# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

MARCH 1922

VOLUME V

NUMBER 3

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

## THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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

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

The Collegiate Press
GEORGE BANTA PUBLISHING COMPANY
MENASHA, WISCONSIN

GENERAL CHARLES KING

From a photograph taken in the summer of 1921 at the close of the Wisconsin National Guard encampment

VOL. V 1921-1922

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

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# MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE

## General Charles King

### BOYHOOD IN OLD MILWAUKEE[1]

It may be of interest to refer to the cost of living in the fifties in Milwaukee as compared with present day prices. Milk was delivered at our kitchen door by a worthy Irish woman, Mrs. Powers, at five cents a quart measure. It cost considerably more in blood and bodily wear and tear on those occasions when I was required to venture down to the Third Ward[2] to get it when supplies ran short. The Irish to a man seemed fond of my father, in spite of differences in politics, the sons of the Emerald Isle being of the Democratic persuasion; but between young Ireland and young America there was perennial warfare.

Vegetables, as a rule, were bought at the German Market, or at Reed's or Harshaw's on East Water Street, nearly opposite the old Walker, now Kirby House. Alexander Mitchell and Hans Crocker raised the best fruits to be found in or about the city, those which came up by boat from Chicago being scarce and high. Munkwitz and Layton were our two butchers, and a quarter of a dollar, cash in hand, would enable me to carry home enough mutton chops for the family dinner. Mother's rules sent me early to bed, and I started in life as an early riser. When I found a dime on the corner of the little washstand in my room, it

[1] In a biographical sketch of his father, General Rufus King, published in the June, 1921 issue of this magazine, the author has told of his ancestry and of the establishment of his father's family at Milwaukee in 1845. The opening installment of the present article, relating memories of boyhood days in Milwaukee, is but a portion of a much longer statement which General King has dictated, dealing with recollections of this period in his career.—Editor.

[2] The old Third Ward was preëminently the resort of Milwaukee's Irish population and was familiarly characterized as the "Bloody Third." In 1850 there were slightly more than three thousand natives of Ireland in Milwaukee, in a total population of twenty thousand. The Irish at that time far outnumbered every other alien group in Milwaukee except the German-born.—Editor.

meant whitefish for breakfast, and as soon as I had dressed I would trudge away to the head of Mason Street, and there find the fishermen's boats just in from Whitefish Bay. That dime would give me the choice of the biggest and finest fish, many of them still flopping about in the bottoms of the boats. The fishermen would run a stout cord through the gills, loop it over the end of the big stick I carried for the purpose, and then with that stick over my shoulder, I would lug homeward the prize of the lot. Three dollars would hardly buy such a fish today.

Before quitting the old King's-Corner crowd,[3] let me tell you how they "sized up" in later life. It is worth the telling. "Rude" were we, perhaps, "in speech" and sports, neither blasphemous nor obscene, but certainly unpolished, and many a time did mother point out to me the inelegance of our language. One day a discussion, somewhat heated, was going on, and in the midst of it a dear old lady descended upon the group. She was my Sunday-school teacher and I honored her, but most of the crowd knew her only by name. Earnestly and impressively she addressed herself to the gang in general, to the excited debaters in particular, whereat, in his mingling of chagrin and embarrassment, the curly-headed future lieutenant general[4] of the Army burst into a guffaw of laughter, and the main culprit, the blue-eyed, fair-haired future rear admiral[5] of our Navy stuck his tongue in his cheek, twiddled his thumbs and dared to wink at his nearest neighbor. It was too much for our lady's dignity. Turning abruptly, she entered our house and, addressing my mother by the name only Albanians and intimates called her, said, impressively, "If you don't get your boy away from this Godless, graceless gang and send

[3] The family residence, which gave name to "King's Corner," stood at the northeast corner of Mason and Van Buren streets.—Editor.

[4] General Arthur MacArthur.—Editor.

[5] Rear Admiral James K. Cogswell. As executive officer under Captain Clarke, he brought the *Oregon* around South America from San Francisco to Santiago to share in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet in the battle of July, 1898.—Editor.

him where he can be among gentlemen, you will rue it to your dying day."

In September '58 I was divorced from the "gang," so-called, and in course of time entered Columbia College, New York, and of the forty very excellent young gentlemen matriculated with me at Columbia, not one, either in national, state or municipal affairs, ever won distinction; whereas, of the "Godless, graceless gang" who gathered day after day at the old corner, or were in close touch with us, one rose to be a senator of the United States, four of them generals in our Army, one of the four (MacArthur, my chum and next-door neighbor from '54 to '58) becoming lieutenant general, the highest rank then attainable. Two became rear admirals of the Navy, one became head of the Society of Physicians and Surgeons of Connecticut. Three became eminent in the law (one of them a judge at Duluth); one a great insurance man, a prominent author and leader of affairs in New York City. Three others, gallant fellows whose names should not be forgotten, fell, heading their companies ("Mandy" Townsend and Billy Mitchell) or as regimental adjutant (Wilkie Bloodgood). Still another was shot dead in the charge at Fredericksburg (John Parkinson). Another still (one of the staunchest fighters of our number in boy days), after serving as lieutenant of artillery in our great war, became eminent in science, especially biology, George Peckham. Others prospered in business and social affairs, as did the Cramers, and only two or three never seemed to amount to much. Now, how do you account for that?

In connection with days at Anthon's school[6] in New York, where I finished my preparation for Columbia, there is one point worth mention. My allowance, spending money, etc., was fifty cents per week, paid on Saturday, out of which

[6] Professor Charles Anthon, a noted classical scholar of his day, was professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia and head of the grammar school then attached to the college.—Editor.

I was expected to buy my shoes, gloves, and luncheons. If it had not been for the thoughtful kindness of a young uncle, one of the first of our tribe to give his life in the Civil War days, I should have fared very ill. As it was, I seldom wore gloves, I speedily wore out my shoes, and my lunch was often only a doughnut; but we had famous breakfasts and dinners at my grandfather's table,[7] and my grandmother wondered at my appetite.

Returning, however, to those Milwaukee days, before saying good-bye to them as far as boyhood was concerned, I should say that documentary evidence in our possession goes to prove that before my fifth birthday maternal castigations were frequent and deserved. In a letter to father, who was in Washington in April, 1849, written presumably by request, but from my dictation, by Norman J. Emmons, it appears that I had been soundly whipped the previous day, "which made me a good boy ever since." As this covered a period of twenty-four hours, the reformation lasted apparently longer than usual. There seemed to be no limit to the mischief into which my propensity for exploration would lead me, and in father's absence, nurse, cook, even my Spartan mother, were sometimes too few to frighten such an arrant young vagrant. On the other hand, when he was at home, all that father had to do, no matter how furious a tantrum might be going on, was simply to order "Attention," and kicks and screams ceased at the word. I owed instant soldier obedience to my soldier father and accorded it to no one else.

Continuing that letter: "Yesterday I ran away, taking the two Cady boys wiv me way down to Higby's pier. I took them wiv me so I would not get lost." And as Higby's pier was about opposite Huron Street, and we lived on Mason, the adventure called for stern reprisals. Yet it wasn't forty-eight hours before the next excursion, and this

[7] Charles King, president of Columbia College.—Editor.

time I was seized by father's partner, Mr. Fuller, aided by the Mr. Emmons aforementioned, and borne kicking and struggling into the cellar, and there headed up in an old apple barrel, an episode the neighborhood did not soon permit me to forget.

Two months later we were at West Point—father, mother, sister, nurse and I—and then came the change, possibly for the better. Between General Scott, the tallest and most martial figure at the Academy, the stately drum major, and the soldierly cadet adjutant (Quincy A. Gilmore) I could not quite decide, but one of the three it was my daily habit from that time on to personate, I am told, for several years thereafter. It was 1851 before I could care for anything else except the fire department. Then Alexander Mitchell gave me my first lift in life—to the back of a villainous, little, black Shetland stallion, who had more tricks and vices than any four-legged brute I ever afterward knew. Beppo and our beautiful black Newfoundland, Nero, came to me about the same time.

In those days New Year's calls were made by every wide-awake citizen on all the ladies of his acquaintance, beginning somewhere about midday, and keeping it up, sometimes repeating, until dark. Housewives made ample preparation for this annual visitation; a bounteous table was generally set and a sideboard or table with its bowl of punch, its decanters of sherry, Madeira, and spirits. Whiskey was too cheap and plebeian a drink for such occasions (it retailed for something like forty cents a quart and cost less, probably, than ten cents a gallon), but old Otard brandy was much in demand. Father had some rare old Madeira that had been in the cellars of his grandfather when the latter was United States minister to England. By early afternoon on New Year's day many prominent citizens would be able no longer to distinguish between sherry and Madeira or between good wine and bad, and mother did hate to see that

fine Madeira wasted. A few years and it was all gone, all but two boxes of a dozen bottles each that had been especially set aside and labeled, never to be opened until the weddings of myself and my sister, and nothing would induce mother to permit that wine to be used.

She might just as well have done so, for, with father's books, papers, and some of the old family relics, those boxes were stored on the second floor of Mr. Emmons' barn, which stood in the alley way between Mason and Oneida streets, and Van Buren and Cass, when, father being with the Army in Virginia, mother and sister in New York, and I at West Point, the King's Corner residence was occupied by Robert Eliot. One wintry night thieves broke into the barn from the alley way, dumped into a sleigh such of the books and belongings as they thought they could sell, drank what they could of that priceless Madeira, and then in sheer, brutal wantonness, dashed the other bottles to bits against the walls. There was no wine at our weddings, at least at mine, that could compare with that hundred-year-old Madeira.

### WEST POINT YEARS

About my appointment-at-large to West Point in 1862 various versions have been published in Wisconsin papers. I had almost begged in 1860 that grandfather should ask President Buchanan for me, as the President was permitted that year to name rather an unusually large number to enter in 1861. I longed to go. I was just sixteen and fully fit to pass the examination, but grandfather and mother had had their visions of the law, and certain elderly, maiden aunts of mother's had long been insistent that I should be educated for the ministry, whereas the only career for which I ever had the faintest aptitude was that of the soldier.

They might far better have yielded in 1860. It would have made a vast difference in my future fortunes, because between the graduation of the classes of 1865 and 1866 the

Army was filled up with volunteers from civil life. In '65 the West Point cadets were all graduated as first lieutenants and several of them became captains in two years. We who were graduated in '66 entered at the foot of the list of second lieutenants, and many of our number marched meekly in the line of file closers until they were grandfathers. Some men in my class did not receive their captaincy until they had served as lieutenants for thirty years or more. Had my mother dreamed of this, I have not a doubt she would have consented long before she did. Father, however, would say nothing, because he and I both realized that we were under obligations to my grandfather, who was preparing me for and sending me through college. All the same, he knew my longing and sympathized with me.

The war settled it, and after my few months with brigade headquarters at the front,[8] grandfather and mother both changed their views, and Lincoln was importuned on my behalf at a time when he had thousands of applications for the ten cadetships in his gift. Nevertheless mine was promised me through Secretary Seward late in the fall of '61, yet when the names were announced in March, '62, that of William H. Upham, of Wisconsin, appeared instead of mine. Upham had been shot through the lungs and left for dead on the field of first Bull Run, when his regiment, the Second Wisconsin, fell back with the rest of the defeated army; was mourned as dead at his Racine home, yet after a time in Libby prison, he recovered of his desperate wound; was sent back to Washington, exchanged, and with Senator Doolittle to champion his cause, begged the President to send him to West Point. He would be twenty-one in August. He must enter in June or not at all. Such was the law. I was only seventeen and could afford to wait three years, if need be, and what was my claim

[8] On this service see the writer's account in the June, 1921 issue of this magazine.—Editor.

beside that of a wounded hero of our first big battle? Father was then commanding his division far out at the front, but the President knew what his answer would be if the case were referred to him: his boy would step aside at once that the more deserving applicant should have the prize.

It almost broke my heart, but I wrote a glowing, boyish letter to Secretary Seward to say that if it had to be done again, I would never stand in the way of any Wisconsin soldier who had such claims as Upham; that letter was shown to the President, what he said I shall not record here beyond this: "That boy goes to West Point the first chance I get," and that chance came in May. It was found that one of his appointees was just too young. Instantly he turned to Mr. Seward, as he said, "Get the address of General King's youngster." Long years afterwards there was found in the files at the War Department and sent to me, in Secretary Seward's own handwriting, the original of the despatch: "To General Rufus King, Fredericksburg. Send your son's full name and address to General Thomas [General Thomas was then the Adjutant General of the Army] for West Point." Two days later my grandfather delightedly handed the formal War Department document to me. And so it resulted that among Lincoln's ten appointees that beautiful June, Wisconsin had two representatives, and Upham and I entered together. Moreover, we were graduated higher on the final roll in '66 than any others of that immortal ten, several of whom, however, failed entirely, among them the son of one of Lincoln's cabinet,[9] another the son of a famous admiral,[10] another the nephew of a most distinguished senator, another still a wonderful fellow, who, it was claimed, had walked barefoot all the way from Lake Champlain to Washington, to see the President in person and tell his story of years

[9] The allusion is to Attorney-general Bates.—Editor.

[10] Admiral Worden.—Editor.

of hardship and struggle. But, poor fellow, though he got the appointment, he never could "see any sense in Algebra," and had to drop out.

President Lincoln's only visit to West Point was paid one beautiful day in June, before his appointees were in uniform. He came to the Point, he said, to pay his respects to General Scott, who was living there in retirement, then he strode over to the barracks and sent for his ten boys. Tall, angular, and ungainly, as said some spectators, with a silk hat of exaggerated height, nevertheless, when he put his great hand on my head and looked kindly down into my flushed and boyish face, saying, "Well, son, you have got your wish at last," I could well nigh have worshipped him. It was my last look at that indescribable face. But on a mild April morning three years later, I stood on the stone post of the old sun-dial in the area of the cadet barracks and read aloud to the corps of cadets the details of the President's assassination the night before at Ford's Theater. One or two officers had passed among the boys saying, "Go to your quarters. Go to your quarters. This is all irregular"—as it was. It was the first and only time in my life that I ever saw an instance of an officer or instructor at West Point being utterly ignored by the cadets. The word had gone round that Lincoln had been assassinated, and at last an officer handed me the newspaper, saying, "Read it to them." I shall never forget the scores of white and grief-stricken young faces staring up at me as I read through those three columns; but at the end I broke away, ran to my room, and throwing myself down upon my bed, cried like a child.

The end of June found us Fourth classmen in camp, most of us in uniform. The entrance examination in those days was a bagatelle, so far as mathematics, geography, grammar, and knowledge of English were concerned—purposely so that the poorest lad might have an equal chance with

the son of the wealthy; but on the other hand, the physical requirements were exacting. Army life in the old days called for a sound constitution and sturdy physique.

In July my dear old grandfather made his appearance, and beamed with delight to see how well I looked. "It is the very place for you," said he. How I wished he might have been able to realize that two years before! Then in September my mother came. It was her first visit to West Point since '49; but the old hotel was unchanged, and the band was almost as good as it had been in days when it was not so easy to lure our best musicians away, with promise of better pay and employment. The old leader had greatly admired her piano playing, and had arranged for her two of the finest marches that were in great vogue at the end of the Mexican war, but in '62 they were out of date and forgotten. "It is the very place for you," were her words, before she had been there half an hour, and yet how long she had fought against my going!

Her greatest concern was whether the cadet pay of $30 a month was going to be sufficient to keep me out of debt. Before the war a cadet could live on it in spite of the fact that out of that $30 he had to pay for barbers, baths, belts, bedding, board (never less than $15 a month), books, brushes, caps, clothing of every kind, dancing lessons, gloves, gauntlets, shoes, shoe-blacking, drawing instruments, colors, crayon, paper, everything in fact, except room rent, fuel, and medical attendance. We were taxed for the band fund, barrack furniture, lithographing, hops (the evening dances held thrice a week in July and August only); and as prices began to bound in '61 and to soar in '62, while gold reached $2.90 in '63 or '64, mother's fears were well founded. Our uniform coats cost $11 in '62 and $33 a year later—an inferior gray cloth at that. Uniform shoes were $2.66, made to order and a perfect fit, in '62, but were up to $6 and $7 within another year. Mother had reason to worry.

Nothing but her wonderful economy and management had carried us through the dismal year or two that followed the panic of '57, which wrecked the *Sentinel* and my father's fortunes. Indeed, throughout all the years that followed it was her clear vision and business head that enabled him to meet the cost of a diplomatic career at Rome on a salary of $7,500 a year. We owed everything to her, as father wrote, admiringly.

By the autumn of my second year at West Point, $30 a month would no longer begin to provide for the needs of a cadet on military duty. Two-thirds of the corps were so much in debt that they could not even buy shoes, and had to be excused from all military duty. Parades and drills had been suspended because of this fact, and for the first time in the history of the Academy, cadets were authorized to send for and receive money from home, to help them out of their financial plight.

The pinch of poverty had begun to be felt the previous year, when a strange occurrence marred the rigid routine of West Point's military system. Our doors had no locks. We lived two in a room, in the gray stone barracks, some rooms, indeed, had but a single occupant. No one but cadets, the officers on duty over them, the Irish servitors who scrubbed out the floors, and the drum boy "orderlies" were permitted to enter the barracks, yet in the autumn of '62 thefts of money, watches, drawing instruments, etc., were of frequent occurrence. A kleptomaniac was at work in "A" Company; it was not long before he was caught, confessed, and, under the care of a guard of three or four dragoon troopers, was escorted to the south dock. There he was overtaken by a daring party of a dozen cadets, of the First, Second, and Third classes, headed by the cadet adjutant—a splendid, soldierly fellow from Indiana. The guards were overpowered, the prisoner taken from them, tarred and feathered, and turned loose. It created a profound impres-

sion at the time and bore fruit later. The adjutant, my great admiration then and to his dying day, was reduced to the ranks, and became my file leader in Company "A." The cadet who succeeded him as adjutant was a devout Christian, and became one of the professors of the Academy and was long one of its leading spirits as well as one of my warmest friends. He followed the culprit by letter, urged him to conquer his propensity, aided him in the gradual restoration of every dollar's worth he had stolen, brought about his entire reformation, and several years later saw him again upon his feet, a respected citizen, invited to West Point to receive the right hand of fellowship of certain officers there on duty who as cadets had been the victims of his malady in '62.

In the spring of 1863 two members of my class were suddenly and summarily spirited off the post and dropped from the rolls of the Academy, one of them for having helped himself to some note paper, the other for more varied bits of petty larceny; and then it was two years or more, the summer of '65, after Appomattox and peace before we had to face that situation again. During the summer encampment, the complaints of stolen money and valuables became so frequent that the commandant finally sent for the five cadets highest in rank in the battalion, the four captains and the adjutant, and impressively addressed them: "This thing is a disgrace to you," he said, "and in my time we never would have rested until we had discovered the culprit and given him a coat of tar and feathers." It stung us to renewed effort. All manner of devices were resorted to. A number of treasury notes contributed for the purpose, five and ten dollar bills, were secretly marked, and these left as bait, promptly disappeared, still we found no trace of the culprit. It was not until the corps returned to barracks in September that the thefts ceased for a very short time, and then later in the

fall began again; once more the commandant harangued some of the cadet officers, when again our efforts were renewed. Again we marked a few five and ten dollar treasury notes, and left them on the open shelves of our soldier's substitute for bureaus—the clothes press—and they quickly disappeared.

"If you young men cannot discover the culprit," said our commandant, "no one else can." Then came to me one of the most painful experiences of my life. I had marched as rear rank man from the early autumn of '62 until June, '63 of the model soldier of the cadet battalion—he, who as adjutant had been the leader in the tarring and feathering episode of September, and had suffered reduction to the ranks. I was now, as adjutant of the corps in 1865, to follow still further in his lead.

With the class that entered in June, '63, came a few young men who had seen service with the volunteers at the front. One of these throughout the two months of camp had occupied the tent next to mine in the street of Company "A." In those days the newcomers were always required to make up the tents and bedding of the upper classmen, to see that the water buckets were filled, the rifles and brasses polished, etc.; this particular "plebe" had to do his share, but never for me. Having been at the front myself, I could not exact service of such men. He was a burly fellow, strong and heavily built, and toward the end of the camp had quite a following among his classmates.

In July we had had an excitement. The great draft riots were in full swing in New York, and such regular soldiers as we had in the engineer, cavalry, and artillery detachments had been hurriedly sent to the threatened city, leaving the Academy to be guarded by the First, Third and Fourth classes of the cadet corps, and a score of superannuated veterans. The Second class was away on cadet furlough, the Fourth not yet fully in uniform. The First

was only twenty-seven strong, the Third was only about sixty, when the commandant received the startling news that a number of Southern sympathizers had chartered a steamboat in New York, and, several hundred strong, were coming up the Hudson that very night to burn and destroy the Academy. They were to be aided by the draft-resisting miners at Cornwall, just above us, and the foundry-men at Cold Spring, across the river.

Our 12-pounder "Napoleon" guns were at once run down to the north and south docks, with shell and shrapnel in abundance. Cadet Captain Allen was detailed to command the north, and Cadet Lieutenant Mackenzie (Wisconsin born) selected for the south dock, each authorized to pick the cadets to the number of one corporal and twelve privates, to man these guns and guard the docks, while the rest of the little battalion remained midway between them at camp, furnished, for the first time in West Point history, with ball cartridges for action. The corporal chosen by Mackenzie was Arthur Cranston, who had served in an Ohio regiment in western Virginia. The corporal chosen by Captain Allen, to the surprise of almost everybody, certainly myself, was myself, about the youngest looking lad that wore chevrons in the cadet battalion. We had a night of thrilling expectation, but the attack was called off. The incident, however, started me upward on the ladder of promotion, and to my surprise, seemed to anger the new cadet in the adjoining tent. I had treated him with entire courtesy, but his manner to me became ugly and truculent, if not threatening.

