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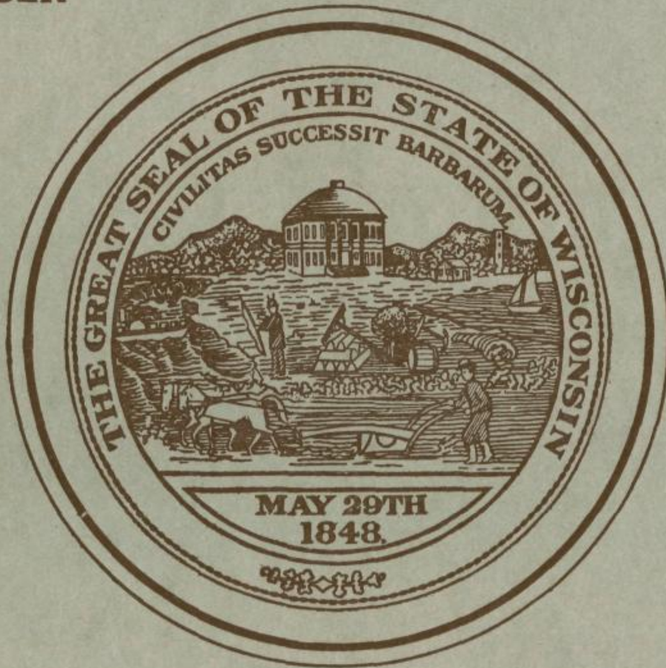

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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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

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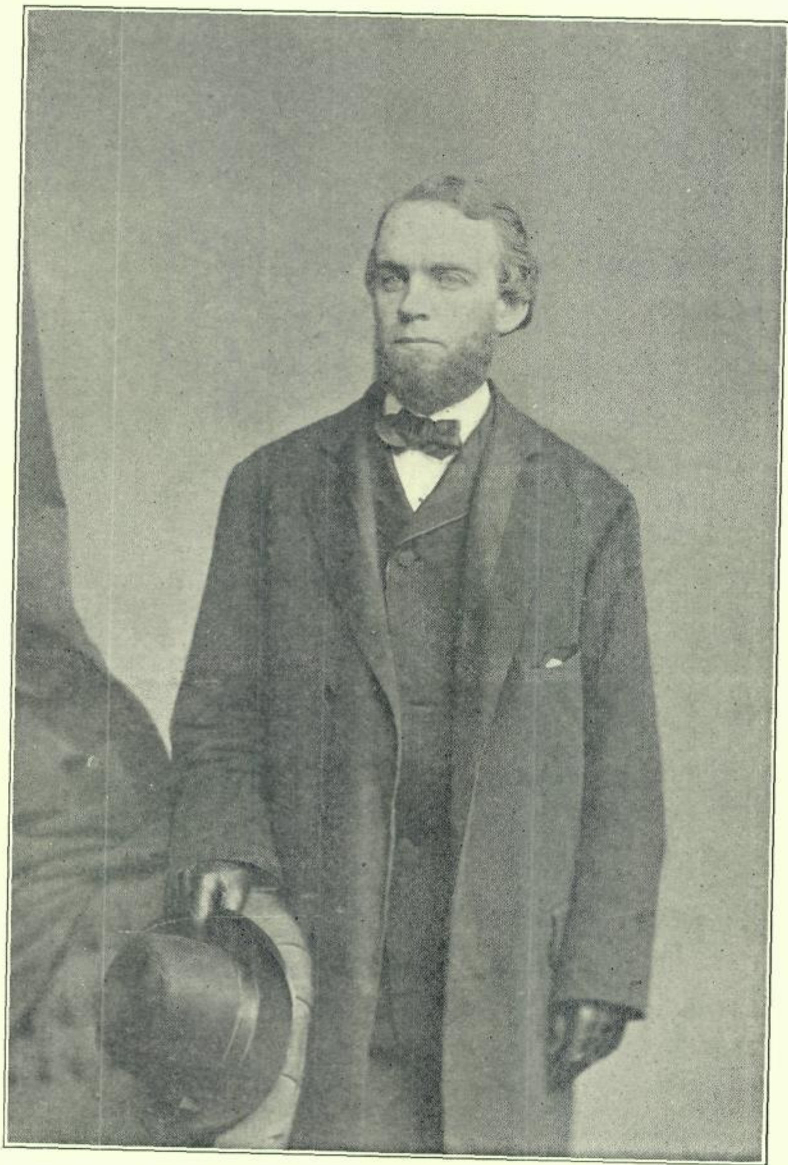


WILLIAM JAMES LEONARD
about 1870

THE CHICAGO FIRE: AN EXPERIENCE

William James Leonard[1]

Sunday, October 8, 1871 is now a memorable day. It has already passed into history as marking one of those events which occur at long intervals in the lives of men. The day began like many another which had dawned upon the devoted city. No shadow of the coming event was seen unless the news of the morning which told of the devastating fire of the night before was the precursor of the impending calamity. But the story of that disaster was soon forgotten. The thousands who visited the scene of the fire turned away with their feeling of security undisturbed. It is true that the flames laid waste a territory of twenty acres. But it touched the business of comparatively a few, and it drove only a few, and they the poor, from their squalid homes. So men came, and went their way, as many a time before. The fire-fiend had been conquered again and put to flight and so, thought they, it will always be. The Sabbath wore on as ever, characterized here by its devotions and there by its debaucheries. Men planned as usual for the morrow, some in laying schemes for their material prosperity, some in devising for the moral interest of men. But while yet the incense of devotion lingered about the sacred temples there had leaped

[1] Rev. William James Leonard, of Plainfield, New Jersey, was at one time, in the late 1860's pastor of the First Baptist Church of Evanston, Illinois. He wrote this story of the fire December 1, 1871, when the experience was still vivid in his memory. Mr. Leonard was the father of Professor William Ellery Leonard, of the University of Wisconsin, with whom he lived in Madison from 1911-1914.

into the air the messenger of destruction whose fiery breath was to blast the fairest portion of the proud metropolis.

> Men said at vespers, all is well;
> In one wild night the city fell;
> Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
> Before the fiery hurricane.

Thus unconsciously do men tread the very verge of death and ruin. No note of alarm disturbed the air on that fatal day. There was not a prophet in all the city to foretell the coming doom.

But, if, as Coleridge says "the foundation of true prophetic foresight is the profounder insight of causes" then there may have been many a prophecy uttered like that which I remember to have escaped my own lips only a few hours before the conflagration, when I remarked in the company of some friends, when allusion had been made to the fire of the night just passed, that Chicago was destined to witness a fire greater than was ever yet conceived. It required no great penetration to discover the causes which would lead to such a result. They were exposed to the eyes of every thinking person, and it was only necessary that they should be combined to produce the catastrophe which at length left the city in ashes. The problem which has been calling upon the people to solve for so many years is simply this: Given acres of wooden buildings in the heart of the great city, a high wind, which is so common to that region, a simple spark of fire, how long will it take to burn down the city? But what has never been is thought can never be, and so this problem so long unsolved was supposed would never require serious attention. The arithmetic of the people, it was thought, could be better employed in calculating the appreciation of values in real estate and in estimating the future greatness of the city. But after all the hour came, as it always will, and unexpected, when the mathematics of

Providence declared the result in the old formula, whose truth we are so slow to learn "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The harvest sowed for is the harvest gathered. The harvest of fire for which the doomed city was really preparing is found in the ashes which cover the ruins of her former beauty and glory.

As the deadly reaper drew near it would not be strange if there were unspoken and unconscious prophecies of the fearful fate impending. Careful observers have said that in the lower animals there is often manifested an instinct of coming danger. Robert Collyer relates how his dog exhibited all that Sunday afternoon a nervous tremor as if apprehensive of some disaster. And every one knows there are well authenticated instances where men have had unmistaken presentiment of impending calamity. It is something different from the mere feeling of apprehension which is natural when consciously exposed to danger. It assumes sometimes the form of a conviction whose intensity and power, I suspect, are due to the nervous condition of the individual. My own experience as I was about to retire on the night of the fire partook somewhat of this feeling. I was a guest of the Palmer House occupying a quiet room on the fourth floor. I was not conscious of a sense of insecurity which one may feel often in such a place, for I was perfectly at home there. It was a strange sense of possible personal danger to which I might be exposed. It developed itself in the following way. I had written a letter during the afternoon with the intention of mailing it at once, which I neglected to do having left it upon my table. Its contents were of a specially private nature and when I saw it before me upon entering my room at night the strange sensation came over me that the letter was in danger of falling into strange hands before morning on account of the personal evil that might befall me. I pronounced the feeling absurd while nervously pick-

ing up the letter and dropping it several times. I tried to persuade myself of the folly of indulging such a feeling. But I did not rest content until I had concealed the letter in the pocket of my coat. Perhaps it was only a whim, I do not decide. I only know that my mind was never before so influenced by a mere impression.

I recall, also, the experience of a lady of my acquaintance which was similar in some of its phases to my own. She was spending the evening at the Sherman House with a friend who had just arrived in the city. She informed me that her mind was strangely impressed with the thought that danger of some kind was imminent at the hotel and she said so much on the subject that her husband rebuked her for entertaining feelings so foolish. Before the morning dawned her friend had been driven from her hotel by the flames, and a stranger in the city she fled through the streets, whither she knew not, to seek a place of safety. The dead body of her brother which she had been carrying from the far west to its final resting place in the distant east was lying in the depot, but she knew not where and could not have reached it if she had, and so it was consumed.

How many may have been affected in this apparently preternatural way will never be known. It would not be strange if many susceptible natures whose lives and property were to be imperilled on that fearful night felt the shadow of the approaching event. We understand very little about that mysterious realm which lies so near us and where unseen powers play their silent part.

But to proceed with my narrative; I soon quieted my own nervous agitation and was speedily asleep though even then the fire had begun its work. About three hours afterward or a little past one o'clock I was awakened, as I now suppose, by the noise made in arousing the guests, though the first sound I was conscious of hearing was a loud knock at the

door of an adjoining room. I supposed it was one of the occupants seeking admission of his companion as I could not distinguish the words uttered. Soon, however, the rap was violently repeated at my own door and the warning given to get up as a fire was near. The first thought was to discover how near and by casting my eyes up to look above the building which stood on the opposite side of the alley on which the windows of my room opened I saw the heavens were ablaze and that the fire therefore must be close at hand and of great extent. Quickly dressing myself I hastened out of my room to satisfy myself of the real danger to the hotel. Reaching Quincy Street, on the corner of which and State Street the Palmer House was situated, and looking west I saw that a wild conflagration was raging among the wooden buildings near the south branch of the river. As I approached Wells Street I became fully aware of the fearful ravages the flames were making. There was utter confusion and consternation. Wagons of every description were rolling through the streets in all directions at the utmost speed. Some were loaded, some were seeking their load. The poor occupants of the burning hovels, were doing what they could, in wild despair to keep their children near them and preserve the few remnants of their household goods which already had been rescued from the fire. Some were running with beds and bedding which some unlucky fire-brand would inflame and so oblige the owner to drop his precious burden and be content with saving his life. Others had piled their little effects where with their children they felt secure until, alas! the insatiable flame threatened them again, and drove them on and on before it until at length, in the confusion of the hour and the impossibility of securing aid, the property once thought to be saved was scattered and the fleeing families were fortunate indeed if they could keep their little ones

from being crushed by the crowd or scattered and lost in the mad excitement of the night.

I hurried north and discovered that the fire was spreading with terrible rapidity among the more combustible buildings along the river. It had reached east into Wells Street or Fifth Avenue, its new name, and was north as far as Washington Street. I passed into La Salle Street at Monroe and proceeded as far as the Chamber of Commerce. Now I was directly in the eye of the fire. It was coming on with fearful velocity. The rear parts of the buildings on La Salle Street opposite the Chamber of Commerce were just taking fire. The air at this point was full of burning cinders which fell like a driving and blinding snow-storm. I stood watching the novel sight on the southeast corner of the Court House square. It was easy to see that the fire would soon sweep everything before it in that region. The illuminated dial of the Court House clock told that the hour was five minutes of two o'clock. The old bell which had sounded so many alarms and marked the passing of the hours so long was still sending forth at intervals its doleful notes. The mournful sound in the midst of such a scene seemed like the funeral knell of a dead city. In less than fifteen minutes from this time it had uttered its last warning and fell in the universal ruin which it had sought so long and so faithfully to avert.

It now occurred to me for the first time that the Michigan Southern Depot might be in danger, from which I had not yet removed my trunk. I became quite alarmed as I proceeded southward and saw how near the fire seemed to be to the depot. For in my trunk were my sermons, the most valuable of my possessions, being my stock in trade. After reaching the depot and talking with others of the probable danger, it was agreed that the building was safe. Persons were resorting to it as a refuge. They were storing their goods within it. Some mother had deposited two of her

little children upon a straw bed in the baggage room and had left them, perhaps to go and save some of her humble effects from the deserted home. And surely those massive stone walls seemed to challenge the fire to harm them. And so with some little hesitation, as if I might be thought unduly alarmed, I requested the watchman to find my trunk and permit me to take out my sermons. This I did and started with them for my hotel. I had not proceeded far, however, when I determined to take my trunk away if it was possible to secure the services of anyone. I accosted the first man I met who seemed competent for the task and returned with him to the depot. I led the way with my load of sermons and through the throng we pressed, dodging wagons in the street, and elbowing the crowd on the walks. Arriving at the hotel I found the guests busily engaged in preparing for flight. Some of the attachés of the house laughed at the idea of their being in danger and pointed with confidence to the long stretch of hose which was to be found on every floor by which they could flood the house in a moment. But these appointments so full of promise were of no avail when the flames a few hours after came sweeping upon the noble building. For, long before, the water-works had burned and the reservoirs were empty. And I remember the last I saw of the hose, over which so much boast was made, was in the shape of a fine brass nozzle which was in the hands of a negro waiter who was in the act of concealing it under one of the sidewalks of Wabash Avenue, doubtless for future use. But the confidence of the hotel clerks did not assure the guests. I packed my valises with my manuscripts and whatever else they would contain and started with them on a tramp of two miles to the house of a friend in the south part of the city far beyond the range of the fire. It was a little past three o'clock when I left the hotel with my heavy burden. A strange spectacle was seen when I reached Wabash Avenue.

The walks were swarming with people and the street was full of vehicles of all sorts rushing with impetuous speed. On either side the grass plots which line the avenue were filled with every imaginable kind of household goods with their sleepy owner to guard them against the thieves who held high carnival on that awful night. The whole scene lighted up by the glare of the flame which illuminated the city mile upon mile was as picturesque as it was sad.

Having safely deposited my baggage I returned to the hotel to find it still unharmed. But fearing the worst I selected the most valuable of my clothing from my trunk and carried it to a friend's house on Michigan Avenue. To my great surprise I found they had themselves gathered together in the hall what they could of their more portable goods and sat waiting in the expectation that the desolating flame would drive them out of their elegant home. To me it did not seem that they were in any danger so far away was the eastern line of the fire. But as the sequel proved they did not wait in vain. On and on the fiery wave rolled. It was seen dashing up into the air on Dearborn Street and swallowing all before it; now over State Street it heaves in majestic billows and sweeps away everything in its path. Still it rolls on and now it breaks in fury upon Wabash Avenue and all hope to them is gone. Securing two ice carts they hurry into them in disorder the few articles they can secure and escape just as the tongue of flame laps up their beautiful home and southward they move, a mournful procession, to deposit out of the range of the fire the remnants of their household treasures.

I leave them and go farther north to watch the progress of the fire. It seemed to have spent its fury in the region where so many of the palatial stores were situated. Bookseller's Row on State Street is thought will now escape though the north end of the block is burning. But the wind

is favorable for it is carrying the flame northward. Field, Leiter and Company's noble building is yet uninjured and men say it will be saved and all feel a common joy over the intelligence. The magnificent Drake block and its adjoining counterpart the Farwell block are now thought to be beyond danger and all the other grand though less pretentious storehouses that fill the intervening spaces. But this proved to be a delusive hope. It would seem that the decree had gone forth that not one stone should be left upon another in all that busy mart where stood the monuments of Chicago's greatness. For these massive structures at length melted down before that fearful heat as wax before the fire.

However with the feeling that this region would be unharmed I went north to the river reaching it at Rush Street bridge. There a new and astounding sight presented itself; the fire had crossed the river and was beginning to get under fearful headway on the north side. It was then after five o'clock in the morning. At this early hour the waterworks situated on this side were destroyed as supposed by the firebrands which were driven great distances through the air. Before the fire had even crossed to this side in its regular march it is said they were burning. The flames once communicated to this division there was no hope of staying them. For no engines could reach here without making a detour of miles as the bridges were gone and, besides, by this time, as we have seen, there was no water. And so from early morning till near midnight the fire-fiend revelled unrestrained in the destruction of this division of the city. Not until there was no more food for his hungry jaws did the desolating work cease. From the main branch of the river to Dr. Foster's elegant mansion above Lincoln Park, which was the last house destroyed, and from the lake to the north branch, save a few hundred houses in the northwest corner, the great north division was made as barren as when a wild

prairie. A fire from heaven could not have made the destruction more complete.

The consternation and mad flight of the people in this division must remain inconceivable. Seventy-five thousand persons, men, women and children, fleeing for their lives before a tornado of fire is a stampede which was probably never paralleled. When we think of the infirm people naturally found in so large a population, the seriously sick, the invalided, and the dying, we may conjure up somewhat of a true picture of the anxiety and distress which must have prevailed. Add to this the unavoidable separation of families in the wild excitement of the hour and the consequent anguish from the uncertainty of each other's fate and we can form some idea of the terror of the time. There were men who lost traces of wife and children whom perhaps they had sent forward to a place of safety while they lingered behind to save some valued things.

Wherever, during those dread hours, people were driven from their homes such separations occurred. The rich and the poor fared alike. A man of wealth told in my hearing how from early morning to nightfall he searched for his wife and children and found them at last in one of the suburbs ten miles away. And I recall the pitiful sight of a poor woman squalid in appearance, and in a frenzy of excitement. It was in the midst of the heat and smoke of the ruins on Wabash Avenue that I met her. She was in search of her children she said as she approached me. Her eyes blinded by the smoke and dust she could hardly find her way. And in the bewilderment which one felt among those once familiar streets, now all the old landmarks were gone, neither she nor one more composed could locate himself with ease. She implored me to tell her where Quincy Street was, for there, she said, she had left her children to await her return. I directed her as well as I was able, but it could have done her

no good, for the fire had left nothing alive as it swept over the very street for which she was seeking.

To recur again to the progress of the fire as I witnessed it. After discovering that the north side was ablaze I turned my steps southward once more to see what further ravages the flames had made. The streets south of the river were filled with a motley throng, a part busily employed in saving goods, a part like myself the curious spectators of the awful scenes. Some were thieves plying their nefarious trade with a heartlessness sad to see at such a time of universal suffering. The proprietors of large warehouses were trying to save their goods. From windows in every story and on all sides were cast the rich wares to be carried to the nearest place of safety. Such a place was the Lake Front on Michigan Avenue supposed to be. Here many thousand dollars worth of the most valuable goods were deposited. No flames could reach them, but the intense heat finally consumed them like the hot blast of a furnace. But better be burned than to be stolen, and yet guarded as the owners might be they could not protect themselves against the incursion of the thieving crew whose opportunity had come. Two of them I saw hastening away with their plunder and as they passed me I overheard them debating the question of reaching the north side, whither they were fleeing, now that the means of access were cut off. Another of the same class had cast away his old boots and from a pile before him was fitting himself very deliberately with a new pair. One, more unlucky than the rest, was detected by a policeman as he started off with his booty. But the cry of "Stop thief" was passed on from one to another of the crowd among whom he adroitly dodged for some time and at last brought up in the embrace of stronger arms than his own. Still another of these unconscionable rascals standing in the midst of a large multitude gathered before the Farwell block attempted to snatch the badge from a po-

liceman's breast under whose cover he doubtless hoped to carry on unmolested his wicked work. But the burly officer of the law discovered the little trick and with two quick and fearful blows of his fist he sent him sprawling in the street. But he gathered himself up as rapidly as he had fallen and started on a lively gait for safer quarters. It was no time for arresting any one as the places of confinement were in ruins. The jail had burned and its hundred criminals were set free. The armory was gone and its imprisoned occupants had fled. The courts of justice were consumed and the way of the transgressor for a season was no longer hard.

These were among the scenes which furnished diversion as I continued my way southward seeking to trace as far as the smoke and heat would allow the havoc already made. Long before this the Post-office and Custom-house, the Chamber of Commerce, the Court House, the Sherman House, the Tremont House and the surrounding blocks had been destroyed and the fire was crowding on rapidly eastward on Lake, Randolph, and Washington streets. As the wind was blowing from the southwest the flames did not spread so rapidly eastward as northward. Anxious to know how the famous fire-proof building of the *Tribune* stood the test I passed down Madison Street and though the air was dark with smoke I could see its tall form still standing and that there was utter ruin on all sides of it. Drawing nearer to it I saw it was unscathed and on the door was a placard announcing that the office would be open at two P. M. That all danger was not passed seemed probable from the fact that some of the employees were persuading two firemen to descend with a Babcock extinguisher through one of the coal holes into the vault below the sidewalk on the Dearborn Street side; the fire-fiend as the sequel showed, had left his messenger lurking there to complete the work while he hurried on to apply his torch elsewhere. For long before

the promised hour of opening, so confidently announced, its scarred walls were only left to tell of the struggle which at last it was compelled to encounter. But my hope was strong that all was safe as I went on my journey southward to see how it had fared, by this time, with the Palmer House in which I was still interested to the extent of a first-class trunk to say nothing of its contents. I found that it stood towering, as it had ever done, above everything in the city and most assuredly now as it remained the only one of all the large hotels. A little farther west in almost a direct line had stood the beautiful Bigelow House, just ready for occupancy; a little more westward still, the magnificent Pacific Hotel, the boast of Chicago and the pride of the west had already fallen just as its grand façade of Corinthian columns six stories in height and stretching on either side several hundred feet, was about to receive its crown. But the Palmer stood, though it was now six hours since the alarm was sounded in the ears of its guests. The fury of the flames seemed to have subsided in the direction from which danger had been apprehended. It was now decided that the house would escape and men began to speculate about the fortune it would make for the proprietor. The question of breakfast was agitated among the guests who had not yet taken their flight. Some who had returned regretted their haste in moving away. I settled down into a comfortable place and with my fears allayed sought a little rest after my fatiguing wanderings of so many hours. Not many minutes had passed however when I saw signs about the building which indicated a renewal of the subsiding fears. They were preparing to organize a force of defence and manning it with buckets, but where they were to get the water I could not divine. Looking for the cause of this movement, the fire was seen to have broken out among the wooden blocks only two squares south, and the hotel was directly in the eye of the wind which was sweeping the flames

like a hurricane over the intermediate wooden buildings. A single observation at this time was enough to show that the last hope of saving the hotel was gone.

