleats, which were somewhat discolored; but on touching it, it fell to pieces

as if the substance had been consumed by some slow, peculiar process, or traversed by electricity. Whilst touching on this subject we may add that many felt a shock of earthquake at the moment that everything on the surface of the earth was trembling before the violence of the hurricane. Here again was a total loss. A few calcined bricks, melted crystal, with crosses and crucifixes more or less destroyed, alone pointed out where my house had once been, while the charred remains of my poor dog indicated the site of my bedroom. I followed then the road leading from my house to the river, and which was the one I had taken on the night of the catastrophe. There, the carcasses of animals were more numerous than elsewhere, especially in the neighborhood of the bridge. I saw the remains of my poor horse in the spot where I had last met him, but so disfigured by the fiery death through which he had passed that I had some difficulty in recognizing him.

Those who have a horse, and appreciate the valuable services he renders them, will not feel surprised at my speaking twice of mine. There exists between the horse and his master a species of friendship akin to that which unites two friends, and which in the man frequently survives the death of his four-footed companion.

Whilst wandering among the ruins I met several persons, with some of whom I entered into conversation. One was a bereaved father seeking his missing children of whom he had as yet learned nothing. "If, at least," he said to me, with a look of indescribable anguish, "I could find their bones, but the wind has swept away whatever the fire spared." Children were seeking for their parents, brothers for their brothers, husbands for their wives, but I saw no women amid this scene of horror which it would have been almost impossible for them to contemplate. The men I met, those sorrowful seekers for the dead, had all suffered more or less in the battle against wind and fire. Some had had a hand burned, others an arm or side; all were clothed in blackened, ragged

garments, appearing, each one from his look of woeful sadness and miserable condition, like a ruin among ruins. They pointed out to me the places where they had found such and such individuals: there a mother lay prone on her face, pressing to her bosom the child she had vainly striven to save from the devouring element; here a whole family, father, mother, and children, lying together, blackened and mutilated by the fire fiend. Among the ruins of the boarding house belonging to the Company, more than seventy bodies were found, disfigured to such a fearful extent that it was impossible to tell either their age or sex. Farther on twenty more had been drawn from a well. One of the workmen engaged in the construction of the church was found, knife in hand, with his throat cut, two of his children lying beside him in a similar condition; while his wife lay a little farther off, having evidently been burned to death. The name of this man was Towsley, and during the whole summer he had worked at the church of Peshtigo. Doubtless seeing his wife fall near him, and becoming convinced of the utter impossibility of escaping a fiery death, his mind became troubled, and he put an end to his own existence and that of his children. There were several other similar cases of suicide arising from the same sad causes.

These heartrending accounts, combined with the fearful desolation that met my gaze wherever it turned, froze my veins with horror!

A ROPE WANTED TO HANG A SCOUNDREL

Alas! that I should have to record an incident such as should never have happened in the midst of that woeful scene! Whilst struggling with the painful impressions produced in my mind by the spectacle on which I looked, my attention was attracted to another quarter by the sound of voices, raised in loud excitement. The cause of the tumult was this: In the midst of the universal consternation per-

vading all minds, a man was found degraded enough to insult not only the general sorrow and mourning but also death itself. Enslaved by the wretched vice of avarice, he had just been taken in the act of despoiling the bodies of the dead of whatever objects the fire had spared. A jury was formed, his punishment put to the vote, and he was unanimously condemned to be hanged on the spot. But where was a rope to be found? The fire had spared nothing. Somebody proposed substituting for the former an iron chain which had been employed for drawing logs, and one was accordingly brought and placed around the criminal's neck. Execution was difficult under the circumstances; and whilst the preparations dragged slowly on, the miserable man loudly implored mercy. The pity inspired by the mournful surroundings softened at length the hearts of the judges, and, after having made him crave pardon on his knees for the sacrilegious thefts of which he had been guilty, they allowed him to go free. It may have been that they merely intended frightening him.

Weary of noise and tumult, and longing for solitude, I left my previous companions, and followed for a considerable distance that road to Oconto on which I had seen so many vehicles entering, turning their backs on the river to which I was hastening with the tabernacle. I had not gone far before I saw much more than I would have desired to see. All in this line had perished, and perished in masses, for the vehicles were crowded with unfortunates who, flying from death, had met it all the sooner and in its most horrible form. In those places where the flames had enfolded their victims in their fiery clasp, nothing now was to be seen but calcined bones, charred mortal remains, and the iron circles of the wheels. It was with some difficulty that the human relics could be distinguished from those of the horses. The workmen of the Company were employed in collecting these sad memorials and burying them by the wayside, there to remain

till such time as the friends of the dead might wish to reclaim and inter them in a more suitable manner.

I left them at their mournful task, and returned to the site where our church had so lately stood. There also all was in ashes, nothing remaining save the church bell. The latter had been thrown a distance of fifty feet; one half was now lying there intact, while the other part had melted and spread over the sand in silvery leaves. The voice of this bell had been the last sound heard in the midst of the hurricane. Its lugubrious note yet seems at times to strike on my ear, reminding me of the horrors of which it was a forerunner.

The graveyard lay close to the church, and I entered and waited there; for I expected momentarily the arrival of a funeral. It was that of a young man who had died the evening previous, in consequence of the terrible burns he had received. Never was burial service more poverty-stricken nor priest more utterly destitute of all things necessary for the performance of the sad ceremony. Nor church, nor house, nor surplice, stole nor breviary: nothing save prayer and a heartfelt benediction. I had felt this destitution still more keenly on two or three previous occasions when asked by the dying for the sacrament of Extreme Unction, which it was out of my power, alas, to administer to them. I left the graveyard with a heavy heart, and turned my steps in the direction of the river, which I had to cross in order to seek for my tabernacle with whose ultimate fate I was unacquainted. A bright ray of consolation awaited me and seldom was consolation more needed.

THE TABERNACLE

I crossed the river on the half-charred beams of the bridge which had been joined together so as to offer a means of passage, though a very perilous one, to those who chose to trust themselves to it. I had barely reached the other side

when one of my parishioners hastened to meet me, joyfully exclaiming: "Father, do you know what has happened to your tabernacle?"

"No, what is it?"

"Come quickly then, and see. Oh! Father, it is a great miracle!"

I hurried with him to that part of the river into which I had pushed as far as possible my wagon containing the tabernacle. This wagon had been blown over on its side by the storm; whilst the tabernacle itself had been caught up by the wind and cast on one of the logs floating on the water. Everything in the immediate vicinity of this spot had been blackened or charred by the flames; logs, trunks, boxes, nothing had escaped, yet, strange to say, there rose the tabernacle, intact in its snowy whiteness, presenting a wonderful contrast to the grimy blackness of the surrounding objects. I left it in the spot where it had thus been thrown by the tempest for two days, so as to give all an opportunity of seeing it. Numbers came, though of course in that time of horror and desolation there were many too deeply engrossed with their own private griefs to pay attention to aught else. The Catholics generally regarded the fact as a miracle, and it was spoken of near and far, attracting great attention.

Alas! Nothing is more evanescent than the salutary impressions produced on the mind of man by divine blessings or punishments. Time and the preoccupations of life efface even the very remembrance of them. How few there are among the rare survivors of the fire that swept Peshtigo from the face of the earth who still see the power of God in the calamity that then overwhelmed them as well as in the preservation of the tabernacle, events which at the time of their occurrence made so deep an impression on their minds.

When the duties which had detained me three days amid these mournful scenes were completed, I took the tabernacle from the place which it had occupied of late and sent it on

to Marinette where I intended soon saying mass. When the right time arrived, I forcibly opened the tiny door. There—circumstance as wonderful as the preservation of the tabernacle in the midst of the conflagration—I found the consecrated Host intact in the monstrance while the violent concussions the ciborium must have undergone had not caused it even to open. Water had not penetrated within, and the flames had respected the interior as well as exterior, even to the silky tissue lining the sides. All was in a state of perfect preservation!

These sacred objects, though possessing in reality but little intrinsic value, are nevertheless priceless in my eyes. I prize them as most precious relics, and never look at or touch them without feeling penetrated with sentiments of love and veneration such as no other holy vessels, however rich and beautiful, could awake within me. In the little chapel at Marinette, which replaces the church burned there more than two years ago, the same tabernacle is on the altar and contains the same monstrance and ciborium which were so wonderfully preserved from the flames, and, daily, during the holy sacrifice, I use them with a species of religious triumph as trophies of God's exceeding mercy snatched so marvellously from destruction.

I must beg my readers to return with me for a little while to the banks of Peshtigo River—but not to linger there long. Before removing the tabernacle, I was busily occupied three days and two nights, now in seeking for the dead, then in taking up from the water various objects which I had thrown by armfuls, at the moment of leaving my house, into the wagon and which had been overturned with it into the river. The most precious of all these was the chalice, which I was fortunate enough to find, together with the paten. My search was greatly facilitated by the opening of the dam and letting out of the waters which were here fifteen or twenty feet in depth. This step was necessary for the finding of the corpses

of those persons who, either seized by cramps, or drawn in by the current, had been drowned during the night of the hurricane.

For the space of these three days our only habitation was the tent, the shelter of which had been so arbitrarily refused me the preceding Monday. It covered us during our meals, which we took standing and as best we could, and during the night protected the slumbers of those who could sleep, a thing I found impossible. Our beds were made on a most economical plan—the river sand formed our substitute for mattresses, and a single blanket constituted our covering.

During this period I first learned the fate of the city of Chicago. A physician, come from Fond du Lac to attend to the sick and burned, brought a newspaper with him, and in it we read of the terrible ravages wrought by fire, on the same night, and, strange to say, about the same hour, not only at Peshtigo but in many other different places and above all at Chicago. This great conflagration at Chicago proclaimed to the world by the myriad voices of journal and telegraph, created far and wide an immense outburst of compassion in favor of the unfortunate city, diverting entirely the general attention from the far more appalling calamities of which we had been the hapless victims.

On the afternoon of Friday, the thirteenth, I had about finished my labors on the desolate banks of Peshtigo River. The corpses found had all been decently interred, and the sick and maimed carried to different places of safety. Exhausted with fatigue and privation, I felt I could not bear up much longer, and accordingly took place in a wagon that had brought us supplies, and was now returning to Oconto in which latter town I had friends who were awaiting my arrival with friendly impatience. I enjoyed two days of rest at the residence of Father Vermore, the excellent parish priest of the French church. Monday following I left for

Green Bay to visit his Lordship, Bishop Melcher, dead, alas, even now whilst I write these lines.

* * *[1]

SOME DETAILS OUTSIDE OF THE NARRATIVE

It may be as well to record here some of the extraordinary phenomena and peculiar characteristics of the strange fire that wrought so much desolation, though I was not personally a witness to them all. I was too near the inner portion of the circle to be able to see much of what was passing on the outside. It is not he who is in the middle of the combat that has the best view of the battle and its details, but rather the man who contemplates it from some elevated point overlooking the plain.

FORCE OF THE HURRICANE

Whole forests of huge maples, deeply and strongly rooted in the soil, were torn up, twisted and broken, as if they had been willow wands. A tree standing upright here or there was an exception to an almost general rule. There lay those children of the forest, heaped up one over the other in all imaginable positions, their branches reduced to cinders, and their trunks calcined and blackened. Many asseverated that they had seen large wooden houses torn from their foundations and caught up like straws by two opposing currents of air which raised them till they came in contact with the stream of fire. They then burst into flames, and, exposed thus to the fury of two fierce elements, wind and fire, were torn to pieces and reduced to ashes almost simultaneously.

Still, the swiftness with which this hurricane, seemingly composed of wind and fire together, advanced, was in no degree proportioned to its terrible force. By computing the length of time that elapsed between the rising of the tempest in the southwest, and its subsiding in the northeast, it will be

[1] The portion of the original narrative which we here omit is devoted to the personal doings of the author during the following weeks.

easily seen that the rate of motion did not exceed two leagues an hour. The hurricane moved in a circle, advancing slowly, as if to give time to prepare for its coming.

INTENSITY OF THE HEAT

Many circumstances tended to prove that the intensity of the heat produced by the fire was in some places extreme, nay unheard of. I have already mentioned that the flames pursued the roots of the trees into the very depths of the earth, consuming them to the last inch. I plunged my cane down into these cavities, and convinced myself that nothing had stayed the course of combustion save the utter want of anything to feed on. Hogsheads of nails were found entirely melted though lying outside the direct path of the flames. Immense numbers of fish of all sizes died, and the morning after the storm the river was covered with them. It would be impossible to decide what was the cause of their death. It may have been owing to the intensity of the heat, the want of air necessary to respiration—the air being violently sucked in by the current tending upwards to that fierce focus of flame—or they may have been killed by some poisonous gas.

GAS

It is more than probable that for a moment the air was impregnated with an inflammable gas most destructive to human life. I have already mentioned the tiny globules of fire flying about my house at the moment I quitted it. Whilst on my way to the river, I met now and then gusts of an air utterly unfit for respiration, and was obliged on these occasions to throw myself on the ground to regain my breath, unless already prostrated involuntarily by the violence of the wind. Whilst standing in the river I had noticed, as I have already related, on casting my eye upwards, a sea of flame, as it were, the immense waves of which were in a state of violent commotion, rolling tumultuously one over the other, and

all at a prodigious height in the sky, and, consequently, far from any combustible material. How can this phenomenon be explained without admitting the supposition that immense quantities of gas were accumulated in the air?

Strange to say there were many corpses found, bearing about them no traces of scars or burns, and yet in the pockets of their habiliments, equally uninjured, watches, cents, and other articles in metal were discovered completely melted. How was it also that many escaped with their lives here and there on the cleared land as well as in the woods? The problem is a difficult one to solve. The tempest did not rage in all parts with equal fury, but escape from its power was a mere affair of chance. None could boast of having displayed more presence of mind than others. Generally speaking, those who happened to be in low lying lands, especially close to excavations or even freshly ploughed earth with which they could cover themselves, as the Indians do, succeeded in saving their lives. Most frequently the torrent of fire passed at a certain height from the earth, touching only the most elevated portions. Thus no one could meet it standing erect without paying the penalty of almost instantaneous death.

SOMETHING STRANGER STILL

When the hurricane burst upon us, many, surprised and terrified, ran out to see what was the matter. A number of these persons assert that they then witnessed a phenomenon which may be classed with the marvelous. They saw a large black object, resembling a balloon, which object revolved in the air with great rapidity, advancing above the summits of the trees towards a house which it seemed to single out for destruction. Barely had it touched the latter when the balloon burst with a loud report, like that of a bombshell, and, at the same moment, rivulets of fire streamed out in all directions. With the rapidity of thought, the house thus chosen was enveloped in flames within and without, so that the persons inside had no time for escape.

DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE FIRE

It is somewhat difficult to calculate the extent of territory overrun by the fiery scourge, on account of the irregularity of the course followed by the latter. Still, without exaggeration, the surface thus ravaged, extending from the southwest to the northeast of Peshtigo, may be set down as not far from fifteen to twenty leagues in length by five or six in width. The number of deaths in Peshtigo, including the farmers dwelling in the environs, was not less than one thousand—that is to say, about half of the population. More than eight hundred known individuals had disappeared; but there were crowds of strangers, many of whom had arrived that very morning, whose names had not been registered, and whose number will ever remain unknown.

Among those who escaped from the awful scourge, many have since died, owing to the hardships then endured, whilst others are dropping off day by day. A physician belonging to Green Bay has predicted that before ten years all the unfortunate survivors of that terrible catastrophe will have paid the debt of nature, victims of the irreparable injury inflcted on their constitutions by smoke, air, water, and fire. If the prediction continues to be as faithfully realized in the future as it has been in the past, my turn will also come.

May the construction of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Marinette, be then completed, so that some grateful hearts may pray there for the repose of my soul.[2]

[2] We omit to reprint a Conclusion and an Appendix, which occupy the closing pages of the book, whose contents pertain to the religious reflections and ideas of the author.

BADGERS IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE

ALBANY BOY WINS CROIX DE GUERRE[1]

I have tried to get the opportunity to write you a letter—at least something that might be called a letter—but the Germans have kept us a bit too busy. Believe I promised you all a long letter when I got "en repos" telling you about our work in the first attack. The trouble was before we had any "repose" we were shoved into another attack—much worse than the other. However, at present we are in a quiet sector so I shall have time to tell you most of the things that happened to us.

Our first taste of real war was at Nazon—you have seen the name on the map and in the reports many times I know. We went from there to Vertus where we were "en repos." It was a pretty trip as far as Compeigne; from there it presented all the sadness, sorrow, and confusion and horrors of this great war. The roads there are wide and allow four wagons or cars to pass abreast. As a rule there was a double stream on the road continuously. Coming from the front were long lines of trucks (which had carried soldiers to the front) laden down with refugees and their possessions; following these were wagons loaded with household articles and everywhere there were refugees, old women, little children, all carrying all they owned in the world. Their homes had probably been shot down by this time or would soon be. They were going—they did not know where—but all they wanted was to go. There was also a steady stream of soldiers coming out of the lines. They were tired—so tired some could not go on but rested in peculiar positions along the road. Then came more wagons, ambulances loaded inside and out with wounded—some having no clothing and being wrapped in blankets—more trucks, more refugees, and more soldiers. Over all floated a cloud of dust—everyone was covered with dust—one breathed dust and ate dust and above all hated dust. Going in toward the front were trucks of soldiers, ambulances, big guns, small guns, and ammunition wagons—more men, more men. Every-

[1] Letter of John B. Litel to his father, June 27, 1918, printed in Janesville *Gazette* of August 10.

one was hurrying in rout. There was little talk, but every face had a set expression. For us new to the game it was a strange and impressive sight, one never to be forgotten.

About five in the evening we reached our destination—a little village deserted by all save a few soldiers, the buildings most shot to pieces. We washed up, ate, and turned in for a little much needed sleep. The night before we had slept but two hours and had been constantly on the go. We were soon to learn that we were very fortunate in securing two hours of sleep. About eleven that night we were called and told that we must leave in five minutes—we also left all our blankets, cots, etc., carrying our barrack bags and a few toilet articles. We moved ten kilometers and parked our cars near the road. It was quite cold but we managed to get a few hours' sleep. At six o'clock six of us went on duty. As we went toward the front there was really very little shelling. The Germans had recently advanced and had not as yet had an opportunity to get their guns in place. It was not long, however, before they had the range and were busy banging away.

We reached the post and awaited orders. A few minutes after we saw two batteries of the famous 75's pull up in a field and begin work. And they can work some, too. Shortly after we saw a detachment of British Cavalry go into action—a wonderful sight. The men were splendid looking fellows, the horses shone in the morning light, and their long spears and swords reflected the light of the sun in a million sparkling shafts. Before long we were too busy with our "blesses" and had little time for anything but work. We worked steadily for about four days when the worst was over and things quieted down for about a month when we had two more bad days. During the first five we slept but a few minutes at a time—one night in a cellar on turnips, the next out in a courtyard with nothing but a blanket wrapped around one. We ate when we could or what we could—which wasn't a great deal some times.

There were times when one's chances of life didn't seem too good. There were times when the war came mighty close. The time for instance we learned of our first boy's death. Killed while sitting in his car ready to leave. The time, too, when we buried him—just a party of some fifty Americans (there were several men from other

sections came up) all alone among these Frenchmen, laying away one of our own boys whom we loved. But there were times when we had mighty good times through it all. Times when we would gather in some deserted house before an open fire and talk it over.

Then there was the day none of us will ever forget—the day we were called out in front of our quarters and inspected by a general while the general of our own division stood back and looked on—with just a bit of pride in his fine eyes it seemed to me. Then the general of the army corps pinned a croix de guerre (French war cross) on both of our French and American lieutenants and on our flag. This is the second highest grade of the war cross given and we are all mighty proud. Eleven of the boys also received citations for this work. The crosses did not come until some time later—in fact I just received mine today and am having the lieutenant send it under separate cover from Paris. Please let me know if you receive it as it means a great deal to me and I want you to be sure and get it.

We had now been at Ribecourt (just below Noyon) about six weeks when we received the order to move and go back about fifteen kilometers where we would be on reserve. Instead of going from there on to "repose," as we expected, we went into action again, this time at Soissons, or just outside, our post being at Laveisine. From our previous position to Laveisine we encountered more dust than I ever saw in my life. In fact it was impossible to see a thing but the back of the car ahead—hardly more than ten feet. We arrived at L. about eleven o'clock and at twelve our posts were established and at four I went out to one. The lieutenant did not attack as he thought it only fair to give some of the boys a chance who had not as yet received war crosses. However, the roads were bad and as long as he deemed it advisable to have two men on every car he and I took turns riding with whatever car was ready. I started at four and rode in this manner back and forth until twelve the next day. It was quite a strain at times as the shelling was terrific. The Germans were using one of the Austrian guns, the 210 which makes a hole big enough to bury a Ford completely. People back there may think this is an exaggeration—I know I used to, but now I know it isn't. The shell before it is fired stands nearly to my waist

and is as big around as a water hydrant. The Boche had a pleasant way of sending three of these over at once and not infrequently would they break on either side and to the front or rear of our car.

I shall never smell fresh dirt but that I shall think of those terrific explosions. They would make the earth for yards around shake and quiver as though it were jelly. I have passed buildings in a small town when one of these monsters would crash through the roof and the roar would be deafening. Rocks and stones (nearly all buildings here are built of these) two feet wide would be hurled in the air like mere pebbles.

One morning I was in a small town when the shells seemed to rain into the little valley where the town was snuggled. I was in a cellar and about three blocks down the same street some more of our boys were in a similar one. A shell lit directly on top of the house over their cellar and all we could see of them was part of one boy's leg. About two hours later several of our boys and one car were captured by the Germans in the same town. It only goes to show how close one can come and still get away—what a difference there is between life and death over here.

It's funny how during a time of this kind one never fears death. At least I never do—it's only the fear of being torn to pieces by one of those big shells and left on the road somewhere to suffer. But when things are real busy and there are lots of wounded one even forgets to think of that and just goes ahead. You know you can't run fifty miles in an ambulance—it would kill all the wounded—and one usually travels very slowly and takes his chances where a shell is going to light.

We worked five days and nights on this attack and during that time I think I managed to get two hours' sleep. You may think that is not enough, but what is one to do, when there are wounded; they must never be left and they never are. Then, too, you may think it's pretty hard to keep awake. I used to think it would be but it's not so bad. The big shells and the big holes and the gas all go to keep one awake.

Now that I speak of gas perhaps you would like to know about that. That part of war goes way beyond what Sherman said. You see he never had any! I was riding one day with another boy. He

was driving and a gas shell broke near by and I gave him my mask to put on as his lay back of him. After he had adjusted his mask he handed me his. I had on a pair of gloves and, in my anxiety to get on the mask, put one glove in my mouth. That taught me a lesson. When I opened my mouth enough gas came in to make me good and sick—after that I took my gloves off with my hands.

We then went back "en repos" after five days of semiexcitement. Then was when we felt the whole thing—the nervous strain kept us up until we were back there away from it all. Then we knew that we were tired. We only were there a week and did not do a thing but clean up our cars, clean up ourselves, and rest—in capital letters—REST. We were too tired even to write letters.

Then we came up to this sector, quiet, peaceful, and wonderfully beautiful—valleys with wooded mountains on both sides, miles and miles of green trees. It's all so different here. One almost forgets the war.

So you see, Dad, we have been through considerable. We all feel like veterans now and we are proud of all the gold stripes that show we have been here six months and prouder still of the green and red striped ribbon which shows we have done something that the French republic recognizes as real. We are proud of our section for it's a wonder, and we are proud of our lieutenant, who has made it such. Of course we are sad at times when we think of the boys we have lost—killed or taken prisoners—but after all we must expect that. It's part of the game.

Give my best to all my friends—tell them to forgive me if I don't write. I think of them often. Please, Dad, write me a nice long letter. I miss yours very much and I haven't heard in a long time. How does the car run, and is your garden as good as ever? If it is, I certainly hate the Boche more than ever.

A FOURTH OF JULY AT THE FRONT [2]

The great and glorious Fourth has come and gone. The weather here was perfect. It was a gala day everywhere. It would have done your heart good to see the crowds of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Australians, and Canadians mixing with our

[2] Letter of Lieutenant Harry Kessenich to his parents, July 7, 1918, in Madison *Democrat* of August 6.

lads in a perfect realization of what July fourth meant to America and what it means to the world today. It meant liberty for us. It means liberty for the world—the liberty, truth, and justice that the allies believe in and which they will attain because of their wonderful unity of purpose and action and because the grace of God is with them. We cannot lose. We will win!

And now, folks, let me tell you about the day's program in our own little camp. We had an afternoon of sports, track and field events and boxing contests that would be hard to beat anywhere. Two hundred English Tommies and their officers were with us. It was an afternoon of fun. The lads surely enjoyed the contests as it was a fight for supremacy between platoons. And they gave their guests some good, wholesome ideas of the strength, speed, and alertness of real Americans. After the meet I overheard some Tommies discussing the events.

One of them said, "When those lads get into a fight, they'll bother Jerry a bit."

Coming from an Englishman those few words meant a lot. An American expressing the same feeling would undoubtedly have said: "When those lads get into a fight each of 'em 'll pound the blocks off forty-seven Boches."

As I have often written to you, the English officers at this place have made it their duty to do for us everything in their power to make our camp better and more pleasant. We have appreciated their kindness and resolved to do something for them on the Fourth. So I asked them for the privilege of their officers' mess that evening that we might give them a regular dinner. We have not as yet the facilities in our camp for staging such affairs. But they agreed with pleasure and with the aid of their English cooks and their school adjutant we went to work and staged a dinner, which for its completeness, its good fellowship, and its patriotism was the peer of any I have ever attended, and I would wager it had no equal in France.

The circumstances made it such. There we were, nine Americans and ten British officers, dining together in an English school, celebrating the day that gave America liberty from Britain, celebrating the fact that America and Britain are now allies in a common

cause and all of us on foreign soil! It was a cosmopolitan gathering. We ranged in rank from second lieutenant to major. The major commandant of the British school is a famous athlete from Cambridge university. One of his instructor captains is from Oxford university, where he played on the football, cricket, and track teams. Other English officers attended the University of London-West. Among the Americans the following universities were represented: Yale, Vanderbilt, Tennessee, Washington and Lee, Richmond college, Michigan, Georgetown, Marquette, and Wisconsin. Could you ask for a representation more varied among such a number of men?

The table was gorgeous in American and British flags, red, white, and blue flowers. I had the honor of being at the head of the table, with the major commandant on my right. At the other end of the table, acting as vice-master, was a Scotch captain. At the conclusion of the "oats" I said a very few words apropos the occasion and proposed a toast to His Majesty, the King of England. The major responded by lauding America's efforts, reading the official communique of the day, wherein it told of America's million soldiers in France, and of the launching that day of a hundred American ships. He praised President Wilson as the greatest statesman of the day and then asked a toast to "His Excellency, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States." Toasts were then proposed to the English navy, which has performed one of the miracles of the war in keeping the English channel open, and in helping in the transport of America's army across the seas with the loss of less than three hundred lives. Then came words of praise for General Pershing, General Haig, and General Foch, and finally a toast to the English staff, who prepared the dinner.

The bombardier, a quick-witted Irishman, McCarthy by name, said that while in his opinion the dinner with its fixings was the best they had ever staged at the school, yet it was the easiest to prepare, "because your toastmaster came to me with a fistful of money, told me that the sky was the limit, not to bother about expenses, and that if I needed more money to come to him." It was the truth. We spared no effort to make the affair one which the guests would

never forget, one which the hosts would always cherish as one of the most glorious "Fourth" celebrations ever.

When we went into the anteroom we sang "America" and "God Save the King," gave about a dozen yells for each university represented and a lot that were not represented. Then the party broke up. My throat is still sore.

Well, that is the way we spent the Fourth. I have tried to give you my idea of the day "over here." We all hope and pray that the next anniversary of the day will find us back "over there," but not unless we have routed kaiserism, put autocracy to flight, and helped to make the world safe for democracy.

A VETERINARY'S OBSERVATIONS [3]

This morning, while pondering over the events of the past, Hampton and I conceived the notion to write you a letter to remind you that everyone of our old acquaintances in the veterinary profession at home has not been forgotten. In our travels over the shell-ridden fields, as well as through the beautiful cultivated landscapes of France, we have often talked about you, the wife and kids and the whole civil population of St. Cloud, who always treated us so well when we paid them a visit. I have often wondered how you are getting along with your practice and other enterprises.

I suppose you have known that Hampton and I have been in France for some time. He arrived last August and I in December. It was strange that in my first assignment I should have immediately found him there as one of my underofficers. We with five others started the first American veterinary hospital in France and after four months turned it over to a regular veterinary unit that arrived from the States. On being assigned to this office I brought Hampton along to serve as my bodyguard, chief assistant, and principal inspiration.

I am not at liberty to state in a letter what our duties are or to say anything about our activities, but you may rest assured we are not the smallest peas in the pod. Our work takes us everywhere and already we have had all the experiences, close shaves, and excit-

[3] Letter of Major L. A. Merillat, printed in Fond du Lac *Reporter*, August 9, 1918.

ing moments any bloodthirsty human being could desire. When it is all over I am going to write a book for fireside entertainment for the coming generation, that is, if the good graces of our ambitious would-be Ruler of the universe, and God, will be so kind as to spare me. Up to date this creature of festering royalty has done big things with his armanent. He has terrorized small nations, tortured those unfortunate enough to have fallen into his hands, defiled families, exhibited prisoners in cages to his admiring people like wild animals, chained his own soldiers to their guns so they could not retreat, spent millions spreading disastrous propaganda wherever he could—but the one thing he has utterly failed to do is to scare anybody.

I am telling you only what I have myself personally observed or obtained first hand, and I tell you, Schrage, it will some day all react so hard on those responsible that no one who should by right be pleased with punishment will be savage enough to enjoy it. The day is at hand when they are going to get licked, just like all bullies always finally get it in the neck or solar plexus, and it is beginning to look as if it will be the Americans who will deliver the blow.

You know, in Germany, the Americans are treated like savages. They say to their people that we are not intelligent enough to be treated like the soldiers of other nations and so the poor fools, deluded by the rulers they have been forced to venerate, are compelled to assume an attitude of contempt toward us. But already they have found out more times than the papers have stated it, that they are fighting real men now, and not Russians. The whole truth is, Schrage, the American soldiers have it all over them. They don't give a damn for their gas, their tricks, their big guns, nor the discipline they call bravery; they just go in and get them, and a wholesome respect for the Yankee gameness is already having a telling effect.

As the German soldier himself is learning this and is comparing the individual American character with the lies he was told about him, he is actually turning on his own country. "You can't fool all the people all the time," as the old saying goes. There will soon be a million of us here, and the Germans know it, but still, yesterday, in a clipping from one of their papers they announced that

there were only a few Americans here and that most of them were Sioux Indians. Can you beat it? Can you imagine a people could be kept in such abject ignorance and under such abject subjugation?

I often wonder how Wisconsin is behaving during these days and how the large German population actually feels about this war. Myself, I have always been the champion of the loyalty of the German-Americans, knowing so many of them at home and here who are nothing but regular fellows and as anxious to shake off this monster as anyone else. I take, for example, my own wife, born of German parents, who not only gave her husband and only child to the army, but quit a comfortable home in Chicago to live on a lonesome farm, in order that it might be made more productive, while anxiously waiting for news about the welfare of all she has in the world to live for. And I know there are other Germans like her. I would hate to think otherwise. The real features of this war are not yet understood by many. Its bigness, and the bigness of the daily events mask the real issues. Soon the full truth will be known to all and the foolhardiness of a man who in the guise of trying to save his people wants to rule everyone will be apparent.

A HARVARD MAN IN BATTLE[4]

Well, here I am again, Mother, still above the ground and feeling fine, but a little nervous from past experiences.

I received the *Herald* today. Guess where? Well, on the field of battle at the Marne. I will try and tell you a little of what I have gone through of late. The *Herald* and also the *Independent* have the distinction of being read by both Casey and myself on the Marne in France. It came about like this: They called for volunteers and you know we never want to miss anything, so I volunteered, along with twenty-three others, Casey among them. Well, we were loaded on one of these French trains; rode for about fourteen hours; got out; piled into auto trucks and rode for seven hours more; and at last dropped in at the ringside. And believe me, it was some fight. I saw more men killed in ten minutes than could march up Main Street abreast in half an hour. Well, we went into action after twenty-one hours on the road and close on eighty-six hours' hitch

[4] Letter of Thomas F. King to his parents, June 12, 1918, printed in Baraboo *Republic* for August 10.

without a bite, only hot cocoa and bread. But no one kicked, as we fed up on Germans.

It is funny, Mother, the things that come into a fellow's mind. You see the Germans come into action, locked arms, without a gun or grenade. The idea is to get the storm troops as close to us as they can without losing them. Well, when I saw them coming (I was in a hole behind a machine gun and sure was working fine) the song, "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go" came into my mind. They all had new uniforms on and new boots, but what an insipid lot! Their faces are devoid of expression of any kind, just like the pigs that they are. Well, we fed them their "iron rations" and they fell back. Eight times they came against that American position only to be driven back by machine gun, rifle, and artillery fire. That slope was so slippery with blood that they could not walk up it, so they fell back and shelled it to plow it up. Then we fell back and strengthened our positions. They came again and this time we broke up their ranks. A German will fight as long as he has all the odds in his favor, but even them up and he quits like a yellow dog. Well, it kept up until I am sure you all, way back there, could hear the noise. The concussion of the big ones is sure awful and a nose-bleed is the only relief. My nose bled like a regular spring, but I felt fine all the way through.

We got in one bad hole once and at once were surrounded by Saxons, men about six feet tall and as big as a mountain, but another company charged and out we came. I know of one of those big dogs who sure won't vote in Berlin this fall. I now have his helmet, for he has no further use for it. He came at us like a fire horse. My gun was empty and the bayonet was broken, but I had one "noisy apple" (hand grenade) so I gave it to him and down he came. Never did I think I could kill a man, but I can, a German above all things. As long as they are ahead of the game in numbers they are fine, but when they have to fight, then is when they expect mercy, but they do not get it. (Orders are orders over here.) We went in about fifty strong on our position; there were eight of us left, the majority wounded; but some of them will never go home. It hurts after one gets back and at rest, when he sees it all and wonders how he came through. Casey and I met at the mail

wagon. We were looking for each other and you may be sure we were glad to see each other. Got our mail and are now back of the lines getting rest. We were on our feet for eighty-six hours and now I am answering Frances' letters and one to you.

I got the paper, saw in it a letter from Bill Gendrick. He does not like the South. Wait until he is over here in hell for a year and Hogan's Alley will look good to him back there. All of those who are coming over might just as well make up their minds that this is not a tour, but real, hot stuff. Now, I see you are having a Red Cross drive back there. Anything anyone can do for the Red Cross they ought to do and smile, for how little you all know about the wonderful work they do over here. And those Red Cross nurses! Why, mother, they work for days at a time without a rest, for no one but us, and there isn't a soldier in France who would not lay down his life for those good Red Cross women.

We will soon again go back to our original positions and wait for the original eight and some more of the home boys to step up and show them just how good "Old Illinois" is. I came out in good shape, with only a bit of shell in one foot, and I had my foot dressed by a nurse from Janesville, Wisconsin. She asked me if I was from Chicago. I said, "A little way from there." So I told her where, and she told me where she came from. And, gee, it did sound good to hear her say that. She knew some fellows I knew up there so I got an extra good dressing on my foot. Pretty soft for me, huh?

Now listen, Mother, do not worry for I am O. K. and you know some men were made to hang, so I figure I am one of those.

The Germans are strong with their gas and of course a gas mask is a hard thing to fight in. It smells like the middle of a hospital and after one has it on for five or six hours he is glad to get it off.

We took prisoners and I stood near one and he said: "Got a cig. Billy?" Well, you know, Mother, a fellow would give the Devil a smoke over here if he met him. This one spoke good English. He was in Chicago when the Hotel Kaiserhof changed its name to the Atlantic, and that was after the United States declared war on Germany. So you see he made good time home to help out his Kaiser, didn't he? But I told him he couldn't get into the States

again with a shoehorn and he said "I guess not." He says Germany is in a bad fix and that they do not like to face the Americans for they sure can fight.

Well, Mother, you may give this to the paper, if you wish. Tell all the people back there never to forget the Red Cross and cut out the peace talk. No one over here wants peace—not until every Hun is made a "bum" and it will not take very long, for he is whipped in all stages of the game.

A DAY'S WORK IN THE Y. M. C. A.[5]

This week has been uneventful, aside from the ordinary run of fighting on our front—night trench raids, gas attacks, bombing raids over our towns—there is nothing to report. You read of those things now morning, noon, and night, so I won't bother you much with them. One reason is that the censor will not let me bother him about them. We cannot tell you the interesting things of our life over here; we must ever seek the flat, commonplace affairs to send off to you.

Three days ago a German airplane was brought down beside our town. It was a two-seater that had been hovering far overhead for some time; the Boche do this a great deal in this sector. The antiaircraft guns were working on this fellow as usual, and seemed to get no nearer his wings than usual; he sailed serenely here and there, taking our pictures, or preparing to drop bombs, or whatever it was he was after. Our shells, like so much pop corn, were breaking all around him—really a beautiful sight against the blue dome. We have watched these things so much lately our necks ache and we quit. Suddenly this fellow was seen in a long dive; then he began to spiral and then to tumble more or less, and we began to realize he had been knocked a little groggy; soon he took a long straight dive and disappeared behind the trees, and we knew another aviator had closed his last throttle.

The next day I was told from those who went out to the place, about four miles away, that there was nothing left of man or machine, but little broken bits. It was a German lieutenant and his mechanic aboard the craft. They said the lieutenant was dressed

[5] Letter of Daniel Wells, printed in Marinette *Star,* August 14, 1918.

in the best military style, "all spruced up, as if he was goin' somewhere" as one of the men told me. They gathered up the broken bits and gave them a military burial. They made two graves at the edge of the near-by wood and the chaplain fashioned a cross and left it there.

There are hundreds of Jews in this division we have with us now, New York Jews, fresh from the counters and offices of the city, many of them; and we are watching them with considerable curiosity, at least in the trenches, to see what they will do when the big guns are breaking overhead, and the "typewriters," the machine guns, are chattering out in front of them. I wish I could write you more on this subject.

We had a joint celebration on the Fourth with the French, and they certainly were keen to share the day with us. They joined in our games with us and helped decorate our graves. The French are certainly a hospitable, likeable people; I have been here nearly fourteen months now and I think more and more of them every day. They are a nation that's game all the way. You can never extinguish the French nation; no matter how many times they are down, they come back.

You might want to know how we put in an average day in our work over here. I get up between 6:30 and 7 in my room over the school. I go up to our Y mess on the hill above me. There I sit down with our divisional director, our treasurer, the athletic director, the religious manager, the entertainment man, and several others. After someone else asks grace, we pitch into a breakfast of bacon, coffee, French war bread and butter. I say butter, because I want to give it special and honorable mention. After breakfast I dodge around on my duties and errands. Maybe several new Y men, or women, have come in the night before and need attention or instructions before they take the field or go into one of our local canteens. Many of them don't know a thing about the town, the sector, or France, and in everything they do they need to be steered. They almost have to be led across the street.

If it is not new members there is probably some lease for one of our canteens or places of amusement that needs attention and I must go and jabber French to some native to settle an account or

pay some claims. Then there may be something that takes me to division headquarters, or French military headquarters, about some of our automobile truck licenses or some French Civilian workers in our warehouse or some other place. In the afternoon, I will probably have a party of seven or eight to take up to get their gas drill, so they will be prepared for gas attacks in the trenches, or in some of the near-by towns. After the gas party, there is probably something that takes me to one of our towns and stations distant perhaps about five or six miles; this trip I take on Y car, Ford, or truck, or on my bicycle—I always prefer the bicycle. Sometimes I am gone all day out in the field, going around to our stations on one thing or another that may seem trivial, but is necessary and often difficult, since we must often do a thing ourselves to get it done at all. When I am gone all day I eat wherever mealtime overtakes me. I like these meals best as they are with the troops.

In the evening, I am back at our Y mess, because unfortunately I have to run that; after dinner, if I have been in town all day, I invariably take a walk, or my bike, through the enchanted fields and woods and forests of this part of France. I have never seen any rural scenery to compare with it and every way we go, we have the hard, smooth roads to roll over. I often leave my wheel beside the road and wade through the high grass, the blue flowers, and wild poppies toward the setting sun, watching it finally drop "back there," where are all those I know and love, for after all, you know, this is France and back there, it's home.

When I get back to my billet from the country, I take my French lesson, at 9 o'clock, from one of the schoolmasters here. This lesson now consists in conversation, with him correcting me as I go along. I am out of the grammar stage of the language now; that is, at least I know more rules than I can apply and I must needs spend all my time in practice, with someone who can trip me up in about every sentence and show me my mistakes, if he has time to go over all of them. Interpreting is about half my work.

As I write you this letter, I can look out of the high French window in my room and with its high angle of fire toward the sky, I can see another Boche plane skating around up there in the blue, looking for what's coming to him, and with our popcorn breaking

all around him, as he trundles his little wheelbarrow through the skies this way and that looking for a place to drop one of his eggs, or trying to get low enough to take a pretty picture of us. They must like us in a way; they are everlastingly trying to take our pictures. Once in a while we take their number.

Of late these Boche planes have taken to dropping little toy balloons down on us, filled with propaganda of the usual kind. That was what this one we knocked down was doing; he had just dropped some sheets saying they were going to bombard our town and warning the civilians to get out. Before he had made the tour back to his own lines he himself had been bombarded and the nose of his motor was buried about four feet in French soil. This fellow's motor was hit at high altitude and he began to drop; then he was seen to get his motor going wide open later about four or five hundred feet from the ground, but he was not able to hold his wagon on her course. With his motor going wide open he still made straight for the ground; this made his fall all the harder, as it brought the ground toward him just that much faster. Then the poor devil scattered himself in a French wheat field and there was not much left of him to pick up but his calling cards, which were mailed to his home through the Red Cross in Switzerland.

I must now get ready for the next bombardment—of shells? No—of flies, at our evening mess.

MADISON ARTILLERYMAN GETS MUSTARD GAS[6]

My long-hoped-for baptism of fire—and gas—was pulled off in due form, and here I am in a mighty pleasant and restful base hospital recovering from that formerly palatable condiment, mustard. But it was sent over in gas form and I cannot say that it was relished.

We arrived at our sector on Friday, the twelfth, and on Sunday night took part in our first scrimmage. Also sustained our first casualties. Only about fifty of the battery were engaged and I hadn't succeeded in getting to the front, it being about Monday noon before I arrived. But from accounts current the Boche opened up on our positions about midnight and "strafed" 'em with shrapnel,

[6] Letter of Morris Davis to his sister, July 26, 1918, printed in Madison *State Journal* of August 24.

high explosives, and gas for eight hours. They succeeded in getting within a hundred yards of our positions but morning found them back in their own little dugouts—such as were left. They were so close, however, that we prepared to blow up the guns, which is accomplished, you remember, by disconnecting the barrel from the recoil spring and firing a last shot. The recoil throws the barrel back against the trail and is said to smash things most satisfactorily. I hope we never have to do it though.

First physical offensive against the Hun consisted of ramming home a 100-pound high explosive shell and placing a powder charge behind it. This happened at 8:35 P. M., July 15, and from then until I was placed "hors de non-combat" Saturday morning I did things to upwards of a thousand similar shells. Reports were that they played hop with four or five divisions of Hunmen and we know of two pontoon bridges and an observation tower that they spoiled. It is an indescribable feeling when someone over by the battery command dug-out pops up and says, "Number four gun did that."

For fear that you are worrying about my gassing, I'll tell you about it right here. Friday night the Hun gave us—free—gratis—for nothing—about five gas shells a minute for several hours. The shells were about four-inch ones. By Saturday morning they were all over the landscape. Instead of a heavy charge of explosive, the nose of a gas shell contains only a light charge of powder—just sufficient to shatter the casing and release the gas, though there is some fragmentation.

