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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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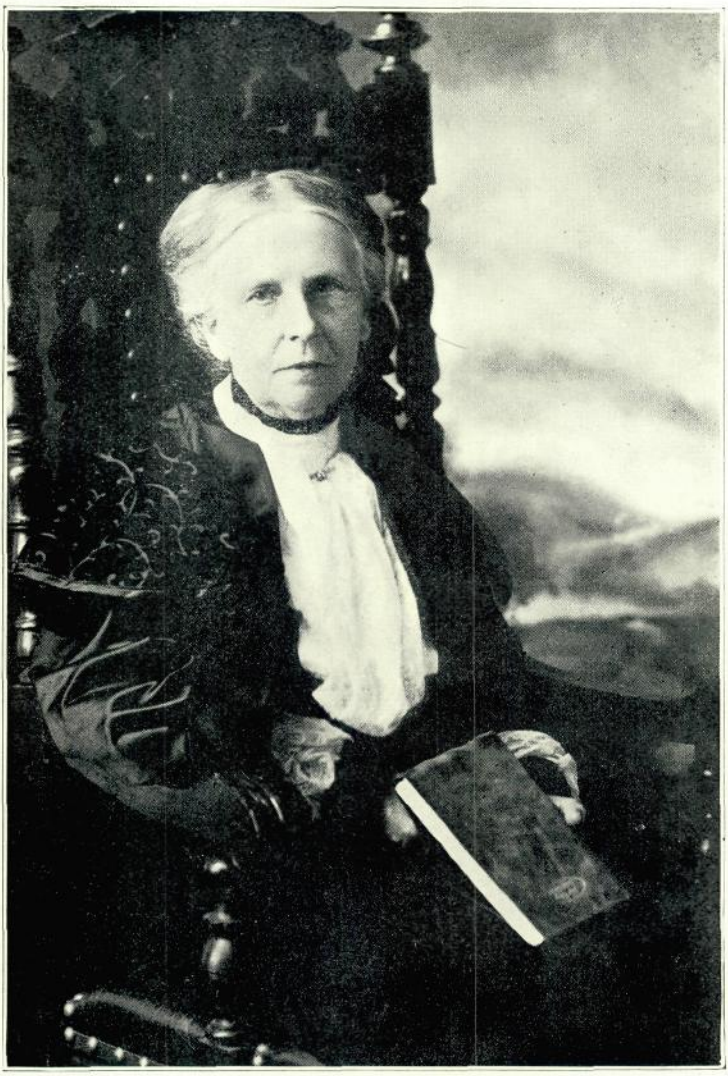

THE REVEREND OLYMPIA BROWN

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent, MILO M. QUAIFE, Editor

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HOW WISCONSIN WOMEN WON THE BALLOT

THEODORA W. YOUMANS

When the legislature of Wisconsin grasped the first available opportunity to ratify the amendment to the constitution of the United States abolishing sex as a qualification of voters, it closed a chapter of surpassing interest in the history of the state and ended a campaign which had continued actively for fifty years. The legislature passed a resolution ratifying the federal amendment on the morning of June 10, 1919. The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and its predecessor, The Woman Suffrage Association of the State of Wisconsin, which had led the movement since 1869, continued to function some months longer, in order to support, with money and influence, the efforts of the National American Woman Suffrage Association for the ratification of the amendment in other states. It formally dissolved, its work done, in March, 1920. The amendment was promulgated by the Secretary of State as the nineteenth amendment to the federal constitution in August, 1920, and Wisconsin women voted at the primary and general elections held a few weeks later.

Discussion of woman suffrage had begun in Wisconsin even before Wisconsin had achieved statehood. There has long been a tradition in the state that the first constitutional convention, called in the territory in 1846, seriously considered the enfranchisement of women. An examination of the debate on suffrage in this convention, however, precludes that view. The enfranchisement of negroes and Indians and the naturalization of immigrants who were already swarming into the territory made one of the important problems of the convention and aroused vigorous debate. A Milwaukee member, James Magone, who had

the reputation of being a wag, offered an amendment to the pending suffrage measure that the word "male" be stricken out and the right of suffrage be accorded females as well as males. Moses M. Strong urged that women should not be "tacked onto negroes." Mr. Magone insisted. The amendment was lost. The record suggests that the woman suffrage amendment was designed primarily to embarrass those members who favored liberal franchise provision for negro and foreign men.[1]

There was, however, one phase of "women's rights" which was seriously considered and was adopted by the convention—the ownership of property by married women. This provision was bitterly opposed by some members, one of them, Edward G. Ryan, who later became chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, declaring "it violated both the customs of society and the express commands of the Bible." This married women's property clause was one of the reasons why the first constitution drafted was rejected by the voters.

The constitution drafted a year later was of a more conservative character; it became the constitution of the state of Wisconsin and has so remained up to this time. This constitution contained no provision for securing property to married women, but a law making such provision was passed by the legislature only two years after Wisconsin became a state.[2]

In the early days of statehood abolition of slavery, women's rights, and the temperance cause were inextricably intertwined, and the advocate of one was apt to be the advocate of all. Two of the Free-soil newspapers of Wisconsin, the Southport (Kenosha) *Telegraph*, edited by C. L. Sholes, and the Oshkosh *True Democrat*, under the management of

[1] *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, III, 227–30; *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XXVII.

[2] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XXVI, 43–45.

James Densmore, were early champions of woman suffrage. In 1849 Densmore challenged the editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* to say why women should not have a voice in making laws. Densmore said he expected to be called a "visionary fanatic" for taking such a stand. The *Sentinel* replied May 31 in a tone of levity, "Women are confessedly angels, and angels do not vote."

The question, nevertheless, would not down. As early as July 1, 1851 the Athenaean Society of the University of Wisconsin debated, "*Resolved*, That the female sex are not inferior to the male sex—that they should enjoy like facilities with the latter for acquiring a liberal education, and that the right of suffrage should be extended to them."

In 1853 Clarina Howard Nicholson and Lydia Fowler toured the state making public addresses in favor of temperance and incidentally scattering suffrage seed. Two years later, in the autumn of 1855, Lucy Stone visited Wisconsin and gave lectures in several of its larger towns. As only the progressive papers noticed her visit it is not possible to reconstruct her itinerary. She spoke at Madison three times: the evenings of November 9 and 10 were devoted to "Woman's Rights"; Sunday, the eleventh, she spoke on slavery. Her lectures were largely attended, and those who heard her were "agreeably disappointed" both in her manner and in the subject matter of her addresses.[3] November 21 to 23 she was at Kenosha, where the first lecture "gave the highest satisfaction" and she was recognized as "confessedly at the head of the able women engaged in that calling."[4] In her suffrage lectures Lucy Stone advocated the circulation of petitions to the legislature for an amendment to the state constitution permitting women to vote. Three such petitions were presented by C. C. Sholes, senator for Kenosha County, to the

[3] Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, Nov. 13, 1855.
[4] Kenosha *Tribune and Telegraph*, Nov. 22, 1855.

senate during the session of 1856. They were referred to the committee on the expiration and reënactment of laws, and never heard from again.[5]

In the assembly at the same session a more advanced step was taken. January 22 Hamilton H. Gray, editor and Democratic member from Lafayette County,[6] introduced a "bill to extend the elective franchise to *feme covert* and *feme sole* in certain cases." This bill was referred to the judiciary committee, which reported adversely on its passage; on March 12 it was laid upon the table.[7]

There is an unverified tradition that the first society for the promotion of woman suffrage in Wisconsin was

[5] Senate *Journal*, 1856, 197. The following names are given: "Three petitions of R. H. Deming, Janet Bone, Anna Lewis, E. M. Brande, and others in relation to granting the right of suffrage to females."

[6] Hamilton H. Gray was an editor who conducted the ablest newspaper in Lafayette County, called *The Pick and Gad*. It was begun in 1854 and contained literary reviews and discussions of social and economic questions. Editor Gray was an advanced thinker, a friend of enfranchisement for all the oppressed. He probably heard Lucy Stone at Shullsburg, where he was then publishing *The Pick and Gad*. This information was received from P. H. Conley, of the Lafayette County Historical Society.

[7] From the office of the Secretary of State we have obtained a copy of this bill, which reads as follows:

A Bill to extend the elective franchise to femes covert and femes Sole in certain Cases.

The people of the State of Wisconsin represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Section One

Every Feme Sole of the age of twenty-one years or upwards who is seized of estate real of the value of two hundred dollars and every feme Covert (whose husband is absent from the state and who has been for two years next preceding any general election) shall be deemed qualified electors to vote at any annual or special school meeting held in this state after the approval of this act as provided in the following section.

Section Two

At the next general election in the year 1856 the electors of this state shall signify their approval or disapproval of the provisions of the foregoing section in the following manner: All voters who approve of the privileges given in the foregoing section shall deposit in the ballot box prepared to receive votes for members of Congress. A ballot with the following words written or printed thereon (to net) "for womens voting" those voters who disapprove of said section one and are opposed to womans voting as provided in said section shall deposit in said box a ballot with the following words written or printed thereon (to net) "against womans voting." And if a majority of votes cast at said election upon this question are for womans voting then and in that case woman married and unmarried shall be deemed qualified electors under the provisions of Section one of this act.

organized at Janesville, before the Civil War, probably as the result of the lectures of Lucy Stone. No records of its meetings have been found.[8]

All efforts for woman suffrage were abated during the Civil War, its advocates giving themselves wholeheartedly to the cause of freedom as exemplified by the abolition of slavery. But when the war was over, its objects achieved, it seemed desperately hard to these devoted, high-minded women that uneducated colored men, just released from slavery, should be adjudged worthy of the ballot which was still withheld from the educated and patriotic white women who had helped to save the nation and free the slaves. They were astounded to have the discriminatory word "male," which had never before been used in the federal constitution, appear in the fourteenth amendment, and made vigorous effort to prevent it. Their failure in this effort, due partly to the influence of those who had been their friends and supporters, and who now joined in the rallying cry—"This is the negro's hour"—made them realize as never before the force and weight of the opposition.

The Civil War, however, had developed courage and self-reliance in women. Many of them had managed the farm, the shop, the office, as well as the family, while the man of the house was away at the war. Women had achieved notable results in the organization and management of the Sanitary Commission and other relief agencies. So added ability and determination were enlisted in the suffrage cause after the war.

SECTION THREE

This act shall be in force and take effect from and after its passage to authorize a vote as required by Sec. 1. Article 3 of the Constitution and if approved by the electors of this state at the general election of 1856 shall take effect and be in force on the first day of January 1857 and thereafter womans shall be deemed electors qualified to vote at annual and special school district meetings.

[8] The Janesville *Gazette*, April 29, 1856, announced a lecture on the "Social and Domestic Influence of Women," by Miss Delphia P. Baker, who was "opposed to the strong-minded feminines of these latter days." This lecture may have been intended to counteract the influence of the woman's rights society.

The first state convention for universal suffrage was held at Janesville, October 9 and 10, 1867.[9] When called to order, it was designated the "Impartial Suffrage Convention." The moving spirits were the Honorable John T. Dow, member of the state assembly; Joseph Baker of Janesville; Mrs. L. R. Stewart of Brodhead; Mrs. J. H. Stillman of Whitewater; Mrs. F. Harris Reid of Beaver Dam; and Mrs. Jennie L. Hildebrand of Fond du Lac. Letters were read from Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, and steps were taken to form a permanent state organization.[10] An executive committee was appointed for this purpose. A committee on finance was also chosen. The Janesville *Daily Gazette* gave extended notices of this convention, with the purpose of which the editor, A. M. Thomson, declared himself in sympathy. "All that is necessary," he wrote, "to carry forward this great measure to a successful issue, is for the women themselves to take hold vigorously and determinedly of the good work."[11]

Coincident with this organization, amd fostered by the same leaders, was a determined effort to secure a constitutional amendment for this reform. John T. Dow, assemblyman for Rock County, introduced into the legislature of 1867 a joint resolution for such an amendment. This resolution passed both the senate and the house, and was approved by Governor Fairchild, April 11, 1867.[12] In the assembly the supporters of the measure secured a vote of sixty-three in favor to twenty-two opposed. However, it was required by the constitution, then as now, that an amendment should pass two legislatures before

[9] The Wisconsin Historical Library possesses a copy of the *Proceedings* of this convention as well as of the addresses of the Reverend S. Farrington of Janesville and the Reverend Sumner Ellis of Milwaukee, delivered before the convention.

[10] It is interesting to note that "resolutions were forwarded to the convention by a meeting of citizens of the village of Menomonee," probably Menomonee Falls, in Waukesha County.

[11] Janesville *Daily Gazette*, Oct. 10, 1867.

[12] Assembly *Journal*, 1867; *Laws of Wisconsin*, 1867, 200.

being submitted to the people. The real struggle was therefore postponed until 1868; and it was to create public sentiment therefor that the Janesville convention of 1867 was held.

The legislature of 1868 received several well-signed petitions asking for the ratification of this proposed amendment. The bill was introduced in the assembly by President William C. Whitford of Milton College. Mr. Dow, who was no longer a member, organized a lobby for the measure. Notwithstanding these strong friends, the general apathy on the subject was so marked that the resolution was rejected in the assembly by a vote of thirty-six to forty-six.[13]

Meanwhile a state convention on a large scale was organized and held in Milwaukee. It was arranged by two young professional women of Milwaukee, Dr. Laura Ross, a physician, and Miss Lila Peckham, a lawyer whose early death was a great loss to the suffrage cause. Dr. Ross had come to Milwaukee to practice in 1858, the third woman, it is said, in the United States to receive a medical degree, and perhaps the first to practice medicine in a western state. Later she married Dr. E. B. Wolcott, the distinguished surgeon. She was for many years an influential figure in the struggle for woman's rights in Wisconsin.

The convention was held February 24 and 25, 1869, in the old city hall. National leaders appeared in force, the speakers including Mary A. Livermore, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. A Waukesha gentleman, member of my own family, who as a lad strayed into this convention two evenings, remembers flattening himself against the wall because the chairs were all occupied, the audience being made up mostly of women. Unfortunately he remembers little more. At this convention a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and effect a state organiza-

[13] Assembly *Journal*, 1868; Janesville *Gazette*, Feb. 1 and March 5, 1868.

Who Are The Anti-Suffragists?

The following constructive state organizations have endorsed WOMAN SUFFRAGE:

State Teachers Association.
Federation of Labor.
Federation of Women's Clubs.
Ladies of the Maccabees.
Grange.
Farmers' Society of Equity.
Ministerial Association.
Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The only state organizations to adopt resolutions against woman's enfranchisement are:

German-American Alliance (which in Wisconsin represents the brewery interests); State Retail Liquor Dealers (saloonkeepers).

Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association, Waukesha, Wis.

tion. Its chairman was a Congregational clergyman, the Reverend John Allison. It was probably at this convention that the Woman Suffrage Association of the State of Wisconsin came into existence, the earlier organization at Janesville having died with the defeat of the amendment to the state constitution.[14]

After the Milwaukee convention had concluded its sessions the national speakers went on to Madison, where the legislature was in session, and gave addresses before that body on the evening of February 26. Six of the Milwaukee women, including Dr. Ross and the Reverend Augusta Chapin accompanied the speakers. Governor Lucius Fairchild, then and later a friend of woman suffrage, presided at the meeting. It had been hoped to influence the legislature to pass a bill granting school suffrage to women; but such a bill was defeated in the senate on the day before the suffrage meeting at the capitol.[15]

An interesting personality of those early days was Frau Mathilde Anneke, a German woman forced to leave her native country after the uprising of 1848. She and her husband, Colonel Anneke, were friends of Carl Schurz and members of the company which he brought to Wisconsin. Frau Anneke had edited a newspaper for women in Germany, and when she and her husband were obliged to flee from that country she brought with her certain essentials of her *Frauen Zeitung* and continued the editing of the paper in Milwaukee. She also established a girls' school in that city. She was in sympathy with all advancement for women, an apostle of woman suffrage, and the record tells us that when Miss Anthony was on trial in the Rochester court, charged with illegal voting,

[14] The minutes of this convention are in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Feb. 24 and 25. See also Mrs. Stanton's letters in Husted and Anthony, *History of Woman Suffrage* (N. Y., 1882), II, 373–75.

[15] A full report of the Madison meeting is in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Feb. 27, 1869; also in Mrs. Stanton's letters, as cited above.

Frau Anneke sent $50 to help defray the expenses of the trial. Other sympathizers in this state and all over the country contributed to the same cause. Frau Anneke was the Wisconsin delegate at a national convention held in Washington in the spring of 1869.

The association effected by the Milwaukee convention of 1869 began at once to organize local units and to draw together into a single association those interested in this unpopular cause. Early suffrage organizations are known to have been formed at Fond du Lac, Richland Center, Baraboo, Evansville, Boscobel, and Union Grove. At a meeting in the latter place the press reporter stated of one of the speakers that "while her address was extremely refined and eloquent it was what might be termed a 'pulverizer' and we only regret that there were not more of the opponents of woman suffrage present to be 'pulverized.'" In March, 1870, a state convention was held at Janesville, at which Mrs. Stanton was present. Miss Peckham and the Reverend H. D. Maxon were the local speakers at this "large and enthusiastic meeting."[16]

No other state convention is known to have been held during the entire decade of the seventies. Education was the great need, and the public lyceums gave splendid opportunity for woman suffrage lectures. Many such lectures were given around the state, and many women were thereby inspired to take up suffrage work and did in fact become suffrage leaders. Early speakers in our state included Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and Phoebe Cousins. When Mrs. Stanton lectured in Milwaukee in1877 she was entertained by the leaders of social affairs and gained many adherents for the cause.[17] Suffrage literature

[16] "History of the Suffrage Movement in Wisconsin," by Dr. Laura Ross Wolcott, in Husted and Anthony, *History*, III, 638–48.

[17] Marion V. Dudley, *Suffrage for Woman. A Plea in Its Behalf* (Madison, 1880). Pamphlet copy of speech delivered before the Senate Committee on State Affairs, March 2, 1880.

was distributed, suffrage petitions were circulated, money was collected to help in the support of national work, and delegates were sent from Wisconsin to the national conventions in Washington. So suffrage work done in the beginning was of substantially the same character as in later years. Among new leaders who arose during this period were Mrs. Marion V. Dudley and Mrs. Emma Bascom, wife of President Bascom of the state university. An Equal Suffrage Association was formed at Madison in 1878 with Mrs. Bascom as president. Marathon County was organized and sponsored organizations at Grand Rapids, Mrs. Stella Baker, secretary, and at Mosinee, Kate Fellows, secretary. Berlin and Mukwonago were organized by 1880. In the latter place dwelt Dr. W. P. Collins, who as early as 1858 supported woman suffrage and prophesied that women would be enfranchised within ten years.

Racine at that time counted among its residents one who was destined to have her name linked indissolubly with the suffrage cause in Wisconsin, the Reverend Olympia Brown. Born in Michigan, she was bred to a belief in freedom and opportunity for all, men and women alike, by her mother, Mrs. Lephia O. Brown, who was, says the daughter, "the earliest reformer I ever knew." Olympia Brown succeeded with great effort in securing a college education at Mount Holyoke and Antioch colleges, and also at the Theological School connected with St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York.

Mrs. Brown had served as pastor of a Universalist church in Massachusetts and had done pioneer work campaigning in Kansas with Miss Anthony. She came to Wisconsin in 1878, became pastor of the Universalist Church at Racine, and soon associated herself with such suffrage organizations as there were in the state. In 1880 she was one of two Wisconsin delegates to the national suffrage convention in Indianapolis.

In that same year a forward movement was made in Wisconsin. A bill for a referendum was submitted to the legislature of that year and passed both houses.[18] During the summer of 1880 the national leaders held a series of conventions in the states of the Middle West. Wisconsin's promising condition attracted their attention, and a state convention was held June 4 and 5 in Milwaukee, at which Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake, and other national leaders were present. Twenty-five delegates were present from the local associations throughout the state.

Suffrage workers were disappointed over the defeat in the legislature of 1881 of their bill for a popular referendum on woman suffrage, and not until the summer of 1882 was any further organized effort made. On August 28, 1882 a call was issued for a meeting at Madison, signed by fifty-five prominent men and women of the state, headed by General Fairchild and General E. E. Bryant. The convention opened September 7. Lucy Stone and her husband, Henry Blackwell, were present; also Mary E. Haggart and two suffrage workers from England. About thirty-five delegates were present from the several local associations. The convention began with an address of great force and cogency by President Bascom. The next morning's business session was presided over by John M. Olin, a prominent Madison lawyer, It was determined to create a new organization, which should be independent of the former Wisconsin association. However, a connecting link with the old association was preserved by the election of its president, Mrs. Wolcott, to the presidency of the new association. Among the other officers chosen were the Reverend Olympia Brown, first vice president, and Mrs. Helen R. Olin, chairman of the executive committee. It is an open question whether or not the organization at Madison should be con-

[18] Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, March 3, 1880.

sidered as a reorganization of the earlier association, which had during its latter years been almost localized in Milwaukee. The new organization was the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association.[19]

A state organizer, appointed shortly after the Madison convention, was sent out to develop suffrage sentiment. Lectures were given and clubs were formed in Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Bay View, Rochester, North Prairie, New London, Oshkosh, and Ripon. In Milwaukee two new organizations came into existence, the South Side Woman Suffrage Association and the Olympic Club of the North Side. The Whitewater Woman Suffrage Club was organized in October, 1882, and among other activities conducted a column "Equality Before the Law" in the Whitewater *Register*. It soon numbered one hundred members.

In June, 1884, on the resignation of Mrs. Wolcott, Mrs. Emma C. Bascom became president of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. She in turn was succeeded at the convention at Richland Center in the autumn of 1884 by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold of Columbus. This convention of 1884 was the first regular convention after the reorganization of 1882. Special meetings had been held in 1883 at Racine and Janesville. Richland Center, thus early identified with woman suffrage, remained a center of suffrage interest until the enfranchisement of women was achieved, largely because of the devotion of the James family. Two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Laura and Mrs. Georgia James, were active workers and the two husbands were hardly less interested. Senator N. L. James in 1885 introduced the measure giving school suffrage to women, and

[19] There has been much confusion about the date of the birth of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. The report in the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, Sept. 8, 1882, proves this to be the date. See also *Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Directory* (Milwaukee, 1885). This is supposed to have been prepared by Sarah H. Richards, a Milwaukee teacher, for the convention of 1885. She refers to the Madison convention as "the reorganization in '82."

Senator David H. James the measure which brought about the referendum of 1912. Miss Ada L. James, daughter of Laura and David G. James, has been an active suffragist all her life.

Mrs. Brown became president of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association in 1885, having been elected at the annual convention in Madison as successor to Mrs. Griswold. She was destined to serve as president for thirty years, never failing in devotion, energy, or efficiency. In 1913 she became honorary president of the association.

