THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 1920

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY is published quarterly by the Society, at 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin, in September, December, March, and June, and is distributed to its members and exchanges; others who so desire may receive it for the annual subscription of two dollars, payable in advance; single numbers may be had for fifty cents. All correspondence concerning the magazine should be addressed to the office of the State Historical Society, Madison, Wis.

Entered as second-class matter, December 17, 1917, at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Collegiate Press
GEORGE BANTA PUBLISHING COMPANY
MENASHA, WISCONSIN

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MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM G. HAAN

VOL. IV 1920-1921

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

CONTENTS

THE DIVISION AS A FIGHTING MACHINE

WHAT IT IS, HOW PREPARED FROM ITS INCEPTION TO ITS ACTION IN BATTLE, AND ITS TROUBLES AND PLEASURES IN ITS HARDEST DAY'S FIGHT, FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE DIVISION COMMANDER

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM G. HAAN

It is my purpose to show in this paper, very briefly, the outlines of a division organization, the theory of its training, in general what it is composed of; to present a very brief outline, also, of its early experience in training and in action; and finally to give as accurate a picture as I can of its supreme test when after many days' fighting it was called upon to do in a single thrust a task which in its overpowering magnitude well-nigh unnerved its commander.

This day was the fourteenth of October, 1918, when the Thirty-second Division was called upon to assault, capture, and pass over the last organized line of the famous Hindenburg position, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. This line included the high and strongly held position south of the village of Romagne and extended through the heights known as La Cote Dame Marie. A description of this position will be given later.

First, then, let us go back and look for a moment upon the Division as it was organized from the troops of Wisconsin and Michigan in Texas, where many new units had to be formed and where none of the old units fitted. A complete reorganization had to be made. All of this was accomplished with the loyal support of the senior officers and subordinate officers, who must have felt very keenly seeing their old organizations with which they had been serving for many months thus disrupted for the purpose of making a fighting unit on modern lines. To the credit of all these officers and

men let it be said that no complaint ever reached the Division Commander; let it be further said that the brigade commanders and regimental commanders with whom I had occasion daily to confer showed only a spirit of wishing to help make a fighting unit.

We shall pass by these early stages, merely remarking that while the reorganization was going on the training did not stop. The full seven hours of training went on daily on the drill grounds, on the ranges, on the bayonet courses, in the schools, and everywhere, while in the office the staff was patiently working on reorganization under a policy adopted by the Division Commander after full consultation and agreement with the brigade commanders.

One word here in regard to training: From the beginning it was one of my principle functions to keep before the eyes and minds of the officers and men the fact that the Thirty-second Division was going to fight; that all of our training must be conducted with that end constantly in view; and that only such officers should accompany the Division to France as by their physical fitness, their age, and their aptitude for commanding men in battle were considered fully qualified for leading against the enemy the splendid men of which the Division was to be composed.

For many years, in fact since its organization, the only kind of fighting for which the United States Army has been trained is the offensive. We have always believed that it is only offensive action that can win battles and wars; and under that theory it became the duty of the Division Commander at these early stages to visualize his division in future offensive action, in order that he could adopt a proper doctrine of training so as to instill into each man and each element which were finally to make up his fighting unit that kind of training which would make it of most use in a fighting machine in which offensive tactics were the *only tactics that were to be used in battle.*

Such visualization by the particular Division Commander in reference was a rather difficult procedure, as will be realized when it is remembered that the largest force he had ever commanded was only slightly in excess of the number of commissioned officers he now had in his command—still more difficult when it is remembered that the methods of warfare, the tactical operations that had taken place in this war had given somewhat of a setback to our theory of training for the offensive only. The difficulties of this situation were somewhat increased when we read in the first paragraph of training instructions issued from the Army War College the following expression: "Trench warfare is of paramount importance." Fortunately, before a system of trenches could be completed and much instruction given this particular paragraph in the War Department instructions was revoked, and we went back to our original theory of offensive tactics only. In this connection it may be interesting to note that as late as June 16, 1918, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies issued elaborate instructions to all the allied armies as to how defensive warfare should be carried on to meet German attacks. I will not quote here all of that paper, but merely the last few sections, which show how the French Commander-in-Chief was thinking at that late date. He says:

> In a word our command can prepare a defensive battle corresponding to the offensive method practiced by the enemy.
>
> This method above all aims at disorganizing the command, not allowing it time to make judicious dispositions. The method will be outwitted if our command has laid out for itself in advance a line of rational conduct, if it has drawn up a program that is capable of as sure and rapid execution as possible, and if it then has a strength of purpose to hold to it by directing the battle at every moment.
>
> This mastery of the command is communicated instantly to the troops. It is the challenge for the execution by these troops of the most difficult mission.
>
> (Signed) F. Foch

This was on June 16 when our Division was in the front line near Belfort—the very day on which I took over the

active tactical command of my own Division and the Ninth French Division. This was the first time an American officer had the honor of commanding a French Division.

Aside from what is above quoted, some elaborate instructions are contained in General Foch's paper showing that the front line elements, the outpost troops, must stay in their places and fight to the last man, with a view to breaking up the enemy's advancing lines so that our battle positions or the second line would be able to hold them completely. In transmitting these instructions to division and higher commanders, General Pershing added the following postscript to these instructions:—

> Commanders will show by their attitude that they give full, loyal, and sympathetic support to the execution of the above instructions of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies.

It is very evident that General Pershing, however, was not satisfied with this defensive attitude, for on July 11, 1918, he issued the following, both papers reaching division commanders on the same day:—

> INSTRUCTIONS ON TACTICAL DISPOSITION
>
> 1. The ultimate purpose of the American Army is the decisive defeat of the enemy, and not the mere passive result of the pure defensive. To realize this ultimate purpose, it is essential that every officer and soldier of these forces be imbued with the offensive spirit.

Then General Pershing goes on to describe somewhat in detail the methods of preparing the troops in morale and in training. In fact, he lays down the doctrine of training to get the troops not only instructed correctly for the kind of fighting that he believes in, but to get them into the right frame of mind, the right kind of morale, the right kind of esprit de corps. These latter we found very important considerations during battle.

Perhaps these quotations may throw a little further light upon the statements made above that from the very beginning of training the commander must visualize the kind of

fighting his division will be called upon to do; otherwise he cannot adopt the correct "doctrine" of training the various elements.

One must now keep in mind that for the next seven or eight months there was daily work from morning until night under the guidance of the same idea, namely, to produce from a conglomeration of men, animals, and material a machine which would carry out in battle the single idea of a single mind, itself controlled by instructions from the higher command, making this smallest fighting unit of all arms, the division, in itself work as a single element in conjunction with hundreds of other similar elements that made up the great Allied Army, which again was finally controlled by a single mind. It is the ultimate in organization to make all elements of an army composed of some twenty different nationalities speaking different languages—some seven million men operating on half a dozen separate fronts—respond to the will of a single commander. This power of organization and the putting of it into effect won the war.

After four months of work and training and study and organization and reorganization in Texas it was a pleasure to find that when the order to move came the officers of the various grades in the Division had grasped many of their functions, and it was no longer necessary to lead them about and tell them what to do. They began to understand what was meant by orders. Nothing further need be said in regard to this first move of the Thirty-second Division than that each unit was ready to entrain at the place and time set by the schedule for the trains. Unfortunately, the train crews had not had the same kind of training and, in consequence, were never at the appointed place at the designated hour; and our Division straggled from Texas to New York, a glowing example of the inefficiency of our railroad service, of the very efficiency of which we had heard so much.

From twenty-four to forty-eight hours late upon arrival was the rule and not the exception for trains in New York; they were all late, without any exceptions.

A complete division is difficult to visualize. One must see it with all its armament, troops, and trains to begin to understand—infantry brigades, machine gun battalions, artillery, engineers, trench mortar battery, signal corps, ammunition trains, supply trains, sanitary trains, mobile repair shops, medical corps troops, field hospitals, ambulance companies, brigade staffs, division staff. In personnel 28,000, animals some 9,000, motor cars, motor trucks, tanks, balloons, air planes, and last but not least, the military police. In a single close column—men marching in column of fours well closed up—the division is now more than thirty miles long. It was a liberal education in military organization thus to see the First Division upon its return parade in New York and Washington with all its transportation, men, animals, and full campaign equipment. The division headquarters is the nerve center of the entire organization. It is the business center; and when the division has been trained for battle it promptly responds to the plans of its commander, promulgated in orders through the staff and system of communication.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the mortifying fact that upon our arrival in France early in March we were made temporarily a replacement and labor division, because we got out of that; and right glad were all the men in the Division when they heard that we were going to the front. Let us pass over this period merely by saying that as soon as we got our men together again our training started anew, and when we got on the front line our training continued with greater speed and with greater effectiveness, but always with the offensive spirit. The doctrine of training had that objective in view all the time.

While the Division was in Texas in training, we worked under our old staff system. Upon arrival in France, our staff officers were gradually taken away from us and new staff officers assigned. These new officers had had some training in the American Staff College in France, where they were studying the handling, equipping, and fighting of larger bodies of men than the world had ever before known. Gradually the staff work was taken over by the proper staff officers, thereby relieving the Commander in a greater and greater measure from details and permitting him to give more attention to his front line work and the combat preparation of his combat troops for front line work. I have estimated that while in Texas seventy per cent of the time of the Division Commander was required for administrative work. In June, six months later, when the Division was in the front line near Belfort, only ten per cent of his time was necessary for administrative work; and when finally the Division went into the big fight north of the Marne only about five per cent of his time was necessary; yet the functioning of everything was greatly superior to what it had been before.

When on the twenty-ninth of July our Division relieved the Third Division, then for the first time it became the duty of the Division Commander to make a plan of battle and of his staff to prepare the battle orders. Here, then, was to be put to the test whether or not our doctrine of training for fighting on the offensive had been correct—whether we were going to take the offensive in battle, or whether we were to remain on the defensive. Please note that the twenty-ninth of July, 1918, was only eighteen days after General Pershing issued his famous "Instructions on Tactical Disposition," a part of which I have already quoted. I may remark here that while it was indeed gratifying to receive from our own Commander-in-Chief these instructions, they made no change in the

training that was going on in the Thirty-second Division. That Division had trained for offensive combat from the day it arrived in Camp MacArthur at Waco, Texas. It continued that kind of training during all of its training periods and it continued that kind of fighting up to November 11, when the fighting stopped.

I cannot say that I felt any anxiety whatever as to the outcome of the first battle of the Thirty-second Division. It was not a very great undertaking, although our gallant Third Division had made several attempts to take the position and each time had to withdraw. It was too exhausted after its heavy fighting in driving the enemy across the Marne and up the hills to the north of the river to make another great effort; but our fresh troops went forward as at drill, and never for a moment did I think that they would do anything else—never for a moment did it occur to me that they might fail in this first attempt. I felt sure that the kind of training they had received and the kind of men they were would guarantee success in the task that was given them. In this they fully justified every expectation. They took their objective by assault, organized it, and held it until they got orders to proceed to the next objective, and so on, and so on, and so on continuously until eight days later they had driven the enemy back nineteen kilometers and had captured the famous stronghold and railhead of Fismes and driven the enemy across the Vesle River. Then the Division was withdrawn and given a short period of ten days for reorganization and further training. Then it was given another task. Everything began to move more smoothly, and orders given by the Division Commander were immediately visualized by the corresponding movement of the elements of the Division called upon to move. Everywhere was order, and everything was done in an orderly manner; it was businesslike. The Division Commander's office, though not as a rule in a comfortable place,

was always characterized by a business spirit and business-like transaction of business. The Chief of Staff and his assistants had their offices—if they may be called offices—arranged always in an orderly manner; electric lights appeared as regularly as darkness came. And so the Division was developed into a fighting machine composed of all the elements necessary for carrying on combat.

After the Division had completed its second great battle with General Mangin's Tenth Army with the capture of Juvigny, a key point in the line, and approximately 1,000 prisoners and much material in the way of guns and ammunition, it was taken away and sent to our great First Army, with which it was finally to fight its greatest and last battle.

I fear it will be a difficult thing to give a description that will be anything like a reasonably accurate picture of what confronted the Division when it went into the front line near the famous town of Montfaucon, where the German Crown Prince had had his observation point to observe the German Army in its fighting and attacks on the Verdun positions. It is impossible to describe these conditions to one who has not been over the ground, I think, and make him realize quite what the situation there was. A Congressman traveling through these woods in attempting to describe what he saw remarked as follows:

> I saw such spots where in the little forest American boys laid down their priceless lives—a little forest filled with tangled vines, and fallen trees, and jagged rocks, and little hidden fissures, and tangled vines, and fallen trees, and tumbled, jumbled saplings, and deep trenches, and concrete peepholes, and German dugouts, and interlaced branches—so that when we had followed the Captain who was our escort and who himself had fought in that fight—when we had followed him in and out, up and down, and over and under, I for one was utterly exhausted without any pack and without any burden of ammunition.

Let me say here that this Congressman passed through this little wood with a guide, not under fire, in the daytime, and at his leisure; let me say further that the Thirty-second Division passed through this wood on the night of Septem-

ber 28 in a cold downpour of rain, in the darkest night that I have ever seen, or rather felt, at a time when the only road or trail through No Man's Land, some three miles wide and through these little woods, was completely blocked with stalled vehicles so that the men had to pick their way alongside of the road, over tangled wire, in mud, and under fire of the enemy's artillery. Yet there were no complaints. The Division had become a fighting unit; the Division Commander was personally leading his Division through these tangled, jumbled saplings and trenches and wire, himself having reconnoitered the previous day the trail by which he was to lead his Division during this famous night to the relief of the Thirty-seventh Division, which had become exhausted and which had to be withdrawn from the line. The men marched all night with their 75-pound packs, arriving at the northern edge of the woods, a description of which has been attempted. At midnight I found the headquarters and the Commander of the Thirty-seventh Division and presented my orders for the relief of his Division. This was the first information he had that his Division was to be relieved, because metallic telephonic connection had been interrupted between his Division and the Corps Headquarters. The next day it continued to rain, and it continued to be cold, but, fortunately, it was also misty, so that during the daytime it was practicable to locate the elements of the Division we were to relieve; and it was also practicable during the daytime to relieve all but the front elements of the entire Division; during the early hours of the next night the remainder of the Division was relieved.

Therefore, on the first of October our Division was again crouching for another offensive. Its front elements were again in contact with the enemy on a line running east and west a few hundred meters south of the village of Cierges, the same name as the first village that the Division captured in its first battle. The evening of October 1 found our line

to the north of this Cierges No. 2 and the village in our possession.

I will not attempt a description of how the Division advanced from this initial position to its final jump-off line on the morning of October 14, except to say that every inch of this ground was fought over and fought for by the enemy, and that while the Division had no large pitched battles in gaining these five kilometers of ground, yet it had continuous fighting by most of its elements for a period of two weeks, during which our losses were approximately 4,000. It should be observed that this was mostly open ground and that the enemy was strongly intrenched on the heights to the south and west of Romagne, which was the position that had to be finally taken by assault.

When we had reached within about two thousand yards of this position, or perhaps a little more, a combined effort of all the divisions in our immediate vicinity was made to advance the entire line and if possible carry the strong position—the Kriemhilde Stellung. For this very careful preparation had been made, a careful plan had been drawn up, and the orders for the battle most carefully prepared in detail. A chart graphically representing the instructions given was distributed with the order, and I have heard from all regimental commanders and many others to the effect that this chart was a great assistance to them in maneuvering their units in accordance with the plans of the Division Commander, as expressed in the battle orders.

The advance was made as planned for a distance of about fifteen hundred meters—that is until the advance elements came practically in touch with the enemy's wire protecting the strong Kriemhilde line on the heights to the southwest of Romagne. In two places—one directly to the south of the village of Romagne and the other in the left center of the sector—did our troops succeed in penetrating this powerful position. The remainder of the line was held

up in front of the wire, and these penetrations had been so narrow and the forces going through so small that it was impossible for them to hold their positions; in consequence of this they were withdrawn.

I desire here for a moment to refer to the only serious error that was made during the entire fighting in transmitting information from the front line to the Division Commander. The battalion which had penetrated into the enemy's position in the left center of the sector sent word back that they had penetrated the enemy's line and had captured the strong position of La Cote Dame Marie. This position was the key point of the entire Kriemhilde line, which was the last organized and strongly-held line of the Hindenburg position. I had these reports briefly investigated and received confirmatory information to the effect that we occupied the key position, La Cote Dame Marie, and the entire trench position from that point to the right of the sector and I so reported to the higher command. It was mainly upon this information that the entire army received orders to attack along its whole front on the morning of October 14.

It was not until about noon of October 13, and after the order that a general attack would be made on the morning of the fourteenth had been received from the higher command, that I ascertained the real truth about the position of my front line. You can imagine, therefore, the state of my mind when I learned the cold facts that we had not captured the key position; that we did not occupy the strong position across the front of our sector which was covered by triple lines of barbed wire; that this position was still held by the enemy; and that our troops were still south of that position but close up to the wire. For just about five minutes, when the real facts became positively known to me—when the real facts had fully permeated my somewhat dazed brain that not only had I been misinformed but that I

in turn had misinformed the higher command as to my position in such an important place and at such a critical time—for about five minutes I suffered the greatest depression of my life. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance that when I received this information I was alone except for my orderly, who was near by, and therefore I could not communicate any feelings of depression to my staff. When I had time to recover I called my Chief of Staff and told him that since we did not have the position we would have to take it and that we had no time to lose. The next morning the entire line was to advance in a great battle. Those instructions had already been received from the higher command. I made my plan—made it brief. I knew exactly how I wanted to attack the positions with the greatest possibility of success. After having completed that plan and having given some instructions to the Artillery Commander, I proceeded on a visit to my brigade and regimental commanders, leaving to my staff the preparation of the battle orders. I felt that now as never before, and perhaps as never again, would it be necessary to raise the morale of our troops to the very highest pitch, to make them believe that not only must the position be taken but that we must make them believe that we would take it—that we could take it; in fact, the offensive spirit had to be driven into the troops between noon and midnight of that day so that when the call came for them to advance at daylight the next morning nothing in front of them should stop them.

I reached my brigade commanders, who had their headquarters close together—so close that in a minute I could call them together and have a conference. I told them what was in my mind in regard to taking the position—that it was not a question of whether we could or could not, but that we would take it the next morning, and no one must discuss it in any other sense; that we would take that position and nothing else would do; we would not only take

the position, but would go on beyond and keep on going; and that they must assist me in putting such an offensive spirit into our troops before midnight of that night that nothing should stop them the next morning. I think I was fortunate in that while I was talking to my brigade commanders on that very point, General Summerall, the Corps Commander, who had been at my headquarters, and when he found that I had gone to see my brigade commanders had followed me, came into the conference as I was telling them what had to be done. His assistance in putting fighting spirit into the brigade commanders, their staffs, and the other officers that were there was very helpful. I think General Summerall has perhaps the power of inspiring men around him to a greater extent for battle than any other man I have known. I said a little while ago that for a few minutes I was probably more depressed than during any other period of my life. But when General Summerall got through talking, my spirits were jubilant; I no longer had a thought in my mind that we would not be successful; and the same idea could be seen permeating through all the officers who were present at that conference. It not only inspired them to believe that nothing could stop us, but it inspired them to tell their comrades the same thing and perhaps more—that the whole army was going forward and that nothing should stop the Thirty-second Division under any circumstances. And so the word went out; and the morale of the Division was raised to the highest pitch possible. Perhaps it was better that the period was so short; it spurred everybody on with anxiety mingled with excitement. They knew that they did not have to wait long. Word went out before midnight that night *just when* we were going over the top, at least as far down as it could safely be passed; all platoon commanders were informed; they doubtless told some of their most reliable noncommissioned officers. They knew how far the word could be passed

among their own little units and still be safe from the enemy. All of this had been brought about by training and experience. It was no longer necessary to say to a brigade commander, a regimental commander, or a battalion commander, or a company commander: "This information is confidential and must go no further." They had learned to know what information must be kept away from the very front elements. They had learned to take the initiative not only in fighting, but in thinking. They had learned the game of war in the front line. They had learned how to obey even though it be to go straight to their death.

And now let us stop for a moment and take a look as well as we can at the position the Division was facing—the post of command, the Division Commander, the position of the brigade commanders, the positions of the artillery, the positions of the ammunition supply and the food supply, the positions of the dressing stations and the field hospitals, and the lines of communication whereby the Division was kept alive by the activities of the service of supply, the road control, the stragglers' posts, and First Aid stations. I think one is liable to overlook in a large measure the activities back of the line, the complexities of which are little understood outside of the quiet hard workers who had this in charge. Nothing but perfect staff organization and well-nigh perfect cooperation between all the branches of supply can keep a division going, much less an army.

Standing on the heights of Montfaucon and looking to the north about five miles away could be clearly seen a well-defined ridge covered with forest towering some three hundred feet above and dominating the low intervening terrain, mostly open, rolling country, affording, apparently, little cover from view for advancing troops; cultivated fields without crops; small patches of scrub oak; several small low lying villages, huddled snugly in ravines with

their thin church steeples visible from all directions. On the evening of October 13 as I rode forward over this ground it looked from a distance almost peaceful, except for white puffs of smoke here and there indicating registration by the enemy artillery; but as I rode forward every ravine hidden from the view of the enemy's towering position showed activity. Guns were here and there in position; others were making ready for action; and as I moved further forward the surface of the ground which from a distance seemed calm and natural now showed a ghastly ruptured condition, torn and mangled by shells from the small pit of the 75 to the cellar-like craters made by the heaviest shells. Some of the craters were fifteen feet deep and thirty feet in diameter. The villages, which from a distance seemed still to have the semblance of habitation, were indeed but masses of ruins; among this tangled mass of frightful destruction were seen as if in peaceful slumber the dead bodies alike of friends and foes who had made the supreme sacrifice, each doubtless being driven by an irresistible force which he believed almost spiritual guidance. A sad commentary and a frightful indictment of the untamed selfishness of the present-day political leaders of mankind.

The Division was now crouched for its last and greatest effort. Let us try to make a sort of mental picture of the Division as a living thing, a living organization, as it was now prepared to spring forward. Beginning then with what we call the front elements—including perhaps two thousand infantrymen and machine gunmen—these four battalions were side by side, each occupying an area in a line. The area of a battalion in this case was perhaps a thousand meters wide and a thousand to fifteen hundred meters deep. Over each of these areas was distributed a battalion—perhaps two companies, occupying the forward half, and two companies the rearward half; but as one looked at it, if that could be done, from the air and saw

all the men, it would look as if they were more or less evenly distributed over the area shown, occupying the position behind a little rise, but never grouped.