Four of these shells dropped within a few feet of me and by seven o'clock Saturday morning I was violently sick. I worked along awhile, thinking it would pass, but finally had to lie down in a machine gun dug-out. Woke in about an hour, practically blind. It was four days before I saw anything. That, however, has about passed now. The gas also burned the flesh in several places, though not severely.

The trip to the base was made in one of the finest hospital trains that I ever saw—American. It was crowded, too, though serious wounds were not plentiful. The wounded are, for the most part, as matter-of-fact and unheroic as a bunch of measle patients. Their typical expression is, "Well, we sure did give 'em hell."

I think the American soldier will make a good veteran.

Being under fire is quite an experience, but I have been thrilled lots more at a movie and scared worse. About the only noticeable sensation is nervousness, which may amount to a chill in the early morning after being suddenly awakened, or which may be only a slight quickening of motions. Ordinarily with an "action" gun crew—3 men, drill strength is 6—two shots per minute is about the limit, but when Fritz's shells are creeping closer with each burst, it is no trouble at all to send three. Then there is the feeling of oppression, almost fear, on waking suddenly when very tired. When Fritz is active we average about one hour's sleep to nine or ten of hard work. Often when we are all set for three hours of sleep we are called out on a rush within fifteen minutes. One gets so he can sleep anywhere; I dozed off once with a fused shell in my hands, waiting for the word to load. And I slept five hours at a stretch on a slope so steep that it took a deep toe-hold to stick on at all. One can sleep in mud through a driving rain—and never take cold. Oh, it's a beautiful life in many ways. You enjoy sleep and food more than the most fondly imagined joys of soft living, and the bare thought of—oh, strawberry shortcake and cream, to mention one of a hundred—is a joy keener than ever described by novelist or poet. What a value I am setting on plain little everyday things these days.

It does not seem possible that I was there only five days. I remember enough of incident and sensation to fill an ordinary month. With all the dirt and work and vermin, with all the lack of sleep and all that, I enjoyed it more than all of my whole army life. I could not help but turn down two offers of relief—only about fifty being on the firing line at a time, the rest of the battery relieving them in turn. As a result about a third of the first contingent is still at the guns now, while I am lounging back here in a hospital. And the worst of it is that there have been big doings in our sector, and our lines have advanced. But there will be more big events this fall, I confidently believe.

The woods and ridges around our position just teemed with guns of all sizes—quite a number of thousands of them in a ten-mile sector. And on two pitch-black nights they laid down a barrage! The noise was wonderful, and the muzzle flashes made things as

day at times. Fritz was getting every kind of shell we had—gas, high explosive, shrapnel. It seemed to me that our artillery landed about a thousand shells to Fritz's one all week, but perhaps he was doing more than surface appearances indicated.

Another everpresent feature is the 'planes—flocks and squadrons of 'em. They fly in every conceivable formation, and many things are less beautiful than a squadron in the full light of a rising or setting sun. Air battles, too, like all newspaper reports, are "too numerous to mention." The ground is infested with antiaircraft machine guns and "Archies." Fifteen or twenty black and white shrapnel bursts, together with the staccato rattle of several machine guns, give one a faint idea of the beautifully varied life of an airman.

Mind and body are almost entirely detached from each other under active conditions at the front. The effort to remember the day of the week or the date is about the extreme limit of mental activity. I have a vague impression that I have just passed my twenty-third birthday and there will be letters from home—most readable and satisfying to this "soldat americaine en France." But there is no paper nor envelopes any place to mail letters up there. My letters may therefore be irregular if the Huns continue going backwards. But don't worry.

HORRORS OF WAR AT CHATEAU THIERRY[7]

The villages that have recently come into our hands sure do show great evidence of heavy and savage fighting. We came into Chateau Thierry only a few days after Mr. Boche had been driven out. From my window here, over a stable, you can look out over a hill that was the scene of a bloody battle. The Huns had machine gun pits and trenches. There is almost a hundred of dead Boche lying about. Some places in the trench they are three deep.

You bet our boys, brave men, every one, marched straight into the rain of machine gun bullets, and killed the Germans where they stood. On the edge of our trench are buried a corporal and his men. Their rifles with bayonets still fixed lay where they were dropped in the murderous hand to hand struggle. Their blood is spilled

[7] Letter of William McDonald of Janesville, August 7, 1918, printed in Janesville *Gazette* of September 20.

all over the ground. But for that blood the Germans paid dearly. I walked up to the trench and peered in. There were Germans three deep with their heads smashed in. No quarter was asked, and none was given.

All over the hill can be seen the deadly effects of our boys' fire, and bayonet work. I went into a house with some war correspondents of the New York *Herald*. An aged couple came in to see us. They had been once German prisoners, but made good their escape when the drive was at its height. They returned only to find a shell of what was once their home. They were sad after gazing at the ruined walls and furniture, but they said they would remain and get along somehow.

There were many rifles and abandoned machine guns and German equipment strewn about the yard. Everything showed signs of a fierce encounter. A few feet away lay piles of German dead, one an officer. The stench that comes from these battle fields is awful. Flies are so thick that you almost breathe them. They get into your food, your eyes, and your ears. The walls at night are simply black with them. It has been raining for three or four days. The roads are deep with mud. By that I mean honest to goodness MUD in capital letters. It turned pretty cold, and tonight I am going to turn in, in heavy marching order. Can you imagine those boys, the poor fellows on the line? No shelter and many have lost their equipment. Digging themselves in, and living in trenches filled with water, and some without blankets.

The devastation left in the wake of Mr. Boche is fierce—beautiful homes where once lived happy and contented people. Most of the homes were furnished wonderfully, and are now almost total ruins. At one place we saw some grand chateaux that it was more than a crime to despoil.

Many of my old comrades have been checked off, but the reports do not come in very fast in a drive like this, so I am waiting patiently for some word from my company. I saw many of my old friends just before they started for the front. They were glad to see me, and I was glad to see them. The old company's privates were all sent away soon after they came across. But I saw Lieutenants

Pelton and Rau, also a few of the noncoms from Janesville and Edgerton. They all made a name for themselves.

My pal and I walked up to where a battery was putting over a heavy barrage on the woods just ahead, where the Germans were located. We came through a wheat field, and were chased by two boche machines—(planes). We evaded them by ducking into some woods. We emerged on the opposite side. We saw troops marching up the road towards the front. They called to me, and I ran over and discovered it was Co. M. I shook hands with all that I knew, and said good-bye. Then fell in with them for a little way.

The head of the column entered a little village. Just then the Germans started to shell it. The first shell was a terrific explosion. You could hear the cries of the wounded men. An ambulance that passed us only a few moments before came slowly back filled, many of them hanging on the fenders. One fellow, now a corporal, who used to be in my squad waved and called out a "Hello Mac." With his arm almost torn off, he smiled. How do the Huns expect to lick men like these? Then came the alarm of "gas." Quickly we donned our gas masks. The line started forward again, and we started back to division headquarters. We walked until we saw some Frenchmen on a wagon. They did not have their gas masks on, so we removed ours, and looked at each other, and as usual laughed.

One lieutenant, a great friend of mine, and a member of the original advance party, has been killed. He was shot through the leg. He was so mad he grabbed up a rifle and bayonet, and charged a machine gun emplacement. He was cut almost in two by the deadly bullets, and so ended his short army career. Two other lieutenants, very good friends of mine, have made the supreme sacrifice. But in turn the Germans have only that much more to settle for. It seems too bad, that good men have to come this long way, to let some damn squarehead sauerkrauteater shoot them down. But such are the tolls of war, and their death could not be more honorable.

THE STORY OF A RED CROSS NURSE[8]

They tell me the ban is off most things in writing home, so I'll be freer now to tell of our trip over, and what we've been doing so

[8] Letter of Jane Taylor, November 23, 1918, printed in Fond du Lac *Reporter* of December 20.

far. Very tame compared to all that has been going on, still it may be of interest to the home people in general.

Our unit of one hundred nurses left New York October 26 and 27. We left the city in groups of from 25 down to 5. Went to different piers, and were taken to different ships that were to start out in convoy for some unknown overseas port. Left the harbor in the evening of October 27.

In a way it was a very friendly trip all the way, for there were about sixteen ships always near to each other and signaling constantly. We were given life belts, but on our ship we were not compelled to wear them all the time, as I found later was the order on other ships in the convoy. But we had to have them beside us wherever we were, night or day. We had drill call every day, and had to hurry to our place beside the lifeboat that was to be ours in case of submarine danger. At night ships were kept dark. No cigars or even radium wrist watches were allowed on deck.

My heart kept going down to the troop decks where the enlisted men were, but a wiser head than mine decreed that we were to be down there only as needed to care for the sick. But oh you people at home, deal lovingly with the boys as they return, they need it so, even if they do not do exactly what is considered right by the set lines made for ordinary people. Remember, "Enlisted men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

Our convoy seemed to wander all over the Atlantic in our trip across—some days in the gulf stream and then out again—but at last we landed without mishap in Liverpool. An escort of ships came out to meet us the last day, and took us in with great care. There our unit of nurses was united for a brief time, and we were all put on a train at once and sent to Southampton. Traveled all night, and of course no sleepers. After a hurried breakfast at the station hotel in Southampton the unit was again divided for safety in the cross-channel trip. The chief nurse took half, and I was given half, and we never got all together again until we reached here. We were put on a hospital ship in the morning and stayed around near port until night; then we started out and were landed at Havre, France, in the morning.

Were met by a transportation officer and taken to a hotel, where arrangements had been made for us to stay. That was Sunday, November 10. The next morning the whole town began to wake up, and word went around "Feenished la guerre." Everybody kept saying it to us, and we began to realize that it really must be over. By afternoon the quiet streets began to resemble the place in front of a circus tent entrance. Couldn't get through the crowds, and then groups began marching and singing. They called to have the Americans march, so the Y. M. C. A. people collected as many as they could to begin with, and before long the line grew to great proportions. The band went first, then the nurses under our own flag that we'd never had occasion to use before, then every American, mostly soldiers, who saw what was going on, joined in. I'd never marched in the streets before in my life, and I'll never forget that day. The whole street full marched right with us. Women reached out their hands to us, and men cheered, and oh, so many tears through the crowd. I threw kisses from my hand and they were returned to me by the thousands.

But darkness came on and the marching stopped, and we were hurried onto a train to take us to our destination, then unknown to all the nurses except myself. All I could tell them was that we'd have to change trains in the morning and go another twelve hours.

A cold night on the train, but this time we had bread and jam with us, and that helped some. In the morning we arrived, where? In Paris! It was early in the morning and Paris had just gone to bed after its first night's celebration. We were too late to make connections with our other train out of Paris, and next train not until next morning. There was no officer to meet us or give us help. We went to a hotel the army people patronize a great deal, but no room for us. "For one person maybe, yes, but for nearly fifty—Oh, la! la! No." Paris was full up with people. All France had come in. I spent until late afternoon telephoning this office and that, waiting about a half hour each time for telephone connection, and at home, to think I've grown impatient if central kept me waiting a whole minute! Then I tried to get out by afternoon. I tried to get out and hunt up the officers, so as to get more satisfaction, but found I couldn't get through the streets, and all traffic was stopped.

Then I called all the girls together and said, "Folks, it's come to a case of abandon ship." Go out in twos and threes through the near-by streets and see if you can find rooms for yourselves. Only report here early enough to get to the train tomorrow morning in case I can get acommodations. Soon after they had scattered a tired little sergeant from the transportation office found me at the hotel, and explained how upset everything was, but promised he'd do all he could to have space for us on the next morning train. One of the nurses who found a room came back for me, and later in the evening I went back to see if any nurses were unable to find places for the night, but all had been fitted in somewhere. Early the next morning we found two coaches reserved for us, and started away before Paris had really gotten to bed.

Impossible to get coffee so early, so we had to be contented with dry bread until nearly noon. I learned that we were to stop over half an hour at a station. About an hour ahead I got a telegram sent, asking that the station restaurant have at least coffee for us when we arrived there. The station people in their distress at having such a hurry-up message, went over to some American soldiers with it. In no time they had arranged a long table for us, and had coffee, bread, rice, meat, and cheese for us, and had even arranged how much we were to pay for it, so we wouldn't be cheated. (In time of need turn to the soldiers.) When we were ready to go I couldn't find them anywhere to thank them for their trouble, but thanks they surely got if they only knew it.

At 7 P. M. we reached Mars-sur-Allies, and a tired lot of people we were. Great army carryalls met us, after we had telephoned out, and brought us out here to camp. And so well had I trained the girls by that time to keep their eyes on their own suitcases, that way out here in the country, where there was no danger of having them picked up, every girl grabbed her own heavy suitcase, and seemed loath to let the soldiers put them in the truck out of their sight.

We've rested not at all since we came. A few are sent each day to different camps all over France. Tomorrow I'm to go with nine others to a place called Angers, northwest from here, near Tours. But the prospects are none of us are going to be kept over here very

long. Trainloads of patients are leaving every day now. The boys are tremblingly glad to go. I watched them load a train this morning, and they were still getting ready to go this afternoon. Oh, people, be good to them when they get there. One look of home will bring many of them back to health, who are going down hill here. I'm seeing all I can bear to see it seems, and the cold rooms and dampness are giving coughs and colds to many of us.

I'm expressing no preferences for any place to work, or kind of work. Wherever I'm sent I'll go gladly, but I'm thinking that if they took me now to accompany sick soldiers home, I'd go most gladly. To die gloriously in wartime is one thing, but to shiver and shake and finally die of pneumonia when war is done is quite another. Home looks good to me.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY

Captain P. H. Conley

Next to the history of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, that of Lafayette County is the earliest in Wisconsin. It is also more typical of pioneer days than is the history of either of the others, since its settlers were scattered in the open, while the people of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien dwelt around a fort. The story of Lafayette is a history of a high class of people, engaged in mining and agricultural and dairy development that has resulted in a community that is perhaps the richest, per capita, of any in the state.

It is not possible to state who was the first white man upon the soil of Lafayette County. During the French régime many explorers, missionaries, and traders passed up and down the Mississippi. Nicolas Perrot was presented with a piece of lead ore, explored the lead mine region, and built a fort within it during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Pierre Le Sueur came up the Mississippi in the year 1700, and mentions a lead mine "in a prairie, a league and a half inland" from Galena River. This may have been in the neighborhood of the later New Diggings, not far from Fever (or Galena) River. Unknown French and half-breed traders continued to frequent this region in order to purchase the lead which the Indians themselves took from the rude mines they worked. The Indians, however, were jealous of white intruders, and only such as won their confidence were permitted to visit the lead mines. Among these was Julien Dubuque, who settled near the city named for him, in 1788. He was on friendly terms with the Indians who permitted him to dig lead throughout their country, and at one time he practically controlled the trade in the western part of Lafayette County. Dubuque died in 1808, and practically

had no successor in the affection of the Indians. Until the close of the second war with England, very few white men appeared in this region. It is rumored that Henry Shreeve took out a cargo of lead in 1810, and floated it down Fever River. After the close of the War of 1812 traders came in very fast. Among them were Jesse W. Shull, Dr. Samuel C. Muir, Amos Farrar, A. P. Van Metre, and David G. Bates, all but the last of whom had Indian wives.

Between 1815 and 1820, Capt. John Sharr made eight trips between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, carrying down cargoes of lead from the Fever River mines. The first settlement that is known to have been made in Lafayette County was that of 1824 by a party of six who came overland from Galena, and who named the place "New Diggings." When early American settlers came, they were men of rare excellence—earnest, frank, honest, brave, tender, and daring—men of nerve and character. After the New Diggings settlement was begun Henry and J. P. B. Gratiot, from St. Louis, visited the western part of the county in 1825, and began mining, smelting, and selling goods. They soon had six furnaces in operation and employed upwards of sixty Frenchmen and Indians; the place was called "Gratiot's Grove."

The Murphys erected a flour mill at Benton in 1827, which was the first in the county; people came to it from a distance of forty miles to get grinding done. Even from Rockford and Dubuque this place was sought in order to get flour and meal.

Many people who later became well-known pioneers and whose descendants are still with us came to this county by 1827. Among these were Samuel H. Scales, the Oliver brothers, the McNulty brothers, the Van Metre brothers, D. M. Parkinson, John T. Moore, John W. Blackstone, the Townsend family, Abraham Looney, and George Wiley.

The Winnebago outbreak in the summer of 1827 retarded settlement for a time. A fort was built at Gratiot's Grove

and another at Shullsburg. Prospectors and speculators fled, but the real settlers remained, gathered into the forts, and abandoned work. After the Indians were subdued, settlements spread rapidly all over the county. In 1828, John Ames settled near the center of the present county, and gave his name to one of our streams. Colonel William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton of Revolutionary fame, erected, in the same year, a furnace at "Fort Hamilton," and platted the village of Wiota. Here his widowed mother visited him in 1837. Not much later Jamison Hamilton founded Darlington; James Kendall settled at Kendall Town; and R. H. Magoon came to Monticello, built a furnace, broke land for farming, and soon after opened a general store. Elk Grove was early settled and grew rapidly, as it combined what the pioneers sought—good water and plenty of timber. Settlers were there in 1826; the town had a postoffice in 1830, and a tavern in 1833, in which religious services were held twice a year. Lorenzo McNett, who came there from New York State, was fifty days in making the trip. Henry Gratiot was the first permanent settler in the town that bears his name. He came there from Gratiot's Grove in 1828, and his was the first white family in that part of the county. The Parkinsons came to Fayette about 1832; two years before Thomas H. Price had opened a farm, and a Mr. Duke had mined there in 1828.

Shullsburg was an important point in our early history. Gratiot's Grove, just to the south, was the best known place between Galena and Chicago. There were many mines around there; saloons, stores, hotels, boarding houses, and residences multiplied; traders, smelters, miners, merchants, gamblers, and the usual concomitants of a boom town were in evidence. The southeastern corner of the county was slow in settling, because of the number of Indians, who found that part of the state a paradise for trapping, fishing, and hunting. Spafford, who came to this part of the county in 1830,

was killed by the Indians June 14, 1832, during the Black Hawk War.

The first large settlement in the northern part of the county was at Willow Springs. Colonel D. M. Parkinson built the first cabin there in 1827. George Carroll, of Maryland, a nephew of the famous Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, John Smith, John Ray, N. T. and Peter Parkinson were early settlers. John T. Moore opened a three-room log hotel near where Fort Defiance was afterwards built. Here congregated such congenial men as General Henry Dodge, Colonel William S. Hamilton, Colonel Ebenezer Brigham, General Charles Bracken, Colonel Abner Nichols, Major J. P. Cox, Colonel James Morrison, Colonel Levi Sterling, Major J. B. Terry, Colonel D. M. Parkinson, and Judge J. W. Blackstone. This hotel was on the line of road from Fort Winnebago to Mineral Point, and thence on to Galena.

The first settlers lived in tents or sought protection from the elements in their prairie schooners, or under an inverted wagon box. Some lived in caves in the side of a hill or bluff. The first necessity was to build a home of some kind. Often it was a sod-banked hut; more often a house of logs, usually fourteen by sixteen feet. To make this the pioneers felled trees, cut the trunks to the required lengths, smoothed them on two sides, laid the two ends on the ground, cut a notch on the upper side near the ends of each, and laid on the side pieces. Then the next two end pieces would have two notches at each end, one to go over the last side piece, the other to receive the next side piece, and so on, up to a height of about eight feet, where the roof started. The roof was of clapboards, split by hand. There was usually one door and one window; the door was at one end, a fireplace at the other. The fireplace consisted of an opening in the logs, about five by seven feet, walled with stone, the chimney of which was on the outside of the house. This latter was sometimes of stone, laid up dry, but usually of mud. Some log houses had

sod chimneys lined with clay, while other chimneys were made of sticks and clay. Tables, chairs, stools, and benches were improvised from logs. The beds were usually placed in the corners of the room nearest to the fireplace. A forked stake was driven into the floor, at such a distance diagonally from the corner of the room as to form a rectangle, about four by six feet. Holes were bored with a large auger in the side and end log walls. A pole was driven into one hole and the other end laid in the fork of the upright. A timber was placed in the other hole and laid on the first one; then split boards, or willows on poles formed the springs. A tick was then filled with straw, dry grass, or leaves, and the bed was completed as only a good wife could finish it. After bedsteads were obtained, there was always a trundle-bed for the children.

Within the cabin, artificial light was furnished, for the most part by the fireplace, but some had a "grease cup," a saucer or iron vessel filled with grease, with a wick or twisted rag over the side, that burned beautifully, but did not give much light.

After a patch of ground was broken, and the corn or wheat raised, the next care was to prepare the grain for food. Corn was sometimes ground by rubbing the ears on a grater, made by punching holes in tin or iron, but the meal so obtained was coarse. Another method was to place the kernels in a hollow receptacle, and pound or crush them. Corn boiled in weak lye, called hominy, was the staple article of food. Threshing of wheat was done by flails; the result was not very satisfactory, as winnowing was hardly a success. At Galena, Wiota, and Benton were the only mills; ox teams were slow; there were no roads or bridges; creeks were more formidable than they are now, and when swollen by rains or thaws were quite impassable. Thus during at least one-half the year travel was impossible. When a settler reached the mill, he might have to wait days for his turn, and he could

not telephone home that he was delayed, or that he was stranded in a slough, or had lost his way. Food was not only hard to get, but very high in price. In 1830 flour was $18 a barrel; pork, $30 a barrel; coffee was fifty cents a pound; sugar, thirty cents; calico was forty cents a yard; while lead, the staple product, brought only $3 a thousand weight.

Notwithstanding all this, with the honesty, hospitality, and kindly sympathy that were the prominent characteristics of the hardy pioneers, early life in Lafayette County would have been enjoyable but for the ever present fear of the Indians.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

During the winter of 1831-32, Black Hawk's band of Sauk Indians went on the warpath, and settlers and miners began active preparations for protection. Forts were built all over the county; a description of some of them may prove interesting. The great stockade on the Looney farm at New Diggings was one hundred twenty feet square, and cared for more than one hundred persons; the remainder of the people, farther south, went to Fort Clark at White Oak Springs. The Elk Grove fort covered an acre of land, split wooden pickets formed the inclosure, and there were two blockhouses to which the settlers came every night. Captain De Long made it his headquarters for more than four months. Fort Hamilton, near Wiota, was forty feet square, surrounded by a ditch and pickets; on the west side was a blockhouse, sixteen by twenty-four feet. Fort Defiance on the Parkinson farm was a stockade eighty by one hundred twenty feet, made of heavy split timbers eighteen feet long, sharpened at the top, with no openings, except loopholes; at two of the corners bastions, twelve by fourteen feet, were used for kitchens; at the opposite corners were blockhouses sixteen feet square, projecting two feet beyond the bastions, and rising five or six feet above the palisades. Within the enclo-

sure were buildings to accommodate the families of the settlers. The garrison of this post numbered forty men, who were well drilled.

Black Hawk sent out a war party to attack Fort Hamilton. En route it came to the Spafford farm, where a number of men were working in a cornfield. The whites made a stand, but were no match for the war party, who killed four, while two escaped. Two days later (June 16) a German, named Henry Apple, was killed less than half a mile from Fort Hamilton. Henry Dodge led a party of twenty-one men in pursuit of the Indians, and came up with them the same day on the banks of the Pecatonica. He left four men to hold the horses, then charged the enemy, who were protected by a high bank and whose number was unknown, fought the battle on a space of less than half an acre, and in less than ten minutes every Indian was slain. The whites reported three killed and one wounded.

General Dodge was a tower of strength to the settlements throughout this reign of terror. At the beginning of the struggle he organized a mounted company of two hundred men who scoured the country, protected the outposts, and procured provisions for the families in the forts. Black Hawk said that had it not been for "Hairy Face," as he called him, he would have regained the southwestern part of Wisconsin.

After the close of the Indian troubles, the progress of the county was rapid, and the gain in population and wealth wonderful. On April 3, 1836, President Andrew Jackson commissioned Henry Dodge governor of the new territory. Belmont was chosen for the first meeting place of the territorial legislature, which convened October 25, 1836, and remained in session forty-six days. The building in which it met is still standing, but does not compare very favorably with the splendid new capitol at Madison. Colonel D. M. Parkinson was a member of this first legislature, representing a district which comprises now five counties.

SOME FIRST THINGS

The county of Lafayette was established by an act of legislature passed in February, 1847; the first meeting of the commissioners was held May 3 of that year, and the county seat was located at Shullsburg. The returns for the year 1847 showed that the assessed valuation of the county was $267,536; in 1917 the county's subscription to the First Liberty Loan was $269,600. The Belmont *Gazette,* the fourth newspaper started in Wisconsin, was established October 25, 1836, by James Clarke and John B. Russell. In the winter of 1829, the first school in the county was opened at the home of J. P. B. Gratiot, with Miss Hotchkiss as teacher. The first schoolhouse was built in 1832. The first judicial term in the county was held at Shullsburg, September 6, 1847. Honorable Charles Dunn, justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin Territory, and presiding judge in Lafayette County, was on the bench. The first religious services are supposed to have been held in Wiota, in 1826, conducted by the Reverend Aaron Hawley.

FORMER VILLAGES OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY

Nachez, about a mile and a half west of the village of New Diggings, was the first village in the county, and had, at its best, over a hundred inhabitants.

Old Shullsburg, west of the present city, was a prominent place with its saloons, stores, fort, shops, and residences. There was intense rivalry between it and "Dublin Village," north of the city. Both were crowded with miners, prospectors, and the flotsam and jetsam of the early mining camps.

Stump Grove was a busy place with its "Bull Pump," "Horse Pump," two hotels, store, shops, and a score of residences and cabins. It is now a pasture.

Benton had a village at or near Horseshoe Bend, with stores, saloon, shops, mill, furnaces, and residences.

Collettes Grove or Fort De Seelhorst, in section seven in Elk Grove, was founded in 1827. It had stores, tavern,

brewery, postoffice, boarding houses, shops, residences, church, and school in its day, but now only a fine farm and a schoolhouse remain.

There was, at one time, a Mormon village north of the present Blanchardville.

Fort Funk, in Monticello, with its general store, furnaces, shops, churches, and school, is now only a memory.

Yellowstone, a trading point for a radius of five miles, had its postoffice, school, shops, and stores, but has today only the raging Yellowstone rushing to the Gulf.

Spring Valley, in the southern part of Gratiot, had a hotel, stores, shops, and some half dozen residences.

New Baltimore was laid out with streets, avenues, and public squares, but it never got fairly started. Its site was afterwards known as the Ansley farm.

In 1826 or 1827 there was a village of a hundred or more inhabitants in the southwest corner of White Oak Springs, the very name of which is now forgotten.

Shultz's Ford, later known as Riverside, had a depot, postoffice, school, church, shops, mill, saloon, stores, and an attorney-at-law; now the sole sign of business is a cheese factory.

Gratiot's Grove, founded about the year 1825, was, in 1838, the most important place between Galena and Chicago. It had the first school in the county, several stores, two good hotels, furnaces, shops, comfortable residences, and a population of several hundred.

White Oak Springs had a remarkable start. It had sixty-three platted blocks, three hotels, four saloons, three blacksmith shops, five good stores, furnaces, smelters, and upwards of six hundred inhabitants. It was on the stage line from Galena to Freeport. It was a gathering place for well-to-do gamblers and "sports," and play ran high. Farms were won and lost on horse races, thousands of dollars changed hands daily, and a thousand dollars was staked on

the turn of a card. It held a great Fourth of July celebration in 1829. There is nothing now but a beautiful landscape and a farmhouse.

Prairie Springs, near Fort Defiance, was the gathering place of all the prominent men in southwestern Wisconsin, and the scene of great conviviality; there now remain but a few depressions in a field to mark the former foundations of buildings.

Willow Springs, northeast of Calamine, was founded about the year 1828 and became a busy little hamlet, with three stores, three hotels, furnaces, shops, school, Sunday school, etc. One saloon was for Jackson, and the other for Adams, and politics waxed warm. The spring is all that is left now, and this is not as large as in former times.

Avon, a mile south of Darlington, was an important place in its day, being one time the county seat, and having quite a start on the building for a courthouse. It had the finest hotel, at the time, in the county; three stores; a postoffice, getting its mail from Willow Springs; church, school, blacksmith, carpenter, and wagon shops; now, however, its commercial life is represented by Sandefur's garden, and its professional life by Dr. Rowe.

Old Belmont had the honor of being the first capital of the territory. The first territorial legislature met there, October 25, 1836. Here also was held the first session of the supreme court. The first newspaper in the county and the fourth in the state was established here. It appeared in October, 1836, and continued for one year; for the sixteen years following, there was no paper published in the county. The village had its hotels, stores, and business places, but all are gone.

LOCAL NOMENCLATURE

Lafayette County was named for the gallant Frenchman, who, before he was twenty-one years old, purchased a ship, braved the British fleet, left his young wife, landed at our

darkest hour, fought our battles, was wounded, returned to France, spent his fortune to buy food for our soldiers, procured fleets, armies, arms, and money for us, and asked nothing in return, but the satisfaction of helping to give us freedom.

Argyle—Named after the Scotch duke, by Allen Wright, a former tenant.

Belmont—From two French words, "bel" and "mont," meaning beautiful hill, so named for its mound.

Benton—Named in honor of Thomas H. Benton, the Missouri senator, statesman, and editor.

Blanchard—For Alvin Blanchard, an early settler, prominent business man, and founder of the village.

Darlington—In honor of Joshua Darling, a New Yorker.

Elk Grove—A beautiful stretch of timber runs through this township. Early hunters probably found therein what they took to be elk horns. It is probable that elk once ranged through southern Wisconsin; their southern range extended as far as New Mexico.

Fayette—A contraction of the name Lafayette.

Gratiot—Henry Gratiot was the first man with a family to settle in this township.

Kendall—After John Kindle, Sr., early settler, who built a mill, opened a school, etc.

Lamont—In honor of Daniel Lamont, member of Cleveland's cabinet.

Monticello—After the home of Thomas Jefferson.

New Diggings—Miners from Galena so named it, about 1824.

Seymour—It was named in 1869, in honor of the Governor of New York, then Democratic candidate for president.

Shullsburg—Jesse W. Shull, a fur trader, built the old town west of the present city, and gave his name to the present town and city.

Wayne—For Anthony Wayne, a Revolutionary general.

Willow Springs and White Oak Springs—These names were taken from the physical features of the places thus designated.

Wiota—A name composed by Colonel W. S. Hamilton, probably from Indian syllables; its meaning is not known.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

THE "BLIZZARD" PRESS OF DAKOTA

In the "Fragments" for September, 1918, was given some account of the Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* printed on wall paper during the famous siege of 1863. From E. O. Kimberley, of Janesville, the Historical Society has received an interesting collection of papers printed on wall paper, foolscap, wrapping paper, and other odds and ends of household supplies, resort to which was occasioned by another "siege," less noted in western annals, perhaps, but not less arduous in character than the one prosecuted by Grant at Vicksburg. We refer to the terrible winter of 1880-81, and its influence upon the press of Dakota Territory. The settlers and settlements of Dakota were but ill equipped to withstand the unusual severity of the winter in question. Railroads were tied up for weeks, fuel became excessively scarce and correspondingly dear, and in most Dakota towns supplies of all kinds seem either to have become exhausted or to have commanded an unusual premium in the market.

With respect to the press, the principal stringency was due to the twofold fact that the publishers were commonly obligated to continue publication in order to meet contracts for legal printing, while the railroad blockade made it impossible to replenish the quickly-exhausted store of paper stock and other supplies. The straits to which the editors were reduced are amply evidenced in the external appearance of their papers, but a perusal of their columns affords still further light on the situation. The resourceful editor of the Vicksburg *Citizen* printed his sheet on the back side of wall paper. Some of his Dakota compeers of two decades later improved upon this example by printing the flowered as well as the blank side of the paper. An example before us is the Salem *Register* of May 20, 1881. Incidentally it may be noted that the stringency in the paper market occasioned by blizzards and floods thus extended well into the spring of the year. Three weeks earlier (April 29) editorial ingenuity found expression in the issuance of the sheet on ordinary white muslin; and the sample

before us reads as legibly and promises to prove far more enduring than it would have been if printed on ordinary stock. The Madison *Lake County Leader* of March 26 came forth dressed in the garb of the then familiar foolscap writing paper. As with the white muslin edition of the Salem *Register* this issue of the *Lake County Leader* evidences superior qualities of physical endurance. The Madison *Sentinel* of the same month is printed on coarse brown wrapping paper of the variety commonly employed in meat markets and grocery stores two or three decades ago. In recent years there has been much discussion among librarians concerning the supposed imminence of decay of modern newspaper files through disintegration of the paper stock due to chemical action. It is comforting to observe in this connection that after nearly forty years our wrapping-paper issue of the *Sentinel* is as perfectly preserved, apparently, as it was on the day of publication. Other materials pressed into service by ingenious editors were tissue and poster papers of various colors. The Dell Rapids *Exponent* on March 3 explains the straits which have necessitated its appearance "on wall paper, a handkerchief, perhaps on wrapping paper, in fact, anything that will print"; and forecasts that for the next issue "we may print on shingles." As the blockade continued the papers became ever more diminutive. Thus the Egan *Express* of April 21 consists of a two-column sheet twelve inches long printed on one side only. The Dell Rapids *Examiner* for March 19 is a single two-column sheet nine inches long, printed, however, on both sides.

Naturally the news items during this period of stress deal largely with the weather and with experiences of those exposed to it. Throughout, however, a cheerful optimism is manifested, and strenuous efforts are made to convince the readers that the climate of Dakota has been much maligned by the press of other states.

WISCONSIN'S OLDEST COURTHOUSE

What county in Wisconsin has the oldest courthouse? Iowa County lays claim to the oldest one from the standpoint of continued use. However, this building dates back but sixty years, having been built in 1859. This would indicate that Wisconsin is a comparatively youthful state, or that the counties have not

been building with a view to permanency or the demands of time. The Iowa County courthouse in the early days was also a great bone of contention between the people of Mineral Point and Dodgeville and furnishes a good example of a typical county seat fight. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, rivalry between neighboring cities is common and in a considerable number of counties today can be found instances in which a high degree of jealousy exists between two or more cities as to primacy in importance.

General Henry Dodge, the first territorial governor of Wisconsin, settled at Dodgeville, where his old home is still standing, in 1827, but the county seat of Iowa County was located at the older town of Mineral Point. Agitation for a more central location led to the introduction of a bill in the legislative session of 1855 providing for the removal of the county seat to Dodgeville. However, a select committee of the senate, to whom the bill was referred, reported adversely upon the measure. The chairman of this committee, by the way, was Amasa Cobb, a noted pioneer politician and himself a resident of Mineral Point. In the course of the report the committee vouchsafed the following interesting information:

> The county of Iowa has been peculiarly and unfortunately situated. Once embracing nearly three-fourths of the territory constituting our state, in the erection of public buildings and other sources of expenditure incident to a large, though sparcely settled, country she at an early day became deeply involved in debt, but a small portion of which has been paid or assumed by either of the flourishing and vigorous counties which have from time to time been organized from the borders of "old Iowa"; hence, she has for years been struggling along, crippled in her resources, her paper scarcely worth 50 cents, and her taxes most grievous to be borne. But now, thanks to the manner in which affairs of said county have been managed since the adoption of the town system of government therein, her "oldest inhabitant" now for the first time sees his county out of debt, and her paper as good as cash at one hundred cents on the dollar. Under the above circumstances, your committee do not believe that a majority of the citizens of said county are desirous of moving their county seat eight miles to the village of Dodgeville, and enacting over the struggle of embarrassment and indebtedness necessarily incident to the erection of new county buildings, etc., from which she has just emerged.

However, in the session of 1858 another bill was introduced providing for a special election on the question of removal. This bill became a law and in the election following the people by a

majority of 350 declared in favor of removal. But sharp lawyers of Mineral Point soon discovered technical grounds for contesting the removal. These were that the referendum law had not been published in two newspapers of the county as provided by statute and that Dodgeville citizens had exerted corruptive influences by distributing handbills pledging private aid in the construction of the new county buildings. After a considerable legal battle the state supreme court on July 11, 1859, declared the election was annulled. This decision evidently created unbounded rejoicing at Mineral Point, as indicated by the following account taken from a county history:

> T. J. Otis was the courier who conveyed the welcome intelligence to the well-nigh frantic residents of Mineral Point. Although the messenger arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning, within a very few minutes the entire population was aroused by the clangor of church bells, the boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. Bewildered, the citizens sprang from their beds, and in disheveled attire rushed into the streets, where they were speedily apprised of the turn of the tide in local affairs. About 7 o'clock the youthful and aspiring "young America" organized a procession, which, headed by a tin trumpet band, paraded the principal streets venting their superabundant enthusiasm in commingled noises. The city cannons not being considered equal to the occasion, a messenger was dispatched to Warren, Ill., on the morning train, with instructions to charter a twelve-pounder, regardless of expense. The artillery arrived in the afternoon when a squad of amateur gunners were deputed to advance on Dodgeville, in sufficient proximity to carry the sounds of rejoicing into the "enemy's camp."

In the meantime Dodgeville had not been idle. When it was learned that removal might be contested in the courts on the grounds of insufficient publicity, a new newspaper was launched at Dodgeville to present the claims of that place. This, the first newspaper at Dodgeville, appeared in August, 1858, and was known as the *Iowa County Advocate*. In 1861 another referendum law passed regularly and the citizens again voted in favor of removal, thus permitting the completion of the courthouse begun at Dodgeville in 1859.

A. O. Barton.

DRAFT RIOTS IN WISCONSIN DURING THE CIVIL WAR

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 Wisconsin was found to be among the most loyal states of the Union. Within her border the new Republican party, founded upon the principle of checking

further extension of slavery, had just been born. A determination to stand by the national government at whatever cost was the instant decision of both political parties. And the overwhelming response accorded to the first call for troops surprised even the most enthusiastic.

But before the close of the first season's campaign, enthusiasm began to dwindle, and even signs of opposition were noted in certain sections of the state. The reverses suffered by the Union army and the absence of a vigorous campaign on the part of the national administration was believed to be inexcusable. Volunteering showed a marked decrease, and those who had opposed the war or who had been even lukewarm in their support now bestirred themselves in making it unpopular.

The situation in Wisconsin became alarming. In July, 1862, when President Lincoln called for 300,000 more men, volunteering had practically ceased. In August a second call was made for another 300,000. Wisconsin's quota was fixed at 11,804, and the men were to be mobilized within fifteen days. In such an emergency, the volunteer system was hopeless. Governor Salomon and the military authorities decided to adopt the draft at once, and steps were immediately taken to put the plan in operation. Even with the draft system it was impossible to fill the quota within the allotted time.

The sheriffs in each county were ordered to enroll all able-bodied male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The rolls showed 127,894 men subject to military duty. Governor Salomon appointed a draft commission and an examining surgeon for each county. November 10 was the date set for drawing the names.

As the day of the draft drew near, great excitement prevailed. This was especially true in the eastern and southern counties. The opposition newspapers with their sensational headlines added to the excitement. Men possessed of robust health suddenly discovered some terrible ailment and had to seek treatment in a different climate. Canada at once became a Mecca for such invalids. So many healthy and robust men appeared before the examining board in Fond du Lac and asked for exemption, that some wag placed a sign over the door which read "Cowards' Headquarters."

In Ozaukee County where Lincoln had received only 627 votes out of 2,450, armed opposition first broke out against the draft. On the morning of November 10, 1862, the draft commissioner, Mr. Pors, and his assistant were attacked by a mob of a thousand or more people, variously armed and under the influence of whiskey. The draft rolls were seized and destroyed. Mr. Pors was dragged to the door and thrown down the steps. The mob then took possession of a small four-pound cannon that had been used on former Fourth of July celebrations, and loading it with the only ball they could find, mounted it on the pier in Port Washington and defied Uncle Sam to come and arrest them.

Governor Salomon learned of the trouble and decided to take instant and vigorous action. He ordered eight companies of soldiers to be sent to Milwaukee to arrest the mob. The presence of the armed soldiers caused the leaders to flee, but upwards of eighty were captured and given a trial in the provost marshal's court. They were convicted and taken to Milwaukee, where the company marched through the streets of the city in the form of a square with the prisoners in the center. After being confined in Camp Washburn for a time, they were transferred to the Bull Pen in Madison.

The following week the draft was to take place in Milwaukee and Governor Salomon took a vigorous stand to prevent the recurrence of the Ozaukee trouble. A proclamation was issued to the people of the county warning them against such disgraceful scenes as had been recently enacted by the Port Washington mob. Colonel John C. Starkweather was ordered to take charge of the troops and guard the city. Soldiers were placed on picket duty on all roads leading into the city. One company kept inside guard at the courthouse where the draft was to be made. With these precautions, the drawing of numbers began at nine o'clock in the morning and continued throughout the day and late into the night. The report of Colonel Starkweather, now on file in the State Historical Library, shows that absolute quiet prevailed throughout the city.

In West Bend, Washington County, slight trouble against the draft developed, but the sudden appearance of four companies of

the Thirty-first Regiment quieted the troublemakers and the strong arm of the state government again triumphed.

All the later drafts following 1862 were made under federal authority. Those who formerly were inclined to resist the authority of the government later decided that it might not, after all, be wise to do so, and we hear no more of any combined opposition to the draft. They had learned what it meant to resist the iron hand of the government. Half a century later, when the country called for an army on the basis of a selective draft, Wisconsin was among the most enthusiastic states in the Union in filling her quota.

JOHN W. OLIVER.

GENERAL JOHN HOLLY KNAPP[1]

On May 30, 1791, there was born at Goshen, Orange County, New York, to Jabez and Hannah (Holly) Knapp, a son whom they named John Holly. He was the sixth of ten children, eight of whom were daughters. As a young man he learned the saddle-maker's trade. During the War of 1812 he served as lieutenant in Capt. F. Tuthill's company of New York militia from September 8 to December 12, 1814.

On January 21, 1813, he was united in marriage with Harriet Seely of Orange County, New York, where the Seely family has been prominent for over a hundred years. About the year 1818 they moved to Elmira, living first in Southport, as that portion of the town on the south side of the river was called, soon, however, moving across the river to Newtown, which is the main part of Elmira. Here he engaged in merchandising. He built a gristmill on Seely Creek near Bulkhead in 1820; he was one of the directors of the bridge company, incorporated for the purpose of building the first bridge across the Chemung River at what is now Lake Street. He was Brigadier General of the New York militia, and was familiarly known as General Knapp. He joined Union Lodge No. 30 (now 95), Free and Accepted Masons, being initiated January 27, 1823, Passed and Raised April 25, 1823. He joined Elmira Chapter No. 40, R. A. M., taking M. M. and P. M. January, 1825, M. E. M. and

[1] This sketch was supplied, in response to the editor's request, by Henry E. Knapp, of Menomonie. The request for it grew out of the correspondence printed in the December, 1918 MAGAZINE, pp. 228-30.

R. A. M. December 21, 1825, his signature to the by-laws appearing on the latter date. He was largely interested in Blossburg coal and iron properties, and was one of the persons named in an act of the New York legislature, April 9, 1823, organizing The Tioga Coal and Iron Mining and Manufacturing Company. He moved to Blossburg about the year 1825, and managed the coal mining of the company until cheated out of his interest by a man whom he had supposed to be his friend. At Blossburg he built a large hotel and a store, both of which he conducted until he left for the West in the fall of 1830. He went via Penn Yan and Buffalo to the Mississippi River, and down that stream to New Orleans, where he spent two winters as manager of a large saddle manufactory, he being an expert saddle-maker. Returning up the river in the spring of 1832 he went as far north as the boats then ran, probably to Fort Snelling.

When passing the site of old Fort Madison, which had been built in 1808 and destroyed in 1813, he was much pleased with the location, which has often been described as the most beautiful on the river. Not having seen another site that pleased him so well he made inquiry of the steamboat captain, who knew most everyone and everything along the river, and ascertained that Augustus Horton, who was then living on the large island a few miles down the river, had made some sort of a claim to the land where the old fort had stood; this claim he bought of Horton in 1832. He took part in the Black Hawk War and was at Rock Island when the treaty was made. In the fall of 1832 he erected the first building in the new Fort Madison, locating it on the bank of the Mississippi River just below where Morrison's Plow Works now stand. This building he utilized for an Indian Supply Store until he sold it to Judge Cutler.