The first year of Mrs. Brown's presidency was marked by the introduction and passage of a law giving school suffrage to women, contingent upon the favor of the voters at the election in November, 1886. That vote proved favorable, 43,581 votes being cast in favor and 38,988 against such enfranchisement.[20]

The text of the school suffrage law gave rise to complications. It provided that women under proper conditions of sanity, residence, etc., should have a right to vote at "any election pertaining to school matters." The phrase "pertaining to school matters" was ambiguous. Many people believed that the legislature, wittingly or unwittingly, had really given full suffrage or nearly full suffrage to women by providing that they might vote at any election pertaining to school matters. Following this assumption, Mrs. Brown and other women attempted to vote at the municipal election in 1887 and in some places their ballots were received. In Racine Mrs. Brown's ballot was rejected and as a test case she brought suit against the election inspectors of that city for refusing to accept her vote. The case was argued before Judge John B. Winslow of the circuit court, later chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, who rendered a decision that under the provision of the

[20] Mrs. Alura Collins Hollister represented the association as chairman of the legislative committee in 1885. See her recent reminiscences in the Waukesha *Freeman*, on her experiences at that time.

law women were entitled to vote at that election and for all candidates. An appeal was taken to the supreme court, which reversed the findings of the lower court, declaring the intent of the law to be to confer school suffrage only. This decision was written by Justice John B. Cassoday. The long litigation cost the little band of suffragists $2,000, which they paid by unremitting devotion and self-sacrifice.

The school suffrage law was practically a dead letter until 1901, when an act of the legislature provided separate ballot boxes for women. On April 1, 1902, Wisconsin women voted on the question of issuing certain school bonds. The number of women voting at that time was small, a precedent generally followed while the franchise of women was limited. The small number of women voting on school questions was frequently occasion of reproach to those seeking wider suffrage for women. However, on occasions of especial interest a large women's vote was cast at these elections. In the spring of 1919, when the control of the Milwaukee school board depended on the election of new members, 40,000 Milwaukee women are said to have voted.

An important factor in the school suffrage contest and for many years later was the *Wisconsin Citizen*, organ of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association, established in 1887. This little sheet of four pages, four columns to the page, appeared every month, the subscription price being twenty-five cents per year.[21] Editors from 1887 to 1917, when the paper was discontinued, included Mrs. M P. Dingee, Racine; Mrs. H. H. Charlton, Brodhead; Miss Lena V. Newman, Brodhead; Mrs. H. M. Youmans, Waukesha. The story of the *Citizen*, a doughty defender of the faith for three decades, would be of interest, had we space to relate it. It was first published at Racine, later for many years at Brodhead, and still later in Wau-

[21] The Wisconsin Historical Library has a complete file of *The Wisconsin Citizen*, the gift of the Reverend Olympia Brown.

kesha. After its publication was suspended, monthly bulletins were issued to take its place.

About 1902 suffrage headquarters were established at the state capital "for the distribution of literature and knowledge." Here also was kept a register of men and women who wished women citizens to vote. The circulation of the Tax Paying Woman's Pledge was actively promoted in Wisconsin, the text of the pledge circulated by the Oshkosh society being as follows:

> We, the tax paying women of Wisconsin, hereby agree to do what we can by protest and argument to emphasize the fact that taxation without representation is tyranny as much for American women today as it was for American colonists in 1778. And we also pledge ourselves that when 5,000 or more women in Wisconsin shall have similarly enrolled we will simultaneously take action by whatever method may seem best in accordance with official advice from the Wisconsin Suffrage Association to the end that public attention may be thoroughly and effectively called to the injustice and injury done to women by taxing them without giving them any voice as to how their money should be employed.

In the summer of 1896 the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association kept open house for ten days at the Monona Lake Assembly; Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was one of the Chautauqua speakers, her audience numbering 4,000 persons.

Organization, public speaking, press publicity, conventions, in those days as later, had one object, suffrage legislation in state and nation. Wisconsin legislators whose especial aim was to avoid making enemies found woman suffrage a stumbling block in the path. A typical incident happened in April, 1901 when Assemblyman David Evans' measure, "designed to pave the way to woman suffrage"—it was a memorial to Congress—was under discussion in the assembly. The *Wisconsin State Journal* of that date tells us that "the sergeant was ordered to bring in the timid who sought to dodge the vote. Half a score of half-ashamed men on whom female constituents had

brought pressure came trooping to their seats." The assembly killed the measure by a vote of 61 to 20, although it had passed the bill on its third reading.

Measures embodying full or partial suffrage for women continued to pour in at each session of the legislature; and frequently that body was urged to use its influence to secure the passage of suffrage legislation by Congress. These measures received some favorable consideration during the first decade of the new century, but not enough to secure their passage.

Wisconsin suffragists and especially their leader, Mrs. Brown, were greatly interested in a decision of the Supreme Court in 1884 that the office of member of Congress is created by the constitution and that the states do not by right prescribe the qualifications for voting for such members. In the belief that Congress alone had the right to give women the vote for members of that body, resolutions supporting that idea were passed at a number of Wisconsin conventions, with petitions addressed directly to members of Congress or to the state legislature asking that it pass a memorial to Congress urging such action.

The proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States, then known as the sixteenth but destined to become in fact the nineteenth amendment, was also the object of unceasing effort.

So the cause advanced, with no appearance of advancement sometimes, from one year's end to another. However, by the opening of the year 1911 suffrage leaders were convinced that they had a better chance than ever before for the passage of a suffrage measure. Many men known to be friendly were included in the membership of the legislature, among them David G. James in the senate and J. H. Kamper in the assembly, both of whom introduced bills to give women of the state full suffrage, contingent upon the approval of the electors. A number of well-

known women were about the legislature that winter in behalf of various measures concerning the welfare of women and children. They interested themselves in the suffrage situation and their efforts were seconded by those of Miss Mary Swain Wagner of Poughkeepsie, New York, an active propagandist. These women made a thorough canvass of the senate and assembly, and a joint hearing was attended by a large group of speakers and a crowd of sympathizers. Facing this array of numbers and talent—there were thirteen prosuffrage speakers—was one lone antisuffragist, Assemblyman Carl Dorner, whose address, it was said, called forth "roars of laughter" and later hisses from the audience.

The suffrage bill passed the senate March 31 by a vote of 16 to 4, and the assembly April 26 by a vote of 59 to 29. It was signed June 2 by Governor Francis E. Mc Govern, on the ground that it was the sort of problem which should be solved by the common sense of all the voters.[22]

Many women who continued active in suffrage work until success crowned the cause first enlisted in the movement in the campaign of 1912. On account of diverse opinions as to the manner in which the campaign should be conducted, a new state organization, the Political Equality League, came into existence with Miss Ada L. James as president and Crystal Eastman Benedict of New York as campaign manager. Miss Wagner, who had first appeared as a lobbyist at the legislature, was instrumental in organizing the Political Equality League but did not long remain with it. Later she organized the American Suffragettes, a short-lived society limited to Milwaukee members.

[22] The referendum measure was not, as generally assumed, an amendment to the constitution, but a statutory law extending suffrage as provided for by Article III, Section 4 of the state constitution.

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and the Political Equality League, working separately, waged the campaign for woman suffrage in 1911-12. The older organization already had affiliated societies in many parts of the state. The Political Equality League made active effort to organize branches in every county; it also organized a Political Equality League among colored people, and a Men's Political Equality League

That campaign was as lively as we—some trained, some untrained, in suffrage campaigns—could make it. In general we followed the suffrage styles of other states and imitated the stunts of those who had passed that way before. Suffrage speeches were scattered over this long-suffering commonwealth as a brisk wind scatters dry leaves in autumn. Mass meetings were held at points of vantage. Suffrage automobiles toured many counties, and the native Badger experienced the destructive shock of seeing a woman stand up in an automobile on a street corner and plead for political freedom. The great air pilot, Lincoln Beachey, scattered suffrage flyers from the airship which he took up into the clouds at the State Fair in 1912. A "Votes for Women" tour up the Wolf River was also a feature of the campaign. The little launch *Mary E.* carrying its burden of suffrage speakers and literature, made a trip of fifty miles up the picturesque Wolf, stopping at every available landing for such suffrage propaganda as seemed most fitting to the situation.

Both the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and the Political Equality League had office headquarters in Milwaukee. My own first active suffrage work was that of press correspondent in that campaign. Every week I sent out a suffrage letter to all the newspapers in the state, six hundred or more in number. I am still thrilled by the postage bills we had to pay every month.

DANGER!

Woman's Suffrage Would Double the Irresponsible Vote

It is a MENACE to the Home, Men's Employment and to All Business

(SAMPLE)

Official Referendum Ballot

If you desire to vote for any question, make a cross (X) or other mark in the square after the word "yes" underneath such question; if you desire to vote against any question, make a cross or other mark in the square after the word "no" underneath such question.

Shall Chapter 227 of the laws of 1911 entitled 'an act extending the right of suffrage to women' be adopted?

Yes ☐ No ☒

The above is an exact reproduction of the separate ballot printed on pink paper which will be handed to you in your voting place on November 5. Be sure and put your cross (X) in the square after the word "no" as shown here, and—**be sure and vote this pink ballot.**

Issued and Circulated by

PROGRESS PUBLISHING CO

WATERTOWN, WIS.

There is no adequate existing record of that campaign or even of its financial expenditures. The Political Equality League raised and expended $10,000, the amount permitted by the corrupt practices act. What sums were expended by other organizations I do not know. The National American Woman's Suffrage Association gave great assistance by paying the salary of a speaker and organizer, who did splendid service for many months. A mass meeting held in New York, arranged by Dr. Shaw and Crystal Eastman Benedict for the benefit of the Wisconsin campaign, netted $2,700.

Our belief concerning the determined hostility of the liquor interests was confirmed during the campaign of 1912 by the attitude of the magazine issued by the State Retail Liquor Dealers' Protective Association and appropriately called *Progress.* For weeks preceding the election the magazine was filled with argument and innuendo and abuse in prose and verse and picture, all designed to impress the reader with the absurdity and the danger of giving the vote to women.

An unprecedentedly large vote was cast at the woman suffrage referendum at the election November 4, due partly, we flattered ourselves, to our efforts, and partly, we knew and did not flatter ourselves, to the efforts of our adversaries. The official count showed this result: For—135,736; against—227,054. Three constitutional amendments voted on at the same time received only slightly more than a fifth of the vote cast on the suffrage referendum. Of the seventy-one counties in the state fourteen carried for suffrage, Douglas County making the prize record with a plurality of 1,000. Milwaukee County, including Milwaukee city, gave 20,445 votes for and 40,029 against.

We rested a bit after that campaign. We needed it. But the rest was short. In January, 1913 a joint convention

of the two suffrage organizations was called. Their hostility had been more than half friendly; they easily forgot their differences and buried the hatchet; and they united as one body under the old historic name, Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Brown and Miss James both retired and a new president, vastly surprised to find herself in that position, was chosen.

From that day to this, suffrage history in Wisconsin is very modern and many of us can say with the old chronicler, "All of this I saw, part of it I was." In looking back over the last seven years of the struggle there are some high lights; but mainly it is a sober record of doing the day's work as well as one could, educating and organizing, raising money and expending it, writing and exhorting, and never for one moment failing in faith as to the justice of our cause or its final outcome.

The first year of my presidency we had no office and I took care of an extensive correspondence with my own pen. The next year an office was opened in Madison with an executive secretary in charge. Later the office was removed to Waukesha and in October, 1916, to Milwaukee, where in partnership with the Milwaukee County Suffrage Association, headquarters were continued until the dissolution of the organization.

We held a suffrage school in Madison in 1914, the faculty including the chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and many other well-known men and women. We went into the publishing business occasionally, although the great bulk of the enormous amount of literature distributed we purchased from the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Our own publications included *Wisconsin Legislators and the Home, Social Forces, Wisconsin Legislation—Topics for Discussion,* and various timely leaflets. For many years one of our devoted members,

Mrs. Hannah Patchin, donated the money for prizes for an essay contest on woman suffrage among school children, thus promoting interest and knowledge of this movement among citizens of the future.

We sent an imposing contingent to the suffrage parade in Chicago in June, 1916, when the suffrage hosts marching down Michigan Avenue in a downpour of rain and gale of wind testified to their heartfelt desire for the ballot, in presence of the delegates to the national Republican convention there looking on—at least we ardently desired them to be looking on. Outside of Illinois, Wisconsin had the largest delegation, each member wearing a yellow Wisconsin tunic and the contingent being escorted by a G. A. R. drum corps.

An important feature of our work each autumn was at state and county fairs, where from a booth or tent emanated suffrage speeches, literature, and friendly argument with the hundreds who drifted in and out. Regular press service was continued, the writer serving as press chairman and sending out at regular intervals a letter to all those newspapers in the state, about one hundred in number, who were sufficiently hospitable to our cause to warrant the expenditure for paper and stamps. Special suffrage editions of daily or weekly newspapers were occasionally issued, edited usually by members of our organization. The Richland *Democrat*, the Watertown *Daily Times*, the Milwaukee *Leader*, and the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* were among newspapers which paid us this pleasant attention.

Mrs. B. C. Gudden, who has now passed from among us, assisted in the press work by sending suffrage letters to the German newspapers, and such was her ability and standing that she was able to secure their regular publication. Suffrage propaganda also appeared in at least one Polish paper. Our final victory was largely due, as most

reforms are due, to the help of the newspapers. Especially to promote congressional work in this state, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt came here in 1916 and was the chief speaker in a state-wide congressional conference held in Milwaukee. Wisconsin suffragists were proud that Mrs. Catt was born in Ripon, Wisconsin, although she removed with her family to Iowa when a young child.

Each session of Congress and of the state legislature, as it came on, was the object of our special solicitude. For a long time the Wisconsin delegation in Congress was not noticeable for suffrage enthusiasm. However, when the vote was taken in the House of Representatives in 1915, Wisconsin gave two votes in favor and nine votes against the federal amendment. By January, 1918 our delegation had taken an advanced stand and we had the remarkably favorable vote of eight for to two against the amendment, one place being vacant. That same vote was recorded at the final suffrage roll call in the House in May, 1919. In the long struggle in the United States Senate both of the Wisconsin senators stood steadily in favor of the amendment, as both had for years been friendly to our cause.

Each state legislature was given one chance and often several chances to record its opinion of the enfranchisement of women. The legislature of 1913 passed a referendum measure, which was vetoed by Governor McGovern on the ground that the electors should not be asked to pass upon the question again so soon after having decided against it.

The legislatures of 1915 and 1917 almost passed woman suffrage measures—almost but not quite. But the tide was turning. Political parties whose favor we had been fervently courting for years were becoming less embarrassed by our attentions. Minor parties had long been for us. The Prohibition Party, organized about 1880, seems

to have favored equal rights for women from the beginning. The Socialist Party has stood for equal rights for women; and the Progressive Party during its brief existence took the same position.

The majority parties were bashful but not wholly unapproachable. In 1916 both the Republican and the Democratic parties endorsed the principles of woman suffrage but neither was quite ready to stand for the one thing necessary to bring suffrage to the women of the country, the federal amendment. The two major parties in Wisconsin that year followed the lead of the national parties, but two years later both had reached the stage of positive conviction. "There comes a time," said Mrs. Mc Clung, the brilliant Canadian woman who spoke at one of our conventions, "there comes a time when the political parties, however shy they have been toward woman suffrage, say, "Take it from us, ladies." That time had come in Wisconsin when the platform conventions were held in September, 1918. All parties adopted suffrage planks. All eaders were anxious for us to know they were for us or at least were not against us. The woman suffrage session of the Wisconsin legislature naturally followed. The legislature was so keen about suffrage that it got ahead of our legislative committee and passed a resolution favoring the federal amendment and urging prompt action by the United States Senate before our committee got settled to its task.

Followed at intervals four more suffrage measures: giving women presidential suffrage; providing for a referendum; ratifying the federal amendment; repealing the referendum. The referendum was not desired by suffragists but went through on the prevailing enthusiasm of the legislature. When the federal amendment was ratified and the legislature realized that under the provisions of the referendum Wisconsin women might vote in November,

1920 on the question of their own enfranchisement, the referendum measure was repealed, a wholly friendly and considerate act. Each of the suffrage measures was favored by a large majority in both senate and assembly. The conversion of the political leaders of the state, as represented in the legislature as well as in Congress, was apparently complete. Legislation in this state had done all it could for the national enfranchisement of women.

The Wisconsin legislature passed the resolution of ratification about eleven o'clock on the morning of June 10, 1919. Senator David G. James, special messenger to carry the ratification document to Washington, reported at the proper bureau in the office of the Secretary of State early on the morning of June 13, and secured from the chief of the bureau a definite declaration that the Wisconsin resolution was the first to be filed in that office.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

June 13, 1919

By direction of the Acting Secretary of State I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the Joint Resolution of the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin, ratifying the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States extending the right of suffrage to women, which was delivered by special messenger, D. G. James, on June 13, 1919, and is the first ratification of the amendment which has been received.

J. A. TONNER
Chief of Bureau

However, the Wisconsin claim to first place in ratification of the suffrage amendment is challenged by Illinois, whose legislature had passed a ratification resolution at ten o'clock on that fateful morning of June 10. It later transpired that there was an error in the text of the resolution passed by the Illinois legislature which necessitated its being passed over again a fortnight later. Illinois claims she is entitled to first place because the error was not her own. She makes no claim to having filed first at Washington.

Whether the actual passage of the amendment, or the filing of that document at Washington, should establish precedence, whether the error should or should not count against Illinois—these are considerations which bid fair to make the question, "Is Wisconsin or Illinois entitled to first place in ratifying the suffrage amendment?" one of the great unsettled questions of the day. But there is no question that Wisconsin, either alone or with one companion, held the proud position of leader in that final great roll call of democracy.

The World War undoubtedly hastened the enfranchisement of the women of this country. Political parties indicated the splendid war work of women as reason for favoring political equality. Woman suffragists, being suffragists because of their interest in citizenship and good government, realized to the full the great issues at stake and supported the government with all their powers. The National American Woman Suffrage Association was the first national association to tender its services to the government when war became imminent, and almost immediately after Congress had declared the existence of a state of war the Executive Board of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association took action favoring vigorous effort in several specified lines of war activity and proffering its allegiance and its services to the state—the first Wisconsin organization to take such action. An appreciative reply to this message was received from Governor Emanuel L. Philipp.

The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association and some of the county associations appointed committees on registration, food, Americanization, child welfare. Many members became state and local leaders in the councils of defense, Red Cross, Fatherless Children of France, food conservation, Liberty Bond drives, and all sorts of war and relief organizations. Their interest in citizenship impelled them

to give a friendly hand to alien women when the law made it necessary for these to register, and to promote Americanization wherever possible. Notably fine pioneer work in teaching American ideals to the foreign born was done by our members. The Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association raised $1,453.85 for the Women's Oversea Hospital, U. S. A., the especial relief unit of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Wisconsin had an antisuffrage organization which regularly sent speakers to take part in the legislative hearings on suffrage bills. However, the most pretentious arguments against suffrage at these hearings were for several years made by a representative of the German-American Alliance. Only these two organizations openly opposed our cause. Other opponents worked in secret.

A Wisconsin branch of the National Woman Suffrage Party came into existence two or three years before the final victory.

The success of a movement like ours depends first upon education, and second upon legislation effected by this educated public opinion. Our work was done through standing committees, Congressional, Legislative, Finance, Educational, Literature, Press, Organization, and Headquarters.

Not the least important was the committee on finance, whose business it was to raise the money necessary for our work. I have always been proud that during my administration—I have no knowledge of earlier treasuries—our modest budget was always adequate and our bills were promptly paid. We even secured legal advice, when we needed it, without fee. Because we were sure we were working for a righteous cause we believed other people should be willing to help along, and so they generally proved to be. Our outlay was small according to the standards of present-day propaganda. Our greatest expend-

iture for any one year after 1912, including the annual contribution of $1,000 to the National American Woman Suffrage Association, was about six thousand dollars. Usually we had a budget of four or five thousand. The money was raised by voluntary subscription, each local organization being asked to contribute a stated sum based on its size and resources. These local organizations also had small treasuries of their own. Money was usually contributed in small sums, our Dollar Campaigns being especially featured. Occasional large gifts inspired general rejoicing.[23]

In looking backward we are filled with gratitude and happiness at what we have accomplished. We do not minimize the importance of what has been done. The enfranchisement of women, in face of the prejudice against it, prejudice woven into the very web of human nature, is a marvelous achievement. The careless world will probably continue to think that woman suffrage just happened, that it was "in the air"; but we know that the changes in the opinions of society which made it possible are the result of ceaseless, unremitting toil. Stones wear away with constant dropping. So do prejudices, which are much tougher. The political equality of women came because a little group of women had profound conviction that the enfranchisement of women was so fundamentally right and so absolutely necessary that it must be brought about. Many women and many men helped in the long woman suffrage struggle. But it was the burning flame in the souls of a few women which lighted and led the way.

Wisconsin has done its part. We say it with great pride and fervent thanksgiving. How many times have I heard the pessimistic prophecy: "Wisconsin will be the last to enfranchise its women." Local conditions seemed

[23] One Wisconsin woman, whose name I am not permitted to give, contributed most generously to our cause.

to provide foundation for that belief, but we workers in these later years knew that it was not well founded. Wisconsin took the lead in the ratification of the federal amendment because of the good fortune of her legislature being in session at the right time and the activities of our legislative committee. But the convictions of the legislature, chosen representatives of the people of Wisconsin, were right on this great question. The spontaneous enthusiastic support of suffrage measures by the legislature of 1919 records the real triumph of woman suffrage in Wisconsin.[24]

[24] For information used in this article I am indebted to the Reverend Olympia Brown, Ada L. James, Louise P. Kellogg, and many others.

JEAN BRUNET, CHIPPEWA VALLEY PIONEER

WILLIAM W. BARTLETT

If the question were asked as to who was the most noteworthy person in the early history of the Chippewa Valley, the answer would probably be Jean Brunet. Yet his story has largely escaped permanent record, and nothing approaching a biography of him has ever been printed. In the publications of the State Historical Society ten scattering references to Brunet may be found; here and there in other local historical works may be found brief mention of him, but taken altogether they afford nothing like a complete story of his life. To reconstruct this story, in so far as it can now be done, is the purpose of the present article. Fortunately for this purpose it is still possible to supplement the few sources of information in print with the testimony of persons still living who were intimately connected with the Chippewa Valley pioneer.

From a *History of Northern Wisconsin* published at Chicago in 1881 by A. T. Andreas may be gleaned considerable about Jean Brunet. The writer seems to have taken considerable pains in collecting his information, and Brunet had been dead but a few years when this account was written. It states[1] that Brunet was born in France and came out to St. Louis in 1818, where he entered the employ of the Chouteaus. By them he was sent in 1820 to Prairie du Chien, then the most important point in the upper Mississippi Valley.

At Prairie du Chien Brunet engaged in various activities and evidently became a man of considerable prominence. The account already noted states that he married the sister of Joseph Rolette, who was long the most prominent citizen of the place. Rolette had come out to Prairie

[1] Pages 192–94.