Three months later, a number of young officers and non-commissioned officers of volunteers were selected by the generals at the front to fill the vacancies of the southern congressional districts. Many of them came in uniform, and among them, along in October, to my delight, was Charley Powell, whom I had left at Chain Bridge, a corporal

in Company "B," Fifth Wisconsin (the Milwaukee Zouaves), who, after all the fighting on the Peninsula, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, had risen to be sergeant major of the Fifth; in the uniform of that grade he reported at West Point, and the very night of his arrival I sought him out and took him to my room for a chat. Fourth classmen in those days never entered the room of an "old cadet," except by invitation, and I was astonished and indignant when presently there burst into my room three or four Fourth classmen, led by this truculent next-tent neighbor of camp days, and it was he who ordered this sergeant major, his superior still in military rank, for they were "conditional" cadets only, and the guest of their senior in the cadet battalion, a non-commissioned officer at that—to stand attention and salute his betters. In an instant I had hustled them out, giving the leader an especial tongue lashing, which he bitterly resented.

"I always hated you," he said, "from the day they made you a corporal," and yet to classmates of his own who pointed out to him that he had been treated with far more consideration than he deserved, he admitted that he could give no reason for his antipathy.

Except when on duty, I never spoke to him again. A year later I had become first sergeant of that company wherein he was still a private; by that time he had made many enemies in his own class. A number of them "cut him dead," as was the expression, and when he came back from cadet furlough in 1865, he could find no man to live with him. He had deliberately forced a quarrel upon one of the most courteous and gentlemanly of his classmates, and in the fight that ensued, with his brutal strength had hurled his slight opponent to the floor, and then, applying an epithet that is never tolerated at West Point, had said, "Now I have got you where I've been meaning to get

you for a year past," and was proceeding to hammer him, when dragged off and in turn set upon by a man of his own weight, and from that day stood degraded in the eyes of the entire corps; his classmates, especially, held him in contempt.

Then one day when the battalion was at dinner, a member of his class searched that unfortunate's room and found some of the marked money secreted between the leaves of his dictionary. The cadet officers, except the officer-of-the-day, were instantly assembled, and selected a captain, a first lieutenant, and an especially popular and prominent cadet private of the senior class to confront the friendless man with the evidence and hear his defense, if he had any. I could have wished that the council had chosen three of our brainiest—the men highest in scholarship and in years. But in ten minutes the examiners were back, all excitement. The man was guilty beyond all doubt, they said. He had denied the thefts, but had contradicted himself in a dozen ways and had obviously lied over and again. Then came the recollection of the commandant's words, and then a report, later found to be true, that already the Second class had learned what was going on, and were making preparation to seize and tar and feather him. Older heads warned the council this would never do. Hating him as they did, the chances were that they might seriously injure him. It was decided that the Second class should be kept in check and the culprit drummed out, army fashion, at evening parade. This ceremony was, in winter, held in the area of barracks, the four companies simply closing on the center, with the adjutant in command. The field music played the "retreat," the evening gun was fired, the adjutant published the orders, read out the delinquencies, and then dismissed the command.

And that dull, dark afternoon, just as usual, the drums beat, the rolls were called, the companies closed on center,

the retreat was sounded, the gun fired, and calling the battalion to attention I read the orders of the day, and then looked along that rigid, silent, gray-clad line. Whether I fully believed in the guilt of the poor fellow could make no difference now—the cadet officers in council had so declared him and adjudged "drumming out" as his punishment. I, as adjutant, was their executive.

In a voice distinctly audible to every man in ranks, I announced as warning to the Second classmen, who were many of them quivering with eagerness: "In the event of anything of an unusual nature taking place at this formation any man who attempts to leave his place in ranks will at once be placed in arrest by any one of the cadet officers." At this the captains and lieutenants stepped to the front of their companies and faced their men. Only once had I ever seen those young faces turn so white, and that was the April morning months before, when it had been my lot to read to the stricken corps the details of our beloved President's assassination.

The door of the third hall opened, and in civilian dress, with the placard "Thief" on his back, the accused cadet was led by his three inquisitors to the right of the line; the drums and fifes struck up "The Rogue's March," and down the front of those quivering ranks they led him around to the left and rear until nearly behind the center, then bade him go, and as though in dread of his life, he darted away down the hill to the south dock, while, with a voice that must have trembled a bit, I read the two pages of delinquencies, holding the battalion to silence and to ranks until the culprit was safe from pursuit. Then and not until then, I ordered, "Dismiss your companies."

With something almost like a scream, the whole Second class and many of the Third sped madly in pursuit, but were brought up standing by the sight of the superintendent, General Cullum, coming up the road. I, meantime, had

gone to the quarters of the commandant and briefly reported: "Sir, the thief was found at half past one, drummed out at parade, and is now probably across the river." He, looking dazed for a moment, said: "You have taken a grave responsibility on your shoulders, and then, perhaps, recalled what he had said as to what the corps would have done in his day, for not another word did he utter, but, taking his cap, went forth in search of the superintendent.

That night an officer with a guard was sent in pursuit, and brought the terrified victim back. A court of inquiry was speedily ordered, counsel assigned the accused, and the report after full investigation was to the effect that the evidence was inconclusive, and their recommendation was, as a matter of course, that the "ring leaders" be brought to trial before General Court Martial.

That was a solemn Christmas-tide for me. It was decided that only four cadets should be made examples of, the adjutant, of course, and the three who escorted the prisoner down the line, "as a degraded criminal," said Mr. Secretary Stanton, in his ominous order. The details for the court named nine distinguished officers, with Colonel William Sinclair as judge advocate. We felt that no sentence less than dismissal could be awarded, yet believed with reason that it would be accompanied by a recommendation for clemency. We determined to plead guilty to the charge and throw ourselves on the mercy of the court; half of the members, at least, knew the circumstances that had led to our action, and, come weal, come woe, we vowed that no one of our number, even in self-defense would bring into the case the inciting words of our beloved, but most impulsive commandant.

An odd thing was that though one of the "escort" was a cadet captain, and another a cadet first lieutenant, they were arraigned simply as cadets. I alone, having been in command and responsible for all that took place, was tried in my official grade as adjutant of the battalion of cadets.

It was midwinter when the court assembled. Mine was the first case called, and I pleaded guilty to the charge, called on the superintendent and commandant to testify as to my character and bearing as a cadet; read my statement to the court, in the presence of quite a number of spectators; took all the blame; expressed the sorrow and humiliation I felt at having administered this degrading punishment to a man declared innocent of the crime attributed to him, and said nothing about the actual offenses which had made him the Ishmael of the corps. To my surprise there were tears in the eyes of two members of the court and of some of the spectators.

Then followed a very unhappy month in spite of the fact that several officers took it upon themselves to come to me with cheering words. By this time most people on the Point and not a few at Washington had heard through cadet relations the inside facts, so to speak, of the victim's previous record, and, in some way, that we were not entirely without the urging of superior authority in the course that we took. But by this time I believed that a far worse man, some desperate criminal in the corps, had hidden that marked money in the dictionary in order to throw suspicion from himself and fix the crime on the man whom the corps would be most ready to believe guilty of anything. In my self-reproach and humiliation I had, as I say, come to believe him innocent. This, however, his class absolutely refused to do. To the day of their graduation and many of them to the day of his death, long years later, held to it that he was the thief.

But a reaction had set in that was of vast aid to the four cadets who had been made the official burden bearers—the scapegoats of the corps. Secretary Stanton was said to have been exasperated because the courts, the superintendent, and the commandant had actually pleaded for mercy for us. I fully expected at least to be suspended from

rank and pay an entire year and so did Frank Soulé of California, the handsome captain of Company "D." It seemed a long time before the orders came from Washington but they finally arrived. All four were sentenced to be dismissed from the military service of the United States, but in the case of the three committee men, having acted under orders of the adjutant, and having received the favorable recommendation of the court, the execution of the sentence was suspended until further orders. They, also, remained on probation in the meantime. In my case, said the Secretary of War, because of the earnest recommendation of the court, concurred in by the superintendent and commandant, "based upon high character and hitherto excellent conduct the sentence is remitted." "But," said the Secretary, "however honorable may have been his motives, Cadet King has been guilty of a grave offense, and it is ordered that he be deprived of his position as Adjutant." So Soulé went back to the command of his company, Wright to the second in command of his, and I following the lead of my admired adjutant of the winter of '62, now, in '65 my instructor in civil and military engineering, went back to the ranks of Company "A."

There was quite a little feeling about it in the corps, a disposition to make me a sort of martyr, but though long saddened and humbled by the consciousness of having wronged a fellow-man, I knew that my punishment was light. No matter what "Old Harry" had said in his excitement and exasperation, I should have had sense enough to know it was contrary to law and order.

Now, strange things resulted from that episode. First, the victim himself lived the life of a recluse to the day of his graduation, eighteen months thereafter; execrated and often abused by his classmates, he would resent no insult. He lived dumbly, meekly, and alone, and he must have gone through hell or purgatory. He became a totally

changed man. Solitude, self-examination, and study did their work. He was assigned to a regiment, married, and took his young wife to a far western station, where the story followed him, and the few West Pointers at first would not speak to him. But he became a model duty officer, reserved, dignified, studious. He lived to win the respect of his fellow-men, and to die a devout Christian.

It is believed also that shortly before his death he was made aware that two or three West Pointers actually knew the real villain in the tragic story. Strangely enough, he was the only other cadet with whom I had a lasting difference. From the summer of 1865 I had refused to speak to him. He was secretly married, it seems, and the woman blackmailed him. He was driven nearly mad by her threatening to announce their marriage unless he kept her supplied with money. This would at once have ended his career as a cadet and his future as an officer. He had to steal to meet her demands. He went stark mad one wintry night, a year after the drumming-out affair; he had given indications of insanity twice before. He wandered off cadet limits, and was brought back exhausted, and while in hospital, under pledge of secrecy, told his miserable story to a fellow cadet, and killed himself a year after his graduation.

An odd sequel to that distressing affair came in June. There was a great shortage of young graduates of West Point, so many had been killed or crippled for life in the war, so many promoted, that the superintendent found it necessary to ask of the War Department that he might select two of the graduating class for duty as instructors in tactics during the summer encampment. It was granted, and the two cadets selected to reappear as officers and instructors within a fortnight of their graduation were the man who took my place as adjutant and my dethroned self. I hardly knew how to thank the superintendent and commandant, for it was the latter who made the choice.

SERVICE WITH THE REGULARS

It was a beautiful detail and a very delightful duty, but it might have been better had I spent that summer on leave, as I had planned, in Wisconsin, for I had not seen my home since 1860 and longed to be there again. Father, mother, sister, and grandfather and his family were all in Italy, father being still minister to Rome, but there were a few of my kith and kin, and many a dear old chum, living in Milwaukee, and I wanted to see the "graceless, Godless gang" again before going in the autumn to join the light battery, to which, as second lieutenant I had been assigned. Matters had become turbulent in New Orleans. There had been a "massacre" of negro legislators at the Mechanics Institute, on Dryades Street, where the Gruenewald Hotel now stands, and the battery commander urged my joining without delay. The trouble was over, but he was short of officers. I spent only a week in Milwaukee that fall; but in the fall of '67, while the great epidemic of yellow fever was in full blast, I was on sick leave in the North, forbidden by the War Department's orders to return until frost set in. Living at Alexander Mitchell's commodious home, where the Wisconsin Club now stands, I had a most enjoyable visit until near Thanksgiving, when ordered to New York to accompany by sea a big batch of recruits going to Louisiana and Texas to help fill the gaps made by the fever.

Then came a rather lively year in New Orleans, the political campaign of '68 and a series of riots in the Crescent City between the whites and blacks. It was that fall of '68 that Gatling guns, though invented during the Civil War, were first mounted and put in use in the Army, two of them, with their carriages, caissons, harness, etc., and complete equipment being sent to our battery, where they were duly horsed and manned, and the command fell to me, the junior lieutenant on duty. It got to be great fun

after a while, when we had learned the use of these "bullet squirters," as they were called. We were moved into the city and stationed in a big, abandoned cotton press out on Canal Street, when the election drew near and the rioting became frequent, our orders were to hitch every evening and stand to horse, ready for business. It wouldn't be long before somewhere in the downtown districts, the sudden crackle of revolver and shotgun would announce that a riot had broken out, and send us at swift trot, rattling away over the block pavement, for all the world like four fine fire companies acting as one, bound for the scene of disturbance. Never once had we to fire, though often it was "Front into battery" at the gallop. The rioters, black and white, had an idea those guns would belch lead that would sweep the streets from curb to curb, and the crowds scattered like sheep at the sound of our bugle, and the cry "Here come the Gatlings!" All the same we were glad when it was over, and early the following spring I was ordered to Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, acting as post adjutant for a while, and in August being for a second time detailed in the department of tactics at West Point—duties that I rejoiced in and that kept me actively employed drilling, drilling, riding and afoot, day after day, and rowing between times on the Hudson, developing health, strength, and physique that stood me in good stead in trying years that were before me.

When Congress cut down the Army in '69, I grabbed at a chance to transfer into the Cavalry, the service I best loved. In the fall of '71 I joined the Fifth Regiment on the plains of the Platte Valley, had a glorious hunt or two with Buffalo Bill, our chief scout, then when our colonel was ordered to New Orleans to command the reëstablished Department of the Gulf, with his old volunteer rank of major general, he took me with him as aide-de-camp, possibly because he thought I knew more about affairs in Louisiana than any other of his subalterns.

Then came three very eventful years and duties that were far from agreeable. The "carpet-bag government," so-called, was in full control in Louisiana, and presently split into two factions—two legislatures and, almost, two governors.

It is too much like ancient history to go back to those troubled times. We are unlikely ever again to see states divided as was Louisiana, with the old residents, impaired in fortune in almost every case, disfranchised and holding aloof in dignified silence and retirement. We had riots between the factions, a few assassinations, and no end of excitement. My chief, Major-general Emory, was perpetually being applied to, first by one faction, then by the other, for protection against armed forces, which both maintained. All the while their clashings were going on in Louisiana, and others in Mississippi, there were social activities in which the general and his staff were able to take part, and which afforded him and them many opportunities of meeting people we were glad to know, including a very few of the old residents, some of whom had been Emory's friends in the old army. Perhaps the most unique experience that came to me was that of serving at one time as *liaison* officer, between my chief, General Emory, and no less a personage than the famous former Confederate, General Longstreet, by that time wearing the uniform of a major general of the United States Army and commanding the Louisiana militia. I always had a great admiration for him as a soldier, and this brought us into very close relations. He interested me more than any other man I met in those days in Louisiana and I was glad of the opportunity.

The old opera house with an excellent orchestra, led by Calabresi, with a very capable company and chorus, was a joy to me. Mardi Gras was celebrated in famous style, our Nineteenth Regular Infantry, on one occasion, furnish-

ing all the oriental guard of the carnival king, just as in 1868 the horses and men of my old battery had appeared in the pageant of Lalla Rookh. Another great parade which annually took place in New Orleans was that of the firemen on the fourth of March, a spectacle never to be missed. Then, for a lover of baseball as I had been since we began playing it at Columbia in 1858, there were excellent nines in the Lone Star, the Robert E. Lee, and the Excelsior Club. I joined the last named, but found I could no longer bat and field as in '69, when being for some months on recruiting duty in Cincinnati, I had joined that famous club, the Red Stockings. It was that year, '69, that our team made the tour of the eastern states without losing a game, in spite of the fact that in Martin, of the Unions of Morrisania, New York, they were up against a curved pitcher, though he and they knew it not. Martin himself could not explain his strange power of baffling such batsmen as George Wright, Leonard, McVey, and George Gould. In '71, however, I had to take to wearing glasses and my baseball days were over.

But on the other hand, I was riding more than ever; it was the last year of the famous old Metairie Jockey Club, of which General Paul O. Hebert was president, and I saw the last four-mile heats ever run in the South, with Sanford's superb Monarchist as the champion. That spring of '72 was made rather interesting in New Orleans by the arrival of two young gentlemen riders, Captain George Rosenlecher of France, and the Count de Crenneville of Austria, who challenged any officers to an international race on Ladies' Day, April 9. A Mr. Stuart, formerly of the British Hussars, was eager to take up the challenge, a Mr. Ross, who had been in the Inniskilling Dragoons, was accepted to ride for Ireland, and Generals Hebert and Westmore of the Metairie Club, picked me to ride for America. I weighed 147 then, too heavy a weight for jockey work. Furthermore, the beautiful silken jockey dress, with white cord breeches,

and the dainty top boots (they and their spurs tipped the beam at less than 14 ounces when made) cost money that I could ill afford; but when even my general, Emory, said, "It's your duty, sir, to ride for the regiment," the matter was settled. The ninth of April was a gorgeous day. The crowd was big and the ladies' stand was filled as I never saw it before or since. I had had just three weeks in which to train—rising each morning at 3:30, walking briskly the six miles out to the track, mounting and riding two or three thoroughbreds, practising starts, etc., and training down to a weight a good five-year-old racer would not find too burdensome for the mile and eighty yards prescribed. The race was a beauty, and I won it against my belief, for both the Kentucky filly, Rapidita, and General Buford's beautiful Kentucky four-year-old, Nathan Oaks, had beaten my Natchez-bred Templo before and beat him after our contest. But what made that event something more than a mere episode in my life was the fact that two New Orleans girls were brave enough to wear a Yankee officer's colors that day. There were many who appeared in the gorgeous hues of Crenneville's and Rosenlecher's "casaques," and not a few were out in Stuart's cerise and blue, as well as a dozen in the green of the Emerald Isle; but it was too soon after the war, and Columbia's colors (my college before West Point) of bright blue and white, were worn, as I say, by only two.

The dainty, gold-mounted prize whip was presented by General Hebert immediately after we dismounted, and in less than five minutes thereafter it was laid in the lap of one of those two—the only daughter of old Captain Louis S. Yorke, of Carroll Parish, La., a famous sailor in his day—and within another year it had come back to me, with its new owner. It is here in Milwaukee now—so is the lady. We were married in late November, '72, and a year or so thereafter I had to leave her and our baby

daughter at the old plantation, all because the Apache were raising the mischief in Arizona. My troop was in the thick of the fighting, and I forsook staff duty in New Orleans; hurried over by way of San Francisco, then the quickest way, and from that time on it was Indian campaigning or Indian fighting for five memorable years.

There was service that called for everything a soldier had to give. In that warfare, whether officer or man, he had nothing to gain and everything to lose. There were no honors, no rewards, and in the actual fighting we had to win or die, mercifully if killed outright, by slow and fiendish torture if taken alive. I have written very much on this subject, and will not weary the reader with details. In command of thirty-five troopers and a pack train of hardy little Mexican mules, with a dozen Indian scouts, our young officers were sent into the mountains after the renegade Tonto Apache, and I had three or four lively brushes with them, in which we came out ahead, for my men were veterans by the time I reached them, and I eagerly sought and took the advice of the senior sergeants until sure of the ground myself.

By the autumn of '74 I felt quite at home in northeastern Arizona, and when one afternoon messengers came riding in to Camp Verde, with the news that a band of Tontos had driven off a herd of beef cattle from near the Agency, twenty miles north, I was glad to receive the orders of the post commander to take one lieutenant and thirty men, all he could spare, follow the trail, get the cattle and punish the Tontos. We started that evening, groping through the cañons up into the Black Mesa, hiding by day and trailing by night, and on the fourth evening, away up at Snow Lake, recovered the herd, after a brisk little skirmish, and the next day fought it out with the Tontos, away up in Sunset Pass.

This proved to be my last fight in Arizona, for one arrow nearly ripped out the left eye, and a bullet smashed the saber arm close to the shoulder. That is why baseball, boxing, rowing, and the sports I delighted in came to an end, and why even golf and tennis have proved impossible. For eight long years that was an open suppurating wound, discharging fragments of bone and proving a severe drag upon the general system; yet in spite of it, I managed to go all through our greatest Indian campaign, that with the Sioux and Cheyenne in 1876, in which Custer and so many of the Seventh Cavalry lost their lives, and even to be very active, for I had command of the advance guard the morning we surprised the Southern Cheyenne, near the War Bonnet Creek, close to the Wyoming, Nebraska, and South Dakota line, on the seventeenth of July. This was the fight in which Bill Cody, our chief scout, killed the young chief Yellow Hand, and we had to do some sharp riding and charging to save him from the vengeful dash of the chief's enraged followers. We had just got the news of the great Indian victory over Custer's command, and the Indians were in their glory. They fought with superb skill and confidence at first, but it ended in a general rout and stampede back to the shelter of the Agency, our seven troops (companies) close at their heels.

Two weeks later we marched clear to the Big Horn Mountains and reinforced General Crook, who had found the enemy far too numerous on the seventeenth of June. Later still we pursued to the Yellowstone and east to the Little Missouri, where our horses began to starve, and then came our turn, for the Indians—Sitting Bull's entire array—headed south toward the Black Hills and the unguarded settlements, and Crook led us, ragged and starving, after them. We had to eat our horses, three a day to each battalion or squadron, until we pounced on an outlying camp, with a big herd of fat ponies, near Slim Buttes, Sep-

tember 9, and fought all Crazy Horse's band and many of Sitting Bull's people, but had no more to eat our poor scarecrows. Fat, grass-fed Indian pony isn't half bad when men are hungry, as we were, without a hardtack or a slice of bacon left in the entire command.

At the close of that campaign General Merritt made me regimental adjutant, and as such I rode with him through the Nez Percé war the next year; that was as joyous as the other had been exhausting, for we had abundant supplies and gorgeous weather and marched through a most picturesque and beautiful country. But in '78 the surgeons said it was useless to try to keep up the fight. I could never pass the physical examination for promotion, could never swing a regulation saber again. The War Department was most kind and let me hang on until I reached my captaincy, and then placed me on the retired list for "disability from wounds in line of duty." The next year I was back in Wisconsin and its University took me in as professor of military science and tactics.