He was the first permanent settler in the new Fort Madison. He spent the winter of 1832 with his cousin, Nathaniel Knapp, a hotel keeper in Quincy, Illinois. He returned to Fort Madison early the next spring, accompanied by Nathaniel Knapp and family, who also settled there. Peter Williams, J. Horton, Augustus Horton, Richard Chaney, Aaron White, and Zack Hawkins also came in 1833.

In 1835 General Knapp built a residence, utilizing one of the five stone chimneys of the old fort, as the chimney for his house of hewed logs. The old well of the fort was still there and only needed

to be cleaned out, and has been in use ever since. During the time that elapsed before he sent for his family he had with him, as cook, William Smoot, who had accompanied him from New Orleans. He also built a new store in front of the fort site, not far from his house, and here as formerly he had a nice trade with the Sac and Fox Indians, Black Hawk being a frequent customer, and Keokuk an occasional one; the latter was the principal chief, having been advanced or promoted when Black Hawk was deposed. General Knapp's family arrived at Fort Madison October 9, 1835; they drove overland from Blossburg, Pennsylvania, making a quick trip of only six weeks.

In 1835-36 the General built a large hotel near his residence. It was Fort Madison's first frame house, and could accommodate about fifty guests with rooms. The assembly room on the second floor, about twenty by forty feet in size, being the most commodious room in town, it was used for the first district court room, and for meetings of the Board of Supervisors. The hotel was called the Madison House, and was also the first hotel built there; another was built about the same time by Nathaniel Knapp, and by him named the Washington House. Both hotels prospered, as travel soon became heavy. As many as one hundred teams sometimes stood in line on the Illinois shore waiting to cross on the flatboat ferry. This was very slow work, as only two teams could cross at one time; consequently they had often to wait more than a day before crossing. The General also built a stable to hold twenty-four horses, and then a lean-to addition for twelve more, and this was often full of teams of immigrants. He also built the first gristmill (run by horse power) which was the only mill there till 1845.

In June, 1835, General Knapp, assisted by Nathaniel Knapp, laid out the town of Fort Madison. There being some question as to the title of the land the government relocated the town in 1840 on the same lot lines, and the titles to lots then came direct from the United States.

During these early years the First Dragoons were stationed at Montrose, Iowa, a few miles down the river, and the officers were frequent visitors to General Knapp, among them being General Parrot, General Brown, and Lieut. Robert E. Lee. They all

admired General Knapp's sword, and after his death Mrs. Knapp sold it to one of the officers, not realizing how her sons would like to have kept it. One of them tried to repurchase it from the officer, but was not able to do so.

Among the frequent visitors were Black Hawk and his son Nasheakusk, who was then about the age of Jonas and John Knapp, and liked to come and play with them. Black Hawk liked to talk with the General, but did not often condescend to talk with the boys. Occasionally, however, he would take notice of them and tell them of the arts of hunting game and stories of the chase and of war. He was not above coming around to the back door to ask for food.

On January 2, 1837, a "Reception and New Year's Ball" was given for General Knapp at the Assembly Room in the Madison House. During these festivities he caught a cold and died two days later of quinsy. His grave marked by a monument is in the southeast corner of the cemetery at Fort Madison, he being the first person buried there.

HENRY E. KNAPP.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

On September 25, 1918, there died in Brooklyn, New York, an author whose connection with Wisconsin is known to but few at the present time. William S. Pitts was born in Orleans County, New York, in 1830. In 1847 he came with his parents to Rock County, Wisconsin. Here he married ten years later, and Rock County continued to be his home until the early sixties, when he removed to Chickasaw County, Iowa, where most of the remainder of his life was passed. A few years before his removal to Iowa there had been begun at Bradford, Chickasaw County, a simple village church. But for Dr. Pitts its history would have possessed nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of other rural frontier churches. But greatness such as its founders never dreamed of has been thrust upon it, for about it Dr. Pitts wrote the song, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," which has gone round the world and is sung wherever the English language is known.

Dr. Pitts first visited Bradford in June, 1857. No church was there then, but the "vale" was waiting to receive one, and the visitor

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THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

from Wisconsin was attracted by the pristine loveliness of the spot, as yet untouched by the hand of civilization. "This portion of the Cedar Valley will always be beautiful," he wrote forty years later, "but it was doubly so then. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I can see the cornhills left by the Indians when they journeyed toward the setting sun, the natural oaks, the greensward, the flowers, the prairie to the east, the woodland to the west, and the Little Cedar River running like a thread of silver through the valley."

When back in his Wisconsin home Dr. Pitts wrote the song which has made him famous, and laid the manuscript away. Several years later he followed his wife's people to Fredericksburg, Chickasaw County, Iowa, which became his home for half a century. Meanwhile a young preacher, the Reverend J. K. Nutting, had come to Bradford to assume pastoral care of the infant Congregational Church Society, which with no church building was worshiping in lawyers' offices, hotel dining rooms, and even in an abandoned storeroom with doors and windows gone. The outbreak of war in 1861 delayed the building of the church so that not until December, 1864, was it ready for dedication. Fredericksburg, which had become the home of Dr. Pitts, was a neighboring town a few miles away, and in the winter of 1863-64 he conducted a singing school at Bradford. Near its close one evening in the spring, the class went out to the still unfinished church. The leader had with him the manuscript of the song, written in Wisconsin several years before, and now carried by the author to the very spot where he had received the inspiration which evoked it; and for the first time it was sung (other than by the author himself) by the class, seated on rude seats which had been temporarily improvised.

Not long after this Dr. Pitts took his manuscript to Chicago, where it was published by H. M. Riggins, and thus was launched its career which has since become world-wide. Pleasant it is to be able to record that in this case, at least, the prophet has not gone unhonored in his own community. Bradford, which half a century ago was a thriving town with dreams of future greatness far in excess of its present achievement, has been for a generation a decaying village, the process of reversion to open farmland being now almost completed. The death stroke was given the place when the

Illinois Central Railway, reaching out from Chicago to St. Paul, passed it by at a distance of some three miles. With the decay of the village the church organization disintegrated until in time it ceased to exist. But the church itself had become hallowed in the affections of the community, and two decades ago a "Society for the Preservation of the Little Brown Church" came into existence. The church is lovingly maintained by the citizens of the vicinity and has become in course of time a shrine of history and of sentiment to an ever widening constituency. In recent years an annual "Brown Church Reunion" has been held, on or about June 15, which draws old-time friends of the church and residents of the vicinity from long distances. In June, 1916, Reverend Nutting, builder of the church, and Dr. Pitts, the song writer, were brought from their distant homes (the one in Florida, the other in New York) to grace the reunion. Reverend Nutting gave an address and Dr. Pitts sang the song he had written almost sixty years before. Reverend Nutting died the next year at the age of eighty-five, Dr. Pitts following him a year later at the age of eighty-nine.

Dr. Pitts was a man greatly beloved by his home community. Church and song alike are numbered among the spiritual possessions of Iowa. But Wisconsin produced the singer; in his Rock County home the song was written, and here for several years it slumbered in obscurity, unknown to all the world save its author. This brief chronicle has been written chiefly as a deserved tribute to a worthy son of Wisconsin; in part, with the hope that those who take pride in the literary achievements of Badgerdom will not permit its share of ownership in the fame of Dr. Pitts and his beautiful song to be forgotten.

EDITORIAL

MEMORIALS

With the close of the war this subject came spontaneously to the fore in most communities throughout the state. The spirit which has prompted its discussion is, of course, highly commendable. But in order to give tangible expression to the community spirit of gratitude to its defenders a concrete decision must be had concerning the form of memorial to be erected, and positive action must be taken in pursuance of this decision. In connection with both steps there is almost infinite room for difference of opinion, and, therefore, for the exercise of unwisdom in carrying out the community purpose. The experience we have had in connection with our memorials of the Civil War affords numerous illustrations of the pitfalls which lie in the path of the American community which resolves to erect a memorial to its soldier dead. The land is studded with soldiers' and sailors' monuments which all too frequently advertise the salesmanship of some monument firm, and at the same time the lack of artistic appreciation on the part of the community to which they belong. Too often, in erecting soldiers' monuments, principal emphasis is placed upon the height or the cubic contents of the memorial, without regard to its artistic and other qualifications.

It is no more possible to give advice to communities in the abstract concerning the kind of memorial they should erect than it is for an architect to advise householders en masse as to the kind of dwellings they should build. Nevertheless we think certain broad general principles can be stated to which every community, in working out its particular problem, should give heed. These we shall attempt to formulate:

1. Permanency is of the essence of the memorial idea. While the American nation continues to endure, the Great War and the sacrifices of our men and women in it will be held in remembrance. It is well to determine to erect a suitable memorial, but it is folly to proceed in haste. The project need not be completed this year, or even this decade. The erection of medieval cathedrals, the most splendid structures man has reared since the days of Greece and Rome, commonly went on for several generations.

2. Freedom from commercial gain, whether on the part of individuals or of the community, is likewise of the essence of the memorial idea. Already numerous concerns are in the field intent on capitalizing for private ends the sacred impulse of gratitude to the nation's defenders. Naturally their ways are subtle and their true motives are carefully concealed. Care must be exercised to detect, and, having detected, to rebuff such enterprises. More difficult to deal with is the spirit of community commercialism. One city is in need of a new hotel; another of a convention hall; another of some other utility. Perhaps these projects, worthy enough in themselves, have been harbored for years. Their backers, therefore, seek to put driving force behind them by tagging them with the label of a soldiers' memorial. To adopt such a course is to prostitute to commercial ends the sentiment of community gratitude.

3. Closely allied to the foregoing is the principle that in whatever concrete form the memorial idea may find expression that expression should bear an obvious and appropriate relation to the motive which inspired it. It is conceivable that an auditorium or a hotel can bear such a relation but the burden of proof in any specific case rests with those who affirm this; on the other hand, the appropriateness of such an act as the recent gift by a resident of Chicago of two and a half million dollars for the education of soldiers and sailors and their descendants will be instantly recognized by everyone. The memorial idea need not be dissociated from that of community utility, but it must not be prostituted to the latter. A library building, a bridge, or a park may be of greatest usefulness to a community and at the same time may conform fully to the conditions requisite to a true memorial.

4. If the memorial is to be a physical structure, the advice of competent artists, architects, or other experts should be enlisted with a view not only to producing a creation whose dignity and beauty shall be in harmony with the dignity and beauty of the offering made by the nation's defenders in the Great War, but one which shall also worthily advertise to coming generations the taste and spirit of achievement of the present one.

5. If the memorial decided upon is to take the form of a building or other similar structure, the question of its location should not be treated as an isolated one. Rather it should be determined with reference to a general city plan which takes into consideration not only the present state of development of the city but also its probable lines of future growth. If the memorial is to be a building, due consideration should be given the question of the possible need of future additions to it, with respect to choice both of grounds and of building plans.

6. Finally, it should be remembered that the initial cost of a building or other structure is only the beginning of the investment. So long as they shall endure, all such structures will involve a cost for maintenance and administration. To erect a memorial which later shall be permitted to fall into disrepair or decay would be worse than to erect no memorial at all. Forethought should be taken, therefore, to avoid this contingency or its alternative of unduly burdening the community with the proper upkeep of the memorial. To erect a memorial which shall in time become a white elephant will not serve the desired end of inspiring coming generations with gratitude for their forbears who offered their lives to the nation in the Great War.

THE MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where."

Thus sang the poet; but we do not intend to permit his words to apply to the efforts many members have been making in support of the membership drive. Two appeals have been made to the membership of the Society to coöperate with the administration in building up our numbers. Several

score members have responded to these appeals; some have recommended names of friends to be canvassed from the Superintendent's office; some have themselves canvassed friends and taken their application and initial membership dues; some members have done both these things. The great majority, however, have not responded to the appeal of the chairman of the membership committee for coöperation. Reference to another page of this MAGAZINE will show that about eighty members have joined the Society in the last three months. Some of these would have joined had there been no membership drive, but the great majority joined as a result of it. If through the coöperation of a small minority of the Society four score members have been gained in a few weeks' time, what would not be accomplished if to their efforts should be joined those of the great, and, as yet, inactive majority? One member has said that the Society should have 3,000 members; another has put the ideal at 7,000; and still another chides us for not having 30,000. We much fear that our weak heart would not withstand the excitement of realizing even the more moderate of these estimates, but we are willing to risk the experiment. We are putting our best not only into this MAGAZINE, but also into the many other activities of the Society. To the many members who have already coöperated in the membership drive we tender on behalf of Mr. Lacher and the membership committee our hearty thanks. Will not those who as yet have not responded to the membership appeal make it possible for us to extend thanks to them in the next issue of the MAGAZINE?

A MYTH OF DANE COUNTY EXPLODED

We once compiled a lecture on "Some Myths of American History," and on divers occasions afterward delivered it to more or less complacent, not to say enthusiastic, audiences. In the Madison *Democrat* of December 29, 1918, J. Paul Pedigo seems effectively to have punctured a myth of long

standing concerning the reputed "Great Cave" in the town of Verona, Dane County. If one can credit even such sober works as the industrious Durrie's *History of Madison,* less than a dozen miles from the state capitol dome is to be found a cave which fairly rivals in dimensions and in other natural attributes which a high-grade cavern ought to possess even the noted Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. For a stirring description of this natural wonder which soon, if only the dreams of enthusiastic city planners come true, will be included in the suburbs of Madison, we refer the reader to pages 278-80 of Durrie's history. Incited by this description and others of similar import Mr. Pedigo devoted his Christmas holiday to a visit to the cavern. His narrative of the wonders he did not find supplies the theme for our present discourse. In short our tourist was forced to conclude that the local historians were painfully inaccurate with respect, at least, to their accounts of the Great Cave. Its grottoes and corridors, its underground rooms and rivers he did not find; but only a tortuous passage, everywhere coated with "rich, black, slimy" mud, so small that to enter one must proceed on hands and knees or even on the stomach.

We are forced to pause at this point to indulge some disturbing reflections. How shall we explain the origin of the remarkable narratives the historians have given us about the "Great Cave"? How could they have been so grossly deceived about a natural wonder supposed to exist in their very midst, and concerning which the truth must have been known to many and could easily have been ascertained by anyone who would interest himself in the matter? A clue to the explanation is suggested by our recent investigator's closing statement that "the road to the cave is paved with humorists"; but why should a Dane County citizen who takes the trouble to write a book about his county permit himself to be "spoofed" by these humorists? If deception such as this is possible in the twentieth century, writing for a local con-

stituency on a subject with which everyone may be presumed to be familiar, what credence can we give to the historian's account of obscure events belonging to distant climes or vanished centuries? One final horrid thought shall conclude this train of reflections: We have never visited the Great Cave, and in the light of Mr. Pedigo's report we never expect to visit it. How, then, can we really know whether he himself is not spoofing us, under the impulse of a perverted sense of humor—whether the thrilling descriptions of the Great Cave recorded in our local histories are not, after all, plain unvarnished tales of simple truth?

WHISKERS

Social customs, like the Arabs, ofttimes "silently steal away," leaving the public unconscious of the change which their disappearance has brought about. We are moved to this reflection by the observation of a friend, looking at a collection of pictures of members of the Wisconsin legislature of 1862, "How much older than present-day legislators they look." The observation was correct, but did the facts in the premises bear out the surface appearances? Are our legislators of today a more youthful body of men than those whom our grandfathers chose to represent them? If not, why the more venerable appearance of the men of long ago? We think the answer is to be found in the word at the head of this article—"whiskers." The legislators whom our grandfathers delighted to honor were no more aged than those of today, but custom then decreed that a man's face should be adorned with a beard, while today the pendulum of fashion swings so far in the other direction that a cabinet officer can achieve a nation-wide reputation for bravery merely by supporting luxuriant mutton-chop whiskers.

Poor indeed is the modern historian, however, who cannot cite his authority for every statement he makes. To demonstrate our right to be numbered in the circle of the elect we

proceed to support with the following statistics the more or less weighty conclusions we have advanced. One of the most notable bodies of men ever assembled in Wisconsin was that which in 1847-48 framed our present state constitution. Information is lacking concerning the prevalence in this convention of hirsute facial adornment, but we have complete data as to ages of the members. The youngest was twenty-five, the oldest sixty-five. But of the entire 69 members all but 4 were under fifty years, 43 were under forty years, and 12 were under thirty years of age. It seems evident, therefore, that our pioneer lawmakers were not more venerable than those now in our midst. Whiskers continued to abound in Wisconsin at least until the early eighties. In the Assembly of 1879 were 4 men with clean-shaved faces, 14 with mustaches, and 83 with beards. In 1915, thirty-six years later, the 4 clean faces had increased to 48, while the 83 bearded ones had decreased to 4; the remaining 52 members in 1915 adopted the middle-of-the-road policy of disporting a mustache with no counterbalancing beard. Of like import are the statistics for the graver branch of the legislature. In the Senate of 1880 were 3 clean-shaved men and 27 bewhiskered ones; in that of 1913 were 18 faces bare of adornment while 2 disported beards.

THE QUESTION BOX

The Wisconsin Historical Library has long maintained a bureau of historical information for the benefit of those who care to avail themselves of the service it offers. In "The Question Box" will be printed from time to time such queries, with the answers made to them, as possess sufficient general interest to render their publication worth while.

FACTS ABOUT GOVERNOR WILLIAM R. TAYLOR

I have made extensive search for information about Governor Wm. R. Taylor without being able to find anything to speak of. If you can supply me with such information or indicate where it may be found, the favor will be much appreciated.

Solon J. Buck
St. Paul, Minnesota

William R. Taylor was the twelfth governor of the state of Wisconsin. He was known as the "Granger" governor, because he came to office as the candidate of the "Patrons of Husbandry," familiarly known as "Grangers." Colonel Taylor, as he was commonly called, was a native of Connecticut, but his parents were Scotch, and recent arrivals in New England. He had the misfortune to lose his mother three weeks after his birth, an event that occurred July 10, 1820. Taylor's father, a sea captain, was drowned when the boy was but six years old. Thus early orphaned he was brought up by strangers in Jefferson County, New York, then a frontier locality. Young Taylor had a great thirst for knowledge, and after he was sixteen years of age he endeavored to obtain an education; by dint of working summers and teaching winters, he earned enough to begin the sophomore year at Union College, to which class he was admitted, but was unable to complete the course. In 1840 he moved to Elyria, Ohio, and took what would be called today a normal course. He was called to take charge of the worst school in the district of La Porte which was notorious for its rough usage of its teachers. He made it in a short time the banner school of the state. In addition to teaching, Mr. Taylor was employed in

a gristmill, a sawmill, and an iron foundry, and studied medicine about five months in Cleveland. While a citizen of Ohio, he served in the militia, and was successively captain and colonel.

The year that Wisconsin became a state Mr. Taylor removed there and bought a farm in Cottage Grove township of Dane County. He entered upon the work of a farmer with the same enthusiasm and thoroughness he had applied to other industries, and soon had a model farm under his control. He saw that individualism was a disadvantage to farmers and fostered all kinds of associations among them. He served seven years as president of Dane County Agricultural Society. He also held many local offices: in 1853 he was a member of the county board of supervisors and the next year its chairman; he was superintendent of the poor relief for seventeen years; trustee of the State Hospital for the Insane for fourteen years; promoted farmers' institutes; and was the first man in the county to offer a bounty for recruits in the Civil War. As foreshadowing his later services, he introduced a bill into the state senate of 1854, of which he was a member, to equalize taxation, and to tax railway property. This bill was lost.

In 1872 Colonel Taylor was elected president of the State Agricultural Society, and made a number of speeches at fairs that brought him prominently before the public. The Republicans had carried the state at every election since 1856, but in 1873 there was a great deal of restlessness under their tutelage on the part of many elements of the population. It was generally believed that the Republicans were dominated by the two great railway systems of the state, and the people were mulcted illicitly of their rightful dues. A convention was called by the disgruntled faction at Milwaukee in September and formed what was called the Liberal Reform party. This was composed of Democrats, disaffected Republicans or Mugwumps, those opposed to a drastic temperance law (enacted by the preceding legislature), and the Farmers' Alliance, or Patrons of Husbandry (the Grange); of all these forces the latter was the strongest, and a farmer candidate was the natural consequence. Colonel Taylor, the president of the State Agricultural Society, was nominated by acclamation, and at the election defeated Governor Washburn by a large majority. It is due to Mr. Taylor to state

that personally he was a strong temperance man, a member of the Good Templars. It would be writing a history of Wisconsin in the decade of the seventies to detail the events of Taylor's administration. No doubt the so-called Potter Law, fixing railway rates, was its outstanding feature. Such legislation appears to have been in advance of public sentiment. At any rate both the Potter Law and Governor Taylor went to defeat in the gubernatorial campaign of 1875, and the farmer governor retired to his Dane County farm the first of the year 1876. His later life was undistinguished, devoted to his farm and family. In 1905 the infirmities of age made it necessary for him to give up active life on the farm; some unfortunate investments, also, somewhat impoverished him, and he went to live at the Gisholt Home for the Aged in Dane County, and there he died March 17, 1909. He was buried at Madison in the Forest Hill cemetery, by the Knights Templars, of which order he was a member. In 1915 the state legislature appropriated a fund for a monument to Governor Taylor, and a handsome shaft now marks his last resting place.

DOUBTS CONCERNING THE EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY

MR. R. G. THWAITES,
MADISON, WIS.

I notice that your name appears in the preface of the book entitled, *Historic Doubts of the Execution of Marshal Ney,* written by James A. Weston.

I shall very greatly appreciate any information you may be able to give me regarding the location of any of the original material used by Mr. Weston.

JAMES R. GARFIELD
Cleveland, Ohio

Dr. Thwaites died in 1913, and the following answer to the inquiry you address to him has been prepared by one of the workers in the Wisconsin Historical Library.

Many years ago Dr. L. C. Draper, the first secretary of this Society, became interested in the identity of Peter S. Ney, of North Carolina, and made a large collection of manuscripts concerning him. In 1885 and 1886 he had a brief correspondence with Mr. James A. Weston, who said he had been making similar investiga-

tions for three years, and proposed to publish a book on the subject. After Dr. Draper's death, which occurred August 26, 1891, Mr. Weston came to Madison in 1894 and had access to all the material the late secretary had collected. The *Descriptive List of Manuscript Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin* (Madison, 1906), pp. 64-66, gives a brief description of the Ney manuscripts.

It would be difficult to say, without a very detailed study, just how much of Mr. Weston's book, *Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney*, is based upon the Draper manuscripts, but a brief examination shows that a very large number of the statements and much of the testimony he incorporated in that volume are to be found in this material, in some cases altered and extracted to give support to the conclusion the author wished to deduce. Dr. Draper came to another conclusion from Mr. Weston, namely that the material was insufficient to prove the identity of Peter S. Ney and Marshal Ney. Mr. Weston seems to have discarded everything that tended away from his theory of identity. The only acknowledgment he saw fit to make of his use of the Draper manuscripts was the allusion to which you refer in the preface of the book, to the aid received from the late Dr. R. G. Thwaites, secretary of the Society at the time of Mr. Weston's visit thereto.

THE EARLY PREPARATION OF COFFEE

I am collecting data for an historical sketch of the American coffee trade, and I am particularly interested in obtaining accurate information concerning the beginnings of the coffee roasting business in America. Here are some of the things I would like to know:

1. How was coffee prepared for use in the coffeehouse and, later, in the home, before the advent of the dealer roasting machine?

2. I have considerable data about the old-time coffeehouses in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia but I have been unable to find any references regarding houses of similar character said to have existed in the Virginia Colony and in New Orleans.

3. Have you in the museum any specimens, models, or pictures of old-time coffeepots, coffee roasters, coffee grinders, etc.?

I will be grateful to you for any suggestions you may make me as to the best procedure to follow in order to obtain the information and pictures I am seeking.

W. H. Ukers
Editor, *The Tea and Coffee Trade Journal*
New York City

Our manuscript material contains but little upon the subject of your inquiry. However, the following data concerning prices current at different times and places may be of interest to you:

In Camden, South Carolina, December 30, 1774, a merchant's invoice-book lists coffee at ten shillings a pound. (South Carolina Mss. B.)

Among the French Canadian traders and settlers of early Wisconsin coffee was a favorite luxury. We find it listed in 1805 and again in 1807 at 4.10, which means four livres and a half, a livre being worth about the same as a franc today. (Wisconsin Mss. 1A100, 105.)

In Milwaukee in 1851 twenty-five pounds of coffee were bought at one shilling (12½ cents) per pound, for a family living in Madison. The same family paid fourteen cents a pound in Madison in 1853; and one shilling sixpence (18½ cents) for "Java Coffee" in 1856. In 1859 their coffee was still invoiced at fourteen cents; but in 1866 and 1871 they were paying fifty cents a pound; in the latter year they bought two pounds of "Java" for seventy cents, and in 1893 were paying thirty-eight cents for coffee. The fluctuations are well indicated by the accounts of this one middle class American family of Madison, Wisconsin. (Wisconsin Mss. DQ.)

A wholesale grocer of Galena, Illinois, paid in 1867 for "3 Boxes Ess. Coffee 1½ Gro. a 5.00 $8.25." "1 bag prime coffee a .25 44.28." Their correspondent in Chicago charged them 22½ cents a pound in 1870, and from 18½ to 20 cents in 1871. (Illinois Mss. C.)

The following remarks on early methods of preparing coffee have been submitted by our museum chief, Mr. Brown:

In early American homes housewives of necessity roasted their own green coffee in spiders or in shallow tin or other metal pans. While fireplaces were yet in use in American homes, the roasting was done in spiders or iron kettles in the hearth. In later days when cookstoves came into general use, shallow tin pans were employed, the roasting being done in the oven.

In Milwaukee up to the late eighties many housewives still continued to roast their own coffee believing thus to have a better quality of roasted coffee than could be purchased in stores. I can

well remember seeing a number of pans of roasting coffee beans in my grandmother's stove.

In the pioneer kitchen exhibit in the State Historical Museum of Wisconsin there is on display an interesting contrivance for the roasting of coffee beans in a hearth fire. This consists of a cast-iron globe about one foot in diameter made in two halves, hinged at one end; this globe rests on an iron tripod. After the beans were put into the globe it was placed in the fireplace, the globe being turned from time to time by means of a small removable metal crank which could be attached to one end of the axis of the globe, to assure an even roasting of the beans. The coffee roaster was used in Geauga County, Ohio, before being brought to Wisconsin. It was manufactured by Roys & Wilcox Co., Berlin, Connecticut, under Wood's Patent, April 17, 1849, and Harrington's Improvement, May 17, 1869. Doubtless many of these were in use in early American homes in the Middle West.

Coffee being rather high priced and at times unobtainable, early settlers in Wisconsin used various substitutes, such as barley, wheat, and corn, the kernels being roasted in the same way as regular coffee. In boiling these coffee substitutes a small piece of chicory was often placed in the pot with them to add to the flavor.

This chicory came in sticks about six inches in length and of about the thickness of a finger. It was sweet tasting and looked somewhat like a licorice stick. Children were quite fond of it and the housewife had to keep it hidden from them. It was sold by the name of coffee essence. Up to the nineties a small factory on upper State Street in Milwaukee was engaged in its manufacture.

The earliest devices in use in grinding coffee in many American homes were wooden or iron mortars, the same being also used for the grinding of spices. However, coffee mills were also early in use. An early type of the combined coffee and spice mill in the State Historical Museum is made of sheet iron of rather rude construction and is designed to be fastened to a wall. On its top is a small funnel; the grinding is done by a small grooved cylinder which turns with a crank. The ground coffee escapes through a spout at the bottom. This particular mill comes from an old home in Lexington, Massachusetts. Later the type of wooden and metal hand mills with a

drawer beneath for the ground coffee was in general use and is still in use in many homes where people continue to grind their own coffee.

The most interesting coffeepot in the museum dates back to the period of the American Revolution. It is made of English tin, lacquered, and stands about eleven inches high with a base six and one-half inches in diameter. It has upon its surface a painted ornamentation of bright red fruit and green leaves which may be intended to represent tomatoes or, as they were then called, "love" apples. This coffeepot is also notable for its exceptionally long spout, which extends from near the bottom to the top of the pot.

COMMUNICATIONS

MORE WISCONSIN HISTORIC TREES

On page 92 of volume 2, number 1, of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY is an inquiry about "Historic Trees in Wisconsin." Perhaps the following may be of interest in this connection.

At Kaukauna on the south side, beyond the present baseball grounds, along the river and on the hills near the former residence of the Beaulieus, are a number of Honey Locust trees.

The seeds from which these trees grew were brought from Mt. Vernon from the vicinity of Washington's tomb by Robert Irwin, Jr., in 1832 and given to Lieut. James Madison Boyd, who was a partner of Alexander Beaulieu in the operation of the old Beaulieu sawmill that was located on the south side of the Fox River at that time.

This information was given me by my father-in-law, James M. Boyd.

DR. H. B. TANNER,
San Antonio, Texas

SOME INTERESTING CIVIL WAR DATA

I am reminded by your appeal to members of the Historical Society, of recent date, that I possess the following documents which may be of some historical value. I send them to you for examination. Those you may think have such value keep; the others can be returned to me.

I located at Prescott, Pierce County, in June, 1860, traveling from Cincinnati, Ohio, by steamboat, changing boats at St. Louis. On the steamer from St. Louis came several returning delegates from the Chicago Republican convention which had just nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. After staying at St. Paul a few days I stopped at Hastings, Minn., where on the wharf I listened to a speech from William H. Seward, who spoke from the cabin deck of the steamboat. He was then on his way home—he had gone from the convention which defeated him for the presidential nomination, being sent, as he said, to look up some doubtful states; "But," said he, "from the demonstrations I have witnessed I think I have lost

my way." He was accompanied by James W. Nye, later United States Senator from Nevada, who, also, made an eloquent political speech from the upper deck of the same boat.

As soon as Sumpter was fired upon in April, 1861, I assisted Daniel J. Dill, a merchant of Prescott, in organizing the Prescott Guards, which in June, 1861, became Company B of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry. I was then first sergeant of the company and the inclosed list of names is the first roll made by me. The pinholes opposite some of the names denote absentees from the drills which took place daily on the high banks of the Mississippi on which Prescott is located.

General Edward S. Bragg, after the war, told me that was the best company of soldiers he ever saw. General Bragg at Camp Randall in 1861 was Captain of E Company of the Sixth; became in succession Major, Lieutenant-colonel and Colonel of the Sixth, and as Brigadier-general commanded the Iron Brigade; so that this Company B remained under his eye throughout the war. He thus knew what he was saying when he paid so high a compliment to this company. Out of ninety-two men mustered into the United States service it had fifty-two struck by bullets, twenty-seven of whom were mortally wounded. Captain Dill became Colonel of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry and I was promoted to be Adjutant, Major, Lieutenant-colonel, and Brevett-colonel successively in the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. We both served throughout the war.

The inclosed diary was kept by me while in command of the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry on the march to the sea. Colonel B. J. Sweet, of Calumet County, was the first colonel of the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. He was so badly wounded at the battle of Perryville October 8, 1862, that he never rejoined the regiment. While lying in his bed at Chilton, Wis., suffering from this wound, he wrote me with his left hand, the inclosed letter, dated December 7, 1862.

M. H. Fitch,
Pueblo, Colorado.

NOTES FROM A TRANSPLANTED BADGER[1]

I appreciate very much the honour you propose for me in making me a life member of the Wisconsin Historical Society and I value at a much higher rate the kindness which prompts the action. You enquire about degrees. After receiving the degree of B.A. in the University of Manitoba I attended Cornell University and obtained the degree of M.A. We have an historical society here but I regret to say that it is in a rather moribund condition. More's the pity because there is an enormous amount of historical material to be gathered here and of the very highest value. I have always tried to keep the interest alive in our schools particularly by means of our Empire Day publications, copies of which you have seen. I have for some time been thinking of a sketch of the life and work of Prince Rupert—often slightingly spoken of as a mere dashing cavalry leader, swashbuckler, soldier of fortune, and all that kind of thing. As a matter of fact he was the best of the Stuart princes. He could not say witty things like his scapegrace clever nephew Charles II and he was not so learned as that poor old pedant, his grandfather, but he could tell the truth and live a clean life and steer a straight course generally which were accomplishments not much in vogue at that time. In fact our whole Canadian history is full of immensely interesting characters which ought to be written up and I wish there were more time for it. There is no interest which means more to me in the whole range of intellectual life and effort than the historical interest and I shall greatly enjoy getting into touch with historical work in Wisconsin.

I said yesterday in writing a letter of Christmas greeting * * * that this Christmas is perhaps the strangest we have ever known. Since the fall of the Roman Empire civilization has not been in such grave danger as during the last four years. It is a great deliverance and that means joy to millions—and it has been at a fearful cost. There is hardly a home in Canada that is not affected nearly or more remotely. So that there is an unusual mixture of sorrow and happiness in this Christmas.

[1] **Written by Sidney E. Lang, of Winnipeg, to his uncle, Robert B. Lang, of Racine, December 22, 1918.**

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

The membership campaign which has been instituted under the able direction of Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, of Waukesha, has brought into the Society during the past quarter an unusual number of new members. We list them here, and submit some comment on the membership campaign elsewhere in this MAGAZINE:

Life members who have joined since the last report are as follows: Frederick A. Chadbourne, Columbus; Fred S. Hunt, Milwaukee; Dr. Norton W. Jipson, Chicago; Carl Kurtenacker, La Crosse; Sidney E. Lang, Winnipeg, Manitoba; F. F. Lewis, Janesville; Frank B. Luchsinger, Monroe; W. H. McGrath, Monroe; Nathan Paine, Oshkosh; Frank Sensenbrenner, Neenah; B. M. Sletteland, Pigeon Falls; Benjamin W. Snow, Madison; Rev. C. O. Solberg, Minneapolis; W. W. Strickland, Superior; and O. T. Waite, Oshkosh.

The new annual members are: Alvin R. Amundson, Cambridge; Lynn H. Ashley, Hudson; Caspar Bagley, Cambridge; C. L. Baldwin, La Crosse; W. H. Bissell, Wausau; Ernest Bruemmer, Algoma; W. S. Caswell, Milwaukee; Carlisle R. Clarke, Cambridge; J. D. Conan, Ely, Minn.; Henry K. Cowen, Milwaukee; C. P. Crosby, Rhinelander; Mrs. William H. Crosby, Racine; Joseph C. Culver, Eau Claire; J. H. Daggett, Milwaukee; C. W. Davis, Madison; Edward Deschamps, Whitefield Bay; Arthur Dietz, Coloma; Lelon A. Doolittle, Eau Claire; John E. Doyle, Madison; Oscar B. Duxstad, Clinton; William H. Edwards, Milwaukee; Ida L. Ela, Rochester; Charles E. Frey, Watertown; Anna G. Gasser, Prairie du Sac; F. Neil Gibson, Coloma; Rev. Henry G. Goodsell, Madison; Edward Hancock Sr., Shullsburg; O. H. Hanson, Cambridge; Dr. Grove Harkness, Waukesha; Andrew A. Hathaway, Easton, Maryland; A. O. Hecht, Appleton; F. P. Henning, Cambridge; W. E. Jillson, Milwaukee; Thomas S. Johnson, Beaver Dam; John Joys, Milwaukee; Dr. J. Sothoron Keech, Racine; Mrs. Jennie A. Keysar, Prairie du Sac; E. F. Kileen, Wautoma; William H. Killen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Herman O. Klein, La Crosse; Louis E. Knudson, Bruce; Arnold G. Krause, Bruce; A. O. Kromrey, Eau Claire; Mary L. Loomis, Madison; A. L. McClelland, Rosendale; J. B. McLaren, Appleton; A. M. May, Waukon, Iowa; Dr. Wilbur G. Melaas, Beloit; Louis H. Mickelsen, Racine; F. S. Morris, Sheboygan; Thomas Morris, La Crosse; C. K. Newhouse, Clinton; W. C. Norton, Elkhorn; James B. Overton, Madison; Asa K. Owen, Phil-

lips; John W. Owen, Racine; Lincoln H. Parker, River Falls; John Peterson, Clinton; Arthur J. Porter, Racine; E. L. Richardson, Milwaukee; William J. Rietow, Sheboygan; Mrs. Frederick Rogers, Oconomowoc; Max Rohr, Watertown; William Ryan, Madison; William H. Ryan, Appleton; Charles J. Sarff, Shullsburg; Frank H. Scofield, La Crosse; E. P. Sherry, Milwaukee; William Sproesser, Watertown; A. H. Whitney, Columbus; Charles Wickstrom, Superior; Frank Winter, La Crosse; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Wooster, Racine; Voyta Wrabetz, Madison; H. H. Wright, Darlington; Joseph Yoerg, Hudson.

Aside from the foregoing, Mr. Albert D. Bolens, of Port Washington, has changed from annual to life membership, and Yale University Library has taken institutional membership in the Society.

William D. Hoard of, Fort Atkinson, long a member of the State Historical Society, died at his home at an advanced age November 22, 1918. A native of New York, Mr. Hoard early came to Wisconsin and here passed the greater part of his long and useful life. In boyhood he mastered the language of the Iroquois tribe to which his father preached in western New York. In later life when stumping the state in his gubernatorial campaign, at Stockbridge, Mr. Hoard addressed the New York Indians who had migrated to Badgerdom in their native tongue, much to their surprise and gratification. In his death Wisconsin lost one of her greatest sons.

Charles R. Van Hise, for many years a member and for fourteen years a curator of the State Historical Society, died November 19, 1918. Dr. Van Hise was one of the nation's greatest geologists and since 1903 had held the presidency of the University of Wisconsin.

The Reverend S. T. Kidder, of Madison, died at his home October 23, 1918. Mr. Kidder was actively interested in historical matters. He was a member of the State Historical Society and for many years had taken a leading part in inspiring an interest in the history of Congregationalism in Wisconsin. Last summer, largely through Mr. Kidder's agency, the state Congregational organization turned over to the State Historical Library a valuable collection of material pertaining to the history of this denomination.

A splendid memorial in bronze and stone to the memory of Dr. Horace White and his son Horace, the noted journalist, was unveiled in the public park at Beloit in late October. The elder White may fairly be regarded as the founder of Beloit since he chose it as the site for a future home in the West of the New England Emigration Company in 1837. The younger White grew up at Beloit and was

one of the early graduates from the college. The memorial, the gift to the city of the White family, was originally planned in honor of Dr. Horace White only. The younger man having died before its erection, however, the heirs decided to erect a joint memorial to perpetuate the memory of father and son. The public dedication of the memorial will take place in the spring of 1919.

Late in December, at his Chicago home, died Abijah Catlin, a resident of Dane County from 1836 until fifteen years ago. Mr. Catlin was a nephew of John Catlin, territorial secretary of Wisconsin in 1846. Mr. Catlin participated in two gold rushes, that to California in 1849 and to Pike's Peak a decade later.

Charles E. Estabrook, of Milwaukee, life member of the State Historical Society, twice attorney-general of Wisconsin, and several times member of the state legislature, died suddenly of heart failure at his home, December 3, 1918. Mr. Estabrook was a veteran of the Civil War and actively interested in its history. He was chiefly responsible for the creation of the Wisconsin History Commission in 1905 and served as its chairman throughout the decade of its existence. To this commission is due the publication of ten volumes on Wisconsin in the Civil War, the last of these being the *Artilleryman's Diary* of Jenkin Lloyd-Jones. More recently Mr. Estabrook had brought about the publication by the state, under his supervision, of a reprint edition of the adjutant general's reports for the Civil War period.

Mrs. M. P. Rindlaub, of Platteville, where she had resided over half a century, died December 22, 1918. Mr. Rindlaub has long been a veteran of Wisconsin journalism. Mrs. Rindlaub was for a time treasurer of the State Press Association and was affectionately known as the "Mother of the Association." She was a pioneer worker in the temperance and woman suffrage movements, and active in religious and educational matters.

By the death at Green Bay in November, 1918, of Miss Emilie Grignon was severed a link connecting twentieth-century Wisconsin with its primitive beginnings. Miss Grignon's father was Paul (or Hippolyte) Grignon, son of Pierre, the noted early Wisconsin fur trader. Paul was born in September, 1790, and wintered as a trader at Milwaukee about the time Solomon Juneau first came there, a century ago. The daughter who has just died was born near Milwaukee in 1827, almost a decade before the modern Milwaukee took its birth. Her mother was a Menominee Indian woman.

Orrin H. Ingram, of Eau Claire, one of Wisconsin's leading business men, died at the age of eighty-nine, October 16, 1918. Mr.

Ingram came to Eau Claire in 1856 and soon became a dominant figure in the lumber industry which for long was, next to agriculture, Wisconsin's dominant occupation. He was long a member of the State Historical Society. A few years ago he presented for its manuscript collection the papers of the Empire Lumber Company. When the history of the lumber industry in this state shall finally be written these papers will figure prominently in the preparation of the story.

John Barnes, a member of the State Historical Society, general counsel for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company and ex-justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, died at his Milwaukee home on January 1, 1919. From humble beginnings Judge Barnes rose to a position of eminence in his state and in his profession. His career well illustrates the type which we are prone to think of as typically American.

Benjamin F. McMillan, of McMillan, died at his home in November, 1918. Mr. McMillan was a man of extensive and varied business interests, although his life was associated more largely with the lumbering industry than with any other. He was elected a curator of the State Historical Society in 1904, and a vice president in 1905, and continued to hold these offices until death.

Pneumonia, which was responsible for the death of Mr. McMillan, on December 21, 1918 terminated the life of Colonel Hiram Hayes of Superior. Colonel Hayes was one of Superior's oldest and best known residents. He came there in June, 1854, at the age of twenty-two, and died there in December, 1918, at the age of eighty-six. A lawyer by profession and a graduate of Bowdoin College, he early became prominent in public affairs. The year after his arrival he took the census of Superior; now the second city of Wisconsin, it then had a population of less than 400 souls. He served four years in the Civil War, rising to the rank of Colonel. In 1906 he became a curator of the State Historical Society, and was successively reëlected to this office until the time of his death.

Martin Pattison of Superior, banker and lumberman, died at his home late in December, 1918. For many years Mr. Pattison had been a member of the State Historical Society.

Theodore Roosevelt, notable as both a maker and a recorder of history, died peacefully at his Long Island home, January 6, 1919. Mr. Roosevelt mastered and practised many callings, prominent among them being that of historian. With him and with his most notable historical work the Wisconsin Historical Society was inti-

mately associated. On February 12, 1886, Mr. Roosevelt, then a young man of twenty-six, but already a reformer, a historian, an ex-rancher, and an ex-assemblyman, wrote (with his own hand, be it noted) a four-page letter to Dr. Draper announcing his project for bringing out a work "in reference to the extension of our boundaries to the southwest, from the day when Boone crossed the Alleghenies, to the days of the Alamo and San Jacinto," and appealing for information and assistance concerning sources of information. The appeal was not in vain. True to its policy of now some seven decades' duration of welcoming all who will to its treasures and administering them in the most liberal fashion possible consistent with their safeguarding, the Society invited the eager seeker after historical truth to partake of its store. Somewhat later Mr. Roosevelt came to Madison to work in the Historical Library, the particular magnet which drew him being the Draper Collection of manuscripts. How well he used them and how greatly he was indebted to them is known to all who have read the third volume of *The Winning of the West.* More than once in the book the author acknowledges his obligation to the "generous courtesy" or the "great courtesy" of Dr. R. G. Thwaites, who had by this time succeeded Draper as secretary of the Society.

In January, 1893, Mr. Roosevelt again came to Madison, this time to deliver the biennial address before the Society. The address, "The Northwest in the Nation," was given in the Assembly Chamber of the old Capitol. This year he was elected honorary vice president of the Society, and in this capacity he was carried on its roll of officers until the position of honorary vice presidency was discontinued in 1896. In 1903 Mr. Roosevelt, now president of the United States, cordially granted to Dr. Thwaites permission to dedicate to him the forthcoming monumental edition of the Original Journals of Lewis and Clark. Dr. Thwaites' reasons for wishing to dedicate the work to Roosevelt were given in a personal letter to the President as follows:

"(1) We have long been personal friends, as well as fellow laborers in the same field of history; (2) your "Winning of the West" especially associates you with this earliest pathbreaking to the Pacific; and (3) it would seem eminently appropriate that the first complete publication of the results of the expedition, which President Jefferson fathered a century ago, should be inscribed to the chief executive in this centennial year—he who has but recently dedicated the exposition which celebrates this exploration, and whose own recent journey to occidental tidewater has of itself proved a veritable "Winning of the West."

