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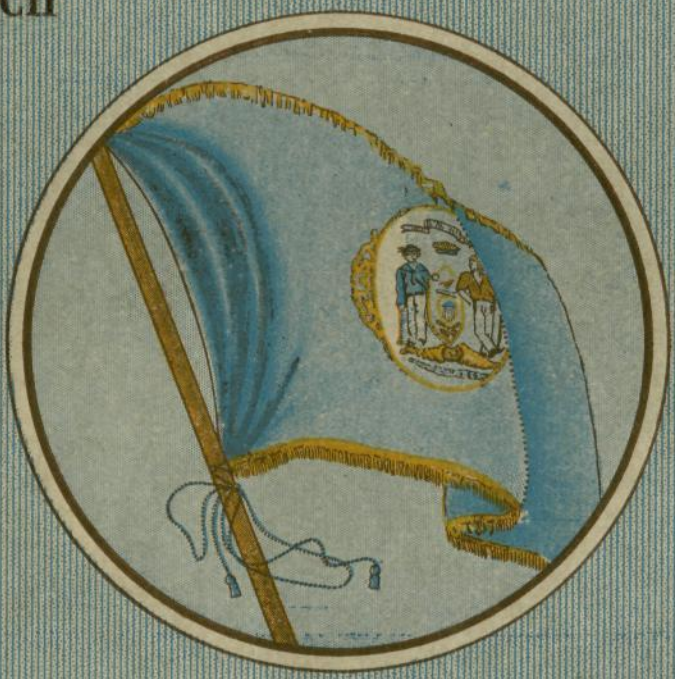

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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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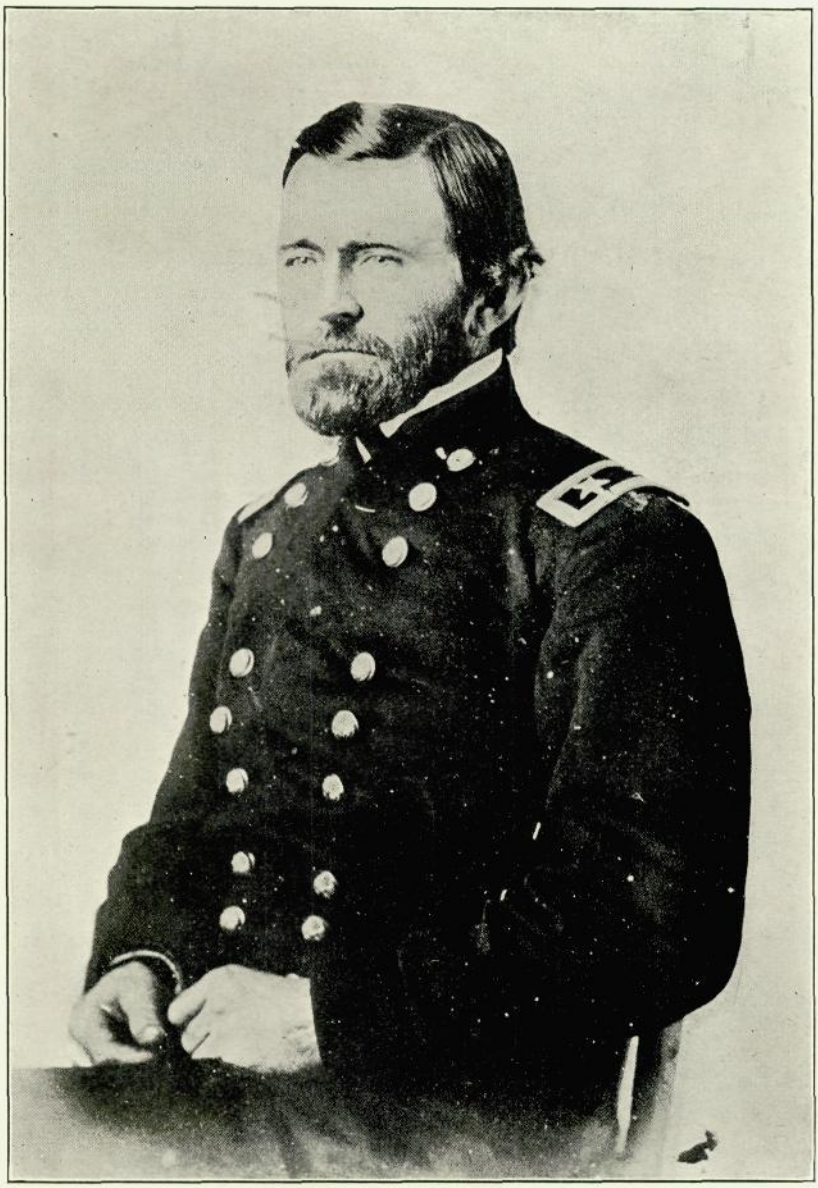