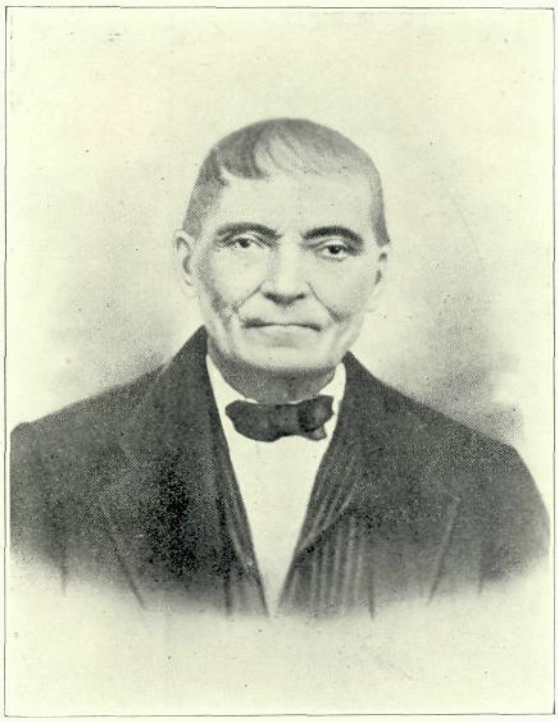
du Chien in1806, and he died there in 1842. He developed large business interests, and was a man of progressive ideas. Brunet's employment with the Chouteaus must have been soon terminated, for McCabe's *Gazeteer of Wisconsin* represents him as keeping a tavern (the second one kept at Prairie du Chien) in 1821.[2] This tavern was continued quite a number of years, being mentioned by Judge Lockwood in his recollections of the Winnebago War of 1827. "I went to my house and found it vacant," he says, "and went to the old village where I found my family and most of the inhabitants of the Prairie assembled at the house of Jean Brunet, who kept a tavern. Mr. Brunet had a quantity of square timber about him, and the people proposed building breastworks with it."[3]

Tavern-keeping could not have been a business of much magnitude in Prairie du Chien a century ago, and along with it Brunet carried on other enterprises. In 1822, according to Edward Beouchard,[4] Brunet and one Disbrow had a keel-boat on the river, which Beouchard was employed in running for them. Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, who later became vice president of the United States, came out to the lead mines and stopped for a time at Prairie du Chien—whether at Brunet's inn is not a matter of record. A Fox Indian came to Prairie du Chien offering to sell his "diggings" on Fever River. Johnson became interested in the matter and hired the keel-boat of Brunet and Disbrow to convey himself and goods to Fever River. The boat was placed in Beouchard's charge, with orders that in case Johnson should buy the diggings of the Indian and desire help in the erection of cabins Beouchard was to

[2] This gazeteer was never published, but a portion of the data gathered for it was printed in installments in the Lancaster *Wisconsin Herald*. The statement noted is included in McCabe's statistics of Prairie du Chien, printed in the *Herald*, August 23, 1845.

[3] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, II, 161.

[4] *Ibid.*, VII, 290.



JEAN BRUNET
From a crayon portrait owned by Ben Gauthier

remain and assist him. Johnson bought the property and not long after went back to Kentucky. Beouchard helped erect several cabins for him and sending back the boat and hands to Prairie du Chien remained, with Brunet's consent, at Johnson's diggings all winter.

In 1824 occurred a tragedy on the upper Mississippi in which Brunet was indirectly involved; the story of it which has been preserved sheds considerable light upon his business activities at this period. John Findley was a young man who came to Prairie du Chien in the early years of the American reoccupation following the War of 1812. Findley clerked for a time in the suttling establishment of Governor Alexander McNair of Missouri; while thus employed he fell in love with a half-sister of Mrs. Rolette and married her. His employer, learning of this, concluded that the clerk was not attending to his business with sufficient singleness of devotion and discharged him.[5] Findley now engaged in the Indian trade on his own account, but failing to make a success of it, some time before 1824 entered the employ of Brunet. In the summer of 1824 Brunet sent him, accompanied by three Canadian boatmen, on a business mission to Fort Snelling. At Lake Pepin the traders fell in with a war party of Chippewa from Lake Superior who were out in search of Sioux scalps.[6] The warriors had nothing against the white men; but they had failed to procure the scalps of any of their hereditary enemies, and swayed by savage impulsiveness, they fell upon the whites and speedily massacred them. The remains of the murdered men were soon discovered, and detachments of soldiers were sent to the spot from both Fort Snelling and Fort Crawford. In all, some two hundred men, soldiers and volunteers, journeyed to Lake Pepin to avenge the murders. "Mons

[5] *Ibid.*, II, 127.

[6] For this affair, see Warren's "History of the Ojibway Nation," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, V, 389–92.

Jean Brunet was along," records Warren, "and had been most active in raising this force." Evidently he was a man of enterprise and of influence among his fellows. This impression in confirmed by other references to him in Judge Lockwood's recollections, from which we have already quoted. Thus at the time of the Winnebago trouble in 1827, when the residents of Prairie du Chien were organizing a military company for self-protection, Brunet was one of the three officers chosen to command the company[7]; while after the battle of the Pecatonica in 1832 "the prominent men of Prairie du Chien, not included in the army," joined in presenting a gun to General Dodge as a memorial of their esteem. Among the seven names signed to this memorial we find that of Jean Brunet. Five years later he was elected to the territorial house of representatives from Crawford County, serving at its second regular session of 1837-38 at Burlington, and in the special session of June, 1838 at the same place, although it does not positively appear that he was in attendance at this latter session.

We are now on the eve of Brunet's removal from Prairie du Chien to the Chippewa Valley, where the remainder of his life was to be spent. In July, 1837 an important treaty was negotiated by Governor Dodge with the Chippewa tribe at Fort Snelling, by the terms of which a vast tract of Chippewa territory was ceded to the United States. In Wisconsin it included the greater portion of the northern and western parts of the state, covering the famous pineries whose cutting constituted the state's most notable industry for two generations following the treaty. For this vast extent of land, with its untold wealth in timber, the Indians were to receive the paltry sum of $810,000 in goods and money, distributed over twenty annual payments.

[7] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, II, 164.

Foremost to exploit the forest wealth thus thrown open to citizens of the United States was a group of Wisconsin men which included Hercules L. Dousman of Prairie du Chien; Lyman Warren, the La Pointe trader; William A. Aitkin, also a trader among the Chippewa; and General H. H. Sibley.[8] They placed Jean Brunet in charge of the enterprise, and an expedition was fitted out at Prairie du Chien to build a sawmill at the falls of the Chippewa. Brunet engaged boatmen, axmen, loggers, and mechanics chiefly from the French-Canadian population at the Prairie. The venture, however, did not prove a success under Brunet's leadership; the difficulties encountered proved more tedious than had been anticipated, and greater than the resources of the little party could surmount. The pioneers under Brunet's lead had pointed the way for the development of an industry which later assumed vast proportions in the Chippewa Valley; but the work of developing it shortly passed into other hands.

But the lure of the Chippewa proved too strong for Brunet to overcome. His movements during the next year or two are uncertain, although there is reason to think he continued to make his headquarters at the Falls. At any rate he is reported here in June, 1843, when Alfred Brunson's party came to the Falls enroute overland from Prairie du Chien to La Pointe.[9] Brunson was opening an overland trail from the lead mines to the copper country which, in the flush of its first great boom, was then attracting great attention on the part of Wisconsin's lead miners. A ferry would be needed to convey travelers across the river at Chippewa Falls, and already, according to Brunson, "Mr. Brunet" had a flatboat nearly completed for this purpose.

[8] *History of Northern Wisconsin*, 193.

[9] Letter of Brunson from Chippewa Falls, printed in Lancaster *Wisconsin Herald*, July 22, 1843.

Somewhat later than this, probably, the precise date being unknown, Brunet built a cabin on the west bank of the Chippewa about twenty-five miles above the Falls, and at the foot of a smaller fall in the river which shortly took his name. Here he resided the remainder of his life. For some years he carried on a fur trade and barter with the Indians. As the lumbering operations increased and the fur trade grew less he built a more commodious dwelling and kept a stopping place for the accommodation of the loggers, rivermen, and others passing to and from the lumbering regions farther up the Chippewa and its tributaries. Of all the stopping places on the Chippewa River that of Jean Brunet was best and most favorably known.

One of the men who came with Brunet's original party to the Chippewa in 1838 was Francis Gauthier. He remained in Brunet's employ; and when the latter built his cabin at what came to be known as Brunet Falls (now Cornell), Gauthier removed thither with him. He received no regular wages, but was treated by Brunet as his son. As the years passed he married and brought up his family in the Brunet home; after Brunet's death the courts awarded to Gauthier what property he had left. Gauthier is recalled by persons still living as an interesting man and one who was highly esteemed. He was much more of a woodsman and explorer than was Brunet, and he made many long canoe trips upon the upper Chippewa and its tributaries.

A daughter of Francis Gauthier, Mrs. Gustave Robert of Holcombe, has spent her entire life within five or six miles of her birthplace in the old Brunet cabin. Like many another pioneer, she had in her youth no educational advantages, but she speaks French, English, and Chippewa fluently, and is generally well-informed upon the events of the day, while her mind is a storehouse of information

concerning pioneer days on the Chippewa. From her the information which follows has been gained:

My father, Francis Gauthier, was of French-Canadian descent. I do not know the date of his birth, and am not certain whether he was born in Canada or not. If he was he must have left there at an early age, as he was only a young boy when he began work for Jean Brunet at Prairie du Chien. Mr. Brunet took a great liking to my father, and he was one of the party that came up with Mr. Brunet to build the first mill at Chippewa Falls, later going with him to what is now Brunet Falls, or Cornell. About the year 1846 Father married my mother, whose maiden name was Sophie Jandron. She was from the Odanah reservation and was of mixed French and Chippewa descent. Six children were born to them in the Brunet home, five of whom are still living.

I do not know when Mr. Brunet was born, but as far back as I can remember he seemed to be an old man. He was a fine looking man, always clean-shaven and very neat in his personal appearance. Whenever he made a trip to Chippewa Falls he always wore his fine broadcloth Prince Albert coat, with white shirt and cravat. In his later years he was much reduced in circumstances, and his clothes at times were really shabby, but even then he would not wear clothing that was patched. I think Mr. Brunet was from the upper class in France. He kept his accounts and gave general oversight to his affairs, but never did any manual labor himself. He was always kind and polite. The loggers and rivermen who stopped with him received the usual accommodations of other such stopping places, but when business or professional men came along they were treated by him as guests. He always sat at the head of the table. These men would be seated near him and Mr. Brunet would serve. Mr. Brunet was deeply religious, a devout Catholic, and very faithful in all the observances of the Church. He never sat down to the table without saying grace. In those early days his home was the gathering place of those of the Catholic faith from the surrounding vicinity for religious instruction when occasional traveling priests visited the valley.[10] Mr. Brunet did not bring his wife up from Prairie du Chien until after he had

[10] Brunet was the first president of the St. John the Baptist Society in the Chippewa Valley. In 1911 the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company was closing up its lumbering operations at the Falls. At the annual meeting of the company, held January 5 of that year, funds were voted for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Brunet in the cemetery at Chippewa Falls. This action was taken in recognition of Brunet's activities in connection with the first sawmill at Chippewa Falls. The officers of the St. John the Baptist Society were notified of the action taken by the company, and in June the monument was erected under the auspices of that society. The inscription, which is in French, may be translated as follows: "To the Pious Memory of the Valiant Pioneer, Jean Brunet, First President of the St. John the Baptist Society of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Born 1791 in Gascogne, France. Died the 20th of August, 1877. Rest in Peace. Builder of the first Chippewa Falls Sawmill in 1836."

spent some years in the Chippewa Valley, but he used to visit her several times a year. I remember her very well. Like Mr. Brunet she was very devout, and spent much of her time in her room engaged in religious devotions. She looked older than Mr. Brunet, and always wore a close-fitting cap or bonnet. She died shortly after the Civil War. One of my most cherished keepsakes is a French Catholic prayer book which she gave me on my second birthday. On the flyleaf she wrote this inscription: "Donné le 20 davril par Madamme Brunet a Josephine Gauthier, age de 2 ans. Riviere des Sauteurs."

Mr. Brunet was a true friend to the Indians, and they always stopped with him when going up or down the river. He never made any charge to them for meals, but they often brought him venison in return. There was always a great gathering of them at his home on New Year's Day, and soon after daylight they would announce their arrival by firing off guns. They would quickly put up their tepees and build their campfires, tom toms would be heard, and the vicinity of the Brunet home would assume the appearance of an Indian village. The Indians often camped near the house. I remember once an Indian child was very sick and my mother went over to see it, taking me along. The medicine man was there performing his ceremonies. He put something that looked like dried bones in his mouth, chewed them up, and spit them into a basin of water on the ground. After examining the water he said the child would die at sunrise the next morning. It was the Indian custom to announce a death among them by firing off guns. Next morning, just as the sun rose we heard the guns, and knew that the child was dead.

For many years after he came on the Chippewa Mr. Brunet lived in a one-room log cabin, with curtains around the beds. When I was about twelve years old he built a long log house facing the river. The house was torn down many years ago, but the foundation can still be seen. The kitchen was on the south, or down-river end, with bedrooms opening off of it for my father and mother and their children. The next room was a large dining room, which was deeper than the other rooms and had cupboards clear across the back end. Beyond this was Mr. Brunet's room, while the men's room was at the north, or upper, end of the house. A stair led up to the loft which ran the full length of the house and served as sleeping quarters for the men. In going to the dining room they did not pass through Mr. Brunet's room, but had to go outdoors.

My father looked after the outside work around the Brunet place, while my mother, who was a good cook and housekeeper, with the help of us girls, took care of the housework. Mrs. Brunet never did any housework, although she did a good deal of patchwork for quilts. At times, when large crews of woodmen and log drivers were going and coming, we had our hands full. At other times housework lagged, and we would make buckskin mittens and gloves, and plain and beaded moccasins.

Raspberries, blackberries, and cranberries were plentiful. Blueberries did not grow near, but the Indians used to bring them to us.

Wild plums grew in abundance. We did not know anything about the canning of fruit, but we used to dry berries and corn. For meat we had salt pork, smoked hams, and a plentiful supply of smoked venison. Fish could be had in any quantity, and partridges and other small game. Mr. Brunet raised a good supply of potatoes and other garden vegetables. Our table fare was hearty but simple. In the pastry line about the only articles we had were doughnuts and pies made of dried apples, dried berries, or cranberries.

We had our simple games and plays. The older folks played cards a good deal, and sometimes there would be a dance. Although I never used a gun, we used to fish, and all of us were at home on the water. I could pole or paddle a birch bark canoe, either standing or sitting, and there was never any lack of canoes. The Indians would start from the headwaters of the Chippewa with their canoes in the fall, hunting and trapping on their way down. By the time they were ready to return, the river would be frozen over and they would leave their canoes at the Brunet place, making new ones for the next trip. The whole country around was almost an unbroken pine forest and one could walk for hours without seeing the sun. But we girls were never afraid to be out alone in the woods or on the river, and were never molested either by Indians or by white men.

Jean Brunet was fond of reading but he did not take any interest in hunting, fishing, or other out-of-door sports. Like nearly everyone in those early days he drank intoxicating liquor, but unlike most tavern-keepers he did not keep it on sale and seldom had it on the place. He kept a small stock of the staple supplies needed in lumber camps and by the Indians and the few white residents of the vicinity. He cut a great deal of wild hay on the marshes, which he sold to the loggers; and he raised and sold a good many oxen.

Mr. Brunet selected a fine location for his home. His cabin was built on the west bank of the Chippewa, perhaps eighty rods below the present Brunet Falls dam. The site was level and high enough to be always dry. Below the falls and in front of the cabin was a bay, formed by a bend in the river, with very little current. In the side of the bank between the cabin and the river was a fine spring which supplied the house with water.

There were no roads in this section in the early days. In winter supplies were hauled up the river on the ice, while in summer and fall all travel was by boat. Two kinds of boats were in use for transporting supplies. The earliest ones were dugouts made from a single large pine log. In later years these largely gave place to bateaux, which were large boats with both ends pointed. Mr. Brunet derived a considerable income from portaging these boats and their contents around the falls. The bay below the falls afforded a good landing place. From this point a road had been graded along the side of the bank to a suitable point in the river above the falls. Mr. Brunet had a four-wheeled wagon, the heavy wheels of which were made of sections sawed from a large pine log. He had a regular charge for the boats, but the charge for carrying the goods was made by the hundred

weight. I well remember the old cart with the wooden wheels; at a later time it was replaced by one having iron wheels.

Mr. Brunet would have been well-to-do in his old age if he had not lost so much money in bad accounts. As it was, he had nothing at the time of his death except the place, the value of which at the time was only a few hundred dollars. I have in my possession an old ledger in which Mr. Brunet kept his accounts from the year 1862 until his death. Many of the accounts were never settled, and some of the amounts due were quite large. Mr. Brunet died in August, 1877, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Chippewa Falls. My father, Francis Gauthier, died in January, 1880. My mother died in 1909.

WISCONSIN'S FIRST LITERARY MAGAZINE[1]

M. M. QUAIFE

The late General James Grant Wilson of New York City, who for a generation prior to his death in 1913 was one of the leading figures of the nation's foremost literary center, was in the habit of relating that in the old *Chicago Magazine* he established the first literary periodical in the Northwest. The career of the *Chicago Magazine* began in March, 1857 and terminated with the fifth issue in August of the same year. Unknown to General Wilson, however, and apparently to bibliographers in general, full fifteen years before the *Chicago Magazine* ran its brief course the budding village of Southport (now known as Kenosha), Wisconsin, had witnessed the launching of a similar venture. We cannot, indeed, positively affirm that *The Garland of the West, and Wisconsin Monthly Magazine* was Wisconsin's first exponent of general literature, but it seems a reasonably safe assumption that our title is in harmony with the facts.

The most remarkable thing about the *Garland of the West* is the fact that it should have come into existence at all. Wisconsin Territory had been established only six years before, with a population east of the Mississippi of less than twelve thousand. Wisconsin Territory was developing rapidly during these years; yet in 1840 its total population was less than that of Madison at the present time. Nor was the social condition and economic status of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Badgerdom such as to lend assurance to other than a very optimistic publisher that his literary enterprise would find the means of support essential to render it enduring. Commenting on the large

[1] I desire to record my indebtedness to Professor W. B. Cairns and Mrs. Franklin Meyers for assistance rendered me in the preparation of this article.

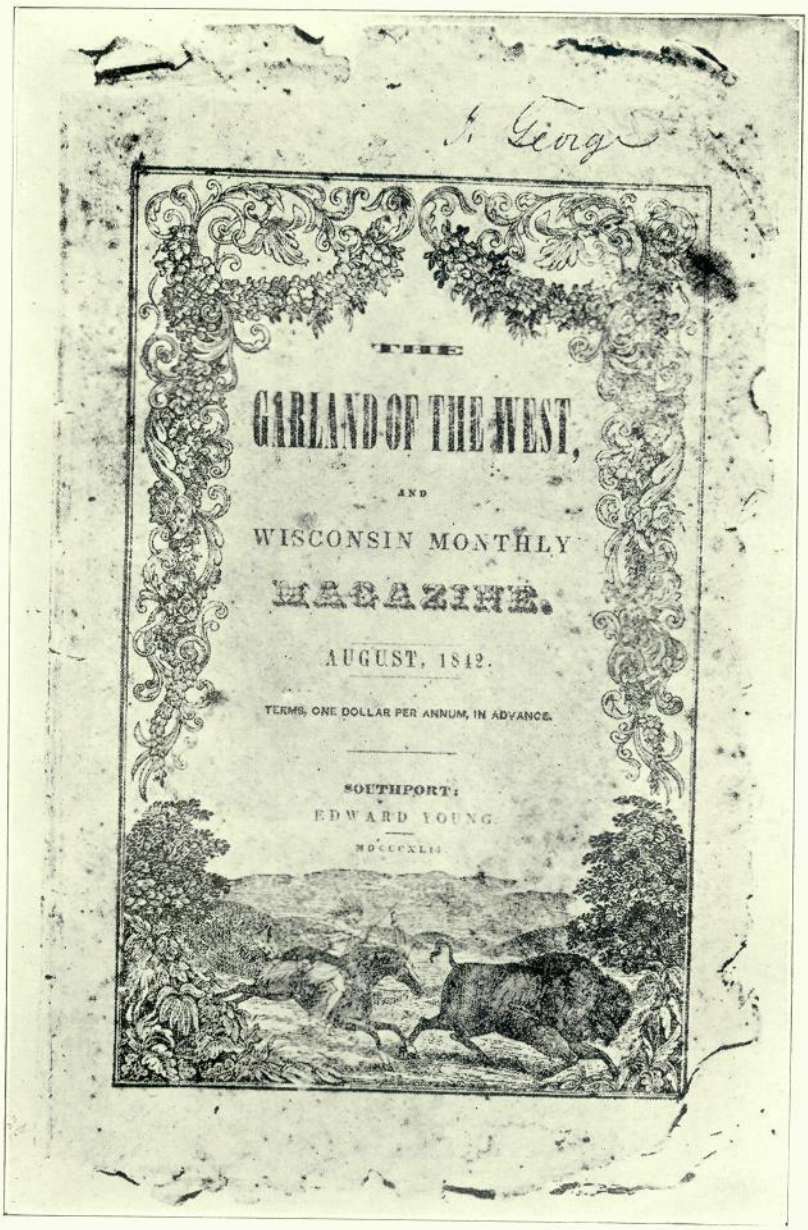
number of literary magazines started in America at a slightly earlier period (1815-1833) Professor Cairns writes:[2]

"Hope must have sprung eternal in the breasts of the editors and publishers of these magazines, or they would have foreseen the failure that surely awaited them. A few ventures, like the *North American Review*, met a need, and finally established themselves on a firm footing. * * * The great majority, however, came into existence as the result of misguided enthusiasm, and resulted in literary and financial bankruptcy."

With what hopes and expectations the *Garland of the West* was launched the prospectus issued by the publishers sufficiently acquaints us.[3] There was no intention of competing with the "long established and ably conducted magazines of the East," which the new periodical could not hope to rival. But while the East was abundantly supplied with magazines, the West was nearly destitute of such periodicals, and this "vacuum" the projectors of the *Garland* had determined, notwithstanding "the infancy of the town" and some little "diffidence" in their own abilities, to fill. The magazine was to be a monthly, printed with good type on fair paper, its contents to be made up of "choice Original and Selected Tales, Poems, Essays, Biographical Notices of distinguished men, Together with Statistical accounts of the West, etc., etc." As far as possible the contents of the *Garland* were to be original, and to this end the services of several writers had been enlisted; the selected material would be taken from the best current American magazines. The editors were hopeful of producing such a work as would become "a welcome visitant at the firesides of our hardy settlers" and a credit to the village of its publication.

[2] *University of Wisconsin Bulletin*, XIII, 39-40.

[3] Printed in Southport *Telegraph*, Feb. 15, 1842, and later issues.



COVER DESIGN OF *The Garland of the West*
Reproduced from *The Garland of the West*

Although the prospectus appealed for support to the friends of literature throughout the country, it will be worth our while to dwell for a moment upon the local environment in which this remarkable literary enterprise took root. Southport by the census of 1840 numbered but a trifle over three hundred souls; six years earlier than this it had been but a spot in the wilderness, its soil unvexed by the foot of a single white inhabitant. The village was growing rapidly, however, and in the two years following 1840 its population more than doubled. More important by far was the character of these pioneer settlers of Kenosha. They had come largely from New York and New England and were keenly responsive to intellectual influences. In 1839 an academy was established in the village; in the same year a newspaper edited by two remarkable men, Michael Frank and C. Latham Sholes, was also started. In 1841 the village witnessed the establishment of a second newspaper. In short, there was much about infant Southport to justify the flattering view which the editor of the *Garland* entertained concerning its local constituency. The leading article of the first issue was devoted to an appreciation of Southport and its citizens. Their character, we learn, "for enterprise, general intelligence, and morality is known almost as extensively as the existence of the town itself. The institutions of religion and morality were commenced with the early settlement of the place, and have been fostered with assiduous attention." The educational interests of the town were regarded as identical with its prosperity, and most of its citizens possessed a taste for reading and science; "hence Lyceums and other kindred institutions are supported with interest" together with a reading-room "where a leisure hour may be spent with pleasure and profit."