How to save the trunk was now the question. Relieved of much of its weight by the clothing removed and the heavy, if not juicy, sermons already taken to a safe place I concluded to lay aside my dignity for the time and handle it myself, for the good and sufficient reason that there was no one else to do it. Over the marble floor of the hotel to the State Street entrance I propelled it with becoming velocity. Fortunately, it could boast of, after so often running the gauntlet of "baggage-smashers," four sound rollers which served a good purpose in this day of its peril. On it freely rolled over the stone walk on State Street. At length I reached a point where I must cross the street but how was this feat to be accomplished? To carry the trunk was impossible, to drag it across the rough cobble-stone pavement was equally beyond my strength and perilous to the aforesaid rollers on which I was depending for further use. My dilemma was discovered by a benevolent passer-by who cheerfully offered to aid me. Safely on the other side I resorted to the system of propulsion already spoken of. But upon the uneven board walks my path was by no means so smooth as one desires the way of life to be. But onward the trunk and its owner pressed south on State Street to Jackson and then eastward toward the lake. One trunk and one man at a time might have met with no obstruction to a successful accomplishment of his purpose. But crowd that walk with people, each one of whom has a trunk, as many did, or something as valuable to save, and in whom the law of self-preservation has more or less control, and you will see such a rush for dear life as only a city on fire can create. At last I arrived safely on my journey as far as Wabash Avenue. Amidst the wild driving of the time it was hardly safe to attempt a crossing

unaided. While meditating upon a solution of the case I saw a waiter of the hotel approaching, in fact it was the man of the brass nozzle above referred to. I summoned him to my assistance as one on whom I had some claim, for was I not yet a guest of the hotel? Certain it is I had not paid my bill for services rendered. Having reached the opposite side of the Avenue I deposited the burden, beyond as I supposed the possible range of the fire. Seating myself upon the luckless trunk I waited to see the hotel overtaken by the fate impending. Its lofty roof overtopping the intervening houses was easily seen. The flame was rolling on unimpeded and the waves of heat were driven high by the tempestuous wind. Now it had come very near, the fire broke out in the cornice of the adjoining building above whose roof I had seen the lurid glare which first told me of the fearful conflagration. The fatal moment at length came and another proud victim was added to the holocaust. Weary, and sick at heart over the desolation already seen and the still more utter ruin seen to be inevitable, with this hotel no longer standing as a shield to the part of the city which lay northwest of it, I turned my back upon the sight and sought the quiet of a home remote from these scenes. My trunk I left where I had placed it trusting that I might find it upon my return. I need hardly add it was a remarkable case of misplaced confidence. It was a test which the honesty of the city could not stand in such a crisis. Strange to say, I returned after an absence of a few hours with the hallucination still undisturbed that I should discover my property unmolested in the very spot to which it had been so heroically and successfully escorted. To my amazement as I approached the place I discovered that the fire had swept over a large district two blocks and a half below where I supposed it would find its limit. This fact, it must be admitted, weakened my hope of finding the trunk where I had left it. But I ventured to go

through the smoke and heat, at whatever peril, to make sure of the safety or loss of the trunk as the case might be. I came and looked but saw nothing save one uninterrupted and uniform waste as far northward as the eye could reach.

I cannot forget the terrible sense of desolateness that possessed me at this moment as my thoughts grew to a true comprehension of the situation. Then I saw that the flame had eaten out the very heart of the city. Not a place of business left in all that wide area whence the life of Chicago had made its pulsations felt to every part of the world. Can this be a dream I thought. It must be; it is too dreadful to be real. But the confusion and bewilderment of the moment did not long alternate with the impression which the real facts made upon the outward sense. The city had been virtually destroyed.

I retraced my steps south where the fire was making its last dying struggle in this division of the city. It was at a point nearly opposite the Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. I reached the spot in time to hear the last blast of powder which robbed the flames of its fuel and so checked its career. It must have been near four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday when the fire was here subdued.

On the north side, however, it was still sweeping on and on over some of the fairest portions of the city. There were eight long hours still, before it should spend itself. The history of these hours can never be written. To the lake shore to seek shelter in the waters, to the prairies north and west, surged the terrified throng of 80,000 people who had, that night, no other shelter than the overhanging clouds.

Glad to escape from the scene of desolation of which I had been so long a spectator and selfish enough to secure the best shelter I might for the approaching night I sought refuge at the home of a hospitable friend in the suburbs.

So closed the day the like of which the world has probably never seen. The sun that had last set went down upon a city rising on the very highest wave of prosperity; but he rose to set upon a blighted, crippled, prostrate people.

> Men clasped each others hands and said
> The city of the West is dead.

But if not dead it was fearfully stunned by the stroke and for succeeding days it was like a man slowly returning to consciousness after a sudden blow and gradually becoming aware of his identity. The city rose to its feet with the old courage and indomitable will not in the least weakened, but there was utter confusion and uncertainty which made it hard to get adjusted to the new surroundings. No man could tell whether he was what he had thought he was when he last closed his ledgers. What can the insurance companies pay? What will the banks do? were the questions on the lips of all. What is the condition of securities and what are titles worth with every record destroyed? And the only response to these questions was the echo of the voice that spoke them. Wise men there were who knew more than ten men who could render a reason, and their speculations were freely uttered. But thoughtful men whose words were weighed were slow to forecast the future. For eight days the heart of the city stopped beating.

These were days of great anxiety and fear to all the people. A large division of the city in total darkness at night, no water accessible in all the place for subduing fires, the citizens organized into private police to patrol the city. The city itself under the control of a military officer, these things while declaring that the ground of apprehension was real, show also how on the very verge of a panic the people stood. It was well nigh a realization of the evil days of which Solomon writes: "When the keepers of the house shall

tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets . . . he shall rise up at the voice of the bird; and they shall be afraid . . . and desire shall fail."

As after some great battle the historian of the hour takes his place where he can more easily trace the marks of death and destruction and gather the evidence of the severity of the struggle; so we can get a clearer view of the disaster which befell the ill-fated city by such a review as this of the facts which stand out after the smoke of the ruins has cleared away. In this better light of the actual events we may look at the facts which made the terrible conflagration possible.

Some philosopher has said that with the appliances of modern science it was impossible for another fire like that of London in 1666 to occur again. And this seems a reasonable conclusion. With the steam fire-engine, with a system of water supply, with the telegraph to summon help and the railroad to cooperate it would appear that a fire could never get the mastery and run riot as it did in Chicago.

But as I remarked in the beginning of my narrative the natural causes for producing such a result were in existence and needed only to be favorably combined to burn down the city. The construction of the city was such as to insure a great fire. Its fire-limits only covered the business portion of the city. Outside of this were tier upon tier of frame blocks. Of the buildings burned probably three-fourths of them were wooden structures. And besides, the stone and brick houses were capped with cornices of wood and roofs of tar. Paper saturated with tar was also largely used and when the flame came it was peeled off and the wind hurled it through the air in flakes of fire, and lodged it upon roofs far away to carry on the work of destruction. And more than this, the fire had got under such headway while raging among the frame buildings where it began that it generated a heat

of incalculable intensity. So that by the time it reached the more durable structures of the business centers nothing could stand before it. A view of the street railway on the following day would satisfy anyone of the terrible heat produced. The rails were often expanded so much that with the ends still fast they curved in arcs of a radius of a foot. The north side track on Clark Street resembled a huge serpent drawing his long length through the city, being warped two and three feet above the track at short intervals of twenty feet. Whether there must be added to these causes the torch of the incendiary is not ascertained. The authorities are now prosecuting an examination into the origin and progress of fire which may reveal some facts yet unknown.

The furious wind rushing like a tornado from the southwest, and its angry currents produced by the heat carrying on their wings the fire-brands and the heated air was a fatal cause always liable to be present in that region of prairie, and never before so opportunely raging to do its hellish work.

The ill-starred event which destroyed the water-works so early and robbed the city of the only weapon to wield against the flame was another cause unforeseen and unexpected which conspired so disastrously with the other causes named.

If to these causes we add what may seem uncharitable, as the proofs are not established, the reported demoralization of the entire fire department by drunken dissipation which followed their work of the night before we have an adequate explanation of the terrible result.

Another fact which grows upon us as we reflect upon the disaster is the fearful rapidity with which the fire spread. The track which it made was at least four miles in length by one in width, having begun near the corner of De Koven and Jefferson streets on the west side and reaching the limits of the city on the north. But it required only about twenty-

four hours to lay this vast territory in ruins covered as it was with buildings and many of them making block after block of solid masonry. The great fire of London was five days in burning over a far smaller territory. Other estimates make still more apparent the rapid progress of the fire. It swallowed fifty blocks in an hour or nearly one a minute. On an average eight hundred houses were consumed each hour or nearly fourteen every minute. Or in other figures, it devastated in every hour of its progress one hundred acres. In what has been known heretofore in our country as the great fire of 1835, in which New York was the victim, only twenty acres were burned over, and the fire raged violently for eight hours, and fifteen hours passed before it was finally subdued. The longer we dwell upon it the greater seems the magnitude of the disaster. We get some conception of it as we have traced the progress of the fire and watched the tottering walls, one after another, disappear. But a survey of the whole in one wide sweep of vision brings the fact vividly before the mind. We form some adequate conception of it when we speak of the 2500 acres of smouldering ruins, or when we think of the 20,000 buildings of which it can be almost literally said that not one stone is left upon another. One hundred thousand people driven from their homes and fleeing like a routed army conveys some idea of the magnitude of the conflagration. The destruction of fifty hotels and fifty-three banks and banking houses, the loss of seventy churches and mission chapels together with all the homes of their membership, the burning of ten city school-houses, sixteen public halls, seventy-five newspapers, also asylums and other public buildings, five hundred lawyers' offices and their libraries shows us something of the extent of the disaster. Or take as a standard the values destroyed which have been rated as high as $300,000,000 and we learn what one wild day of fire will do. If we recall the beauty and the glory

which were overwhelmed in the promiscuous ruin of the time we have another help to a proper appreciation of the catastrophe. Surely the pride of the city was its two magnificent depots, its Pacific Hotel and Palmer House structures as noble and beautiful as any American city can claim, its Honoré block and street upon street of blocks equally imposing and ornate, its Chamber of Commerce, its Court House and Post Office, Opera House and Bank buildings. All the boasted architecture of its business centre covering a large part of two hundred blocks, existing now only in memory reminds us of the magnitude of the loss sustained.

But, after all, these material estimates do not fully measure the greatness of the disaster. When we think of what these things represented, when we consider the years of toil for which they stood, the hopes which they embodied, when we remember that these buildings so beautiful to look upon were within the busy hives where ten thousand hands were the only support of declining age and helpless infancy, then we may begin to see how far reaching was the destruction. And when we have traced the long line of palatial residences from Terrace Row northward a half mile or more and think of them as fallen in the universal wreck; when we run over in imagination the countless other homes of beauty and elegance on the south side and north side hardly a remnant of which can now be seen, we have not yet got possessed of the factors necessary to express the extent of the ruin wrought. For these places were filled with household treasures which there was no time to save. Unnumbered tokens of love, long cherished and precious, were left behind in the hasty flight. In these rooms were many a spot which had become a sacred shrine. These are the heart losses which cannot be estimated and which the cold annalist passes by without a thought but which must enter into a true computation of the magnitude of the disaster.

As we at length turn away from this indiscriminate ruin in which the good and bad alike were involved, where the houses of prayer shared a common fate with the houses of death and seek for an interpretation of the event in our theology shall we accept the theory which many have been so free to promulgate, that Chicago is the victim of divine displeasure? If this be true then all reasoning ends, for we must believe that the Almighty can so shape events that nothing can defeat His purposes. A city the most securely built would avail no more to avert disaster than the least secure. But the simple fact is it is violated law which brings its inevitable penalty. The law of mechanics which determines the pressure of steam, if violated, is followed by the explosion which carries death to a hundred homes. And so with all law throughout the universe. God is present in every event because He is present in all the laws which control them; that He is present as a benevolent Being who is seeking the highest good of men we must believe while we think of Him as the Perfect One. But to declare that any event is the result of His wrath and a judgment in the theologic sense demands a knowledge of the mind of God which no man dare assume to possess. In the best sense He is in all the history of men and nations and is timing every event for the greatest good of all and the personal good of each. Out of evil good is evolved. From the ruins of the prostrate city a new Chicago shall arise and there shall be given beauty for ashes. But better than all as the struggle to regain what has been lost is carried on there shall grow up a nobler manhood. In the discipline of economy and self sacrifice which has been imposed upon so many grand lessons shall be learned which shall be worth far more than their costly price. And more than this shall follow in the wake of the disaster. For over the broad land and across the sea there has been born of this calamity a wider charity and a deeper sympathy

than was ever known before. And who shall estimate the new moral strength which will come from even this temporary triumph of the better nature in men? If this is the true way of interpreting Providence then it carries with it something of an inspiration. If behind the frowning event there is the smiling face then we have light in our darkness. The Quaker poet has caught the spirit of this kindlier thought and embodied it in his Apostrophe to the desolated city:

> Ah, not in vain the flames that tossed
> Above thy dreadful holocaust;
> The Christ again has preached through thee
> The Gospel of Humanity.
>
> Then lift once more thy towers on high
> And fret with spires the western sky
> To tell that God is yet with us
> And love is still miraculous.

HISTORY OF COMPANY I, FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY FROM OCTOBER 19, 1861, TO OCTOBER 9, 1865

EDGAR P. HOUGHTON

In September, 1861, Calvin R. Johnson, a lawyer residing at Black River Falls, thinking there was plenty of material in the Black River valley for another company of soldiers to help put down the rebellion, called several war meetings at the school-houses in Jackson and Clark counties for the purpose of stirring up the patriotic spirit of the people and inducing them to enlist in a company of volunteers called the Black River Rangers. This resulted in a gathering of patriotic people at Mason's Hall, Black River Falls, on the nineteenth day of October, and there were placed on the roll of this company thirty-three names. The following officers were elected: captain, Calvin R. Johnson, Black River Falls; first lieutenant, John Kittinger, Alma; second lieutenant Joseph Clancy, Black River Falls.

Here they established their headquarters and continued to add to their number until December 7, when they went by wagon to Sparta, where they took the cars for Fond du Lac. At that place they became Company I of the Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and went into camp in Sibley tents for the winter, which proved to be a severe one. The camp was on the outskirts of a prairie. Often the mercury was below zero, and the way the wind swept the snow into camp will be remembered by those who occupied the tents, as long as life lasts. The tents were warmed by fires in stoves

about the size of a camp kettle, placed in the center. At night the men put on their overcoats and caps, and lay down on the straw that was spread on the frozen ground, covering themselves with all the blankets they had. They slept the sleep of the just, one of their number keeping the fire going as best he could with the green wood provided. Unless the weather was very severe we had company and regimental drill, guard mount, and dress parade every day. Everyone seemed to be suffering with a cold, but Company I lost only one member that winter, a young man from Melrose named Henry White, who died of measles.

The regiment left the state on March 8, 1862, and on the tenth arrived at St. Louis, where they went into camp at Benton Barracks. There they remained until the twenty-third, when they embarked on transports, and on the twenty-eighth reached Savannah, Tennessee, where General Grant had his headquarters at that time.

On the morning of April 6 the boom of cannon and rattle of musketry indicated that the battle was on at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles farther up on the other side of the river. This battle was afterwards called the battle of Shiloh, as it opened at Shiloh Church back about two miles from the Tennessee River and Pittsburg Landing. The Fourteenth listened to the sound of battle all day, expecting every minute orders to move; but it was not until late afternoon that we embarked on a transport, and then the boat was detained so that we did not arrive at Pittsburg Landing until eleven o'clock at night. We climbed up the steep bank as best we could in a heavy rain and stood in the mud ankle deep until daylight, when we were assigned to a brigade of General Crittenden's division. This brigade was commanded by Colonel Smith of a Kentucky regiment, who made us a speech; this was the first and last time the regiment was addressed before going into action. He informed us

that the rebels had defeated us the day before, but today we are to regain what we lost yesterday and drive Beauregard back to Corinth. We give him a cheer. We are standing where Grant made his last stand the night before, and the dead (still unburied) who have lain all night in the rain are a ghastly sight. It is the first time we have seen a battlefield; we clench our teeth, and our faces assume the ashy pallor of death as we grasp the old Belgian rifles and move forward. Ever since we enlisted we have been "spiling" for fight. In those long winter evenings spent in the tents at Fond du Lac we had often discussed the chances of battle and wondered if it would ever be our good fortune to meet the enemy. We thought it very likely that the war would be over before we arrived on the scene of action. Behold, we are about to receive our first lesson on the fighting field, but the sensation is far different from what we had expected. No one can visualize accurately the field of battle. He may paint in the most vivid colors its horrors, but when he places the picture drawn by his imagination beside the reality he finds it falls far short of the real. Joe Meek said we would have revenge for those fallen comrades before night, but the thought uppermost in our minds was that we too might be numbered with the slain before the setting of the sun.

Lieutenant Kittinger, who commanded the company that day, said there were just fifty of Company I in line when we lay down on the slope of a hill in the vicinity of Shiloh Church that April morning to await the coming of Beauregard. General Albert Sidney Johnston, who commanded the rebel army, had been killed the day before and General Beauregard had taken command; at dark on the night of the sixth he had driven Grant's army down to the banks of the Tennessee River, where they had rallied and held him in check until darkness ended the battle for that day. After dark the gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington* opened fire on the

woods beyond Grant's line and made it so hot that the rebels fell back out of range. General Beauregard took time on the morning of the seventh to arrange his line of battle on the camp grounds from which he had driven the Union army the day before. A New Orleans battery that had been planted in our front (and across a ravine) opened with shot and shell shortly after we went into the line of battle. We were just enough behind the hill to avoid being hit as long as we remained lying down, but the shells striking the ground in front threw dirt over us and some of the shot cut off the limbs of trees over our heads. Then for the first time we heard the rebel yell. At first we heard it faintly away off on our right. It becomes louder as it is taken up by the rebs along the line, until it becomes a pandemonium in our front and echoes away to the left until it is lost in the distance. On they come. They had been victorious the day before and this morning they expect to sweep Grant's army into the Tennessee River with one grand rush. Our skirmishers are driven in and we are ordered to advance. As soon as we get upon our feet the enemy (who are now in easy range) give us a volley of musketry, which we return as we advance. We drive them for a short distance, but their battery changes to canister, their reserves rise from the underbrush and meet us with a terrible fire; our line is thrown into disorder and we are driven back with terrible slaughter, but we rally, our line is re-formed, and we are ordered to take the New Orleans battery. The ground is a gradual descent for twenty rods in our front, and covered with a growth of underbrush and trees. At the bottom is a small ravine with about one foot of water in it from the rain of the night before. From the ravine the ground rises at an angle of some twenty degrees and is quite clear, except for a few trees and logs. This ascent continues for some thirty rods and there, upon the highest point, is the battery. The order to charge is given.

We go down the hill. We cross the ravine. We go up the hill. Our colonel and lieutenant colonel both fall. Our line is broken and thrown into disorder, but every man is wild to get that battery. We swarm up that hill like bees, we drive the gunners from their guns, and one of the guns is spiked by Lieutenant Staley of Company D (the La Crosse Company); but the enemy infantry is in heavy force in rear of the battery, and they make it so hot for us that we are compelled to retire for a short distance, but they do not regain their guns. Not until we have made two more charges and Beauregard's army is in full retreat for Corinth are we in undisputed possession of that battery. One of these guns was presented to the regiment and sent to Madison, Wisconsin, where it now is.

The company from the Black River valley has fought its first battle, and one third of its number have fought their last. This was the worst day that Company I saw in its four years' service. There were killed or wounded in this battle:

KILLED

Frederick A. Cullen	Waterman Lishiness
Charles G. Bacon	Henry Ross
Harvey E. Frost	Gottlieb Schlinsog
John G. Rockwood	Thomas Rayson

WOUNDED

George S. Travis	Stanley D. Parker
William Sternitzky	George Rutherford
George W. Reeder	Stephen B. Wilson
Harrison Maxon	Elisha Stockwell Jr.
Nathan M. Clapp	Henry E. Lincoln

Frederick Yonkey

Of those wounded, only four ever did duty in the company afterwards. The original strength of the company was eighty-eight, yet we find that on the seventh day of April, 1862, one month after it left the state, there were but fifty

men fit for duty, and of this number nineteen were killed and wounded, leaving thirty-one men for duty after the battle. Nearly two years later twenty-five of Company I reënlisted. These men served almost two years, and then twenty-one of them were mustered out at Mobile, Alabama, all present with the company for duty. This shows the difference between recruits and those that have been hardened by service.

The regiment returned to the Landing that evening after the battle, and acted as provost guards. All tents were filled with the wounded, who were sent away as fast as boats could be procured to transport them. It rained almost continuously for four days and nights, during which time we had no shelter. There was no place about the Landing where the mud was not ankle deep, and in many places it was much deeper. After this we received some tents and made ourselves more comfortable. We remained on provost duty until July 23, when we went to Hamburg, Tennessee, and did provost duty there until the twenty-third of August, when the regiment was ordered to Corinth and assigned to the second brigade of McArthur's division, and took part in the battles of Iuka and Corinth.

Sergeant A. J. Covill was wounded on October 3, '62 and died of his wounds three days later. Joseph Meek was slightly wounded the same day at Corinth, Mississippi. The regiment remained with Grant's army from this time on until the capture of Vicksburg, and as the movement of that army is recorded in history, it will not be necessary to follow the movements of Company I, since nothing of importance happened to it until the charge at Vicksburg on the twenty-second of May, '63.

In the Vicksburg campaign the Fourteenth was assigned to General Ransom's brigade, General McArthur's division —Seventeenth Army Corps commanded by General McPherson. On May 19, '63, they went into line with Grant's

army and advanced within easy range of the rebel works. In this advance on the nineteenth two of the company were wounded, N. M. Clapp and Charles F. Bone, the latter having his ear pierced by a rebel bullet, which left a bad looking ear but did no other damage. The next two days were spent in skirmishing and constructing rifle-pits. On the twenty-second Ransom's brigade was placed in a position, far in advance of the regular line of battle. It was able to reach this position by following up a ravine that approached the enemy's fortifications in a zig-zag manner, thereby affording shelter for us as we advanced. This ravine was filled with underbrush, stumps, and fallen timber, and it required hours for us to make our way through it; but when we came out at the end of the ravine, we found ourselves in a small, basin-shaped depression just about large enough to hold the brigade when it was closed in mass, and only deep enough to afford us protection from musket fire from the fortifications in our front. These fortifications were about one hundred feet from where we formed when we came out of the ravine, and were well filled with men armed with two and three muskets apiece loaded with ball and buckshot, for firing at close range. The enemy's line of works at this place was in the form of a horseshoe, we being at the toe of the shoe.

The entire line of Grant's army is expected to charge at a given signal. Ransom's brigade, being so near the rebel works, is expected to break through at this point. Ransom gives the command to charge and his troops obey, and these five regiments make a vain attempt to take the fortifications at this point. Either Ransom has mistaken the signal or the other troops have failed to move forward as expected, for Ransom's brigade charges alone and receives this terrible fire in front and on both flanks. It is more than human strength can stand, and three minutes after the brigade has

left cover in that little basin it is back again— all that is left of it, for nearly one half of the number are killed or wounded in this vain attempt to take Vicksburg by assault. Here we are protected from the musketry fire in front and flank, but there is a ten-pound gun on our left in the rebel works that can reach us, and they have the range and cut their shells so that they burst just as they reached us. We could see the smoke when they fired this gun, and to lie there and wait for that shell to strike (knowing that it meant death to some one) was as hard a task as we had during our service.

