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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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ALFRED BRUNSON

From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

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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.

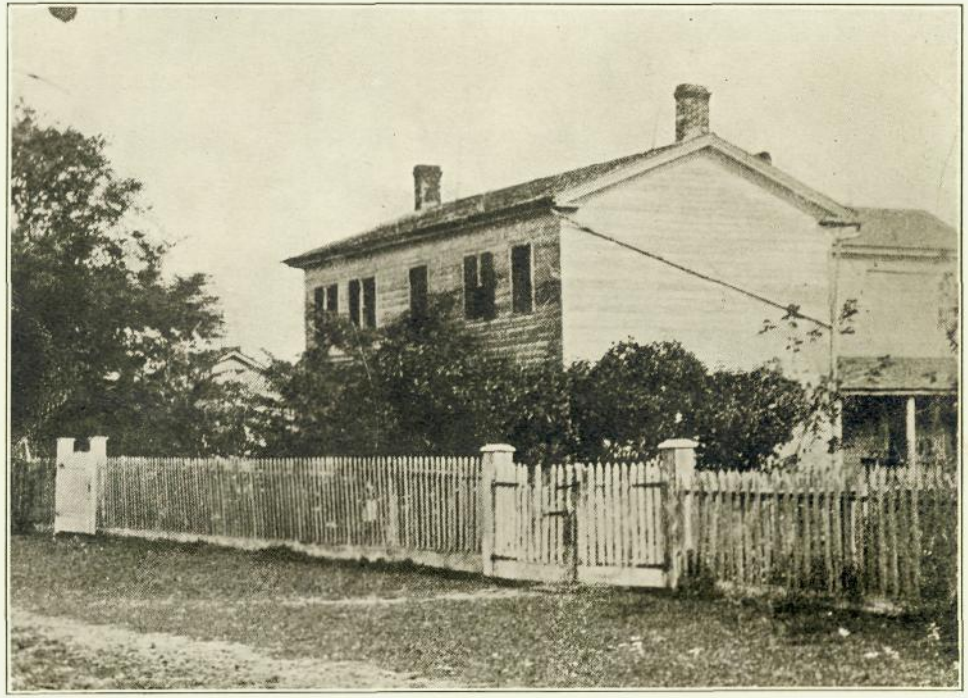
At the time of the building of the last Fort but one American family was numbered among the two-hundred inhabitants of the place, the remainder being French, Indian and half-breeds. But from that date the town had grown and on my arrival there were four-hundred souls within its boundary, three American 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 agains each other in the general flight. Some were hastening toward 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 8, 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 "Immulman 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 rail-roads, 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.

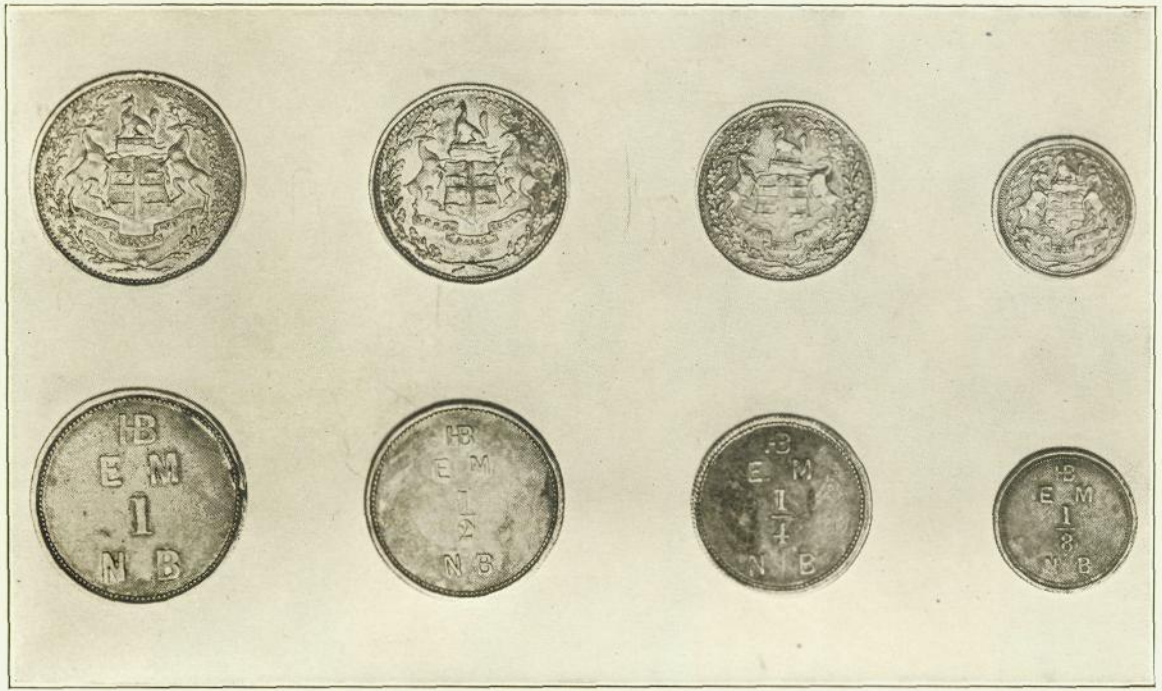
The latter function was, of course, the primary one for the home guard organization. As the war progressed, the able-bodied volunteers of the state were sent to the front, and the danger of local disturbances became more threatening. Governor Harvey was quick to recognize this, and to check its development 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. M^{r} 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 M^{rs} 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

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 live-stock, 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.)