In the spring of 1918 the present writer reminded Mr. Roosevelt that a quarter of a century earlier he had delivered the formal address before the Society and invited him again to address it at the annual meeting in October, but the pressure of other and more urgent duties prevented acceptance of the invitation. Finally about two months before the ex-President's death a somewhat moving letter of a Wisconsin soldier concerning the grave of Quentin Roosevelt, published in a paper at Sturgeon Bay, was sent to the saddened parents, eliciting the usual courteous acknowledgment.

We do not think proper in this place to comment on the career or character of Theodore Roosevelt. That he was abler and more far-sighted than most men, all contemporaries unite in conceding. We cannot forbear commending, to our own Wisconsin audience, however, Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted example with respect to one matter. Some years since, realizing the historical value of his personal papers and his own inability to insure their safe preservation to posterity, he turned them over to the nation's great library at Washington for safeguarding until the time shall arrive when they may properly be thrown open to the scholarly public. Among his services to the historical profession this simple act will assuredly not be accounted the least. Attention is called to it in the hope that some among the Society's constituency may be moved to imitate for the enrichment of the history of Wisconsin our former vice president's example.

George J. Kellogg, whose career is coeval with that of Wisconsin Territory and State, died at Minneapolis in his ninety-first year, January 8, 1919. Mr. Kellogg was one of the common men who chiefly make history. Born in New York in 1828, as a boy of seven he came with his father to Kenosha in the summer of 1835. There was no Kenosha then, however, the settlement being known as plain Pike River; later the name was changed to Southport and still later this in turn gave place to Kenosha. The Kellogg settlement was west of Kenosha near the present Sylvania in Racine County. There several brothers bought land, George's father among the others. The children attended the common schools—"and they were very common" Mr. Kellogg declared in later life. George in due time graduated from Louis P. Harvey's Southport academy (twenty years later Harvey died while governor of Wisconsin). Mr. Kellogg then taught school two years, worked two years in the pinery, and in 1849 joined in the gold rush to California. In 1852 he returned to Wisconsin with several thousand dollars in gold. He was then twenty-four years of age; settling at Janesville he devoted the remainder of his life to the nursery business. In this he was as truly a pioneer as he had been in the rush to California. Horticulture

was in its infancy in Wisconsin, and such beginnings as existed were confined to the lake shore where climatic conditions were materially different from those which prevail in the interior of the state. The assumption with which Mr. Kellogg began his work that Wisconsin, due west of New York, would produce the same varieties of apples which had been developed in that state proved wholly wrong. Years of experimenting at heavy expense of funds and labor were necessary to develop apples and other fruits adapted to the soil and climate of Wisconsin. Mr. Kellogg was a charter member of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, and for years before his death he was the sole surviving charter member. In later years he devoted most of his attention to small fruits, being especially interested in the development of the ever-bearing strawberry. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about him was the retention up to his ninetieth year of an active interest in horticultural development, and an enthusiasm for knowledge which led him to carry on an extensive correspondence with leading horticulturists, and to journey from state to state to observe for himself the results of their efforts.

When he went to California in 1849 Mr. Kellogg began keeping a diary and this practice developed into a lifetime habit. In 1914 the portion of this diary covering its first sixty years was presented to the State Historical Library, with the promise that at his death the remaining portion should come to the Society. On settling at Janesville in 1852 Mr. Kellogg began methodically to record observations of the weather, taking the temperature and other data three times daily. At the close of 1914 (when the writer paid him a visit) he was still using the same thermometer with which he began his observations in 1852; in the sixty-two year period that had elapsed, however, he had found it necessary to renew the marks on the thermometer scale three times. This weather record antedates by twenty years the founding of the government weather bureau, and on at least one occasion the possession of it enabled Mr. Kellogg to furnish important evidence in a legal trial in the determination of which the condition of the weather was a factor. Incidentally it may be noted that this daily record of almost seventy years refutes conclusively (at least for the vicinity of Janesville) the popular impression that the winters of pioneer days were more severe than those of recent years.

Mr. Kellogg was a pioneer of a type rapidly passing away. Sturdy in his physical frame, he was likewise of uncompromising morality and deeply religious. As an individualist he would maintain his convictions against the world, but these convictions were permeated by high idealism, and dominated by a desire for the good of his fellow-men.

That one long life has spanned the history of the American settlement of Wisconsin is instanced by the death in Florida on December 17, 1918, of the eldest son of James D. Doty, first United States judge for Wisconsin in its preterritorial period. Judge Doty was a native of New York, who early settled at Detroit and accompanied Governor Lewis Cass on his exploration in 1820 of Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi River. In 1823 Doty was appointed "additional judge" for that part of Michigan Territory west of Lake Michigan. Before visiting his jurisdiction he returned to his former home in New York, married Sarah Collins, and brought his bride to what was then a wilderness. There at the little settlement on the east side of Fox River, known as Cantonment Smith, Menomineeville, or more generally as "Shantytown," their first child was born on August 17, 1824. Mrs. Henry Baird in her delightful reminiscences of life in primitive Wisconsin says: "The first call I received as a housekeeper [in 1824] was from Judge and Mrs. Doty. They walked to our home, the Judge carrying their baby, Charles Doty." Young Doty's youth was therefore coeval with that of Wisconsin. He was a lad of twelve when the territory was erected; two years later his father went to Washington as delegate to Congress from the new territory. Charles was at this time sent to school at Derry, New Hampshire, where, like most frontier boys, he studied engineering and surveying. In 1840 when he was but sixteen he accompanied the government engineers who attempted to survey the northeastern boundary of the territory. Major Doty used to relate in his later years how the party mistook the sources of the Ontonagan River for those of the Montreal, and all unwittingly followed the latter stream to Lake Superior. This reminiscence is borne out by the government report of the survey.

In 1841 Judge Doty was appointed the second governor of Wisconsin Territory, and removed his home from Green Bay to Madison. There until a recent date the Doty home was standing not far from Lake Monona. Charles, although a mere stripling, was appointed private secretary to his father, and acted in that capacity during the three rather stormy years of his father's gubernatorial incumbency. After leaving Madison in 1844, Charles Doty opened a farm in Fond du Lac County, and was elected representative of his community to the first state assembly of 1848. In the meanwhile he married in 1846 Sarah Jane Webster, of Neenah. In 1849 he platted the town site of Menasha and made this place his future home. His father's family had been since 1845 established at the famous "Loggery" on Doty Island; Charles Doty had been hitherto concerned, in company with Curtis and Harrison Reed, in developing the water power of the Winnebago Rapids. He likewise acted as

assistant engineer for the Fox-Wisconsin Improvement Company, which in 1855 took over the Reed and Doty interests in the water power. In 1860 Charles Doty and Abel Keyes formed a partnership for a barrel-stave factory; two years later the former was one of a committee that brought the first railway to Menasha.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Doty volunteered for military service, and in November, 1862, was appointed commissary of subsistence with the rank of captain; his term expiring he was recommissioned in May, 1863, and served until the close of the war, when on June 2, 1865, he was brevetted major and lieutenant colonel for "faithful and meritorious service." His services were with the western army in the Vicksburg campaign, and later with Sherman. Before he was mustered out in March, 1866, Major Doty (as he was commonly called) visited the Indian reservations in the West and Northwest, inventorying government supplies.

After the war Major Doty returned to Menasha; in 1875 he removed to Alton, Illinois, and was at one time connected with the erection of the customhouse at St. Louis. In 1887 Major Doty removed to St. Andrews, Florida, where for over thirty years he lived in retirement with his eldest son, Webster. There in a quiet cemetery, within sight of the waters of the gulf, he rests far from his birthplace in Wisconsin.

The Beloit Historical Society has recently taken advantage of the statute on the subject formally to incorporate and to enroll as an auxiliary of the State Historical Society. Organization of the Society under the new charter was completed at the adjourned annual meeting held in the Society's room in the City Library, December 18, 1918. Mr. A. F. Ayer was elected president, Mrs. J. A. Meyers, Miss Nellie McAlpin, and H. W. Adams, vice presidents, Mrs. Cora Rau, secretary, and Mrs. W. H. Chesebrough, treasurer. In addition there is a board of directors composed of Father Ryan, Professor R. B. Way, and Mrs. R. J. Burdge. Regular monthly meetings are contemplated, with an annual meeting in November. Annual membership dues are $1; life membership, $6. The Society starts with 150 members who under the old plan have been paying annual dues of twenty-five cents. We welcome the reorganized Society to the association of local societies of the state; with such a community as Beloit to draw upon, the Society should find adequate support and a useful career.

A number of the trees at Camp Randall, Madison, Wisconsin's famous Civil War encampment, have been marked by the G. A. R. in memory of citizens of the state who were prominent in the Civil War period. Among those thus honored are Governors Randall,

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MAJOR CHARLES DOTY

Harvey, and Lewis, Mrs. Harvey ("The Angel of Wisconsin"), General David Atwood, and Maj. H. A. Tenney.

The fiftieth anniversary of Sacred Heart Church at St. Francis was celebrated with an appropriate program December 29, 1918.

In September, 1918, at Oshkosh was observed the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Christoph Dowidat. For thirty-seven years of this time the Rev. Mr. Dowidat has been pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Oshkosh.

The semicentennial of St. Joseph's German Catholic Church of Appleton was observed with a four-day program November 26-29, 1918. In half a century the congregation has increased from fifty families to seven hundred. Thirty of the original members of the parish are said to be still alive.

The sixtieth anniversary of the Bethany Lutheran Church of Hustisford was celebrated October 13, 1918. The church has had six pastors, one of whom served twenty-eight years (1867-1895) while the career of his successor was terminated by death after a pastorate of twenty-one years. Two charter members of the church lived to witness its sixtieth anniversary.

The Catholic Archdiocese of Milwaukee was seventy-five years old November 28, 1918. At the time of its founding in 1843 its bounds included all Wisconsin and much of eastern Minnesota. The archbishop since 1903 has been Sebastian G. Messmer, long a curator of the State Historical Society.

The Civil War diary, in four manuscript volumes, of Lieutenant A. V. Knapp of the Tenth Wisconsin Infantry has been presented to the Society by Mrs. Knapp of Platteville. On the flyleaf of one of the volumes is this inscription: "If it should be my fortune to fall in battle some friend will please send this Diary to my Brother A. I. Knapp, in Lancaster, Wis." Instead of dying in battle Mr. Knapp died peacefully at his home in Platteville on October 14, 1918, over half a century after the close of the Civil War.

Charles Lapham, of Milwaukee, has presented to the Historical Museum a set of ivory chessmen, a hand scale, a collection of early railroad passes and other articles formerly used by his father, Dr. Increase A. Lapham. Henry P. Hamilton has given a collection of Indian stone implements collected in Manitowoc County by the late Dr. Louis Falge. From Mrs. Mary Atwood, of Prairie du Sac, there has been received a John Wesley New Testament printed in London, in 1817; a "Wanderbuch" carried by a traveling cooper

in Germany in the forties; an old silver watch; a snuffbox; a valentine made in Scotland about the year 1810, and a manuscript arithmetic textbook.

F. G. Warren, Warrens, has presented an interesting old percussion-lock duck gun. This weighs 27½ pounds and was fired from a boat. Other gifts are a Southern slave whip received from G. A. Bart, of Monroe; a miniature silver spoon, said to have been made by Paul Revere, from Mrs. J. M. Ballard, Madison; a Hawaiian hula dancer's leaf skirt from Mrs. M. B. Wengler, Madison; a collection of the military insignia now in use, from The Robbins Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts; a series of G. A. R. badges from Mrs. Katherine Larsen Ertel, Wauzeka; a log marker used in marking logs on Black River, from Mrs. David Johnson, Medford; a goblet made from a piece of wood from the old territorial capitol at Belmont (now Leslie), from W. H. McIntosh, Madison; and a pair of old hand-knit stockings, photograph albums, and other specimens from Miss Mary E. Stewart, Milwaukee.

Gifts of war posters and proclamations, service papers, maps, photographs, religious tracts, and Y. M. C. A. literature have been received from many Wisconsin soldiers. From Lt. Col. George E. Laidlaw, Victoria Road, Ontario, have come many specimens of Canadian war literature and posters.

In the September, 1918, number of the MAGAZINE we noted the presentation to the Society by E. O. Kimberley, of Janesville, of ambrotypes of the members of the noted Civil War band of which he was the leader. Mr. Kimberley has followed this initial gift with the presentation of some two hundred Civil War letters written home from the front by himself and his brother, William A. Kimberley, who was killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Included in the gift are several letters written to Wisconsin from relatives in England in the years following 1851. One of these, written in October, 1861, foretells the destruction of slavery as a consequence of the war, and finds comfort in the enlistment of two young American relatives in the Union army in the consideration that the war is one waged in the interests of human freedom. This letter derives additional interest from the fact that not until almost two years later did the Federal government commit itself to the program of freeing the negro slaves. An interesting collection of Dakota newspapers contributed by Mr. Kimberley is noted elsewhere in the MAGAZINE.

THE COLLECTION OF EUROPEAN WAR MATERIALS

The importance of assembling a representative collection of European war materials in its historical museum for the present and future use of students of the University and of the general public

has long been recognized by the State Historical Society. Being unable to send a representative of its own to the war front the Society has had to depend upon University alumni and students and other generous friends to secure for it such specimens as could be conveniently obtained by them in the course of their military or other war service. Its appeal to them has brought many promises of assistance, most of which it has not yet been possible for these friends to fulfill owing to the difficulties of overseas transportation and the fact that most of these men are still with the expeditionary forces in the field and camp and will be unable to return for some months to come.

The present state collection, therefore, while as yet small, is probably already more extensive than any similar collection in this part of the United States.

In May, 1918 Ray E. Williams, a University student, then but recently returned from France, placed in the museum's care a collection of nearly one hundred specimens (exclusive of war posters and photographs) obtained by him chiefly from the Verdun battle fields, while a member of the American Ambulance Service in France, from January to October, 1917. Among the many notable specimens in this collection are examples of French and German steel helmets and fatigue caps, a German dress helmet, a fez of the kind worn by French Algerian troops, and other articles of uniform. Among the weapons obtained are hand grenades of two types, a trench grenade, an aerial torpedo of the kind used by the French in bringing down hostile airplanes, parts of exploded shrapnel, several 37 mm. shells, a star shell or varylite, rifle cartridges of several kinds, a French bayonet, and scabbard and a noncommissioned officer's pistol with holster.

There are examples of the small compact first aid packages issued to French and British soldiers. A map of the type furnished to German soldiers in 1917 is very complete as it includes maps of all of the then European battle fronts. A match box taken from a fallen German has on the metal top the familiar "Gott Mit Uns." Singularly enough it contains English safety matches. A small French flag, a whistle, a flashlight, and other specimens, together with his passes and papers recall Mr. Williams' service with the ambulance section.

In December, 1918 there came into the possession of the museum a collection made by Mr. Frank H. West, of Madison, still in service in France as Y. M. C. A. secretary. This collection is about as extensive as that of Mr. Williams' and supplements it very well, containing for the most part specimens not present in the other. Of four rifles three are German guns and the other an Enfield of the

kind used by the British army. There is a German officer's automatic pistol and field glass, a soldier's harness with bayonet scabbard and cartridge pouches, several styles of German canteens and belts, a short-handled trench spade, a wickerwork case for carrying shells, a rocket pistol, and German knife and sword bayonets.

A small steel dart thrown from a German airplane operating over the Allied front at Bretueil is also in the collection. These are said to have been thrown down by the handful. After they had fallen several thousand feet their velocity became so great that they would pierce a steel helmet. A number of pieces of twisted metal are parts of a German plane brought down by the French at Malines, on August 18, 1918. Both collections contain many smaller objects of interest which a limited space prevents mentioning.

Both previous to and after the installation of these two collections single specimens and smaller numbers of specimens were received from other sources.

The adjutant general's office through the kindness of Major Earl S. Driver has placed in the museum the weather-beaten state colors of the Third Wisconsin Infantry, now the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry, Thirty-second Division. It was carried by this regiment to Camp MacArthur, Texas, and then to France from which country it was returned to the state on July 10, 1918, by the Salvage Service, A. E. F.

A rubber "onion" is made of strips of raw rubber and is one of the kind that was shipped in bags of onions from the United States to Denmark and from that country into Germany at the beginning of the war. A three-inch shrapnel was presented by the University class of '97. A silver watch with a portrait of Kaiser William II was taken from a German sympathizer by a secret service man. There are specimens of rifle grenades, barbed wire, German trench signboards, prayer books, a rosary and crucifix from destroyed churches in France and Belgium, military pass books taken from dead German soldiers, and a fine collection of the letter seals of French, British, and Italian regiments.

Captain Horatio G. Winslow has presented two very interesting Bolshevik proclamations of the kind scattered among the troops of the Allies in Russia by airplanes. Lieut. Harold Wengler has sent a highly colored German prewar propaganda poster found in an Uhlan camp on the road between Vigneuilles and Nonsard, September 13, 1918.

With the help of Lieut. Earl W. Hutchison it has been possible to secure many copies of the *Stars and Stripes*, the *Beaumont Bull*, the *Plane News*, and the *Fly Paper*, newspapers published by the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Other

SOME RELICS OF THE GREAT WAR IN THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

copies of these service papers have been obtained through the courtesy of the editorial staffs of these papers and through other friends and the files of these in the State Historical Society's possession give promise of ultimately becoming fairly complete.

THE COLONEL MICHAEL H. FITCH PAPERS

Michael Hendrick Fitch, the son of Aaron and Ann Ashford Fitch, was born March 12, 1837, at Lexington, Kentucky. When a boy he removed to Ohio and was educated in the state schools at Clermont Academy and at Farmers College. He chose the legal profession and was admitted in 1860 to the bar at Cincinnati. The same year he removed to Prescott, Wisconsin, where he began the practice of law. The outbreak of the Civil War found him at Prescott, where he enrolled with the "Prescott Guards" as first sergeant. This company became a part of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, and Fitch was soon commissioned first lieutenant. In 1862 he was chosen adjutant of the newly enrolled Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers, and soon acquired the rank of regimental major under Colonel Benjamin J. Sweet. When the latter was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Major Fitch took command of the regiment, and served until June 17, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. In 1866 he was brevetted colonel, and the same year appointed pension agent at Milwaukee—an office he held for four years. Later he removed to Colorado where from 1876 to 1885 he was receiver of the land office at Pueblo. There Colonel Fitch still resides, and from there he has recently sent to the Society such of his Civil War papers as he has preserved.

These papers are few in number, but of much interest. The first in point of time is an annotated muster roll of the Prescott Guards of 1861 with accounts of the subsequent services of the men, of whom thirteen became commissioned officers, thirty-five were wounded, and seventeen killed or died of wounds. Several letters among these papers are from Colonel B. J. Sweet, one of the state's noted sons. After he was wounded at Perryville Sweet's health was permanently shattered, but a foe to inactivity he sought and obtained a colonelcy in the veteran reserve corps, and during the winter of 1862-3 built a fort at Gallatin, Tennessee. In May, 1864 Colonel Sweet was placed in command of the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and there in the autumn of that year he thwarted a dangerous conspiracy of southern sympathizers. In later years he was pension agent at Chicago, and deputy commissioner of internal revenue at Washington. The friendship between Sweet and Fitch was lasting, and the letters show the strong personal character of Colonel Sweet.

Most of the other papers are of a military character, including the reports made by Major Fitch in 1864 of the services in Sherman's army of the Twenty-first Wisconsin. These official accounts are supplemented by Fitch's personal diary written on the battle field between August 23, 1864, and June 13, 1865. On this latter date the regiment "arrived in Milwaukee & took a public Dinner & encamped at Camp Washburn." Four days later the men received their final discharge. Of the 960 who had composed the Twenty-first when it entered service in 1862 Major Fitch reports that but 260 returned home. This diary and the official reports are important bits of the history of our Civil War, and give a realistic picture of Sherman's operations around Atlanta, and during his march to the sea. They form part of the imperishable record of the valor of Wisconsin's sons in 1864. The remaining letters of the collection are postwar letters from Union commanders, extolling the valor and the discipline of the Twenty-first, and the gallantry and good judgment of its officers. Such testimony from generals such as Jeff C. Davis, Charles Walcott, and Lucius Fairchild is indeed high enconium for Wisconsin troops.

THE PETER LARSON LETTERS

The Civil War from the standpoint of an officer is seen in the preceding group of papers. The viewpoint of the self-sacrificing and humble private appears in the letters of Peter Larson, who died last year near Prairie du Chien. Peter Larson was born and grew up in Norway, and came to this country in 1849 entirely ignorant of the English language. With a good natural understanding he soon became conversant with the language of his adopted country, and in 1854 married a descendant of Revolutionary lineage, and settled upon a farm in Crawford County. There three children were born before the tragedy of war cast its shadow over this quiet home. In 1864 when the Union desperately needed more men to complete the work already begun, Peter Larson heeded the call, and volunteered for action. He was sent to Camp Randall, and after a few weeks' preliminary training was forwarded to Virginia where the new recruits were used to fill the depleted ranks in the old regiments. Mr. Larson was assigned to the veteran Seventh Volunteers, and was in all its operations before Petersburg and at the capture of Lee's army at Appomattox. Afterwards he passed with his regiment through Richmond, took part in the grand review in Washington, and in June, 1865 reached Jeffersonville, Indiana, where on the twenty-sixth of that month he was furloughed, and mustered out before his furlough expired.

The family kept all the letters he wrote to his wife, from the one dated October 28, 1864 at Camp Randall to that of June 27, 1865

at Jeffersonville, forty-nine in all, and one from his wife to him announcing the birth of a baby son. In these letters is mirrored the heart of a loving father and husband, separated from and anxious for the welfare of the family at home. In the constant admonitions to his wife to spare herself, in his detailed suggestions for the care of the stock and the farm one sees how a married soldier carried a double burden, and how near was the cause of his country to his heart, when for it he left so dear a home. Mr. Larson's letters may tell us nothing new about battles or strategy, but they do depict the daily life of the Union soldier, and above all the wartime conditions in Wisconsin, where on hundreds and even thousands of farms delicate women struggled on as best they might while their protectors in the army cheered and advised with them, and kept them heartened for the day of the homecoming. These letters also show the devotion of our "foreign legion," America's sons from afar, who, having enjoyed her freedom and purchased a foothold of land upon her broad bosom, offered themselves without reserve for her preservation and unity. Thus the Larson letters become typical in more ways than one of the experiences of Wisconsin soldiers in the war for national unity and democracy.

THE GEORGE B. SMITH PAPERS

One of the most important manuscript gifts that has been received by the Society in recent years is that of the papers of George B. Smith, of Madison, statesman, politician, patriot, legist, lecturer, orator, and friend. Mr. Smith came to Wisconsin from Ohio in 1843. He was then but twenty years of age, and was accompanied by his father and mother and several brothers. Their first Wisconsin residence was Kenosha, but in 1844 the Smiths bought land in Medina Township of Dane County, and shortly thereafter George Baxter Smith settled at Madison, which became his permanent home. He was the youngest member of the first constitutional convention, and from that time until his death was cognizant of and usually a party to every political movement and campaign in Wisconsin. Before the Civil War Mr. Smith held several offices, notably that of attorney general in 1854 under the first Barstow administration. Upon the outbreak of the war he tendered his services to Governor Randall, who immediately made him one of his aides with the rank of colonel. Colonel Smith went to the front in 1861 as the governor's representative, and thereafter throughout the war was engaged in various patriotic services; his health forbade him active military employment.

Mr. Smith was a lifelong Democrat; he did not follow the majority of his early friends and associates into the Republican party. Therefore, after the close of the war he was precluded from public

office. He was often a candidate upon the minority ticket for congress and for state offices. He was also for many years the Wisconsin member on the National Democratic Committee, and during the Hayes-Tilden controversy he was one of the reviewing board. In Wisconsin Mr. Smith strongly supported Democratic candidates and measures, stumping the state in every gubernatorial and presidential campaign. He was a magnetic speaker and whether he lectured on Shakespeare or talked on the most recent political developments he always drew a large and enthusiastic audience. His literary tastes were marked, and he had an unusual library of choice books. He was elected a member of the Chicago Literary Club, as well as of the literary club in his home city. He early adopted the Baconian theory of the authorship of the works of Shakespeare, and he it was who interested its redoubtable champion, Ignatius P. Donnelly in the theory. Mr. Smith's Shakespearean scholarship was recognized in England, where he was invited to participate in the Shakespeare memorial. In short he led a life of great activity and variety and had friendships with men of different politics and widely divergent ideals. One of his friendships which played a part in the history of the state was that with Matthew Carpenter. They early became associated in legal employment; each quickly took the measure of the other and found a friend. It was George B. Smith who really brought about the election of Carpenter to the senate in 1869. He was himself the candidate of the Democrats, who were hopelessly in the minority, and, by swinging his following to the support of Carpenter, he secured his election over other and better known Republican candidates. Another phase of Smith's political activity centered around William R. Taylor and the Potter Law. Taylor, as the first Democratic governor of Wisconsin after the war, was persona grata to Smith; but as an agitator against the railroads, whose attorney Smith was, the governor placed the latter in peculiar circumstances. The history of the Granger movement, and particularly its culmination in the Potter Law, the cases prosecuted thereunder, and the reaction against the law can never be fully written until the Smith papers are consulted.

In 1878 Mr. Smith was mayor of Madison, and during his administration occurred an invasion of tramps which the mayor settled vigorously. He was for many years Wisconsin attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and many of the papers are the legal grist of a busy lawyer's office. For many years the firm was Smith and Lamb, the junior partner of which, Mr. Francis J. Lamb, is the donor of this valuable collection. In the midst of his varied and effective activities Mr. Smith was stricken down at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. He died in September, 1879,

after having in July welcomed to Madison the reunion of the surviving members of the two constitutional conventions.

The papers that have been presented to the Society cover Mr. Smith's entire Wisconsin life, but for the period before the Civil War they are not voluminous. For this early period the most valuable part of the collection is the letter books, five in number, extending from 1856, with but one hiatus, to 1870. In these are many letters on political subjects, correspondence during the Barstow-Bashford controversy, material on the presidential elections in Wisconsin, when as early as 1856 Mr. Smith was the national Democratic committeeman. The one relic of Mr. Smith's attorney-generalship of 1854 is a diary for that year, in which, however, there are no entries after the last of March. Among the early papers is a series of letters written in 1843 from Chicago to a friend in Ohio, describing the travels of the Smiths from the latter state to Chicago, their adventures by the way, and their impressions of young Chicago, together with their determination to push on to the territory of Wisconsin, and an account of the factional quarrel therein being waged between Governor Doty and the legislature. The letters of 1861 relate to Colonel Smith's share in the war; but it is not until 1868 that the amount of the correspondence becomes voluminous. From that date until Mr. Smith's death everything apparently has been saved, and because of his wide acquaintance and political prominence these papers present an epitome of Wisconsin history for that decade.

Among the curiosities of the collection we note one of the earliest typewritten letters; the articles of incorporation in 1859 of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; a scrip of 1846 used in payment for services in the first constitutional convention; a deed of 1849 with the signature of Agoston Haraszthy; a Watertown railway farm mortgage bond; an invitation to the German Peace Celebration of 1871; a Fox-Wisconsin scrip of 1851; and an income tax blank of 1871. Mr. Smith's literary correspondence includes early letters of Ella Wheeler; letters from three presidents of the University of Wisconsin, Daniel Read, Paul A. Chadbourne, and John H. Lathrop; material on the Chicago Literary Club of 1875-76; and letters and pamphlets concerning the Wisconsin Historical Society, of which Mr. Smith was a charter member and a curator for many years. Allied to this material is a number of delightful letters written by our consular and diplomatic agents in Europe, Horace Rublee, and General Lucius Fairchild. There is also a history of Medina Township, Dane County; and several of Mr. Smith's lectures, particularly that on the authorship of Shakespeare.

Amidst the wealth of material for the political history of the state it would be invidious to attempt to specify particular correspondence. The letters of Senator Carpenter and Governor Taylor have already been noted; among others are those of Elisha W. Keyes, James H. Howe, James R. Doolittle, Levi Hubbell, Thad C. Pound, David Atwood, Arthur McArthur, and many others well known in the state's activities. Much of the material is legal, but even this with the free use of passes and lobbying by the railways then in vogue assumes a political significance. Suffice it to say, that when the history of Wisconsin from 1868 to 1879 is adequately written, recourse will have been had to the papers of George B. Smith for material that cannot be found elsewhere. To the post Civil War portion of the Society's manuscript collections, this new acquisition is an important contribution.

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS

E. O. Mörstad. *Elling Eielsen og den Evangelisk-lutherske Kirke i Amerika.* (Minneapolis, 1917, 474 pp.)

Interest in the controversy which raged in Norwegian Lutheran circles in this country a half century ago over the Reverend Elling Eielsen and his work will be revived by the appearance of this new biographical volume from the pen of the Reverend E. O. Mörstad. The book is the result of a dozen years of patient investigation and research and bears evidence of careful and cultured preparation.

The centenary of Eielsen's birth occurred in 1904, and at the annual conference that year of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church—which is the slender surviving element of Eielsen's original organization—a resolution was adopted providing for the preparation and publication of a historical survey of this branch of the Lutheran Church, with the Reverend Mr. Mörstad as editor. The present volume of nearly five hundred pages is the result.

Eielsen may be said to have been the first preacher among the Norwegian immigrants in the United States, coming to this country in 1839 and soon afterward preaching his first sermon in Chicago. Previous to his coming to America, he had journeyed through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark as a lay preacher after the fashion of Hans Nielson Hauge, the celebrated evangelist, of whom Eielsen may be said to have been a follower. On October 3, 1843, Eielsen was ordained by a German minister, and was thus the first ordained Lutheran minister among the Norwegian settlers. Incidentally Eielsen becomes of further interest at this time from the fact that he brought out the first English book and also the first Norwegian book published by Norwegians in this country, Luther's *Catechism*

and *Forklaring.* To obtain these Eielsen went to New York City and had a small supply printed for use among his countrymen in the West. He returned from New York on foot in the winter of 1842, enduring intense privations on the way.

For a time Eielsen and the other Lutheran ministers who later came from Norway worked fairly harmoniously together, but disagreements soon arose which eventually led to much bitterness, and at the annual convention of the church held at Primrose, Dane County, Wisconsin, in June, 1856, the Reverend P. A. Rasmussen left the meeting with a number of followers, and thus instituted a breach which was never healed. In the warfare following the ministers opposed to Eielsen frequently sought to undo his work and occasionally re-performed his ceremonies of baptism and confirmation. They even followed him to Norway where Eielsen spent a couple of years preaching in the early sixties, and denounced him from the pulpits there. This hostility toward Eielsen on the part of other ministers was attributed by Eielsen's friends—and no doubt justly so—to jealousy and aristocratic intolerance. Educated at the University of Christiania and regularly prepared in orthodox courses in the "state church," they could scarcely be expected to look with anything but disdain on the rough, uncultured Eielsen—tramping from settlement to settlement with his kettle, axe, and compass—and his short cuts to the ministry. In a tolerant spirit, as becomes a later historian, Mr. Mörstad deals with the characters and events of this period of Norwegian church history and introduces much new material in the form of letters, newspaper comment, and incidents.

In the course of his evangelistic labors, Eielsen made his home at various places, but chiefly at North Cape, Racine County, where he owned a farm. His wife was a daughter of Hermond Nielson, one of the Muskego pioneers. She died in 1904, the centenary of her husband's birth. One of her sisters became the wife of O. B. Dahle, of Perry, Wisconsin, from whom are descended the present Dahle families of Mt. Horeb. Eielsen died in Chicago in 1881.

Mr. Mörstad has for some years been working as a missionary among the Indians of northern Wisconsin, stationed at Carter, Forest County, and incidentally in his book deplores the government's neglect of its pledges towards its aboriginal wards, and pleads for a more generous, sympathetic, and intelligent policy in this respect. Incidentally, also, the volume contains a brief historical survey of early Norwegian immigration, the constitution of the Church as adopted in 1846, and the testament of Hans Nielson Hauge to his friends and followers. It is unfortunate that a work

containing such a wealth of historical material and of such scholarly workmanship should have no index nor an adequate table of contents.

ALBERT O. BARTON.

The Quest for Life's Meaning is a thoughtful address read by Harry E. Cole, curator of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, before the Fortnightly Club of Baraboo, November 15, 1918. More recently the address has been printed as a booklet in form suitable for permanent preservation. The Historical Society acknowledges the gift of a copy by the author, which goes to swell the great collection in the Library of works by Wisconsin authors.

A Life Well Lived: Memorial of Mrs. H. A. Miner is a booklet published by the Wisconsin Woman's Home Missionary Union. For three-score years prior to her death in May, 1917, Mrs. Miner and her husband had occupied a prominent place among the leaders of Congregationalism in Wisconsin. In addition to her work in her own denomination Mrs. Miner was an early and enthusiastic laborer in the temperance movement in Wisconsin.

The Fennimore *Times* began serial publication December 18, 1918, of an early history of Boscobel written by Theodore N. Hubbell and deposited in the "Centennial Chest" at Lancaster, July 4, 1876. Where this chest has been preserved or why its contents are now brought to light, the editor of the *Times* does not inform his readers.

Pictures of Illinois One Hundred Years Ago is distributed by way of Christmas greeting by the publishers, R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company, as the annual volume in the Lakeside Classics series. The selection and editing of the contents of the volume have been done by M. M. Quaife of the Wisconsin Historical Society. The attractive format and excellent workmanship which have come to be characteristic of the Lakeside Classics series again finds illustration in the present volume.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The Secretary of State published in October a *List of Automobile, Motor Truck, and Motor Cycle Owners* who had registered their vehicles. This includes also the dealers in motor vehicles with their official names and addresses. As one of the commissioners of Public Lands, the Secretary of State publishes with the other members of the commission the biennial report to June 30, 1918. The policy of withholding public lands from sale has been followed since 1913, with modifications in the interest of the state. In Crawford County 1,100 acres of overflowed swamp land have been sold; a long-standing controversy with railway corporations on land grants has been set-

tled. Forestry leases have been made and sales of damaged timber. School certificates to the amount of $100,000 have been retired. There are in the state 349,888 acres of public land, of which 160,853 is swamp land. These figures are of importance in discussing the problem of lands for returned soldiers.

The State Treasurer has published his biennial report from July 1, 1916 to June 30, 1918. The net disbursements for 1917 were $16,396,550.37; for 1918, $17,540,843.41. To produce this the general property tax in 1917 paid $1,012,494.34; in 1918, $1,035,934.70. Income taxes in 1917 totaled $295,972.67; in 1918, $616,106.78; inheritance taxes in 1917, $860,777.30; in 1918, $517,389.97. The larger share of the remainder was met by corporation taxes.

From the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction have been issued some exceedingly timely pamphlets, useful not only to the schools but to the community at large. In October appeared *Suggestions on Organization of School Societies and Junior Red Cross Work in the Public Schools.* In this may be found a history of the Red Cross movement, and suggestions for organizing children for its furtherance, for war saving thrift, for the collection of war material, and for aid for food administration. Maybell G. Bush is the author of *First School Days for the Non-English Child.* She pleads that English shall become the language of Wisconsin, in which state in 1917 there were 512,569 foreign born. Very practical suggestions are made for primary teachers and kindergarteners with regard to encouraging timid children of foreign parents. Along the same line, although more extended in content, is the pamphlet by Mrs. Alice H. Bleyer, on *Americanization* published by the Speakers' Bureau of the State Council of Defense. Mrs. Bleyer estimates that there are in the United States 5,000,000 persons who cannot speak English, of which only 1.3 per cent attend school. She defines "Americanization" as the ability to speak English in all ordinary needs of life; a maintenance of American standards of living; and a real appreciation of loyalty and obligation for service. The public school must remain the chief agency for Americanization, but the parochial school should be supervised by public authority; for adults other methods must be devised. Especially do adult foreign women present a difficult problem that can be solved only by neighborly spirit and patient care.

The *Educational News Bulletin* provided for a "Yorktown day" in which America's debt to France was emphasized. The department has also issued *War Savings Societies* for adults with suggestive

programs on the governments of United States, Germany, Great Britain, and France pictorialized.

A timely pamphlet by William Kittle entitled *The Commonwealth of Nations* comes out as a normal school bulletin. Mr. Kittle gives a brief historical review, alludes to the commonwealth of nations established during the war, and gives the program of the League to Enforce Peace as worthy of careful study and thought, and a means of rallying public opinion to the support of the President's peace policy.

The Wisconsin War History Commission has published Bulletin No. 3, *Further Suggestions on Collection of County War History Material.* The county roster is important, but all effort should not be concentrated thereon. Other material should be gathered; coöperation should be maintained with the schools. A system of filing and representative reports is offered as an example.

The twenty-first *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Banking* gives a detailed account of the building and loan associations of the state. At the close of 1917 there were seventy-eight, of which forty were in Milwaukee County. Each of these had been examined once. Their assets total $19,000,000 and Wisconsin ranks sixteenth among the states with respect to the strength of such associations.

The program for the fourth biennial conference of the health officers of Wisconsin which met in the Assembly Chamber at Madison, August 7 and 8, was devoted to war subjects such as the safeguarding of health during war time, child welfare, and health supervision of school children. The training of public health nurses was likewise discussed, and the problems involved in the disposal of garbage. The quarterly bulletin, Volume III, No. 2, is a *Measles and Whooping Cough* number. These are not simple and trivial diseases, nor is it necessary they should be contracted; the younger the patients the greater the mortality; the death rate from these diseases in the state is 11.8 per thousand. Instructions are given to health officers and both they and the public are told what not to do in affected cases, as well as being given simple directions for avoiding contagion. In October the State Board of Health issued a pamphlet on the influenza epidemic, its prevention and control. This disease is the same as "la grippe" which first appeared in pandemic form in the winter of 1889-90. The present epidemic began in April on the western front. In May over thirty per cent of the population of Spain was affected. In May, June, and July the epidemic was at its height in England, and in June and July was prevalent in Ger-

many. A synopsis of symptoms, of treatment, and of methods for control are given.

Platteville Normal School has issued a bulletin on *Suggestions for the Study of Weeds* to be used in elementary schools. The boys and girls should be taught to attain proficiency in weed control and eradication. The annual loss from weeds is estimated at $300,000,000 for the entire United States, and in Wisconsin as twenty-five per cent of the crop-producing power.

The *Catalogue of the University of Wisconsin* for 1917-18 gives a brief history of that institution which began instruction in February, 1849, with twenty pupils in a preparatory department under Professor Sterling. Among its present-day war activities, listed only until February, 1918, were 132 members of the teaching staff on leave, while many more were giving services to national and local boards. For students the practice adopted from the epoch of the Civil War of waiving a portion of the residence requirements resulted in about 1,000 departures to enter the army or navy before the United States declared war. Intensive officer training began with a unit of 450 under the federal government. It is yet impossible to list the number of students in actual service. For those remaining, war courses and technical courses were organized. A separate bulletin, No. 733, lists the war courses to be given in the first semester of 1918-19.

Three scholarly studies have appeared within the last quarter: Reuben McKitrick, *Public Land System in Texas*, 1823-1910; William B. Cairns, *British Criticism of American Writings*, 1783-1815; Robert F. Seybolt, *The Colonial Citizen of New York City*. The second of these explains the causes of some misunderstandings; and the last shows that the freedom of the city in New York was derived from London precedents, and as late as 1801 none but freemen of the city could vote.

The Agricultural Extension service has issued a circular entitled *Thanks*. Wisconsin is thankful for dairy products increased six per cent, totaling ten billion pounds of milk; for an increase of nearly six million bushels of cereals; for sugar beets enough to supply ourselves, an increase of forty per cent over last year. Our gratitude must take practical form, and we must maintain the present high level of food production and, if possible, increase it. Fifteen million tons of food must be shipped abroad, and Europe's dairy herds and beef-producing herds must be rebuilt. Wisconsin can help.

The Agricultural Experiment Station has printed a bulletin on *Getting Rid of Stumps.* We have ten million acres of cut-over lands "in the twilight between the lumberman's paradise and the farmer's estate." Methods are explained of brushing and stumping; a "land clearing special" train goes out each year to make demonstrations in northern Wisconsin. Scientific methods and community coöperation will win the fight.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey has issued two of its soil surveys conducted in coöperation with the United States Department of Agriculture, those of Portage County, and of Wood County. The maps of these surveys are very valuable.

The Library Commission issues leaflet No. 6 of the Traveling Library Department showing the policy of the commission in placing the libraries to advantage. As the schools become more and more community centers they will demand more traveling libraries. They are now made up of fifty books, including fifteen nonfiction, fifteen children books, and twenty adult fiction. Special groups are sent out on science, agriculture, the war, etc. Individuals are supplied by parcel post.

One of the functions of the Industrial Commission is to increase knowledge of its work. A *Safety Review* is published from time to time and November 1, 1918 was proclaimed Fire and Accident Prevention Day. In 1917 Wisconsin lost by fire $6,000,000, of which fully two-thirds might have been prevented. Suggestive programs for the observance of this day were published. In September a *Handbook for Employers of Women* appeared, containing the statutory provisions regarding labor standards and suggestions for improved equipment in sanitation, safety appliances, dressing and lunch rooms, chairs, illumination, etc. The pamphlet is well illustrated. The second annual report on *Apprenticeship* has also appeared, organized labor favors this method of training, and it is the state's duty to adjust the contract, and to provide the vocational school. There are now 1,200 apprentices under legal contract. The latest issue of the Industrial Commission is the seventh annual report on *Workmen's Compensation.* Fifteen thousand eight hundred twenty-five cases were settled, and $1,705,468 paid, chiefly for temporary disability, although 163 death cases were adjusted. The same commission issues a revised *Building Code*, and an *Order* to motion picture machines and booths to prevent accidents.

THE WIDER FIELD

A capital study in the field of Minnesota and Wisconsin economic history is Lester B. Shippee's "First Railroad Between the Mississippi and Lake Superior," which constitutes the leading article in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for September, 1918. Another article of interest to all western readers is "The Literary Spirit Among the Early Ohio Valley Settlers" by Logan Esarey. A critical essay by Archibald Henderson seeks to validate the reputed Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence of May 20, 1775, concerning the authenticity of which discussion has been carried on for upwards of a century.

The *Proceedings* of the Mississippi Valley Historical Society for 1916-17 were printed as an extra number of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for October, 1918. The first paper in the volume is a critical discussion by Professor J. A. James, of Northwestern University, of the value of George Rogers Clark's Memoir. This document is a manuscript of one hundred twenty-eight pages in the Wisconsin Historical Library at Madison. It purports to be an intimate account of Clark's doings during the momentous years from 1773 to 1779. Theodore Roosevelt and other scholars have questioned its reliability, but Professor James, in contradiction to this opinion, argues stoutly for its essential accuracy and its great value as a historical source for the revolution in the West.

Two other papers in this volume which should prove interesting to Badger readers are Wayne Stevens' account of fur trading companies in the Northwest from 1760 to 1816, and a discussion of "Pageantry Possibilities" by Bernard Sobel.

The second issue of the *Illinois Catholic Historical Review,* for October, 1918, continues the ambitious standard established with the publication of the initial number. Among the many articles first place is given to the concluding installment of Father Garraghan's account of "Early Catholicity in Chicago." Second installments appear, also, of "Illinois' First Citizen—Pierre Gibault," "A Chronology of Missions and Churches in Illinois," and "The Illinois Missions." Among the other leading articles the following seem worthy of mention: "The First American Born Nun," by Mother St. Charles; "Catholic Progress in Chicago," by William J. Onahan; and "Illinois and the Leopoldine Association," by the Reverend Francis J. Epstein.

The October, 1917 number of the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* appeared in December, 1918. Its most interesting article is a forty-page narrative by George A. Brennan, of Chicago,

of the life and deeds of Godfrey De Linctot, a prominent French and American partisan in the Northwest during the Revolutionary period. A somewhat curious consequence of the belated appearance of this magazine is the inclusion in its editorial section of Bulletin No. 2 of the Wisconsin War History Commission, which did not come into existence until six months after the date the magazine bears.