Let us go back through this Divisional area into the Divisional sector. It is about three miles wide at the front and extends back for a distance of more than ten miles to the railhead. As we go back through this area we find first, the second line of battalions—the support battalions nearly a mile in the rear of the first line. Then going back another mile or two we find the reserve battalions. Scattered among these we find groups of artillery ready for action or actually in action. We find first-aid stations, dressing stations, stragglers' posts under control of the military police, for picking up exhausted men, or men who have lost their way, or men who have been shell-shocked or temporarily deranged in their minds. These stragglers' posts collect them, give them hot food, and soon the men are again ready to go to the front. Here we find regimental command posts, brigade command posts, and under such cover as can be found, food depots, ammunition dumps, rolling kitchens, and a little further back we have the field hospitals and the Division Headquarters—the nerve center of the whole Division. As we pass across the area we run across many wires—insulated wires—some lying on the ground and some half in the air. These are the communications—the nerves of the Division—carrying to the various elements and commands encouragements and frequently commendations of the Division Commander. Then as we go on we find great ammunition columns, supply columns, herds of horses carefully scattered on grazing ground. These are the great number of animals, perhaps, eight or nine thousand in the horse transportation of the Division. The guns are now in position and the horses are taken back as much out of artillery fire as possible and given an opportunity to subsist themselves as much as possible on what

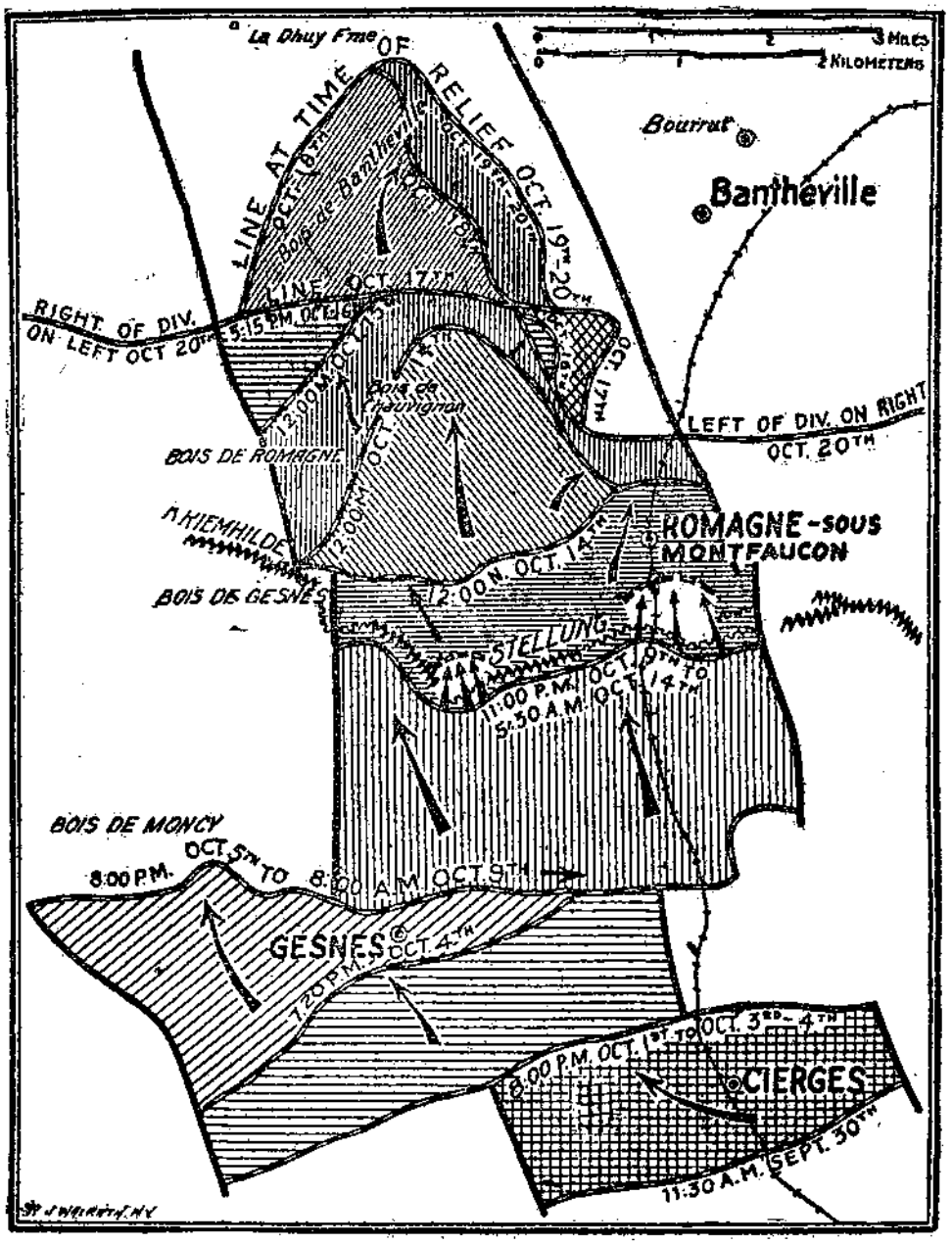
grass they can find. Then we see at every road crossing military police with bands on their arms, who have charge of traffic control to make sure that on one-way roads vehicles pass only in one direction. And scattered through the area from the front to the rear we find groups of signal corps men repairing wires—putting in additional nerves of the Division. We find from the very front to the rear engineer detachments repairing roads and bridges. We find scattered likewise through the whole area sanitary squads of medical men with litters to take care of the sick and wounded. We find a constant stream of wounded going to the rear in ambulances and we see desolation and destruction everywhere, as has already been indicated. Picture then the men forming this Division about ready to make the great assault in cold and rainy October weather. These men had little clothing, no shelter, were covered from head to foot with mud, had been continuously in action under the enemy's heavy fire for two long weeks. Their comrades had melted away until now the companies were less than half strength. The losses among the officers were even greater; yet their Commander still believed them capable of a great effort. He called upon them for this supreme test; and as will shortly be seen they responded with irresistible determination.

It may be asked in passing why a Division is organized in such great depth. Primarily this is necessary to give great and continuous driving power. As the front line elements melt away in battle the next succeeding elements take their places in the front and so on and so on. It is a sort of revolving machine where in turn each succeeding echelon passes over the front line and is thus able to give a new impetus to the forward movement of the great machine.

On the night of October 13 as I went to my headquarters after spending half the night in the front lines, I felt confident that we were going through the next morning and

while I was satisfied, yet I had no desire for sleep. I forgot that it was night. When the artillery started its action actually on time at dawn, and when everything started as planned, I felt a certain amount of relief and in spite of my desire to know what was going on I fell asleep in the midst of the deafening roar of the heavy artillery and continued sleeping until about eight o'clock in the morning. I needed no time to make my toilet, no time to dress. I forgot to eat my breakfast as I had forgotten to eat my supper the night before, went to the place where all reports were received and where the operations map was kept, found that reports were beginning to come in—reports which had in them some of the elements of hope and yet without that definiteness necessary before encouraging reports should be made to the higher command. Gradually, however, came reports from the various parts of the front which, taken together, indicated that progress was being made. The battle order required the left center to go over the top first; the artillery lifted and moved forward off the enemy fortified position there first. The One Hundred Twenty-sixth Infantry followed through and a message was received that it was following the barrage. Another message—that the One Hundred Twenty-seventh Infantry on the left had gone against the heavy wire in the woods and against the steep hills of La Cote Dame Marie and was stopped. Another message—that the right battalion on the extreme right of the sector, a battalion of the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry, had penetrated the line and had advanced behind the barrage as far as the outskirts of Romagne where it was held up, that the Infantry Commander had stopped the barrage in front of that part of the line and had requested artillery fire on the town. I directed the Artillery Commander to place all of his available heavy guns, including two batteries of 8″ Howitzers, army artillery, which had been placed under my control.

The roaring of the heavy cannon soon told that these orders were promptly complied with. In the meantime further information was received that the One Hundred Twenty-sixth Infantry in the left center was still following the barrage and was approaching the first objective about one mile north of the main position where the jump-off was made, but that the One Hundred Twenty-seventh Infantry was unable to advance. I suggested to the Brigade Commander that he send additional troops through the gap through which the One Hundred Twenty-sixth Infantry had penetrated and attack La Cote Dame Marie from the east by a flank movement to the left. At 1:50 o'clock I sent the following message to Corps Headquarters: "I believe we will get to our objectives before the day is over. Everything indicates that our men are fighting fine." I received a message from Lieutenant Gotschalk, who had succeeded to the command of the battalion of the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry which had been held up to the south of Romagne, to stop firing on the town of Romagne—that he had succeeded with his battalion in moving around to the left of the town and had formed a line on the north side of it. This I could hardly believe. It was almost too good to be true, but I knew this officer's reports were reliable and gave the necessary instructions to comply with his requests. Things were becoming more cheerful. In the meantime the right center battalion, also of the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry, had succeeded in demolishing the remainder of the enemy's position and was moving forward in its sector. Shortly after this more good news came to the effect that the One Hundred Twenty-sixth Infantry had moved to the left and occupied part of the ridge of La Cote Dame Marie and still a little later that the One Hundred Twenty-seventh Infantry had flanked hill 286, the extreme west end of La Cote Dame Marie, by going into the sector of the Forty-second Division, advancing in



OPERATIONS CHART

that sector, and then taking it by a flank movement. The Staff at Headquarters was all smiles by this time. The One Hundred Twenty-sixth Infantry, operating from the right, and the One Hundred Twenty-seventh Infantry, operating from the left, mopped up the ridge known as La Cote Dame Marie. This was an extremely strong position—in fact, it was so strong that a direct assault upon it from the front, for which it was built, would have cost the lives of hundreds and hundreds of men. The taking of this position by a double flank movement was one of the cleverest pieces of work of the entire war. This strong position was taken with a minimum loss and that part of its garrison which did not succeed in escaping was captured in the jaws of this double flank movement. We had now in our possession the entire position which had given me so much anxiety.

The action of the Division—a great mass made up of men, animals, motors, and material—in its slow forward movement seemed almost as one huge, living animal—stalling a little here and there, yet driven forward again as if by a living power actuated by a single huge, muscular body determined to keep on moving obstinately in one particular direction. The Division had in fact become a living machine, an entity which responded to the will of its Commander whose commands as well as words of encouragement and commendation speeded through the nervous system of this huge, living animal, adjusted its various parts, and kept the propellers going; and though it stalled again and again, it never failed to respond until it had before night accomplished more than its allotted task. It had gone beyond its objective and had justified all and more than its Commander had predicted for its day's work in his first message to the higher command.

On the evening of the fourteenth, when I was visiting the brigade commanders and consulting with them as to the

next day's operations, the Commander in Chief, General Pershing, visited our headquarters and placed his finger on the map and said, "I want that place"—the Bois de Chauvignon.

Our Chief of Staff must have had great pleasure in saying to General Pershing, "General, we have that position now, and General Haan has gone forward to see his brigade commanders with a view to driving farther ahead tomorrow morning."

In this operation the Division earned its title, which was later given to it: "The Red Arrow" Division. Perhaps most of you have been told why the barred arrow was adopted as the Division insignia. Here is an example of how the Division made an arrow of itself and shot forward always at the critical moment. This was by no means the only time; it did the same thing in the two other battles in which it fought: the Second Battle of the Marne and the Battle of Juvigny. In the first it arrowed forward and captured the town of Fismes; with the Tenth French Army in the same way it captured the strong position of Juvigny, in both cases sticking its point forward arrow-like and exposing its flanks to get these positions.

The remainder of the work of the Division in this remarkable battle is shown on the Operations Map; note that the "arrowhead" was completed.

Upon arrival at my headquarters at midnight on October 14 I awoke my stenographer, who was quietly sleeping on the floor of my spacious office, and dictated an order, which was sent out by telephone to brigade commanders, to be immediately dispatched to the troops. This order read in part as follows:

> I most heartily congratulate every officer and man on the splendid achievements of the day—of the many hard and successful days during three great battles, today marks the high point of accomplished success.

It is the more marked because it was done as a climax after fifteen days' continuous and frequently desperate fighting.

It was for his conduct of this battle that the Division Commander was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

At the close of the battle the following letter was received from the Corps Commander:

The recent long service of the Thirty-second Division in the front line of the Fifth Army Corps has been characterized by such a fine example of soldierly effort that the Corps Commander commends you and your soldiers and officers for it.

Under extremely difficult circumstances, and over a rough, hilly, and wooded terrain, the Division broke through the enemy's strong lines (Kriemhilde Stellung) and reached and took its objectives.

This effort and the result accomplished speak for themselves, but that you and your men may know that the Corps Commander appreciates their exertion, and acknowledges their success, he thanks each one.

MUSCODA, 1763–1856

JOSEPH SCHAFER

The light which local inquiry can shed upon general history is well illustrated from a variety of viewpoints in the story of the Wisconsin village which is the subject of this sketch.

Muscoda as a present-day railway station is inconspicuously located on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul line, Prairie du Chien division, at the distance of fifty-six miles almost due west from Madison, one hundred and fifty-two from Milwaukee; it is forty-two miles east from Prairie du Chien. The village was begun at the river bank on the south side of Wisconsin River, in section 1, township 8 north, range 1 west of the fourth principal meridian. It stretches south from the river toward the flanking hills about three-fourths of a mile, the main portion now clustering about the depot, whereas the "Old Town" lay farther north and hugged the river bank.

The ground on which Muscoda stands is a portion of the sandy plain, the outwash of the erosion process by which the Wisconsin and its larger tributaries worked their way through the sandstone stratum. The upper courses of these tributaries and the smaller streams which feed them have laid down flood bottoms of rich alluvium. Often, too, the bench land of their valleys is a fertile limestone soil intermingled with clayey patches and occasional streaks of sand. These are all characteristics of the "Driftless Area," as the geologists have named this region, because the various primordial movements of glacial ice, so influential in modifying the topography elsewhere, passed around instead of over it, leaving no "drift" upon it. The terrain is just what the eroding waters in the course of countless ages made it—a

system of regular valleys perfectly drained and bounded by symmetrically sculptured hills or bluffs, which exhibit a level sky line and decrease in altitude steadily till at the heads of the streams they merge in the great plateau or "prairie" of southern Wisconsin. The valleys make natural and not ill-graded highways from the prairie to the Wisconsin River, while the ranges of bluffs separating them appear like promontories running out fingerwise from the main plateau and terminating either where two smaller streams converge or at the edge of the lower plain laid down by the Wisconsin.

The principal stream entering the Wisconsin from the south, in the neighborhood of Muscoda, is Blue River—the "Riviere Bleu" of the French traders. It has several head streams rising in township 6–1 E, and a large affluent named the Fennimore rising in 6–1 W, the Six Mile Creek, rising in 7–1 E and Sandy Branch which heads in 8–1 E. There are also several small branches entering the Fennimore from 7–2 W. In its lower course the Blue River swerves to the west, entering the Wisconsin near Blue River Station, in Township 8–2 W, but its rich upper valleys and those of its tributaries have always been mainly within the trade area of Muscoda. North of the Wisconsin the valleys most intimately associated with Muscoda are Indian Creek, Eagle Creek, and Knapp's Creek in Richland County. The "Sand Prairie," by which name the sandy plain along the Wisconsin on the south side has long been known, and a narrow tract of shelving land between the river and the hills on the north are also within the Muscoda area.

Since the bluffs are mostly rough land, with only limited areas on their summits where the soil is deep, free from stones, and sufficiently even for cultivation, and the sand prairie comparatively infertile, Muscoda as a trade center suffers from the low average productivity of her territory. Still, from pioneer days the long valleys beyond the sand

prairie have yielded abundant harvests; the roads through them from the high prairie to the south opened to Muscoda's merchants for some years a great trade in livestock and grain beyond her legitimate boundaries; while the cross ranges which run out from the high prairie northward approximately fifteen miles forced the only rival railway,[1] when it came, back upon the great ridge, leaving the north trending valleys still as a whole tributary to Muscoda.

THE BACKGROUND

According to Father Verwyst, a distinguished authority, the name Muscoda is a corruption of the Chippewa word "Mashkodeng" which means "prairie." A similar corruption occurs in the name "Muscatine," a town in Iowa, and there was a tribe of Indians on the Upper Fox River called Mascouten (prairie Indians).

The earlier name of the place was English Prairie, and while it is clear that geography suggested "Prairie" (or Savannah), there are various traditions to explain the association of the word "English" with it. One is that some English families were settled there as early as 1812 and that they were massacred by the Indians. Another, that the place was so named from the fact that Colonel McKay, who descended the river in 1814 with a regiment of British troops to capture Prairie du Chien, encamped at this place which thereafter was called English Prairie.

A more hopeful clue to the origin of the name occurs in the journal of Willard Keyes, a young New Englander who passed down the river with a party in 1817. He writes, under date of August 29, 1817: "pass a place called 'English meadow' from an English trader and his son, said to have been murdered there by the savages, 20 Leagues to Prairie

[1] The Chicago and Northwestern. It follows in the sector south of Muscoda the old military road from Fort Winnebago to Fort Crawford. Towns taking some of Muscoda's former trade are Montfort, Fennimore, and Cobb.

du Chien."[2] Now, the fact of "an English trader and his son" being murdered at some point on the Wisconsin River between the Portage and Prairie du Chien is well established. In the journal of Lieut. James Gorrell, the first English commandant at Green Bay after the ejection of the French, we read, under date of June 14, 1763: "The traders came down from the Sack [Sauk] country, and confirmed the news of Landsing and his son being killed by the French." When all the Sauk and Foxes had arrived at Green Bay a few days later they told Gorrell that their people were all in tears "for the loss of two English traders who were killed by the French in their lands, and begged leave . . . to cut them [the French] in pieces."[3]

In the following summer, 1764, Garrit Roseboom testified, that "about the latter end of April, 1763, he was going from the Bay [Green Bay] to the Soaks [Sauk] to look for his Partner Abrah[a]m Lancing who had been up there, being told that he was killed, that on his way he met some Indians coming down with some Packs [of furs], which he knew to be his, and which they said he could have for paying the carriage. That both the French and Indians told him, Mr. Lancing and his son were killed by two Frenchmen" who were servants of Mr. Lansing and who afterwards escaped to the Illinois Indians.[4]

When we reflect how persistent is the memory of great tragedies and recall that some of the French traders and voyageurs who were on the river when the murder took place remained there for many years and handed down the traditions of the river to their successors, it is not hard to believe that it was the story of Abraham Lansing and his son, slightly altered, which Willard Keyes heard from the rivermen as his boat drifted along the "English meadow" in

[2] *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, III, 352.
[3] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, I, 38, 41.
[4] *Wis. Hist. Colls.* XVIII, 263-64.

1817. The French traders in whose company he was would not be likely to ascribe the murder to their own people so long as there were "savages" who might just as well serve as scapegoats. We may consider it almost certain, then, that the place came to be called English Prairie from the gruesome crime of 1763, which had occurred almost three-quarters of a century before the postoffice of that name was established, and more than half a century prior to the voyage of Willard Keyes. Jonathan Carver, who visited a village of the Fox Indians at that place in 1766, does not use the name; but neither does he mention the story of the murder which occurred only three years before.

No definite information about the fur trade at English Prairie, aside from the record in Lansing's case, has come down to us. Tradition has it that Laurent Rolette, brother of the famous Prairie du Chien trader, Joseph Rolette, traded there for some years, going later to the Portage. It appears also that some time before the arrival of white settlers a trader named Armstrong operated in that neighborhood. But no details have been preserved and we can only infer from the fact that Indians were still numerous when settlers came that the trade at English Prairie in earlier times was probably important.

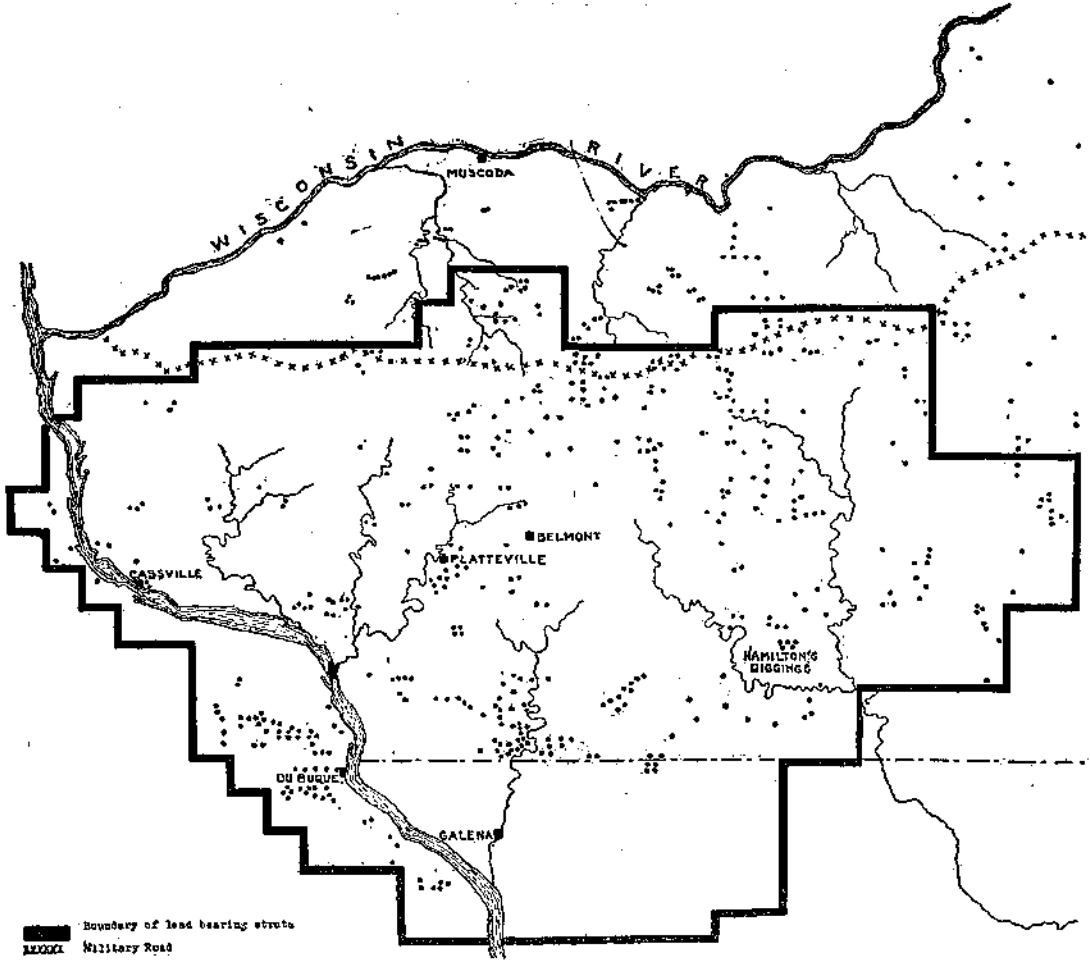
It was the Black Hawk War and the treaties following it that produced the revolutionary change in the life of the natives in this region. From that time forward Indians could live south of the river only on sufferance, though they were permitted to roam the forests to the northward for about a quarter of a century longer. During the Black Hawk War a detachment of Colonel Henry Dodge's Mounted Volunteers went to English Prairie, another detachment going at the same time to Prairie du Chien. Between them these two bodies of troops scoured both sides of the Wisconsin from the mouth to the Portage, dislodging all natives. English Prairie was also the camping ground for

a military company composed of friendly Indians recruited at Green Bay and led to Prairie du Chien by Samuel C. Stambaugh in July, 1832. The route of march was from Green Bay to the Portage, thence to Sugar Creek (near Blue Mounds), thence to Fort Dodge (Dodgeville), thence to English Prairie, thence to Prairie du Chien "with one other camping between."

RELATION TO THE LEAD MINES

History repeats itself in making the Indian War of 1832 the impulse to a great new expansion movement among American pioneers. Just as the Pequod War of 1638 by familiarizing the coast settlers of Massachusetts with the rich lands of the interior enticed them westward, and as the Seven Years' War destroyed the last obstacle to western and northern expansion in New England, so in a very real sense this war made the beginnings of the agricultural settlement in Wisconsin. Immediately after the Black Hawk War the survey of the lands in southern Wisconsin began. In the four years, 1832 to 1836, the entire region from the Illinois line north to the Wisconsin, the Fox, and Green Bay, and from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan, was checked off into townships and sections. Hardy, resourceful government surveyors, with their crews (usually two chainmen and one axman) traversed every square mile, whether prairie, forest, valley, or bluff. In 1834 a land office was opened at Mineral Point for the sale of lands in the western portion of Michigan Territory (as it was then).

The ranges of townships numbered 1 W and 1 E, of which the townships numbered eight (Muscoda and Pulaski) bounded by the Wisconsin, were for some years the northernmost, were surveyed by Sylvester Sibley in 1833. The next year those lands were offered for sale and some tracts along the river were actually sold to private individuals. Among the purchasers were Thomas Jefferson Par-



THE LEAD REGION
After Owens' Geological Chart, 1839; drawn by Mary Stuart Foster

rish and Charles Bracken, who were well-known lead miners and smelters living farther south. Others among the early land owners of Township 8–1 W have been identified as mining men.

The lead mines, while known and worked by Indians and a few traders for many years, received the first large body of emigrants in 1828, when several thousand came scattering out widely over the territory which now constitutes Grant, Iowa, and Lafayette counties in Wisconsin, together with adjacent parts of Iowa. These were the lead miners who under Dodge and Hamilton fought the Black Hawk War. It was these hardy pioneers who as troopers patrolled the Wisconsin River and who finally delivered the coup de grace to Black Hawk's band far to the north on the banks of the Mississippi.

Many of the lead miners were shrewd business men always on the lookout for good financial prospects. With the knowledge of new regions gained during the war, either from personal observation or from reliable report, with the sense of a new era opening to settlement and expansion in the region dependent for transportation facilities on the Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers, it is not strange that some of them should have been interested in river points lying as far outside the mineral belt proper as did English Prairie.

A RIVER PORT

For it is clear that it was water and not lead that the pioneers of Muscoda sought. Surveyors and prospectors had found no hopeful signs of mineral north of townships 6–1 W and 7–1 E. A few years later (1839) Dr. David Dale Owen, the geologist, made his famous survey of the lead region and excluded from it everything north of the heads of Blue River in townships 6 and 7–1 E. When the lands in township 8–1 W were offered for sale in November, 1834, it was precisely the river front lots and subdivisions which

were taken first. Parrish entered fractional lots 2 and 3 of section 1; Frederick Bronson the northeast fraction of the southeast quarter of section 1; Isaac Bronson the south half of the southeast fractional quarter; Garrit V. Denniston the southeast half of the fractional southwest quarter; and Denniston and Charles Bracken fraction No. 4 of fractional section 1. Other water front tracts in section 2 were bought by Denniston at this time; between 1836 and 1841 other tracts in the same sections were bought by others. All of these lands were obviously deemed favorable locations for a prospective town dependent on river transportation.

