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GENERAL RUFUS KING

From a photograph taken in May, 1861. General Charles King characterizes this as "the best picture we ever had of Father."

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RUFUS KING: SOLDIER, EDITOR, AND STATESMAN

GENERAL CHARLES KING

My first direct American ancestor in the paternal line was Richard King, who came from Kent, England, to America in 1710. The King genealogy for the first half-century or so thereafter is somewhat obscure; but Richard King of Scarboro, Maine, a son of the original immigrant, stands out as a prosperous shipbuilder and lumber dealer, who had served as captain and commissary at the siege of Louisburg in King George's War. His son, Rufus King, the first, served as senator from the state of New York for upwards of twenty years. He also served as minister to England in the administration of George Washington, and again for a short time twenty years later. The second son of Rufus, Charles King, was long the editor of the New York *American* and later for many years the president of Columbia College.

My father, Rufus King, eldest son of Charles King, was born at Number 3 Pearl Street, New York City, January 26, 1814. He grew up in New York City and received his earlier education there. When only fifteen years of age he entered West Point and was graduated at the age of nineteen, being probably the youngest graduate who has ever gone out of that institution. He was commissioned brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers and assigned to duty as assistant to Captain Robert E. Lee, United States Engineers, in the construction of Fortress Monroe. Later he was ordered to duty on the improvement of the navigation of the upper Hudson, with headquarters at Albany. From his association with Captain Lee he conceived an affection and respect for that officer which the stress of Civil War did not destroy. In the winter of 1861–62, when my father was in command of a brigade in the Union army, he was stationed at Arlington, the estate of General Lee, opposite

Washington. My mother, who joined him there, took it upon herself to sort out the more valuable items of clothing and other personal property belonging to the Lees and have them boxed and labeled with a view to restoring them to their owner at the close of the War. Whether this was ever done, or not, I never knew. In 1863, about the time of Lee's invasion of Maryland, Father's command captured his son, W. H. F. Lee, near Yorktown. General King succeeded in sending word to Richmond that the son was in safe hands; I was afterward told that shortly after General Lee got back from Pennsylvania messages were exchanged between him and my father on the subject. Father had a high opinion of General Lee, regarding him as the peer of any man in either army, whether from the viewpoint of a soldier or a gentleman, but deplored his taking up arms against the union of states.

In 1836, being still but a brevet second lieutenant and believing that the army in peace time offered a very poor opportunity for a "career," Father resigned his commission and accepted an appointment as assistant engineer in the survey of the New York and Erie Railway. He ran the survey of a great part of the Susquehanna Division of the line, and later as far west as Olean, New York. By this time the road was in financial straits; building was discontinued, and in 1838 Rufus King went back to Albany, there to begin life anew.

There he entered the office of the Albany *Evening Journal*, of which Thurlow Weed was editor and proprietor, in the capacity of associate editor. Besides attending to his newspaper work he took up the study of law. In 1839 William H. Seward, a personal and political friend of Weed, became governor of New York. He appointed my father adjutant general of the state, which position he held during the four years of Seward's administration as governor, learning journalism, meantime, under the able tutelage of Weed.

Some years before this, in 1836, Father had married Ellen Eliot, who was a direct descendant of John Eliot, the noted Apostle to the Indians. She died within a year, and in 1843 he married Susan Eliot, a younger sister of his first wife. While engaged in engineer work in the army he had been sent west to make a temporary survey of the boundary line between the states of Michigan and Ohio and Indiana. This was his first glimpse of the West and he was much impressed with the commercial and other possibilities of the country adjoining Lake Michigan. An acquaintance in the engineer service interested him in Milwaukee and in 1845 he was induced to remove thither to become editor and part owner of the Milwaukee *Sentinel and Gazette*. It was in September, 1845 that he arrived at Milwaukee from Buffalo on the old steamer *Empire State*. For a time he made his home with his wife and infant boy at the old United States Hotel, which stood on the corner of Huron and East Water Streets. He then removed to a little house on Jefferson Street, nearly opposite the site of the present Layton Art Gallery, where his second child, Fanny, was born, October 11, 1846.

In 1847, I think, Father moved into a little frame house at the northeast corner of Mason and Van Buren Streets, owned by Alanson Sweet, who occupied the next house to the east, and there, at "King's Corner," as it came to be known, he lived until the spring of 1861, when he left Milwaukee, as he supposed, to take passage for Italy as United States minister resident at the court of the Papal States. During all these years he had remained editor-in-chief, and during most of them proprietor, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

In 1848 he served in the second constitutional convention and there bore an important part in framing the constitution of the state. Although he was a Whig, and Wisconsin was then over-whelmingly Democratic, it is a matter of family tradition that he could have gone to Washington as one of

the new state's first senators had he so desired. But he felt that the building up of the *Sentinel* required his personal attention, and he declined the opportunity thus opened to him.

Although a graduate of West Point, my father took no part in the Mexican War. Like General Grant, who had to take part in it because he was still in the army, Rufus King thoroughly disapproved of that war, although as a soldier he took great pride in the record made by the little army of regulars under General Scott and General Taylor.

Father took great interest in the public schools of Milwaukee. He was the city's first superintendent of schools, and served for many years without salary or emolument, examining the teachers, prescribing the course of study, and doing most of the printing required for the schools at his office and at his own expense. In the financial panic of 1857 the *Sentinel* was wrecked, and Rufus King was forced to dispose of the property to Jermain and Brightman, who, realizing its value, came from New York to buy it. King accepted the editorship under the new management, along with an interest in the business. Being impoverished, however, his friends provided in the winter of 1858-59 a salary of $2,000 for the office of superintendent of schools. This was the first time my father ever received a cent for his services to the school system, but this income did not last long. For years even the Democratic papers had been in the habit of making reference to King as "the highly efficient superintendent of schools"; but no sooner was a salary attached to the office than his Democratic friends concluded that he had labored too long in this capacity, and at the next election a very worthy and efficient Democrat was chosen to succeed him.

Rufus King was a member of the first Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin, serving in this capacity until 1854. He interested himself enthusiastically in all that pertained to the development of the city of Milwaukee. He

joined the fire department and was for long years the foreman of Engine Company Number 1. He was major general of state militia and captain of the first American company of militia in the city. He practically organized the Milwaukee Boat Club in 1856, with a membership composed of the leading professional and business men of the city. Alexander Mitchell, Jerome Brigham, the Ogden brothers, David and Tom, Charles F. Ilsley, Norman J. Emmons, Dr. John K. Bartlett, and a score of other men prominent in Milwaukee society were for several years active in the Boat Club. King took great interest in the organization of the Musical Society, and the great influx of Germans, many of whom were charming and cultivated people, made this society one of Milwaukee's greatest successes in the early days of the city.

Very many men who later became prominent in Milwaukee and Wisconsin politics came to Milwaukee with letters of introduction to Rufus King. I distinctly remember Carl Schurz as one of these. In politics King was a pronounced Whig, having been educated under William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed of New York, and the *Sentinel* was for long years an exponent of Whig policies and doctrines; but it was the first paper of any prominence in the state to support the Republican platform and to become an earnest advocate of the candidacy of Frémont and Dayton for presidency and vice presidency in 1856. As the campaign of 1860 approached, it was but natural that King and the *Sentinel* should be earnest supporters of William H. Seward for the presidency; but the verdict of the party at the Chicago convention was all sufficient, and King, although personally disappointed by reason of his friendship and affection for Seward, employed all his influence in Wisconsin, both personally and editorially, to procure the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Having lost the superintendency of schools with its newly-established salary, in the spring of 1861 Rufus King

went to Washington, armed with letters from prominent Milwaukee men, to apply for the office of postmaster at Milwaukee. On laying his case before Secretary Blair he was told the office had been given to another, and that King himself had signed the petition for his appointment! This had been done the year before, and Father had forgotten about it. Shortly thereafter, while breakfasting at Willard's Hotel, still somewhat depressed over his failure to gain the appointment, a friend came over from an adjoining table and holding out his hand said, "General King, I congratulate you with all my heart." This was Father's first intimation that President Lincoln had appointed him to the most delightful post in the diplomatic service of the United States, that of Minister Resident to the Papal States. The appointment was due to the influence of his old friend Seward. Father had dined with him and been warmly welcomed, but he neither sought nor expected any appointment from the Secretary of State. There existed a deep affection between the two men, and Seward withheld all news of the appointment in order that, when made, it might come as a surprise to his friend.

Rufus King returned to Milwaukee, resigned his editorship of the *Sentinel*, attended a farewell banquet tendered him by his friends at the Newhall House, boxed up his household goods, and set forth upon his new mission. He had proceeded as far as New York and his baggage was aboard the steamer when the news came of the firing on Fort Sumter. A trained soldier, King realized that his country had more urgent need of his services at home than in the Papal States. He took the first train for Washington and begged President Lincoln that he might be commissioned in the volunteer army that must be raised for the defense of the Union, suggesting that Governor Randall of Wisconsin be sent to Rome in his stead. It was done. Rufus King's name was in the first list of general officers of volunteers appointed

by President Lincoln in May, 1861, and he returned to Milwaukee to assist in the organization of the first Wisconsin regiments. Here the governor and legislature appointed him brigadier general of Wisconsin volunteers, in the hope that President Lincoln would be induced thereby to form the first few regiments of Wisconsin men into one brigade with King as its commander.

In August, 1861, King was at Kalorama Heights, on the northern outskirts of Washington, organizing his brigade. He had with him at this time the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, the Nineteenth Indiana, and, temporarily, four or five regiments from other states, which were subsequently transferred. This was the beginning of the organization which subsequently became famous as the Iron Brigade. During the period of its organization, on many a pleasant evening President Lincoln appeared at General King's camp, accompanied by Secretary Seward and the relations between the brigade commander and the President and his Secretary of State were most cordial.

The relations were suddenly interrupted, however, in September. At midnight an order came to General King to move his brigade to and across Chain Bridge and support the brigade of a junior officer, William F. Smith of Vermont. General McClellan, who had been graduated at West Point several years after General King, had been called to Washington and placed in supreme command. He was surrounded by a group of young and eager officers of the regular service, and it is possible that, as he only once visited General King's big command and scarcely knew him, he thought King too intimate with the Commander-in-Chief. At all events we crossed Chain Bridge in the darkness of night (I was attached to the brigade in the capacity of mounted orderly) and General King, although empowered by the army regulations to assume command of the troops in the field over a junior officer, nevertheless in all courtesy

reported to General Smith, and I well remember the words: "General Smith, I have brought my entire brigade with me, and am here to support you in any way that you may designate." Boy that I was, I could not but notice General Smith's embarrassment. Yet what he requested of my father was that he should leave on the south side of the Potomac three-fourths of his brigade and himself with one regiment retire to the north side, leaving General Smith to carry out the orders of General McClellan. In all subordination General King accepted the arrangement, believing that it would presently be corrected, and before long it was. King's brigade was ordered to take station at Arlington, the estate of his old friend and superior, General Lee. There the brigade had the best possible station, and General King every opportunity under his new division commander, Irvin McDowell, to train and instruct his brigade. Thus it came about that before March, 1862 the brigade was in a high state of soldierly efficiency and General King was almost disappointed when promoted to the command of the division, being reluctant to give over the immediate command of the brigade he had organized and developed.

In April, 1862 the division made its swift march on Fredricksburg. A short time thereafter Frémont, becoming dissatisfied with his command of the mountain department of Virginia, and smarting under the criticism of the Secretary of War, asked to be relieved, and a presidential order was issued assigning Rufus King to the command of this important department and the large force there engaged. That night the officers of the division came to King and begged that he would not leave them just at the outset of a critical campaign (for McClellan had been beaten back from the Peninsula). King therefore begged leave to decline the promotion in order that he might remain in command of his division in the fighting that was impending in the immediate vicinity of Washington. He ventured to suggest that it

might strengthen the Union cause and at the same time give joy to thousands of German soldiers if Frémont's command were given to Franz Sigel, and this was done.

On the twenty-eighth of August, 1862, after many wearisome marches to and fro under confusing orders from higher authority, King's division moving on Centerville along the Warrenton Turnpike just about sunset was fiercely attacked by Stonewall Jackson on its left flank. It was a complete surprise to King, whose orders gave him to suppose that Jackson was at or beyond Centerville, much farther to the east. Five brigades of Jackson's infantry and four batteries of field artillery concentrated their fire on King's old brigade in an hour's fierce fighting before dark. From this time it became known as the Iron Brigade, for although one-third of its number were shot down in their tracks the brigade never yielded an inch. At one o'clock in the morning following this severe action, having received information that Stonewall Jackson with his entire command was in the immediate vicinity, King, after holding a council with the brigade commanders, ordered the division to retire to the southeast toward Manassas Junction, where he was sure of finding support. The next day, August 29, late in the afternoon, General Lee, with the remainder of the Confederate army, effected a junction with Jackson near the field from which King had retired. Months afterwards General Pope claimed that he had sent positive orders to General King the evening of the twenty-eighth to hold his ground and he would support him, in spite of which King abandoned his position, thus inferentially making King responsible for the junction of Lee and Jackson on the twenty-ninth and the disastrous second battle of Manassas, which followed. Had King remained he would have been engulfed in the morning; but he never received such orders, nor was there ever found any officer who could remember having received any such order from General Pope to General King. Such an order was

sent by Pope to General McDowell, who was lost in the woods somewhere in the vicinity of the stream of Bull Run, far in the rear of the battlefield of King's division. I have in my possession General Pope's original letter to General King in which he says: "I am perfectly satisfied you did the very best you could under the circumstances," adding further that the officer by whom he supposed he sent that order was not known to him by name, nor did he know the officer was on King's staff.[1] It was easily proved that King received no such order. But Pope's official report was not made public until the spring of 1863, and then the impression became disseminated that General King, by disobedience of orders, was responsible for the junction of Lee and Jackson. For long years he had to bear the stigma, and it ruined his health and broke his heart. He should have called for a court of inquiry and had the matter threshed out; but he showed Pope's full and complete reply to his letter, completely exonerating him, to Seward and to Lincoln and to Stanton, and they all expressed themselves as satisfied with it and advised King that he should feel so too. There were political reasons in favor of not dragging the matter to light, since it must inevitably discredit Pope, and General King was one of those men who, conscious of his own rectitude, submitted to adversity in silence.

In the fall of 1863 Governor Randall desired to return home, and Secretary Seward induced my father, whose health was now impaired, to resign his commission in order to take up the duties at the Papal Court which he had thrust aside in 1861. Here for four years he had a delightful association with Pope Pius the Ninth and his secretary of state, Cardinal Antonelli. While here it became his duty to receive and entertain General McClellan, and to present him to the Pope. While here, also, he was instrumental in the capture

[1]This entire episode with Pope's letter in full is discussed in my pamphlet, *Gainesville* (Milwaukee, 1903).

of John H. Surratt, who was implicated in the conspiracy which resulted in the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward. Surratt was sent back to the United States long after his fellow conspirators had been hanged, and in his case the jury disagreed.

In 1867, the temporal power of the Papacy having been abolished, the mission to Rome was abolished by Congress, and Rufus King returned to America, paying a brief visit to Milwaukee in the fall of that year. Later he was made deputy collector of the port of New York and took up his residence in that city. Increasing ill health, however, compelled him to lead the life of an invalid from 1870 until his death, October 13, 1876. He is buried with his father and grandfather in the old churchyard of Grace Church, Jamaica, Long Island.

THE KENSINGTON RUNE STONE

LAURENCE M. LARSON

The literature on the subject of the Kensington Rune Stone has already grown to fairly respectable proportions; and it seems almost a waste of effort to continue a discussion that perhaps should have closed ten years ago. But in two recent issues of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* (December, 1919, and March, 1920) Mr. H. R. Holand returns to the subject and develops an argument for the genuineness of the inscription which is so remarkable in its use of historical materials that it should not be allowed to pass without comment.

Reduced to the form of an outline, Mr. Holand's argument runs about as follows. In 1342 Ivar Bardsen, who had come from Norway to Greenland the year before, was sent with an expedition to assist the colonists in the Western Settlement in their conflict with the Eskimos. Ivar and his men found the settlement deserted, the inhabitants having emigrated to America. This emigration resulted in the renewal of trade relations between the Greenland colony and the American mainland. Five years subsequent to this migration a vessel that was returning from Markland (Labrador?) was driven by storms to an Icelandic port. The following year this same ship sailed on to Norway where its arrival created a real sensation. The Norwegian king now made the Greenland trade a royal monopoly and developed a new line of colonial policy. He was not able to realize his new plans immediately because of the Black Death; but seven years later (1355) he sent Paul Knutson to Greenland to help the colonists maintain the Christian faith. However, the king's chief concern was not for the Christians of the Eastern Settlement, but for those who had abandoned the faith and emigrated to America. Paul Knutson, who remained abroad for eight or nine years, must have

spent part of the time in Vinland. From the Vinland settlement he sent an expedition northward along the coast, which after a time reached the western shore of Hudson Bay. Leaving ten men to guard the ship, the other members of the party rowed up the Nelson River and after several weeks of wandering reached a point in northwestern Minnesota where ten of their number were slain by the Indians. The survivors traveled some eighty miles farther south, recorded their troubles on a rune stone, and were lost to history.

Here we have a series of a dozen or more important facts (at least they are presented as facts) stretching in a long chain from Bergen, Norway, to Kensington, Minnesota.

The materials used in Mr. Holand's articles are of three kinds: (1) reliable data culled from old Norwegian and Old Icelandic sources, which carry his narrative from Bergen to Greenland; (2) a series of conjectures and inferences which continue the narrative from Greenland to Minnesota; (3) details from the Kensington Rune Stone.

It is quite correct that Ivar Bardsen visited the Western Settlement and found it deserted. But neither he nor any other writer for several hundred years appears to have known that the settlers had emigrated to America. The Icelandic churchman who wrote annals "from memory" in the seventeenth century states that they abandoned the true faith and *ad Americae populos se converterunt.* It is clear that the word *Americae* could not have appeared in the original source; that is the bishop's own contribution. But more important is the fact that the bishop does not state that the settlers emigrated; what he evidently intended to say is that they adopted the mode of living of the American people, or, more correctly, of the Eskimos.

It may be regarded as certain that the Greenlanders occasionally visited the forests of Labrador. Two of the older Icelandic annals report the arrival of a ship from Markland in 1347. On that point Mr. Holand is on solid ground. Un-

fortunately he cites no authority for the statement that this same ship sailed on to Norway the following year. His remark that Jon Guttormson was a passenger on this journey leads to the conclusion that his source of information may be an entry in the Gottskalk Annals for the year 1348: "departure of Jon Guttormson and the Greenlanders." It is to be noted, however, that this does not state that Jon sailed in a Greenland ship but that he traveled with Greenlanders.

Even if the ship that carried Jon and his fellow travelers had actually come from Greenland, the chances are that it was not the craft that came from Markland. The Skalholt annalist describes this as a very small ship, "smaller in size than small Iceland boats." Furthermore, it was evidently on its way back to Greenland when it was driven to port in Iceland. Ships were plentiful in Iceland in 1348: the Flatisle Annals note the fact that thirteen Norwegian ships had arrived the year before and that twenty-one spent the winter in Icelandic harbors.

The emigration of the Greenlanders in 1342 and the arrival in Bergen of the adventurers from Markland in 1348 are necessary links in Mr. Holand's argument. These events, he believes, led to an important change in the colonial policy of the Norwegian king. But in the present state of the evidence we shall have to regard both events as probably mythical. In addition Mr. Holand has built up a third myth around the person of a Norwegian official, Paul Knutson.

Paul Knutson was sent to Greenland in 1355, as the author correctly states. So far as we know the object of his journey was Greenland alone; no other country is mentioned in the letter of his appointment. But Mr. Holand believes it "inconceivable that such a man of affairs should linger year after year in the dreary little colony of Greenland." We do not know whether Paul Knutson lingered or not, as

we do not have the date of his return; but, if he did, it may have been because he found it difficult to get back to Norway. Greenland has no iron and no native timber that can be used in ship building; consequently seaworthy ships were few in the settlement. Moreover, after 1348, when the Greenland trade became a royal monopoly, independent sailing between Greenland and Norway must have ceased. A royal merchant ship was due to sail each year to the colony; but the Greenland shore is difficult to approach; wrecks were frequent in Baffin Bay; and sometimes years would pass without a visit from the other world.