"Social Work at Camp Dodge" is the single leader in the October number of the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*. The author, Prof. F. E. Haynes, of Iowa City, gives a thoroughgoing account of organized social activities at this Iowa camp as illustrating the conduct of such work in the army camps generally.

The fifth installment of "Missouri and the War" by Floyd C. Shoemaker holds leading place in the *Missouri Historical Review* for October, 1918. The fifth installment, likewise, of the series of articles on "Missourians Abroad" appears in this issue, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius being the living Missourian whose biography is presented. Installments of two other continued articles, Gottfried Duden's report of observations in the Missouri country in 1824-1827, and "How Missouri Counties, Towns, and Streams Were Named."

"The Story of the Confederate Treasure" is the leading article in the *Georgia Historical Quarterly* for September, 1918. The author, Otis Ashmore, undertakes to show what became of the money belonging to the Confederate government which was carried southward from Richmond at the time of the flight of President Davis and other Confederate leaders in the spring of 1865. That the money was devoted to legitimate public ends and not improperly diverted to private uses (as has sometimes been charged) seems to be satisfactorily established by Mr. Ashmore.

Two wartime articles of a rather special character head the contents of the *Washington Historical Quarterly* for October, 1918. The first, by C. L. Andrews, is devoted to "The Salmon of Alaska"; the second, by Professor Edmond S. Meany, editor of the *Quarterly*, deals with "Western Spruce and the War." The editor also contributes a further installment in his series of articles on the origin of Washington geographic names. Two other articles worthy of mention are a "History of Irrigation in the State of Washington" and "Slavery Among the Indians of Northwest America."

Despite the jocular, slangy style in which *The Taming of the Sioux* is written, which tends rather to repel than to interest the student of Indian life, the author, Frank Fiske, has given us an

interesting chronicle of the last sixty years of Sioux history. His first chapters on the Sioux before the Civil War are wholly inadequate, and show no knowledge of sources other than the accounts of Lewis and Clark, and a few military records. For the Outbreak of 1862 and the later fights and campaigns Mr. Fiske gives us a readable narrative and a few new points of view, learned from the lips of Indian scouts and chiefs. The author's sympathies are with the red men. His last chapter is the most valuable of the book. In it Mr. Fiske speaks from first-hand knowledge of the Sioux of today, and the tamed residium of the great fighting Indians of the past.

A. H. Harvey, a Kansas lawyer, gives us some reminiscences in *Tales and Trails of Wakarusa,* the stream in Shawnee County along which the Sauk and Foxes, on their migration from Iowa, made their way to their reservation in Kansas during the forties of last century. Apart from the first chapter, which locates the old trail, this is not a chronicle of Indian, but of frontier experiences. The author describes the advent in 1877 of a typical Kansas "newcomer" family; their experiences during bad crop years; the neighborly helpfulness of pioneers; and the melting pot of the various nationalities of the region. His sympathetic sketch of a Methodist protracted meeting, and the conversion of a notoriously quarrelsome neighbor is a good piece of writing. Such books as this, ephemeral in value, perhaps, are useful in reproducing the spirit of the frontier community, now so rapidly passing into oblivion.

In *Our Debt to the Red Man* (Boston, 1918), Mrs. Louise S. Houghton affords a good illustration of how much research and command of a wide range of information may be nullified through unscholarly use of historical materials and zealous devotion to a preconceived theory. What Mrs. Houghton really discusses is not the red man but the French-Indian "breed." She is a passionate advocate of the Indian and from a wide range of reading she throws together with little logical sequence incidents and facts designed to show the French and Indian strain in our population in the best possible light. The book abounds in errors of detail which go far to destroy such value as it might otherwise possess.

The Spirit Lake Massacre of 1857 was a tragedy of a type liberally sprinkled through the pages of American frontier history. Aside from the elements of individual and human interest which attach to the massacre it has for the student of mid-western development the broader significance that its direct result was to clear the red man from Iowa and thus to open to civilized development much sooner than would otherwise have been done a large portion

of the state. The history of *The Spirit Lake Massacre* has at length been appropriately, not to say elaborately, presented by Thomas Teakle, of Des Moines, in a volume attractively printed under the auspices of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

The flood of publications concerning Abraham Lincoln continues unabated. In *Lincoln the Politician* (Boston, 1918) J. Aaron Levy undertakes to elucidate the aspects of the Great Emancipator's career wherein he pursued with such consummate skill the great American calling of practical politics. The author's endeavor is to show, thereby, Lincoln's development and his training for national leadership. We do not think the study one of very great importance; nevertheless, it constitutes an interesting addition to the mass of publications about President Lincoln.

Another interesting volume is Alonzo Rothschild's "*Honest Abe*" (Boston, 1917), published posthumously by John Rothschild, the author's son. In a memoir of the father by the son, appended to the volume, we are told that Alonzo Rothschild devoted twenty-three years to the intimate study and interpretation of Lincoln. The book before us is obviously a work of love on the part of its author, from whose pen came a decade ago the volume entitled *Lincoln, Master of Men.*

A charming and beautiful book is *Lincoln in Illinois* (Boston, 1918), by Octavia Roberts. The author's girlhood home was Springfield. An uncle of hers had guarded his bier; an aunt had sung at his funeral; many of her grandfather's friends had been associates of Lincoln at the bar; while most of the elderly neighbors had personal recollections of their greatest townsman. In short Springfield was "permeated" with the spirit of Lincoln. This atmosphere was imbibed by the children of the town in our author's girlhood, and when in time she came upon his name in books the discovery was "like coming upon a friend of every day riding in a barouche behind four horses." The book she has written presents the "Everyday Lincoln," as he was known to his fellow townsmen. It is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Lester G. Hornby of scenes at Springfield and New Salem which are intimately associated with Lincoln's life in these towns.

Benjamin Franklin was born in the reign of Louis XIV in an obscure village on the outmost fringe of civilization, and died in a sizeable town near the close of the unhappy reign of Louis XVI. The son of a soapmaker, reared in an atmosphere of toil and poverty, through the force of his native genius he came to stand before kings and to commune on terms of intimacy with the great ones of earth.

Next to Washington and Lincoln he may fairly be accounted America's greatest son; nor does he appear dwarfed by comparison even in their majestic company. Though dead a century and a quarter, during which time America has grown from three to over a hundred millions, Franklin's hold on the public mind remains fresher than that of most living statesmen; and one would hesitate to affirm that any American now in public life will be as well and widely known to his countrymen of a century hence as will the son of the Boston soapmaker of two hundred years ago. The perennial interest in the character and career of Franklin finds expression in the profusion with which his name is scattered over the map of America from coast to coast—applied to counties, townships, and cities, to city streets and avenues, schoolhouses, and parks. As long as this interest persists will publications about Franklin continue to stream forth. Before us lies one of the most notable bits of Frankliniana we have seen in recent years, *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed* (New York, 1917), by William Cabell Bruce, a finely printed two-volume work of over a thousand pages. The author has evidently studied much the writings of Franklin from which, in the main, he has drawn this biographical study. We commend it to anyone who is interested in the great subject of the book. At the same time we venture to call attention to one outstanding fault. The author appears at times to be overwhelmed with the mass of details he has accumulated. He has produced a notable work. It would have been better had it been subjected, before publication, to such a process of compression as would have reduced its bulk by one-third or one-half.

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CYRUS WOODMAN
From a photograph taken in 1886

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CYRUS WOODMAN: A CHARACTER SKETCH

ELLIS B. USHER

A biography and study of the personality, character, career, and antecedents of Cyrus Woodman are worth while because, although as a neighbor and resident of the state he lived in the West for only sixteen years, he was nevertheless identified with some of its most interesting history, and established relations and interests here that continued throughout his well-rounded life. And because it is especially fitting that such an estimate of Mr. Woodman should be prepared for and deposited with the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, I have undertaken this sketch.

The history of the state is the mosaic of accomplishment by its individual citizens; it is a misfortune that so many men of great usefulness leave so little personal record behind them. Mr. Woodman illustrates the importance of the useful private citizen and it is a matter for congratulation that he has left unusual records of his relations to Wisconsin and northern Illinois, and that his children have placed these records in the keeping of our State Historical Society.[1] The fact that Mr. Woodman was one of the charter members of this Society, and, as his correspondence shows, was also one of the earliest[2] and most persistent advocates of such a society, suggested to his children the propriety of this repository for most of his personal records. They knew that he had served long as one of the Society's vice presidents, and they were themselves natives of the region to which these papers chiefly refer.[3]

[1] There are nearly two hundred bound volumes of his personal and business correspondence in the Society's keeping. See WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, Dec. 1918, 233-34.

[2] I am quite sure that he once told me, in reply to questions, that he made the first suggestion to General Smith and helped, later, in his quiet way, to push the undertaking to success.

[3] Two of his children were born in Winslow, Illinois, and four in Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

To interpret a man's character and value to his neighbors and his time is an undertaking that no one should essay without misgivings. It is, therefore, well for me to say, frankly, that the fact that I am the nephew of Cyrus Woodman, and that he was more than an uncle to me—he was my friend and benefactor—lays certain awkward limitations upon this effort to translate him to his permanent and proper place in Wisconsin and western local history. I shall, therefore, let others speak for him, and permit him to speak for himself as far as possible. The latter method would not be to his liking, if he might intervene, but it will be more just and more illuminating.

Writing to me recently of the death of Mr. Woodman's eldest son in Charleston, West Virginia, Superintendent Quaife says:

> "I judge that Mr. Woodman inherited, or had instilled in him, most of the admirable traits of his father. I note particularly the comment concerning the solidity of his scholarship, and the modesty of his character. Such men are all too rare in any country, or in any age. Without implying anything to the discredit of our own age and country, I think it was a God-send to youthful Wisconsin that we had Cyrus Woodman in our midst for a time. Evidently Charleston has profited in somewhat similar fashion by the presence of his son."

Mr. Woodman had an innate taste for history and many of the characteristics of the careful historian, so it was not surprising that as a young man fresh from Bowdoin College, Harvard Law School, and the practice of law in Boston, he should be interested in the scenes and inspired by the great possibilities of the robust, boundless new West into which he entered when, on January 14, 1840, he arrived in Winslow, Illinois. He came as the agent of the Boston and Western Land Company. Later the company was dissolved, and he purchased the remaining lands, mainly on credit, in 1843, and began business on his own account.

In the summer of 1844 he formed a partnership with Cadwallader Colden Washburn, also a native of Maine, a

lawyer, and already established in Mineral Point.[4] This was the beginning of a lifelong association and confidence between these two men, for, although they separated their business interests in 1855, they were often closely associated in large business transactions in later life. Mr. Washburn enjoyed great undertakings, and my uncle said to me, after the explosion of the Washburn flour mills at Minneapolis, that he would not bear such a load as General Washburn always carried "for all his money."

This remark illustrates one of Mr. Woodman's characteristics. He had a competence when he dissolved partnership with Mr. Washburn. When the latter was elected to Congress it was his wish that the partnership might continue, Mr. Woodman conducting the business. This was more of a responsibility than Mr. Woodman cared for, so in the division of the property he took his share very largely in cash, and gave Mr. Washburn what both considered the major share—a prospective great fortune, principally in wild lands and pine stumpage. A letter to Mr. Washburn written from Bonn, Prussia, in 1857, clearly illustrates Mr. Woodman's measure of his friend and former associate. He writes:

> "Though you talk of drawing your business to a close, yet I have no doubt that if you could cash your lumber this winter you would, before the Mississippi opens next spring, be making your calculations to buy out and cut down all the timber on the Black, Chippewa and Rum rivers, and perhaps be in favor of starting a gigantic joint stock company to cut down all the pine in Oregon the year following."[5]

Mr. Woodman, although then but forty-one years of age, retired from active business and as soon as he could adjust his affairs took his family to Europe for three years, educating his children in Germany and France, and studying himself at Bonn and with private tutors. He set aside $10,000 for this season abroad and, I believe, made it fulfill his purpose.

[4] Later a representative in Congress, major general of volunteers in the Civil War, and governor of Wisconsin.

[5] Records in the Woodman papers show that Mr. Washburn had serious ideas of a great lumbering corporation.

In my possession are a number of his letters to Mr. Washburn, written during these years. They were composed with leisure and in the full frankness and sincerity of personal confidence and security. They therefore measure better than anyone else possibly could the wide range of Mr. Woodman's intelligence, his interest in and careful study of the governments and peoples visited in his travels, and his discriminating estimates and decided and independent opinions upon the larger public questions under discussion at home. On the twenty-second of November, 1857, nearly sixty-two years ago, he wrote from Bonn to Mr. Washburn as follows:

"The English have retaken Delhi. I merely mention it to say that I am glad of it. England and the United States are the only two free countries in the world worth naming. England with her free speech and free press is hated and feared by all European governments, notwithstanding all professions to the contrary.

"In Europe generally the laws and the police for protection of life and property are much more effectual than with us. Our liberty, in the states, especially in the new states, borders upon license, and not infrequently license drives liberty to the wall. But after all I would rather live in the wildest and rudest part of the Union where freedom of speech and of the press is unrestricted, (this excludes some of the slave districts where neither are allowed in relation to the 'peculiar institution,' slavery) and where I might be obliged to protect my person and property with bowie knives and pistols, than to dwell in this land where one dares not utter his thoughts upon government or religion. Freedom of speech and of the press is essential to the development of a manly people. It is for this reason that the inhabitants of England and the United States are the most manly upon the earth.

"I look with pride upon the extension of English speech and English liberty over so broad a portion of the earth's surface.

"Here in Prussia more than twenty people cannot hold a meeting without permission of the authorities and if in a public place you speak with a German upon politics and religion he will not utter his thoughts without first looking round to see that he is not overheard. What effect this has upon the national character you can well imagine."

In a letter to his sister a month later, and in similar vein, I find the following extract which is prophetic, in the light of recent events:

"In Europe England is envied, feared, and consequently hated. I for one, am not envious of England's prosperity and greatness. I see in her, advance of order, intelligence and civil liberty. She is the natural

ally of the United States, and if, at some future day the nations of Europe shall combine against her, I hope she will receive all the support from the United States which they can constitutionally give."

These quotations justify his rejoinder to Judge Drummond, a friend of his school days, when the Judge cautioned him, as he was starting for Europe, not to forget his country —"I am too good a Democrat to do so." His democracy, as his letters from Bonn show, was broad and statesmanlike, transcending party limitations.

He came from the element in New England that revolted against the civil domination of the Congregational Church, because it was, in turn, dominated by or expressed itself through the Federalist party. Maine was, in that movement, an exemplar of Professor Frederick J. Turner's idea that "the frontier" is a social and not a geographical condition. Anti-Federalism was deeply bedded in his political principles, although he was named for a Federalist, Cyrus King, who was representative in Congress from the district in which he was born.[6] He once denounced to me the "American Statesmen" series of biographies, because they were written by Charles Francis Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, and others, under the inherited spell of Federalism. But his politics, although he and his father before him were Democrats, were not measured by mere partisanship, as is demonstrated by the following quotation from a letter to Mr. Washburn, written in Bremen in 1856:

"I have no doubt of your reëlection, but I do not share your confidence in regard to the election of Fremont. I, of course, have not the grounds for an opinion that you have, but I believe that he will be defeated, for that seems to be the fate of the North, and this election resolves itself into a question between the North and South. The contest is a sectional one. Let it be so! I am content now to accept the issue which must one day be made and to fight the battle which must one day be fought. The question now is whether a small minority is forever to control the destiny of the United States and it is a question to which,

[6] The half brother of Rufus King and of William King, the first governor of Maine. He was no relation of the Woodmans, but was a popular public man after whom many Maine boys of that day were named.

until it is settled, all other practical questions in the United States will be subsidiary.

"You well know that I am as far as possible from being an abolitionist and that up to the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise I was what would be called a pro-slavery man. I was willing to stretch the Constitution a little rather than deprive the South of any rights to which by virtue thereof they were entitled. We had conceded and compromised until, in 1850, I felt that the South could ask for nothing more and that the slavery agitation was at an end.

"I did not conceive it possible that they would, even through a northern member, insult us by asking for a repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But they not only asked for but enforced it. From that moment I felt that the South contemned the kindness which I had before felt for it and in cramming the repeal of the Missouri Compromise down my throat I felt that it was wantonly injuring and insulting me. * * * I do not forget or forgive it. The South gets no more compassion from me, and another slave state would never come into the Union if I could prevent it. * * * I hope the time is not distant when the North will have the courage to say to the South—'Ye blew the fire that burnt ye, now have it ye.' Possessing these feelings I am in favor of the election of Fremont. * * * If I were at home now, I am not sure that I would not stump the district with you and give my influence, if I have any, to promote your election and that of Fremont.

"I have always been and believe that I still am a Democrat but now that the Democratic party is substantially resolved into an association for reducing the free population of the North into a servitude more ignominious than that of the black population of the South, I no longer belong to it.

"Such are my feelings and sentiments, which I would proclaim from the housetops, if I thought it would do any good."

He voted for Lincoln, and, so far as I know, for Republicans until the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden. He voted for him because he was a free trader. Later, he was a warm supporter of President Cleveland.

Mr. Woodman had no ambition for office himself, which probably accounted, in part, at least, for the fact that he was the trusted counsellor of men like C. C. Washburn, and his brother, Elihu B. Washburne,[7] of John A. Andrew, and a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's able secretary of the treasury, Hugh McCulloch. Mr. McCulloch was born in the same county as Mr. Woodman, in Maine, and was a prominent banker in Indiana when Mr. Woodman was a banker in

[7] Elihu used a final "e" in his name. Cadwallader never used it.

Mineral Point. Mr. Woodman would himself have made an excellent secretary of the treasury. He was a firm believer in the gold standard and in the subtreasury. But not only did he never seek public office,—he actually went to the other extreme, declining the urgent appeals of his friends to accept nominations, and, in one instance, refusing to take a seat in the Wisconsin legislature, to which he had been nominated and elected while absent from the state. I had it from his own lips, and also from Mr. Hamilton H. Gray, of Darlington, who was a member of the committee from the district convention that waited upon Mr. Woodman and offered him the Democratic nomination for Congress in the fall of 1854, that he then refused what was thought to be an offer equivalent to an election. He declined, probably because of the views expressed in the letter above quoted, as the Missouri Compromise was an issue in the campaign, although his business commitments actually forbade, and were made the excuse for his refusal. A few days later the Whig convention offered its nomination to his partner, Mr. Washburn, who accepted and was elected. Mr. Gray expressed to me the opinion that Mr. Woodman's nomination would have assured success to the Democrats, and that Mr. Washburn would not have been a candidate.

Mr. Woodman's views of office-holding and of the proper attitude toward political preferment were expressed in the following direct and decided manner to one of his younger relatives:

"Political office seems to be very fascinating to many men, but the result is in many cases very demoralizing. I hope you will never be a seeker for office. Even if office seeks you, who are not independent, in nine cases out of ten it will be best to decline. Maintain a manly, a true but not an offensive independence, even if it should lead to sawing wood for a living. Character is worth infinitely more than money. *Be no man's man.*"

With Mr. Washburn his relations, beginning in their early business association, lasted uninterruptedly until the latter's death. Mr. Woodman was called to the bedside of his old

partner, in Philadelphia, and after counselling with him, drew the will that disposed of the Washburn estate just as the testator desired and intended, although it was strenuously contested in the Wisconsin courts. Mr. Woodman declined to be an executor, but was a trustee for some of Mr. Washburn's private bequests.

Of his boyhood friend, John A. Andrew, the famous Civil War governor of Massachusetts, with whom he kept up a life-long intimacy, he wrote to his sister the following deeply sincere and beautiful tribute:

> "I have lost my oldest and nearest and dearest friend among men. It is a great affliction to me. Mother's death has been to me an ever present sorrow and so will Andrew's be. Life now becomes less joyful and death more welcome. Our acquaintance, which began at Gorham, was continued in college and afterwards in Boston, where we studied law. From the first we were friends and our friendship knew no variableness or shadow of turning. But I should not lament his death so much upon my own account as upon that of the country. He could not have remained much longer in private life. No man seemed destined to do so much good as he in the councils of the nation. The country by his death seems poorer and weaker. People were beginning to be aware that he was the foremost statesman in the country. But this great, courageous, manly soul has left us and the whole state mourns as Massachusetts never before mourned the death of any of her citizens. He was great in heart as well as in intellect, and in a simple, natural, unpretending way followed Christ more nearly than any man I have ever known."

From the early and otherwise busy days of his western life, Mr. Woodman began to gather a library of the works of the explorers of the Mississippi Valley, and to collect and save the more ephemeral literature of the time which would prove of later historical interest. As the possessor of many of the volumes that resulted from that early attention to historical details, I can testify that as early as 1844 and 1845 he was buying Carver's *Travels in Wisconsin,* Schoolcraft's *Narrative Journal of Travels * * * to the Sources of the Mississippi,* La Hontan, Hennepin, Long, and others, and that he saved *The Home of the Badgers,* and many other contemporaneous pamphlet publications of local character, now practically unobtainable. He was a constant bookbuyer

all his life, and as constant a contributor of books and papers to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. He published *The Woodmans of Buxton, Maine,* in 1874, and largely through his initiative and pecuniary assistance the history of his native town is preserved with a fullness and accuracy that is said to be unexcelled if not unequalled in all New England.

Throughout his lifetime he was steadfast in his loyalty to his kindred, in devotion to his friends, and in a deep interest in his native town. Many a person in the old town of Buxton received timely financial help in sickness, or misfortune, or was presented with a cow, or something helpful, without knowledge of the source. When he visited California he found the grave of his Wisconsin friend, Col. William S. Hamilton,[8] neglected and unmarked; so he caused a respectable monument to be set over the grave, an iron fence built to enclose it, and had the lot put in order. When his class at Bowdoin celebrated its semicentennial, in 1886, he saw to it that every man was present, and he and they took great pleasure in the romp they had.

He made several contributions of scholarships and other assistance to Bowdoin College; he built monuments to relatives and friends, and did personal kindnesses—so many that no one now knows their number or importance, for he did not talk about them. A friend to whom I wrote for information replied:

> "President Hyde told me, years ago, that some of your Uncle Cyrus's gifts were unrecorded. He is now dead so that the facts are, very likely, forgotten as they were intended to be. I was for four years the beneficiary of the 'Buxton Scholarship' at Bowdoin. I might not have got through college without it, in those impecunious days, so I have a vital interest in that and allied bequests of Mr. Woodman."

The one place where he desired to record a gift was in his endowment of the Astronomical Library, at the Washburn Observatory, now connected with the University of Wisconsin. He created this library fund, with characteristic

[8] Son of Alexander Hamilton.

care, by a donation of $5,000, so conditioned that but one-half of the income might be used until additions to the principal from the remaining income had built up the fund to $100,000. When that time arrives all of the income may be spent. He wished his association with General Washburn to be perpetuated, so a bronze tablet in the library bears the record of that gift.

This method of businesslike donations of comparatively small sums, carefully fore-ordained to grow, was a distinguishing characteristic of many of his gifts. Sums of money were left in trust to provide occasional gifts, or necessary recreations, to distant relatives and I think even to old friends, and some such funds are already performing secret and grateful service in the third generation.

Perhaps this sort of thing is philanthropy, but I like to think of it as something warmer, kindlier, and more personal. It is certainly not of the self-vaunting sort and it emphasizes to one who knew the man the breadth of his democratic spirit and the warmth and steadfastness of his devotion to those he loved. These unostentatious gifts and the manner in which they were made also emphasize an underlying Puritan aversion to show and pretention that had deep root in his character. He despised sham and had contempt for all vulgar display.

His strict measure of right and wrong in business relations can be illustrated in no better way than by the statement that he never rode on a railroad pass nor permitted any member of his family to do so, although he was for a great many years among the inner circle of Boston men who controlled the finances and policies of the Michigan Southern and of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads. The only exception he made to this rule was when he built the Plattsmouth branch of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, when he traveled on railroad business.

The simplicity of his home life reflected his quiet tastes and dislike of display. His western home in Mineral Point

was a plain, homely, wooden house, which was rather small for his growing family; to the rear of it was attached his modest business office, which fronted on the next street. The Cambridge home, of ample size, and comfortable, is situated in a narrow byway, with four near neighbors, but it makes no show. The house was filled with books, largely volumes of American history and American literature, which bespoke both his taste and his loyalty.

In a letter to me, when I was a young man, he expressed his own character and philosophy as follows:

> "Be honest, be truthful, honorable, manly, charitable, and you will be rich in character if not in money. We cannot conceal ourselves, if we would, from our neighbors. They are sure to find us out and rate us at our true worth."

To the details of Mr. Woodman's active business career little attention is paid in this sketch. There are several articles of that sort.[9] The effort here is to express the man.

Of his family, in a letter to his sister, he once said:

> "Your remarks about the Woodmans are correct. They seem, generally, to think it a sin to show any affection for each other, and are perhaps unkind or thoughtless of the effect of unkind words. As I grow older I realize this more than I used to do, and can see that my manner toward my family has been too much like father's, not so warm and affectionate as it ought to be.
>
> "I am not, I think, naturally hopeful. It is, I believe, not a Woodman trait. Nevertheless I try to cultivate hopefulness and though I do not succeed very well I yet make out in some good measure to ward off borrowed troubles.
>
> "I have been a man of business and yet my tastes are not in that direction. It is well however that necessity has compelled me to engage in business, otherwise I might have become a misanthrope. I live in a crowd and yet I am alone."

There again speaks the Puritan, but there is another side to the picture from equally reliable authority.

As the excellent picture of Mr. Woodman opposite the title-page of this issue suggests, he was a man of good looks

[9] See publications of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and genealogical matter in the library of the Society. Also *Bench and Bar of Wisconsin*, by Parker McCobb Reed, Milwaukee, 1882.

and dignified presence. There was a touch of the formality of an earlier generation, and of the self-respect and respect for others that is the foundation of good breeding. He was quite gray before he was fifty and white before he was sixty-five, but he never knew the infirmities of old age. Not long ago I asked his only daughter, who was, as is often the case, the father's closest confidant and fondest critic, for some definite facts as to her father's personal appearance. I received the following reply:

"Father's hair was brown, his eyes were blue. His height was 5 feet 7 inches, in his shoes, and he weighed about 160 pounds.

"I never saw father ill in bed for a day. To the last his step was light and firm, his carriage erect.

"He liked to spout verses and sing while dressing in the morning, a favorite theme was 'Consider the laylocks how they grow.' He thus declaimed in English, German and Spanish. Never in French, that I can remember.

"He was full of tease and fun at times. I have laughed myself weak over his monkey tricks.

"When he was a bit crusty he enjoyed having someone hit back. It never occurred to mother to poke fun at him, it was not in her. I succeeded fairly well.

"Father's bark was out of all proportion to his bite. He would talk about restless, uneasy women, unable to stay home, wanting to be always going somewhere. This was rather funny when he was always carting me from Dan to Beersheba.

"I have no way of knowing how many people father helped, or who they were. It was not his way to care to go on record, nor to wish to have his name connected with any gift, except in the one case of the library at the Madison observatory where he made a point of having the names of Washburn and Woodman stand side by side in perpetuity; if there's any such thing as perpetuity.

"It always seemed to be somewhat remarkable that father with his robust health, should have, as he did, a most intelligent sympathy with people who were ailing and delicate. With regard to the comfort of a guest, he often thought of things which mother and I had overlooked.

"When father arrived in Illinois the men in Winslow 'sized up' the brown haired, blue eyed, pink and white young thing, as one who would quickly find life in a rough new country beyond his power of endurance.

"It was not long before they had to revise their judgments. Father could do all that they could and go them one better. He could walk farther and faster. Sleep or go without sleep, eat or fast, and hold up his end of anything with the best of them.

"A great, life-long sorrow came to father in Winslow, the death of his first son, in infancy. In my thoughts I often see the young father

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CYRUS WOODMAN
From a photograph taken in 1861

standing by the grave of that idolized baby with a pain in his heart which time softened but never wholly removed.

"There seemed to be nothing too much to do for his friends."

Mr. Woodman, for years a western pioneer himself, was a descendant of the earliest pioneers of New England. He was but three generations removed from those who began life in the pine forests of Maine, axe in hand. Such as they moved first from Maine and New Hampshire to the forests of New York, next to Pennsylvania, thence to Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and still onward, across the continent, following the northern pine belt to the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Woodman was active as a participant in this movement in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, in all of which states he had at various times considerable land and lumbering interests. Wisconsin, however, was the scene of his main operations. After he had virtually retired from active business and had lived for some years in the East, he was induced to engage in lumbering in New Hampshire for a brief season, and his last investment in timber, made but a few months before his death, in 1889, was in the state of Washington, which he visited in company with the late William H. Bradley,[10] of Milwaukee, and Wallace G. Collins, then an officer of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, in this state. These three men tramped for two or three weeks in Washington timber, and made their selections, with practiced eyes, from personal inspection. The only survivor, Mr. Collins, is now reaping the reward of New England faith in pine timber, as a successful Pacific coast lumberman. He told me that Mr. Woodman, although in his seventy-fifth year, enjoyed this tramp immensely and kept the younger men busy trying to outdo him.

Most of the hardy, northern New England blood of early Wisconsin was attracted here through the Yankee knowledge of and faith in pine timber. This was an inheritance with Mr.

[10] Mr. Bradley's father, a Maine man, had been Mr. Woodman's associate in some of his Michigan enterprises; the son inherited his confidence in the father.

Woodman, whose grandfather and great-grandfather were pioneer lumbermen on the Saco River, one of the rich lumber streams of Maine. The first sawmill in Buxton Township, York County (then Narraganset No. 1) was built by his great-grandfather, Joseph Woodman, about 1750, and the first sawmill at the Bar Mills, in the same township, was built forty-five years later by his grandfather, Joseph Woodman, the second.

The progenitors of the Woodmans were settlers in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1635, at the beginnings of that town. The neighboring dwellings of Woodman, the tanner, and Lieut. Stephen Longfellow, the blacksmith,[11] at last accounts were still standing. The two families were related by marriage.

Cyrus Woodman was descended from Edward Woodman, who came from England with the first settlers, and was one of the original ninety-one grantees of the town site. He was also reputed to be one of fifteen men entitled to the appellation of "Mister," or "Master," which signified a leading man; he long occupied a position of prominence in the Congregational Church and in the public affairs of this historic community. At this time public and religious affairs in a New England community were both centered in the Congregational Church. According to a biographer, he was "a man of influence, decision and energy," who made himself felt in the young community.[12] On his mother's side Mr. Woodman was descended from another and numerous Newbury family, the Coffins, and through their intermarriages he was related to the Gorham descendants of John Tilly and John Howland, Mayflower Pilgrims. So Cyrus Woodman's family and traditions rooted in the beginnings of the first New England colony. In him were combined many of the characteristics and traditions of the early, more liberal Pil-

[11] Progenitor of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet.

[12] Edward Woodman probably came from Corsham, a village in Wiltshire, England, and, as his name suggests, was of pure English stock.

grims and the later and stiffer-necked Puritans. His maternal grandmother, Mary Gorham,[13] was the daughter of Captain Nathaniel Gorham, a prominent and well-to-do sea captain of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Mary Gorham married the Rev. Paul Coffin, in 1763.[14] He had graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1759, and three years later went into the wilderness of Maine to assume the pastorate of the first Congregational Church of Buxton. As a youth of twenty-three he preached there his trial sermon on February 8, 1761, the first sermon of a pastorate that began a year later and continued uninterruptedly for sixty years. He had left college distinguished for correct deportment and literary attainments, and, according to an historian of Buxton, was "a learned man, and was able to read the scriptures in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, to which he added a knowledge of French." In May, 1799, he enjoyed the privilege of preaching the annual "election sermon," in Boston, before the Honorable, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, the Council, Senate, and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In 1812 Harvard College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The town's historian says of Dr. Coffin, that he was "born and educated in polished and literary society," and that his charge consisted of less than thirty families, most of whom lived in log houses, and were uneducated pioneers. "During eight years of the war of the Revolution he did not receive twenty dollars in specie." Dur-

[13] Her brother, Nathaniel Gorham, was long prominent in the politics of Massachusetts colony, as legislator, delegate to the Continental Congress in 1786, and delegate from Massachusetts to the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. Here he was called, by General Washington, to occupy the chair in the committee of the whole, over the deliberations of which he presided for the entire session of three months. He was later credited with "powerful influence in securing the adoption of the constitution" in the Massachusetts convention. Later, under the Commonwealth, he was speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives, and twice unsuccessfully contended with John Hancock for the governorship. See Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography;* also Max Farrand, *Records of the Federal Convention,* III, 87.

[14] Her brother, John, a physician of standing in Boston, was Paul Coffin's classmate and friend in Harvard College.

ing these years he supported himself and family from his farm.

As is often the case, the historians of Buxton have been inclined to emphasize the illiterate character of pioneer settlements. But the people of Buxton were generally of the intelligent stock of Old Newbury, and their separation from that center had not been long nor absolute. They were living remote from towns and educational advantages, but that they were ignorant is not borne out by the records.

Mineral Point, in 1845, and during the eleven years that Mr. Woodman lived there, was a lead mining center, and all of the southwestern corner of the state was a busy and typical mining camp. However, Mr. Woodman was not isolated among rough and uneducated people, though then as always in frontier settlements the man of education and cultivation was in the minority. But among Mr. Woodman's townspeople and comparatively near neighbors were such men as Gen. William R. Smith, son of a distinguished clergyman and educator of Pennsylvania; Col. William S. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, patriot of the Revolution; Judge Charles Dunn, first chief justice of the territorial supreme court; Cadwallader C. Washburn; Moses M. Strong, George W. Lakin, and others. Elihu B. Washburne, Judge Thomas Drummond, of Galena, a graduate of Gorham Academy and of Bowdoin College, and others of education and wide and cosmopolitan experience were near at hand. Notwithstanding Mr. Woodman's assertion—"I live in a crowd and yet I am alone," I know from men like the late Montgomery Smith and Calvert Spensley, of Mineral Point, who were younger, but remembered him well, that he was highly respected and fully appreciated. Mineral Point was then a community into which drifted many adventurous spirits from all parts of this country and Europe. Mr. Woodman found among them companions who were his peers in education and taste for refined pursuits, and made ac-

quaintances who remained his friends through life. He cheerfully lived the life that circumstances demanded. He once told me that in the course of various business trips he had covered the ground on horseback from Black River Falls to St. Louis, had slept many a night in the open, using his saddle for a pillow, and had also slept in the logging camps, in below zero weather, where everybody put his blanket on the floor and his feet toward the fire.

When Gen. W. R. Smith completed the third volume of his *History of Wisconsin*, in 1854, the first documents quoted were the "Jesuit Relations" and a footnote on page 9, at the beginning of these quotations, signed "C. W.," is evidence that Mr. Woodman, who visited Boston frequently, had, at the Harvard College Library, made the translations of matter pertaining to Wisconsin, of which General Smith thus made use and acknowledgment.

An unfinished autobiography, addressed "To My Children," upon which he was at work at the time of his death, begins as follows:

> "It would be a great satisfaction to me if I knew something more than I do of the youthful days of my parents. I should like to know how their lives were spent under the paternal roof and before I can remember them. I should like to know what work they did, and what amusements and what companions they had, what schools they attended and the general courses of life in their younger days.
>
> "My parents were born within about a half mile of each other and doubtless went to the same common school, but their lives before they were married are almost a blank to me. There is much that I should be glad to know of them in their early days which never can be known. The strong desire which I have to know more about them than I do leads me to think that the time may come when my children will be pleased to know something of my own youthful days."

Unfortunately this sketch concludes at the time he was in Bowdoin College, so it is concerned chiefly with the home life of a young man who worked on his father's small farm, and whose college career had to be interrupted so that he might teach school to help pay his college expenses, for his father had other children to educate.

His father, Joseph Woodman, the third, had attended Fryeburg (Maine) and the famous Phillips Exeter Academies; later he studied law in the offices of leading lawyers of Maine, was admitted to the bar in 1809, and settled as a practitioner in his native town. He was fairly prosperous. A grievous loss, the death of his wife, in 1833, left him with a family of four sons, the eldest of whom was Cyrus, the subject of this sketch, then almost nineteen years of age, and a daughter, the youngest, nine years of age.[15] He soon gave up active practice, and three years later came west, thereafter to make his home chiefly with his son Cyrus, with occasional lengthy visits to his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Usher, at Onalaska, La Crosse County, Wisconsin. He died in London, Canada, November 25, 1857, at the age of seventy-four.

Of his mother the autobiography of the son relates that she went to a private school in Cambridge and says:

"Her education was doubtless mostly at home, but it was, in my judgment, of the very best kind. She had the instruction and discipline of intelligent, cultivated and pious parents, she had the advantage of mingling with brothers as well as sisters, of seeing the best company at her father's house and in the neighboring towns,[16] of visiting relatives in Newburyport, Boston, and other places in Massachusetts, where she had access to the best society for the improvement of mind and manners;[17]

[15] His second son, William Henry, became a lawyer in New York City. The third son, George, attended Phillips Andover Academy and later studied law but never practiced. For many years he was the active manager of the private banking house of C. & G. Woodman, on Pine Street, New York City, of which his brother Cyrus was the larger owner, but personally inactive. Horatio, youngest of the four, practiced law in Boston. He had literary tastes and ability and Edward Waldo Emerson, in his recent volume on *The Early Years of the Saturday Club*, credits him with organizing it. Its early membership included Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, and it still includes leading scholars, literary and professional men of Boston, Cambridge, and vicinity.

[16] In his autobiography Mr. Woodman says that, returning from a visit to Boston with his mother, "We drove to the house of Peter C. Brooks, and there dined," in Medford. A daughter, Mrs. Edward Everett, was present, another daughter, who was then engaged to Charles Francis Adams, whom she later married. Another daughter married the Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham. Through Mrs. Woodman's Gorham relationship to Mrs. Brooks, who was her cousin, and a similar relationship to the Phillips family of Andover, in whose family George Woodman was welcome when he attended the Academy, Bishop Phillips Brooks of Boston, was also a relative.

[17] "Alice Morse Earle's *Diary of Anna Green Winslow, of 1771-1773,* gives account of the girls' parties given by Hannah Soley, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who was a first cousin of Mrs. Woodman's mother, which suggests the social relations of the Gorhams and Coffins of that early day.

and last but not least, she had the advantage of being brought up on a farm where she was obliged to practice economy and to learn all the work which the wives of farmers performed in those days. It was a school under the best of influences, of industry, economy and usefulness. On the whole, I think that there is no better education for a woman than that which my mother received. What better education could she have had for married life and for the varied duties incumbent upon her as a member of society?"

Mr. Woodman married on January 5, 1842, at Fremont, Illinois, Miss Charlotte Flint, of Baldwin, Maine, daughter of Deacon Ephraim Flint, a prominent citizen of that place. Mr. Woodman had made the acquaintance of his wife when he taught school in Baldwin, in his college days. She was a woman of character and ability, whose management of her household was of great assistance in the early days of Mr. Woodman's life in the West. A brother, Thompson Flint, and a cousin, Daniel Thompson, were pioneer grain and elevator men in Chicago, and achieved decided success.

This is not intended to be a mere eulogium. Rather it is an attempt to arrange, in proper perspective, Mr. Woodman's relations to Wisconsin, so that the future historian may consider and interpret the Woodman papers, in the hands of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, with a clearer idea of the man whose labors they represent.

The attention given to Mr. Woodman's family history is not justified upon its personal importance but because the future historian must have such details if he is to give Wisconsin's historical landscape an intelligent and suitable perspective. Mr. Woodman was not a rare nor singular exception. He was one of many strong, capable, educated men of English descent and New England antecedents, who were potent as good citizens of pioneer Wisconsin. Such men, with traditions of more than eight centuries of British freedom, shaped Wisconsin's constitution and laws in the likeness of New York, whose early constitutional mentor had been Massachusetts, the American state which will, next year,

celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the planting of free representative government upon her soil, at Plymouth.

That was a sowing which has borne the matchless harvest of this hemisphere—a hemisphere without a king, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Pole. Today this event at Plymouth is reacting upon Europe and all the peoples of the globe, touching them with aspirations for freedom and self-government.

Wisconsin history will not be properly interpreted without recognition of this powerful influence during her formative period.

THE STORY OF WISCONSIN, 1634-1848

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

CHAPTER II—THE RED MEN AND THE FUR TRADE

A large portion of the surface of Wisconsin is covered with small heaps of earth or mounds that are without doubt the work of man and not of nature. The formation of these earthworks was formerly attributed to a pre-Indian race of men known collectively as the Mound Builders; modern archaeologists, however, have repudiated the theory of a prehistoric race, and now are certain that the true mound builders were none other than the Indians. A peculiar kind of mound occurs in southern and central Wisconsin and in the neighboring regions of northern Illinois, eastern Iowa, and southeastern Minnesota, that is not found elsewhere in the United States. These are the effigy mounds, slight eminences that have the outline of deer, bears, panthers, turtles, various kinds of birds, and in one or two instances of man. The origin of these effigy mounds has been much discussed. It is now accepted by scientists that their makers were a tribe known to the first discoverers of the Northwest as the Puant or Winnebago Indians.

The great number and extent of the mounds scattered over the surface of Wisconsin indicates the presence of a large Indian population in prehistoric times; but at what era in the world's history, or in what way the Winnebago reached Wisconsin is not known. The Winnebago belong to the Siouan division of Indian peoples, and their aboriginal name for themselves was Hochungara or O-chunk-o-raw, "speakers of the parent language." Their nearest affinities are with the Omaha, Oto, Iowa, and Missouri to whom they claim to be elder brothers. There is much difference of opinion among ethnologists concerning the first home of the Siouan peoples,

some thinking that they migrated from the Atlantic coast plain down the Ohio to its mouth, where divisions occurred, which severally occupied the lower Mississippi, the upper Mississippi, and the Missouri valleys. More recent investigators place the early home of these peoples north of Lake Superior, in which case the Winnebago must have crossed the straits of Mackinac and advanced into Wisconsin at a very early period. From the size of certain trees growing upon artificial mounds, it is inferred that the settlement of the Winnebago in Wisconsin must have occurred some time before the discovery of America by Columbus.

The Winnebago, who peopled Wisconsin's valleys and built their mounds along her streams and lakes, were in what is known as the Stone Age of primitive culture. Contrary to the common belief they were not a wandering but a home-loving people, devotedly attached to the places of their birth, the homes of their fathers, and the sites of their villages. These villages were so advantageously placed that the sites of most of Wisconsin's present cities were those once occupied by Indian towns. The woods and streams supplied their simple needs of food, clothing, and shelter. From the skins of animals they fashioned their garments; by hunting, and by harvesting wild rice, they gained their food. Their lodges were built of slender trees covered with bark and with mats formed of plaited reeds. Gradually they learned a rude form of agriculture; by cultivating the ground with hoes of bone and plows of wood, corn and pumpkins were raised for food. They had no domestic animals except dogs, which also served as an addition to their food supply. Their tools and implements of warfare and of the chase were made of stone. Flints chipped to a point tipped their arrows; axes and hatchets were of edged stone; war clubs swung a heavy stone head. The only metals known were lead and copper. The former, mined in a crude fashion, was mostly used for ornament. Copper secured by intertribal trade from Lake

Superior was beaten by hand into ornamental shapes, and occasionally used to tip weapons and domestic implements.

The change of seasons brought to Wisconsin Indians changed modes of living. During the winter they left their permanent villages and in small groups scattered through the forests subsisting as best they might on the products of the chase. They built temporary wigwams of pelts thrown over poles, within which fires were kindled that kept them from freezing. Upon the return of spring they sought their villages and cornfields. The summer was the time for religious rites, for council, and for warfare. Raids upon neighboring enemy groups were a normal part of the Indian's life. In every village a council house was built where questions of war and alliance were discussed by the chiefs and elders. The religious rites clustered about a unit resembling a clan; the effigy mounds were the symbols of the clan totems. Near to these totems burial mounds were placed. The sacred mysteries of the tribe and the clan were there celebrated.