The way in which the village was begun, by the erection of a smelting furnace, is rather startling, in view of the absence of lead in the region adjacent. The motives which induced Colonel William S. Hamilton of Wiota to build a furnace at English Prairie can only be conjectured.

Colonel Hamilton was the son of the great Alexander Hamilton, Washington's Secretary of the Treasury. As a lad of seventeen in 1814 he entered West Point but resigned in 1817 to accept a commission as deputy surveyor-general under Col. William Rector, surveyor-general for Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas. From that time young Hamilton was almost continuously in the West, though he made one trip east, on horseback, to see his mother. He was in Wisconsin as early as 1825 and in 1827 began his career as a lead miner and smelter in what is now Lafayette County at Wiota or Hamilton's Diggings. He took part in the Indian troubles of 1827, and also in the Black Hawk War.

It is not known with certainty when Hamilton established his furnace at English Prairie. Tradition says it was in the year 1835. If the furnace was operating then, it is strange that so careful an observer as Featherstonhaugh, who dropped down the Wisconsin in August, 1835 and stopped at English Prairie to draw a sketch of its landscape,

should have failed to note that fact.[5] We are probably justified in asserting that the furnace was not there at that time. But we know it was there in 1837, for Captain Frederick Marryat, a famous English writer who descended the river in that year, saw "a small settlement called the English prairie" where there was a "smelting-house and a steam saw-mill."[6] I incline to think the year 1836 was the date of its beginning. In 1835 Hamilton was a candidate for member of the Council from the western part of Michigan Territory. His canvass was conducted in the lead mining region and his advertisement appeared in the Galena papers. He was elected to and became president of the so-called "Rump" Council which met at Green Bay January 1, 1836 and sat for two weeks. During that session the town of Cassville, on the Mississippi, was designated as the territorial capital, Hamilton making the principal argument in favor of the movement. Much interest was manifested in internal improvements designed to develop a through line of transportation via the Wisconsin and Fox rivers.[7] The territory of Wisconsin was just being organized by Congressional action and great expectations were being awakened in consequence.

The miners and smelters had theretofore sold their lead through the commission merchants of Galena, by whom it was sent to St. Louis. But as new mines were opened farther and farther north, the cost of transportation to Galena—by means of the "sucker teams"[8]—steadily increased. Moreover, in the year 1836–37 the price of lead declined so alarmingly that little of it was made and the smelters had

[5] Featherstonhaugh was obviously in error in calling that stopping place Prairie de la Bay. The context shows it must have been English Prairie. See his *A Canoe Voyage on the Minnay Sotor*, I, 199-201.

[6] *Wis. Hist. Colls.* XIV, 147.

[7] The Portage canal was begun in 1836 by a private company. Its completion was promised in 1837. See Governor Dodge's message to the Legislative Assembly, Belmont, Oct. 26, 1836.

[8] Ox-teams owned by Illinois farmers.

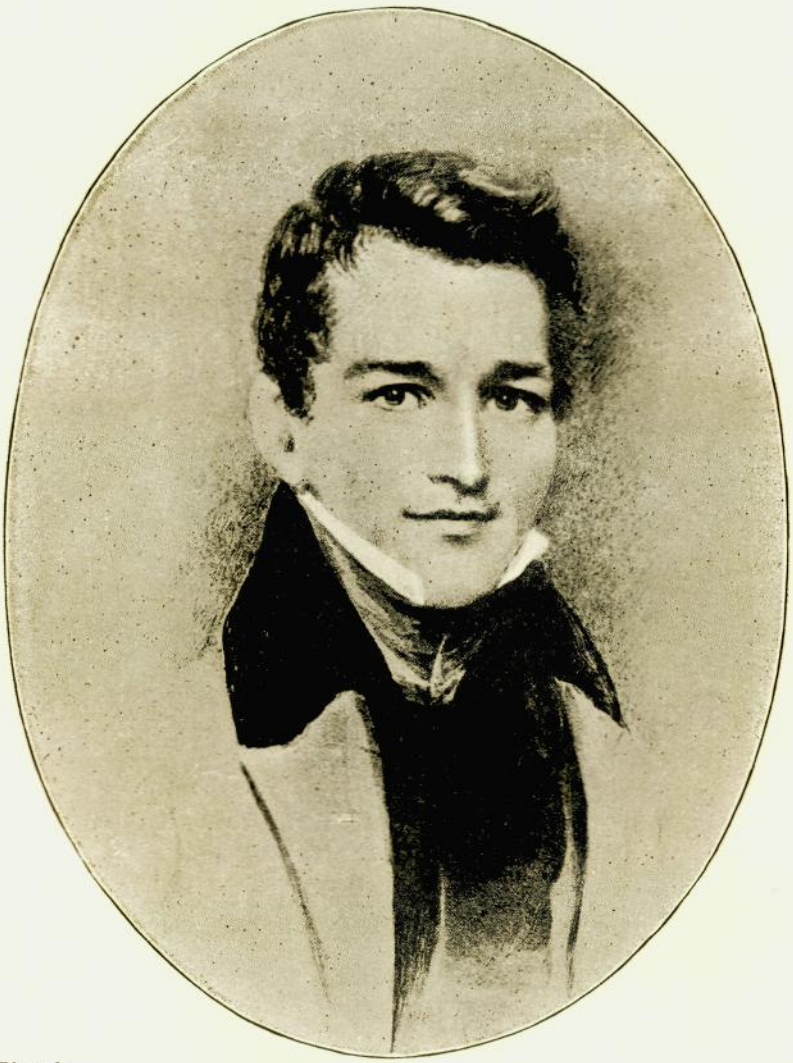


Photo by
Edward C. Nelson

WM. STEPHEN HAMILTON

nearly all ceased to operate. Yet, it was felt that prices would rise again promptly in response to the demand for lead. In the same period, due no doubt partly to the hardships of the miners and smelters, there was widespread and loud dissatisfaction with the treatment accorded the lead owners by the Galena middlemen. Efforts were made to establish some other lead shipping port as a rival to Galena, which helps to explain the rise of both Cassville and Potosi.

The inference from these facts is that Hamilton probably thought he saw in a smelter located at the steamboat landing at English Prairie a possibility of immediate profit, even though margins were very narrow, and a chance to build up a flourishing business. He could buy the cheapest ore—that which was produced near the northern edge of the lead region, Centerville, Wingville, and Highland. The haul from those places would be short and all down grade and if the mineral were taken direct from the mines there would be no rehandling until the bars of pure lead were ready to be dumped from the furnace floor into the hold of the steamer. The teams employed to bring down the raw mineral could carry freight back the fifteen or twenty miles to the mines much more cheaply than it could be transported from Galena or Cassville three or four times as far. Finally, abundant supplies of wood were at hand to feed the furnace, and French rivermen were a source from which to recruit labor.

To an enterprising, speculative, acquisitive character like Hamilton, who had no family to tie him to a particular spot, such arguments would appeal strongly, and there is no inherent reason why the venture should not have succeeded. Hamilton operated the furnace, either personally or by proxy, at least till 1838 and possibly longer, selling it finally to Thomas Jefferson Parrish, whose principal mining and smelting business was located at the head of Blue River, afterwards Montfort.

The fact that Parrish owned the ground at the steamboat landing and that in 1837 he was postmaster at English Prairie (then called Savannah) suggests that he may have been a partner in the business from the first and perhaps local manager of the furnace. At all events, Hamilton continued his business at Wiota and very soon cut loose entirely from the English Prairie venture.[9] That place, under the name of Savannah or English Prairie, was a calling place for river steamers as early as 1838 and is scheduled as forty-one miles from the mouth of the Wisconsin.[10] It was said that the only boat which regularly plied on the river in that year was the *Science*, piloted by Captain Clark, who made his first voyage in June, 1838.[11] But there were doubtless visits from steamers running to Fort Winnebago (Portage) during that and earlier years.

In one of the Milwaukee papers for 1841 is a statement that "four sucker teams" had brought in lead from Thomas Parrish's furnace "near Muscoday in Grant County." This reference has been taken as proof that the Muscoda furnace was still in operation. I think it refers not to the Muscoda furnace but to one of several furnaces Parrish was conducting in the lead region near the heads of Blue River. The phrase "near Muscoday" used as far from the lead region as Milwaukee may very well mean some place fifteen or twenty miles from the Wisconsin; and the word "near" instead of "at" certainly excludes Muscoda itself. Setting this evidence aside, there is no proof that the Muscoda furnace was operated as late as 1841. Nor, on the other hand, is there proof of its earlier discontinuance. We simply do

[9] Hamilton went to California during the gold rush, finding, however, not a fortune but an untimely grave.

[10] See Abel, Henry I. Geographical, Geological, and Statistical Chart of Wisconsin and Iowa, Phila. 1838. The fare for passengers from St. Louis to Helena (it was doubtless the same to Savannah) was in the cabin from $10 to $15 and on the deck from $2 to $4.

[11] Smith, William R., *Observations*, 44.

not know how long it was kept alive or how large a business it developed at the "Landing."

SIGNS OF HARD TIMES

Two things suggest that the little village failed to develop a "boom" or even to gain a basis for healthy growth. These are the land entries in the territory adjacent and the story of the post office. Practically, there were no new entries of land between the years 1841 and 1849. This is true for all the townships in the tributary region—7, 8, and 9, range 1 W, and 7, 8, and 9, range 1 E. The post office under the name of Savannah appears in the government list for the first time in the report for 1837. At that time Thomas J. Parrish was postmaster. In 1839 S. A. Holley was postmaster, the office then being listed as English Prairie. The postmaster's compensation was $5.68. Charles Stephenson's compensation in 1841 was even smaller, $3.36, the net proceeds of the office amounting to only $7.55. In 1843, for the first time, the post office was called Muscoda. The postmaster was Levi J. D. Parrish, who received as compensation $9.29, the net proceeds of the office having risen to $16.51.

It is probable that most of the seeming prosperity of 1843 was due to the presence of the land office, which had been removed from Mineral Point to Muscoda in 1842. Some have charged that the change was brought about through James D. Doty's influence in order to save the town. If so, the scheme failed, for the land office promptly went back to Mineral Point in 1843, and May 16, 1845, the post office department discontinued the office at Muscoda. Muscoda was not listed in the post office report for 1847 or in the report for 1849. In 1851 it reappears, with James Moore as postmaster. Now the compensation is $39.74 and the net proceeds $53.09. The exact date of its restoration

is not given but it must have been as early as 1850, and possibly 1849 or even 1847.[12]

BEGINNINGS OF SETTLEMENT

The reopening of the Muscoda post office, about 1850, synchronizes with the first movement of pioneer farmers into the good lands tributary to that place. A number of tracts of land were purchased by actual settlers in this and adjoining townships in the years 1849 to 1851. Indeed, Conrad Kircher's purchase dates from 1847. Charles Miller and Emanuel Dunston bought land in 1849; Isaac Dale and Moses Manlove in 1851. We know also that the Moore family owned land at Muscoda as early as 1851. Across the river, in township 9–1 W, Robert Galloway, William Pickering, William and Andrew Miller, and two or three others bought in 1849; several in 1850; and a few others before 1854, when the great rush came.

A similar story can be told for township 9–1 E (now Orion) where J. H. Schuermann and Daniel Mainwaring (settlers) bought lands in 1849; Albert C. Dooley in 1850;

[12] If the office was not open in 1847 it is hard to explain the language used by a correspondent of the Prairie du Chien *Patriot*, Feb. 23, 1847, who says: "The mail from . . . Mineral Point to Muskoda goes but once a week. There is no post office in Richland County; their post office is at Muskoda." The census of 1846 assigns to the northern district of Grant County 1,482 persons. It is possible to identify in the lists of heads of families six families whose later homes were at or near Muscoda. They are John D. Parrish, James Smith, Manuel Denston [Dunston?], Thomas Waters, Wm. Garland, and Richard Hall. All of these are met with again in the census returns for Dec. 1, 1847, where the "Muscoday Precinct of Grant County is listed separately. The precinct seems to have included townships 7 and 8–1 W and townships 7 and 8–2 W, or the present towns of Muscoda, Castle Rock, Watterstown, and Hickory Grove. That precinct is credited with thirteen families aggregating 77 persons. Aside from the families mentioned above (except Denston) we find the names of S. [R?] Carver, J. Moore, N. Head, M. Manlove, D. Manlove, I. Dale, S. Smith, D. Smith, and A. Mills. Garland is credited with a family consisting of nine males and two females, which confirms the statement in the county history that he was managing a hotel in Muscoda at that time. Moses Manlove has a family of seven males and five females which suggests a second hotel or "boarding house." Most of the other families mentioned probably lived some distance from Muscoda on farms. Aside from those in Muscoda Precinct of Grant County, several families living in Iowa County, township 8 1–E, must have depended for their supplies either on Muscoda or on Highland. These were John Pettygrove, A. Palmer, A. Bolster, three Knowlton families, Mathias Schafer, Henry Gottschall, Vincent Dziewanawski, and the two Wallbridges. If Richland County settlers really were, as reported, getting their mail at Muscoda, that would mean, according to the census, that 235 persons living north of the Wisconsin must have done some trading at that place. The county history says the old log house once used as the land office served in 1847 as the store.

and Jacob Roggy in 1851. One of the purchasers of 1848, John H. Siegrist, was probably the earliest actual settler in the township. A half dozen families bought in township 8–1 E as early as 1849; and a few others were added before 1854. A very few settlers were to be found in township 7–1 W prior to 1854, and while there were a good many settlers and miners in township 7–1 E, the greater part of that township was served from Highland where a post office was established as early at least as 1847 and where there was much lead mining activity, and from Blue River which had a post office from 1839. These mining centers doubtless drew their supplies from the steamers unloading at Muscoda, for the road to the river at that point had been open for many years, but settlement was more numerous and local activity much more intense, as revealed by the post office returns. The Highland post office led the Muscoda post office in importance for just about ten years—from 1847 to 1856. With the coming of the railroad, Muscoda drew ahead.

THE RAILROAD

If one had no other evidence than the sales of land at the United States Land Office, it would still be clear that in the years 1854 to 1856 something important was astir affecting the value of lands in those townships (7, 8, and 9—1 W, and 7, 8, and 9—1 E) which pivot on Muscoda as the trading point. For, while up to 1854 only scattering tracts of land had been entered, and those largely by speculators using military land warrants in making payment to the government, by 1856 nearly every forty-acre subdivision of first-rate land and much of the second-rate land also was under private ownership. And the state lands in the townships had also been purchased to the same extent. Besides, the vast majority of the purchasers of government land during those years were actual settlers, with only an occasional speculator.[13]

[13] This is not true of the state lands, which went mainly to speculators first, then to settlers.

These facts challenge attention and call for an explanation. Wisconsin had been in course of settlement for about two decades. The earliest settlements were in the southeastern and eastern parts of the state where the economic support was the market reached by the Great Lakes and the Erie Canal; and in the southwestern section where the basis of prosperity had been lead-mining. The lead found its market mainly down the Mississippi, though increasingly the superiority of the route open to the lake ports had impressed itself upon the people.

At the legislative session of 1841–42 a bill was introduced for the chartering of a railroad from Milwaukee, via Madison, to Potosi. Despite continuous effort, the first railroad bill to pass, in 1847, provided only for a railroad from Milwaukee to Waukesha. In 1848 this was by law extended to the Mississippi.

The agitation of plans for a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi tended to give the lake route an overshadowing importance in the popular mind. Actual construction work on the Milwaukee-Waukesha section began in 1849; that portion of the road was completed by the end of the year 1850, and in another year it was practically completed to Whitewater on Rock River. It reached Madison in the year 1854.

The intention of the company had been to build to the Wisconsin River so as to intercept steamboat transportation at or near Arena. Thence the road might run along the river to its mouth, or it might run along the ridge between the Wisconsin and the south flowing streams, reaching the Mississippi at some point, like Potosi, lower down. By the year 1853 it had been determined to follow the Wisconsin Valley route to the Mississippi, and during that summer the line was surveyed from the mouth of Black Earth Creek to Prairie du Chien.

It can easily be imagined how the clangor of railway construction echoed in the minds and hearts of intending settlers. That they should have watched, with greedy eye, the reports of progress of the location of the road and hurried away to the land office as soon as it was definitely located, to buy the good lands adjacent to the right-of-way, is a perfectly normal phenomenon. The township plats showing original purchasers of the government land tell the story. In section 1, township 7–1 W, four forty-acre tracts were bought in 1854; eleven in 1855; and one in 1856. In section 2, one in 1854; twelve in 1855; and two in 1857. A single forty had been bought as early as 1847. The other sections of that township show very similar dates and proportions in the entries; the same is true of the other townships of the group. The 1854 entrymen were those who pursued the railway surveyors with keenest determination. The slower ones came mainly in the two years following, during which trains actually were put on the roadbed. In October, 1856, the village of Muscoda, which had maintained a precarious existence for twenty years, awoke to newness of life at the sound of the puffing locomotive. And the beginning of permanent prosperity for the village meant the beginning of prosperity for the rural neighborhood tributary to it.

LINCOLN IN WISCONSIN

JULIUS E. OLSON

In treating this subject of Lincoln in Wisconsin I shall give but little time to Lincoln's participation in the Black Hawk War of 1832, as that phase of his life has been adequately presented by others. I desire mainly to call particular attention to the fact that Lincoln was in the state at that time as a soldier, and hence not at liberty to roam about to satisfy the natural curiosity of his inquiring mind. He was among the first to respond to the call of Governor Reynolds for troops to repel the invasion of Black Hawk. Though but twenty-three years of age, he was chosen captain of a company of militia, reported to have been a "hard set of men." In commanding them Lincoln had at least one opportunity to demonstrate his courage and his power to sway the minds of men, when he appeared as the defender of an old Indian who had strayed into camp; the men thought him a spy and wanted blood.

Before getting into Wisconsin Lincoln's company, with others, was mustered out; but not all of these men returned to their homes. Lincoln reenlisted on the same day of his discharge, May 28, and became a private in the Independent Spy Company. As such he crossed the state line near the site of Beloit on June 30, 1832. For ten days the troops pressed northward up the Rock River, finding many traces of the Indians, but encountering no warriors. On July 10 near Fort Atkinson the Company was mustered out by a young officer who later was to become famous during the Civil War, Major Robert Anderson; Lincoln and his companions returned home before the battles of Wisconsin Heights and Bad Axe brought the war to an end, August 2. Lincoln's stay in Wisconsin was but brief, probably about a fortnight.

Besides giving Lincoln an exciting though bloodless outing, and an opportunity to test his mettle as a man, this war brought him to the notice of Major John F. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield, who befriended him as a student of law and invited him in 1837 to become his law partner.

Lincoln's second visit to Wisconsin has been veiled in more or less mystery. After a record in popular tradition of nearly half a century, an account of it appeared in the *History of Washington and Ozaukee Counties* published in 1881 by The Western Historical Company. This is a pretentious and seemingly reliable volume of 763 pages, over three hundred of which are devoted to the general history of the state, and includes among its contributors such well-known names as C. W. Butterfield, the historian, Professor T. C. Chamberlin, State Geologist, Dr. P. R. Hoy, Professor Edward Searing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Professor W. W. Daniells, and Professor Roland D. Irving. These names induce faith in that part of the work relating to the counties under special consideration, though the name of the compiler is not given.

The passage relating to Lincoln appears in the history of Port Washington, Ozaukee County, and reads as follows:[1]

> The first dwelling house built in the village was erected by Gen. Harrison in 1835. It is still standing, apparently in a good state of preservation. It is a little story-and-a-half frame building, gable end, the sills resting on the ground. A partition divides the first floor into two apartments, and also the upper or half story. It was at this house that the first votes of the town were polled. This old and time-worn structure has become one of the sacred relics of the past, commanding a prominent place in the history of the town of Port Washington, not only on account of the relation it bears to the first white settler of the village, but because it once served as a shelter to one of America's greatest statesmen. It may be of interest to mention the fact that the great and martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, during his days of roughing it, once walked from Milwaukee to Sheboygan, and stopped a night in this old house. After the defeat of the Merrimac by the Monitor, Mr. Lincoln, in company with some of his Cabinet officers, visited Fortress Monroe to get a practical knowledge of the fort. While

[1] P. 508.

viewing the works, desiring some information, he approached an officer, who proved to be Capt. Beger, from Port Washington. "Well, my man," said Lincoln, "where are you from?" "Port Washington," replied the Captain. "Port Washington—let me see: that is in Wisconsin, about twenty-five miles north of Milwaukee, is it not?" The Captain answered that it was. "I stopped there over night once," said the President; "just name over some of the men who lived there in the early days." The Captain proceeded to name over quite a number, finally mentioning that of Harrison. "Harrison, that is the man!" said Mr. Lincoln. "I remember him well." He then walked off to join his escort, leaving Capt. Beger very much elated to think that his town had been honored by the presence of so great a man.

This General Harrison was not a Harrison of national fame. His name was Wooster Harrison, though familiarly termed "General" Harrison by the old settlers. He was a native of New York; the history we have cited says:[2] "What he lacked in education was supplied by a wonderful gift of natural wit. His reputation for story-telling extended throughout the whole of eastern Wisconsin. . . . He was a man much sought after by the early settlers, when any great gathering was to be held, to create mirth for the crowd."

It is not strange that Lincoln remembered him well.

The record of the county history is, in some details, supplemented by an interview furnished by Harry W. Bolens, ex-mayor of Port Washington, which appeared in the Milwaukee *Daily News*, during the year of the Lincoln Centenary, when so many new incidents of Lincoln's career came to light. The interview refers to the story as told in the county history, but gives the additional, though incidental, information that Lincoln's visit was "some time between 1835 and 1840—the exact year is not known; he visited Sheboygan, but concluded that place had no future before it. He returned to Port Washington and stopped there for two days, during which time he arranged with General Harrison for the rent of quarters for his law office. This was in the fall of the year, and the arrangement was that

[2] P. 542.

Mr. Lincoln should return in the spring and take possession of his quarters. In the spring, however, the floods put a quietus on all travel—the West was fairly afloat in the freshet, and the heavy rain storms kept up until late in the summer. Under these conditions Mr. Lincoln decided to locate elsewhere and later sent his regrets to General Harrison."

Harry W. Bolens is the son of an enterprising and well-known newspaper man; he was therefore in a position to hear much of such traditional history as Lincoln's visit to Port Washington. He is one of the leading business men of Port Washington, has been its mayor, and is much interested in local history.

Now the question arises: Can these local traditions in any way be verified or corroborated? To try to do so is the object of this paper.

In the first place, the statement that Captain Beger had talked with President Lincoln is not lightly to be cast aside. Captain Beger was born in Germany in 1841, came to Wisconsin with his parents in 1846, enlisted in the army in October, 1864, and served as a noncommissioned officer until the end of the war, when he returned to Wisconsin. Mr. Bolens writes me under date of March 24, 1920: "I knew Captain Beger, who conversed with Lincoln, and he told me the story many times."

Although tradition does not know the year of Lincoln's visit to Port Washington, it reports that he was there in the fall. This, we shall see, is significant.

The matter of the weather preventing Lincoln's return to Port Washington seems suspicious. But the records kept by officers of the United States army at Fort Howard show that 1836 was a year of abnormally heavy rainfall, the record in the spring and summer being as follows: March, 3.2 inches; April, 6.37; May, 5.2; June, 3.5; and July, 5.06. This corroborates that part of the tradition relating to the

weather and indicates that Lincoln visited Port Washington in the fall of 1835. If he saw General Harrison at Port Washington he could not have done so in any other season of that year, for Harrison did not get to the Port Washington region until September 7, 1835. We know definitely about Lincoln's whereabouts during the whole of the year 1835 except during the months of October and November, which, in the biographies, are absolutely blank.