GENERAL GRANT

From a photograph presented to the Wisconsin Historical Society by Mr. J. H. Evans of Platteville. Mr. Evans, who knew Grant during his Galena period, was in Memphis in November, 1862, where he chanced to see the General come out of a photographer's shop. Entering, he engaged a copy of this picture which had just been taken.

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

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THE MILITARY EDUCATION OF GRANT AS GENERAL

COLONEL ARTHUR L. CONGER

In a conversation a few weeks ago an officer of high rank in our army, who had himself exercised a higher command during the late war, said to me: "I become more and more curious to learn the habits and nature of the military geniuses of the past. I suppose they were geniuses—but we did not have any such in the late war. In that the leaders were all mediocre people who knew very little and who owed their positions to other qualities."

Many years ago this same baffling lustre of fable, shadowing the lives and deeds of past military heroes and making of them creatures of a different sort from the men of our own time, led me on a quest into the secrets of their genius. And, if I now choose Grant as a typical case for critical investigation it is not from any desire to evade the questions connected with the leaders in later wars or to divert attention back into the now neglected realm of our former military history, but because Grant is one of the most recent examples of a military leader concerning whom we have access to the sources requisite, and yet far enough removed to permit their dispassionate examination.

The spirit of this inquiry is not one of captiousness. The subject is approached with a sincere admiration for the character and ability of the man who, through his own efforts and profiting by his opportunities, developed a capacity beyond that of any other general of his time or of his nation. Others may have possessed greater talents; no other has proved them by his actual conduct in command of great armies in a war of magnitude.

Before taking up Grant's career, permit me a preliminary plowing of the ground by way of a few military truisms: First, Generalship, in its military sense, is the art of leading masses of men in campaigns or battles; it excludes the rôles

and functions of a troop, battery, company, or regimental commander and begins with those of a brigade, division, or higher unit commander.

Second, The problems confronting a general increase in difficulty and in their demands on his powers and knowledge in proportion to the size of his command. They become very involved and complex when his command passes beyond the 60,000 (or modern army corps) stage and become supremely difficult when his command passes the 200,000 (or modern army) stage, so that it has to operate as separate armies or army groups.

Third, The burdens upon the shoulders of an independent commander are vastly greater than the burdens upon those of a subordinate commander regardless of the size of the command. Thus it is harder to command a brigade acting independently than a division acting as part of an army corps, or to command a division acting independently than a corps acting as part of an army.

Fourth, Contrary to the popular conception, victory or defeat is not a sound criterion of good generalship. Both the opposing commanders may be good generals, or both may be poor generals; yet, if the armies fight, one must win and the other lose. Though the leader of one army may be superior to his opponent in generalship, yet the condition of the troops as to discipline or morale, the proportionate number of combatants, or amount of material on each side, or other factors, such as terrain, supplies, transportation, or even the weather, may still determine the issue of the combat or campaign.

Hence, in judging the generalship displayed in any given case, we cannot conclude, as in a prize fight, that the best man won, but must review the general's decisions and acts in the light of the situation as it presented itself to him. We may blame him for failing to take the measures necessary to inform himself about the actual situation, but so far as his

actions and orders are concerned, we must view them in the actual setting of the moment. Was the order given clear, definite, and forceful—suited, not to us with our fuller knowledge, but to the man or men to whom issued? Nor are the results obtained to be left out of consideration. Were the results obtained worth the cost—that is the wastage in men and their morale, the expenditure or loss of material, the gain or loss of prestige or territory?