On the twenty-second Company I had two men mortally wounded, Charles W. Rider and John B. Powers. Both died two days later. James Currens and Charles Stahl were also severely wounded. Currens had his elbow shattered and the surgeons wanted to take off the arm, but Jim said he would rather lose his life than his arm. He recovered, but that arm was stiff. He reënlisted the following December and served to the end of the war in our regimental commissary.

The Fourteenth went into the Vicksburg campaign about two hundred and fifty strong and lost in killed, wounded, and missing, one hundred and seven men.

On the fourth of July, '63, the Fourteenth was assigned the position of honor on the right and ordered by General Ransom to take the advance in the triumphal march of our troops into the city. We marched past the thirty thousand prisoners dressed in new suits of grey, for the Confederates had issued all their clothing to the troops before they surrendered. They had been living on mule beef and pea-bread for some time before the surrender, and we saw quarters of mule beef the day we went in. Ransom's brigade remained in the city until July 12, when they went on boats down the river and took possession of the city of Natchez, remaining there until the ninth of October, when they re-

turned to Vicksburg and went into camp just back of that city. There on December 11 the regiment became a veteran regiment. A regiment, in order to became a veteran regiment, must have served two years of the three for which they enlisted; then if two-thirds or more of the regiment will reenlist they have the privilege of returning to the state as a regiment, where they receive a furlough of thirty days. The men reënlisting are mustered out and mustered in again for three years, receiving three hundred and two dollars bounty in addition to the one hundred dollars for first enlistment. Twenty-five of Company I reënlisted, this being all there were with the regiment at that time. One member was on detail as teamster and three were in the hospital. These were absent and did not reënlist.

On the third of January, 1864, we embarked for Wisconsin, arriving at Madison on the twentieth. On the twenty-sixth we were paid off and received a furlough of thirty days. The men were ordered to report at Milwaukee at the expiration of their furlough, but owing to the severe snowstorms, which blocked the railroads, many failed to report on time. A peremptory order to the colonel to rejoin the corps at Vicksburg compelled him to leave the state with only a portion of his command, Major Asa Worden remaining in Milwaukee to collect those who were behind and follow the regiment.

On the sixth of March the regiment arrived at Vicksburg, just in time to participate in the Red River expedition, they being among the twenty-five hundred men lent to General Banks by the Seventeenth Corps. We now became a part of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by General A. J. Smith, and remained with it to the end of the war. On this expedition we did some hard marching and were often under fire; but when Banks was defeated by Dick Taylor we were acting as guards on the fleet of transports, and although we

were attacked while on the boats, none of Company I were disabled. We landed at Grand Ecore and marched across the country to Alexandria, where Colonel Joseph C. Bailey built the dam that saved our fleet, as it enabled the gunboats to pass the rapids. The regiment then continued along Red River, taking part in the battles of Cloutierville, Marksville, and Yellow Bayou, with skirmishing every day, until we reached the Mississippi River and took boats to Vicksburg, where we arrived on the twenty-second of May.

That portion of the regiment which was left in Wisconsin reached Vicksburg six days after the departure of the Red River Division, and moved up the Mississippi River with the Seventeenth Corps, subsequently joining General Sherman's army at Ackworth in June, and taking an active part in the campaign against Atlanta. The part of Company I with Sherman was commanded by Lieutenant Manley. The part with the Sixteenth Corps had no commissioned officer with them belonging to the company so Lieutenant John F. Prosser of Company H was placed in command of the company. There were also placed in Company I the few men of Company C that were with this part of the regiment.

The regiment moved up the Mississippi River with the Sixteenth Corps, in the latter part of May landing at Memphis. In July they took part in the Tupelo expedition under the command of General A. J. Smith. On the afternoon of the thirteenth of July, while marching as train guard from Pontotoc, Mississippi, to Tupelo, the train was attacked by a brigade of the enemy's cavalry, which was beaten off by the Fourteenth and Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry, the Fourteenth capturing a stand of colors. The next day the Sixteenth Corps defeated Generals Forrest and S. D. Lee at the battle of Tupelo. Returning to Memphis, the regiment was ordered to St. Charles, Arkansas, thence to Duval's Bluff. From there it went on an expedition up White River.

One day our boat was fired on from shore and William Neverman was severely wounded, but he recovered and rejoined the company later. On September 17 the regiment joined General Mower's division of the Sixteenth Corps and marched from Brownsville, Arkansas to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, a distance of three hundred and forty miles in fifteen days—in an effort to reach General Price, who was making a raid through Missouri; but it failed to catch him. From there we took boats up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, landing at Jefferson City on election day. The regiment marched up to the state capitol and voted, Company I giving McClellan one vote, the balance being for Lincoln. We went next to Warrensburg, where we heard of Price's defeat, and then we returned to St. Louis. On the twenty-third of November we embarked for Nashville and joined General Thomas' army. There we were joined by the part of the regiment that had been with Sherman, and Lieutenant Manley took command of the company. As Manley did not reënlist, Michael Crawley was commissioned captain of the company on the fourteenth of December, 1864.

The regiment took part in the battle of Nashville and the pursuit of Hood's army after his defeat. Hood's army did some very poor fighting in this battle, and some good running after it. Our march from Nashville to Clifton, Tennessee, was the hardest one during our service. The weather was stormy and cold by turns. Our blankets were wet and often frozen. Sometimes we waded in mud and sometimes in snow, often finding ourselves frozen fast in the mud when we attempted to arise in the morning. We arrived at Clifton on January 3, '65, and from there we went by boat to Eastport, Mississippi. When our boats came up the river with supplies they brought only feed for mules, so we were compelled to live on parched corn for ten days until they made another trip. At Eastport the regiment received

many recruits, brought out by the draft. At first they were not kindly received, but they proved themselves good soldiers and entitled to our respect.

On the eighth of February the Sixteenth Corps left Eastport on transports. As we passed our old camping place at Pittsburg Landing a bushwhacker fired a shot (that passed over our heads), just to let us know he was still there. We landed at New Orleans, which place we left on the twelfth of March, taking boat on Lake Pontchartrain for the Dauphin Island in Mobile Bay, going thence by boat up Fish River. From there we marched on Spanish Fort, which General Canby surrounded on the twenty-seventh. From this time on we were constantly engaged as skirmishers and sharpshooters until the surrender of the fort. We lost a veteran there—Fred B. Mattice, who died April 8 of wounds received.

On the ninth of April we started on our last march across the country for Montgomery, Alabama. One night when in camp at the little village of Greenville we received the news of Lee's surrender, and some of the soldiers took possession of a printing press in the town, got out an extra with the good news in it, and sold it through the camp. April 23 we went into camp two miles west of the city of Montgomery. On the nineteenth of July we moved into the city, and on the twenty-seventh of August we went by boat to Mobile, Alabama, where we were mustered out on October 9 and immediately afterward started on our return to Wisconsin.

Appended to this account is a roster of the company, which speaks for itself. It gives the names of all that served in the company from first to last, except those that were drafted and those transferred from the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin. As this roster relates only to those who enlisted from Jackson and Clark counties, their names have not been placed on it.

List of Persons Mustered in October 19, 1861

Ayres, Gustavus R., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Corp.; died May 2, '62, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn., disease.

Bacon, Charles G., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Wnd. Shiloh; died May 7, '62, Mound City, Ill., wounds.

Blakeslee, Chauncey, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Sergt., 1st Sergt., 1st Lieut. May 6, '62; dismissed Sept. 12, '62.

Bone, Charles F., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Vet., Corp.; wnd. Vicksburg; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Capen, Richard W., Springfield, Jackson Co.—Disch. May 20, '62, disability.

Clancy, Joseph, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—2nd Lieut. Nov. 10, '61; dismissed Oct. 20, '62.

Covill, Andrew J., Irving, Jackson Co.—Sergt.; died Oct. 6, '62, wnds. recd. at Corinth, Miss.

Cullen, Frederick A., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Corp.; killed in action Apr. 7, '62, Shiloh, Tenn.

Darling, Benjamin F., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Disch. Aug. 13, '62, disability.

Denmark, John J., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Died May 22, '62, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn., disease.

Foot, Charles, Lynn, Clark Co.—Vet., Sergt., 1st Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Foster, Warren, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Promoted for gallant conduct Oct. 20, '62; res. Apr. 14, '63.

Green, Alexander, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Disch. May 30, '62; reenlisted Dec. 26, '63; died Apr. 13, '65.

Green, David A., Alma, Jackson Co.—Vet.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Houghton, Edgar P., Alma, Jackson Co.—Vet., Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Johnson, Calvin R., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Capt. Nov. 10, '61; res. Feb. 29, '64.

Jones, Egbert O., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Sergt.; disch. June 3, '62, disability.

Kittinger, John, Alma, Jackson Co.—1st Lieut. Nov. 10, '61; res. May 5, '62.

Lishiness, Waterman, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Corp. and Color Guard; wnd. Shiloh; died May 18, '62, Jefferson Barracks, wnds.

Manley, Andrew J., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Sergt., 1st Sergt., 1st Lieut. Sept. 2, '62; M. O. May 22, '65.

Maxon, Harrison, Alma, Jackson Co.—Corp.; wnd. Shiloh; disch. Sept. 15, '62, disability.

Nettleton, Cyrus O., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Disch. May 20, '62, disability.

Neverman, William, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Vet., Corp., Sergt., 1st Sergt., 2nd Lieut. June 13, '65; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

ROSS, HENRY, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Corp. Apr. 7, '62, Shiloh; died Apr. 18, '62, Mound City, Ill., wnds.

SCHNIDER, JOHN, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Vet.; deserted Feb. 25, '64.

STERNITZKY, WILLIAM, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Corp.; wnd. Shiloh; disch. July 24, '62, disability.

STERLING, JOHN JR., Alma, Jackson Co.—Disch. May 7, '62, disability.

STERNBERG, ANDREW P., Alma, Jackson Co.—Died May 14, '62, St. Louis, Mo., disease.

STURDEVANT, ROBERT F., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Corp., Sergt., Color Sergt.; disch. Apr. 2, '63, disability.

STURGEON, CYRUS O., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Sergt.; disch. Sept. 22, '62, disability; reënlisted Jan. 4, '64; 1st Sergt., 2nd Lieut. Feb. 15, '65; 1st Lieut. June 13, '65; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

TAYLOR, GEORGE, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Disch. Nov. 12, '62, disability.

TRAVIS, GEORGE S., Alma, Jackson Co.—Corp.; wnd. Shiloh; disch. Oct. 14, '62, disability.

WILSON, STEPHEN B., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Wnd. Shiloh; disch. Aug. 10, '62, disability.

LIST OF PERSONS WHO ENLISTED AFTER OCTOBER 19, 1861 AND BEFORE MARCH 8, 1862

BAKER, FARRAND E., Melrose, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Vet., Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

BEATY, JAMES, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 5, '61; M. O. Jan. 30, '65, term expired.

BELL, JOHN W., Fond du Lac—Enlisted Jan. 10, '62; Disch. July 24, '62, disability.

BOWEN, EDWARD, Oshkosh—Enlisted Jan. 29, '62; Vet.; disch. July 4, '65, disability.

CLARK, ELIJAH W., Sumner—Enlisted Jan. 21, '62; Disch. Apr. 26, '62, disability.

CLAPP, NATHAN M., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 27, '62; Wnd. Shiloh and Vicksburg; promoted Sergt. Major Nov. 7, '63.

COVILL, WILSON S., Irving, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; Vet., Sergt., Color Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

CRAWLEY, MICHAEL, Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 16, '61; Vet., Corp., Sergt., 1st Sergt., Capt. Dec. 14, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

CURRENS, JAMES, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 2, '61; Vet.; wnd. Vicksburg; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

FERGUSON, JAMES W., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Vet., Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

FROST, HARVEY E., Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Wnd. Shiloh Apr. 7, '62; died Apr. 9, '62, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn., wnds.

GERU, STEPHEN, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 28, '61; M. O. Jan. 30, '65, term expired.

GRAHAM, OLIVER P., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 26, '61; Vet.; pris. June 27, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

GRAY, STEPHEN, Osceola—Enlisted Dec. 16, '61; Musician; disch. Mar. 18, '62, disability.

GREEN, CHESTER, Irving, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 7, '61; Vet., Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

HAGEN, DAVID, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 3, '62; Disch. May 20, '62, disability.

HIGGINS, MICHAEL, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 15, '61; Corp., Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut. 9th La. Colored Troops, June 7, '63.

HOUGHTON, DANIEL J., Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 17, '61; Died May 14, '62, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., disease.

HUBBARD, DELOS W., Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Disch. May 20, '62, disability.

HUBBARD, MARK, Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 5, '61; Disch. June 25, '62, disability.

HUTCHENSON, WILLIAM T., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Vet., Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

IVES, JOSEPH M., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Vet., Corp., Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

KIRKWOOD, WILLIAM, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 24, '61; Vet.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

LINCOLN, HENRY E., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; Wnd. Shiloh; disch. Aug. 29, '62, disability.

McCARTY, DAVID, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 18, '62; Vet.; trans. to V.R.C. May 4, '65; M. O. Nov. 11, '65.

McCREADY, JAMES, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; Disch. Jan. 6, '63, disability.

MARKEY, EDWARD H., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 5, '61; Vet., Musician; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

MARSH, STEPHEN, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Disch. Oct. 18, '62, disability.

MATTICE, FREDERICK B., Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; Vet., wnd. Spanish Fort; died Apr. 8, '65, Spanish Fort, Ala., wnds.

MEACHAM, ROBERT M., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; Pris. Corinth; disch. Apr. 9, '63, disability.

MEEK, GEORGE, Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; Trans. to V.R.C. Feb. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 30, '65, term expired.

MEEK, JOHN, Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Disch. June 15, '62, disability.

MEEK, JOSEPH, Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Disch. Dec. 28, '62, disability.

NICHOLS, JOHN, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 19, '61; Disch. May 20, '62, disability.

O'Neill, John, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Feb. 10, '62; Died Apr. 15, '62, Paducah, Ky., disease.
Osgood, Nelson, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 17, '61; Died Aug. 27, '63, Natchez, Miss., disease.
Parker, Stanley D., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 30, '61; Corp.; wnd. Shiloh; died Aug. 3, '62, Hamburg, Tenn., disease.
Pauley, Ira, Irving, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 26, '61; Died May 13, '62, St. Louis, Mo., disease.
Pauley, William, Irving, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 30, '61; Died Nov. 24, '62, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., disease.
Powers, John B., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 8, '62; Wnd. Vicksburg; died May 24, '63, wnds.
Preston, John, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 16, '61; Vet.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.
Rayson, Thomas, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Killed in action Apr. 7, '62, Shiloh, Tenn.
Reeder, George W., Sparta—Enlisted Dec. 7, '61; Vet.; wnd. Shiloh; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.
Rhodus, John W., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Vet., Corp., Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.
Rider, Charles W., Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 30, '61; Corp.; wnd. Vicksburg; died May 24, '63, wnds.
Rockwood, John G., Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Nov. 18, '61; Killed in action Apr. 7, '62, Shiloh, Tenn.
Rutherford, George, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 19, '62; Wnd. Shiloh; disch. July 24, '62, wnds.
Schlinsog, Gottlieb, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Killed in action Apr. 7, '62, Shiloh, Tenn.
Smith, David W., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 25, '61; Disch. Mar. 30, '62, disability.
Stockwell, Elisha Jr., Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 25, '62; Vet., Corp.; wnd. Shiloh; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.
Taylor, Robert, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 7, '61; Disch. Nov. 23, '62, disability.
Turner, Newel, Weston, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Disch. July 28, '63, to enlist in Mar. Brigade.
White, Henry, Melrose, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Oct. 21, '61; Died Mch. 18, '62, Fond du Lac, Wis., disease.
Yonkey, Ferdinand, Lynn, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 7, '61; Pris. Corinth; disch. Jan. 3, '63, disability.
Yonkey, Frederick, Lynn, Clark Co.—Enlisted Nov. 17, '61; Wnd. Shiloh; died Aug. 14, '62, Keokuk, Ia., disease.

While the regiment was on provost duty at Pittsburg Landing in the summer of '62, the following enlisted in Company I from the rebel prisoners we held there:

Levi, Isador, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn.—Enlisted June 15, '62; Disch. July 12, '62, by order.

Muschotzky, Marion, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn.—Enlisted June 12, '62; Deserted June 15, '62.

Schmitz, Gerhard, Pittsburg Ldg., Tenn.—Enlisted June 15, '62; Deserted Jan. 12, '63.

Stahl, Charles, New Orleans, La.—Enlisted June 15, '62; Wnd. Vicksburg; M. O. June 14, '65, term expired.

Of these four recruits from the enemy only Charles Stahl remained with us to do any duty. He made a number one Yankee soldier, always doing his full share. He was severely wounded at Vicksburg, but returned after his wound had healed and served out his three years, after which he returned to New Orleans and went to work in the same tailor shop he had left to enlist in the rebel army.

Recruits That Joined the Company After It Had Left the State

Anderson, Ole, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Beaty, Patrick, Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 29, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Bennett, James, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 25, '64; M. O. May 18, '65.

Chamberlain, Henry G., Levis, Clark Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Clark, Emory T., Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Clark, Jacob H., Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 10, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Conlan, Thomas J., Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 1, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Cramer, Joseph, Levis, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 25, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Crowley, Jeremiah, La Crosse—Enlisted Feb. 26, '64; M. O. Oct 9, '65.

Dailey, William, La Crosse—Enlisted Feb. 26, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Dunn, George W., Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 9, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Erixson, Peter, Sterling—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died Sept. 12, '65, Mobile, Ala., disease.

FOLSOM, BENJAMIN, Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

FULLER, MOSES K., Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 19, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

GRAHAM, JOHN, Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died Aug. 17, '65, Montgomery, Ala., disease.

HEIGES, BENJAMIN, Alma, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

HYDE, JOEL, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died June 9, '64, Memphis, Tenn., disease.

KING, CHARLES H., Hixton, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Feb. 19, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

KING, GEORGE R., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Sept. 3, '64; M. O. July 18, '65.

KING, JOHN F., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 26, '63; Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

LEWISON, ALEXANDER, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died June 4, '64, Memphis, Tenn., disease.

LYNCH, LEWIS, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 26, '63; Died July 29, '64, Rome, Ga., disease.

MULLIGAN, PATRICK, Greenfield—Enlisted Feb. 25, '64; Trans. to V.R. C. Apr. 1, '65.

NOLOP, JOHN, Black River Falls, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '65; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

O'DANIEL, STEPHEN, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Feb. 6, '64; Wnd. Kenesaw Mtn., Ga.; disch. May 29, '65, wnds.

OLESON, OLE, La Crosse—Enlisted Feb. 25, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

OLSON, ANTON, La Crosse—Enlisted Feb. 25, '64; From Co. D; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

OWEN, POTTER E., Aztalan—Enlisted Dec. 31, '64; Died June 29, '65, Montgomery, Ala., disease.

PEDERSON, PEDER, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

RELYEA, ADAM L., Springfield, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64; Corp.; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

RICHEMBACH, CARL, Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Dec. 18, '63; Left sick on march from Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 7, '64.

SHOEMAKER, LORENZO D., Farmington—Enlisted Feb. 4, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

SHORT, WASHINGTON, Weston, Clark Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died June 19, '64, Memphis Tenn., disease.

SMITH, ALONZO, Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Deserted July 2, '64.

SMITH, CLARENCE, Levis, Clark Co.—Enlisted Oct. 11, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

STURDEVANT, JOHN R., Neillsville, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Vine, Thomas, Lynn, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 30, '63; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Wage, Fernando C., Lynn, Clark Co.—Enlisted Dec. 30, '63; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Way, George A., Burke—Enlisted Jan. 14, '64; M. O. Oct. 9, '65.

Whitmore, Thomas W., Albion, Jackson Co.—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64; Died May 28, '64, on Str. *Pringle*, disease.

In January, '65, the company received twenty-four recruits from the state brought out by the draft to serve one year. Four of these men died of disease; the rest were discharged October 9, 1865. They were good soldiers, doing their duty without complaint, and we respected them. Most of them were well along in years, with families at home on the farm. As they were not from Jackson or Clark counties their names do not appear here.

On June 22, '65, the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin Infantry was mustered out, excepting recruits that had one year or more to serve. These were transferred to the Fourteenth, and Company I received fourteen of them. They were a good lot of boys and were made welcome, until October 9, '65, when they were mustered out with the balance of the company at Mobile. As they had not enlisted from Jackson or Clark counties their names do not appear here.

Company I numbered from first to last one hundred and seventy men, who may be classed as follows:

Mustered in Oct. 19, '61	33
Mustered in between Oct. 19, '61 and Mar. 8, '62	55
Making the company's original strength	88
Recruits received in the field	44
Received by draft	24
Transferred from 29th Wis. Infantry	14
Actual number of men serving in company	170
Reënlisted Dec. 11, '63	25
Total number for which the state gave credit	195

Veterans or those reënlisting while still having one year to serve were credited by the state the same as recruits. In this way they helped the able-bodied men at home to avoid the draft.

The company had nine commissioned officers: three of these resigned; two were dismissed; one was discharged at expiration of term of enlistment; three were mustered out with the company October 9, '65, at Mobile.

Of the one hundred and sixty-one enlisted men in the company, there were:

Killed in battle and died of wounds	12
Died of disease	23
Discharged for disability	36
Discharged at expiration of term	4
Discharged by order	1
Deserted	5
Suicide	1
Transferred	4
Missing	1
Discharged for wounds	2
Discharged for promotion in colored troops	1
Mustered out Oct. 9, '65	71
Total	161

Of the twenty-five that reënlisted on December 11, '63, one was discharged for disability July 4, '65, one was wounded at Spanish Fort and died of wounds April 8, '65, one was transferred to Veterans Reserve Corps, May 4, '65, one deserted February 25, '65, and twenty-one mustered out October 9, '65, having served nearly four years.

The commander of a company of soldiers in the field soon learns just what every man in his company is good for. He knows who is the best shot. He knows the man who will go farthest in face of the enemy. He knows the most wide-awake man on duty, as well as the one that is the most negligent; and then he makes selections for different duties according to the men's qualifications. Company I had three

men who ranked high in the regiment as sharpshooters, skirmishers, and foragers: F. B. Mattice, O. P. Graham, and G. W. Reeder. These men were always to be depended upon. Although their guns were not the brightest at inspection, their arms and ammunition were always in good condition when needed. They were counted among the best shots in the regiment. When army rations failed, if there was anything in the country to be had that would take the place of hard-tack and bacon Company I foragers were sure to bring it in, and every man received his fair share. On the skirmish line they were found among those farthest in advance and were the last to fall back. In the rifle-pits, where they could prove their skill, they were selected for the most difficult work on the line. Graham and Reeder were mustered out with the company at Mobile, but Mattice was killed in our last battle.