(*To be continued*)

# THE SERVICES AND COLLECTIONS OF LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER

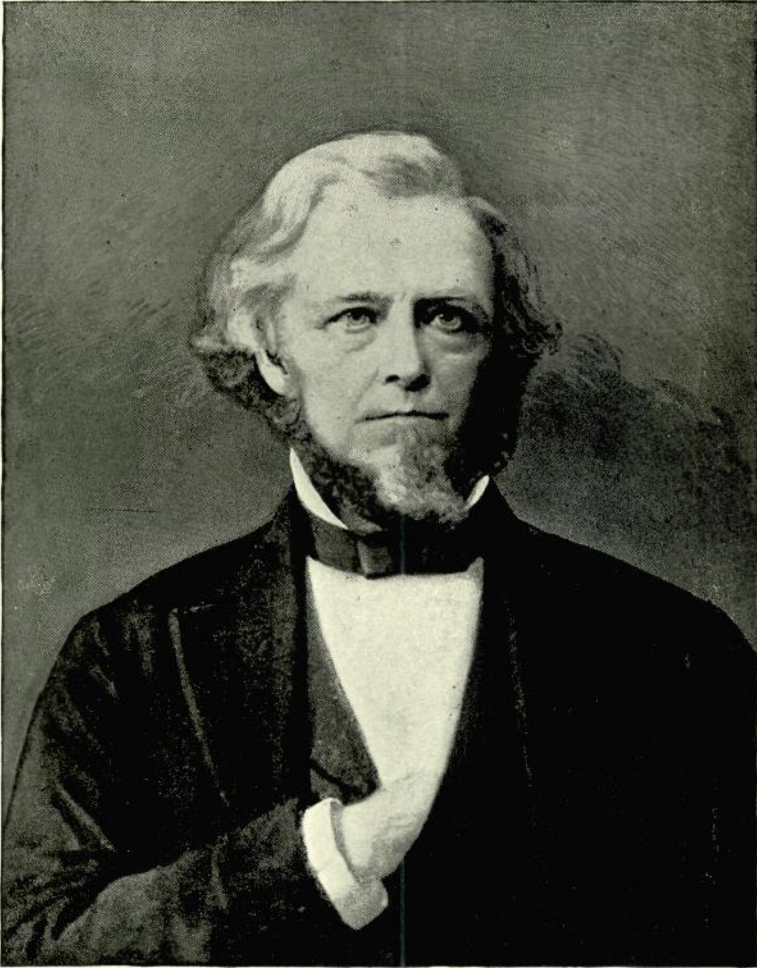
Louise Phelps Kellogg[1]

Thirty years ago last August died a man to whom Wisconsin owes much, yet of whom many of its sons and daughters have never heard. None the less, with the passing of the generation to which he belonged his fame among scholars has grown clearer and his benefactions are more appreciated than they were during the half century of his residence in Wisconsin. Lyman Copeland Draper, the secretary of the State Historical Society from 1854 to 1886, was a singularly quiet man, almost a recluse in habit, modest and unpretentious in manner, with no capacity for self-advertisement, but with unmeasured ability for hard work, and a self-sacrificing determination to render service both to the past and to posterity.

Wisconsin was fortunate in securing him to reorganize the Historical Society, to become the founder of its fame, and the first architect of its great library. "The whole Society," wrote Judge Walker of Detroit fifty years ago, "is a monument to him." Like Sir Christopher Wren in the Cathedral of St. Paul, we may declare of Dr. Draper—"If you wish a memorial of him, look around you."

It is not with the purpose of enlarging his fame that this account is written; it is with the desire of unfolding to the newer generation the elements of his character and the nature of his services, that we push back the curtain of memory and look deeply into those distant days when the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was a vision and a hope, and its success a problem to be solved. The fulfillment into which we of the present enter is a complex of many forces, of unselfish effort and communal interest

[1] Address delivered at the sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Society, Oct. 20, 1921.



LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER, LL.D.

First Secretary of the Society, 1854-1886

on the part of many of the fathers of Wisconsin. Even before the state had set its star upon the flag of our common country, an historical society had been discussed and its advantages proclaimed. Most of those, however, engaged in *making* history were neglectful of *saving* history, and it was not until the machinery of the state had been assembled and had begun to function that a public call was issued to meet at the state capitol in January, 1849, to organize a Wisconsin historical society. Many of those who were present contributed to the development of the state. First in prominence, probably also in weight of years, was William R. Smith, later the official historian of early-day Wisconsin. General Smith was a gentleman of the old school, fully conscious of a distinguished ancestry; his grandfather was Provost Smith, first head of the University of Pennsylvania, distinguished for his early espousal during Revolutionary days of the colonists' cause; his father, William Moore Smith, was a poet and an author of more than local distinction. William Rudolph himself had been educated at an English university; he came to Wisconsin in 1838 to make his home at Mineral Point. General Smith, as he was called from his militia title, was tall and finely formed; he customarily wore the stock and high cravat of the elder fashion, carried himself with military precision, and expected a certain deference from his associates. Being in Madison at the call for the organization of an historical society, he consented to serve as secretary of the meeting. Its chairman was the Honorable Eleazar Root of Waukesha, first state superintendent of public instruction, a gaunt-faced Connecticut Yankee, with the look of a dreamer in his deep-set eyes. Mr. Root was a graduate of Williams College, a lawyer by profession, and had spent several years in the South. He was the father of the state's school system; a man appreciative of all spiritual values, full of faith and vision.

The third of the trio of organizers and first officers of our Society was the Milwaukee scientist Increase A. Lapham. In person Dr. Lapham was a complete contrast to his two colleagues, being a small, neat man, almost dapper in his habit. He had, moreover, a genius for industry, and it was his good offices as corresponding secretary which kept the Society during the first five years of its existence from complete inanition. Upon its reorganization and revitalization in 1854, General Smith became the first president of the newly chartered Society, an office he retained until the first year of the Civil War. His successor was Dr. Lapham, who presided over its destinies during the succeeding decade. General Smith and Dr. Lapham were thus the two prophets of progress, who like Aaron and Hur supported the Moses of our chosen Society, and were largely instrumental in making Draper's early administration successful.

The first conception of the Society was that it should be an institution for the delivering of discourses and addresses upon historical subjects. "The speech was the thing," the idea of a gathering of historical materials was subsidiary. General Smith was invited to deliver the first annual discourse, in the Senate Chamber of the capitol, in January, 1850. At this first annual meeting the address was said to be "classical in tone and pervaded throughout with a spirit of accuracy and of beauty." Ranging over history sacred and profane, the origin of the North American Indians was discussed, the Spanish and French discoveries of our continent rehearsed, the American organization of the Northwest Territory and the beginnings of Wisconsin's history set forth. General Smith deplored a narrow view of the mission of the Society, considered the state in its relation to the great valley to which it belongs, and closed by suggesting that future discourses should elucidate the early history of our region. Few of the succeeding

addresses were as practical in their bearings as that of General Smith. "The History of the Peoples as Illustrated by their Monuments," "The Influence of History on Individual and National Action," "The History and Development of Races," were some of the sonorous subjects oratorically presented to the early attendants upon the annual meetings. These addresses, to present-day scholars, are curious examples of our forefathers' taste. Criticism of this kind does not apply to that honored pioneer of Green Bay, Morgan L. Martin, who in the second annual address made a real contribution to our knowledge of first things in Wisconsin; as did likewise Henry S. Baird in 1856.

Because of this early conception of the Society as a medium for delivering addresses, so little attention was paid to collection that a single bookcase with less than fifty odd volumes of state documents contained all the material assets of the Society at the end of the first five years of its existence.

A new conception of the rôle of an historical society was the result of the choice, in 1854, of a new secretary. Not only were new energy and new ardor put back of the Society's efforts, but the idea of an historical workshop to provide the raw materials and the tools for future workers became the dominant aim of the new administrator. For the first time the fate of the Society was placed in the competent hands of an historical scholar, with a talent for organization and a genius for collection.

Among those present at the first meeting of the Society in 1849 was a young pioneer named Larrabee. Originally from Ohio, Larrabee attended there Granville University, where he had for a fellow student a slight, frail youth, whose antiquarian interests were already well developed. The attraction of opposites seems to have acted to draw Larrabee and Draper into a notable friendship. School-days ended, the two young men formed a partnership for the

publication of a weekly paper in the town of Pontotoc, Mississippi. After a few issues *The Spirit of the Times* suspended, and the two partners tried for a few months to live upon the land. Sweet potatoes not proving financially profitable, Charles H. Larrabee drifted to Chicago, and eventually to Wisconsin, where he became an able judge; and with the call to arms in 1861, doffed the ermine for the uniform and commanded a Wisconsin regiment on southern battle fields. Judge Larrabee frequently visited Madison in the interim between the first and second organizations of the Society; quite as often he spoke to his acquaintances of his boyhood friend whose reputation as an historical scholar had been growing to fair dimensions since Pontotoc days. Among others whom Larrabee interested was Governor Farwell, a man of enterprise and foresight. Farwell believed in the use of the expert; to him it was clear that an historical society should be somebody's business. He joined with other state officials in inviting Lyman C. Draper to transfer his home and family to Madison and to undertake the cause of the undeveloped historical society. Draper accepted and at the annual meeting of 1854 was elected corresponding secretary and provided with a state appropriation of $500.

The effect of the new régime was immediately apparent. The first year a thousand volumes were added to the fifty of the Society's possessions. These volumes were not obtained without much hard work; without any of the modern appliances for correspondence, the new secretary wrote with his own hand, during that first year, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three letters. By his personal influence most of the volumes were secured either as donations or exchanges for Wisconsin state documents; only a few were purchased, and those by judicious investments. The next year the library was more than doubled; at the end of the first five years of Draper's administration seven

thousand and fifty-three substantial volumes represented the Society's treasures. Success begot success; the legislatures slowly recognized the value of the work being done, the appropriations crept up, the collections broadened in scope and variety, checked somewhat by the exigencies of the Civil War. Yet, when at its close the Society removed to the south wing of the capitol, it arranged twenty-five thousand volumes in its enlarged quarters; and when at the end of 1886 Draper retired from office he left to the state a library of 118,666 titles.

It is one thing to gather books; it is another to build a library. Taken as a whole, we may confidently say that our Society's library contains less "dead timber," fewer useless books, than any library of its size and kind in the country. This condition is due, in the first instance, to the scholarly acumen and nice discrimination exercised by our first secretary during the formative period of library building. Draper knew books, and he knew how to obtain them. It is not too much to say that during his administration of thirty-two years no book was placed upon the Society's shelves of whose contents he did not have considerable knowledge. He knew a permanently useful book from the ephemeral kind; his wide acquaintance with American historians and his own experience with historical publishing made him a judge of current publications. He seems also to have had an almost uncanny sense of the value of Americana. He prized no book merely for its rarity, for its reputation, for its binding, or for any adventitious circumstances; he bought books for their contents. Thus like a skillful architect he built a library, volume by volume, set by set, fitting one part to another as portions of a great edifice towards whose completion all efforts were bent, whose artistic growth and fair proportions were ever kept in mind.

Neither was it books alone for which Draper successfully sought. He was one of the earliest in this section of the

country to appreciate the value of periodicals and newspapers. As one instance of his indefatigable efforts in this department, among his correspondence there are answers to over fifty letters which he wrote in search of a few missing numbers of a Southern historical magazine, published before the Civil War, and during that catastrophe widely scattered and destroyed. By supplication and persistence he persuaded reluctant owners to complete the Society's file. It seems almost a miracle that a man working at such distance from literary centers could in the middle of the nineteenth century secure such a newspaper collection as our Society contains, comprising many of the oldest journals ever published in England or America.

Draper also desired to found an historical museum. From the beginning of his administration he urged the importance of securing portraits of the men of mark in the state. Personally he solicited governors and ex-governors, pioneers and officials, to donate their portraits. He obtained from the renowned Virginia artist Robert Sully replicas of the portraits of the chief Black Hawk and his companions, painted from life while they were in the dungeons of Fortress Monroe. So interested did Sully become in the development of our museum, that he prepared to remove to Madison to be ready for orders from those who wished to present their portraits to the Society. Unhappily the artist died en route, and the state lost a man of skill and talent. Few of the early portraits have artistic merit; they are, however, in many cases the only representations existing of the pioneers of Wisconsin. The collection as a whole also gives an opportunity for the study of the development of portraiture in the West.

So many-sided were Draper's activities it is difficult even to summarize all his plans for the Society. To him obstacles were but a spur, a challenge to his energy and persistence. Hampered by poor health, small means,

the indifference of the community, the lack of appreciation by the state at large, he kept in mind a single aim, to make the State Historical Society of Wisconsin the peer of similar societies in the East, and to make it unique in its relation to Western pioneering, and to the growth and progress of the Mississippi Valley.

With that end in view he persuaded the legislature to make an appropriation for publishing some of the Society's manuscripts. The first of the series appeared in 1855 as the *First Annual Report and Collections*. In it appeared a unique document, the diary of Lieut. James Gorrell at Green Bay from 1761 to 1763, the only English commandant of a Wisconsin post. This manuscript Draper obtained through the good offices of Francis Parkman, who had secured it when writing his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*. The second and third volumes of the *Collections* appeared respectively in 1856 and 1857. From this it will be seen that Draper's ambition was to issue a yearly volume. In volume three appeared his interview with Augustin Grignon, in which the French sources of our history were revealed.

Draper's editorial plans were checked first by the failure of appropriations, which necessitated a biennial volume in 1859; then by the Civil War, when former history seemed to history-makers of the day unimportant. Not until 1866 was the Society authorized to recommence publication, and then by successive parts, so that the fifth volume did not succeed its predecessor until almost a decade had passed. Thereafter five more volumes appeared before the close of Draper's administration, rounding out his contribution to the Society's *Collections* to ten volumes, and providing a mine of historical information for future students of Wisconsin's history. So thorough and scholarly was Draper's editing, so wise his choice of materials, that the *Wisconsin Historical Collections* became the model on which other societies have undertaken similar issues.

Recognition came to him from his contemporaries. The following is a University boy's description of him in 1874: "A slightly built boyish man, an unequal match in bodily strength for most lads of twelve, who has carried for twenty years the care of a Society of learning upon his shoulders, until at the present it has attained an honorable place among the institutions of its kind in our country. Never faltering in his task, facing legislators and governors with his cherished projects, obtaining their aid in spite of indifference or fierce opposition, caring not a straw for personal abuse or misrepresentation, and now wearing his merited honors with the same ease and grace with which he has borne his responsibilities. Such a man in the best sense of the word, has what we mean by broad shoulders."

A few years later John Bigelow, minister to France, veteran editor of the New York *Evening Post,* himself a trustee of a great library foundation, wrote in a private letter: "Your collection is the obvious fruit of great zeal, industry, tact and discretion. . . . It is an honor to your state if not a reproach to every other. What your Society is doing to accumulate and preserve memorials of the pioneers of civilization in the North West deserves and will receive the gratitude of a constantly widening circle of students from generation to generation." Of the fulfillment of that prophecy we of the present day are witnesses.

Draper himself sums up most completely his toil and ambition for our Society in a letter written in 1873 to Governor Washburn: "You will, I know, permit me, in this private way, to indulge in some closing remarks, partially personal, and partially connected with the Society's interests. I came here a little over 21 years ago, on the personal invitation of Gov. Farwell, Col. Larrabee, and Judge Orton. For two years I labored for the Society, in getting it started & showing $wh^t$ $c^d$ be done, for no pay whatever—using some of my own means, & providing stationery & postage:

And since then my salary has ranged from $500 to 1200: I have never clamored for large pay—contented to live in an economical way, if I could only be useful, & do our goodly State service. Though repeatedly tempted to go to other States—once to New York on a $2000 salary; once to Ky. where a $100,000 was proposed to be raised as a foundation for a Historical Society, if I w^d consent to go on a good salary to manage the matter; & more recently to Chicago where they p^d (their late secretary) $2,000 a year for less than half his time—but in all these & other cases, I gave no encouragement. To you who know little of me, let these facts, I pray you, have some influence in convincing you that I am laboring here with as little selfishness as we poor mortals usually evince. Whatever tends to add to our Society's usefulness, gratifies my heart, in my old age, to an extent that language is inadequate to express: I cannot but think that similar feelings must fill the hearts of all those who participate in this noble work." It is for us, the inheritors of this goodly legacy, this Society founded in such toil and sacrifice, to recognize the unselfishness, the scholarship, the zeal, and the skill of its first architect and to lay our wreath of honor at his feet.

These were not the only services tendered by Draper to our state; from 1858 to 1860 he held the office of state superintendent of public instruction. His report for 1859 was a classic in its thoroughness, and in its discussion of the value and importance of school libraries. During his administration these libraries were greatly increased, and the school system of the state broadened by fresh contact with good books.

It might seem that such achievements were enough for any man; that in developing school libraries and in founding an historical society recognized as one of the foremost in the country, whose usefulness will be perpetuated for generations, Draper had accomplished his life work. This, however, was not the sum of his benefactions to our state.

Before he ever thought of coming to Wisconsin or of becoming part of its historical society, he cherished the aim of recovering a lost portion of American history and of writing the lives of the border heroes of America. The frontier had ever had a fascination for him, which grew with the years until it became the life of his life. At his father's fireside in western New York he heard tales of border adventure from the lips of old men who had enacted them. Himself frail and slight in physique, the rugged forms of the backwoodsmen inspired in him awe and admiration. His soul expanded to heroic size, his whole being craved the stimulus of wild adventure. The deeds of the American pioneers, those stark, forthright men who hewed their way through the western wilderness, drove off wild beasts and savage men, and built for themselves homes afar from civilization, in turn the forerunners of a new and later civilization, made to him an irresistible appeal. Even when he came to know their lives intimately, to recognize the cruelty and crudity of his border heroes, Draper never swerved from his belief in their heroism and his fidelity to their memory. To him they were supermen, the upholders of the cause of liberty, a race apart from common men, not to be measured by ordinary standards.

It was a difficult task to which he had set his hand. Seventy summers and winters had passed since Daniel Boone first ventured over the great divide and saw at his feet the fair and fertile land of Kentucky. Virginia was then an English colony and the home government was already planning to parcel out the great interior valley among court favorites and needy noblemen. But the American frontiersmen forestalled such intention; with a vigor that would not be denied they set forth to appropriate the West for themselves. Then came the Revolution, and the frontiersmen saw in the colonies' cause their own hope of emancipation. With fierce energy they fought the Western

tribesmen, who lurked in ambush behind each tree and filled the silent forests with skulking enemies. All during the war the backwoodsmen held their own, filling each tiny clearing with a palisaded cabin or a log fort, gathering occasionally under trusted leaders for some swift march into the Indian country, attacking a hostile Indian village, releasing white prisoners, and journeying home in triumph. The pioneer women were no less heroic; side by side with their husbands and brothers they ran the bullets, "toted" the water, and even in emergencies wielded the rifle, protecting their homes and children—worthy mothers of the American race.

When, however, Draper began his investigations, nearly all of the Indian fighters and early settlers had joined the great majority, leaving for the most part as little trace of their careers as the silent leaves that drop from the autumn forests. Here and there memories lingered among their descendants; a few traditional incidents had found their way into print. Some of the frontier leaders had gained a posthumous fame as eponymous heroes of the Western movement. But who recognized that the Westward movement had contributed a vital element to American history? What was actually known of the lives of such bordermen as Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark? As for the men of lesser fame, those who first made permanent homes in the valley of the West, even their names were being lost in the mists of oblivion, their deeds forgotten and their fate ignored.

The recovery of this portion of our history was doubly difficult, since the men of the frontier were as a rule unlettered. Orders ran from mouth to mouth; messages to and from the settlements were carried by chance travelers; official reports were few and brief. Thus the lives of the border heroes had to be salvaged from the uncertain memories of their descendants, from the few yellowing

papers disintegrating in attics or neglected in distant farm buildings or country courthouses. While still at his home in northern Mississippi, young Draper made his first essays at his chosen task. Among the villagers of Pontotoc were descendants of Patrick Henry, Adam Stephen, and other western Virginians. Inspired by the enthusiasm of the young scholar, these southern gentlemen gave him gladly of their stores of reminiscences and manuscripts, and offered to furnish him with letters of introduction to many friends, like themselves the sons of pioneer sires. Armed with such introductions, young Draper set forth eastward and northward, through Tennessee and Kentucky, the southwest counties of Virginia, and along the rich valley of the Shenandoah. Everywhere he was received with great cordiality; his mission was approved, his aims commended. In the isolated farmsteads of the Old Southwest his coming was an event. Earnest and enthusiastic himself, he inspired confidence in his hosts; they accepted his own estimate of his mission and saw in him the chosen vessel ordained to present the lives of the pioneers to the world. To them he was in fact the savior of pioneer history, the inspired prophet who should cause to rise again the dry bones from the valley of the past.

Every possible effort was made to assist him in his chosen work. Not only were memories ransacked, but from their hiding-places old letters and documents were brought forth and pressed into his hands. No thought arose as to either loan or gift. Here was the rescuer of their forefather's fame; here was the apostle of historic record. Everything must be put at his disposal to make his work authentic. These half-forgotten, neglected papers would most of them soon have perished had not this knight errant of historic adventure passed by that way. The donors felt themselves privileged to coöperate with one whom they recognized as a scholar, who was to make the names they bore glorious before the world.

Very early in his career Draper developed the methods he ever afterwards followed. He was thoroughly imbued with a desire for historical accuracy; his appetite for exact facts was insatiable. He estimated at its real worth the value of tradition, and made every effort to correct the reminiscences of the pioneers by contemporary evidence. Nevertheless he recognized that certain types of facts were more readily obtained from descendants than from documents. A man might be uncertain when his father was born or died; he would hardly forget where these events occurred. Tradition might confuse incidents of one campaign with those of another, but the heroic adventures of father, uncle, or brother, with many interesting personal circumstances, lingered in the minds of the aged and formed a bright background on which to etch the historic narrative. Family recollection could describe the personal appearance and characteristics of a border hero in a way which no contemporary reports would present.

