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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

The STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN is a state-aided corporation whose function is the cultivation and encouragement of the historical interests of the State. To this end it invites your coöperation; membership is open to all, whether residents of Wisconsin or elsewhere. The dues of annual members are two dollars, payable in advance; of life members, twenty dollars, payable once only. Subject to certain exceptions, members receive the publications of the Society, the cost of producing which far exceeds the membership fee. This is rendered possible by reason of the aid accorded the Society by the State. Of the work and ideals of the Society this magazine affords, it is believed, a fair example. With limited means, much has already been accomplished; with ampler funds more might be achieved. So far as is known, not a penny entrusted to the Society has ever been lost or misapplied. Property may be willed to the Society in entire confidence that any trust it assumes will be scrupulously executed.

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MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE[1]

GENERAL CHARLES KING

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

Major General Merritt, my old-time commander in the Fifth Cavalry, had been hurried to San Francisco to organize a corps of twenty thousand men, with two division and four brigade commanders, and he at once wired to the War Department, asking for me, his adjutant of the Indian war days. At the same time he wired to me at Milwaukee. I received his invitation with gladness, and when two days later there came a wire from the War Department asking if it would be "agreeable" to me to go with General Merritt to Manila, I replied at once, "With Merritt anywhere," and asked that my commission be sent to his care at San Francisco, expecting to start at once.

But the orders did not come. General Greene, for whom I knew Merritt had also applied, had passed through Chicago en route to join. General MacArthur was at the Plankinton in Milwaukee, daily expecting his orders, but not until the fourth day did they arrive. Mine was curiously worded: "This being an original appointment you must go to San Francisco at your own expense." Blow the expense! I would have gone all the way to Manila at my own expense if that were all that kept me waiting and worrying over the delay. The papers announced that Gen. T. M. Anderson with the first brigade had started, and General Greene, Generals E. S. and H. G. Otis had arrived in camp before I got the word to go. Four days later I was with General Merritt in San Francisco, wearing my uniform as a general officer of the Wisconsin Guard, found General Greene just ready to start with the Second Brigade, and a raft of

[1] This article is a continuation of the author's reminiscences, parts of which have appeared in the March and June issues of this magazine. Another installment is being prepared by General King.

Regulars wondering how in blazes a retired captain could so suddenly blossom out into a brigadier. Few of them knew that I had been for over seventeen years the instructor of the Wisconsin troops that had been called into action, and that when Wisconsin was ordered to furnish a brigade, her two senators, Spooner and Mitchell, at once urged that Wisconsin be permitted to name the brigadier, and the only name they placed before the President was mine.

Reporting for duty in camp, I was assigned by Maj. Gen. E. S. Otis to the command of the Second Provisional Brigade (First Idaho, Thirteenth Minnesota, Twentieth Kansas, and First Tennessee). An important meeting was held at the headquarters of General Otis on the morning of the thirteenth of June, at which were present General Merritt, the corps commander; General Otis, the division commander; Gen. Marcus P. Miller, commanding the First Provisional Brigade; General MacArthur, who had just arrived; General King, commanding the Second Provisional Brigade; and a few staff officers. Addressing the camp commander, General Merritt said: "And now, General Otis, we have started the first and second expeditions; I wish the third to be placed in readiness to leave about the twenty-fifth, General King to go in command."

I regarded this announcement as confidential and said nothing about it to my little staff, and was surprised to see the announcement in big letters in the morning paper the following day. A very busy week followed. We were drilling hours each day and making preparation between times for the voyage. The transports were assembling, the stores going aboard, when there came a note from Colonel Babcock, Merritt's chief-of-staff (we had been brother captains in the Fifth Cavalry), asking me to come at once to San Francisco; he had something of importance to tell me. I went, and with no little embarrassment he informed me that General MacArthur had been to see General Merritt, had

pointed out that he was commanding a regiment in the Civil War while I was only a cadet, that he was for that reason my senior in the list of generals (he was by just two places), and as he was present for duty it was a reflection on him to send a junior in command of the third expedition. Merritt saw the point; so did I, though I might have made a similar objection in the case of General Greene, but did not. I rode back to camp almost as sad as when I had to give way to Upham in the spring of '62, yet went straight to MacArthur, congratulated him on his preferment, and told him that had he spoken to me I would have gone with him to Merritt, as I would have gone to Lincoln with Upham, and said that he had the better claim. In the early summer of 1862 Senator Doolittle had taken MacArthur to the President to beg for an appointment at large for West Point, only to learn that Upham and I were already representing Wisconsin on the presidential list. So he went home to become adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin and, before he was fairly nineteen, its commanding officer.

And now he was to go on and reach Manila in time for the one tussle with the Spaniards, he and Greene both my juniors in age and Greene my junior in rank, both to be made major generals as a result of it, while I was left behind to continue drilling volunteers. It was hard luck, but worse was to follow.

Two of the best regiments in my brigade were sent with MacArthur, but in their stead I had received the Fifty-first Iowa, a militia regiment, in very creditable condition as to drill and discipline. Under its lieutenant colonel, however, another regiment had become so slack that Merritt sent for me and asked the direct question, "Which Wisconsin regiment shall I apply for in its stead?"

It was then late evening. "Let me think it over until morning," I replied, and with that we parted; and with the following day came Funston, the young colonel of the Kan-

sas regiment, who had been held in Washington by Lieutenant General Miles because of his intimate knowledge of Cuban affairs, and with Funston came a marked and immediate change for the better. In less than a week Merritt had such excellent reports of the "Jay Hawkers," as the Kansans were called, that Wisconsin's chance in the first army of occupation at Manila was gone.

I now had what was soon called the Union Brigade—Iowa, Kansas, and Tennessee—with three fine colonels, and in ten days their brigade drills and evolutions were worth seeing. Merritt himself left for Manila, placing Major General Otis in command of the three brigades, Gen. Marcus Miller, a veteran regular, Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and myself as the brigade commanders, Otis being my junior. Merritt in going told me that he had directed Gen. E. S. Otis to send me with my three thousand just as soon as the transports got back. Meantime it was drill, drill, drill.

Then came another blow:—Orders by wire from Washington for Gen. E. S. Otis to send the brigade of Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and himself to accompany it. "The President directs" was the wording, and everybody knew why.

During the latter part of the Civil War the Twenty-third Ohio, of which a modest young sergeant, McKinley, was on duty at regimental headquarters, was commanded by its major, Harrison G. Otis, and now the sergeant had become president and commander-in-chief, the major head of a great California paper, and there you were. Again was I overslaughed, as the saying is. Again I congratulated my luckier rival, and then Major General Merriam came to San Francisco to command the Department of California, and presently held the first brigade review of the war, so he said—though I fancy there may have been a few at Chickamauga—and the Union Brigade was called on, and

it was a beauty. Alex. Reid of Appleton was then with us as volunteer aide on my staff, and his description of that event in the Appleton *Crescent* was a joy. Indeed, the major general, a keen drill master himself, was more than complimentary. He had the whole brigade cheering wildly after the ceremony by the announcement that they should go to Manila before the end of the month (August) as a reward for their fine work, and once again we took heart.

Soon, however, came the news of the battle of the thirteenth of August, and soon thereafter General Merritt's announcement that he needed no more troops, and for the third time my hopes were blasted.

Then followed a week of decided depression, and then an inspiration came to General Merriam, who had been most sympathetic. The *Arizona* of the old Guion Line, once the grayhound of the seas, having made the quickest run from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, arrived in port to load up with supplies for Merritt's army at Manila, and to carry over a number of Red Cross doctors, nurses, additional staff officers, etc. The First New York Infantry and the Second Battalion of Engineers had been sent over to Honolulu and were in camp at Kapiolani Park, and they needed supplies, and there had come to our camp at Presidio Heights five battalions recruited in Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania for the regiments of those states already in Manila, also two hundred men for the Eighteenth Regulars. These men being actual members of organizations already in the Philippines, General Merriam declared it could be no violation of General Merritt's wishes to send them where they belonged. "And," said he, "if you don't mind giving up this fine brigade and taking charge of a single ship load, you shall go in command." I could have hugged him.

Merriam felt sure that they would be needed, for no sooner did Aguinaldo's forces find that the Americans sternly

forbade their looting the homes of their former oppressors, the Spaniards, now disarmed and helpless, than they became turbulent and threatening. In writing to the *Sentinel* in August and September, I made the prediction that the Filipinos would give our little army infinitely more trouble than the Spaniards had caused Dewey or Merritt. Whether General Merriam consulted the War Department or not was no affair of mine. On the sixteenth of August I bade adieu to the Union Brigade, assuring them of my faith that they would speedily be needed and sent after me. Our five battalions were ordered to embark the following day. My two staff officers and I moved aboard (a beautiful cabin, formerly the ladies' rest room, had been assigned to me), and then came a message from Merriam. Bad news: Ordered to hold the *Arizona* until the arrival of certain field guns from Rock Island Arsenal, and again my spirits sank. Something kept telling me the plan would fall through after all.

Three wretched days followed. At last the guns came and were hoisted aboard and stowed below, and nearly mad with impatience I drove up to headquarters to urge that the battalions be marched down at once, and Merriam met me with his whimsical grin:

"Another day can make no difference," said he, "and I've about decided to run over with you myself and have a look at Honolulu. The islands are now part of my command and I ought to get acquainted with them, but I can't get aboard until tomorrow night."

"Then I am betting that orders will come from Washington to stop the whole scheme."

"Don't worry," said Merriam, "it doesn't pay. *You* are going—anyhow."

At last he came aboard bringing a little party of friends, and to him, as senior, I turned over the beautiful cabin, turned Lieutenant Colonel Barnett out of the next best, he

in turn recoiled on the senior major, and so there was no end of moving of luggage at the last moment. By nine at night the last soldier was stowed away between decks, and the last stowaway led, crest-fallen, ashore. At ten General Merriam, tired out from three days' rush work, turned in. We were hard aground, with our heavy load of stores and fifteen hundred passengers and crew. "But," said Captain Barneson, "the tide will lift us off toward midnight, then we back out into the bay and anchor until morning."

At eleven everybody except the sentries, the watch, and so on, had gone to roost, officers and soldiers wearied after the long march in from camp, and still I paced the deck, nervous, apprehensive, sure that something still was destined to happen to checkmate our move.

And at 11:30 it came.

The officer of the guard appeared with a telegraph boy, and the lad held out to me the fateful brown envelope. It was oddly addressed: "Commanding General U. S. Troops, San Francisco, California." Official beyond doubt, and as General Merriam, the department commander, had declared himself simply a passenger on the ship, which was under my command, I was undoubtedly the commanding general of the United States troops at that moment at San Francisco, General Miller being in command of the two brigades still left at camp.

But the instant I opened it I saw that the clerk had erroneously addressed the envelope, for this was practically what the message said; at this moment I cannot quote it verbatim.

Commanding General,
Department California, S. F.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
August 20, 1898.

If General King has started send swift steamer after him with orders to hold command at Honolulu.

(Signed) CORBIN,

who was the adjutant general of the Army.

If only I had not opened it! If only we could have slid away from that pier five minutes earlier! If only I could rip it to fragments! The boy had gone ashore; the single plank had been hauled aboard; we were at that moment just beginning to stir, heavily, slowly, straining at the stern hawsers landward under the impulse of the flooding tide.

And now—just at the moment when after all the disappointment—all the suspense—all the worry—at last had come the longed-for chance to go, with it had come this wretched order to stay!

A moment later, and I stood by General Merriam's bedside. Reproachfully he looked up at me, disturbed in his dreamless sleep. "What did I tell you, sir?" was all I could say, as I handed him the despatch.

There was a sound of scurrying footsteps out on deck, a muffled order, the splash of some heavy object into the sluggish water alongside, some faint sound and stir in the bowels of the big ship, and a sudden throb and rumble far astern, and all at once the big transport seemed to wake up and pulse and quiver and heave, and then Merriam slowly folded the despatch and looked up at me, quizzically.

"Well, sir, do we disembark at daybreak?" I asked.

"No," said Merriam, "don't you hear the engine? General King has started."

The following day we were far out of sight of even the Farallones, and time and again on the week's beautiful voyage to Honolulu (which we reached August 28) I wondered how on earth Merriam was ever going to "square himself" with the War Department. By this time I knew that sooner than have his plans disarranged, he had not reported until almost the last moment that he was sending the reserve battalions on to Manila and me with them. But not in the faintest degree did Merriam show anxiety. We were off. We would stop at Honolulu long enough to land him, his staff officers and guests, the supplies for the

New York regiment and the Engineers. There was then no cable to Honolulu, and there wasn't a steamer in port that could catch the *Arizona*. "You'll be at Manila," said he, "before any contradictory orders can reach you, unless they cable Merritt to send a boat to meet and turn you back. Once there, you and your men will be welcome."

It looked possible, but I felt somehow that something would turn up to delay me at Honolulu, and that orders to hold would overtake us—and they did.

Arrived at Honolulu, we were received by Admiral "Joe" Miller, one of the most popular men of the old navy, and he told Merriam much about the new conditions there that set my senior to studying the situation. There was much interchange of calls between him and the island officials—Governor Dole, Secretary Damon, and others of the old régime—men of charm and culture and high ideals. Then there were the consular and diplomatic representatives of the United States and a number of officials of other nations. Only a few weeks previous the Hawaiian flag had been lowered over the palace, the stars and stripes run up in its place, and Merriam found a large number of prominent British and German, not to mention Japanese and Chinese, business men and residents who were in sympathy with the former queen of the islands and decidedly against American interests.

There was a big parade to the palace grounds, a public reception for my officers and men. The five battalions made a very soldierly show of it, and the Hawaiian band played superbly. The people who met us were most cordial, but they were few in number. Nine-tenths of the populace held aloof.

The *Arizona* remained at anchor out in the harbor. I moved into the cabin vacated by General Merriam, and every day or two went ashore to beg him to say the word and send us on to Manila, where by this time things were

beginning to look squally—so said the Shanghai and other papers brought in by the eastbound O. & O. liner.

"There's sure to be trouble with Aguinaldo," was the word, and General Merriam grinned. "Didn't I tell you?" said he. "You and your men will be welcome. See if you're not."

"Then send us on," I begged. "We're not welcome, nor wanted, here." But he wished me to go with him to look at Pearl Harbor, and that took another day—five more thus idled away, and then on the morning of September 3, as I rose early, eager and restless, and looked out to sea, lo, there came steaming slowly in the transport *Scandia*, that we had left deserted at San Francisco. She wasn't swift, but she could catch General King and the *Arizona*, held as they were at Honolulu, and at noon Merriam came out in the Admiral's barge, and the guard and I received him with all honors, but with reluctant hearts, for the first sight of his face was enough.

"You are to command the District of Hawaii—the whole archipelago," said he, trying to be consolatory. The *Scandia* had brought the Washington despatch, received at his headquarters in San Francisco, two days after we cleared the Golden Gate, and his faithful staff had sent it bounding after us, over the 2200-mile run to Honolulu as quickly as the *Scandia* could weigh anchor and be off.

And so, heartsick again, I moved ashore to delightful quarters at the Royal Hawaiian. The five battalions marched out to Kapiolani Park, near Waikiki beach, and went into camp. And then came ten of the most trying weeks of my life. The *Arizona* went on to Manila, with her cargo and her array of doctors and nurses. The local papers duly published the order establishing the military district of Hawaii, headquarters at Honolulu, Brig. Gen. Charles King to command. The guns of the *Philadelphia* flagship boomed their salute to that most unwilling official, whose

first act was to dictate a letter imploring the commanding general at Manila to send for us and not keep us where we were, neither needed nor wanted. I had to look over the ground, and almost instantly took exception to Kapiolani Park as a camp ground. It was low, flat, with lagoons of stagnant water about, miasmatic, as anyone could see and the morning sick report of the First New York and Second Engineers too plainly showed. The water supply was inadequate, the ground not suitable for latrines. Only one battalion could drill at a time, and the post hospital had been established in what had been a dancing pavilion in town, two miles away, and that ramshackle old frame shed stood on piles over what had been a swamp. A dozen typhoid and two dozen malarial fever patients were already there and more were coming. We had only five doctors, and as for nurses, they had all been shipped to Manila.

I went to Merriam with my tale of woe, and found him packing. He now felt that the more quickly he returned to his post at San Francisco the better. The *Australia* was due any moment, and within twenty-four hours he was gone, bidding me make the best of the situation and pay no attention to what the papers were saying. And the papers, British or German owned or edited, were saying scandalous things about the depredations and outrages committed by the United States troops in Manoa Valley and elsewhere before we were a week ashore. Without exception the stories were either false or grievously exaggerated. Of course they were copied by many journals in the States.

We had no supplies for so big a command, except the plain army ration, ill suited to such a climate—no fund for vegetables, fruit, ice, milk, etc. The quartermaster in town said he hadn't so much as a storm flag to hoist over camp, or the money with which to buy one. The District of Hawaii started without a penny of the contingent fund provided all other departments and districts, and there we

were out in mid-Pacific, eight days by liner from San Francisco, and by the end of the second week, two a day our men were dying of typhoid, and the only flag to set at half mast when the solemn little cortège marched out with muffled drums was the one I had brought from Milwaukee—for my own purposes.

Soon after Merriam left, our kind and helpful friend Admiral Miller was recalled to San Francisco, as he was soon to retire, and the day his flagship steamed away we ran the six big bronze guns that were once the pride of King Kalakaua's heart, "by hand" through the streets and placed them in battery, screened by some sand dunes, and surprised Miller with a thundering parting salute of thirteen guns to his flag, and right gallantly the *Philadelphia* boomed her reply as her prow turned eastward for the homeward run. The *Scandia* went on to the Philippines, with some lucky artillerymen, and then we were left to battle with our troubles.

We had one admirable medical officer, Major Morris, of the Regulars, and as our sick list soon overflowed the big wooden hospital he begged for more doctors, nurses, field hospital tents, etc., but they were an interminable time coming. The regimental medical officers were few, and with one exception well nigh inexperienced. Our cares and anxieties increased, and October, 1898 came near being the end of me. I doubt if ever I knew a month of such continuous worry. Sleepless nights and fever-haunted days were telling on many of us. At last came November, and with it news that we were almost too depressed to cheer. Just as Merriam had predicted—for Merritt had quit Manila and gone to Paris—General Otis urged our being hurried to his support. General Merriam was sending the *Arizona*, and on November 7 a debilitated-looking one thousand of the men I had led so jubilantly to the August voyage were once more stowed away on the transport we had so hated to

leave. We pulled out into the harbor, anchored three days to weed out the last of the fever cases that medical science could detect, and on November 10 at last turned our backs on the "Paradise of the Pacific," and then the doctors put me to bed.

I had been vaccinated three days before embarking, and whether the Australian virus was impure or my run-down condition was the cause, most violent inflammation and swelling set in, and I broke out all over. I was so weak and ill by the time we reached Manila, the end of the month, that after reporting to General Otis I was trundled to hospital for treatment that could not be given aboard ship. It was two weeks before I could go on crutches again to see the commanding general, and meantime the suffering from carbuncles and swollen legs had been the most serious I had ever known. All this time, however, the utmost kindness and attention had been shown me by brother officers, and at last Dr. Keefer, chief surgeon, decided that I could leave the hospital and move to the big, beautiful home down Malate way, that had been assigned to me and the officers of my staff. It was most comfortable and commodious, with screened galleries on three sides and broad screened porticos, and the upper floor overlooking that wonderful bay, all the way over to Cavite Point—the monitor *Monadnock* being just off shore, long pistol shot distant, the *Olympia*, Dewey's flagship, and his little flotilla at anchor well over toward the westward shore.

It was mid-December when I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, First Division; General Ovenshine, who was colonel of the Twenty-third Regulars, commanding the Second Brigade. MacArthur, now at the head of the Second Division, with the brigades of H. G. Otis and Irving Hale, was on the north and northeast front of Manila, and we had the south and southeast, the lines forming a big, irregular half circle inclosing the entire city.

By this time, too, my old brigade had come forward from San Francisco, and was broken up and distributed, Funston, with the Kansans, going to MacArthur's division, the Tennesseans over to Cavite Arsenal across the bay. The Iowans were kept aboard ship and presently sent down to a neighboring island.

On December 15 I had my first look at my new brigade, commanded up to that time by that genial soldier and gentleman Col. "Jim" Smith, of the First California, later governor general. The Fourteenth Regulars, a splendid regiment, led by its lieutenant colonel, Robe, was in barracks only a few squares from my headquarters. The Fourth Cavalry—what there was of it—was in roomy buildings on the broad Calle Faura, the main road over to the Nozaleda, on which General Anderson had his post; and the California regiment was stationed farther back, almost under the ramparts of the old walled city. These, for the present at least, with the guns of the Astor Battery under Lieut. Harry Hawthorne, were to constitute my command.

It took several days to become acquainted with the situation, and I own it looked anything but placid or promising.

Long weeks before we reached the islands with these welcome and much needed reinforcements, the relations with Aguinaldo and his soldiery had become so strained that, while demanding that individually or even in small parties his officers and men should be allowed to pass to and fro without hindrance, Aguinaldo declared the Americans must confine themselves to the city. Every road and bridge leading to the suburbs, such as Santa Ana, San Pedro Macati on the southeast, and Pasay to the south, were strongly guarded by the little brown soldiers, many of them well set up and having been trained in the Spanish ranks. They were well armed, too, with the Mauser or Remington, with smokeless ammunition. Our volunteers

had nothing but the Springfield breech loader, calibre forty-five, with the old black powder cartridge. Thirty thousand strong was Aguinaldo's surrounding army. Less than sixteen thousand was the American force in Manila, which had not only to keep order in the swarming native population, all presumably in sympathy with Aguinaldo, but to care for some ten thousand Spanish prisoners, not that they gave promise of trouble, for they would have been long ago massacred to a man but for the presence of the Americans. They were, therefore, on terms of distant but respectful and soldierly courtesy with their conquerors. Moreover, out there in the bay was that little flotilla of Dewey's, with its eight- or five-inch guns, quite powerful enough to blow the whole town about the ears of the people if they started anything objectionable.

We had but two regiments of regular infantry, the Fourteenth and the Twenty-third, the Eighteenth having been sent to Ilo Ilo. We had a squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, dismounted, a battalion of artillery serving as infantry, one light battery of the Sixth Artillery, minus horses and harnesses, and the howitzers of the discharged Astor Battery, manned by Regulars. We had one regiment of volunteers or militia from each of the following states: California, Colorado, Dakota (North and South), Kansas, Idaho, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Washington, with a battalion from Wyoming, a brace of batteries from Utah, and an old wooden river craft rigged up as a gunboat. In point of numbers that could be assembled on the firing line the insurrectos were rather more than two to our one, but except the luckless thousand that had been held up ten weeks with us in Honolulu, our fellows were in fine health and spirits, well fed, well drilled, regularly exercised, and ready for anything. What they could not understand was why Aguinaldo should virtually be permitted to have his own way.

And here is the explanation. The President and his advisers knew well that their political opponents would eagerly seize on every error that they might make, and following the lead of Mr. Godkin of the New York *Evening Post* and its "umbra" the Springfield *Republican*, a number of anti-administration papers were making the most of the fact that we had accepted the assistance of Aguinaldo and his followers in the attack on Manila, and soon thereafter had ordered the Filipino soldiery out of town.

There was every reason for so doing. The insurgents had fully expected, and their officers and men had been promised, the joy of looting the Spanish stores and homes, and that of revenging themselves on every detested Spaniard against whom they bore a grudge. They spoke of all this with entire frankness, as their right, and were amazed and disgusted that the Americans would not permit it.

It was a touchy time for the administration. McKinley and his cabinet, and strong men like Spooner, knew that we were just where we could not let go. Whether we wanted the islands or not, to haul down our flag and pull out and tell Aguinaldo and his people to help themselves would have been a crime of the first magnitude, since thousands of helpless Spaniards would have been butchered and the fate of their wives and daughters would have been indescribable. Until some stable form of government could be devised, the fortunes of war had made us the responsible custodians of Manila and neighborhood, as well as of the other garrison towns. Stay we had to, and keep the peace if we could. In plain words, General Otis told us his orders from Washington were to hang on until further orders, but in every possible way, short of letting them loot the city and shoot the Spaniards, we were to conciliate the Filipinos. No matter what affront or insult our officers or men received at their hands, not a blow must be struck, not a weapon drawn. The hardest test of discipline ever American

soldiery was subjected to was that through which our fellows passed the month of January, 1899.