We need not stress this point, however, as there surely was work to do in Greenland in the troubled years following the destruction of the lesser settlement in 1342. Paul Knutson was sent to the Arctic to assist in maintaining the faith—in other words, to fight the Eskimos. Very little is known of conditions in Greenland during the second half of the fourteenth century, but such information as we do have indicates that the heathen neighbors had become quite troublesome.

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the hypothetical expedition into Hudson Bay and up the Nelson River, as Mr. Holand frankly admits that for this part of his argument he has no documentary evidence. But in his second article (March, 1920) he comes forward with the claim that he has discovered the two skerries referred to in the Kensington inscription.[1] If this claim is substantial, the fact is one of real importance.

The identification of the skerries rests on the supposition that a day's journey in Old Norse times was approximately eighty miles. Professor Hovgaard has shown quite conclu-

[1] This argument, however, would be more convincing if skerries were less plentiful in western Minnesota landscapes. In 1909, when he was interpreting "day's journey" as twenty-five miles, Mr. Holand found two points of land in Pelican Lake and wrote of them: "Here clearly enough were the two skerries mentioned in the runestone, and here under our feet lay the point on which these first white discoverers in the west lost their lives." *Skandinaven* (Chicago), Nov. 29, 1909. J. S.

sively that this estimate is correct in navigation; but the writer knows of no one earlier than Mr. Holand who has argued that the same term with the same meaning was used for measuring distances on land. Eighty miles is a long day's journey in western Minnesota. Therefore, unless it can be shown that the medieval Norsemen actually estimated distances on land in this way, we shall have to doubt the identification of the skerries.

The larger question, whether the Kensington inscription is a genuine document or a clever forgery, the writer does not regard himself qualified to discuss. In 1910 the Illinois Historical Society published a report on this problem prepared by Professor G. T. Flom, which, so far as the writer is informed, still remains the most complete discussion of the question on the linguistic side. Professor Flom's conclusion was that the inscription is of recent date. Until some competent scholar, one who knows runes and Northern dialects, shall decide otherwise, this conclusion is likely to stand.[2]

It may be said in passing, however, that some of the objections urged against the authenticity of the inscription are of doubtful strength. In the June issue of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* Mr. R. B. Anderson condemns the document on three counts: (1) it is written in runes; (2) it contains the modern word "opdagelse"; (3) the word "risa," which also occurs in the inscription, is a "word of recent importation in Scandinavia."

Mr. Anderson is probably correct in stating that "opdagelse," meaning discovery, "had not yet been incorporated into any Scandinavian tongue"; but he is surely in error on the other two points. Runes were freely used in the Northern countries] much later than 1362. Professor Flom, in his discussion of the Kensington inscription, prints a runic alphabet that was used for literary purposes in Sweden early

[2] Professor Larson was a member of the committee before which Professor Flom argued his report, and he coincided with the decision reached. J. S.

in the fifteenth century. It is also clear that "reisa," a noun meaning journey (and the Kensington rune-master uses the noun form only), had found a place in the Northern languages some time before 1362. Fritzner, in his old Norse dictionary, notes the occurrence of the word in a Norwegian document dated as early as 1344.

In conclusion the writer wishes to protest against Mr. Anderson's attempt to impute the guilt of forgery to the men who first brought the rune stone to light. It is, of course, quite possible that Mr. Ohman and his two associates devised the inscription and planted the stone; but the burden of proof rests with the one who prefers the charge, and Mr. Anderson makes no serious effort to prove his case.[3] He calls attention to certain circumstances of a decidedly suspicious nature; but without further support these cannot be regarded as evidence.

COMMENT BY H. R. HOLAND ON ALL OF MR. LARSON'S ARTICLE EXCEPT THE LAST THREE PARAGRAPHS

My reply to Professor Larson's criticisms is as follows:

1. We have the statement of Bishop Gisle Oddson, who in 1637 transcribed an excerpt from some annals now lost, as follows: "The people of Greenland (the Western Settlement) in 1342 voluntarily gave up the Christian faith and cast their lot with the people of America" (ad Americae populos se converterunt)[1]. This emigration is attested to by an eye witness, the priest Ivar Bardsen, who in 1342 visited the Western Settlement immediately

[3] In fairness to these three men it should be stated that at the time Mr. Anderson first published his suspicions, May, 1910, the two survivors A. Anderson and O. Ohman both wrote letters vigorously denying that they had anything to do with the matter. See *Norwegian-American*, Northfield, Minn. June 10, 1910. J. S.

[1] Recent writers are generally agreed in rejecting this interpretation. Gustav Storm published an analysis of Bishop Gisle's annals in 1890 and showed that as an independent work they have practically no value. (*Arkiv for nordisk Filologi*, VI.) See also Nansen, *In Northern Mists*, II, 101ff.; and A. A. Björnbo, *Cartographia Groenlandica*, 11 (*Meddelelser om Gronland*, XLVIII, 1911). L. M. L. Storm's remark concerning Bishop Oddson's "hypothesis" is pure guesswork. H. R. H.

after its evacuation.[2] It is evident that the bishop had America in mind, for he adds in the next sentence: "It is said that Greenland lies very near to the western lands of the world." As Larson properly remarks, the original could not have contained the word America. The bishop in translating from Old Norse into Latin not only translated the language but also the name. As the Old Norse names for America were Markland and Vinland, the original presumably read that the emigrants "cast their lot with the people of Markland (or Vinland)."

The eminent historian, P. A. Munch, accepts this record without question. He says, "This account has entirely the stamp of truth," and adds farther on: "The attacks of the Eskimos were perhaps the cause of what an account of the year 1342 states, that the Greenlanders voluntarily gave up the Christian faith and *emigrated to other parts of America.*"[3]

Mr. Larson and Mr. Nansen[4] think that the expression *ad Americae populos se converterunt* means that the Greenlanders "adopted the life and belief of the Eskimos of Greenland." They bring no proof for this interpretation and one will search in vain through the literary remains of Greenland for the least evidence of this sudden and unprecedented amalgamation of two hostile and widely different races. Moreover, in so doing they put a later geographical meaning into the words of the bishop which was unknown in his time. These ancient and medieval geographers did not conceive of Greenland as a part of America.

The natives of Greenland are never referred to as the people of America by any medieval writer. In the Norse historical fragments they are invariably called *Skrellinger*. In all Latin accounts they are called *Pigmaei*, which means the same.[5]

2. Professor Larson's second objection concerns the eighteen Norse Greenlanders who in 1347 had been to America (Markland) and upon their return voyage were driven to Iceland. When I stated that these men the next year left for Bergen, Norway, I

[2] Bardsen's narrative is printed by R. H. Major in his *Voyages of the Venetian Brothers Zeno*, Hakluyt Society, 1873; also in *Grønlands Historiske Mindesmerker*, III, 259.

[3] Munch, *Det Norske Folks Historie, Unionsperioden*, I, 313, 314.

[4] F. Nansen, *In Northern Mists*, II, 100–103.

[5] See Dithmar Blefken's *Islandia*, Leyden, 1607; Jacob Ziegler's *Scondia* in appendix to Crantz' *Chron. regn. aquilon*, Frankfort, 1575; Olaus Magnus' *De Gentibus Septentrionis*, Rome, 1555; and *Voyages of the Brothers Zeno*, 1558, in Major's book of the same name.

invented no new myth as Larson thinks, but merely adopted the view held by all earlier commentators on this point. Professor Storm, than whom we have no greater authority on the Icelandic Annals, says: "When they [the Markland voyagers of 1347] came to Bergen, they learned that the royal merchant vessel had returned from Greenland in 1346 and was not expected to sail again soon."[6] Professor Magnusen[7] and Dr. Gjessing[8] also express themselves definitely to the same point.

3. We are not explicitly informed that Paul Knutson visited the American mainland, but the circumstances surrounding his expedition are such as to make this conclusion almost inevitable. His mission was to preserve Christianity in Greenland. As no warfare is mentioned as having taken place between the Whites and Eskimos until 1379, it is improbable that he spent his time warring with the savages. The only place in Greenland where Christianity was threatened was in the Western Settlement. Here it was not only threatened—it had completely succumbed to adverse conditions, as was witnessed by the deserted homesteads and empty churches. If Paul Knutson was to restore Christian worship to these deserted temples—as was his mission according to the king's mandate—it would be necessary for him to seek these apostates among the people of America whither they had gone and either compel them to return or to accept the faith in their new homes. This search for a lost tribe among the vast reaches of an unknown land explains the long absence of the expedition from Norway. According to Storm and Gjessing it was absent nine years and did not return until 1364,[9] two years after the date upon the Kensington stone.[10]

Was the Kensington expedition a part of the Paul Knutson expedition? The mention of the eight Goths (people of southwestern Sweden) in the inscription is proof of this. The king of

[6] Gustav Storm, *Studier over Vinlandsreiserne*, 1887, p. 365.
[7] F. Magnusen, *Grønlands Historiske Mindesmerker*, III, 53, 907.
[8] Helge Gjessing, "Kensingtonstenen," printed in *Symra*, 1909. No. 3, p. 118.
[9] See Storm and Gjessing, *op. cit.*
[10] Storm believes that the expedition that Paul Knutson was to lead sailed for Greenland in 1355 and that the royal merchant ship returned to Norway in 1364. But this is all conjecture. We have a copy of the royal commission issued perhaps in 1354 (the date is uncertain), but with this document Paul Knutson passes out of history. We do not know that he ever returned to Norway or even that he ever sailed. L. M. L.

Norway at that time was a Swede by birth, breeding, and residence. He visited Norway so seldom that he was compelled in 1343 to abdicate the throne of Norway in favor of his son Hakon, to take effect upon his attaining his majority, which was done in 1355. King Magnus was also disliked in Sweden, largely because of the favoritism he showed to the nobility of Westgothland (southwestern Sweden) from which region his own family had sprung. He was therefore about the same time obliged to relinquish the throne of Sweden to his other son, Erik. He continued, however, to hold Westgothland, where he spent his leisure time during his entire life. It is therefore certain that most of his retinue and dependable men were Goths. In his letter to Paul Knutson written the year before Hakon was crowned king of Norway, he instructs Knutson to select the men for his expedition "(1) from the king's retinue and (2) from the retainers of other men." Unless Paul Knutson wanted to slight the king and his court he would do as he was bidden and take some of his men from the king's retinue. He would presumably also avail himself of his privilege of selecting other men and as a good Norwegian would naturally pick trusty men from his own associates in Bergen. His followers would therefore consist partly of Goths and partly of Norwegians. On the Kensington inscription we read of eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians besides the men who had charge of the ships. There are several other striking points of identity, but space does not permit of their presentation here.

4. Mr. Larson asks if the term "dogr" or "day's journey" was ever used as a unit of distance on land. It appears to me that it is unimportant whether or not it was a standard unit of measure on land, seeing the inscription was presumably written by a sailor.[11]

[11] It is not easy to accept this view if Mr. Holand is right in assuming that a priest accompanied the expedition and dictated the form of the prayer contained in the inscription. *Wis. Mag. of Hist.* Dec. 1919, p. 171. J. S.

COMMENT BY R. B. ANDERSON ON THE CONCLUDING THREE PARAGRAPHS OF MR. LARSON'S PAPER

It is possible that in my former article I used too strong an expression when I stated that the runes passed into desuetude after the introduction of Christianity. I might have added "except for pastime or as a matter of curiosity among scholars." I am familiar with the Codex Runicus found in the Arnemagnian collection in Copenhagen which presents all of the old Danish law for Scania, but even this does not prove that the runes were used for literary purposes. It only shows that scholars understood the runes and occasionally as in the Codex Runicus transcribed things in this alphabet. In the eighties I myself made a runic inscription for the Leif Erikson monument in Boston, but this does not prove that the runes were used for literary purposes in the nineteenth century.

Alf Torp's assigning the word "risa" to late Old Norse and Fritzner's discovery of it in 1344 makes it only possibly, not probably, available for runological use in 1362.

I do not claim to have demonstrated that Fogelblad, Anderson, and Ohman made the Kensington Rune Stone, but I have shown how it could have been produced. That these three cronies devoted much of their leisure time to the study and discussion of runes is certain.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The presentation of the foregoing symposium closes the discussion of the rune stone question, on its present basis, in this magazine.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION ON LOMIRA CIRCUIT[1]

JOHN S. ROESELER

Lomira circuit of the Evangelical Association, at the time of its greatest membership, encompassed three large and three small congregations. The three large congregations were within the confines of the town of Lomira, while the three smaller ones were just over the border. The Salem Church was located near the center of the town on the old "German road," which bisected the town from east to west. The Immanuel Church was on the same road near the western confines of the town, while the Ebenezer Church was not far from the northeastern corner.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS

In 1846 the Jacob Meyer family settled in Mound Prairie, near the western part of the town of Lomira, formerly called Springfield. Three years previously this family, emigrating from Wurtemberg, Germany, had located in the town of Greenfield, Milwaukee County, and had there come in contact with the Evangelical Association. In 1850 Will Tillman, a native of Siegerland, Westphalia, and one of a sect known as the Pietists, settled in the Meyer neighborhood. Having been used to regular Sunday services in the Fatherland, he felt deeply the need of them in this new settlement; one day he said to his neighbor, Mrs. Jacob Meyer, that the want of real Christian religious services made him so homesick for the Fatherland that it would

[1] The Evangelical Association is purely of American origin, having been founded among the Pennsylvania Germans by Jacob Albrecht in the year 1800. By outsiders for some years the followers of the new sect were known simply as Albrecht Brethren. From Pennsylvania the denomination spread throughout the United States and to Germany and Switzerland; at the present time it maintains missions in China and Japan. The work is now carried on mainly in English and it is anticipated that within a few years' time the English language will be used exclusively by the denomination. From the beginning the Evangelical Association was a zealous supporter of the American public school system. It never established a system of parochial schools, and such day schools as were set up here and there were so administered as not to conflict with the public schools.

The town of Lomira, the seat of Lomira circuit, is in northwestern Dodge County, a few miles south of Fond du Lac.

compel him to "pull up stakes" and return. Mrs. Meyer thereupon told him of the godly life and the inspiring sermons of the Evangelical ministers in the town of Greenfield and gave him their names and addresses. Tillman without delay addressed an earnest entreaty to the Reverend C. A. Schnake to bring the gospel message to the German settlers of Mound Prairie, later designated for many years in Evangelical church circles as Huelster's vicinity. As C. A. Schnake and his assistant, George Fleischer, were then stationed on the very extensive Menomonie circuit, which included the town of Greenfield, it was not possible for them to comply at once with this urgent invitation. In the meantime the Reverend Mr. Wenz of Fond du Lac, a German Methodist Episcopal minister, visited Mound Prairie and preached several times in the house of that liberal-minded freethinker, Jacob Meyer. Several persons were there converted. Thereafter the gold fever, then raging, enticed Jacob Meyer to California, but his family remained and with equal hospitality opened the house to the Evangelical ministers.

On January 22, 1851 the Reverend Mr. Schnake preached the first Evangelical sermon to an appreciative group in the Meyer home. At the close of the services he cordially invited his audience to attend a quarterly meeting to be held in the town of Greenfield at the beginning of February. W. Tillman, W. Stracke, P. Marquardt, and Carl Schaefer, acting on the invitation, made the sixty-mile journey on foot, while Caroline Meyer with a two-year-old child rode with a neighbor who was making a business trip to Milwaukee. She stopped over night in Milwaukee and the next day found an opportunity to ride out with the others to the quarterly meeting place in the town of Greenfield. All five were taken in as members of the Evangelical Association at this meeting, after all except Tillman, who was known as "ein Frommer," were converted and regenerated.

Shortly after this, when the Reverend Mr. Wenz again preached in Mound Prairie, he urged his hearers to unite with the German Methodist Episcopal Church, which he represented. When no one responded to his invitation, he seemed downhearted. W. Tillman then informed him that Evangelical ministers had been requested to hold services here and that some of his hearers in attendance had already become members of that denomination. After this statement Tillman said in a whisper to his neighbor, "I don't like the name 'Methodist'; 'Evangelical' sounds better to my ears." This expressed prejudice and sentiment seemed to voice the feelings of all these newcomers from the Fatherland. Mr. Wenz therefore discontinued his visits to this vicinity and gave the right of way to the Evangelical Association.

When in February, 1851 the Reverend C. A. Schnake preached his second sermon in the Meyer house at Mound Prairie Christian Sydow and Michael and William Zickerick from the German settlement at Lomira Center were present. The message so impressed them that at the close of the meeting they requested Mr. Schnake to visit Lomira Center and preach a sermon there. They promised to secure the public schoolhouse as a meeting place and to make the meeting known to all the German settlers of the community. Mr. Schnake accepted the invitation and on the next day, February 26, 1851, preached the first Evangelical sermon at the Lomira Center schoolhouse, a log building situated on the southwest corner of the John Zickerick farm at the present site of the Lutheran Church. A Prussian, and an officer in the Prussian army, this inspired speaker naturally and easily found the key to the hearts of these, his Prussian hearers. "The schoolhouse was crowded to its capacity," he writes, "with attentive listeners. Never before had I witnessed in a new settlement what I saw here. Before proceeding to prayer I remarked that it was customary among

Evangelical people to kneel during prayer, and when I then said, 'Let us pray,' nearly all present sank to their knees. Also during the sermon I observed a most unusual attention, and that the message was making a marvellous impression on my hearers. This observation inspired my heart with the fond hope that some day there should be gathered here for the Lord a great people!"

From the time of this first meeting of February 26, up to the annual conference in June, 1851, the Reverend Mr. Schnake and his assistant, George Fleischer, alternately conducted religious services at Lomira Center once every two weeks. In March of the same year Michael and William Zickerick, Henry and August Huelster, William and Carl Schneider, and Will Tillman attended a quarterly meeting in Town 9 (Richfield) at Manz's. The two Huelster brothers were converted, and they together with the five others from Lomira enrolled as members of the Evangelical Association.

At the annual Illinois conference held at Brookfield, in June, 1851, the Wisconsin district was formed and the Reverend J. J. Escher was assigned to it as presiding elder. Lomira was separated from the Menomonie circuit and incorporated in the newly-formed Oshkosh mission, which was assigned for two successive years to the Reverend W. Strassburger. The Illinois conference in 1854 divided the Oshkosh mission, assigning J. G. Esslinger to Oshkosh and vicinity and erecting Lomira as a separate mission, assigned to L. Buehler. He divided what was then designated as the Zickerick congregation into two classes, with the mill-pond and creek as the dividing line between the two. In the western class, then designated as the Zion class, M. Zickerick was chosen class leader and John Zimmerman exhorter, while in the eastern, designated as the Zoar class, W. Zickerick was chosen class leader and John Fritsche exhorter. When the following year W. Zickerick entered

the ministry, Gustav Fritsche was elected his successor as class leader.

The first Evangelical quarterly meeting in the town of Lomira was held in the Lomira Center log schoolhouse on Zickerick's farm in the year 1851, under the leadership of C. A. Schnake. At this meeting Brother Schnake took in forty-two new members, most of them still unregenerated. Michael Zickerick alone had, just before the beginning of the meeting, experienced forgiveness of sin; and during the progress of the meeting his brother William reached the same result.

The second quarterly meeting was held in Huelster's vicinity, in the house of Will Tillman. At this meeting Presiding Elder Escher preached inspiring sermons, impressing his hearers as a son of thunder, brimful of dynamic force. Tillman, the first class leader in Huelster's vicinity, finding many of the customs and practices of the Evangelical Association not to his liking, withdrew in 1852 from the denomination. Henry Huelster was elected as his successor, and after four years of devoted and capable service as class leader he entered the ministry.

During the two-year ministry of W. Strassburger, Lomira Center experienced a marked revival. As a fruitage of this growth in spirituality it became possible to hold a camp meeting in the town of Lomira, June 15 to 20, 1853. This first Evangelical camp meeting was held in Michael Zickerick's grove, located on the eastern slope of Evangelical cemetery hill at Lomira Center. Nineteen of the twenty that came forward to seek grace at the altar experienced forgiveness of sin before the meeting ended.

For two successive years the camp meeting was held in the part of the grove described and was then transferred for a series of years to the vicinity of the present residence of John Buerger, adjacent to the pond, whence it was later, during the time of the Civil War, transferred to Brother Christian Ehrhard's grove near the Huelster vicinity.