Of the publishers of the *Garland,* Edward Young and Julius H. Kimball, we have been able to learn but

little. Kimball was the son of George Kimball, a native of New Hampshire, who after varied experiences, including residences in places as widely separated as Montreal and Richmond, Virginia, came to Pike River Settlement (soon to be known as Southport and later still as Kenosha) in 1836. From that time until the present the Kimball family has been well known in Kenosha. At Montreal George Kimball had qualified for the practice of law both in the French and in the English courts. It is recorded that he was actively interested in art and literature and that he possessed an excellent library. Evidently these tastes were transmitted to the son, who helped to found and for a brief time conduct the new literary magazine.

Edward Young, however, seems to have been the principal factor in the enterprise. His career in Kenosha was but brief. Both from the *Garland* itself and from deprecating press notices of contemporary origin we discover that he had a penchant for versifying. Local advertisements indicate that he followed the trade of jeweler and watchmaker, unless, indeed, the village contained two residents of this name. The magazine shortly failed, and Young departed for another scene of activity, which perhaps accounts for our inability to learn more about his career.

Aside from the publishers, Young and Kimball, the prospectus of the *Garland* announced Michael Frank, L. P. Harvey and N. P. Dowst as permanent contributors. Harvey was the youthful principal of the Southport Academy, who had come from Ohio the year before in search of fame and fortune. The former, at least, he found in ample measure, for twenty years later, still in early middle age, he died tragically as war governor of Wisconsin, having held during the intervening years many offices of public trust and confidence. Michael Frank was for fifty years one of the state's

leading citizens. Of Dowst we have learned practically nothing.

By such men and in such a soil, therefore, was this pioneer Wisconsin literary enterprise planted. If one may judge by the fate which shortly befell it, the magazine must be numbered with Professor Cairns' great majority which "came into existence as the result of misguided enthusiasm, and resulted in literary and financial bankruptcy." After two issues (the first appeared in June, 1842) Kimball withdrew from the magazine, and Young continued it alone. Lack of adequate financial support must quickly have come into evidence, for the September and October issues were combined into one number of "only about the usual size." The *Garland* had been, a hostile and somewhat flippant newspaper critic[4] suggested, "somewhat bleached and cut short of its fair proportions by the fall frosts." In February, 1843 Young gave over the enterprise to Charles C. and C. Latham Sholes. They issued a new prospectus, announcing a somewhat changed plan of conducting the magazine; according to the same critic of Young whose comment we have already noted, it would henceforth "contain useful reading matter instead of lovesick trash."[5] Of the lengthy title which the magazine had borne hitherto the new publishers retained but the concluding portion, so that it now appeared as the *Wisconsin Monthly Magazine.* In their hands it became a quarto of sixteen pages, "very neatly printed."

We know of but three copies of the *Garland of the West* still extant, those for June, July, and August, 1842.[6] When the Sholes brothers suspended publication is not in evidence, although it is a perfectly safe assumption that lack of support afforded the reason therefor. Much of our informa-

[4] Milwaukee *Courier,* Nov. 16, 1842.

[5] Milwaukee *Courier,* Feb. 15, 1843.

[6] The State Historical Library has the issues for June and August. Mr. Nathan Allen of Kenosha has copies for these months and also one for July.

tion concerning the career of the magazine is due to the splenetic contemporary notices vented upon it by the editor of the Milwaukee *Courier*. From the first he adopted toward the infant magazine a tone of disdainful superiority. Its first issue "contains several tolerably fair love-sick stories, and a few pieces of passably good and a few of very poor poetry."[7] But the hope is held out that with proper encouragement the publication "may grow into something quite interesting and respectable, and reflect credit upon the literature of the Territory." The second issue of the *Garland* our critic finds "if possible more trashy than its predecessor."[8] In November "the opening piece of poetry by the editor is a failure," and Young is advised to "brush up his muse and his mechanical skill."[9] He is warned, too, of impending opposition, for it is rumored that one Obadiah Soapgrease has sent forth proposals for publishing *The Yaller Flower of the West and Dogtown Record.* Each number of this journal is to be sold "for what it is worth," and it is thought this plan will prove popular with the public in view of its experience with Young's magazine. Such comment by a rival editor need not be regarded seriously. It affords but one illustration of the fashion of the age, when personal journalism flourished—an age when famous New York City editors engaged in personal affrays and, in the political world, a man like Abraham Lincoln could hold up to public ridicule the reputation for personal bravery of such a man as Lewis Cass.

We may now consider for a space the literary achievement of Editors Young and Kimball, basing our remarks from the necessity of the case upon the first three issues of their magazine.

[7] Milwaukee *Courier*, July 6, 1842.
[8] *Ibid.*, Aug. 3, 1842.
[9] *Ibid.*, Nov. 16, 1842.

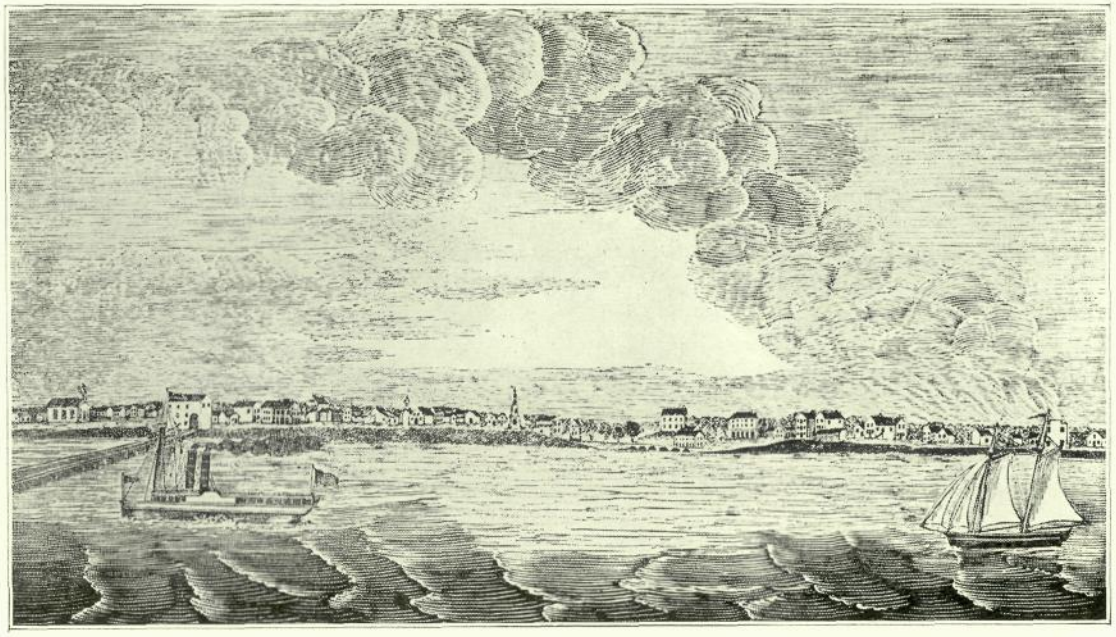
The *Garland* contained twenty-four pages of prose and poetry and sold for one dollar per annum "in advance." Thus it may fairly be said to have anticipated by at least half a century the deluge of ten-cent magazines which burst upon the country about the close of the nineteenth century. Moreover, it was to be an illustrated magazine, for the first number contains a view of Southport, "drawn and engraved expressly for the *Garland*"; and information is vouchsafed that this will be followed by views of "Milwaukie," Chicago, Racine, and other places. The spirit of the editorial salutation to the public is sufficiently humble. The editor deprecates his lack of education and natural ability and appeals for indulgence at the hands of his readers. He takes pride in the magazine, notwithstanding, as an evidence of the westward course of empire, having in view, also, the fact "that a place which eight or ten years ago was a wilderness, should attempt the establishment of a Literary Magazine."

This latter fact aside, perhaps the most noteworthy thing about the initial number of the *Garland* is the attention it devotes to poetry. The second article is an account by Louis P. Harvey of the poetess "Amelia," with selections from her pen. "Amelia" was the pen name of Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, wife of a Louisville merchant, who, about the year 1838 began to publish poems in the papers of Louisville and elsewhere. In 1844 these were gathered into a single volume, *Poems by Amelia*, which ran to several editions during the next half dozen years. Born in 1819, Mrs. Welby was but a youthful writer even at the time of her death which occurred in 1852. She was greatly admired by Poe, who wrote for the *Democratic Review* of December, 1844 an extended criticism of her poem "The Bereaved." "Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities," he declared; while as for the poetesses, "Few of them approach

her." Governor Harvey, writing almost three years earlier, when "Amelia" herself was but twenty-three years of age, and when her literary career had reached a span of but four years, commends her to readers of the *Garland* as "par excellence *the* poetess of the West." She has never yet appeared before the public "in all the concentrated glory of a book," but she has contributed many poems to the newspapers, not only those of the West, but as well to the "mammoth" issues of the eastern press; having, unaided by wealthy publishers or editorial flatterers, "with her wild song caught the ear of willing thousands of Americans and even caused it to be wafted across the broad Atlantic." Of her skill two examples are presented: one, a poem on "The Presence of God," the other, "Lines written on seeing an Infant Sleeping in its Mother's Bosom." We have space to present only the opening stanza of "The Presence of God."

Oh! Thou who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, oh God—
All glittering *round their sunset skies*
Their fleecy wings are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the *evening star upholds,*
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts in silent prayer;
For thou, oh God of love, art there.

Of this poem, which runs to seven stanzas, the writer says: "It should be read at the holy hour of twilight, when the cares of the day are thrown aside, the mind at peace with the world and the feelings fitted for relishing something akin to the murmur of a gushing rivulet or the rich melody of the vesper hymn of Nature"—with more of similar purport. The italics are the critic's, placed to indicate thoughts which he regards as possessed of peculiar beauty or delicacy. Whatever may be our con-



Reproduced from *The Garland of the West*, for June, 1842

KENOSHA IN 1842

clusion with respect to the merits of "Amelia," it is clear that her admirer possessed the soul of a poet.

The twenty-three pages (omitting the editorial introduction) of the *Garland's* initial number contain seven poems of varying length. One, a sonnet, is taken from the *Knickerbocker* magazine. Except for this and "Amelia's" two poems, all are written "for the *Garland.*" Three of them are by Young, the editor. Judging by the three numbers of the magazine before us it is fair to say that the poetry produced by the supporters of the *Garland* commonly dealt with sentimental themes which were treated in purely conventional fashion. Two of Young's offerings, "Children at Play" and "Watch of the Stars," are of this character. The third, however, "The Chartists' Song," is a stirring hymn of faith in the ultimate victory of the notable English economic and political movement then waging. Whatever may be thought of its poetical quality, the "Chartists' Song" has the merit of dealing sincerely with a great human movement for national betterment. If any of our readers have sighed for the "good old times," let them ponder this picture of the condition of life of millions of Englishmen in the days of our grandfathers:

> The day is coming, Englishmen, at last;
> See! O'er the hill-tops peers its welcome light;
> Cheer we its advent, cheer we for the night,
> The long, long night of slavery is past.
> Hail! brothers hail! the first glad light that breaks
> The gloomy reign of terror and dismay;
> Hail! brothers hail! man's majesty awakes,
> And drives oppression's legions far away.
> We've groaned beneath their iron scourge for years
> Bowed down as men should never bow to man;
> Steeping the food on which we starved with tears;
> That o'er our pale and grief-worn faces ran,
> The lordly priests have fatten'd on *our* sweat;
> *Our* toil hath filled the coffers of the drone;
> *Our* blood the soil of foreign lands hath wet,
> While these have revel'd quietly at home.

We've seen our children pining slow away,
We've heard their cries, "Oh! father, give us bread,"
We've seen our wives grow thinner day by day,
Beheld our father's old, time honoured head
Go famished to the grave. Now what is left?
We have endured all that *men should* endure;
And yet these were not satisfied with theft
They've rob'd us, and now taunt us with being poor.

The third issue of the *Garland* contains, like the first, seven poems; a hasty computation reveals that approximately one-fifth of the magazine is thus devoted to verse, a proportion seldom equaled by general literary periodicals even at the height of the recent American revival of interest in poetry. It is true, of course, that the proper test of poetry is qualitative rather than quantitative in character; nevertheless, the devotion of so large a proportion of the *Garland* to verse indicates that in the editor's judgment, at least, the citizens of pioneer Wisconsin felt a lively interest in the cultivation of the muse of poetry.

Professor Cairns states that editors of American literary magazines a few years earlier than this were commonly hard pressed for material with which to fill their pages. "Calls for contributions were so frequent that the ingenuity of the editor was taxed to devise new wordings. Gentlemen whose early opportunities had been neglected were urged to send in their productions with the assurance that details of spelling and grammar would be attended to in the office." Still the contributions did not come. One man wrote all of the first number of the *North American Review*, except one poem; while the editor of the *Illinois Monthly Magazine*, founded in Vandalia in 1830, stated at the close of its first year of existence that of the 576 pages contained in the first volume 350 had been written by himself, "a very few" by two or three friends "who have had the kindness to assist us occasionally," while the remainder had been selected.

More fortunate than these, the editor of the *Garland* from the beginning enjoyed the happy privilege of rejecting proffered contributions. Readers are informed that "To Brother" is under consideration and may appear in a later issue; while "To a Young Poet," "A Vision," and other poems are respectfully declined; "the author needs practice, a great deal of practice, before he will be able to accomplish anything in the poetic way."

A peculiarity of American literature in the period 1815-33, commented on by Professor Cairns, finds apt illustration in the third issue of the *Garland*. This was the prevalence "every where," and especially in ladies' magazines and those devoted to lighter literature, of references to seduction. Professor Cairns concludes that this does not necessarily indicate a corresponding prevalence of the practice condemned in the poems; rather the very unreality of the treatment in most of the articles on the subject indicates that this could not have been the case. In the poem "Josephine," Walter Wilson of Muskego laments to the extent of ten stanzas of eight or more lines, each, his baseness, first in seducing and later in discarding his sweetheart, as a consequence of which she now rests with her babe (and his own) in her "narrow home," while he, beset by remorse, dares not seek release in death lest in the other world treble his present ills beset him. This tragic theme, presented in a way no real human beings could possibly have dreamed of enacting it, is offered by the hopeful poet as "an imitation of Lowell." In view of the fact that Lowell, like "Amelia," was but twenty-three years of age, and that he had finished his law course and been admitted to the bar only in 1841, our western imitator's assumption of familiarity on the part of the reading public of the far Northwest with the youthful eastern poet must have delighted the heart of the latter if a copy of the *Garland* ever came to his attention.

The poem in imitation of which "Josephine" is offered is obviously Lowell's "Rosaline," which appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1842. That this early offering of the fledgling New England poet should so promptly attract attention and inspire to imitation in the wilds of Wisconsin may perhaps be explained in part by the fact that the lake shore population of Wisconsin in this period was largely composed of transplanted New Yorkers and New Englanders, who might reasonably be expected to inform themselves concerning literary and other developments in the region from which they had but recently migrated. The incident illustrates anew, however, the rapid spread of literary knowledge in America which European travelers often commented upon. Thus, William Newnham Blane toured the United States and Canada in 1822-23. At St. Louis, then a mere village although it was the metropolis of the upper Mississippi Valley, Blane found that the *Waverley Novels* and other English works were received and read within "fourteen or sixteen weeks" of their first appearance in England. Professor Cairns characterizes "Rosaline" as "one of the worst of Lowell's juvenalia," so bad that it "reads like a parody on itself." Exactly what "Rosaline's" repentant lover had done to send her to her grave is not entirely clear. Lowell's Wisconsin imitator leaves the reader in no uncertainty, however, concerning the nature of the wrong endured by "Josephine" at the hands of her lover. However their offences may have differed, the punishment of the lovers was the same—the dead sweethearts rise from the grave to haunt them with a patience no less remarkable than is their aspect terrifying. The poems are too long to reproduce (Lowell's may be found in his *Collected Works*); perusal of their opening stanzas will suffice to indicate their character and to reveal, at the same time, the degree of fidelity displayed by our Wisconsin bard in his attempt at imitating the New England poet:

ROSALINE

Thou look'd'st on me all yester-
night,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair
was bright,
As when we murmured our troth-
plight
Beneath the thick stars, Ro-
saline!
Thy hair was braided on thy head
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou
wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, Ro-
saline!

The deathwatch tickt behind the
wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and
fall
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!
My heart beat thickly in mine
ears:
The lids may shut out fleshly
fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!

JOSEPHINE

I passed eight weary hours last
night,
Thou were beside me ghostly
white
And my thick heart throb'd slow
with fright,
To see thee look so, Josephine,
Thine eyes were dark, they had
no light,
Yet ever was their sightless sight
Fixed on my blanched cheek pale
and white,
As when beneath the soft moon-
light
We sat together many a night,
Heartfull of passion, Josephine.

I could not hide me, Josephine,
Although I crept the clothes
between,
And clasp'd mine eye-lids down,
to screen
Me from thy fixed gaze, Jose-
phine;
'Twas all in vain, the more I
tried
The plainer stood'st thou at my
side;
The trembling bed-clothes through
were pried,
As if thou had'st their power
defied;
My lids were glass, they could
not hide
My blood-shot eyeballs, Josephine.

We have discussed somewhat at length the poetic contents of the *Garland*, with little attention as yet to the prose. There are eight separate prose articles in the three issues of the magazine, ranging in length from less than a page to articles of nine or more pages, published in installments. Two of the articles are essays. Several are selected. The scene of one is London, of another Paris; another is devoted to Vesuvius. One is by a fifteen

year old boy whose youthful genius the editor considers it to be his duty to encourage. All are mediocre in quality. The poetical output, while constituting a more noteworthy manifestation of literary endeavor, can hardly be described as other than mediocre. Nevertheless, the *Garland of the West* taken in its entirety is not to be ignored by one who would trace the cultural development of Wisconsin. Poor as its contributions are from the viewpoint of literary quality, the venture gives evidence of a serious desire on the part of our forefathers to develop a literature, even while they were laying the initial foundations of society, and at a time when the commonwealth of Wisconsin was still unborn. Numbered among the inhabitants of this same village of Southport in 1842 was Michael Frank, father of the free public school system of Wisconsin. Of Kenosha a local historian wrote in 1857[10]: "No question can be presented to the public of Kenosha that will elicit such general interest as the subject of schools. Whenever anything transpires, calculated either to raise or depress their usefulness, it causes a more general sensation among the inhabitants, than any other question that is presented for the public consideration." From such an atmosphere proceeded Wisconsin's first magazine of literature. If any facts are creditable in the life of a community, surely they are such facts as these. The citizens of Massachusetts still proudly herald to the world the act of their forefathers in early making provision for a system of public schools. The people of Wisconsin may well recall with similar pride the founding in their midst of a monthly literary magazine at a time when the total population of the territory but little exceeded thirty thousand—its home a village of less than eight hundred souls, the site of which only seven years before had been a primeval wilderness.

[10] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, III, 419.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

VII. CERESCO, A PIONEER COMMUNIST SETTLEMENT

The story of the early settlement of Ceresco in Fond du Lac County must necessarily be a history of the Wisconsin Phalanx, that utopian and financially successful experiment in communism that was conceived in Southport (now Kenosha) in 1844 and carried into execution in the fertile region adjacent to the present city of Ripon. Ceresco was the original settlement. It was located in the valley on the western edge of Ripon City, which later began its existence on the neighboring hills, became a dangerous rival, and finally absorbed the earlier community.

From 1837 (the date of Fourier's death) to 1843 the country was profoundly stirred by discussion and agitation as to the merits of the coöperative and social system advocated by the eminent French economist, François Charles Fourier. He taught (among other things that were less creditable) that individual effort was a great economic waste as compared with concerted action. It was pointed out that the never-ending toil of the housewife could be greatly lessened by the simple expedient of a community kitchen and dining room, and that farm work could be made easier and more effective by combined effort.

This "science of new social relations," as it was called, was given wide publicity in this country by the New York *Tribune* and other periodicals of recognized standing, and the result was a newly-awakened and widespread interest. There was really nothing new in Fourier's system except that it was presented in a novel and attractive manner to a modern civilization. Several colonies had already been established in the United States when

in the autumn of 1843 some of the citizens of Southport, Wisconsin Territory, became deeply interested in the project. Discussions and debates continued through the winter, and in the spring of 1844 an organization was formed and articles of agreement were drawn up and signed under the name of the Wisconsin Phalanx. Stock was sold at $25 a share and a considerable sum of money was raised in this way.

The next step was to find a suitable location for the colony, where government land could be purchased cheap. The officials secured the services of Ebenezer Childs, a prominent citizen of Green Bay, who had a good general knowledge of lands in the eastern part of Wisconsin Territory. Childs took with him three members of the newly-organized community, all good judges of land, and after spending almost two weeks in the wilderness and viewing a number of locations, they decided in favor of several hundred acres of land in a beautiful valley within what is now Ripon Township in Fond du Lac County. The land was purchased from the government through the Green Bay land office. On Sunday, May 27, 1844 nineteen men, the advance guard of the new community, reached the chosen location. They had driven through the forest from Southport with their horses and oxen in six days' time, camping by night along the trail. It is probable that no better men could have been found for the task they had chosen than were these nineteen men and the others that followed soon afterward. They were industrious and unafraid of hardship and had already accumulated considerable personal property, particularly livestock, before leaving their Southport homes. They were typical pioneers and eminently fitted to wrestle with the wilderness. These nineteen men who were willing to risk all in a community venture were: Alex. Todd, Jerome C. Cobb, Warren Chase, Jacob Beckwith, Nathan Hunter, John Limbert, T. V.

Newell, H. G. Martin, William E. Holbrook, Uriah Gould, Lester Rounds, Laban Stilwell, James Stuart, William Dunham, Joseph S. Tracy, Carlton Lane, George H. Stebbins, Seth R. Kellogg, and Chester Adkins. Ebenezer Childs joined the colony on June 4 and remained until September 24, when he returned to Green Bay. The original colonists brought with them thirty-four horses, eight yoke of oxen, and thirty-eight other cattle. As the spring was well advanced when they arrived, no time was lost in getting to work. Some of the men began immediately to dig cellars, for their first concern was to erect houses in which to shelter their families, who had been left in Southport and who were ready to follow as soon as the buildings were completed. Others of the men set to work to break up the sod of the open prairie, as it was necessary to get in crops without delay. Twenty acres were prepared and sown to grain or planted to vegetables the first season. Three houses were built as rapidly as possible, to take care of the women and children, and some of the families actually arrived before these first homes were ready for occupancy. As the weather was warm, rude shelter tents were used for a time. Each of these dwellings was twenty by thirty feet and divided into apartments so that several families were housed under one roof. These houses were later connected and extended and thus grew into the unique "Long House" of the community. Although food was prepared and served in common, the privacy of the family group was always respected by the Phalanx, and after meals each family retired to its own apartment. These buildings were all erected in Block 4 of what is now the City of Ripon. In the fall of 1844 one hundred acres of prairie were broken up and seeded to winter wheat; a sawmill was also built by the settlers, but it did not begin to turn out lumber until the following spring.

In the winter of 1845 a charter was obtained from the territorial legislature; the same was approved by Gov. N. P. Tallmadge on February 6, 1845. The "Long House" above mentioned first took on its characteristic form in 1845 and was one of the architectural freaks of this social laboratory. It continued to lengthen by additions until the building consisted of twenty apartments of twenty feet each, arranged in two rows with a long corridor between. Each apartment was distinctly separate from all others and yet all were under one roof. This is a unique feature in the description of a communist settlement of seventy-five years ago, but practically the same mode of living passes unnoticed today in our large cities where the dwellers in flat buildings and apartment houses repair daily to the restaurants for their meals.