Very soon after taking command of the First Brigade, I had asked General Anderson to rearrange matters. I was General Ovenshine's senior in the volunteers, but he was my senior in the old regular service, as was MacArthur; yet the Fourteenth Infantry and the Fourth Cavalry were in my command, while their senior officers, Colonel Robe, Major Potter, and Major Rucker, were my seniors in the permanent establishment. It was a source of embarrassment to me, although nothing could have been more courteous, cordial, and soldierly than their bearing to me on all occasions. But, I had had much experience with state troops, while Ovenshine, one of the most lovable men and gallant officers that ever lived, had had none. I asked to exchange the Fourteenth Regulars for the First Washington, and the Fourth Cavalry for the First Idaho, and it was done.

Then came a month of close association with these far western soldiers at the extreme front—drills by day and vigils by night that kept us in almost hourly touch. "When the blow comes," said General Anderson, "it will be in full force on your front," and there was every reason to say so. With its left resting on the Pasig River at Pandacan Point, and its right connecting with Ovenshine's left at Blockhouse Twelve, my line followed the meanderings of the Concordia Estero, a branch of the river, and was bisected in front of Blockhouse Eleven by the main road from Manila to the populous suburbs along the Pasig and the big towns on the Laguna de Bay and all southern Luzon. Concordia Bridge spanned the Estero one hundred yards in front of the blockhouse. Everything across that stream was Filipino territory, where after January 15 no man of our number was permitted to set foot. The bridge and blockhouse were at the apex of an almost acute angle, jutting far out into the level rice fields and bamboo thickets. It had been accepted

and established before I got there, as had the camp grounds and hospital at Honolulu, and I fell heir to the most undesirable, not to say untenable, bit of real estate it has ever been my lot to control.

I pointed out to General Anderson and later told General Otis how faulty it was from a military point of view, as it brought my men between two fires. Moreover, we soon discovered that the insurgents were throwing up earthworks at night, obviously for artillery with which to enfilade both my lines, to the right and to the left of that fateful stone arch. Both generals admitted it; but, said Otis, to fall back a single foot would give Aguinaldo a moral victory that would be heralded far and wide. Moreover, if we abandoned that angle, where could we place the line? The thronging suburb of Paco was only a short distance behind the blockhouse.

I begged to be allowed to throw up earthworks with traverses to protect my men and enable us to hold it; but, said Otis, to throw up a single spadeful would be to say we distrusted our brown brother, and it would be construed as an act of hostility, not only here but at home. "It can't be done," and it wasn't. And it was right there at that infernal point that we suffered most when at last the assault in force took place.

Four times in January had Otis warning from his spies that the attack in force from without, accompanied by a general uprising of the armed natives within our lines, was set to occur on such a night, and so imminent seemed the danger to the Americans in the city, that he felt constrained to hold one-half the California regiment of my brigade back in town, with the Thirteenth Minnesota and Twenty-third Regulars, so that I had only twenty-four companies of infantry to man a mile and a half of tortuous line. Every day the situation became more tense, the bearing of the Filipinos more insolent; yet our orders still

required that we should salute their officers, show them every courtesy, while they and their men jeered at our sentries, drew "bolos" in their very faces, called them cowards, and dared them to fight.

Moreover, every night now their working parties were spading up the rice fields in our front. We could watch their lights flitting about the walls of Santa Ana, a mile away, and dancing like will-o'-the-wisps from one bamboo patch to another; while opposite my left, close to the river, there stood a big redoubt, hidden from us by bamboo thickets on their side of the slough, but plainly visible from the belfry of the old convent behind our lines.

In all their fighting against the Spaniards their attacks were made by night, the favorite hour being just before the dawn. By day, except in little patrols or squads they kept in hiding. A Filipino officer, with a dozen men, occupied a little guardhouse just across the Concordia Bridge, with a single sentry pacing to and fro on the highest point of the arch, absolutely safe from molestation by my men, whose foremost outpost, a corporal and three men of the Washingtons, crouched by night at our end of the arch that spanned the narrow stream.

Not a night in bed had any one of my people after January 15. Just as soon as it was dark we formed the long lines at the stations, from Artillery Knoll on our right, clear around to Pandacan Point, with two battalions in reserve in Paco village. Brigadier and all, we watched and waited, lying down in our blankets when not actually on post, but ready at an instant's notice to spring to arms.

We were able to discover that the strongest force was opposite my left, a battalion in the redoubt, others in farm enclosures back toward the Santa Ana convent, under the walls of which, trained on Concordia Bridge, were the Krupp guns they had captured from the Spaniards. Thus a strong force was thrust far forward, threatening my left at the

Point and ready to burst through the bamboo and take Blockhouse Eleven and the troops holding the bridge, in flank and rear. Only the Washingtons had I to hold that line, from road to river, but five thousand Filipinos couldn't have budged them. I felt so confident of this that I had laid before General Anderson a plan of battle to which he gave unqualified assent. "Only," said he, "remember that you cannot attack until Otis gives the word. You may have to fight on the defensive for hours."

And so it proved, worse luck! And that was why our losses were so much heavier than those of the other three brigades.

I had gone over to our quarters on the bay shore the beautiful afternoon of the fourth of February, leaving all quiet but vigilant along the line of the Concordia. I needed a tub and change of raiment, and as the breeze off the sea was cool and the cotton khaki uniform promised to be too light for the hours of darkness, I donned my complete blue uniform of the general, with its double row of buttons, then sat for nearly an hour in quiet chat with the gallant old colonel of the Tennessee regiment, who had fought all through the Civil War in the "Light Division" of A. P. Hill, the pride of Stonewall Jackson's corps. We parted finally, he to return to Cavite and his devoted regiment, destined within sixteen hours to die at their head; I to mount my sturdy little war pony, and with only my orderly, Mills, to ride leisurely over to the Paco-Pandacan front.

It was just after dark when we passed the Engineer barracks, and they seemed already to have gone out to their night station, Blockhouse Twelve. But at least a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry was standing at ease in the square beyond, when, all of a sudden, out of the darkness ahead a horseman came at a tearing gallop, nearly colliding with me as he dashed by—one of Ovenshine's orderlies, as it happened, going in search of me.

What seemed odd was the absence of the natives from their usual haunts, and the darkness that enveloped their homes. Even on the main road over to Paco Bridge I met not a soul. White-robed forms could be seen here and there in doorways, but the streets were deserted. Nearing the Calle Nozaleda, on which stood Anderson's headquarters, I heard the measured tramp of soldiery and came suddenly upon a battalion of the Californians, going out, said their commander, to report to me at the Paco front. It was another case of "everybody up," and this time there was need for it.

Just about 8:40 that lovely, star-lit evening, far to our left rear and over toward MacArthur's right, there burst upon the pulseless air, distant yet distinct, the sputter and crackle of musketry, and the Washington officer of the guard slapped his thigh and called aloud, "By God, it's come at last!"

And so it had, and went spreading gradually westward across the entire front of MacArthur's division, covering the northern half of the city. MacArthur at the moment, like Moltke, was having his rubber of whist at his house on the Solano. It was the last card game of his life, as he said when he came to spend his final years on earth at Milwaukee, and he could never be induced to play again.

Presently the crackling of rifles became punctuated by the measured boom of field guns, and yet all about us on the south front was silent, almost breathless. Every light that had been burning in the native quarters of the thronging suburb had been quickly doused the moment the firing began. Mounting my pony, I rode four hundred yards down the street to Blockhouse Eleven, where stood Colonel Wholley and his adjutant, with a little group of men. One hundred yards farther was Concordia Bridge, with Company A of the Washingtons sprawled in long-extended firing line from the roadway up the bank of the narrow and winding

slough. Over against this was the dark bulk of the Filipino guardhouse—not a sentry nor a soldier visible, yet well we knew that in long ranks they were crouching behind the ridges of the rice fields, in numbers exceeding ours, and that far back across the tree-dotted level, where the lanterns were twinkling under the walls of Santa Ana, were reserves in strong force, and the guns of the Krupp battery and the Lantakas at the pottery on the San Pedro road, trained by day on Concordia Bridge or the blockhouse. What were they waiting for? Why did not they, too, attack?

Long weeks later Señor Arellano told us their General Ricarti was in town that night, that the attack had not been planned to begin until four in the morning but that a drunken Filipino officer, with a patrol at his back, had dared to cross MacArthur's lines beyond Sanpaloc, had refused to halt at the orders of the Nebraska outpost, had marched straight toward the sentry until within a dozen paces, and then was heard the shot that waked the eastern world as Private Grayson let drive, dropped his man, and sent the others scurrying back to their lines, which, carried away by excitement, opened fire right and left and the battle of Manila had begun.

Not until six hours later did the fun begin on our front, and then it came in a burst of fire and, as Anderson said it would, came in full force on that exposed angle, at the apex of which stood Concordia Bridge. In view of the fact that my orders were simply to hold the ground, but not to counter attack, I would have been glad to draw my men from the adjacent sides of that angle, where they must be raked by the guns of those two batteries, and line them up on the base, stretching across from the Concordia on the left to the Tripa de Gallina on the right, with the village and convent walls (which we were forbidden to use or occupy) at our backs. Then, just let the enemy take the arch of the bridge, if they wanted it, and pour confusion into

them as they sought to deploy. But no, "yield not an inch and advance not a foot," were the orders I had to transmit to my Californians and Washingtons, and they lay grim and silent along the banks of the slough, and obeyed.

Three mortal hours that dismal game was carried on. From their lines three-quarters of a mile away the natives poured at first a shower of Mauser bullets at the salient, and occasionally sent the Krupp shells screeching over, but made no attempt to storm or charge our lines, so the only thing to do was to hug the ground, let them waste their ammunition and hold ours until we could see something worth shooting at.

Not until dawn of the fifth was this possible, and then as little by little the scene unveiled before us and we could make out the long lines of insurgents, now well back toward Santa Ana, and the groups of white-clad riflemen extending clear around our left until lost in the bamboo toward Pandacan, I sent an urgent message back to General Anderson, begging to be allowed to carry out my plan, confident that we could sweep the field. Anderson relayed it to General Otis in town, and to our chagrin the answer was, by wire, "Not yet."

Not yet, and every moment we clung to that exposed salient added to the peril of my men. Already Brigade Surgeon Shiels had far more than he could handle of wounded at his first-aid station in rear of the blockhouse. Already out of one little company, A of the First Washington, hanging on to the Estero bank, seventeen lay dead or severely wounded. Erwin, their gallant first lieutenant, a graduate of the Wisconsin Guard as sergeant of Company K, Third Infantry, at Tomah, had been borne to the rear, shot through and through at the breast; while their grim captain, Otis, of Spokane, with half an ear torn away and a long gash across his cheek bound up in a bloody handkerchief, was spitting blood and imprecations at the fate that

held us in the leash when all we prayed for was the word, "Go in!"

It came at last, meeting me riding back from Scott's guns on Battery Knoll, at our right. It came after the insurgents, skulking in the native houses along the main road on our side of the Concordia, had shot down our wounded, drifting in from the front, and we had had to clean out three or four of these tenements, and their flames were driving skyward as General Anderson himself rode up from the rear with the welcome words: "King, you can attack."

The Idaho regiment, at the moment, was massed in the side streets, sheltered by the stone walls. Bidding them follow, I galloped out to the Californians on the right front, sending their first battalion splashing breast-deep through the muddy slough and scrambling up the farther bank. Two companies, obeying the same impulse that had carried the lines of Thomas up the west slope of Missionary Ridge in November, '63, had earlier taken the bit in their teeth, finding the flank fire unbearable, and had cleared a little lodgment for themselves on the opposite bank of the stream where, as the only men who could see anyone to shoot at, and being speedily set upon by the sprawling lines of the enemy, they fired away most of their ammunition by daylight and nearly lost thereby their share of the fun that followed.

We went in just as I had planned, in echelon by battalion, beginning on the right. The First Battalion, Californians, with Lieutenant Haan and his Engineers on their right, marching for the San Pedro road to the west of Santa Ana; the Second Battalion, three hundred paces to the left rear of the first; the Third, of the Washingtons, with its left resting on the Santa Ana road; the Fourth, McConville's battalion of the Idahos on the left of the Santa Ana road, were waiting for the word, as I spurred a very

unwilling pony across the bridge and dismounted a moment beyond the Filipino guardhouse, where lay three of the guard dead, and, with a company of Californians blazing away at the fire-spitting earthworks across the level rice fields, got my first good look at the Krupp battery and the straw-hatted ranks of insurrectos supporting it. Now was the time to carry out the plan, and not a moment to be lost. Sending Lieutenant Hutton, my West Point aide, with orders to McConville to head straight for those guns, I galloped to the nearest battalion, already in long line halfway across the fields, ordered its left to halt short, and then wheeled the four fine companies square to their left, driving the insurgents who remained west of the main road scampering before them. The next battalion, taking care of everything in their front, also prevented any attack upon the right of the Third. Then with the four companies of Idahos skipping nimbly into line with the Washingtons, we had that Filipino brigade pinned between the stone walls of Santa Ana, the swift flowing, unfordable Pasig, the Concordia Estero, where Fortson's four companies of Washingtons, moving out as soon as McConville had his distance, were just scrambling up to the attack of the thronged redoubt; we had them where for six long weeks we had been praying to get them, in open field, with the river at their backs, and then at last the poor fellows learned to their cost how their officers, their priests, their papers had lied to them. So far from being in dread, those long lines of blue-shirted "Yankos" were coming straight at them, cheering like mad and paying no heed whatever to their frantic, ill-aimed volleys.

It was all over in ten minutes. Only at the extreme left, the redoubt, was there an instant check. There some of the insurgents, seeing that they were being cut off from Santa Ana, that the American lines had wheeled to the left and were swiftly driving their comrades into the river, stuck

their hats on the butts of their guns and held them high aloft in token of surrender, then shot dead the first two or three of Fortson's men who came clambering up the grass parapet. For an instant, amazed and appalled at such a base violation of the rules of war, some of the men quickly halted; then, with a roar of wrath and vengeance, swept forward in headlong charge just as on the right Sothern's men of the Washingtons, backed by McConville's right company, were ripping their way through the Krupp battery, and all along the intermediate lines, by scores the little brown soldiers were diving into the river, to drown or to be shot in the back as they swam, while some three hundred others threw down their arms and begged for their lives.

One hundred sixty of their misguided fellows lay dead on that field, scattered from Concordia Bridge to the bank of the Pasig, but the dead lay thickest on that wretched redoubt. I fear me there was little mercy shown at that end of the line. Probably sixty or eighty wounded were mingled with the dead, whereas our entire loss was seventeen killed and seventy-nine wounded, gallant old McConville, leading his Idahos, falling mortally hit in the rush on the Krupp battery.

Among the Filipino wounded was an officer who had been employed in the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank, and prided himself on his fluency in English. To our surgeons, dressing his wound, he unbosomed himself, for his mental distress seemed to outweigh his bodily ills. "Often have we fought the Spaniards. We would fire and they would fire, and after awhile we would stop and they would stop. They fight like gentlemen. But you Americans, we fire at you and you *jump up and run at us*. It is not fair!"

Santa Ana town, which we occupied in force before ten o'clock, proved to be quite a storehouse of arms and ammunition. We found two thousand bolos in one building. But its garrison scurried away up stream as our lines enveloped,

and having no cavalry we failed to catch them. They fell back to San Pedro Macati, a mile distant, but had to get out of that, too, when Col. Jim Smith with the right echelon pressed close on their heels, on the Pasig road. So ended Santa Ana, which in point of casualties, numbers taking part, and guns engaged was the heaviest fight of the campaign. My share of the spoils, so to speak, was sent me by staff officer the following week—General Anderson's earnest recommendation that I should be promoted at once to the full rank of major general.

There followed two months of alternate lull and battle. The corps commander, in the endeavor to capture Aguinaldo and smash his army, concentrated most of his force on the line of the Dagupan railway to the north and, to the keen disappointment of General Anderson and myself, for we had pushed ahead and captured the populous island town of Pasig, ordered us to fall back to the line San Pedro Macati-Pasay, and took away so many of my men that I had only sixteen companies left to cover nearly two miles of open line. The insurrectos, who had disappeared for as much as a week from the eighth of February, returned in considerable force and gave us two stirring fights by night, in the endeavor to break through that blue line and go careering on to Manila. But that line held.

Then General Anderson, promoted to brigadier general in the Regular Army, wherein he had been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry when the war started, was ordered back to the States to command the Department of the Lakes, and there came in his stead to command the First Division our famous Indian campaigner, Henry W. Lawton. He had been quartermaster of the old Fourth Cavalry when I was adjutant of the Fifth. We knew each other well, and the friendship between us was strong. I had parted most reluctantly with General Anderson, and to the day of his lamented death, long years later, we kept up our exchange

of letters, telegrams, or greetings. But if the whole Army had been searched for a successor more to my liking, it could have yielded none to surpass Lawton. We were in harmony from start to finish, but that finish came all too soon.

Lawton was a glorious soldier, and we of the old frontier cavalry swore by him. Sometimes about the camp fires in the Black Hills, toward the end of the Sioux campaign in '76, and again as we marched leisurely home from the Nez Percés campaign of '77, we would get to talking of the men who, still subalterns, had shown the greatest energy and ability in that most trying and hazardous warfare. The Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh Cavalry, the Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third Infantry had been more conspicuously and frequently engaged in the Sioux, Cheyenne, Nez Percés and, earlier, the Kiowa and Comanche wars than had any others; and while each regiment had its favorite son or sons—men like Philo Clark and Sibley of the Second Cavalry, Emmet Crawford and John Bourke of the Third, Lawton, Bob Carter, and McKinney of the Fourth, Hall and Schuyler of the Fifth, Billy Carter of the Sixth, Garlington and Godfrey of the Seventh, Baldwin and Bailey of the Fifth Infantry, Jackson and Woodruff of the Seventh, and Heyl of the Twenty-third—it may be said that for all-round ability, efficiency, and endurance "Big Henry" Lawton would have polled the heaviest vote.

As a general he had fought admirably in Cuba, yet had not won at the hands of the commanding general the commendation his friends expected, and he came to the Philippines intent on proving his worth, and he would have emerged from that war the popular hero had he lived it through. But he was utterly reckless under fire, and because of his stature and dress and the big black horse he rode, by long odds the easiest mark and the most conspicuous figure on the field of battle.

The first day he and I rode out to my front together, from San Pedro cemetery toward the Guadeloupe Ridge, the men at the guns and the rifle pits were moved to merriment at the contrast; he a towering figure, I short and squat on my little plug ugly of a pony—I couldn't help laughing with them.

But my laughter changed to dismay, not half an hour later, when out in front of our advanced line, in full view of the insurrecto riflemen on the ridge (while I was busy calling up a company to swing out over the slope and drive back the opposing pickets so that we could get a good view of the ridge) Lawton disappeared in the shrubbery, and the next thing I saw of him he was perched, like a lighthouse, on the summit of a rocky mound full three hundred yards out to the front, calmly studying the scenery through his binocular. Clapping spurs to my amazed and indignant pony, I galloped out to him full tilt, forgetful of rank or etiquette, thinking only of his peril. "Come down off that rock!" I shouted. "Come down, or you're a dead man!" And presently, laughing, yet grim, he had to. "You'll break my heart," I said to him a moment later, "if you persist in such performances; and the whole Army will damn me for letting you do it," I insisted.

"But, how else can I see what I need to see? "he laughed, in reply.

"What good will it do you or me if you get killed in seeing. For God's sake don't tempt Providence that way." But it turned out even as I feared. In his white helmet and raincoat, the one prominent object on his fighting line, Lawton fell a few months later, shot through and through in a mere skirmish.

But by that time I was no longer with him to meddle or remonstrate. Even before he came I knew my time was coming. The hot suns of March and April, the constant exposure night and day, the irregular hours for food and

sleep, all had been telling on my strength, and the infernal eczema had come back with redoubled force. Lawton saw I was in misery and tried to spare me. I had lost my fine brigade surgeon and physician, Shiels, who had so helped me during the Santa Ana week. He had been transferred to the north line when MacArthur was having his heavy losses, and the assistants left with us tried everything they could think of, but the eruption and exhaustion grew worse and worse. There came a week when I could sleep neither night nor day, and was carried back to Manila and the doctors. "It's home for you by the first steamer," was the verdict. "A fortnight more of this and you'll go in an ice-box."

Now, during those trying days on the south front Lawton's house was back in town, while my quarters were a sand-bagged corner of the building Pio del Pilar, division commander in the Insurgent Army, had used as his headquarters, and many of his papers were left when he had to quit, and Lawton came out every day and spent long hours at the front. We had limes, ice, the wherewithal to offer cool and stimulating drink to many officers and visitors coming and going, especially while Wheaton, with his flying column, was making things lively along the Laguna; not once would Lawton touch a drop, though he willingly allowed his staff the luxury. He was a Spartan in drink and diet during his days with us, gladly accepting for the wife and children half a box of delicious oranges, such as they had been accustomed to at their own Riverside, for a friend had sent me a supply from San Francisco, but nothing else would he touch, taste, or handle.

Yet a most unpleasant episode occurred at a very pretty luncheon given at the Palace Hotel just after my return. Half a dozen prominent officers and as many charming society women were at table, when in a loud voice the senior

major general called to me across the table, and everybody heard.

"Lawton's drinking again, I hear," said he.

There was an instant of dead silence, then everybody heard me reply:

"Not a drop, sir, and I was with him every day and many a night."

"Well, you know, of course, he was drinking hard in Cuba."

"I do not, sir. This is the very first mention of it that ever reached me."

In such a presence and at such a time it was a flagrant breach of every propriety, and the lady on my left turned quickly to me:

"I don't know General Lawton," said she, "but, I hate *that* man!" And "that man" and I were strangers thereafter. Sheer jealousy and utter lack of breeding explained it. Lawton's last letter to me we treasure in the family, and for them I record here what my corps commander Otis and my successive division commanders, Anderson and Lawton, wrote of or to me after I came away.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 31, 1901.

* * * *

The affair was a brilliant and an important one. Early in the morning [Feb. 5, 1899] General Anderson telegraphed me that General King desired to advance his line against the enemy making a wheel to the left towards the Pasig river, on which his left rested. We were not then prepared for this movement, wishing first to accomplish certain results north of the river where General MacArthur commanded. This effected, I instructed General Anderson about eight o'clock in the morning to direct General King to move his brigade as he (General King) had suggested. The movement was made and resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the insurgents in front of General King's forces, the loss to them of many men, all their artillery, considerable ammunition and quantities of war supplies. The movement was suggested by General King, effected under his immediate supervision and he in person led it, at least in part, I am sure, showing conspicuous gallantry and efficiency. He is entitled to special recognition for this affair, and I hope the present brevet board will recommend that suitable recognition be made of his gallant services.

E. S. OTIS,
Major General, U. S. Army.

MANILA, P. I., March 21st, 1899.

Brig. Genl. Chas. King.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Before leaving this department, I wish to assure you of my appreciation of the zeal, energy and marked ability and skill you have shown in the command of your brigade. I would tender my thanks, but that I am sure you were influenced by the higher motive of patriotic endeavor. My division can never know how hard it is for me to sever my connection with it before the end of the war. As for you, my dear General, I am sure you will find your best reward in the consciousness of duty well performed.

Cordially yours,
(Sgd.) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Major General Com'd'g 1st Div., 8th A. C.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., May 10, 1899.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your kind letter of the 6th inst. is here, and I thank you very much, and I regret that your health has made it necessary that you should return to America.

But, my dear General, you have not left us until you have established a reputation for bravery, ability, and skill, that will make you honored by Americans while you live. * * * *

With wishes for your speedy restoration to health,

Sincerely yours,
LOYD WHEATON,
Major General, U. S. V.

To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
United States Volunteers,

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
MANILA, P. I., August 10th, 1899.

To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
U. S. Volunteers,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MY DEAR GENERAL: * * * *

I cannot express to you how much I regret the necessity for your return to the United States at the time you did. I want to say to you that you are the only General officer whom I know who possesses that peculiar faculty or that magnetism which attracts men to him; you are the only one of all the General officers who has excited among the men of his command any great amount of enthusiasm. I remember when you left your launch to come aboard the gunboat just before the attack on Santa Cruz, that a cheer went up from all the men in the transports; and you seem to possess that peculiar dash and spirit which carries men who follow you along with you with enthusiasm.

* * * *

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. W. LAWTON,
Major General, Volunteers.

STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, ERIE CO., OHIO,
October 29th, 1901.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

When you did not receive your well-deserved promotion, you were doubtless disappointed, but I was mortified, because I thought it was from my lack of influence.

* * * * I would state, what is more to your credit, that you did far more than you were expected to do. After holding your share of the San Pedro Macati and Pasay line, you went on and took Pasig and Pateros, which we gave up under orders, and for the retaking of which a great amount of credit was given * * * one month later.

* * * *

When a Brigade or Division has been uniformly successful, some credit should be given to the commanders who have drilled and organized, and infused into them their military spirit.

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Brig. General U.S.A., Late Maj. Gen'l Vols.

Brig. Gen'l Charles King,
Milwaukee, Wis.