Company I had two sergeants who carried the regimental colors, R. F. Sturdevant and W. S. Covill. The first color bearer was selected because he was the largest sergeant in the regiment, but after our first battle the size of a man did not cut any figure in his appointment. The colors are the guide of the regiment in battle, and the commanding officer took care that the man who carried the flag was a stayer. Sturdevant was appointed color bearer after the battle of Corinth, but his health failed and he was discharged April 2, '63. Covill was appointed in February, '65, and carried the flag until we returned home. No one who ever saw these men under fire will question for one moment the colonel's judgment in appointing them.

Company I had one man who always looked upon the bright side. He was the humorist of the company. We never got into any trying situation but what Nelson Osgood could say something to jolly up the boys and give them renewed courage. He never fell behind on the march, and was

always to be found in the front rank when the battle was on. His health had always been good and he had little sympathy for those who went to the surgeon to be excused on account of sickness, and sometimes he made sarcastic remarks about those who were sick about the camp. When we were at Natchez in August, '63, Osgood was taken sick with some trouble in his throat, but he refused to go to the surgeon at first, saying it would soon be all right; but it rapidly became worse and they took him to the hospital, where he died three days later. The company was notified, and some of the boys went out in the morning and dug a grave in the cemetery. In the afternoon an ambulance took the remains out there to be buried. Several of the company (myself among the number) were in attendance to assist in burial, but when we arrived at the cemetery we found the grave we had dug in the morning had been filled; in fact, another man from some other regiment had been buried in the grave we had dug for Osgood. It was a very hot day and we were obliged to dig another grave without the cheerful words of our departed comrade, who, had he been with us in life, would surely have found words befitting the occasion. When a soldier went off with the last chicken or hog on the plantation, or helped himself to the last ham in the smoke-house, his excuse always was that it was a military necessity; but we were never able to find an excuse for the parties that stole from our comrade his last resting place on earth.

The three youngest soldiers in the company were J. W. Ferguson, Elisha Stockwell Jr., and George R. King. These enlisted at the age of fifteen years. Ferguson went out with the company and came back with it, missing very few turns of duty in four years' service, as his health and grit were both good. Stockwell wrote his name on the list at a war meeting in the log schoolhouse at Alma in September, '61, but his father would not consent to his enlisting at that time

and the company went to Fond du Lac without him. But he did not give up: the following February he drove his father's ox team into Black River Falls with a load of charcoal and left the team on the street, walked to Sparta, took the train from there to Fond du Lac, and joined the company just before we left the state. He was wounded twice at the battle of Shiloh, first slightly in the shoulder with musket-ball, and later he was hit on the arm with canister shot. Although it did not break the skin his arm became so badly swollen that he could not use it and upon complaining to the lieutenant that he could not load his gun, he was ordered to go to the rear. After the battle he said he was disappointed because so many of the rebels got away, as he had supposed that when the battle opened they kept on firing until all on one side or the other were killed.

George R. King tried to enlist several times before he was accepted on the third of September, '64. He was then sent from the state to join the company, reaching us the evening before the battle of Nashville. The next morning at daylight he was in line of battle advancing on Hood's army that surrounded the city of Nashville. Late in the afternoon of that day the regiment charged across an open field, the enemy being in force behind a stone wall on the other side. They did not resist much. Most of them ran away but we captured some of them. Just as we got to the wall a Johnnie jumped up and called out that he surrendered. King brought his gun to his shoulder, but the sergeant stopped him from shooting—when King said, "How are you going to put down the rebellion if you don't kill off the rebels?"

I have written much more than was intended at the start, yet but very little of the history of Company I has been recorded here. After forty-four years have elapsed it is not easy to recall much that transpired in those stirring times

from '61 to '65, and I feel I have done but scant justice to the men with whom I served, every one of whom I loved and respected. They were men whom I saw tried in a manner that proved their value as comrades and soldiers, and as I lay down my pen I fully realize my inability to do them justice.

To be one of those who helped to uphold the flag and restore the Union I consider the greatest honor ever bestowed upon me.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER-RAILROADER

ALBERT O. BARTON

Ransom Charles Luther of Madison, Wisconsin, retired, is a man whose life experiences were not all on the common plane. He was a youth in the state of New York at the opening of the Civil War but patriotism triumphed and he was permitted by his parents to enlist. His period of service ended after the Grand Review in Washington, D. C. in the summer of 1865. The engagements in which he participated included the terrible battles of Antietam, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, and the stubborn fighting which ended in Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Good fortune favored him, for while often in the thickest of the carnage he was somehow nearly proof against shot and shell.

One experience of a non-military character, however, Mr. Luther treasures beyond the recollection of even "high tide at Gettysburg." This was his meeting with President Lincoln just eight days before the great emancipator was assassinated. Mr. Luther describes the incident as follows: "We were at City Point, Virginia, when we received word that the President was coming to see us. The wounded who were able to, were ordered to get up and stand in front of their tents so that the President could see them in passing. I was wounded in the arm but was able to be out. The President went down the line and shook hands with us all and said a good word to each. One incident in connection with it remains clear to this day. Standing behind was a colored refugee who had come into camp. When Lincoln came up to

us the refugee said, 'Are you really Father Abraham that I have heard so much about?' Lincoln smiled and said, 'Yes, I am Father Abraham, I guess.' 'Well!' said the darkey, 'I sure never expected to see you, Father Abraham!' "

During the war years young Luther dutifully saved his wages of thirteen dollars per month and sent most of the money home to his parents. "As I did not drink, nor smoke, nor patronize the sutler's tent," said he, "I did not need over five dollars a month for myself. After the war I was astonished when my father presented me with some six or seven hundred dollars in notes on loans that he had made to neighbors with my money. 'I didn't want you to do this,' I said to my father. 'I sent the money home to you; I knew you needed it. Besides I was not of age and it belonged to you.' 'No,' said my father; 'that would be too much like taking blood money; I've saved it for you.' "

The young man thus had a little fund with which to begin life on his own account and he promptly went West in order to grow up with the country. At Chicago he obtained employment as a fireman on the Chicago and Northwestern system, then still almost in its infancy. On the engines of the Northwestern he made his career, serving faithfully and well for forty-five years. The story of that experience as related by Mr. Luther to his friends, contains many episodes of dramatic interest.

Railroading was hard and dangerous work in those days of crude equipment and poor facilities. Only hardy and fearless men, inured to privation and able to meet emergencies, could stand such work and continue in the service. These came as a rule from the rough and ready elements of the population and not from the more settled and refined ones. In fact, railroad men were regarded by many as somewhat apart from other classes, as is illustrated by the story of a child who came in with the announcement, "Oh, mother,

there's a man and a railroad man fighting down in the yards!" Much of this is now changed; trainmen, in particular, are of a higher and more intelligent type and their work is less dangerous and trying than of old.

Particularly dangerous then was the work of brakemen and firemen. There were no automatic couplers, and brakemen were frequently killed or crippled while coupling cars with the crude links and bolts then used, when it was necessary to get between cars, often in the dark and amid snow and ice. Air brakes were, of course, unknown, and brakemen frequently had to run from the top of one car to another and apply the wheel hand brakes to stop a train. Steam-heated cars had not come in, and wood stoves had to be kept going in cold weather. Likewise automatic lubricators were unknown, and firemen had to risk their lives climbing around the outside of the engines to oil them or tallow the valves. Running a locomotive, with all the responsibility that goes with it, is nerve-racking work at best, and it was even more so in earlier days, when there were few double tracks or sidings, no telephones, and not always telegraphic facilities; when tracks and bridges were not as safe as now, nor engines and other train equipment perfected as at present.

With many of the trying conditions here suggested, Mr. Luther had to contend in his first years of railroading. He worked five years as a fireman, as was then customary, before becoming an engineer. There were no schools for engineers then; what was learned was acquired by experience and observation, but only the fit survived anyway, and only those became engineers who proved themselves strong, steady, intelligent, and dependable. Now engineers must go to school, must pass examinations in mechanics, tests in eyesight, and other things. "The code of signals alone was difficult to learn but very important for an engineer to know," said Mr. Luther. "I used to know all the engines by the sound of

their bells and recall, in particular, one engine known as the 'O. D. Ashley' which had a fine sounding bell. Many of the engines also had individual names and frequently the fancy ones were named after officers of the road. Some of the engines also had bars in front with places for flagstaffs for carrying signals. I recall one engine which looked like a huge deer's head when it approached with this device in front."

When Mr. Luther began firing on the Northwestern road all the engines were woodburners; but they were already being replaced by coal burners. Wood yards were maintained at many stations along the line. The wood was bought from the farmers roundabout and was of mixed varieties. When they got to a wood yard, everybody would turn out—fireman, brakeman, mail clerk, and all—to throw on wood so as not to delay the train. The sticks were about two feet long, ordinary cordwood cut in two.

"Wood burning was not satisfactory," Mr. Luther says; "it took too much work and time. The dumping of hot coals and burning wood along the way also caused fires and brought on many damage claims. Now the rule is to wet all coals and ashes that are dumped. The use of the same boilers and engines for coal as for wood also proved unsatisfactory. The greater heat from the coal made the expansion of metal too rapid so that pipes and flues often leaked and we had to call in boiler men to repair them."

The first air brake tried out on a Northwestern freight train, according to Mr. Luther, was on the Kenosha accommodation, on which he was firing at the time. The air brake had been invented by Westinghouse, and an employe on the road tinkered with it on this train between times until it worked satisfactorily. The advantage of the air brake lay in the fact that a train could be stopped much more quickly by it than by hand brakes. With the air brake also a train

could be stopped in a quarter of the distance required by the old-fashioned hand brake. "In all my railroading and up to the time of my retirement," said Mr. Luther, "only comparatively small engines and short trains were used. The great locomotives of today were just coming in about the time of my retirement."

Mr. Luther was living in Chicago at the time of the great fire of October 8-9, 1871. "I left Chicago at eleven P. M. the Sunday night of the fire," he said, "with an accommodation train for Waukegan. As we went on, the glare in the sky became greater and greater and when we got to Waukegan the telegraph operator said, 'Chicago is all burning up.' I was very anxious for the safety of my wife and her sister and did not see them until late the next evening, when they came to Waukegan. The first thing they asked for was a drink of water. They had been unable to get any water in Chicago and were almost famished for a drink. People had fled in all directions on the prairies. Our flat was destroyed, so that winter we lived in two rooms, and were lucky to get them. I had to walk two and a half miles to and from work. Because of lack of room in the city, we had more company than ever that winter, but we had a good time nevertheless.

The next year the Luthers moved to Harvard, Illinois, and when the Northwestern line was completed to Elroy, Wisconsin, the same year, Mr. Luther ran the first regular train over it from Harvard to Elroy. For eleven years he ran a night passenger train between those points. R. A. Cowan, later a division superintendent, with headquarters at Baraboo, was for a time a conductor on this train. Mr. Luther was then transferred to Madison and assisted in the building of the Northwestern line between Milwaukee and Madison and westward to Montfort in 1881-82.

An annoyance and possible menace to every train crew, even to this day and on well-fenced lines, is livestock on the track. It may appear at almost any moment and in unexpected places, and has often been the cause of much damage and sometimes of wrecks. "In the early days we had much of that to contend with," says Mr. Luther. "Cows, horses, and pigs would stray on to the tracks; they do yet, sometimes. I once had a narrow escape because of this fact. It was during the time that I was firing and I was out near the front of the engine oiling it when a cow suddenly appeared on the track. I had just time to duck down before we hit her. She was thrown right up over me and would have hit me had I been standing up."

In his forty-five years of railroading Mr. Luther had but two severe collisions and train wrecks. The worst of these occurred May 8, 1883, near Wales, Wisconsin, and nearly resulted in his death. A section of a passenger train from Milwaukee to Madison was to have met the east-bound train at Wales. It arrived three minutes ahead of time, and instead of switching to a sidetrack it set out for the next station. Just outside of Wales the two trains crashed in a cut at a curve. Mr. Luther's fireman, David Nichol of Kenosha, was killed, and Mr. Luther was badly cut about the head and neck. His lighter engine was practically set up on end. Professor W. H. Williams of the University of Wisconsin, then visiting at his old farm home at the scene of the wreck, helped to extricate Mr. Luther from the wreckage and the escaping steam which threatened his life. For a time his condition was considered dubious, but he eventually recovered and resumed his duties.

In the course of his years of service Mr. Luther carried many distinguished people on his trains—presidents, generals, stage celebrities, and others, including General Sheridan, with whom he had served in the army. When President

Cleveland came to Madison in the eighties as the guest of Colonel William F. Vilas, Mr. Luther was assigned to pilot the train bringing him from Milwaukee to Madison. In Milwaukee the President was taken on a tour of inspection of some of the large breweries, so the train was thirty-five minutes late in starting. Nevertheless, Mr. Luther was urged to get the train to Madison on time so as not to disappoint the large crowd waiting there to welcome the President. He brought the train in eight minutes ahead of time.

Some time after the completion of the line between Madison and Milwaukee Mr. Luther was assigned to run the train carrying Cornelius Vanderbilt and his party to Milwaukee. This was on October 8, 1887, and the Vanderbilt party included Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey M. Depew of the New York Central, and Albert Keep and Marvin Hughitt of the Northwestern system. While in Madison they stopped off for a few hours to witness the demonstration for President and Mrs. Cleveland, who were then guests in the city, but did not meet the President. Of this party Mr. Depew and Mr. Hughitt alone survive. Mr. Vanderbilt had bought into the Northwestern and was returning from Minneapolis to New York. "You know the road," said Superintendent Swineford; "you helped to build it. Be careful going around curves, and be particularly careful not to run into any livestock on the trip. It would be awful if we should be messed up with any cattle." "The road had not yet been fenced," remarked the veteran engineer, "so we often had trouble with cattle on the track. I encountered no livestock on the way; and when we got to Waukesha, Vanderbilt came to the cab and presented me with a ten-dollar bill, saying it was the best ride he had ever had over a Wisconsin road."[1]

[1] It was while on this western trip that Vanderbilt was credited with the phrase, "The public be damned," when in response to an interview he declared certain trains were run not to accommodate the public, but to meet competition.

A dozen or more years ago Mr. Luther, in recognition of his long and faithful service of over forty-five years, was retired by his road on a pension. He is a prominent member of the Masonic order, and in his leisure hours enjoys the comfort of the clubrooms. Up to within a few years he was also an ardent fisherman, whose luck was the envy of his many associates. For over forty years he has been a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in his day knew P. M. Arthur, the grand old man of the brotherhood. During the governorship of Robert M. La Follette, he was often consulted in regard to proposed railway legislation. A highly respected citizen and neighbor, who served well his country and his time, he has earned the honors and comforts of retirement.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

GREEN BAY, THE PLYMOUTH ROCK OF WISCONSIN

And where was then thy fearless flight?
O'er the dark mysterious sea,
The lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of liberty.

—*J. G. Percival.*

Two major incentives entered into the discovery and exploration of the territory now known as Wisconsin: the enormous profits to be derived from the fur trade, and the desire to convert the savage tribes to Christianity. Although here mentioned together, they were decidedly unequal in importance. The first was the incentive, while the missionary spirit was a secondary or resultant feature. A few brave and zealous priests followed the trails of the *coureurs de bois* and strove nobly and unselfishly to counteract the debasing influence of these forest adventurers.

As the early explorers all came from Canada, the natural route was through Mackinac Straits and northern Lake Michigan. The canoes that followed this route skirted the northern shores of the great southern lake, and thus their entrance into Green Bay was inevitable. Because of this *cul de sac* we find the first explorer, as well as most of those who came later, landing on Wisconsin soil where the turbulent Fox discharges its waters into the broad expanse of the "Bay of the Puants." La Baye, as it was early designated by the French, thus became the open door to exploration, and whoever held it held the key to the interior.

The history of the Bay region has been a checkered one through the period of almost three centuries since the first white man trod its shores. Originally acquired by the French by right of discovery and exploration, conquered by the British in 1761 and by them ceded to the United States in 1783, the flags of the three greatest nations in the world's history have in turn floated over it. Some of the most stirring events of frontier history are linked with the little post where civilization and Christianity first secured a permanent foothold within the present Wisconsin.

Somewhere in this vicinity in 1634, only fourteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Jean Nicolet fastened his canoe to the wilderness shore of the Bay of the Puants and thus led the vanguard of European exploration in Wisconsin. Nicolet was a young man of extraordinary talent for dealing with the savages. By residing among the tribes to the eastward for a number of years prior to this time, he had become thoroughly familiar with Indian languages and dialects and with savage customs. When Champlain, governor of Canada and of the undefined territory to the westward of the Great Lakes, desired to learn something of these unexplored French possessions and of the tribes that peopled them, his choice for the task fell upon Nicolet, the only man whose preparation and experience seemed to augur success for the undertaking. Wherever Nicolet went he was the diplomat of the wilderness, the friend and counselor of the savages. It is reported that on the occasion of his first visit to the trans-lake region, he was so hospitably entertained by the Winnebago (People of the Sea) that one hundred and twenty beaver were devoured at a single feast. Having collected considerable information relative to the interior, Nicolet returned to Canada where he was accidentally drowned a few years later. It must be remembered that Nicolet kept no journal of his exploration, and that the

meagre account of it that has been preserved was written by a priest after the death of the explorer. The extent of his journey has therefore been a subject of much controversy, and conjecture has probably superseded fact in much that has been written concerning it.

Through this same portal to Wisconsin came Radisson and Groseilliers a quarter of a century later on their long tour of adventure and discovery, but their theatre of activity was largely confined to other parts of the western wilderness and they left little impress on the Bay region. It must not be inferred that the men whose names are preserved in documents and *Jesuit Relations* were the only white visitors to this region during the years from Nicolet to Allouez. Nameless traders, *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs* followed Radisson's exploration of 1658; perhaps they even preceded him into the fur producing interior, but they came and went and left no record of their movements for the good reason that in many cases their work was unauthorized and illicit. Even Radisson and Groseilliers, upon their return to Canada, were heavily fined because they had penetrated the western wilderness without the sanction of the government. The documents that have survived are mostly those of the religious orders, and in them scant attention is given to fur traders unless they were in some way associated with the work of the missionaries. That French traders were at the mouth of the Fox River before the arrival of Allouez is shown by the record that Claude Dablon, superior of the Jesuits, came to the Bay region in 1670 to quiet disturbances which had arisen between the savages and the traders. It is further recorded that the Indians complained to their spiritual adviser of the treatment they had received from the traders.

While as a rule the vast solitudes of aboriginal America were but sparsely populated, the early explorers noted a

remarkable massing of native peoples in the region surrounding the Bay and the Lake of the Puants. It is well known that savage peoples congregate only where food is easily obtained; it is probable that the rich soil, the abundance of fish, the great areas of wild rice, and the numerous water fowl, all contributed to attract and hold the large native population of the region.

The first missionary, Father Claude Allouez, arrived at the Bay in the autumn of 1669. For two years he moved about from tribe to tribe in the neighborhood without any fixed location for religious services. In 1671 he established the mission of St. François Xavier at De Pere Rapids, six miles up the river, where occurs the first obstruction to navigation. In 1673 Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet arrived at the Bay on their long journey to the upper Mississippi by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. On their return some months later, Marquette spent considerable time at the St. François Xavier mission. In the spring Jolliet returned to Canada to make a report of their explorations, but almost within sight of his destination his canoe was overturned and the journal of the expedition was lost in the rapids. Fortunately, Marquette had also kept a record of their journey, which was later published, thus giving to the missionary priest an undue prominence in the work of exploration, of which Jolliet was, without doubt, the guiding spirit.

In 1679 La Salle, Hennepin, and Tonty brought to the Bay the *Griffon,* the first sailing vessel to pass the straits and plow the waves of Lake Michigan. Because of the lack of cordiality that marked the relations between the Jesuits and these explorers, the latter did not take the time or trouble to visit the St. François Xavier mission. La Salle left orders to load the *Griffon* with furs and then started southward to the country of the Illinois. The *Griffon* was loaded at Green

Bay, as directed by its owner, and then sailed away with its precious cargo into oblivion. Neither vessel nor crew was ever again heard of, but the boat is believed to have foundered in the then uncharted waters of the present Death's Door, a spot still ominous to the unwary mariner when fogs or storms obscure the warning lights. The loss of this vessel with its valuable cargo was a severe blow to La Salle, whose finances were always speculative rather than substantial.

We hear of Nicolas Perrot at the Bay, first in 1667, later in 1684 or 1685, when he returned as government agent and "commandant of La Baye," which included all dependencies to the westward. As M. M. Quaife remarks of Perrot, "In a very real sense, therefore, he may be regarded as the first governor of Wisconsin." Although usually ranked below Marquette, La Salle, and Hennepin as an explorer, Perrot was second to none in his service to New France. Like Nicolet, Perrot was a wilderness diplomat, everywhere beloved by the Indian tribes with whom he came in contact. Other well-known explorers of the French period who visited the Bay were Duluth, Le Sueur, Lahontan, and Charlevoix.

The Indians of the Bay region were not always friendly to the French intruders, although intermarriage with the white traders did much toward keeping the natives quiet. In 1687 the mission at De Pere was burned to the ground by hostile savages, and the missionaries were forced to flee to Mackinac.

In 1717 there was built at the Bay the first permanent fort to command the Fox waterway. Alternately abandoned and then restored when danger threatened, this military post had a checkered history until it was abandoned by the French garrison in 1760 and reoccupied by a British force in 1761.

When Great Britain took possession of the Green Bay

region the settlement was probably similar to other frontier posts in the Northwest: a neighborhood consisting of a few French officials and traders, more half-breeds, and varying numbers of painted savages, all of whom showed some respect for the rules imposed by military occupation, but few of whom were bound to any great degree by the conventions of society. Lieutenant James Gorrell with seventeen soldiers was placed in charge of the Green Bay post, with injunctions to maintain the authority of Great Britain over a territory much larger than the mother country. Gorrell found the stockade rotten and the post buildings fallen into decay. Spurred to the task by a sense of insecurity, he rebuilt the post and gave to it the high-sounding name of Fort Edward Augustus. He has left in his journal a gloomy picture of his surroundings while he was in command from October, 1761, to June, 1763. In the latter year, the general Indian uprising under Pontiac with the resultant capture of the fort at Mackinac forced the British to evacuate the Green Bay post. It was never regarrisoned during the period of nominal British occupancy. Fifty-one years later, the flag of England again floated over Green Bay as the result of temporary conquest during the War of 1812.

The date of the first permanent settlement at Green Bay is a matter of dispute, the question hinging on when its inhabitants ceased to be traders and became actual settlers with agricultural instincts. Settlers are mentioned in French documents as early as 1718; and Augustin de Langlade and his son Charles had a trading post here about 1745, but can hardly be called settlers at that early period. Probably when the British took possession in 1761, the Langlades and others who had been attached to the French post saw the end of their military and trading activities and decided to make the old trading station their place of permanent abode. With this in view they had acquired or squatted upon tracts of

land extending down to the water front. Whether the Langlades were or were not the earliest settlers, the son Charles was probably the most picturesque character that Green Bay has known during its entire history. His grandfather came from France and his father when a young man about twenty years of age, came from Canada to Mackinac. His mother was the sister of an Ottawa chieftain, and this connection gave Charles de Langlade unbounded influence with the Indian tribes during his long and active career. A partisan of French interests in America, it is conceded that he with his savage followers contributed largely to the defeat of Braddock, even if he did not, as is sometimes claimed, plan the ambuscade that was so fatal to the British cause. Later, according to his grandson Augustin Grignon, Langlade took part in the battle on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec. After France gave way to England in the New World, Langlade became firmly attached to the new ruling power. During the Revolutionary War, he with his half-savage followers rendered every possible assistance to the British cause. He died about 1801, and was buried beside his father in the old Catholic cemetery at Green Bay.