The labors of the Reverend J. G. Esslinger and his assistant, Leonard von Wald, in this field during the conference year 1853-54 were not without blessing. But C. A. Schnake says, "The year 1854–55 under the efficient leadership of Leonard Buehler witnessed anew a glorious outpouring of the Holy Ghost on Lomira mission. A large number of souls were brought to Christ by this devoted servant of the Master, and were enrolled as members of the church." Among the newly-enrolled members who had this year arrived from the Fatherland Frederick and Caroline Roeseler merit special mention. Both to life's end remained loyal and devoted members, taking a very active part in services, prayer meetings, Sunday school, and every kind of church work. No matter how long and how poor the way, nor how bad the weather, they were always at their post. Caroline Roeseler, in particular, led many to Christ by her godly life and example. Through the rich store of Bible passages, proverbs, and poetic selections at her command, she comforted the sick and distressed and stirred the conscience of the erring and unregenerated. No matter with whom she came in contact, she never lacked the courage to direct the conversation to spiritual things. Notwithstanding her unassuming manner, she was widely known in church circles through her unselfish life and her efforts to remove friction. Frederick Roeseler is particularly remembered for his inspiring prayers and for his clear, melodious voice, vibrant with sublime feeling, in starting and leading the singing at revivals. Others that contributed in various ways toward stimulating the spiritual life in the community were Caroline Fritsche, Ernestine Kuschke, Marie Korte, Theresa Fritsche, John Fritsche, John Zimmerman, Frederick Merten, Henriette Meyer, Wilhemine Fenner, Louise Hankwitz, and Frederich Klaetsch.

LOMIRA BECOMES A CIRCUIT

In 1855, one year before Wisconsin became an independent conference, Lomira was made a circuit and assigned

to the Reverend Oswald Ragatz. A goodly number of souls were won through his devoted labor and through the efficient assistance and cordial co-operation of the local preacher, Michael Zickerick. In the first year of Ragatz' ministry the village of Hartford, to which the Evangelical family of Anton Fischbach had moved from Milwaukee, was added to the list of communities regularly served by the pastors of Lomira circuit. C. A. Schnake served this circuit the two years following, being assisted during his first year by W. F. Schneider and during the second by J. Banzhaff. The former entered the ministry from Lomira circuit and later won fame as head bookkeeper and publisher of the Evangelical Publishing House. During these two years there were one hundred thirty conversions, and one hundred names were added to the membership list of the church. In the same period of time Mr. Schnake took up and added to the list of his regular appointments the following places: Rex schoolhouse (four miles north of Hartford); Beaver Dam; Fond du Lac (had once been taken up but had been again abandoned); Horicon; Mayville; Graefe's (two miles east of New Cassel); The Island (three miles north of Mayville); and a settlement four miles from Beaver Dam.

In 1858 a frame church, twenty feet by forty, was built at Hartford. Brother Schnake recorded that a part of the carpentry and masonry work was done gratis by members of the congregation; that though these brothers depended on their handicraft for their living, they in addition subscribed liberally toward the payment of the church debt.

At the last quarterly meeting preceding the annual state conference of 1857 the new frame schoolhouse at Lomira Center was so overcrowded that Presiding Elder G. A. Blank was prompted to remark in his characteristic way, "I hope you will in your crowding today step on one another's corns good and hard. Possibly that would

THE OLD LOMIRA CHURCH

stimulate you sufficiently to take adequate steps for the erection of a house of worship." This remark gave the impetus to the holding of a meeting of the members in Father John W. Fritsche's house. Father Fritsche offered an acre of his farm as a site for a church, which was regarded as very suitable by the Schwartz and Schmidt settlement near the southeast corner of the town, but those to the north and west thought that the Michael Zickerick hill on the German road, east of where the old village sprang up later, would be more central. M. Zickerick agreed to let them have it, and it was accepted. All subscribed the amount of cash they could afford to contribute, but as all were poor these amounts were small—the highest being $25.

When C. A. Schnake arrived in the spring of 1857 to begin his work as pastor of Lomira circuit, to which the conference had just assigned him, he found the brethren clearing the site for the church. When winter set in, the walls were eight feet high, but lack of time and means prevented the completion of the building during Brother Schnake's two years of service on the circuit. The pressing problem that stared all these pioneer parishioners in the face was to produce and earn enough to eke out a meager existence. To this end they plodded early and late, winter and summer. Surplus products were few and of a very limited quantity; markets were distant and hard to reach by ox teams on roads at times almost impassable; and prices on most of the saleable products were shamefully low. The heavily timbered land, strewn with countless large boulders, required a vast amount of labor before it was fit for cultivation; harvesting with rude implements among the myriads of stumps and boulders was difficult. Fortunately A. Tarnutzer, the successor of C. A. Schnake, was the right man to grapple with difficulties at this stage. He was young and energetic, indomitably persevering, resourceful, and

possessed of fine business ability. He succeeded in collecting the funds still needed for the completion of the work; in 1860 he had the church ready for dedication.

From 1854 to 1867 an old log house west of Ebenezer Church served as a parsonage. When L. Buehler was stationed for the first time on Lomira circuit, Mother Steiner generously donated this house, with an acre of ground, to the association. At the same time it served as a meeting place for the Ebenezer congregation until the erection of the brick-veneered church edifice in 1872. In 1867 Lomira circuit purchased the Durant residence west of the old Lomira village with several acres of land as a parsonage, and it remained the parsonage for about fifty years. H. Guelig was the first pastor to reside in this house. During his two years of service he occupied it conjointly with the presiding elder, L. Buehler. During the pastorate of F. T. Eilert the old building was replaced by a new and more commodious one; about twenty-five years later, during the pastorate of L. F. Kiekhoefer, the old parsonage property was sold and a new parsonage was built near the recently-erected Salem Church, about one-half mile from its former location.

The Kekoskee and Eden churches were built during the pastorate of L. F. Emmert from 1886 to 1889. The new Salem Church dates from the pastorate of F. W. Huebner. It was built on the opposite side of the road from the spot where the old log schoolhouse stood in which C. A. Schnake had preached the first Evangelical sermon at Lomira Center. For over half a century the old brick structure had served the needs of the congregation.

The annual state conference met in Lomira in the years 1864, 1873, and 1913. The first and third times the conference session was held in the Salem Church, and the second time in the Immanuel Church. From the formation of the district to 1864 Lomira circuit had formed a part of

the Milwaukee district, while previous to this date, as a mission, it had been under the jurisdiction of the Wisconsin district. At this session the Fond du Lac district was formed and C. A. Schnake was assigned as its presiding elder. G. Fritsche was stationed on the Lomira circuit.

That Lomira was chosen as a permanent convention center for the Young People's Alliance and that a tabernacle was erected for that purpose and for holding annual camp meetings was due to the effective labors of F. W. Umbreit on this circuit. It was his pre-eminent business ability, energy, and resourcefulness that planned the project and made it an accomplished fact. This also made it possible for the quadrennial national, or general convention of the Y. P. A. to be held here in 1915.

EBB AND FLOW IN CHURCH AFFAIRS

The enlistment of a number of the members in the Union army during the Civil War drew those at home closer together and stimulated a more active religious spirit. A few of the enlisted brethren suffered from wounds or from serious sickness, but all except Gustav Seefeld and Charles Sydow returned. The Reverend William Zickerick as captain of artillery with the Twelfth Wisconsin Battery distinguished himself. It was a day of rejoicing when these men returned.

Shortly after this time a number of the pioneer families moved to Minnesota. Their places, however, were soon taken by new immigrants from Germany. Later came a second great emigration, when people removed in groups to South Dakota, Iowa, Texas, and northern Wisconsin. Thus the greater part of the pioneers together with most of their descendants and relatives disappeared from the scene, and the Salem congregation, which had been the largest on the circuit, became the smallest. What made the situation still more critical was that about the same time a group

of the most important spiritual leaders and church workers was summoned by death, among them F. Klaetsch, Wilhemine Fenner, Maria Roeseler, Caroline Roeseler, Caroline Fritsche, and, not long after, J. Zimmerman.

This depletion in both numbers and leadership for some years caused a desperate struggle for existence. But the day was saved by the coming of a number of Evangelical families from other congregations. This not only assured the future existence of Salem congregation, but also ushered in a new period of progress. Much of the credit for this is due to the leadership of F. W. Umbreit. He secured the co-operation of the Grantmann brothers with their wide and influential relationship, noted for "push," thrift, and frugality, in his project of making Lomira Center a camp meeting and convention center and a point of attraction to Evangelical families. Fortunately his two successors, F. W. Huebner and L. F. Kiekhoefer, kept the ball rolling. Under the former, the fiftieth anniversary of the building of Salem Church was celebrated; Mr. Huebner also secured the erection of the new Salem church at its new location, while L. F. Kiekhoefer secured the erection of the new parsonage near the church.

This, then, has been, in detail, the story of the Evangelical movement in the Lomira circuit. In the sixty years from 1856 to 1916 there were 1,856 conversions, 1,820 members enrolled, 1,387 children baptised, 1,030 who moved away, 131 who withdrew from the church, 55 who were expelled, and 240 who died. The present membership is 379. There are four Young People's Alliances with a membership of 195, and one Junior Alliance with a membership of 25, five congregations, six church edifices, one parsonage, four Sunday schools with 68 teachers and officers and 430 pupils, four catechism classes with 40 catechumens. The statistics for 1851 to 1856 are lacking.

THE EVANGELICAL LIFE

The secret of this prosperous record lies in the life and community interests of the Evangelical families. Great zeal and untiring activity characterized these members of the Evangelical faith. Sunday was a day dedicated entirely to the nurture of the soul. Nothing that could be done on week days was left to be done on Sunday. Bathing, shaving, and shoe-cleaning were attended to on Saturday, which left Sunday free from all hurry, worry, and worldly care. They rose just as early as on other days so that after the necessary chores were done there might be time for Bible study and reading before services. All, both old and young, attended service and prayer meeting. Sunday evenings, there being ordinarily no service, were given over to the telling of Bible stories to the children, or to reading to them from the church papers and from storybooks drawn from the Sunday school library, to memorizing passages of Scripture, and to catechetical instruction. Christmas, New Year, Easter, Pentecost, and Thanksgiving days were utilized in similar ways in the family circle. On all these occasions except Thanksgiving two days were usually kept. Thus children and young people early became familiar with Bible lore and the salient points in church history. The names and achievements of the great reformers as well as the trials and sufferings of the great martyrs were common knowledge in those pioneer days.

When people proceeded on their way to and from places of worship, they preserved a prayerful contemplation of things spiritual, whether they were alone or in conversation with others. They always remembered the words of the text and the book and chapter from which it was selected. They discussed and elaborated the thoughts brought out in the sermon. It was then customary upon entering the church to kneel in the pew for silent prayer. There was no gathering in groups outside of the church for worldly talk

or jests; all entered at once. The singing of the hymns withdrew the minds from outside distractions and put them in a receptive mood for the message. As soon as the pastor rose to speak he felt that his congregation was in full accord with him, hungry for the message. Every word he uttered came from the heart and went straight to the heart of his hearers. "Amen," "God grant it," and "Hallelujah" were frequently heard during the sermon from every part of the congregation. The prayer of a lay-member at the close of the services was fluent and full of fervor, and many were ready to respond. When opportunity for testimony was offered, all were eager to speak. There was then a preference for front seats at services, so that the vacant seats, if any, were found in the rear. Visitors could not keep members from services; each brought his visitors along.

The missionary spirit was strong, everyone being concerned not only for his own salvation, but also for the salvation of his neighbor. If anyone who was not seriously ill absented himself from any service or from the semi-weekly prayer meeting, it signified that a cooling, if not a backsliding, process had set in that needed immediate checking. Without delay class leaders, exhorters, as well as other zealous members, called upon the brother or sister to feel the pulse and admonish him not to yield to Satan. Outsiders were invited into the church and were welcomed with warm cordiality, so that they easily became acquainted and felt at home. It was not uncommon to extend the hospitality of the home and of the table to the visitor of the church.

No matter how pressing and how hard the labor, every family found time for both morning and evening family worship. At this service a chapter was read from the Bible, one or several stanzas were sung, and every member in turn uttered a short prayer. The daily singing in the family cultivated a taste and love for song, and early

developed a musical tone of voice. Family worship was not omitted at threshing or other occasions, and outsiders were invited to participate.

Evangelical members, though none of them were rich and the majority very poor, in these early days were ever ready to extend aid and comfort to the sick and the needy and to contribute as liberally as they could to the support of the church. They brought what they had of their own initiative, without pressure or prompting, as a rule. On visiting the sick they were ever ready to pray with and for them, or to quote Bible passages for comforting them or making plain the plan of salvation. Where such Good Samaritan services could be rendered or a soul be won for Christ, there was no work too pressing, no weather too bad, no road too rough or too miry.

No alcoholic drink was used in the family or dispensed by Evangelical families at threshing, barn-raising, or similar occasions, though it was the common custom among neighbors of other faiths. Coffee, tea, milk, water, and lemonade alone were offered. So also Evangelical members refused to take alcoholic drinks at the threshings and barn-raisings, or auctions, weddings, and baptismal festivals among neighbors. They also refused to enter a saloon for a drink, even though the drink offered was nonalcoholic. Their Evangelical membership implied abstinence from strong drink, and they took the pledge to heart.

Perhaps few parents devote as much time and attention to their children as did the Salem church pioneers. When the mother was busy with spinning, knitting, darning, sewing, cooking, washing, and other household work, she not only initiated her children into all these household arts, but also instructed them in religion and taught them to read and to write in her native tongue. These mothers, without a "higher education," prayed for wisdom from on high. That their prayers were heard is evident from the

fact that some of them used means and methods of child-training that are unsurpassed by our best modern pedagogues. The children not only learned to read and to write the German language but they were also made familiar with the Old Testament heroes and with the life of Christ. Systematically each week they were required to memorize passages of Scripture for the Sunday school and questions and answers from the catechism.

Were children caught in wrongdoing, the mother administered an appropriate punishment and also gave concrete moral instruction that touched the conscience and left a lasting impression. This was done by the telling of a short story suggesting a moral, followed by an appropriate Bible passage, line of poetry, or proverb. The children were required to learn this, repeating it day by day until it was permanently fixed in the mind. Following are a few typical examples of these German proverbs:

Jung gewohnt, alt getan.
Was Haenschen nicht lernt, das lernt Hans nimmermehr.
Wer etwas kann, den haelt man werth; dem Ungeschickten Niemand begehrt.
Mit Kleinem faengt man an, mit Grossem hoert man auf.
Ehrlich waehrt am laengsten.
Nach getaner Arbeit ist gut Ruhn.
Ein gut Gewissen ist ein sanftes Ruhekissen.
Die Wahrheit rede stets und wag es nie zu luegen, die Menschen magst du zwar, doch niemals Gott betruegen.
Quaele nie ein Tier zum Scherz, denn es fuehlt wie du den Schmerz.
Junges Blut, spar dein Gut, Armut im Alter wehe tut.
Muessiggang ist aller Laster Anfang.
Besser Unrecht leiden als Unrecht tun.
Lust und Liebe zum Ding macht alle Mueh' und Arbeit gering.
Der Kluegste schweigt still.
Unrecht Gut gedeiht nicht.

When the children went on a visit to neighbors, they were instructed never to pocket and bring home anything, no matter how trifling. Whatever they found or picked up on a neighbor's premises, even if it were but a button or a

pin, had to be handed to the owner. Johnnie, a four-year-old boy, returning from a visit with friends, was in bed when his mother, examining his cast-off clothes, found a small buckle in his pocket. Holding the buckle before his eyes she asked, "How and where did you get this?" He could not recall how it had come into his possession; probably he had unconsciously picked it up somewhere during play and put it in his pocket. His mother dressed him, and told him that he must that very evening return the buckle to the people whom he had visited during the day. Although the night was pitch dark and the road muddy, with a lantern in her hand and her little son on her back she made the mile-distant trip. The boy handed back the buckle to the people and begged pardon for having carried it home with him. The people had not missed the buckle, could not identify it as their property, and, besides, regarded it of no value. It was the mother's purpose, however, to make a lasting impression on her boy, and for this reason she regarded the hard trip as worth while. The lesson was never forgotten. This is only one of numerous examples that might be given to show how this mother utilized every possible opportunity for imparting concrete moral instruction.

I will cite one more example. When this boy had reached the age which, if not wisely directed into the proper channels, finds an outlet for surplus energy in all sorts of tricks and pranks his mother one day proposed to him a most interesting escapade. "Our neighbor today," said she, "has cut down a field of wheat which still lies in unbound sheaves, because he was not able to secure help and because of his own and his daughter's illness. How interesting it would be if you and your sister would secretly bind and shock this field of wheat! When the neighbor comes to bind it tomorrow, he will be surprised to find that it has already been bound and set up. He will think that some good brownies must have done it during the night. It will

be great fun. You must always keep 'mum' and never let anyone know that you and your sister did it. This is the Biblical way of not letting your right hand know what your left hand does. It is the doing of a good deed quietly and unseen, without earthly remuneration, that is rewarded by our Father in heaven." The boy's enthusiasm for the escapade was at once kindled; a little before midnight he and his sister had finished the task. No detective was ever employed to ferret out the perpetrators; and the children never found cause to regret the deed.

SCHOOL INSTRUCTION

A German day school, a German evening writing school, a German literary society, and a German singing society were maintained to supplement not only the home training but also the training in the Sunday school, catechetical instruction classes, and the public school. For a considerable time a juvenile prayer meeting was maintained, not to supplant the regular prayer meeting but to supplement it. This juvenile prayer meeting was held in the house of F. Fenner, because of its central location. John Zimmerman who had an unusually cheerful disposition and an interesting manner of talking, usually led these meetings. All young people and children attended and participated in prayers and testimonials.

An old frame building bought from T. Seefeld and moved with ox teams to the southwest corner of the old parsonage premises was used as a schoolhouse. The teachers who were employed at different times were Mr. Fisher, F. Klaetsch, Caroline Roeseler, and John Roeseler. The Bible served as reader for the advanced classes, the beginners using the same beginners' book that was used in the Sunday school. Besides the reading of several chapters daily, the pupils memorized the names of the books of the Bible so that they could repeat them as readily as the multiplication

table, and then were held to apply this knowledge by practical daily exercise. The teacher announced the verse and chapter of some book while the pupils opened their Bibles quickly to see who could first place his finger on the verse. The one who first found the place read the passage aloud. German writing, spelling, and several other subjects were taught. The evening writing school was held when the day school was not kept, and was taught by John Roeseler. He also organized the German literary society.

Hannah Buslaff, Louise Kuederling, Dr. Wenzel, Theodore Hankwitz, and E. Knop at different times gave instruction in singing. Of unsurpassed value was the training in note-reading and chorus-singing under Dr. Wenzel. He required all singing to be done without instrumental accompaniment. Fortunately the young people of Salem Church and their elders appreciated the value of his services in this work and utilized the opportunity to the fullest extent. For over twenty-five years the beneficial effects of Dr. Wenzel's singing school could easily be recognized in the Salem congregation.

In the Sunday school effort was made not only to train the children in German reading, but also to make them familiar with the Scriptures. For many years F. Klaetsch was the great leader in all Sunday school work. He, as no other, understood how to keep up an interest in the memorizing of Bible verses, so that during his leadership this line of work never lagged. A number of pupils then regularly memorized from ten to twenty verses for each Sunday, and some occasionally memorized from fifty to one hundred. F. Klaetsch also required the pupils to memorize the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and some of the great hymns. He also secured Hoffmann's *Erzaehlungen* for the Sunday school library, and these very interesting books were read aloud in practically every family circle of the Salem congregation.

Religious catechetical instruction was in the early days considered of supreme importance; and parents as a rule gave full co-operation in making the minister's efforts effective. It was a rare thing for children to come to such instruction without being prepared for their lessons, and children were sent regularly and promptly. Among those who devoted themselves to work with the children H. Guelig easily ranks first. He always devoted a full school day on Saturdays to this work and had the children bring their lunch with them. He not only heard them recite what they had memorized, but he also trained them in the reading and writing of German and gave them instruction in chorus-singing.