RECENT SERVICE

It may be remembered that my spells of ill luck came, as it were, in groups of three. In '93 our bank suspended, our books and papers and furniture were burned, and my wife's injury occurred in quick succession. In '98 I lost in even quicker time the command of the third and fourth expeditions, successively to MacArthur, to Harrison Gray Otis, and then my own, the fifth, was held up at Honolulu. Now came group the third. I planned, having reached home, to go to Europe in the early fall of '99 to join my family and recuperate. I was still undergoing treatment and far from well when I reached Milwaukee. Within six weeks of each other disaster befell my three publishers; Harpers failed, Lippincotts burned to the ground, and Neely, whose notes I had accepted and had discounted because of the needs of the household overseas, was forced into bankruptcy. I stayed home and went to work. It was practically beginning all over again the uphill climb of the previous twenty years.

First there were fair offers for army stories, and later a detail as acting superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. I made enough to bring the family home and start housekeeping on Cass Street, whence we soon moved to Biddle. Then the "Dick Bill," reorganizing the militia as part of the National Army, and making it in arms, equipment, uniform, etc. exactly and in instruction as nearly like the Regulars as possible, with the title of general, as provided by statute law of the United States for officers who had served with that rank in war time in the volunteers. As brigadier general retired, of the Wisconsin Guard, I had thought my days of active duty ended. But the new law provided for the detail of certain retired officers as instructors of the organized militia, and in 1904 I was rejoiced to be selected as one of them, and here, with my old comrades of Wisconsin, up to the date on which I pencil these lines, I have been ever since, one result to which I helped being that in a circular published by the War Department in 1914, to every unit of the Regular Army or the state militia it was announced that, "The Organized Militia of the State of Wisconsin may be taken as a model in training, equipment and business administration." And from that organization grew in great part the famous Thirty-second Division of the Army in France, two-thirds of which was made up of our Badger Guardsmen.

Some rarely valuable men had for long years been my associates and fellow workers—Charles R. Boardman of Oshkosh, on whose sleeves I placed his corporal's chevrons, a freshman at the University in '81, and later Orlando Holway of La Crosse, whom I first knew as a lieutenant in the Wausau Light Guard, being in turn the adjutants general; and Charles R. Williams of Milwaukee, "the whole thing," one might almost say, in the Department of Supplies—ordnance, quartermaster, commissary, and pay. Boardman went to France as commander of the Sixty-fourth Bri-

gade, Thirty-second Division, a first-class leader in every way, until the doctors told him the strain was telling on his heart and he must abandon it; Holway, the head and front of the great work of recruiting and building up the eight regiments of auxiliaries Wisconsin placed at the disposal of the nation; later the State Guard, our defense during the absence of their predecessors; and finally, the calling to life, the organization of the force of ten thousand the Government demanded of Wisconsin, one-eighth of all the National Guard cavalry of forty-eight states being assigned to us—the hardest military task, I venture to say, laid upon any state in the union. In my seventy-ninth year I am still eagerly interested in this work, and but for one wretched mishap might still be in fine physical trim.

On the evening of October 26, 1919, as I reached Oneida Street at the corner of Jefferson, and paused at the northwest curb to reconnoiter, for automobiles by the score were usually rushing in all four directions, I saw not a light on the Jefferson Street driveway, not a light east on Oneida, and the lights of only two cars west on Oneida, coming swiftly my way. Now, it is just fifty feet from curb to curb. It took me at that time just twenty steps to cross. I habitually took two steps to the second, thirty inches each, therefore ten seconds would put me safely over. The forward car was just reaching the middle of Milwaukee Street as I started. It had almost one hundred yards, exactly 254 feet, to come. The second was a short distance behind it. Unless they were coming at thirty miles an hour, I had abundant time. But, before I had taken the ninth step I saw that the leading car was almost upon me. It was keeping well over to the south side of Oneida, because of the light at the intersection of Oneida and Jefferson. I knew that a following car had no right to attempt to pass a leader on its right, so quickening step I easily and safely cleared the foremost car, only to be cut

down by the other on the sixteenth step, hurled to the pavement, my right leg broken in two places below the knee, the fracture of the tibia, as it turned out, extending through the knob or weight-bearing joint, and my back was badly injured. The second car was close behind the first, and instead of following in its trace was running to the right of it within three steps of the curb, just exactly where it should not have been, as the driver could not possibly see anyone crossing from the north to the south side, as I was, and absolutely sure to cut down anyone so crossing directly in front of the leading car. They were running exactly twenty-seven and one-half miles per hour when suddenly they caught sight of me and put on the brakes—too late, of course, to stop their way. They took me, as I asked, to the Emergency Hospital, where a young interne promptly assured me I hadn't a bone broken. I knew better, and my own physician came in half an hour. I was carried to the X-ray room and the rays were sent through from the right side, revealing the transverse fracture of the fibula, but failing to show, of course, the longitudinal split, a far more serious injury to the main bone, the tibia. They put me in "the Roosevelt room," and doubtless would have given me proper care but that half a dozen people were just then brought in from a smash-up, one man with fractured skull, and the doctors and nurses apparently were needed. "Push that button if you want a thing," said the doctor, and after midnight, when the pain became serious, I wanted several things and pushed accordingly, but without the faintest result. No one heard, and I had to grin and bear it until three o'clock in the morning, when a nurse casually looked in. Then the discovery was made that the push button or something was out of order.

All winter long, all spring, and until mid-July the trained nurse rubbed at that injured knee in the effort to get it to bend. The best of surgeons, like our good old

Guardsmen Seaman and Evans, came frequently to see me, but I could never again mount my horse from the ground, and going up and down stairs is a matter of difficulty. God be thanked it was no worse!

(*To be continued*)

EARLY DAYS IN PLATTEVILLE

The three articles which follow, from Hon. D. J. Gardner, Rev. Truman O. Douglass, and his wife, Maria Greene Douglass, all relate to the early history of Platteville and practically to the years prior to the close of the Civil War. The editor is very glad to present these contributions to the readers of the magazine. They are all well written, by responsible first-hand witnesses who, though venerable in years, are gifted with excellent memories and trained to careful, discriminating statement in historical matters. It will be noted that, whereas the two Douglass papers deal mainly with reminiscences of those pioneers whose interests centered in the school, the Academy, and the Presbyterian or Congregational Church, the reminiscences of Mr. Gardner deal with incidents more characteristic of the mining frontier. In a way, therefore, Mr. Gardner brings to us the atmosphere of the earliest Platteville, the Douglasses that of a somewhat mature community.

Platteville became a lead mining center with the discovery of rich deposits in 1827, the year that miners began fully to prospect the Wisconsin mining area. In the fall of that year John H. Rountree became part owner, by purchase, of one of the principal diggings opened in the spring. He and his partner, J. B. Campbell, are said to have taken out within a year mineral to the value of $30,000.[1] They erected a log furnace, opened a tavern and store, and otherwise prepared to take advantage of the trade which the mineral wealth attracted to the vicinity. Communication was maintained with Galena, which continued to be the metropolis of the lead region, though Mineral Point soon became the leading town in the Wisconsin field. In 1829 "Platte River," as the place was at first called, was given a post office.

Soon after the Black Hawk War the Platteville mines began to attract wider attention. In 1834 a "rush" of small proportions occurred, which may have been due in part to the recent survey

[1] Castello N. Holford, *History of Grant County* (Lancaster, 1900), 454.

PLATTVILLE.

THE subscriber has laid out a new Town at Plattville, in Iowa County, Michigan Territory.

Plattville is handsomely situated on the border of the Prairie, in a grove that connects with the extensive Forest on the Platte Rivers; and is 24 miles North of Galena, 18 miles South-west of Mineral Point, and 12 miles East of the Mississippi; on the main Stage road from Galena to Prairie Du Chien.

The surrounding country is inferior to none, in fertility of soil, and adaptedness to agriculture. The timber on the Platte rivers, is of excellent quality, and abundant; and very convenient to the farming land on the Prairie; the little Platte, which runs within a mile and a half of the Town, is a valuable Mill stream, affording fine falls in various places for mill sites, and a sufficient volume of water at all seasons of the year, to carry extensive Machinery; a Saw mill is already in operation on this stream, 3 miles below Plattville, and another a few miles above Springs and streams of purest water abound in every part of the contignous Country. In addition to those advantages, it may be safely affirmed that the mineral wealth of this region is equal to that of any other portion of the Mining District; attracted by such inducements, an industrious, intelligent and moral population is settling and improving the country rapidly, and purchasing the lands as they come into market.

Persons wishing to purchase property, and settle in the Territory; would do well to explore this section of Country, before purchasing.

JOHN H. ROUNTREE.

Sept. 19, 1835. 43—4t.

From *North Western Gazette and Galena Advertiser*, September 19, 1835

of the lands.[2] The increase in population justified the platting of the town, and in September, 1835 Major Rountree placed in a Galena paper the advertisement of the site of Platteville which is herein reproduced. It will be observed that among the advantages claimed for the place were a fertile soil, a good supply of timber, and a fine water power stream, in addition to the mineral wealth.

The village grew by irregular accretions to its mining population, and little by little, especially after 1846, when miners were permitted to enter at the land office the lands containing their mines, farming in the fertile prairies and adjacent openings came to furnish a more permanent basis of its prosperity. The census of 1850 assigns to the town of Platteville, including the village, a population of 2171. Just how many the village contained at that time cannot be ascertained. In 1855 it had 1427 when the entire town had 2789. An analysis of the population in 1850 shows that 1552 were American born, 616 foreign born. Of the American born 573 were natives of Wisconsin, 181 of Illinois, 164 of Pennsylvania, 142 of New York, and 122 of Ohio. Natives of the southern states aggregated 162; of the northern, aside from Wisconsin, 817. This reveals how rapid must have been the influx of emigrants from the northern states after the first flush of the mining boom had passed. Of the foreign element England was credited with 349, Germany 145, Ireland 69, Canada 28. There were 5 Scots, 4 Welshmen, 9 Norwegians, 4 Dutch, 2 Swiss, and 1 Frenchman. This is the social environment into which the narratives by Mr. and Mrs. Douglass fit. The Gardner narrative, except for the incident about General Grant, must be referred to a condition which by 1850 was already somewhat altered.

The footnotes appended to the articles by Dr. Douglass and Mrs. Douglass were very kindly furnished by Hon. James W. Murphy of Platteville, whose knowledge of the antiquities of the place is at once extensive and minute.

From the pen of Mr. Josiah L. Pickard, who figures so prominently in the article by Mrs. Douglass, this Society has an

[2] The range of townships which includes the town of Platteville, range one west, was surveyed in 1833 by Sylvester Sibley.

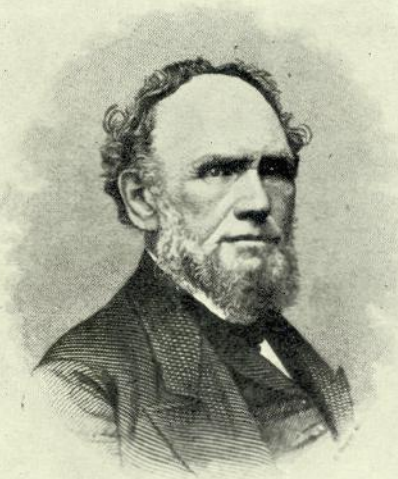
extended manuscript of great value as a source for educational history. That manuscript will be published in later issues of the magazine.

INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WISCONSIN LEAD MINES

D. J. Gardner

John H. Rountree, who came here from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, early in 1827, and who remained here until his death, was the first permanent settler of Platteville, although there were hunters and trappers in this vicinity many years prior. Grant County takes its name from one of these hardy men. A man named Grant came into the county and located on the river bearing his name, in the year 1816. He had a kettle which fitted over his head and which he frequently wore in that manner. An incident of him is related by one of the early settlers. While attending his traps on the Grant River, a band of Indians came upon him suddenly and one of them rushed up and struck him on the head with his tomahawk, which did no more damage than to produce a ring from the kettle. The Indian turned back and yelled, "Manitou," and the whole band fled.

Prior to the advent of the white man the Indians mined and smelted lead ore here quite extensively, and when the early white settlers came they used the same method employed by the Indians, which was known as the "log furnace." In the early forties the Yorkshire English brought in the blast furnace. Two of these furnaces were in operation for many years here, the Coates furnace and the Straw furnace, the latter being dismantled about twelve years ago. The first white settlers came from southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and a little later there came numbers of Europeans. All of the lead was hauled to Galena by ox team and shipped from there by boat to St.



Fraternally Yours
John H. Rowntree

Louis and other points down the river. Dubuque is as close to Platteville as Galena, but the road to Galena, until recent years, has been much better than the road to Dubuque. The average lead ore of the early-day mining ran from seventy-five to eighty-eight per cent metallic lead. Most of the early mining was shallow, and in fact many of the largest bodies of lead ore were discovered at the grass roots. The Rountree lode was discovered in 1827 in a ground-hog den. The Finney patch, one of the most extensive lodes ever worked here, was discovered in 1828 at the grass roots. This mine turned out nearly five million pounds of lead ore and was not over thirty feet deep in the lowest place. Mining was the principal occupation of this region until about the year 1846, when agriculture began to have a good start.

One of the early settlers of Platteville was Jacob Hoosier, who came here in 1828 and located on a tract of land about a mile south of this city. In the year 1831 he built a house on this piece of land, and in 1846 he built a stone house and occupied it until the date of his death. His daughter, Mrs. Frank Young, now owns the farm. This farm has never been out of the family since it was first occupied by Mr. Hoosier. Mr. Hoosier was noted as a crack shot with the rifle and a race-horse man. In the fall of 1848 he participated in one of the most unique horse races that was ever run in Wisconsin. As related to me by Mr. Hoosier, he and Mr. James Vineyard, who was also a race-horse man, had had a race in which Mr. Vineyard came off victorious. Mr. Hoosier then went down to Edwardsville, Illinois, and purchased a sorrel mare which he called Big Ann, and he turned her over to his jockey to care for and train. In the meantime he fixed up another race with Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Vineyard found out from the jockey that Mr. Hoosier had purchased a new horse, and he and some of his friends and the jockey stole the horse out one night, tested her

speed, and found that she was much more fleet than the Vineyard horse. They made an arrangement with Mr. Hoosier's jockey, by the terms of which he was to hold Big Ann in and let the Vineyard horse win the race.

In some unaccountable manner Mr. Hoosier found out what had been done but did not let it be known and kept on putting up money on Big Ann until he exhausted his resources. The morning of the race he put up an additional five hundred dollars brought to him by Tim Barr from Beetown in this county. He also drove up all of his horses and cattle to the place of the race and bet them against money. Judge Paine, one of the early-day lawyers of Platteville, was the stake holder. The race was run in a straight mile track about two miles northeast of the city of Platteville. All of the lovers of horse racing in southwestern Wisconsin were on the ground the day of the race, and Mr. Vineyard and his friends felt sure of breaking Mr. Hoosier.

As the hour approached, the jockey, all togged out for the race, was walking the mare up and down the track when Mr. Hoosier stuck his finger in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle and a young man by the name of Gregory, dressed for the race, came out of the hazel brush. Mr. Hoosier whipped out a brace of pistols, walked up to his former jockey, and said, "You d— thief, stand aside," and picked up the young man from the hazel brush and put him on Big Ann, at the same time saying, "You win this race or I will kill you." At this juncture of affairs excitement was running high and the Vineyard forces were trying to withdraw their money, but the unwritten law of the mining district would not permit it and Judge Paine held fast to the stakes. The race was run and Big Ann came in first, winning her owner about ten thousand dollars. After the race was over, Mr. Hoosier went up to Big Ann, put his arm around her neck, and patted her and said, "Ann, horse racing and me is done. You will not have

to work any more or run in any more races." He gathered in his boodle and went back to his farm home and never tried racing any more. If some of the modern race-horse men would follow his example they would be much better off. Mr. Hoosier lived about a mile from my father's farm, and Big Ann lived until she was about thirty-five years old. I remember seeing her in the early seventies.

Most of the early settlers coming to this vicinity brought their rifles with them and many of them brought pistols and bowie knives. I very distinctly remember the first governor of Wisconsin, Nelson Dewey, who was living at Cassville, Wisconsin, in 1878. He had had some trouble with a doctor then living in the town. I overheard some remarks that the doctor had made and I went into the Governor's room in the hotel and told him to be careful, that the doctor had a revolver. Whereupon Governor Dewey said, "If he pulls a revolver on me, I will cut his d— head off," at the same time pulling out of his inside vest pocket a bowie knife.

There were a great many rifle matches held here in the early days, the prize usually being a fat three- or four-year-old steer. The best shot had the first choice of hind quarters, the next best shot had the second choice of hind quarters, the third best shot had the first choice of fore quarters, the fourth best shot had the second choice of fore quarters, and the next best shot took the hide and tallow. Mr. Jacob Hoosier quite often went away from these matches with the choice of hind quarters. There were many other crack rifle shots in the Wisconsin lead mines, and every early settler had from one to three rifles hanging up near the fireplace with all ammunition ready for any emergency. They were all of them muzzle loaders. Mr. Hoosier had one gun that he called "Long Tom." I think it weighed about fifteen pounds, and he had another rifle which he called "Old Rusty." My father, who came here

in 1840 from Ottawa, Illinois, was also a crack rifle shot. He had two of the famous old-fashioned guns. Col. Joseph Dickson, who came here in 1827 and who lived about two miles west of my father's residence, and who was noted as an Indian fighter, was also a crack rifle shot.[3]

From 1850 to 1855 there was an exodus of the early settlers from here to the California gold fields. Mr. Jacob Hoosier and his eldest son crossed the plains in 1850, and men who were in his company have related to me that Mr. Hoosier and his son supplied the train with fresh meat all along the trip. They had two saddle horses with them and killed a large amount of game on the way.

Many of the early settlers of Platteville were personally acquainted with General Grant before he went into the Civil War from Galena, and when he was a candidate for the presidency in 1868 he visited Platteville and made a short speech in the normal school here. A new addition to the school was dedicated at that time. General Grant came again in 1878 after he had made his tour around the world, and had a public reception at the residence of Major Rountree; while there some gentlemen from Lancaster, Wisconsin, wished to talk to him over a telephone, which had been built by Capt. W. H. Beebe—one of the first telephone lines in southern Wisconsin, if not the first. General Grant was sent for and came to Captain Beebe's office, and for the first time in his life used the telephone.

Another very interesting character of the early days was a man by the name of Colonel Teller. He started mining on lands now belonging to Hon. J. W. Murphy just southwest of this city, and sunk a shaft without the aid of a partner. In doing this he used what was known to early miners here as an "Indian ladder." After working for some time the Colonel became short of funds and could not obtain credit at the stores. His wife pleaded with him in vain to stop the

[3] For Colonel Dickson's own narrative, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v, 315-317.

mining and go at something else which would give them a livelihood, but he insisted that there was a large body of lead ore under his shaft. He left home one morning intending it to be his last day in the shaft. He did not return in the evening, and his wife waited until about midnight and then called upon some friends to assist her. A searching party was formed and they went toward the prospect. When they arrived at the shaft, they heard the Colonel shouting at the top of his voice. One of the men went down the ladder and tried to get him out, when he saw a sheet of lead ore covering the entire bottom of the shaft. The Colonel during the day had struck it rich and had got beside himself in his excitement. This lode made him a few thousand dollars, and a few years afterwards he left here.

One of our oldest living residents at Platteville is Mr. Frank Rowe, who came here in the forties and who crossed the plains to California with an ox team in 1852, leaving Platteville on the last day of March. There were five ox teams in the company. Close to the mouth of Shell Creek, Nebraska, the company was attacked by Indians, but fortunately at that moment another company bound for California came in sight. A corral was quickly made of the wagons, and the oxen, horses, and non-combatants were put in the center. The battle lasted for a considerable time, and finally the Indians withdrew leaving nine of their number dead. This company had difficulty with the Indians not far from Salt Lake City, but no one was hurt. After something over three months' travel the company arrived at Placerville, commonly called "Hangtown," California. Mr. Rowe states that while in California he called upon the family of Mr. James R. Vineyard. Mr. Vineyard had preceded Mr. Rowe to California and never returned to Platteville. Mr. Rowe was present at the "Hoosier horse race." He is now past ninety years of age and in possession of good health.

Dr. William Davidson came to Wisconsin Territory in 1828 and lived close to my father's home. He also discovered in 1830 one of the large bodies of lead ore. His principal occupation all of his lifetime was mining, although he used to pull teeth, bleed, and dispense calomel and other early-day medicine, and many an old settler has been the victim of his "pullicans" and bleeding methods. He was frequently a guest at our table for Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners.[4]

Another famous character who lived near my father's farm was a Mr. James Clark, who was nick-named "Boots." He was killed in his cabin by another miner, named Kerns, during the course of a heated political argument. Kerns was arrested, tried, and acquitted. It was shown in his trial that "Boots" was a bad man generally and always carried a bowie knife, and some witnesses were introduced who showed wounds which they had received in encounters with "Boots" and his famous bowie knife. Mr. Clark had no relatives in this part of the country. My father discovered a body of lead ore and called it "Boots Range" because "Boots" had his cabin on this range.

PLATTEVILLE IN ITS FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

TRUMAN O. DOUGLASS

My biography can be written in three sentences: born in Illinois; raised in Wisconsin; lived in Iowa. California is simply a remnant, and doesn't count.

On my father's side I belong to the innumerable Douglas clan of Scotland, and on mother's side to the prolific McCord family of Protestant Ireland. Both families settled in the South. Father was born in middle Tennessee in 1812, and mother in Bond County, Illinois, in 1817. Shortly

[4] Dr. William Davidson wrote his reminiscences for the Society. These are published in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v, 317-320.

before her birth, in 1816, a colony of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, grandfather Robert McCord the patriarch of the company, moved from Tennessee to escape the influences of slavery, although some of them had made merchandise of human flesh. They settled at Bethel, near Greenville, the county seat. Here father and mother were married February 19, 1833, Rev. Albert Hale, a member of the Yale band of Illinois and a home missionary pastor, officiating. Here, too, I was born May 3, 1842. The same year my people moved to Platteville, Wisconsin, and this was counted my home for a quarter of a century.

I never lived in the village of Platteville but grew up in the country near by. Great multitudes drifted in with us to the lead regions about Galena. Galena in those days was a rival of Chicago, and had the prospect of becoming the great metropolis of the Middle West. I think we selected Platteville as our place of residence because Rev. Alvon Dixon, mother's nephew by marriage, was then in charge of the Academy recently established.

The *American Home Missionary Magazine*, about the best history of the Middle West, gives us glimpses of Platteville as it was when we arrived. In the April number of 1840 we have the following:

> Platteville is near the Little Platte River, some sixteen or eighteen miles from the Mississippi, having a small mill stream on one side and an extensive forest of hardwood timber on the other, with prairie all around, and rich beds of lead ore under the soil in all the surrounding country. There are therefore at this place all the facilities for a flourishing town—the most so of any in the western part of Wisconsin. The only church organization has been a Methodist Society, strong and numerous, until a few months ago when a Presbyterian Church of twelve members was formed by Rev. Messrs. Hale and Kent.[5] The Methodists have a convenient, and even for this country, an elegant church, with basement rooms for a school or academy, now consisting of about 130 pupils of both sexes and of all ages. The teacher, Mr. A. M. Dixon, a graduate of Jacksonville College, is one of the elders of the infant Presbyterian Church. I may add that the present population

[5] Albert Hale was from Bethel, and Aratus Kent, coming to Galena in 1838, was for over forty years pastor there and did missionary work in all the region round about.

on a mile square is perhaps 400—so that it is not a paper town, many of which sort are exhibited at the East, and are likely to exist a long time only on paper. The town has the reputation and appearance of being healthy, abounding in springs and streams of water in hill and dale, the village being mostly on the eminence.

Here is a picture of Platteville in 1842:

This place contains 800 inhabitants, and is located about twenty-five miles from Galena, and the same distance from Dubuque. There are here facilities for a flourishing inland town. The Church was formed by Rev. Messrs. Kent and Hale about three years ago. The church is exerting itself to erect a building to be occupied both as a place of worship and an academy. It is expected that this building will be completed the present autumn. Mr. Dixon, who now supplies the pulpit, having devoted himself particularly to the interests of education, will then take charge of the academy with from 70 to 100 pupils. Of course an efficient minister will be needed for the congregation. There will be work enough in the vicinity for two or three ministers.

Mr. Dixon reports for the Church:

During the past nine months there has been an increase of religious feeling. Fifteen have been added to the Church. The congregation has been doubled. The Church now numbers 57 members. Almost everything that is done in a pecuniary way, goes into the building which is nearly finished.