In order to recover such scraps of personality and such shreds of evidence, Draper used the method of the questionnaire. He quickly grew expert in the difficult art of interviewing, aiding his subject to push aside the mists of memory, to disentangle fact from fancy, yet never by his own suggestions distorting the faint tracery upon the palimpsest of the past. The number of facts and the amount of personal and local color he drew from those he interviewed are astonishing. His piercing questions, his careful accuracy, his patience and skill, elicited from his hosts a mass of material with which he packed his notebooks, and which makes them today a veritable source for genealogy, local history, and border adventure unique in quality and value. Scarcely a week passes that the answer to some research question is not sought and found in the interviews which Draper secured on these his earliest journeys in the Old West.

There must have been something especially winning and trustworthy in the personality of this historical pilgrim, which obtained for him the confidence and affection of all classes in the communities he visited. Seldom did he meet with rebuff or harsh treatment; friendly faces greeted him and kindly hearts entertained him in the rich homes of the planters or the rude cabins of the poor. His deference to the aged, his sympathy with misfortune, his singleness of purpose, won him a welcome and often life-long friends. In the intervals of his pilgrimages he carried on an immense correspondence, continuing in his letters the same methods he had adopted in his interviews. His papers abound with questionnaires skillfully worked out to elucidate some especial portion of a hero's career, or to recover some forgotten episode of border interest. The same method was applied to topography; dozens of letters to local settlers were written to discover where the old pioneer trails led over the mountains, by what exact route George Rogers Clark crossed the prairies of Illinois. To a cursory eye much of the material in the Draper manuscript collection seems irrelevant, unimportant, and valueless. Closer knowledge of its character corrects such impression. Not a letter was written but was aimed directly at some point important to a complete knowledge of the vicinity or of the man; even the replies, while frequently discursive and garrulous, contain somewhere the precious nugget of information which fits into the need of the historical narrative and gives accuracy and precision to its texture.

It was not long before echoes of the work of this new adventurer into historic fields reached the ears of the older and more established workers. From the first, Draper was accepted as a comrade by such historians as Jared Sparks, William H. Prescott, George Bancroft, and Benjamin Lossing, leaders of the historical forces of their generation. These experienced men recognized the quality of Draper's

ability. His field being unique, and almost unrecognized on the historical horizon, there was no jealousy of his achievements; only on the part of some scholars a slight wonder at his choice of so unpromising a field to cultivate. To their minds the obscure skirmishes on the frontier were of little value, the frontiersmen a wild, rough race of small importance. Draper's investigations bore little relation to the course of American history as then conceived. It was not, indeed, until a generation later, when the Mississippi Valley began to play a leading rôle in American politics, that its beginnings became interesting to the majority of American historians.

Draper's relations with Francis Parkman, the historian of the French régime in the West, were cordial and complementary. Parkman was one of the first to appreciate the importance and the value of the work Draper was accomplishing. He wrote to him in the tone of a tyro to a master, asking his advice and exchanging with him documents of importance. While Parkman was writing the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, he frequently appealed to Draper for information. Although not himself a French scholar, Draper was alert to the interest of Parkman's work, and they collaborated for many years. Draper also appreciated the value of Spanish sources and obtained what he might of transcripts from such archives. His unique opportunity, however, was the Anglo-American West, the field of individual effort, of personal initiative unrecorded in archives, or public documents, to be sought only in personal papers and survivors' memories, to be recovered only with the utmost diligence and industry.

While Sparks and Bancroft were exploiting the resources of the British Public Record Office, and Parkman was having copied thousands of papers from the French archives, Draper was wandering through the West on his quest, traveling hundreds of miles on foot, horseback, or stage-

coach, often footsore and weary, disappointed, or disheartened. Frequently he would reach a goal only to find the pioneer he sought was dead; often to find the papers he eagerly hoped to acquire had been carelessly destroyed or devoured by fire. A successful interview, or the recovery of some unexpected papers would revive his spirits and set him forth upon a further quest.

It would be useless enumeration to recount the journeys he undertook or the parts of the West he visited. These may be traced in his notebooks and letters. He himself, in 1875, summarized his undertakings as follows: "My collections are the systematic result of over forty years' labors and 60,000 miles of journeyings . . . the fullest and best collection I will venture to say ever collected on the Anglo-American history of the West."

Even after the coming to Wisconsin and assuming the care of the Historical Society, Draper continued for many years his occasional journeys and his constant correspondence with pioneer descendants; however, the bulk of his manuscript collection was made in the early days of his career. During the first decade of his journeyings he obtained the Preston, Fleming, Clark, Croghan, Martin, Campbell, Sevier, Henderson, Shelby, and Blount papers, chief sources for the knowledge of the winning of the West, the basis of the history of the Mississippi Valley as an American possession. Does anyone seriously believe that but for Draper's efforts these papers would now be preserved and available for American scholars?

It has sometimes been offered as a reproach that Draper did not keep his promises to his friends the pioneers by publishing, as he intended, the biographies of the border heroes. With his unerring sense of ultimate values he realized that the Westward movement was the work of individual initiative; that the western men relied upon their own courage and acted independently in each emergency.

Draper, however, did not conceive as did Carlyle, that each epoch of history was dominated by a single colossus, one great hero imposing his will upon a herd of lesser men. He, indeed, considered each man in his environment, and it was one of his achievements that he grouped the lesser lights in galaxies around his suns. This very tendency delayed his writings and put a drag upon their completion. New facts and certainties were constantly to be sought. His standard of thoroughness paralyzed his pen. After a long life of ceaseless activity Draper published but a single volume of history, chronicling the battle of King's Mountain, that daring dash of the men of the western waters which, in 1780, saved the southern colonies from complete subjection to the British. Three other works are still in manuscript—an essay on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, a series of descriptions of border forays, and an unfinished life of Boone in five manuscript volumes. The truth is, Draper was not a literary genius; he lost himself in the abundance of his material; he had no sense of historical proportion, no appreciation of the relative value of facts. It was thus a travesty to call him, as was frequently done during his lifetime, the "Plutarch of the West." Better compare him, if one must have a classical prototype, to the builder of the Alexandrine library, than to the entertaining and prolix biographer of the first century.

If, however, Draper never wrote the ponderous biographies he planned, the cause of research is none the poorer, nor did he belie his promises to his expectant friends. Not destined himself to proclaim the fame of his favorite heroes to the world, he rescued that fame from forgetfulness, and has left the materials from which modern biographers and modern historians must build their edifices. He himself, by the very negation of his ambition, saved for others all he could not use himself.

Lacking a sense of proportional values, Draper also ignored many phases of historical research interesting to present-day inquirers. He knew nothing apparently of economic forces; nothing in his collections preserves a memory of changing modes of travel, of the growing civilization in the West, by which the frontier blended into modern life. It is useless to search in the Draper manuscripts for political progress or social adjustments. He conceived of the epoch of Western wars, beginning with the skirmish in the valley of Virginia in 1742, closing with the last battles of the War of 1812, as an epic period, static in its purposes, apart from the common drift of historical influences, peopled by an uncommon race of men. This conception, while it has its limitations, nevertheless renders his collection unique and remarkably close-knit, one portion fitting into another with precision and effect. To alienate any considerable portion of this collection would destroy the usefulness of the whole. Draper's manuscripts, like the library he built, bear the stamp of his personality and scholarship.

Then, in the fullness of time, after his services for the Society had met fruition, after his efforts at publication had resulted in failure, he crowned his unselfish devotion to Wisconsin by the legacy of all he possessed to the Society he cherished. The personal collection for which he had wrought with unceasing labor and unflagging enthusiasm for a half-century was bequeathed to the Society whose interests he had promoted two score years, and his work was complete. The Draper manuscripts became the capstone of the Society's library, or, to change the figure, the crown jewels preserved in its innermost tower. As the custodian of the Draper manuscripts, our Society is famed throughout the continent; for their sake we are visited by eminent scholars, careful historians, and eager genealogists. By freely granting the privilege of their use the fame of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin has grown great.

Nor is that all. When, with the coming of Draper's successor, relations were strengthened with the state University, a school of Western historians arose whose founder and leader freely admits his indebtedness to the Draper manuscripts. From our state this movement has broadened and extended until the history of the West is recognized as an integral and vital part of American history. The Westward movement has assumed its rightful place in American historiography; new emphasis has been given to the deeds of the frontiersmen; the period of history whose recovery was the vision of one has become the heritage of the many.

Whatever may be thought of Draper's choice of method, or of his type of scholarship, we must honor his devotion to an ideal and his unselfish services for the cause of history. He himself was a pioneer, breaking fresh trails into an uncharted wilderness. As a pioneer educator and librarian he contributed to our state's institutions; as a pioneer historian of the West he pointed the way for others to follow; as a pioneer collector he stands unrivaled; as a pioneer benefactor he bequeathed to the State Historical Society his most precious treasures. For our "goodly state," as he loved to call it, he has left an enduring legacy, and we now enter into his labors. When the roll of Wisconsin's benefactors shall have been completed and its "house of fame" prepared for the admiration and emulation of its children, there shall be written high on the list the name of the founder of our library and the donor of its great manuscript collection—Lyman Copeland Draper.

# WISCONSIN'S SADDEST TRAGEDY

M. M. QUAIFE

In a display case of the State Historical Museum at Madison may be seen a handsomely-flowered vest of a pattern favored by gentlemen three generations ago. Looking at it closely the curious visitor will detect a small hole through the left front of the garment a short distance below the armhole. The tiny aperture affords mute yet eloquent evidence of the saddest tragedy in the political annals of Wisconsin, for through it sped the bullet which found the heart and terminated the life of Charles C. P. Arndt in the Council Chamber of the Territory of Wisconsin on the morning of February 11, 1842.

The flight of eighty years has stilled the passions of that early day as completely as the fatal bullet stilled the heart of Charles Arndt. The obscurity of the grave shrouds the memory alike of slayer and slain, and all the actors who took part in this once-celebrated drama have long since passed from the stage of life. It is at length possible, therefore, to review the story free from passion or prejudice, and from such a review something of interest and instruction may be derived.

Charles C. P. Arndt, the victim, was the son of Judge Arndt, an old and prominent citizen of Green Bay. The younger man was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, October 31, 1811, and came to Green Bay with his parents in 1824.[1] Several years later he returned East to complete his education, graduating from Rutgers College in 1832. He subsequently studied law at Easton, Pennsylvania, where he was admitted to the bar in April, 1835. Returning to his home at Green Bay, he was there admitted to practice

[1] Biographical sketch of Arndt, in Wisconsin State Bar Association *Proceedings*, I, 172-173.

in the courts of Michigan Territory (the Territory of Wisconsin was organized in 1836), and here he established a family and continued in the practice of his profession until his untimely death a half dozen years later. In 1839 he was elected to the Territorial Council, of which his father, Judge Arndt, was also a member, to fill the unexpired term of Alexander J. Irwin.

James R. Vineyard, whose unhappy destiny it was to become the slayer of Arndt, was a native of Kentucky and a prominent resident of the lead mines.[2] He bore an excellent reputation in his community, and in 1838 was elected to represent Grant County in the Territorial Council. Arndt was a northern man and a Whig, while Vineyard was a southerner and a Democrat. Partisan rivalry was keen between the two great parties in those days, and the feeling often assumed manifestations of a distinctly personal and individual character. There was, moreover, a vigorous local rivalry between the mines and Green Bay; yet despite these factors Arndt and Vineyard became close friends. Vineyard was a boarder in Arndt's house for a time, and on the very morning of the killing, the two men were observed in the lobby of the Council Chamber, their arms thrown about each other's shoulders in affectionate attitude, engaged in familiar discourse.

In all this there is no hint of the shocking affray which was about to develop. Its explanation is to be found rather in the manners and ideals of the age to which the actors in the tragedy belonged than in any considerations of a special or personal character. The immediate circumstances which provoked the affray were trivial enough. Governor Doty, between whom and the Territorial legislature much bad feeling existed, had nominated Enos S. Baker to the office of sheriff of Grant County. In the Council, to which

[2] There is a biographical sketch of Vineyard in *Memorial Record of the Fathers of Wisconsin* (Madison, 1880), 178.

the nomination must go for approval, an intermittent debate over it was waged for several days, in the course of which much ill feeling was manifested. Arndt, a supporter of the Governor, favored the nomination, while Vineyard opposed it. In the course of the debate on Friday forenoon, February 11, a statement made by Arndt was characterized as a falsehood by Vineyard.[3] Feeling ran high, and in this posture of affairs a motion was made to adjourn. Before the presiding officer had announced the result of the vote, most of the members rose from their seats and Arndt and Vineyard resumed their quarrel. Arndt demanded an explanation from Vineyard, and the two men being close together a physical combat seemed imminent. It was averted for the moment, however, by the demands of the presiding officer for order and the separation of the two men by two or three of the members. Arndt moved away from Vineyard's desk some eight or ten feet to the vicinity of the fireplace, and Vineyard remained at his desk until the President announced the adjournment. Arndt thereupon approached Vineyard and demanded to know if the latter had meant to impute falsehood to him in his remarks. Vineyard answered that he had, whereupon Arndt struck him in the face; whether with open or clenched hand is uncertain. Vineyard reeled or drew back a pace and instantly producing a pistol, shot his opponent through the breast. The stricken man fell into the arms of William S. Dering, who held him until he died without uttering a word, perhaps five minutes later.[4]

The scene of confusion in the Council Chamber which attended this swift tragedy may be more easily imagined

[3] The newspapers of the day contain much about the affair. A manuscript narrative by General William R. Smith, preserved in the State Historical Library, is of first-hand authority. Smith was present at the coroner's inquest in the Council Chamber the day following the killing, the hearing being held with the body of Arndt "still lying where he died, near the fireplace of the chamber," and took shorthand notes of the testimony.

[4] It was commonly believed that Arndt was shot through the heart. No post-mortem examination seems to have been held. Dering, who held the dying man, testified at the inquest that he lived "some eight or ten minutes."

than described. That a serious quarrel was impending was evident to all, and it was this situation, indeed, which had caused the hasty adjournment of the session. Yet it seems apparent that no one, with the possible exception of Vineyard, had anticipated a denouement so swift or with consequences so fatal, else more effective interference would have been interposed by other members to prevent it. Most of all would Judge Arndt, whose bitterness it was to witness his son gasp out his life at his feet, have interposed to save him. But so quickly was the thing done that those who would have interfered to allay the quarrel found themselves too late. Thus, President Collins testified[5] that immediately upon declaring the adjournment, fearing further trouble, he left the chair and went toward the two men. "I heard words pass between them; Arndt struck at, or hit Vineyard. I heard a report of a pistol; Arndt staggered back. . . . Vineyard observed to me he would not get away. I did not see the Pistol drawn . . . saw the muzzle, the butt was covered by his hand."

In similar fashion Charles J. Learned testified: "harsh words passed between Arndt and Vineyard. I went toward them; Arndt approached from his seat towards Vineyard; both [were] excited. I took Arndt and led him to the fireplace; told him it was not time or place to indulge in quarrels. In a moment or two, the House adjourned. On this being announced, or before, Arndt stepped towards Vineyard, and demanded of him in a peremptory tone 'if he imputed falsehood to him, in the remarks he had made?' Vineyard replied, 'he did.' Arndt immediately struck him; I heard a discharge of what I presumed to be a pistol; saw no pistol drawn; do not know who discharged it."

Looking upon the dying man, Vineyard observed that he was sorry for what had been done but it could not be helped now, and turned to leave the room. Someone cried

[5] William R. Smith, manuscript record of shorthand notes taken at the inquest.

out that he should not be allowed to escape, but nothing was done to prevent this and he proceeded to his room in the American Hotel across the street. There he reloaded his pistol and placed it in his trunk. A few minutes later the sheriff arrived and took him into custody.

The slayer was committed to the Dane County jail, where we may leave him for the present while we take note of the effect produced upon the community by the news of the slaying. The sparse population of the Territory (but 30,000 in 1840; perhaps twice as large in 1842), the official standing of the principals, the occurrence of the crime in the legislative chamber, in the presence of the leading men of the Territory—all conspired to produce a sensation of the first magnitude. The first official expression upon the matter came from the Council itself. On the morning following the killing of Arndt, Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay addressed the Council upon the subject of his character and death, closing with a series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted. They expressed, in appropriate language, the shock felt by the Council over the event, conveyed its sympathy to the widow of Arndt, and provided that the body of the slain councillor be conveyed to his home at the expense of the Legislative Assembly.[6] Similar proceedings were gone through in the Assembly, after which the regular order of the day was dispensed with and at noon both branches of the Legislature assembled in the Council Chamber to attend upon the funeral ceremonies.

Thus far, apparently, all had been done with decorous unanimity. But scarcely had the corpse departed from the capitol on its dreary journey to Green Bay, when personal and political considerations began to assert themselves. When the Council convened on Monday morning,

[6] Report of proceedings in Council, February 12, in Madison *Express*, February 12, 1842.

February 14, the President stated that he had received a communication from Vineyard, tendering his resignation from that body, and asked if it was the desire of members that it be presented.[7] That there had been some prior caucusing by members upon the procedure to be adopted by the Council is evident from the discussion which ensued. Ebenezer Brigham stated that as the oldest member of the Council it had been thought proper, "after consultation," that he should submit such remarks and motions as the case might seem to call for. Disclaiming all unkind feeling toward Vineyard, he observed that the latter, by his action, had imprinted an indelible stain upon the Legislative Assembly and the Territory. For the Council to permit him to select his own mode of severing his connection with it would be to give this stain a deeper dye. He moved, therefore, that the communication be returned unread to its author. Some discussion followed, in the course of which the Council's right to refuse to receive the communication was called in question, which was brought to an end by an indignant speech by John H. Tweedy of Milwaukee. "A most flagrant outrage has been committed by a member of this body," he declared; "the dignity of the Council has been insulted and an indelible stigma has been cast upon the character of the Territory. It is our first and solemn duty to wipe out this foul stain, as far as possible, by proclaiming to the world in just and fitting terms our abhorrence and detestation of the course, and by renouncing all connection with the perpetrator of this offense. . . . This Council, if it has any regard to decency and its own dignity, will not consider, hear, or *receive* any communication, of any character, from the author of the letter before us, until his connection with this body is dissolved. That connection she will sever *in her own way*—not by permission

[7] Report of proceedings, in Madison *Wisconsin Enquirer*, February 23, 1842.

to retire, but by ignominious expulsion—and all other business will be laid aside until after that work is done."

The motion to return the communication unread was passed, only Moses M. Strong voting in the negative; and the following resolution was then presented by Mr. Brigham:

"Whereas the practice, hitherto unknown and unsuspected, of entering the legislative halls of our Territory with deadly weapons concealed about the person, has been within a few days introduced under circumstances justly calculated to arouse the deep indignation of our common country, and to disgrace the character of the Legislative Assembly.

"And whereas James R. Vineyard, a member of the Council, did, on Friday the eleventh instant, immediately after the adjournment, and in the presence of all the members and officers of this body, inflict a mortal wound upon the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, late a representative upon this floor from the county of Brown, by discharging a pistol which was concealed about his person, of which wound the said Hon. C. C. P. Arndt immediately expired.

"And whereas it is becoming this Council, in a manner appropriate to the occasion, to express to the world the feelings of horror and indignation with which we witnessed the perpetration, it is believed without justifiable cause, of this most wanton outrage against the life of our fellow member, the peace of society, the purity of our public councils, and the laws of God and man.

"And whereas by this foul deed, so disgraceful to the place and the occasion, the said James R. Vineyard has shown himself unworthy to be a member of this honorable body, therefore

"Resolved that James R. Vineyard, a member of the Council from the county of Grant, be and hereby is expelled, and the seat lately occupied by him declared vacant."

Moses Strong, who had already assumed the position of counsel for Vineyard, requested a division of the question, explaining that he was willing to vote for the preamble but not for the resolution. It was accordingly divided; the preamble was passed unanimously, and the resolution of expulsion with only the vote of Strong in the negative.

The Legislature had thus done all that lay within its power to express its condemnation of the killing. Well had it been for the reputation of Wisconsin had her press and her courts of justice taken a similar stand. The course pursued by these two agencies of society left much to be desired, and went far toward justifying the contemporary eastern opinion—against the truth of which the territorial press was ever fond of inveighing—that Wisconsin was a region where lawlessness and violence flourished almost without restraint.

Some seven or eight papers comprised the roll of the territorial press in 1842. Their course with reference to the tragedy seems to indicate clearly that the press of that day failed to comprehend the modern distinction between news and political propaganda. The majority of the papers in the Territory were outspoken in their condemnation of Vineyard's act; two, however, the Madison *Express* and the Platteville *Wisconsin Whig*, had no word of disapproval for the killing, assuming an attitude of strict "neutrality" with reference to the issue involved. There ensued a wordy newspaper war, the course of which may be sufficiently illustrated from the two Madison papers, the *Express* and the *Enquirer*.

Both papers were published on Saturday, the day after the tragedy. Although it was far the most sensational news item in the history of the Territory, the *Express* disposed of it in a single paragraph which briefly stated the bare fact as to the shooting and concluded with these words

"We decline giving any further particulars, as the whole affair is to undergo judicial investigation."

The *Enquirer*, on the other hand, appeared with the columns of the entire editorial page boxed in heavy mourning, as they had been for President Harrison a few months before. Describing the event, the editor continued with this comment: "We shall not, in the present justly excited state of public feeling, make such remarks in relation to this high-handed outrage as would seem to be called for—suffice it for the present to say that the dastardly and fiendish perpetrator of this deed, which has disgraced our legislative halls and our Territory, is in the hands of the law, from which it is to be hoped he will not escape without that condign punishment which justice would seem to demand. Individual security—the cause of public morality—everything connected with the well-being and peace of society—requires that the severest penalties of the law should be inflicted."