The question now presents itself: Can Lincoln's visit to Wisconsin, which tradition as amplified by the records of the United States officers at Green Bay places in the fall of the year 1835, be dovetailed into his life at New Salem? This will lead into an absolutely new phase of the question, and though the matter is supported by no such direct and definitely reported fact as Captain Beger's interview, the circumstantial evidence seems to me to be strong and connects the visit with the great tragedy of Lincoln's life—the untimely death of Ann Rutledge. This occurred August 25, 1835. I need not rehearse the details of this "saddest chapter in Lincoln's life." It was long suppressed, evidently out of tender consideration for others, but it is a well-known story today. Herndon told it in 1866 in that wonderful lecture which he called *Abraham Lincoln, Miss Ann Rutledge, New Salem, Pioneering, and the Poem.*[3] He told it again in his great work on Lincoln, and others have retold it in the form of both history and fiction.[4]

In brief, the effect upon Lincoln was overwhelming. It caused him to walk the narrow path between sanity and insanity. As Herndon puts it in the lecture: "He sorrowed and grieved, rambled over the hills and through the forests, day and night. He suffered and bore it for a while like a great man—a philosopher. He slept not, he ate not, joyed not. This he did until his body became emaciated and weak

[3] Springfield, Illinois, 1910.

[4] See *The Soul of Ann Rutledge*, by Bernie Babcock, 1919.

and gave way. His mind wandered from its throne." Then later, Herndon has these significant words: "*The friends of Mr. Lincoln—men, women and children—begged him to quit his home and place of business. They coaxed and threatened him by turns,* in order to get him to quit the places and scenes of his sorrows and griefs."

Herndon further records that in September Mr. Lincoln was induced to go into the country to spend some time with his good friends Bowlin Green and wife and adds that "in the space of a week or ten days . . . Lincoln rose up, a man once more. . . . He got well and bade adieu, for a short season, to Bowlin's kind roof and generous hospitality. . . . He went back to New Salem, as thought, a radically changed man. He went to New Salem about the last of September A.D. 1835."

Herndon then tells of Lincoln's fondness for the poem "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and concludes his lecture with this sentence: "It was about the 20th day of October A.D. 1835 that Abraham Lincoln, as he wandered and wended his sad and melancholy way over hill and dale, gloomily burst forth"—and here follows the whole of the poem.

Now it is to be remarked that that lone date, "the 20th day of October A.D. 1835," is the only date I can find in the Lincoln biographies for the autumn months of October and November, 1835, and in the setting Herndon gives it, it seems strangely discordant and insignificant.

But even with that menacing obstacle to my argument, there was ample time after October 20th, or even before it, to have made the journey into Wisconsin under comfortable conditions of weather.

It is not possible in this paper to take up the question of the practicable possibility of such a lone trip as early as 1835, except to call attention to the fact that two years earlier the pioneer of Norwegian emigration, Kleng Peerson,

walked from Chicago to Milwaukee alone.[5] There was an Indian trail from Chicago to Green Bay.

And why should Lincoln at this time have a desire to visit Wisconsin?

If he was to follow the advice of his friends, as Herndon puts it, "to quit the places and scenes of his sorrows and griefs," to what better place could he have gone? He had seen enough of that region during his brief period of soldiering to know that it had many attractions. In fact, the Black Hawk War was Wisconsin's introduction to the American people. "There was an immediate and rapid increase of immigration, not only in the mining region but in various other parts of what is now Wisconsin, more especially in that portion bordering on Lake Michigan."[6] Lincoln surely knew of this strong trend of immigration.[7] Then he may have wanted to see Lake Michigan, particularly as the eastern part of the state was the most accessible. From his early experiences with river boats we know that he was fond of the water.

Such was the depth of Lincoln's sorrow after the death of Ann Rutledge that he may have thought he could not live and labor where she had died. Be that as it may, he was well enough in October, 1835, to realize that a change of scene would be beneficial. And to support this assumption it is possible to cite an analogous case in the life of Lincoln where he spoke of the advantage of "a change of scene." These are Lincoln's own words, used in a letter to his close friend, Joshua F. Speed, dated March 27, 1842. This was at a time after "that fatal first of January, 1841," when he wrote to his law partner, Major Stuart, in Congress: "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel

[5] At Milwaukee Peerson found only two white men, Solomon Juneau and his brother.

[6] *History of Washington and Ozaukee Counties* (Chicago, 1881), 40.

[7] "Returning troopers praised her soil and fertility. Eastern newspapers exploited her inviting opportunities for emigrants. Pamphlet literature furnished travelers' guides." Louise P. Kellogg, in *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, September, 1919, 40.

were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth. Whether I shall ever be better, I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible; I must die or be better, it appears to me. . . . I say this because I fear I shall not be able to attend to any business here, and a change of scene might help me. If I could be myself I would rather remain at home with Judge Logan. I can write no more." The following summer he visited his good friend Speed in his Kentucky home "and was much helped by the change of scene."[8]

I trust that this investigation has fixed the year of Lincoln's visit to Port Washington and established the fact that it was made in consequence of the great tragedy of his life, the death of Ann Rutledge in 1835, "that strange, lovely, heroic, pathetic story, which so many have tried to tell, but which still awaits the touch of a master hand."[9] When that master appears, as he surely will, it will enhance his interest in the tale if it may truthfully be added that Lincoln sought surcease of his great grief by a visit to the wilds of the territory of Wisconsin, and even thought of making his home there.

Lincoln's third visit to Wisconsin was made in 1859, the year after the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas. He was invited to make an address at the State Fair held in Milwaukee September 30, upon the invitation, in Lincoln's words, "of the Agricultural Society of the young, prosperous, and soon to be great State of Wisconsin." On this occasion he made a remarkable address on agriculture, which in recent years due to the increasing interest in scientific agriculture has attracted much attention; for in this address Lincoln flashed forth a vision of agricultural

[8] Joseph Fort Newton, *Lincoln and Herndon* (Cedar Rapids, 1910), 16.
[9] *Ibid.*, 12.

The world is agreed that *labor* is the source from which human wants are mainly supplied. There is no dispute upon this point. From this point however, men immediately diverge. Much disputation is maintained as to the best way of applying and controlling the labor element. By some it is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital — that nobody labors, unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow, by the use of that capital, induces him to do it. Having assumed this, they proceed to consider whether it is best that capital shall *hire* laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent; or *buy* them, and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded so far they naturally conclude that all laborers are necessarily either *hired* laborers, or *slaves*. They further assume that whoever is once a *hired* laborer, is fatally fixed in that condition for life; and thence again that his condition is as bad as, or worse than that of a slave. This is the "*mud-sill*" theory.

But another class of reasoners, hold the op-

progress that only recently has been realized through our great American agricultural experiment stations.

This speech was printed in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* the day after its delivery;[10] in the *Proceedings* of the Agricultural Society of Wisconsin; and in the C. S. Hammond and Company's edition of Lincoln's works, published in 1907. It is not, so far as I know, mentioned in any other of the biographies. At the time of the Lincoln centenary this address was not known to the Agricultural College of the University of Wisconsin. Some years afterwards I called the attention of the authorities to it, and later a special bulletin containing most of the address was published by the college for distribution among the farmers of Wisconsin as an inspiration to their agricultural efforts. I have at present in my possession a page of the manuscript in Lincoln's handwriting used for the Milwaukee address. It was presented to Lathrop E. Smith of Madison by a *Sentinel* printer the year the speech was delivered. A facsimile of this page accompanies this sketch. The day after the

[10] Considering the reputation that Lincoln had won in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas, he received scant editorial mention from the *Sentinel* on the occasion of his visit to Milwaukee in 1859. The paper did, however, print his speech in full, with the comment that "it is in every sense a practical and readable effort, and will repay attentive perusal."

The address made in Beloit was very fully reported, although not verbatim, in the Beloit *Journal* of October 5, 1859. The newspaper report of the Janesville speech is not so full. But the details of Lincoln's visit to both Beloit and Janesville are still remembered by some of the older citizens.

Although the Milwaukee papers made but slight editorial mention of Lincoln in 1859, there was fortunately present at his address a newspaper man who did make significant comment. He represented a paper called *The Wisconsin Pinery*, published at Stevens Point. The article was entitled "Old Abe," and runs as follows: "Lincoln delivered a short address which he had nicely written out, folded in the *Wisconsin*, and tucked away under his left arm, when I first saw him. His heart and other internal arrangements are a long way from his head. He looks as if he was made for wading in deep water. The women say he is homely,—I say he is handsome. He has a long nose, a wrinkled, clean-shaven face, large dark eyes, black eye-brows, a forehead that juts over his eyes like a cornice, long and full, sloping up into a wealth of black hair. He looks like an open-hearted, honest man who has grown sharp in fighting knaves. His face is swarthy and filled with very deep, long thought-wrinkles. He inspires confidence. His hearers feel sure that he will not lead them astray, or fail to make a point if he attempts to. I think he is very much like Clay, without the light complexion and fiery enthusiasm. His voice is not heavy, but has a clean trumpet tone that can be heard an immense distance. Except N. P. Banks, I never heard a man who could talk to a large crowd with such ease. The address was a short sweet Lincolnism. He thrust a stiletto into Hammond's 'mud-sill' theory. It did not please everybody, I suppose, and therefore it was something positive and good."

Milwaukee address Mr. Lincoln spoke at Beloit in the afternoon and in the city of Janesville in the evening.[11] On both occasions he made political speeches.

[11] An account of this visit to Beloit and Janesville is given in *Wis. Hist. Colls.* XIV 134-35.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

IV. THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN HEIGHTS

Oh, why does the white man follow my path
Like a hound on the panther's track?
Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?

History has been made rapidly in Wisconsin. Passing through the southern part of the state and noting the numerous cities and villages and the well-tilled fields, the traveler finds it hard to believe that within the memory of men still living this region was at the mercy of savage tribes who roamed at large through the wilderness and made life and property insecure.

Of all the aborigines who were found in Wisconsin when the white settlers came the last to give trouble were the Winnebago and the Sauk and Foxes. There was this difference between the Winnebago tribe and the Sauk and Fox confederacy: the former was ostensibly friendly but undependable, while the latter, or at least a considerable faction, was for many years prior to 1832 openly dissatisfied and ugly.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Sauk and Foxes occupied the southwestern part of what is now Wisconsin and the northwestern part of Illinois. Their headquarters or tribal village was located near the present city of Rock Island. It was early foreseen by the federal government that settlers could not be kept out of this rich territory; and in 1804 a treaty was made with the confederacy by which, for an insignificant sum of money (a tribal annuity of $1000), the Indians agreed to migrate to

the west side of the Mississippi, but with a proviso that the natives could continue to occupy their old haunts until such time as the government should survey the territory and throw it open to settlement.

During the War of 1812 the dissatisfied element of the Sauk and Foxes, under the leadership of Black Sparrow Hawk, or Black Hawk, as he is known to later history, assisted the British because of real or fancied injustice at the hands of the Americans; this band was with Tecumseh when the latter fell in the Battle of the Thames. After this disaster to their fortunes they returned to their village near the confluence of the Rock and Mississippi rivers, where continued encroachments by white adventurers upon their cornfields and villages fanned the fires of hatred. In 1831 the tribes were deported across the Mississippi by military forces consisting of regulars and volunteers, and apparently the trouble was ended. Black Hawk, however, protested that none of the lands surrounding the tribal villages had been surveyed and, therefore, could not be transferred legally to white settlers. He questioned the validity of the treaty, on the ground that the chiefs who signed it were not authorized to do so by the tribe. After an attempt to form an alliance with the Winnebago and the Potawatomi he recrossed into Illinois (April, 1832) with five hundred warriors, nearly all of whom were well mounted, and a train of women and children numbering in all over a thousand people. The Illinois volunteers who were sent against him were defeated and fled southward; the savages then invaded what is now Wisconsin and pushed up the Rock River to the present site of Hustisford where a strong camp was formed facing the rapids. In the meantime, regulars, volunteers, and rangers had concentrated a few miles down the river and formed a force too strong for Black Hawk to meet with hope of success, so he led his people back again to a point a few miles northwest of the present site of Johnson

Creek. He could not proceed farther southward because of the troops, so he retreated almost due west toward the Four Lakes region. The Indians were encumbered by their women and children; they were without food; and the troops were soon in hot pursuit. The Winnebago, who were suspected of aiding Black Hawk and his warriors by concealing their movements while in the camp at the rapids, went over to the whites and offered their services as guides to harass their former allies.

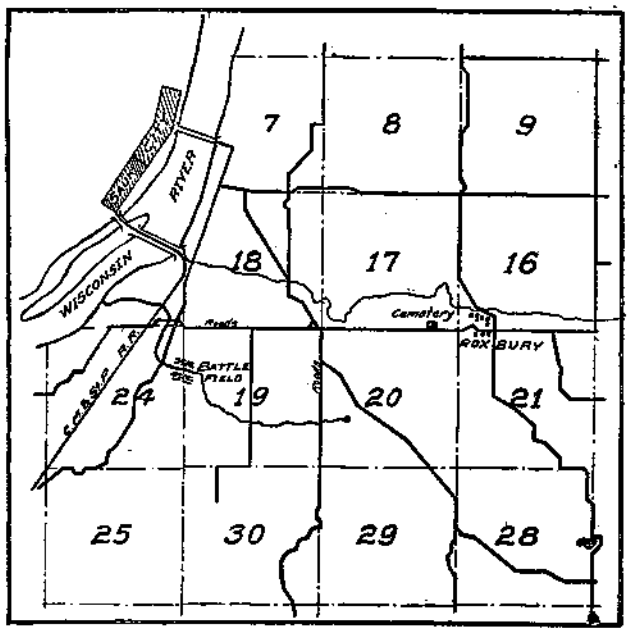
It was evident that Black Hawk, now fully convinced that he could not prevail against the superior military forces, was concerned only about getting his followers back to the west side of the Mississippi. In his retreat he followed closely the route of the present road through Cottage Grove, and between Third and Fourth Lakes, now a part of the city of Madison. The white pursuers, only a little less savage than the fleeing enemy, killed, scalped, and otherwise mutilated every wounded or exhausted Indian that fell by the trail, regardless of age or sex.

Two natural barriers interfered with the retreat of Black Hawk and his band: the crossings of the Wisconsin and Mississippi. The first of these obstacles was near at hand. From the west side of Fourth Lake the fugitives moved directly toward the Wisconsin River at Wisconsin Heights on the border line between Mazomanie and Roxbury townships of Dane County. On July 21 it became evident that Black Hawk must make a stand in order to get the women and children across the river. Both sides accordingly prepared for the conflict. When within a mile or two of the river bluffs Black Hawk, who possessed considerable skill in military maneuvers, threw out a rear guard of forty warriors to engage the attention of the soldiers until the main body of his followers, and especially the noncombatants, were safely embarked in canoes or on rafts. The troops were unable to see through the dense

thickets and, therefore, could not estimate the strength of the enemy. Both sides did considerable firing at unseen opponents, so the casualties were not heavy at this stage of the action and were quite evenly divided between the opposing forces. Finally the troops charged with fixed bayonets, and the savages broke and fled down the bluff into the river bottom with a considerable loss in killed and wounded. The thicket in the river bottoms offered a perfect hiding place for the retreating Indians, and, as night was coming on, the troops suspended the pursuit and camped on the heights. Under cover of darkness Black Hawk was enabled to get his surviving followers across the river with the exception of about one hundred and fifty old men, women, and children, who were placed on rafts or in canoes and sent down the river with the hope that they might succeed in reaching the Iowa bank of the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Wisconsin. We shall learn later what became of these unfortunates. The Indians lost in the skirmish at Wisconsin Heights, several killed and a considerable but unknown number wounded. For the retreating savages it was merely the prelude of worse things to follow.

[July 12, 1920 a member of the Society's staff, together with one of the curators, made a trip to the battle ground in order to ascertain its exact location. A tradition is afloat that the battle occurred opposite Prairie du Sac. This is erroneous. The state land office maps made by the surveyors in 1833, one year after the battle, give its exact location in the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four, township nine north, range six east. The indications show a small stream which makes its way to the river which is about a mile and a half distant. This site is the shortest possible point near the river from the head of Lake Mendota, or Fourth Lake. In order

to reach the river the Indians had to make down the creek's bed or cross the extremely high and rugged ridges of the river cliffs. There can be no doubt that their course lay along the valley opened by the stream. The visitors were fortunate in meeting Mr. A. L. Taylor, whose land adjoins the section on which the surveyors marked the battle site. Mr. Taylor's father came from England in 1840 and bought his farm from the government. There



THE BATTLE FIELD OF WISCONSIN HEIGHTS
Reproduced by courtesy of Harry E. Cole

the son was born, and well remembers when he was a boy the visit to their home of a man who had taken part in the battle. He came to see the site of this adventure, and Mr. Taylor walked with his father and the ex-soldier over the ground. The latter showed where the whites encamped during the night and the next day after the battle; he also showed them the grave of the soldier who was

killed on the height above the camp. Mr. Taylor can locate the ridge, but not the exact site of the grave. He does, however, remember an old flintlock musket and a saddle that his father found upon the ground, but these have long since disappeared. In view of the exact coincidence between the surveyor's record and the recollections of the oldest settler of the neighborhood, the decision must be that the battle field was along the nameless stream that crosses the boundary line between Mazomanie and Roxbury townships. It is to be hoped that the landmarks committee will before long mark this interesting site.

L. P. K.]

THE WISCONSIN DOMESDAY BOOK

JOSEPH SCHAFER

Under date of May 20, 1920, I mailed to each member of the Board of Curators and to a selected list of historical specialists a paper containing suggestions for devoting the Burrows Fund income for a number of years to the preparation of a *Wisconsin Domesday Book*. I said:

"In my letter, dated December 26, 1919, to the President and Board of Curators of the Wisconsin Historical Society, I took the liberty of suggesting a plan for a future great history of Wisconsin which should reach very much further down in the social life of the state than any history that has yet been produced. The aim would be, I stated, to gather such abundant materials about our Wisconsin population as would enable us ultimately to point out the influence upon Wisconsin history of even very local and seemingly humble individuals who had contributed ideas or developed processes that helped forward the civilization of the state. Moreover, the proposed history would deal with all of the great elements of modern civilization, not merely with the political or the more picturesque social features."

In order that we may really be ready in the space, let us say, of twenty years, or, if possible in sixteen years, which will bring us to the centennial anniversary of the territory of Wisconsin, to produce some such history as I suggested, it will be necessary to do a thoroughly systematic piece of work, covering a good many years, in the way of collecting and arranging the materials for it. We cannot depend upon a merely incidental method of assembling the records. It is true that this Society has already a vast collection, much of which is available for any future historical work.

But there are certain classes of data which neither this Society nor any other society has thus far made available but which, because we are already so forward in our collections, it is possible in this state to secure. It will be necessary, however, to go about it at once before the older settlers of our communities whose memories go back to the beginnings shall pass away.

Perhaps I can best indicate the character of the work which I propose by discussing it under the name of a *Wisconsin Domesday Book*. For I have in mind something quite as fundamental as the famous survey of English counties made in the reign of William the First, and much more complete with reference to the original population of the state. There is now in existence a plat book for the year 1915 which lists all of the rural land owners of the state and indicates the limits of their holdings, their names being written into the plat of each surveyor's township. Cities and even villages have generally provided similar records for their areas in recent years. No such complete tabulation exists for an earlier period. There are, however, county maps, and county plat books for most of the Wisconsin counties, which give similar data for the period around 1870. It would be a comparatively simple and inexpensive matter to bring together these county maps and plats into an atlas for, say, the years 1865–75; some of the county plats would be for the earlier years in that decade and some for the later years. But on the whole they would give valuable information for what is recognized as the middle period in Wisconsin history, the years immediately following the Civil War.

Nothing of the sort exists for the pioneer period. There are indeed some maps dating from the 40's and 50's, which show what land has been entered, and in some cases the names of prominent settlers are written into these maps. But there is no systematic geo-social survey. That is a

great deficiency and one which for historical purposes ought to be supplied. *There should be a plat book or atlas that will give the student of Wisconsin history immediate access to the names of first settlers in each section of the state, together with an ocular account of the lands they occupied, as these are located upon the plats.*

The utility of the proposed atlas must be evident from whatever angle it is viewed. Early civilization in Wisconsin, as in other western states, results primarily from the interaction of two forces; an agricultural population of several distinct origins and characters and a body of land which was at first almost free but which varied widely in natural fertility and in the ease with which it could be subdued to the uses of the farmer. The social historian needs to know in detail, at least for typical areas, the conditions under which the several classes of lands were occupied and the types of settlers who occupied them. He needs to know both how the settlers dealt with the land under varying circumstances and how the land reacted upon the settlers economically and socially. Numerous special studies interpretative of Wisconsin and of American history wait upon the preparation of such a working basis as we have proposed. The history of education, of morals, of social amelioration; the history of land values which is becoming a critical necessity of the age, all need to be illuminated by studies based on concrete facts for which a knowledge of the primary social and economic community elements is indispensable. Says Professor Frederick J. Turner (in a letter to the Superintendent): "I should make in selected areas, detailed study of the correlations between party votes, by precincts, wards, etc., soils, nationalities and state-origins of the voter, assessment rolls, denominational groups, illiteracy, etc. What kind of people tend to be Whigs, what Democrats, Abolitionists, etc.? This can be ascertained by

such studies, and it would be the first time such correlations have been worked out on any considerable scale."

Our problem then is how to obtain a record showing precisely when every piece of land in the given area (township or county) passed into the hands of a private cultivator so that it could begin to function in civilization building, and who it was that assumed the responsibility of making it function. The settler represents the family; and the family is the unit in social studies.

The surveyor's township is the most convenient territorial unit for our purpose because it is the government's starting point in preparing to make sales of its lands to private individuals. The original surveyor of a given township placed on record a plat showing its subdivisions down to one-fourth of a quarter section or forty acres; he also represented the rivers, lakes, or other similar geographic features occurring in that area, thus making a detailed map of the township. The surveyor's field notes contain in addition a concise description of the land as it was seen by him in running the section lines. For example, on the line between sections 5 and 6, in township 7—1 W, Sylvester Sibley, the surveyor (1833), notes: "Land level and first rate. Thinly timbered with oak." And there is a similar comment for every mile traced. The government sold its lands in tracts of forty acres or multiples thereof. The record in the land office tract book, which is arranged by townships and sections, gives the description of the tract purchased; its contents; price paid; form of payment, whether in cash or in military land warrant, etc.; the date of purchase; and name of purchaser, with some other data. In the United States land office at Wausau, Wisconsin, are found all the records of all the land offices ever maintained in this state. Under a law of 1883 the officers of the land offices are authorized to furnish to citizens, at the fixed rate of four dollars each, plats of townships showing "form

of entries, names of claimants, character of entry, number, and date of filing or entry, together with topography, etc." The state land office at Madison has all similar data for entries of state land.

The process of securing the atlas of original private grantees of the land thus becomes fairly simple, and we have already followed it through in a sufficient number of individual cases to enable us to test its working and to report intelligently upon its availability. We have ordered plats from the land office in Wausau. These were made in the usual way and at the legal price. We have then obtained from the state land office the record of sales by the state to private individuals of lands located in these townships. And we have also obtained from the state land office the description of the land from the field notes of surveyors. With this supplementary material we have then completed the plats, writing state land entries in the appropriate subdivisions and inscribing the surveyor's notes in the blank lines at the margin of the plat. The plat is then photostated and filed away. All copies are made from the photostatic negative.

From the interest which schools have already developed in local history study, under the leadership of the State Superintendent, county superintendents, and teachers, and from the peculiar adaptability of these township plats as material aids to this work, we have reason to anticipate that the Society will be called upon to furnish several copies of each plat to the schools. This will enable us to promote a praiseworthy educational movement which is directly in line with the Society's interest, and also to make some saving in the first cost of the township plats. Since the process of preparing the plats at the United States land office is necessarily slow, and the school officers in some counties are eager to have the Society supply copies of their townships in September, we have given the register of the

land office a number of advance orders to be filled during the summer.

As soon as some of the plats shall have been distributed to schools and other local groups, work will begin on the second phase of the plan which from its analogy to the process of making the historic *Domesday Book* might well be called

THE INQUEST

The object of this inquest will be to identify the pioneer owner of every farm in the township, the creator, out of the raw land, of every self-supporting home.

The primitive land was in part bought or entered by persons who never became settlers. At certain periods, especially, speculators were eager purchasers of both government and state land. Many names, sometimes oft repeated, of men prominent in later Wisconsin history appear on the plats. Occasionally some distinguished or famous name appears, like that of Daniel Webster, who was the purchaser of several tracts in Dane County.[1] There are personal reasons why the land speculators are often especially worthy of biographical study; and besides, the business of speculation is one feature of land history that requires special treatment. But the speculators do not figure as settlers or cultivators, and in this inquest we are seeking to identify the settlers. This can be done only through local inquiry which should not be unduly deferred, for the remaining pioneers whose memories must be relied on to assist are daily becoming fewer. Another reason for avoiding delay is the fact that farms are being broken up, two or three new ones taking the place of one original farm, which process as it progresses will greatly complicate the inquiry.