Aside from warfare, intercourse was maintained with other tribes by means of trade. The extent and volume of intertribal trade was considerable. Sea shells found in Wisconsin mounds prove that they had passed from hand to hand among all the tribes between its inhabitants and the Atlantic coast. Shells, bits of metal, articles of dress and ornament constituted the bulk of the exchange. Shells pierced and strung or wrought into belts were both the medium of exchange and the binding symbol for intertribal treaties and agreements. While the fate of captives taken in war was horrible, envoys were sacred, and treaties were observed inviolate.

The red man's life was by no means an idyl, such as children of nature have been supposed to lead. Famine and disease stalked his footsteps; war and wild animals carried away his youth; struggle and hardships made up his lot in life. None the less it is open to question whether the contact

with the white man did not make the condition of the Indian worse. He soon became dependent upon the former's products for clothing, implements, and weapons. He forgot the arts of his primitive economy. Urged on by the greed of traders he rapidly killed off the wild game or drove it farther into the wilderness, which he had to penetrate in order to secure the store of furs with which to purchase his necessities. Thus hunting became more and more important to his existence, and with increased efforts and superior weapons brought ever diminishing returns. The red man became dependent upon the trader for the very means of life. After the French and Indian War, when all traders of the French race were withdrawn from Wisconsin, the English traders who after a lapse of two years went to Lake Superior found naked, starving savages, who in less than one hundred years had ceased to be self-sufficing, and could live only by means of relations with white men. Thus arose the fur trade, which was not only a commercial or an economic régime, but a system of government, a form of social life, a means of exploitation, and a stage in the development of the American frontier.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

For one hundred and forty years after the discovery of America by Columbus Wisconsin's forests slept in quiet, unvexed by the presence of any but their red children. Then suddenly out of the East, and skirting the coasts of Green Bay in a bark canoe driven by strange red men, the first white man came, and "women and children fled at the sight of a man who carried thunder in both hands—for thus they called the two pistols that he held." "He wore a grand robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors." "They meet him; they escort him, and carry all his baggage." They call him the Manitouiriniou, the wonderful or godlike man. From all quarters they haste to see him until four or five thousand are assembled. "Each of the chief men

made a feast for him, and at one of these banquets they served at least six score Beavers."[3] Then the mysterious stranger made a peace with them, under such forms and ceremonies as were customary in intertribal negotiations, and vanished into the East whence he had come.

To the whites who had crossed the ocean to begin a small colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence this first white stranger to visit Wisconsin was known as Jean Nicolet. He had come to the New World with the express purpose of dealing with the red men, learning their languages and customs, and opening a way into their country for trade and missions. Sent by Champlain, the founder of New France, to dwell among the forest inhabitants, Nicolet spent several years among the Algonquian Indians of the upper Ottawa River; then he visited the Huron in the peninsula between Lake Erie and Georgian Bay. There he heard of a far western tribe known as the "people of salt water," whom Nicolet supposed must dwell on the borders of the Western sea, and whence the way would lead to the tribes of Tartary. Instead of a route to Cathay, however, Nicolet found merely a new tribe of Indians whose name—the Winnebago—meant equally "people of the salt water" or "people of bad-smelling springs," and who were known henceforth to the French as the Puants or Stinkards.

After Nicolet's advent to Wisconsin in 1634, no more of these mysterious white strangers disturbed the dwellers on Lake Michigan and Green Bay for over twenty years. Nevertheless in these far regions great changes were taking place, due to the widespread disturbance in Indian geography caused by the coming of the white man. Upon the peninsula of Ontario, then occupied by the Huron tribesmen, missionaries some years before the voyage of Nicolet had begun what proved to be the largest and most successful of their missions. Throughout all the Huron villages the Jesuits preached. Later, impelled by a desire to evangelize distant Indians, two

[3] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XVI, 1-3.

of the fathers in 1641 accompanied some of their neophytes to the shores of Lake Superior, and named the strait, where the waters leap down from this mighty basin, the Sault de Ste. Marie.

But the Huron were not long left in peace. Suddenly from central New York appeared large bands of their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois. By one blow after another the Huron missions were destroyed. Some of the Jesuits fell martyrs to their cause; others escaping sought refuge with the remnants of their mission children under the cliffs of Quebec. The remainder of the Huron fled westward; their alarm was communicated to the Algonquian peoples living beyond them, and for fear of the Iroquois whole tribes left their ancestral homes for shelter in the farther forests. It happened that shortly before this disturbance the Winnebago of southern and central Wisconsin had suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the Illinois tribes living to the south, wherein they were so reduced in numbers that but a small fragment of the former tribe was left in its Wisconsin home. Into this sparsely settled land the fugitives from Ontario and Michigan poured by both southern and northern routes. They hid from the pursuing Iroquois in the swamps and marshes of our state, and the Winnebago, being in no condition to resist, made alliances with the intruding tribes, and yielded to them new homes on the lakes and streams where their own ancestors had dwelt. Thus came the Sauk and Foxes, the Miami, Mascouten, and Kickapoo. Thus, pressed down from the north and the islands of Lake Michigan, came the Menominee and Potawatomi to mingle with the Winnebago around Green Bay; while the Huron and Ottawa, impelled by a more dreadful fear, sought refuge on the southern shores of Lake Superior and about the head waters of Black River. Thus in the middle of the seventeenth century Wisconsin became crowded with Indian villages, and was sustaining a larger number of red inhabitants than at any other

time throughout her history. This aggregation of tribesmen conditioned her discovery and exploration, and made her a region tempting both to the French fur trader and to the French missionary of the cross.

MISSIONARIES AND TRADERS

Before the dispersion of tribes incident to the Iroquois wars the Huron and their neighbors had learned the value of the white men's goods, and had ventured as far as Three Rivers and Montreal, there to exchange their skins and robes for the weapons, clothing, and trinkets that the white men had taught them to covet. Immediately there sprang up an intertribal trade that extended so far westward that tribes which had never seen a white man became familiar with his wares. The Ottawa Indians were especially skillful in trade, and so long acted as middlemen for the western tribes that all the region of the Upper Lakes was called by the French the Ottawa country.

The Iroquois wars of the middle of the seventeenth century interrupted the northwest trade and both the colony of New France and the interior tribes suffered from the break in the intercourse. Of the two, the French suffered the more, because the Indians had not yet forgotten their wilderness lore and were able to be self-sufficing. The lack of the annual harvest of furs from the Northwest had almost ruined the little French colony along the St. Lawrence, when suddenly it was gladdened by the arrival of a caravan of Indians at Three Rivers that came to exchange its hoarded treasure of peltry over northern streams and portages, uninfested by the dreaded Iroquois. Prosperity once more promised for Canada, the Indian visitors were royally treated, and when they embarked for their return voyage two young Canadians accompanied them, and wandered for two years or more among the tribes of the Northwest learning their customs and languages, and teaching them the white man's arts.

The explorations of Radisson and Grosseilliers during the latter half of the sixth decade of the seventeenth century were not known to historians until the journals of Radisson were discovered late in the nineteenth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. They were written in English, by one unfamiliar with that language, and their descriptions are so vague that it yet remains an open question where these explorers went, and whether or not they were the first white men to view the Mississippi River.

Radisson and Grosseilliers made a second voyage to the Ottawa Country two or more years after their first adventure. Upon this occasion they explored Lake Superior, and the headwaters of the Mississippi, and passed a desolate and famishing winter probably on the Wisconsin shore of Chequamegon Bay.

Meanwhile the first white missionary to Wisconsin had lost his life in her northern forests. Father René Ménard in 1660 came to the Northwest with a returning party of trading Indians. They abandoned him on the shore of Keweenaw Bay and after a wretched winter he started with one companion to visit the Huron fugitives, formerly members of the Ontario mission, then thought to be in hiding on the headwaters of Black River. While descending the Wisconsin in a tiny craft, the reverend father stepped aside at some one of its upper portages and was lost in the forest. Whether he was slain by beast or Indian or perished from starvation is not known; no trace of his fate was ever found.

In 1665 the colony of New France was reënforced by a regiment of soldiers; the next year Iroquois enemies were punished and forced to conclude a reluctant peace. Thereafter the wilderness waterways became safer and traders and missionaries again sought the tribesmen in the Wisconsin forests. Notable among the traders was Nicolas Perrot, who in 1665 began a career of discovery and exploration in Wisconsin that lasted over thirty years. Among the mis-

sionaries Father Claude Allouez was a pioneer. His first mission in 1665 was on the shore of Chequamegon Bay, where for two years he instructed large bands of Indians from all the Wisconsin region. Even the Illinois visited the good father in his northern home, and listened for the first time to the gospel message. In 1669 Allouez transferred his ministrations to the neighborhood of Green Bay where among the Menominee, Potawatomi, and Sauk of the Bay shore, the Foxes on the Wolf, and the Miami, Mascouten, and Kickapoo of the upper Fox Valley he founded missions, and worked with unflagging zeal for the conversion of their souls. The first permanent building in Wisconsin was the mission of St. François Xavier established in 1671 at the De Pere rapids of Fox River by Allouez and his fellow workers. The following decade was the most flourishing in the Jesuit missionary history of Wisconsin. After 1682 their influence and success began to wane, and by the close of the century was almost extinct.

In the meantime the King of France had in 1671 staged a pageant on the far shore of Sault Ste. Marie wherein his representative, Simon François Daumont Sieur de St. Lusson, took possession of all the western country for the French sovereignty. Nicolas Perrot was sent in advance to notify the Wisconsin tribesmen, and persuade them to send chiefs as representatives on this great occasion. With wondering awe the simple savages watched the impressive ceremony wherein priests and warriors chanted the praise both of God and of the great King Louis XIV, and declared the latter's benevolence in annexing the Indians' country to his own domain. All unwittingly they assented to an acknowledgment that made them thenceforth subjects of a foreign monarch. Some years afterward Perrot was sent as governor general of the new French territory west of Lake Michigan. He built therein a number of French posts, most of them upon the Mississippi. At Fort St. Antoine on Lake Pepin

in 1689 Perrot took possession for France of the Sioux territory lying along the upper waters of America's greatest river. He likewise was the first white man to explore the lead mines of southern Wisconsin. So long as he ruled in the West, French trade and French influence was supreme and the Indians of Wisconsin were his docile instruments.

Wisconsin's great waterway to the Mississippi River was first traversed in 1673 by Louis Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette. Seven years later Daniel Greysolon Duluth, who had previously threaded the upper portage from Lake Superior to the Mississippi, came eastward by the Fox-Wisconsin route from the Sioux country. By these two voyages connection was established between Wisconsin's portage route and both the lower and the upper Mississippi.

Rapid changes in the Indian geography of Wisconsin occurred during the last twenty years of the seventeenth century. The population that had massed along the Fox-Wisconsin waterway was pressing upon the food supply. Moreover, in 1680 Robert Cavelier de La Salle took possession of the Illinois River Valley, and invited the Wisconsin Indians to remove thither for a permanent home. The Miami, Mascouten, and Kickapoo acceded to his request; the Potawatomi likewise moved south along the shore of Lake Michigan; the Foxes ventured from Wolf River to the river now called by their name. The Menominee surrounded Green Bay; the Sauk and Foxes controlled the Fox-Wisconsin waterway; the Winnebago occupied the upper Rock River. The Huron and Ottawa left northern Wisconsin for homes on the Strait of Mackinac; all the southern shore of Lake Superior was abandoned to the Chippewa, who at intervals continued their hereditary wars upon the Sioux of the St. Croix and upper Mississippi valleys.

THE FRENCH FUR TRADE

Along with the shifting of tribal homes grew up changes in the method of handling the fur trade. The Indian hunters

no longer made yearly pilgrimages to Montreal to exchange their gathered peltry for the white man's goods. Instead the white men came to them offering their wares, and with tribal consent built in their country at convenient places little log forts where an officer and a few soldiers kept order over the motley crowd of traders and *coureurs de bois* that enriched themselves by the wilderness traffic. Most of the traders were licensed by the government and subjected to strict rules for the conduct of their trade. The illegal trader, however, flourished, and followed his Indian customers into the depths of the forest, beyond the reach of the orders and regulations enforced by the commandants at the wayside posts. These unlicensed traders carried to the red man the alcoholic liquors the white man had taught him to crave; and in disregard of the regulations of the French government the Indian grew more and more debauched and degraded by his association with the whites. International rivalry also occurred in the fur trade. Radisson, who had explored the western forests for the French, deserted to the English government, and in 1670 aided in forming the Hudson's Bay Company, that greatest of all fur trade monopolies, which after nearly two hundred fifty years is still the greatest fur company in the world. Its traders early penetrated to the north shore of Lake Superior, and drew away many Indians who had previously contributed to the wealth of Canada. The English also attempted to secure the Northwest fur trade by the route of the Great Lakes. Utilizing the Iroquois as middlemen, the tribes of Wisconsin were tempted to carry their wares to white men, who paid a larger price for furs and gave better goods in return than those of the French merchants.

Thus through illegal traders and foreign rivals the French fur trade was by the close of the seventeenth century so demoralized that the Canadian authorities, spurred thereto by the missionaries, determined upon drastic measures. All licenses for traders were revoked, and in 1696 a decree went

forth that all the Northwest posts should be evacuated and that missionaries should be the only white men allowed in the Ottawa country. It was thought that the old custom of yearly caravans to the St. Lawrence would be revived; thus governmental control could be exercised over the trade, and the aborigines protected. These measures were only partially successful. *Coureurs de bois* refused to obey the summons to return to New France, and shamelessly brought in English goods; soldiers deserted from the garrisons before evacuation, married among the Indian tribes, and introduced the white man's arts. Albany and Hudson Bay traders vigorously pressed their advantage, and the Canadian authorities feared that the whole of the Northwest trade would slip from their control.

This danger of disintegration was checked by two events that occurred in the first year of the eighteenth century by which the French recovered their morale, and resumed operations in the Northwest. The first of these was the founding of Detroit, a post whose position barred the English from the upper lakes. The second was the peace with the Iroquois which was signed at Montreal after a great ceremony and an exchange of prisoners among all the warring tribes. The license system for the fur trade was then restored, the *coureurs de bois* called in by proclaiming pardons for past offenses, and the policy of control by posts and garrisons was reëstablished throughout the Northwest.

The establishment of Detroit caused new changes in the Indian geography of Wisconsin. The Miami and Mascouten entirely withdrew from the state, and moved eastward towards the new post. The Potawatomi progressed southward around the bend of Lake Michigan, while the Winnebago filled in the vacant territory near Lake Winnebago, and along the Rock River Valley. In 1706 a large portion of the Fox and Sauk tribes deserted Wisconsin and settled in the vicinity of Detroit, whither the Ottawa and Huron

from the neighborhood of Mackinac had preceded them. This new accumulation of savage peoples did not long dwell in harmony. In 1712 a fierce intertribal quarrel broke out in which the commandant of Detroit took sides against the Wisconsin tribesmen. Many of the Sauk, Foxes, and Kickapoo were slain; the remainder fled back to their former homes in Wisconsin, where the remnant of these tribes waged barbaric warfare against the French for over thirty years. This hostility closed the Fox-Wisconsin waterway to French traders, rendered their lives insecure on all the western pathways, and greatly diminished French influence in the far Northwest.

In the course of these Fox wars the first military invasion of Wisconsin occurred when in 1716 Louis La Porte Sieur Louvigny led a considerable army of Canadian soldiers, accompanied by a miscellaneous host of traders, voyageurs, and Indians, through Green Bay to the Fox fort at Little Butte des Morts. The Foxes withstood for a time a considerable siege, which ended in a compromise with the invading forces. The succeeding year a French post was built on the site of Fort Howard that was maintained until the fall of the French sovereignty in the New World. In 1718 in order to develop the copper mines that were thought to exist on the shores of Lake Superior an official post was built at Chequamegon. From 1727 to 1750 in order to exploit the fur trade among the Sioux several French posts were erected on the upper Mississippi. Chequamegon and the Mississippi posts were abandoned during the French and Indian War. In 1743 a French post was erected on the Mississippi near the lead mines, where a beginning was made in developing this industry. Thus the French found copper, lead, and furs in Wisconsin, the most valuable of which was peltry.

After the Fox wars were over the fur trade grew with startling rapidity, and the only rivals to the Canadian traders were the French merchants from Louisiana, the northern

boundary of which lay between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers. In 1752 the Green Bay post was leased to a relative of the reigning governor, who exploited it so dishonestly that the Marquis of Montcalm declared, "Never have theft and license gone so far." [4] The yearly harvest of Wisconsin furs was from five hundred to six hundred packs, valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

Peculation and dishonesty led to the downfall of New France. Unprotected by rapacious officials the lilies of France fell before the cross of St. George and St. Andrew, and the British replaced the French not only on the St. Lawrence, but along the Great Lakes and in the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley.

DEVELOPMENT AND DECLINE OF THE FUR TRADE UNDER THE BRITISH

The change from French to British sovereignty in Wisconsin was not accompanied by any marked upheaval in the little hamlets and among the Indian villages of the western wilderness. Most of the French traders transferred their allegiance to the new sovereign with only mild regrets. The earliest British officers were conciliatory in attitude, and the Indians docilely exchanged their French medals and flags for those of England. The British traders employed the same voyageurs and *coureurs de bois* as had served the traffic under the French régime. The language most in use in Wisconsin's forests continued to be French. Beyond the bounds of Wisconsin there was much discontent, which culminated in the revolt known as Pontiac's Conspiracy. In this uprising Wisconsin tribesmen, almost alone among those of the Northwest, refused to participate. Possibly the old grievances against the French, repressed since the Fox wars, still rankled, and made Wisconsin Indians more favorable to their new British masters. Be this as it may, the garrison at Green Bay was escorted by friendly and protecting tribesmen to

[4] *Ibid.,* XVIII, 206.

Mackinac, and there aided in rescuing the captured British officers from the hands of the hostile Chippewa and Ottawa. When Sir William Johnson met the Indian chiefs at Niagara in 1764, he signalized the loyalty of the Wisconsin Menominee by presenting to their chief a medal and a certificate.[5]

With the withdrawal of the garrison from Green Bay in 1763, Wisconsin's British post was permanently abandoned. Thenceforward the metropolis of the fur trade was at Mackinac, where each summer a great mart was held. Traders brought from Canada an abundance of goods for forest traffic, and exchanged them for the peltry that had been gathered during the previous winter and spring at dozens of small posts throughout the West.

With the growth of the trade subsidiary marts were established, and the one in Wisconsin at Prairie du Chien became next in importance to that at Mackinac.

The first years of the British trade in Wisconsin were years of unregulated and fierce competition between rival traders and rival companies. Slight restraints were imposed by the post officers, who in most cases participated in the profits of the traffic. Therefore this unrestricted rivalry wrought great havoc among both the fur-bearing animals and their red hunters. Liquor became the ordinary medium of exchange. The traders' outfits were largely composed of kegs of beverages, and so fierce were the drunken orgies of the Indians that it seemed that they would soon exterminate themselves. The traders in like measure grew demoralized, and employed all kinds of subterfuges to secure the advantage. Even murder and robbery went unpunished, and the law of force and cunning ruled the forests.

Excess of competition finally suggested its own remedy. In 1778 a representative group of Canadian merchants made at Mackinac a temporary combination to control the trade. Two years later the agreement was renewed, and became in 1783 the basis of the North West Fur Company, a powerful

[5] *Ibid.*, 268-69.

organization of Scotch and French Canadian merchants who controlled the Canadian trade for a third of a century. About the same time the Mackinac Company was formed, whose operations lay farther south than those of the North West Company. In 1786 the Mackinac Company had a post opposite the mouth of the Missouri, and was competing for the trade of Spanish Louisiana.

The Spanish strove unsuccessfully to bar the British traders from the trans-Mississippi. The lower Missouri trade they succeeded in possessing, but that of the waters of the upper Mississippi and the Minnesota (then called the St. Peters) was practically in the hands of the Scotch from Canada. All this upriver trade centered at Prairie du Chien, and was supplied by means of the Fox-Wisconsin waterway.

The headquarters of the North West Company lay on the northwest shore of Lake Superior; two subsidiary posts in Wisconsin—at Fond du Lac of the great lake and at Madeline Island—served the interior forts along the southern shore of Lake Superior. Around these posts small communities gradually grew up, composed chiefly of retired voyageurs and engagées no longer able to endure the hardships of forest wintering. These occupied themselves with a primitive type of agriculture, and supplied the products to the active traders. The most important of these settlements was at Green Bay, where before the close of the French régime a few families had settled. Thither after Pontiac's Conspiracy, the Langlades removed from Mackinac, and by their superior education and ability became the recognized leaders of the little community. Charles Langlade, called the "Father of Wisconsin," had been an officer in the French-Canadian army. Under the British he held a commission in the Indian Department, and his influence over both the white and the red men of Wisconsin was unbounded. It was Langlade, who during the American Revolution rallied the Wisconsin Indians for participation in the defense of Canada

and in the invasion of Burgoyne. It was due to his loyalty to the British that George Rogers Clark's agents had so little success in detaching Wisconsin Indians for the American alliance. It was Langlade who was depended upon to protect the Wisconsin settlements against the dangers from the Spanish of Louisiana; and upon his death in 1801 the French-Canadian settlements in Wisconsin mourned a protector and leader. His leadership fell into the hands of his descendants and relatives, the Grignons and Gautiers, who were allied to the better families of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien. The patriarchal condition of society in Wisconsin lasted until the coming of the Americans, who with their democracy and energy broke down the class system founded on the fur trade hierarchy, and introduced the elements of modern life into the trading posts and settlements that grew up during the fur trade régime. In the fur trade the bourgeois or master trader was all powerful; his will and the exigencies of the traffic were the sole source of authority. To make this more binding, each voyageur and engagé was obliged before leaving the main trading post to sign a contract by which he bound himself in consideration of a small wage and certain supplies "to serve, obey, and faithfully execute all that the said Sieurs his Bourgeois * * * shall lawfully and honestly order him to do; without trading on his own account, nor absenting himself from nor leaving the said service."[6] This constituted a species of peonage which to the honor of the fur trading fraternity was seldom abused. In truth the tie that bound master and man was not purely economic; it was composed of personal elements of loyalty and attachment. It was compounded from two loyalties—the French system of subordination and responsibility, and the Scotch Highlander's attachment to the head of his clan, and the clan leader's obligations therefor.

Many of the prominent traders of Wisconsin were Scotchmen, and in the War of 1812 they commanded retinues

[6] See a specimen engagement contract in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XIX, 343.

of voyageurs and Indians who successively captured Mackinac, and Prairie du Chien, and drove every American from the vicinity. These traders fondly hoped and loudly boasted that new boundaries would be drawn and the territory now Wisconsin would become a fur trading preserve. Disappointed in that hope, they planned to adjust the exigencies of the forest trade to the demands of the American system. The Mackinac Company was dissolved and in its stead was organized the American Fur Company, many of whose operators were the Scotch Canadians who had been partners in the British concern. For twenty years after the American occupation the new Company conducted a flourishing trade along the old lines. From 1816 to 1824 the United States sought to better the Indians' condition by the so-called Factory system, government posts operated not for profit but for benevolence towards its Indian wards. The Factory system failed because of the powerful opposition of the American Fur Company, and because the factors were unacquainted with the conditions of Indian trade.

Gradually the fur trade, which for two hundred years had ruled Wisconsin, declined. The local traders, deeply in debt to Astor's monopoly, the American Fur Company, mortgaged their lands and lost them. Of recent years a new commerce in furs has sprung up and grows increasingly valuable. But the fur trade as a régime passed from Wisconsin with the coming of the Americans and the development of modern industries.

(To be continued)

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY RACINE[1]

APPLETON MORGAN, LL.D.

I was carried to Wisconsin an infant in arms in 1849, and at man's estate left it for my present location. The only episodes I vividly remember that have gotten into Wisconsin history (and been written threadbare) were the Booth fugitive slave affair at Racine and Milwaukee, and the Barstow-Bashford governorship controversy in which my father had some sort of part to play for the Republican claimant. I was a boy along with your present Chief Justice Winslow who used to ride to Racine College on my pony (a four-legged Canadian, not a Caballus to assist us in Greek) after I had sold him to the Judge's father when I came East—for I suppose I am about ten years older than Wisconsin's distinguished Chief Justice. I can't remember much of early days in Wisconsin except that my father was a member of the law firm of Doolittle, Cary & Morgan, and that Judge James R. Doolittle was once circuit judge of Racine County, and that his successors, Judges John M. Keep (of Beloit), David Noggle, and William P. Lyon, were all frequent guests at my father's board; that Judge Doolittle was afterwards a prominent United States senator, and that Mr. John W. Cary afterwards moved to Milwaukee where he became chief counsel of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway; that my father used sand instead of blotting paper—the black variety which abounded on the beach of Lake Michigan just north of Racine—(a place known I think as "The Point")—whereto, when I played hookey, I felt myself as mitigating my punishment by scooping up an offering of black sand for the firm of Doolittle, Cary & Morgan. I recall my father saying that the Wisconsin bar was the most brilliant of any state, and indeed it was, with such men as Matt Carpenter

[1] Contributed informally, in response to the editor's request.

at its head! Peyton Randolph Morgan, my father, was the son of Brigade-Major Abner Morgan, who served as major of the first Massachusetts Continentals with General Montgomery's Northern army and until mustered out after Burgoyne's surrender on the field of Saratoga. For his Revolutionary services Major Morgan received a grant from Congress of some 20,000 acres of land in what is now Livingston County, New York, including the bulk of the present towns of Lima and Avon. And it was in the latter town that my father first began the practice of law, and where he first met Judge Doolittle—who was later to follow him to Wisconsin and become his law partner—a judge and a distinguished United States senator, the friend and adviser of Lincoln, and afterwards a supporter of the measures of President Johnson. It may be added, by the way, that my father in Livingston County was at one time the law partner of another and later Wisconsin United States senator, Angus Cameron, whom he also influenced to become a citizen of Wisconsin. Racine was a convenient change of venue from Milwaukee and I well recall how the news went round among us boys (all of whom proposed to be leading lawyers some day) whenever the big lawyers from Milwaukee had got some cause celebre on trial at the little wooden courthouse on the public square in Racine.

Brought up an abolitionist, I remember my surprise at seeing Judge Andrew Miller of the United States District Court at Milwaukee when a guest at my father's dinner table, and finding him a gracious and courtly gentleman! That a judge who had sentenced a man to jail for breaking a law of the United States that gave a runaway slave back to his master should not have horns and hoofs and breathe blue flames from his nostrils—was inexplicable to me! As a matter of fact I think I am right in saying that Wisconsin was the first state in the Union to declare the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional and to refuse to obey it and to substitute a

Personal Liberty Law in its place. At any rate I remember that Racine was an intensely loyal precinct during the Civil War and that it was an off-day in the calendar when some citizen who might have said something convertible into a suspicion of "Copperheadism" was not obliged to raise a flag over his domicil (even if the town had to supply the particular stars and stripes for the purpose) and to swear that he had no Southern predilections. The coercion in such cases was supplied by a procession of citizens which constantly grew as it marched until it reached the suspected-disaffected man's home. There was always certain to be a chaplain in the procession to administer the oath of loyalty!

During the entire war there hung in the postoffice at Racine a heavy collar of rough iron with three or four prongs about eight inches tall projecting upward therefrom. This was sent us by Col. William L. Utley, a Racine man, who was colonel of one of the Wisconsin regiments which were at the time quartered somewhere in Kentucky. It seems that a negro had come into the camp of the regiment wearing this collar which his master had ordered welded around his neck "to teach him not to run away," and that Colonel Utley had ordered it taken off and the negro given employment in the camp. As this was after Lincoln's preliminary proclamation of emancipation—whose terms excepted the state of Kentucky—this was a risky thing for Colonel Utley to do. And so, when some days after, the negro's owner, one Judge Robertson, who, as I remember, was a justice of some higher Kentucky state court, drove up in a coach and four and demanded his slave of Colonel Utley, it behooved the Colonel to be circumspect in his reply. "Paris is worth a mass," said Henry the Fourth when reproached with apostatizing to retain his throne; and the loyalty of the border states—always a ticklish thing in the diplomacy of those days—was worth one poor runaway slave! But the Wisconsin Colonel was equal to the dilemma. He received the Judge with dignity

and deference. "I am almost sure that your runaway slave is here at this moment in my camp," he said. "You are at liberty to go and come as you desire through the camp, and will be amply protected, and if you find your slave you can make him any inducement or offer you please to return with you, and no opposition will be offered by any of my men to his accompanying you. But of course," added Colonel Utley, "I have no right to order my men to perform anything but their military duties, and there is only one provost marshal to a thousand men and he may not be in camp at present to restrain any undue activity of my men outside of their strictly military duties." At least Colonel Utley is credited with words to this effect upon that occasion. Whether it was because Judge Robertson was himself of Falstaffian proportions, or because he perceived an absence of cordiality in the bearing of the thousand soldiers among whom his search was to be conducted, His Honor appears to have agreed with Sir John that the better part of valor is discretion, and to have ordered his coachman to drive him thence sans his proprietary negro! This did not prevent, him, however, from instituting a civil suit in the Kentucky Supreme Court against Colonel Utley personally for the value of the slave, which suit, as Colonel Utley did not defend, went to judgment, and a transcript or exemplified copy of such judgment being filed in the office of the clerk of the circuit court for Racine County, the same—by Federal comity—became a judgment of the Racine Circuit Court against Colonel Utley in his home county. I suppose this judgment is still on record in the clerk's office of Racine County. But I am sure it is superfluous to add that no sheriff of that county or of any other ever received an execution against Colonel Utley—or, if he did, ever levied thereunder upon any assets of Colonel Utley or of Colonel Utley's estate.[2]

[2] A somewhat different account of Colonel Utley's encounter with Judge Robertson of Kentucky is given in E. W. Leach, *Racine County Militant* (Racine, 1915), 97-106. Mr. Leach says that Colonel Utley paid the $1,000 judgment, but was afterwards reimbursed by the state.—Ed.

COLONEL UTLEY LEADING THE TWENTY-SECOND WISCONSIN INFANTRY INTO KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1862

From a copy of a war-time lithograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

My father was, I believe, as long as he lived, Senior Warden of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Racine, and about the year 1850 was instrumental in persuading the Rev. Roswell Park, D.D., to accept its pulpit. Dr. Park was a graduate of West Point, who, after service in the army, had resigned to become head master of a boys' school at Pomfret, Connecticut, where one of his pupils (and it must be confessed one of the most unruly) was the great artist, James McNeill Whistler. Dr. Park was not contented with being simply Rector of St. Luke's. He wanted another boys' school, but on consultation with my father he determined upon something more ambitious. The two consulted with Bishop Kemper (whose name must never be omitted from the list of great men that Wisconsin has contributed to the nation) and the result was Racine College! My father went to Madison and obtained its charter, and remained to his death one of its trustees as well as its legal adviser. Both he and Dr. Park lived to see it an eminent institution of learning. Today Racine College's diploma is recognized by every university and university club in the world, and its distinguished alumni, like your own Chief Justice Winslow, sit on the bench and in the councils of every state in the Union and speak from a thousand church pulpits.

One little anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Park I may recall. He was, as I have said, a graduate of West Point, taking commission in the Engineers. When he made Racine his home he bought a handsome property directly on the lake shore, about a mile north of the beautiful tract of grove and highland selected for the college grounds, and just within Racine town limits. Now at this time (I hope it has reformed at present) Lake Michigan behaved very badly to the Racine men who happened to own real estate upon its banks. It every year ate up its banks, indifferent as to how much beach (created by building long narrow cribs, filled with broken rock, out into its naughty waters) its waves had to wash over in order

to reach its prey. Dr. Park, being an engineer, determined to pit his professional skill against Lake Michigan. He constructed a sort of convex sea wall, built so that it slanted towards the open lake, the full width of his land (as well as piers galore), the result of which was that Lake Michigan surrendered at discretion and gave up eating away Dr. Park's home acre. It had its revenge, however, elsewhere. Dr. Park, indeed, Lake Michigan ceased to tackle, but it compensated its appetite by eating away the bank to the south of him, until the worthy Doctor found himself on a veritable promontory, while (if I remember rightly) all the residents between Main Street and the lake bank were routed and there remained only a narrow ridge the whole distance southward from Dr. Park's estate to the college campus. Now when the war broke out one of the Wisconsin camps of instruction was laid out just north of the college grounds, between the college and the city of Racine. When there was artillery practice at the camp of course the fieldpieces were pointed out over the lake, where in winter the icebergs afforded tempting targets. But by some freak the shot fell so thickly upon Dr. Park's promontory that he was obliged to send a messenger with his compliments to the commandant at Camp Utley to ask why his country's flag (always kept full-mast over his cupola) no longer protected an ex-officer of Engineers in the United States Army?

Though a new college, there was nothing new-fashioned or new-fangled about the Racine of my day. Her curriculum admitted no electives nor equivalents such as were already beginning to creep into even Columbia and Harvard, and she insisted upon Greek as Sarah Battle insisted upon her whist—the full rigor of the game! If we did not know our Euripides, or whatever author it was, Professor Dean (newly-imported from Columbia) would sit back and grin sarcastically at us, and his sarcastic grin was more fearsome to the

sinner than a whip of small cords.[3] For fully fifty years after leaving Racine, if I ever had a nightmare, it took the form of being called to take that chair in front of Professor Dean's table and undertake the hopeless task of camouflaging him into the delusion that I had any remote conception of the meaning of the ten lines of Greek he selected for my confusion! All Racine's professorships were filled with able men—Professor Passmore from St. James College, Maryland, whose farm was a part of the battlefield of Antietam,[4] Dr. Falk from Heidelberg,[5] Professor La Bombarie from the Sorbonne. The latter was the best teacher of the French language and literature I ever knew in the United States.[6] Whatever Racine may have lacked, she never made the mistake of calling inferior professors to her chairs.

Racine's second president (the president of my days as a student there—his official title was "Warden") was the Rev. James de Koven, who speedily became too great a man for any one state to claim. Going as a delegate to a general convention of the Episcopal Church held in old Saint John's Church in New York City, he made a speech that so electrified the convention that the house "rose" at him, and the enthusiasm communicated itself to the vestibules and cloisters of the church outside. He was soon elected to three state or diocesan bishoprics, besides being invited to become an assistant rector of Trinity Parish, New York City, ranking next to the Rev. Morgan Dix, its Rector-in-chief, but he declined all these honors, and remained with Racine until his death.

The Racine of my boyhood, like Cæsar's Gaul, was divided into three parts. Across Root River to the north

[3] Rev. George W. Dean, D.D., held the chair of Latin and Greek at Racine College from 1864 to 1872.—Ed.

[4] Rev. Joseph C. Passmore, D.D., had been for twenty years professor at St. James, Maryland, before he came in 1862 to Racine, where he remained four years.—Ed.

[5] Rev. Alexander Falk, Ph.D., D.D., came to Racine in 1867 as professor of German, and held several chairs in addition to that of German, including history from 1867 to 1872; French from 1878 to 1887 and probably later.—Ed.

[6] Professor M. L. Bombarie was, according to its printed history, at Racine College until 1878.—Ed.

was a sort of purlieu called—from a man of Canadian birth named "John" (what else nobody ever knew) who had been a woodsman in Michigan in my father's employ—"Canada." Then to the west across the bend of Root River was "Sage-town" ("Sage's addition to the City of Racine" as designated on the maps) and here, a mile or so from the river, was to penetrate the first right-of-way of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad—from whence an already ancient stagecoach was to carry any passengers that fate or fancy sent thither—to the heart of Racine itself—some ten years later than the date of which I am now writing. It was not until the outbreak of the Civil War or the year before, that Racine had a real harbor, when the government dredged the mouth of Root River and ran long jetties on either side out into the lake. Up to that time our only access to the world south or east of us was by two precarious-looking piers—like bridges that had started to cross the lake and stopped at fifty feet or so—at which steamboats landed. To the west Racine's only access or egress was by way of what—even to my tender years—it was a joke to call "the Plank Road." Planks there doubtless were at the bottom of it, which the tollgates thereon may have gathered in revenue enough occasionally to renew. But all that was visible on the surface of this thoroughfare was a rich black mud that any slight snowfall or heavy dew made into molasses! And yet over (or, it were better to say, through) this channel the farmers waded with loaded farm-wagons piled with sacks of wheat. These sacks were first dumped into the public square for inspection by factors, and then loaded in bulk upon schooners and carried—I fancy—to Chicago. This was the only commerce I, in my boyhood, saw in the town or "city" of Racine. When, later, the town and the adjacent farmers mortgaged their all to build a railway, no sooner did this railway reach another railway running into Chicago, than lo! this wheat from which Racine derived its commerce sought the better market, and Racine was left high and dry!

Just about fifty years afterwards, I used this example of how impotent railways or the builders of railways are to divert trade channels from points that geography has designed for a plexus of trade, in arguing against the first Interstate Commerce Law. This, it will be remembered, proposed, by some mysterious dispensation of providence, to accomplish that very thing. But such is shortsighted man! The history of the Wisconsin farm-mortgage policy it is not for me to write. I believe it is or was synonymous with all-around disaster.[7] But I remember the furore in Racine over the wonderful growth of Chicago. I remember hearing my father telling my mother that Chicago, incredible as it might seem, had fifty thousand inhabitants! The construction of the Racine and Mississippi Railroad which (nobody seems ever to have paused to ask why, or for what trade in sight) was to connect the lake at Racine with the big river was to make Racine City a rival of Chicago itself! There was something vastly tempting and picturesque in connecting the greatest all-American lake with the greatest all-American river by a railroad! Nature had connected them by a brief portage between the headwaters of the Fox River that emptied into the lake at Green Bay and the headwaters of the Wisconsin River that debouched into the Mississippi for the occasional voyageur or missionary (or tracer of the tracks of these, like the Prince de Joinville in 1841) who should go from one to the other. But to predicate such an annual passage of tourists between as would—without feeders—support a railway that should connect those two great alienated waterways was, perhaps, Racine's sense of poetic justice. At any rate she paid in full for the privilege of building such a railway.

I remember what a gala day in Racine it was when my father's client, Henry S. Durand, lifted the first spadeful

[7] An excellent account of the farm mortgage episode in the history of Wisconsin may be found in Merk's *Economic History of Wisconsin During the Civil War Decade* (Madison, 1916), Chap. IX.—Ed.

of Wisconsin earth for the Racine and Mississippi Railroad. I remember the first locomotive, a puny little affair garlanded with prairie flowers. Having been born in Portland, Maine (where they built at that time the earliest locomotives) I had often seen these little affairs and wanted to pat their glossy sides, banded every few feet with shiny brass, with their big balloon-like smokestacks which seemed to me to be made of dull black leather. They ran up alongside of you quite confidingly as you stood on the platform and were easily in reach. I don't know where one could find a sample of a locomotive of seventy years ago now, though one or two of our earliest are still kept in our railway museums for contrast with the massive giants of today. These ancient locomotives used to have glorious landscapes and seascapes peopled with Indian maidens (that is, the landscapes were so peopled) painted on their tenders. And in those days, when three or four locomotives was a big allowance for one railway line, these paintings were done by real artists at no inconsiderable outlay. As soon as our little railroad grew long enough to require a second locomotive, another appeared. The first, of course (the custom of the day when locomotives were few and hauls were short), was named, instead of numbered, and was the "Henry S. Durand," for the R. & M.'s first president. When no longer a mere shuttle railway, a second engine, called after the first general counsel of the line, the "Marshall M. Strong,"[8] was placed on duty. These two locomotives—a discrimination between engines for freight and passenger service was quite unnecessary—did duty on the R. & M. for many a long day. Indeed a third engine (the first coal-burner—with long, slim smokestack, forerunner of the

[8] Marshall M. Strong, like his namesake—though, I believe, no relative—the Hon. Moses M. Strong, was a distinguished lawyer in early Wisconsin annals. We had a rather melancholy association with him in that the first house in Racine which my father bought upon settling there was famed as having been saved, by snowballing, from catching fire from the conflagration of the house which stood next it on Seventh Street. The latter house, occupied by Mr. M. M. Strong, caught fire one night during his absence from town; it burned to the ground, his wife and two children perishing in the flames.—A. M.

stacks of the present day which huge boilers make look like nubbins—which I ever saw) proved a costly superfluity, and was soon sold to the Chicago and Milwaukee Railway Company at a poor profit as I remember to have heard.

Well I remember how all Racine was en fête on the day the Racine and Mississippi Railway was opened to "Ives Grove" (a point some four miles westward) and another gala day when it had gone five miles farther to "Union Grove" (whether there are such names now I know not).[9] But, about synchronizing with the railway's arrival at Union Grove, the first year's interest on those terrible mortgages began falling due, and there were no more gala days! It was a maxim of that wiser man than Solomon—the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld—that "Il faut toujours d'aimer ses ennemis mieux que les amis; parceque les ennemis ne donne pas nous le bon conseil." Happy would it have been for the Racine of those days if only her enemies had advised her! But her friends convinced her that she needed a railroad, and she built one. I wonder is there anybody but myself still living who remembers her days of sturm und drang when those mortgages began to be foreclosed? As to the Racine and Mississippi itself, it passed either by foreclosure or otherwise into the hands of the Scotch bondholders, and a group of young Scotsmen and Englishmen quite repeopled Racine society and socially somewhat compensated for the bankruptcy which threatened the city as well as the county of Racine, from which at about that time the county of Kenosha was taken off.

My father had at one time, before his marriage, been embarked in the fur trade, and believed himself to be the first white man to penetrate to the confluence of the four rivers at what was afterwards Saginaw, Michigan. I remember his telling me, on reading of the extensive discoveries of salt deposits at that point, that the Indians of his day there

[9] Ives Grove is a hamlet in Yorkville Township, Racine County, not now on the line of the railroad. Union Grove is a station on the Western Union division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.—Ed.

were so guileless of knowledge of anything of the sort that they were eager to trade valuable peltries for as much salt as they could get from the white men, preferring it even to firewater. Many years later, at Racine, my father was surprised to receive a visit from a fine young Indian from Saginaw. This lad (whom my father had christened "Isaac," as that bore some semblance in sound to his Indian name) had readily learned to speak intelligible English and had been adopted by some local missionaries and instructed to preach to his Indian brethren. When he visited us he wore civilized broadcloth, had a white neckcloth, and was quite clerical in appearance. My father was glad to see him, and he remained with us several days. The following conversation was often alluded to, á propos des bottes, among us:

My Father: Well, Isaac, what are you doing in Saginaw now?

Isaac: Me preach.

My Father: Do you get paid for preaching, Isaac?

Isaac: Me get ten dollars year.

My Father: Ten dollars a year! Isn't that pretty poor pay, Isaac?

Isaac: Yes. But it's pretty poor preach.

As Father spoke a little Indian he often had some of the Indians, of whom there was a settlement in the vicinity (Choctaw or Chippewa,[10] I think) at our house in Racine, and saw that they received without undue diminution what was coming to them from the government. They were objects of great curiosity to me, especially as I was told that there were both braves and squaws in the collection, and that the braves brought the squaws along to carry any bundles or purchases they might make in the town. (The noble red man scorned to do any work save hunting or fighting, but otherwise any difference between brave and squaw was totally invisible to the naked eye.)

[10] The Indians of the Lake Michigan lake shore belonged to the Potawatomi tribe, with a considerable admixture of Chippewa. Most of them spoke Chippewa, which was the trade language of the Northwest.—Ed.

Whether Racine was one of the many localities throughout Wisconsin and Minnesota that bear French names allotted by the Jesuit missionaries of New France, or not, was a question I often heard debated in our parlor at home by amateur and local archaeologists. Whether some Canadian (possibly the "John" aforesaid) merely put the name of the river into French for the voyageur, or some woodsman put the name of the town into English for the pioneer, was a problem like the darkey's dilemma whether the egg was before the chicken or the chicken before the egg. One claim was that "Root" was all that some Indian could capture from the woodsman's shibboleth "Root hog or die" (if you don't come here to work you must starve) and so gave that to some Frenchman who asked him the English name of the river, and that this Frenchman "Frenched" it for a comrade. But the question was not settled, so far as I knew, in my Racine days. Racine was situated at the mouth of Root River, and that wisdom sufficed us.