The ensuing issue of the *Enquirer*[8] followed up this beginning with two strong editorials, one on the subject of carrying concealed weapons, the other on the attitude of the territorial press upon the killing of Arndt. "The press," it stated, "is justly considered the index to the public sentiment of the community where it is located. This is equally true in regard to the political, moral, or religious sentiments of any people. . . . Hence the solemn responsibility which rests upon the conductors of the public press. They are set not only as the guardians of the public right, but of the public fame; and when any act of violence and outrage occurs, they possess the power to a vast extent to place the responsibility where it belongs, or to involve a whole community of virtuous and innocent persons in the disgrace and infamy which belong only to the few."

[8] There was a change of control in the paper just at this juncture, and this issue appeared on Wednesday, February 23, instead of on Saturday, as usual.

In the editorial controversy which followed, the motives of each party to the debate were pointedly called in question. "The *Enquirer*," said the *Wisconsin Whig*,[9] "appears to be particularly hostile to Mr. Vineyard; there must be some cause for the course of this paper, other than the death of Mr. Arndt; and the malicious attempt of that print to prejudice public opinion against Mr. Vineyard is worthy of a man of the most narrow soul and fiendlike disposition, and we trust that the people who read the editorial remarks of the *Enquirer* will not be biased by them, but will let the facts develop themselves in due course of law." The Madison *Express* thus paid its respects[10] to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which was edited by Harrison Reed: "It is painful to us, and doubtless to every feeling heart, and must be doubly so to the associates and relatives of all parties concerned to have this matter [the killing of Arndt] brought before the public week after week. We did not believe at first, nor do we now believe it a fit subject for newspaper discussion. But there appear to be persons who, vampire-like, are thirsting for the blood of the survivor, and who assail everyone who does not join with them in their cry for blood. Among these bloodhounds is Harrison Reed, senior editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the Judas who suffered his press to be sold to the opposition. This person in an article in his paper undertakes to censure the conduct of Col. Field and Hon. Moses M. Strong for consenting to take up on the part of the defense. The facts of the case are now, we presume, all before the public, and we believe no one with a heart less black than that of the senior editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel and Farmer* will call it a crime of the first magnitude, nor wish the prisoner to come to trial without the aid of counsel."

[9] No file of the *Whig* is known to be in existence. The quotation here presented is copied from a reprint in the Madison *Express*, February 19, 1842.

[10] Madison *Express*, February 26, 1842.

To these broadsides the editors who were their objects replied with equal vigor. "May a member of the legislature," asked the editor of the *Enquirer*, "in a legislative hall, in the presence of the whole Council and its officers, at high noon for an assault which could not have endangered life or limb, be shot dead upon the spot without a mark of disapprobation from the public press? While we remain connected with it we say no Never! Never, while we have the direction of a public journal, may we become deaf to the cry of a brother's blood. Never may we become so dead to the sympathies of human nature and the claims of bleeding humanity as to refuse to condemn a deed of darkness which might well spread horror and gloom over a whole nation, for the sake of saving the *feelings* (?) or shielding from justice the blood-guilty wretch who has thrown himself out of the pale of virtuous sympathy."

"The *Express*," said the *Sentinel*, "in consequence of a personal pique against Mr. Arndt, refuses to notice the fact other than as a 'melancholy affair' which was undergoing judicial investigation! The Editor of the *Express* is the printer for the Council and claims to be the organ of the Whigs here, but in this thing he has shown himself unworthy of the name of man and has called down upon his head the condemnation of the respectable of all parties here, for the niggardly spirit manifested in refusing to condemn this outrage."

The legal proceedings over the prosecution of Vineyard were as tedious as the newspaper discussion was spirited. The coroner's inquest over the body of Arndt merely found that he had come to his death as the result of a pistol wound inflicted by James R. Vineyard. A hearing before Justice-of-the-Peace Seymour followed, resulting in Vineyard's commitment to jail on a charge of murder. He had secured able counsel in the persons of Moses M. Strong of Mineral Point and Alexander P. Field, secretary of

the Territory. Through their efforts a writ of habeas corpus was applied for before Judge Dunn of the Iowa County circuit; that official granted the application and admitted Vineyard to bail in the sum of twenty thousand dollars—ten thousand as principal and ten thousand as surety. At the May term of the district court for Dane County an indictment for manslaughter was returned by the grand jury, and on application of Vineyard's attorneys the case was continued to the November term of court. At this term the case was again continued until the May term of 1843. Then, fifteen months after the killing of Arndt, application for a change of venue was made, and granted by the court. In October following, the case finally came to trial before Judge David Irvin at Monroe; when given to the jury that body promptly rendered a verdict of acquittal, and the prosecution of Vineyard for the slaying of Arndt was at an end.

The news of this outcome of the trial provoked a fresh storm of editorial disapproval throughout the northern and eastern portions of the Territory. Every step in the course of the long-drawn-out judicial proceedings was sharply called in question, and charges of bribery and miscarriage of justice were openly made. "So far as a legal decision can exculpate deeds of atrocity and blood," wrote the editor of the Milwaukee *Democrat,* "and vindicate the character of the man who perpetrates them, Vineyard is to pass in community as a man whose character is unimpeachable. But it will be in vain for him, or for those *bribed and perjured* friends of his, who have, to screen him, enacted this perversion of law—this mockery of justice—this contempt for the feelings of an outraged community, to attempt to wash out the blood of that foul assassination, or to stifle the cry of that blood for retribution. . . . Our horror at the deed is hardly greater than our astonishment, and indignation, and shame, at the thought that in such a case, and with

the facts in the case so fully known and so notorious, a jury could yet be found in our community *capable* of pronouncing a verdict of acquittal. They have taken the unenviable responsibility of fastening upon our Territory the reputation, at home and abroad, of having connived at this work of assassination; and that in the most deliberate and formal manner, in their official capacity, and while sworn faithfully to bring a decision according to the evidence of facts in the case."

In similar strain was the comment of the Racine *Advocate*, edited by Marshall M. Strong, one of the most brilliant men of his day in Wisconsin. "This murder," he wrote in reviewing the case, "was perpetrated in the upper house of the territorial legislature, almost during its session, in open day before twenty witnesses, by one of the highest elective officers of the Territory. The criminal is first permitted to go at large on bail, then indicted for manslaughter, and finally acquitted of that even by a jury. This will forever remain a foul blot upon our Territory. We do hereby, and shall at all times pronounce the transaction *murder*. We enter our protest against the decision of the Court and Jury; and we hope that Vineyard, although he has escaped the legal punishment due to his crime, will never escape the effect of public opinion and the public abhorrence of this bloody tragedy."

More scathing even, was the disapproval expressed by Louis P. Harvey, editor of the Southport *American* and a future governor of Wisconsin. Reviewing the proceedings, he concluded: "Every circumstance, from the commencement to the conclusion of this farce in the shape of a prosecution, has pointed to this result. But the court that has thus wiped the stain of guilt from an acknowledged criminal, has left marks of disgrace upon itself that time cannot efface."

More than one critic stressed the charge that the trial of Vineyard disclosed the existence of two brands of justice

in Wisconsin, one for the poor and friendless, the other for the rich and influential. "It was a short time after this occurrence [the killing of Arndt]," said the Southport *Telegraph*, "that one Coffee, in Iowa County, for provocation, took the life of a fellow-mortal. He was poor and friendless—mark the result. At the next term of the court he was sentenced to be hung by the neck until he was dead, and without delay the sentence of the court was carried into effect. James R. Vineyard, with a weapon procured for some *special* purpose, after provoking a conflict with an unarmed man, shot him dead. He was rich and *respectable*—mark the result. He now walks abroad with the honest and upright citizen. Is it strange under the circumstances we have no mob law?"

"At the time of the commission of the act," wrote one who signed himself "An Old Citizen of Brown" in the Green Bay *Republican*,[11] "there was no law in existence for the removal of criminal cases, which would reach this case, but one was passed by the legislature, and the case is removed to Green County; and there remains untried until October, 1843, *nearly two years after the commission of the crime!!* In the meantime other *crimes are punished; other murderers*, who have taken human life under circumstances less atrocious and more justifiable, *are tried, convicted*, and *executed*, within a few months, and but a short distance from the scene of the 'Madison tragedy.' But others had not the *standing in society which Vineyard had!!* The other unfortunate was *destitute of friends*, and perhaps was without property and money. Moreover, *he belonged not to the highest branch of the legislature*, and took not the life of his victim in the *legislative hall* and *in the sight of his fellows!* No! Unfortunately he was in the lower walks of life, and killed his opponent in a *tavern brawl!!*"

[11] I am disposed to think that the author of this letter was Morgan L. Martin, who was a member of the Council from Brown County at the time Arndt was killed.

It is perhaps impossible at this late day to determine the reasonableness and validity of these complaints. It may be taken for granted that Vineyard's able counselors took advantage of every feature of the slipshod system of administering justice which told in favor of their client. If there was ever any evidence of bribery or perjury it has perished with the records of the trial, and we must, therefore, dismiss these charges from consideration. But even assuming that there was no outright violation of recognized practices, it is not difficult to see that Vineyard's wealth and his political and family influence may still have procured his acquittal.

Such influences would naturally accomplish their ends by indirection, leaving no trace behind for the historian to follow. In one respect adverted to by the "Old Citizen of Brown," however, we find what must be regarded as at least a suggestive coincidence. At the time of Arndt's killing there was no law for the removal of criminal cases applicable to this case. Six weeks later, within a few days after the killer had secured his release from prison on bail, he wrote to Strong, his attorney: "I wish most sincerely that you may not neglect to get a law passed changing venue in criminal cases, *as you know the necessity of passing such a law.*"[12] Now Strong was, in addition to being Vineyard's attorney, one of the most astute and influential politicians in the Territory. At the succeeding session of the Legislature (for 1842-43) he was elected president of the Council, and at this session the desired act was passed.[13] Toward the end of March it became a law, and in May following, the change of venue which it made possible for Vineyard was taken. Evidently it was this for which counsel had been maneuvering, for with the change

[12] Letter of March 21, 1842, in Strong MSS., Wis. Hist. Library. Italics are by the present writer.

[13] There was a vehement row going on between the Legislature and Governor Doty during the winter of 1842-43, as one outcome of which there was a regular and a special session of the Legislature. The act in question became a law at the special session.

of venue granted they permitted the case to come to trial at the ensuing term of court.

Of the actual trial I have found but one contemporary description, written by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.[14] The writer, who purports to be a traveler in the West, gives a sufficiently spirited picture of the scene, dwelling particularly upon the conduct of Strong. The jury, he says, from which every man giving outward signs of intelligence was rejected, was such a group as could not have been matched "this side of Botany Bay." Most of the article is devoted to an account of Strong's speech for the defendant. It relates that before commencing the address he had a pitcher of whiskey placed upon the table before him, from which, as he proceeded, he drank long and frequently, so that before the speech was half concluded he reeled to and fro like a drunken man. The truth of this story was denied by Strong, but the incident fixed upon him a colorful sobriquet which he tried in vain to live down, and for years he was known as "the knight of the pitcher."

From the vantage point of eighty years' detachment the Vineyard-Arndt affair is chiefly interesting for the light it sheds upon the ideals and practices of society in pioneer Wisconsin. It is easy now to perceive that Vineyard and Arndt were alike common victims of conditions for which they as individuals had but slight responsibility.

Today it would be inconceivable that a member of Congress or of our state legislature should carry a loaded gun to the sessions and with it, in the heat of sudden anger, blot out the life of a fellow member and friend. In 1842, however, dueling was still a well-known custom in the United States, and personal affrays between men of standing in the community were a recognized feature of life in the lead-mine region of Wisconsin. Vineyard was a Kentuckian who had been transplanted to the lead mines,

[14] Issue of November 4, 1843.

and neither in Kentucky nor in southwest Wisconsin did society reprobate severely such action as he took in the affray with Arndt. It was several years after this that another transplanted Kentuckian, living in central Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, felt it incumbent upon him to participate in a duel. Less than four years before, the survivor of the tragic Graves-Cilley duel had publicly disclaimed, on the floor of Congress, responsibility for his act. "I am not, and never have been, the advocate of the anti-social and unchristian practice of dueling. I have never, up to this day, fired a dueling pistol. . . . Public opinion is practically the paramount law of the land; every other law, both human and divine, ceases to be observed; yea, withers and perishes, in contact with it. It was this paramount law of this nation and of this House that forced me, under the penalty of dishonor, to subject myself to the code which impelled me unwillingly into this tragical affair. Upon the heads of this nation, and at the doors of this House, rests the blood with which my unfortunate hands have been stained." A decade after Vineyard killed Arndt at Madison, Senator Foote menaced Senator Benton with a cocked and loaded pistol on the floor of the United States Senate, and several years later still, John F. Potter of Wisconsin won unbounded popularity throughout the North by his proposal to fight a duel with bowie knives.

Coming to the mines, the carrying of concealed weapons was a prevalent practice in this period.[15] A year before the Arndt killing, Charles Bracken, a prominent resident of the mines and a member of the Territorial Legislature, seriously wounded Henry Welch, editor of the *Miners' Free Press*, in a shooting affray on the streets of Mineral Point. No punishment was meted out in this case, and Bracken even

[15] Such a practice, naturally, leaves little by way of direct record for the historian. The editor of the Belmont *Gazette* stated (November 9, 1836) that the practice of carrying knives and pistols prevailed "to an alarming extent." The editor of the Galena *Gazette*, decrying the stabbing affrays of the time, stated (January 21, 1837) that almost every man and boy carried a dirk.

had the assurance to write a letter threatening the editors of the Madison *Enquirer* with chastisement, because of the manner in which that paper had commented on his affray with Welch. It was five years after the Arndt tragedy that Denis Murphy was shot down at Mineral Point, for publicly cowhiding an attorney of that place. A year later still, Enos S. Baker, the very man over the question of whose nomination for sheriff of Grant County Arndt was killed, cowhided Joseph T. Mills at Lancaster, and a few days later, armed with a six-barrel pistol, met Mills, armed this time with a shotgun, and was assisted from the field with several buckshot in his stomach.

We cite these cases, every one dealing with men of standing and leadership, merely by way of illustrating the state of public opinion in the region to which Vineyard belonged. To that opinion his attorneys confidently appealed when they secured the change of venue for their client to Green County. Their confidence was justified by his prompt acquittal even on a mere charge of manslaughter. It was evidenced even more clearly before the trial and while the indictment against Vineyard was still pending, when he offered himself as candidate for the office of sheriff of Grant County and came within a few votes of being elected. A few years later he was elected to membership in the first constitutional convention, and in 1849 to a seat in the Legislature of the new state.

It may be objected that the foregoing contradicts what has been previously said as to the widespread condemnation of Vineyard by the press of the Territory. The contradiction is apparent, merely, rather than real. No paper of the mining region spoke in condemnation of Vineyard or in criticism of the court procedure upon his case. The clamor of criticism and condemnation came wholly from that portion of the Territory which lay without the mines. Between the people of the mines, where Southern stock and

Southern ideals predominated, and those of the eastern and northern counties, which were settled largely by New England and New York stock, was a wide disparity of ideals and habits. The sentiment of the North had been slowly setting against the practice of dueling for many years, when in 1838 the feeling was intensified by the senseless killing of Jonathan Cilley of Maine by William R. Graves of Kentucky. In that duel, George W. Jones of the lead mines, Wisconsin's delegate in Congress, had acted as second to one of the principals; for this he was severely criticized by his constituents in eastern Wisconsin, and this criticism contributed materially to his defeat by James D. Doty when he sought to succeed himself in the delegacy.[16] The affray between Arndt and Vineyard illuminates as with a flash of lightning the differing ideals of the mining region and the eastern part of the state with respect to individual combat. To the latter section, Vineyard's act was plain murder, and the actor merited the rope; among the mines the same act was plainly regarded as an incident, regrettable in itself no doubt, which was

[16] There is much contemporary newspaper evidence to this effect. Judge Knapp, speaking twenty-five years later, thus summed up the matter: "That election [of Doty to succeed Jones] may be said to have settled the question against dueling, as one of the institutions of Wisconsin, and placed the law-abiding above the chivalry in this state." *Wis. Hist. Colls.* VI, 374.

An incident of the political campaign of 1840 sheds interesting light upon the question in point. An attack was made upon ex-Governor Dodge, at the moment Democratic candidate for the delegacy to Congress, on the ground that he was addicted to the custom of carrying deadly weapons. In particular it was asserted that on an electioneering visit to Milwaukee he was armed with a bowie knife, the fact being revealed by the chambermaid who cared for his room. For this the *Sentinel* ridiculed Dodge, and the *Courier*, defending him, attacked the motives of the opposition editor. Upon this attack the editor of the *Sentinel* indulged in some illuminating comment: "We should have deemed the knife affair as deserving of but a passing notice, had it not been that we have upon frequent occasions charged ex-Gov. Dodge with the cowardly practice of arming to the teeth when among his friends, and been as often met with denials and charges of falsehood and malevolence from such men as he of the *Courier*—and that too when they knew our statements to be true. The public mind, in its present refined state, is always ready to condemn such practices—and it was abused and we were vilified to screen Gen. Dodge from contempt." Dodge's apologists did not deny that he had the knife, but they asserted that it was carried for possible use as a camp utensil. For the incident see Milwaukee *Courier*, July 14, 1841; *Sentinel*, July 20, 1841; Madison *Enquirer*, July 28, 1841. The latter, defending Dodge, said: "Gen. Dodge, born and educated in the west, has imbibed the feelings and habits peculiar to it, which in some respects differ from the cold and studied manners of the old states, and it is not a matter of wonder that he should, from a force of habit indulge in the practices so generally countenanced and necessary in a new country."

bound to be met with on occasion in the public life of a gentleman.[17]

It remains to notice the gravest charge of all made by the critics of the court. Were there in fact two brands of justice in Wisconsin, one reserved for the prominent citizen, the other meted out to the poor and humble? In so far as personal affrays are concerned, it seems evident that an affirmative answer must be given. Dueling was a practice distinctly reserved for gentlemen; the humble and obscure were alike free from the obligations of the code and denied the privilege of exemption from legal responsibility when on occasion they essayed to practice it. Pioneer Wisconsin had few scruples against capital punishment, and those who took human life in bar-room brawls or ordinary murders were repeatedly sent to the gallows. When, however, a sheriff shot up a political opponent, or an editor fell in an impromptu duel with a politician whom he had deliberately goaded to the encounter, there was no force of public opinion powerful enough to restrain or punish the malefactors. It seems clear that to the people of the mines Vineyard's case belonged to the latter category; hence he was restored to freedom, with rights of citizenship unimpaired; while Coffee, who killed his man in a tavern brawl, was sent to the gallows.

[17] It is interesting to note that Charles Dickens, who was making his first American journey at the time of the Arndt tragedy, believed that it grew out of slavery sentiment. In his *American Notes* he cites two articles from Wisconsin newspapers on this event and concludes that this incident and other similar ones "lead to the just presumption that the character of the parties concerned was formed in slave districts, and brutalized by slave customs."

# HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

## IX. GRAND BUTTE DES MORTS, A HAMLET WITH A HISTORY

> No more shall the war-cry sever,
> Nor the winding river be red.

Few locations in Wisconsin combine archæological and historical interest to so great a degree as does Butte des Morts, a hamlet in Winnebago County situated on the north side of the Fox River about a mile or two below its confluence with the Wolf. The present day village occupies the slightly curved summit of a broad natural mound that rises gradually and gracefully from the river bank.

The view from this elevation is magnificent. On the one side is the river with its broad marshes and wild rice fields which harbor untold numbers of game birds now, as they did when the Indians were the only inhabitants. In the opposite direction, the eye wanders over miles of fertile and highly cultivated farms which were covered with virgin forests a century ago.

It is not remarkable that the aborigines were early attracted to a spot so favored by nature, and of such strategic importance in the control of the great inland waterway. The Indian could replenish his food supply with fish and fowl from the river in front and with deer and other game from the forests in the rear. In the tribal wars before the coming of the French explorers, the advantage of dominating this canoe route must have been considerable, and after hostilities began between the French and the Fox Indians, the latter made this one of several fortified points that gave them control of the Fox-Wisconsin waterway for many years.

The early French voyageurs found on this eminence an extensive burying ground of the Winnebago and therefore designated the place "Grand Butte des Morts" or Great Hill of the Dead. There is a tradition that one of the Jesuit missionaries and his attendants were massacred by the Winnebago on this spot. There are also numerous traditions of fierce battles that were fought here, first between the Fox and the Winnebago tribes, and later between the Foxes and the French forces. These accounts lack historical confirmation, but it is well known that the earlier explorers found the Winnebago located here, while later accounts show the Foxes in possession, and it is not probable that the earlier possessors were ejected without a conflict. There is a Winnebago legend to the effect that the slaughter of their people by a Fox band was the beginning of the burying ground at Grand Butte des Morts. It is an historical fact that during the first half of the eighteenth century, the Fox Indians held the river that bears their name against the passage of the French traders, and that numerous attempts were made by the French forces to dislodge these savage opponents. One account states that the French commander, Marin, after defeating the Foxes at Little Butte des Morts within the present city of Neenah, pursued them to Grand Butte where a fierce battle was fought, probably on the opposite side of and about two miles up the river, where Robert Grignon located a century later.

After the expulsion of the Foxes from the region, Butte des Morts became a Menominee village and it is so rated in the report of the Wisconsin Indian census for 1817. It was visited in 1829 by James D. Doty and Morgan L. Martin on their return trip from the Four Lakes region, and Martin reports it as a Menominee village at that time. It was at this time and place that Doty and Martin met Major Twiggs and Lieut. Jefferson Davis of the regular

army, both of whom were later prominent in the Southern Confederacy.