The labor at Ceresco was all performed in common under the supervision of foremen who met every Saturday evening to make their report. Because of their adherence to Fourier's principle of self-determination and freedom of action, no person was compelled to work at any given time nor to labor more hours than he saw fit. His time was carefully kept by the foreman to whom he was assigned, and he received credit only for the hours when he actually worked. There was probably no desire among these hardy settlers to shirk or to take advantage of their fellows and thus the plan worked well. Evenings were given up to community gatherings, and the social life during the first few years of the experiment was very satisfactory. One evening of each week was set apart for debating and discussion, another evening for singing school, and still another for dancing and social gatherings.

Expense accounts were carefully kept and at the end of the year it was known exactly what it had cost to produce each field of grain or other crop. The cost of raising live stock was determined in the same way. Then one-

THE LONG HOUSE

This was the last and best building of the Phalanx. It was erected during the later years (1849 or 1850) and was therefore not the original Long House which was erected four or five years earlier.

fourth of the net increase was added to the capital and three-fourths distributed for labor in proportion to the number of hours that each member had worked. Skilled labor received some special consideration in the distribution of wages. At the close of 1845, about nineteen months after the establishment of the community, the second annual report was issued. It went into minute detail and showed a healthy financial condition. The capital had increased to $27,775.22 and was unencumbered. It appeared that 102,760 hours of labor had been performed during the year, of which 21,170 hours had been expended in cooking or deducted for the board of members. The whole number of weeks' board charged to members was 4,234, and the cost of board per week was fixed at 44 cents in cash and five hours labor. This left 81,590 hours of labor to be paid for out of three fourths of the net profits, and the officers of the Phalanx fixed the wage for the year at 7½ cents for each hour of common labor after board for the entire family had been deducted. The capital invested earned 12 per cent during the same year. While 1846 was a less prosperous year owing to a partial crop failure, still the organization was enabled to pay 5 cents per hour for labor, and 6 per cent on the capital. The population of the colony had increased to 180 by the close of 1846.

During 1847 the association earned net profits of $9,029.73, and its property was appraised at $32,564.18. The annual dividend amounted to 7 ¾ per cent and the wage paid to common labor was $7\frac{3}{10}$ cents per hour. For 1848 the dividend paid amounted to 6 ¼ per cent, and 6¼ cents per hour was paid for the labor. In 1849 there were signs of approaching disintegration, although it was still a paying proposition. The population had decreased to 120 due to dissatisfaction with the community restrictions. During this year 8⅓ cents per hour was

paid for labor. There was never any dissatisfaction with the financial returns, but social conditions and business restrictions became irksome to many of the members. The seeds of dissolution had already been sown, and in April, 1850, the property was appraised and divided and the organization went out of existence. True to its financial record, the stock netted its owners a premium of 8 per cent when the affairs of the community were settled up.

The history of this experiment is an interesting one to the economist; but its failure as a communist settlement demonstrated the impossibility of keeping ambitious Americans within the limits of a restricted environment. Outside interests of the male members and a longing for less restricted social advantages on the part of the women and young people may be given as the reasons for the disintegration of the Wisconsin Phalanx. It is probable that more favorable conditions for the success of a communistic colony never existed. The members were of high character, stable, and industrious, and free from objectionable cults and practices. The location was an ideal one and the soil was highly productive. Today Ripon Township is one of the garden spots of Wisconsin, and the city of Ripon is known throughout the region for the high average of its citizenship. It has a prosperous college, and the noticeable atmosphere of a college city.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN[1]

CHAUNCEY H. COOKE

DECATUR, ALABAMA, MAY 1, 1864
Co. G., 25th WIS.

DEA PARENTS: The march toward Chattanooga began this morning. The order came last night, after an all day's rain to strike tents this morning and be ready at sunrise to march. This means our entire brigade. The enemy's guns that had been pounding away at us for nearly a week were silenced by our batteries two days ago and since then there has been no excitement till the marching order came last night. Rations for three days were given each man which about filled our haversacks. Then at roll call we were told what was expected of us. That we were to join a large army that Sherman was collecting at Chattanooga and that we were to begin a hundred and fifty mile march toward Chattanooga the next day. The boys cheered and said they were glad to go anywhere for a change. We crossed the Tennessee river on pontoons and marched toward Moresville, our old camp. The mud was from three to six inches deep and fearful sticky. Marched about 12 miles and came into camp just as the sun went below the mountains. Our camp is on the grassy bank of a pretty river. I don't know it's name. It has been hot and muggy and the hard work of plodding thru the mud has tuckered me a little. I have just come from the river where I had a good wash. Lots of the boys threw away their blankets and winter underwear. Dan Hadley, who is cook for our mess of four, has called to supper so I must quit for to-night.

May 2nd:—The reveille roused us this morning before sunrise and a crowd of negroes that had come into camp to look at the Yankee soldiers began singing some plantation songs for the

[1] This is the concluding installment of a series of war time letters, the publication of which was begun with the issue of this magazine for September, 1920.

boys. They have a banjo and I tell you they can play it and dance too. I have washed in the river this morning and while Dan and Obe build the fire, fry the hard tack and sow belly, and boil the coffee I am writing a line or two on this heavy sheet torn from a merchant's ledger in Decatur. It's hard to get paper to write on. On the other side you will see a list of things sold by the merchant to Bill Parker's nigger George back in 1858. "Nigger George" was a slave.

7 o'clock p. m. We made several halts today to rest but the ground was so wet we couldn't lay down without our rubbers under us. A regiment of cavalry passed us as we halted this forenoon and all seemed to be so jolly I wished for a while I was in the cavalry so I wouldn't blister my feet marching. Came into Huntsville, Alabama, just at sunset, having marched 18 miles. A lot of the boys are crippling around with sore feet. I am washing mine three times a day in cold water which helps them. There is a lot of troops gathered here all destined for Chattanooga. Camp fires are blazing everywhere. Fences, boxes, old buildings and every movable thing is picked up and pulled down to make fires. It looks tough to burn up nice picket fences, but the boys must have fires to cook by.

* * *

HD. QUARTERS, 25th WIS. VOL.
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, MAY 3rd, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER: I think I sent you my last from this place. I am taking this from some scrawls in my note book. I got a letter from home this morning while waiting for orders to march. Am truly glad to hear that you are out of debt at last. It used to trouble me when I went in the field to hoe corn to think that you was in debt. It made my hoe feel heavy. We are on the march again thru pine forests and over mountains enroute for Chattanooga. Troops are coming in and swelling our force from all directions. We are passed every little while by cavalry on good-feeling horses, prancing along, and by four and six gun batteries, eight big horses to each gun, the cannoneers laughing and talking as they pound along in the cassions. The cannoneers have a snap on the road and today as I limped along on a blistered foot,

I wished I could trade places with one of them. But I would rather be in the ranks when the tug of war begins. When it comes long range shooting the boys that man the big guns catch it first. I guess I am satisfied where I am. There is talk that the Johnnies are bound to give us a fight at Chattanooga. We have had a long tedious march today over mountains and thru valleys that were pretty and green and wading creeks over shoe top that didn't really help our sore feet. The streams here are clear and cool and come from springs. No danger of fever from drinking Alabama spring water.

Marched 23 miles today. My feet are not so sore as yesterday. Many of the boys are badly crippled and will have to take the ambulance tomorrow. I am glad I ain't one of them. Some of them are shamming and it puts every honest soldier that complains under suspicion.

Not many minutes after coming into camp every fence and movable thing in sight is pulled down to make the fires. God pity this south land when we are done with it.

May 4th. Struck camp, not tents, this morning, for we had none. The sky all spangled with stars was our only covering last night. I lay with my face to the north and for a long time looking at the only thing I knew—the north star and the big dipper. It seems lower down than in Wisconsin.

At Woodville, 8 miles distant, we took the train for Chattanooga. Our cars were cattle cars. Some of the boys said d—the cattle cars, and some said God be praised for even cattle cars. At 9 p.m. we got under way for Chattanooga. Rushing thru the mountains, rumbling over rivers and gorges that made one's head swim to look down. Some of the tressels were fearful high.

May 5th. Woke up this morning just as the train crossed Tennessee River. I must have been jolted round a good deal as I found myself in the corner of the car some four feet from where I lay down. I was awakened by a lot of the boys singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Max Brill and a Company K man, who had somehow got into our car, was leading the band. Max made the noise and the Co. K man made the music.

Arrived in sight of Chattanooga at 11 a.m. The level plain far as I can see is literally covered with troops. Nothing but tents, tents, tents, by the ten thousand. Music by hundreds of bands is floating and humming in the air. 160 thousand rations were issued this morning to this vast army.

And this was before our division of ten thousand men came in. Got off the cars, cooked our dinner and lay round on our blanket watching the steady tramp of columns going and coming until 6 o'clock. We were suddenly ordered into ranks and marched out 5 miles and camped for the night at the base of Missionary Ridge, where our brave comrades made that heroic charge in 1863. Lookout Mountain, whose summit is swathed in a blue cloud, is about four miles distant from our encampment and about the same from Chattanooga.

May 6th. It was late before we slept last night. There was a constant clatter of cavalry passing, of carbines and swords jangling and of the pounding of gun carriages, over the big rocks that made these roads a terror. The boys think we are close to a fight and there ain't much loud talk. The mail carrier is coming to gather the letters, good bye. Will write again soon. Direct by way of Chattanooga. Your boy,

CHAUNCEY.

P. S. Direct to 16th Army Corps, via Chattanooga.

ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST
MAY 10th, 1864.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I send you my diary for three days of hard marching and rather hard fare. * * *

May 6th. We had hardly time to swallow our coffee when we were ordered to fall in and march this morning before daylight. We marched out 12 miles thru the Chickamauga battle ground. For ten miles of the way the woods were scarred and limbed and many trees cut in two by solid shot. All the way little mounds showed where the boys fell and were buried. The battle ground is generally level and covered with timber. The heavy shot has mowed fearful paths on all sides thru the tree tops. Camped a little before sunset at Gordon's Mills. Am sitting with my feet in

some spring water writing these notes. Several of the boys are with me bathing their blistered feet.

May 7th. Broke camp and began our march at sunrise thru a rough mountainous country, expecting the enemy to attack any minute. Cannonading is heard on our left. Met a lot of poor whites leaving the country. They are a wretched looking lot. They say we are the first Yanks they ever saw. The horses and cattle and pigs, like the people driving them, are the sorriest things I ever saw. The wagons were driven by the women, and the men, with long-barreled guns and five to ten children, all white haired, followed behind driving the cattle and a sheep or two and sometimes a pig. These were all mountain people, the clay eaters and best shots in the rebel army. Some of the boys asked them what they were fighting for, and they answered, "You Yanks want us to marry our daughters to the niggers." Poor ignorant devils. Marched 18 miles today. Went into camp at sunset—such a sunset! Just such as I have often seen in my Wisconsin home, with the bluff tops all warm and yellow just fading into twilight.

May 8th. Marched but 8 miles today over stony roads and steep mountain sides and crossed many beautiful spring streams. Farms, or plantations as they call them here, look as if they had been prosperous but they are all deserted. The negroes have mostly gone and the whites are in the army.

May 9th. It was no secret that we were close to the enemy eighty thousand strong. Our forward march began early. We made from 8 to 10 miles. The left column of our corps met the enemy and for an hour the cannonade was fierce. The ambulance corps brought back many dead and wounded. The wagon trains, several miles in extent, were halted and packed under cover of several batteries of artillery and a big reserve of infantry. Mounted orderlies were coming and going on fast horses all day long. Nobody knew what the next hour would bring forth. We were ordered to keep our guns in prime condition and our boxes full of bullets.

A great army of infantry lay about us, all waiting like ourselves for the order to march. All of a sudden there came a roll of voices in a mighty shout from the rear. While we were wonder-

ing what it meant a troop of cavalry came galloping along headed by the famous cavalry leader, Gen. Kilpatrick. It made the boys feel mighty good to see this daring cavalry leader, who was such a terror to the rebels. He is a little fellow, about 5 feet 5 with brown hair, thin beard and mild gray eyes. He kept touching his hat brim as his mare, all foam, went galloping by.

As the yellow sun went below the Georgia mountains last night, the bands from more than twenty regiments filled the air with their music. I wondered how it would strike the ear of the rebel picket on the mountain side in front of us. I rolled in my blanket, with my clothes on, and tried to sleep. About midnight I was awakened from dreams of home by the rushing cavalry horses and the grinding of artillery wagons. We soon learned that the rebel Gen. Wheeler was making a move to capture our supply trains. The wagons were being hurried to the rear and every surrounding regiment ordered to get in motion and join in the retreat. With the rest of the army we were soon on the counter march, in the darkness, over swollen streams and stumbling over stones we could not see, plunging thru the mud and often entangled in the overhanging limbs. God, what a night and what a morning. Can I ever forget it? No never. The retreat thru the hills of Georgia, following the supply trains of the Union army will long be remembered. I am all right and ready for the fray.—Direct via Chattanooga.

Ever dear parents, Yours,
CHAUNCEY

SHERMAN'S ARMY, May 10th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS:

I am writing you again today. I wrote you only day before yesterday but all the boys have the fever, as it looks, of writing letters tonight. Cannons are booming both on the right and on the left, and as our Lieutenant says, things look mighty squally for tomorrow. I can't say that I am a bit nervous, but as the boys say, some of us may be where we can't send letters tomorrow and better send 'em now.

We were up and ready for orders to march early this morning but the order did not come until 9 o'clock. The enemy's shells

have been screaming and bursting over head, killing and wounding a lot of men in our division.

Marching out to the front some three miles, and we were nearly all day doing it, so conflicting were the reports of our scouts and couriers as to the location and strength of the enemy.

Finally we came to a halt for the night just as the rain was pouring down in torrents. Everything got soaking wet but our powder. We kept our powder dry. I am afraid you can't read this, my paper is so wet and greasy. In my hurry this morning I put my writing paper in my haversack along with my plate and sow belly.

Night came on at last and with it the hardest storm I ever saw. Our little fly tents let the water thru like sieves. We didn't have any time to pick up brush for a bed and so lay on the ground. Some of the boys said they were laying in the water two inches deep when the sentinels came rushing into camp shouting, "To arms to arms, the rebs are coming." Our camp was in a forest of great pine trees, and I had gone to sleep, as no doubt had the others, while the thunder was crashing around us and the wind and rain was pouring thru the pine tops with an awful roar.

We were already as wet as drowned rats when we sprang out into the open storm, slinging on our cartridge boxes and knapsacks and fastening our dripping blankets to our belts, and pulling down our flimsy fly tents and tying them like belts around us and falling into the retreating column fast as we could. No questions were asked, not a word was said, every fellow for the time was willing to obey orders. The brave boys, who generally knew a lot more than Sherman, didn't say a word last night.

We turned our backs to the enemy and retraced our steps over terrible roads, sometimes in mud and water to our middle. It was pitch dark only as flashes of lightning lit up the struggling mass about us. Stumbling over rocks and roots, many fell full length in the muddy water of the overflowing streams and in the muddy track of the plunging column. We made about four miles and halted near a big corral of supply trains. We were ordered to build fires and dry our blankets. It's pretty hard to tell what Sherman is trying to do. The report is that the rebs are making

feints at different points along our lines, trying to break thru, and that Sherman is planning to bag their army.

Our retreat last night looked as if we were the party nearest bagged. But you can't tell. Sherman has an awful army. The line is three columns deep and twenty miles long. That the armies are close together, there is no doubt, as we can hear guns going all night long.

We are hearing good news from the Potomac. The sun is fearfully hot this morning and all hands are trying to dry their soaked clothes.

It is ten o'clock and no orders yet to march. The five or six hundred supply wagons alongside us in a big cornfield, with their four and six mule teams all plastered with mud, show no signs of moving.

Word has just come to be ready to march in fifty minutes. Couriers are galloping up and down the line and the officers are calling out orders to pick up and pack up.

Send me some stamps and direct by way of Chattanooga. In haste. Love to mother, sister and the boys. Will write again the first chance.

CHAUNCEY

CAMP IN THE PINE WOODS, near Resaca,
Georgia, May 17th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I have something to tell you this time. We have been in a big fight and lost near three hundred men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. I am mighty glad to tell you that I am all right. I had several close calls as did all the boys for that matter. We have been under fire and losing men right along for three days. Many of our boys were killed and wounded at long range firing from the rebel fort by shot and shell so far that we could not return it and had to take it. A good part of the time we were supporting batteries that were trying to silence or dismount the big guns on the rebel fort. I want to tell you the Johnnies were all fixed for us. Think of two hundred guns on our side, 12 and 14 pounders, pouring shot and shell fast as men could load and fire into the enemy's fort while two and in some places three, lines of infantry were compelled to stand or lay in front of

these batteries, exposed to shot and bursting shell and no chance to shoot back. I don't know where to begin to tell you, nor how to tell you, of the last four days, besides we are under marching orders to be ready to go at a moment's notice, just as we have been night and day for several days. As I write this, cannons are roaring on our left toward Buzzard Roost and no soldier knows what the next hour may bring. I can scarcely keep my eyes open to write, altho it is but ten o'clock in the morning. We have had so little sleep for a week, night or day. On the 12th, word was passed that the rebs had made a stand at Resaca and that the place was fortified and mounted with big cannons and mortars. During the night of the 12th, Sherman planted his batteries on every hill and ridge overlooking the town, and in the morning of the 13th, at day break, both the rebel fort and our brass batteries opened a terrific fire. Our regiment was ordered to take a position in advance of a string of batteries, while another column of infantry filed in front of us.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, to see, as we could from the ridge, column after column of troops, two and three lines deep, forming in battle line away on our left for a mile and a half. Here and there a bursting shell from the fort would throw the lines into confusion killing and wounding scores of men. By the time the smoke cleared up the lines would reform, the dead and wounded would be carried back by the ambulance corps. All that day until night, the big guns on the fort thundered at our batteries on every hill and ridge, on the north and west side. I don't know what our loss was. A shell burst just over us, killing and wounding a number in Co. K., next our Co. A shell burst directly over me, cutting a hole in my blanket and the piece making a hole in the ground within a few inches of my body. The battery, just in our rear, was put out of business for a time by a bursting shell from the fort, dismounting three guns, killing and wounding the gunners, and smashing the gun carriages to splinters. It was a horrible sight to see the poor fellows wounded and mangled. Long before night the valley of the Coosa was thick with smoke so that we could no longer see the belching clouds of smoke sent out from the fort. I see a courier galloping to headquarters. I sup-

pose it means an order to fall in. Will finish my story of the battle Resaca if I live, first chance.

The mail carrier is calling for letters so good bye. Am feeling fine.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP IN THE PINES, GEORGIA.
16th ARMY CORPS, May 18th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: After we finished breakfast and had strapped on our cartridge belt, our haversack and our knapsack and cleaned and primed muskets and fallen in, an order came to be at ease for an hour or so until a long column of cavalry and artillery, which wanted all the road, could get by. Our foxy old General Sherman was coming another flank move to the right, and the cavalry and artillery were ordered ahead.

There is heavy firing five or six miles on our left and word has just been passing down the line that the rebs at Dalton have made a fierce sortie on our lines at that point. It looks strange to see our troops marching quietly to the right with all this rumpus on the left. But our bully old General knows his business and we feel easy.

I have something more to tell you about Resaca, while we are resting. The evening of the 14th, under cover of the smoke that filled the valley just before sundown, the lines of infantry were advanced nearly a mile toward the town. Our regiment was put on the extreme front. We crossed the Coosa creek or river, about as big as the Elk at Gilmanton, and took up a position in the edge of the woods with a big open plantation or clearing between us and the rebel infantry, lined up in a strip of woods at the edge of this clearing a quarter of a mile from us. The rebels discovered us first and began a terrific fire on us from their cover of brush and logs. Then the order came for us to open fire. There is no use to try to tell you of the excitement, of the cries of the officers, of the whistling of bullets and shells and above all else the roar of guns. Every fellow loaded and fired fast as he could. We were ordered to rest on our knees instead of standing where we could, as at short range firing most of the bullets went high. We had not emptied

our boxes before it got dark and we had to aim at the line of fire from the guns of the enemy. After it got quite dark the firing stopped and we went back to the bank of the Coosa and made our coffee, and spreading our ponchos or rubbers on the wet earth lay down on our stomachs with all our belts and belongings fastened to us, and tried to sleep. It was poor sleeping. We thought of the poor fellows who were taking their last sleep and of the many who were suffering from wounds and broken limbs. Long before daylight we were ordered to dig trenches and pile up log barricades on the edge of the open clearing still nearer to the rebel line of defense. There was no warm coffee the morning of the 15th. We lunched on hard-tack and some smoked bacon and ham that our cavalry boys had captured the night before and rationed out during the night.

10 o'clock a. m. We have just had a bugle call to fall in, but after standing in the ranks a half hour, we were ordered again to "grab a root," meaning to rest standing or lying down. I take my pencil and here goes for the rest of my story.

All night long some of the wakeful boys heard officers on the fort swearing and giving orders. Some thought it meant they were moving their big guns or they were planting more big guns. Anyway when the first streak of daylight came both sides opened a hot musketry fire. Both sides were protected behind barricades. We thought it strange that there were so few big guns being used at the fort.

Our batteries, a half mile at our rear, opened up their thunder upon the town with very little reply. By midday the smoke in the valley of the Coosa became so thick we had to shoot by guess. I emptied my cartridge box many times during the day as did the others. I saw men often drop after shooting, but didn't know that it was my bullet that did the work and really hope it was not. But you know that I am a good shot.

During the day we took turns sleeping behind our log barricades. I could sleep but many could not with ten thousand guns roaring in their ears.

Say, do you know that it was my 18th birthday? Shortly after noon one of our cannon shot away the rebel flag on the fort. There must have been twenty thousand Union soldiers see it fall,

from the shout that was sent up along our lines. Such a day and such a night. When night set in not a gun replied from the fort. The firing ceased on our side. The night of the 15th we lay upon the bare earth, eating cold scraps such as we had and listening to sounds at the fort we could not understand. In the morning our pickets reported that the high bridge across the Coosa had been burned and the rebel army had retreated. Not a gun was fired in the morning. The fort was silent as the grave. There was a hasty gathering of regiments and forming into column. But I have no more time for details.

There is a roar of big guns on our right and the cavalry and batteries that have been stringing leisurely along, are whipping their horses into a trot. They have orders to hurry up.

Good bye.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

NEAR LOST MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA,
2ND BRIGADE, 4th DIVISION,
16th ARMY CORPS. May 20th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I have been too busy to think of writing for some days, and if not busy have been sleeping or trying to sleep. We have had ten days and nights of fearful campaigning. The doctors are sending back thousands of men who are sick and dying for want of sleep. There hasn't been a minute of time, night or day, that guns are not heard or that our regiment has not been losing men, and yesterday it all wound up with a most terrible fight at Dallas or Lost Mountain.