My father's law practice extended as far west as Beloit and he used to put my young mother and myself into our roomy carryall and pack his law papers somewhere under the seats, and "ride circuit" (that was—to attend the various terms of the county circuit courts before which he practiced). We would then fearsomely entrust ourselves to that mobilized plank road and get through in a day's time to some sleeping place. I remember the name of one of these sleeping places was "Marengo." It happened that there was but one house in the town (destined to be a hotel) and of this only the frame and unshingled roof were up, though a second floor was laid rendering the first story habitable. We were privileged to occupy everything above the second floor. There was a dance on the first floor with a fiddle that lasted all night; and today, after seventy years, I can hear that fiddle and the shuffling feet. We would not have been able to sleep anyhow, but when a summer shower came up, my father and mother

stayed awake to hold their umbrellas over themselves and me. I remember contrasting Beloit, where the houses seemed mostly built of a rough yellow limestone, favorably with Racine, where everything was apt to be of wood, though later a handsome straw-colored brick, called "Milwaukee brick," was used for building business blocks. This brick, and, later, the delicious Milwaukee beer—alas, now no more by amendment to our parochial constitution—which, boy though I was, my father thought would give me brawn if not brains, first introduced me to the name of Wisconsin's splendid metropolis.

My father acted as the government Indian agent in and about Racine, reporting directly to Col. John H. Kinzie at Chicago. He was also the government agent for paying pensions and securing bounties for veterans of the War of 1812 thereabouts, of whom there were several. One of these latter, a harmless old fellow of uncertain antiquity, was named Abner Rouse, and both the Republican (or Whig) and Democratic parties' ballots at every municipal election in Racine used to wind up with "For Coroner—Abner Rouse." As the duties of a coroner were at that time performable by a county judge, Abner Rouse was never bothered either by the duties or the salary or fees attached to his high office.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE AND THE WAR

Though in a sense isolated from the world, the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Insane is, indeed, in such intimate contact with the outside that every shock which disturbs the serenity of our national affairs is immediately felt within the walls of the institution. Whatever is uppermost in the popular mind is mirrored, in a distorted fashion, to be sure, in the minds of those mentally unbalanced. War, pestilence, and famine, romance, political and financial changes, and a host of imaginary ills, as well, all play an important part in the mental aberrations of the world.

Formerly the great questions of religion were disturbing influences upon normal life, and, naturally, the various delusions of the insane centered largely around the absorbing questions of Christ, the Apostles, and the souls of the dead. Today electricity and its various devices, including the telephone and the dictaphone, and just recently the aeroplane and the submarine have become attractive subjects of insane delusions.

With the outbreak of hostilities and the appearance of delusions about the Great War, the laity have assumed that the war was the cause of insanity; that "he has gone crazy over the war," even though it is four thousand miles away. "For," they argue, "isn't it plain that this fellow imagines himself suspected of being a spy? That this other fellow imagines he has been providentially commissioned to 'get the Kaiser'? And that this one imagines that he has been ordained 'Leader of the Light' and is able to stop the war? What could be plainer than that these men have gone crazy over the war?" In point of fact, religion, patent rights, perpetual motion, electricity, war, are only convenient hobbyhorses for the insane to ride. The real cause of the mental upset is rooted in the unstable nervous make-up of the individual. In other words, the particular mental condition which maintains at the time of an outbreak of insanity in no sense can be ascribed as the cause of the mental upset. While the mental status may be the occasion of the

attack, or may have assisted in the attack, the most probable cause, barring injury, poison, or exhaustion, is a mental make-up predisposed to disease by bad heredity.

If we assume that the war is the cause of insanity, then reports ought to show a largely increased number of insane in our hospitals, particularly in Wisconsin, whose troops suffered heartbreaking losses in the battles of the Marne and the Argonne. But reports do not bear out this assumption. If we compare the total number of admissions to this hospital for the period of our participation in war with a like period prior to the declaration of war, we find a reduction of 58, or 11.3 per cent. By examining the report more closely, I find that the number of original female admissions for the two periods mentioned was exactly the same, whereas the falling off was confined exclusively to male admissions, a fact which, by the way, does not accord with the popular belief that women are more prone to insanity than men are.

This reduction in the number of male admissions has a very plausible, possibly an interesting and an instructive, explanation in the changes in our economic relations during the war. I refer to the prohibition of the manufacture of liquors. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, the number of admissions in the group of alcoholic insane was forty-three as compared with ninety-five for the year ending June 30, 1917. Here is a reduction of 54.7 per cent. The increased cost of liquor following the government prohibition and the rapid extension of dry territory are facts sufficiently strong to account for this important change. It is safe to predict that the still further improvement in this respect which doubtless will follow the consumption of the surplus stock of whiskey and the consummation of national prohibition will prove to be a decisive and a thrilling demonstration of the wisdom and justice of the national prohibition movement.

Let me turn, now, to our war activities. At the outbreak of hostilities, Dr. W. F. Lorenz, director of the Psychiatric Institute, was commissioned Captain by Governor Philipp. He recruited a hospital unit from the employes of this institution and from men of the University and the city of Madison. At one fell stroke fifteen men were taken from our ranks. This unit was attached to

the fighting Thirty-second Division, "Division Terrible," of the French, and served as first aid back of the fighting line. They saw service from Chateau Thierry to Coblenz. I am glad to record the names of our Honor Roll:

George Boese	Frederick Foy	James Luster
Walter Horstmeyer	Luther Clayton	Harry Howe
George Kearney	Edwin Johnson	Cecil Taff
Gus Pasicka	O. H. Herbert	Ernest Kraitz
Lloyd Webber	Wm. Volkman	Carl Hoffman

The following men enlisted later in other branches of service: Earl Carter, Robert Dovre, Ray Toban, Lawrence Toban, and John Hoffman. In addition to these names, I might add, with propriety, the name of Herbert Cramer, son of Hospital Steward P. D. Cramer. Herbert Cramer served as lieutenant of infantry at Camp Custer. Also, the name of Ronald I. Drake, son of the Superintendent, who served as electrician on the United States transport *Agamemnon.*

Naturally, the loss of so many employes crippled our service sorely. Extra hours and more strenuous duties were thrust upon the shoulders of those left in charge of patients, and, though the Board of Control generously increased the wages of male attendants by forty per cent, I have been unable since to raise our full quota of male attendants. Indeed, help became so scarce that I was driven to the necessity of discharging some of our more reliable patients, and placing them on the payroll.

Fortunately my medical staff was not disturbed.

Through these trying times we have not sat by impassive spectators of the world's debauchery. If we have not actually borne arms, nor been in the midst of bursting shrapnel, we have, at least, busied ourselves to supply means for those physically better able to do so. It is with no little pride that I refer to the splendid financial showing made by the officers and employes of the hospital. They were asked to contribute what they felt able to give—no urging or prodding was permitted—and here is the itemized result:

Thrift and War Savings Stamps	$5,363.00
First and Second Liberty Loans	8,400.00
Third Liberty Loan	7,550.00
Fourth Liberty Loan	9,000.00
United War Workers' Fund	372.34

First Red Cross Fund	$134.25
Second Red Cross Fund	100.00
Tobacco Fund for Our Boys	54.50
Toward truck for Lorenz Hospital Unit	140.00
Total	$31,114.09

With the exception of two or three of the smaller items, the work of collecting this money was done by P. D. Cramer, Hospital Steward. We have "over the top" banners of the Third and Fourth Liberty Loans.

In these dark hours of the world's Gethsemane, we were not unmindful of the physical comfort of the boys "over there." Much credit must be given to the female patients and employes who have responded so generously to the call of the Red Cross for help. In this connection, too, I take pleasure in submitting a detailed statement of the work done. But for a lack of knitting yarn, this amount might have been increased considerably:

SURGICAL DRESSINGS:	
Muslin dressings	1,062
Gauze "	2,525

KNITTED GARMENTS:	Patients	Employes
Sweaters	104	43
Scarfs	1	1
Helmets	7	4
Wristlets	23 prs.	18 prs.
Socks	49 "	114 "

All of our efforts, moreover, to carry out the suggestions of the Food Conservation Commission met with perfect success. Notwithstanding the fact that flour substitutes were used, the supply of meats limited, and the sugar ration employed, not a word of complaint reached me from either patients or employes. All were eager to do their utmost to checkmate the swashbucklering leader of the Huns. The patients as well as officers and employes felt that they had to support their dear ones in France who were fighting for the triumph of right over wrong, for the victory of the moral uplift of mankind over the demoralization of brute force; who were fighting, in truth, against a most implacable foe whose resurrection of the powers of damnation had put to shame the unspeakable crimes of barbarism itself.

The war is over and the victory won. Those of us who were obliged to remain at home must be satisfied to have done here all in our power to usher in a brighter and a better day; but money and material and self-denial are but poor sacrifices to lay on the altar of our country beside the lives of Liberty's heroic dead. One sublime sacrifice has made immortal their devotion. Upon them shall rest, forever, the gratitude and the benediction of a world redeemed.

FRANK I. DRAKE, *Superintendent.*

THE POTTER-PRYOR DUEL

Ridicule is sometimes a better means of destroying an obsolescent and mischievous institution than argument. Cervantes dealt a death-blow to knight errantry when he related the wanderings of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It fell to the lot of a Wisconsin congressman, in the last years before the Civil War, to deal a similar blow to the Southern "chivalry," and the code duello. The fire-eating antagonist of this farce (for so it proved to be) died in March in New York City, where he had passed a long and honored career of post bellum activity, as part of the state judiciary. He never relinquished his devotion to the "lost cause," nor failed to expound the philosophical right of secession, but it is not recorded that after his encounter with John Fox Potter, of the First Congressional District of Wisconsin, he ever again sought "the satisfaction due a gentleman" who considers his "honor" wounded. It all occurred in those last thrilling days before the Civil War, when Congress was itself a battle ground between North and South, sometimes not merely a battle of tongues and ideas, but the frequent scene of fisticuff and bludgeon encounters between the hostile parties. The occasion of one of these disgraceful mêlées was an antislavery speech made April 5, 1860, in the House of Representatives by Owen Lovejoy, brother of the abolition martyr of Illinois. Lovejoy's diatribe was perhaps the most direct and bitter attack upon slave-owners ever made in Congress, and the blood of the irascible Southerners was raised to the boiling point. Epithets like "black-hearted scoundrel" and "nigger-stealing thief" began to fly, and as Lovejoy in the passion of his denunciation advanced towards the Democrats shaking his forefinger in their direction, Roger A. Pryor, a young representative

from Virginia, sprang to his feet, and ordered the speaker to desist. Thereupon Potter of Wisconsin sprang to the defense of the Republican orator and shouted that his party had listened quietly for eight weeks to the Southern speakers and "Now, sir, this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may." Pryor and his comrades thereupon fell upon Lovejoy, whom Potter defended with such hearty blows that a Quaker friend told him he must have taken lessons in pugilism.

When the scuffle had quieted, and the fires of anger had burned low, the congressmen were somewhat ashamed of their vehemence, and Pryor attempted to have some of the remarks erased from the *Congressional Record,* especially those of Potter. Potter accused him in open house of tampering with the journal to his disadvantage. Pryor retorted with a threat of action whose results "the future will demonstrate," to which Potter is said to have replied, "Let it demonstrate." The next day Pryor sent a challenge to Potter, well knowing that the constitution of Wisconsin deprived any participant in a duel of his franchise and his office. He expected to be able to taunt his Northern antagonist with cowardice or to drive him from Congress. Potter, who despised dueling as a method of settling grievances, determined to teach the fiery Southerner a lesson, and turn the tables upon him. Assuming his right as the challenged party to choose the weapons for the encounter, he instructed his second, a Democratic congressman from Massachusetts, to accept Pryor's challenge, and to prescribe a fight with bowie knives at a distance of four feet either in a closed room or in the open air. Pryor's second at once remonstrated against "this vulgar, barbarous, and inhuman mode of settling difficulties," but Potter remained firm in his choice of weapons, and the duel never occurred. The entire country saw the joke, and the press rang with Potter's praise. During his absence from the house, one wag responded to Potter's name at rollcall that "he had gone to meet a Pryor engagement." "The argument of Mr. Pryor's friends against the weapons chosen by Mr. Potter may be regarded," said another punster, "as a fine specimen of reasoning a-Pryor-i." A Wisconsin editor declared that "Pryor of Virginia doesn't care to know how his Clay would feel in the hands of our Potter." In vain the Southern friends of Pryor explained and expostulated; they

were met with ridicule on every hand. "It is not because he is afraid that Mr. Pryor objects to bowie knives—oh, no! it's because they are so demnition vulgar." Virginia chivalry had been "put into a cold bath" was said more forcibly than elegantly.

At the North Potter was the hero of the hour. Congress received him with suppressed enthusiasm upon his return after temporary arrest by the authorities of the District of Columbia. His visit to Wisconsin during a congressional recess in May was a triumphal progress. He was a large, strong man of good proportions, a product of frontier life in Maine and Wisconsin. At Chicago he was given an enthusiastic reception; when he reached his home at East Troy in Walworth County the entire community filled its largest building in his honor. Even from the Southwest admirers sent him trophies; one from the congressmen of Missouri was a bowie knife over six and a half feet long, on the blade of which was engraved, "Will always meet a Pryor engagement." He acquired the soubriquet of "Bowie Knife" Potter, and early in the war a knife captured from one of the Louisiana "Tigers" was presented to him with a suitable inscription on its haft; likewise a short Southern sword picked up at the battle of Bull Run.

Mr. Potter kept his seat in Congress until 1863, warmly supporting the Union cause. His antagonist, Pryor, became a congressman in the Confederacy and later a brigadier general under Lee. After the Northerner's term of office was ended, President Lincoln appointed him consul general at Montreal. In 1866 he retired from public office, and passed the remainder of his life, until his death in 1899, on his beautiful estate on Potter's Lake in Walworth County—land that he himself in 1838 had bought from the government, when a young lawyer of scarce twenty-one he had determined to make his home in Wisconsin. There he was yearly visited by a group of friends from Milwaukee, members like himself of the "Loyal Legion," who called themselves the Phantom Club. To these friends Mr. Potter loved to exhibit his trophies—the knife he was carrying when challenged by Pryor, the one he bought after that challenge, and those presented to him by admiring friends. With the exception of the large Missouri "toothpick" all the bowie knives were given after his death to the historical museum of our Society, where they may

now be seen, emblems of a barbaric custom now obsolete in America, and reminders of the Wisconsin pioneer who drowned it with a deluge of ridicule.

THE SINKING OF THE *ALBEMARLE*

A story has recently been told before the Lebanon County (Pa.) Historical Society[1] which calls to mind an historic exploit performed by one of Wisconsin's bravest men. It was October 27, 1864, the high tide of the Civil War. For six months Grant had been hammering Lee's army of northern Virginia, and for the same period of time Sherman in the West had been assaulting Joe Johnston's army in Georgia. The crucial election of the war was at hand and all over America men held their breath, fearing—or hoping as the case might be—that Lincoln would be defeated and therewith the war for the preservation of the Union ended ingloriously. A vital link in the serpentine chain with which the Union government was slowly squeezing the life out of the Confederacy was the thousand-mile blockade of the southern coast line. If this were broken, permitting the Confederacy access to the outside world, the Union cause would inevitably fail.

For a little time it seemed the Confederacy possessed an instrument adequate to break the blockade. A few miles up the Roanoke River lay the ironclad ram *Albemarle*, built in the style of the famous *Merrimac* which had been sunk two years before in the duel with the *Monitor* which revolutionized the art of naval warfare. Before the prowess of the *Albemarle* the wooden ships of the blockading Federal fleet were as helpless as children contending with a powerful man. In April, 1864, the ram attacked and captured the town of Plymouth near the head of Albemarle Sound, having beaten off the entire Union fleet and sunk one of its best vessels. A month later she again challenged and defeated single-handed a fleet of seven wooden vessels, sinking one of them that vainly essayed to ram her beneath the water line. Some means must be found to stay her career, if the Federal blockade was to be maintained.

The man and the measure adequate to the emergency were at hand. A Wisconsin youth of twenty-two, Lieut. William B. Cushing

[1] "Some Reminiscences of Noted Men and Times," read before the Lebanon County Historical Society, Feb. 21, 1918, by Capt. H. M. M. Richards.

of Delafield, approached Admiral Lee with the cool proposal that he be permitted to go out in a small steam launch and affix a torpedo to the *Albemarle* which on exploding would sink her. The character of this proposal is best appreciated in light of the fact that the *Albemarle* lay eight miles up the Roanoke River, its banks patrolled by watchful pickets, who would be almost certain to discover and destroy the hostile launch; moreover, the *Albemarle* had been surrounded by a protecting boom of logs chained together so as to hold off any approaching craft.

Desperate situations justify desperate measures, however, and the necessary consent was given. The fourteen men selected to go with Cushing were warned that death would almost certainly be their fate, even if successful; notwithstanding, so eager were men to share in the enterprise that some of those passed by vainly offered a month's pay to their more fortunate shipmates for the privilege of exchanging places with them. On the night of October 27 the tiny launch stole up the river, and, undiscovered, drew near the ram. A watchful lookout now gave the alarm, but under a storm of shot and shell the launch charged full at the boom and succeeded in breasting it. While successive bullets tore through his clothing Cushing carefully adjusted to the ram's side the delicate machinery of the torpedo and discharged it. A great mass of water spouted into the air, overwhelming his little vessel, but giving evidence at the same time that the torpedo had done its appointed work. Cushing now ordered his men to save themselves and under cover of the night they plunged into the water.

Eleven of them were picked up by a Confederate launch. Cushing himself, determined not to be captured, struck out for the opposite shore. He reach it so exhausted that he collapsed half in mud and half in water. Here he lay until daylight, when under the spur of danger of discovery he dragged himself into a near-by swamp. During the day he made his way down the river, found a skiff, and under cover of darkness the night following the sinking of the *Albemarle* paddled to a Federal picket vessel. He had only strength left to hail it when he again collapsed. From the bottom of his boat he was tenderly and joyously lifted by admiring comrades who for

twenty-four hours had believed him to be lying at the bottom of Roanoke River. Rockets were sent up from every ship in the Sound and cheer upon cheer rent the air.

Republics are sometimes ungrateful, but not always. The public congratulations of the navy department were tendered Cushing; he was given a vote of thanks by Congress upon the written recommendation of President Lincoln, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander. In recent years the state of Wisconsin has erected an imposing monument at their Waukesha County home in honor of Commander Cushing and his two spirited brothers. Those who would know more about their story may find in every public library of the state the book *Three Wisconsin Cushings*, published by the Wisconsin History Commission.

The tiny launch which bore Lieutenant Cushing on his eventful night journey up the Roanoke was doomed to a second sinking, sadder and more tragic than the first. Retrieved by the Union forces the launch was sent as a relic to Annapolis. "One day (about 1867 or 1868, I do not have the exact time)," writes Captain Richards, "while in the bathhouse, I heard a terrific explosion, rushed to the window, and was just in time to see a cloud of vapor and smoke in the river where the launch had gone with a party of officers and its crew for some purpose. It is not known what caused the accident. Many were killed or drowned, and I was present when the living, who had been rescued, were brought ashore suffering untold agony. The boat, which had been sunk in its attack on the *Albemarle*, had again gone to a watery grave."

THE QUESTION BOX

The Wisconsin Historical Library has long maintained a bureau of historical information for the benefit of those who care to avail themselves of the service it offers. In "The Question Box" will be printed from time to time such queries, with the answers made to them, as possess sufficient general interest to render their publication worth while.

THE WISCONSIN HOME OF FRANCES E. WILLARD

In writing a life of Frances E. Willard I find a question or two coming out of the residence of her family in Janesville, Wisconsin. The family came to live on a farm on the Rock River about three miles south of Janesville in the spring of 1846. I understand that the agitation for statehood was taking place in 1847. Am I right about that? Mr. Willard was a member of the Wisconsin legislature the winter of 1848-49. Am I right in that, also? Was he a member of the first meeting of legislature in the state? He is said to have been one of thirteen "Free Soilers" who first in Wisconsin appeared in politics. Is that also the fact? He is said also to have taken part in some temperance legislation during the time he was in the legislature. Could you tell me what temperance legislation was enacted during the time he was in the legislature? Still another question: Mr. Willard (Josiah Flint Willard was his name) took up about one thousand acres of land. Could you tell me about the value average of cost in that year 1846?

The journals of Miss Willard, begun when she was a mere child, interest me immensely. It seems to me that it might be worth while to print them entirely. They would, it seems to me, cast a great deal of light upon the conditions in that state and in fact in any edge of the wave of immigration as it passed on westward. Her father was in relation with the Smithsonian Institution and through that she became interested in weather and meteorological matters and records incidents accurately. The struggles of a family in the midst of early conditions are portrayed in artless but sometimes very tragic expression. I wonder if there is in Wisconsin any society that publishes such records? I am sure the literary executors would be willing if I urged it. The journals are in my hands at present. Perhaps you could tell me the name of some person or society to address in regard to this.

MARTHA FOOTE CROWE, *Chicago.*

We are much interested in what you say of the Willards' Wisconsin life, and will be glad to give you all the information in our power. Miss Willard in her autobiography speaks of her father's interest in the *History of Rock County* which he was writing. A copy of that book, in our possession, affords much material on the Willard farm, and on Mr. Willard's activities. The book is entitled *History of Rock County and Transactions of the Rock County Agricultural Society and Mechanics' Institute.* Edited and compiled by Orrin Guernsey & Josiah F. Willard. Published by the Rock County Agricultural Society and Mechanics' Institute, Janesville, Wis.: Wm. M. Doty and Brother, Printers, 1856. The book was published according to a resolution of the society, signed by a committee of five, of which Mr. Willard was the chairman.

A careful examination of the contents leads us to the supposition that in the division of the work, Mr. Guernsey, who was one of the Willards' nearest neighbors, undertook the editing of Part I, the history of the county, while Mr. Willard compiled Part II, the records of the Rock County Agricultural Society and Mechanics' Institute. In his description of Rock Township (range twelve east, town two north) the author in speaking of its earliest settlement says: "D. Hume built a very respectable boat [1836] at what was known as 'Hume's wharf,' on Sec. 10, now the farm of J. F. Willard" (p. 145). Again: "In 1841 J. F. Willard bought Mr. Warren's claim in Sec. 10, where he now resides." This raises the question whether Mr. Willard did not visit Wisconsin and make the purchase at the time he went to Oberlin to live, holding it until he was ready to remove and settle in our state. Of course the date 1841 may be a typographical error, but there are few such in the book, and the authors would probably know when Mr. Willard bought his land. The writer continues: "The first 'breaking' [plowing prairie soil] done in the town or in the county, was on the N. W. qr. of Sec. 11, upon the farm of J. F. Willard, by Mr. John Inman, in the spring of 1836. It was 'cropped' with buckwheat and produced a fair yield" (p. 147).

"The number of farms in this town is 105. Hon. J. F. Willard resides in this town. He represented his Assembly district in the

Legislature of 1849." Among the town officers J. F. Willard was superintendent [of schools] in 1854 and in 1855. In listing the larger farms of the township (p. 152) Mr. Willard's name heads the list with the following statistics:

128 acres under cultivation
550 bushels of wheat
1600 bushels of corn
1200 bushels of oats
300 bushels of rye
100 bushels of potatoes
3 horses
25 cattle
150 sheep
25 swine.

Turning to the second part of the book one finds that Mr. Willard was largely instrumental in organizing in 1851 the Rock County Agricultural Society. He was one of the committee to draft a constitution, and was elected recording secretary at the same meeting, January, 1851. The next meeting held in February he attended and was one of a committee of five to draft by-laws. The county fair was held October 1, 1851; Mr. Willard was a judge of one of the sections. He read before the society in September, 1851, an essay on "Education of Farmers." This is given in full (pp. 227-30). In it he advocates a liberal education for the farmer as well as for the man who adopts the so-called learned professions. His mind should be disciplined, cultivated, and elevated. The farming interest is the base of all civilization; farming should advance in respectability. It is not vocational education he advocates, but the "virtue and intelligence" of the rural population.

At the annual meeting December 1, 1851, Mr. J. F. Willard was chosen president. His presidential address (pp. 233-39) is a very practical talk to his fellow farmers. He says the first error into which many have fallen is the buying of too much land; even if it is all paid for it is a mistake to hold too much; fences, taxes, etc., eat up profits. (Is this perhaps from his own experience?) He also advises a more diversified farming, too much wheat growing being disastrous; he advocates the cultivation of fruit trees, and trees for timber, citing Sir Walter Scott on the planting of trees. At the fair that year (1852) Mr. Willard took a prize for the best draught

mare, the best bull calf, the best six turkeys, and for "good specimens of Irish pink-eyed potatoes of extraordinary size." In the Ladies' department Mrs. J. F. Willard had a premium for the "best bouquet of flowers" and in the Farms and Garden section J. F. Willard took first prize for both. The following is an extract from the report of the committee, J. P. Wheeler, and E. A. Foote, appointed to examine Farms and Gardens.

The committee visited the farm and flower garden of J. F. Willard, Esq., of Rock. The farm is situated on the east side of Rock River, about two miles below Janesville, and contains about three hundred and forty acres, with a road running from north to south through it, leaving about one hundred acres west of the road, and near the road, are located the farm buildings, consisting of an ordinary sized dwelling, known as the "Forest Cottage," neatly constructed, and admirably arranged for utility and convenience, while within, there seems to be "a place for everything and everything in its place."

There is also a horse-barn, granary, and other outbuildings, the arrangements of which are in excellent taste. On the top of the horse-barn is an observatory, from which the proprietor can at any time overlook the whole premises, and from which a magnificent view can be obtained of one of those beautiful landscapes, so characteristic of Rock County, and stretching for miles in every direction. There is also, on this part of the farm, a fruit garden, containing a large number of thrifty young trees, well cultivated, among which your committee noticed the Peach, Plum, Cherry, Apple, Siberian Crab, &c., all of which, together with the buildings, are judiciously arranged, exhibiting evidence of skill and taste worthy of imitation. This part of the farm is mostly covered with oak openings, and is used mostly for pasturage, furnishing a delightful shade for building and stock. It is watered by Rock River, which forms its western boundary.

On the east side of the road, the land is mostly prairie—nearly level—with about two hundred and forty acres enclosed in one field. The committee noticed about a mile of living fence, mostly locusts, with a piece of native thorn fence; the balance of about two miles consists of rails, stakes with capping, timber set in a trench, &c. There are a few acres of locusts sown broadcast for timber. There is also a thrifty young orchard, of about one hundred and fifty apple trees, doing well, and a moveable granary, which can easily be removed to any part of the farm, to receive the grain when threshed, thereby saving a great amount of labor in the hurrying time of harvest, by avoiding the necessity of hauling grain a great distance to any given point. We also noticed the arrangement of crops, such as corn, oats, wheat, beautiful fields of clover, timothy, &c., all evincing taste in their arrangement, while the excellent state of cultivation of the farm denotes energy and skill in execution. On the whole, the committee consider this farm a very good model.

The committee also examined the flower garden of Mr. Willard, where we found the Native and White Cedar, the English, American, Norway and Balsam Firs, the Scotch Pine, the Mountain Ash, the Golden Willow, the Horse Chestnut, the Cypress vine, three varieties of Honeysuckles, the Flowering Almond, double and single Michigan Roses, the Canary Bird Flower, and about thirty varieties of Dahlias; among which are "George IV," "Russell Anna," and a thousand et ceteras, delightful to the eye and deliciously odorous, all tastefully arranged, and giving unmistakable evidence, in many instances, of the care of a softer hand, a finer touch than that of the "lords of creation." Flowers and shrubbery intermingled so as to present a tasteful appearance, as there were, should be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. Willard in December, 1852, was reëlected president and chosen one of three delegates to an agricultural convention to be held at Madison in January, 1853. His presidential address was delivered at the annual fair, held at Janesville, October 6, 1853. In it he urges the farmers to prepare for good times, citing the fact that access to markets via the railroad had changed all their interests. He again urged more diversified farming, and advocated the raising of cattle, sheep, and hogs, and especial attention to the dairy interests. At that same year's fair Mrs. Willard was chairman of the judges in the millinery, dressmaking, and plain needlework section.

At the next year's fair (1854) Mr. Willard was chosen superintendent of the fair grounds, took a premium for a "pair of white Shanghais," and for the "best show of plums."

The records of the society do not come down later than 1855. Mr. Willard was treasurer for that year and was appointed on several committees.

There seems to have been a group of very intelligent and thoughtful farmers living in the Willard neighborhood. Most of the early settlers of Rock County were New England people with a high average of education and ability. The Hodges and Burdicks Miss Willard has herself described. Upon a map of 1858 the farm of J. G. Knoepfel, sliced off from Mr. Willard's farmstead, is shown. On this same map the little brown schoolhouse is indicated on the Hodge property, with the farms of the Hoveys and Inmans near. The Hayners lived on the west side of the river, as did also the Washburn and Sears families. The Burdicks came in 1850 from Rensselaer County, New York.

Mr. Sutherland, whom Miss Willard names as her father's friend, was probably James Sutherland, of Janesville, a prominent merchant of the place, who had a bookstore and stationery shop; he was a Free Soiler and a temperance advocate, a prominent educator, the founder of Wisconsin's normal school system, and a prominent member of the Congregational Church at Janesville.

The first constitutional convention to prepare for statehood met at Madison October 5, 1846, and adjourned December 16 of the same year. It was an able body of men, one hundred and twenty-four in number, and represented the best elements in the territory. The Janesville district was represented by A. Hyatt Smith, later attorney-general of the territory, a prominent and enterprising Democrat. The first constitution was rejected by the people because of clauses prohibiting banking, making homestead exemptions for insolvent debtors, and establishing a married woman's rights to her own property. The question of negro suffrage, which was a burning one in the territory, was left to a separate vote, the five thousand that endorsed it being the measure of the Liberty party's strength in the community. The second convention met November 29, 1847, and was a much smaller body, sixty-nine in number. The second constitution was less radical than the first and was adopted by a large majority. May 29, 1848 Congress formally admitted Wisconsin to statehood. The first legislature was held in the summer of that year, so that it was the second state legislature to which Mr. Willard was elected, November 5, 1848. The antislavery cause had made great strides in that campaign. The Free Soil party was organized at the Buffalo convention in August of that year. In July, 1848, a call was issued for a convention to meet on the twenty-eighth at Janesville to elect delegates to the National Convention at Buffalo. It was said that the Democracy of Rock County had the Van Buren fever strong. They called themselves "Barnburners," a New York State nickname, and the party's organ in Wisconsin was the former abolitionist paper, transformed into the *Wisconsin Barnburner*. The Free Soil movement was especially strong in the southeastern counties settled by New Yorkers and New Englanders. They succeeded in electing their candidate for Congress, Charles Durkee, of Kenosha, the first Free Soiler to enter the national legislature.

Mr. Willard was nominated and elected to the state legislature on the Free Soil ticket. Apparently he had been before this time a Democrat. There were five assemblymen from Rock County, of whom the Democrats elected three and the Free Soilers two. There were sixteen Free Soilers elected from the entire state to the assembly and three to the senate. The assembly began at Madison January 10 and adjourned April 2, 1849. It was a strong antislavery body, although the Democratic senator, Isaac P. Walker, was reëlected. Mr. Willard cast his vote for Byron Kilbourn, the Free Soil candidate. The legislature on February 8, 1849, instructed its congressional representatives by a joint resolution to oppose all bills for organizing New Mexico or California unless they contained a clause forever forbidding slavery. Another joint resolution was passed to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; and on March 31 a vote of censure was passed against Senator Walker for his vote in the senate on the Wilmot proviso, and his resignation was demanded. Practically all parties in Wisconsin were at this time antislavery, but the Free Soilers had absorbed most of the Abolitionists and Liberty party men and were more radical than the regular Whigs and Democrats.

With regard to the temperance movement in Wisconsin we have less information. There was considerable agitation of local option during the territorial period. In the legislature of which Mr. Willard was a member a bill was introduced to abolish all licenses for liquor selling. It did not pass, and as no vote is recorded Mr. Willard's attitude is not a matter of record. It was fathered, apparently, by Samuel D. Hastings, later a well-known temperance advocate. About 1852 a strong attempt was made to pass a "Maine law" in the Wisconsin legislature; but we have no information what part Mr. Willard took in these activities, aside from the general supposition that he was interested in reforms.

It may be of interest to know that the legislature to which Mr. Willard belonged passed a married woman's property act, along the lines of the provision rejected in the first constitution.

THE WISCONSIN STATE FOREST RESERVE

I understand that there is a monograph or pamphlet or small book treating of the record in this state as to the sale of the forest school

lands. I have been told that at one time, perhaps twenty or thirty years ago, the national government offered several thousand acres to the state to be put with certain state lands and form a Forest Reserve, but that certain influences prevented the state from accepting the proposed gifts of lands for this purpose from the national government; and also at that time, or shortly after, procured legislation authorizing the sale of extensive areas of forest lands, belonging to the state for the benefit of the school funds.

I may not have the tale exactly correct, but this is substantially as I recollect it. What can you supply me in the way of information on this general topic, either the pamphlet referred to, or in other form?

C. G. Pearse
State Normal School, Milwaukee

We have not been able to locate any such pamphlet as you mention. You know, doubtless, the monograph of George W. Knight on *Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory*, but that was published in 1885, and evidently the transactions of which you speak were of a later date. The following is all the information we can find concerning forest lands, but so far as we have discovered there was no improper use of influence in their behalf.

In 1878 over fifty thousand acres in twenty-four separated townships in northern Wisconsin were set apart for a state park. The name was a misnomer; the reservation was intended to protect the headwaters of certain streams that drain into the Mississippi, and was made at the instance of United States government engineers. The Wisconsin land commissioners disapproved of the reservation because without their consent school lands were withdrawn amounting to at least nine per cent of the total reserve. In 1880 a similar withdrawal was made of lands at the headwaters of the Chippewa, and for the same purpose. This time the commissioners were consulted and consented to reserve from the school funds 31,402 acres. They, however, did not approve of the policy of such diversions, and respectfully suggested that such "should be studiously inquired into before legislative action, if not refused."

Whether this was some kind of a political job or not, in the end it proved much to the advantage of the school funds. The state park lands first falling into Lincoln, then into Oneida County, then into Vilas and Iron counties, as new divisions were successively created, amounted in 1896 to 55,932.75 acres. By a law of 1897 the commissioners were empowered to cause an estimate to be made of the

value both of the lands and of timber thereon. The estimate was placed at $346,000, whereas, if sold under the old law, they would have brought but $81,730. The Chippewa reserve did not have as satisfactory a settlement. In 1882 the reserve was thrown open and the lands sold at the usual price.

The abandonment of the state park reserve in 1897 may have been at the instance of the lumber barons, but, if so, it does not appear upon the surface. It was found that roads and dams within the reserve were decaying; that the danger of fire was very great; and that the best interests of the state would be served by the sale of the lands. At any rate the method of selling the school lands portion secured what was no doubt good value for both lands and timber, averaging $10.40 per acre. In fact it shows what might have been accomplished with all the school lands if they had not been used to attract immigrants rather than to build up a great school fund.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE DUTCH SETTLEMENTS OF SHEBOYGAN COUNTY

Some months ago there was placed in my hands a separate from the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY for March, 1918, entitled "The Dutch Settlers of Sheboygan County," by Sipko F. Rederus. The author deserves credit for his painstaking portrayal of these Dutch pioneers. Since I long ago served as pastor of the Reformed Church of Oostburg, Sheboygan County, I wish to make a few additional statements, and develop somewhat more fully than Mr. Rederus has done the history of these Dutch settlements.

To this end it will not be out of place to take a brief survey of the Hollanders in America. The first Dutch settlement was founded at New Amsterdam (now New York) not long after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. The settlers were a religious people of the Calvinistic type. Soon after taking possession of Manhattan Island they organized a church. They felt the need of church life and work, not only, but of the religious education of their children; so the minister and the schoolmaster were found side by side. Thus began what is now the oldest and wealthiest (in proportion to the size) of all ecclesiastical bodies in America; for generous legacies were left to the Dutch churches of New York which at present yield large incomes.

Soon other Dutch settlements sprang up along the Hudson River, on Long Island and in New Jersey, which for many years held tenaciously to the Dutch language and customs. I have more than once met descendants of these first Dutch settlers in the East, able to speak the language as it was spoken three hundred years ago in the Netherlands.

But as New Amsterdam was seized by the English in 1664, emigration from Holland to this country ceased for a long time. In 1846, however, by reason of hard times and religious oppression of those who had separated from the state church, emigration to America was renewed on a large scale. Since then large numbers of Dutch have made their permanent homes in this country. They are found

in nearly every state of the Union; they are, however, more numerous in Michigan and Iowa than in any other state.

These later immigrants to America for the greater part naturally joined the Dutch Reformed Church, which they regarded as the church of their forefathers. Although this church is spoken of by Reverend Rederus and many others not belonging to its fellowship as the Dutch Reformed, in fact it no longer bears this name. What was once the Dutch Reformed Church dropped the word "Dutch" some fifty years ago to make it appear a purely American organization. It is now known as the Reformed Church in America. About the same time the German Reformed Church followed suit by doing away with the word "German," thus becoming the Reformed Church in the United States.

The Reformed Church in America is closely assimilated to the Presbyterian Church in doctrine and polity. It is an intensely American body, though hailing from the land of dikes and dunes. In this respect it differs from the Christian Reformed Church, a much smaller organization. The latter seceded from the Reformed Church more than fifty years ago, and holds on more persistently to the customs and usages of the old country, sometimes speaking of itself as the "immigrant" church. It advocates, among other things, the so-called Christian school system, considering our public schools as godless. This must necessarily have a sectarian tendency. The Reformed Church is broad in its sympathies toward all Christian denominations, while the Christian Reformed stands aloof under the idea that in its isolation consists its strength.

The first Dutch settlers in Sheboygan County arrived in 1846 and 1847. The different elements among them coming from different provinces in the old country were difficult to harmonize, but, believing religion to be necessary to the stability and permanence of society, these pioneers strove to reconcile their divergent ideas and interests, seeking to promote their welfare spiritually as well as in material respects. These things Mr. Rederus has brought out clearly in his narrative. He tells us that Reverend Zonne founded the first Presbyterian Church among the Hollanders in Sheboygan County. It was at first a small, struggling congregation, and thus it remained for some time; later, under the leadership of the Rev. J. I. Fles, it

enjoyed a remarkable development. Mr. Fles was a young man from the Netherlands with the qualifications and tact requisite for the accomplishment of such a work. Although the Presbyterian Church was thus the first one established among the Dutch of Sheboygan County, the majority of the settlers belonged to the Reformed denomination. There are also in the county a few who adhere to the Christian Reformed Church.

The second church organized among the Sheboygan Dutch was the Reformed Church of Oostburg, four and a half miles north on the Sauk trail. The Rev. K. Van der Schuur was its first minister, serving for a number of years. From this organization later sprang the Presbyterian Church of Oostburg. It owes its origin to a vagrant preacher by the name of Jacob De Roo. He came from Paterson, New Jersey, where he had had charge of an independent church, and was wandering through the West in search of another field of labor. Reverend Van der Schuur's church seemed to offer a tempting bait. When the doors of the church were not opened to him, Reverend De Roo began to preach in barns, and by his eloquence and flattering manners ingratiated himself with the people. As a consequence, more than half of Reverend Van der Schuur's congregation seceded and soon organized a Presbyterian Church there. There are thus but two Presbyterian churches among the Dutch of Sheboygan County—the Cedar Grove church and that of Oostburg—both in the township of Holland. On the other hand, there are several Reformed Churches scattered through the county, viz.: at Cedar Grove, Oostburg, Gibbsville, Hingham, Sheboygan City, and Sheboygan Falls. These church societies are, on the whole, strong and influential in the community, with fine church buildings and parsonages.

Finally, for a number of years the Reformed Church has been maintaining at Cedar Grove a flourishing classical academy, whose doors are open to both sexes. Seeing the need of such an institution, the Dutch settlers contributed liberally for its endowment. Many of its graduates have pursued college courses elsewhere, and some are today filling important positions as ministers of the gospel, and as teachers in our public schools and higher institutions of learning.

REV. JOHN HOFFMAN,
Cawker City, Kansas

COMMENT ON "A VOICE FROM GERMANY"

It is only today that I have had time to read the translation of my cousin's letter in the Wisconsin Historical Magazine. Seeing it thus after an interval makes it more strongly apparent how complete was the German Government's preparation of its people for the idea of a necessary war. There must have been hundreds of similar letters written about the same time. I saw several such myself, and received one addressed to me by a Munich physician, which had an entirely similar tone. I now much regret that I destroyed it.

The translation is on the whole admirably done. I hope you will not mind if I allow myself a few criticisms of it. In the first place, as printed the letter is signed George Wagner. My cousin's name is Georg, and should have remained so. You would not write Jacob Marquette, even in an English document. Secondly, in the twelfth line from the top on page 156, the translation says: "Treacherous Albion." Does not the original say: "das perfide Albion"? And if so, is there any reason why this should be rendered otherwise than by the classic "Perfidious Albion"?

These criticisms are trivial. There is one other that is of real importance. In the translation the letter is dated from Cologne. You will find that the original says: Calw. Calw (the name is one of two or three words in the German language where the W is pronounced like a B) is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants in the Black Forest, some twenty miles west of Stuttgart. Were this letter from a manufacturer in Cologne, its tone would naturally be what it is, for Cologne is Prussian to the core, and reactionary. But it is exactly its evidence that Prussianism was so carefully instilled into the minds of leaders in even the remote centers of industry in easy-going, good-natured South Germany, that makes this letter of any importance.

Yours sincerely,

George Wagner.

Madison, Wisconsin, February 9, 1919.

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

From the time of making the last report down to April 10, 1919, forty-eight persons were received into membership in the State Historical Society. Twelve of these are life members: Otto Gaffron, Plymouth; Gritli Gattiker, Baraboo; Luise Gattiker, Baraboo; W. H. Hyde, Milwaukee; G. L. Lacher, Chicago; Warren J. Mead, Madison; Ludington Patton, Milwaukee; Louis Van Ess, Milwaukee; George Wagner, Madison; Julia Weinbrenner, Wauwatosa; Alexander Winchell, Madison; Franklin J. Wood, Grand Rapids.

Martin Schrank, Ashland, has changed from an annual to a life member, and the City Club of Milwaukee has been received into institutional membership.

The new annual members are: K. K. Amundson, Cambridge; H. L. Atkins, Madison; W. E. Babcock, Honey Creek; R. L. Benjamin, Waukesha; John Brehm, Waukesha; Charles J. Brewer, Eau Claire; Rev. R. A. Chase, Platteville; John F. Conant, Two Rivers; R. J. Diekelmann, Minneapolis; John L. Grindell, Platteville; Frank W. Hall, Madison; T. W. Hamilton, Berlin; M. A. Jacobson, Waukesha; Arthur James, Oshkosh; Carl G. Johnson, Eau Claire; Frederick Klaus Jr., Winneconne; Henry Krumrey, Plymouth; Otto Lacher, Detroit, Mich.; Norman T. Lund, Huron, N. Dak.; Mrs. H. H. Morgan, Madison; C. A. Nehs, Waukesha; Mrs. Charles E. Nelson, Waukesha; Grattan W. Norris, Waukesha; A. F. Olson, Cambridge; E. F. Potter, Cambridge; Chester Rohn, Milwaukee; G. B. Rusco, West Bend; Thomas Scholl, Milwaukee; Rev. G. C. Story, Ripon; Mrs. Homer Sylvester, Montfort; Fredrik L. Tronsdal, Eau Claire; John A. Week, Hollywood, Cal.; Martha G. Week, Stevens Point; Joseph E. Wildish, Milwaukee; Colin W. Wright, St. Paul, Minn.

Judge William J. Turner, of Milwaukee, a member of the State Historical Society, died suddenly of apoplexy at his home on February 15, aged seventy-one years. Judge Turner was born at Waukesha in 1848, his grandfather having removed thither from New York in 1839. The late Judge's family has participated creditably in the development of this country for several generations. On both the maternal and the paternal side his ancestors served in the Revolution; his father was a member of the Wisconsin constitutional convention. The Judge was long an active participant in educational and civic affairs.