On the purely personal side we cannot as judge or jury condemn any American general prior to this late war for accepting a military command without possessing the knowledge requisite to ensure a reasonable hope of success to his government or warrant the expectation in his officers and men that, if their lives were spent, they would be spent at least in a justifiable or rational effort for the common cause. For, until after the Spanish War, we never had in this country any school where the principles of troop leadership of any force larger than a regiment were either studied or taught; nor did our army afford any opportunity for the exercise of such leadership. Between wars we had never had organized, except on paper, a general officer's command. The consequences were that no one knew that any special knowledge was required to exercise effective command of a brigade or higher unit and—as the inevitable corollary to this ignorance—that each citizen secretly believed in his heart that he was the one man divinely inspired by Providence to lead his fellow citizens in battle.

Let us turn now to Grant's first exercise of a general's command in battle, at Belmont. The nature of the affair is well known. Grant was ordered to create a diversion. To do so he embarked two brigades comprising five regiments of infantry, two troops of cavalry, and a battery (in all 3,000 men) on transports at Cairo and sailed under naval convoy down the Mississippi, landing on the morning of November 7, 1861 a few miles north of Belmont, marched

overland, attacked and captured a Confederate post defended by 2,000 men, but did not capture the men. His command became demoralized, pillaging the captured camp. Reinforcing Confederate troops crossed the river from Columbus and, by maneuvering to cut off their retreat, drove Grant's men in confusion back to their transports. One regiment was indeed cut off, but by the wit of its colonel and good luck it managed ultimately to get back to the transports.

Let us examine Grant's rôle in this affair.

His first act upon landing was to detail a battalion to remain as reserve. Was this correct? Assuming that Grant knew the ground, a battalion (200 to 600 men) should not have been left back "as reserve." It was justifiable to leave a small transport guard.

He then marched toward Belmont to a crossroad where the two brigades were deployed side by side in single line.

Were the time, place, and method of deployment justified?

As to the time, we have no information on which to judge. As to place, two of the regiments were deployed directly behind a pond which apparently could not be crossed. Thus, when orders were given to attack, the right regiment went ahead, but the next two regiments had to reform column and march around the pond; they then took up a false direction of attack, crossing the line of the two left regiments which had meantime also lost their direction and gone to the extreme right in an attempt to close in on the right regiment. Hence the place of deployment cannot be justified, at least as a place for the deployment of the whole force.

As to the method of deployment we know that two companies of each regiment were sent forward as skirmishers. The remainder of the regiments were deployed in a single continuous line without battalion supports, or without brigade reserves, or without a general reserve, since the battal-

ion left at the transports two miles away could not properly be so designated.

Such a formation for an attack in woods involved inevitably everything that followed. The first attack might win or lose; if it lost, the whole command would become demoralized; if it won, it would become disorganized, and the least reserve held out by the enemy would suffice to defeat it. As to what followed, the Confederate commander, Pillow, did not hold out a reserve and was in the same situation as Grant until reinforcements sent by Polk across the river turned the tide.

Under the circumstances was Grant's order to attack justified? Grant knew the enemy's strength; he knew the opposing commander. The attack formation was of course the best he knew, and he trusted perhaps in the justice of the Union cause for success. As he saw the situation it was correct, and today it must be considered correct. That order to attack was Grant's last act as commander that day. Not having any reserve he had no further influence on the course of events, for his so-called reserve at the transports broke and ran with the rest. It was a case of *sauve qui peut.*

What did Grant not suffer and learn through the long hours of that day! Brigade Commander on the line—yet unable to influence it; having no reserve; seeing his troops turn first into a mob of looters, then into a rabble of fugitives, without cohesion or power of united action; thinking of that lost regiment which he knew to be cut off! Though the regiment finally worked its way through the woods and reached the transports, how must Grant have dreaded in the meantime having to return to Cairo to report defeat and the loss of that Twenty-seventh Regiment of Illinois Infantry! I can sympathize with him in that as I had a brigade myself in the Argonne with a lost battalion. I hasten to add that I did not lose it, it having been lost before I was given command of the brigade; but I know how Grant must have felt.