In 1832 when Black Hawk invaded Wisconsin with his band of Sauks and Foxes, Colonel Stambaugh raised a force of Menominee warriors to assist the white settlers in repelling the savage enemy. His command consisted of over three hundred Indians led by a number of well-known chiefs, among whom were Oshkosh, Souligny, Carron, Waunauko, Pewautenot, and La Mott. These recruits were divided into two companies; one under the command of Augustin Grignon of Butte des Morts, and the other under George Johnston of Green Bay. The expedition proceeded from Green Bay to Butte des Morts, where the Fox River was crossed and the march continued southward. The Menominee were generally friendly to the white settlers, and were always accounted among the best of the Wisconsin Indians.

Butte des Morts was undoubtedly a trading post during the period of French and British occupancy, but the earlier references to it are only casual. Later the name occurs frequently in the records of the Green Bay traders, and it seems to have been a winter and summer post, unlike some of the minor trading posts that were occupied during the winter only. Augustin Grignon was an agent at the Butte des Morts trading post for a number of years before he became a permanent resident. His nephew, Robert Grignon, located about three miles farther up the river and on the opposite side, near the traditional site of the battle between the French and the Fox Indians. Augustin was undoubtedly the ablest of the Grignon family, and many stories are told of his courtesy and hospitality. A grandson of Charles de Langlade, he inherited much of the energy of his distinguished ancestor. He was well educated for his time, and his home at Butte des Morts was a rendezvous for the noted men of early Wisconsin. Eleazar Williams, who

posed as the "lost Dauphin," was a guest in Grignon's home in 1852. In 1858 Dr. Lyman Draper spent considerable time with Grignon, then seventy-eight years of age, and heard from his lips the well known "Recollections" which make such a valuable addition to early Wisconsin history. Augustin Grignon died in 1860 and may well be called "the last of the Indian traders."

According to Louis Porlier's narrative, the trading post of Augustin Grignon and the older Porlier, then in partnership, was located in 1818 at the mouth of Overton's Creek, two miles below Butte des Morts village. The younger Porlier remembered the Grand Butte in his boyhood days as a Menominee village of about 100 wigwams, which was then considered a large Indian town. There were extensive planting grounds adjacent to the camp, and Porlier states that the natives showed considerable skill in maintaining the fertility of the soil by a crude system of crop rotation. He says that each family worked its own patch of land instead of working in common as was customary with some Indian communities. The products of the cultivated fields were supplemented by the wild rice which they gathered from the river marshes in front of their village as well as from the more distant Buffalo Lake (Lac du Bœuf), and Lakes Puckaway and Poygan. With something of an understanding of the relation between food and climate, they subsisted largely on grains and vegetables in summer and on game in the winter. There were a number of other Menominee villages in the region, the one at Shawano being their seat of government and the residence of their grand sachem and head chiefs. Porlier states that in the early days the Menominee were disinclined to intermarry with the Winnebago, whom they considered an inferior race.

Louis Porlier married a daughter of Augustin Grignon and succeeded the latter as trader at the Butte des Morts

post. By this time the business had become very unprofitable, due to the scarcity of fur-bearing animals and the demoralization of the Indians, who would procure all the credit possible without any intention of repaying the advances made to them.

In the early part of August, 1827 a great council was held at Little Butte des Morts with the Winnebago, Chippewa, and Menominee tribes. During this meeting news came of the hostile acts of the Winnebago of the Mississippi region where a number of white settlers had been killed in a treacherous manner. Major William Whistler, then in command at Fort Howard, made it clear to the Winnebago who came to the council that they must surrender the aggressors Red Bird and Wekau to stand trial for murder or face a war of extermination. The result was that these warriors surrendered soon after at the portage, were tried for murder, and sentenced to death. Red Bird died in prison before the date set for the execution, and Wekau's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment after all the arrangements had been made for his hanging.

In 1848 another council was held with the Menominee Indians near Lake Poygan. Commissioner Medill tried to induce the natives to submit to removal to a reservation, but found them obdurate. Their tendency to roam freely over a large area of the state was retarding settlement and it was felt necessary to threaten them with eviction if they longer refused to accept the terms prescribed in the treaty of 1836. Realizing the uselessness of further resistance, the chiefs agreed to remove to the reservation near Shawano which had been provided for them, and the aborigines disappeared forever from the vicinity of the Fox River which had been their favorite camping ground for centuries.

The Butte des Morts of today is an attractive place as it was in the long ago. The marshes and wild rice fields

through which the river meanders are still the hunters' paradise, and summer cottages and hunters' lodges line the banks for a considerable distance from the village. The dense forests of a century ago have disappeared and beautiful farms have taken their place, but one may well imagine that the river and the wild rice marshes have changed but little since the days when Nicolet, Marquette, La Salle, Jolliet, Hennepin, Carver, and a host of lesser explorers skirted the shore line of the sinister Hill of the Dead.

# HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

## VISIONS OF A WISCONSIN GOLD SEEKER

My neighbor, Mrs. Warren H. Smith, of Waukesha, has in her possession a letter written by her father, Alfred B. Hunt, when the gold fever gripped Wisconsin and lured thousands of her sturdy sons to the newly discovered Eldorado of California. Though posted at Rochester, it was written on a farm at Caldwell's Prairie in the Town of Waterford, Racine County, where Mr. Hunt had settled in an early day and where he was married in April, 1843, to Caroline E. Wood, the sixteen year old daughter of a pioneer of 1839. Since the letter is a contemporary witness of what was then going on in every community of American stock in southern Wisconsin, its publication will, no doubt, be of interest to the readers of our Magazine.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 25th 1850.

Dear Friend Ward:

In answer to your kind and gentlemanly note by Mr. Van Aeman I can tru[l]y say it would be very agreeable for me to call on you at this time and except your hospitality for the time being—But it is very inconvenient for me to leave home just now having to perform sundry dutys not included in the category of house wifery— I shall undoubtedly be in Town in the course of 2 or 3 weeks Caroline desires to call on you—and we are waiting for snow. I heartily concur in your idea of California and the pleasures and hardships we might enjoy in going there. I expect we should find it anything but a modern Railway—But for me anything would be desirable to this cursid inactivity and continual want—although a trip there is attended with many hardships and sore trials of the knees and stomach—yet—I think it not wholly devoid of pleasure. He that has an eye for the grand and terrible in nature—could not fail to embibe new ideas of the duty in beholding those stupendous mountains, and the eternal soliture that reigns around their cloud capt summits. Pardon this digression—I mean not to morralise—but fancy will sometimes wander even when the mind is stearnly attracted to one perticular object— Friend Ward you mentioned in yours how hard it would be for you to stay behind and see them all start off and leave you behind—now that is precisely my feelings. I could never recconcile that plan to my feelings. I think you better go with me. I have made a bargain to go with John McCane and we will gladly except one more companion—3 is sufficient for one party as we shall go with a very small waggon— You have one over to Masons. Just the thing and if you go you must keep it and if you dont go we will buy it of you. We shall go from here to Independance emty and put in our provisions there. We

can ride through to there and then fill up. McCane is going to Illinois soon to get 3 ponys or a span of mules. We want 3 ponys so if one should get lame or die we can still have a team. The load will not weigh over six hundred and we want a very light waggon. Now Friend Ward, use every exertion to get away—we cant make anything here and we will endeavor to get lining for our pockets out there and that would truly keep a fellow's temper warm if not his legs. You can go it for $150 or $170 and cannot you raise that—wheather you sell or not—I would gladly let you have money if I had it but I have none for myself yet—I hope to be able to raise it in season. McCane is just the sort of fellow to suit you he is a keen fellow and well used to traveling. Come Ward—you must go with me—and we will see if our days of deviltry are over yet. I will see you soon

Yours respectfully
A. B. Hunt

Sunday afternoon. I have opened this letter to fill in a few more lines just to keep my heart free from the devil's influences. My old friend Ward I cannot bair to go off and leave you behind. I know how you feel and I would sacrifice $100 rather than you should not go. How delightfull and soul inspiring it would be to us to go off there together and share the hardships and dangers eaquelly between us and how many objects in nature should we see to admire in that long journey through there. It seems to me that if ever a fellow kneeded a true and honest friend it would be in going through there and with a good rifle and a keg of Hot drops—you and I could manage to forget home for a season. If you think you can possibly manage to get off let me know as soon as possible we have not but 2 yet for our Company, therefore, there is just a birth for you. Daniel Wood wants it if he goes, he will know in a few weeks. He has sent to sell his 40 acres in Fondulack. He is confident he shall go. Use evry exertion to raise the money old boy and we will enter upon the Millinum now and no mistake. Ward write a line to me at evry oppertunity to send this way.

It may interest your readers to learn that the men named in the forepart of the letter did not accompany Hunt across the plains. Instead, he was joined by Daniel Wood, who made his fortune in California and never returned; and Orlando Holt, who was also successful and came back via Cape Horn. The last was the father of R. L. Holt, a member of the Society. But the dreams of Hunt were never realized and his family never saw him again, for he died en route and was buried near Green River. His was the fate of thousands of gold-seekers who perished from the hardships encountered on the way.

Nearly fifty years later Hunt's descendants were surprised to learn that a tourist had accidentally discovered his long for-

gotten grave in the wilderness. The September, 1898, number of *Recreation* contained a brief article by Mrs. Ira Dodge on the names of those hardy gold seekers which she found in southwestern Wyoming on the rock walls along the old California overland trail. She also discovered a few graves. About one of these she wrote:

"One grave is marked, and perhaps some reader may throw light on the subject. The headstone is the end-gate of a wagon and the lettering is plain and neat. It reads:

ALFRED B. HUNT [possibly Hunter], RACINE CO., WIS. DIED JULY 1, 1850. AGED 26 YEARS."

The call of the golden West and the fertile prairies beyond the Mississippi during the third quarter of the last century induced a large number of Wisconsin's pioneers or their immediate descendants to leave her borders, never to return. This exodus, together with the immense influx of immigration from northern and central Europe during this period, made a material change in the ethnic character of our population. It is to be hoped that our Society will some time give this subject due consideration.

J. H. A. LACHER

## MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I read the "Personal Recollections of the Republican Convention of 1860," in the September number of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History,* with much interest.

I was publishing a paper at Warren, Illinois at the time of that convention, and had a seat in the reporters' gallery. My seat was only a few feet from the platform occupied by Ellsworth's Zouaves, a military company in Zouave uniform commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who had brought it to such a high standard of military precision that its reputation had extended throughout the United States. A half hour was given, shortly after the convention opened, for a display of their training. We can look back now and realize that this seems almost a prophecy of the part that company was soon to take in the preservation of the Union, when a year later Fort Sumter was fired upon and the young leader was one of the first to respond to Lincoln's

call for troops to defend the nation's capital and was so soon to become the first conspicuous victim of the war.

Shortly after the convention was called to order, John Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, carried two weather-beaten fence rails, which Lincoln had split, onto the platform, where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm; Lincoln thereupon became the "rail-splitter" candidate, as the first Harrison had been the "log cabin" and Jackson the "Old Hickory" candidates years before.

When the platform of principles was read, it was noticed that while it repudiated the theories of the slave-holder, as well as the Douglas Squatter Sovereignty doctrine, it failed specifically to mention the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our institutions. Whereupon Joshua R. Giddings, whom everybody knew as one of the champions of the antislavery cause, arose and expressed himself as painfully surprised that the platform did not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence, and moved that a clause embodying such recognition be inserted. No sooner had he stopped speaking than a tumult of voices burst forth, with noisy clamor, for the immediate adoption of the platform; and the amendment was rejected with a boisterous vote. Mr. Giddings then took his hat and started toward the door, his great white head towering above the crowd. Before he could leave the place, George W. Curtis of the New York delegation sprang from his seat, leaped into his chair, and asked to be heard. The impatient and noisy crowd undertook to interrupt him, but he stood firm saying, "This is a convention of free speech, and I have the floor, and I will stand here until to-morrow morning unless you give me an opportunity to say what I am going to say." The persistent crowd seemed determined to cry him down, but he held his ground firmly, and they finally yielded to his courage. He then went on to argue in favor of the amendment suggested by Mr. Giddings, and closed by renewing the motion, in parliamentary form. It was carried with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm, after which Mr. Giddings moved back to his seat in the convention.

When the convention first assembled it seemed evident that William H. Seward would be chosen. But the first ballot revealed the fact that Seward's chief competitor was the "rail-splitter" from Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, the first vote standing 173 for Seward; 102½ for Lincoln; scattering 190½. This surely presaged Lincoln's ultimate victory. The second ballot stood Seward 186½; Lincoln 181; scattering 99½. The result was received with tremendous applause by the Lincoln supporters, while the Seward men looked on silently, many of them with blanched faces. The handwriting on the wall seemed perfectly plain, except to those who would not see. The third ballot was begun amid breathless suspense. All over the wigwam, delegates and spectators were keeping their own tallies. Throughout the whole of that ballot the vast assembly was strangely quiet, except when there were changes to Lincoln. Long before the official tellers had footed up their tally sheets the audience knew that Lincoln was in the lead. Four hundred and sixty-five votes were cast, of which Lincoln received 231½ and Seward 181. Two hundred and thirty-three votes were necessary to a choice, and Lincoln lacked only a vote and a half. Then came the crucial moment. The silence was painful. Then a delegate from Ohio sprang upon his chair and announced a change of four votes from Chase to the Lincoln column. "Lincoln," shouted the teller, waving the tally sheet; and at a signal, a cannon which had been placed on the roof of the wigwam for that purpose boomed the news to the waiting multitude outside.

I was also present in 1858 at one of the celebrated discussions between Lincoln and Douglas, at Freeport. Lincoln and Douglas were the opposing candidates for the United States Senate, and a series of joint discussions at seven different points in the State had been arranged. Meetings were held in advance, by each party, at every hamlet and cross road within a radius of forty miles of the place where the joint discussion was to take place, in order to awaken its adherents to the importance of being present and supporting its champions. They organized themselves into great delegations which rallied at convenient points, and formed into processions of men and women, in wagons and carriages—but few of the latter as they were not as

common then as they became later. Many, too, were on horseback, and usually starting the night before, headed by bands of music, with flags and banners, hats and handkerchiefs waving, proceeded to the place of meeting. Many of these processions were half a mile in length. As they advanced the air was rent with cheers in the Republican processions, for "Honest Old Abe," and in the Democratic, for "The Little Giant." The sentiments painted in great letters on the banners carried in each of these processions left no one in doubt as to which party its participants belonged. Over the banners of the Douglas processions were "Squatter Sovereignty"; "Let the People Rule"; "This is a White Man's Country"; "No Nigger Equality"; "Hurrah for the Little Giant." On the other hand, the Republicans carried banners with such mottoes as "Hurrah for Honest Old Abe"; "Lincoln the Rail-Splitter and Giant Killer"; "No more Slave Territory"; "All men are created equal"; "Free Kansas"; "No more compromise."

Douglas arrived on the scene in a coach drawn by four gaily caparisoned horses, which had been placed at his disposal by his admirers; his coming was greeted by a rousing welcome. Scarcely had the cheering occasioned by his appearance ceased when an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses, was driven to the stand. On one of the seats sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The driver was mounted on the near rear horse and guided his team with a single rein attached to the bridle of one of the lead horses. The burlesque was as complete as possible and the effort was greeted with a good-natured roar.

The contrast between Lincoln and Douglas could hardly have been more marked. Lincoln was six feet four inches tall. He was swarthy as an Indian, with wiry, jet black hair, which was usually in an unkept condition. He wore no beard, and his face was almost grotesquely square, with high cheek bones. His eyes were bright, keen, and a luminous gray color, though his eyebrows were black like his hair. His figure was gaunt, slender, and slightly bent. He was clad in a rusty-black Prince Albert coat with somewhat abbreviated sleeves. His black trousers, too, were so short that they gave an appearance of

exaggerated size to his feet. He wore a high stove-pipe hat, somewhat the worse for wear. He carried a gray woolen shawl, a garment much worn in those days instead of an overcoat. His manner of speaking was of a plain, unimpassioned character. He gesticulated very little with his arms, but moved his body from one side to the other. Sometimes he would bend his knees so they would almost touch the platform, and then he would shoot himself up to his full height, emphasizing his utterances in a very forcible manner.

The next time I saw Lincoln was in the summer of 1860, after he had been nominated for the Presidency. It was at a great Republican mass-meeting at Springfield, Lincoln's home, and was said to have been the largest political meeting ever held in this country. It was held in the Fair Grounds, and half a dozen stands were erected in different places for as many speakers. I took a position on a side hill where I could have full view of one of the stands. While I waited, there was a commotion in the vicinity of the stand, and then some men removed the roof from over the desk. A carriage drove up and Lincoln was escorted into the stand. Being assisted, he mounted the desk. There he stood on top of the desk, his tall form towering far above, his hands folded in front of him, and the multitude cheering to the echo. When quiet was restored he told the audience that he did not come to make a speech; that he had simply come there to see the people and to give them an opportunity to see him. All he said did not occupy two minutes, after which he entered his carriage and was driven to other portions of the grounds.

M. P. Rindlaub

## VITAL STATISTICS OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY IN THE CIVIL WAR

The following statistics are compiled from the original muster-out rolls of this regiment, of which I was a member. These rolls were made out by the various company commanders at the time of the regimental muster-out, Edgefield, Tennessee, July 19, 1865, and are now on file in the Adjutant General's office at Madison.

It is interesting to know that more than two-thirds of the regiment were farmers before the Civil War. Being thus thoroughly familiar with horses, they learned the cavalry drill very quickly. According to these old records, the regiment was made up of 1828 farmers, 48 carpenters, 35 saddlers, 60 laborers, 30 lumbermen, 43 blacksmiths, 21 millers, 13 shoemakers, 49 students, 22 teachers, 15 clerks, 27 sailors, 20 merchants, 7 doctors, 10 painters, 8 printers, 5 hotel keepers, 2 engineers, 1 actor, 1 telegrapher, 5 architects, 10 masons, 2 editors, and 6 preachers. One of these preachers was promoted from the ranks to be regimental chaplain, succeeding Chaplain G. W. Dunmore, who was killed in battle. Two other preachers were southern Union men, who joined us in Missouri in 1862. The regiment also had in its ranks lawyers, musicians, confectioners, weavers, daguerreotypists, mail carriers, and stage drivers.

It is also interesting to learn that of our 2541 men, 984 were born in the state of New York; 92 were born in Vermont, 35 in Massachusetts, 20 in Connecticut, 45 in Maine, 16 in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island—altogether 1194 from New York and New England. This is explained by the heavy emigration from those states to Wisconsin from 1840 to 1860. We had also 155 natives of Ohio, 77 from Pennsylvania, 40 from Indiana, 31 from Illinois, 10 Michiganders, 8 from New Jersey, 3 from the District of Columbia, and many southern-born men. The states of Alabama, Maryland, Missouri, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and Mississippi altogether furnished 52 of their own sons to our regiment—Union men who enlisted under the old flag at the first opportunity. These were but part of the 272,820 southern-born men who fought under the Stars and Stripes. What if they had all fought under the "Stars and Bars"?

We also had a goodly number of foreign-born comrades, most of whom came to Wisconsin as children with their parents. There were 228 born in Germany (including Austria and Hungary), 71 born in England, 67 in Ireland, 18 in Scotland, 65 in Canada, 17 in Holland, 17 in Norway, 11 in France, 8 in Switzerland, 6 in Denmark, and one each in Cuba, Mexico and Poland. Two were recorded as "born on the ocean." The total of foreign-

born was 495. It was truly a cosmopolitan regiment, the birthplaces of whose members represented 25 states and 13 foreign countries. There were but 97 natives of Wisconsin, whose first territorial government began in 1836—only twenty-five years before the Civil War.[1]

Turning to the age at enlistment, 137 were between the ages of 15 and 18; 345 between 18 and 20; 1264 between 20 and 30; 663 between 30 and 40; 132 between 40 and 50. The two oldest men were each 50 and the two youngest each 15. The average age was 23, a sturdy bunch, full of life and vigor, well fitted for the strenuous campaigns and incessant, active service which was their lot from March, 1862 to July, 1865.

The shortest soldier was Bernard Schultheis of Company M, who was born at Port Washington, Wisconsin. He came to us in May, 1862, by transfer from the Ninth Wisconsin Infantry, where he had already served six months. He was then fifteen years old, four feet nine inches in height, and served through three years, the youngest of us all. The honor of being the tallest in the regiment goes to two men, each of whom is recorded as being six feet four inches. One of these was Sergeant George Smith of Company L; the other was Captain Wallace La Grange, a brother of our colonel, Oscar La Grange. In July, 1862, in Arkansas, when a small detachment escorting an ambulance train of sick and wounded men was suddenly attacked and overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers of Texan Rangers, Captain La Grange (then Sergeant) saved many disabled men. He swam across the deep, swift L'Anguille River thirteen times, towing behind him a little skiff loaded with disabled comrades. That was an athletic feat of heroism rarely equaled. There were in the regiment 268 men who were over six feet in height—more than ten per cent of the total enrollment.

There were six different Smiths in Company L. Three of these were sergeants—one born in Germany, one in Ireland, and one in New York.

[1] The population of Wisconsin in 1840 was, in round numbers, 30,000; in 1850, 305,000; in 1860, 775,000. It follows that in 1861 less than half the population of the state had been resident as much as ten years, and practically none of it as much as twenty. These figures show fully why so large a proportion of Wisconsin's soldiers were natives of other states and foreign lands.—Editor.

One hundred and twenty-eight men were promoted from the ranks to be commissioned officers, one of them being our beloved General Henry Harnden. Six were promoted to commissions in other regiments.

During the three and one-fourth years of constant service, two hundred and forty-five of the regiment were taken prisoners, at different times and places, in fifty-four battles and countless daily skirmishes, from Missouri to Georgia. Of these, thirty-three died prisoners in Andersonville, and ten others at Little Rock, Florence, Millen, Richmond, and other Southern prisons. Others were paroled or exchanged, many of whom were discharged for disability and died at home later from prison hardships. There is no complete record of Confederates captured by the regiment, but General La Grange once said the regiment had captured many more than its own total enrollment. Steve Nichols, Bristol Farnsworth, Frank Lavine, and Horatio Foote each had credit for more than twenty prisoners captured single-handed.