Volume XXVI of the Society's *Collections* came from the press early in April, and should be in the hands of our readers in advance of this number of the Magazine. The volume is the first in the new constitutional series, whose contents are devoted to elucidating the history of our state constitution. Three more volumes will complete the series. One of these has been in the printer's hands since November, and may perhaps be expected from the press some time in the autumn. The final editorial touches are now being given the last two volumes. They should go to the printer before June and issue from the press some time next winter. The annual *Proceedings* of the Society for 1918 came from the press the first week in April. It is a pamphlet of fifty-three pages, devoted to the usual annual report of the Society's operations. Mr. Theodore Blegen's archival report, which the printer has had under way since May, 1918, is expected from the press momentarily. Under preparation at the present writing are Miss Kellogg's comprehensive history of early Wisconsin, and Mrs. Levi's combined history of the press of Wisconsin and checklist of Wisconsin newspapers. Arrangements have been made for Prof. Martha Edwards of Lake Erie College to spend the summer and autumn in the employ of the Society putting the concluding touches on her study of religious activities among the Indians, which the Society has long looked forward to publishing in its series of *Studies*.

The biennial appropriation by the legislature for the support of the Society is given under the three heads of operation, property repairs and maintenance, and capital. The respective sums granted annually for the biennium ending July 1, 1919, are $52,000, $780, and $8,200. The 1919 legislature has provided annually for the biennium, which begins July 1, 1919, $54,000 for operation, $1,000 for repairs and maintenance, and $8,200 for capital. Thus the total annual appropriation for the support of the Society is $63,200, an increase of $2,200 over the appropriation now current. Several other measures before the 1919 legislature affect the historical interests of the state. One provides for a War History Commission charged with the preparing of an official history of Wisconsin's part in the World War. For this purpose $10,000 annually for two years is appropriated. This bill is sponsored by the State Council of Defense and the State Historical Society. It has the approval of the Governor and it seems difficult to believe that the legislature will fail to pass it. Two other bills, sponsored by Mr. P. V. Lawson, and animated by the theory that the affairs of the Society are not being efficiently or properly administered, are before the legislature. In response to the request of representatives of the Society, a joint legislative committee has been authorized to inquire into the conduct

of its affairs. We forbear comment until the committee shall have made its report.

Three years ago, through the intervention of the Michigan Historical Commission, the Society was enabled to procure from the owners, for the purpose of copying, the valuable letter books of the American Fur Company still preserved at Mackinac. The books then procured covered approximately the ten-year period from 1815 to 1825, and their contents constituted a rich addition to the material in the Library dealing with the fur trade. Photostat copies of these books were made for our own Library and for three sister institutions—the Michigan Historical Commission, the Chicago Historical Society, and the University of Illinois.

More recently, again through the intervention of the Michigan Historical Commission, the Society has secured the loan from another Michigan citizen of still another volume in the Mackinac letter book series of the American Fur Company. The contents of this volume cover the years 1823 to 1830, and so supplement admirably the contents of the volumes previously copied. Six sets of photostatic copies of this book were made during the winter—one for each of the institutions noted above as subscribing for the earlier records, and in addition for the Library of Congress and the Minnesota Historical Society.

The foregoing items concerning the reproduction of valuable historical records by photographic process illustrate one of the most remarkable aids to the progress of historical scholarship which has been developed for many years. It is a matter of just pride we believe to the membership of the Wisconsin Historical Society that this organization was one of the earliest pioneers in this field of work; indeed it is still a pioneer, for even now but few institutions in the United States are equipped to do the work our own Society has for several years been doing in this field. How competent experts regard this service is shown by the following resolution which was voted unanimously at the annual conference of directors of historical work in the states of the Northwest held at Chicago in December, 1918:

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE CONFERENCE OF DIRECTORS OF STATE HISTORICAL WORK IN THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 7, 1918

WHEREAS the State Historical Society of Wisconsin possesses a photostat for the copying of manuscripts, newspapers, and other records by photographic process, and employs a skilled workman to operate the same; and WHEREAS the Society offers to place these facilities freely at the disposal of

historical institutions and scholars for the reproduction of records for scholarly use,

Resolved, unanimously, That we view with approval this attitude on the part of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. We regard the service it proffers as a real aid to the development of mid-western historical scholarship, and cordially recommend to owners of manuscripts or newspaper files that they coöperate with the Society in its efforts to render such records more generally accessible to scholars by granting the Society permission to make copies of these records for placing in historical and other libraries which may have need of them.

SOLON J. BUCK
Secretary

On August 11, 1787, at Lexington, Kentucky, was issued the *Kentucke Gazette,* the first newspaper published west of the Allegheny Mountains. For several years it had no competitor, and for many years it continued to be an important diary of events in the West. So completely has this earliest western paper disappeared that but one important file is known to be still in existence. This is owned, appropriately enough, by the Lexington Public Library. Some time since the librarian of the University of Michigan obtained permission from the Lexington Library authorities to make a photostatic copy of the *Gazette* with a view to placing reproductions of it in the leading American libraries. Seventeen institutions subscribed for transcripts of the paper, among them being the Wisconsin Historical Society. The first installment of the work, comprising the period from August, 1787, to August, 1791, has at length been received; additional installments will be made as rapidly as practicable until each of the subscribing libraries shall have a photostatic facsimile of the complete file of this rare and historically valuable paper. While the original file will always possess chief sentimental value, for practical purposes of consultation and research the photostatic reproductions are quite as accurate and valuable as the original. Henceforth the *Kentucke Gazette* will be at the command of thousands of students who could never have consulted it if compelled to make the journey to the one original file at Lexington.

Through the kindness of Mr. Wingfield Watson of Burlington the collection of Wisconsin newspapers in the Historical Library has been enriched by the addition of a long run of one of the rarest and most interesting of American newspapers. Readers of Henry E. Legler's sketch, "A Moses of the Mormons," in the Parkman Club Publications two decades ago are familiar with the remarkable career of Wisconsin's Mormon prophet, J. J. Strang, who claimed to be the divinely ordained successor to Joseph Smith. Strang established two chosen cities, one called Voree, near Burlington, Wisconsin, the other on Beaver Island near the upper end of Lake Michigan. At the latter place he assumed the title of king, founded the kingdom of

St. James, and supported a royal press. Kingdom and king alike came to a sudden and violent end in June, 1856, when Strang was shot from ambush by a brace of cowardly assassins, and following this his subjects were driven into exile by a mob of neighboring fishermen. At Voree, beginning in 1845, Strang published for more than four years a weekly paper (monthly during the first year) styled variously the Voree *Herald*, *Zion's Reveille*, and the *Gospel Herald*. Upon removal to Beaver Island he began the issuance of the *Northern Islander*. This was supposed to be a weekly, but it was discontinued during the long period of winter isolation of the Islanders from contact with the outside world, and toward the end a few issues of a daily edition were put out. In all 180 numbers of the Voree *Herald* were issued, and 90 numbers of the *Northern Islander*. Both are excessively rare; indeed, so far as known no one has a complete file of either paper, and it is doubtful whether all copies of some issues have not ceased to exist. The Wisconsin Historical Library has long had some sixty scattering issues of the Voree *Herald*, but no single issue of the *Northern Islander*. Probably the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints at Lamoni, Iowa, has some issues of Strang's press, but positive information on this point is not at hand. Mr. Watson, still after sixty years of exile and tribulation as firm a believer as ever in Strang's divine calling, has exerted himself through many years to secure and preserve the files of his papers. As a result he has succeeded in collecting 152 numbers of the *Herald* and 72 numbers of the *Northern Islander*. In his file of the *Herald* together with the file owned by the Society are represented 162 of the total 180 issues of this paper. So far as present information goes, Mr. Watson's file of the *Northern Islander* is the only one in existence; as already noted it contains 72 of the total 90 numbers originally issued. These files have now been loaned by Mr. Watson to the Historical Society to permit the making of photostatic copies. Henceforth the Library's newspaper collection will be enriched by the possession of copies of all the papers owned by Mr. Watson which are not already represented by originals in the Society's file. It is already evident that in the light of these and other sources of information not available to Mr. Legler the story of King Strang's Mormon enterprise must be written anew.

Closely allied to the foregoing in interest and importance is a manuscript record also loaned by Mr. Watson for the purpose of copying. This is the "Chronicle of Voree," a portion of the official record of the church at Voree, covering the years 1844 to 1849. While this volume contains much that was also printed in the church paper, there is much additional historical material which for various reasons was not put into the paper. The original manuscript is one

of the sacred records of the now sadly-scattered church of Prophet Strang—a church whose few surviving followers still firmly believe will shortly be restored to power and glory, with its sacred city at Independence, Missouri, where shall be erected a temple more magnificent than that of King Solomon of old.

The State Historical Society Museum has in preparation several traveling loan exhibits illustrating pioneer domestic arts. These collections, which will be available for use by Wisconsin schools, are intended to be used by teachers in giving instruction in history. They will be encased in neat, convenient-sized wooden boxes, the specimens in each to consist of an old-fashioned candlestick, candle snuffer, candle mould, tin lantern, betty lamp, steelyard, flax cards, and other interesting objects to be found in early American households. The specimens selected for use are of an unbreakable character and sufficiently common to be readily replaced if lost; each one will be accompanied by printed matter descriptive of the manner of its use.

In a separate compartment in the case there will be placed a series of photographs illustrating the interior of a pioneer kitchen, its furniture, and utensils. Each of these also will be labeled with full information.

The Society hopes by means of these loan collections to extend still further the benefits of its museum to Wisconsin schools. Many pupils, often from distant points in the state, have been coming to Madison for purposes of instruction each year for a number of years. The loan collections are an experiment in this direction and, if successful, others will be prepared for circulation.

The exhibits are to be loaned on the application of principals and teachers for limited periods of time.

A full-length portrait of President Edward A. Birge of the University of Wisconsin, by Christian Abrahamsen, the Chicago portrait painter, is being exhibited in the auditorium of the State Historical Museum. This portrait, which was painted in a studio provided for the artist in North Hall, has received a very favorable reception from members of the University faculty and friends of the President. He is shown wearing his doctor's robe.

A portrait of Professor Joseph Jastrow, by the same artist, was also exhibited during the winter.

A number of exhibitions of paintings and drawings under the direction of the Madison Art Association in the Museum since the first of the year have been well attended and appreciated by the public. Special visits were made to these exhibits by the art classes of the University and of the Madison high school who on these occasions were given lectures and other instruction by their teachers.

The Association is now making an exhibit of fifty paintings and pen and ink drawings by Allied artists interned in Switzerland and twenty-three landscapes and other oils chiefly by George E. Browne and Eliot Clark.

Lieut. Ray E. Williams and Mr. Frank H. West have each made some important additions to the collections of European war materials deposited by them in the Historical Museum. Other interesting specimens have also been received from Mr. John R. Heddle and Mr. Christo Ganchoff, Wisconsin men who are members of the American Army of Occupation in Luxembourg and Germany. A particularly interesting gift is a fine neolithic flint hatchet obtained by Lieut. Harold Wengler of the 100th United States Aero Squadron at Notre Dame d'Öe, France. It was being used as a paper weight in the village grocery store. It was picked up in a field.

Lieut. Col. George E. Laidlaw of Victoria Road, Ontario, has continued to furnish examples of Canadian war posters as they appeared. These are exhibited in the Museum and then sent to the Society's manuscript department for cataloguing and filing. An interesting series of South African posters was obtained through the intervention of the same good friend.

Mr. Carl H. Johnson, Madison, has deposited in the Museum permits and other papers issued to him by the Bolshevik government in Russia in 1918. Another interesting Bolshevik proclamation has been received from Capt. Horatio Winslow who is serving with the Allied forces in Russia.

The collection of Wisconsin Indian quartzite implements of the late William H. Ellsworth, of Milwaukee, has been presented to the public museum of that city by his granddaughter, Mrs. Jane Asmuth. Mr. Frank G. Logan, of Chicago, has purchased and presented to the Logan Museum of Beloit College the archeological collection of some 3,000 stone and other implements of Mr. William H. Ekley, of Milwaukee. The heirs of Dr. Louis Falge, of Manitowoc, have given to the State Historical Museum a large part of the collection made by him from Indian village sites in Manitowoc County.

During the past fifteen years many members of the Wisconsin Archeological Society have presented or deposited their collections in Wisconsin public museums. As a result, the collections of this nature available to students in Wisconsin are now probably unequalled by any in the country.

At New London a public museum has been organized in connection with the public library with Mr. C. F. Carr as curator and Rev. F. S. Dayton as assistant curator.

With the other war activities of the state, in the main, declining in interest and importance, the work of the county war history com-

mittees may be said to be now at high tide. This increased activity is inspired in large part by the continuous home-coming of men from service overseas and the consequent possibility of completing individual records. The one great item of work is the preparation of the soldier record cards, which calls for much publicity, correspondence, telephoning, and personal calls to get the desired data. Many ingenious methods and agencies have been called into play to get these and other results. In some instances the work is done through the district schools; in others by the Red Cross home service sections; in some cities by women's clubs or war mothers making house to house canvasses; in some localities by the running of blank cards in the newspapers. At Ladysmith club rooms have been opened free to returning soldiers for some months and blanks are kept for obtaining individual records. At Baraboo, Manitowoc, and other places public-spirited photographers, in addition to making a free picture for each returning soldier who presents himself, also obtain his record for the history committee of the county. When this material shall have been secured many committees will give their attention to the indexing of their material, in which work a number have already made much headway. Most of the committees have received and filed the newspapers of their counties. Not all have been so successful in obtaining reports on war work by chairmen and secretaries of activities and many such could now be obtained only by personal interviews by experienced interviewers and investigators. It proves again that the work of collecting data was at least not begun too soon. A number of counties will also put their material into book form.

The state council and the state committee have not urged the writing of county histories of the war, but have emphasized rather the importance of collecting the thousand and one fleeting forms of material before they are lost forever. However, they have not discouraged such writing of county histories, and in a half dozen counties the history chairmen—in these instances more or less experienced historical writers—in addition to directing the collection of local material are at work on the preparation of county war histories.

In this great historical undertaking the state of Wisconsin has again proved to be a notable pioneer. If any state was in the field doing such work in advance of Wisconsin, it has not come to our knowledge. On the other hand, many neighboring states have adopted the Wisconsin plan, some in toto, others with inconsequential modifications. Many letters come to the State Historical Society calling for information concerning the Wisconsin method or outlines of the state's plan. In some states, unfortunately, the

work of collecting material, which has been so efficiently prosecuted in Wisconsin for over a year, is just now beginning and large appropriations are being made for the work which so far has been carried on here without pay by hundreds of patriotic volunteer workers.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters and the Wisconsin Archeological Society held a joint meeting at Milwaukee on Thursday and Friday, March 27 and 28, all of the sessions being held in the Milwaukee Public Museum and Library building. About fifty papers were presented at this meeting, which was attended by about one hundred members of the two organizations. Papers on Indian archeology and history were presented by Dr. Louise P. Kellogg, H. E. Cole, Dr. S. A. Barrett, Dr. A. Gerend, Dr. George L. Collie, C. E. Brown and others. On Thursday evening Major J. H. Mathews of the University of Wisconsin delivered a public lecture on "Gas Warfare," in which branch of military service he was recently employed.

This was the tenth annual meeting which the two societies have held. Next year the Academy will celebrate at Madison in an appropriate manner its fiftieth anniversary.

President E. A. Birge of the University of Wisconsin is the president of the Academy; among its organizers were Dr. Increase A. Lapham, Alexander Mitchell, Dr. Philo R. Hoy, and other prominent early residents of the state.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society held its annual meeting in the trustee room of the Public Museum at Milwaukee on Monday evening, March 17. Dr. Samuel A. Barrett was elected president of the state society; Dr. E. J. W. Notz, W. H. Vogel, George A. West, Milwaukee, A. T. Newman, Bloomer, and H. P. Hamilton, Two Rivers, vice presidents; and Joseph Ringeisen Jr., and Charles G. Schoewe, Milwaukee, directors. L. R. Whitney, Milwaukee, and Charles E. Brown, Madison, were reëlected to the offices of treasurer and secretary, respectively. These officers constitute the executive board of the society which has a large membership in Wisconsin and many members in adjoining states. At this meeting an illustrated lecture on "The Agriculture of the Arucanian Indians of Southern Chile" was delivered by Mr. D. S. Bullock of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Bullock served among these Indians for a period of ten years as an industrial missionary. There are about 125,000 of these Indians in southern Chile and the Argentine Republic.

Attractive exhibits of Wisconsin and other stone implements and ornaments were made at this meeting by several members of the society.

In the course of a number of years the society has been able to publish a number of monographs descriptive of the copper implements and ornaments, the grooved axes, spuds, ceremonial knives, flint perforators, sinkers, pipes, marine shell implements, bird and banner stones, trade implements, and other weapons, tools, and ornaments used by the early Indians of Wisconsin.

Stone Celts is the title of a new publication of the society, which is devoted to a description of the stone hatchets or tomahawks used by these Indians. It is estimated that several thousand of these interesting implements have been recovered from graves, mounds, and sites of Indian camps and villages during the past fifty years.

Five classes of these, classified according to their shape, comprise a number of odd and peculiar forms. Many of these are well made and ground or finely polished. A small number known as fluted celts have blades ornamented with longitudinal grooves. Celts were used by the Indians of the larger part of the United States for many purposes. The lighter ones bound to short wooden handles were used as hatchets or tomahawks in warfare or for killing game, for cutting down trees, splitting soft wood, cutting holes in the ice, and for general use about the wigwam. Celts weigh from less than a pound to from three to five pounds. Specimens weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds have been found. The largest known celt weighs forty pounds.

A series of experiments in photographing typical specimens of the ancient Indian effigy mounds of Wisconsin has been undertaken by Mr. George R. Fox, director of The Chamberlain Memorial Museum of Three Oaks, Michigan, who came to Wisconsin for this purpose in April. Advance plans for his work include visits to the turtle shaped mound on the Beloit College campus, the Fort Atkinson intaglio effigy recently permanently preserved by the ladies of that city, and other animal shaped earthworks at Lake Koshkonong, Madison, Baraboo, and other localities in southern Wisconsin. Among others to be visited was the famous man mound which was purchased and preserved some years ago in Man Mound park, at a distance of several miles from Baraboo, by the Wisconsin Archeological Society, Sauk County Historical Society, and History section of the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mr. Fox has been particularly successful in previous trials in securing good photographs of effigy mounds and of Indian garden beds by methods of his own. Of some of these pictures good lantern slides have been made. The low height, huge proportions, and environment of the effigy mounds make them particularly difficult to photograph, it being necessary to build a platform or to photograph them from the tops or branches of convenient trees.

At the time of going to press Mr. George B. Merrick, leading authority on Mississippi River steamboating history, lies seriously ill at his Madison residence, having recently suffered a stroke of paralysis. His illness checks for the time being the publication of a nearly completed series of historical papers on "Steamboats and Steamboatmen on the Upper Mississippi." These papers, which have been running in the weekly issues of the Burlington *Saturday Evening Post* for several years past, have been read and appreciated by present and former steamboatmen in every part of the United States.

Alexander Fletcher, of Kenosha, who is credited by the local press with being the community's oldest resident and reputed to be 103 years of age, died January 10, 1919. Mr. Fletcher retained his mental faculties until the end of life, and was able to relate many interesting recollections of the last seventy-five years of Kenosha's history.

The press of January 19 reports the resignation of the oldest postmaster in Wisconsin, James F. Walsh, of Clyman. Mr. Walsh was first appointed postmaster by Andrew Johnson and served continuously for fifty-two years.

On February 8, Lyman W. Thayer died at his home at Ripon at the age of sixty-four. Mr. Thayer had served as member of his county board, as state senator and assemblyman. During 1916 and 1917 he served as mayor of Ripon.

David F. Sayre of the town of Porter, Rock County, celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday January 14, 1919. Mr. Sayre is a college alumnus of seventy-five years' standing, having graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1844. He came to Wisconsin in 1849 by way of the Hudson River and Erie Canal, and began the practice of law at Fulton. In 1851 he purchased the farm on which he still resides. In 1849 Mr. Sayre established a union Sunday school, of which he was elected superintendent. To this position he has been annually reëlected to the present time, a period of seventy years.

The daily press of January 11 brings the information that an ancient tavern in the town of Yorkville, Racine County, is about to be razed to give place to a modern bungalow. The building is said to have been erected in 1835, and in 1837 passed into the hands of Marshall M. Strong. Strong was a prominent newspaper man of Racine, a member of the first constitutional convention of 1846, and in general one of the most brilliant men who ever lived in Wisconsin. Strong soon sold to Roland Ives, who moved into the building in 1838, and after whom the place has ever since been known as "Ives Grove."

"The finest winter meeting the society ever had," is reported from Baraboo by President Cole of the Sauk County Historical Society. The meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Avery, one of the historical associations of which is a large elm planted by Mr. Avery at the time President Lincoln was assassinated. About fifty persons attended the picnic supper and the historical program which followed. Mrs. L. H. Palmer read a paper on the work of women in the Civil War; Judge O'Neill, of Neillsville, gave an address on the Balkans; and James A. Stone, of Reedsburg, discussed European conditions and the League of Nations.

At a meeting of the Eau Claire County Historical Society, January 11, 1919, J. T. Barber was elected president, Wm. W. Bartlett, vice president, Ralph W. Owen, secretary, and Mrs. E. B. Ingram, treasurer of the organization. Plans were laid looking to a vigorous membership campaign and much interest was expressed in the present work and future prospects of the society. The Eau Claire society has for some time devoted special attention to the lumbering industry, and under the direction of Vice President Bartlett a notable series of logging articles has been prepared and published in the local paper.

A movement has been initiated at Madison having for its object the creation of a city park on the site of the first house erected in the state capital. The house was built in the spring of 1837 under the shade of a large bur oak tree near the shore of Lake Monona, just off the present King Street. Here the lares and penates of the Peck family were installed, temporarily at least, and here the workmen, who had come from Milwaukee to build in the midst of the wilderness a capitol which should house the government over a domain imperial in extent and resources, found more or less ample accommodation. The house long since disappeared, but the historic oak tree still spreads its branches to the breeze as sturdily as eighty years ago.

A dispatch from Reserve to the Superior *Telegram* of February 8 conveys news of the death of Wabakosid, reputed to have been the oldest Indian in the state. How old this representative of Wisconsin's native American stock really was is a matter for conjecture. Local reports credit her with being a full-grown married woman in 1825 and place her birth at about the year 1805. For the past twenty years she has lived with a grandson who is said to be a man of over seventy years.

We have no particular information concerning Mrs. Wabakosid, but we surmise that in strict justice she might have indignantly repudiated the local estimates concerning her supposed antiquity.

Unlettered persons are prone to exaggerate concerning their age, and when one comes to be regarded in the light of a local institution the general public is far from critical with respect to such claims. The story of Joseph Crély, an aged Wisconsin half-breed, is instructive in this connection. Crély lived at the Portage in the early thirties, where he came under the observation of Mrs. Kinzie, the author of *Wau Bun*, and to this circumstance he owes his position on the pages of Wisconsin history. Some thirty years later, during the Civil War, as Mrs. Kinzie relates, the papers of Chicago (now her home) advertised for exhibition in Wood's Museum "the most remarkable instance of longevity on record—the venerable Joseph Crély," who was represented as being one hundred thirty-nine years of age. The account given by Mrs. Kinzie of a visit paid to the acquaintance of earlier years, who had grown old at such a remarkable rate, is amusing enough, but we have not space to report it here. Suffice it to say that in the opinion of men like John H. Kinzie, Satterlee Clark, and H. L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, who had known Crély for many years, his age was not over ninety-five, and was possibly several years less than this.

Three or four decades hence the newspapers will contain frequent mention of the doings of the John Pershing Smiths and the Woodrow Wilson Browns who are now occupying the cradles—the cradle still exists among our foreign born—or creeping over the floors of numerous American homes. An interesting illustration of this practice in the days of our fathers is called to public attention by the death near Baraboo on February 24 of Gideon Welles Haskins. Mr. Haskins was one of male triplets born at South Starksboro, Vermont, in May, 1861. The father, overwhelmed, perhaps, by his good fortune, appealed to President Lincoln to name the children. The President responded to this appeal by proposing the names Abraham Lincoln Haskins, Gideon Welles Haskins, and Simon Cameron Haskins. Two of the three brothers are still living. Probably this is the only instance in American history where a president and two members of his cabinet have succeeded in maintaining intimate relations for almost three score years.

Within the last few years a corporation of Wisconsin origin has stretched a highway of steel from the shores of Lake Michigan to those of Puget Sound. Mr. A. J. Earling, the man responsible for this gigantic enterprise, terminated in January a fifty-four year term of active service in the employ of the Milwaukee Railroad. Born at Richfield, Wisconsin, in 1848, at seventeen years of age Mr. Earling began his railroad career as a telegraph operator. Thirty-four years later he succeeded Roswell Miller as president of the Mil-

waukee road, and this important position he continued to fill for eighteen years. Since the autumn of 1917 he has been chairman of the board of directors of the company. As president his most striking achievement was the extension of Wisconsin's pioneer railroad line—originally intended to tap the commerce of the Mississippi for the benefit of Milwaukee—westward to the Pacific coast.

In doing this Mr. Earling realized in part a dream of railroad expansion which greatly agitated our grandfathers in the period of Wisconsin's infancy. About the middle forties Asa Whitney startled the nation with a project which should connect Milwaukee by rail with both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. For a brief space the sprawling ten-year-old town entertained the dream of becoming the nation's great interior entrepot, the center of a world-wide commerce. Whitney proposed to build a due east and west line from Milwaukee to the Pacific. The cost of construction was estimated at $50,000,000, the period of time involved at twenty-five years. The road was to be run through a silent wilderness, and the promoter sought, by way of compensation, grant of a tract of public land extending thirty miles on either side of it.

The prospect of reward held out to the public was alluring. Milwaukee would be within four days' travel from the Pacific—within twenty-five days from China. The counterpart of the scheme, the construction of a line from the Atlantic seaboard to Lake Michigan, would put Wisconsin's nascent metropolis in close touch with the markets of the eastern seaboard and Europe. Over the steel highway thus to be constructed would flow a world-wide commerce; into the limitless lands of the West would pour unending hosts of settlers. No wonder such a project dazzled the eyes of the 150,000 citizens of the youthful territory of Wisconsin. It drew the fire of no less an authority on the West than Stephen A. Douglas, ever mindful of the interests of Chicago, Milwaukee's vigilant lake shore rival. The rival plan which he put forward contained at least one suggestion of vast importance in the future development of the West. It was that, instead of granting a solid sixty-mile strip of land to the promoters of such a railroad, alternate sections only should be granted, reserving the others for settlement. In the grants which Congress later made to aid the building of railroads this idea was commonly adhered to, with economic and other results of tremendous importance to the settlement and development of the West.

Whitney died with his project still but a splendid dream. It was reserved for a child as yet unborn, the future A. J. Earling, to bind Milwaukee to Puget Sound by a band of steel, and thus to realize in part Whitney's dream. We say in part, for meanwhile

Chicago had grasped for herself the coveted commercial preëminence which our forefathers fondly hoped might be gained by Milwaukee, fortifying her position by a chain of railway transportation which bids fair to assure her for all coming time the commercial preëminence she fairly achieved during the second half of the nineteenth century. Even our own Milwaukee road a few years since gave outward recognition of the thoroughness of Chicago's commercial mastery by removing its headquarters from Milwaukee to the Windy City. From its original purpose of upholding the greatness of the north shore rival metropolis, the Milwaukee has become one of the greatest feeders ministering to the commercial supremacy of Chicago. From the provincial Badger viewpoint it is exciting to reflect upon the possibilities that might have ensued had A. J. Earling been born half a century earlier. As for Asa Whitney, the enduring credit remains with him of having been the first to arouse popular interest in the project of a Pacific railroad, and imbue the public mind with an understanding of the necessity of such a road to the nation and the determination as soon as possible to build it.

James W. Bashford, who died at his home in Pasadena, California, on March 18, was a son of Wisconsin who from humble beginnings by the exercise of industry and native genius came to commune with the great ones of earth. Samuel M. Bashford, his father, was a native of New York City who in early life learned the medical art. In 1835 he joined the tide of westward migration which led him to Grant County, Wisconsin. Dissatisfied with the medical calling he now became a farmer, but it is recorded that in the absence of trained practitioners in the frontier region to which he had come he was often called upon for medical assistance, which he granted "cheerfully and free of charge." In 1843 he married Mrs. Mary Parkinson, and some time prior to 1849 settled in the town of Fayette, Lafayette County. While continuing the calling of farmer he began local preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The manuscript United States census report for 1850 in the Historical Library discloses that he then had a farm of 200 acres and gives numerous data concerning his live stock, crops, and farming equipment. In June, 1850, while conducting religious services at Willow Springs, he was stricken with apoplexy and died in the pulpit, at the early age of thirty-six.

To Samuel and Mary Bashford were born several children in the years from 1843 to 1850, two of whom were destined to future greatness. One, Robert M. Bashford, died a justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin. The other, James W. Bashford, the subject of our present sketch, rounded out a notable career as preacher and educator and bishop for fifteen years in the Methodist Church. The

future bishop's preparatory training was received at the hands of Prof. John Barber Parkinson in the "select school" conducted by him at Fayette. In 1867 the latter became professor in the state University, a connection which still continues. In 1869 Young Bashford followed his former instructor to Madison, graduated from the University in 1873, and thereafter for several years taught and studied in the institution, receiving the Master's degree in 1876. While a student here he became converted at a prayer meeting in the Madison Methodist Episcopal Church. He also fell in love with Jennie Field, a Madison girl, who is still remembered by old-timers as one of the most brilliant women who ever attended the University. At that time the right of women to a university education was still called in question, at least in Wisconsin, and President Chadbourne was inclined to take the negative side of the proposition. One informant relates that the issue was finally determined in favor of coeducation by Jennie Field. In 1874 she captured every class honor open to student competition. In the face of this demonstration of the possibilities of female intellectual endeavor the opponents of coeducation were silenced and coeducational the University remains unto this day.

Bashford studied theology at Yale and for a dozen years preached in various eastern churches. During this period, according to the official organ of his church, he was eleven times invited to assume college presidencies. To this repeated importunity he finally yielded in 1889, becoming president of Ohio Wesleyan University. From this position he was made bishop in 1904. According to the same authority he "would have been welcomed as resident bishop in any city in America." To the surprise of many he promptly asked to be sent to China. His reason was the belief that China was "turning a corner in history," so that effort expended here toward shaping the future of the human race would give greater results than anywhere else in the world. To China Bashford went and there remained until the end of his life. Notwithstanding this self-imposed exile he kept intimately in touch with the homeland. At various times he was consulted on important international questions by the governments of Japan, China, and the United States. From Lafayette County farmer's boy to the title, fairly earned, of "world citizen" is a long journey; briefly put, it measures the achievement of this son of the Badger State.

Through the intercession of John L. Grindell, of Platteville, Mr. C. A. Rafter, who recently removed to Platteville from Mississippi deposited in the State Historical Museum in January an interesting firearm, a flintlock Kentucky rifle of the kind which a century and a quarter ago won for the hardy pioneers of the dark and bloody ground the sobriquet "the long hunters." The fact which lends

particular interest to this gun, however, is the inscription carved on the stock, "Boons True Fren," and in another place the letters "D. B." Also on the stock is a row of five grim notches each of which is supposed to commemorate the sending of a redskin to the happy hunting grounds. The history of the gun so far as known to Mr. Rafter is stated in a letter of January 29:

"Dr. Norcop or Count DuBois, as he used to be called, came to the Mountains of Northeast Georgia several years ago and built a rustic castle in which he lived very much by himself and collected relics.

"He was well educated, much traveled, and altogether a very interesting character. The Boone rifle hung over his fireplace. It was my pleasure to call upon him whenever in his vicinity, and upon one of these visits I asked him to will the old rifle to me when he was through with it. Shortly after this he brought it to me. He claimed that he purchased it from a Tennessee mountaineer about forty years ago and that the marks now on it were then on it.

"The doctor is getting quite old now and I had a letter from him the other day in which he said 'My health is fast failing and I am about to take the great adventure'—I expect to hear any day of his death."

Within a few days after writing this letter Mr. Rafter perished in the Platteville fire, thus anticipating his aged friend in embarking on the great adventure. More light on the possible history of the old gun is afforded by a letter written the Society March 13 by the superintendent of schools of Johnson City, Tennessee. "It was within a few miles (eight) of Johnson City," he writes, "that Daniel Boone killed a bear in the year 1760. The tree stood till two years ago. Older people recall the distinct words: 'D. Boon cillED a Bar on trEE in yEar 1760.' A marker has been placed there. It is quite evident that it was the same rifle that you have that Daniel Boone used in killing the bear, and we would like very much to have a good and distinct picture of the gun, showing the words and notches (supposed to represent number of Indians killed)."

We do not think the evidence is conclusive that "D. Boon cillED a Bar" in 1760 with the gun now in our possession, although it is not at all improbable that such is the fact. At any rate the gun is a highly interesting weapon and one can hardly look upon it without having the imagination stirred by pictures of the far-away scenes through which it must have passed.

On January 24, 1919, Paul Palmiter, of Albion, completed a century of existence in this world of trouble. When he was born modern Wisconsin was an outlying part of Michigan Territory, the source of the Mississippi River was undiscovered, Illinois had just

been admitted to statehood with a total population about equal to that of Madison today, Abraham Lincoln was a ten-year-old boy living in squalid wretchedness in southern Indiana, and Queen Victoria, who died years ago after the longest reign in English history, was still unborn; anesthetics and germs were alike unknown, while Asiatic cholera and yellow fever periodically scourged the United States. Politically the Holy Alliance dominated the European world, the Monroe Doctrine was still unborn, and bands of Sioux and Foxes, Potawatomi and Winnebago fought over the lordship of forest clad Wisconsin. One who has witnessed the changes of the busiest century in human history may well repeat the words of the first telegram (which was not sent, incidentally, until Mr. Palmiter was a man of twenty-five) "What hath God wrought." We visited Mr. Palmiter last summer and found him in the enjoyment of all his faculties, with a clear mind and an excellent memory. Since 1841 he has been a resident of Wisconsin. He might be called a lifelong Republican, were it not for the fact that he had lived a third of a century before the Republican party was born. More recently he has voted the Prohibition ticket, and for President Wilson.

Milo C. Jones, of Fort Atkinson, famous manufacturer of sausages, died suddenly at his home in January at the age of seventy years. Mr. Jones' successful business career in the face of physical handicaps, which would have deterred an ordinary individual from even dreaming of accomplishing anything in the world of work, constitutes an inspiring chapter in the annals of human industry. Of him a chronicler wrote some years ago: "His life is a monument to grit. He stands out as a man of iron nerve. More than once, when fate had shaken to shreds some youthful ideal that seemed to be the final goal, or the odds in some contest did not seem to offer me a fighting chance, a thought of Jones has proved as invigorating as a dash of salt spray on a summer day."

Miss Mary Woodman has presented to the Society three interesting manuscript volumes received from her father, Cyrus Woodman. Two of them consist of copies taken by Mr. Woodman of French documents pertaining to the early exploration of the Mississippi Valley. The third is the original manuscript of E. D. Beouchard's "Vindication." Beouchard came to Wisconsin at least as early as 1822, served in the Black Hawk and Mexican wars, and was living at Mineral Point as late as 1877. In Volume VI of the Society's *Collections* Dr. Draper published some recollections of several Green County pioneers which reflected very severely on the character of Beouchard. This drew from the aged pioneer a sturdy letter of protest entitled by the author his "Self Deffance." This

document was later procured and preserved by Mr. Woodman, who had it neatly bound in August, 1879, with the intention, apparently, of presenting it to the State Historical Society. For some reason this was not done, and accordingly the volume now comes to us, forty years later. From several points of view the "Deffance" is an interesting manuscript. Comparison of the original manuscript with Draper's printed version of it serves admirably to show the changed conception which historical editors of the present day hold toward their work as compared with those of Draper's time. Beouchard was an illiterate frontiersman, and his narrative breathes the very atmosphere of the rude time in which he lived. Draper so edited the document for publication that it comes forth with an air of polished refinement as though its author had been a cultured college professor. Such editing of an original document would today be regarded as both improper and unscholarly.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Ellis B. Usher, of Milwaukee ("Cyrus Woodman: A Character Sketch"), is a veteran Wisconsin editor and publicist. Born in Maine in 1852, he was brought to Wisconsin by his parents in 1855, the family settling in La Crosse County the following year. Mr. Usher became an editor and publisher at La Crosse in 1875, and so continued for a quarter of a century. In recent years Mr. Usher has lived in Milwaukee where he conducts a publicity office. He was long active in politics, being for three years chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and in 1896 one of the organizers of the national gold Democratic movement. Mr. Usher is a life member of the State Historical Society, and the author of "The Telegraph in Wisconsin," published in the *Proceedings* of the Society for 1913.

Louise P. Kellogg ("The Story of Wisconsin, 1634-1848") is a member of the staff of the State Historical Society. To all who have any knowledge of the Society's publications during the last dozen years she requires no introduction.

Appleton Morgan ("Recollections of Early Racine") of New York City has long since achieved prominence in the field of law and in that of literature. A native of Maine, he came in boyhood to Wisconsin. Upon graduation from Racine College he turned his steps toward the nation's metropolis, studied law, and soon won for himself a position of prominence in the profession. In 1886 he retired from professional practice, and has since devoted much attention to literature. He founded and was for twenty-five years president of the Shakespeare Society of New York. He is the

author or editor of numerous works on legal subjects and on Shakespeare, among them being the Bankside edition of Shakespeare in twenty-two volumes and the Bankside Restoration Shakespeare in five volumes.

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS

The Darlington *Democrat* has devoted more space to Wisconsin and local history in recent months than any other paper that has come under our notice. In the issue for March 13 was begun a series of articles by S. E. Roberts of Rapid City, South Dakota, on "Early Recollections of Fayette and Vicinity."

The Oshkosh *Northwestern* for January 25 contains an interesting history of the local First Baptist Church, written by Georgia Ellsworth.

From Carl Quickert, editor of the West Bend *News*, comes a report of the following interesting project: "I am just getting ready for publication a second edition of the history of Washington County. It is to be a revised and greatly improved edition, a real history and nothing else. I intend to publish the history (about 75,000 words) in the West Bend *News*, and then strike off about 500 copies in book form."

Among Wisconsin books brought out as a result of the World War are two designed to give a general historical survey of the part taken by the state and its citizens in the great world conflict, *Wisconsin's War Record*, by Fred L. Holmes (Capital Historical Publishing Company, Madison); and *Wisconsin in the World War* R. B. Pixley (Wisconsin War History Company, Milwaukee). Both works were produced by trained newspapermen, and were largely compiled and written at the state capital and to some extent in collaboration with state officials, whose assistance is acknowledged by the authors. Accordingly, insofar as the field is covered, the material presented may be said to be largely drawn from official sources and records. Naturally such emergency histories produced before the war was ended would have many limitations, and each author disclaims credit for completeness in his story. However, the books meet an immediate pressing want, a public demand "for the more important available facts of Wisconsin's part in the war," set forth in narrative form and in some order of sequence. Each author observes that his book must of necessity be largely a chronicle of the more outstanding acts and activities of leaders and organizations, and that the warmer personal touches to complete the picture must await, among other things, the return of the expeditionary

forces abroad. A commendable spirit of patriotism pervades the books throughout. In the twenty-two chapters into which each is divided are set forth the organization and operation of the various state activities, the national guard bodies, the council of defense system, the selective service machinery, food and fuel administration, the work of the legislature, the University, women's organizations, etc. Mr. Pixley also gives the personnel of the various military, council of defense, and other organizations. Grouped pictures of many of the men and women who bore prominent parts in war work are given.

While the books bear numerous evidences of haste in preparation, in regard to diction and arrangement of material, and while the historical judgment of the writers may here and there be questioned, the facts as presented will be found to be generally correct and accurately stated. Such works therefore serve a useful present purpose in the dissemination of an inspiring story and the stimulation of patriotism, and will be of much aid to the more ambitious and critical later historian.

A. O. Barton.

THE WIDER FIELD

The January issue of the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics* contains two articles in addition to the usual departments. One of these, by Cyril Upham, discusses "The Speaker of the House of Representatives in June." The other, by Cardinal Goodwin, of Mills College, is an account of the American occupation of Iowa in the period from 1833 to 1860.

In the *Missouri Historical Review* for January three leading articles are printed and in addition the final installment of Gottfried Duden's "Report on Missouri Conditions in 1824-27" is given. The new articles are "The Missouri Merchant One Hundred Years Ago," by J. B. White; "Early Days on Grand River and the Mormon War," by Rollin J. Britton; and "Missouri Capitals and Capitols," by Jonas Viles. The last-named article is to be continued in succeeding numbers of the magazine.

Nathaniel Pryor served as a sergeant in the famous Pacific exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark from 1803-06. Thereafter, like many other members of this expedition, he largely disappears from public view. In Pryor's case, however, we have glimpses, or at least supposed glimpses, of him from time to time. Putting these scattered bits of information together, Professor Thoburn, of Oklahoma, wrote for the 1916 *Proceedings* of the Wisconsin Historical Society a sketch entitled "New Light on the Career of Captain

Nathaniel Pryor." In the *American Historical Review* for January, 1919, is a collection of original documents pertaining to the later career of Pryor. These were found recently in the Indian office at Washington and are contributed to the *Review* by Judge Douglas, of St. Louis. They add materially to our knowledge of the later career of this interesting laborer in the winning of the West.

The contents of the January number of the *Ohio Archeological and Historical Quarterly* are of more than ordinary interest. Byron E. Long contributes a biographical study of Joshua Giddings, noted abolition leader. Of a particular timeliness is a study of "Ohio's German-language Press and the War," by Carl Wittke. Other items of some importance are "Charles Dickens in Ohio in 1842," and "The Tory Proprietors of Kentucky Lands."

The Valley of Democracy (New York, 1919), by Meredith Nicholson, undertakes to interpret for the benefit of the world in general, and incidentally for Middle Westerners themselves, the life of the upper Mississippi Valley at the present time. The subject matter of the book is sufficiently indicated by its chapter headings—"The Folks and their Folksiness," "Types and Diversions," "The Farmer of the Middle West," "Chicago," "The Middle West in Politics," and "The Spirit of the West." In elucidating the spirit of the West, Mr. Nicholson pays considerable attention to the work of "the gallant company of scholars who have established Middle Western history upon so firm a foundation." From these pages we quote the following tribute to the work of Dr. Thwaites and the influence of the institution he did so much to upbuild.

"It is the view of persons whose opinions are entitled to all respect that the winning of the West is the most significant and important phase of American history. Certain it is that the story wherever one dips into it immediately quickens the heart-beat, and it is a pleasure to note the devotion and intelligence with which materials for history have been assembled in all the states embraced in my general title.

"The great pioneer collector of historical material was Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, who made the Wisconsin Historical Society the most efficient local organization of its kind in the country. 'He was the first,' writes Dr. Clarence W. Alvord, of the University of Illinois, 'to unite the state historical agent and the university department of history so that they give each other mutual assistance—a union which some states have brought about only lately with great difficulty, while others are still limping along on two ill-mated crutches.'

"Dr. Thwaites was an indefatigable laborer in his chosen field, and an inspiring leader. He not only brought to light a prodigious amount of material and made it accessible to other scholars, but he communicated his enthusiasm to a noteworthy school of historians who have specialized in 'sections' of the broad fertile field into which he set the first plough. Where the land is so new it is surprising and not a little amusing that there should be debatable points of history, and yet the existence of these adds zest to the labors of the younger school of historical students and writers. State historical societies have in recent years assumed a new dignity and importance, due in great measure to the fine example set by Wisconsin under Dr. Thwaites's guidance."

STATEMENT

of The Wisconsin Magazine of History, published quarterly at Menasha, Wis., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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President, Wm. K. Coffin	Eau Claire, Wis.
Superintendent, M. M. Quaife	Madison, Wis.

No Stockholders.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

None.

George Banta, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1919.

[seal] Gertrude W. Sawyer,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 21, 1920.)

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