So much for his first fight in command. We can give him all possible credit for being willing to fight and for sensing the enemy's weakness; but on the side of professional knowledge of how to fight we must give him zero. Had he done in France what he did at Belmont, and been found out, he would have been sent to Blois and demoted or discharged; had he made that deployment and advance against a trained general on the other side, assuming the troops as they were, he and his command would have been killed or captured. The affair approximated Moltke's description of our Civil War, "Two armed mobs chasing each other around the country, from which nothing could be learned." Moltke was wrong in this last; Grant did learn from it. Further, if it was Grant's first lesson in bitterness under military responsibility, it was by no means his first lesson in human bitterness.

Grant had not wanted to go to West Point, had in that primitive institution remained as one apart—in it but not of it. In the Mexican War he had seen an army torn by intrigues and jealousies, bungling through by sheer weight of superiority of race, in spite of total lack by the officers of scientific knowledge of war. After that war he had shared in the debasement of the army, turning, in ignorance of any professional knowledge or study, to gambling, hunting, and intoxication for amusement. Finally, hounded out of the army, a failure as an officer, he proved likewise a failure as a farmer and barely able to make a living as a helper in a store.

After these ntellectually as well as financially lean years in civil life, what must not have been the bitterness in Grant's soul, as he saw his fellow graduates from West Point commissioned as generals to bear high responsibilities in the day of their country's need, while he, an outcast, met no response to his tender of his services as an officer, awaited in vain in McClellan's anteroom an opportunity to seek a

humble staff appointment, and finally was able only through his knowledge of army routine to gain employment as a clerk to make out muster rolls? Grant did not scorn this humble duty; he performed it like a man and, having performed it, was given his reward by being made colonel of a regiment so insubordinate and even mutinous that no one else dared command it.

But these humiliations had done for Grant something that life had not done for many other generals in the Civil or any other war; they had made him look reality squarely in the face. If Grant approached the problem of leadership in war much less tutored in the professional part than a savage chieftain, at least he knew himself and his own capacity unflinchingly to take punishment. He might make mistakes, but he would not conceal from himself the fact that he had made them, nor would he be so overcome by emotion that he could not learn from these mistakes how to avoid repeating them.

It was two months after Belmont before Grant again showed the will to fight. Early in January he began to ask Halleck, the Department Commander, to let him attack Fort Henry. In February, three months after Belmont, Halleck let him go. How had Grant spent the intervening time?

What he should have done was to equip his troops, organize his troops, organize a staff, train his command, particularly his higher officers. There is no evidence as to what he tried to do. The probability is that Grant, not having any competent staff, or not knowing how to use one, let his time be eaten up by details of administration. Certain it is that his troops were relatively no better prepared for Henry than they had been for Belmont. They were more highly organized on paper, but it was, so to speak, a deathbed organization, made at the last moment before going in, and, in the modern sense of the term, no organiza-

tion. Grant had not yet developed a staff; and if he made any attempt to train his officers they failed to show it. The elements in Grant's favor were that the troops showed evidences of little better discipline and drill, and Grant himself now knew a few things to be avoided so far as concerned his own orders and action; that his troops had had a taste of gunpowder which their new opponents had not; and that Grant now had under his command C. F. Smith, one of the best, if not the best, of the officers in the Union army at that time.

The landing for the attack on Forts Henry and Heiman was made about six miles above the forts on the Tennessee River. The command was to march at dawn on February 6: one stronger column (three brigades under McClernand) to attack the land side of Fort Henry; one weaker column (two brigades under C. F. Smith) to attack Fort Heiman; while the gunboat fleet under Commodore Foote brought the forts under gun fire. Note that General Grant now has a reserve of one brigade which is to follow between the two columns along the river bank.