We had fifty-six men killed in action, and sixteen who died of wounds. Others were wounded and recovered, more or less completely, to the number of 132. There were three hundred and twenty-two who died from disease; the larger part of these died from the unwholesome drinking water of southeastern Missouri in 1862.

The regiment during its service traveled 2182 miles by rail and 2540 miles by steamer on the Mississippi, St. Francis, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. Our marches on horseback would cover 20,000 miles, incessant service covering large sections of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, and Florida. If to these figures were added the distance covered in daily scouting and foraging parties, the total would be more than doubled.

The city of Ripon furnished the regiment 110 men during the four years—the largest number from any one town. Beaver Dam gave 80 men, Kenosha 80, Waukesha 65, Milwaukee 60, Madison 35, Sheboygan 40, Appleton 30, Green Bay 20, Prairie du Chien 20, Menomonie 30, Oshkosh, Fort Atkinson, Waupun, and Berlin 15 each. The remainder came from smaller towns and

from the farms of southern and central Wisconsin. The total enrollment (2541) was larger than that of any other Wisconsin regiment, because of the constant stream of recruits coming all through the four years. The regiment is officially credited with fifty-four battles and actions, some of which lasted several days. In addition, there were numerous skirmishes with the enemy which were not counted in the records. The long service of the regiment was fittingly terminated by its participation in the capture of Jefferson Davis near Irwinsville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865.

STANLEY E. LATHROP

# DOCUMENTS

## SOME WAR-TIME LETTERS[1]

SOMEWHERE IN SUNNY FRANCE,
Aug. 18, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. PIERSON: I feel as though I were dreaming, and am afraid I will wake up and find that instead of being back here in this charming spot, that I am still at the "front"! We were relieved a few days ago and came back here for a well earned and much needed rest. I did not realize that I *was* so completely worn out until we came here and I had a chance to rest—I want to sleep twenty-four hours out of the day!

We are camped in a beautiful and picturesque valley, and on the banks of a large river—the water is very clear and deep—Red Cross hospital boats, and others are carrying supplies, etc.! Needless to say, I have been practically *living* in the water, ever since we got here! Oh Boy! but it feels good to get in the water once more, and to *swim!* But I must tell you a joke on me—I had a chance to rent a room and sleep in one of these wonderful French beds, with a mattress about *four feet* thick! So I took it and thought I'd sleep swell, but to my disgust, I couldn't sleep—the room felt hot and stuffy—even though I had the big French window open, and two doors wide open—the bed was too soft! I have been living out doors and in the open so long that a room, no matter how well ventilated, seems stuffy. And I have had only the ground for a bed so that I feel as though I were going to fall out when I sleep in a real bed.

I am writing this letter in a schoolhouse and carved in the stone over the door is the date it was built, etc. It was built in 1754 and was founded by a Mademoiselle Therese Wills. It is a private school for little girls. The walls are covered with maps and pictures and drawings that the little girls have made—some of them are very good, too. The desks and benches are here too, and have the children's school books in them—a good

[1] The first installment of these letters, written home by Eldon J. Canright, appeared in the December, 1921, issue of this *Magazine*.

chance for me to study French—eh? It brings back memories of the days when I was a kid in school.

As I sit here I can look out of the window and see the peasants working out in the fields cutting and shocking the grain, and across the valley the steep, almost mountainous hills rising on either side of the valley, and the little villages dotting the sides of the valley and looking as though they were just stuck on the side of the steep slope and you wonder how they ever built them there—much less live in them—if a man ever slipped in his backyard, he would never stop until he rolled down into the valley! And you can see the white stone cliffs standing out above and below the trees. And away up on the very top is a high cliff of solid rock, and away up on that cliff, the Romans away back in the time of Julius Caesar, built a fort and that fort is still standing there to-day, having stood the wear and tear of *centuries!* When I look at that and think of the hundreds of years that fort has stood there, it makes one feel as though life was pretty short and of little consequence! However, those old Romans knew a good place for a fort, all right, because even to-day I doubt if with all our huge guns and modern equipment, we could destroy that fort—it is just cut right in the solid rock.

Everything is so quiet and peaceful here though it is hard to realize that just a few kilometers away the guns are roaring and crashing but when I shut my eyes I can see it all very plain and can hear the whine and shriek of the shells and *all* the other horrors of war. And probably by the time this reaches you I will be back on the job again.

You ask me when I think the war will end—well, when we are at the front we do not think about *peace*, our only thought and desire is to kill as many Germans as we can—when you hear the shells whining over head and bursting around you, you do not think of *peace*, you think only of giving them back as good as they send, and *then some!* So I really can't say just when I think it will end—it might be anywhere from one to five years more—you see we have got to make the Huns pay for all the suffering they have caused the people of France and Belgium—why right here in this school-room is a tablet with the names of

the men, just from this little town who have given their lives in this war and it's quite a long list!

Sincerely,
E. J. CANRIGHT,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
Sept. 17, 1918.

MY DEAR FOLKS: I could almost head this letter "Somewhere in Germany" as we are driving the Germans back again, and at this rate will soon be in Berlin.

My regiment had the honor of holding the most advanced artillery position, so we are able to see the vast preparations for the attack. An attack is always preceded by heavy and concentrated artillery fire to destroy any enemy battery positions, machine gun nests, etc., and to prepare the way for the infantry. We had "beaucoup" artillery brought up there especially for the attack-guns of every size—big and little. There were guns everywhere; and shortly after midnight, at a given signal, every battery on that part opened fire. It was a very dark and rainy night—you could not see your hand before your face, but the blinding flash of the guns would reveal everything for a second and then all would be dark again for an instant until they fired again. We kept that up all night long; while we were doing that the tanks moved up into position preparatory to the attack. All that night they went by. We used two kinds of tanks—big ones about the size of a street car, and little ones about the size of a Ford car. You have seen pictures of them so know about how they look. They are made of steel and operate like a tractor engine, and travel a little faster than a man can walk, but they make a lot of noise—they rattle and clank like a threshing machine. However they will go over anything, trenches, ditches, shell holes, mud, etc., and will cut right through barbed wire. Nothing stops them. All that night at intervals between the roar of the guns you could hear the tanks rattling and bumping across the field and the flash of the guns

would reveal them moving slowly but steadily across the field like some huge, prehistoric monsters. It was a weird sight, I can assure you.

The tanks and the doughboys were scheduled to go over the top shortly after daybreak and it was some sight that morning to look across that vast field and see the tanks lined up and scattered behind them. All over the field, in groups and squads, were the doughboys waiting to make the attack. Then all of a sudden they started moving forward all along the line. The tanks led the way, spitting fire from all sides, with their machine guns, and following just behind them were the doughboys firing their rifles and using their bayonets as they advanced. It was just like the pictures you see in the movies, only *this* was the real thing. It is unusual for the artillery to go "over the top" with the infantry, but this time we actually did it—one of our batteries went over between the first and second waves of the doughboys.

Pretty soon we got orders to increase our range, so we knew that our troops were advancing through the German lines and going ahead rapidly. Oh Boy that's a wonderful feeling. Then batches of German prisoners began coming back under guard—some of them looked mad and sullen and others looked as though they were glad to be prisoners.

Of course we advanced too, although it was almost impossible for us to get through as the roads were almost wiped out from shell fire and then they were jammed with troops and equipment of all kinds, and all trying to go forward. I never saw such a jam in my life—we were hours getting anywhere. Whenever we got stuck when we were moving up, the German prisoners would help us out—many times I have pushed and pulled on a gun or caisson with half a dozen Germans pushing with me. It's great sport. In fact we were on the road all the next night, and all night long we could see the flames and the red glow of the towns and villages that the Huns were burning before retreating. But even so, we pushed them so hard that they did not have time to burn all the towns and we captured all kinds of material, guns, ammunition, equipment, etc., in fact I am writing this in one of

the towns that we managed to capture before they had a chance to destroy anything. They had occupied this town since the beginning of the war and judging from the way they had fixed things up they intended to stay here forever. All the signs are in German and we captured an army warehouse filled with German clothing, etc.

I must tell of a little incident that occurred the first night we were here, it's real funny. We took this town in the afternoon and that night a German captain who had been away somewhere and had not heard of the attack came riding into town. Well, you never saw a more surprised man in your life—he simply could not believe it at first, that is not until some doughboy tickled him between the ribs with his bayonet, then he lost no time in surrendering I can assure you!

Love,
E. J. Canright,
149th U.S. Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

Somewhere in France,
Nov. 2, 1918.

My dear Folks: We are still chasing the Huns, and as they are going pretty fast, it keeps us going too, so we do not stay very long in any one position. Of course that is kind of hard on us as we never have a chance to clean up or get a comfortable place to sleep in—and it's pretty cold and rainy these days. The first thing we do when we pull into a position is to dig the "trail pits" and "lay the guns." Then each man looks around for a place to dig his "flop" (hole to sleep in). If it is possible we dig our holes in the side of a bank, as you are not quite so apt to be drowned out when it rains, but if there is no bank near enough, we just dig it on the level ground and make the best of it, even if you do get soaked. We have to dig a "flop" because it affords us some protection from shell fragments—you'd look like a sieve by morning you'd be so full of holes if you tried to sleep on top of the ground. We make them of course, just large enough to crawl into and just long enough and wide enough to

lie down in. Each man digs his own and they are dug several feet apart so that if a shell hits a "flop" it will get only one man—see? You would laugh if you could see us when old Fritz begins shelling us. If it is in the day time we will all be standing around "chewing the rag" and smoking, when all of a sudden we will hear the whine of a shell coming and then everyone makes a *dive* for his hole, for all the world like a bunch of mice running to their holes when a cat's chasing them, and then after the shell bursts, everyone sticks his head out to see where it hits.

However, Fritz has a habit of shelling us just about dusk and keeping it up on and off, all night. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to lie in your little hole at night, all alone and in the dark and hear the shells whining overhead and bursting all around you—you can feel the earth shake and tremble from the force of the explosion, and then you hear the ugly zip of the shell fragments—you know the sound a drop of water makes when it falls on a red hot stove—well that's the sound a shell fragment makes as it tears through the air—and they travel a long ways, too, and when you hear the whang and thud of the rocks and dirt as they fall all around you, it takes a second or two for all the fragments and rocks and dirt to bury themselves in the earth, but it seems like an eternity because you can't tell whether one is going to hit you or not. Then even before the upheaval of one shell has subsided, another is bursting, and you can hear others coming—getting louder and nearer, until you think it is surely going to light right on top of you and blow you to atoms. And so it goes for hours at a time. Of course, because of my work, I have to be constantly on the alert when we are being shelled—ready to jump out of my hole and take care of anyone that gets hit. It takes courage if I do say it myself, to jump out of your hole when the shells are bursting all around and when everyone else is hugging the ground down in his "flop," and to dress a man's wounds under those conditions, and in the dark, too. And then you have to see that he is carried back to a safe place and started on his way to the hospital. As I have said before although I'm not afraid to die—I've seen too much of death to fear it—I don't *want* to die as I feel that I have the best part of my life before me. But that's my work, so I do it, and if I get

"knocked off" why I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I've done my duty, anyways.

I can honestly say that I have had some of the happiest and also some of the bitterest experiences of my life since I have been a soldier. War is a great teacher and I have learned many lessons—some of them hard ones, too. You know I have actually seen what the Huns have done to northern France and Belgium and know what horrors and sufferings the people who lived there have gone through, and when things are going hard and I am tired and discouraged, I like to think that I am here going through all these hardships to do my bit to keep *you* all from experiencing the same horrors that these unfortunate people have—that if we don't lick the Huns now—and lick them to a *standstill* they might at some future time try to do the same thing in America. You can laugh at me if you want to, and say I'm foolish, but that thought gives me fresh determination to carry on. There is *nothing* I would not do to prevent you from going through even a part of what they have had to do.

As we are on territory recently occupied by the Germans, we find "beaucoup" German equipment. Just the other day I found an old German machine gun nest, with a big 1917 model, water cooled, German machine gun, and "beaucoup" boxes of ammunition. So I carried or rather dragged the gun back with me and set it up next to my "flop." The Huns had smashed the automatic feeder on it, and so thought they had put it out of commission, but I fooled them—the only difference it makes is that now, you have to pull the ammunition belt through as it won't feed automatically. I just love to fool with machine guns and I have had lots of fun shooting at Boche air-planes with it, and sometimes I just point her nose up in the air and "let her go," just in hopes of getting a few Germans, as we are within machine gun range of their lines. I have, I hope, put a few of them out of commission. You know how a compressed air hammer sounds—well, that's how a machine gun sounds, and then you can hear the zip, zip of the bullets as they cut through the air. Gee! but it's sport.

We are supposed to have the crack division of the German army in front of us—I wish you could see them—they are just

kids fifteen to nineteen years old. If that's a sample of their *best* troops, I wonder what the rest are like—they must be the halt, the lame, and the blind. We captured a lot of prisoners yesterday and one of them was leading a beautiful, trained Red Cross dog—it had been shot in the left front paw. Well, we kept him—we've dressed his foot and fed him up—but he misses his master—he won't eat much, and he keeps looking for him all the time. He has a collar on him with a tag on it with something in German written on it; but I can't read German so I don't know what it says.

The other day a Boche aviator dropped some propaganda stuff. I wish you could read it—it's comical. It is entitled "Why Die" and asks, "Why should you Americans come over here, thousands of miles from your homes to fight and die for France and England." Then it goes on to say "Why don't you desert and come over to our lines where you will be safe and have free board at the expense of the German Government, for the duration of the war." Gee! can you *imagine* such stuff? It's really funny I think—I certainly can't imagine us doing it—can you?

Love,
E. J. Canright,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,
A. P. O. No. 715 A.E.F.

Somewhere in France,
November 8, 1918.

My dear Folks: You have no doubt seen pictures of some of the battlefields over here, but you cannot fully realize the horror and the desolation and waste of the country that has been fought over, unless you have *actually* been there and seen the fields torn with shell holes and the roads and bridges mined and destroyed and the torn and twisted stumps of the trees standing like sentinels guarding the dead! And here and there you see the remains of what was *once* a town, but now is nothing but a pile of broken bricks and burned timbers! And everywhere you see—

and sometimes *smell*—the bodies of the dead lying in every conceivable position, among the refuse and broken equipment that always litters a battlefield. That is the kind of country I have been living in for *weeks!*

You have probably read in the papers of the big advance we have made and that is the kind of country we advanced over. It was hard tiresome work advancing as the roads were covered with deep, sticky mud and then to add to our difficulties, the retreating Huns had mined the roads and blown up the bridges to hold us back. But we always managed to get around some way and kept advancing day and night, stopping only long enough to get a few hours rest—we were so tired that we just dropped down along the road and slept regardless of the cold and the rain and the mud! All we had to eat was a cup of black coffee (no sugar or milk) and some hardtack twice a day! But no one complained as we were all eager to go on.

At night we could see the towns in front of us burning—the bright glare illuminating the sky and farther back would be just the dull, red glow on the horizon. It was a thrilling sight but it made one eager to go on and punish the fiends who were doing it! However, the last two or three days we have made things so hot for "Fritz" that he hasn't had a chance to carry off all the civilians and burn the towns—he has just retreated taking with him all the male civilians who were able to do any work and leaving the old and the feeble behind! It is pathetic to see them. They put white flags on the church tower and in the windows of their homes so we wouldn't shell the town—or what was left of it! Sometimes the Germans took advantage of this and would place machine guns in the houses and fire at us knowing that we wouldn't shell *them* because of the civilians; but in that case we would flank the town on either side, and then Old Fritz had to get out or be taken prisoner! But he had no consideration for the civilians as he has a nice trick of placing bombs and mines with time fuses in the buildings and houses, and timing them so they will explode after we get there. So we always have to look for them when we take a town; but some of them are so cleverly concealed that we cannot find them and every little while there

will be a terrific explosion and bricks and tile and mortar go flying in the air and what was a house a few minutes before is now just a pile of broken stone! But that isn't enough damage to satisfy Fritz so when he thinks we are in the town he begins shelling it. Of course we soldiers are used to that and don't mind it, but it makes one sick to see the poor frightened civilians running for shelter and seeing their homes hit with shells, tearing great holes in the roofs and walls!

I could write pages of the stories that the civilians told me of their sufferings—how they were made to work twelve hours a day in the fields, and hauling and making war supplies, etc.—even the children and the young girls, and how the Germans took the good flour that the French government sent the civilians away from them and gave them their dirty, rotten pumpernickle—and little enough of that! And they were not allowed to visit from town to town or even write or receive any letters! And when the Germans left they took everything they could carry—even the rings and watches and the gold or silver crucifixes that the poor people had. They left them practically nothing. Can you imagine living like that for years?

If we get as cordial a welcome when we come home as these poor people gave us, we'll get *some* reception! They put on their best clothes and came out to meet us—some of them laughed and some of them cried for joy at being liberated after living little better than slaves for over four years! And nearly all of them had managed to hide a French flag all these years and they hung them over the streets! We were the first American soldiers they had seen and they were sure glad to see us. And you would have been proud of the American soldiers if you could have seen how kind and considerate they *all* were to those poor people—they gave them their bread (and we had had little enough to eat ourselves) and hardtack, and even money, and gave the old men tobacco and cigarettes! But that wasn't all they did. They helped the civilians gather up their few belongings and load them in a wheelbarrow and pile a few kids on top and move back to their homes—if they were fortunate enough to have a home left! The roads were full of peasants carrying

their few belongings in wheelbarrows or baby carriages, trudging along the road—many of them didn't even know where they were going as their homes had been destroyed, but they just kept on moving as they had no place to go to! But whenever an American soldier gets a chance he helps them along—you would laugh if it wasn't so pathetic, to see some husky young American coming down the road with some feeble old lady hanging on his arm and with his arms full of bundles and kids, or as I said before pushing a wheelbarrow or baby carriage piled high with junk and kids.

I wish you could see the fine German hospital that we captured—it sure was a marvel—it had all the modern equipment and appliances for treating the wounded! But nevertheless we are not fighting human beings, but fiends and beasts and we do not want to make peace until we have made them pay and pay dearly for their countless crimes!

Love,

E. J. Canright,

Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,

A. E. F., A. P. O., No. 715

Dernau, Germany,

Dec. 19, 1918.

My dear Jane: Your most welcome letter of October 28 reached me at Quiddelbach, a few days ago, and I am going to attempt to answer it now. We were on the line and had taken Sedan and the Germans were holding the bluffs across the river when the armistice was signed on November 11. The drive started November first, with the Germans holding Grand Pré. They put up a very stiff resistance but we kept advancing and pushing them back, day and night—taking Buzancy the second day. But it was very hard work as it rained day and night so the roads were a sea of mud, and then to add to our difficulties the Germans had mined and blown up the roads; but we always managed to get our guns and caissons around the place, somehow. After the armistice was signed we rested a few days—and we needed it as we had been in the line constantly since September

12, when we took part in the St. Mihiel drive, going from there to the Argonne, and so on, just one drive after another. We also took a very active part in stopping and then counterattacking the Germans in their famous drive of July 15, on the Champagne front near Chalons. From there we were rushed up to the Chateau Thierry front, where we did some very hard fighting until we were relieved on August 11—but enough of this—I'll tell you all about that when I get back.

November 15 we left Buzancy, France, and started on our march to the Rhine. We crossed the Franco-Belgium border at Montmidy, on November 21. If such a thing were possible I would say that we were treated even better in Belgium than in France! Every town and city we marched through was decorated as for a carnival—flags of France and Belgium and America floated from the tops of the churches and schoolhouses and hung from the windows of the houses, and some of the cities had built arches of evergreen over the streets and decorated them with red, white, and blue ribbons—very pretty effect. In some of the smaller towns I noticed several homemade American flags and some of them had only six or eight stars in the blue field. But you couldn't blame the poor people as they may have never seen our flag, and anyway we were following so close on the heels of the retreating Germans that the people didn't have much time to fix up anything elaborate.

Just to show you how nice the people in Belgium treated us—the night we stopped in St. Leger I found a butcher shop, so went in to get some meat as I was hungry after riding in the saddle all day and with no dinner (we never stopped for dinner on the march), and meat was all we could get in Belgium and we were lucky to get that. While I was buying the meat a lady and her little daughter came in the shop to get some meat and the lady said if I would come to her house she would cook the meat for me, which I was very glad to have her do. Well she not only cooked my meat but she brought in a big plate of delicious fried potatoes (French fried), and bread and coffee. And that wasn't all, she brought in a plate of real waffles—made from American flour that some American soldier gave her. If you knew the

scarcity of food in Belgium you would appreciate what that meant to her. And then she gave me a dandy bedroom with a *bed* and white sheets and pillows! Oh, Boy! but I sure had a "bon couche" that night. And in the morning she had more waffles and coffee for me, and then she didn't want to take any money for it after doing all of that and treating me like a king. But when I left I gave Flore, her little daughter, twenty francs (about four dollars). That is just an example of the way they treated us all through Belgium. And I wish you could have heard the stories they told, of the cruel treatment of the Germans—this little girl I told you of in St. Leger, showed me a scar on her arm, reaching from her wrist to her shoulder, made by a German *bayonet*.

We spent several days in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg —a very pretty little country of woods and hills. I spent one day in the city of Luxemburg—the capital. It is a very quaint and picturesque city. It made me think of a book I read when I was a kid, *The Duchess of Luxemburg*. I little thought then that I would ever visit that country! But the people there were pro-German and so charged us exorbitant prices for everything. For instance, Thanksgiving day some of us fellows paid twenty marks apiece for a couple of old chickens that, judging from their toughness, had been dodging wagon and motor trucks since the war of 1870. And then the woman that cooked them for us charged us ten marks *apiece* (there were six of us) for cooking them.