A questionnaire is being prepared to enable school teachers, high school pupils, and others, by interviewing

[1] The name of Edward Everett appears on the plat of township 6, range 11 east, as purchaser of section 26 and the east half of section 27.

pioneers of a given locality, to supply data for revising the plat showing "The Original Private Grantees of the Land," or rather for preparing a new plat showing "The Original Makers of Farms and Farm Homes." In another place (*The Wisconsin Farmer*) I have suggested that high school pupils might do much toward developing farm patriotism and at the same time furnish valuable information by preparing papers on: "The Pioneer Makers of Our Farm." Starting with the plat showing grantees of the land, which gives the beginning of every land title, the title deeds and abstracts show all changes of ownership down to the present. From those sources and the testimony of remaining pioneers, or from the evidence contained in other written documents, or in local newspapers, the actual settler of land originally entered by a speculator can be identified. Should this plan fail, there are, as we shall see, other ways of obtaining the local testimony concerning the pioneer farm makers, and the county abstract offices can supply the data for fixing the time and circumstances of their purchases of land from the speculative entrymen. The point to be kept steadily in mind is that the local testimony is indispensible to the completion of the survey. If we were absolutely sure of our list of speculators in all cases, and also sure that the party to whom the speculator sold a given tract of land was in every case a settler, the abstract office would supply all required data not furnished by the United States and state land offices. But obviously we cannot know these things.[2]

Some are skeptical as to the historical value of material derived through the means of interviews with pioneers who necessarily rely on their memories for their facts. The answer is that all depends on the type of information sought and the method of seeking it. Ask an octogenarian who has resided continuously in section 6, township 7, range 1 W

[2] Lands used for other purposes than farming, as for mining or lumbering, will necessarily have a somewhat specialized history.

since 1853: "When did J. Allen Barber sell the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of this section to L. Felton?" and the answer, while perhaps definite in form, would be of little or no value. Ask him if L. Felton (to whom that particular tract entered by Barber in 1853 was patented in 1877) was the first actual settler upon it who made a farm of it, and the answer if definite would be practically conclusive. The date of Felton's purchase from Barber can be ascertained from the record either locally or at the county seat. That would give the approximate date of his settlement there.

The aim is, with the encouragement of questionnaires, to induce local inquirers to consult title deeds, abstracts, and other unquestioned local historical sources. I believe much can be done for us by teachers, high school pupils, and others in these ways. And everything that habituates the people to rely only on unimpeachable evidence will be a net gain to history and a net gain to our democracy which needs above most things a more general appreciation and understanding of the critical method of inquiry. The Society, therefore, as an institution designed to benefit all the people, can well afford to be patient even though local inquirers stumble at first in pursuing their inquiries. From the presence of the plats of original grantees in the local schools I am anticipating a powerful stimulation toward local history study among adults as well as children. If this interest materializes, it ought to be possible to have old settlers' meetings for an entire township at which someone appointed for the purpose would hold a genuine inquest covering all doubtful questions relative to first settlers. Such meetings might be timed to harmonize with school fêtes, so that the younger generation could get the benefit of contact with the pioneers and of their backward glance over the history of the community.

There are other kinds of information about settlers which can be obtained only from local sources and which are

of a nature to enable the historian to utilize them in the mass. So that even if in detail they be wanting in perfect accuracy, the general result is still truthful. Examples are statements as to where individuals and families came from; where others went when they left the township; reasons for emigration, etc. The collecting of photos, sketches, and descriptions of successive homes of the same family or of the same home at different periods will be a significant feature of the inquiry. A very interesting point will be to obtain local evidence concerning members of the younger generation who, growing up in the neighborhood, left it for the cities or for other states to gain a wider field for their talents.

Some have felt that it was hardly worth while to take account of *all* settlers because a large proportion of these had no historical significance. For two reasons I cannot accept this view. I think the time has come to recognize that the opening of every new farm in the American wilderness was an original creative process significant enough to deserve a line in the general record of civilization. And, if the original settler did nothing more than open a farm—and, even though he may have done that very badly—one of his children or descendants may at any moment compel attention to the record he made with ax and plow. It is well understood that the American frontier has been a socially conserving influence. It has always furnished *another chance* for those who failed elsewhere. Every area, therefore, shows a certain proportion of originally unpromising families who have surprised old neighbors and friends by the way in which they "made good." The pioneer farm is a *home*, and the influence of an American home cannot be gauged by the character of its original founders. Such local inquiries as are here contemplated should result promptly in giving us clues to the more important pioneers, who could then be studied with greater particularity from such sources as can still be found.

THE GATHERING OF LOCAL SOURCES

A very important feature of the proposed plan is to make a detailed survey, by counties, of the local historical records in order that these may be available for the preparation of texts to accompany the plats when the *Domesday Book* for a given county shall be published, and for any other historical purposes. Well-trained men should be employed on these county surveys. They will be required to study the condition and contents of the county archives, the town records, school records, church records, records of fraternal societies, records of business houses, of manufactories, etc.; to locate collections of letters, diaries, farm account books; and especially to list the files and stray numbers of early local newspapers. The county investigator should become an authority on the affairs of his county from its pioneer beginnings and might very well pursue his investigations along the lines of an outline history of the county. In some cases he might actually be engaged from the outset in writing the history of the county. Other workers—local members of the Society, teachers, University students having homes there—should be encouraged to work up materials for writing the histories of townships, villages, or cities. In each case, the township plat of land grantees is the starting point. It is a fact known to every investigator that the most eager and indefatigable collector of materials in any field is the person who is writing or planning to write a history covering that field. In such cases the interest arising from research for the sake of a constructive result supplements and adds momentum to the interest in collection for its own sake. The pursuit of data thus becomes intense, as with the lawyer who is driving for the facts bearing on a special case. The question should therefore be carefully considered how far the work outlined above can be assigned to persons who shall have the status of research associates

on our staff but who shall be dealing intensively with local areas, especially counties.

THE WORK IN THE LIBRARY

Corresponding to the work which is to be done and promoted in the counties and local divisions, there will also be work carried on at the Library constantly. This work naturally divides itself into several branches: (a) First of all, there must be a secretary to keep in constant touch with the local history activities. Such person will formulate questionnaires to be used in the local work, open and keep up correspondence with the communities that are making inquiries concerning first settlers, and verify the results so far as these can be verified in Madison. Also, a good deal of the newspaper study of local characters can be carried on here contemporaneously with the study that the communities are engaged upon, for in a large number of cases it will be found that we have files of newspapers from the localities under investigation.

Another service which the home secretary at Madison can do will relate to the middle period atlas. This will not be a serious undertaking, but it will occupy at best a considerable amount of time. On its completion, an important study will be a comparison of the middle period atlas with the 1915 atlas, with a view to determining problems on the shifting of population, the change in size of farms, the substitution for American settlers of settlers of foreign birth, etc. The preparation of texts to accompany the atlas will require a large number of special studies, some of which can be going on continuously during the course of the making of the county plat books and of the catalogue representing our study of the social elements entering into the history of Wisconsin civilization.

MONOGRAPHIC STUDIES

Another feature of our preparation for the future great history must be the preparation and publication of a large number of monographs on special topics, the general aim being to digest and interpret masses of material. The work of collecting materials systematically in many lines such as phases of religious history, industrial history, agricultural history, educational history, biography, will involve a thorough study of particular institutions, men, and movements. The number and variety of the topics to be treated are large and as varied as are the elements entering into the complex of our civilization. Some of the monographic work ought to be done by members of the Society scattered over the state, and they would need the encouragement which always comes to a worker from the expectation that his results will be published. Some of it will naturally be done by University students in history. In their cases, also, a readiness on the part of the Society to publish acceptable papers will prove a great stimulus. Much of it will need to be done by specially trained investigators attached to the staff. Publication activity must be kept abreast of production.

RELIEF MAPS OF WISCONSIN COUNTIES

In connection with the *Domesday Book* there should be a large scale relief map of each county modeled according to accurate, scientific data, and representing also certain historical facts like the originally wooded or prairie character of the land. In the preparation of such county relief maps the Society will have the cooperation of the State Geological Survey.

SUMMARY

We shall need in order to carry out the above recommendations:

1. A field secretary of sound historical training to (a) prepare a guide to the county archives, and (b) begin the

geo-social survey by counties. Some necessary assistance can be engaged in the counties under survey.

2. A home secretary of good training to promote community local history studies, to verify and organize the material sent in, and to work on the *Domesday Book* in other ways.
3. Additional stenographic and clerical help varying in amount with the development of the survey.
4. A fund for publishing the *Domesday Book*, which should be printed in parts, the material for each county constituting a part.
5. A fund for the employment of research associates to prepare monographs.
6. A fund for the publication of monographs.
7. A fund for the preparation of county relief maps.

OTHER ACTIVITIES TO BE STIMULATED

The emphasis placed in this paper on the *Domesday Book*, with the activities growing out of it and supplementary to it, must not be taken to indicate a willingness to let other lines of activity suffer. I have merely pointed out an additional object to which, as I think, the Society ought to devote the whole or at least the greater part of the income from the Burrows Fund as soon as such income begins to accrue. Other activities of the Society, so generously supported by the state during the past two generations, are of course to go forward not merely at their customary pace, but with accelerated momentum. For all of those activities will be rendered more imperative and more purposeful by the new lines of development planned. The editing and publication of significant documentary material, the collecting of newspaper files, of maps and valuable manuscripts, the arranging of the papers of Wisconsin public men, the preparation and publication of calendars of the more significant collections of historical manuscripts, the preparation

and publication of checklists of the public documents of the state, and the building up of our magnificent historical library are objects in which the state is too deeply interested and to which it is too deeply pledged to permit any diminution of interest on the part of the Society's administration. In order to strengthen those lines of activity, and at the same time to meet the increased cost of service, materials, and printing, the Society cannot escape the necessity of calling upon the state legislature for an increase in the appropriation for the next biennium.

DOCUMENTS

A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: THE LETTERS OF CHAUNCEY H. COOKE

"Old men for counsel, young men for war," runs the ancient proverb. The men who saved the Union in the sixties were for the most part young men, thousands of them being "boys in blue" literally as well as figuratively. Living in the town of Dover, Buffalo County, on the raw Wisconsin frontier when the Civil War broke out was a clumsy, overgrown boy named Chauncey H. Cooke. Born at Columbus, Ohio, in May, 1846, he had grown up in the Wisconsin wilderness; sleeping by night under the shake shingle roof of a rude log house through which in winter the snow sifted freely down upon him; by day, when not engaged in the hard toil of the frontier farm, hunting deer and bear and wild fowl or fraternizing with the red children of the forest who still sojourned in this region. It is not strange that such a course of life developed in him a "constitution like a horse," and a physical stature beyond his years. When the call to arms came in the summer of 1861 young Cooke, although barely turned fifteen, was eager to respond to it. The next season came the Sioux troubles in Minnesota, and therewith the famous panic on the part of the people of Wisconsin which constitutes perhaps the most curious psychological episode in our history. But already our Buffalo County lad, having reached the mature age of sixteen, had resolved to enlist, even though to accomplish this might necessitate the stultification of his puritan training to the extent of telling the mustering officer a lie about his age. Going down to La Crosse for this purpose in September, 1862, he was enrolled in Company G, Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Infantry, and shortly thereafter, instead of being sent to Dixie, was on his way northward to share in the campaign of General Pope against the Sioux of Minnesota. The young soldier saw no fighting in this campaign. However, he made his first contact with the life of the great world outside the secluded valley in which he had

passed his boyhood hitherto; and his letters home during this period present both an unusual view of the Indian trouble and a charmingly fresh and unsophisticated narrative of the reactions of the pioneer boy of puritan antecedents to the environment in which he found himself. With the passing years came a greater degree of sophistication, but essentially a boy our subject remained when in May, 1865, on his nineteenth birthday he was mustered out of the service after nearly three years' campaigning.

The letters which we print require but little editing. Since the originals are no longer in existence, however, it is in order here to tell the pedigree of the copies we present for the enjoyment of our readers. Mr. Cooke died at his home in Mondovi in May, 1919. The character of citizen he was is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the fact that by common consent the business houses of the city closed for two hours on the day of his funeral. A few years earlier these letters had been printed in the Mondovi *Herald*, and fifty copies of the entire collection were struck off in crude booklet form with the title, "Soldier Boy's Letters to his Father and Mother, 1862–65." A copy of this booklet came into the hands of the present editor, and struck by the character of its contents he took up with Mr. Cooke, a few months before his death, the question of reprinting the letters in this magazine. To this end a request was made for the loan of the original letters, and this evoked the explanation from their author that most of them had been destroyed or given away to various friends. "Many of them," he continued, "were scrappy and illegible to anyone save myself, written on all sorts of paper and nearly all in pencil. The soldier's portfolio case for carrying paper and pen and ink, usually a part of his equipment while in training quarters, was nearly always thrown away when real service on the march began. I think you will find an agreement among the old vets that any chance bit of paper picked up from rifled country stores or dwellings along the line of march was the source of supply for letter paper much of the time. I am frank to admit that the printed letters are not a verbatim copy of the originals, if in any degree their fidelity be questioned. Where the lead was poor and letters illegible I had to improvise, or where I had sinned to

excess in spelling and grammar I made amendments. And in narration of fact or situation which seemed obscure or indefinite I substituted more specific language. In matter the printed letters are absolutely true to the originals. I invented no facts nor situations."

With such a history, then, we take the letters from the booklet in question. But since the printer thereof apologizes for "errors of omission and commission" on the part of the proof reader, and since in any event the copies do not purport to be exact reproductions of the originals, we have deemed it the part of good judgment to eliminate from the copies a few instances of obvious mistakes in printing and certain crudities of punctuation or other typographical style, for which the printer rather than the author was probably usually responsible.

CAMP SOLOMAN, LA CROSSE, WIS.,
HD. QUARTERS 25TH WIS. VOL. INFT.
Sept. 15th, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS: I am sitting on the straw in my tent with my paper on a trunk for a desk, this is Monday, before breakfast that I am writing you. This has been a very busy week for the soldiers.

We did not get through mustering until last evening which as you know was Sunday. The mustering officer was here all day, and he was a fierce looking fellow. Anyhow that's the way he looked to us younger boys that couldn't swear we was 18. We had to muster in all the same, if it was Sunday. Some of the boys tho't it was a bad omen, and meant bad luck. We were not exactly mustered in because we did not get our pay, but the companies were drawn up in line, one at a time, and the officer with his hands behind his back walked along ten feet or so in front of the line looking every man in the face. Every one he suspicioned of being under 18, he would ask his age. He turned out a lot of them that were not quite 18. Some of them that might have been old enough, were getting homesick and was glad to get out of it by fibbing a little. Seeing how it was working out with the rest, I did not know what to do. I went to see our

captain but he said he could not help me. He said his interceding would do no good. I saw our Chaplain and he told me to tell the truth, that I was a little past 16, and he tho't that when the mustering officer saw my whiskers he would not ask my age. That is what the boys all told me but I was afraid. I had about made up my mind to tell him I was going on 19 years, but thank heaven I did not have a chance to lie. He did not ask my age. I am all right and the boys were right. Say do you know the sweat was running down my legs into my boots, when that fellow came down the line, and I was looking hard at the ground fifteen paces in front.

I suppose I am a full fledged soldier now. I have got my uniform and that awful mustering officer has gone. While I am writing, the fife and drums are playing again; how I wish you could come down and see the soldiers. To see a thousand soldiers on regimental drill or parade is what visitors call a splendid sight. Hundreds of people in La Crosse come out to see us every evening. There was about five hundred visitors here last night to see us on dress parade. Gen. Pope[1] got off here last Saturday evening and we expected to see him in camp but he did not come. I was in town the evening he came but my pass did not last long enough to see the General. But I saw some of his aids. Chester Ide's wife came from Mondovi yesterday. There is hundreds of other things I could speak of but I don't have paper or time to mention them. But there is one more thing I have to tell you, we are to start for Cincinnatti next Thursday, so if you can come down before that time you will find me here.

[1] General John Pope was a native of Kentucky who graduated at West Point in 1842 and served continuously in the regular army until his retirement in 1886. In the year 1861 and the early part of 1862 he attracted much favorable attention by his successful operations against the Confederate forces in Missouri. As a consequence he was summoned to Washington at the end of June and given command of the Army of Virginia, where in a period of several weeks of strenuous fighting he proved unequal to the task of coping with such opponents as Lee and Jackson and asked to be relieved of the command. He was now assigned to the Department of the Northwest, and under his general superintendence the Sioux uprising was put down, although the actual work had been largely done before Pope's arrival by state volunteers under the command of Henry H. Sibley. Pope was an implacable foe of the Indians and desired to have several hundred of the captured Sioux executed under court-martial proceedings. Fortunately President Lincoln interposed; due to this interference the number actually executed was reduced to thirty-eight. A recent historian of Minnesota observes that the fate accorded those who escaped execution was scarcely more enviable than that of the thirty-eight who were hanged.

We are to get our money tomorrow and if we do I will get my picture taken. We got our guns yesterday. If you write at once, direct to La Crosse Wisconsin.

Your loving son,

CHAUNCEY.

P. S. The boys that were rejected lit out last night and took their uniforms with them.

HEADQUARTERS, 25TH WISC.

LA CROSSE, WIS., SEPT. 20, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS: One more week has gone and we are still in La Crosse. Our daily stunt is to drill four hours a day. Our drillmaster is a nice little fellow. He has been sent to us to drill us and will be made our 2nd lieutenant. He is a proud bugger in his brand new suit of blue with gold cord on his legs and shoulder straps and he walks so darn straight he leans backward. But he's a good one.

There is not a man but would be too glad if we had orders to march for Dixie tomorrow. Its awful tiresome staying here doing nothing. It's harder work than farming. The Governor telegraphed to the Colonel of the regiment yesterday that we were liable to get orders to go up the river to Fort Snelling by boat and sent into the Sioux Indian country. There is a boy 14 years old here in camp, who came from above St. Paul, whose father was murdered by the Indians ten rods from him last week. The boy escaped by crawling under a bridge and waiting till a team came along. He came to St. Paul and worked his way down on a steamboat to this place.

I haven't been homesick a minute. I like drilling pretty well and our Bob, that is the name of our lieutenant, says we step up like regulars. Please excuse these short letters. Tell George Wooster to write and I will answer him. Also tell sister Do to add a line when you write.

Is she catching any fish these days? I hope trapping will be good this fall so father can make a little extra change. Are the pigeons in the stubble like they were last fall when I shot 19 at one crack? My goodness, how I would like a pigeon pot pie. Tell father he will find a lot of shot in the old leather knife case on

that shelf in the entry way. They are some I bought last year when Fred Rosman and I were going to get rich shooting prairie chickens and selling them to the steamboats. I wish we could get our money so I could come home a few days. I suppose you got my picture. How do I look as a soldier? I tell you it looks military like to see the fellows in their regulation blue.

Write often as you can conveniently, anything from home seems good.

CHAUNCEY.

P. S. I have reopened this letter to say we have orders to report at once to St. Paul. I think we will start in the morning. Don't write till I can give you my address.

LA CROSSE, WIS., Sept. 21, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:

I wrote you yesterday we had orders to report to St. Paul to fight the Sioux Indians, in Minnesota. Sure enough we are packing things and will leave here in the morning on the big sidewheel steamer *St. Paul* for up river. Some of the boys are mad and some are glad. Some say they did not enlist to fight Indians but to fight rebels, but military orders must be obeyed. If I thought the young Sioux chief who has been to our place so many times with his hunting party who was so good to us, letting us have elk meat and venison for a little of nothing, I should not like to think of shooting at them. I remember father said, if a few Indian contractors were scalped, there would be no trouble. I read last night in the paper a letter from Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who said the government had not kept its promise with the Indians, that they had no blankets and no rations of beef, and that was the reason they went on the warpath. The bow and arrows the chief's son gave me, I wish you would see that they are not lost. I don't believe Indian John stole Mr. Cripp's gun. He is a good Indian and if he is not killed in the war he will bring it back.

I will finish this in the morning.

Sept. 21st. I am sitting on the hurricane deck of the *St. Paul* steamer where our Company has been assigned for the trip to Fort Snelling. We were an hour filing on board the boat this

morning. Everybody is feeling good. Some of them are happier than they ought to be. Bill Anderson and some of the Mondovi boys are pretty well loaded. Chet Ide doesn't drink, but he is laughing louder at the fellows who do drink. Gile Bump of Mondovi and I crawled under the ledge over the cabin to get in the shade. The boat has an awful load.

A thousand men with all the fixtures and equipment. There is not room to lie down! The band is kept pretty busy. Whenever we pass a boat or reach a town the band pounds and blows for all it's worth. The women and girls wave their handkerchiefs, and every fellow thinks it's meant for him. I'll bet there never was so jolly a crew on this boat before. When the boat stopped at Winona some of the boys took a high dive from the top of the wheelhouse into the river. I never thought they would come up again but they did, and swam back to the yawl and climbed into that and were pulled up by ropes onto the boiler deck. We have just passed Fountain City and I must close this letter so as to mail it at Alma. The boat stops at every town, but no soldier is allowed to step off the boat. We have just passed a raft and the way the logs teeter in the waves is a wonder. The fellows shake their fists and yell dirty, hoodlum stuff, but the boys in blue give it back to them in plenty.

Tell Elder Morse's folks that Henry is well and spoiling for a fight.

CHAUNCEY.

DEAR MOTHER.—I missed the Alma boat and so I'll add a few lines more. We reached St. Paul and everybody was on the shore to greet us. They are mighty glad to have soldiers come as the Indians are gathering in big forces, and there may be bloody times. After waiting for orders we steamed on to Fort Snelling six miles above, and after landing in the bushes at the mouth of the Minnesota River, we climbed the high bluff where the Fort is located. They call this fort the American Gibraltar, if you can guess the meaning, steep wall nearly around it, and some big black cannons pointing in all directions.

I tell you those cannons have a wicked look. They are the first I have ever seen. I have just discovered I have a two-

dollar counterfeit bill, so I am on half rations for money. We got our knapsacks this evening, and expect to start up the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers to hunt Indians in a day or two.

Wish you would make me a pair of two fingered mittens, it would save me $1.50; make them out of thin buckskin. There is a lot of buck Indians in the stone jail of the fort, who are guarded. They are some of the ringleaders, who incited the massacre. One of them looks just like One Eye, who staid around our place so much.

CHAUNCEY.

Direct to Co. G., Ft. Snelling.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., Oct. 2, 1862.
CO. G. 25TH REGT.

DEAR PARENTS:

In my last I wrote you of our arrival at Fort Snelling and that we were to march into the Indian Country in a day or two. Fort Snelling is a fine place and I hadn't got tired of it when orders came to divide our Regiment, the right wing to go up the Minnesota River and the left wing up the Mississippi. Our Co. is in the left wing so we came up the Mississippi River. The first night after quitting Ft. Snelling we camped in the edge of Minneapolis, a pretty town at the Falls of St. Anthony. St. Anthony, just across the river, has some nice big buildings and is the biggest place. It was awfully hot the day we left the fort and our extra blankets and belts full of ammunition made a load. But we felt good and after supper I scuffled with Casper Meuli and Max Brill till bed time. I know father advised me not to do any wrestling, but a fellow can't say no all the time. A lot of us rolled up in our blankets under the trees on the bank of a creek with no tents that night. A lot of women or girls from town came into camp and walked over us as if we were logs. I thot they were pretty fresh. Some of the older soldiers talked pretty plain to them but they didn't seem to care. After awhile they were ordered away and then we went to sleep. The next night and the night after I slept in barns on the hay. The people seemed to be Germans but they were good and gave us all they had of milk and bread. The boys would gather like pigs round a milk pan,

three or four drinking at the same time. We came into St. Cloud last night. We crossed the Mississippi here. It isn't the mighty stream here that it is at Alma, I could throw a stone across and hit a dog up here. These people gave us a warm welcome. Some of our boys came down with the measles and will go into hospital quarters until they get well. I have a queer sort of feeling, perhaps its measles with me. You know I never was sick. When the surgeon examined me in La Crosse he hit me a slap and told me I had a constitution like a horse. I told him my living for some years had been buck meat, beaver's tails and bear flesh. He said, "You are a tough one, that is plain to see." I am sitting on a big rock on the bank of the Mississippi. It seems strange that this clear, beautiful stream is the same yellow, broad river that runs so near my home. As I write I am using a fine-tooth comb and I am finding bugs. I don't know where I got them, but I've got them. I was ashamed to be seen combing in camp so I came down behind the big rocks by the river. The other boys must have them. No Indians yet. The old settlers tell us the buffaloes were here but a few years ago. I have seen some of their horns, sharp, black wicked things. Their trails can be seen on the prairies and along the river banks. I remember father saying the buffaloes and Indians would disappear about the same time. Pot hunters would slay the buffaloes for their skins, and the white man's whiskey was as surely slaying the Indian. Tomorrow we take up our march to Richmond, twenty miles away. I will write you then.