Extraordinary efforts were put forth to make the Sunday school Christmas exercises attractive and instructive. Practically every Sunday school pupil was represented on the program with a declamation, dialogue, or song. On Christmas Eve the program, consisting of alternate speaking and singing, was heard by people from far and near. The one or two large Christmas trees were splendidly decorated, and brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers. At the close of the literary program the roll was called and the gifts handed out. Each pupil received a large paper sack filled with apples, a small paper sack filled with nuts and candy, and a booklet or card. The old pioneers believed in Schiller's saying, "Die Jugend will sich äussern, will sich freuen," and therefore put their whole soul into the matter of making this an especially impressive occasion for the children and youth.

On the Fourth of July much effort was put into the Sunday school picnic. A program of patriotic addresses, declamations, and songs was followed by refreshments and all kinds of amusements and games for old and young.

RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS AND LEADERS

The different agencies that promoted acquaintance and common interest among Evangelical people from all con-

gregations on Lomira circuit were, especially, quarterly meetings, protracted meetings, and camp meetings.

At quarterly meetings in any of the churches there were representatives from every church on the circuit. In summer people came with lumber wagons; in winter with bobsleds; and each brought as many with him as could crowd on. The meetings usually opened on Friday evening and closed on Sunday night, with three services on Sunday. On Sunday all the visitors from other churches were entertained for both dinner and supper. Thus many members of every congregation in time made the rounds, becoming well acquainted with families of all other congregations on the circuit.

The protracted, or revival meetings were held in the winter, when the people had the most leisure. For weeks, evening after evening, when sleighing was good, even though at times the weather was bitter cold, there would come bobsleigh loads of people from the neighboring churches. Also there came not a few people from other denominations, partly out of curiosity, partly because of the good singing, and partly because of the powerful sermons. Thus the church was packed from beginning to end. When the meeting closed in one of the churches, it began shortly in another, and so continued with little interruption during the winter, a considerable number from each church following it wherever it went. The singing at these meetings was soul-stirring, most of the members knowing the favorite hymns and choruses by heart. As the sleigh loads of people returned home after the meeting, they continued singing their favorite hymns and choruses. To those who listened from a distance, it seemed like heavenly music.

Once a year all the congregations, not only from the circuit, but from all the circuits, stations, and missions of the presiding-elder district, met in annual camp meeting in the

month of June. This fostered the extension of acquaintances and the closer knitting of ties of the entire district.

For the first ten years these camp meetings had been held in Zickerick's grove near Salem Church at Lomira Center, but were then transferred to Brother Ehrhardt's grove in the Huelster vicinity. This beautiful grove with its crystalline clear spring was an ideal place for these gatherings. I can still see in my mind's eye this large, square assembly-place, surrounded by board tents, with four or more rows of rough planks laid across logs for seats. By burning dry basswood on wooden, clay-covered scaffolds, erected at each of the four corners, illumination was furnished for the evening services. The open assembly-place was beautifully shaded by linden, elm, and hickory trees.

At an early hour in the morning singing resounded from every tent, indicating that family prayer was then in progress. At that early day, the people, though poor, showed great hospitality and liberality. Visitors received meals, a considerable number even lodging at the tents. Outside of each tent was a stove, and the meals were served on long tables. On Sundays most of the tables were spread three times to accommodate all visitors.

Especially impressive was the farewell ceremony on the last assembly morning when all present stood in a semicircle with the ministers at the head. During the singing of one or more songs the ministers passed down the line shaking hands with each one as they passed, stationing themselves at length at the foot of the line; the members then immediately followed until the last person in the line had made the rounds. Many eyes were wet during this ceremony as it brought into remembrance the ones who in the previous year had been in line to bid them farewell, and with that the thought of how many now at hand would be missing from the ceremony the coming year.

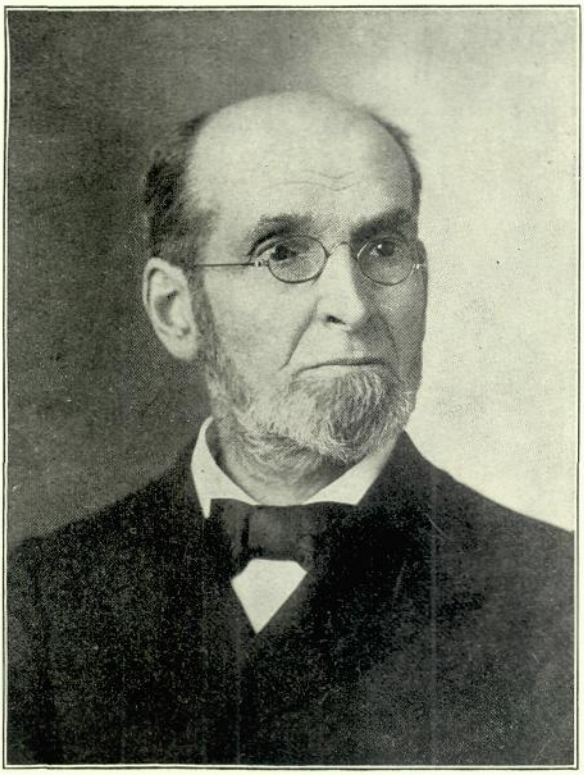
Three local preachers, Michael Zickerick, John Zimmerman, and John Fritsche, rendered extraordinary services

on Lomira circuit. All three were pioneer members of the Salem congregation. During the sickness of O. Ragatz most of the second year of his service on the circuit, the work was done by Michael Zickerick. He later did equally valuable service after he removed to Minnesota. During F. Huelster's second year on Lomira circuit, John Zimmerman served as his regular assistant instead of as a mere local preacher. The services rendered by John Fritsche and John Zimmerman made it possible to get along on the large Lomira circuit for years with but one regular paid minister. Notwithstanding the strenuous farm work of the two local preachers, Sunday after Sunday in good and bad weather and with good and bad roads they filled the pulpit in one or several places, and all this without money. They were also not infrequently called upon to officiate at funeral services during the week. At revival meetings they rendered valuable assistance to the regular circuit minister. Of the two, Zimmerman was the more hopeful, cheerful and animated, while Fritsche was the more profound thinker and student. Had the latter enjoyed a high school and college education and entered the regular ministry he would doubtless have taken rank among the foremost ministers in the conference, as he was endowed by nature with more than common gifts of mind and heart, and had unbounded energy and capacity for work. Though he had good horses in the barn, he usually preferred to let his horses rest on Sunday and made his long trips on foot.

What is most remarkable among the numerous enlistments in the ministerial work from this town and circuit is that five sons of the Huelster family responded to the call, becoming successful ministers and serving in divers fields with distinction. They and their parents were among the first fruits of Evangelical effort in this vicinity, being converts from the Roman Catholic faith. August and Henry were the first of the family to be converted and they

were also the first two of the brothers to take up the gospel work. At the age of sixteen August was chosen as class leader and at the age of eighteen he entered on ministerial work. A year later Henry also entered on ministerial work, after having faithfully served for four years as class leader. August did pioneer ministerial duty in the Illinois, Minnesota, and Dakota conferences, and he served as presiding elder in both Wisconsin and Dakota. He is the author of an interesting book, *Gnadenwunder*, in which he relates his varied experiences in pioneer ministerial work. Henry also served in the Wisconsin and Michigan conferences. Frederick devoted his entire life to service in the Wisconsin conference. The two younger brothers, William and Anton, served in both the Wisconsin and the Illinois conferences, and for some years William was treasurer and business manager of Northwestern College at Naperville. Anton served for some years as professor in Northwestern College, having obtained his doctor's degree in a German university. He was the author of two works, one on psychology and the other on Christology. All five brothers were gifted and fluent pulpit orators.

Five Zimmermans, from two families of that name, took up the gospel work. From one family were two highly distinguished brothers, C. F. and J. G. F. Zimmerman, better known among their friends in Lomira as Fritz, or Friederich, and Gottlieb Zimmerman. The former was especially noted for his wit and humor, the latter for his intense earnestness, serenity, and piety. Fritz served his conference as presiding elder for a number of years until he was elected by the general conference editor of the *Evangelische Magazin*, of the *Bundesbote*, and of German Sunday-school literature. Then he became known as a great speaker at camp meetings, conventions, and conferences. He had probably the largest and best library of standard German works in the state if not in the country.



REVEREND GUSTAV FRITSCHE

Among other noted pioneer ministerial workers from Lomira circuit were the two Stegner brothers, the two Finger brothers, William Zickerick, Gustav Fritsche, and the two Schneiders, who were not related.

The Stegner brothers gave their main service to the Minnesota conference. William Zickerick (brother of Michael Zickerick) served as captain of artillery during the Civil War, and was noted to the end of his days for his soldierly bearing, spontaneous humor, and generally agreeable disposition. He was prominent in G. A. R. circles and was well known among the Republican leaders of the state. He gave his entire life to faithful service in the ministerial field.

Of the two Finger brothers, the older, Carl, served four years as presiding elder. In his later years he left the conference and entered the service as minister of the Congregational church in another state. August, the younger brother, entered the service of the German Methodist Episcopal ministry of this state. Both were of a dogmatic disposition, and strongly swayed by their feelings and prejudices.

Gustav Fritsche, brother of John Fritsche, noted above, has now given the Wisconsin conference sixty years of unbroken, faithful service. Twenty-eight years of this time were spent in the capacity of presiding elder. At the fifty-second session of the Wisconsin conference held in Forest Junction in 1908 the Saturday evening session was devoted to the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Brother Fritsche's entrance upon the duties of the ministry. High tribute was paid to him on that occasion by eminent speakers familiar with his career. Since then he has given nearly nine years more of service and is still continuing his active work. His conference has delegated him to collect and edit the data for a history of the Wisconsin conference of the Evangelical Association.

It is superfluous to elaborate on the services of W. F. Schneider, as treasurer and business manager of the Plainfield College and as head bookkeeper and business manager of the church publishing house in Cleveland. The services of W. H. Horn as editor, bishop, and chief poet of the Association are known wherever the Evangelical Association is known. He is known not only as the editor of the *Evangelische Magazin und Christliche Botschafter* but also as the author of *Wegebluethen*, a book of poems, and as editor of many other interesting books to be found in German Evangelical households.

In all, thirty-six Evangelical ministers have enlisted from Lomira circuit as messengers of Christ, and the cradles of some others, who heard the bugle call in other states or on other circuits, stood within its confines. Eight of the sons of Lomira circuit served their church as presiding elders; two as editors; one as the treasurer of the church college when at Plainfield, and later as head bookkeeper, business manager, and publisher of the church publishing house at Cleveland; one as professor at Northwestern College at Naperville, and his brother as business manager of the same institution; one as captain of artillery in the Twelfth Wisconsin Battery in the Civil War; several served as conference trustees, general conference delegates, and members of general boards; several are authors of books; and lastly, one rendered distinguished services as bishop and chief poet of the Association. If the value of one's work is to be measured by its fruits, the labors of the pioneer founders of Lomira circuit must be given a worthy place in the annals of the Evangelical Church.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY IN WISCONSIN

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

When in 1634 Jean Nicolet, agent of Champlain, who was the founder of New France and the discoverer of the Great Lakes, reached the upper source of the St. Lawrence at the foot of Green Bay, his voyage marked the close of a great era of exploration. It was twenty years before other white men came to Wisconsin. In that interval conditions in the interior of North America had absolutely changed. Wisconsin's forests, formerly the quiet haunt of a few wandering Winnebago Indians, had by 1652 become a refuge for a horde of Indian fugitives—tribes of the Algonquian and Iroquoian families who were fleeing from their enemies, the Iroquois of central New York. These latter, having obtained firearms from the Dutch traders at Albany, turned these remorseless weapons upon the primitive tribes of the interior, whom they either exterminated or drove off in helpless, terror-stricken flight.

Of these refugees in Wisconsin two tribes were known to the French settlers in Canada. One of these was the Huron, which had formerly had its villages southeast of Lake Huron, in the present Ontario, Canada. The other was the Ottawa, which when first discovered lived on Manitoulin and other islands of Georgian Bay. The Iroquois in 1650 raided the villages of both of these tribes, and killed or carried captive most of their inhabitants. A few escaped to the woods and pushed westward along the shores of the Great Lakes. These frightened fugitives stopped for a time on the islands at the mouth of Green Bay; then hearing that the Iroquois were pursuing them thither, they fled to the mainland. There a raiding expedition of Iroquois overtook them; but the Huron and Ottawa for the once defended themselves behind a palisade of trees, and the Iroquois, lacking food, were soon forced to abandon the

siege. After the departure of their enemy the Huron and Ottawa refugees, saved for the once, were in terror at the probable return of the Iroquois. They thereupon fled from the shore of Green Bay farther into the Wisconsin forests, until after many vicissitudes the Huron built a village on the headstreams of Black River, and the Ottawa on Lac Court Oreilles. Here they dwelt in comparative security for several years, the Iroquois having turned their conquering arms against other tribes. The Ottawa, somewhat recovering from their fear, finally ventured on a trading expedition to Montreal for French goods. From their village on Lac Court Oreilles, this trading party went by waterways to Chequamegon Bay; thence to Sault Ste. Marie, along the northern shore of Georgian Bay; up the French River to Lake Nipissing, whence a portage was made to Ottawa River; thence their bark canoes glided down that stream to their destination. The Ottawa River was so named, not because the Ottawa Indians lived thereon, but because it was the trade route to their country. Indeed, so well known did the Ottawa become as trading Indians, that after 1660 all the region of the upper lakes was known as the "Ottawa Country."

In their earlier home in western Ontario both the Ottawa and the Huron had been visited by Jesuit missionaries who had attempted to induce these Indians to abandon their native spirit worship and be baptized into the Christian faith. A few among each tribe heeded the teachings of the "Black Robes," as the missionaries were called from the long black cassocks they customarily wore. When the Ottawa, in 1654 and the succeeding years, came to the St. Lawrence to trade they were asked to take some Black Robes back with them to their country to continue the mission. At first they refused, saying that the way was long and hard, that every occupant of a canoe must do his share of paddling and portaging, for which the white

missionaries were not fitted. Finally, after much importuning by the Jesuit superior they consented. In 1656 two missionaries embarked in the returning trade flotilla of the Indians from northern Wisconsin. On their upward voyage, however, they fell into an ambuscade of the Iroquois; one of the missionaries was killed, the other was abandoned by the Indians as they sought safety in flight up the Ottawa River.

It was four years before another trading fleet could be induced to carry any missionaries to the western regions. Finally, in 1660 the Ottawa, when preparing for their return journey after finishing their trade, consented that a Black Robe should accompany them. The choice of the Jesuit superior for this difficult mission fell upon Father René Ménard. Father Ménard was then a man of fifty-five years of age, of a delicate constitution, worn by long years of service in the western wilderness. Twenty years before, he had come to Canada, where he had taught in the Huron mission before it was destroyed by the Iroquois. He could speak both the Ottawa and the Huron languages; indeed he was credited with the ability to use six Indian dialects. When the opportunity came for him to adventure with the Ottawa to their northern home he eagerly accepted it, although he realized that it was in effect a death sentence. The night before he left Canada he wrote to a friend: "In three or four months you may include me in the Momento for the dead, in view of the kind of life led by these peoples, of my age, and of my delicate constitution. In spite of that, I have felt such powerful promptings and have seen in this affair so little of the purely natural, that I could not doubt if I failed to respond to this opportunity that I should experience an endless remorse." On his way up the St. Lawrence to Montreal he met the bishop of Canada, who said to him, "My Father, every reason seems to retain you here; but God, more powerful than aught else, requires

you yonder." Over and over again in the midst of his hardships, sufferings, and desolation in the far interior of North America these words, "God requires you yonder," supported his soul.

The Indian traders who had promised the French of Canada to care for Father Ménard quickly broke their word. On the journey along the Ottawa River they loaded him with heavy packages at the portages and laughed at him when he sank beneath their burden. They forced him to paddle constantly, and to disembark in the roughest places. In scrambling over rocks he cut his feet; when he afterwards was compelled to leap into the water to lighten the load, one of his wounded feet became swollen and intensely painful. Food was scarce; and the Father was allotted the worst and the smallest share. He was separated from the French traders who might have aided him, and from his own companion or donné who had volunteered to accompany him. All these afflictions the patient missionary bore as the will of God for his chastening. At last Lake Superior was reached, when a worse accident befell the poor traveler. As they were resting on the beach, the canoe in which he and three Indians were traveling was broken by a falling tree. Many of the other canoes of the trading flotilla had passed on. None of the belated canoes would stop for the stranded unfortunates. For six days they existed by pounding bones and eating offal to sustain life. At last some passers-by took pity on them and carried them on to where a party of the Ottawa were planning to winter at the foot of Keweenaw Bay. They arrived there the fifteenth of October, whereupon Ménard named the bay for Ste. Thérèse, whose fête day it was.

Ménard had been instructed to establish his mission at the Ottawa village on Lac Court Oreilles, but during the summer of 1660, while the trading party was absent, the Ottawa had begun to abandon that location for a more

convenient one on Chequamegon Bay. Ménard, who had been detained by the accident to his canoe, was unable to reach the principal village at this latter place, and was compelled to pass the winter with the small group who remained at Keweenaw Bay. The chief of this village was named le Brochet (in English, The Pike). He was a surly brute, "proud and extremely vicious, possessing four or five wives." When Ménard, following the promptings of his conscience, reproved the chief for his polygamy, that dignitary turned the missionary out of his wigwam in the midst of a Lake Superior winter, with no other shelter than a poor hut he made for himself of the branches of a fir tree. Fortunately for Father Ménard, the winter was unusually mild; the bay did not freeze over until the middle of February; and the wine for the mass did not congeal in the Father's hut from November to the following March.[1]

In the latter month the French traders who had wintered at Chequamegon came to Keweenaw to seek Father Ménard. They carried him back with them in their canoes, going across Keweenaw Point by way of Portage River and Lake, spending five days in skirting the Lake Superior shore. At Chequamegon Ménard found a great concourse of Indians, refugees of several tribes from the interior of Wisconsin.[2] Among these tribesmen Ménard worked with ardor. On Ascension Day (May 23 in 1661) a Huron came from the Black River village reporting that his people were dying with hunger. This news roused Father Ménard's compassion; he determined that it was his duty to go thither and baptize all the heathen he could before their death,

[1] The description of the sufferings and hardships of Father Ménard during the winter of 1660–61 is taken from his letters written to the Superior in Canada. A brief synopsis of these letters is in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XVI, 21–22; the originals may be found in R. G. Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations* (Cleveland, 1896–1903), XLVI, 127–45.

[2] This article takes issue with previous studies of the career of Ménard at this point. Earlier students appear not to have remarked the change of residence in the spring of 1661. Ménard's own letter, it seems to the present writer, plainly describes the journey from Ste. Thérèse Bay to Chequamegon Bay. If he started on his last journey from the latter place, the route must inevitably have been the one herein described.

thus assuring their entrance to Paradise. Three French traders were about going inland with the Huron messenger; by them the missionary sent a present and a message to the Huron chief requesting permission to visit his village. The traders had a difficult journey; they took the usual canoe route from Chequamegon Bay to Lac Court Oreilles—up White River to Long Lake, portaging from there to the Namekagon, down that stream to a point opposite Bass Lake, thence to Grindstone Lake and Lac Court Oreilles.[3] From there to reach the Huron village they must have gone down the outlet to the Chippewa River, down the latter to some stream coming from the east, probably the Jump or Yellow River, both of which head near the sources of the Black. On arrival at the village the traders found the Huron in a famishing condition, so weak they could scarcely stand or lift their hands. Their corn harvest was some months off. The white men offered what relief they could, but thought it useless to deliver Ménard's message, since how could an old man, feeble and broken in health, undertake a journey through the wilderness. They themselves, over two weeks on their return route, arrived at Chequamegon Bay after Ménard had sent to his superior what proved to be the last letter he ever wrote.[4]

Ménard was determined to visit his Huron neophytes. In vain did the Frenchmen attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. "God calls me thither and I must go, although it should cost me my life," he reiterated. Finally, on July 13, he started, carrying for provisions some smoked meat and a bag of dried sturgeon. One of the traders volunteered to accompany him. Some Huron who had come

[3] Information on the canoe route from Chequamegon Bay to Lac Court Oreilles was received in 1919 from Frank Setter of Hayward, Wisconsin.