We entered Germany on December first and did not reach this town until the sixteenth of December so you see we have covered quite a bit of Germany and I must say that it is much prettier than I expected it to be. Steep bluffs or cliffs rising up hundreds of feet and so steep that it is almost impossible to climb them. And yet around here the people have built paths up them and have planted grape vineyards on them, from which they make the famous Rhine wine—it is pretty good too, and costs only twelve marks a bottle here.

Billy Tursman and I are living with a German family, we have a room with a bed, etc., in it. But we do not have much to do with the Germans—they mind their business and we mind ours.

However, the man of the house where we are living was in the German army and was on our front in the Champagne drive of July 15, also the drive of St. Mihiel on Sept. 12. He knew our division and says we are very good fighters. He says our artillery barrage in the St. Mihiel drive was so heavy and accurate that they could not offer any resistance, so just retreated—those who were lucky enough to get away. It seems funny though to be sitting in a German soldier's house and talking to him when only a few weeks ago we would have tried to kill each other!

Foodstuffs in the small towns in Germany are plentiful and we can get a good meal of meat and potatoes and bread and butter for three or four marks. Of course, in the larger towns food is scarce. But I am glad we have reached our destination at last! You ride twenty or thirty kilometers a day and in the saddle from about eight o'clock in the forenoon and without stopping for dinner or anything except a ten-minute rest each hour, and you will be pretty tired; and then to do that day after day for over a month. But it has been a wonderful experience! There are many rumors going around about when we are coming home but I don't expect to come back for several months yet.

Sincerely,
E. J. Canright,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O., No. 715.

Dernau, Germany,
Jan. 3, 1919.

My dear Mrs. Pierson: We spent a very quiet Christmas here. It snowed the night before Christmas and we woke up in the morning to find the mountains covered with snow! It made a very beautiful and picturesque picture—in fact it was so tempting that I started right out after breakfast and climbed clear to the top (they are the Eifel mountains). It was a hard climb and especially with the snow, because that made it slippery, too. But it was well worth the effort because the view from there is wonderful—you can see the Rhine River for miles with the boats going up and down it, and the little towns here and

there along its banks, and with the mountains for a background! I thought of you and how much more I would have enjoyed it all, if you could have been there with me.

Later in the day I celebrated the day by going to church—the first time I had been to church since we left Luneville last March; and in the evening we had a band concert in the town brewery—that's the only building large enough to hold us all! Nearly every German home has a Christmas tree in the front window. They look very pretty at night when they are lit up.

I have taken several trips down to Remagen—a very pretty little town on the Rhine River. The Rhine is about a mile wide there and has a very swift current. We patrol the banks of the Rhine and then we have a powerful motor boat with a machine gun mounted in the bow, that stops and searches every boat that passes up or down the river. You know the famous Apollinaris water comes from Remagen—it was named after St. Apollinaris! We travel anywhere and everywhere on the trains—and first class too, without paying fare. You know the railroads here are controlled by the German government, and we don't intend to give them any of our money.

And everywhere you go you will see pictures of the Kaiser and all his family, and of Von Hindenburg and Ludendorf! We are billeted in the schoolhouse now, and of course there are great, big pictures of Ludendorf and Hindenburg and the Kaiser and his family, and all the ex-Kaisers since the sixteenth century. But we have pasted pictures of President Wilson and General Pershing right over the pictures of the Prussian rulers. We intend to leave them there, too. The German people do not seem to think much of the Kaiser or Ludendorf, any more, but they still think Von Hindenburg is all right because he has "stuck" by the soldiers when the Kaiser and all the rest "beat it"!

All things considered I think we are pretty lenient with the Germans. However, we have arrested a few German civilians, for disobedience of orders, and have them in our guardhouse. But they get the same things to eat that we do—they are brought out under guard and eat at our kitchens, right with us! They certainly would not treat us like that if they were in power.

I would hate to live in Paris if *they* had won the war and had the troops of occupation there!

New Year's Eve we had a little party. The two ambulance drivers stationed with us entertained us with a violin and a mandolin. We had a barrel of beer (I didn't drink any though), and hardtack with a little jam, for refreshments! At midnight we all fired the clips in our automatics. Gee, it sounded like an attack! The Germans thought we were crazy and "beat it."

I wish I were back in France—the Germans can't even compare with the French, either in manners or in looks. The Germans are coarse and stupid, whereas the French are very refined and intellectual. Hope we go back there before we sail.

Sincerely,
E. J. CANRIGHT,
149th Field Artillery, A.E.F., A.P.O. No. 715.

COBLENZ, GERMANY,
March 21, 1919.

MY DEAR AUNT BLANCHE: From the banks of the Rhine, in Germany, to Milwaukee, in the good old U.S.A. is a long, long way, and I little thought when I was a kid going to school, and studied about Germany and the Rhine River, that I would ever stand "Wacht am Rhein," but that just shows how little we know our destinies.

You may be interested in a brief outline of the experiences of our Division, since leaving the United States, so I will attempt to give it to you as I remember it. We sailed from New York, October 18, 1917, on the S. S. *President Lincoln*—a German ship that was interned in New York harbor when we declared war on Germany, and we had made it into a troop ship. The German submarines torpedoed and sank it, last May.

We arrived in St. Nazaire, France, November first, 1917, and stayed there a few days. Then we went to Camp de Coetquidan, near Rennes, France, where we trained until February, when we entrained and went to the front, taking over the Luneville—and later the Baccarat sectors until July; and then because

of our good work there, were made "shock troops" and sent to the Champagne front, near Chalons, where we helped stop the famous German drive of July 15, when they tried to take Chalons! That was our first experience in open warfare, as heretofore we had had only trench warfare. And it was a hard battle, too, as the Germans put their best and specially-trained troops in front of us, and tried again and again to push us back or break our line, but we not only held them, but pushed *them* back.

After things quieted down on that front, other troops were put in our place and we were rushed up to the Chateau Thierry front, where we did some very hard fighting; pushing the Germans back through Fismes, Seringes, and Fer-en-Tardenois and across the Ourcq River. We were relieved then on August 11 and marched back through the ruins—or what was left of the once picturesque town of Chateau Thierry, and camped on the banks of the Marne River near Meaux. It was our first relief since going into the trenches in February. And we sure did enjoy the chance to rest and to swim in the river, as we were dirty and worn out and needed to get away, for a little while, from the roar and crash of the guns, and the horrible sights and hardships of the front.

We stayed there a few days and then entrained and went down to Romain-Sur-Meuse, near Chaumont, where we stayed until September first, when we started back marching by night, away up through Toul and took part in the St. Mihiel drive of September 12. We took the Germans completely by surprise and our artillery barrage was so heavy and effective that the Germans could not put up much resistance so they just retreated—that is those that were lucky enough to get away. We took many prisoners and the bodies of the dead Germans were lying everywhere, showing that we had done some good shooting. We advanced several kilometers on a wide front, liberating many towns and villages that the Germans had held for four years. And the unfortunate civilians who had been held there by the Germans, were nearly wild with joy, at being free once more.

They had been living little better than *slaves*, and told us of the cruel treatment, and the hard labor and poor and insufficient

food, and of the heavy and unjust fines that the Germans had imposed upon them! You could tell by their looks that they had suffered. After we had gained our objectives on that front, we turned it over to other troops and started the Meuse-Argonne offensive. That was the hardest of them all as the Germans put up a stubborn resistance and contested every foot that we pushed them back. And it rained continually so that the roads and fields were just a sea of mud! And to add to our difficulties the Germans mined and blew up the roads and bridges as they retreated. But we kept advancing just the same, day and night, getting what little rest and sleep, whenever and wherever we could. We were covered with mud and soaked to the skin, and we were pretty badly exhausted, too, as we had been at it, without any let up for several days. And our supplies were unable to keep up with us so we were hungry and cold, too, as all we had to eat was our emergency rations—hardtack and "corned willy"—that every soldier carries with him. And, of course, we couldn't build a fire to dry out with—everything was too wet, in the first place and then, too, the Germans would have seen it.

But nevertheless we had the Germans on the run and we intended to chase them clear to Berlin. We had advanced a long ways and had taken Grand Pré and Buzancy, and our patrols were in the outskirts of Sedan, when the armistice was signed on November 11 and the fighting was stopped.

We rested there a few days and then started on our long march across Belgium, and the Duchy of Luxemburg and into Germany to the Rhine, arriving here December 15. This is a beautiful country—much prettier than I thought it would be. But that is no credit to the Kaiser. The German people treat us nice—they wouldn't dare do otherwise. They do not seem to care much for the Kaiser or Crown Prince any more, but they do think a great deal of Von Hindenburg as he stayed with the soldiers when the Kaiser and the Crown Prince ran away into Holland.

There are not many young men left in Germany, as so many were killed in the war. Nearly every family has lost someone—either a father or a son—and sometimes both, in the war. There

is also a great scarcity of fats and grease. So of course they have very little soap—and what little they do have is very poor grade—practically worthless. We fellows have lots of fun trading soap as we can get almost anything with it—why some of the fellows have even got the famous German Iron Cross from some ex-German soldier's wife for a bar of laundry soap!

Rubber is also scarce, and it is a common sight to see automobiles with iron rims on them instead of tires. And even the bicycles have iron springs fastened together with an iron band in place of rubber tires. They make an awful noise, too, rattling and bumping along the streets! They don't need any horns or bells as you can hear them a mile away. Leather is also scarce and many people wear shoes made with cloth tops and wooden soles. I imagine they would be hard on the feet, and then, too, they make an awful noise, clattering along the sidewalk, but one consolation, I don't believe the soles ever wear out—and of course they are waterproof. Shall I send you a pair? Food is scarce in the larger cities, but in the small towns and villages they seem to have enough. We can get a good meal of meat and potatoes, black bread and sauerkraut for a few marks!

I have taken several trips on the Rhine River, going to Bonn and Cologne—the scenery is wonderful. I hope some day you can take it. Last month I was fortunate enough to get a two weeks furlough, part of which I spent in Paris—the most wonderful city in the world. I also spent several days in Rennes with a French family I met when I was there a year ago. I sure had a grand time and I dreaded to come back to Germany again as I love France and the French people.

General Pershing inspected our division last Sunday. It was quite an interesting occasion. He said many nice things about us, too. General Pershing is a fine appearing man—"every inch a soldier," and a commander-in-chief to be proud of.

We expect to turn in our horses and guns in a few days, so perhaps we will leave here soon.

Love,

ELDON J. CANRIGHT,
Medical Department, 149th Field Artillery,
A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 715.

## A LETTER FROM RACINE IN 1843[1]

RACINE, December 19th, 1843.

MY DEAR UNCLE: Having a little leisure time a few evenings' since, I attempted to mark out on paper something to give you an idea of the location & general appearance of our village. The production you will find on the other part of this sheet. It is (or I need not say) that it is a very imperfect thing, but with a little explanation it may serve the purpose designed. You will observe that it lies directly on the shore of the Lake, Michigan Street being on the beach. It then rises quite abruptly forty feet above the Lake level & then assumes an almost perfect level. By a reference to the accompaning map you will observe that Root River comes in & passes through nearly the centre of the village. At present however the principal part of the village is on the south side of the River, yet it is now building up on the north side. The river is nearly on a level with the Lake & its banks on the south side are of the same height of the Lake shore, & very bold, while on the other side they are more sloping. All of the public buildings are on the south side of the River & all of the business is done on that side. The principle street is Main St. & nearly all of the mercantile business is done on it. There are now twenty-six stores large & small on this street, ten on the east side & sixteen on the west. Be[d]sides [sic] a great number of Lawyer offices, Doctors offices Printing offices, & mechanics shops of nearly every branch of business. The Court House & Registers office, together with the best Hotel are situated on the west side of the public square fronting the Lake. There are three good Hotels in the place & another splendid, & spacious one soon to be erected just below our store on the opposite side of the street. There are fourteen lawyers, five physicians now practicing here. The Congregational is the only church completed. That is a very plain & cheap building designed only as a temporary one. The Methodist have a very good church in process of erection. The episcopalians worship in the Court House & the Baptists in the Seminary. All have organized churches & societies with settled pastors. Sabbath schools &

[1] This document was recently acquired by this Society through the courtesy of the Connecticut State Library, Hartford.—Editor.

VILLAGE of RACINE Wisconsin Territory
Root River
Milwaukee Territorial Road
Chippeway Street
Barnstable Street
Wisconsin Street
Main Street
Chatham Street
Michigan Street
Eighth Street
Seventh
Sixth
Fifth Street
Fourth Street
Third
Second Street
North Barnstable Street
North Wisconsin Street
North Main Street
North Chatham Street
North Michigan Street
Dodge Street
Harbor
LAKE MICHIGAN

Bible classes are connected with each congregation. The Harbor is now in process of construction. Root River is a stream of considerable importance, varing in width from one to two hundred feet & navigable for any class vessels for two miles up. The mouth is barred up with sand thrown in by the Seas of the Lake, but opened by the spring freshets. In constructing a Harbor it is necessary to build out two piers one each side of the mouth of the river to a certain distance, first to get into deep water and 2d to get past the moveing sand on the shore, then by dredging out the bar the piers will prevent its again being formed. The north pier is completed & the south one is commenced & prepared for the operation of the spring freshets. When this Harbor is completed it will admit Steam Boats & vessels into the River & not only be very convenient for loading & discharging but will also be a safe harbor from storms & gales. Heretofore all goods & passengers have been shipped & landed by means of boats & scows. Great advantage is calculated upon from the completion of this harbor. It is being built by the citizens of the village. They have expended already upwards of Ten thousand dollars on it & have just unanimously agreed to raise five thousand dollars more to prosecute the work. This place enjoys the advantage of one of the finest back countries in the whole west. There has already been purchased here this season upwards of eighty thousand bushels of wheat, besides, Lead, Pork, Hides, Furs &c &c. The country is becoming settled & improved with unparalelled rapidity. A farmer told me to day that a ten acre field of wheat yielded him over three hundred & fifty bushels. Wheat is now selling for sixty-four & sixty-five cents. Village lots are now held at pretty high prices varying from $100 to $600. of course property on Main St. is valued the highest. Buildings rent enormously high, according to the cost of the same. They rent upon an average at least for 25 per cent. The village now contains probably not far from twelve to fourteen hundred inhabitants & from its location, its commercial advantages & its back country it must grow & become an important place. Lands for some distance back are valued very highly, yet good farms with some improvements can be bought at very low prices.

There is no government land within nearly forty miles, that is desirable quality—Many farms have doubled in value within twelve months, such has been the rush of emigration, to the Territory. David our former engineer, came out here a few weeks ago & has purchased him a farm of 80 acres within about 12 miles of here, with a comfortable frame house, fifteen acres, broken & fenced & ten acres of wheat in all for four hundred dollars. He has moved on to it & I am truly glad that David is well fixed.

Thursday Decr 21st. Yesterday for the first time I took a short trip into the country. My object chiefly was to look at a piece of land about nine miles from here. It is a farm of one hundred & twenty acres. I[t] has been claimed by preëmption but the right has expired & it can now be bought at government price 1.25 per acre. We think of & shall probably enter it. It is a very fine piece of land well located, mostly prairie but some wood on it. It will make a very fine farm for wheat or anything else. Lands adjoining cannot be bought for five dollars per acre. The country back of us is all taken up & quite thickly settled. After getting back two & a half miles we come on to a prairie nine miles wide & twelve miles long dotted with groves occasionally, but in some portions of it for miles not a tree is to be seen. This extensive prairie is covered with settlements & a large portion fenced into farms & under cultivation. It is a most magnificent sight to get on to some prominent bluff (as it lies gently rolling) & survey the almost boundless prairie, covered with farm houses & enclosures. The soil it is needless to say is rich & very productive. Wool growing & the raising of stock is commanding considerable attention & these prairies are well adapted to that business. They furnish an abundance of pasturage & from the swails can be cut natural hay equal & even superior for cattle to the best English hay. These lands are watered by springs chiefly, but have occasional living streams. After crossing the prairie you again come into timber land & then prairie. Walworth County lies directly west of this & is considered the best agricultural county in the Territory. The produce raised back sixty & seventy miles comes to this market.

This is undoubtedly to be the principal wheat market in the Territory. Good flouring mills are already in operation & we have as good quality flour as any other. Wheat has sold to day as high as 67½° per bushel. This we consider too high to warrant our purchasing. We have bought some at lower prices, but have sold it again. My opinion is that produce & other property will be lower in the spring & money will not be as plenty. I found this opinion on the fact of there being such an immense quantity of goods in the country. I am certain that there are more than can be sold & paid for promptly. I fear New York people will find that they have done too much credit business the past season. If it be true that they have sold the amount of goods reported, it will prove a disastrous business. The country was not prepared for it & cannot afford it. Many merchants altogether mistake the character & wants of this western country, & bring out immense stocks of merchandise, larger than the country demands. Although it is a great country & a numerous population, still their wants are comparatively few & simple. Another evil is, merchants increase too fast in proportion to the country & balance of the community. The truth is, merchandizing enjoys no peculiar advantages in a new country, it is the advance of real estate & land that affords better success to investment. At this moment I know of no investment that offers such inducements as property in this village or in good lands back of it. But I fear I have already detained you too long on this subject & am also making a long letter without much matter in it. I will just say that our friend Codding[2] is in town & lectured last evening upon the subject of Anti slavery. He is to spend several days here. The cause meets with considerable favor in this place & a society has been formed. It may also be said that moral and religious sentiments are in a good degree recognized & cherished in this community. The Sabbath reverenced & other religious institutions are very generally observed or at least respected. I will say with regard to our business, that it has thus far been very good & fully met our calculations. My health is good & I think my ambition is full

[2] Rev. Ichabod Codding, later editor of the Waukesha *American Freeman*.—Editor.

equal to my strength. William is well & very well pleased with our location & business. I hear from Caroline often, which relieves my intense & abiding anxiety for her welfare. This being seperated from my dear wife is any thing but agreeable to me. I am sure that if to acquire a fortune, it became necessary for me to be seperated from her any considerable portion of the time, I should give up the chase & content myself with what happiness I derive from her society. Kindly remember me to my dear Aunt & other friends. With many thanks dear Uncle for your oft repeated kindness & paternal regard, believe me very faithfully Yours

H. S. DURAND

Addressed: Maj. Elisha A. Cowles
Meriden
*Single* Connecticut
[Postmark] Racine, Dec. 22, Wis. T.

# HISTORICAL NOTES

## Additions to Historical Society

During the three months' period ending January 10, 1922, there were fifty-five additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Twelve of these enrolled as life members, as follows: George Carey, Beloit; Edith B. Heidner, West Bend; Ada L. James, Richland Center; Malcolm J. Jeffries, Janesville; Walter J. Kohler, Kohler; Edwin Ludlow, Monroe; Mrs. Lillie M. Merrill, Rochester; Archie Reid, Jr., Janesville; George K. Tallman, Janesville; Samuel M. Williams, Milwaukee; Pierpont J. E. Wood, Janesville; Charles C. Voorhis, New York City.

Forty-three persons became annual members of the Society: Celia V. Andrews, Prairie du Chien; John S. Baker, Evansville; Rev. Robert J. Barnes, Hayward; Mrs. A. H. Betts, Waukesha; Edna L. Bishoff, Superior; Cornelius Buckley, Beloit; Mark R. Byers, La Crosse; Grant W. Davis, Milton; Frank J. Desmond, Milwaukee; Thomas S. Dick, Milwaukee; Corydon T. Fargo, Jefferson; Gustave C. Fried, Milwaukee; Eugene A. Fuller, Madison; Irma Hochstein, Madison; Christian A. Hoen, Edgerton; Rev. William F. Hood, Superior; Harry L. Horning, Waukesha; Dr. George E. Hoyt, Menomonee Falls; Roy K. Johnston, Brandon; Bernice Landaal, Elcho; Mrs. H. H. Lane, Darlington; Andrew Lewis, Monroe; John MacDonald, Poynette, R.R.; Lucile Marcy, Suring; Mrs. Bertha Marx, Portland, Ore.; Dr. John G. Meachem, Jr., Racine; Albert F. Meier, Milwaukee; Dudley Montgomery, Madison; Theodore Munchow, Madison; Conrad E. Patzer, Milwaukee; Josiah B. Pierce, Brodhead; John V. Quinlan, Soperton; Edward J. Reynolds, Madison; Mrs. Florence E. Riegel, Shullsburg; Mrs. Alvin F. Rote, Monroe; Charles A. Sakrison, Madison; Julia M. Scannell, Milwaukee; Dr. Dean S. Smith, La Crosse; Rea J. Steele, Wild Rose; Frank G. Swoboda, Wausau; Stanley D. Tallman, Janesville; Charles W. Tomlinson, Mt. Horeb; Evan L. Thomas, Waukesha.

J. H. Martin of Racine changed from annual to life membership.

[Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, chairman of the Membership Committee, has sent us eleven new members—two life and nine annual. Mr. John M. Whitehead of Janesville, one of the curators, has sent ten new members—five life and five annual. These are the most notable results of the recent membership campaign.]

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

General Charles King ("Recollections of a Busy Life") is one of Wisconsin's best known sons. The story of his career, begun in this number, will run through two succeeding issues of the Magazine.

Louise P. Kellogg ("The Services and Collections of Lyman Copeland Draper") is senior research associate of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

William A. Titus ("Grand Butte Des Morts: A Hamlet with a History"), a resident of Fond du Lac, contributes the ninth of his interesting series of studies in local Wisconsin history.

J. H. A. Lacher ("Visions of a Wisconsin Gold Seeker") of Waukesha is a curator of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and an enthusiastic cultivator of the history of the state.

M. P. Rindlaub ("More Recollections of Abraham Lincoln") of Platteville is a newspaper editor and publisher of more than sixty years' standing.

The Reverend Stanley E. Lathrop ("Statistics of the First Wisconsin Cavalry in the Civil War") of Madison is a survivor of the fine regiment whose statistics he has so painstakingly compiled.

For a sketch of Eldon J. Canright, the second installment of whose war-time letters is printed in this issue, the reader is referred to the December, 1921 issue of this magazine, page 171.