Your son

CHAUNCEY.

P. S. Tell father not to brag so much on Webster as a speller. I know I am not in his class quite, but I have bought me a pocket dictionary and I am studying it every day. Our Chaplain came along last night and saw me with it. He stopped and looked at it; well, he said it is next thing to a testament anyhow.

Good bye.

ST. CLOUD HOSPITAL, ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Oct. 20th, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER, FATHER AND ALL THE REST.

I am writing you from a sick bed propped up on the back of a chair made soft with pillows. You must think it strange that you have got no letters these three weeks but if you knew how fearfully sick I have been you would understand. I have been a mighty sick boy with the measles all this time in a big room in the city building along with ten other of my comrades. Three others of my Co. are here. Andy Adams, one of my chums from Mondovi, is one of them and he has been very sick. I tell you mother it is a terrible thing to be sick among strangers anyway. I've tho't of home and you so many times. Maybe if I had ever been sick before it would not have seemed so bad, but I want to tell you my dear mother, I never want to be sick away from you. The women of the town came in every day to give nice things to eat and make lemonade for us but they were all strange and new ones came nearly every day. They were kind, of course but O, I don't know. I felt if they were thinking more of their nice clothes and how fine they looked than of us. They wouldn't give me all the water I wanted, and I was always so thirsty. I just dreamed all the time. I don't want to talk like a baby, mother, and the boys say, "Don't write any bad news to your father and mother," but you have always told me I should tell the truth and I believe its all right. God knows I never felt before what it meant to have a good home and a kind father and dear mother. And for these nearly three weeks on my back, I have thought of you all more than a hundred times. What a nice thing is a good home. Don't think I am homesick, mother, you know I can say all these things and still not be homesick. When a fellow is sick and all broke up he can't help saying soft things. But I know if you had been here or I had been there I should not be where I am. Some of the fellows here are awful rough in their talk. They wasn't very sick and they are joking me and a young fellow in Co. E. because we are talking so much about our home and our mothers. I don't deny that I long to see my dear mother, and when the tears come into his eyes I know the poor boy that lays next to me is thinking of home too.

Don't think for a minute, mother, that I am dying. I am getting better and in a few days will rejoin my Co., which is now at Richmond, about 20 miles from here. It will seem like going home almost, to get back to my dear old Company. The nights are getting freezing cold and they tell me the lakes are covered with ice, and lately I dreamed of laying on my stomach and drinking cold icewater through the air holes. I suppose it's because I am always so dry.

They say that a few days ago three hundred soldiers came down from Ft. Abercrombie, 130 miles from here. They left everything quiet; in fact the Indian war seems at an end unless the upper Sioux turn on us.

Colonel Sibley[2] has recovered all the white prisoners and nearly 2,000 Indian prisoners. The question seems to be whether to let the Sioux remain or drive them from the homes of their ancestors into some western reservation. It seems likely that they will be driven away. Mother, this whole Indian question is wrong. Lying on my sick bed here, I can't help thinking of the wrongdoing of the government toward the Indians. I am losing heart in this war against the Indians. When you come to think that all this beautiful country along the Minnesota River was bought for 2 cents an acre and that the government still owes them this pitiful sum for it, I am sorry for them. The boys tell me I am no better than an Indian when I talk about it, but I can't help it. God made this country and gave it to the Indians. After a while along comes Columbus with his three cockleshell boats, takes possession of all the continent in the name of the Almighty, Queen Isabella of Spain, and the Indians are treated as wild beasts. I often think as I have heard father say, "if this is the spirit of the present Christianity, God will damn it."

[2] Henry Hastings Sibley was born in Detroit in 1811 and spent practically his whole life on the frontier. He early engaged in the fur trade and in 1835 located at Mendota, at the mouth of the Minnesota River, where he built the first house in modern Minnesota. Here he lived until 1862, when he removed to St. Paul. Mr. Sibley was largely instrumental in securing the erection of Minnesota Territory and he served as its delegate in Congress from 1849 to 1853. He was elected first governor of the state, serving from 1858 to 1860; in 1862 he was commissioned by Governor Ramsey to take charge of the state troops in the Sioux War. By his wise and energetic course he succeeded in largely suppressing the outbreak and rescuing the captive whites when the federal government in response to urgent appeals by the state authorities sent General Pope to take charge of the situation.

I don't expect we will have a brush with the Indians unless we go farther west. The boys at Richmond are having good times, hunting deer and bear and catching fish. The lakes are clear and cool and full of fish.

We don't know where we are to winter, likely as not just where we are. My dear mother I am out of money. I haven't got the three dollars yet I wrote for the last time. I got to borrow a stamp to send this letter, but its alright. Mother, how does the new house come on? Have you got in it yet? Have you dug the potatoes yet? Does brother W. kill many prairie chickens this fall, or hasn't he got any ammunition? Has father got the stable plastered up warm? The blue clay in the bottom of the creek is all right for that.

Mother, don't you hate to leave the dear old cabin this winter for the new house? I love to think of that best of beds under those long, oak shingles, warped and twisted, that let in the rain and snow in my face. I would give all this world if I owned it, if I could sleep there tonight. Did the corn get ripe? Has father broke the colts? Has brother W. broke the steers so they can haul things? How is Father Cartwright? Has father killed any game this fall, what is it? Mother, as to the money I sent home, I want you or father to use it for anything you want. All I want is the first payment on that land so that is clear I don't care for the rest. You must get some apple trees if you have not already, and get a stand of bees. You ought to raise your own honey. I would like very much to hear from you mother. I haven't heard from home since I left La Crosse, I do not complain. There may be letters somewhere for me. Remember mother, a letter in your own handwriting. Love to all, to yourself, father, brothers and sister.

Your soldier boy.
CHAUNCEY

NEW RICHMOND, MINN.,
HD. QUARTERS CO., G. 25TH REGT.
WIS., VOL. INFT., October 28th.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: Since my last you see I have made a change. I am now with the company at New Richmond. Andy

Adams of Mondovi and one of the Mann brothers and myself came up in one of the Wells Fargo stages. The captain ordered us to the hotel as he tho't we was not strong enough for camp yet. I got your last letter the day before we left St. Cloud and what you told me about exposing myself after having the measles scared me just a bit. I had been walking about for three days and when I crossed the streets the wind was cold and so strong it would nearly throw me down and I had nothing but my summer drawers. Our women nurses didn't warn us a bit, but told me I should go out and get strength. I was glad enough to get out doors once more. I think I am getting all right. I was pretty sick the doctor told me, just as if I didn't know my own feelings. The Ladies' Aid Society was real kind. One old lady who did not belong to the society would come nearly every day with some sour candy and give it to all of us because our mouths tasted bad of the fever. She said she had a dear boy somewhere in the South and she hoped someone would be good to her boy if he got sick.

I tell you it seemed awful good to see the faces of my old chums. I had been away from them nearly four weeks and it seemed that many months.

They are busy building log houses to winter in. They are building 18 houses for store buildings and quarters. It is getting cold and the weather makes them hustle. The boys are still in tents tho it is freezing every night. The rest of the left wing have gone up to Paynesville to winter, four companies. I woke up this morning with a pain in my stomach. I told Elder Harwood of it and he told me not to eat any more biscuit before going to bed. We have a nice hotel and lots to eat and I am hungry all the time. They give us wild rice, bo't of the Indians, twice a day, and it is good. The Landlord said it was nearly gone and the Indians were gone and he didn't know when he could get any more. I like to hear him talk about the Indians. He said they had been cheated and lied to by the government contractors, and that bro't on all the trouble. He said he lived amongst them all his life and they were good people unless they were drunk.

I have lost fifteen and a half pounds in weight the three weeks past. I forgot to tell you I found a letter from you dated the 10th here in the Captain's hands. He forgot to send it to me. I am glad father has such good luck killing deer and bear this fall. Thank goodness old dog Prince was close by when the bear made that rush for father. He no doubt saved father's life. I hope the poor dog's jaw is not broken. The bear's jaw of course was too strong for him. Don't skim the milk for dear old Prince, give it to him with the cream on until he can eat meat. We have bear and deer close to this place but you will believe me, I would dearly like to be with father in his hunts, long enough at least to help him kill two or three fat bears.

Don't fear but I will be careful dear mother of my health, you scared me when you explained about cousin Ben's death a month after he got up from the measles. I have had the measles, and "theys done gone" as Topsey said, in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Rumors of Indians coming back on the war path is the talk among the boys in the hotel tonight. The sky is all lighted up some ten miles away by prairie fires tonight. The boys say it means Indians. My room is about 8 by 10 feet and the light from the prairie fire makes a shadow on the wall. Some of the boys talk like they wanted dreadfully to get into a scrimmage with the Sioux. It must be I aint a good soldier, I dont think it is fear, but I am all the time thinking of One Eye and his son and wife that came to our house so many times to get flour and coffee, and the times I played with their boys and sat on their buffalo robes and ate elk steak and venison steak by their wigwam fires. You know we wondered that they never came back any more, and father said they were afraid of their lives because the Dacotas and Minnesota Sioux had declared war and to save their lives they had gone west.

I don't deny that I sometimes think of Owena, the Chief's daughter that father plagued me about, and wonder where she is.

Bishop Whipple[3] says the government has never kept its word

[3] Henry Benjamin Whipple was born and educated in New York; in 1859 he was consecrated first bishop of the Episcopal Church in Minnesota. He acquired great influence among the Sioux and Ojibway and by them was given a name meaning "Straight Tongue." In the face of much popular opposition he maintained a friendly stand toward the Sioux at the time of the troubles of 1862 and emphasized the responsibility of the whites for the trouble through official neglect and misdoing on the part of individuals.

of payment for the land and the rations promised the Indians. That man Whipple must be another William Penn. He has always been the Indian's friend in Minnesota. I read in the *Sentinel* yesterday that he had visited the White House in Washington and plead with President Lincoln with tears in his eyes that the government should pay these Sioux their promised annuity and that would stop the war. Why don't they do it? I am a white man's son and I like my own people but I can never forget what Chief One Eye told me in his wigwam on the Three Mile Creek that the white chief at Washington was a liar because they never got their annuity and their beef was tough and unfit to eat.

I hope father will not sell my 40 even at a hundred dollars profit. I like Wisconsin best of all yet.

They are all in bed but me, so good night.

Your boy,

CHAUNCEY.

NEW RICHMOND, MINN.
CO. G. 25TH REGT.
Nov. 4th, 1862.

Dear sister Doe: Your favor of Oct. 25th rec'd yesterday. It seemed so good to me that I read it over twice before stopping. I am just like other soldiers I suppose, crazy to get letters from dear ones at home. I wrote mother only a day or two ago but that makes no difference, I am glad for an excuse to write home. I told mother that I did not expect to leave St. Cloud for some days but we left the next day in one of those big Wells Fargo coaches you told me so much about. We had four horses on the coach and they trotted nearly all the way, 20 miles, to this place. I found the boys fat as pigs except them that were sick with measles. Some ten or a dozen were sick.

You said you received $10 in one of my letters. I sent $30 altogether in the two letters. I also sent my clothes. Did you get them?

It is now quite certain we will winter here as they have commenced building cabins. It is about 225 miles from home, just a nice sleigh ride.

I could get home for about $7 but that would buy a good many things you need this coming winter, and maybe I could not get away. Be good enough to send me the *Tribune* or the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. We don't have anything here to read but Dutch papers. I want to get some papers or books this winter and maybe you better send me a few dollars. I was too good when I sent the last money to father and I shall be short before my next pay day which is in December. I am real glad you are making such headway in your books. You are father's girl alright. Do you know, sister, I used to think father was a curious kind of person because he differed with so many people, and I didn't know what to think about it, but I know now our father is a sensible man. He opened my eyes about this Indian question which I am finding every day to be true, and I believe his opinion about the slave-holders to be just as true. I cannot forget his words in the grove at Rufus Fuller's when we started for Alma after that big dinner. He said, "Be true to your country my boy, and be true to the flag, but before your country or the flag be true to the slave." I never saw tears in father's eyes before.

I am still in the tavern. I bought some packs the other day and paid $3 for them, a big price but I had to have them. Tell father to pick up a chopper if he can find one and set him to work at my expense in the big timber over northeast. We need a lot more rails. We need to keep dark about timber until we get some logs out of it. Cut the logs and mark them together and I will split them myself if I ever get back. Nobody knows of the timber but Mr. Amidon and nobody will ever touch it. Mr. Amidon got a dozen or so logs there last winter for the mill. I counted the stumps last spring when I speared those beaver there last spring.

Poor old dog Prince and I had a lot of fun on that creek. How is Prince getting on from that fight with that bear? I wish father would be more careful in shooting at bears. Prince may not always be near by to lock jaws with the black devils. I often think of the night I slept with Prince in my arms in Traverse Valley. The fire had gone out and it was dark as tar. When a fox would bark he would tremble and raise his head and growl.

When that deer snorted in the brush and run he nearly scared me to death as he jumped out from the blanket and run after him. Give the old dog a hug for me. There is lots of game here and I wish I had old Prince with me.

Obed Hilliard and I have bought a lot of traps and as soon as I get strong I am going to set them. The boys have shot a lot of rats and minks with their muskets.

The news came just now that McClellan had captured 30,000 rebs and had cornered the rest of Lee's army, and the war was at an end. We hear things like this nearly every day. Nobody believes it.

Your brother,
CHAUNCEY.

FT. WILDCAT, RICHMOND, MINN.
Nov. 10th, 1862.

Dear Mother: I believe my last was writen to Doe, anyway I will write this time to you. I like letters from father and Sister Doe, too, awful well, but if you could hear what I hear every day about things and persons at home, you would hear the fathers talked about and you would hear that the sisters and brothers were nice people, but the mothers in the daily talk of the soldiers are the best persons in the world. Well now this may sound like I am homesick but I ain't. I was going to say, we are to have inspection of arms in a little while and I tho't I would put in the time until then writing. The snow fell to the depth of 5 inches last night and the woods this forenoon was full of soldiers hunting deer. A bear was seen by one of the boys but nothing but some partridges and rabbits was killed. Until day before yesterday the lakes were full of ducks and geese. I never saw so many ducks. The boys have killed lots of them. I purchased a pair of moccasins, paid $3.50 for them, a big price but had to have them. I want to do some shooting pretty soon. The orderly has informed us that there will be no inspection of arms. I noticed in the *Sentinel* that Gilmanton was exempt from draft. That is all the Gilmanton folks wanted, so they said. Now we will see how much those moneyed ones will give now that they are in no

danger of draft. I was out on drill day before yesterday, the first time in six weeks.

The cabins are nearly done and I shall be glad to get out of the hotel with the boys although I like things here. The commissary building is full of beef, pork, and flour and good things to eat. The company will be divided into squads with a cook for each squad. Obed Hilliard is the cook for our squad, Obe and I are in partnership in trapping. The lakes and the Sioux River that runs by our camp are full of mink and rats. I found a big black mink in a trap of one of the other boys last night just below camp. His hide was worth $8. I was half tempted to take him out. The boys are playing just these tricks every day on each other. I nearly forgot to tell you I had bowel trouble the other day and Sergeant McKay gave me a dose of burnt whiskey. It was the first whiskey I ever drank. It helped my bowel trouble and I suppose from what the boys tell me it made me do some strange things. Men Bump and Chet Ide of Mondovi have been laughing at me and telling me that I was a shame to old topers that I talked stuff and got out Bill Hill's drum and pounded it. Anyway I am alright now. I have no more news to write this time. Mr. Ball sends his respects to Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. McKay sends his regards to father.

I was just closing this letter when one of the boys came into my room and told me the Indians were burning Paynesville, where the other four companies of the left wing are posted. I went to the window and sure enough there was a big light on the sky in the direction of Paynesville. I have been waiting a half hour for later news. If it meant Indians I knew we would be notified by courier. As we have heard nothing it means just a prairie fire, so good night mother.

Your loving boy,
CHAUNCEY.

RICHMOND, MINN.,
NOV. 20, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS:—

I had no letters the past week but look for one this afternoon. Things go on rather quiet most of the time. Our log shanties are

all finished and I am now with the boys. I'll tell you, I am keeping a diary and I will give you a copy of it for a week in this letter:—

Nov. 10—Took a shave today. One of the boys said my beard made me look like a goat. Had my first dinner at the shanty, Obe is a good cook. Supply train loaded with provisions went by for Sauk Center and Paynesville. Some men, trappers I guess, from the Red River country went toward St. Cloud, they stopped for dinner. Said all was quiet in the up country. They wore leggins like Indians and their stories if true, made them out more savage. According to their talk all Indians are red devils.

Nov. 11—A nice Indian summer day, a smoky, hazy, dreamy day. Took my gun and went rat hunting. Shot five but got only four. Came back to camp hungry as a dog. Had a glorious supper of beef, bread, potatoes, cranberry sauce, and pie.

A big supply train bound for Fort Abercrombie pulled in for the night. Gen. Pope has ordered all infantry south. We may get to see Dixie yet. Hurrah! Snow all gone and big prairie fires to the east tonight.

Nov. 12—No letter from home today, plague on it. Wrote one to George Wooster. Beautiful weather. Men Bump just from St. Cloud reports another one of the boys dead from measles. I believe I am all right except my wind ain't quite so good on a long double quick. Nothing to do, went out and shot a rat. Some of the lakes are covered with rat houses thick as hay cocks and as big. Sold my hides for 10 cents a piece. Boys trying their guns at a mark, found a great deal of fault with them. I found some papers at the hotel called *The Dacota Friend*, that I have been reading. They were left by a woman who had been stopping. This paper was a missionary paper for the Indians and had letters in it from Bishop Whipple. He is certainly a good man. I read some of his letters about the honesty of the Indians when the white man was honest with them. It made me think of good old One Eye and his band that came so many times to our place. I spoke of Bishop Whipple to the trappers and what he said of their honesty, but they said Whipple was an old woman in breeches.

Nov. 13—I dreamed last night of One Eye's band, of the boys that I played with, and when we got hungry how we went to Chief

Charley's tepee and found his mother cleaning the entrails of a beaver which she intended for soup. The boy talked to her in Sioux and she unfolded some buckskins and a robe or two and gave us a big hunk of elk steak. We put it on the fire and she went back to her job of dressing the beaver guts. In my dreams I saw the beautiful buffalo robes we lay upon while our steak was roasting. I could even smell them just as they smelt four years ago.

In this miserable Indian war I often wonder what has become of Lightfoot (father gave him that name because he could beat me in a race) and of his brothers and of Owena. They promised to come back in the fall of 1860 when they broke camp the spring before two miles below us but they never came. I haven't lived long, but long enough to think this is a strange world. When I think of the Indians and remember how good they were to me and my father and mother, and reading in this *Dacota Friend* paper how the traders have made them drunk in order to cheat them, and how the government bought 35,000,000 acres of them and has been owing them for it against their promise for thirty years, and because they were starving and broke into a warehouse for food, and this brought on a war. I am for the Indians as much as the whites.

Nov. 14—Cold and freezing this morning. A cannon from Fort Abercrombie came by this morning. They fired it a few times just for fun. Obed Hilliard and I went hunting, shot five rats, one partridge, and one rabbit. On return to camp found a supply train in corral near us and 300 cavalry as guard. The fife and drum were out tonight, in honor of our guests I suppose. The visitors have some big fires going tonight and the crowds around them are very happy. The cavalry men who have been on the frontier are full of Indian yarns. I don't like their talk. If half they tell about their own rascally tricks is true, there is plenty of reason for the Indians to fight and fight to the death.

Nov. 15—There was quite a wild time last night. Some beer was stolen from the saloon and farmers came in this morning claiming soldiers stole their chickens. The cavalry did it. Our boys denied it and I am sure they told the truth. The cavalry made quite a show as they dashed off after the wagon train. I

went to church today, the first time in a long while. Cold and freezing tonight. I nearly froze my fingers on dress parade.

Nov. 16—Everything froze tight this morning. This has been a lonesome day. Molasses was rationed out, the first since we came. It run awful slow. Drilled this afternoon. Snow began falling while we were drilling. The Colonel arrived from Paynesville. I have been reading all the evening in Bishop Whipple's paper, *The Dacota Friend.* I have made up my mind the Indians are not to blame for this war. It is the traders, the contractors, the trappers, and the Indian agents. O, the injustice of the strong against the weak in this world.

Nov. 17–18—Went hunting deer, no luck at all. I shall let the deer go to grass hereafter and hunt for rabbits only. Late this afternoon had a tilt snowballing. The boys had a lively time dodging my balls. They didn't know I had kept a pile of stones at every fence corner for years for blackbirds, and that a blackbird's head at ten steps was an easy mark. The ice on the Sioux is fine. Bought a pair of skates and had a little fun on them. There is a big farmer, a Swede, three miles up river with a nice family of boys and girls. If the ice is good, will go up there in the morning.

Nov. 19—Was on the river skating all the forenoon. Ice not quite safe on the rapids. Several of the boys on a drunk. Had quite a scrap but no one much hurt. Had a spelling school tonight. Word came late tonight that we were to go south in a week, hope it is true.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY.

Nov. 21—Went out to visit my traps and found several of them frozen in. Found four rats in the traps set in the houses. Most of the traps in the run ways except in springy places were frozen in. Caught a mink near the bridge over the Sioux in a little spring.

This afternoon skated three miles up the river to the house of a Swede who is one of the first settlers in this county. He has a big family of boys and rosy-cheeked girls.

I ate a late dinner with them. He was a great talker and told me a lot about the wild times he saw when he first struck the country. He was a friend to the Indians. They always camped near his house when trapping up and down the Sioux River, in the fall and spring.

This man told me the war began by a dog biting an Indian. The Indian shot the dog and the whites shot the Indian and a band of the Sisseton Sioux hearing of this and nearly starved for government rations that never came, broke into a government warehouse and from this the war started that has cost the nation, so the papers say, round 40 million of dollars. This man told me he never lost a cent by a sober Indian. He had a room in his house called the Indian room where he always put them in the winter when they called. They preferred to sleep in tepees in the fall and spring when they came to trap for furs and to gather wild rice. They were the Santee Sioux, the band that One Eye and Chief Charley belonged to. He showed me a buffalo trail on a steep hillside leading down to the river, which he said had been worn for a hundred years.

He said the Indians never killed a friend if they knew it. The whites were more revengeful, they shot at every Indian, good and bad. He told me a lot more I can't write down. When I left for camp tonight it was dark. I looked at a few of the traps I had set but found nothing.

I believe I am as much of an Indian, as the boys say, as white man and I can't deny it. I am awfully tired tonight.

Nov. 22—I heard this morning that Little Crow, Chief of the Sioux had committed suicide. If it is true it is because he has lost faith in the great "white Chief" at Washington and the broken promises of the government. There are some things in this war that make me feel that I am an infidel. Why does God crush all these poor Indians and give it all to the white because he has wealth. They owned this land from ocean to ocean by the best title on earth given by God himself and yet because we are stronger we drive them away from the homes of their fathers and the graves of their ancestors and claim that Christ is on our side.

I have been studying the *Dacota Friend* the woman left here in the hotel, and I believe there is something terribly wrong in

this war. I know the Indians have been wronged and mistreated. But what can a fellow like me do? I could not eat any supper tonight and I dared not tell the boys what I was thinking about. I knew they would joke me and make fun of me. I feel that Obed Hilliard is nearer to me than any of the boys and yet he says the Indians ought to be shot. I seem to think different from any of them. I may not be right but I can't help it. I know I think as Bishop Whipple does that all the wrong in this war is on the side of the whites. I am sleepy and it is ten o'clock.

Nov. 23.—The landlord of the hotel gave me to understand this morning that I could not use any more of his writing paper, as I had left the house for the camp. Of course it's all right but it bothers me because I can't write where the boys are bothering. We had a drill this forenoon. The captain said we would get pay tomorrow and I am glad. I have two pages in my memoranda of debit and credit accounts to be settled.

Nov. 24—Marching orders to be in readiness to start for Fort Snelling, I guess it's a go this time. The notice came last night and all my traps are set miles away on the river and lakes. Obie said when the moon comes up tonight if you will gather in the traps I'll do the other work.

It was after midnight when I got back with all the traps and my light is the only one burning as I write this last word.