I am writing by the light of a rail fire laying on my stomach about 1 o'clock in the morning. Have been on special duty digging trenches and piling up log breastworks in expectation of an attack. This sort of thing has been going on for eight days. One day we would march to the right and the next day to the left. Last week we dug trenches during the day and marched by night, this week we are marching by day and digging nights. The rebel generals keep Sherman guessing most of the time. If we did not have a much bigger army, we would stand a poor show in these mountains. For a week we have been winding round mountains,

wading mountain streams and twisting about in great pine woods, falling asleep as we marched and stumbling over roots and stones. Then we would come to a halt to let some cavalry troops get by or some batteries that were badly wanted at the front. Then we would drop down on our faces where we stood and snatch a few minutes' sleep, only to be routed by that awful bugle call to rouse up and march. The fact is, the bugle terrifies us more than rebel bullets. In many places the valleys or gorges in these mountains are so narrow that we have to wade for a long way in the streams that run down them. Of course our feet are always wet, but this water is good to drink and we thank God that we don't suffer from thirst as we did.

Lieutenant McKay has just come round, as he is on duty tonight, and warns me that I better quit my writing and go to bed, so I must leave off telling you of the battle of the Lost Mountain until next letter. I took two or three naps while scribbling this and maybe you can't read it. I am feeling fine. Have had no letter from home lately. Tell Dora to see Miss A. and ask her to write. Direct to Chattanooga, 16th Army Corps.

Goodbye mother and father.

Your loving
CHAUNCEY

40 MILES FROM DALLAS, GEORGIA,
IN THE GREAT PINE WOODS,
June 1st, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: For three days we have been on special detail duty guarding a supply train of several hundred wagons of hard-tack and ammunition. We came into camp late last night, and while the wagon train has pulled out this morning we are told to be at ease until future orders. I am in the shade of some great pines this morning and I am glad, for the heat of the sun is fearful. With my back against a great yellow pine I am seated to tell you of the fight at Dallas or Lost Mountain. Dallas is a little, sorrowful, humble village of some 600 souls about two miles from a great black forest-covered mound called Lost Mountain.

If I live a hundred years I shall never forget the fearful night of the 29th of May, 1864, when all the earth and sky seemed on

fire and in a struggle for life or death. In the space of thirty minutes 2,000 men were killed and three times as many wounded, many of them to die.

Before we reached Dallas on the 27th, we had been told by the natives along the way that a big army of 40,000 men was waiting for us Yanks on Lost Mountain. On account of the heavy timber we were within six or seven miles of the mountain before we saw it. It looked to us like a great big mound two or three miles long covered with a dense forest. We thought of Resaca and of course kept our eyes on the mountain at every opening. We didn't make more than five or six miles that day. A halt would be called every few minutes to let a cavalry regiment cross, going to the right or the left, or a battery, sometimes two or three, would come tearing by, when we would take to the side of the road and drop down on our bellies for a nap till they got by. We camped on the outskirts of Dallas on the night of the 27th between the town and the mountain. There were only a few people left in town and they were packing up and hurrying away in expectation that the town would be burned.

On the morning of the 28th, John W. Christian and I were detailed to go on picket duty. Our beat lay within 80 rods of the rebel breastworks on the side of Lost Mountain. Sharpshooters in the tops of the trees kept pegging away at us for four hours. We changed our position several times but they kept their eyes on us. We were in a cornfield full of rotten stumps. We got behind one of these stumps put up a rubber blanket for a shade and lay down as close together as we could. They got our range and presently the bullets began to whistle past us, striking the ground but a few feet from us. I said to John, "Let's get out of this." "Wait," he said, "until they come closer." The next moment two shots ripped through the rubber above us, one of them grazing John's breast and tearing a hole in the ground between us. We rolled out of that in a hurry, grabbed our blankets and took a position lower down the hill. John Christian is a dandy boy. He isn't afraid of anything. In the afternoon about 4 o'clock, we were relieved to take a sleep.

As soon as it got dark we were ordered to build breastworks of logs not more than fifty rods from the rebel lines just across

a deep gulch from the foot of the mountain, About ten at night we were ordered back to camp for a few hours sleep, and the next morning at three o'clock before daylight, we were in these trenches facing the rebel lines, which were protected like ours. All day long we shot wherever we saw a hand, a head, or puff of smoke, and the rebels did the same. Some times our side would call out to the rebs, asking them to hold up and talk things over. "All right," they would say, and for some time both sides would talk over things about the war, and about their girls, and about exchanging hard-tack for ham, and whiskey for tobacco. Then some voice would call out, "Look out for your life!" and the shooting would begin. Several times during the day both sides would agree to a truce for ten minutes or twenty minutes, and some of the more daring on both sides would meet half way and exchange tobacco for whiskey and sometimes newspapers, sometimes to shake hands merely. Soon as the first fellow got back to his barricade he would call out, "Say pard are you ready?" If the answer came back, "All ready!" at once a dozen guns, perhaps a hundred would answer back the challenge.

About the middle of the afternoon the canteens of my squad, some 30 men, were empty. The orderly called for volunteers to take the canteens and carry them back to the branch some 60 rods and refill them. I was the first man to step out and Jake Bolunger of Alma followed me. Jake and I made the trip all right both coming and going over a ridge in plain view and range of sharpshooters who pelted us with a shower of bullets both ways, Jake fell down on his way out not twenty rods from the trenches. I had got to a stump and made a halt to get my second wind. I called to him. He answered back, "I am all right." The rebel sharpshooters thinking they had killed him stopped shooting at him, when he jumped up and ran over the ridge out of sight. We got back with our canteens of water all safe.

Early in the evening of May 29th after a day of incessant musket firing we were ordered back to camp along with the rest of our division. There had been a rumor that the Johnnies (rebels) were evacuating and still another story that they were concen-

trating all their cannon along the line of our front and were planning an assault. There was a mystery about it that kept our officers guessing. The thing that looked suspicious to us, if we were to make a flank move, was the increased number of batteries that were lined up along the crest of the ridge just above and behind us. Word was passed along the line that old Leather Breeches, with his eight big brass bulldogs (cannon) had taken a position just in our rear. Leather Breeches had the best battery in the army and every soldier knew that when the old Dutch captain's war dogs barked it meant business. Before the smoke had cleared away, that sent a shell into the rebel ranks, the boys would run up and hug the guns and call them dear girlie.

We were in the edge of a cornfield littered with stumps and stubs. In the three lines lying just in advance of some fifty big guns on the ridge we could see all of our division and part of another. We ate our hard-tack and drank cold water for supper and we lay down for a little rest with all our belts and blankets strapped on. Everything had grown quiet along our front save a few shots from the sharpshooters. On our left there was an occasional boom of cannon some miles off. Yes, and now and then a burst of spiteful musketry close on both our right and left. We were finally lulled into a broken sleep by the music of many regimental bands, which our General had ordered to keep playing. We lay down on the bare earth with everything strapped to us but our guns and the air of "Home Sweet Home" in our ears. It was near 1 o'clock at night. There was no threatening sound save the steady tramp of the 16th army Corps with its infantry and cavalry and batteries moving steadily to the left without any voice of command. Our cat-naps were giving way to sound sleep when, from the forest height of Lost Mountain, there came a chorus of bugle notes that caused 50,000 Union soldiers tired and weary, to spring to their feet. We knew too well that it meant an onslaught of the rebel army. In an instant we were on our feet. The next moment came the command: "Lie down until the enemy shows itself above the crest of the hill." I have no pen to tell you of the awful scenes and sounds of the next three quarters of an hour. How near the rebel

infantry came to our lines that night we do not know. The heavens above us seemed to boil with fiery red smoke from ours and the rebel cannons. It must be we were too well prepared. Not a half mile from our right a thousand men were killed in 30 minutes and three thousand were wounded, perhaps most of them mortally. O God, what a night was the night of May the 29th for Sherman's army. It was a night of dazzling, glaring, shrieking sounds. The earth seemed crashing into ten thousand atoms. The sky but an hour ago so pitchy black, seemed boiling with smoke and flame. And the horrid shrieking shot, and bursting shells, then the shouting of commanders and cheering of men, mingled with the sputter of muskets and the roar of batteries, made the world about us seem like a very hell. Just behind our division alone was a solid line of cannon for near a half mile, vomiting fiery streams of shot and shell that came screaming close above our heads. Many of them were so badly timed that they burst above our lines killing and wounding our own men. And for every broadside from our big guns there came an answering roar from the rebel lines. The real death struggle at short range musket firing was a quarter of a mile on the right of our division. The forest there was dense and unbroken. There most of the 4,000 men, who were killed and wounded, fell and all in less than an hour. We talked it all over with the fellows who were in the thick of it next morning. How they were under marching orders to move to the left, how they had quit the trenches under the belief that the rebel army was retreating. Then came those bugle notes which meant a rebel charge and a fight to the finish. They may tell of hell and its awful fires, but the boys who went thru the fight of Dallas with all its scenes, are pretty well prepared for any event this side of eternity. Full of whiskey and gunpowder the rebel ranks charged again and again the Union lines, only to be repulsed again and again with fearful slaughter. They charged with their hats pulled down over their eyes like men who cared only to throw away their lives. With every repulse of the rebels, a cheer of victory came up the Union lines and was borne away in a mighty roar by fifty thousand eager voices on our left. For the rest of the night we slept upon our arms within ear shot of the cries of the wounded and dying,

every house in Dallas being pressed into service as a hospital. The cries of the wounded and dying murdered all sleep for me that night and I thought many many times of father's saying: that every life taken by Union or Rebel bullets was a sacrifice to the crime of slavery.

You may have to pay some extra postage on this heavy paper. I am writing on paper torn from some merchant's ledger, picked up in the streets of Dallas. The boys have run out of letter paper and are using any sort of paper.

Orders have been passed along the line to be prepared for a night's march.

I have not had a letter for some days. The report is the railroad in our rear has been cut by a raiding party. If this is so you may not get this letter very soon.

There is a rumor that the rebel army is making another stand at a place called Big Shanty.

Am feeling all right. Love to all.

CHAUNCEY

HEAD QUARTERS FIRST BATTALION
2nd BRIGADE 16th ARMY CORPS,
CAMP IN THE GEORGIA PINE WOODS.
June 2nd, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER: I awakened this morning with my face and feet both outside my rubber blanket, washed by the falling rain. I was on duty until 1 o'clock digging trenches and building breastworks. Our division of six regiments is on special duty guarding supply trains of wagons loaded with ammunition and provisions for a hundred thousand men. Since I wrote you last our brigade has moved twice, but not more than two miles each time. The fact is, we move as the rebel army moves. We are on the extreme right of Gen. Sherman's big army, and we have to be wide awake and on the alert for the flankers. Most of us have been wet to the skin night and day for several days. Our worry is to keep our powder dry, for our lives we are ordered to do this. We like the wet better than breathing the thick dust that fills the air from the tramp of so many thousand feet. We don't fear any sudden attack from the rebel's general Hood

or Polk en masse, but the bodies of rebel cavalry are hovering round ready to pounce on our provision trains and on their guards any hour of the day or night. This compels us to be always on the move, changing our position. Yesterday a reconnoitering force of the enemy, supported by a battery of artillery came out on a hill a mile and a quarter distant and opened fire upon our lines just in our front. For some moments the sputtering musketry and bursting shells sounded like a general engagement. But soon, to our delight, Leather Breeches, with his war dogs and their cassions drawn by 128 big horses, galloped into position just behind us and with eight big guns opened fire with their ear splitting roar on the rebel battery. It seemed nip and tuck to us fellows, who were waiting with our muskets, as to which would quit first in this duel of big guns. The rebels had fewer cannon, but they were fighting, as their smart leaders told them, for their wives and children. A heavy rain began falling about this time and the rebel cannon ceased firing altogether. As some of the boys say when they run against Leather Breeches, they are "sure up against it." The next morning early a body of our cavalry, sent out to reconnoitre, surprised a company of them playing cards in a log house and captured 40 of them. The boys sent up a wild hurrah when they heard of this. We cannot forget the boast of the South that it would take four "Yanks" to match one Southerner. And do you know, mother, I somehow had the feeling that the South was more than our match man for man, they did so much bragging. But that's their way, besides if they were not fighting to keep us away from their homes we could tell better. The prisoners we talk with, and we see them every day, say we "Yankees" are fighting to free the niggers so they can marry white women. What miserable stories they tell.

It is raining today a slow, drizzling rain. Have just come in from a two hours' stunt on the trenches. The boys who have taken our places are working in a pouring rain and are wet to the hide. They are deepening trenches and piling up musket-proof breastworks, which as Col. Montgomery says: "We may leave the next hour or possibly not for a week." The boys make a joke of their digging by saying there is silver in Georgia

and they are mining for it. And then it is taken as a good sign that we are soon to leave entrenchments which it takes a day and a night to build.

I sent you a letter day before yesterday giving an account of our late movements, so I am keeping you well posted.

George Ide, of Mondovi, died yesterday. He had been sick but two days. Poor fellow, what will his parents think? Chet Ide, his uncle, felt very bad. He had been with the company but a short time but the boys will miss him because he was such good company.

A good many of the boys are breaking down for want of sleep. The doctors are sending them back by the hundred to rest and recruit.

Am feeling all right. Hope to get a letter tonight from home.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

IN THE PINE WOODS, GEORGIA,
16th ARMY CORPS,
June 6th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: I am off duty and have had six hours of refreshing nap. Henry Morse has just been to see me and asked me to say nothing that will get to his folks about his health. He is bad off with bowel trouble, but he doesn't want his people to know of it. They have cut our rations in half and every fellow is hungry. Every few days our cavalry raiders capture a lot of smoked meat and corn pones, and lots of the boys overeat because it's good, and they are down sick. Henry is one of them. The trouble is, we can't eat here like we can in Wisconsin. If we eat a good fill we are off our feed for a day or two. When our rations are short the boys go to the Quartermaster's and, if they have a dime, fill up on pie and cake, and it's regular poison to them. I dreamed last night about the cheese which you wrote about in the letter I got three days ago. Sure, I would like a taste of it, but, mother, I wish you would stop making cheese with all your other work, it's too much. Mother, I don't remember that I helped you very much in such work, but it seems to me if

I was home again I could help you in so many ways that I never thought of before, and I will be home again some day. I am sure we soldiers will have good times again to pay for this. This war will not last always. Gen. Grant is flaxing them in Virginia, and I saw the other day in an Atlanta paper that Gen. Sherman could "outflank Hell," so there is a show that we will outflank Hood and get into Atlanta before long. Let not the people of the North find fault and wonder why we don't press on faster. Great Heavens, think what we have to do. I used to wonder why the Potomac army did not move faster. Then I knew nothing of marching in armies of one or two hundred thousand men. Let people stop and think about these things, then they will be more patient. Let me tell you something about it. Sherman has five army corps of from 15 to 25 thousand men in each corps. Each corps is following in the same direction on parallel roads from 3 to 5 miles apart. Each corps means a string of men, four abreast, of from eight to ten miles long. There is an army of rebels posted on every one of these roads with cannon at every crossroad, cavalry dashing in upon our flanks and sharpshooters picking our men off at every opening where the pine forest comes within a half or quarter of a mile of the road. You can see the time we are having. If one of the corps is stopped by trees fallen across the road so the cannon or the cavalry cannot pass, couriers are sent to stop all the other corps until the way is cleared. All the bridges are burned by the retreating rebels and have to be rebuilt, which causes a delay. Sometimes we use pontoons, boats made of canvas anchored in the rivers with planks stretched from one to the other. Where the roads are obstructed they fall timber on both sides for miles amd sharpen the limbs so we can't get thru. A dozen times every day we come to a halt, for what we don't know. It's a safe guess that it's a broken wagon axle, a crippled cannon or a played-out cassion truck. No questions are asked. We are only too glad to fall down on our faces and snatch a few minutes sleep. There are more delays from ammunition and "sow belly" wagons breaking down than from any other one cause. Then the guerrillas are forever attacking our rear guard, and sometimes bodies of men and batteries have to be sent back to help them out. All this means a delay.

Sister Dora wrote that father expected to buy a couple of cows of Mr. Harvey. I think it a good deal as I shall want a lot of milk, butter and cheese when I come home, if I do, this winter. Every body thinks the rebellion on its last legs, and that means the end of it when we get into its strongest and last defense, Atlanta.

An orderly has just ridden up to the Brigade Headquarters and, as it may mean something serious, will close for this time. Please send stamps in your next. Your son,

CHAUNCEY

25th WIS. VOL. INFT., 16th ARMY CORPS,
4th DIVISION, June 11th to 14th.

DEAR MOTHER: I am no baby but your letters bring tears to my eyes sometimes. You tell me of so many things about home and what you are doing, what Elder Morse and the neighbors at Gilmanton are saying, and about the cows, the pigs and the chickens that I can see them almost as well as though I was there. It is the same old story here. All of the past four days have found us on the line of battle with skirmishers close in front popping away at each other night and day, never stopping for the awful rain that has been falling day and night for two weeks. For days, especially, it has been a steady down-pour of cold rain. We have no tents that will turn anything but dew, and everything that we have, but our powder, is soaking wet. We are in a great flat fiild and all about us is flooded with water. We have to lay on raes and brush and logs to keep off the wet ground. The rebels arle posted on a hill or mountain four miles in front of us. Their signal flags, with which they talk from one army headquarters to another, are plainly seen by us thru the day though we don't read their signals. By night on the distant mountaintops they build fires by which they talk to each other.

Our corps, that is the 16th corps, is about the center of the advancing column, which means a strip of country about 30 miles wide. We are on a railroad running direct to Marietta some 8 miles out. Gen. Hooker is on the right flank and Thomas on the left, and both are closing in toward the center. Kenesaw Mountain fortified with a hundred cannon and looming down

upon us stands between us and Marietta. We are so close to Kenesaw on our front that they cannot depress their cannon so as to drop their shells into our ranks. They are trying it with all their might. I am sure there are thousands of boys like myself, half asleep and half awake, who are taking their chance of being blown to pieces. The fellows who are well are passing the time away playing cards in the ditches behind trenches. Now and then a bursting shell spoils the game, mixes the count, and starts a row. By and by peace is declared and the game goes on.

It's a strange life we are leading. While it rains most of the time, there comes a day of sunshine so fearfully hot we keep moving our blankets to keep in the shade of the trees. With the naked eye we are so close to the rebel lines on the top of the mountain that we can see them moving about. We are too far to use our muskets and they are too high to use their cannon on us. Once in a while a shell drops amongst us and then every fellow playing cards or taking a nap gets a move on himself. We don't mind the musket shots ripping thru the tree tops and killing a man now and then, but those shells, when they strike, dig a hole big enough for a cellar and they make the dirt fly. When they fly over your head they make a scream that is terrible to hear.

There was a bunch of us called for a drink the other day at a house where an old lady met us. She looked cross enough when some of the boys sat in her easy chairs. She said we would get a good licking if we ever met the rebel Gen. Johnston. One of the boys asked her why he did not whale us at Dalton, or Tunnel Hill or Resaca. "He would," she said, "if Gen. Sherman and another regiment hadn't outflanked him." There is a fearful roar of cannon on our left at this minute. It must come from our side. I don't understand it because we are at the extreme left of the line of fortifications on Kenesaw. Thank heaven the rebels are not in it with us when it comes to cannon. We have the big guns and can hammer down their lines of defense, and we need them because it's one line of defense after another.

But enough for this time. No letter for some days. Dan Hadley is calling for coffee, but I don't care for any. Have been a bit off my feed for some days. The war will be over some day. Goodbye.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP NEAR ACWORTH, GA.
16th ARMY CORPS. June 19th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: I am writing some of you nearly every day. I don't exactly know why either. One thing that set me to thinking of home was when Henry Morse came and bid me goodbye. He had been ordered to report to the field hospital. Henry was feeling bad and he looked bad. Say as little about it as you can to his folks. Henry was never tough, he had no endurance. I was sorry to see him go because I don't believe I shall ever see him again.[2]

I have something else to tell you. Yesterday was a mighty eventful day to our brigade. In the morning orders came for three companies of each regiment to get in position and be prepared to charge the rebel lines on the farther side of the plantation bounded on that side as on ours by a heavy forest. In a short time fifteen companies of our brigade were in line, and under cover of a bit of rising ground we advanced to within sixty rods of the rebel earthworks and took a parallel position to them along a washout or gully with a big peach orchard between us and the rebel lines. Here we waited for nearly an hour while sharpshooters in the treetops beyond the peach orchard kept picking off our men. Our orders were to save our ammunition and not to fire a shot. Then came the command to fix bayonets and charge the rebel lines. Then we climbed out of our ditch and made a wild rush for the rebel lines. The air was alive with whizzing bullets and the wild shooting of the enemy tore up the sand and filled our eyes with dirt. We reached the rebel lines without firing a shot, and strange enough we lost but a few men killed and wounded on our side. The retreat of the rebels was complete.

[2] Henry never returned to the regiment. He died in a field hospital and was buried in a plain board box under the solemn pine trees in whose branches every south wind chants a sad requiem above his grave.

Soon after our occupation of the rebel lines, some darkies who had deserted the rebel army came to us and told us how the rebel General Polk had been killed in a log house near our lines. They pointed out the holes made by the twelve-pound shot of our cannon and showed us the blood stains on the logs of the hut.

We can see Kenesaw Mountain in the distance and the rumor is that the rebel army will make a big fight at that point. There is a railroad passing near us that runs into Marietta just beyond Kenesaw Mountain and for some reason Gen. Sherman keeps an engine armored with steel plates running back and forth as near the mountain as he dare. I wouldn't like to be the engineer.

As I write I can hear cannons eight or ten miles on our right and the boys say it's "Leather Breeches." They know him by the rattle of his cannon. We had not been an hour in our new camp before we were under marching orders for Kenesaw Mountain. * * *

Will write again soon.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

HD. QUARTERS, 25th WIS. VOL. CAMP,
NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA.
June 24th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: Had just nicely finished my notes for yesterday in my diary when we were ordered to fall in for picket duty on the skirmish line. There was no hesitation on the part of any of the boys. They knew well enough what it meant. It was just as if the southern army was invading Buffalo county, not a man of them knowing a foot of the country, yet they were expected by their officers to hold their own against the native inhabitants, who knew every road and bypath and hill and valley. The rebels had their lines already made. Under cover of the night our lines were pushed close to theirs. We made a bargain with them that we would not fire on them if they would not fire on us, and they were as good as their word. It seems too bad that we have to fight men that we like. Now these southern soldiers seem just like our own boys, only they are on the other side.

They talk about their people at home, their mothers and fathers and their sweethearts just as we do among ourselves. Both sides did a lot of talking back and forth, but there was no shooting until I came off duty in the morning. The next relief that went on kept up a constant fire all day long. It rained so hard all the forenoon the boys were in the water over their shoe tops in the trenches. This is just about the 99th time it has rained since this campaign commenced, and it's no drizzle drozzle like we have in Wisconsin, but a regular downpour.

June 25th. When the pickets came off the line this morning they had quite a pretty story to tell of how they chummed it with some Louisiana rebs. A company of our Indiana boys met a company of Louisiana rebels half way between the two lines. They stacked arms, shook hands, exchanged papers, swapped tobacco, told each other a lot of things about their feelings and how they wished the war would end so they might go back to their homes and be good friends again, shook hands once more with tears in their eyes as they bid each other goodbye forever, and after calling to each other to be sure that both sides were ready, commenced a furious fire on each other.

Again the report of Gen. Polk's death is confirmed. He was cut in two by a cannon shot not 50 rods from where we charged the rebel lines at Big Shanty. The death of Gen. Polk means that the rebel army is now in command of Gen. Hardee. This means more fighting. Hardee is a hot head and will force the fighting.

The valley between us and Kenesaw Mountain is full of smoke from cannon that have been vomiting their awful fire all day long. We are so close under the mountain they do us very little damage. Our batteries, just in our rear, have been paying them back with interest.