A belated report was published in 1844. The *Missionary* says:

The cause of the delay of this report is the existence of the smallpox in an epidemic form in our village; we have been and are being most severely and dreadfully scourged with it. It commenced in this village Oct. 28th [1843] in very mild form, and continued such for a considerable length of time, so that four weeks elapsed before any of our physicians discovered its true character so as to venture to call it by its true name; and another week passed before they could be persuaded of it. No deaths occurred until Dec. 6th, since when it has been very fatal. All business is at a standstill; the schools are suspended; and places of worship are nearly deserted. The whole village is affected with the disease. Fifteen, who a few days since were among us in all buoyancy of spirits and of life, now lie beneath the turf. What the end will be, God only knows. The disease stole in among us in so mild a shape that almost the whole community were fully exposed to its contagion before they were aware of the danger. When the alarm came it was too late to flee or take measures in self defence. The vaccine matter imposed upon us proved to be no protection, and was worse than none. May Heaven dispose this people to profit by this severe judgment.

We spent the first winter in a double log house a short distance from the village. This was our welcome to Platteville. Often did I hear my father tell of that fearsome winter. At times he was utterly homesick and discouraged. I grew up with those whose faces were pocked and pitted in this dreadful scourge.

In the spring of 1844 we moved out into the big timber six miles to the northwest, and there began the attempt to grub out a forty-acre farm, destroying enough of wood to serve almost a township. My earliest recollections are of a log cabin sixteen feet square, with puncheon floor, in the midst of the black stumps of this timber farm. The fireplace was built of sticks and mud. The shake roof was weighted down with logs and stones. The door had wooden hinges and a wooden latch, and the latch string was out all the time to neighbors and to strangers. I really pity anybody who never lived in a log house and does not know what this "latch string out" signifies of frontier hospitality. In that one room were six of us, and beds and a table, all the cooking outfit, and a spinning wheel and a loom—and sometimes we had company. The hired man had to sleep in a straw stack.

My only association with Platteville while we lived in the timber was in the church on the Sabbath day. The twelve miles in a lumber wagon was something of a journey, but our people had been brought up to attend church and they continued to do so now. The meeting house of those days was a room in the old Academy building, and Rev. John Lewis was the home missionary pastor.

But the timber home was too far from church, and our people could not long endure separation from kindred and friends. Both father and mother had the clan instinct fully developed. Four years of this isolation was sufficient. During this time a number of the Bethel community, including uncle James B. McCord, had settled at Limestone, on

Limestone Creek, among the limestone quarries one and one-half miles west of the town.[6] Thither late in 1847 we moved, and this was my home until I went to college in 1861.

For the first years of our residence at Limestone my associations with Platteville continued to be confined almost wholly to church attendance. Almost the whole neighborhood went to meeting in the village. The hitching-posts around the meeting house were all occupied in those days. We did not care much for the Platteville society. We were sufficient in ourselves and quite self-satisfied. Were we not more pious than were the town people? Did we not send five young men into the ministry while Platteville sent only one?[7] Were we not all abolitionists and prohibitionists? And then was not a Lodgeman in the neighborhood; were we not equal to the town folks in intelligence? Did we not take the *Ladies Magazine* and the *National Era*, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published? Did not our log schoolhouse, with its slab desks and benches, soon develop into a large stone structure with modern furnishings? Under the tuition of our able teachers did not a number of us only by a little "fall below Demosthenes and Cicero?" Did we not excel in music, with our tuning fork and violin and clarionet and splendid voices? Deacon McCord turned up his nose at the tuning fork but I must relate that at times he would back up and start again, although usually he would strike the key note at the first trial. We had sufficient social life among ourselves. We had our social

[6] Limestone Hollow is one mile north of the city, on the east side of Little Platte River. Lime kilns, stone quarries, brick yards, and turning mills were operated there. There was also a sawmill and later a woolen mill on Platte River near the mouth of Limestone Creek. A stone school building stood on the north side of the valley. It was abandoned in 1877. Many laborers were employed in this valley. They owned and cultivated little plots of ground around their homes, which were situated between this valley and the city.

[7] Mr. Douglass mentions that five young men from the valley entered the ministry. That number is now increased to seven by the addition of Rev. Francis Kehoe and Rev. James Kehoe, Catholic missionaries, of whom the former is now a missionary in India, to which place the latter will soon follow him.

gatherings, our spelling schools, our debating societies, our charade parties, etc., etc. And we had our own Sunday school and neighborhood prayer meetings. We were not very refined; we had most of the crudities of a frontier settlement. Our men were sometimes rough in speech, and our boys followed the example of their elders. Our women were very homely in their virtues, and our young ladies were some of them rude and some of them were prudes; but on the whole we were a fine bunch of people, and we needed not to seek our well-being in the society of the village.

When I was old enough to go to town on errands, I came in contact with the "seamy side" of Platteville life. "Grocery Street" was given up to groggeries. I often saw men reeling on the streets or lying in the gutters. I met men on the road, homeward bound, running their horses at the top of their speed and shouting with all the strength of their voices. Now and then some poor fellow would fall out and break his neck or some of his bones. Well do I remember when Pat was pitched into the Platte. I heard his call for help; when we fished him out he was almost sober, but not quite.

Sometimes the young hoodlums of the town called me "Country Jake." Considering the source I did not care much for that. Well do I remember my supreme disgust when two distinguished men—great babies!—complained that when they first came to this country they were called "Dutch" and "Sheeny," and "the iron entered into my soul!" each said. I was ashamed of them both for their unmanly whining. I think I rather enjoyed the doggerel which the town boys sometimes sang to me:

> Abolition Hollow; ten feet wide;
> Nigger in the middle, and a McCord on each side.

This was a faint echo of the feeling of some of the people toward our Puritanical neighborhood. But these whisky

shops and this harmless hoodlum element were not the real Platteville. The real Platteville was the churches; the Academy; the honorable business and professional men of the town; "The Beloved John" [Lewis] of the Congregational Church, and his wife Electa Page, and Mr. Pickard of the Academy, and the scores of good men and women who worked and prayed for the moral and spiritual well-being of the community, and for the uplifting of men the world around. This was the real Platteville, and its ideals were more and more realized as the years went by.

Of course the Platteville of our days was a mixed multitude. There were Yankees—not very many of them—and a few New Yorkers. The English were a good deal in evidence, and there were many Germans. We called them all Dutch in those days. There were a good many Southerners —some of them of "the first families of Virginia," but more of them had simply passed through the South on their way from Scotland and Ireland; and there were also many Catholic Irish. Limestone at length was captured by these people, and the schoolhouse and the mill pond and the prayer meeting disappeared.

The nativity of people is to a considerable extent manifest in the churches to which they belong. The Methodist Church of Platteville was composed of all sorts and conditions of men. The Presbyterian, organized in 1839, became Congregational in 1849 because our people, Scotch-Irish, were outnumbered by the New Englanders. The English, of course, must have their Primitive Methodist Church; and the Germans divided into Presbyterian and Lutheran camps. Late in the day some of the English and some of our United States people united in forming the Episcopal Church. All these and perhaps other churches were in Platteville in my day.

As a matter of course, as the years went by, I got more and more into the social life of the village. Now and then I

attended a lecture or a concert in the town, and I attended the Academy, though irregularly because father was in ill health, and I, the oldest son, was needed at home. But in one way and another I became acquainted more and more with the young people of the town, homes were open to me and I ventured to call at a few places. There was one house especially that I passed by more often than was really necessary, and a few times I knocked at the door, and, only once, sat at the table with the family. So, at last, Platteville became dear to me as the home of a good many friends—one of them the best friend "in all the world to me."

Maria Greene, of English ancestors on both sides of the house, both families coming to America in the seventeenth century, was born at Richmond, Ontario County, New York, September 10, 1843. She was the daughter of Benoni Greene and Oracy Clark. In 1855, at the age of twelve, she came with a remnant of the family to Platteville. She graduated from the Academy, from the Albany Normal School, took a course in the Oswego training school, and was a teacher for two years in Philadelphia. In 1868, at the age of twenty-five, she was a little body weighing less than one hundred pounds, with brown hair, brown eyes, and brown cheeks. Her dress, showing the characteristics of her mind and heart, was always simple and of quiet colors. She was unassuming, sober-minded, serious, conscientious even to a fault, studious, industrious, and ready for every duty or sacrifice life might have in store for her. But, withal, she had a mind and will of her own, and some shades and tinges of radicalism, the product of heredity and environment, for she was born and brought up in the midst of anti-slavery, anti-saloon, anti-Masonic, anti-Mormon, and other anti-agitations of the middle decades of the last century, and her father took radical grounds on all these questions. We were married at Platteville June 25, 1868, Rev. J. E. Pond, the pastor of

the church, performing the ceremony. We took a short wedding trip and then began at Osage, Mitchell County, a life of fifty years in Iowa. Four years ago we observed our golden wedding.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PLATTEVILLE

MARIA GREENE DOUGLASS

As I sit at my desk there is before me the portrait of a man in the prime of life, of large frame, broad shoulders, wide brow crowned with an abundance of dark hair, a well formed nose, firm mouth, and dark beard. The outstanding of the features are the dark, full, kindly, piercing eyes. When fixed upon one they seem to penetrate to one's inmost being, "discerning even the thoughts and intents of the heart." Such was the outward appearance of one of the great educators of the Middle West in the last half of the nineteenth century, Josiah Little Pickard.

Born in 1824 in New England, where his early life was spent and where he was educated, his life service was given to the Middle West, and his last years were spent in California, whence he departed this life in 1914, a noble Christian man and educator, the impress of whose life was left upon many thousands of young men and young women. No one could fail to be a better man or woman from having come in contact with this great-hearted friend.

I first met Mr. Pickard when I was at the age of twelve. My parents, with their minor children, moved from western New York to the young state of Wisconsin in the autumn of 1855, and settled at Platteville, Grant County, in the southwest corner of the state. Entering as strangers the Congregational Church, where we were accustomed to worship, we were greeted by Mr. Pickard as a deacon of the church. The opening of the Sunday school found Mr. Pickard as its superintendent, alert and interested in every

individual member; so he became a formative influence in my life from our very first meeting.

Platteville was a typical western village of those early times, rude and uncouth in many ways but not lacking in signs of refinement and good taste. Situated in the midst of the lead mining region, its people were of a number of nationalities and tongues. The men and women who were counted as leaders and who gave tone to the town were largely from New England and New York, and from the South. These were for the most part enterprising, public-spirited, cultured people, bringing with them the traditions of the several sections from which they came. The majority of them, being professed Christians, were gathered into the Congregational and Methodist Episcopal churches. The miners' families were predominantly English and Welsh, and a Primitive Methodist Church accommodated them. A considerable German population supported a Presbyterian and a Lutheran Church. The growing Irish population erected a Catholic house of worship, and later an Episcopal Church was built. There was one institution open to all, and patronized freely by many of the citizens—namely, the saloon. In those early days, because foodstuffs and drink were supposed to belong to the same category and were dispensed by the same business houses, the term "grocery" was appended to the store which furnished them. Later, when staple foodstuffs and dry goods were combined in general stores, the term "grocery" still clung to places where drinks were the principal merchandise. Thus, in my early days in Platteville "groceries" were the equivalent of saloons of later years.

Main Street in Platteville extended east and west through the entire length of the village. Branching off about midway of its length to the north was Grocery Street,[8]

[8] Grocery Street (Second Street) was a unique institution of modern city government. The first business houses were erected on this street, but gradually business drifted onto Main Street. The first village board, 1845, refused to grant licenses for sale of liquors

where the drinking places were segregated within a block or so. Beyond this section were residences, but that part of the street was popularly known as Slab Street. In addition to the groceries (or saloons) there were several other business houses on Grocery Street, a shoe shop, harness shop, etc. From the doors of the groceries drunken men were often seen reeling, and men and boys were often seen entering for drinks. Women and girls were not often seen on Grocery Street.

On all sides of the town the mining industry was carried on in a primitive way, and mineral holes abounded everywhere. They were well-like excavations sunk for lead ore. The ore mixed with earth was lifted in buckets operated by a hand windlass; when the vein of ore was exhausted, the digging stopped and the hole was left open; not seldom a drunken man or an animal would fall into one of these holes and suffer injury. The holes varied in depth from a few feet to twenty or thirty feet, so one had to watch his steps carefully if he were walking elsewhere than on the regular highway. Many were the warnings given us children when we went into the country to gather flowers or nuts, not to fall into mineral holes. As I remember it, the lead ore that was mined was taken to a smelter and melted and run into a mould of certain dimensions, and came out "pig lead," in which form it was taken to market. I have no data as to the annual yield of lead, but it must have been considerable.

At the time of my first acquaintance with Platteville there were three public schools. The north and south schools for younger pupils were accommodated in small brick structures. The more advanced boys and girls were gathered into the one-time dining room of a rather commo-

on Main Street, but no ordinance to that effect was ever enacted. It remained the unwritten law, however, and the saloons were ever after confined to Second Street, which thus became and remained Grocery Street.

dious brick hotel building called the Campbell House, which had ceased to be used as a hotel and was rented for school purposes. It was this school that I entered in the autumn of 1855, Mr. H. Robbins, a farmer-citizen of Platteville, being the teacher. The one thing that I remember with distinctness about that school was the thorough daily drill given us in mental arithmetic. At the close of the winter term the school was discontinued. The following summer I attended the south school taught by Miss McMurray, who afterward became Mrs. W. Grindell. The next year, because there was no other place for me to attend school, I entered Platteville Academy as one of its youngest pupils. Looking back over a period of sixty-five years, I count my enrollment as a pupil of Platteville Academy one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life. I do not hesitate to assert that in my belief it was providential, as have been all the orderings of my life. Mr. Pickard as principal and Miss Fanny S. Josslyn as preceptress were rare teachers, and rare persons for a young girl to be associated with. To these, together with our pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. John Lewis, I am more indebted than to all others outside the family circle, for influences exerted and ideals presented which determined the course of my life. During the previous winter, after a few weeks of residence in Platteville, my father suddenly sickened and died of pneumonia, so that because of our great loss and bereavement I was in a state of mind to be influenced in the best ways.

At the time I entered Platteville Academy there were a number of boys and young men from Southern slaveholding families enrolled as students. They were among the popular and influential students. In course of time a refined colored girl came to town with a prominent white family and was entered as a student of the Academy. There were threats on the part of the Southern students of leaving

school if that colored girl were allowed to remain. The matter was taken up by the trustees of the Academy, who decided the girl must be dismissed. Mr. Pickard, being ill at the time, gave notice to the trustees that when the colored girl was sent away they would receive his resignation as principal of the Academy. While the matter was pending, the girl in question announced that she had applied for admission to Rockford Seminary and had been accepted, so the matter quieted down; but young girl as I was, and almost heartbroken at the prospect of losing my beloved teacher, the thought of his great sacrifice in giving up all rather than compromise principle made an impression on my mind which remains to this day, and many a time has helped me to be firm and uncompromising in standing for the right as I have seen it. I count that as one of the most valuable object lessons of my life, and in my girlhood imagination it set Mr. Pickard upon a pedestal high above most other men that I had known.

The Academy building of my day was a rather imposing three-story stone building west of the business section of the town.[9] The first floor consisted of an entrance hall with stairway, on either side of which were recitation rooms. In the rear was a large assembly and study hall, where also recitations were conducted in front of the teachers' platform. It was a well lighted, pleasant room. Its decorations were engraved portraits of great statesmen —Washington, Webster, Franklin—also several framed mottoes to which reference was often made from the platform.

In the second story were music room and physical laboratory, and the third story was used as a dormitory for men students. The building was surmounted by a belfry from

[9] The Academy building described is still standing, being now used as the State Mining School; and the houses described as across the street, one occupied by Mr. Pickard and one by Mr. Lewis, are still standing.

which a sweet-toned bell tolled off the hours for coming and going, change of classes, etc. In the principal's record book are found the names of the pupils who had come under his instruction in Platteville Academy, to the number of 1137.

Across the street from the Academy were two brick residences of similar construction, in size and quality above the average of the dwellings of the town. These were the homes of Mr. Pickard, with his devoted wife and three wide-awake, happy children and foster daughter; and of Rev. and Mrs. John Lewis, with mother and sister and foster daughter. The Academy and these homes formed the center of efforts and influences which radiated in all directions for the building up of true, noble manhood and womanhood of that community, and reached well into the country beyond.

Much less time and thought were given to recreation and social life in the Academy of those days than is devoted to athletics and social occasions in most educational institutions of today. I think there was no organized form of sports among the boys, though they were often seen on the Academy grounds playing ball. For the girls there were classes for drilling in calisthenic exercises, which were the forerunner of girls' gymnasium work.

There was held annually a May Day picnic, in which all, both teachers and students, joined. The crowning event of the day was choosing by ballot the May queen and king and attendants—then came the weaving of floral crowns, the making and decorating the throne seats, the ceremony of escorting the queen and attendants to the throne, followed by the picnic lunch, at which we were seated in a circle; then songs, speeches, stunts, and games concluded the gayeties. These were red-letter days spent in the open under great pine trees by a clear running brook,

with the freedom and good fellowship known only to young people in natural and wholesome surroundings.

The boys would sometimes plan jokes of their own, as when one morning, all being assembled, Mr. Pickard opened his drawer to take from it his Bible and hymn book for the opening devotional services, and found a rooster hidden there. A titter was heard from a nearby group of boys, but Mr. Pickard, lifting the rooster from the drawer, walked down the aisle and passed through the entrance door. Having disposed of it, he returned and went on with the usual exercises, making no reference to the unusual occurrence. Some of us wondered on whom the joke was.

In the early years of Platteville Academy a record was kept of deportment, attendance, punctuality, and church attendance, and each student was expected to report on these several points. These reports helped to determine the students' standing in the school.

A literary society met weekly, to which the upper classes were admitted. It was regularly organized, and varied programs were given, consisting of declamations, essays, recitations, debates, music, etc., with regularly appointed critics to pronounce upon the several parts. Much earnest work was done and not a little fun was extracted from the programs. The attendance and help of the teachers added dignity and interest to these gatherings.

The tone of the social life in Platteville on the part of a few families was more or less aristocratic, but for the most part was friendly and democratic, as became well meaning, industrious, intelligent citizens of an American town in the making. Anyone of worthy character and life had an equal place for helpfulness and influence with that of any of his neighbors. This was finely exemplified during the Civil War when the people generally were united in sustaining the government measures and in ministering to the comfort of the soldier boys. There were a few exceptions where

families sympathized with the Confederate South, but these sympathizers were usually discreet in expressing their views. Well do I recall the mass meetings of the citizens, the speeches, the martial music of the band, the singing of popular war songs, and the recruiting of our boys for enlistment in the war. The women and girls of every community were gathered into soldier aid societies for the knitting of socks and mittens with one finger, the making of garments, scraping of lint, rolling of bandages, etc. The making of "housewives" containing thread, needles, buttons, scissors, etc. for the soldiers was generally claimed by the young women, and into many an one was slipped a pocket testament, a note, a photograph, or other token of remembrance and regard.

In the year 1859 Mr. Pickard was elected state superintendent of public instruction in Wisconsin, so he resigned as principal of Platteville Academy. He was succeeded for a year or two by Mr. A. K. Johnston, a young man from a New England college. He in turn was followed by Mr. George M. Guernsey, who continued at the head of the Academy until it became a state normal school.

Having finished the Academy course in the winter of 1861, I taught the following summer at Limestone, but was graduated with my class in June of that year. The following year I taught country schools near Platteville. In the spring of '63 I entered the state normal college at Albany, New York, from which I was graduated the following year. Then taking a short course in the Oswego, New York, training school, I accepted a position in Philadelphia in a young ladies' seminary, where I taught for two years. In this way I was removed from close connection with Platteville for several years. In the summer of '67 I returned to make preparations for my approaching marriage to Rev. Truman O. Douglass, which took place in 1868, upon the completion of his theological seminary course in Chicago,

when we removed to Iowa. Occasional visits to Platteville through the following years kept me in touch with relatives and friends there, until by removal and death most of them were gone and I began to feel a stranger in a strange land.

One memorable visit there was on the occasion of the Pickard reunion in the summer of 1887. Former students of Platteville Academy conceived the idea of bringing together as many as could come of the old students, in honor of our beloved Mr. Pickard. Committees were appointed to plan for it. Just as far as the addresses could be secured, every living former student was notified of the plan and urged to be present. Local committees made careful and rather elaborate preparations for entertainment, social functions, and banquet. A program committee had a varied and interesting intellectual feast prepared, and opportunities to renew friendships in delightful fellowship were enjoyed to the full. Expressions of esteem and loving regard for him whom we all delighted to honor were freely given and gratefully acknowledged. That so large a number could be brought together after the lapse of years was a marked testimony to the strong hold Mr. Pickard had on all our hearts.

During all the busy years of nearly half a century, my husband and I were happy in keeping in touch with Mr. Pickard by occasional exchange of letters, meetings at religious conferences, and rare visits—the last, in 1910, in sunny California. During several months' stay there we received calls from Mr. Pickard and, best of all, spent a happy day with him in his daughter's pleasant home in Cupertino. It was a rare occasion as we talked over old times and acquaintances and experiences in Platteville and the Academy, and were shown many cherished mementoes and memorials of his life work, with the prized pictures of students and friends of the early days, especially those associated with Mrs. Pickard, who had been a helper and loved companion for over fifty years of wedded life.

At Christmas time of 1913 we received a beautiful characteristic letter from Mr. Pickard; then in a short time came the news of his passing beyond the realm of our earthly vision, and we doubt not he had entered upon that larger, fuller, blessed life of the spirit for which he had been preparing in the long years of faithful service here.

BY THE WATERS OF TURTLE LAKE[1]

ANGIE KUMLIEN MAIN

PART I: AUTUMN

It was the time of the hunting moon, the first month of autumn. The waters of Turtle Lake which could be seen around the edges were covered with a slimy ooze. Next to this slimy margin was a border of iris, whose blue flags had beautified the place in early spring. Then came the arrow-heads, which still showed a few scattering waxy white flowers. After them the cattails, pickerel weed, and various sedges flaunted their browning leaves, the down from the brown velvet cattails falling into the tangle below. Beyond these nothing could be seen but a wide-spread of the dying plants of the yellow lotus. For the most part the plants still stood erect and proudly waved what was left of their large, mutilated leaves.

Suddenly the skies darkened; the distant thunder rumbled and the light breeze changed to a wind storm which caused the water plants to angrily switch their leaves. In a few moments many more of the pads of the lotus were tattered and torn, and as the cattails clashed their swords many of them were bent and broken. Almost as quickly as the storm had arisen the wind subsided and the sun shone as before.

A Virginia rail tooted to his fellows from the cover of the canes. A few wild ducks came from the lake just across the road and lit among the rushes. Instantly the boom of a gun was heard, which announced that this was the hunting month. A tall blue heron waded out in the water and stood

[1] The following paper was read at the June meeting of the Friends of Our Native Landscape at Holy Hill, Washington County. Turtle Lake, whose seasonal appearances are herein described, is typical of many small Wisconsin lakes; this one is located in Albion Township, Dane County, and is noted as one of the few places in Wisconsin where grows the great yellow lotus, the largest wild flower of North America.

TURTLE LAKE—THE LOTUS BED

statue-like while he patiently watched for a fish or frog. An American coot, thinking that all was well, gabbled to his friends who were with him in the rushes. A family of spotted sandpipers hunted along the shore, and as they walked about in their ludicrous fashion it was plain to be seen how they came by their common name of tip-up or teeter snipe, for with every step their small bodies tipped and teetered. Killdeer plovers flew from lake to lake and cried "killdeer, killdeer." A belted kingfisher flew over the lake and sent his noisy rattle to the wooded shore beyond, and in a clear place among the lotus he dived for his finny prey. The blackbirds swinging on the rushes sang of the green-corn moon which had just passed. In the trees along the shore a troop of hungry warblers, who were journeying southward, fed as they moved from branch to branch. How changed were their suits from the gay wedding attire which they had worn when on their northern journey they traveled through in May!

On the shore nearest the public highway the bright goldenrod and purple asters were growing in close proximity. Here, too, the sunflowers and burr marigolds nodded their fair yellow heads, and over all flitted the gaily colored butterflies. Here among the flowers were the roadside butterfly, the little sulphur, the orange sulphur, the viceroy, the silver-spangled fritillary, and our common mourning cloak. Farther on among the thistles the red admiral was at home and the monarchs claimed the milkweeds as their own special property.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of beauty
And autumn's best of cheer.

PART II: WINTER

Months afterward, when we again went to the shores of Turtle Lake, there was silence over all. The falling-leaf

moon had passed and had stripped the trees of their leaf dresses. The mad moon with her storm kings had struggled with life about the lake until the frogs and turtles had taken refuge in the mud at the bottom of the water; the woodchucks had gone to sleep far down in their holes beneath the ground; the chipmunk had stuffed his alleyway with earth and had also gone to sleep; the gopher had made a soft, warm nest of grass in his underground home, where he could doze away the long months until the reign of old North Wind had ended. The migratory birds had long taken their departure, but a few of the braver among them had lingered until the very waters were frozen. The aquatic plants were protected at their roots by the thick sheet of ice which kept out the cold. December, the snow moon, or the moon of the long night, was no more.