Nov. 25—It was a lonely trip I made last night up the river and over the lakes picking up traps. I thought of so many things on that trip and I was not quite satisfied that Obe asked me to get the traps alone but I made the trip just the same. In the woods between the lakes where the moon shone in spots under the pine trees I thought I saw figures of Indians but I would brace up and walk right up to them and I always found them stumps or trees. I can't say I was really afraid, but I was miles away in an Indian country and sometimes my heart would pump a little hard.

Final orders to begin our return march to Fort Snelling near St. Paul came late last night. We were up bright and early. Some of the boys said they were fixing all night to get ready. I was hard to wake, because I had gone to bed so late after my

night's jaunt gathering in my traps. I had paid a dollar and a quarter a piece for the traps, and the merchant said I had had such bad luck, he would take them back at cost and charge me $2 for the use of them. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart as I had expected a much harder deal. Some of the fellows, one or two from Mondovi had spent a good part of the night at one of the saloons just across the Sioux River and they were singing "Dixie" and "Johnny comes marching home" long before the morning drum beat. I was scared for a moment thinking that the march had commenced when I heard them singing, but hearing my chum snoring at my side, I went to sleep again.

All the forenoon its been Dixie, Dixie. A lot of the nearby settlers came in to see the boys go away. Some of them said its all right for us to go south, they weren't afraid any more the Indians had been scared away, others wished we would stay. I think there were four or five pretty girls from the Sioux River that felt sorry for reasons of their own to see the boys go away. It was near noon when we started out in hit or miss order for St. Cloud. We straggled into St. Cloud late in the evening. Every fellow looked out for his own sleeping quarters. It was cold. The Captain said, "Get the best quarters you can." I slept under the flap of a tent between barrels rolled up in two blankets with a freezing west wind like so much cold water pouring over my face all night. I was awakened in the morning by that song so dear to the south, Dixie. I would think more of what the song means, if the fellows had their heads.

We have been late this morning, November twenty-sixth, in starting. I have put in the time writing my notes.

Nov. 26—I am tired tonight; marched all day with heavy overcoat, haversack, gun, and two big blankets. I made but 18 miles and when it began to get dark I dropped out of the squad I was with and went to a private house where I saw a light shining among the trees. A young woman and child were the only persons there. She told me her husband had gone to the war and she was carrying on the farm alone with a little help her brother gave her who came once in a while. She told me she had but one bed in the house but I was welcome if I could sleep on the

lounge in the kitchen. I asked to sleep on the floor, but she said, "No." I told her where I slept the night before and she just looked at me without saying a word. She asked me why my mother let me go into the army when I was so young. When I told her I tried to get my mother's consent a year before, she said, "O, you must be a crazy fellow."

Nov. 27—I was up and on the road this morning by daylight. I was anxious to catch up with the boys I knew were ahead of me. To tell the whole truth, I shed a few tears because I could not keep up with the crowd. Obed had told me and Sergeant McKay that I was not over the effects of the measles and that I should take it easy. Father wrote me too, before leaving the hotel at Richmond, "Be patient and not try to do too much, you will need to save your strength for months." Just the same I am mad that the boys are going to beat me to St. Paul.

Nov. 28th—Fort Snelling, Minn. Arrived this noon. A few of the company still here, most of them come and gone. The right wing of our Reg't came down the Minnesota some days ago bringing with them 1,700 captured Sioux, wives, children, and old men and women of the hostiles. They are camped on the bottoms just below the Fort at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. They are a broken-hearted, ragged, dejected looking lot. They have a million dogs almost, and you can hear them barking for miles. There are 156 tepees. A Minnesota Reg't is in charge of them and no soldier is allowed inside the tepees. Papooses are running about in the snow barefoot and the old Indians wear thin buckskin moccasins and no stockings. Their ponies are poor and their dogs are starved. They are going to be shipped West into the Black Hills country. Like the children of Israel in the Bible story they are forced to go forever from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers to dwell in the mountains and on the barren plains of a strange land. I lifted up the flaps of a number of their tepees and looked in. Every time I looked in I met the gaze of angry eyes. Nearly all of them were alike. Mothers with babies at their breasts, grandmothers and grandsires sat about smouldering fires in the center of the tepee, smoking their long stemmed pipes, and

muttering their plaints in the soft guttural tones of the Sioux. The white man's face was their hate and their horror and they showed it by hate in their eyes and their black lowering brows. Why shouldn't they? What had they done? What was their crime? The white man had driven them from one reservation to another. They were weary and broken hearted and desperate at the broken promises of the government. And when they took up arms in desperation for their homes and the graves of their sires they are called savages and red devils. When we white people do the same things we are written down in history as heroes and patriots. Why this difference? I can't see into it. I often think of what father said of justice in the world. That is, that it is the winning party the lions of the earth, that write its history. He said, "Cataline, had anybody but his bitter enemies written his history, might have been shown to be a good man." I have been fooling around the Indian camps all day and my company are all gone home. From where I sit writing these notes in a little niche on the side of the Fort overlooking the camp below I can see the sentinels pacing their rounds and hear the yelping of hungry Indian dogs. My fingers are numb. The cold west wind hits me here and I must quit. I must look for a warm place to sleep tonight and start for home in the morning by the way of Hudson and Eau Claire.

(To be continued)

THE QUESTION BOX

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

THE CAREER OF MOSES MEEKER

Has the Wisconsin Historical Society in its possession any historical data that would enable you to furnish me the place of birth, date of birth, place of death, date of death, alma mater, and public positions, if any, with periods of service, of Dr. Moses Meeker? Was he not an author of some historical works? If it is possible to furnish me the above data, will you kindly do so?

HENRY T. WATT
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Moses Meeker was born in New Jersey (place not specified) June 17, 1790. In early life he made some study of medicine, but never received a degree, his title of Doctor being granted by courtesy. In 1817 he settled at Cincinnati and engaged in the manufacturing of white lead. While so occupied his attention was attracted to the lead region of northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin. This region he visited in 1822; the next year, having taken out a government lease, he brought out a colony of forty-five men and began mining and smelting on a large scale. In 1832 he removed to Grant County, Wisconsin, and on Blue River established a smelter. He retired in 1854 from active life and settled at his farm, Meeker's Grove, near Benton, Lafayette County. In 1865 he removed to Shullsburg, where July 7 of that year he died. Dr. Meeker was active in Wisconsin territorial politics; in 1836 he was a candidate for territorial delegate, but was defeated by George W. Jones. In the territorial legislatures of 1842–44 Dr. Meeker represented Mineral Point, representing the same place in the convention

elected in 1846 to form a state constitution. He was an early member of the State Historical Society and always interested in its progress; he wrote for the *Collections*, "History of Lead Region of Wisconsin," published in volume vi, 271–96. There is a portrait of him in the Society's museum, presented by Mrs. Meeker.

OLDEST HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Can you tell me which is the oldest house in the Middle West still in use? We have one here dating from 1836.

H. R. HOLAND
Ephraim

We do not quite know how one would go about it to determine the oldest house now occupied in the Middle West. To begin with, one would have strictly to delimit the area included in the investigation. If you mean to include Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, and so forth, there are undoubtedly a great many houses older than 1836. For example, we chance to have in mind a house at Hillsboro, Illinois, that was built about 1825. The present home of the Quincy Historical Society was built as a residence in 1835. In a sense it might still be said to be occupied as such, for the caretaker of the society resides in the building. We mention these examples, not as particularly early ones, but merely as presenting two houses of older date than yours in Ephraim. Coming to Wisconsin, the residence of the Reverend Alfred Brunson, built at Prairie du Chien in 1836, is still in use, also the residence of Zachary Taylor while he was in command at Fort Crawford. We do not know the date of building this house, but it certainly antedates yours by at least a few years. No doubt other examples could be found here and there in the lead mine region.

EARLY LUMBERING AND LUMBER KINGS OF WISCONSIN

I am looking desperately for authentic information regarding the early logging operations carried on in your state. I want particularly the names of the early timber "kings" and the names of the rivers that were famous for their drives.

I will greatly appreciate any effort you may make to secure this information for me.

VICTOR SHAWE
Genesee, Idaho

The information you request is too vast to be contained in a single letter; the history of the lumber industry in Wisconsin would require much research and several volumes to elucidate. However, we can furnish you with a few suggestions, taken mainly from Frederick Merk's *Economic History of Wisconsin During the Civil War Decade* (Madison, 1916).

The pinery districts that were earliest operated were those of the Wisconsin, Black, Chippewa, and St. Croix rivers in western Wisconsin; and the Wolf, Menominee, and shore lines of Green Bay in eastern Wisconsin. Upon the Wisconsin River, the longest in the state, lumbering began very early. Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederacy, when stationed at Fort Winnebago took a squad of men up the river about 1830 to cut timber for the fort. Rafting began about 1839. You will find an excellent account of Wisconsin River rafting in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings*, 1910, 171–89. The big sawmills on the Wisconsin River were built at the several rapids where have sprung up the present cities of Grand Rapids, Stevens Point, Wausau, and Merrill. One of the earliest lumbermen on the Wisconsin was Daniel Whitney of Green Bay, an enterprising Yankee who did much to develop the resources of Wisconsin before it became a territory in 1836.

In western Wisconsin the Black River pineries were the earliest to be opened. Parties from St. Louis and Prairie du Chien went up the Black as early as 1818. The first extensive operations were by a group of Mormons who in 1841 began taking out timber for the temple at Nauvoo, Illinois. When they left, after the expulsion of the sect from Illinois, logging was begun by Jacob Spanding at Black River Falls in the early forties. The Chippewa River region was opened in the fifties by John H. Knapp and his partners, who organized the Knapp, Stout Company of Menomonie, Dunn County, Wisconsin. During the decade of the Civil War the product of the Chippewa leaped from 60,000,000 feet in 1860–61 to 436,000,000 feet in 1871–72.

In the St. Croix region the first logs were cut in the winter of 1836–37. In 1838 a company was formed to open the lumber trade of that river, which in 1843 sent two rafts of 500,000 feet

from Stillwater to St. Louis. By 1864 the rafts were towed for the first time by a steamboat.

In eastern Wisconsin methods were different. Sawmills were built on the lake and bay shore, and timber was shipped by sailing and steam craft to the great lake ports. Oshkosh was built up by the Wolf River output and became in the sixties the "Sawdust City." Its output was chiefly shipped by railroad.

Among the "lumber kings" who have been prominent in Wisconsin political history are Isaac Stephenson, Nelson Ludington, Daniel Wells, Philetus Sawyer of eastern Wisconsin; Cadwallader C. Washburn, Thaddeus Pound, J. G. Thorpe, J. H. Knapp, A. L. Stout, and Alexander Stewart of western Wisconsin. Frederick Weyerhauser began exploiting Chippewa pine lands in the Civil War decade. In 1871 he organized the Mississippi River Logging Company, the greatest lumber syndicate of its time.

IDENTIFYING AN EARLY POSTSCRIPT

Can you identify a company which had a post office around 1856–57, the postmark of which reads: "G. D. D. & Min. P. Co.?" It may possibly have been in the vicinity of Pepin or North Pepin.

WM. F. GOERNER
Edgewood, Rhode Island

The postmark for which you inquire was that of the Galena, Dubuque, Dunleith, and Minnesota Packet Company, which plied its steamboats on the upper Mississippi during the decade of the fifties. It was commonly spoken of as the Minnesota Packet Company. You will find an account of its history in George B. Merrick, *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi* (Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, 1909). The letter was posted on the steamboat and stamped with the Packet Company's mark, as is often done with railway postal car letters.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS IN WISCONSIN

We are assembling information regarding the history, origin, and development of Agricultural Fairs in the United States and Europe. Could you send to me references to this general subject?

E. K. THOMAS
Secretary, Rhode Island Horticultural Society, Kingston, R. I.

The first State Agricultural Fair in Wisconsin was held at Janesville in 1851; since that it has met annually except for the

years 1861, 1862, and 1863, when the grounds at Madison were in use as a camp for regiments going or returning to the front. In 1864 the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society determined to hold a fair at Janesville. It was continued there the two succeeding years. In 1867 the fair returned to the capital, at Madison, whence in 1870 it was removed to Milwaukee, where it has been held each autumn to the present time. We have a complete set of the *Transactions* of the Society giving accounts of the yearly fairs. We note also that the Society sent its secretary as a delegate to the International Exhibition at London, 1862, and to the Paris Universal Exposition, 1867. For both these expositions the delegate made an extended report, printed in the *Transactions*. County fairs have been established in nearly every county of the state. We have a considerable mass of material on these local fairs and will be glad to look up for you any especial point of research that does not involve too much expenditure of time.

WISCONSIN HISTORIES FOR A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Would you mind suggesting to me a list of county and state histories, and records of Dane County and Madison which I should have for a newspaper reference library? Do you know of a history of Wisconsin that is worth while? If new things are coming out in the future I shall be interested in them also.

A. M. Brayton
Madison

There is no very good or satisfactory history of Wisconsin to my knowledge. Dr. Thwaites' little volume in the American Commonwealth Series is good as far as it goes. However, the volume is small at best, and two-thirds of its contents deal with Wisconsin prior to 1848, so that one gets almost nothing on the real history of the state which has taken place since that time. Similar to Dr. Thwaites' account is Miss Kellogg's "Story of Wisconsin, 1634–1848," which we have been running serially for something over a year in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*. The last installment of it will appear in the June number, so that the story is well toward completion now. Another fairly handy reference book for Wisconsin is Mr. Legler's volume, *Leading Events of Wisconsin History. The Story of the State*. Milwaukee, 1898.

I presume you are familiar with the publications of the State Historical Society. The index volume to the first twenty volumes of the *Collections* affords the key to a great mine of historical information pertaining to the state. Concerning Dane County and Madison, we have Dr. Durrie's history, which contains a mass of information crudely put together, and not at all easy to handle because of the lack of an index. More recent is Dr. Thwaites' history of the University of Wisconsin, the introductory chapters of which constitute also a history of Madison. On the county subscription book order, perhaps the best reference is E. W. Keyes' history of Dane County.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MANITOWOC

Urgent business matters have interfered with a prompt reply to your inquiry made in your last communication. You will remember it related to the question as to whether or not the name Manitowoc could have been derived from a cross set upon the shore near by, by the early Catholic missionaries.

This derivation of the name I consider as improbable. My reasons for this opinion are as follows:

First. The name given by the Algonquin languages to the cross has been one which designated it as a cross-stick. The Indian word spelled in the English orthography is "Ah-zih-day-yah-tig." I never knew the cross to be called by any other name than the one given. It has in it an implied feeling of contempt, as our word "stick" designates a diminutive and comparatively worthless article. The ending "woc" in the word Manitowoc involves the meaning of wood as timber or forest and so means a great deal more than a stick. If the cross had given name to the place, it would probably have been a word something like "Ah-ziu-day-yah-tig-gong," meaning the place of the cross.

Second. I have never known of any case where the Indians gave a name to a place because of its cross, this notwithstanding the Catholic missionaries have such landmarks almost everywhere in their exploring expeditions. There was one at Madeline Island. There was another at Sault St. Marie. On the Pacific slope, almost every Mission Station was dedicated by the erection of a cross.

Of course, it might be said that while later usage among the Indians after the name of the cross had become established might have made it impossible for the Indians to call it "a spirit timber," which Manitowoc means, yet in the first instance, the Indians finding it a symbol strange and weird, someway connected with the idea of God, might have called it as given. But I think the objection can fairly be raised to this assumption which will be my third reason—that the heathen opposition to the white man's religion would be stronger to start with than it became after-

wards. Therefore, the improbability of the Medicine Lodge of heathenism allowing its own sacred name of Manitou to be applied to the cross is still more so.

It is a singular fact that notwithstanding the triumphs of Christianity among the Indian peoples, the original name of cross-stick obtains in their language.

I think the theory that the name Manitowoc either refers to a totem pole erected by a clan of the Medicine Lodge, or that it is derived from a grove made sacred by certain forms of worship in the woods gives origin to the name. So I would conclude that Manitowoc comes either from a totem pole or from a grove used for certain Medicine Lodge ceremonies.

E. P. Wheeler
Aurora, Illinois

COMMUNICATIONS

THE TRAILS FROM LAKE PEPIN TO THE CHIPPEWA

In the March number of our magazine it was suggested that I might furnish data as to the old trails from Lake Pepin to Menomonie and possibly "to the Chippewa." I can.

The earliest landing place for traders, lumbermen, and tourists to the Chippewa River region was at Nelson's Landing, Wisconsin, a little way below the mouth of the Chippewa River (into the Mississippi). A little later Read's Landing was founded and became the great port of entry for all this section. A few in very early times landed at Pepin.

From Nelson's the trail led direct to the Chippewa where a crossing was made in canoes or by wading in seasons of low water.

Then following fairly closely the river bank passing Three Mile Prairie, Five and Seven Mile Bluffs, and Plum Creek at its mouth, crossing there, and still following the river the trail passed what was later called Markses, and up to Dead Lake where Fletcher kept a Stopping Place, as did Mr. Stevens on Dead Lake Prairie. It then followed the west bank of Dead Lake past Round Hill on the west and on to the Eau Galle River which it crossed a mile or so below Carson & Eaton's mill at what is the present village of Eau Galle. Just before crossing the river a trail led direct to the mill, and some stopped there over night, but most men kept on past Waubeek Mound to Macauley's on sections 34–26–13 W. He kept a stopping place. Here the trail to Menomonie turned north between sections 33 & 34, 27 & 28 and then over to the line between sections 22 & 23 and 14 & 15, then swinging around Chimney Bluff across sections 11 & 3 (all these in Town 26, Range 13 west Dunn Co. Wis.) it passed through what is now the west side of Downsville and followed the Red Cedar (or Menomonie River as it was then called) closely all the way to Menomonie. At Macauley's a trail to Dunnville and on to Eau Claire, kept northeast going down onto the Chippewa bottoms and then to Dunnville—some preferred to keep on the Menomonie trail until they reached

the corner of sections 21, 22, 27, 28, T 26, R 13 where they turned east to Dunnville and joined the other trail, went up the hill and followed the high land to Eau Claire.

There was still another trail from Eau Galle to Menomonie by what was known as the Gap Route, but it was not much traveled, and I can only say that it went north from Eau Galle for some distance and then joined the other route at Irvine's, or Lower Mill, as it was then named.

The Indian trail from Menomonie northeast to Rice Lake, etc., is described as starting from the camp ground at what is now Evergreen Cemetery and Point Comfort, following the shore of Red Cedar River to Cedar Falls and then "toward the sunrise, and at a distance of about one rest and a smoke the trails branched off, one leading up the east bank of the Red Cedar to Chetek, Prairie Lake, Rice Lake, Pokegama, Cedar Lake, Big Chetek, to Lac Court de Oreilles"—the home of the Chippewa. The other trail from Cedar Falls led up the west side of Red Cedar River and then Hay River to about Prairie Farm, thence crossing Yellow River and coming out at The Elk Trail or Louseburg on Red Cedar River, and to Rice Lake, Bear Lake, Long Lake, Mud Lake (now Spooner), and to points on the Namekagon.

I am indebted for much information about the trails north of Menomonie to Mr. Thomas Bracklin of Reserve, who was born and has lived for about sixty years on these trails and their termini, though I have been over them many times in the last fifty-five years, as the present roads follow much the old trails.

HENRY E. KNAPP
Menomonie

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1920, there were twenty-one additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Six persons enrolled as life members, as follows: Frederick Carus, Manitowoc; Harold E. Devereaux, Madison; William M. Gratiot, Mineral Point; John H. Hauberg, Rock Island, Illinois; Leon B. Lamfrom, Milwaukee; and J. F. A. Pyre, Madison.

The following fifteen persons enrolled as annual members of the Society: C. A. Biebler, Shorewood; George M. Blackburn, Starks; Joseph V. Cargill, Milwaukee; Gerrit J. Corscott, Madison; May L. Crosby, Muscoda; Mrs. George W. Dexheimer, Fort Atkinson; J. Q. Emery, Edgerton; Mrs. T. W. Evans, Madison; Richard J. Hennessey, Hayward; Everett C. Hirsch, Park Falls; Charles Lowater, Spring Valley; Olaf M. Nelson, Jr., Madison; Harris R. Randle, Waukesha; Miss Anna Swallow, Janesville; Raymond C. Werner, Wauwatosa.

George G. Greene, one of Wisconsin's best known lawyers, died at his home in Green Bay, May 23, 1920. By his profession Mr. Greene had been repeatedly honored during his fifty-year career at the bar. In 1893 he declined the nomination of the State Bar Association for justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, and later twice declined appointment to that high office by successive governors of the state. In 1903 he was elected president of the State Bar Association. During his active career Mr. Greene was connected with some of the most important litigation of the state.

James E. Jones of Portage, editor and owner for almost forty years of the Portage *Democrat*, died June 26 after a short illness. Mr. Jones was long prominent in the Democratic party of Wisconsin, serving as delegate to several national conventions and for twelve years as a member of the State Central Committee. He was twice a candidate for Congress, was a member of the State Board of Control during Governor Peck's administration, and postmaster of Portage during the Cleveland administration.

William A. Arnold of Milwaukee, first Socialist sheriff of that county, died at his home in June at the age of sixty-three. Mr. Arnold was one of the pioneers of the Socialist movement in Wisconsin and had been at different times his party's candidate for governor and for mayor of Milwaukee. He was one of the organizers of the Mutual Building and Loan Association and was for twenty-eight years its treasurer. He followed the trade of printer and for many years was foreman of the Western Newspaper Union plant.

Alumni reunions are no novelty in American life, but one held in the town of Dover, Kenosha County, for two years past presents some unusual aspects. The one recently held was the second annual reunion of the "graduates" of an old log schoolhouse which formerly stood near Brighton, Kenosha County. The building was torn down sixty-five years ago; consequently its living graduates have long since attained years of discretion. In 1919 twelve of them gathered to discuss old times and memories. This year they brought their families, and the pleasure of the reunion was heightened thereby.

The village of Shopiere in 1862 gave its most distinguished son, Governor Louis P. Harvey, to the cause of the Union. Fifty-eight years later the little community gave a less prominent but no less worthy son, Corporal Lester Butler, to the holocaust of the World War. In June, 1920, in the shadow of Governor Harvey's stately old homestead, the village dedicated with appropriate ceremony a fine community clock to the memory of Corporal Butler, whose young life went out in the battle of Fismes. This memorial, erected at a cost of $1,000, was provided by a popular community subscription. Republics are sometimes ungrateful, but not always. In the present case the gratitude of the village to its dead soldier has found fitting and beautiful expression.

Another memorial to a soldier of the World War, a thing at once of beauty and of usefulness, is the fine bridge in the town of Black Wolf on the Oshkosh-Fond du Lac road, which is to be dedicated to the memory of Kurt Graf on July 28. Graf was a member of the 150th Machine Gun Battalion, who died at Chateau Thierry July 28, 1918. The bridge which honors his memory stands near the place where he was born and lived his short life.

One of Wisconsin's "boys in blue" was William W. Kimball of Omro, who in 1863 at the age of thirteen attempted to enlist in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry. Rejected he came back a year later and this time was accepted as a private in the Seventeenth Infantry. He served to the end of the war, being with Sherman on the march to the sea, and in the grand review at Washington in 1865. At the latter date he was a veteran of fifteen summers. Returning home, he undertook the support of his mother and winters resumed his education, first in the Omro High School and later in the Whitewater Normal. He worked in a nursery, on river boats, and at the harness trade; when equipped therefor he began teaching and finally held for nine years the office of county superintendent of schools. He held other county offices, and in 1898, when nearly fifty years of age, took up the study of law, which he practiced until about ten years ago. Since then his time was devoted to looking after his property and to the interests of the Elizabeth B. Davis orphanage, of which he was superintendent.

Such, all too briefly sketched, is the useful life story of one Badger boy in blue who has recently answered to the last great roll call.

The story of Lafayette County's part in the World War is summarized by Patrick H. Conley, chairman of the county's War History Committee, in the Blanchardville *Blade* of June 17, 1920. Mr. Conley has long been secretary of the County Historical Society and custodian of its collections.

Mr. C. H. Crownhart is the author of a series of weekly articles on "North Wisconsin in History and Romance," publication of which was begun by the Superior *Telegram* on May 1, 1920. The region included within the scope of the series is that portion of Wisconsin lying north of a line drawn westward from Green Bay.

Rear Admiral Albert W. Grant was placed on the retirement list of the navy in April by reason of age limitation. Admiral Grant was a native of Maine, but his parents soon removed to Wisconsin and the admiral's boyhood and youth were passed at Stevens Point. From here he was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1873, since which time his life has been spent in the service of the government. During the World War Admiral Grant had command of Battleship Force No. 1 of the Atlantic fleet.