British authority at Green Bay came to an end in 1783 by the Treaty of Paris. Jonathan Carver visited the abandoned Fort Edward Augustus in 1766 and wrote the following description of the locality: "This Fort is situated on the southern extremity of the Bay in Lake Michigan, termed by the French the Bay of Puants; but which, since the English have gained possession of all the settlements on this part of the Continent, is called by them the Green Bay. The reason of its being thus denominated, is from its appearance; for on leaving Michillimackinac in the spring season, though the trees have not even put forth their buds, yet you find the country around La Bay, notwithstanding the passage has not exceeded fourteen days, covered with the finest verdure,

and vegetation as forward as it could be were it summer. This Fort, also, is only surrounded by a stockade, and being much decayed is scarcely defensible against small arms. . . . The land adjoining to the bottom of this Bay is very fertile, the country in general level, and the perspective view of it, pleasing and extensive. A few families live in the Fort, which lies on the west side of the Fox river, and opposite to it, on the east side of its entrance, are some French settlers who cultivate the land and appear to live very comfortably."

The Americans, made possessors of the vast Northwest by the treaty of 1783, did not attempt to exercise even a nominal control over the territory until 1796; thereafter until the beginning of the War of 1812 American authority in the present Wisconsin was extremely vague and indefinite. In theory General William Henry Harrison was governor of the present Wisconsin from 1800 until 1809, but his only act affecting the Green Bay settlement seems to have been the appointment on November 26, 1803, of Charles Reaume as justice for Green Bay. Thenceforth for many years Reaume was considered a judicial despot in the frontier settlement, without direction or restraint from the seat of government at Vincennes.

It has been mentioned earlier in this narrative that Green Bay has lived under three flags—French, British, and American. It is also interesting to note the different territories to which Wisconsin has been attached for governmental purposes, and as Green Bay and Prairie du Chien were the only settlements in Wisconsin during most of this period, the meagre exercise of government affected these two posts only. We find the present Wisconsin a part of the Northwest Territory from 1787 until 1800, when Indiana Territory was organized with Wisconsin as a part of its domain. As before stated, General William Henry Harrison was legally governor of the present Wisconsin until it was at-

tached to Illinois Territory when the latter was organized in 1809. When Illinois was admitted as a state in 1818, Wisconsin was attached to Michigan Territory, and as such was ruled wisely and intelligently for many years by Governor Lewis Cass. With a desire to know the territory under his control, Governor Cass visited Green Bay and other remote settlements in the territory. It was he who appointed James Duane Doty first judge for Wisconsin with headquarters at Green Bay.

During the second war with England, Green Bay was again occupied by the British forces. As a matter of fact there were no Americans there to oppose the enemy. The people of the settlement, consisting of French, half-breeds, and Indians, were decidedly friendly to the invaders. With Green Bay and Mackinac in their possession, it was not difficult for the enemy to cross over from Canada and invade Wisconsin through that historic artery of war and commerce, the Fox-Wisconsin waterway. In July 1814, Major William McKay left Green Bay with a force of one hundred and twenty white soldiers and a considerably larger number of tribesmen. With the accessions received at the portage the savage contingent numbered fully five hundred warriors. This little army, the last foreign enemy to cross Wisconsin, moved swiftly over the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and arrived at Prairie du Chien on July 17. Two days later this far-flung American outpost surrendered to the British, who thereafter held undisputed possession of Wisconsin until the close of the war.

Fort Howard, built in 1816, was garrisoned continuously for a quarter of a century, during which period American interests were firmly established at Green Bay and throughout Wisconsin. The period of foreign occupation became only a memory, kept alive by numerous landmarks of former years. The era when New France held sway over the Bay

region was evidenced by a large French population, descendants of the hardy pioneers of the St. Lawrence valley.

One of the earliest accounts of Fort Howard has been preserved in a report made by Judge Advocate Samuel A. Storrow of the United States Army to Major General Brown. Judge Storrow was sent out from military headquarters at Detroit in 1817 to inspect certain military posts in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. In the portion of his report relating to Green Bay and Fort Howard he writes: "We are now, as we had been since the 16th (September), in Green Bay, which is the grand channel of communication between the Mississippi and the Lakes, and is a body of water on the same noble scale as the Delaware or Chesapeake. It takes its rise and principal source in the Fox river (Outagamis), which nearly unites with the Ouisconsin, which latter runs in an opposite direction and is one of the most important tributary streams of the Mississippi. . . . On the 19th we arrived at a wretched and half starved village of Ottawas; in the afternoon of the same day we reached the Fox river, and three-fourths of a mile from the mouth of it, the Fort of Green Bay, where I was kindly received and spent several days. The site and structure of this work I have already explained to you. At no part of the Indian frontier could a fortress be more useful or indispensable. It is in the chain of connection with the Indian settlements between the Mississippi and the Lakes. It opens a way to their retreats in the West, and commands their thoroughfare towards the East. The Fals Avoines, Ottawas, Pottowotomies and dangerous Winnebagoes consider this place as their accustomed and privileged haunt. In times of peace they sometimes assemble about it to the number of one or two thousand; but for hostile purposes might collect twice that number on the most sudden emergency. The importance of the position was apparent in the jealousy

with which the nations (tribes) regarded the occupancy of it. . . .

"The position of the fort is, as I have already mentioned, on the left bank of the river, the same with that of the former French and English works. Below the fort, toward the bay, is an extensive prairie bordering the river, on the banks of which there is a growth of wild rice; above it there is a meagre settlement of French Canadians intermingled with the natives. . . . At mid-day of the 22nd of September, I took leave of Major [Zachary] Taylor and the officers of the 3d Regiment, who had most kindly entertained me."

During the period of military rule in Wisconsin a group of young officers were assigned to the three forts, Howard, Winnebago, and Crawford, who were destined to become famous in the military annals of the nation during the War with Mexico and the War of Secession. Jefferson Davis and Generals Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, Worth, Harney, Kearny, Twiggs, and Kirby Smith are a few of the officers who, at one time or another, were stationed at the army posts in Wisconsin. The daughter of Lieutenant Marcy, who became the wife of General George B. McClellan, was born at Fort Howard. The wife of General Rucker and mother of Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan was also a garrison child at Fort Howard.

Wisconsin Territory, including all of the present Wisconsin, together with all of Iowa and Minnesota and the Dakotas east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers, was organized in 1836. At this time the Green Bay region and the lead mining region of southwestern Wisconsin were the two centers of population in the new territory. Of the territorial governors, the Fox River valley furnished two and the lead region one.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to trace the commercial and industrial development of Green Bay. Excep-

tionally well situated for commerce and surrounded by a rich agricultural section, the modern city has gone forward with rapid strides and the end is not yet. It has been our purpose to outline briefly the historic events of territorial and preterritorial years, and with the close of this earlier period the narrative must end.

THE BURNING OF THE SULTANA

WILLIAM B. FLOYD

On April 26, 1865, I was acting master's mate on the United States Steamboat *Grossbeak,* a small side-wheel steamer, fitted up as a tin-clad gunboat. We had a crew of perhaps seventy-five men and the usual complement of line officers, viz: captain, two master's mates, besides a licensed pilot. We had come up to Memphis, which was our division headquarters, for some reason unknown to me and on the 26th of April it was my turn to go on watch at midnight. During the day I had heard some of the officers talking about the *Sultana,* and the crowded condition of the troops on board her. There was considerable talk and discussion between the officers as to whether she had as many men on board her as another steamer that passed up a few days before, or whether she was more crowded than that one.

Their remarks and conversation came forcibly to my mind when I went on watch at twelve o'clock, midnight, and was informed by the officer I relieved that the large steamer lying just above at the mouth of Wolf Creek was the *Sultana* taking in coal. She was all lit up and presented the usual fine appearance of a large passenger steamer with all her lights aglow, and as she backed out and started up the river I watched her until she disappeared behind the island known as Paddy's Hen and Chickens, about nine miles above Memphis. Shortly after she had passed out of sight behind one of the islands, I noticed a red glow in the sky, which very soon showed plainly as a fire. I cannot describe the horror I felt at the thought that perhaps it was the *Sultana* on fire. I looked through my field glass and could plainly see the smokestacks of the steamer, and that she must be on fire, but

there were trees between me and the burning boat, and I took this to mean that she was lying in shore, and if so the passengers on board could get off safely. To make sure I asked the quartermaster (a petty officer who always stands watch with the officers of the deck and who carries a telescope, which is more powerful than the field glass), "Quartermaster, what do you make out that light to be?" He answered: "A large steamer on fire and lying in shore." I watched her closely and to steady my glass held it against a stanchion; I then discovered she drifted past the glass, which showed that she was floating and not lying in shore. I then called the senior master's mate and informed him what had happened. He did not seem much excited about it, and after watching her through the glass for awhile I asked him if he did not intend to do something. He said, "No." The captain was ashore and he did not intend taking the responsibility of ordering the boat out, and went back to his stateroom.

By this time my feelings were very much worked up as to the necessity of some action being taken. I thought of the terrible calamity that was happening, but could not see my way clear to move after my superior officer had declined to act. But there was a way, as you shall shortly hear, and I wish I had only thought of it sooner, as some time had now elapsed and away up the river I could hear faint cries for help. These cries of distress were too much to bear. I determined to make some sort of move to help, and it suddenly came to my mind to call the pilot. I had hardly thought of it before I was hurrying to his stateroom. I opened the door and called out very excitedly, "Mr. Karnes, the *Sultana* is on fire." I did not need to say more. He sprang out of his berth, saying, "Great Lord! is that so." "Shall I call all hands, Mr. Karnes? The Captain is ashore." "Yes." I needed no more authority. I was soon below calling, "All

hands on deck and away cutters, away." The first call brought all the crew out of their hammocks, and the latter call the crew to the cutter in which in a very few minutes I was seated with six good oarsmen and a boy in the bow, and we were on our way out in the river in the direction of the cries for help. The river was at flood height and the current strong and well over to the other side, so we had quite a pull to come near enough to make them out.

I found the nearest sufferers were on a raft or a lot of wreckage. There were twelve or perhaps more and they were raising a terrible cry for help. It was yet dark, and I could not tell whether there were twenty or a hundred there, but farther away on the other shore, was a lone voice calling in the most piteous tone for help; that appealed to me so much that it was hard for me to steer my boat for the raft, instead of hastening to the aid of the one on shore. I had to leave the poor fellow, however, to his fate and row in towards the raft. As I came near, those aboard became frantic with excitement and joy at the prospect of rescue. When one of the old sailors said, "For God's sake, Mr. Floyd, don't put us alongside that raft or they will swamp us," that was plain enough, so I rowed around and came up towards the raft bow and as the occupants dropped off into the water, picked them up and pulled them aboard our cutter. One was missed and was floating by; at the risk of being pulled overboard, I leaned out as far as I could, and grabbed him by the hair of the head and pulled him in. Six inches farther away and he would have been beyond my reach and would have drowned. I rescued twelve, and as that was all the boat could hold, and as there were no more on the raft, I rowed to the nearest shore and landed them below the steamboat landing. As they had not been in the water except in getting them from the raft to the boat, they were able to take care of themselves.

I then pulled out again into the stream. By this time it was getting daylight and my vessel was out in mid-stream where were many small boats which had picked up all those from the wreck who were afloat, and had taken them aboard on vessel or on shore. I then rowed alongside the *Grossbeak* and went on board. Instead of going ashore our vessel went on down the river, going past President Island and coming up on the other side to see if there were any survivors who had floated by and had not been picked up. We found but one. He had a piece of wreckage under each arm and was floating unconscious because of the chill of the cold water. We rescued him and laid him alongside of about ninety more that the crew had picked up and received from the other small boats. They were all soldiers. The sailors got all their blankets and wrapped them up and made them as comfortable as possible before the furnace fires. Most of them were unconscious from cold and it seemed impossible that they could recover, but by the time we reached Memphis, about eleven A.M., most of them were able to go ashore.

The next morning a tug boat took several small boats and towed us up the river to where the hull of the *Sultana* lay in shore. All her upper works were burned away. We then cast loose and as we floated down looked to see if any men were lodged in the trees along the shore; but there were no signs of life. We must have lain at Memphis more than eight or nine days for the bodies had begun to float and the government would send up every morning a boat and barge to pick them up, and the deck of the barge would be covered with bodies. The dead were buried in the cemetery at Memphis. I read years afterwards that when moving the bodies from the cemetery many of them were found to be petrified.

When we started out from Memphis we went down the river and soon came to two of the floating bodies. We picked them up and had to keep them on the stern of the boat be-

cause they were so badly decomposed. Nothing was found on them to identify them. We had to carry them nearly to Helena, Arkansas, before we could find dry land to bury them. Where we landed we had dug but a shallow grave before the water began to flow in and we had to bury them, barely covering them. After that no attention was paid to floating bodies except to avoid running over them. I saw some of these bodies floating down nearly to Vicksburg.

How different it might have been if there had been stricter discipline and my senior officer had been more courageous and humane. Our vessel had her fires banked and could have got under weigh at short notice. Had there been correct discipline the information would have been passed to me that the captain of another steamboat was on board as a guest. Had I known this I would have reported to him at once and he would no doubt have gone immediately to the assistance of the burning vessel, and could have reached there in time to have saved all the *Grossbeak* could hold.

A short time afterwards I bought a photograph of the *Sultana* as she lay at Helena on her way up, showing exactly how crowded she was. In changing and moving about I lost it, but it was published in the *Photographic History of the Civil War*, with a short and very inaccurate account of the disaster. Some officers claimed at the time that a bomb had been placed in the coal, but this rumor was disproved when it became known that the *Sultana* had tubular instead of the usual flue boilers, such as almost all other river boats had. This tubular type of boiler was not adapted to the muddy waters of the Mississippi River, and no doubt caused the explosion. The steamer *Missouri*, the sister boat of the *Sultana*, blew up not long afterwards with some loss of life. The *Grossbeak*, the vessel I was on, had the same kind of boilers and as my stateroom was over one of them I often wondered if my fate was to be blown up.

Of the twelve men I picked off the raft I know but very little; no questions were asked. I only recollect some conversation among them. Very queerly one said he was sleeping above the boiler and that the first thing he knew he was flying up in the air and when he came down he was in the water. Another under the boiler was not injured as the force of the explosion was upwards. One of the rescued was an Irishman who sang snatches of songs as we rowed to shore. Another was a fine looking officer with a long heavy, reddish beard, who was so unnerved by the experience he had gone through that he could not realize he was saved, but kept continually calling for help.

Later there was an association formed called, "Survivors of the *Sultana* Disaster." I received a letter from a member of the Association a number of years ago but do not know its headquarters. I have a shipmate living in Hastings, Minnesota, who was on the gunboat *Tyler* but I never heard him tell much of his experience, but think he went out in one of their boats, and helped pick up some of the *Sultana* survivors. The government has tried to minimize the loss of life as it was due to the negligence of government officials who allowed the boat to be overloaded and to proceed on her journey, when it was known that her boiler needed repairing. It was generally understood at the time that over two thousand lost their lives. A distressing feature of the disaster was that the men on the boat were ex-prisoners of war, who had undergone awful experiences in southern prisons, and after all had to lose their lives when free and on their journey home. It was related that one case in particular was that of a regular soldier at the opening of the war whose time expired during the war just on the eve of a battle, but who felt he could not leave under the circumstances, so remained and took part in the fight and was captured. After being a long

time in prison, he was one of the unfortunates on board the *Sultana,* and lost his life.

This incident of the great Civil War has been almost completely forgotten, for in speaking of the *Titanic* disaster it was called the greatest marine disaster on record. But those lost in the *Sultana* were merely soldiers, and it occurred at a time when loss of life was taken for granted.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF THE REVEREND ADELBERT INAMA, O. PRAEM.[1]

The report in an earlier volume of the *Historisch-Politischen Blätter*, that Father Inama, Premonstratensian, from Tyrol, while in America, had written mission reports for the *Katholischen Blätter* of Tyrol, gave rise to a desire on our part to obtain a complete copy of these reports in order to make them available to a wider circle of readers. We therefore turned to Innsbruck, for we assumed that in the Ferdinandeum in that city there would be a file of that periodical. We were not deceived and another Inama, a member of the same family to which our missionary belonged, and at that time custodian of the collections mentioned, arranged in the most obliging manner for the copy we desired. We are thereby in a position to submit to our readers the reports, so important for the church history of our country and for the German-speaking Catholic element in America, of that missionary, who first occupied himself in the state of New York but later in Wisconsin.

I

Paris, December 27 [1842] (Original Correspondence.) On Jan. 1, the three-master *François I* sails from Havre for New York. As you know, I am traveling on this boat to the missions of North America. I am therefore utilizing the short time left me to give you some slight account of my trip to Paris and of my stay here. I refrain from any mention of the German cities through which I passed on my trip; however I will inform you that in K., where I attended protestant

[1] Copied, with permission, from the *Central-Blatt*, St. Louis, Mo. Translated by Karl Hohlfeld. The Rev. Peter Leo Johnson and William Nellen, of St. Francis Seminary, have kindly annotated the letters, as well as verified the translation. Ed.

worship during my stay, I found all churchly, religious life completely dead; sad to say, I was obliged to hear that in that city the situation among the Catholics was not much better. How entirely otherwise all this is in Strassburg, and in fact throughout France! The training and education of the young clergy there, and still more in the rest of France, is exemplary; unfortunately my limited time does not permit me to go into details. On December 16 we proceeded thence by diligence toward Paris in the true French manner, at a gallop. On the evening of the 18th I dismounted from the carriage in the busiest section of this magic city, close by the Tuileries. I and my traveling companion, a Bavarian missionary, had letters from the Munich Mission Society to Mr. Brassac, the vicar-general for Europe of all American bishops, who lodged us most comfortable in a pension.[2]

I refrain from telling you of the impression made upon my mind and heart by the world-city; this can only be felt, not described. I can here only state in general that the many large cities which I have previously seen can in no way compare with Paris. I went also to Versailles and St. Cloud; they are veritable world-wonders. At the point on the railroad where the terrible accident occurred in May, a chapel is being built which is called "Notre Dame aux flammes." After I had beheld and wondered at the rich art-treasures, to be sure only in small part, I sought particularly to study as closely as possible the scientific and churchly life. I have attended industriously the lectures at the Sorbonne for several hours daily and also attended the opening of the Theological Faculty, whose dean, Abbé Glaire, in a speech of an hour and a half, cast light from all sides upon the current dispute between university and clergy in regard to freedom

[2] The Rev. Hercules Brassac was born in the diocese of Mende, France; labored in the Louisiana missions 1818-1887, with the exception of 1826-1882, when he was probably at home in France caring for an aged father; in 1840 he submitted a prospectus to the American hierarchy for a general agency in Paris for American ecclesiastical affairs; he was particularly active for Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati; he was living at Marvejols (Lozère), France, in 1861. *Vide* Archbishop S. G. Messmer in *The Catholic Historical Review,* iii (Jan., 1918), 392 ff. The term vicar-general was used by him to express his agency rather than a canonical title.

of instruction. You will find this speech in *L'Univers*.[3] The audience was very mixed; the higher clergy was absent. New to me was the action of the Dean of the Faculty who, before commencing his speech, threw himself upon his knees in the chancel and prayed aloud the *Veni Creator, Emitte Spiritum, Deus, qui corda* etc., *Ave Maria,* while the audience sang the responses.[4] Similar prayer closed the ceremony. Such a thing occurs in no German university. In France, however, and even in Paris, everything is quite different. I also became closely acquainted with the professors of the *petit seminaire* at St. Nicholas and with those of the *grand seminaire* of St. Sulpice.[5] In the former I attended a solemn examination of the scholars, and after dinner a so-called "seance litteraire" which was honored by the presence of the two archbishops of Paris and Rheims, two other bishops, and the élite of the clergy and laity. A young priest of unusual piety and scholarship, Mr. Legrand, was most helpful to me. He is already professor at the *petit seminaire* here, has travelled through all Italy and our beloved little fatherland, Tyrol, and next July will again travel to Rome, to take the doctorate of theology; for in France this cannot take place *Legitime et canonice.*[6] In case he should travel through our country, he will certainly visit you. Several days ago the secretary of the Bishop of St. Louis in America, The Rev. Sir Rosati, papal plenipotentiary for the negotiation and conclusion of the concordat with the Republic of Haiti, lodged beside me as my next neighbor.[7] Having been for a long time a mis-

[3] The Rev. Jean-Baptiste Glaire, 1798-1879, hebraist, biblical scholar, dean of the state theological faculty (Sorbonne), 1841-1851. *Vide Cath. Ency.*, vi., s. v. The Catholic daily *L'Univers* was issued for the first time on Nov. 3, 1833.

[4] Prayers invoking the Holy Ghost.

[5] "Petit seminaire" means preparatory or high school.

[6] *Legitime* probably refers to the civil status of ecclesiastical schools at the time which were not recognized except as elementary (1833). Church secondary and superior schools were recognized in 1850 and 1870 respectively. *Canonice* refers to the regulations of the Church regarding degrees.

[7] Bishop Joseph Rosati, C. M., coadjutor of New Orleans, 1824; first bishop of St. Louis, 1827; died in Rome 1843. Pope Gregory XVI delegated him in 1842 to adjust the relationship between the Holy See and the Republic of Haiti. He convinced the President of Haiti of the advisability for signing a concordat to be submitted to Rome. The Holy See signed it in 1843. *Vide* Dr. Joseph Salzbacher, *Meine Reise nach Nord-Amerika im Jahre 1842* (Wien, 1845), 213, 214; *Cath. Ency.*, xiii.

sionary in America, he knows the country and the people well and he gave me most valuable information. Vicar-general Brassac attempted several times to engage me for his Bishop Purcell in Cincinnati; I however reserved my freedom of choice until my arrival. I will inform you in regard to this and many other matters from America. Up to the present everything seems to indicate that the Lord is with me. I hope that my first report from the new world will be in your hands by Candlemas.[8] Until then I entrust myself and the beautiful task which I undertake to the protection of the Highest and to the pious prayers of all my friends and acquaintances.