It was now January, or the cold moon, and it *was* cold at Turtle Lake. The snow crunched under our feet and creaked under the runners of the sleigh. Everywhere it lay about us shining and glistening. Everything was white with the night's storm, white as the coat of the ermine which we had seen running along a stone wall fence. Tracks in the snow around the lake showed where a hungry rabbit had searched for food. Muskrat houses thickly dotted the lake and were snugly covered with thick white blankets. Near the wooded shore the deep silence of the lake was broken by the friendly "yank yank" of a white-breasted nuthatch who was searching the bark on the leeward side of an oak tree. A downy woodpecker said "peek," as he poked his head out from his winter quarters. Several crows cawed from an adjoining field, where they proclaimed the wonderful news that they had found something to eat. A bluejay lit on a bush, adding a beautiful bit of color to the scene. Three merry chickadees with fluffed-out feathers hunted among the branches and at intervals performed their acrobatic feats. As we retraced our steps to the

waiting sleigh, these inquisitive chickadees followed at a short distance and chatted about the intruder.

PART III: SPRING

The long months passed, even the month of the hunger moon dragged by, and the waters of Turtle Lake were again unbound, for the awakening moon had come creeping in and opened the way for the wild-goose or green-grass moon. Now these were joyous days around the water. The underground folk came out, stretched themselves, and found that the great sun and the south winds were doing their best to clear away the last remnant of the winter's snow. Great flocks of ducks traveled overhead and paused for a time about the water. Long strings of geese honked by in regular, wedge-shaped rows. It was indeed the glad spring-time at Turtle Lake.

The middle of the song moon found us again on the shores of this little lake. Smooth, clear, and clean were the waters this day, not a sign of the dead, broken water plants, nor of the slime on its surface. Many large herring gulls, with a wide expanse of wing-spread, flew back and forth from Turtle Lake to the other two small lakes which form a chain here in the hollow. Graceful black terns skimmed over the water and feasted on dragon-flies. A grebe swam out from the shore and exhibited his skill in diving. All the members of the swallow family, who claim this state as their home, dipped, turned, and circled about. The drum corps, too, were out in full force; hairy and downy woodpeckers traveled around the tree trunks where they were doing their bark police duty. Flickers ate ants by the hundreds and looked about for more. Fun-loving red-headed woodpeckers played about the fence posts. Contented, happy robins were everywhere about and were singing to all who would pause to listen. A scarlet tanager brightened an oak tree with his flaming color. Bluebirds

who had heralded the springtime were homemaking in a hole in a fence post. From the woods back of the hill a wood-peewee called in a sweet, sad voice "pee-a-wee, pee-a-wee." A bittern called from the marsh land, and when sought assumed the pose of a decayed stump, thinking to deceive our eyesight. An indigo bunting, bluer than the sky above him, sang to his dull-colored mate of the beauty of the springtime. In and out among the trees the yellow warbler, the chestnut-sided, the black and white, the bay-breasted, the Wilson, the redstart, the myrtle, and the magnolia warblers flitted and flashed their brilliant bits of color.

It was indeed the happy song moon, for the air was filled with melody—songs in many keys, but all blended into one. Meadowlarks announced that it was "nice singing here, nice singing here." Blackbirds sang in chorus while they teetered and swung on the willows. A catbird performed in splendid style from the heart of an alder thicket, where he imitated his fellow songsters; then all at once he yowled like a cat and repeated the remarks of a frog close by. Marsh wrens sang from their favorite haunts their lively bits of music. A vesper sparrow, in a more serious mood, kept chanting his hymns of praise. Several white-throated sparrows sang from the woods, in triple time, the praises of "old Tom Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." From the meadows beyond the marsh, happy-go-lucky bobolinks sang as they mounted in mid-air, in liquid, bubbling notes, of the joy of their homecoming; then descending, they let loose a torrent of irrepressible glee. A brown thrasher from the topmost branch of a dead hickory tree sang his famous corn song and told us that this was also the time of the planting moon, for he ordered us to

> Hurry up—hurry up; plough it, plough it,
> Harrow it—harrow it, drop it, drop it,
> Four in a hill, four in a hill
> Cover it up, cover it up; weed it, weed it,

Hoe it, hoe it, tut, tut, tut, tut,
I'll pull it up, I'll pull it up,
I have it, I have it; eat it, eat it,
Tastes good, tastes good; I love it, I love it.

Bright and gay Baltimore orioles, glad to be at home, added a dashing bit of orange and black to the scene and whistled their jubilant songs from the treetops. From his lookout on the wire fence a phoebe watched for his unsuspecting insect prey and petulantly called his own name, "phoebe, phoebe." Gallinules and phalaropes calling from the marsh grasses made known their presence. A pair of towhees scratched among the dead leaves with both feet at one time, and when disturbed darted into a brush heap with a quick flirt of their long tails and a sentinel call of "chewink." Down among the violets, anemones, cranesbill, shooting-stars, and polemonium the gentle thrushes were searching out their favorite beetles. As we left the lake this glorious May morning a black-throated green warbler sang out, "There's no time like May."

PART IV: SUMMER

The happy, carefree days passed by. One by one the birds wooed their mates and settled down to family cares. The violets, wild crab-apple blossoms, and other early flowers of the woodland bloomed and were replaced by the daisy and pasture rose, for did not the rose moon follow in the wake of the song moon? Oh rose moon, why couldn't you stay forever?

Warm, muggy days came and the thunder moon was ushered in. The tenth day found us again by the waters of Turtle Lake. But *where were* the waters of Turtle Lake? Around the edges flourished the cattails, the arrowhead, and the pickerel weed, whose bright purple flowers blended well with their surroundings. Covering the whole surface of the lake were large, glossy, green leaves and bright, lovely

flowers of the yellow lotus. Turtle Lake was beautiful, with a beauty that made us forget her former self.

Sweetly the birds sang of this beauty of Turtle Lake!
Proudly the tall stems waved their large upturned green umbrellas!
Proudly the large yellow flowers nodded their queenly heads!
Each one nodded welcome, welcome to our lotus beds.

DOCUMENTS

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO WISCONSIN IN 1840[1]

. . . .

Thursday [Fultonville, N. Y.] May 7th, 1840—Cool west wind and pleasant this forenoon. Being in rediness and after having been detained since Monday in consequence of the breaking of the canal and freshets, I finally embarked about noon on board the boat Oliver Newberry, Capt. Edwin Monger which transferred its loading to another and returned from Auries-Ville, there were nearly 75 boats laying above the lock, while the boat was passing which, I walked to John F. Starin's to bid them all good bye and arrange some other small matters & where the boat overtook me She was light and had no passengers but myself and a young German pedlar After getting on board I found myself rapidly gliding along

> Leaving the Mohawk, its valley, the home of my childhood
> For the charms of Wisconsin, its prairie and wildwood.

This is the boat on which Hiram Barber and Wilbur who murdered him were passengers three years since Cool wind and pleas't after-noon.

Friday May 8th 1840—On awaking this morning 5 o'clock we were at Frankfort lock, very pleas't morning. Arrived at Utica about ½ past 7 o'clock. I called on prof.s. [sic] Perkins and Barber. Mr. Perkins Gave me some references to persons of his acquaintance and was as usual, about proceeding to [give] me some marvelous result of his ingenious, mathematical com-

[1] Mr. Frederick J. Starin, a first installment of whose diary follows, came from Montgomery County, New York, to Wisconsin in the spring of 1840, landing at Milwaukee. Thence he walked to East Troy, which he described with its beautiful lake; he rode on a wagon to Whitewater and described the beginnings of that place; took a trip across Bark River into the forest and described the beginnings of sawmilling operations there. Later he made a trip from Whitewater, via Madison, to Fort Winnebago and used his pen cleverly in depicting all that he saw on the way. He traveled over other portions of the state, describing the prairies, the openings, the heavily timbered lands, usually locating himself by reference to range, township, and section. Mr. Starin was a beautiful penman and a delightful writer. We have in this journal a kaleidoscopic picture of the settlements of southeastern and southern Wisconsin, and of many of the favored places which were soon to receive settlements. It is a valuable source and has not hitherto been published. The original diary was lent to the Society by the diarist's daughter, Mrs. Imogene Starin Birge, of Whitewater.

binations of letters and symbols, when I was obliged to leave him, if practicable, to exchange some money before the boat went out which was to lay [sic] but ½ an hour. Being somewhat tardy in my operations gave me a stern chase of about two miles. The sun was quite warm and on reaching the boat [I] was in a state of complete perspiration. At Whitesboro Mr. Sweet one of the firm of Sweet & Babcock at Sharden Geauga Co. Ohio came on board on his way to Chicago, intending to stop a week at his store. Mr. S. has some land in Buffalo Grove on Rock River Wisconsin where Samuel Steward one of his tenants lives. In the afternoon the east wind sprang up and grew cold towards night strongly presaging a storm. Arrived at Canastota 8 o'clock in the evening.

Saturday May 9th 1840—Arrived at Syracuse this morning 4 o'clock. The east wind blew very cold. After remaining here two hours the boat Venice, Capt. Lewis, which we had passed a short distance above Fort Plain, and which was the first boat that passed the broken aqueduct, came in sight, and we started out It soon commenced raining and was cold rainy and unpleasant all-day. Arrived at Lock-pr't 7 o'clock in the evening.[2]

Sunday May 10th 1840—This morning is very pleasant. Arrived at Palmyra 6 o'clock. Mr. Sweet and myself walked 4 miles this forenoon and in the afternoon, and by walking 3 miles, anticipated the boat in Rochester which arrived there at 3 o'clock A. M. Was delighted with spending an hour at the Genessee falls which is truly majestic and Grand and strikes the spectator with a sense of awe while standing on the east bank which is high and commanding just below the falls. Saw here the first wooden pavement on Liberty St. that ever I met with and which I am induced to believe in point of beauty, convenience and durability exceeds stone. Started out about 5 o'clock. Has been a very pleasant warm sunshiny day.

Monday May 11th 1840—Bright and Pleas't. this morning, arrived at Albion 6 o'clo where we stopped half an hour and which is a very fine place. Mr. Sweet and I walked from Eagle Harbor to Medina. Saw the Road culvert, and the wire bridge at

[2] Not *the* Lockport, which was reached May 11.

Medina. Very fine warm and pleasant day. Arrived at Lockport about 3 P. M. The boat consumed one hour in passing the locks and taking passengers during which time, I had an opportunity of exchanging 200 dols. for gold at the Canal Bank, by paying ¾ Pr. cent. Locked up about two feet by the guard lock into the Tonawanta Creek ½ past 6 o'clock P. M. after which we glided rapidly with the current. Arrived at Tonawanta 15 minutes before nine in the evening—where the Captain's wife lives and where the boat lay about ½ an hour. As soon as we came on the creek we experienced a piercing, chilly breeze from the lake.

Teusday May 12th 1840—This morning found myself in Buffalo, having landed here about 2 o'clock at night—And it being a pleasant morning, after getting our baggage up to the Traveller's Home kept by H. D. Huff, Mr. S. and myself walked about the city an hour or more before breakfast. There being no boats to start out for the Upper lakes to-day I shall be obliged to remain untill to-morrow. Mr. Sweet, Mr. E. Tallmadge & lady left about one o'clock P. M. on the Boat Chicago, an old and in the opinion of many, a dangerous craft managed by hands who appeared to be very intemperate, and whose machinery seemed ready to go to pieces at every Stroke of the wheel.

The afternoon was very pleasant, and I passed it in rambling and writing, till near night when I went to the office and found a letter from home, which I answered the same evening, by sitting up till 11.

Wednesday May 13th 1840—. . . . After taking breakfast I walked to the dock and was pleased to find that the Constellation, (a S. B. of the upper line) which had advertised to leave to-day at 3 P. M. for Chicago, had arrived, and would redeem its berth, which was about to be supplied by the "Bunker Hill" as it was conjectured that she was ashore on lake Michigan, as indeed she had been & was detained some time, while she was exchanging her cargo and cleaning up which occupied some 6 or eight hours I amused myself by looking about the City & purchasing some small articles which I supposed would be useful, such as books, thermometer, spy-Glass &c. The day being very fine with a moderate breeze from the lake, commercial and mercantile

transactions wore an aspect of activity and life. The principal article of import seemed to be flour from Ohio and Michigan. About half past 4 o'clock we headed about and moved out of the harbor. There was at the time a light breeze ahead, which however soon died away, and the waters of Lake Erie were smooth and unruffled save where the noble steamer left undulating evidences of her passage. Buffalo and the hills of Chautauque soon left the horison. . . . About ½ past 7 o'clock we landed at Dunkirk, a small port 39 miles from Buffalo, and took in a supply of wood which detained us an hour.

Thursday May 14th 1840—This morning was extremely delightful. . . . At 7 o'clock A. M. we again landed at a place called Conneaut a few miles east of Ashtabula O. for the purpose of taking in wood. It grew warmer and more pleasant as the sun attained his meridian. About 12 o'clock M. we landed at Fairport at the mouth of Grand river, to land and receive passenger and to take wood. While this was taking place two gentlemen and myself went up into the light-house which stands considerably elevated on the bank, and from which with the aid of my glass we had a commanding view of the town, most of which lies ¼ or ½ mile from the lake and the neighboring county seats some of which were very pleasant. Fairport is distinguished for the number of its public houses and for its safe and commodious harbor, and is 163 miles from Buffalo. At ½ past 4 o'clo. P. M. we arrived at Cleveland, 193 miles from Buffalo, where we landed and received freight and passengers Most of the town is situated on elevated ground and has quite an extensive prospect. The boat was detained here two hours during which time Mr. M. M. Goodwin a fellow passinger and myself made quite an excursion into the city. The wind had now somewhat increased and was accompanied at times by a sprinkling rain. The sky was overcast and all seemed to indicate a stormy night yet it was not cold. At ½ past 9 o'clock P. M. we touched at a place called Black River, and at 12 o'clo at Huron where the boat stopped 2 or 3 hours.

Friday May 15th 1840—This morning the weather is very fine, much different from what was anticipated, with a moderate

southeast wind blowing. About 9 o'clock A. M. we arrived at the mouth of Detroit river. My curiosity led me to ascend to the mast head when I apprehended I would become dissy and soon feel uncomfortable. But quite the reverse, the air was pure and a cool breeze swept gently along, doing away completely [with] the sultry influence of the solar rays and I felt aught but disagreeable sensations. In the mouth of the river and on our left was a small island on which I discovered three small fortifications or rather block houses one on each end and one in the middle of the Island, which were probably occupied by the patriots during the late struggle. Each is surrounded by a low brush-work in the form of a square. I was surprised and delighted with the prospect on the right, for miles, as far as the eye [could see] I think I never beheld a more pleasing landscape, without any intermission of beauty, it was apparently one continued field of blossoms and herbage. The ground seemed cloth'd with richness and the farm-houses betokened luxury and abundance combined with taste, neatness and good-husbandry. One novelty here presented itself, viz, a windmill at each convenient place on the coast and for the most part on each farm. At the entrance of the river on the Canada side is Amherstburg, a very pleasant little place where we touched and landed one or two passengers. It is 299 miles from Buff. At first thought I was somewhat surprised at seeing men in military array parading, and sentinels posted at the entrance of each street. But was soon set aright on reflecting that it was one of her Brit. M towns. A short distance above, is Ft. Malden A british post commanding the west branch of the river. Above this, either side of the river presents a very pleasing prospect, yet I think the Canada farmhouses surpass those of Mich. in point of taste, neatness and size. As the sun shone exceedingly bright and we were now going with the light wind that blew up the river it was uncomfortably warm. Thermom. 75° About 11 o'clock A. M. we landed at Detroit, where more than ½ the cabin passengers and quite a number of the steerage passengers left us. Mr. Goodwin & a young man from New York (who has a brother engaged in the mercantile business at Racine and with whom fellow-passengership had worn into a

kind of intimacy), and myself walked up into the city, which is very pleasant indeed, has the appearance of being a place of considerable trade, and much exceeded my expectations. Here as well as elsewhere the fire of Harrison and Tippecanoe-ism is raging under all its fantastic, bombastic, and I should say ludicrous and air-founded forms.

A "log cabin" about 40 feet by 50 furnished with rude benches, at the farther end of which is erected a kind of speaker's stand of unplaned boards in the centre hangs a chandalier—formed of part of the trunk and the roots of a hickory sapling, behind the desk was placed a portrait of Wm. Henry Harrison and about one hundred tin mugs which smelt strong of hard cider decorated the ventilating walls. Overhead are suspended at proper intervals, wild cats, ducks, owls & other game, and crowning the speaker's stand stood erect a spiritless image of the bird of liberty, besides these, codfish, political mottos, dried pumpkins and a number of other equally interesting objects were here exhibited to the enlightened freemen of America as inspiring motives to patriotism. Here Mr. Goodwin and I took a stateroom for our better comfort and convenience. Left this place about 2 o'clock P. M. and were soon plowing the bosom of St. Clair. At Detroit there was lightning and other indications of a storm, but now all was clear with a cool stiff breeze right ahead. The channel through this lake is marked by stakes driven into the mud, and it is so shallow that even then the boat rubbed for miles and left a muddy track. The lake is about 30 miles long and terminates with low, marshy and unwholesome banks, although near the middle, especially on the Michigan side they appear to be high healthy and fertile. The St. Clair R. presents nothing very interesting save plenty of wild ducks and geese, Gulls frogs and other waterfowls which seem to hold peaceable possession of the dominions of their ancestors, finally the whole appearance of what was this evening seen of the St. Clair river is anything but prepossessing. About 8 o'clock P. M. we stopped to wood at a place called Newport. it being about dark we were enabled to see but a small part of what few houses there were in the place. Took in a plentiful supply of fuel, in consequence of our not being able to obtain any more short of Presque Isle.

Saturday May 16th 1840—. . . . All on board seemed cheerful & happy and many were the expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for the divine favor which seemed to have accompanied us thus far on our voyage. About 8 o'clock P. M. a fresh breeze sprang up from the south. On the east the water bounds the horison, and the dense forests and habitless beach of Mich. with here and there a whitened rock to catch the traveller's eye is all that can be seen westwardly About 10 o'clock A. M. we passed White Rock which consists of a saw-mill and log cabin. About one and a half miles above are two or three small cabins. White rock itself is under water The waters of Huron are more clear & appear much deeper than those of Erie We were soon at the entrance of Saginaw Bay and from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M. no land could be seen. About 7 o'clock the boat stopped off Thunder Island, but no signal being discovered on shore she again proceeded on her journey, N. N. W. There is a light-house and comfortable dwelling on the southern extremity of this island where there are a few acres cleared. The rest of it is one dense forest, and really a bleak, lonely, desolate place. About in the middle I discovered a few miserable huts, probably the abodes of fishermen, saw several other small islands between it and the main land, all thickly wooded. Pretty hard S. S. E. wind all the afternoon.

Sunday May 17th 1840—This morning is very pleasant with a fresh breeze in our teeth On the left within a league and a half is the Michigan shore, on which with a glass I discovered the wreck of a schooner said to be that of the Lafayette About 8 o'clock we passed the lighthouse at a place called [blank in MS.] where there were also one or two dwellings And about 9 o'clock landed at Mackinaw 646 miles from Buffalo, situated on a rocky barren island in the straits which connect Lakes Huron, Michigan & Superior The place contains nothing of interest except the fortifications, which have a very commanding position, landed three indian chiefs who had been on some public business to Washington. They were very intelligent and well dressed and one especially had many well-founded claims to the appearance if not to the character of a gentleman with the indians on shore of

which we saw a number these contrasted strikingly. There are but one or two well-finished houses in the place and one of these is occupied by the indian department. After leaving the straits the wind gradually increased in violence, so that by 4 o'clock half the persons on board were completely nauseated. The scene inasmuch as there was no danger attending it was ludicrous in the extreme to one who was unaccustomed to such sights. The first convincing evidences of that were manifested of those unpleasant symptoms, I discovered while in the gentlemen's cabin below deck, where as I supposed I saw (although I thought it was rather an unusual number,) 10 or 12 individuals completely resigned to the arms of Morpheus, some on settees, one or two on "three stools" and others in their berths. But which as I knew it to be Sunday after-noon did not much excite my curiosity, untill as I was walking to and fro, watching the heaving and pitching of the boat and listening to the creaking of the timbers and laboring of the engine which I thought unusual in so light a sea, I discovered the muscles of one gentleman's face alternately relaxing and contracting as if to subdue the foul mutiny of the ingredients of the stomach, and on looking around me, observed those symptoms to exist simultaneously among most of those present. The simple idea of what was soon to follow roused me to a true sense of my situation, and knowing that the spectacle before me would soon enlist my feelings though involuntarily into its disagreeable service, O'er scenes of holier things to gaze, I hastened on deck. But alas!! [Here follows a description of his seasickness.]. . . .

About ten o'clock in the evening we landed at one of the Manatoo Islands to wood & were detained in consequence of some defect in the machinery which had to be repaired, untill 6 o'clock the next morning.

Monday May 18th 1840—Rather chilly this morning with considerable wind. The southern extremity of the island at which we were detained is said to be 70 feet high, and to contain a lake on its summit more than a mile long. It grew very foggy about 8 o'clock and remained so for two hours, when it was dispelled by an increased head wind & superseded by a chilly & inclement

atmosphere, which continued nearly all day. Passed the mouth of the twin rivers[3] about 5 o'clock P. M. & saw the sun set in Glory behind the hills of Wisconsin for the first time Arrived at Milwaukie about 2 o'clock at night, found the Steam Boat Madison laying opposite the mouth of the River just out from Chicago. About 25 passengers landed in the small S. B. Menominee and one or two families, [It] having been recommended to me, I stopped at the Milwaukie House[4] kept by Mr. [George P.] Graves formerly from Canajoharie Montg.[omery] Co. N. Y. Having been up late the preceeding evening I felt disposed to improve the few hours before 6 o'clock in a comfortable "snoose," and soon after laying down was agreeably indulging in a reverie on the scenes I had just left. Soon falling asleep the mysterious future, was unfolded to my imagination. . . .

Teusday, May 19th—On looking out the first object that engaged my attention was a dense mist rising from the overflow portion of lowland adjoining the river which, by the bye, is quite considerable As I was walking before breakfast towards Walkers point, there being at the time a stiff breeze from the lake I involuntarily endeavored to avoid inhaling the foggy atmosphere by which I was surrounded by holding a kerchief to my mouth. Having been credibly informed that there was nothing unhealthy to be apprehended from it inasmuch as it is daily freshened [by] the overflowing of the lake—The morning was very pleasant. I called on Paul Juneau a young man who attended school at the C. L. Institute a few years ago, & to whom I was refered by Prof. Perkins, & whose father[5] is post master at this place. by him I was introduced to Mr. Joshua Hathaway[6] a gentleman who has for several years been engaged in survey in public lands in this Territory, and to whom I am indebted for much valuable information & advice. About noon it rained some, but the after-noon was warm & Pleasant Spent most of the day in examining the place which in point of location prosperity & trade somewhat exceeded my expectations, which had been formed chiefly

[3] The town at the mouth of Twin rivers is now called Two Rivers.
[4] Called the Bellevue when it was opened in 1837.
[5] Solomon Juneau, founder of Milwaukee.
[6] A prominent engineer, who resided at Milwaukee from 1834 until his death in 1868.

on the description which my brother gave, as I now suspect with the very intention of having me thus agreeably disappointed In the evening I called on Mr. Geo. [O.] Tiffany to whom I had a line of introduction from I. H. Tiffany Esq. of our place, and who has an excellent and very pleasant location on the high ground adjoining the village This evening is somewhat rainy and unpleasant.

Wednesday May 20th 1840—This morning is fine, and there are no indications of rain. Started about ½ past 8 o'clo. for Doct. J.[ames] Tripp's residence which is 28 miles from Milwaukie,[7] having an opportunity to ride with a Mr. A. [W.] Perry from the same neighborhood, and after riding 14 miles over an execrable road we arrived at a good specimen of Wisconsin inns which consisted of a small log hut 15 by 20 which is divided into a Barroom & setting room with an addition of a shanty in the rear—in which we partook of a dinner much better than I expected, and I supposed was called the dining-room but from this was again taken a kind of anteroom into which the women and children retired while we dined. about ten more miles were as bad as could possibly be imagined, four wagons having been broken in two days on the same, and what was most singular each of them had one hind wheel "lamed" in the afternoon we experienced an occasional shower but they were warm & genial not "cold and drizzling" as we have them in New York. After crossing Fox River [or the Pishtaka] I was at once delighted and surprised at the scene before me which I will not here stop to describe The roads from the river to Mr. T's were excellent, far superior to those of N. Y. which are annually wrought When we arrived about dusk—Found them just setting down to supper, and an excellent one it was one that would be relished by any rational being and by an irrational one after having rode 28 miles over roads that are as indescribable as those over which it was our fortune this day to pass.