An order has just come that some twenty of our company are to go on picket duty tonight, and I am in that list. I had just put aside my note book when the captain called to me and said I would be excused. I hate to own it but I am very close to the sick list. I am not scared a bit, I am sure I shall be all right soon. * * *

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

HEAD QUARTERS, 2ND BRIGADE,
16th ARMY CORPS, NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN,
GEORGIA, July 4th, 1864.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: Many things have happened in this war cursed land since my last letter to you. Only the next day after my last letter of June 28th the rebel army under Gen. Hardee made a fierce attack on our lines on the right. It was unexpected by us. The day had been fearfully hot when just before sunset, when the big guns had stopped their terrible booming, all at once there came up from the right wing a spiteful burst of musketry. It started not a mile from our front and kept getting heavier as it sounded farther away. We had just finished supper, and many of the boys had commenced their card games. Then the boys began to yell, "That's Hardee, the fighting rebel general." The card games stopped and every man was listening. The musketry grew louder until it was one continuous roar. While we were wondering and listening, suddenly couriers from division and corps headquarters mounted on foaming horses came galloping by, carrying orders to brigade and regimental commanders. Then from the left to the right came the rush of cavalry regiments pell mell, many of the boys without their hats or caps, trying to keep up. Then came the word that the fighting Gen. Hardee, with a picked army was assaulting our lines on the right. While we were rapidly forming in rank, leaving everything but our guns and ammunition, battery after battery came pounding by, the drivers on the lead near horse of every pair whipping with all his might. For nearly an hour we waited and listened to the swelling and receding roar of musketry. There was little or no report of cannon. Both sides were afraid that they might kill their own men. In the course of an hour, as twilight came on, the roar of musketry grew gradually less and finally ceased. The next morning we learned that the rebel general Hardee had been fairly whipped and beside losing nearly two thousand men in killed and wounded, our side captured nearly a thousand prisoners.

We are under marching orders to start at any minute. Like myself many boys around me are writing perhaps the last message to father or mother or sweetheart. It's a fearful strain

to live such a life and yet the fear of bullets don't bother me half as much as the fear of disease. But strange to think, soldiers never think of dying of disease. Just the same not ten minutes passes during our long encampments, but we hear the muffled funeral drum and the blank musket discharges, above some soldier's grave, who died a victim of southern fever. I must close. Hardee has been thrashed and the orders are that we are to move to the right. The big black cannon on Kenesaw in front of us are strangely silent. It looks as if the rebel army had retreated. Gen. Sherman has outflanked them again. Good bye,

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

HEAD QUARTERS, 2ND BRIGADE.
IN TEN MILES OF ATLANTA, 25th REGT., WISCONSIN VOL.
July 8th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: I have just finished a breakfast of sowbelly, hard-tack and black coffee, yes, and blackberries, all the time waiting and expecting to hear the bugle call to fall in and march to the support of our boys on the extreme right, where the incessant boom of cannon tells us there is a fight on to the death.

We have been hearing for days that the rebs are concentrating their forces at Nickajack, a creek on our extreme right, where they are planning to make a big fight against Sherman's forces.

I don't know what to say about the way we passed the 4th of July in Georgia. I put in a part of the time reading your old letters, and dreaming in a way of home. Rumors a plenty for two or three days had been talked that Sherman had outflanked Hardee and would soon move the entire army upon Atlanta 20 miles to the south.

On the evening of the 2nd of July there came an order to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. We packed up all our belongings, tents and all else, and sat around or lay upon the ground expecting every moment to be ordered into ranks. For the rest of the night we lay upon our faces and slept. Many times the rattling of the sabers of passing cavalry or the rumbling of artillery with their heavy guns would awaken me. We knew from

this that there was a general movement of Sherman's army to the right. Early on the morning of the 3rd of July we became aware from the unusual silence of the rebel guns on Kenesaw, that something new was in the wind. Very soon word was passed along the line that the rebel army had fallen back and was retreating toward Atlanta. Our Gen. Logan with his 15th Corps, who had been on the alert for just this move, made a sudden dash upon the rebels' retreating lines and captured 3,000 prisoners.

On the evening of the third our Brigade, after advancing some miles on the right in the direction of heavy cannonading, went into camp for the night not far in the rear of the battle line, the smoke filling the valley like a fog.

On the morning of the 4th of July, after drawing our allotment of rations of hard-tack, sowbelly and coffee our regiment marched out to the front to the support of a battery of four pieces that were tossing shell into the woods just in front of us. Very soon the order came to erect temporary breastworks of rails and logs along the edge of the woods, where we stood to shield us from the bullets that kept us dodging behind trees. Here we were ordered to lie down, if need be, to keep out of the way of the bullets aimed at the boys on the front line some 40 rods in our front. It was terrible to be sitting and lying down out of the way of the bullets with no chance to shoot back, and we knew that the boys in front of us were being mowed down like grass. We could see the wounded being carried back on stretchers and we knew that the dead were left where they fell. While the roar of musketry went on in our front we lay flat on our bellies while we munched our hard-tack and ate our raw pork, and expecting every minute an order to advance. Suddenly the firing almost ceased, then it burst out again with terrific fury. Then followed a lull in the firing and a moment after there came a mighty shout and we knew the rebels were whipped. I don't know if we had any orders to advance, but the boys all jumped to their feet and rushed over to the firing line. It was something to see the dead and wounded. Many of the boys were crying like children, running back and forth without hats or guns and cursing the rebels for killing their comrades. The whole

army seemed to be turned into a mob. I never saw such a mixup. If the rebels had known it they could have slaughtered us like sheep. No time to say more. Love to all

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

CAMP NEAR ROSSVILLE, GA.,
HEAD QUARTERS, 25th REGIMENT, WISCONSIN VOL.,
July 13th 1864.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I enclose a lot of leaves torn from my water soaked diary, written morning, noon and night, just as I happened to have time. The pencil marks spread out so much on the damp paper you can't make it all out.

July 9th—After the rebel army retreated last night, and we got into their trenches, we found that they had suffered a bigger loss than our side. Blood stains along the breastworks, the barked trees and plowed earthworks showed the work of the grape and cannister of our batteries, and the knapsacks and guns that were picked up told the story of their loss. They did not have time to carry away all their dead. I stood guard last night for two hours under the shadow of a big tree within 20 feet of a fine looking fellow. He lay stretched out on his back, both arms extending straight out from his body. He was killed by a bayonet or minnie ball thrust thru his heart. His comrades had torn his vest and shirt front open to hunt for the fatal wound. The bars on his sleeve showed that he was a sergeant. His face with the moon shining on it had a ghastly look. A Missouri boy, who stood next to me, took the flap of his coat, after pulling it out from under him, and covered his face.

The Colonel has just called the captains to his tent and of course it means a move. An orderly from brigade or division commander has just handed a bit of paper to the Colonel.

July 10th—12 o'clock noon. We have marched 7 miles this forenoon toward the left wing. Fearful hot and in a cloud of dust that near strangles one. Just as I am writing, far as I can see up and down the road, thousands of men are lying flat on their faces in fence corners under the shade of trees, around buildings and in orchards; some sleeping, all resting or trying to rest. The road is cleared for passing batteries or cavalry.

Just as the bugle blew for the noon halt I went to a near plantation for water or milk. There were a lot of women and children, but no men, save one very old man. The women all seemed to have babies. I suppose their men were in the rebel army. The manners of the boys were a little rough and some of the women looked scared. They threw themselves down on the big broad porch and talked as if they meant to camp for the night. When some of the fellows came to the door as if to go in, a youngish black-eyed girl took a stand square in the door way. Her black eyes looked so hard that Ed. Coleman said he dodged every time she looked at him. One of the boys asked about the road to Marietta. She said it was 9 miles. She had "hearn tell 'twas a good road but she had never been there," though she was born in that neighborhood. Just to be saying something the boys asked a lot of questions about the rebel army. She said we would find out all about it 'fore we got across the Chatahooche river.

July 11th—Yesterday afternoon our march to Marietta was a fearful hot one. Many of the boys were sun struck and were picked up by the ambulances. Soon as we got in town all made a rush that could, to the bakeries, and bought everything in sight. This morning a lot of the fellows have got the Kentucky quickstep to pay for it. Marietta has been a nice town, but is all torn to pieces by the rebel army quartered here during the siege of Kenesaw Mountain, only three miles away. Nobody in sight but women and children and they keep in hiding most of the time. The boys are packing for another hot day's march. Love to all.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

FIELD HOSPITAL 16TH CORPS,
MARIETTA, GA.
Aug. 4th, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: Your awful good wise letter at hand, and one from Dora received today. I am writing this to you and Dora both. I am so glad things are all right in my dear old Wisconsin home. Oh, if you could but see the world as it is going on about us here, how thankful you would be.

This pretty little village and all the country round about has been overrun by both the Rebel and the Union armies. Only the old men and children and the women are left of the people who live here. All the public buildings have been turned into hospitals for our sick amd wounded and some of the fields nearby are covered with tents which are fast filling up.

I am glad you are done with your harvest. Talk about soldiers being heroes. If all mothers of soldiers have done as much work in the harvest field as you say mother has done then the mothers are deserving of more praise than the sons. I wish she would not work so hard. She worries so much about me and never thinks of herself. If mother wants to save me from shedding tears she must save herself more.

I am glad you saved the puppy from poison of the rattle snake. It is a wonder as you say that little Eva has not been bitten. You can't be too careful. Yes tell Dora I would like well enough if I could be there to help eat sweet corn and speckled trout, and seems I can almost taste them away down here. It is pretty tough, but if our patience holds out we shall see better days when this campaign ends. If we can take Atlanta, which is 20 miles from here, now the strongest fortified city in the south, we can march to the sea, and then goodbye to the rebellion.

Shall I tell you what is going on at the front, and in hearing distance of six or seven thousand poor devils like myself mostly on their backs, and listening to the boom upon boom of cannon and wondering if it may mean victory or a defeat for Sherman?

Last night I heard such news that I could not sleep, and with the flap of my tent thrown back so my three companions who lay near me could see we watched the flashes of light from our besieging cannon around Atlanta that lit up the darkened sky until after midnight before we went to sleep.

The news that came to me last night made me shed bitter tears. My chum and my next roll companion, and always my next beat comrade, both on picket and guard duty, was killed in the fight at Decatur. He was shot and killed instantly by a volley of rebel shots from the far side of the street during the surprise and retreat of our forces, near where McPherson our best general was killed.

John was one of the best and bravest boys that ever lived. I thought that I had inherited your courage, father, all that any man should have, not to be foolhardy, but John Christian went beyond me. I wrote to you of his daring at Kenesaw Mountain. Poor fellow he did not need to die there, he might have retreated, but he would not and a minnie ball went rushing thru his brain.

The fighting around Atlanta, if we can believe unofficial reports, is of the fiercest kind. And it seems my regiment is in the midst of it rough and tumble. Today we are getting reports of heavy losses. Our Colonel was badly wounded and Lieutenant Colonel taken prisoner. We hear that Colonel Rusk killed two of his captors before surrendering. Several other officers of the 25th were killed and made prisoners, so the report is, but there is nothing as yet official. It seems our brigade repulsed every rebel charge. Our batteries were taken and again retaken. The rebel soldiers it seems were crazed with gunpowder and whiskey given them to make them brave. They drew their caps down over their eyes and rushed upon our batteries to be mowed down with grape and cannister. The rebels were simply crazed. The rebel General Hardee was wounded and taken prisoner and died in our hospital.

Our splendid Gen. McPherson was killed by a scouting party of rebels, his body taken, and later taken by our boys. I hope what is left of our corps after this fight may be sent back to the Mississippi River, and join the main body, as only two divisions of our corps are here, and they are getting whittled down to brigades. * * *

Word has just come that our boys are being driven back from their lines round Atlanta. Nobody believes it.

No more this time. Kiss my dear mother for her boy.

CHAUNCEY

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, 4th DIV. HOS.
August 20th, 1864.

DEAR ONES AT HOME: I have been waiting all this time for something to write about—that is something new to write about. I could tell you of the red sky over Atlanta every night which we boys look at until we fall asleep. It is the light from burning buildings, set on fire by our cannon.

And the rainbow streams of fire that follow the shells from forty or fifty big mortars—night after night, it's the same thing. They say that most of the city is burned and the people are living in holes in the ground.

We hear every day that the city is about to surrender. The city is still publishing its newspapers and making brags about how they are going to trap the Yankees. We don't know how they do it but we find papers from Atlanta laying around every morning.

I went out on the picket line yesterday to get some berries of the freed-men who come as far as the guards and sell their garden stuffs to the Union soldiers. They are stopped from coming within the lines. The negroes are grinning and happy, but the whites who are all women are a sorry looking lot. They have lost all they had and they never had any slaves.

In their heart they hate the Yankee soldiers and they don't know why either. The most they can say when you ask them why their men are fighting the north is that Lincoln wants them to marry the niggers when they are set free.

Most of the whites are just as ignorant as the slaves. You shut your eyes and you cannot tell by their talk which are the blacks.

I have not seen a schoolhouse outside the towns in all the South. The women we have seen in the towns seem to know more. The good widow who has been giving the Iowa boy and myself dinners twice a week is a wise woman and a good one. Of course her heart is with the South but she is so good to us I never think of her being a rebel. My Iowa chum, Geo. Benning, won't go with me any more for dinner, because he says he is so sorry for the woman when she cries as she does when she speaks of her daughter going away with the rebel Lieutenant.

I am writing this by lamp light. Most of my chums are asleep and snoring. The sky is very red over Atlanta 20 miles away, with burning buildings and the big mortars, when a lot of them go off together, make the ground tremble.

Give my regards to Uncle Ed. Cartwright, and love to all at home.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, 4TH DIV. HOS.
September 10th, 1864.

DEAR SISTER: Your thrice welcome letter, so long looked for came last night, and the promised $2 came in it. I was really needing the money for little wants. When you offer these Georgians their money they smile sadly and shake their head. Now that Atlanta has fallen into our hands they feel that the South will be whipped and their money will be worthless.

Your letter had a lot of good news and I went over to read it to my foster mother, that is the woman who has given me so many good meals. She sat in a big arm chair on the broad porch knitting some stockings. I sat down on the steps. When I looked up after reading the letter she was crying. She said, "You must have a good sister and how good it is that you boys from the North can get letters from home while our poor boys cannot write letters to their people at home nor receive any." She said, "I have not heard a word from my daughter who went to Atlanta with her sweetheart, nor from my husband for two months. I don't know if they are living or dead." I suppose there are a thousand women in this town who feel just as she does. There seem to be three or more in nearly every house.

I wrote father last week about the surrender of Atlanta. Since then we have had further particulars. The night before, our shells blew up two of their magazines and set fire to the big depot and burned a lot of their cars. For several days before the surrender and even now we can see clouds of smoke hanging over the city. Nearly the entire place is a burning ruin.

It is just two years today since our regiment was mustered into the service. One more year will let us out and less if the talk we hear of the Confederacy having its back broken proves true.

Day after tomorrow will be two months I am in this darned hospital. Expect to go to my regiment in a few days. A lot of the time here I have had the blues and still I am among the lucky ones to get away at all. On the hill the other side the railroad hundreds of poor fellows lie under little mounds newly made. They will never answer to bugle call any more and to them all troubles in this world are over.

Don't send any more money as we are soon to draw pay and I shall have a sum to send home. Everybody that can is is going to Atlanta to see the ruins.

The natives are in hopes of finding out something about their men who were in the rebel army. Some of the women are nearly crazy. Everybody rides in box cars or cattle cars. When the cars are full they climb on top.

My stomach is off today on account of eating some sour milk. I got it last night of a colored aunty on the picket line. This morning it was sour. I scalded it but it upset me.

A colored woman just came to the tent with my clothes she has been washing. She had a two-bushel basket full of clothes and carried it on her head. She was a yellow woman and the mother of six children. The three oldest, two girls and one boy, had been sold to a cotton planter in Alabama.

One of the boys asked her if she cared and she replied, "Shua honey I loves my chilen just likes you mammy loves you." I am sure the poor woman's heart was full, for her eyes filled with tears. I thank God along with father and Elder Morse that Lincoln has made them free. She said her children was nearly as white as we, and that three of them had a white father. To think that these slave-holders buy and sell each other's bastard children is horrible. She took us by the hand and bid each of us goodbye and asked God to bless us and our mothers. I see and hear things every day that make me think of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Word has come that we are to be ready to go to Atlanta tomorrow or next day. The boys are making a great hurrah about it.

Direct to 25th regiment Wis. Vol. Atlanta Ga. Goodbye dear sister. And as the wretched slave mother said to me, I say to you, God bless you and all the rest.

Your brother,
CHAUNCEY

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860

The results of the work of the Chicago Convention of 1860 were undoubtedly more momentous than those of any other presidential nominating convention in our history. This fact affords justification, if any be needed, for printing the two fragments which follow. Charles C. Sholes, author of the first, was a prominent pioneer editor and business man of Wisconsin. His letter, taken from the manuscripts in the State Historical Library, is chiefly interesting for the revelation it affords of the utter lack of realization, by this exceedingly keen-minded and well-informed participant, of the disunion and civil war which were to follow in the train of the presidential election of 1860. So little, apparently, did the impending event cast its shadow before!

It is said that but one member of the Chicago convention of 1860 is still alive. Among the eyewitnesses of the gathering, however, was Amherst W. Kellogg, now a citizen of Madison, who has been a resident of Wisconsin since 1836. His story of the event as retained in his memory, supplements interestingly the contemporary narrative from the inside, written by C. C. Sholes to his friend, Senator Doolittle.

KENOSHA, May 21, 1860.

HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 10th I found on my table, after my return from the National Convention at Chicago.

The suggestions you make *had* occurred to my own mind: and although I felt compelled in Convention, as the representative of the sentiment of the people of this Congressional district and the State, to vote uniformly with my colleagues for *W. H. Seward*, I confess I had serious misgivings as to the *entire safety* of making this nomination. These *misgivings*, as the result shows, were somewhat general: I *feel* that "wise counsels" *did* prevail; and that the *man* or *men* selected as our standard-bearers in the great contest now opening, are *more sure* to lead us on to triumph, than

any others the Convention could have nominated—"Old Abe" will secure us Illinois and Indiana beyond a peradventure, whether Douglass is in the field or not—of this, our friends in these two States give us the most *positive* and animating assurances—And the course of the Pennsylvania delegation in adopting Lincoln, as they did almost unanimously after the first ballot, gives indication of what may be expected of that great State—so confident and enthusiastic, indeed, were the gentlemen composing this delegation, that after the nomination, they appeared in the Convention, bearing aloft, on banners, a pledge of 20,000 majority for the favorite son of Illinois. Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania are *sure*—they are *doubtful* states no longer—But while doubtful States are rendered sure, it may be asked are there none of the heretofore sure Republican States rendered doubtful. I can fix my eye on but one State where a shadow or cloud is likely to appear. The battle ground, instead of being the Key Stone State, *may be* the Empire State. And it occurs to me that the Democracy, now that the hopes of Douglass are extinguished in the North-west, will be forced to pass him by at Baltimore, and take up Seymour, with a view of securing New York. This is all, it seems to me, that is left for them to do—and (though I am glad to think it a *forlorn* hope) I look for this to be the controlling policy or idea of the Democratic Convention in June. If Douglass, when overslaughed at Baltimore, determines to be in the field any way, as I trust he will, why all the better. This will be more than an offset for all the defection that can be occasioned to our disadvantage by the nomination of Bell, Houston, or any body else north or south with a view of catching conservative or *American* votes; and will render our success doubly certain. All the aspects are *now* in our favor: and I can conceive of no plan by which our opponents, however wily, can beat us before the people, or succeed in throwing the election into the House of Representatives.

The Convention at Chicago was the most *magnificent* assemblage of men ever before convened on this continent. Called together by a common sentiment and object, from every quarter of the Union, *all* animated by motives of patriotism and humanity, the highest, holiest, and noblest that can excite and influence

the human mind, what other than *magnificent* results may be expected to flow from their deliberations and action. And when their work was done—their principles proclaimed and their standard-bearers acclaimed,—why should not thirty thousand "hearts and voices" rush as it were into *one*, and with a feeling and enthusiasm knowing no bounds, pour forth a shout of ratification, rising above even the thunders of heaven?—a shout which will be taken up and echoed and re-echoed throughout the free north, inspiriting and strengthening the great Republican army, and leading these to a certain and glorious triumph in the Presidential contest! As a manifestation of the strength and unity of popular sentiment in regard to the pro-slavery policy of the present Administration, its corruptions, and the outrages upon all righteous principles which have characterized it, this Convention was most remarkable. And, unless all signs go for nought, we are on the eve of a popular uprising and commotion which will gather strength with every succeeding day and week till November, when with an almost whirlwind force, the abusers of trust in the high places of the land, will be hurled into depths, which the hand of resurrection can never sound. I see distinctly *now* a Providence in the election of James Buchanan. It was permitted, that the cup of iniquity not then quite full, might be filled to overflowing; and that the people not then quite roused to a full sense of their wrongs and their danger, might with further and more complete manifestations of wickedness, and the nefarious designs of the Slave Oligarchy, be *driven* into a revolution more searching, and thorough and radical, with more enduring and beneficial results. This is my philosophy. And before the close of the administration of Abraham Lincoln, we may expect to see a movement for a satisfactory solution and settlement of the great problem—how Slavery is peacefully and satisfactorily to be disposed of. My view on this point accords with yours. *Your* plan is the only practicable one; and I am satisfied, when the present crisis is happily passed by the election and inauguration of a Republican president and administration, that the public mind will settle upon this plan and demand its adoption. It will be the *grand issue* before the lapse of two years. Our next

President (after Lincoln) will be elected on a colonization platform; and who our standard-bearer will be to lead us to victory on this great issue, it does not need a prophetic ken to determine. That Heaven may bless and preserve and strengthen him who it now seems to me, is its chosen instrument for this glorious work, in its prosecution and consummation, is the fervent desire of

Yours, very respectfully
and truly
C. C. SHOLES

It will gratify me much to have an occasional word from you.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF MAY, 1860

In the spring of 1860 I was secretary of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee. The president of the company was S. S. Daggett, a man seventy years of age and of great personal dignity and much ability. Both Mr. Daggett and myself, like most Westerners of New England origin, belonged to the Republican party and watched the growing forces of Republicanism with eager interest. Four years before, I had voted for John C. Frémont; since his defeat the Republican party had grown rapidly. Now with a divided Democracy there seemed hope that a Republican candidate might be elected. We therefore took great interest in the choice of the candidate for the party. Mr. Daggett and I favored the nomination of William H. Seward, but we were ready to support anyone whom the convention might nominate.

The convention met in Chicago in the middle of May. No building was large enough to hold the crowds that flocked there, so a temporary board structure was built, named the Wigwam, capable of accommodating some ten thousand people; more than half of them, however, had only standing room. Mr. Daggett proposed to me that we should visit the convention, but when we arrived on the morning of the second day we could obtain only standing room tickets. I have no clear recollection of the occurrences of the morning of our arrival; in the afternoon of the

second day, as I remember, there was a large mass meeting in front of the Wigwam which was addressed by William H. Seward. Mr. Daggett and I attended this meeting, and from the enthusiasm aroused by Seward we expected as well as hoped that he would secure the nomination.