New York, March 13 [1843]. (Orig. Corresp.) My first greeting to my fatherland from the New World! After an unprecedentedly long and stormy voyage I finally awoke for the first time in the harbor of New York on the first of this month. You will permit me to connect this short report with the last, from Paris, of Dec. 26 of last year (*Kath. Blätt.* No. 3). As reported, I left Paris December 27, last year, at seven in the evening and descended from the diligence the following morning in the ancient Norman capital—industrious Rouen—viewed quickly the interesting sights and antiquities, and continued my journey the same evening to Havre, where I arrived the morning of the 29th. As is well known, this city is next to Marseilles the chief port of French shipping. The harbor—entirely artificial—forms within it several basins which are thickly covered with many hundred ships. In the spring the surroundings must offer a glorious sight from the sea; for they rise to considerable height in an amphitheater completely covered with gardens and nice country homes. I made use of my short stay to visit the interesting spots of the city and to take walks into the surrounding country. Departure on the *François I* finally became possible for 650 francs on the third of January of this year. The first and second days of the voyage went forward pleasantly and rapidly, although the wind was only half-way favorable. We were already thirty miles past the land-ends

[8] February 2, 1843.

of France and England and about to reach the open sea. However, during the night between the fourth and the fifth a terrific storm broke and lasted until the eleventh. Seasickness took me and lasted for three days—similar to migraine, but not half so painful. It did not recur throughout the entire trip and I hope to be free from it now the rest of my life.

The ship, during this time, went backwards rather than forwards in spite of the tremendous efforts of the crew, so that by noon of the tenth we were again in sight of the English cape, Lizard, near Falmouth. The barometer gradually fell to storm. The crew were exhausted and the captain had not been to bed the entire time, but either on deck in torrents of rain or, with dividers in hand, at the chart. Half in despair he often cried out, *"Jamais comme ça! La Manche! La Manche!"* (a terrible coast, full of reefs and sandbanks, upon which the storm threatened to throw us.) I remained all the time completely calm, although I often lay down in the evening with the confident expectation of awaking soon for the last time, in the waves. Yes, I could even sleep and dream of my old and new fatherland. The sight of the English coast created a general desire to flee into an English harbor, which the captain decided to do and accomplished. In the evening of the eleventh, therefore, we ran into the harbor of Plymouth, where we found many other ships seeking refuge, and we anchored hard by the British ship-of-the-line *Thunderer* of 84 guns. Soon I was a witness of the most terrible hurricane which had visited this region for years. You will have read in the papers of the terrible devastation which it wreaked upon ships, houses, and human life. To right and left of us five of the ships tore loose from their anchors and were driven under our very eyes upon the rocks where they grounded, but no lives were lost. Two of the ships, however, were completely demolished. Even the ship-of-the-line—the *Thunderer*—lost one anchor. This sight made the most painful impression upon me. Not until the twentieth of January were we able to leave Plymouth. With the commencement of our voyage the storm arose anew and continued, with short interruptions, until our arrival here. However, once we had reached the high sea, neither captain

nor crew worried much about the raging of the elements. Even though the waves broke over the boat, even though the wind broke a spar in half, even though the spring-tide, like a cannon-ball, tore away the stem of the life-boat which hung from the ropes, that was only a joke and the captain laughingly called my attention to it. I myself became accustomed to the storming, so that something seemed to be lacking whenever, as was seldom the case, the sea became quiet for a time. The voyage was moreover rich in wonders of the sea. For instance we saw a water-spout in the distance, and a beautiful halo about the sun, rainbows in all directions and at all times of day, etc.

Finally I reached New York, without having suffered noticeably in health either from the entirely unaccustomed manner of life or from the many storms.

On the second of March I handed my letter of recommendation to Bishop Hughes (Dubois died in February).[9] He received me most cordially and granted me not only the requested permission to officiate here but also the complete jurisdiction of a missionary in the large diocese. "You must remain with us; I will not let you leave," he said graciously to me. I thanked him heartily and promised to remain until Easter if I could be of any use whatsoever. He then spoke of all sorts of things, among others of Maria von Mörl and the Lazari.[10] Finally he gave me a guide to the German missionaries here. The nearest, therefore the first to whom I came, was P. Rumpler, a Redemptorist from Alsace, who has officiated since last August in the St. Nicholas church

[9] John Dubois, third bishop of New York, 1764-1842. John Hughes, fourth bishop of New York (Archbishop 1850), 1797-1864.

[10] Maria von Moerl (1812-1868) and Maria Dominica Lazzari (1815-1848), Tyrolese, were stigmatics and Franciscan Tertiaries. The former spent her life at Kaltern. For thirty-five years she was ecstatic. A letter from her to the late Msgr. Rainer is dated 1867 and listed with his literary remains. A sister of Msgr. Rainer, Mrs. Anthony Palma, now resident in the seminary grounds (St. Francis, Wisconsin) is a god-child of M. v. Moerl. *Vide Eucharistie-Buch, herausgegeben von Georg Ott,* 5th ed. (N. Y., n. d.), 708-714; *Cath. Ency.*, xii, s. v. Stigmata.

which Raffeiner built and in which he formerly officiated.[11] This is the only German Catholic church in the city and numbers 7,000, according to Raffeiner even 11,000 parishioners.

The father—being alone—from necessity took me in charge. All argument was in vain; I was hardly allowed to return to the hotel to get my things in order, so great was his need. Thus my first step in the land is a step into the office of missionary. Since then I have occupied both the pulpit and the confessional. The press of the people at mass seems all the greater as the church can hold only about one seventh of the parishioners; in addition people come to confession from many miles about, more or less every day, on Sunday in great numbers. I never experienced such consolation in Europe. The people come because of an inner urge, from the need of their hearts, without human prompting; as a result, their confessions are true outpourings of the heart, with many sighs and tears. They are ready for anything. The father-confessor has an entirely free hand here; for from the very nature of the case there can be no *Casus Episcopo reservatos* for him here.[12]

In the course of the past week I also visited the other German missions of the region. Raffeiner is half an hour from here in Williamsburg on Long Island. I had known

[11] The Rev. Gabriel Rumpler, C. SS.R., was born in Oburnay, Alsace, in 1814; made his novitiate and studied in Belgium; ordained 1838; came to Baltimore *c.* 1840; New York 1841-1847; Baltimore, Annapolis, 1848-1856, as rector and master of novices; died 1856. *Vide* U. S. Catholic Historical Society, *Historical Records and Studies* (New York, 1909), ii, part 2, 245.

The Very Reverend John Stephen Raffeiner was born in Malls, Tyrol, 1785; educated at Meran, Innsbruck, Rome, Berlin; the Napoleonic wars turned him to medicine when they closed the religious schools of Rome; in 1815 he was chief physician of a military hospital at Milan for some years; ordained 1825 at Brixen and did pastoral work at the Insane Asylum at Hall; arrived New York 1833; pioneer priest among the Germans of New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Albany, Utica, and Rochester. He was instrumental in the building of nine Brooklyn churches and Brooklyn's first seminary. He was vicar-general for the Germans of the New York diocese from 1845 to his death in 1861. *Vide* Salzbacher, *op. cit.*, 300-302; U. S. Cath. Hist. Soc., *Hist. Records and Studies* (1914), vii, 201; *ibid* (1916), ix, 161, 172; *Cath. Ency.*, ii. 800; vi, 478; xi, 23.

[12] *Casus Episcopo reservatos* means a sin reserved for the jurisdiction of the bishop. A priest sits as a judge in the confessional and his jurisdiction is always delegated by a bishop, who may restrict it by reserving certain sins to episcopal competency. This is done to prevent certain serious sins. Absolution being more difficult to obtain acts as a deterrent.

him before only by name. I found him in patriarchal simplicity before the fire in his wooden chamber beneath the church which he himself built. You can imagine the mutually delighted surprise. The cross-fire of questions has no end, although I have already visited him four times, each time for almost the entire day. Together we visited the third missionary—likewise half-an-hour away, but on the mainland in the opposite direction—in Blumenthal. He is a very young Franciscan whom the bishop brought with him on his trip from Hungary; his name is Zacharias Kunze.[13] Upon news of my arrival the fourth appeared of his own accord from Newark, in the state of New Jersey, the eastern part of which belongs to the local diocese. He is a young Benedictine from St. Peter in Salzburg, Balleis by name.[14] I hope to be able to visit him this week. All these gentlemen are very friendly and kind to me. Raffeiner and P. Rumpler have initiated me into all the local conditions with great frankness; in fact, since as a newcomer and stranger I still have the confidence of all, I have heard many things from two sides. To complete my comprehension, manuscripts and publications have also been given me. You see from this how greatly the Lord favors me. At the moment of arrival I can already draw from the source of experience, both my own and that of strangers, of many years. You will pardon me in the meanwhile if, for the time being, I do not go into details. To be sure, I am confident that I see clearly in many matters, but I shall adhere to the principle of not merely listening at present but of observing and learning and examining carefully, of selecting, and when I consider it helpful to the good cause, also of speaking. I can only assure you of this: that my guiding ideas, which determined me upon my course of action, were found correct and there was no error.

[13] The Rev. Zachary Kunze, O. S. F., came to New York in 1842 from Hungary; 1843, S. John Baptist's, New York; built S. Francis Assisi, New York, 1844-1848. *Vide* U. S. Cath. Hist. Soc., *op. cit.* (1911), vi, part 1, 54-55.

[14] The Rev. Nicholas (Michael) Balleis, O. S. B., born in Salzburg, 1808, died, Brooklyn, 1891; after 1836 in Philadelphia, New York, and Newark; took charge of S. Francis-of-the-Fields, Brooklyn, 1866-1891. *Vide* Salzbacher, *op. cit.*, 301; *Cath. Ency.*, ii, 800; x, 780.

The need for German missionaries and the desire on the part of both bishops and people for good ones, is even greater than I had imagined. I trust that with the help of God I will be able to bear much labor and sacrifice. As yet I have without noticeable change withstood the rapid change between opposite modes of life as well as the long-continued storming of the elements; indeed, I am, if anything, healthier; at least much more cheerful and tranquil in body and soul than I was before. Next week Raffeiner leaves for Macaupin, a German-Catholic mountain community in the state of New Jersey close to the Pennsylvania border, to visit a mission-station which he founded in addition to three others, and which he visits several times each year. During his absence I am taking his place at his mission in Williamsburg. Later I will relieve him there and afterwards travel via Philadelphia to Baltimore, where the Bishops of the United States are to gather in a Synod in May,[15] there I will deliver my letters of recommendation and ask permission to hold missions in all the states, to satisfy the most pressing spiritual needs of the Germans wherever there is no permanent pastor. I am very curious to learn what the Bishop of Cincinnati will have to say. I received in Paris a chest and special recommendations for him, and was obliged to promise to bind myself in no way until I should have spoken to him.

Since my future will be more definitely determined in Baltimore, I plan to send a further report from there the end of May. If, however, no sudden and necessary modification of my plans results there, I am inclined to return to New York, travel up the Hudson from here and during the summer heat perform mission services in temperate Utica. There and in the surrounding region strong German communities have again been for some time without a priest. There I will already be in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes and the Ohio River and more than half way to Cincinnati. Please do not forget me at this great distance, and rejoice me occasionally with your greeting and news from home!

[15] Fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore, May 18-21, 1843. *Vide Acta et Decreta conciliorum recentiorum, Collectio Lacensis*, 7 vols. (Freiburg-im-Breisgau 1875), iii, 84-95.

Postscript: On the evening of the fourteenth of March I visited Raffeiner for the fifth time. On account of his age he would like to turn his mission over to me together with the church, residence and appurtenances. I neither accepted nor refused, for this does not fit very well into my plans. I promised to give him a definite answer upon my return from Baltimore and after receiving advices from Europe.[16]

II

New York, April 5 [1843]. (Orig. Corresp.) Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati answered my letter to him by return mail in the most friendly manner. There follows a summary of his letter in so far as it pertains to the matter:

Reverende et carissime Amice!

Multum quidem gaudeo te appulsu tuo felici, quamvis tamdiu dilato, ad has horas. Adm. Rev. Brassac multa mihi de Reverentia tua scripsit, quae libenter audivi. Sunt quidem in Ohio loca non pauca, praesertim vero Wilkesville quae tibi convenirent, ni fallor. Utinam et sine mora inspicere possis! Plura vero de his deo favente in Baltimore colloquemur mense Mariae. Interim tibi omnia fausta precans in Christo maneo Servus et Pater.

J. B. Purcell, Episc., Cincinnati.[17]

In Wilkesville County, which is mentioned in this letter, a large landowner offers, as a present, 2,000 acres of excellent wheat land to any priest who will settle there and take up the pastorate. This county is not far from the Ohio River and has salt and iron mines, and a plentiful water-supply. Similar offers are often made. There is often a money-speculation also involved. The proprietor, namely, draws thereby a large Catholic population to his vicinity; thereby

[16] *Katholische Blätter*, vol. i, p. 267 (1843); *Central-Blatt*, May, 1922, p. 53; *Blätter aus Tyrol*, i, 42, 267 (1843).

[17] John Baptist Purcell, born 1800, bishop 1833; archbishop 1851, died 1883. Reverend and dear friend: I am indeed very happy at your successful arrival here, though delayed so long. My representative, the Reverend Brassac, has written a great deal about you to me, which I received willingly. Unless I am mistaken, there are indeed not a few locations in Ohio, but especially Wilkesville, which ought to suit you. Would that you could look it over without delay. However, God willing, we shall talk more of this in Baltimore in May. In the meantime, hoping everything good for you, I remain, In Christ, your servant and father, J. B. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati.

the otherwise almost worthless land rises tremendously in price and the giver profits from the gift. In the meantime, however, the recipient gains, and the Catholics gain—a priest. There are so many who await such a one most anxiously. The following summary of the diocesan clergy of the current year shows clearly the state of the churchly needs of the Catholics in North America. The lack of priests becomes still greater when one considers also the numberless places where there exists as yet no station for the care of souls, but where there are many scattered Catholics. This condition is, for well-known reasons, much more unfavorable to the German Catholics, as compared with the Irish or French. It is impossible to determine accurately the total Catholic population on account of the great mobility of the people and the continual influx of new colonists. One and a half million would seem to be a conservative estimate.[18]

Williamsburg, May 15. (Orig. Corresp.) Since the twenty-first of last month I have been located at Father Raffeiner's church in Williamsburg, separated from New York only by a narrow arm of the sea. The unusually long and severe winter (it is still not properly warm and one rarely sees a tree in bloom) has made impracticable so far the plan previously outlined. I shall now remain here until Raffeiner returns. Last Tuesday I again visited the Bishop in order to inform him that my mission duties were then at an end. "Oh then," he replied quickly, "you can hold missions in my entire diocese. There are plenty of scattered German communities who anxiously await a father-confessor. For instance the populous parish of Utica and Constableville, which has been without a priest since last fall, has begged me earnestly for a father-confessor." I expressed my thanks and delight at the confidence placed in me and promised to take over the stations mentioned for half a year. He was completely satisfied and discussed with me for a long time, as condescendingly as confidentially, various diocesan affairs,

[18] Catholic population 1,300,000 according to the *U. S. Catholic Magazine* (October, 1843, Baltimore), 633; the *Catholic Almanac* (1845), 184-185, states that the number of Catholics given for several years past, 1,300,000, was based on Bishop England's (Charleston) estimate of 1,200,000 in 1838. Bishop Rosati wrote an article in 1842 for the *Annale di Scienze Religiose* (Rome) in which he gave an estimate of 1,500,000.

regardless of the fact that he is always in a great press of affairs; for in this part of the earth the entire burden of diocesan administration falls upon the shoulders of the bishops; there are neither a cathedral chapter nor consistories, neither episcopal curias, nor chanceries, nor archives. Usually the bishop is at the same time priest of his cathedral and receives as such the priest's salary and a share of the *jura stolae*.[19] Without aid from Europe they would be very poor indeed. Not until last year was it decided in the provincial parishes that the bishop of the catholic community could receive an income as such.[20] The local bishop, John Hughes, who, in addition to the entire state of New York, must also administer the eastern part of New Jersey, has in his service only one secretary, who is at the same time a priest, and one vicar-general who is likewise a pastor and who acts as administrator in the absence of the bishop; hence it can be explained that unusual privileges are given the individual priests. I consider it actually a duty of conscience to fulfill the request made of me and to depart as soon as possible for the designated place.

Utica—my future residence—lies directly in the center of the state of New York, surrounded by the greatest wonders of nature and art. The longest canal and the longest railroad run through the center of the city. Niagara—the greatest of all water falls—is only half a day's journey distant and Ballston with its famous mineral waters is even closer. It is estimated that 600,000 strangers pass through Utica annually. That is the reason that, where in 1794 only four block houses stood in a wilderness, at present there is a blooming, beautiful young city, twice as large as Innsbruck, in a magnificent, very healthy valley, surrounded by many villages and inhabited by 15,000 people. In 1835 Utica had already thirteen churches of which two were Cath-

[19] *Jura Stolae* is the technical term meaning income outside of fixed salary of the priest, usually associated with prescribed fees for marriages and funerals, and with voluntary offerings presented at baptisms.

[20] It was decided by a decree (XXIX) of the first synod of the diocese of New York in August, 1842, that a committee of priests from various parts of the diocese should determine a fixed sum to be levied on each parish and submit their decision to all the priests for ratification or change. *Vide Synodorum Archidioeceseos Neo-Eboracensis Collectio* (Neo-Eboraci, 1901), 7, 22, 24.

olic (one German and one Irish), an academy, a Lyceum, a library, a trading company with extended commerce, etc. You can believe me, that I rejoice to move there. I have already been informed of the difficulties of mission-service and of the relation of the Catholic priest to the Catholic and non-Catholic population. Many of these are only personal and others are transient and consolation and joy-bringing. For there the people have had to learn what it means to live without a priest. I learn every day how faithful the believers are to their priest. Beyond everything, however, is the complete freedom of the church from the influence of the civil administration, and the far reaching powers which the missionaries possess. How my soul rejoices at the name Utica! I look upon the map and read roundabout the well-known names, Rome, Carthage, Syracuse, Athens, Troy, etc. and then again the names of the German cities, Hamburg, Berlin, Amsterdam, Antwerp, etc. I almost begin to dream myself into another time and another World.

The next time I will write about various matters from Utica, among others certainly, how many assistants I will be able to use there. Their support will be taken care of. I have been able to get along so far on the balance of my little money, yes it has even grown; so richly have the New Yorkers rewarded my slight services! Finally a few words about Williamsburg and the founder of the local mission, our good compatriot, Raffeiner! Williamsburg lies upon Long Island, which breaks the force of the ocean and makes New York one of the world's greatest harbors and trade-centers. Steamers which pass night and day, carry the population from one to another of the three parts of the city in from two to three minutes, for three to six Kreuzer. Williamsburg, like its neighbor Brooklyn, is about three fathoms higher than the opposite city. The soil is fruitful and the air clean. Whereas Brooklyn has already over 50,000 inhabitants, Williamsburg has about 15,000, but it is growing rapidly.

Here, at a distance of a quarter-hour from the shore, Raffeiner laid, three years ago, the foundation of a new German-Catholic church, which was consecrated on October 10,

1841. The lower part is of stone, the superstructure of wood, and so built that it can be lengthened by half. Beneath the church he built his residence, the sacristy and the schoolroom. Beside it is the cemetery and a fine garden. The land and building cost him $4,000, or 10,000 fl. R. W.[21] He accomplished all this partly from his savings and partly on credit. It is now all paid for except $500; when that is paid the parish will possess an unencumbered church, which is rare here and also an especial benefit. Pew and offering-moneys[22] are appropriated for the support of the priest and upkeep of the church; as the parish is small (about 70 families), this would only satisfy a Raffeiner. Under such circumstances economy is to be sure necessary, but to call him avaricious is a base slander. Raffeiner enjoys the respect of all the priests here and roundabout, not only German but also Irish, and is highly valued by the bishop, who always calls him the patriarch of the German missionaries. His mission excursions extend into the diocese of New York, Boston, Pennsylvania and New Orleans, and he is determined not to limit or give up his labors until the much needed reinforcement of young missionaries makes his services dispensable. Furthermore, one can reasonably expect that within two years even the local German Catholic congregation will number far more than 1,000 souls. During my stay of ten weeks twenty new houses have been built by Catholics. When the corner-stone of the church was laid there was a single house; now there are fifty. Soon the parish will be in a position to have a school of its own. In the matter of religious teaching Raffeiner does all that is possible considering his advanced age and the prevailing circumstances.

He meets the young people for instruction in the Catechism three times a week at seven in the evening, since they are at work during the day. He has been able to attract them particularly with singing. What he has accomplished so far among the youth became clear to me in New York and here. How striking it was to me to be met everywhere

[21] Reichswert.

[22] Stipends offered to the priest for saying Mass according to the intention of the donor. Possibly collections made in church during the Offertory of the Mass are included in the word.

in the public streets with, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" He introduced this custom. In general, the young people here, and especially the young married people, are excellent and lead a truly pious and edifying life. I speak entirely from my own experience. Among the small parishes there is little to do on week days, but always something. I have confessions to hear practically every day, and how edifying it is to have communicants at practically every holy Mass! Here, as in France, communion is always during Mass. The confessions are usually—although not general—still rather long confessions[23] for the people have a holy urge for instruction and consolation and open their hearts entirely. I give instruction in the Catechism Wednesday and Friday evenings at seven o'clock, and every evening from eight to nine o'clock instruction for young men eighteen years of age in preparation for the first reception of the holy sacraments. On Sundays confessions are numerous and there is much work all day. I hear confessions from five to eight o'clock, and then read early Mass. Then the people come who are bringing their children or who want advice in all sorts of matters. At ten o'clock divine services are held (for here where there is a priest, duplication, even at times 'trinate' is the rule).[24] After services, which last until about twelve o'clock, there is rest until two o'clock. Then instruction in Catechism, vespers, singing of the Litany, and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, which takes two hours. Pastoral conversations with individuals about various church affairs fill the rest of the day, so that one is not through talking until evening, and the first time I was quite exhausted.

The forenoon and afternoon services here are, due to the adopted form and the piety of the faithful, very edifying. The mass is a choral mass, entirely Latin, sung in quartette

[23] "After Mass" means in the Mass at the regular time for communion. "Rather long confessions," due probably to the length of time since the last one. General confession refers to a confession covering a life time, or a considerable time, and is voluntary or necessary. In the latter case it goes back to the time of the last good confession.

[24] Bination is the word used by the church to express saying Mass twice on a day, and it is permitted provided that it will assist the people in fulfilling their obligations. It is doubtful whether Father Inama is correct when he states that "sometimes" a priest says Mass three times, at least according to the text.

by beautiful, youthful voices, and lasts a full hour. People here are also used to long sermons; they can hardly be too long. The vespers are very beautifully sung by the entire congregation according to the Roman Choral; in the same way they respond to the singing of the Litany with the *ora pro nobis*. In accordance with the French ritual, only one benediction with Blessed Sacrament is given at the end, whereby the people respond in Latin to the *Tantum ergo* and *Genitori*.[25] For this purpose the people have their own hymnals with the German translation at the side. They are particularly fond of singing, which increases considerably the edification and pleasure under the services. What I say of the piety and devotion of the people holds, to be sure, only for the majority. But the bad ones stay away of their own accord as there is no obligatory attendance here. But several of these are converted daily by an inner urge, and cleanse themselves of their leaven. The young married people give the priest especial pleasure. The yoke of marriage bows early under the sweet yoke of Christ. The best is to be expected from their children. In Utica I will have much work. But I feel a great urge for and unspeakable joy in work. I am in my element, like the fish in the river. I need not assure you that I am healthy. I kiss your hand and beg for the holy blessing.[26]—A. I.

III

Arrival and Stay in Utica, N. Y.