Thursday May 21st 1840—Last night did I sleep sweetly for the first time under the roof of a Wisconsin Cottage and this morning is somewhat rainy & unpleasant. Passed the day

[7] In the town of East Troy, Walworth County, at the outlet of Beulah Lake.

within doors, inasmuch as the sun did not shine. Frequently was the oft-told story of my Grand parents brought to mind as I beheld here their habits & customs yet extant, & their mode of living again adopted and made agreable by circumstances. As I saw the humble log-houses and huge fire-places, out door ovens and earth-covered cellars, gathered in small groups beside the winding highway of the Adventurous pioneer,—Here again were the private decanters and unadulterated spirits to stimulate the morning meal or give superior relish to the simple yet wholesome burden of the dining table—none shrank from the delicious draught, for the fear of violating propriety & decorum. But it was sipped in harmless moderation. . . .

Friday May 22nd 1840—The day opens very pleasantly, feeling an inclination to see the surrounding beauties of nature I shoulder'd Mr. T's gun & proceeded along the right bank of the lake. My excursion although not very succesful proved very pleasant & interesting. beneath me were spread in rich profusion the beautiful yet wild and uncultivated flowers of the prarie, around me was the oak orchard [?] of the wild man where the wood-pigeon fluttered unharmed. The rippless & mirrored lake where the loon, Duck, pickerel in safety revelled, strangers to the fear and persecution of the civilized man. The sky was robed in matchless beauty & all was harmony, natural, varied & matchless enchantment. In the afternoon I was gratified with an opportunity to ride with Dr. T. & his family to Honey Creek or Meacham's Prarie.[8] Stopped at Mr. Syvemus [Sylvanus] Spooer's [Spoor's] & Mr. [Austin] McCrackin's The evening is exceedingly fine. The soft moon-beams fall gently on the quiet lake. . . .

Saturday May 23d 1840—A Pleasant morning but a rainy afternoon. Amused myself fishing & sounding the lake below the sawmill[9] which was found to exceed 40 ft. in depth—was shown a specimen of Wisconsin springs which have a very singular appearance as they boil up & the water oozes through a

[8] Meacham's Prairie is in the southern portion of the town of Troy, Walworth County. It was named for Maj. Jesse Meacham, its first settler.

[9] Built by Dr. Tripp in 1838.

mass of coarse white sand, a portion of which is all that can be discovered to have any kind of motion, after having been distilled through which the water becomes tranquil and is invisible, although from 6 to 12 inc. in depth—and is pure, cold and palatiable

Sunday May 24th 1840—This morning Dr. Tripp proposes to take part of a load of lumber for the repair of his mill to White Water,[10] & from there a load of flour to Fort Winnebago, where the Winnebago indians are collected by the U. S. troops under Gen. [Henry] Atkinson for their removal beyond the Mississippi[11] I ride with him to White Water. Left his house about ½ past 9 o'clock and after having a very pleasant ride over tolerable roads we arrived at the mill about 5 o'clock P. M. it being about 17 miles. The place consists of the grist-mill, one log store, a Public house just not finished, a black-smith shop & a dwelling house of logs. I took up my abode at Mr. Asaph Pratt's house a mile or more south west from the mill on the Prarie. Have had a very fine day.

Monday May 25th 1840—Some appearance of rain this morning. Went to see the west ½ of the S.W. ¼ of town 5 N Range 15E which Henry [Starin—the diarist's brother] purchased last fall at the land sale in October. Mr. Tripp started about 10 o'clock accompanied by Mr. [Willard B.] Johnson who also took a load—rather rainy and unpleasant in the forenoon but after noon it cleared up & was quite reconciliable.

Tuesday May 26th 1840—Fair weather Mr Pratt went out to the bark river saw-mill this fore-noon and I concluded to accompany him. Accordingly about 8 o'clock we set out, preparing ourselves with a number of boards to serve as a raft in crossing the river. The way to Bark river is alternately over bluff openings and very wet marshes, succeeding each other at regular intervals. We came out to the river a short distance below its confluence with the Scuppernong Creek,[12] and after having tied

[10] For the story of the Whitewater grist mill, built by Dr. Tripp in 1839, see Prosper Cravath, *Early Annals of Whitewater, 1837–1867*, 33. Dr. Tripp laid out the original village of Whitewater.

[11] According to the terms of the Winnebago cession of 1837, the Indians were removed to Iowa Territory.

[12] In the town of Cold Spring, Jefferson County.

the horses to the wagon & crossed the stream with our raft proceeded on foot, for half a mile across the marsh adjoining the river and some distance into the wood we found water ankle-deep. Then after wending our way through heavily timbered & apparently rich land for two miles we arrived at the mill, where there are two small clearings and two small frame houses, having much the appearance of being lost in the depths of the wild-wood by which they are surrounded. Mr. Pratt having obtained a wornout mill saw, which was the sole object of his errand and which are much used in making breaking plows for the Praries, we returned. The river where we crossed was perhaps ten rods in width and very shallow The south bank is dry & much resembles the Mohawk Flatts. here also grow wild onions in abundance. The north is very low & wet & is covered with high grass. on our return we also found in a thicket on the road, wild cherry & plum, crab-apple & Buck-Thorn bushes in abundance. The whole distance is called 8 miles and we arrived at Mr. P's about 2 P. M. with a good appetite under which the onions we found and vinegar relished well. The afternoon was pleasant and was spent by myself in writing & Journalizing—Two of Mr. Pratts sons gave us a fine concert at their father's house on violins—this evening.

Wednesday May 27th 1840—Warm & Pleasant all day, took a tramp through section 10 & its vicinity this afternoon—

Thursday May 28th 1840—Having made arrangements to start For John Hill's 2½ miles east of Elgin Ill. this morning, I started about 7 o'clock. The weather was fine & (as the people term it) seemed to have settled for the season. Having an opportunity, I rode with Mr. Cutter & Mr. Pratt as far as the Bluffs between Round and Heart Praries[13]—who were on their way to Milwaukie. Then taking a south-east direction I crossed the east Part of Heart Pra. where there are several frame houses. Water rather scarce the wells being from 50 to 60 ft. deep—from thence S. E. to sugar Creek Pra. in crossing which I passed to the left of a small lake which has neither outlet nor inlet.[14]

[13] In the town of La Grange, Walworth County.

[14] Sugar Creek Prairie is in the town of Sugar Creek; the lake noticed was either Otter or Silver Lake.

The wells here are from 40 to 50 ft. deep—After passing several slews (properly sloughs) arrived at E[l]khorn Centre about ½ past 12 o'clock M. situated in the S. E. corner of the town of Elkhorn and is the proposed county seat. Having heard much of the place I was somewhat surprised to find only a small frame building which was at once a court house, Post office, atty's office & clerks office, a small house of Oaken plank which was their Gail, but which I discovered to contain Goods instead of prisoners, a little to the right a very good School house & 2 ordinary farm-houses ½ a mile beyond, at one of which I succeeded in obtaining a bowl of milk & ½ Baked bread. Started about 2 o'clock P. M. and after traveling a very circuitous route through the north and east Part of Elkhorn Pra. & then south thro. broken openings, sloughs and marshes I arrived at Como. lake, called Duck lake at the foot of which a Mr. Pane[15] owns a saw-mill, having about 8 feet fall of water. a mile & a half beyond this is the foot of Genava lake at which there is a thriving village called Geneva where I stopped about 7 o'clock in the evening, & which is 30 miles from Whitewater. There is at this place a Grist-mill, a Distillery, a saw-mill, two stores two Public-houses & quite a number of neat dwelling houses all Put up within a year. The fall of the outlet at the mill is 11 feet. Having a letter of introduction to Dr. Oliver [S.] Tiffany from his uncle I. H. Tiffany Esq I spent most of the evening very pleasantly at his room, & am much indebted to him for the loan of a map of Illinois which he kindly offered me. The lake is very pleasant & is said to abound in good fish, & is about ten miles long.

Friday May 29th 1840—Left Geneva about 8 o'clock this morning & after traveling 4 miles came to Geneva Prarie,[16] beyond which I found some fine springs. The weather was very hot, took dinner on Minsink or Nipsink Pra.[17] Water not very good & is obtained by digging 15 or 20 feet. My course across this Pra. was 6 or 7 miles, after dinner I saw no house on the Pra. The sun was excessively warm & not a breath of air stirring

[15] Christopher Payne, an interesting pioneer character and the founder of Lake Geneva.

[16] Also called Bloom Prairie, in the town of Bloomfield, Walworth County.

[17] On Nippersink River in McHenry County, Illinois.

The thermometer stood at 85°, Plovers in abundance hovered around me and occasionally sailed within a few feet uttering hideous screams & seeming ostensibly to watch an opportunity to take advantage of my inattention & strike me. Brook after brook & slough after slough did I wade. Bluff after bluff did I thus ascend but not a tree, nor house nor fence nor stump nor object of any-kind was there to catch my wearied eye all was one waste of weeds & grass—and it was not till I had thus traveled 6 miles till I was nearly exhausted by perspiration till my energies began to leave me and I involuntarily lagged, choked with thirst & my feet burning from the heat of the beaten track, that I in the distance discovered a few panels of fence, & as I gained the summit of the next bluff, forest trees, a shaked roof & finally a comfortable looking cabin appeared in the edge of the wood Here my anticipations began. The cool shade, the refreshing draught of spring water & finally all good things that could be imagined seemed there to await my coming. I approached the house. The men & children labored in an adjacent enclosure, & to all appearance it was even as I had anticipated, but the door was on the other side of the house. I passed the corner & O! Disappointment! vexation misery & wretchedness! The sun poured his scorching rays directly into a kind of aperture on the ground as if to light whoever entered into the abodes of darkness. This I supposed to be the door. I kneeled before it as I could scarce stand any longer & knew not but I should be compelled to pray for admission, & here another scene of poverty or rather beastliness met my eyes, a perfect picture of slovenness sat on the ground (for I could see no floor) a child in her arms & one in a box in the corner (apparently twins) a heap of mud & potatoes beside her from which she was selecting & cutting for seed, in two corners were smoky heaps of rags, which I took to be beds under the influence of extreme fatigue I threw off my budget & seated myself on a kind of bench which seemed to serve for table, chair, & cupboard. My first inquiry was for the next house, & was so absorbed in the spectacle before [me] that I was about leaving the hut before my thirst reminded me of what I most needed Called for water & was given a mug of

filthy liquid from an open barrel beside the house, and which upon inquiry proved to be brook water which she said had been hauled two miles that morning I drank deep but tasted not & was off with a very good idea of an "arabian desert trap" Then crossing the grove about a mile in width I came to an Irish hotel. They were out of spirits which I fancied myself then to be in need of if ever, but a large churn "patent rocking" which must have been made in the house stood in the middle of the room & on application obtained a delicious draught of its contents which were good & thick, then crossed Highland Pra. 2 miles, to the house of a Mr. Griffin where I was strongly inclined from the painfulness of my limbs to stop for the night, but finding circumstances rather unfavorable, I again entered the woods & wended my way. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills & the clouds were tinted with his dying luster. Scarce had I entered the thicket ere myriads of musquitoes swarmed around and attacked me on all sides, for a time I was able to walk leisurely as I defended myself manfully with my umbrella case. But reinforcements were continually pouring in upon me. I chose new weapons & in my danger lost all sense of weariness, became utterly wreckless of the road I was pursuing, plunging on at hazard & at every step making "cut & thrust" at my enemy. But night coming on & all hope of victory vanishing, I was almost driven to desperation, to proceed was hazardous to stop & build a smudge was impossible, & knowing not but that I was on the wrong road was about yielding to fate & my merciless adversaries when a fence which Proved to be the extremity of what was called the Virginia settlement, caught my eyes & my energies returned. I soon reached the door of a small cabin at which was seated a ragged urchin, whose hair gave him the appearance of being isolated after undergoing the rigid scrutiny of a sentinel of the canine species, which threatning glances & meaning growls induced me to submit to, the following dialogue ensued—Boy. How far is it to the next house? Bout half er mile. Have you any water here? No, our well has got a stinkin so we've got ter drink Butter-milk. Will you let me have some? Yas an its good en thick too 'twas churned this mornin. [after

drinking two cups which were delicious] How many of your folks are there? I dun know Theres me & suke & mother & pap & John & Sam & Bub & lemuel, that's all? But they're all gone away some visitin & some to work be home pretty soon. Looking around & seeing but three bunks in the house, took another drink of Butter-milk & was off, & never suffered more pain from walking in my life. about ½ a mile bro't me to a comfortable looking shanty where I put up for the night. about 8 o'clock observed a curious phenomena in the heavens which was a stream of light shooting from the eastern & extending to the western horison, exceeding the brightness of the moon & apparently the width of full moon, it however died away in about an hour—& after a refreshing sleep

Saturday May 30th 1840—I started this morning with renewed vigor. The sun was very hot. passed thro. Virginia settlement, & Chrystal lake Ville & struck Fox river at a point 5 miles above Dundee where I met with an opportunity to ride as far as Elgin where we arrived about 4 P. M. From there I walked to Mr. Hill's which is 2½ miles east, found them all well. & at the end of my journey was much elated with my success & delighted with my newly discovered traveling faculties, feeling none of the least unpleasant symptoms of weariness—and by a delicious bath in the poplar Creek revived all my sources of Pleasant feeling, it being the first of my bathing this season.

Sunday May 31st 1840—A very Pleasant day yet the sun was uncomfortably warm. Mr. & Mrs. H. attended church, & I journalised this A. M. In the after noon went out to see Mr. H's improvments. his wheat is very heavy & was sowed while the corn was yet unripe & harrowed in between the rows, which I find to be a very common practice west of the lakes, unheard of in York State. A small animal resembling the Yorkstate chipping squirrel is here found to be very troublesome in the corn-fields,—known by the name of Goafer, & burrows in the ground was much annoyed this evening by musquitoes

[Meteorological Table and Weather Table]

Monday June 1st 1840—Had an opportunity to ride to Chicago with Mr. Josiah Burret who was going out with a load of

wheat. Started accordingly about 6 o'clock, found very good roads for about 15 miles when we were hindered by getting into a slough & compelled to lighten our load into another wagon after which we got along very well except for 5 or 6 miles out of Chicago—which is one extensive plain of wet Prarie & marsh. The City can be seen at the distance of 7 or 8 miles, with the aid of a glass. Saw some fine claims & improvements on the way which is most of the distance through rich and dry-praries, interspersed with some beautiful groves of timber, where is found oak & maple in a thrifty & growing condition. Arrived at Chicago about 6 o'clock the distance being 35 miles, & finding there a Mr. Sweet with whom I became acquainted on the canal stopping at the Sauganash Hotel took quarters at the same place. The forenoon was warm & Pleas't . . . & in the afternoon had two fine thunder showers.

Teusday June 2nd 1840—Spent the forenoon in looking about the city & harbor. The Steam Boat Cleveland came in yesterday morning & is to start out on Thursday was much pleased with the appearance of the harbor but the city seems to lay rather low & on a dead level. The streets are not paved probably on account of the impracticability of obtaining stone In the afternoon went up into the observatory of the Lake House & with the aid of a large glass obtained a complete & comprehensive view of the city & the surrounding scenery for miles in extent North of the north branch of the river the streets end in a beautiful grove of trees, in which may be discovered vined porticos & finished roof-walks strongly indicating the presence & characterising the abodes of Luxury, opulence & wealth. The lake house is now said to be the first house in the place & in point of convenience is situated at the S. B. landing and in the most comercial & thriving part of the town. Not a sail nor craft of any kind was to be seen on the lake, & a cool steady land brezze was steadily blowing. Called on Mr. E S. Prestcott, reciever at this place to whom I had letters from Elijah Wilcox Esq^{r} & from whom I obtained some valuable information respecting that portion of the state which is now under contract and about to be surveyed. Having seen the Great city of Chicago & finished

purchasing some necessary articles which I could not find elsewhere, I fortunately met with and improved an opportunity to ride out of town about 5 o'clock with a Rev. Mr. Elmore who lives about 5 miles south of Elgin on the west side of the river. It was truly surprising to see the number of teams and loads of produce that are daily entering the city & on coming out to find such detestably execrable roads, over which we empty as we were (it having rained some in the after noon) could scarcely pass without miring. Stopped for the night at Spencr's Hotel or the Tontim Coffee house on the des Plaines river at a place called Lyons Observed some very vivid lightning & an incredible number of flashes in rapid succession on the S.W. horison & which continued all the evening

Wednesday June 3d 1840—After leaving Mr. Elmore['s] wagon and riding with a Mr. Curran till within a mile of Mr. Hill's where we stopped at the tavern on account of the rain a short time, I walked the remainder of the way & arrived at Mr. H's about ½ past ten o'clock A. M. It stopped raining and was bright and pleasant all the afternoon untill 6 o'clock when we had a fine shower. Felt very sleepy this P. M. But took a tramp in the woods beyond the creek which kept me awake.

Thursday May [June] 4th 1840—Set out on foot about 7 o'clock this morning Stopped at Elgin untill 9, & then went southwardly, passed some excellent claims & some very fine situations on the road between Elgin & St. Charles, which is ten miles. St. Charles is a fine little place situated on Fox-river. Has a large flouring-mill & one saw-mill, supports two schools & has a population of 450. One Hotel from thence to Geneva two miles farther down the river, is not so large as St. C. but is the County Seat of Kane Co. & is mostly on the west side of the river.

From here I took an east course & by walking 9 [6?] miles over an extensive Prarie & some Burr oak openings came to a saw-mill and dwelling-house called Gary's-mill from this place & bearing south some I passed thro'. Timber 3 miles to a small village called Warren-Ville where sun-down found me & I put up for the night at the only Hotel The village is much scattered

and is mostly on the prairie. Have a saw-mill on the Desplains river & but one store Pop. is 92 & out of this No. 42 have had the fever & ague this spring & I find this disease is more prevalent the farther south & on small streams.

Friday June 5th 1840—Started from Warrenville about 6 o'clock this morning for Naperville which is three miles dist. encountered a shower accompanied with much thunder & lightning, one stroke was so near & the flash so vivid that I involuntarily staggered from its effect. It however soon cleared up and I arrived at the Preemption house in time for breakfast This is a place of considerable trade 30 miles from Chicago, on the Dupage river and is the County Seat of Cook Co. After taking a circuit of about 14 miles in a Northeast direction and returning within a mile of the village I was over-taken & driven into a house by a violent thunder shower from the South. luckily they had just prepared dinner and I partook with them, but was surprised to find on inquiry that they charged me nothing therefor the first case of the kind that has occurred to me since I left White Water After being sheltered and having partaken of the hospitality of this good family I bade them good by about 3 P. M. and wended my way which by this time on so loose a soil as this had gotten to be a complete slipping up place. Stopped a short time at the village & then proceeded on my return after a very slippry & unpleasant walk being much annoyed by musketoes I arrived at Gary's mill where with the prospect of a very heavy thunder shower before me from the south & west I suspended farther operations and stopped for the night. The Black clouds of heaven gathered over the place . . . but they passed away harmlessly. . . . Supper was soon prepared of which I partook with a good relish. The evening was passed in political debate by Mr. Gary & a Fever & ague physician "got up for the occasion" whose name was Marvin & boarded at Mr. G.'s.

Saturday June 6th 1840—Having but 14 miles to travel I felt no strong inclination to tax my energies untill 6 o'clock. At the breakfast as well as at the supper table a blessing was asked and after breakfast & the reading of a chapter in the Bible

the whole family kneeled in prayer which occupied untill 8 o'clock when I paid my fare & departed after crossing the Du page river on which the mill is situated I took the right instead of the left hand road which passes through St. Charles— & after walking 12 miles over woodland, prairie and oak-openings & encountering many sloughs I found myself on the Galena and Chicago road at a Mr. Leatherman's Hotel one mile from Mr. H's where I arrived about noon.

Sunday June 7th 1840—This afternoon I accompanied Mr. & Mrs. Hill to church at Elgin held in the unfinished meetinghouse north of the Elgin house. The Day was very fine.

Monday June 8th 1840—This morning I had calculated to leave for the Territory, but as Mr. Hill had been the day or two previous appointed a delegate from Barrington precinct to attend the county convention which was to be held this day at the Old Doty Stand a short distance below the confluence of the Salt Creek & Des planes river, he gave me an invitation and I concluded to accompany him. We accordingly started about 6 o'clock. The morning being rather cool we were enabled to drive pretty fast & arrived at the Buck horn House on the Galena & Chicago road which is 18 miles by ½ past 8 o'clock, and after taking a course south s. west & driving 13 miles across the prairie fording Salt Creek once we arrived at our destination about ½ past 11 o'clock, where we found a goodly number of Office seekers and political idlers already collected. The place is a retired one on the bank of the River and has quite a romantic appearance. The business of the convention was not completed untill about 7 o'clock in the eve. And after a nocturnal ride of 31 miles during which each of us alternately slept & drove we arrived at Mr. H's about 1 o'clo. at night.

Teusday June 9th 1840—After passing rather a sleepy forenoon I set out about 2 o'clock for the Territory. passed through Elgin, Dundee Cornish-Ville & arrived at the Lake-house kept by Mr. King at Crystal-lake ville about 8 o'clock, having walked 17½ miles.

Wednesday June 10th 1840—Took a very seasonable start this morning, went to see the lake and as far as Virginia Settlement

before breakfast. at 1 o'clock arrived at a Mr. Disbrow's 5 miles south of Big-foot Pra.[18] Arrived at Mr. [Phipps W.] Lake's[19] about 5 o'clock having traveled 25 miles. Went to see Mr. Geo. W. Trimbal[le] respecting his farm which Henry looked at Last fall and talked of buying. Saw the first Straw-berries in plentiness to-day

Thursday June 11th 1840—Did not start untill after breakfast this morning & after going round the east side of the prairie pursued a course a little north of west through openings of white, Black, & Burr oak & occasionally a marsh or slough untill after I crossed a branch of the Turtle Creek at a mile beyond which I came to Jefferson prarie. took dinner at a Mr. [Joseph] Pierce's, a mile from the East Side It is six miles wide & has several excellent springs. at the west side I changed my course to south of west & arrived at Beloit about 7 o'clock P. M. Put up at the Hotel which is kept by a Mr. Buntley, having traveled 25 miles.

Friday June 12th 1840—Started from Beloit about 7 o'clock this morning & proceeded up the river arrived at Janes Ville about 5 o'clock P. M. & having an opportunity rode across Rock prairie to Mr. Stearns' where I stopped for the night having traveled 23 miles.

Saturday June 13th 1840—Having but 14 m yet to go I started about 5 o'clock & arrived at Mr. Pratt's at 11 A M. Was glad once more to return home as White Water then seemed to me. Having sweat profusely for the last 3 or four days, I was much benefited by a delicious bath in the White Water dam.

[*To be continued*]

[18] In the town of Walworth, Walworth County. Nathan Disbrow lived near the Illinois line.

[19] Mr. Lake was a member of the state assembly in 1854.

LETTER OF SENATOR JAMES ROOD DOOLITTLE[1]

CHICAGO, ILL., April 16, 1880.

Gen'l C. A. Dana.

MY DEAR SIR:

Yours of the 12th is duly received for which I thank you most sincerely.

I agree with you that the name of John M. Palmer, if he could be nominated as the Democratic candidate, would probably lead us to victory over Gen'l Grant.

But let me tell you the difficulties in the way of his nomination. If, as is probable, the health of Mr. Tilden is such that he cannot be a candidate, let me say to you that the reason why Gen'l Palmer will not probably be nominated lies in the fact which neither you nor I can control, viz.; that the Illinois delegation cannot be united upon him. Many of the leading Democrats of this state will never forget nor forgive him because, like you and me, he acted with the Republican party during the war. Many others are committed to Col. Morrison, and many others are committed to the nomination of David Davis; and to his nomination Judge Trumbull will not consent.

It is the same eternal trouble growing out of the selfish wish of men to lead, to disorganization and defeat, rather than by self-sacrificing patriotism, to unite and organize a victory. It is the same thing which scourges New York, and causes all your troubles there.