[4] The letter in *Jesuit Relations*, XLVI, 145, is dated "This 2nd of June, 1661. From nostre Dame de bon Secours, called Chassahamigon." The Huron messenger arrived May 23 and the traders went inland with him the last of the month; Ménard says he had been awaiting their return for fifteen days—thus the letter must have been completed after June second; probably for June should be read July 2, 1661.

to trade offered to serve as guides. The little party took the land trail to Lac Court Oreilles; probably this ran up the west bank of Bad River to where Mellen now stands; then south by east to the site of Glidden; along the Chippewa to a point east of the present Reserve; thence to the lake.[5] The Huron guides, weak for lack of food and dissatisfied with the slow progress of the old man through the heavy forests, soon deserted him, promising to send some young Huron to Lac Court Oreilles to guide the missionary to their village. Either they never intended to do this or no one in the village would volunteer. Certain it is that no guides came; the Black Robe and his companion, after waiting two weeks, found their small store of provisions dwindling rapidly. They had the fortune to find an Indian canoe hid in the bushes by the lakeside. Into this they stepped and entrusted their lives to the rushing waters of the lake outlet. As they entered the Chippewa the river grew swifter and swifter. Ménard's companion had some skill in paddling, and guided the tiny craft in safety to the mouth of the stream by which the ascent was to be made to the Huron village. This river the trader recognized from his voyage of a month before; up this eastern tributary of the Chippewa he turned the prow of his little craft.[6] Which of the streams that lead toward the headwaters of the Black it may have been, we cannot at this late day determine. In all probability it was the present Jump River; but it may have been the Yellow River of Taylor County.[7] Both streams are full of rapids in one of which

[5] For information on the land route now in use between Chequamegon Bay and Lac Court Oreilles the writer is indebted to Henry La Rush, Reserve, Wisconsin. See *Wis. Mag. of Hist.*, III, 150.

[6] Perrot, who heard the story of Ménard's death within five years after it occurred, says he was ascending a river when lost. See E. H. Blair, *Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi and Region of the Great Lakes* (Cleveland, 1911), I, 173.

[7] In a manuscript map of the Great Lakes now in Harvard University, formerly belonging to Francis Parkman (known as Parkman No. 3), a cross shows the site of Father Ménard's death, directly south of a small lake, seemingly intended for Lac Court Oreilles. A reproduction of this map is in Justin Winsor, *Narrative and Critical History of America* (Boston, 1884), IV, 215.

the canoe was caught and nearly driven down stream. Ménard, to lighten his companion's labors, considerately stepped ashore, while the trader bent all his strength to breast the rough water of the rapid. Safely up in quiet water he waited for the missionary, who was not in sight. After waiting some time the Frenchman became alarmed and fired his fusee to guide the Black Robe to the canoe. After five shots, and much hallooing, the trader in his turn became frightened at the menace of the forest, where every step involved him in a tangle of trees and bushes. Help must be had to find the lost missionary; the Huron village was close at hand; thither the trader hastened, only in his turn to become lost in the intricacies of the forest, so that it was the second day before he finally arrived among the Huron. There the wayfarer could communicate with the Indians only by signs; in that manner he managed to convey to them the loss of the missionary in the forest, bribing them by promises of a reward to go in search of him. One Huron finally agreed to go to the Black Robe's rescue; but after a brief absence he rushed back to the village with a false alarm of the approach of a hostile band. "At this cry the pity felt for the Father vanished, as well as the inclination to go to search for him." In vain his companion besought the savages and bribed them to undertake the rescue; the Huron were obdurate in their refusal to search for the missing missionary.

Days passed and no news of the Black Robe came from the silent forest. The French trader went back to Chequamegon and reported the loss. A son of le Brochet carried the news to Quebec. Once a report was current that some of Ménard's effects had been found in a cabin of western Indians; this rumor was never substantiated; when taxed with his murder, the savages denied it; had they been guilty they would probably have boasted of the deed. The more probable supposition is that Ménard died in the forest

where he was lost—those dense pineries where the light of the sun could scarcely penetrate. Seeking for the head of the rapid, he became confused through a wrong turn, and had probably gone out of hearing before his comrade fired his fusee. His strength was slight, and he had with him as food only a small piece of dried meat. It is to be hoped that his end was peaceful, and that he died consoled by the vision of the crown of martyrdom which he had sought when coming West.

Father Ménard's associates in New France bewailed his loss and extolled his virtues. One of the fruits of his mission was his whilom host, le Brochet, who after imprisonment at Montreal for his cruelty to the Black Robe, became a firm friend of the French.

Thus perished in the heart of our northern forest the first missionary to the Indians of Wisconsin. The exact site of his martyrdom will probably never be known. Whatever we of these days may think of his prudence or of his theology, we can but admire his heroism and his devotion to duty. He was the forerunner of a noble band that counted not their lives dear unto themselves, if by any means they might save some. Father Ménard's fame belongs to our permanent history, and to all those who admire unswerving devotion to duty even unto death.

TWO GRAVES IN A RURAL WISCONSIN CEMETERY

W. A. Titus

About six miles southeast of Fond du Lac in the town of Empire is situated the somewhat neglected burial place known as Empire Cemetery. A casual survey of the moss-covered tombstones almost suggests a directory of the population of half a century ago for the towns of Eden and Empire. A once thriving Methodist church, long since abandoned, still stands adjacent to the cemetery, but everything about the property suggests age and decay.

From among the hundreds who sleep in the enclosure two names have been selected for this sketch because of the historical interest that attaches to their careers and the coincidence that brought them together in their last resting place. The one, a Scotch Highlander, was a soldier under Wellington throughout the Peninsular Campaign in Spain and Portugal against Napoleon Bonaparte, and he followed his chief to the final scene at Waterloo. The other was a native of Alsace, a German by birth, but a resident of French territory who was forced into the army of Napoleon and fought through the campaign in Spain and Portugal as a French soldier until he was taken prisoner by the English forces. Both these men were born in the same year; and long afterward both came to America and located on farms a few miles southeast of Fond du Lac where they became neighbors and friends. Through surviving relatives the writer has been able to gather material for the following sketches of the lives of these two men whom destiny decreed should first be foemen in a foreign world conflict, and then neighbors in pioneer days in an undeveloped section of Wisconsin where they saw the territory develop into the nucleus of a great state.

William Stewart was born in the Highlands of Scotland in Perthshire near Loch Rannock, August 12, 1790. He enlisted in the English army at an early age and served under the British colors for fourteen years. He went through the campaign in

Spain under the Duke of Wellington and participated in the battle of Waterloo where he was severely wounded by a bullet in the leg. About 1820 he was sent to Canada with a detachment of British troops; and when his term of enlistment expired some time later, he came to the United States, enlisted in the regular army, and was sent to Green Bay in 1827 as a soldier of the Fort Howard garrison, where he remained in the military service for eight years. Stewart had married in 1829, and because of the opposition of his wife he declined a captaincy in the army that was sent to Florida during the Seminole War and decided to remain at Fort Howard. After leaving the army, he was deputy sheriff of Brown County until 1840 when he removed to Fond du Lac County where he engaged in farming for many years. Those who remember William Stewart in his last years call to mind a tall, erect, quick-stepping man with snowy hair and a pleasant face. He died on February 26, 1879 and was buried in Empire Cemetery beside his wife, who had passed away ten years earlier. A granddaughter, Mrs. S. Denniston, still lives in Fond du Lac, and it is to her that I am indebted for much of this story. The following recollections of Mr. Stewart were dictated by himself some years before his death:

I was born at Perth on Tyne, Scotland, on the twelfth of August, 1790. Went to Dundee and clerked when a lad for my uncle who kept a large drygoods store in that city. In the year 1809, being then nineteen years of age, I went as a volunteer to join the Seventy-first Scotch Highland regiment of light infantry then in Portugal, and a part of what was called the Peninsular army under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward better known by the name of the Duke of Wellington. I was present at many of the battles fought against the French. Among them I remember Talavera, Merida, Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo. I was one of the forlorn party which, with ladders, scaled the walls of the latter place and took it. This was in 1812 and Wellington received from the Spanish government the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo as a reward of success. I also fought at Almoraz, at Arroia del Molines, at Molino del Rey, and at Vittoria on the twenty-first of June, 1813. This was a fearful

battle in which the French were defeated with great loss, and Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain and brother of the first Napoleon, was compelled in consequence to leave Spain with all that was left of his French army. At that battle a French soldier and myself ran each other through the body with our bayonets, both falling together. When found the Frenchman was dead and I was taken care of and recovered in time to be present at the passage of the Bidassoa which divided Spain from France. We passed Bayonne, fighting ten battles in nine days. The battle of Toulouse was fought on April 10, 1814, which was Easter Sunday. Peace had already been signed, Napoleon having abdicated and been sent to Elba Island; a fact which our troops did not know, but of which Marshal Soult was aware at the time. We finally came to Bordeaux where we were supplied with new clothing of which we stood in much need, as our uniforms were literally rags. I was wounded five times during the Peninsular War, and at the battle of Waterloo I received a bullet in my left ankle. The day before the Battle of Waterloo we were forty-eight miles from the field of action with our brigade, composed of three regiments under the command of Sir Frederick Adams. We were at Quatre-bras on Saturday, the seventeenth, when an aid-de-camp rode up just before sunrise and handed in a dispatch, and we marched that day the forty-eight miles, arriving on the field of battle in the evening. While preparing our supper a shot struck among us, taking away the pot in which we were boiling our beef but hurting no one, only robbing us of the main part of our supper which was some disappointment to us, tired and hungry as we were. The battle of Waterloo was fought the next day, Sunday, July 18, 1815. The Prussian general, Blücher, had promised to come up early, but did not arrive until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when we were all cut up by the French. After the battle we marched into France and visited Paris. We were quartered in France until October, 1818, when my regiment returned to England and was soon thereafter sent to Canada.

Having left the British service when my term of enlistment expired, I came to the state of New York and enlisted in the American service at Bedloe Island. While there Winfield Scott came to inspect us, about four hundred enlisted men. I happened

to be the first man on the right of the line. Scott looked at me very closely and said to me: "How long have you been a soldier, my man?" "Three days, General," said I. He just turned around and laughed and said, "Can you tell me that you were never a soldier before?" "Oh no, General," I replied, "I have served a number of years in the British army." "I knew it as soon as I set eyes upon you," said he. He then asked me in what regiment I had served and who was the colonel of my regiment and the captain of my company. I told him. He said that he knew them both personally, having met them in Paris after the battle of Waterloo. We were sent to Fort Howard in 1827. There was not a house in Milwaukee for several years after I came to Wisconsin.

The following story of John Airhart, who served under Marshal Soult in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, was contributed by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Airhart, who still lives on the old homestead in Fond du Lac County.

John Ehrhardt (later known as John Airhart) was born in Alsace, France, July 24, 1790, and was the son of Christian and Magdalene Ehrhardt. He was drafted into Napoleon's army in 1806, when only sixteen years old, and never again had an opportunity to see his relatives. He served through the German and Spanish campaigns, probably without any degree of enthusiasm, because he was of German parentage though born in that troubled province that has never been sure of its permanent political allegiance. Mr. Ehrhardt was captured by the English forces and held prisoner in Malaga for six months. Seeing an opportunity to exchange one master for another only a little less objectionable, he enlisted in the British army, served three years with the garrison on the island of Malta, and in 1812 upon the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States was sent to Canada with the British forces to take part in the conflict. When the British army invaded New York, Mr. Ehrhardt saw his first opportunity to break away from his latest masters, which he did by deserting at Plattsburg and taking up his permanent residence in the United States. That the American officials doubted his motives is shown by the following pass:

No. 68, John Airhart, A British deserter, has liberty to pass unmolested into the interior at any place south of White Hall. If found on the frontier of any part of the United States, he will be considered a spy.

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, Plattsburgh, New York, Sept. 15th, 1814. } C. LANABER, SUPT. In'p'r's Ajt.

The change in the spelling of the family name occurred at this time. When Mr. Ehrhardt gave his name to the American clerk, it was spelled phonetically in the pass and became Airhart. Later, when he took out his naturalization papers, he found that he could avoid a lot of government red tape by adopting the name as it was written in his pass, and this finally fixed his American name as Airhart. He married in 1816 in New York where he remained for a number of years. In June, 1848 he came to Wisconsin with his family and settled on three hundred twenty acres of land in the township of Osceola about fourteen miles southeast of Fond du Lac where he died in 1880. Before his death, he had constructed in Empire Cemetery a vault to rece ve the remains of his wife and himself. The Airhart homestead, now reduced to two hundred acres, is still in the possession of the family.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN

COLUMBUS, KY. 25th WIS. CO. G.
May 30th, 1863.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

The final order came tonight after we had gone to bed, to be ready to go to Vicksburg by boat in the morning. There was a lot of skurrying around all the long night. Clothes at the washerwoman's had to be looked after. Letters had to be written as I am writing this by the dull light of a tallow candle, some to wives, some to mothers, fathers, and many to sweethearts. I hope there were no unhappy girls because of this sudden leaving near about Columbus. But I fear there was a few. I am quite sure of two or three. Well, I am content if we must leave Columbus even if it has been a sort of "Old Kentucky Home" to us for nearly two months. It is one o'clock in the morning and the lights are yet burning in the tents. In a lot of the tents they are singing the "Old Kentucky Home." I guess the boys don't think much of its meaning but sing it because we are in Old Kentucky. A lot of colored women are running about the tents collecting washing bills. They all seem to know that we are to leave in the morning. There will be a lot of unpaid washing bills, but the darkies won't mind it much as they are used to working for nothing.

Max Brill, my bunk mate, has finally shut his mouth, so has Delos Allen and John LeGore, my other tent mates, leaving me to blow out the light and go to sleep. Will finish letter and mail it in the morning.

May 31st. When we woke up this morning we found a great big New Orleans side-wheel packet lying at the wharf waiting to take us on board. The roll call found many of us still asleep after such a night. Many of the boys fell in for roll call in nothing but shirts and drawers. I got on all but my pants and shoes. About half the company was in the same plight. The orderly was so good natured we gave him a good long cheer and ran back to our tents to finish dressing. The town was crowded with country

people, mostly colored folks, to see us leave. The grand march to the boat began at ten o'clock and it was near three p. m. when we were all packed away on the three decks. Our company was on the hurricane deck. When the black deck hands loosened the four inch cable that tied our ship to the shore, the Regimental band began to play Dixie. The big boat floated out into the current, the big propelling wheels turned round and round in the muddy waters, and looking back at the big high bluff which had been our home so long we did not know whether to be glad or sorry that we were leaving it.

There were hundreds to wave us goodbye, yes thousands. There were loud cheers and good wishes from the regiments we left behind. The blacks were afraid to come out in the open to show their good feeling but down by the river bank and from behind houses and fences where they could not be seen by the whites, they threw up their caps and hats and danced like crazy. The women caught their skirts with both hands and bowed and courtesied and some dropped upon their knees and held their hands above their head as if they were praying. The boys didn't seem to notice it much because they were niggers, but it made me think of some things in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I take one last look at Columbus and the fort on the bluff with the big black cannon peering out over the river. We make a bend in the river and Columbus is hidden from view.

A lot of boys are gathered on the forecastle singing "My Old Kentucky Home." I suspicion the fellows have a homesick streak on, they sing with so much feeling. Hickman is in sight but four miles away. I must close this line in order to mail it there. Those lines of Charles McKay I have heard father quote so often come to mind, "Groaning, steaming, panting, down the Mississippi."

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

HAINES BLUFF, June 8, 1863.
25th WIS. VOL.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I've seen some tough hours the last three days, but am feeling pretty well at this writing. Every night the last three or four nights we have been laying on

our arms, expecting the bugle call to fall in for battle. The nights are hot and sultry and we lay with nothing but the sky for covering. You know how warm it is in Wisconsin in June but O, Lord, it is nothing to Mississippi. Corn with you is about six inches high. Here it is four feet higher than a man's head. I never saw such big corn. While we lay at Satartia the boys went wild raiding and foraging the country for anything they could eat or wear or destroy, and it was all right, for every white man and woman was ready to shoot or poison us. The negroes were our only friends, and they kept us posted on what the whites were doing and saying. Their masters told their slaves that the Yankees had horns, that they eat nigger babies, and that they lived in the North in houses built of snow and ice,and that the Yankee soldiers were fighting to take the niggers back north where they would freeze to death. It is a fright what stories the whites tell their slaves. The younger ones know better and laugh when they speak of it, but some of the real black ones just from Africa look nervous and scared when the boys crowd around them to tease and play tricks on them. They seem to know what the boys want. They bring in chickens, turkeys, eggs, molasses, sugar corn pones, smoked meat, and honey. The boys don't treat them right. They cheat them out of a lot and their excuse is they stole the stuff from their white masters. The poor black creatures never get mad but just smile and say nothing.

The day before we left Satartia some of our boys raided a big plantation, took everything in sight, and came into camp with a mule team and wagon loaded with a fancy piano. They put the piano on board a steamboat and blindfolding the mules, which were wild, turned them loose in camp. It was a crazy thing to do. There was some bee hives in the wagon full of honey and bees. The mules ran over some tents nearly killing a lot of soldiers and scattering bees and boxes along the way. It was fun all right for some of the boys got badly stung.

June 8th.—We have been resting on our arms all day awaiting a report from couriers who are watching the rebel General Johnston. He has a big force and his plan seems to be to cut off our march to Haines Bluff where we would be in touch with the main Union army. In the afternoon we were ordered in line as were all the

regiments of the three brigades. We were told the rebel army was moving our way and to be prepared at any moment.

June 9th.—We lay upon our arms all night. It was not a good night to sleep. We expected every hour an order to fall in and retreat to Haines Bluff. It came at daybreak. We had scarcely time to make coffee and fry hard-tack. Mounted orderlies with clanging sabers were rushing about with orders from headquarters. They would spring from their saddles leaving their horse in charge of a black servant, who always met them hat in hand at the Colonel's tent. Since daybreak there has been a fearful booming of cannons toward the south. All sorts of rumors are flying about. One is that Johnston has jumped in on our flank at Snyder's Bluff with his army and another report is that Grant has stormed the city of Vicksburg under cover of all his big guns.

If nothing happens will write in a day or two.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

HAINES BLUFF, MISSISSIPPI.
HD. QUARTERS 25 WIS., JUNE 11, 1863.

DEAR SISTER:

Am in receipt of your last letter but an hour ago. You do write a good letter. So full of news, just the stuff for a brother in the war to read, and you tell things in such a good way. It's just like a story in a book. You are father's girl all over just as mother has often said. How I wish I could have some of the fish you tell of catching, only I don't like the fellow that took you home that time. He is nice looking and knows how to say pleasant things, but he is what our chaplain calls a roue. Look in the dictionary and see what roue means. I don't want my sister to keep company with a roue, if I understand the word. Let me tell you, my dear girl, most young men ain't as good as they ought to be. And I wish you would be more careful and mind me a little if you are older than I. But I must tell you of things here.