Utica, July 20, 1843. (Orig. Corresp.) I arrived here three weeks ago today, after having traveled 144 English miles by steamer on the Hudson River, sixteen miles by railroad and ninety miles on a mail-boat on the Erie Canal, making 250 English miles (125 post hours) in all. This journey is too remarkable for me to pass it over without going into some detail. The Hudson belongs, in its way,

[25] *Tantum Ergo* and *Genitori* are the opening words of the last two stanzas of the well known hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas to the Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, *Pange Lingua*.

[26] *Central-Blatt*, June 1922; *Blätter aus Tyrol*, I, 415, 440 (1843).

to the greatest rivers of the world. It rises in the eastern plateaus of New York State and after joining the Mohawk at Waterford, 176 English miles above its mouth, takes a southerly direction almost in a straight line to the sea, breaks through the Alleghany Mountains in its course at Newburg, and flows into the ocean through two narrow gateways at New York. At Troy, 156 miles above its mouth, there is a United States dock with an arsenal for battleships. Such is the case on no other river in the world, and it indicates clearly the importance of this river for the internal trade and communication of the country. Steamers of the largest dimensions travel it night and day. I left New York on such a ship, 160 paces in length with twin engines, at seven A.M. and at 4 P.M. I arrived at Albany, 144 miles (seventy-two hours) away. If one allows an hour for the numerous stops at landings, it covered this distance in eight hours, or at ninefold speed, which is the rapidity of a railroad. For this I paid half-a-dollar (1 fl., 15 kr., R. W.). The noon meal was served for as much more, but was optional. It would be difficult to describe the splendor of the arrangements. Two thousand passengers found comfortable accommodation. My wonder was divided between the beauty of the boat and of the shores and landscape, which far surpasses that of the Rhine and of the Danube so far as I know it.

Albany is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants and the seat of the state government of New York. Had I wished to continue my trip at once, I could have arrived at Utica at four the next morning; could, in other words, have traveled 125 post-hours in twenty-one hours for three and a half dollars (8 fl., 45 kr., R. W.). Is there anywhere in Europe so cheap a trip at such speed? However, I wished to spend some time in Albany—with our compatriot Schneller,[27] whom I met at the bishop's and who invited me to visit him. So I remained there all day Sunday and visited the sights

[27] The Rev. Joseph Schneller, Tyrolese, born 1796, died 1860; arrived in Philadelphia, 1812; studied with the Jesuits in New York and Washington until 1826; ordained for New York, chaplain to Bishop Dubois, editor of the weekly *Catholic Register;* for six years pastor of St. Mary's, Albany; wrote controversial pamphlets; 1847-1860 pastor of St. Paul's, Brooklyn. That he forgot his German is evident from his letters to relatives in Europe. *Vide* Salzbacher, *op. cit.,* 276; *Cath. Ency.,* ii, 800; x, 780.

of the city. There are many Catholics there, mostly Irish, with four churches, one of which was opened on the day that I was there. There are about a hundred German Catholic families in the city, but as yet they have neither church nor priest of their own. For Schneller has become entirely English and speaks German only very faultily. He is not at all capable of preaching in German and can hear German confessions only with difficulty. Furthermore, there is no German priest between New York and Albany, in fact not all the way to Utica, although there are several communities between, which have numerous German Catholics. This explains the frequent falling away from the faith. While visiting the numerous churches of the city, I happened into a little German church where they were just holding afternoon services. The pastor preached on the place in the gospel of the driving out of the money-changers from the temple. "Where Jesus enters, the unholy must withdraw." This theme was quite well carried out according to the rules of rhetoric. Of course there had to be a side-thrust at the Catholic church. "When Jesus, through Luther, etc., visited the church of God, human authority, privilege and soul-brokering had to withdraw." This was only thrown out on the side and not logically developed. The tone was cold throughout and resembled an academic speech rather than a Christian sermon. Upon departing I read over the entrance the inscription, "German Methodist Church," which, so I am told, consists largely of former Catholics. Such unfortunate apostasy would be much rarer and, on the other hand, conversions would be more numerous, if there were only vigorous German priests on the spot.

From Albany I reached Schenectady, sixteen English miles away, in three-quarters of an hour on the railroad. The train traveled over a sandy plateau between the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. There is hardly a richer or more beautiful valley in the world than this latter. The vine and the maple-trees thrive luxuriantly in the magnificent forests. On one shore of the Mohawk is the longest canal in the world and on the other the longest railroad, stretching to Buffalo on Lake Erie. I chose the canal-trip for this time and paid $1.50 (3

fl. 45 kr. R. W.) for the ninety mile trip to Utica. How astonished I was however, when I wanted to pay for my three meals and was informed that they were included in the price. I had paid the same price for these in every inn, so that one must consider the transportation as free. The boat was a long, narrow mail-boat, built for the canal, and drawn at a rapid trot by three horses. It stopped only about a minute at each lock and went forward night and day. At six the next morning, or in twenty-one hours, we had covered the ninety English miles. The canal-boats which we passed and met were numberless and gave me an idea of the activity of the internal trade of America. This canal is, to be sure, the quickest and cheapest method of transportation from the Atlantic to all parts of the country. These mail-boats are beautifully and comfortably arranged. What is really a lounge, with a sitting room for ladies, becomes at noon, as if by magic, a dining-room and at night a sleeping-room where everyone has a separate, very comfortable bed. It is a very worthy custom of this country, encouraged by the law, to honour women. Everywhere, on steamers and on trains, they have separate seats of honor; no contact may take place with men outside of near relatives. Thereby all vulgarities, both of word and of deed, disappear of themselves.[28]

(To be continued)

[28] *Central-Blatt,* August, 1922; *Blätter aus Tyrol,* i, 588 (1843).

EDITORIAL COMMENT

GREAT FIRES OF SEVENTY-ONE

The unforgettable brand which Doctor Holmes placed upon the year 1755 when he wrote:

> That was the year that Lisbon Town
> Saw the earth open and gulp her down

excites a wish that some genius would invent an appropriately symbolic verbal picture for another disaster year, 1871.

That was the most memorable fire year this country ever experienced. The burning of Chicago was but the central and most dramatic event in the stupendous series of conflagrations which enveloped portions of the northern states from the Alleghenies to the Rocky mountains. Indeed, they were not confined within those limits, but extended to Utah, Nevada, California, and Oregon in the west, and to Virginia, Pennsylvania, and eastern New York. Prairie fires of fearful range and destructiveness swept over great areas in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota. In some cases the fire wall was estimated to be one hundred miles in length. In Minnesota it extended from Breckenridge to the "Big Woods." Along the Wabash Railway in Ohio the woods burned over an area twenty-five miles in length. In eastern Michigan, near Saginaw, hundreds of square miles of valuable forest were destroyed. The city of Rochester, New York, was shrouded in smoke from burning woods in five counties of that state. Fires were noted in Canada at the same time, also in the mountains of Pennsyl-

vania, Maryland, and West Virginia. All of these occurred either in September or the first days of October.

But the most astounding phenomenon is the amplitude of the fiery destroyer in the northwest at the time it doomed the great city of the lake. In the same "wild night," of Sunday October 8-9, which saw Chicago leveled to the prairie dust, fires were raging through the forests near Lake Michigan in the northern part of Michigan peninsula where villages were partly consumed together with numerous farms, and where many precious lives was the toll; the village of Peshtigo across the lake in Wisconsin was completely swept away in a fire that snuffed out hundreds of lives and devastated the beautiful pine forests in Oconto and Marinette counties, from near Green Bay to the Menominee River; settlements and farms southeast and east of Green Bay and in Door Peninsula, together with the forests of that district, went at the same time; so did the village of Glen Haven on Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan; a beautiful pinery in the Black River region, some fifty square miles, burned that night; also much timber in three other Wisconsin counties.

To the sufferers, at least, it seemed as if "hell yawned" and in place of the spirits of its unhappy denizens "walking forth" the unquenchable flames of the nether world leapt through to scourge the surface of the earth, consuming whatever was found upon it. Sometimes that included the very soil itself. Vegetable mold or humus burned like peat, leaving almost irreclaimably desert, soils which had been dripping with fatness.

Our main concern is with the disaster that overtook settlers in the forested areas of our own state for whose gruesome epic the story of Chicago forms a good introduction. A striking difference between the burning of the city and the burning of the woods is in the fact that Chicago, with its 600,000 inhabitants, lost comparatively few lives, while the

forests, barely pricked with clearings here and there, lost a tragically large proportion of their pioneer settlers. Chicago, aflame, stood before the world a pillar reaching to the sky. The great pine woods were remote; its settlers were a humble, helpless folk, with but few connections in the centers of industry, wealth, and commerce. The country expected woods fires in the fall of the year just as it looked for prairie fires. The atmosphere over southern Wisconsin would have lacked its accustomed poetical "Indian summer" effects had smoke not drifted in from the prairies of Iowa, or, through a veering of the wind, from the pineries of the north and west.

The condition precedent of all these great fires was a long continued, severe summer and autumn drought. Throughout the heated period of July and August the sun was drawing the moisture from the vegetation. Grass, weeds, trees—all were tinder dry. Many streams dried up entirely, wells gave out, rivers were at a low stage. At Green Bay, Wisconsin, the pivot of the most destructive Wisconsin fires, a dust-laying rain had fallen only once since July eighth, that being on September fifth.[1] No wonder the resinous tops of pine trees had become explosively inflammable, that wooden houses, barns, fences, hay-ricks crumbled into ashes at the touch of wind-borne flame.

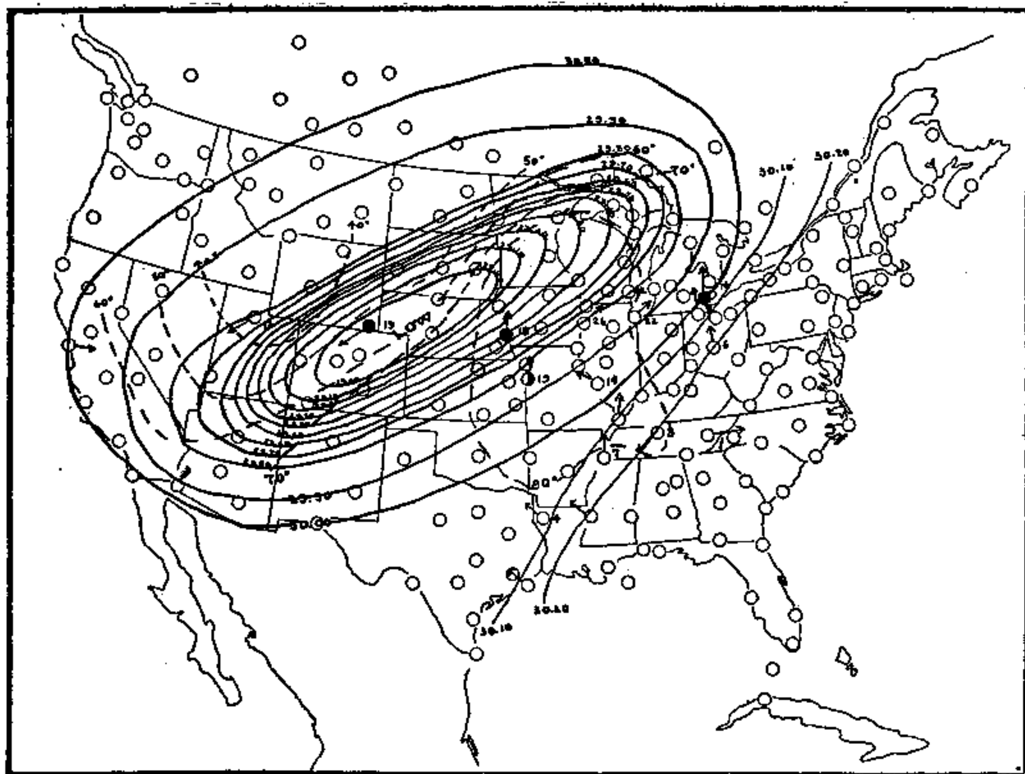
Historians of the Chicago fire emphasize the fact that it began near the southwest point of the city, De Koven Street, and moved generally northeast under a stiff gale blowing from the southwest. In like manner, accounts of the contemporary great fires mention the "gale," or, as in Peshtigo, the "tornado" of wind blowing from the southwest.

[1] I. A. Lapham, "The Great Drought of September, 1871." Ms. Lapham Papers. Doctor Lapham prepared a map of the regions of drought over the entire United States. The Lapham Papers supplied other scientific data, while contemporary newspapers, particularly a volume of clippings from the Fairchild Collections, supplied detailed accounts of the several fires, the relief activities, etc.

We have herein evidence of the sirocco, a continental wind originating in differences of barometric pressure between the atmosphere over the distant southwestern region and the eastern and northern United States. The sirocco is a dry wind and being prevalent during the hot months of summer, it becomes a chief agency in robbing everything it passes over of the last particle of moisture.

These winds sometimes blow with great force for several days together. When that happens toward the end of a period of general drought, such as the one of September and October 1871, fires may be expected to break out almost anywhere and once started they are most difficult to control. At such seasons a spark from the engine of a moving train could, in the prairies, cause a fire that might burn over a state. The settler's gun wad, after a shot aimed at a squirrel or a rabbit, could start a forest fire. The ashes from a pipe, or a cigar, catching in dry grass, in a bit of thistle-down or other tinder are capable of destroying homesteads, villages, and settlements. Chicago itself is supposed to have been destroyed because Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the kerosene lantern in a barn.

When a fire gets started, under conditions such as we have described, it spreads and runs forward with startling rapidity. The intense heat engendered produces a strong upward current which carries burning fagots and cinders sometimes to considerable distances and these ignite other inflammable materials. In Chicago it was noted that always the tallest buildings of a given area caught fire first, due to the wood of roof or cornice igniting before other portions of the buildings. There were also noted both in Chicago and in the forested regions, phenomena described as the falling of balls of fire. "It seemed as if the air was charged with clouds of fire," which rose over areas of combustion, to descend again rods away as messengers of renewed destruction.



Map drawn by Eric R. Miller, U. S. Weather Bureau, showing the great cyclonic storm that prevailed on the day of the Chicago and Peshtigo Fires, prepared from observations made by the observers of the Signal Service, U. S. Army, at 5:35 P.M. Central Standard time, October 8, 1871. Continuous lines are isobars, dashed lines are isotherms, arrows point the direction the wind is blowing, wind velocities given in miles per hour at each observation city. Symbols indicate: ○ clear, ◐ partly cloudy, ● cloudy.

Chicago reported, at 9 and 11 o'clock P.M. a wind, S.S.W. moving sixteen to twenty miles per hour. At 12 P.M. the report was, "wind blowing thirty miles an hour." As the fire spread the wind grew higher, the upward currents tending to create a vacuum which was filled by the pressure into it of atmosphere flowing mainly from the direction of the predominant wind. The effect was to accelerate the wind to a virtual hurricane.

The behavior of the fire in the woods is illustrated by the sad case of Peshtigo. That place, a flourishing village of from 1500 to 2000 souls, lay seven miles inland from the port of the same name, being built on high sandy ground on both sides of Peshtigo River. On Sunday night (October 8), just as the people of the village were returning to their homes after church, a startling, ominous noise was heard in a southwest direction. Some described it as like the rumbling noise of a great storm. Others spoke of its resemblance to the sound of a threshing machine. Others said it was like the moving of many freight trains. All were alarmed, yet it does not appear that fire was apprehended for no one thought of going to a lookout high enough to enable one to gaze over the forest wall by which the town was shut in.

In another hour it was not necessary. For a great light appeared overhead and suddenly, almost instantaneously, fire from heaven as it seemed to the doomed inhabitants, fell upon every part of the town which burst into flame almost like a magazine of powder. The river failed to impede the onrush of the conflagration. But such of the people as were able to get into the water had one chance of saving their lives. Those who lived most remote from the river had no chance whatever and many who made for the stream were suffocated even on its very banks, where next day the charred bodies lay thick.

Men, women, and children filled the stream, the women holding babies under water to their necks, and wetting their heads to prevent burning—for the heat was like that of a blast furnace. Many had the hair burned from their heads as they lay immersed in water; many others, in the desperate struggle for air, breathed flames and died right there in the watery element. Another danger was the timbers from a burning mill which floated by aflame and had to be fought off by the men. But the most serious threat to the refugees in the water was from the livestock, for cattle, horses, swine, all frantic with fear, rushed into the stream trampling the helpless women and children, many of whom were thereby lost who might otherwise have been saved. Meantime the fire swept on till stopped by the broad waters of Lake Michigan and Menominee River.

This Peshtigo fire destroyed a belt of pine (intermingled with oak, tamarack, and other trees), thirty miles in length and from ten to fifteen miles in breadth. At least 400 square miles of timber was sacrificed to it and this all happened apparently within about two hours—at least, in that period the entire area was aflame, including the village, with its mills and factories, and many scattered farm homes occupying clearings in the forest.

Such a record of devastation seems at first blush impossible and yet it is perfectly explicable. Anyone who has witnessed a "crown fire" in an Oregon or California forest will instantly understand what happened at Peshtigo and other forest areas at the time of which we speak. The crown fire differs fundamentally from the "ground fire." The latter runs through the underbrush clearing it out and burning down an occasional decayed tree. It consumes rotting logs, and other down timber, burns off the partly shed outer bark of sound trees and scorches the trunks of the great standing timber. Usually, however, it does not kill the mer-

chantable trees, and its effect is to clear out the inflammable material among them so as even to improve their chance of survival. Some timber owners of the west systematically burn over their timber lots every few years at a safe season in order to protect the valuable timber against destructive fires during the very dry time.

A destructive fire is the crown fire. When, on account of extreme dryness, heavy wind, masses of inflammable material to feed upon, climbing vines, etc., a woods fire runs up the trunks of trees into their tops, especially if the trees are evergreens, it will then leap from tree-top to tree-top killing the trees as it goes. And like the prairie fire which it resembles it will go literally with the speed of the wind, and this increases as the burning proceeds. Thus an entire forest can be killed in a few minutes and every inflammable thing within it be set on fire; yet the trees may burn for days or even weeks, or perchance, as has so often been the case, remain standing as dead timber. In the Peshtigo area the violence of the inrushing wind, whether a tornado or not, overset most of the pine timber which lay in a gigantic windrow with roots erect in the air. Everything was down, though not everything was burned, a heavy rain on the ninth quenching the flames.

That the woods burned at the tops instead of the ground is demonstrated again by what happened at Williamsonville, Kewaunee County. There the Williamson brothers had a great shingle-making plant, with homes for their families and quarters for some seventy workmen. The total population is said to have been eighty persons. Knowing the danger of their situation, they had taken pains to protect their property from fire by carefully burning out the woods (with ground fires) to the distance of a mile about their clearing. This work had just been completed and they regarded themselves as perfectly safe. But when the fire came,

on that dread Sunday night, the place was instantly engulfed in flames, with the loss of sixty-one lives and the maiming of thirteen more. In this case those who took to the woods saved themselves since, although the trees were burning at the tops, there was little fire among their trunks at the ground; men could breathe there and they could protect themselves against falling tree-tops.

When a crown fire occurs in a continuous forest, in a dry time under a powerful wind nothing can be done to check it. Such a fire is a roaring, surging, devouring fate. Man, in its presence, is a mere moth. If he can burrow into the earth, or plunge his body into the water, he may survive it; otherwise his life is forfeit.

We have no desire to revive the hideous memories of the awful days of October, 1871. But it is pleasant to record the instant response to the cry for help which came from the north. Wisconsin's governor, Lucius Fairchild, was a man of action.[2] He not only donated a large sum himself, as an example to citizens everywhere, but he assumed the responsibility of drawing upon state funds to meet the emergency. All over the state organizations were at work providing food, clothing, bedding, and raising money to support the sufferers through the approaching winter. Green Bay became the rescue and supply station for a great devastated region lying partly south and partly north of the city. Everything was needed. The survivors of the holocaust at Peshtigo and the Sugar Bush settlements, the Bel-

[2] The news of the Peshtigo disaster in its full awfulness reached the Governor's office in a telegram from Isaac Stephenson in the afternoon of October 10. The Governor being absent, Mrs. Fairchild, his wife, then a young woman of not quite twenty-four, assumed charge in the emergency and for twenty-four hours was virtually governor of Wisconsin. She organized so effectively that on the afternoon of the eleventh Mr. Stephenson was notified that one carload of supplies would leave Madison for the sufferers at seven P.M., while the towns of Watertown, Fond du Lac, and Oshkosh had been enlisted for further aid, and several surgeons had already been dispatched to the scene of the fire horror. Recollections of Mary Fairchild Morris, confirmed by reports in the *Madison State Journal*.

gian farmers of Brussels township in Kewaunee County, the nineteen persons out of eighty at Williamsonville who escaped with their lives, the woods dwellers of Door Peninsula who had been burned out: all were absolutely destitute. Those who had owned livestock either lost it outright —for the roads, the yards, the barn sites in the devastated region revealed the awful destruction of domestic animals as the fields and woods showed how the wild things of the forest had come to their death—or, if any survived, there was no grass, hay, nor even browse for them so that they had to be killed. Fortunately, crops in other portions of the state had been bountiful and the people on the whole were prospering. Their hearts were moved by the tragedy as no western society perhaps had before been moved. There was a great inpouring of supplies which enabled the relief committees to care for all the most urgent needs.

Naturally, a large part of the succor came from the people of Wisconsin. But distant communities were permitted to help. One of the early contributions came from the state of Maine whose people understood the forest fire peril and were peculiarly responsive to the situation in Wisconsin and Michigan forests. On the first of January, 1872, Mr. Fairchild reported to Governor C. C. Washburn, his successor in office, that the total of donations received by him for the fire sufferers had been $166,789.96. He had restored to the state treasury the sum drawn in the hour of greatest need, $9,085.16, and expended for supplies &c. an aggregate of $55,392.73, which left then on hand the sum of $111,497.23 a part of which was cared for by the state treasurer and the balance by the State Bank of Madison. Other large sums had been collected and disbursed by a Milwaukee relief committee. The money value of the services rendered, without charge, by the railways, express companies, and tele-

graph companies was not computed but would have been large.

General Fairchild closes his report as follows: "Wonderful evidence of the tenderness of human nature has flowed in from every part of this country and from beyond the sea. Large houses have contributed munificently, and the abundance of their means should not be permitted to detract from their generosity; little children have left their playthings, and gone to work to earn or procure money to send; laboring men have cheerfully given a day's work, or a part of their hard-earned wages; widows have sent their mites; little children have emptied their long-hoarded savings-banks of pennies; towns, cities, villages, rural neighborhoods, churches and benevolent societies have, in all the promptness of active and earnest sympathy, raised and forwarded sums of money and supplies of food, clothing and other necessaries, in a spirit most liberal and thoughtful of the sufferer's wants; and with every gift, small and large, has always come some expression of a wish that more could be done, of regret that the amount is so small, and of hope that hearts and purses may everywhere be opened till the needs of this suffering people are supplied. This strong, steady effort has made adequate provision for the wants of the destitute until they are able to depend again upon their labor for their support. It has blessed him that gives as well as him that takes, till many have been made to feel that it really is 'more blessed to give than to receive.' "

JOSEPH SCHAFER

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

Louise Phelps Kellogg

During the quarter ending July 14, 1927, there were seven additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Three persons enrolled as life members: Robert I. Dugdale, Platteville, Wisconsin; Lloyd A. Axtell, Pepin, Wisconsin; Mrs. Joshua Hodgins, Marinette, Wisconsin.