Instead of saying all for the cause nothing for men; it is all the time *aut Caesar aut nullus*. When that spirit prevails as much

[1] This letter is copied by the contributor from what appears to be a rough draft of a letter to the late Charles A. Dana, at the time of its writing the editor of the New York *Sun*. The handwriting in the letter in question is clearly that of the late ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin. Of that fact there is not the possibility of a doubt. Whether or not the letter was ever sent may be more doubtful. As the entire "tone and tenor" of the letter comports exactly with what is believed to have been the sentiments of Judge Doolittle at that time, it is safe to say that the letter was sent, although the correspondence in the possession of the contributor does not disclose any reply by Mr. Dana. There are several political letters from Mr. Dana in the Doolittle correspondence, although they do not refer to this particular letter.

The letter is exceedingly interesting because the author of it was, at the time of its writing, familiar with all of the political facts with which it deals. Senator Doolittle was, moreover, a national figure of no mean proportions. Few public men were more widely known or more generally sought in the political campaigns of the period covered by this letter. We may, or we may not, agree with all that Mr. Doolittle chose to say about men and measures. But he was an intelligent and interested observer of current political events.—DUANE MOWRY.

as it now does in democratic councils, east and west, we cannot achieve victory; we hardly deserve victory.

Now, let me call to mind what has occurred four times in succession. In 1864, if the Democratic party had, by its platform, declared for the Union and for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, instead of declaring for "peace at any price," McClellan would have been president instead of Mr. Lincoln. You and I were then for the Republican party and for Mr. Lincoln; and against McClellan and the Democratic party; because the Republican party and Mr. Lincoln were right; and the Democratic party, and McClellan, in spite of his letter of acceptance, which struggled to set him right, were wrong. Had the Democrats then nominated Gen'l Dix upon a Union platform, he would have beaten Mr. Lincoln as certain as the election was held. But the Vallandighams would not allow that.

In 1868, Mr. Seymour, who, in spite of repeated declinations to accept, accepted the nomination, was defeated by Gen'l Grant, though a majority of the people did not want Gen'l Grant for president. It was because Mr. Seymour presided at that convention of 1864, which passed that suicidal platform of surrender to the Rebellion. In that convention of 1868, had a war Democrat been nominated, Gen'l Grant would never have been elected president.

I speak of what I know, for I stood upon the border line of parties then. I had lately presided over the Union Convention of Philadelphia, and from all quarters, by letters and otherwise, knew the feelings and aspirations of that great mass of conscientious men, who seek for truth, and follow the dictates of duty and patriotism wherever they lead, rather than obey the mere behests of party. I was then in the van, leading the War Democrats and Liberal Republican masses into alliance with the Democratic party and to the support of Mr. Seymour because the Democratic party was right upon the issues of 1868. You may, or you may not, call to mind the letter to Ostrander of Pennsylvania in which I appealed to them to come earnestly to the support of Mr. Seymour. I was in the canvass from the beginning to the end. I helped bear its burdens in several of the states;

and I tell you only what I know, that the mill stone on Mr. Seymour's neck, and which dragged him under, was not his speech to the New York rioters; but the fact that he presided over that Convention of 1864, which passed those resolutions.

Had Chase been nominated in 1868 (but Pendleton and others in Ohio would not consent to that), or had a War Democrat, English, of Connecticut, or Parker, of New Jersey, been nominated, he would have been elected, and Grant never would have been president. But this same rivalry and selfishness defeated us then, and forced the nomination of Seymour with a load upon his back too heavy for us to carry; and Grant was elected.

Again in 1872, when a very large portion of Liberal Republicans left the Grant party, and the Democratic party magnanimously said to them, if you will hold a Convention and nominate a candidate we will back you with all our power.

The same spirit of rivalry in the State of Illinois defeated us again, in the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati. Trumbull, Davis and Palmer all had friends, uncompromising friends. Neither would yield or consent that the Illinois delegation at the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati should unite on either. The result of this same selfish, unsacrificing spirit prevented the nomination of a candidate who would have been elected as certain as the revolutions of the earth; that forced the nomination of Mr. Greeley. If David Davis had been nominated at Cincinnati in 1872 for president and Horace Greeley for vice-president, they would have been supported by the Convention at Baltimore over which I presided; and at the polls by the whole rank and file of the Democratic party. Davis would have then carried Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, probably Wisconsin, and perhaps Pennsylvania. He would have carried New York, also.

But Mr. Greeley, while he was right upon the great question of Peace between the North and the South, and did all in his power to lead both to "shake hands over the bloody chasm," had, unfortunately all his life, done little else than abuse the Democratic Party; its men and its measures; and, so bitterly,

too, that thousands upon thousands, (although the great mass of its leaders and rank and file forgot and forgave it all and supported him heart and soul) shrank from the polls and did not vote at all; and thus Gen'l Grant was elected a second time as president.

Again in 1876, Mr. Tilden was nominated and was elected; but, unfortunately, he was elected by the votes of the South, mainly.

Had the Convention at St. Louis in the platform, only inserted a resolution, which I begged and implored them to do, to re-monetize the silver dollar; a measure which after the election, the public voice demanded in tones so loud that more than three-fourths of Congress voted for it; and which was carried over the president's veto, a measure by which alone we would have been able to resume specie payments. Mr. Tilden would have carried Illinois, and Ohio and Wisconsin, as well as New York and Indiana. The question of Solid South versus Solid North would have forever disappeared from our political struggles. There would have been no returning boards; no threat of civil war; no calling of armies, or of gunboats to help inaugurate a president who was never elected in March, 1877, at Washington; no Electoral Commission of 8 to 7, whereby a president, never elected, was put into office; and made a legal president; just as a child, bastard born, is made legitimate by the subsequent marriage of the parties.

Would to God some of the spirit of the Old Democratic Republican Party could return to inspire the hearts and guide the councils of the Democratic Convention to come off at Cincinnati in June next.

From the proceedings in Chicago last night at the Grant meeting, at which the only son of Lincoln presided; and young Stephen A. Douglas made a speech; and from the character of the men who called it, and managed it throughout, you may expect Illinois will go for Grant in the Republican Convention. He will be nominated on the first ballot, if not by acclamation.

If Grant is nominated, you may rest assured that there will be little or no substantial withdrawal of republican votes from

his support. There will be no third ticket of any moment in the Northern States. The Tribune here, with all its anti-third term articles, will support him. Its voice already this morning mellows in its tones; and it sees its opposition is likely to be unavailing. It is getting ready to bow to the inevitable. Grant's nomination will be a bitter pill to swallow, but bitter as it may be, they will swallow it; and unless we, on our side, nominate a man whose Union war record is as clear and certain and pronounced as that of Parker, of New Jersey, Hancock, of Pennsylvania, Groesbeck, Ewing, or Payne, of Ohio, Palmer, or Davis, or Trumbull, or Morrison, of Illinois, or Field, of California, his election is a certainty. Either of these gentlemen and others of that stamp, I believe we could elect over Grant.

In my letter to you I spoke of Mr. Parker, of New Jersey; You reply, if Mr. Tilden is not nominated no other eastern man will be. Now, my dear Sir, why could not Parker be nominated? And if nominated, why could not he be elected? Why could not Mr. Tilden, if his health is failing, give his voice and influence for one of these gentlemen, and give us a certain victory?

I hope you will not think I trespass on you by these long letters, written so freely and frankly to a friend, who, like myself, has done the country some service, and has no personal interest, or wish, that is not for the good of our cause, and of our common country.

Will you let me be favored with a still further expression of your views, from your stand point?

This letter you see, of course, is not intended for publication, but it is for free and frank and full consultation with one who is in a position to have a potent voice in shaping the future action of the Democratic party.

Truly yours,

J. R. Doolittle.

Editorial Note: Mr. Duane Mowry, the contributor of the above letter, is an enthusiastic admirer of the character and political career of Senator Doolittle. In submitting some other papers Mr. Mowry says: "Senator James Rood Doolittle, for twelve years, from 1857 to 1869, a United

States senator from Wisconsin, was one of the ablest as he was one of the most maligned and persistently misunderstood public men ever sent to Congress from Wisconsin. Not only was his ability of the strictly statesmanlike quality, but his integrity, both officially and in private life, was absolutely unsullied, in spite of the efforts of his political traducers to question and belittle it."

Senator Doolittle, in his career as a public man representing Wisconsin, experienced the embarrassment commonly incident to shifting from one party to another and back again. Beginning as a Democrat and ending his career as a Democrat, he coöperated during the Civil War with the Republican party because of his pronounced anti-slavery views, and was elected a senator from Wisconsin as a Republican. After the assassination of Lincoln and the split between President Johnson and the Republican party, Mr. Doolittle adhered to Johnson and brought down upon himself not merely the wrath of the party but the condemnation of the Wisconsin legislature, which by resolution called upon him, though unavailingly, to resign his senatorship.

Mr. Mowry is in possession of letters written to Senator Doolittle by men prominent in public life, expressing appreciation of his pronouncements on public affairs at critical times. Copies of three of these letters, of which a brief description follows, have been sent by Mr. Mowry to us with a view to their publication. We deem it sufficient to take this means of calling the attention of those interested to the fact that Mr. Mowry is in possession of the letters and that copies may also be found at the State Historical Library.

1. A letter from President Martin B. Anderson of the University of Rochester, under date of February 12, 1866, speaks of Mr. Doolittle's "triumphantly conclusive speech

on the monstrous heresy of state suicide. I can imagine the squirming of Sumner while listening to you," etc.

2. A letter from Lieut. Col. A. S. Daggett, dated Fort Wadsworth, New York, January 19, 1866, requesting a copy of Doolittle's speech delivered in the United States Senate on the seventeenth instant, which evidently refers to the speech praised also by President Anderson.

3. A letter from S. W. Thayer, dated Warsaw, New York, February 3, 1866, thanking Doolittle for his speech and praising it as presenting the "only true theory on which our Union can be restored and maintained."

Students of the character and political career of Senator Doolittle will be interested to know that Mr. Mowry has other Doolittle correspondence in addition to the above.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HISTORICAL "FIRSTS," "EXCLUSIVES," AND "INCOMPARABLES"

Prof. Frederick J. Turner once criticized a former student in his kindly, helpful, but perfectly frank and decisive manner for calling a distinguished pioneer state-builder whose career was under discussion a "great man." "Able, and influential, no doubt," said he, "but not great."

That comment struck home. The young neophyte was quite old enough and experienced enough in history to know that the title "great" applies properly in the rarest cases only. But biographical study is a seductive thing. Its essence is the contemplation of a given career isolated from other careers. This person had so filled his mind with the virtuous deeds and words of his favorite, his delight at the evident strength and originality of intellect growing with every new manifestation of it encountered in the sources, that almost unconsciously he came to express a judgment which was not intellectually discriminative and objective, but subjective and emotional. To correct that error required a distinct effort to see the subject in a perspective favorable to the assessment of his merits compared with those of other men.

The reason why biography is such a disappointing branch of history is illustrated by the above example. Without in the least wishing to exculpate the young scholar, in whom for many reasons I might be deeply interested, it is still true, as all are aware, that discriminating biographical judgments are the exception rather than the rule. We are all tempted to ascribe to those about whom we possess special knowledge a superiority over others about whom we know less; and the degree of the assigned superiority has a suspiciously close relation to the degree of fullness of our special knowledge.

The same principle applies rather widely in historical matters other than the biographical. Examples are particularly apt to occur in the domain of local history. We were told long ago that "the pole of the earth sticks out visibly in the center of every man's town or village." And most of us, when we undertake to write about our "town or village," assume that the pole sticks up high enough to enable the whole world to see the glorious banner we are going to fling out from its pinnacle. The local historian, like the biographer, tends to become obsessed with the idea that his town is ahead of others, and for the same reason—the absence of knowledge about others to correct the distorted outlines of his picture. Just as the cities of ancient Greece contended for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, so most modern towns, through their historian spokesmen, try to lay claim to some unique distinction, something in which they are *exclusive,* if not exclusive then *first,* and if not first at least *incomparable.* I do not now remember to have read any local history which was wholly free from such amiable indulgence in community self-gratulation, and frequently the basis of it is most unsubstantial.

A little more than a year ago, to my profound regret, I had the misfortune to wound the feelings of a local landmarks committee which was engaged in a most laudable work, when I objected to the wording of their proposed inscription, on a permanent bronze tablet, which recited that "the annals of Indian warfare show no parallel" to the battle the marker commemorated. As a matter of cold historical fact, the story of that battle, while revealing admirably the bravery, hardihood, and fighting morale of the few white soldiers engaged, is remarkable chiefly as the sole military incident in the annals of an otherwise uniformly peaceful neighborhood. One need not mount higher in the reading of Indian war history than the struggle

of the Puritans against the Pequot to find "parallels" to the particular battle to which allusion is here made. Local patriotism, however, insisted on the *incomparable,* and thus will it stand doubtless to the amazement of future generations. It goes without saying that some of the claims to the distinction of having the "first white child" in county, state, or region, the first mill, the first pottery, the only this, the greatest that, must of necessity be true. The difficulty is that, since local writers have a natural desire to distinguish their own localities they are tempted to put forward such claims indiscriminately, on hearsay evidence, with little or no previous investigation.

That is a tendency I hope to forestall in the cases of contributors to this magazine (who thus far have afforded us very few occasions for particular criticisms) by presenting the above considerations. To make a critical examination of proffered manuscripts is obviously an editor's duty. For, while on the negative side the magazine assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors, there is a positive moral obligation to be as helpful as possible to those who generously devote time and effort to the preparation of articles, and it is no kindness to permit a writer to commit historical errors in print. If we were all careful of our "firsts," one large class of potential errors would disappear.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN—REVELATIONS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENSUS

Thirty years ago it was customary for denizens of the older Wisconsin to think and speak of northern Wisconsin as if it were some foreign and almost alien country, containing limitless pine and hardwood forests, mill towns, and scattering lumber camps. Hardly at all was the region thought of as one possessing an established agricultural character, or even agricultural possibilities similar to those

of the south. It was known, indeed, that farmers had pressed forward to the sound of the steam mill whistle, and that some settlements existed to perform a kind of service of supply to lumbermen and loggers. But there was no general knowledge of the aggregate extent of such settlements and little imagination of the development destined to take place.

About that time the practical exhaustion of the first quality western prairie lands; the partial depopulation of regions once hopefully entered, where the rainfall proved inadequate for crops, like western Nebraska and Kansas; the sharp decline in the price of wheat and the resulting emphasis on the disadvantage of a long rail haul to market; all these factors generated in men a new vision of the farming possibilities in areas like northern Wisconsin, which had once been looked upon as hopeless, or as destined to remain unoccupied for indefinite periods of time.

Since pine lumbering was already in the "clean-up" stage, millions of acres of fertile cut-over lands were to be had for a song. Hardwood lumbering was extending as rail facilities opened area after area to profitable exploitation, so that settlers could often pay for clearing their land out of the sale price of the hardwood timber it yielded. Besides, there were hundreds of square miles of "double burned" lands which were all but ready for the plow.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that a new pioneering movement should have occurred, within our own state, which now turns out to have been quite as significant as some of those vast migrations from Wisconsin and elsewhere to the western prairies, like the rush into the Dakotas, with which older Wisconsin people are so familiar. For the census shows that the New North—the twenty-nine counties including Ashland, Barron, Bayfield, Burnett, Chippewa, Clark, Douglas, Dunn, Eau Claire, Florence, Forest, Iron, Jackson, Langlade, Lincoln, Marathon, Mari-

nette, Oconto, Oneida, Polk, Portage, Price, Rusk, Sawyer, Shawano, Taylor, Vilas, Washburn, and Wood—contained in 1920 more people than either one of the Dakotas, more than any of the Rocky Mountain States save Colorado, and nearly as many as Oregon despite her large seaport city. The aggregate, 703,000, is more than one-third as large as that of the balance of the state (forty-two counties), notwithstanding the presence of Milwaukee and of the other large cities in the south.

If we compare what the census calls the "rural population" in the north with that in the south, we find it already more than one-half as great. But the south's rural population practically stopped growing twenty years ago, while the north in twenty years gained 141,000 and is advancing apace. According to the census, one of the northern counties, Marathon, has a larger rural population than any other county of the seventy-one in the state, Dane standing second in the list. Little did our fathers dream that such a result would follow the destruction of the "pineries."

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1922, there were nine additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. One of these enrolled as a life member, Albert O. Trostel of Milwaukee.

Eight persons became annual members, as follows: Frank K. Bissell, Marshfield; Ernest Bruncken, Milwaukee; Robert Dessureau, Antigo; Dr. Alexander Dienst, Temple, Tex.; Manly J. Hemmens, Columbus, O.; Norman A. Knudson, Manitowoc; Richard B. Thiel, Algoma; Leonard A. Waehler, Lomira.

With this number this magazine enters upon the sixth year of its publication; it is believed it has succeeded in its object of drawing the Society's members more closely together and of keeping them informed of the various historical activities of the state, as well as of furnishing a medium for the publication of articles of value and interest to the people of Wisconsin. With this number also there begins a change in the editorship of the magazine. Dr. Milo M. Quaife, who was its originator and has had constant supervision of its interests, first as superintendent of the Society, then as editor of its publications, severed his connection with the Society the first of May. The success of the magazine has been due, in large part, to his unflagging zeal and broad ideals. The editorial chair will henceforth be occupied by the Society's superintendent, aided by the research associates and other members of the staff. It is planned to devote a portion of each number to some particular locality in the state; this number features the early days of Platteville.

Since the beginning of the year 1922 three of the Society's curators have died, of whom Judge Siebecker and the Hon. John Luchsinger were on the roll of the vice-presidents. The following brief sketches of their careers are presented in place of more extended biographies or obituaries.

Chief Justice Robert George Siebecker died at his home in Madison on the eleventh of February, 1922, aged sixty-seven years, three months, and twenty-five days. Judge Siebecker was a native of the town of Sumter, Sauk County, where his parents, who were immigrants from Germany, had settled three years before his birth, which occurred October 17, 1854. At eighteen he entered a private academy in Madison and afterwards completed a course in the University of Wisconsin before matriculating in the law school, from which he was graduated in 1880. He rose by successive steps from a trusted position as practising attorney (partner of Robert M. La Follette) to city attorney of Madison, to the judgeship of the ninth judicial circuit, and to the supreme bench, where his long, honorable, and distinguished service won for him the universal esteem of bench and bar throughout America. The career of Justice Siebecker had in it elements of great value to industrious and aspiring young men. It is to be hoped that an adequate biography of this honored jurist may some day be published for the benefit of Wisconsin

youth. He had been for many years a member of the Historical Society; he attended its meetings, participated in its councils, and as curator in recent years helped to shape its policies. The loss to the commonwealth in the untimely passing of such a man is a cause of poignant regret.

Hon. John Luchsinger passed away at his home in Monroe April 23, 1922, aged eighty-two years, nine months, and twenty-four days. Mr. Luchsinger migrated with his parents from Canton Glarus, Switzerland, at the age of seven and after spending ten years in Philadelphia, where he enjoyed the advantages of the Jefferson School, removed with his parents to New Glarus, Green County, Wisconsin, settling among the Swiss colony from the old home. Mr. Luchsinger became a leader in that colony, in the county, and in the state. He was farmer, legislator, lawyer, judge, and banker, as well as always a kind neighbor, a generous friend, and a wise counsellor both to his Swiss countrymen and to all others. He was deeply interested in the work of the Historical Society, writing for its *Collections* an authentic history of the Swiss colony of New Glarus, also a history of the cheese industry as carried on in New Glarus. Both papers have been widely distributed. No service which he was able to render the Society was ever withheld, and only a few weeks prior to his death he brought to the library documentary material needed in connection with our publications. In his removal the Society loses a dependable curator and officer, his community a chief benefactor, and the state an exemplar of the noblest citizenship.

June sixth last, Col. Jerome A. Watrous, curator of this Society since 1918, died at his Milwaukee home. Although born in New York State in 1840, Colonel Watrous was essentially a Wisconsin man, coming here in 1844 with his pioneering father and growing up in Calumet County. He was educated at Lawrence College and continued his education in the printer's trade and the editorial chair, serving on the Appleton *Crescent* during college days, and after the Civil War on the *Jackson County Banner*, the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth*, and the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph*. Young Watrous responded in 1861 to the call to arms; enlisting as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin, he obtained by his merits a commission and at the close of the war was brevetted captain for gallant conduct. During his editorial career he kept in close touch with the militia, serving on the staffs of Governor Fairchild and Governor Rusk. Promptly on the opening of the Spanish War he volunteered, was made paymaster and lieutenant colonel in the regular army. Thence he retired in 1904, after service in the West Indies and the Philippines. He was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, serving for both as commander of the Wisconsin department. In 1885 he was state pension agent and in 1889 collector of customs at Milwaukee. In May, 1919, he was appointed commandant of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, resigning in October, 1920. Although his term as curator of our Society was brief, he evinced much interest in our work and furnished freely his reminiscences of early days in Wisconsin.

The centenary of the birth of General Grant has revived many memories of his visits to Wisconsin. The southwestern part of the state recalls his frequent itineraries therein during his undistinguished pre-Civil War days in Galena. Grant came to Milwaukee in 1880 in the full flower of his prestige as general, president, and world traveler, to attend a reunion of Wisconsin's Civil War veterans. His escort was Milwaukee's Light Horse Squadron, first organized for this occasion. Grant was a guest at the home of a grandson of Alexander Hamilton, Charles H. Hamilton, who had been the General's classmate at West Point and had served with him in his campaigns on the Mississippi.

The Society was recently honored by a visit from Mrs. Lucy Preston Beale of Virginia, the great-granddaughter of Col. William Preston, whose papers constitute a portion of the Draper Manuscripts and who was himself an outstanding figure in the Western Movement. Colonel Preston came to America as a boy with his uncle Col. James Patton, who was in 1755, when on a journey examining western lands, murdered by Indians. Mrs. Beale had family recollections of this outstanding event in border history, which she related for the Society's benefit and which add to the vividness of this bit of frontier life. She also gave an interesting account of how Smithfield, the ancestral home of the Prestons, acquired its name through the bravery of its first mistress, Mrs. William Preston, née Susannah Smith. Among a host of historical stories we also chose to record from Mrs. Beale's description a vivid incident of the presidential campaign of 1848, in which her father, Gov. James Patton Preston, had a prominent part. Mrs. Beale expressed herself as greatly pleased at the interest taken by Wisconsin in the Preston papers, and her belief that but for our Society's careful preservation these papers would now be irretrievably lost.

THE ALFRED KITTREDGE HAMILTON PAPERS

Alfred K. Hamilton was one of Wisconsin's progressive business men, who began his career in our state during the Civil War and died at the close of the World War. He was born October 31, 1840, at Lynn, New Hampshire, entered Dartmouth College in 1859, and two years later became a West Point cadet, where after two years' study he ranked second in his class. For his standing at West Point he was granted his degree at Dartmouth with the class of 1863. An unfortunate accident at artillery drill cut short his military career, when young Hamilton, having already had experience in a sawmill in his native place, emigrated to Wisconsin and engaged in the lumber business at Fond du Lac. At first the firm name was Hamilton and Finley; later the senior partner operated alone, doing business on the Wolf River and around Winnebago Lake. In 1883 Mr. Hamilton removed to Milwaukee, where he had large business interests; he managed the Milwaukee Harvester Company and developed a lime and stone business at a place in Fond du Lac County to which was given his name. Mr. Hamilton was president of the Webster City and Southwestern Railway Company, director in many enterprises, and trustee from

1899 to 1918 of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. He died December 20, 1918, in California. His daughter Mrs. Charles J. McIntosh of Milwaukee has presented his papers to our Society under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the State of Wisconsin, of which she is state president.

The collection is not large, but it illustrates the methods of conducting the lumber business, with contracts for logs, scaling of rafts, inventories of lumber camps, price schedules, and so forth. Among these papers there are also a number of interesting letters from Gen. E. S. Bragg, Col. William F. Vilas, Sen. John L. Mitchell, and others prominent in the political field.

THE DIEDERICHS DIARY

Hon. Emil Baensch of Manitowoc has translated for our Society the contents of a small printed book of fifty-eight pages published in 1848 at Barmen. It contains the letters and journal of Johann F. Diederichs, who emigrated in 1847 from Elberfeld to America, and bought land near Manitowoc Rapids. The account is a vivid picture of the experiences of a German forty-four years old, who came with wife and four children to found a home in Wisconsin. Especially interesting are his descriptions of the life of the first year on the new farm, the building of the log house, the clearing of the land, the obtaining of stock. We hope in the future to publish portions of this translation.

THE SCHLAICH PAPERS

Capt. Julius Schlaich was born at Grossheppach, Wurtemberg, September 13, 1830; at the age of twenty-one he emigrated to Wisconsin and settled at Plymouth, where he became a prominent member of the community and in 1861 was appointed postmaster. He soon resigned, however, to recruit for Company B, Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Infantry, of which in September, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant. Eighteen months later Lieutenant Schlaich became captain of his company, and in November, 1864, was brevetted major for "meritorious service." After the Civil War Captain Schlaich resided in New York City until 1870, when he returned to Plymouth and there died March 11, 1919. His widow, Mrs. Augusta Schlaich, has on the instance of Curator Lacher presented to the Society a few papers; while former Mayor Charles Pfeiffer has donated the minute book for 1898 of the Plymouth Farmer und Gewerbe Verein, of which Captain Schlaich was a prominent member. A sketch of his career prepared by Mr. Lacher accompanies these gifts.