We had a dreadful march from Satartia to reach this place. It was a killing march. Our Division General was a coward, and the march began at sunrise and ended at ten o'clock that night. It was a retreat, a perfect rout. The rebel Johnston was supposed

to be close in our rear with a body of Cavalry and the orders were to press forward with all possible speed. Through great forests and cornfields without end standing above our heads, in the hottest sun I ever felt, the army became a regular mob, every man for himself. Men threw aside their coats and blankets, their testaments and their shirts. Hundreds lay down in the corn rows, under the trees, and on the banks of the creeks, many of them in the faint of a sunstroke, others fanning themselves or cursing those in command. The constant roar of besieging mortar and cannon at Vicksburg grew louder and louder as we advanced. The ambulances and the ammunition and supply wagons that followed were full of men unable to march, long before night. You know that father always said I was mother's boy because I never was tired or never sick till I went into the army. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had lost sight of every man of Company G, and was marching with a bunch of Indiana boys. I had divided the water with them I had in my canteen. I had thrown away a woollen shirt, and torn my blanket in two and left a part of that to lighten my load. My cartridge box was the heaviest thing we had, every man was loaded with all the bullets he could carry, for we expected to need them. I was just about fainting with the heat when one of the Indiana boys said, "My boy you better lay down, your face is awful red." We were on the bank of a muddy creek. I walked away from the road up among the trees and after taking a drink from the creek I lay down in the shade of a tree with no one in sight and fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes the sun was down and it was just getting dark. For a minute I didn't know where I was nor what had happened. Then the march and the mix-up of the day all came back to me. Here and there I could see through the woods the light of the camp fires. I went back to the road where I left my Indiana friends five hours before. I sat down while a battery of six guns went by, each drawn by six big horses. Then followed a rear guard of five or six hundred cavalry whose sabers and carbines clanged as they rode by. I knew if Johnston was so near, these cannon and cavalry would not be passing toward Vicksburg in this peaceful way. A straggling group of infantry followed the cavalry and I joined them. I had gone but a few steps when I felt

a hand upon my shoulder. Turning to see who it was, what was my delight to see the Captain of my company, Captain Dorwin, smiling upon me. Like myself he, too, was lost from the company. The Captain had never looked so good to me. He had lain down by the road like me, overcome by heat, and he was anxious to find the company. Until I found Captain Dorwin I was ashamed to think that maybe I was the only one lost from the company. The Captain is a great big strong man and nice looking. And when I found the heat had played him out just as it had me, I took courage. After calling at about a hundred camp fires and half as many regiments we found our company and our regiment. If there is a just God he will punish the man that ordered that awful march. It was useless and uncalled for. We hear that the General has been arrested and will be tried by Court Marshal. Every soldier on that horrid march hopes he will be punished.[1]

The air is sickening with the stench of decaying flesh. Mississippi is full of cattle running wild in the cane brakes, and the boys are shooting great, beautiful steers as they would rabbits, leaving everything but the choicest parts on the ground to smell and stink. Ten miles from here the people in Vicksburg are starving for beef to eat and where we are camped the air is poisoned with the decaying flesh of animals more then we can eat. What a world this is. I am only giving you a brief sketch of the important things. Just think of the horror of 50,000 people with half enough to eat, with no rest nor sleep, stormed at with shot and shell, night and day, in the city of Vicksburg. They have dug holes under their houses and in the bluffs and on the river side to get away from the shot and bursting shell of Union guns. They can't get anything more to eat outside the city so they eat horses and mules to keep alive. O, but the poor wretched whites that let the rich slaveholders drag them into this war. The negroes tell us

[1] The march here so feelingly described was far more fatal in its consequences to the regiment than any battle in which it was engaged during the war. Toward the end of July the regiment moved up the river to Helena, where for a long time it was practically prostrated by disease. Thus on August 16 the daily report showed but ninety men fit for duty. This condition is attributed by Quiner (*Military History of Wisconsin*, 736) to the "hardships of the recent rapid march from Satartia to Snyder's Bluff," to which was added the influence of the unhealthy location of the camp at the latter place. The table of Wisconsin regimental losses in the war significantly concludes the story: "The Twenty-fifth Regiment had 376 men die of disease, a far larger number than any other Wisconsin regiment suffered."

the rich white man in the South looks down on the poor white trash who has no slaves, as much as he does on the black man. And the common soldier in the rebel army is awful ignorant. There ain't one in ten that can read or write, and they think the Dutch boys in our army were hired in Germany and came over just to fight them.

I have just been notified by the Orderly Sergeant that I am to go on picket duty to-morrow and to put my gun in order. The reports that we get every hour from the pickets, that men are being shot, remind us that we are not in sleepy old Columbus, Kentucky, any more, where we could go to sleep without danger, except from the officer of the guard. I'll let you know in a few days how nice it is to do picket duty in the cane brakes of Mississippi within gun shot of the enemy's line. I haven't the least fear of danger, sister, and I am feeling real good after a two days' rest of racket and roar of big guns that put me to sleep nights and waken me in the morning. There is an army of some 15,000 men around us and between here and Vicksburg. Love to all, father, mother, and the boys.

P. S.—There is a rumor at this moment that we are to counter march for Satartia to-morrow. I'll bet it is a false rumor.

Your brother,

CHAUNCEY.

HAINES BLUFF, MISSISSIPPI.
June 15, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:

I sent sister D. a letter some days ago and promised to tell her something of picket duty close to the enemy's line next time I wrote. I made some notes in my memorandum every evening so I enclose them.

June 10th, 6 o'clock p. m. Have just come in from the picket line where I have been for four hours during the day, from ten to twelve this morning and from four to six this afternoon. Will go on again tonight at 10 o'clock for two hours and again at four o'clock in the morning until six.

It has been a blistering hot day, but I have kept in the shade of some great trees most of the time. My beat is about as far as

from the house to the creek, on a ridge, something like the little hill behind the house. The soldier whose place I took this morning, belonged to the Jersey Zouaves, told me it would be nice during daylight, but to look out to-night. He said he had seen the glint of a gun barrel last night in the edge of the cane brake. He advised me to keep my eyes peeled and stay as much as possible in the shadow of the trees. I asked him how I could do that and obey orders to keep pacing his beat. He said I don't give a damn for orders when I am alone here at midnight, and the officer of the guard asleep in his tent miles from here. One thing he said, you will hear a lot of hogs grunting in the cane brakes. Maybe they are hogs and maybe they ain't. Some of the boys have been shot by those hogs so look out. These Jersey Zouaves are supposed to be dare-devils, simply afraid of nothing. They wear fancy uniforms covered with yellow braid and all sorts of yellow stripes. The rebel soldiers hate these Zouaves and try to shoot them wherever they can. They are toughs picked up from the prisons and jails of the cities. Nothing happened worth mentioning during the day. From my beat I could see the Yazoo River and miles of cornfields on the west now tramped down and ruined. On the east where the enemy line extends are deep forests and dense cane brakes. All day long hundreds of men, yes thousands, were chopping down the trees, felling them toward the enemy, and sharpening the limbs so that they would be hindered and at the mercy of our guns if they tried to charge our lines.

Columns of smoke from burning buildings fill the sky, and this afternoon a south wind brought the smell of smoke from the big cannon that keep up their awful roar about Vicksburg.

June 12th, 9 o'clock a. m. After a rather wakeful night we are back to quarters in camp and while waiting for coffee to boil will jot down a note or two. The air about the camp smells better this morning. Several hundred carcasses of cattle left to rot in the sun were buried yesterday. The smell had got to be terrible. I remembered what the Zouave told me when I went on guard last night and I kept my eyes wide open, and my ears too, during the two hours of midnight. I heard some rustling in the cane thicket on my left but the sound seemed to recede rather than come nearer so I concluded it was some animal. I don't think I

was afraid the least bit, until midnight the boom of cannons at Vicksburg and the half circling fiery curves of the shells and the sudden lighting of the sky when they burst gave me something to see and to think of. From four till six this morning the firing at Vicksburg had nearly ceased.

June 14th. A letter of May 23rd from home to-day. I am glad as ever a boy could be, who is in love with his home. I had wondered why no letter came. I wish father had sent me some stamps. Money won't buy them here. They seem to forget my request for stamps. Saw D. D. Loomis yesterday, of the Second Cavalry. Sam, as they call him, is in good health and spirits. He is a sort of an assistant to the Commissary, looking after the horses and rations. The 8th Wis. too, is here. It still carries the Eagle.[2] The order for our return to Satartia up the Yazoo has been recalled. I am glad. The fact is, too many of our Regiment were beat out on the march here. There are nearly 300 men under the doctor's care as a result of that 35 mile march. If the water was good we would be happy. Blackberries are plenty and nice. Our Regiment went out last night three miles to support a battery planted on a ridge. We lay on our arms all night without being disturbed by the rebs. This place will be retaken by the rebels if possible. Every precaution is being taken to secure it against attack. Johnston and Bragg are on their way here with an army to drive us out, but Old Rose, that is Rosecrans, is following them and we ain't afraid. How many troops we have here, I don't know, but somewhere between twenty and forty thousand. To drive us from here will cost the rebs a good lot of blood, and they know it. This is an easy country to fortify, just about as hilly as Buffalo County and the sides of the hills ten times harder to scale, because of the timber we have fallen against the enemy and dense jungle of canebrakes. It's nearly impossible to get through a Mississippi canebrake. Here is where our fish poles come from.

There has been a lull in the firing at Vicksburg. There is a rumor that the Confeds have made a breach and are retreating up the Black River. Another story is that Jeff Davis is inside the City and Pemberton has asked a parley with a view to surrender-

[2] This was "Old Abe," probably the most famous mascot in American military history. For an account of him see "The Story of Old Abe" in this magazine, II, 82–84.

ing. Everybody is looking toward Vicksburg and wondering why the thunder of the guns has stopped. Another rumor says General Grant has mined their forts and has given them twelve hours to surrender and if they refuse the chain of forts will be blown up.

Have just heard that poor Orlando Adams, my chum from Mondovi, is dead. He tried to get a furlough but failed. I was afraid when I bid him goodbye in Columbus, Kentucky, I should never see him again. The poor fellow cried when we left him to go south. Orlando never recovered from the effect of the measles. He wanted so bad to go home to die, but the rules had been strict against furloughs. Big Bill Anderson of Durand has just peeped in my tent and asked about my health. He gave me some blackberries. He said he had been out foraging for the sick boys. Bill is a wild fellow, but he has a great big heart and I know he is sicker this minute than some of the boys he is nursing.

You may send this letter over to sister D.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS.
HD. QUARTERS 25TH. WIS. VOL. INFT.

DEAR FATHER:

Since my last letter we have moved our position to within eight miles of Vicksburg. Yesterday eleven regiments of Burnside's corps landed. The old fellow himself with his well-known side whiskers came also. His men think he is pretty near a god. The hills and valleys for miles and miles are literally white with tents, and the music of bands from morning till night is ringing in our ears. I think it would be safe to say there are not less than twenty-five thousand tents within a circumference of eight miles. Clouds of dust from moving troops fill the air in every direction. Several batteries of artillery are just passing, six to eight big horses to each gun, and the men riding on the cassions are breathing a constant smudge. They don't have to walk, that is one thing in their favor, but I don't think I would like the battery service.

Rumor is still in the air that the Rebel General Johnston is maneuvering to cut his way through to help General Pemberton in Vicksburg. That is the reason for so many batteries and in-

fantry coming here and taking positions at this time. I am sure a hundred thousand rebels could not break our lines at this point. We have three lines of heavy fortifications with batteries every eighty rods. Several thousand spades are kept constantly busy strengthening the lines. Our regiment was out yesterday on spade duty. I suppose we did a lot of digging, but for my part I don't think I did more than an hour's work, and I am sure I worked as hard as anybody. It takes the darkies to dig. One hundred negroes will shovel as much dirt as a thousand yankee soldiers, and sing plantation songs all the time. I went out a mile yesterday on the second line to see them work and hear them sing. Most of their songs are love songs, and it's always something about the cotton and the canefields. Rules are mighty strict and getting stricter everyday. Our main work is to clean and polish up our guns, and to see that our cartridge and cap boxes are kept dry. We have inspection of arms every day at ten o'clock. Every gun is examined and woe to the soldier whose gun is not in order. We know not at what hour, day, or night the roll of the drum will call us into line of battle.

I noticed in a copy of the Alma *Journal* you sent me that the people of Gilmanton, had been subscribing funds for the U. S. Sanitary commission. The object is a noble one and I am glad the Gilmanton folks have gone into their pockets to help it. By the way does Mr. G. say anything more about the hundred dollars he was to donate toward a private school in our valley when I enlisted? Don't say anything about it. If he gives it, all right. If he don't, all right. I don't care for his hundred dollars. But of course as he volunteered to give it I never can think as much of him for lying about it. This sanitary commission is a soldier's home or stopping place, wherever a soldier happens to be, in any town in the north. He is given a bed and meals free of charge and medicine and care if he is sick. They are in the border states as well, too, where our troops are in possession. If they are out of money they can stay weeks or months without cost until they get money or transportation to go on.

Of course the good people of Gilmanton expect to celebrate the 4th of July and I expected to be with them when I enlisted but I shall not be there. I am glad to hear you say that my spelling is

better than it was, although you don't find my writing any better. You say I don't write any plainer than Horace Greeley. Well, there were some that managed to read Greeley and what the world found in his writings makes me rather glad that my penmanship is no better than his.

I am glad that sister D. secured a school. She don't write me so often any more. What's the matter with her? If the folks at home could know what happy fools it made of us to get letters, they would write more of them and longer ones. I have half a mind to confess that I have had the blues for a couple of days. I have had a touch of intermittent fever. Hundreds of the boys are under the care of the doctor for chills and fever. We are drinking water a little better than poison, and the miasma of this Yazoo River is getting in its work. The cannonading about Vicksburg is fiercer than ever. Last night the doctor gave me some infernal stuff for my fever that kept me awake. It must have been midnight before I got to sleep. I lay with the flap of my tent thrown back watching the shells from a hundred mortars, making a fiery half-circle as rising like a flaming rocket, they circled and fell into the city; then followed the explosion. How can those people sleep? I should think the people of that city would be perishing for sleep. There has not been an hour the three weeks past but shells have been bursting in every part of the city.

There was a bunch of about fifty rebs passed our camp yesterday taken at Vicksburg in a charge upon our works. They were put upon a boat at this landing for transportation to the North. They tell awful tales of hunger and want of sleep in Vicksburg. It takes half the people all the time to put out the fires started by our shells and they have no flour and only horse and mule meat. They hinted that Jeff Davis was inside the lines. The story isn't believed but everybody is talking about it. It pleases me that Elder Morse likes my letters. I told Henry what his father said about his writing and he merely laughed. Henry Morse is sick at this time with chills and fever. It is a common sickness on this Yazoo River.

There is talk that the city will be stormed from the entire ten miles of line this week. A victory here and the surrender of Pem-

berton would open the Mississippi to the Gulf, then hurrah for Virginia and a healthier climate.

Send me some stamps as money won't buy stamps down here. Tell mother when I come back I'll bring her an aunt Dinah or a Topsy to show her how to bake hoe cake in the fireplace and roast potatoes in hot ashes.

Love to all,
Your son,
CHAUNCEY.

HD. QUARTERS 25TH WIS. VOL.,
SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS., July 1, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:

It has been some time since writing you last, but we have had a busy time coming and going and maneuvering; that is our regiment has been on the move for more than a week and no chance to write a letter nor to mail one. A week ago yesterday our regiment got orders to go to Cypress Bend, on the Arkansas side of the river, 200 miles up the river to capture or disperse a band of guerrillas that were firing from ambush along the shore on the passing steamers, trying to kill the pilots and cripple the boats. They have even fired into hospital boats that were flying hospital flags. Every able-bodied man in our regiment, about six hundred, was ordered into line, guns and ammunition inspected. The next morning we boarded the *Dexter*, a Mississippi boat that reached nearly across the Yazoo River, and were soon pushing down toward the father of waters. The idea of riding on the Mississippi again and heading toward home made us happy. And we figured on having a good drink soon as our boat touched the muddy waters of the big river that we somehow loved just because it flowed by our homes.

We had just been paid off for two months and the boys had a good fill of oysters and store crackers. I only got six dollars though. I had drawn some extra clothing and my little thirteen dollars was cut to three dollars a month. It was so long ago I got the clothes, I began to think the clothes were forgotten. Uncle Sam's paymasters have a good memory. Just as I am writing this

the *Silver Moon*, a Yazoo steamer, is passing up the Yazoo toward Haines' Bluff. She has a caliope and it is playing "Nellie Gray." She is loaded with hard-tack and bales of hay clear to the water line and her half naked deck hands lying around on the hay bales look like so many alligators. She gave us the right of way and we pushed on down this river whose water though clear and tempting we dared not drink. The boys kept cracking away at the alligators that lay on logs and driftwood on the sand banks. The scaly things would flounder into the water and sink out of sight. Some of them looked to be seven or eight feet long, more of them were three or four feet.

We reached Young's Point in the evening and waited there all night for some cavalry and a battery that was to accompany us. We were just out of cannon range of Vicksburg. I lay on the hurricane deck of our boat and with my head bolstered up on my knapsack so I could see. I watched the fire of our gun boats in sight of us down the river as broadside after broadside was poured into the city. Every discharge would come up the river like a great roll of thunder. It may seem strange to you but all the first part of that night I was thinking more of home than of the things going on around me. It seemed as if the shells from the mortars went up into the clouds a half mile and then would drop in a circle of fire into the city of Vicksburg. They looked like meteors only their track was red and they would often burst before they reached the ground. I don't think I got to sleep before midnight and when I woke up the sun was shining.

June 26th. Our battery and cavalry regiment came at nine o'clock and at eleven o'clock we swung into the great river with bow headed up stream. Soon as we got fairly into the current the boys made a rush for the boiler deck to get a drink of the water that came from the lakes and springs of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It was dirty and muddy and we saw dead mules and cattle floating by and knew that it was the sewer for all the filth of the northern states, but whether we were dry or not we drank, and drank, until it ran out of our nose just because it came from the glorious North.

Well, all that day as we steamed up the great river we lay round and talked, dreamed, and loafed. There was scarcely a break in the deep dark forests that came right down to the river

bank. Our guns were loaded and we had them in hand all day because we were warned that we might be attacked at any moment. We had in our fleet four transports loaded with troops, and three gunboats with heavy brass cannon.

June 27th. The weather is awfully hot. We are tied up at Cypress Bend where all the attacks have been made on passing vessels. Our boats are tied to the Arkansas shore. We had a rain last night that gave us on the top a good wetting but the air this morning is cooler for the rain. The gun boats anchored amid stream and sent a lot of shells over into the woods beyond the plantation that lies along the shore. The idea was to draw the fire of the rebel forces, but nothing came of our firing. The cavalry was landed at noon and deployed as scouts across the big bend in the river. At seven o'clock we ran to the Mississippi side and tied up for the night. Everything was quiet for the night. There were some boats calling to our guards as they passed during the night to find out if the river was clear to Vicksburg. Next morning we went on shore, both cavalry and infantry under cover of our gun boats. They first sent a few shells screaming through the tree tops a mile or two inland as a sort of feeler, but getting no reply the batteries, cavalry and infantry went ashore.

This letter will be finished next week.

CYPRESS BEND, ARKANSAS,
July 2nd, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:

We deployed a good half mile in line soon as we got ashore in a grove of timber that lay between the river bank and the mansion of the planter and the village of negro huts that flanked the big house on the right and left. This plantation worked nearly 500 slaves we were told. The mansion was built on piers like most homes of the South, ten or twelve feet above the ground; the basement surrounded by a lattice and serving as kitchen and laundry and living place for the house servants. We had orders to make a careful examination of the place as it was thought the guerrillas we were after had made this place their headquarters. I was among the first to reach the house. There were no whites in sight but I saw a few scared-looking black faces who got out of sight as

we came near. Some of the boys had talked with the blacks who denied that there had been any rebels quartered there. We knew the negroes were lying. We found where there had been beds and lots of ash heaps where there had been camp fires and the tracks of horses and scattering corn fodder. Five or six of us went to the stairway and opened the door leading on to the gallery. Just as we stepped in the wide hall, three women, an old grey-haired lady and two young ladies, came up to us and asked us not to come into the house. The oldest one pleaded pitifully, wringing and rubbing her hands first one and then the other, and then reaching out her hands toward us as far as she could urging us to stay out, all the while crying and at times screaming as if her heart was breaking. She said her mother was sick and likely to die and begged us to go away. I never felt meaner in my life. The Co. K. man who did the talking told her we had orders to search the house for rebels and we had to do it. He tried to say something by way of excuse. One of the boys pushed by the girls and opened a closet in the wall. The girl jumped into the door and with tears streaming down her face begged him to stay out. There is nothing in here she said but the wardrobe and relics of my dying mother. She took him by the arm and pushed him away and closed the door. The house was soon crowded with soldiers and the door of the closet opened and examined but we found nothing but dresses and cloaks and bonnets and blankets. I got ashamed and wished that I was out of it. I went back into the big hall and found a bookcase. I stuck Longfellow's *Hiawatha* in my pocket and Ed. Coleman and Elder Harwood took turns with me reading it on our return to Snyder's Bluff.

When I went outside I found several buildings on fire. The orders had been not to set any fires, but nobody cared and nobody would tell. Suddenly a report came in that a body of rebels had been seen by our cavalry some four miles inland. We hurriedly got into line and for two hours marched back through the deepest, darkest forest I ever saw. All at once there came the ring of rifles on every side. The ranks were broken and men supposed to be brave as lions dodged right and left, while others fired their guns out of pure fright with no enemy in sight. It had turned out that we had surprised a company of rebel cavalry who were boiling

coffee for an afternoon lunch and after emptying their carbines at our cavalry scouts and giving us a good surprise they retreated in every direction through the woods.