Three persons became annual members: John Graham Mulcaster, Mokanda, Illinois; Mrs. Herbert N. Laflin, 900 Summit Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Mrs. Glyde Belle Nielsen, 820 South Barstow Street, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

One Wisconsin public library became a member: Park Falls.

NECROLOGY

The Society has lost during the last quarter five life members, all of them persons of distinction in their community or profession. Edwin Hale Abbot, who died May 31 at Cambridge, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-three had been a member of this Society for nearly fifty years. He is remembered in Wisconsin chiefly for his share in the building of the Wisconsin Central Railway, and for the town of Abbotsford, which was christened in his honor. He came to Milwaukee from Boston in 1876; and his activities in railroading and in developing northern Wisconsin covered about twenty years. In addition to his material interests Mr. Abbot promoted the intellectual life of Milwaukee and the state; a graduate of Harvard in the same class with President Eliot, he organized the first Harvard Club in Wisconsin.

Edward E. Ayer, who died May 19 last at Pasadena was a native of Kenosha (1841) where his father Edward G. Ayer had settled in 1836. The Ayer family later removed to Illinois, where they laid out the town of Harvard. Thence young Ayer went across the plains in 1860 to California, and there volunteered for the Union, and was in the cavalry service four years. In 1864 he returned to Chicago, and having made a fortune devoted himself to collecting both historical sources and scientific specimens. He persuaded Marshall Field to build the Field Museum, and was its president for several years. The Ayer collection of manuscripts, rare books, and maps he presented to the Newberry Library. The latter years of his life his home was at Lake Geneva.

Rev. Henry Colman, member of the first class to graduate from Lawrence College, died at his home in Milwaukee May 24 aged ninety

three. His father was a pioneer Methodist missionary, and the son related for our readers his boyhood experiences among the Oneida Indians, in the *Proceedings*, 1911, 152-159. After graduation Henry Colman was principal of Evansville Seminary, then entered the active ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, holding pastorates at Whitewater, Lake Geneva, Beloit, Milwaukee, and other places. He was for several years secretary of the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League at Milwaukee.

Miss Luise Gattiker, a daughter of Swiss pioneers in Wisconsin, died June 20 in Baraboo. Her home was a center of hospitality, and her life was an inspiration for those who love "whatsoever things are true, beautiful, and of good report."

Dr. Joseph Schneider, world famed oculist, died at his home in Milwaukee June 4. He came to Milwaukee from Germany forty-six years ago, and has practised continuously since that time, literally bringing sight to the blind, and where people were too poor to pay giving his services. He had been a member of the Society for twenty years, and made a most notable contribution in paying for the photographing of the first edition of the *Pharmacopoeia Augustana,* which the Society has just reproduced in facsimile.

ACQUISITIONS

The Sarah Cleveland Edwards letters have been presented to the Society by the sisters of the late Dr. Martha L. Edwards, of the extension division of the University. These letters range in point of time from 1842 to 1865; in geographical location from the Bay of Naples to that of San Francisco. Several are from members of the Cleveland family during the California gold rush. The entire series is remarkable for the varied aspects and interesting episodes it presents.

Mrs. Ben Parkinson has donated the papers of G. Schmid, who migrated from Augsburg to France in 1832, and thence to Wisconsin. Schmid was a highly educated German, whom W. J. McCoy, Mrs. Parkinson's father, knew in southwest Wisconsin. His papers are of curious historical interest.

Three letters of William H. Seward were sent to the Society by Mary R. Fraker of Oshkosh, at the instance of the Colonial Dames of America for the State of Wisconsin.

A summary of the parish register of St. Gabriel's Church, Prairie du Chien, which begins with 1817, was recently prepared for our files by Dr. P. L. Scanlan and his daughter Marian.

LANDMARKS ACTIVITIES

Sunday May 8, on the banks of Lake Pepin, about four miles north of the town of Pepin was celebrated the two hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the taking possession of the headwaters of the Mississippi by Nicolas Perrot. Arrangements for the celebration were made by E. D. Rounds of Eau Claire. The affair, which followed the historical account of the original ceremony, including the priest's chant, was carried out by the students of the Eau Claire Normal School with the assistance of a faculty member. Appropriate costumes were worn by the participants and by the group representing the Sioux Indians, who were stationed in front of a tepee hard by the site of the ancient Fort St. Antoine where the act of possession took place. At least five hundred people had assembled from the nearby villages, from Eau Claire, and from the Minnesota side of the river. The chairman for the day was Professor Brewer of the Normal School who introduced E. D. Rounds. His speech was followed by one by Curator William W. Bartlett, who presented the evidence concerning the location of Perrot's Fort St. Antoine. Dr. Joseph Schafer spoke briefly regarding certain personal aspects of Perrot's experience, and exhibited the famous silver ostensorium, which Perrot gave to the mission at De Pere in 1686; the speaker gave a sketch of the ostensorium's history and spoke of the gracious permission granted by Archbishop Messmer to take the famous relic from the State Historical Museum for the purpose of showing it at this ceremony. Then followed the pageant which had been arranged. Moving pictures of the entire ceremony were taken by M. E. Diemer, University photographer, who was present for that purpose. Since that occasion the local archeologists have been searching for evidence of the exact site of the famous French post in this locality.

Albion, where was located one of the historic academies of the state, the history of which is narrated in this Magazine, vii, 301-321, was the scene of an unusual reunion last June. On the campus was placed a copper plate, inserted in a huge boulder reading: "Albion Academy, Seventh Day Baptists, founders, 1854. By order of the Campus Club." The unveiling occurred June 14 when talks were given by Curator R. B. Anderson, J. Q. Emery, Dr. L. R. Head, and other former teachers and students. At this time a brief history of the building was given: the brick was made on the farm of C. R. Head; the timbers were hewed from the trunks of the burr oaks that covered the place; the lumber for finishing was drawn from Milwaukee by ox teams. Jesse Saunders gave the land for the campus, and it was beautified under the direction of Thure Kumlein, who established the Natural History and Biological department. Descendants of several of the pioneer builders were present, and former students came from Nebraska, and many parts of this state to honor the memory of Albion Academy.

At the rapids of Root River, in what is now a suburb of Racine stood one of the oldest mills in that section of the state. It was also the crossing place for several Indian trails, and a noted prehistoric Indian site. Near here was also a station on the "Underground Railway," where several slaves were passed on to Canada and liberty. The place where the old mill stood was marked June 11 by the Racine Chapter of the D. A. R., when a bronze tablet was unveiled, inserted in an old mill stone; the tablet reads: "This mill stone marks the site of the old mill erected by William See in 1836." The historical address was given by Racine's historian, Eugene Leach.

The first tablet in Madison to be placed on any of the buildings around the Capitol Square was unveiled June 14 by the local Chapter of the D. A. R. The inscription reads: "The American House stood on this site 1838-1868. The first legislature in Madison met here November 26, 1838." It is on the Washington Avenue front of the American Exchange Bank building, the north corner of that avenue and Pinckney Street.

The tablet erected on the site of the first cheese factory mentioned in this magazine last March, was unveiled at Ladoga, Fond du Lac County, June 8, when Charles L. Hill, president of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association made the presentation and J. L. Sammis of the College of Agriculture gave the address of acceptance. Other talks were given by W. A. Duffy, commissioner of agriculture, F. G. Swoboda of the Cheese Products Federation, C. H. Everett, and Miss Ella Jay Hazen for the family of the founder. The inscription is: "Erected in honor of Chester Hazen, father of Wisconsin's cheese industry, erected a factory on this site 1864."

Among the ceremonies incident to the Centennial at Dodgeville, July 4-6, was the dedication of a tablet at the site of Governor Henry Dodge's former home, three miles south of the city, where the Woman's Club of Dodgeville have purchased an acre of land for a perpetual remembrance of our first territorial governor.

Among the landmarks recently unveiled are four around Lake Geneva at its historic sites. One of these marks the old Indian trail, others the Potawatomi village, the lodge of Big Foot, and the place where the Kinzie party of 1831 first glimpsed the lake. A movement is also on foot to mark the Milwaukee site where Lincoln's address of 1859 (reprinted in our March issue) was delivered.

Apropos of the restoration of the Doty Loggery at Neenah, noted in our last number, much of the furniture, silver, and household utensils, as well as a large collection of Indian relics formerly belonging to Governor Doty, have been installed in the building. The new bridge at Neenah, a tribute to the soldiers of the late war, was opened in June.

Among the older buildings razed to give place to newer ones is the first German theatre at Milwaukee, which was built about 1850 on Highland Avenue. There German plays were acted by a stock company until the company moved into the market building on the site of the City Hall.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

The article by Professor Wilgus in our June number reminded our readers that southwest Wisconsin held several communities, which attain their centenary in 1927. Centennial celebrations have met with a deserved success, and have reanimated community spirit in all this region. The celebration at Shullsburg, July 1-4 was notable for its excellence, and its freedom from commercialism. Judge J. B. Simpson was presiding officer and J. J. Jamieson was chairman of a committee which prepared a composite program of reunions, historic parades, and picturesque features. July second was the day of days. In the morning the historic parade marched through the town, which was the mecca for all the surrounding country. In this parade the history of Shullsburg was recapitulated. The first float showed an Indian village peopled by a genuine Winnebago family; on the next Father Mazzuchelli was teaching the aborigines. Then came an emigrant train and an early mine, followed by a "Sucker" team. Then came Fort Gratiot of the Black Hawk War, succeeded by Jesse Shull's cabin, wherein sat one of his granddaughters. The post office of 1846 appeared on wheels, followed by a real stagecoach and vehicles to indicate the different modes of delivering mail. The religious section was opened by the circuit rider, followed by floats reproducing the early churches. Then after a primitive school and a country store appeared a reproduction of the first railway train. The warriors of the Civil, Spanish, and World Wars were followed by the Boy Scouts. A home of 1827 was depicted, and one of 1927 consisting of a traveling automobile. Other historic representations of costumes, transportation, and roadmaking completed an epitome of the local history. Another feature of the occasion was an exhibit of early American furniture, implements, and costumes. A medal was struck and a pamphlet history prepared for distribution.

Linden and Beetown had home coming celebrations at the same time as Shullsburg. The Dodgeville centennial July 4-6 included a pageant typifying the "Spirit of Wisconsin," presenting among other features General and Mrs. Dodge and their negro servants. The first white child known to have been born in Dodgeville was a guest of honor on this occasion.

Ripon College, known as Brockway during the earlier years of its existence, is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary by a campaign for increased endowment and facilities, led by President Silas Evans, who has been its chief executive since 1910. Ripon with its scholarly faculty

and a student body almost attaining the limits set for its expansion, has an alumni record of more than twelve hundred among whom are some of Wisconsin's celebrities.

Park Falls in Price County took the national holiday to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, the first train of which passed through this place, then known as Flambeau, on June 11, 1877.

The village of Rome in Jefferson County held its fortieth commemoration of Memorial Day, with Rev. Gustave Stearns of the Thirty-Second Division as speaker.

Historical pageants were held at Plymouth on June 4, and at Whitewater, July 4, under the auspices of the schools; and at Manitowoc, July 4, sponsored by the American Legion. At the Waupaca County Fair in September a pageant will be given in honor of the county's settlement, eighty years ago.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

The first Methodist minister came to Black River Falls in 1847 on the invitation of a group of men in the barroom of the new hotel. The church celebrated its eightieth anniversary last May. June 5 was the date when St. John's Episcopal church on the South Side, Milwaukee celebrated its eightieth birthday. The original church building 18x50 still stands on the present church lot. At Stevens Point St. Stephen's Catholic Church held May 22 a diamond jubilee. The Congregational church at Evansville had, the first of May, a large attendance of present day and former members for its seventy-fifth anniversary. Re-dedication services for the Waterloo Evangelical Church were held in June when on its sixtieth birthday, the church had been renovated, and a new organ installed.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

Sauk County Historical Society held one of the most successful meetings of its history at the annual dinner April 18, 1927. Mrs. L. H. Palmer on Indian history, and W. C. English on Wisconsin Caves were the speakers of the evening. An exhibit of antique shawls arranged by Mrs. H. E. Cole was one of the delightful features of the meeting.

La Crosse County Historical Society continues to stimulate interest in pioneer history by its history story prize contests arranged for pupils of the high and grade schools. The *Tribune* publishes the winning stories, which are composed of material personally collected. Last year over seventy stories were turned in, and this year even more were prepared for the judges' action. The Society co-operates with the Normal School Museum, the exhibits of which are eagerly welcomed by the community.

The Chippewa Valley Historical Society held on June 4 a picnic at Augusta, which attracted nearly 150 participants. C. S. Snyder of the Eau Claire high school spoke on "Local history as an approach to State and National history." W. W. Bartlett presided, and Mrs. Rose Brown and Miss Anna Ermatinger gave reminiscences of Thompson Valley and Jim Falls.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society was held May 14 in the Congregational Church of the city of Waukesha. Several papers were given, the one on the "Bible Christian Church of Brookfield," by George E. Robinson was later printed in the *Freeman.*

The Kenosha County Historical Society received for its Museum in the court house a number of relics from the Chickamauga battlefield, collected by the late Capt. Ernest J. Timme. These relics were placed on exhibit in time for Memorial day.

A suggestion, which we hope may be fertile, comes from the Brodhead *Register* for a Green County Historical Society.

The Green Bay *Historical Bulletin* begins its third volume with the "Story of an old letter" told by Curator Deborah B. Martin; and "Early Ferries and Bridges across Fox River," by Curator Arthur C. Neville.

WISCONSIN HISTORY IN NEWSPAPERS

April 29 the Sheboygan *Press* issued a Sheboygan County historical number, comprising seventy-two pages dealing with almost every phase of the early history and growth of the county. This issue is a great credit to the enterprise of this journal, and will prove of value in the years to come. No pains were spared to make the record as complete as possible. The Indian occupation was described by the competent scholar, Dr. Alphonse Gerend; while in every township and village volunteer helpers gathered the reminiscences of the pioneers, including those of German, Dutch, and other ancestry. The illustrations are also a contribution of value.

The Jefferson *Banner* began early in May a series of articles entitled, "Historical Events of Jefferson County some of which will be depicted in the pageant at the Jefferson County fair." The first of these on "Aztalan" described not only the ancient prehistoric city, but the Aztalan settlement of early Wisconsin. Other articles are on early Fort Atkinson, Hebron, the Black Hawk War, the first fair in the county, and pioneer reminiscences.

Historical articles in the La Crosse *Tribune* are Jan. 30 on the Chicago and St. Paul Railway with picture of an early train; articles on Sparta and Viroqua, March 27 and April 28; an account April 23 of

Robert Douglass, first settler near Melrose who came seeking coal. The *Tribune* reproduced April 20 a sketch of La Crosse written in 1854 by a Baptist pastor, Rev. Spencer Carr. In June, L. H. Pammel of Iowa began a series of historical articles for the *Tribune*.

The Madison *State Journal* June 22 carried an account of the family of Charles Dunn, first chief justice of the State. In the same paper on June 29 is a description of the remarkable burial place of Michael Brisbois on the heights east of Prairie du Chien.

In the Green Bay *Gazette* for May 5 W. F. Winsley describes two Oneida Indians, both nearing the century mark, with some account of their reminiscences.

The historical old Clarence bridge, which crossed Sugar River three miles southwest of Brodhead is interestingly described in the *Register* of that city for May 2 by F. R. Derrick, who as a boy of fifteen aided in the construction of its famous covered span.

Ruth M. Southard in the Baraboo *Weekly News* for May 12 writes on the "Recollections of the Kimball family and School Days at the Baraboo Collegiate Institute."

Feature articles in the Milwaukee *Journal* having an historic bearing are as follows: April 22, on H. Gordon Selfridge, the Ripon boy who has become a London merchant of great fame; May 5, a brief sketch of the history of West Allis; June 5, an account from Larrabee of the railway station built for the road which never came; June 11, the first Norwegian settlement in the state with a picture of the Natesta homestead; June 18, the last of the Mormon followers of King Strang who still live at Voree.

The *Sentinel* on April 15, sketched the history of the National Exchange Bank, just moving into its new building on East Water St. The same journal on June 19 noted the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first moving picture theatre in Milwaukee, with an account of John and Thomas Saxe, its owners.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

William James Leonard ("The Chicago Fire: An Experience") was born in New Jersey in 1837; and died in Boston in 1920. This account of the fire has the value of a contemporary document by an exceptionally intelligent observer.

Edgar P. Houghton ("History of Company I, Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry") was born Feb. 2, 1845 in Chenango County, N. Y.; removed to Alma, Jackson County, in 1856. After his experiences narrated in this article, he resided in Wisconsin until 1904, when he removed to Puyallup, Washington, where he died Sept. 14, 1926.

Albert O. Barton ("Some Experiences of a Soldier-Railroader") is a former newspaper man, and the author of a life of the late Robert M. LaFollette.

Curator William A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin") recurs to Wisconsin's oldest settlement.

William B. Floyd ("The Burning of the *Sultana*") is now deceased; his narrative was furnished us by his niece, Mrs. Minnie McIntyre Wallace of Beloit.

Father Peter Leo Johnson and William Nellen of St. Francis Seminary have furnished the annotations for the Inama letters.

BOOK NOTES

William Henry Harrison: a Political Biography. By Dorothy Burne Goebel, Ph. D., instructor in history, Hunter College. (Historical Bureau of the Indiana Library and Historical Department, Indianapolis, 1926). 456 p. Illustrated.

This book is of considerable interest to all students of western history (particularly the Old Northwest), being the first adequate scholarly treatment of its subject. Like many so-called biographies it is largely a history of the times and the political movements with which Harrison was closely associated. Dr. Goebel lavished a vast amount of research on it. Indeed, one almost feels that the study is disproportionate to the importance of the man, as she finds him to have been; for "Old Tip," in these papers is a hero neither in the military, the political, the intellectual, nor the moral aspect. In nearly every phase of his activity the author has to apologize for him. He is a drab figure as the book reveals him; and impresses one with the fact that it has been easy for pleasing personalities, who were ambitious, to win political places for which they were not too well fitted.

Scenic and Historic Wisconsin. By Charles E. Brown. (The Author, 2011 Chadbourne Ave., Madison, 1927). 70 p.

This attractive pamphlet, compiled by the curator of the Museum of the State Historical Society, has for a sub-title: "Guide to One Thousand Features of Scenic, Historic and Curious Interest in Wisconsin," which explains the purpose of the plan of the work. It is arranged alphabetically by cities and villages, beginning with Ableman and ending with Yuba City. It is intended as a compendium of interesting features for travelers throughout the state, and its use will make a motor or hiking trip of much more value than if merely random sight seeing is undertaken. In it are noted natural or geological features of the landscape; prehistoric Indian mounds and other Indian remains, such as village sites as well as modern Indian reservations, homesteads, and cemeteries; the sites of fur traders' cabins of older times; early taverns, schools, and churches; fort and battle sites during the Black Hawk War; the state parks and wild life reserves; the homes of statesmen, authors, editors, soldiers, and pioneers; the monuments and markers erected for commemoration; features of especial interest for agricultural and industrial history. It is a work showing great industry in collection and assimilation, and will be valued by Wisconsin dwellers and visitors for its practical qualities as a useful guide.

Crashing Thunder: The Autobiography of an American Indian. Edited by Paul Radin. (D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1926.) xxv, 203 p.

The significance of this volume for Wisconsin readers lies in the fact that it recounts the life, beliefs, and subsequent conversion of a Winnebago, whose home during most of his adventures was in Wisconsin, at Black River Falls. He attended the Indian school at Tomah, took part in several payments, and in "chasing payments"—that is following the agent to Necedah, Tomah, and Black River Falls, and indulging in all the orgies of drink and licentiousness accompanying these annual occasions. Exteriorly, the life of this Indian was as useless and as dissipated as possible. Nevertheless, all the time he lived an inner life of longing and desire for better things, which finally expressed itself in relation to the "Peyote religion," that curious combination of Christian and pagan religious ideas which is prevalent among and valuable to so many American Indians.

The same amount of folk-lore and Indian ceremonial has never been compressed into a smaller volume, or told with a franker spirit. If it enables a few white men to understand better the mental processes of the red man, the republication of the work will be justified. It first appeared in the *Publications* of the University of California, Series in American Archeology and Ethnology, xvi, no. 7.

Paul Radin is the acknowledged authority on the Winnebago tribe, and his many contributions to that field are especially useful to Wisconsin ethnologists. He is more concerned with the psychology of the Indian than with his history, yet many historical allusions crop out in all his writings, and are valuable to students of the early life of the Northwest.

Rock River Valley: Its History, Traditions, Legends and Charms. Supervising Editor, Prof. Royal B. Way (S. J. Clarke Co., Chicago, 1926). 3 vols.

This is one of those works on local history, floated by the biographies it obtains, of which the first or historical portion is often of considerable value, especially when undertaken, as in this instance, by an approved historical scholar. The conception also, in the case of this volume, is worthy of note, since the topographical unit, even when cut across by state boundaries, is often best considered as a whole—particularly during its early history.

The chapter on primitive inhabitants is disappointing, for while not definitely committed to the exploded theory of a separate race of "Mound Builders," the writer leans towards the belief of an earlier people, and cites Dr. I. A. Lapham in its behalf. Now Dr. Lapham was an excellent ethnologist for his time, but much knowledge of our aborigines has been obtained since his day, and a volume of 1926, which leans heavily on his authority, is to that extent out of date.

When, however, the author treats of the period since 1800, and especially that of the Black Hawk War—the distinctive feature of the Indian history of Rock River—he presents the material in a manner which is readable and interesting.

The separate county histories which follow are of little value to students of Wisconsin, being more concerned with the Illinois counties, and quite inadequate and sketchy. Nor are the chapters on Agriculture, Industries, The Bench and Bar, Education, the Church, the Press, and Four Wars anything but mere compilations hurriedly put together. They serve, however, in a manner to indicate the unity of type in the two portions of the valley—that in Illinois and Wisconsin, and the relations the two groups of people sustain to one another.

SUSQUEHANNA PAPERS TO BE PUBLISHED BY THE WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, has decided to publish the valuable manuscript material which has recently come into its possession relating to the early settlement of the Wyoming Valley in the colonial era under the auspices of the Susquehanna Company. This material, known as the "Susquehanna Papers," is of great interest and importance, and will throw a flood of light upon the occupation of the region around Wilkes-Barre, by a group of Connecticut settlers in the decade preceding the Revolution.

The editing of these papers has been entrusted to Dr. Wayland Fuller Dunaway, professor of history in the Pennsylvania State College. That there is in existence additional manuscript material relating to this important subject which has not yet been brought to light, is evidenced by the chance discovery of a collection of one hundred and fifty manuscripts on the Susquehanna settlements held by a family in Kansas City, whose ancestors had come from Connecticut. These papers have been made available to the Society for publication.

The Society and the editor solicit the cooperation of individuals and organizations in notifying them of any such manuscripts.

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