CHICAGO RELIC SOUGHT IN WISCONSIN

Chicago's first fire-fighting machine was bought in 1835 from Gurdon S. Hubbard, pioneer fur trader and early citizen of that place. The volunteer company by which it was operated called it "Fire King No. 1." It is a small affair mounted on wheels and equipped with two

brass single-action pumps. After doing valiant service for twenty-five years in the Windy City the still effective "Fire King" was sold in 1860 to the city of Stevens Point, where again it was actively employed in fire fighting for another quarter of a century. At its superannuation it was sold to a private party who used it for drainage work and finally stored the old veteran in a shed at Bancroft. There it was recently found by an agent of the Chicago Historical Society, who purchased the historic relic and had it transferred to its earliest home and installed in state in the historical society's rooms.

FRIENDS OF OUR NATIVE LANDSCAPE

The Illinois society of this name was organized in 1913 by Mr. Jens Jensen, landscape architect of Chicago. In 1920 the Wisconsin chapter came into being and in June of that year the first joint meeting was held at Devils Lake Park. The next June the Illinois association entertained at the canyons of Apple River, on the boundary of the two states. This year the joint meeting was held June 3 and 4 at Holy Hill, in Washington County, Wisconsin. About eighty Illinoisians were present; the numbers from Wisconsin have not been estimated but large delegations came from Milwaukee and Madison, including several of the professors in the College of Agriculture and the other departments of the State University. Members were also present from Fort Atkinson, Oshkosh, Baraboo, Fond du Lac, and other places. The society is devoted to the preservation and enjoyment of the beauties of nature and to the instruction of the public in the scientific, archeological, and historical features of our local environment. It aims to have an influence on the acquisition of state and local parks, upon the increasing delight in the life of the out-of-doors. The last meeting was especially enjoyable and developed a spirit of comradeship and appreciation that augurs well for the future of the society. John S. Donald was reëlected president of the Wisconsin society, and Prof. F. A. Aust secretary.

LAKE GENEVA PAGEANT

An elaborate pageant of Wisconsin and local history was presented on the lovely shores of Lake Geneva May 29, and may in itself be considered an historic event. Historical education was afforded to the large number of participants, and the whole community was imbued with a sentiment of affection and reverence for the past. The author was Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker of Chicago, who four years ago collaborated in the centennial pageants of the Illinois celebration. It was somewhat unfortunate that the exploded theory of Mound Builders as a separate race from the Indians was presented. The Indian scenes, especially the wedding feast and the dances, were particularly successful. Realistic were the Indian treaty and the struggle for land by conflicting claimants. A daughter of one of these claimants was in the audience. Wisconsin's admission to the union was dramatically rendered by the personification of the states and their warm welcome to the new sister. Lake Geneva will hereafter be alert to the significance and interest of her history.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

Seventy-five years ago last twenty-sixth of April, the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri was organized at Chicago for the entire Northwest. The diamond jubilee of this founding was celebrated widely throughout Wisconsin, where many affiliated churches of this synod now exist. Beginning in 1847 with twelve churches, it now numbers 4,300 pulpits, foreign missions of large proportions, and is one of the largest synodical bodies in America. President Harding sent congratulations to the officials, which were read at the several celebrations.

During the first week of June the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of St. John's Episcopal Church on the south side of Milwaukee was observed; the church building, now seventy years of age, was consecrated by Bishop Kemper.

Sunday, June 12, the St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Millersville, Sheboygan County, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its founding, with appropriate exercises. One of its founders, Johannes Dengel, is still living in the vicinity and was present at the services.

Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church of Milwaukee held a three-days' celebration of its sixtieth birthday last May. This church has occupied three buildings, its present one being at Fourth and Lee streets.

Oregon Methodist Episcopal Church was built by the grandfather of Dr. Philip Fox of that place, who was the first circuit rider in this vicinity. The church building, begun in 1861, was completed the next May. Last May the sixtieth anniversary of its dedication was celebrated by local members and Madison friends.

A jubilee observance on June 6 for St. John's Catholic Church near Hilbert brought out a notable assemblage of clergy, among them Rt. Rev. P. P. Rhode, bishop of Green Bay.

In March the Shawano Presbyterian Church held an historical review of the fifty years' existence of the organization. Dr. Ganfield of Carroll College was the chief speaker.

THE DRAMA OF RED BIRD

The Curtain Club, sponsored by the University faculty, presented at Madison, April 27, an historical play written by William Ellery Leonard, one of their number. Professor Leonard, who is a student of Indian lore, has already written and published *Glory of the Morning*, one of the best and most typical pieces of literature having the North American Indian for a theme. He had for some years been considering the tragedy of the Winnebago chief Red Bird, whose surrender to the army officers in 1827 has been called the most dramatic event in Wisconsin history. Using this event as a basis, Professor Leonard has produced a powerful drama, whose central theme is the conflicting ethical ideals of the two races red and white, and the inevitable tragedy that such diversity implies. Red Bird, the hero of the play, having heard that the whites had murdered one of his own tribe, felt morally bound to

avenge that death by the double massacre of two innocent white persons; then when American soldiers advanced against his tribe and threatened it with annihilation, he was impelled by his conscience to offer his own life in atonement for the salvation of his people. In prison he learns that his sacrifice has all been vain, that his supposedly murdered comrade still lives; he dies just as the president's pardon arrives to set him free.

The presentation of the character of Red Bird as conceived by Professor Leonard affords almost unlimited scope to any actor; the student who played the part acted it with conscientiousness and dignity. The lesser parts were finely conceived and the entire drama was presented with an earnestness that its quality warranted. The scenery was especially prepared for the occasion by the University department of manual arts, and showed typical Wisconsin landscapes at the Dells, Devils Lake, and Prairie du Chien. The audience recognized both the literary quality of the drama and its historic significance, representing an outstanding event in our pre-territorial history, as well as the innate nobility of our Indian predecessors.

COLLEGE CELEBRATIONS

Beloit and Lawrence colleges both celebrated in June their diamond jubilees, or the seventy-fifth anniversaries of their founding. Thus two of the best known of our Wisconsin colleges were begun a year before the admission of the state to the union. Throughout all the state's history, therefore, these two institutions of higher education, one in the southern and the other in the northeastern portion of Wisconsin, have been quietly but powerfully at work developing the finer manhood and womanhood of our commonwealth. The celebrations were reminiscent and historical in character, and brought back to Beloit and Appleton large bodies of loyal alumni. Pageantry was employed at both colleges to vivify the historical scenes of the institutions' beginnings; while historical addresses and personal reminiscences recalled early days. In subsequent numbers of this magazine, articles will appear on the origins of these two colleges and their place in Wisconsin educational history.

MUSEUM NOTES

The curator of the State Historical Museum, Mr. Charles E. Brown, is at all times glad to receive gifts of Indian stone, clay, bone, horn, shell, and metal implements, ornaments and ceremonial objects from original finders and collectors in every part of the state.

The work of preserving and marking Indian mound groups and other aboriginal landmarks and sites is progressing very favorably under the direction of the Indian Landmarks Committee of the State Historical Society, of which Mr. David Atwood is chairman. An additional impetus was given to this movement when a suggestion was made by the secretary of the Wisconsin Archeological Society that the

Fraternal Order of Eagles should undertake the care and marking of the effigy mounds of eagles and thunderbirds, scattered so widely over the state. This suggestion was received with enthusiasm at the order's annual state convention at Madison, June 5-8. It is hoped that under the auspices of this organization many such mounds may be conserved.

Beloit College has purchased for the Logan Museum the extensive archeological collection of Mr. Theodore Kumlien of Fort Atkinson. This collection consists chiefly of Indian stone and metal implements collected by its former owner in the Lake Koshkonong region.

The University of Wisconsin, through the State Historical Museum, has published for distribution to those teachers attending the summer session who are interested in American folklore, a leaflet of Paul Bunyan tales. Paul is the mythical hero of the lumberjacks, and tales of his great strength and wonderful exploits are told in the lumber camps from Maine to Wisconsin and westward to Washington and California.

A report on the Indian history and antiquities of Beaver Dam Lake, recently issued by the Wisconsin Archeological Society, shows the total number of Indian mounds formerly located about Beaver Dam to have been about fifty. Of thirty-two of these mounds, whose exact character is known, twenty-one were conical or round mounds, eight were effigy or animal-shaped mounds, and three were linear or wall-shaped earthworks. Of the effigies five were of the common panther (water spirit) type, two represented the turtle, and one was an unidentified quadruped. Beaver Dam is one of the localities in the state which up to the present date has failed to preserve for the public any of its notable Indian earthworks. Many have been destroyed, some of them needlessly. It is hoped that some local organization or the city itself will, before it shall be too late, undertake to preserve some of the few priceless prehistoric Indian monuments which remain.

Jefferson County, through its county board and rural planning committee, has purchased and placed in the care of the Wisconsin Archeological Society a tract of land at Aztalan, near Lake Mills, containing a group of nine large ceremonial and mortuary Indian mounds. This land is to be maintained by the state society as a free public park. Various improvements for the park are now being planned by a committee of the society consisting of Mr. Robert P. Ferry, Lake Mills; Dr. S. A. Barrett, Milwaukee; Mrs. H. A. Main, Fort Atkinson; and Messrs. David Atwood, John G. D. Mack, and Charles E. Brown, Madison. The earliest report of the site of this stockaded prehistoric village was published by N. F. Hyer in the Milwaukee *Advertiser* in 1837. A movement to secure the permanent preservation of the enclosure was conducted by the State Historical Society and the Wisconsin Archeological Society in 1919, through a joint committee of which the late Publius V. Lawson of Menasha was the chairman. A part of the money for the purchase of the row of mounds was contributed by the

school children of Jefferson County. Funds for the acquirement of the remainder of the site including the enclosure are now being raised by the Wisconsin chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a campaign in which the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs will also participate.

The Winnebago County Archeological and Historical Society held its annual pilgrimage at historic Black Wolf Point on the shore of Lake Winnebago, on the afternoon of June 24.

This was the site of an early Indian village, and a portion of the afternoon was spent in searching for and examining evidences of its former occupation. A large Indian boulder corn-mill having several depressions on its surface was of special interest. Mr. Halvor L. Skavlem of Janesville was the speaker of the occasion. He gave an interesting talk on the Indian antiquities of Lake Koshkonong, which he illustrated with a chart of numerous drawings. Basket lunches were partaken of and coffee made on the grounds was served to all present. The weather was perfect and the attendance was good, forty-one members being present.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society held its last regular indoor meeting at Milwaukee on May 15, and will not resume these meetings until the third Monday in October. Some of its members are now conducting archeological surveys and explorations in a number of Wisconsin counties. Mr. H. E. Cole has completed a surface survey of the Indian earthworks and other remains in the western half of Sauk County. Mr. Towne L. Miller is conducting researches in the Grand River region and elsewhere in the southern part of Green Lake County, and Rev. F. S. Dayton in Waupaca County. Dr. A. Gerend has been assisting in Jackson, Rev. J. H. McManus in Richland, and others in other counties. Mr. C. E. Brown recently spent several days in research work about Forest, Moose, Garvin, Grass, and other of the smaller lakes in Waukesha County. The society has published reports on the Indian landmarks about Fox Lake, in Dodge County, and about Beaver Dam Lake. A report on the "Stoneworks and Garden Beds in Winnebago County," by George R. Fox, is in press.

The Central Section of the American Anthropological Association was organized at a meeting held in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, on April 21, archeologists and ethnologists from eight Middle West states being in attendance. Dr. S. A. Barrett of Milwaukee was elected president of the section; Charles E. Brown, Madison, and Dr. W. C. Mills, Columbus, vice-presidents; and Mr. Ralph Linton, Chicago, secretary-treasurer. Dr. Berthold Laufer, Dr. Frederick Starr, George R. Fox, Prof. Louis B. Wolfenson, and Alanson Skinner were chosen as members of the board of directors. During the meeting visits were made to the Chicago Historical Society and the Chicago Academy of Sciences Museum.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Gen. Charles King ("Memories of a Busy Life") resides in Milwaukee. He is a well-known writer as well as a distinguished soldier and officer.

Hon. D. J. Gardner ("Incidents in the Early History of the Wisconsin Lead Mines") is one of the best known attorneys of Grant County, a pioneer resident of Platteville, and a careful student of local history.

Rev. Truman O. Douglass ("Platteville in Its First Quarter Century") was for half a century a leading pastor and officer of the Congregational Church in Iowa and an historian of that church. He now lives in retirement at Claremont, California.

Maria Greene Douglass ("Personal Recollections of Platteville") is the wife of Truman O. Douglass.

Mrs. Angie Kumlien Main lives on the Alfahill Farm, near Fort Atkinson. She is a granddaughter of the pioneer naturalist Thure Kumlien and is a frequent contributor to farm journals.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CORRECTION

I made an odd error in telling of Governor Rusk at the funeral of General Grant, published in the latest journal of the Historical Society.[1]

The funeral of General Grant took place in the late summer of 1885, the Milwaukee riots occurred in the late spring of 1886; yet in speaking of our big Governor I said that he was then in the heyday of his fame, etc. because of the stand he took in suppressing those riots. Having been at his side and on his staff on both occasions, I was thinking last winter, when dictating that chapter, of the attentions shown our Governor and the greetings of the people in the streets—and, long years later, by one of those tricks that memory plays, ascribed it to the incident of the Milwaukee riots, which made him famous.

It must have been his leonine physique, or, possibly, his phrase "Those men need bread, not bayonets," used on another occasion. At all events he "took" with the crowds even the year before he became a national figure.

CHARLES KING, *Milwaukee*

[1] *Wisconsin Magazine of History, June, 1922.*

THE QUESTION BOX

LETTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

There has recently come into my possession an autograph letter of George Washington directed to Colonel Seeley at or near Tappan or Tappas, state not mentioned but presumably New York, dated Kings Ferry, August 21st, 1781.

I am writing to ask if it would be consistent with your responsibilities to tell me something about the location of Kings Ferry, which I assume to be just north of New York City; also of the location of Tappan, and if there is available any historical mention of the Colonel Seeley referred to in the letter, or Colonel Dayton, and possibly something of the military history in which they participated about August 21, 1781. GEORGE H. MILNE, *Kenosha*

You have in this letter of Washington an interesting souvenir of the last campaign of the Revolutionary War. In May, 1781, Washington had a conference at Wethersfield, Connecticut, with the Count de Rochambeau, in command of the French army then at Newport, Rhode Island. As a result of that conference Rochambeau left Newport June 9 and by early July was on the Hudson, where Washington July 3 attacked without success the British in New York. The combined armies then retired up the Hudson, where Washington made headquarters at Dobbs Ferry and Rochambeau at Peekskill. It was the fourteenth of August when Washington received word that the Count de Grasse was sailing with a large fleet from the West Indies and would land his troops on Chesapeake Bay. The commander-in-chief immediately determined to transfer his own army to Virginia, where he successfully captured Cornwallis three months later. It was necessary to march with as much secrecy as possible in order not to give Clinton in New York word of Washington's plan and destination. He therefore made a feint towards Sandy Hook in order to deceive the British. Washington himself took station at Kings Ferry, now Verplanck Point on the Hudson, where the army, both American and French, crossed.

Both Colonel Seeley and Colonel Dayton were officers commanding New Jersey militia stationed on the west side of the Hudson southwest of Kings Ferry. The village of Tappan, where

Seeley probably was, is just on the boundary between New York and New Jersey. It lay on a principal highway, and had long been used as a camping ground. In 1778 Washington had headquarters at Tappan; he came there again in 1780 upon a very sad errand, when a court of inquiry met to determine the guilt of Major John André. There October 2, 1780, he was executed as a spy. Colonel Seeley was evidently in charge of the road leading from Dobbs Ferry to Tappan, since among the Washington letters in the Library of Congress is a draft of one dated the same day as yours, addressed to Col. Sylvanus Seeley at Dobbs Ferry. By York Island there can be no doubt Manhattan Island is indicated.

We have been unable to find anything personal about Colonel Seeley. He was a captain in 1776 of the New Jersey militia; promoted to a majority May 23, 1777; to a colonelcy in November of the same year. He was apparently never on the Continental establishment, but was a brave and trusted militia officer. As for Colonel Dayton, it is not easy to determine whether the one mentioned was Col. Elias Dayton or his more famous son Jonathan. The former commanded New Jersey regiments throughout the war, and at its close was made brigadier general. Jonathan Dayton was at the surrender at Yorktown; he may have been with Lafayette in Virginia before Washington marched south. He was one of the New Jersey representatives in the constitutional convention of 1787; in Congress from New Jersey, 1791-1799, part of the time as speaker; senator from New Jersey, 1799 to 1805.

THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN

Is there any special book or books or records of any kind dealing with the history of the east shore of Lake Michigan? Were there any early explorers aside from Marquette who coasted up this shore? La Salle went only to the mouth of the St. Joseph, I believe. Do you know any reason why the Muskegon River should appear on Franquelin's map of 1684 as "Riviere des Iroquois?"

KENNETH G. SMITH, *Lansing, Mich.*

In answer to your queries we know of no book that deals particularly with the east shore of Lake Michigan. It was a route not as much followed as the west shore; at first probably for fear

of the Iroquois, later because of currents and the availability of winds. Marquette's is the first recorded voyage, although we are of opinion that Jolliet in the autumn of 1673 and spring of 1674 did some exploring in that region. This cannot be proved; it is merely inferred from his maps. The next recorded voyage is that of Tonti, when he came to join La Salle in 1679 at the mouth of the St. Joseph. You will find his account in Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 288-289, very brief indeed! No other voyage on this shore during the seventeenth century seems to have been made for fear of the Iroquois, who were from 1680 to 1701 on the warpath against the western tribes. That also answers your second question, concerning the name. There are several place names in the West taken from Iroquois battles; Iroquois Point just beyond the Sault St. Marie as one enters Lake Superior, named for a battle in 1653; Iroquois River in Illinois, tributary to the Kankakee, named for some ambuscade or raid of the Iroquois from New York. We do not know what events gave Franquelin the name Iroquois River; there were many raids in the years between 1680 and 1684, so that it is not difficult to account for the name. You can find secondary accounts both in Parkman's *La Salle*, and in his *Frontenac*.

One of the earliest descriptions of a voyage on the east coast of Lake Michigan is that of Father Pierre Francois Xavier Charlevoix on his voyage of exploration in 1721. He mentions the Pere Marquette, the St. Nicholas, the Black rivers, and describes the shore. It is difficult to find this account in English; there has been no complete English edition since the translations of 1761 and 1763.

EARLY HISTORY OF ALGOMA

Please send me what material you have on the history of the city of Algoma in Kewaunee County.

FRANK R. SNYDER, *Casco*

Algoma was known until 1897 as Ahnapee, an Indian word which meant when, or when it happened. There was an Algoma just above Oshkosh, which was later incorporated into that city. It is a generic name for the Algonquian people. There are Algomas in Michigan, in Canada, and perhaps in other places.

Ahnapee was settled first from Manitowoc; one Joseph McCormick is said to have explored the region as early as 1834, but the first settlers came in 1851. Edward Tweedale was an Englishman who built the first house on this site in 1851; there his son William A. was born in September, the first native of Ahnapee. By Christmas there were three families present, who celebrated the day with a huge salt-pork pie. A sailing vessel called the *Citizen* plied between this port and Manitowoc. In 1852 came Abraham Hall and two years later his brother Simon Hall, who built the first mill and opened in 1855 the first store. By 1856 the steamboat *Cleveland* began landings at this port and settlers came in very fast. By 1860 there were 718 in what is now Ahnapee Township, and in 1870 this number had increased to 1544. In 1871 terrible fires spread through this region; nevertheless it quickly recovered and in 1873 the village was incorporated. Harbor improvements began in 1876, and by 1880 $100,000 had been expended. The place became a city in 1879; its first mayor was Samuel Perry. There were five churches here at this time. The settlers were of many nationalities: English, Bohemians, Germans, Irish, Dutch, Danes, and Belgians, as well as Americans. By 1880 the city had a population of 978, increased to 1015 in 1890. It touched 2082 in 1910, and in 1920 had 1911 inhabitants. The first newspaper was established in 1873, called the Ahnapee *Record*. The first railway, the Ahnapee and Western, came in about 1892, and by 1894 was extended to Sturgeon Bay.

This community is still so young that many of the first settlers must be yet living. It would be well to gather remembrances of early days.

WHITNEY'S MILLS

I am trying to locate an old town in Wisconsin, which evidently has been absorbed by some other community, for it does not appear in any index or atlas I have consulted. During 1857 it was called Whitney Mills and was in the vicinity of the Wisconsin River near Dodgeville.

It is the birthplace of an old lady who is now eighty-five years of age. Her maiden name was Emmeline Henshaw Whitney and her family held large tracts of land; hence, the family name was used to designate their holdings.

Her relatives are anxious to drive to her old home this summer and take pictures of the beautiful country which she left in 1857 to journey west to California.

ADELE H. MAZE, *Oak Park, Ill.*

The Whitneys were among the first Americans in Wisconsin. Daniel Whitney, who came from New Hampshire to Green Bay in 1819, was one of the most enterprising men of pre-territorial times. Between 1825 and 1830 he built a shot tower on the lower Wisconsin, in what is now known as Tower Hill Assembly Grounds, a tract of land lately owned by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose widow has given it to the state for a park. This very interesting relic of early Wisconsin is most easily reached from Spring Green, on the opposite side of the river. We think that the lady whom you mention was the daughter of Daniel Whitney's nephew, David B. Whitney, born in 1804 in New Hampshire. He came to Wisconsin to go into partnership with his uncle, and died at Helena, August 29, 1838. You will find mention of him in *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xiii, 349, note. It is stated there that he was a cousin of Daniel Whitney; the Whitney genealogy shows that he was a nephew, son of his brother Samuel, and that he married Maria Wright, who married again after his death and went to California. Whitney's Mills, however, was some distance from Helena and the shot tower. You will see on page 345 of *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xiii, that an English visitor in 1835 found David Whitney at Helena; but when John Wilson came late that same year to be manager of the shot tower, David Whitney had removed his wife and family to Whitney's Mills on the upper Wisconsin, where Daniel Whitney of Green Bay had secured in 1830 a mill privilege in what was then Indian territory. He built there in 1831-32 a sawmill, one of the first if not the very first on the Wisconsin River. This place was called Whitney's Mills, and is described as seventy miles above Portage, just below Point Bas. Point Bas is in Saratoga Township of Wood County, about six miles below Grand Rapids or, as the city is now called, Wisconsin Rapids. An old map of Wisconsin in 1839 shows "Whitney's Mill" on the east side of the river not far above the present dividing line between Wood and Adams counties. It may have been opposite the present Nekoosa or

just below that place. Probably old settlers would know what portion of the river went by the name of Whitney's Rapids.

BEGINNINGS IN PRICE COUNTY

Our class would like to obtain information about this part of Wisconsin (Price County). We are required to write about the local history of our community and would appreciate any information you are able to give.

ELVING C. OLSON, *Spirit*

Price County is the watershed between the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers; through all this region the primitive Indians roamed, chiefly those of the Chippewa tribe. Soon after the discovery of the Northwest by the French, traders began to seek out these Indians. There is, however, no record of a fur trading post nearer than Lac du Flambeau. As the fur trade was the earliest industry, lumbering was the next to develop. During the decades of the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century lumbermen penetrated farther and farther into northern Wisconsin. One of the big operators who had risen in the trade was William T. Price, who afterwards went to the legislature and in 1879 was president of the state senate. About that time the Wisconsin Central Railroad was being built, so in that year several ranges and townships were detached on the one side from Chippewa County, and on the other from Lincoln County, and erected into a new county, called by the name of the president of the senate.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad received a grant of government land including alternate sections within twenty miles of its line. In 1879 its land agent, Mr. Kent K. Kennan, was sent to Europe to advertise the lands, and in 1880 he was likewise appointed state agent for immigration. He had an office at Basle, Switzerland, and sent out many pamphlets which induced a large immigration from Bavaria and other parts of southern Germany. Many of these immigrants had seen service in the Franco-Prussian War, and were eager to come to the United States to escape further warfare. Others came to better themselves and to make homes for themselves and their children. There must be many of these older pioneers still living in your

vicinity, who would be glad to relate to you their experiences of pioneer days. The Scandinavian immigration seems to have followed the German and to have settled largely in the south-eastern part of the county.