It was lucky for us after all. We had just pulled ourselves together for a forward march when scouts came galloping up with the news that 4,000 rebels under the command of Marmaduke were flanking us on both sides and had already planted cannon on the crossroads between us and the river. In less time than I am telling you we were countermarching at double quick. We made four crossroads to the big plantation and at every one of them we expected to be raked by rebel cannister and grape. Before we reached the last crossroad, shells from our gun boats were screaming over our heads and bursting in our rear, scattering death amongst the rebs as it seemed to us letting us get back into the open cotton field of the big plantation with not a man lost. But it was music to hear those shells ripping through the tree tops on their mission of death. We knew it meant our salvation and death to the rebels.

When we got back to the big plantation we found nearly all the buildings on fire save the mansion alone. The barns, gin house, sawmill, and immense drying sheds were all ablaze sending up columns of black smoke. The cavalry that followed us told us that we had barely crossed the last crossroad when the rebels planted a battery not fifty rods from our line of retreat so as to rake us at the crossing with cannister. There is no doubt our gunboats that kept up a rapid fire over our heads was a mighty lucky thing for us. The rebels had three men to our one and knew every road and vantage point; but for our brass war dogs they would have made it hot for us. We boarded our boats and with one gun boat for convoy, leaving two at the bend for protection to passing vessels, reached our old quarters on the Yazoo yesterday.

Don't forget to send a paper now and then. You are right when you suppose it is hot down there. Dan Hadley and Henry Morse are both on the sick list and about twenty-five others you don't know in the company. I am glad to hear that you have help for harvest. I hope mother won't need to go in the hayfield this summer nor rake up grain. It is too hard work and it don't seem

right. I loaned all my stamps and I must hunt one to send this letter. Love to mother and the rest.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY.

SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS., July 15, 1863.
HD. QUARTERS 25TH VOL.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have for many days thought of writing to you, first because I like you and second because you are not writing to me as often as you ought.

Since the surrender of Vicksburg on the fourth of this month there has been all sorts of rumors as to our future movements. The late battles won by the Army of the Potomac along with the victory over Pemberton here at Vicksburg somehow make us boys feel that the end of the war is near. O, if you could have seen and heard what I have these ten days past. Pemberton had nearly thir y thousand all surrendered to Grant on the 4th of this month. And they were glad to be prisoners and paroled to go to their homes. They cursed the war and called it a nigger war. I heard lots of them say, that had never owned a nigger, that they were fooled and wished they had stayed at home. The bombardment of Vicksburg the night of the surrender was fearful. The clouds above the city looked blood-red as if they were all on fire. The thunder of the cannon for two or three nights and the rumor of surrender kept us awake. We that were rather on the sick list with chills and fever were pretty anxious at the reports that the rebel General Johnston was daily preparing to attack us. Since the surrender the troops by brigades and divisions have gradually withdrawn. All this means that the danger of attack is past.

While I am writing this letter our scouts have brought in word that the rebel General Johnston has been bagged with 65000 troops. Some of the boys are wild over the news, others simply smile and say it's nothing but a false rumor. Whether it is true or false you will know by the papers before this reaches you.

Some of the boys were down to the city of Vicksburg today. They said it was a pretty nice place, but it was badly shot up. Nearly half the town had been burned and the streets were torn

up by our shells. It costs twenty dollars in Confederate money to get a meal, and one dollar in U. S. Greenbacks. The darkies were filling up the town and grinning and showing their white teeth at every corner. Grey headed niggers and pretty quadroons begged the soldiers for money and blessed Abraham Lincoln for sending them south to make them free. Most of the boys hate the blacks and say hard things about them. I never can forget what father told me at Mr. Fuller's place when I got in the wagon after that awful good dinner to go to Alma. You remember it brother W. He said if you ever get a chance, my boy, take good aim and shoot twice to free the black while shooting once for the Union.

I don't dare say anything like this to the boys, because they would laugh at me. But I have read enough to know that Phillips was right and Garrison was right and he thought as they did. And I thought for days after going to La Crosse of the tears I saw in his eyes as he asked me always to remember the slave.

Well, brother, to change the subject, have you killed any prairie chickens this summer? It is nearly time for pigeons again. Good Lord, how I hope I can be with you to eat speckled trout and prairie chickens this fall.

I am writing this upon my back. The doctor gave me something for my fever that makes my head whirl. When he came to my tent this morning I asked him if I was very sick. When I told him I was seventeen he said, "you ought to have been thrashed and kept at home two years longer." I told the doctor that he looked sick himself, and he admitted he was not feeling well.

Say, how are the neighbors coming? How does Geo. Cartwright behave? Does he and uncle Ed. cock up twice as much hay as you and father? What does Edward Cass busy himself about? Have he and father got that big field fenced in yet? And Maggie C. is she as pretty and haughty as ever? How does Jim Pierce prosper this summer? Has he commenced that brick house he never tired of telling about? I sometimes wish lightning had struck that man, father then might have got a better farm. Pierce took father in just because he was too honest. Do the cows break in the fields any this summer? Does mother make lots of cheese and butter? Great heavens, what butter and cheese mother could

make. When those people from St. Louis came through there and praised mother's bread and butter I thought they were fooling, but now I know they were telling the truth. Well, I have got some soft bread to-day noon! some biscuit I bought of a settler. And I have some butter I paid 50 cents for and some coffee. Don't you think I have a first rate supper? Just like the little boy in the third reader who was happy over his porridge alone when he discovered that everything else of the meal had been stolen.

Love to yourself, father, mother and sister D.

Your brother,

CHAUNCEY.

SNYDER BLUFF, MISS., July 19, 1863.
25TH REGT. WIS. VOL. INFT.

DEAR SISTER:

I got your much valued letter containing your likeness nearly two weeks ago. I was pretty sick at that time with the fever, the Yazoo fever. Since then I have written home. Just two weeks ago I was taken with the chills the day after the fall of Vicksburg. But I ain't alone, there are thousands along this river of death, that's what the boys have named the Yazoo, that are on their backs just like me.

The doctor has knocked the chills for the time at least, though they have made me weak. Dan Hadley and Bill Anderson look in on me once in a while to see that I want for nothing. All the other boys that are well have their patients too. Every fellow has his chum to wait on him. It rained night before last and all day yesterday and there was a hot steam rising from the ground. But it settled the dust and the moving troops don't kick up any dust. We can hear the scream of boats on the Mississippi and Yazoo night and day. Troops are being shipped up and down the river points fast as boats can get here. Several batteries have passed to-day with six and eight big sleek horses to each gun. The gunners were laughing and calling to one another like a bunch of schoolboys. Moving infantry is constantly in sight. A regiment of cavalry is just now trotting slowly by. Their saber scabbards freshly scoured look bright in the sun and their horses after their long rest are acting pretty wild. I often wish I had got transferred

to the cavalry like Ed. Cartwright did at the first. There is a little more danger but you don't have to walk and that saves a soldier a lot.

They are fitting out some hospital boats and after the troops fit for service are transported the sick and convalescent will be taken to northern hospitals. I hear that some three hundred in our regiment are to be put on. I don't know whether I fall within that last or not, but I fear I do.

The doctor says we can't recruit in this hot climate but must get farther north. We are looking for marching orders any day, for some point up the river as far as Memphis, Tenn., or perhaps to Kentucky. Mensus Bump has just been in to see me. He said I made myself sick by eating a whole can of oysters. What he meant was this The night we went on board for Cypress Bluff we had just had our pay and the boys were hungry for nick nacks. I bought a can of oysters, took it on the boat for fear the boys would steal it from me when I was asleep, ate it all up that night. I knew it was too much but I never thought oysters would hurt a fellow.

Sister D. your picture suits me to a dot. Your face never looked so good to me before, and your letters, say my dear girl, you have a wonderful knack of telling things. Mother always said you were father's girl. I shall be glad when I can do as well as you. You remember Mr. Rosman used to say I was always chipping in when you tried to tell something about catching trout or about father's shooting a deer or a bear. Well, some things you would forget, and I tried to help you out. Say, sister, I haven't forgot how you would scold me for these things when we would be going back over the hill home the next day. Laying here on my back under a tent of thin cotton cloth, under a hot southern sun I can't help thinking, thinking, thinking.

Say, by George, how I wish I could have some of that strawberry shortcake. Land of Goshen, I can taste it now. We have no strawberries but oceans of blackberries. We have plenty of sugar to go with them but no cream.

Well it's getting dull here, most of the troops in sight save our Brigade have gone north or out to follow up the Rebel Johnston's scattered army. It has been so quiet and still since the surrender

of Vicksburg it seems dull enough. It is only three miles to the city and the boys that are able run in often as they can get a pass.

The black freedmen are coming in from the country by the thousand and going north to enlist. Several men from our regiment have offered to go as officers in the black regiments. They are doing with the slaves just what General Frémont asked Lincoln to do at the beginning of the war. This is, set the blacks free and make soldiers of them. If you had not sent me stamps, I could not send you this letter. I am glad you like your school. Only look out for the fellow who lives so near. You should go home as often as possible and help mother and take care of sister E. They say she is a dreadful nice girl. Wonder if she isn't a bit like her older brother. Sorry I offended pretty Maggie Cass when I wrote her the black people were human beings and had souls. So she says she won't write me any more? Well unless I run against a rebel bullet or a hard dose of Yazoo fever I'll try and outlive her scorn.

Sam Loomis's company is camping about two miles from here. He comes down once in a while to visit us. He looks pretty thin but his duties as commissary are pretty light so he ought to stand it. I most forgot to tell you Henry Morse and Daniel Hadley have been sick for the last six weeks. They have been getting better. O, how did you pass the 4th of July? I was on picket duty that day though sick enough to be in bed. It's the fashion of soldiers to run on comrades who complain of being sick. They call it playing off. I have noticed that the fellows that do that kind of jibing are infernal cowards themselves. I have learned that the Dutch boys make the bravest soldiers. They don't do any bragging and they are ready for service no matter how dangerous. Is there any one working your eighty this summer? I am thinking what a fine farm my forty and your eighty would make together. If Myra Amidon ever asks you whether or not I received that letter she and you wrote in company, tell her I did of course and answered it and directed to you. If she wants an answer tell her to write on her own hook and I'll be glad to answer. Tell her I owe her a grudge for beating me at that foot race through the cornfield to the house. My heavens how that girl can run. Myra has the nicest blue eyes I ever saw. How easy it is to write and write

of friends and dear ones at home. You will be tired when you read all this, and I must quit. Kiss mother for me and save one for yourself.

Your brother,
CHAUNCEY.

SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS., July 25, 1863
HD. QUARTERS 25TH REGT., WIS. VOL.

DEAR MOTHER:

I feel just like writing you to-day. I am sitting in the shade of a big Cypress tree, on the banks of the Yazoo. Looking across the river I can see on some flood trash, two black things looking like aligators. They don't move and I am not sure. There is a pretty spring just below where I sit and a sign over it which says, "Don't drink this water, poison." It is as big as the spring at the head of our coulee and as pure looking. It seems strange that we cannot drink out of the springs here that look just as they do in Wisconsin. Some of the boys don't mind the sign. Some that are burning up with fever and thirst manage to stagger down here and fill up with water and go back to their tents and die. Say mother, what would you think if I should say I have sometimes wished when the fever made me so hot I could hardly stand it that I could go to sleep and never wake up till the war was over. Now this may sound kind of weak for a soldier.

But I am no coward, mother. I don't come from that kind of stock. I remember how you put the gun at the head of your bed when father was gone to Fountain City, ready to use it if Indians should come or wild animals attack the cattle. And father came home and he would pat you on the back and say "You are just the girl for a pioneer's wife." I remember these things mother, and under all circumstances I shall never forget that my father and mother were brave people.

I wrote brother Warren the day before getting your letter so I have delayed answering yours. I am a great deal better from chills and a sort of intermittent fever. I have been taking quinine which seems to have broken the chills. I am thankful it is not that other kind of fever that is killing off the boys so fast. Twenty-

three men have lately died out of our regiment. There are only about 100 men out of the regiment fit to do duty.

Thank goodness we are about done with this part of the South. The report now is that our entire Brigade will go to Memphis and on up the Tennessee where a northern soldier can live. Two regiments of our brigade have already left, the Third Minnesota and the Fortieth Iowa. The Twenty-seventh Wisconsin and our regiment will leave soon and then hurrah for a healthier climate. The rebel General Johnston and his Butternut band have skedaddled to parts unknown. Of course you have heard of the retreat of Gens. Lee and Bragg, and of the riot of the mob in New York City and the burning of negro asylums and school houses. That mob uprising looked bad for the North. It was a Democratic crowd in sympathy with the South. Cost what blood, time and treasure it may, the Union will yet win out.

We were paid off the other day, and to my surprise nothing was taken out for extra clothes drawn. Maybe they will take it out later. We got full pay, $26.

This makes twice we have drawn pay at this place. You ask what general it was that ordered that killing retreat, for retreat it was, from Satartia to Haines Bluff? It was General Kimball, a Potomac General, who is now acting General for our corps. We are not in love with him, and some of the boys say he will get shot by his own men the first fight we get into. It is time for roll call and as I am not excused I must quit and go back to camp.

Love to father and the rest,

Your son,

CHAUNCEY

SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS., July 28, 1863.
HD. QUARTERS WIS. REGT.

DEAR MOTHER:

Your last letter at hand. There is no medicine like a letter from home. Let me tell you mother it does a fellow a lot of good. I am glad you are having such success with the bees. It makes my mouth water for biscuit and honey. I wish you would not take so many chances of getting stung. You ought to wear a veil of cheese cloth over you face. Don't think so much of me. I am all

right. We have a plenty to eat. By paying a good round price we can get almost anything good to eat. I wish you would think more of yourself. When I see you in my sleep working in the hayfield helping to get up the hay it troubles me. I suppose as you say that help is hard to get and maybe there is no other way. I am careful you may be sure what I eat. Our dainties we get of the sutler, and it is nearly all in cans. I eat a lot of oysters and I find them good for me. That deer that father killed must have come in good play. Don't spoil your relish for it by constantly thinking of me. I told you I am all right. When I get a dish of oysters I always think how fond father is of them.

You say they are going to get rich in Bennet Valley where father bought that forty for me. Well I am happy to know that. It may be they will have use for a part of it when the next recruiting officer comes that way. Nor will he, likely as not, waste his eloquence in trying to coax them to enlist as J. A. Brackett did when I enlisted. He will like as not tell them to furnish so many men or stand a draft.

This war ain't over yet. There may be a lot of money paid out for substitutes yet. Just think of it, they are paying as high as a thousand dollars for substitutes in many of the states. It all means that people are getting tired of the fussy way the war is being carried on. If the slaves had been declared free right at the start, just as father said, and put into the ranks to fight, the war might have ended long ago. I see by the papers there are fifty thousand freedmen under arms and they are doing good service. The poor black devils are fighting for their wives and children, yes and for their lives, while we white cusses are fighting for what Capt. Dorwin calls an idea. I tell the boys right to their face I am in the war for the freedom of the slave. When they talk about the saving of the Union I tell them that is Dutch to me. I am for helping the slaves if the Union goes to smash. Most of the boys have their laugh at me for helping the "Niggers" but Elder Harwood and Ed. Coleman and Julius Parr and Joel Harmon and Chet Ide, the last two of Mondovi, tell me I am right in my argument.

I am sorry father lost that deer. He should take old Prince to help him next time. It is too bad to wound a deer for the wolves to catch and eat up in that way. We have fresh beef all

the time since the surrender. These canebrakes are full of half-wild cattle, and they are fat as butter.

I thank brother W. for sending me those stamps. I will send him a book when I get to Memphis. Mother, I wish you would send me a small package of butter by Lieut. McKay, who is home on furlough for thirty days. I like John McKay. He is a good man. He is a good officer and fair to his men. His wife, I think, is in Modena, where he enlisted. You will see a notice of his arrival in the Alma *Journal*. For the can of butter you send I want you to reserve a ten-dollar greenback for your own especial use out of the sum I send you. Good bye, dear mother.

Your boy,

CHAUNCEY.

COMMUNICATIONS

MORE NAPOLEONIC SOLDIERS IN WISCONSIN

I note under the caption "Napoleonic Soldiers in Wisconsin" in the last issue of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* interesting data relative to those who served under the "Little Corporal" and who lie buried in Wisconsin.

My father, H. W. Roblier, had charge of the Columbia County Poorhouse for thirty years prior to 1884, and I have in my possession an old register of the early inmates of that institution. I find therein this record: "Jonas Haywood. Admitted in the Columbia County Poor House, from the Town of Scott, Jan., 12th, 1859. Born in England, is 78 years of age. Died after a lingering illness June, 12th, 1867, 7 o'clock, P. M. Was buried on the 13th, in grave No. 9 on the Poor House lot in the Wyocena cemetery by John McConnell, Theodore Dixon, James Babcock and H. W. Roblier."

My father has many times informed me that Jonas Haywood was a soldier in the English army, and fought at the battle of Waterloo under Wellington. I do not know if the grave of this old warrior can now be located in the Wyocena cemetery, but I presume it can as there must be some record there. If there should be no record other than that above referred to, I assure you that the one in my possession is open for inspection at any time. In going over this old record I find many interesting entries, but this is the only one that seems to have any connection with Napoleon's campaigns. Who knows but this old veteran may have witnessed the charge of the "Old Guard," that last flash of the Emperor's star?

WILLIAM A. ROBLIER, *Coloma*

Michael Hirschinger and Michael Nippert marched with Napoleon, and their names might be added to those mentioned by A. O. Barton in his article published in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for March, 1921. Both of these soldiers, who were with the great Corsican, are buried in a rural cemetery about four miles southwest of Baraboo and the inscriptions at their graves read as follows:

Michael Hirschinger	Michael Nippert
Died	Died
March 20, 1853	May 23, 1864
Aged 67 Years	Aged 70 years, 2 months

Michael Hirschinger was the father of former Assemblyman Charles Hirschinger, now a resident of Baraboo. The most thrilling experience of the parent was his march to Moscow with Napoleon in the fall of 1812 and the retreat through the wintry snows. The father often told his son of that terrible winter, how many of the soldiers, after fording streams, perished in the cold. Something like a half million men marched to Moscow but the flower of the army was gone when the warm days of spring arrived.

Michael Hirschinger was born at Strassburg and with his wife sailed for America in 1832. When five days from land a storm carried away both sails and rudder; it was thirteen weeks before those on board were rescued. All were given up as lost. The couple landed at New York, walked all the way to Pittsburgh, and came to Sauk County in 1847. Both are buried in Rock Hill cemetery.

Two of Mr. Hirschinger's brothers were in Napoleon's bodyguard; both were about six feet and four inches tall. Both were killed and buried at Strassburg. Duels were popular in those days and a soldier had challenged a youth. When one of the Hirschingers interceded on account of the brief years of the young man the aggressor forthwith challenged the would-be mediator. They drew their swords and Hirschinger, being clever with this weapon, severed a button from the coat of his antagonist and then threw the blade to the ground. The warrior was so angry he thrust his weapon through Hirschinger, killing him to the astonishment of the onlookers. The man was afterwards court-martialed and shot.

But little is known concerning Michael Nippert. As to his early life or martial deeds there are no records. He was a near neighbor of Michael Hirschinger, and their experiences were often exchanged in the presence of members of the families, but the conversations have faded with the passing years. His wife, too, sleeps beside him.

H. E. Cole, *Baraboo*

THOSE ORIGINAL PARCHMENT TITLE DEEDS

The letter which follows came to my mind when I read the item in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for September, 1920, on page 115: on "original parchment title deeds to government land." We have had a number of these given to the Normal School and often the question of the president's signature has arisen. I wrote a letter of inquiry to the General Land Office and from the answer received first learned which of the signatures are original and which are by the hand of a clerk.

MY DEAR MR. SANFORD:

In reply to your letter of October 14, 1919, desiring to know what presidents, if any, signed land patents with their own hands, you are advised that these patents were signed by the presidents, personally, up to and including a portion of the year 1833. The act of March 2, 1833, reads as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, by Congress assembled, that it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint a Secretary, with a salary of One thousand, five hundred dollars per annum, whose duty it shall be, under the direction of the President, to sign in his name, and for him, all patents for lands granted or sold under the authority of the United States.

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, that this act shall continue and be in force until the fourth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and no longer."