The Racine County Old Settlers' Society was organized in June, 1870, and with the annual meeting of 1920 celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. For many years its meetings were held at different points in the county, but twelve years ago the picnic ground at Union Grove became its permanent home. The success of the Society for the last twenty-one years has been due in large measure to the efforts of J. S. Blakey of Union Grove, who has been its president during this period. At a meeting of the directors in May, Mr. Blakey asked to be relieved from office and further responsibility. Instead, the directors proceeded to elect him president of the society for life.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society was held at Waukesha on May 6, 1920. Aside from social features and the transaction of business three considerable historical papers were read. Rev. R. A. Barnes of Madison gave a biographical sketch of his father, Porter P. Barnes, who was a pioneer settler of this vicinity; John L. Gasper gave his "Reminiscences of Prairieville and Early Waukesha"; and J. H. A. Lacher, custodian of the society's museum, read a paper on "The Value of Historical Collections."

On April 19, 1920 Mrs. Eliza Loring Nye died in her ninety-third year. Mrs. Nye was a native of Maine, who in early married life came with her husband and two children to Wisconsin, settling in the Kinnickinnic Valley in the vicinity of River Falls in the year 1855. Although much of her life was passed under the primitive conditions characteristic of the frontier, Mrs. Nye was keen to take advantage, both for herself and for her children, of all possible opportunities for reading and educa-

tion. What manner of woman she was is best shown by the careers of the children she gave to the world. One of them is now a judge, another was formerly a member of Congress for Minnesota, and the third, Edgar Nye, was the noted humorist known to the world as "Bill Nye."

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the Freier Saengerbund of Manitowoc, which is said to be Wisconsin's oldest singing organization, was appropriately celebrated in June. The society was incorporated fifty-eight years ago and for many years played a prominent rôle in the social and cultural life of the community. In more recent years it has suffered a decline and some fear is expressed by members that its days are numbered, because of lack of new blood. Until a few months ago the society still retained one of its charter members, Mr. John Schuette of Manitowoc. The organization has a notable record for patriotism, which was told by Judge Emil Baensch in the issue of this magazine for September, 1918. On the very day the news of the outbreak of actual war between the North and the South reached Manitowoc, April 19, 1861, four members of the society enlisted for the service of their country. Others followed their example until in time twenty-six, one-half of the active membership of the society, were serving in the ranks of the Union armies. The character of this service is sufficiently indicated by the remarkable record of promotions they won. Out of the ranks of Manitowoc's Free Singers went one major general, one major, one surgeon, four captains, and ten lieutenants. It need hardly be stated that the descendants of such sires as these were not found wanting when our country was drawn into the World War. An organization with such a record as this one has should not be permitted to die.

In our last issue mention was made of the Great War diary of Gaylord Bradley of Mauston, which is being published serially in the Mauston *Chronicle*. It presents a fascinating picture of the life and mind of this American soldier who gave his all to his country on the bloody fields of France. We venture to share with the readers of this magazine one of the the daily entries. The one chosen might easily be matched for interest by many others. The reader should understand that Bradley was a musician, whose duty in time of action was to serve as carrier of the wounded.

"Sunday, Aug. 4, 1918

"Sunday—God—was it yesterday we went out to that Hell? A slaughter house of the Devil. We got out there about four kilometers and after getting four patients brot them back to where the ambulance was to wait for us—and they were gone! So we took them about a kilometer down the road for the shells were falling thick all around us. After waiting for what seemed an age an ambulance came and we sent the men in and started for the front again. When about half way back we met a group of wounded and were stalled for they wanted and needed first aid badly. Before I came up that far Dressel came out of the woods, and when I got there a station was in working order and working order

it was for with only Hilton there, Needles, Selbrede and I were forced into surgical service. From then on it was terrible. We dressed bullet and shrapnel wounds and took care of gas and shell-shocked patients that came in in droves. Early in the evening Major Merrill came in, gassed, and then officers and men until at one time we had over a hundred men there in the road. Then happened one of the worst things that could have happened—the ambulances stopped coming. No stretchers, no ambulances, and men lay shot to pieces, dying, in the road, groaning and crying, begging us to do something for them, even to shoot them; but we were helpless. After giving them first aid we were powerless to do any more and the shell-shocked patients made an inferno even worse for when the shells would break near, throwing iron, rock and mud on us they would jump from the ground shaking and gibbering idiotically, their mouths hanging open and eyes bulging, powerless to control themselves. During the first part of the afternoon both Curry and Regner were out of the game with shell shock, also Garfield. Curry put up a plucky fight and controlled himself wonderfully well but was unable to help. Altogether it was pitiful. The men one would least expect to show up good (Selly for instance) were the ones who showed up best and the big healthy fellows, the ones who made the most noise, were the ones who never showed up at all. Scared—I was half dead with fright, but it only bothered when we weren't busy, while we were working I did not even hear it. And Hilton—a soldier all the way thru. I can't say any more for him, nor too much. He was a wonder. Three times a German plane painted to look like a French plane, gave the artillery our range and we were forced to move those hundred patients—twenty of them litter patients which we moved first, then helped the leg and arm men, then the shell-shocked and gassed, and unless you have carried a full grown man a mile or so you can't appreciate what that means. One man, horribly mutilated, kept begging us to shoot him and we were forced to move him down the road away from the rest, also shell-shocked for they were driving both us and the other patients crazy. Clayton Betts brot in some men once and I only had time to say 'Are you all right?' and then move on to work. However, Homer Underwood came in later, shell-shocked, crying like a baby. His whole squad was killed. After he sat down and I had a few minutes I sat with him, quieting him and doing what I could for him. Soon he was able to control himself. Finally after many unavailing attempts to have them send an ambulance out, we started carrying them back ourselves, at last reaching the place where Jack and the rest of the fellows were. Jack then helped us. Before we moved them however we had two gas alarms and were forced to work frantically to get masks on the patients—this before we could put our own on and as a result we are all slightly burned in our lungs, not seriously tho. We eventually stopped at 'the hole' and could go no farther for we were all exhausted. All our efforts to get help from companies returning from the front were of no avail—they flatly refused. Then it began to rain and there we were. The men lying on the ground, wet and cold and no way to get them back to the town.

Helpless? We were all of us ready to break down and cry. It was awful to see them suffer, to hear them beg us to help and be unable to do any more. Finally at about one o'clock in the morning, after lying out for eight hours, Capt. Mitchell from Co. H, 127th, came by with his men and we appealed to him. Immediately he ordered his men to throw down their packs and carry the patients the remaining three miles and a half thru the mud and rain. Relief—it took a thousand years off our minds and we started into town to get some rest. The 'hole' crowd came out then and went back for the much needed rest. We got in at 3:00 a.m. and fell on the floor to sleep—my hands, face and clothes covered with blood and slime—too tired to care. Today all we've done is rest and even yet I haven't relaxed. I only pray they will let us sleep tonight. They shelled this town all day and probably will all nite to nite."

THE DEWEY PAPERS

In the *Proceedings* for 1918 it was announced that the papers of Nelson Dewey, first governor of the state, had been received by the Society. These papers have now been sorted, arranged, and made available for consultation. It is deeply to be regretted that Governor Dewey did not see fit to preserve his personal and political correspondence with the same care that he bestowed upon his business papers. The collection that has come to the Society consists almost wholly of papers of the latter nature. Since Dewey was one of the largest land owners of Grant County, as well as agent for a number of eastern speculators in western lands, these papers have considerable economic value. Among them are a large number of original parchment title deeds to government land issued by the General Land Office, signed by the presidents from Andrew Jackson to Franklin Pierce. There are also title deeds to the "Sixteenth Section" or school lands issued by all the territorial governors. The chronological stretch of the papers is from 1833 to 1889, the year of Dewey's death; the bulk of them, however, relates to the period before the Civil War and illustrates the activities of a large Wisconsin land owner and lead miner. Governor Dewey was sole administrator of the estate of the Honorable Ben C. Eastman, congressman from southwest Wisconsin from 1851 to 1855. One of the letters to Eastman, written in December, 1854 by Mason C. Darling, outlines the plan by which the Fox-Wisconsin Improvement Company secured its land grant from the Thirty-third Congress. The other Eastman papers relate to the management and settlement of his estate and are typical of the land transactions of the early days of Wisconsin history. There are among them receipts of the Mineral Point land office, land transfers in considerable number, plats of towns, arrangements for ferries, leases of mineral lands, and inventories of personal property.

In Dewey's day-book for 1839 are the receipts for building the first schoolhouse at Lancaster; among the papers also is the charter of incorporation of Platteville Academy, the forerunner of the present Normal at that place. There are also Dewey's commissions as justice of the peace, militia inspector, and master in chancery, signed by every one

of the territorial governors; his certificate of admission to the bar signed by Judge Charles Dunn, of the territorial supreme court; and his certificate of election to the territorial legislature of 1840. Among the miscellaneous receipts are those of editors and proprietors of Wisconsin newspapers, bills of freight for Mississippi steamboats, and exchange for territorial scrip which in 1840 brought $21 for $26.34. Sixteen small volumes of the governor's diary, extending from 1854 to 1889 with many gaps, are included in the collection. These would be more valuable had their writer made more extended daily entries than he did. For the most part he records merely where he passed the day, e. g., "This day at Platteville," the weather, and a few family items. The manuscripts of Governor Dewey's messages to the legislature during his term of office close the collection. Considering the political and social prominence of Governor Dewey, his papers are not of as great historical value as might have been expected. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that they have been rescued from destruction.

THE BAKER PAPERS

One of the most notable manuscript accessions of recent years is the gift to the Society of the papers of the Honorable Charles M. Baker of Lake Geneva, a member of the first convention for drawing a state constitution, and a man of influence, probity, and weight in Wisconsin affairs for over a third of a century. The papers range in time from 1835 to 1872. With one notable exception, however, the collection ends with the close of the Civil War.

Judge Baker was of the New England tradition, although he was born October 18, 1804, in New York City, of parents who were natives of New Jersey. In early childhood he removed to Vermont, where he grew up and was educated at Middlebury College, and whence in 1838 he removed to Wisconsin. Before this latter event, however, young Baker had studied law in Troy, New York, and had there formed a partnership with Henry M. Strong, brother of Marshall M. Strong later of Racine. Upon his marriage in 1829 Mr. Baker settled at Seneca Falls, and there in 1835 young Marshall Strong sought out his brother's whilom partner with the idea of entering his law office and remaining for some time. On what slight events the door of destiny swings! Marshall Strong arrived in Seneca Falls by canal boat and found his prospective patron Charles M. Baker absent. Looking around the town Strong decided not to stay and shortly thereafter turned his footsteps to the new territory of Wisconsin, where he made his ultimate home. Baker, in the meanwhile, his health failing, returned to his early home in Vermont, whence he wrote to Strong for a description of his new environment. Strong's account, which was very favorable and led to Baker's own emigration, is one of the early letters of this collection. In it Wisconsin is represented as healthful to an extraordinary degree. "For some reason the atmosphere is more pure than at the East, and you can see objects at a greater distance." The lands are divided into "oak openings" and stretches of timber; the territory contains 3,500 or 4,000

inhabitants, largely from New England and New York; "they are enterprising, intelligent, moral—there are 8 common schools in this [Racine] county to my knowledge—they are the most temperate community I have ever fallen amongst. We have preaching every Sunday at our village alternately by a methodist and a presbyterian minister." Lured by such prospects the Baker family left Vermont in the early autumn of 1838, and having found no place in the new territory more beautiful or more to their taste than the shores of Lake Geneva, they settled there and made it their permanent home. There young Baker opened a law office, one of the earliest established in Walworth County.

The community in which he settled was poor, but full of hopefulness, land hungry, and industrious, cheerful in the face of difficulties, buoyed by a supreme optimism. Mr. Baker was soon found trustworthy and became the advisor of this community; to his office were brought the tangles and trials that beset the pioneers. Before long he was chosen district attorney for the southern district of the territory. Wisconsin was still unorganized politically. In 1839 John Catlin, then secretary of the territory, wrote to Mr. Baker that there were no party lines. In 1841, however, the Democrats effected an organization with which Mr. Baker at once allied himself. On their ticket he was the next year elected to the territorial council, of which he remained a member until 1846. In this year he was elected delegate to the first constitutional convention. At the convention Mr. Baker was a useful, hard-working member. His legal ability was recognized by appointing him chairman of the committee on judiciary. Among his papers is the manuscript draft of the provision, later incorporated into the constitution, for an elective judiciary.

During the campaign for the ratification of the constitution Mr. Baker was one of its "friends," strongly advocating its adoption. In this policy he opposed that of his early acquaintance, Marshall M. Strong, who worked indefatigably against its acceptance. When it was finally rejected Mr. Baker took no part in the preparation of the new constitution, which ultimately became the fundamental law of the state; this, however, embodied many of the democratic features of the first constitution, notably the election of judges, for which Mr. Baker was so largely responsible. After statehood was attained Mr. Baker was chosen with two others to prepare and publish the first code of *Revised Statutes* for the new commonwealth—a difficult task, ably performed. In 1856 Mr. Baker was appointed circuit judge by the governor to fill an unexpired term. Although much importuned he refused at the end of his term to stand for reëlection and retired from the bench to private practice. In that he continued until the Civil War, during the last two years of which he was draft commissioner for the southern district of the state.

Except for a brief interval in 1850, when the Bakers lived at Madison, and another during the Civil War, when they made their home in Milwaukee, their residence was always at the village of Lake Geneva. There was no man in Walworth County more respected and honored;

none whose connections were wider or of more repute. The bulk of his correspondence was legal, dealing with collections, mortgages, bankruptcy, pensions, land titles, and claims. His advice was sought, however, by the party leaders—Democratic until 1856, after that Republican, when Judge Baker allied himself with the new party opposed to the further extension of slavery. Among the letters appear the signatures of such men of prominence as John Fox Potter (later known as "Bowie Knife" Potter), George Wallace Jones, George P. Delaplaine, Moses M. Strong, D. A. J. Upham, Josiah Noonan, Morgan L. Martin, C. Latham Sholes, B. B. Cary, and Matt Carpenter. Every territorial and state governor until the close of the Civil War and such legal authorities as E. V. Whiton, David Noggle, Levi Hubbell, William P. Lyon, and E. G. Ryan were Mr. Baker's correspondents. Were it desired, almost a complete set of signers of the first constitution could be derived from these papers. For the territorial and early state period they constitute almost a compendium of famous Wisconsin men.

The subjects with which they deal are almost as numerous as their writers; religious and social conditions, political affiliations and intrigue, business methods and morals, agriculture and land speculations, the beginnings of roads and railroads, inventions and scientific progress, the growth of education and reform—all these and many other phases of our early history are glimpsed in these letters. At first connected with the Baptists, later Judge Baker became a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church with many of whose early missionaries and ministers he corresponded. Educationally he was interested in Geneva Academy, Beloit College, and the Delavan School for the Deaf. Several letters and circulars from the early superintendents of public instruction, Azel P. Ladd and Lyman C. Draper, have an antiquarian interest; one issued in 1849 on behalf of the state university requesting objects for its "cabinet" or museum is a rare pamphlet. During his term as revisor of statutes Judge Baker came into intimate contact with some of the early printers and editors of the state. He was also appointed by the territorial legislature of 1844 to buy books for the territorial state library with an appropriation therefor of three hundred dollars. Among the reform movements that had his sympathy were the temperance agitation, which was very active in the early fifties, when an attempt was made to introduce the "Maine law" into Wisconsin; and the antislavery movement to whose Kansas funds he contributed; he appears also to have voted in 1856 for "Fremont and Freedom," as urged to do by circulars and letters found in this collection.

Among the business papers those are most interesting that deal with early speculation in wheat, and its purchase and export from Racine and Kenosha, then Southport. Prices were governed by the sales in Buffalo and the shifting of freight rates on the lake steamers; they ranged from sixty cents a bushel to one dollar and thirty-five—the highest quotation in 1859. Among other prices, butter at fourteen cents attracts our notice; while as for wages, a good lumberman received in 1846 sixteen dollars a month; a teacher in 1844 offered his services for a twelve-weeks' term for twenty dollars and board. Wisconsin as a

debtor community dependent upon Eastern investors appears largely in these papers. Baker's business consisted in great part of agencies for such investors (one of whom was Horatio Seymour of New York) for debt collection houses, and in foreclosures of overdue mortgages. Interest rates were ruinous; twelve per cent was usual; in time of scarcity money was held at six per cent a month. No wonder young merchants and other debtors were obliged to take advantage of the bankruptcy law.

The first interest of the pioneers of Wisconsin was in land, the second in means of transportation. Mr. Baker early became a promoter of railways, and a considerable chapter on the financing of our first railways may be written from the material in these papers. The eager efforts of the several communities to secure a railroad, their local competitions, the farm mortgages issued by the agricultural communities, the efforts for combination, for legislative aid, the scramble for land grants, the difficulties over rights of way—all these features of early railway building are exemplified in this collection. In 1870 there is another set of papers concerning the State Line and Union Railroad of which Mr. Baker was president. This road was ultimately purchased by the Chicago and Northwestern. These papers show a more advanced stage of railway operations; the correspondence is with men of importance in the transportation world. It is interesting to learn that it was proposed to iron the road with English rails, shipped from Liverpool to New Orleans, thence via the Mississippi to some river port.

For political history the Baker papers are most useful during the territorial period and the earliest years of statehood. It was in those years that Mr. Baker held office and was intimately connected with the government. He was then recognized not only as one of the leaders of the Wisconsin bar, but as a political power of importance in the southern portion of the territory. Strongly Democratic in his allegiance, he had little affiliation with the Doty and Tallmadge faction of the territorial government; indeed he lost his office as district attorney in the Whig overturn of 1842–43. One of the most interesting letters of the collection is from Henry Dodge, then territorial delegate, commenting on Doty's methods with the legislature and his "pull" with the federal administration. Comment on Tallmadge's régime is somewhat less acrimonious, but in no wise friendly. One interesting bypath of political history is the small Dodge boom in 1852 for the presidency.

While Mr. Baker was in the territorial council he received many letters from his constituency attempting to influence or to dictate his action. This shows how in a small community, practically homogeneous, direct democracy can exist under the form of representative government. Mr. Baker's constituents did not hesitate to tell him that they expected him to vote in accordance with their wishes and interests. It was assumed in the legislature he was there to get what they wanted.

For the convention period of the territory the material is interesting. During the progress of the convention Mr. Baker received letters of criticism; and he himself wrote to his family an account of the conven-

tion's progress. Some political enemy attempted to accuse Mr. Baker of Sabbath breaking because he met with several members of a committee in an informal discussion on that holy day. During the ratification campaign Mr. Baker received many letters from the friends of the constitution. One of these accused the anticonstitution faction of using money in Milwaukee to defeat its adoption. Edward G. Ryan, the chief supporter of the first constitution, wrote several times to Mr. Baker on the issues involved. The delegates to the convention received their pay in scrip, which—so low was territorial credit—could not be passed even at a large discount.

The second convention held and the new constitution adopted, the bulk of the papers for 1848 and 1849 relate to the new code of which Mr. Baker was a revisor. He wrote during that time for the New York and Louisiana laws. The problem of printing, however, was the vexed question. The contract for this was a coveted political plum, which was finally secured by C. Latham Sholes. Having no facilities for so large an enterprise, Sholes arranged with an Albany firm for the printing. He, however, directed Mr. Baker, who spent a winter at the capital of New York assisting in the production, to have the title-page read "Southport, Wisconsin," which it does to this day. The contract, supposedly so favorable to Mr. Sholes, in fact caused him considerable loss. He was finally assisted by an additional appropriation upon which he honorably discharged all his debt to Mr. Baker, leaving nothing for himself from the wreck, except an unsaleable number of unbound statutes.

For the period of the fifties, the political material is less both in amount and in importance than for the preceding decade. There are some letters on the Barstow-Bashford controversy, in which Mr. Baker and his friends sided with Governor Barstow. The treasurer's defalcation of 1856 is noted; and there is comment on Matt Carpenter's ante-war career. As the Civil War approached the letters speak with enthusiasm of Lincoln as the "man of the hour." After the firing on Sumter communities were a "blaze of patriotic feeling." It is interesting to the members of our Society to learn that Dr. Draper, its secretary in 1861, wrote to Mr. Baker one week after the commencement of the war that he desired to go out with the Wisconsin troops in some capacity that would enable him to collect materials for a *History of Wisconsin Volunteers*. It had been suggested that he go as division or brigade inspector or as paymaster for Wisconsin troops and he bespeaks Mr. Baker's recommendation for such an office—for which, as we know, he failed to receive the appointment. One cannot but speculate upon the wealth of materials which he might so easily have obtained had he been permitted to carry out his plan—materials, the remnants of which the Society is still collecting by slow and difficult processes.

For war materials in the Baker papers we are indebted principally to his correspondents in the field, one of whom was a baker who described the bread machine with which he turned out vast quantities of loaves daily. One of the letters gives an apparently unpublished anec-

dote of Col. Halbert E. Paine, who was arrested because he refused "to deliver up a panting bleeding iron-collared slave who had sought refuge within the lines of his Regt. from the brutality of a Rebel master; Col. Pain choosing rather to obey the Law of Congress and of Humanity rather than the orders of a Pro-Slavery General and take the consequences." It is also interesting to note that an Eastern investor writes in 1863 that "greenbacks" were worth only fifty cents on the dollar and that he does not believe that government will ever redeem them. One of Mr. Baker's correspondents comments on the amount of southern sympathy in the southwestern part of the state. On the other hand an ardent government supporter proposed that party politics be suspended, all nominations be made nonpartisan, and of men who would stand by the administration. Even as early as 1862 speculation and peculation in war contracts received comment; and at its close the number of lawyers who embarked in the profitable business of war claims was noticeable. One of Mr. Baker's correspondents took a government lease of a plantation in the recovered part of Tennessee. His discussion of terms and profits as well as of the abilities of his freedmen employees throws an interesting sidelight on war economics. Another letter described the Northwestern Sanitary Fair held in the autumn of 1863 at Chicago as "a great occasion & the Master? spirits of the enterprise are Women—prompt, active, energetic, systematic, wise & far seeing in their deliberations, & vigorous to execute their plans, and the whole crowned with Woman's sympathy for the sick & wounded, they are going to place this great North West of ours, high up in the Temple of Fame."

By far the most significant of the war material of this collection is concerned with the draft. In 1864 and 1865 Mr. Baker was in the office of the provost marshal at Milwaukee and appears to have preserved some of the official papers addressed to Captain Irving M. Bean as well as to himself. There were accusations of unfairness on the part of some commissioners, which were repudiated by General Arthur McArthur and others in authority. The bulk of the papers relates to exemptions for age, disability, dependents, and noncitizenship. Communities were active in filling their quota of volunteers to avoid the draft and raised large sums for bounties. A constant source of complaint and misunderstanding was the assignment of the local quotas. Some of the local communities formed Draft Clubs which promised to supply the number of drafted men required from their numbers by consent and agreement. The pressure of the draft was felt as a heavy burden to be lightened by volunteering. There was some fraud and chicanery reported; the letters of informers are unpleasant reading.

Mr. Baker left the draft office at Milwaukee in May, 1865; soon after his departure the office was closed. With the exception of the railway projects of the early seventies already mentioned, he seems to have lived thereafter in retirement. His death occurred at Lake Geneva February 5, 1872. One of his latest tasks was to revise for the Historical Society a paper on the "Pioneer History of Walworth County," which

he had originally read at an old settlers' society reunion in 1869. This work is published in the sixth volume of our *Collections*. Mr. Baker's portrait was presented to the Society in 1878 by his widow. It is fitting therefore that this Society should be the repository of the papers of this pioneer; and it is so recognized by his grandson, Edward Larrabee Baker of Lake Forest, Illinois, who has preserved this series of early papers and in February, 1920 gave it to the Society for the benefit of the public.

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Major General William G. Haan ("The Division as a Fighting Machine") was the commanding officer of the Thirty-second or "Red Arrow" Division in the Great War. The paper we have the privilege of printing is the address which he gave before the annual meeting of the Society in October, 1919.

Dr. Joseph Schafer ("Muscoda, 1763–1856" and "The Wisconsin Domesday Book") the new superintendent of the Society, comes to us from Oregon where he was head of the history department in the state university. Born in Grant County, he is making a series of local studies of that locality; he is also planning a forward movement in collecting basic sources for Wisconsin history.

Julius E. Olson ("Lincoln in Wisconsin") is professor of Scandinavian languages and literature at the University of Wisconsin. He is editor of the first volume in the *Original Narratives of Early American History* reproduced under the auspices of the American Historical Association.

W. A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: IV. The Battle of Wisconsin Heights") of Fond du Lac gives us the fourth of his series of Wisconsin sites noted for their historical interest.