On the morning of the third day we hurried to the convention and were present when the balloting began. The Wigwam was packed to its utmost capacity, so that there was hardly room to hold the tally sheets that each one wanted to keep for himself as the ballots were announced. As the roll of the states was called, the chairman of each delegation presented the name of that state's candidate, which was hailed with cheers and shouts until a great tide of emotion was aroused. When Illinois presented the name of Abraham Lincoln I was much surprised at the demonstration that occurred; however, when Seward was nominated by New York he seemed to awaken even greater enthusiasm. Salmon P. Chase was Ohio's favorite son; Edward Bates was Missouri's choice; Pennsylvania presented Simon Cameron. On the first ballot Seward had more votes then any of the others, but not enough for a nomination. Before the second ballot was taken Simon Cameron withdrew his name and his votes went to Lincoln, who then almost equaled Seward's vote. With the third ballot the excitement grew intense; state after state turned over to Lincoln, and he seemed likely to succeed; but we who had been keeping tab found as the last vote was cast that he was two votes short of the number necessary to nominate. Then just before the figures of the ballot were to be announced Cartter of the Ohio delegation got the floor and shouted, "Ohio changes four votes from Salmon P. Chase to Abraham Lincoln." With that such a wave of emotion swept over the vast audience as I have never seen in all my experience; women threw up their parasols and men their hats. Though we were packed in so that we could scarcely move, my companion, Mr. Daggett, danced up and down like a boy. One man standing beside us down whose face the tears were pouring in streams cried out, "I can't help it! I can't help it! I've been working for him a week and I didn't really hope for it." Another old man near us began to shout at

the top of his voice, "Glory, Glory Hallelujah! Now Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen the redemption of *Egypt*" (as southern Illinois was then called).

Meanwhile the chairman of the New York delegation secured the eye of the chairman of the convention, George Ashmun of Massachusetts, and moved that the vote for Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous. With that the enthusiasm broke out afresh and continued until the audience was fairly exhausted.

Mr. Daggett and I returned to Milwaukee enthusiastic for the election of Lincoln. As the months went on we were more and more convinced that the Chicago convention had been guided to the right choice at that crisis in our country's history.

AMHERST W. KELLOGG

INCREASE ALLEN LAPHAM, FATHER OF FOREST CONSERVATION

The father of forest conservation in Wisconsin was the state's first, and in many respects, still, foremost, scholar, Increase Allen Lapham. This quiet, modest man, the impress of whose genius was indelibly stamped upon the developing institutions of the new territory and state, was wholly self-made and largely self-educated. Born in New York in 1811, the son of a civil engineer employed in canal work, he became, almost in boyhood, an engineer, and this profession he followed through life. His avocation, likewise from boyhood, was the pursuit of knowledge, particularly along the line of the natural sciences.

The remarkable thing about Increase Lapham was his versatility of mind coupled with his ability to perceive, well in advance of his age, the scientific and social desires and demands of the future. Thus we find him, still a mere youth, almost a century ago pointing to the need for a cyclopædia of American agriculture and proposing a well-thought-out scheme for bringing one into existence. The thing was not accomplished, of course, because Lapham was half a century or so in advance of his time, and his project evoked, therefore, no response on the part of the public he labored to benefit. Again, Lapham's appreciation of the scientific and cultural value to society of the

Indian mounds of Wisconsin, coupled with his perception of the fact that with the settlement of the state they would rapidly be destroyed, led him seventy years ago to make without any compensation (although a poor man) a comprehensive survey of the Indian remains of the state. Published by the Smithsonian Institution, this survey will forever stand a monument to his zeal and scholarship. How far in advance of his age was Lapham's interest in this matter may be most easily indicated, perhaps, by calling attention to the fact that the state's most notable Indian earthworks, the famous Aztalan mounds, were permitted to pass under private ownership and cultivation for want of a paltry fifteen or twenty dollars to save them; while today, after three generations, the public is belatedly attempting to secure possession of what remains intact of these mounds after seventy-five years of cultivation as farm land.

We need not be surprised, therefore, that Increase Lapham, modest citizen of Milwaukee, began to agitate for the preservation of our forest wealth far in advance of anyone else, and at a time when Wisconsin's splendid forests, the beneficent gift of a thousand years of striving on the part of nature, still stood intact. But his voice went unheeded and Wisconsin spent her forest wealth like a prodigal son his portion. What should have sufficed to accommodate amply the needs of untold generations was slaughtered in the short space of two. Now, with our white pine and other splendid timber but a memory, our logging industry already become a thing of romance and tradition, with the cost of building a national menace, and the scarcity of fuel threatening at times to involve a national disaster, we are beginning to give heed to the considerations so forcibly advanced by Lapham three-quarters of a century ago.

Lapham's first effort to interest the public in forest conservation took the form of a contribution to the *Transactions of the State Agricultural Society* in 1855 of a treatise on the forest trees of Wisconsin. It consisted of a nine-page argument setting forth the desirability of conserving the state's resources in trees, followed by a detailed account of the sixty varieties of trees indigenous to the state.

The latter portion of the article need not concern us here; the former, although a purely pioneer essay in the field, set forth about all the arguments that can today be advanced in favor of forest conservation. With prophetic insight it forecast the arrival of a time when scarcity of timber would become for Wisconsin a serious economic factor. "Though we have at present," it stated, "in almost every part of Wisconsin an abundant supply of wood for all our present purposes, the time is not far distant when, owing to the increase of population, and the increased demands from the neighboring states of Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, a scarcity will begin to be felt. This scarcity may be considered as already begun in several of the counties along our southern border, where there was originally much prairie and open land. In these counties, the annual fires having been prevented by settlement and occupation, trees are now springing up rapidly in all waste places; and in this way nature is already making efforts to prevent the disasters we are thoughtlessly bringing upon ourselves by the destruction of the forests . . . . But it would be idle for us as a state to rely upon this natural restoration of the forests; we must sooner or later commence the cultivation of wood for the purposes of fuel, lumber, timber, etc., or suffer very much from the neglect."

Despite this early, stirring appeal of Dr. Lapham, nothing was done by the state in answer to it. The reason for this inaction was suggested in the report itself: "It is much to be regretted," it states, "that the very superabundance of trees in our state should destroy, in some degree, our veneration for them. They are looked upon as cumberers of the ground, and the question is not how they shall be preserved and beautified, but how they shall be destroyed."

Here, succinctly stated, we have the pioneer attitude toward our forests, and until men should come to adopt another point of view it was vain to discourse to them upon the folly of destroying our trees. A dozen years later, notwithstanding, Lapham returned to his self-appointed task. As a consequence he was in 1867 made chairman of a special forestry commission created by the legislature of that year. This commission was charged with

the duty of reporting to the legislature "facts and opinions relating to the injurious effects of clearing the land of forests upon the climate; the evil consequences to the present and future inhabitants; the duty of the state in regard to the matter; what experiments should be made to perfect our knowledge of the growth and proper management of forest trees; the best method of preventing the evil effects of their destruction; what substitutes for wood can be found in the state"—and, generally, such facts as might be deemed most useful in connection with the entire subject.

The outcome of this legislative action was the production of a report of one hundred pages "On the Disastrous Effects of the Destruction of Forest Trees, Now Going On So Rapidly in the State of Wisconsin." But again, as in 1855, apparently no other result than the printing of this report followed. In short, another generation of extravagant folly on the part of the people was requisite before the voice of a Roosevelt could rouse in them even the beginnings of a real appreciation of the situation. By that time, however, the forests of Wisconsin were almost gone—another case of locking the stable after the equine inhabitant thereof had taken its departure.

We cannot undertake here to review this early report, but a few citations from it may be in order. "At the present time," it said, "we look over the state and see in the southern most populous and least wooded portion, the forests have been destroyed at such a rate that they do not yield a supply adequate for the wants of the present inhabitants; and the forests of the northern regions, heretofore considered the inexhaustible storehouse of wood for the adjoining treeless districts, will soon be so reduced that the people must look elsewhere for their supplies, unless a better policy in regard to them be speedily adopted." Such a policy, it was argued, must come into effect as the result of governmental action, since individual initiative lacked both the pecuniary inducement and the effective power to secure adequate results.

Interesting illustrations of the disastrous effects of forest destruction upon the flow of streams are supplied by the Milwaukee River and its tributaries. "Such has been the change in

[its] flow," it is stated, "even while the area from which it receives its supply is but partially cleared, that the proprietors of most of the mills and factories have found it necessary to resort to the use of steam, at a largely increased yearly cost, to supply the deficiency of waterpower in the dry season of the year. Until this was done many large mills were closed for want of water in the latter part of summer and early autumn; while the floods of spring are increased until they are sufficient to carry away bridges and dams before deemed secure against their ravages. The Menomonee River, a small tributary of the Milwaukee, has been affected in the same way and to a still greater degree, because a larger proportion of the water-supplying area has been stripped of its forest trees. Several of the mills that formerly found sufficient power upon this stream, have been entirely abandoned; others are propelled a large share of the time by steam. Down its channel during and immediately following heavy rains, great floods sweep along, doing more or less damage; followed in a very few days by dry pebbly or muddy banks and bed, in which only an occasional pool of water can be found."

All of the figures of this early forestry report are long since out of date; and time has proved erroneous many of the detailed calculations employed. Thus, it is argued that wood must ever be the reliance of the poor for fuel, since the cost of bringing coal three hundred miles or more will be such as to prohibit its general use. But whatever these errors of detail may be, the outstanding fact remains that to Increase A. Lapham, the state's first great scientist, belongs the credit of seeing the need of forest conservation a generation in advance of his fellows, and of doing his utmost to direct their attention to the problem.

M. M. QUAIFE

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1921, there were twenty-four additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Four of these enrolled as life members, as follows: David True Hackett, Palo Alto, California; Irving E. Hinze, Chicago, Illinois; Michael B. Olbrich, Madison; Harry Sauthoff, Madison.

Seventeen persons became annual members of the Society: Julius C. Birge, St. Louis, Missouri; Samuel Bond, Mondovi; George Brown, Madison; Carl Chandler, Blanchardville; Dr. W. A. Engsberg, Lake Mills; Emma J. Gardner, Milwaukee; William S. Hoffman, Prairie du Chien; Joseph C. Johnson, Blair; Arthur P. Kannenberg, Oshkosh; James J. McDonald, Madison; Alfred K. Nippert, Cincinnati, Ohio; Anita E. North, Hudson; Bernard M. Palmer, Janesville; Mrs. Frederick H. Remington, Milwaukee; Dr. John W. Schempf, Milwaukee; Martha E. Sell, Madison; William W. Sweet, Greencastle, Indiana.

The high schools at Cambridge, Lancaster, and Wausau enrolled as Wisconsin school members.

J. L. Sturtevant, Wausau, changed from annual to life membership.

A Beloit newspaper preserved in the State Historical Library, issued in the month of August, 1862, preserves a report of the death on the field of battle of Lieutenant Frank W. Oakley of the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. But newspaper reports sometimes err, particularly in giving news from the field of battle, and so, fortunately, this one did. Mr. Oakley survived, to receive his honorable discharge at the close of the war, minus one arm and plus a commission as major. On June 30, 1921, he terminated almost sixty years of service for the national government. For four years he was a soldier in the Union army; for several years thereafter, postmaster of Beloit. With the organization of the United States District Court for Western Wisconsin in 1870, Major Oakley became its first marshal; this office he continued to fill, with the single exception of the first Cleveland administration, for over a quarter of a century. Since 1897 he has efficiently filled the office of clerk of the same court. While acting as clerk of the court he was appointed by Judge Bunn receiver for the Madison and the Superior street railways, and he served for a time as president of the Madison Street Railway.

For upwards of a third of a century Major Oakley has served as curator of the State Historical Society. Of the members now on the board, only professors Parkinson and Anderson exceed Major Oakley in length of service.

Miss Emma J. Gardner of Milwaukee calls attention to an erroneous statement contained in Professor Fish's article on "An Historical Museum," published in the March, 1921, number of this magazine. The statement in question ascribes to Dr. George W. Peckham credit for founding the Milwaukee Public Museum. According to C. H. Doerflinger, in an address on "The Genesis and Early History of the Wisconsin Natural History Society at Milwaukee," read on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the society, its founder was Peter Engelmann, a German "Forty-eighter" who became principal of the Milwaukee German-English Academy in 1851. The address shows that Dr. Peckham made important scientific contributions to the society.

In the June number of the magazine mention was made of Michael Nippert, a Napoleonic soldier, buried near Baraboo. June 14 the grandson of this man, Judge Alfred K. Nippert of Cincinnati, passed through Madison on his way to visit the family homestead. Judge Nippert was much interested in the work of the Society; he gave us information concerning four generations of his family.

Judge Nippert states that his ancestors were originally French Huguenots, at home near Lyons. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they removed to the neighborhood of Strassburg, where his grandfather, Michael, was born. He was enrolled in Napoleon's army and marched with him to Moscow. On the terrible retreat from that place, which broke Napoleon's power, Nippert and his relative, Michael Herschinger, were among the last to cross the bridge near Moscow, just as the Russians blew up the structure to prevent the French retreat.

At the close of his military service Nippert decided to emigrate to America; he and his family crossed the ocean in the early twenties, went to Pittsburgh, and took the first side-wheel steamboat that went down the Ohio River. The first American home of the Nippert family was in Monroe County, Ohio, near the present town of Powhattan, among the Captina Hills. This was the historic site of the Mingo Indians, and of Chief Logan's home. After several years in Ohio the Nippert family removed to Freeport, Illinois. Thence they came in 1847 by ox team to Sauk County, Wisconsin, and settled just west of Rock Hill cemetery opposite the present Sleutz place. The Herschinger family had preceded them to this place. There the elder Nippert and his wife died, and were buried in this cemetery.

Judge Nippert's father, Louis, had before this last removal left home to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1850 he was appointed to go to Germany on a mission. Before leaving, he visited his father's family in Wisconsin. Judge Nippert has in his possession the journal of the journey. The traveler went from Cincinnati to Sandusky by rail in a wood-burning engine, the journey lasting twenty-four hours. From Sandusky he went by boat to Detroit, across Michigan by stage, and again by boat to Milwaukee. He left the latter place by stage for Janesville and Madison. From the latter place he walked to Fort Winnebago, then on to Baraboo along an Indian trail. In the autumn he crossed to Germany, where he remained

a faithful missionary during thirty-six years. During our Civil War the Reverend Louis Nippert helped to interest Swiss and German financiers to purchase United States bonds. He became in time director of the Martin Biblical Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main. There Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was for a time a guest. In 1886 the Reverend Louis Nippert transferred to the Central German Conference in America. He served as pastor of several churches near Cincinnati and died in that city August 17, 1894.

Several of his brothers served in Wisconsin regiments during the Civil War. Henry was a member of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. Philip Nippert enlisted May 10, 1861, in the Sixth Infantry, part of the Iron Brigade. He was severely wounded at Gainesville and left for dead upon the field. Having been rescued by the burial squad, he was taken to a hospital, recovered, rejoined his regiment, and served until he was mustered out July 15, 1864. Later Philip Nippert removed to Kansas as a homesteader; he died in 1906, during the G. A. R. encampment at Minneapolis.

The fourth generation of the Nippert family served in the World War. Judge Nippert's eldest son, James, was in 1917 one of the youngest commissioned officers of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The surrender of the Winnebago chief Red Bird at the Fox-Wisconsin portage in 1827 has been termed by a well-known historian "the most dramatic scene in early Wisconsin history." This remarkable episode has been made the theme of a musical drama by a Racine teacher, Miss Pearl Richards. "Red Bird" was produced in that city April 15, by a cast of amateurs, and attained a deserved success. For the musical numbers the works of Charles W. Cadman, Thurlow Lieurance, and Amy Woodforde-Finden, noted students of Indian music, were utilized. The rollicking soldier song "Benny Havens Oh" was introduced with much effect. By the coöperation of the Wisconsin Traveling Library and Study Club information concerning the origin of this song was obtained from the librarian at West Point.

The drama is written in blank verse, partly in the *Hiawatha* meter, traditionally considered suitable for Indian subjects. The play itself is worked out on traditional lines, such as those of Cooper and Longfellow, and is less true to aboriginal psychology than Leonard's *Glory of the Morning*. Nevertheless, Miss Richard's work is to be commended for its fidelity to the historic background, for many lines of strong dramatic expression, and for the utilization of a story that is of especial interest to lovers of Wisconsin history. The setting of the first three acts is the old Dekorra village west of Baraboo. The scenes vividly portray the Indian standards of honor and of courage, according to which Red Bird, always the friend of the whites, was bound in honor to avenge the death of his kindred by massacring a family of white people. Then when he finds he has been deceived—that his brothers still live—that his act of vengeance has aroused the United States army to advance against his tribesmen—honor again compels him to be the savior of his people by offering his own life in atonement.

The fourth scene presents the historic act of surrender at the Portage. Miss Richards inadvertently lays the scene at Fort Winnebago, which was not built until a year later. She also introduces among her characters Major David E. Twiggs, who only came in 1828 to build Fort Winnebago, and Sutler Henry E. Merrell, whose advent was in 1834. Such slight historical anachronisms may be condoned by poetical license. It is less excusable, perhaps, to represent the well-known Indian trader, "Colonel" Childs, as a regular army officer. The play does justice, however, to the noble character of the chief actor and is a notable tribute to this son of Wisconsin.

The Historical Landmarks Committee of the State Historical Society unveiled at Blue Mounds on Labor Day a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "Site of Blue Mounds Fort. Built in May, 1832, by the miners and settlers of the neighborhood and garrisoned by them as volunteer members of General Henry Dodge's Iowa-Michigan brigade from May 20 to September 20, 1832, during the Black Hawk War. This site was donated to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin by the heirs of Colonel Ebenezer Brigham, pioneer settler of Blue Mounds, who helped build the fort. Dedicated September 5, 1921, by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Mrs. Theodora W. Youmans ("How Wisconsin Women Won the Ballot") is a resident of Waukesha and an active worker for the cause of civic betterment in Wisconsin.

William W. Bartlett ("Jean Brunet, Chippewa Valley Pioneer") is a resident of Eau Claire and a notable delver in the field of Chippewa Valley history.

M. M. Quaife ("Wisconsin's First Literary Magazine") is the editor of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

William A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: VII Ceresco, A Pioneer Communist Settlement") resides at Fond du Lac. He has contributed numerous articles to the columns of this magazine.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

Why We Study History is the suggestive title of a pamphlet prepared for the University Extension Division by Professor Carl Russell Fish. Professor Fish discusses the changed position of the study of history both in educational systems and in public opinion. Exaggerated emphasis has been placed upon its utilitarian value. It has been supposed to teach patriotism, but if truthfully presented one must admit one's country is not always right; if regarded as a moral subject, what seems right does not always triumph. History is the experience of the

human race; its value to the race is the same as memory to the individual. Its one permanent value lies in the necessity of understanding the world we live in. The historical method is the best combination of scientific training and everyday utility. It presents the human element in environment. "If we succeed in knowing men of any other time or place than our own, we have strengthened our ability to deal with life as we see it about us."

Professor Fish has performed a service in clearing the atmosphere of fictitious values and in estimating the real advantages of the study of history.

Hosea W. Rood, patriotic instructor of the G. A. R., has issued *A Little Flag Book No. 3.* This contains an excellent account of the war eagle "Old Abe," as told by the person from whom he was purchased. A young Indian named Chief Sky took from a nest in a pine tree in Price County a baby eagle. Coming down the Flambeau, he stopped ten miles north of Chippewa Falls and sold his pet to Mrs. McCann for a little corn. As the eagle grew in the poultry yard he became troublesome and was sold at Eau Claire to Captain John E. Perkins, whose company became Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. At Camp Randall the mascot was named "Old Abe," and the regiment became known as the Eagle Regiment. The bird was in thirty-eight battles and skirmishes; he knew every man in his own company. His conduct in battle is disputed, but the Confederates made several attempts to capture him. After the war he was presented to the state and kept in the capitol. He died from the effects of the fire of 1881. His body was stuffed and mounted, only to be burned in the fire of 1904.

A Memorial Day Annual has been issued by the State Department of Public Instruction each year since 1896, during which time we have participated in two wars. Much of the *Annual* for 1921 is devoted to the lessons of the last war. Colonel W. J. Anderson contributes "What the World War Revealed," the heroic spirit of service and sacrifice which proved superior to all other claims. Dr. Joseph Schafer writes on heroism. All heroism is personal; many such acts are not recorded because of the modesty of the hero.

The memorial address on the late Chief Justice Winslow, delivered May 3, 1921, before the supreme court by his former colleague, R. D. Marshall, is issued in pamphlet form. Judge Marshall in evaluating the character of Judge Winslow says, " While appreciating the reserve of his station, he was able to maintain it without effort to disguise that delightfully humorous, companionable, social side of his nature, which made him the peculiarly attractive figure he was." Of his work for the state in his great series of interpretative decisions Judge Marshall speaks in the highest terms as a conscientious service whose value will increase with time.

The biennial reports of the several state commissions furnish much valuable historical source material. That of the Department of Agriculture shows that 52.1 per cent of the state's population is engaged in this pursuit, with an investment of $3,531,000,000. The report shows of what value the department has been in warding off losses and in adopting an aggressive policy looking toward complete eradication and control of animal and plant diseases. The Immigration Bureau also aids prospective settlers. Our crop statistics are the most reliable in the Union; the crops of 1919 set the highest record in our history. Wisconsin led all states in the production of corn per acre, in the amount of clover seed, canning peas, hemp, and cigar tobacco raised. It is also first in milk cows and in the number of silos. Four thousand more families settled on Wisconsin farms than in any other of the North Central states.

The Civil Service Commission believes that its work tends to education for public service and has become a permanent factor for good government.

The *Report* of the Railroad Commission is surcharged with material on interesting community services for the development of public utilities, the increasing of property, the care for public safety, the growth of water power, and the aid and utility of railroads.

The importance of our growing industries is emphasized both by the Industrial Commission's *Report*, and by a pamphlet issued by the State Board of Education on *Technical and Trade Training Through the Continuation School*. Mr. Fitzpatrick of the latter board gives a complete list of the larger industries as furnished the federal government by the War Survey of 1918. This pamphlet is a plea for special trade schools for specific industries, such as mining at Platteville, paper making at Appleton, etc. The Industrial Commission now has seven departments dealing with nearly every phase of the worker's interests: safety and sanitation, employment, woman and child labor, workmen's compensation, mediation and arbitration, and apprenticeship. In the latter department it coöperates with the State Board of Vocational Education. The history of this latter movement is sketched by Edward A. Fitzpatrick in Bulletin No. 4, Vol. III. The work begun in 1911 has grown with remarkable celerity, and promises to destroy illiteracy in Wisconsin and to furnish our adolescents with interest and enthusiasm for their daily work.

The *Report* of the Commissioners of State Lands shows that leases are being taken of public lands for meadows and pastures and on the northern lakes for hunting and fishing lodges. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of the old school certificates has been retired and added to the school funds. All this has been reinvested in loans to school districts and municipalities; the process is to be continued until $1,000,000 has been retired. The commissioners ask for a law granting quit claim deeds to the holders of the Fox-Wisconsin Improvement lands.

Agricultural Experiment Station urges the farmers to "*Clear More Land*" in an important pamphlet setting out the methods and expenses. In Bulletin No. 323, *New Farm Facts*, they give the results of recent studies on new feeds and new proportions of feed for animals, the need of vitamines in human and animal food, etc.

The *Annual Report* of the Agricultural Extension Service of the University, by Dean H. L. Russell and K. L. Hatch, with the other specialists of the department, reviews the agricultural progress of Wisconsin for the last thirty years and is a most valuable contribution to our recent history.