This act expiring in March 1837, a second act, practically identical with the first, except that it contained no limitation, was passed and approved on July 4, 1836.

Very respectfully,

JOHN MCPHAUL

ALBERT H. SANFORD, *La Crosse*

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending April 6, 1921 there were seventy-one additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Seven of these enrolled as life members, as follows: John Boler, Sawyer; Edward G. Broennimann, New York City; Col. Arthur L. Conger, Washington, D. C.; Adolph R. Janecky, Racine; Judson G. Rosebush, Appleton; Frederick D. Underwood, New York City; Francis J. Webb, Duluth, Minn.

Fifty persons became annual members of the Society: Mrs. W. H. Allen, Medford; Dr. Bernhard F. Bellack, Columbus; Edward W. Blaisdell, Waukesha; Mary E. Chadwick, Watertown; Mrs. W. H. Chesbrough, Beloit; Lyle E. Douglass, Waukesha; Daniel F. Enos, Waukesha; Hans P. Fuley, Hayward; John H. Gage, Wauwatosa; Mabel E. Griswold, Madison; Mrs. D. A. Hadley, Oconomowoc; Winifred E. Hale, Waukesha; George McClellan Harley, Webster; Erle S. Harrison, Waukesha; Rolla M. Heath, Waukesha; Wilfred L. Heindel, South Wayne; Leopold L. Imig, Sheboygan; Mrs. Charlotte Gasmann Johnson, Amherst; Lillia E. Johnson, Eau Claire; Alvin L. Jung, Milwaukee; Mrs. Clarence J. Klopf, Madison; Rudolph R. Knorr, Milwaukee; Sophelia Kurkowski, Amherst; Mrs. Charles G. McGlashan, Madison; Rev. Samuel M. MacNeill, Wauwatosa; William Meyer, Milwaukee; Hans H. Mieding, Milwaukee; Eric R. Miller, Madison; Mrs. Nellie Okey Mink, Lancaster; Alexander R. Mueller, Milwaukee; Philip J. Ott, Milwaukee; D. S. Peck, Hayward; Hugh Pomeroy, Appleton; Louis Quarles, Milwaukee; Carroll Quimby, Sheboygan; Herman E. Rehwald, Racine; John C. Schmidtmann, Manitowoc; Adolph G. Schwefel, Milwaukee; Otto F. Schwefel, Watertown; Harlan G. Seyforth, Ellsworth; Herman A. Starcke, Glidden; Willis E. Switzer, Wabeno; Mrs. B. M. Vaughan, Wisconsin Rapids; Robert O. Wanvig, Milwaukee; William E. Webb, Lancaster; Dr. Thomas R. Welch, Rhinelander; Ella Sage Wilder, Watertown; George F. Wilder, Seattle, Wash.; Milford Witts, Watertown; Mrs. H. N. Zufelt, Sheboygan.

Fourteen institutions entered the Society as Wisconsin school members as follows: The Day School for the Deaf at Appleton; the State Normal School at Eau Claire; and the high schools at Ashland, Belleville, Birnamwood, Dodgeville, Fort Atkinson, Greenwood, Hixton (Union Free High School), Marshfield, Mayville, Milwaukee (South Division High School), Muscoda, and Oconto Falls.

During this period three annual members changed to the life membership class: Theodore Brazeau, Wisconsin Rapids; Belle L. Fleek, Brodhead; Henry A. Foster, Appleton.

General Frederick C. Winkler of Milwaukee died March 22 at the age of eighty-three. A native of Germany, General Winkler was brought to Milwaukee by his parents when six years of age, and that

city remained his home for more than three-quarters of a century. Admitted to the bar in 1859, he had but fairly begun practice when he laid his profession aside to enter upon the war for the Union. He rose to the rank of colonel of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin and at the close of the war was brevetted brigadier-general for meritorious service. Returning to Milwaukee and his law practice, General Winkler was for half a century one of the foremost attorneys of Wisconsin. He witnessed the growth of Milwaukee from a small town to a city of almost half a million, and in that growth he bore an active and honorable part. He was publicly characterized by Theodore Roosevelt, not long before that great American's death, as "a man whom I have always considered a model for me and my sons to follow as an American citizen of the highest and best type." General Winkler was an old-time member of the State Historical Society.

Charles McCarthy, head of the Legislative Reference Library of Wisconsin, died untimely in Arizona, March 26, 1921. His career was of the picturesque, impossible sort that we are prone to hail as typically American. The son of poor Irish immigrants, in youth he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Disliking the trade, he ran away to sea and served a term as cabin boy on a schooner. The books he found in the cabin on the long voyage so whetted his ambition for an education that at its close he presented himself at Brown University with a request for admission. But the university's scheme of things made no provision for one so irregularly prepared as the runaway cabin boy, and the request was refused. A direct appeal to the president of the university brought about a reconsideration and an arrangement whereby McCarthy was admitted. The penniless youth, working nights to provide the means of existence, soon became one of the most brilliant athletes in the history of the university. The character of his intellectual achievement is sufficiently indicated in the fact that less than twenty years after his first discouraging interview with the authorities at Brown, the university called him back to bestow upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

Dr. McCarthy's real life work was performed at Madison, whither he came in 1899 to study in the University. He became director of the Legislative Reference Library in 1901, in which position he continued until his death. So real a need did this institution fill in the practical workings of American government, that it has now become a commonplace throughout the nation. When America entered the Great War, the splendid showing which Wisconsin was enabled to make in that struggle was due in no small measure to the fertile brain and driving enthusiasm of Dr. McCarthy. Drafted into the national service, he served for many months as personal aid to Mr. Hoover in the Food Administration. At the conclusion of this service he returned to Madison, with health undermined, to resume the interrupted duties of the Reference Library. His career in Wisconsin, like his personality, was unique. The place he has vacated will not easily be filled.

Although his life work lay in another field, Dr. McCarthy possessed historical talent of a high order. He was a diligent collector of data in fields seemingly far removed from his regular work. Thus, he was a careful student of the race problem in America, and accumulated a large amount of data bearing on this subject. He was for many years a member of the State Historical Society.

The Department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington is collecting the material for an edition, in several volumes, of the correspondence of Andrew Jackson, to be edited by Professor John S. Bassett of Smith College, Jackson's biographer. All persons who possess letters of General Jackson or important letters to him, or who know where there are collections of his correspondence, or even single letters, would confer a favor by writing to Dr. J. F. Jameson, director of the department named, 1140 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

THE KELLY DIARIES

The Society has recently come into possession of the diaries o Mrs. Jane B. Kelly of Dane County, extending in time from 1866 to 1898 with only a few omissions. These little volumes record the life of a plain country woman, whose days were made up of hard work, who was often tired, and frequently anxious about her family and friends. The writer was a woman of deep piety and real religious experience; the quarterly meetings of the Methodist Church to which she belonged were times of refreshment for her spirit. Later in life she attended the Monona Assembly, heard the concerts and lectures there given, and gives her impressions of lecturers like Neal Dow, Frances Willard, Schuyler Colfax, and others. From these diaries we may learn the routine of life for women on a farm fifty years ago. The prices of farm products and clothing may also be garnered from these volumes. Best of all they record the home life of true and virtuous people of the middle class that rear children to strengthen all that is valuable in the civilization of our community and state.

Wisconsin. By J. F. A. Pyre. New York. Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1920. 419p.

The University of Wisconsin is doubly the child of fortune: First, in having so significant a history to narrate and interpret; and second, in having a historian who is equal to the requirements which that history imposes upon its narrator and interpreter. Professor Pyre has produced a real book—a book which combines in an uncommon degree accurate, painstaking research, sound reflection, insight, and artistic treatment. These qualities should place the work among the permanent possessions of historical literature along with Thwaites's *Wisconsin* and Turner's *Rise of the New West*, to mention only two of the books which have grown out of this fruitful historical soil.

Professor Pyre arranges his material under twelve chapter heads, as follows: 1. The State; 2. Anniversaries and Origins; 3. The Town and the Campus; 4. The Days of the Chancellors; 5. Bucolics; 6. War Times; 7. The New Era; 8. John Bascom; 9. Growing Up; 10. Towards a University; 11. Student Life; 12. Under Van Hise. There are two brief appendixes, relating the one to attendance from 1900 to 1918, the other to the University buildings; and an excellent index. The illustrations, which number only thirteen, are carefully chosen, well executed, and so aptly distributed as not merely to confirm but to enhance the impression of good taste and artistry which pervades the volume.

A son of Wisconsin pioneers, the author can sympathize with the bustling, optimistic, enterprising spirit of the people and the somewhat narrow, ungenerous opportunities of the pioneer age. But it would be hard to find, in equal space, a better historical interpretation of the society which created the University, for which the University wrought, between which and the institution, in the course of a parallel development, there has been so marked an interplay and reciprocity of influences. It was a society, says the author, in which "not only did everyone work, but almost everyone worked with his hands and almost everyone worked for himself," a true characterization which has large significance for the story that follows.

In his discussion of the historical origins of the State University, the land grant policy, the management of the University lands, the growth of the sentiment of state responsibility for the institution, and the comparative educational policies of Wisconsin and other western states, the author reflects the extent and thoroughness of his research. His familiarity with general educational and social history impresses a quality of *intelligence* upon every page and paragraph of the book.

But there are some high lights: Among these I presume most readers would agree in selecting for special commendation the characterizations of Bascom and of Van Hise. The early chancellors, Lathrop, Chadbourne, the unfortunate Twombly are well done notwithstanding the paucity of data the author had to work from. If his brief and not too sympathetic disposal of Barnard hints a doubt whether the author really understood that distinguished educator, one is quickly reminded that, after all, this treatment throws his chancellorship in proper perspective so far as its influence on the history of the University is concerned. That is one secret of the author's success. It is partly because he makes his portraits of Bascom and Van Hise fit so perfectly into the niches these presidents carved for themselves in the University not built with hands that they appear so admirable. In this book the artist always charms; but artistry is only one of its excellencies. The essay on Bascom, for instance, is a brilliant exercise in interpretative biography; and the same can be said, though with somewhat diminished confidence, of the essay on Van Hise. Chamberlin and Adams, less noteworthy for the results they achieved, occupy a correspondingly lower plane in the reader's consciousness though each is painted for us in true and strong colors.

Thus far we have been speaking of qualities in this book which will appeal to readers of every class. But it has another outstanding excellence in that it also satisfies so fully the desire for minute local information on the part of the thousands of graduates and students of the University. The evolution of the campus is traced step by step, from the purchase of the Vanderpoel tract and the erection of South Hall to the recent acquisitions of land along the lake shore, beyond University Bay, and the erection of the Home Economics and University Extension Building. The facts are so inwoven in the narrative as not to vitiate the literary plan of the work or oppress the reader who may be a stranger to the "Hill." If in this the author manifests his love of beauty in landscapes and his appreciation of taste in architecture, he evinces none the less a shrewd enough interest in the purely business aspects of this material development to satisfy the most exacting economist.

In the case of a book like this one, whose dimensions and scope were probably fixed in advance, a criticism of the contents on the score of incompleteness may be unfair. The author was obliged perforce to omit many interesting subjects for want of space. The only question between the reviewer and the author is whether some matters are so important that space ought to have been found for them even if it became necessary to treat some of the included subjects more summarily.

I think there are two, and perhaps three, subjects that deserved space at any reasonable cost. First among these is a study of the student constituency of the old college under the early chancellors Who were those men? Were they sons of ministers, doctors, lawyers, farmers, merchants? What was their social and intellectual heritage, what the immediate environments from which they came? And what of the early fitting schools and the preceptors who had charge of these youths? A local study of that sort would have great significance for the history of higher education generally as well as for the history of Wisconsin's state university.

One would be grateful, also, for a few pages more on the evolution of the public educational system, especially the high school, upon which the growth from college to university, so far as constituency goes, really pivots. And, corresponding to this outside influence, a study of the work of more of the great teachers and scholars of the institution in its several periods would obviously be desirable. Mr. Pyre of course recognizes that chancellors and presidents do not, of themselves, make a university, but his plan of treatment tempts him into a somewhat exclusive emphasis upon the policies and performances of these to the neglect of others who wrought perhaps quite as effectively. No one who was familiar with the University of Wisconsin during its period of rapid expansion, say the last forty or forty-five years, will deny that it owes as much to two of its deans, Dean Birge (now president) and Dean Henry, as it owes to its presidents. I suspect Mr. Pyre believes that. But it may be questioned if the uninitiated reader would gain that impression from his book.

Still less would the general reader gain an adequate notion of the process by which the scholarly, intellectual life of the institution was gradually enriched through the contributions of a series of great teachers and scholars. Some of these are sketched for him in a delightful manner, as, for example, Dr. Stearns and his Socratic method. But these sketches are all too few and the book seems to lack a definite purpose to reveal the process of inner development in a systematic way, though, to be sure, much of this is presented incidentally.

It is easy for one who is familiar with the type of quiet scholar and teacher to appreciate with what emotions Professor Pyre reacted to the "hideous racket" made by the new extension movement. The wonder is that such a man was able to deal with this movement, indeed with the Van Hise régime generally, in a spirit of fairness and impartiality. This Professor Pyre does, though of course there will be two opinions on the question whether or not it was possible for him to do full justice to the Van Hise policies about which he permits himself so many doubts.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

General Charles King ("Rufus King: Soldier, Editor, and Statesman"), son of the pioneer whose career he sketches, became a resident of the Badger State in 1845. A soldier by profession, he has won widespread renown by his use of the pen.

Laurence M. Larson ("The Kensington Rune Stone") is a professor of history in the University of Illinois and an authority of high standing in the field of Scandinavian history.

John S. Roeseler ("The Evangelical Association of Lomira Circuit") has written much upon the history of this, his native locality. For a quarter of a century after his graduation from the University of Wisconsin Mr. Roeseler was engaged in public school work as principal or superintendent at different points in the state.

Louise P. Kellogg ("The First Missionary in Wisconsin") is senior research associate of the State Historical Society. In the present study she presents certain new conclusions concerning the Wisconsin career of Father Ménard.

W. A. Titus ("Two Graves in a Rural Wisconsin Cemetery") of Fond du Lac has been a frequent contributor to the columns of this magazine.

THE WIDER FIELD

The Illinois Country, 1673–1818. By Clarence W. Alvord. [Centennial History of Illinois, Vol. I.] (Springfield: Illinois Centennial Commission. 192 xx, 524p.)

In the March, 1920 issue of this magazine was given some account of the *Centennial History of Illinois*, together with reviews of three of the volumes in the series. The following review of the initial volume

is reprinted by permission of the *American Historical Review* for January, 1921.

This is a notable volume, the capstone to a notable historical career. A decade and a half ago the *Illinois Historical Collections* comprised a single book of miscellaneous source material brought together on the politician's principle of giving "the several sections of the state a fair share of representation in the volume." Professor Alvord was called to the editorship, and from his busy office has flowed year after year one of the most prolific and fruitful streams known to American historical scholarship. More recently, as editor-in-chief of the Illinois Centennial Publications, he has planned and supervised the production of a comprehensive history of the state. The volume before us, although the last to come from the press, is the first of the Centennial History. It is written by the editor-in-chief, a historian of note working in his own special field and with the resources of a great commonwealth at his command, and the reader rightly expects it to be of highest scholarly excellence and workmanship.

Nor, in the main, is this expectation disappointed. In twenty-one chapters and five hundred pages Professor Alvord portrays the history of the Illinois country with a breadth of outlook, an assured familiarity, and a wealth of detail unapproached hitherto in the literature of the subject. The theme of the book may be briefly summarized as the story of the planting of a French colony in the heart of the continent; the long contest with the English for supremacy in America, with the Illinois country occuping the pivotal position in the French scheme of empire; the Anglo-Saxon triumph, with the subsequent revolt of the colonies from the mother country; and the beginnings, civil and political, of American society in Illinois. The telling of this story involves a wide sweep of history, and across the pages of the volume march a varied array of characters great and small—from Marquette, the missionary, yearning for martyrdom in the cause of Christ, or La Salle, the "first promoter of big business in the West," to John Dodge of infamous memory, as choice a rascal as ever scuttled a ship or throttled the liberties of a people.

To the resident of Illinois this book will constitute a never-failing source of inspiration and delight, providing him as it does with a historic past as dignified and thrilling and almost as ancient as any commonwealth along the Atlantic seaboard can boast. To the thoughtful scholar it offers much food for reflection, although he will not acquiesce, necessarily, in all the positions taken by the author. Some, we feel sure, will think that in Professor Alvord the economic interpretation of history finds a too-thoroughgoing exponent. Some will question the sweeping character of certain of his broad generalizations. For example, we note the explanation given (on pages 84–86) of the Iroquois warfare upon the tribes of the interior. To Professor Alvord a single simple factor explains these wars—the desire of the Iroquois to control as middlemen the trade of the interior tribes with the whites. No doubt this was an important cause of the wars, but the demonstration that it was the only one is yet to be made. Survivors of the New England

school of historians (if any such there be) will be disposed to question the perspective of the author in evaluating these wars. "The [Iroquois] attack of 1680," he says, "marks the opening campaign of almost a hundred years of warfare for dominion over the West," and he finds that the Iroquois themselves were stirred up by the English, who, unable to strike directly at the French for the control of the Mississippi Valley, struck at them through their allies, the Iroquois. There is a measure of truth in all this, of course; the Iroquois had not struck at the French in the West before 1680 because until La Salle came into Illinois there were none there to strike at; but are not these attacks of the Iroquois in the West more correctly to be regarded in the light of an extension of that conflict between them and the French which began with the founding of New France by Champlain?

The decrees of the paternalistic government which France established in the American wilderness produced, oftentimes, strange and unanticipated consequences. In 1673 the government, intent on curbing the coureurs de bois, forbade the people on pain of their lives to go into the woods for twenty-four hours without permission, and three years later all trading permits were prohibited. "The only effect was to make a large number of Frenchmen outlaws in the West, where they were supported by their friends and were able to divert the fur trade to the British at Albany" (p. 72). Again, we learn (p. 107) that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 entailed confusion upon the fur trade of Canada, since "many members of [the Huguenot] sect, operating hat factories in Normandy, were forced to leave France, thus impairing an industry which absorbed much of the output of Canada." Still more remarkable was the dilemma encountered by the government in its efforts at preventing the debauchery of the Indians by the trade in brandy. "If the Indians did not drink French brandy they would carry their furs to Albany and purchase English rum—equally demoralizing in this world; further, mixed with the English intoxicant, the children of the forest would imbibe Protestant heresy and endanger their souls for eternity" (p. 71). But the citizen of democratic America is humiliated to find that the lot of the French dwellers of Illinois for many years after the blessings of democracy were forced upon them by George Rogers Clark was distinctly worse than it had been under the old autocratic régime. The story of the "Period of the City States" (pp. 358–78) is one of the strangest and most chastening in American annals. The picture drawn by Father Gibault of conditions in the Illinois (p. 366) fairly rivals the most turbulent scenes of the Middle Ages.

The physical appearance of the book is pleasing but by no means distinguished. The same may be said of its literary style, although in this respect the opening paragraphs are of a high order of excellence, and flashes of brilliant writing appear here and there throughout the volume. Bristling with details as it does, the commission of some positive errors of statement might perhaps be taken for granted. The following items in fields with which the reviewer chances to be somewhat familiar may be noted: The portrait ascribed to Marquette (frontis-

piece) is not known to be of him, and the year of his founding the Illinois mission is indicated correctly on page 67 but incorrectly on page 132. The battle of Fallen Timbers was fought on August 20, 1794 instead of August 18 (p. 399). The builder of Fort Dearborn was Captain John Whistler, father of Colonel William Whistler (p. 414). It is incorrect to say that Harrison led "an army of militia" against Tippecanoe (p. 438); the backbone of his army was Colonel Boyd's Fourth United States Infantry. Hull surrendered Detroit on August 16, instead of the day before, and his order for the evacuation of Fort Dearborn was received at that place August 9, instead of August 8 (p. 440). There was no United States factory at Prairie du Chien prior to the War of 1812 (p. 451). But such errors of detail are of trivial importance and do not seriously impair the character of Professor Alvord's achievement. We are indebted to him for the first comprehensive, authoritative account of the century and a half of Illinois history which antedates the creation of the present commonwealth. That commonwealth could ill afford to dispense with his services.

M. M. QUAIFE

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