Here we see Grant digesting but not yet assimilating his experience. He had a reserve this time and he stayed with it. The result is pathetic. There was no road along the river and the reserve could not go anywhere. McClernand got out on his road and, not having any will to fight, was seized with panic, halted, and did nothing. About noon the navy brought Fort Henry under fire and the raw Confederate troops were terror-stricken by the mere sound of the shells, all but a few of which went harmlessly overhead. The infantry garrison ran away, and the artillerists and the general commanding the river fort surrendered to the gunboats. An hour or two later McClernand, resuming the march with his column, reached the fort, and some hours later Grant, learning the news, came up to find his plans for capturing the garrison gone awry. Smith arrived toward evening at the abandoned Fort Heiman.

Can we approve Grant's march order?

Clearly he had drawn too broad a deduction from his Belmont experience. There he wished he had had a reserve and wished he had stayed with it; here he had had one and had stayed with it but had not needed the reserves and found himself during the critical hours absent from the scene of action, powerless to influence events. Even after the surrender of the fort and the arrival of McClernand things had gone on all wrong according to Grant's opinion.

No wonder that, having his hoped-for battle fizzle out under his eyes, he yearned to attack Fort Donelson. Was nothing ever to go right?

Five days later he began the march from the Tennessee Valley across to the Cumberland Valley to attack Fort Donelson. Note the assimilation of experience here. He organizes a right column, a left column, and a reserve; but the reserve does not attempt to follow across country; it follows by the best road, and Grant himself rides where he belongs, at the head of the main body of the right or main column.

That decision may seem simple to the reader, but, after plunging into the fog of the Civil War as I have, and discovering McClelland and Burnside and nearly all the rest doing the same wrong things time and again and never reflecting, never seeing that they were wrong, and then coming upon Grant learning these simple lessons that we today learn at our school of the line and staff college, learning them one at a time and haltingly, but learning them, the contrast between the man capable of learning and the incapables is so vivid that one does not wonder that the man who learned also rose to command all the armies of the United States.

But more lessons were to come to Grant at Donelson. Arriving before the Fort on the afternoon of February 12, Grant is seen applying what he thought were the lessons of Fort Henry, trying to extend his line to the right to cut off

the escape of the garrison. Smith, now a division commander, has put in his command in scientific formation, that is distributed in depth, skirmishers, firing line, supports, brigade reserves, and a whole brigade as divisional reserve. McClernand, on the right, has his command, also a division of three brigades, strung out in one single line, not a single reserve back of it! Does Grant commend Smith and chide McClernand? Not at all. He urges on McClernand to extend still more and keeps pushing him out to the right in an effort to extend the line to the river above Fort Donelson. Not appreciating correctly the difference between the Fort Henry and the Fort Donelson situations, he even takes the reserve brigade which General C. F. Smith had so carefully treasured up and uses it with other fresh troops, brought up the Cumberland River by transport, to create a third division under Wallace which is used further to attenuate the line, now backed only by the scanty reserves Smith has been able to save from Grant's lavish dispersion—now characterized in our schools as the favorite tactical sin of the beginner.

Grant evidently expected to repeat the naval history of Fort Henry with the difference that this time the army would have arrived to receive the surrender by the time the gunboats had shelled the fort into submission. Had the navy been a school-trained, and not an experienced-trained navy, with not much experience at that, Grant's expectations in this regard might still have been fulfilled. But the navy stuck to its "closing-in" tactics so successful at Henry, but fatally inapplicable here.

Tactics is very simple; but one has to know which rule to apply. Henry was a water battery; Donelson was a hill battery with nearly all short-range guns. At Donelson the gunboats with their weapons of superior range and effectiveness had only to stand off and destroy the fort batteries at their leisure and then ascend the river and rake the garrison

fore and aft until it surrendered. Instead, the fleet steamed in to short range from where it could not reach the hill battery with its guns, but where the short-range guns of the fort could fire on the fleet so effectively as to compel it to drop out of action.

This happened on the fourteenth. Grant, seemingly, was taken aback. The Fort Donelson forces, strongly reinforced and jubilant over their victory over the gunboats, thought only of attacking and of destroying Grant's land forces. Thus while Grant, unconscious of the unsoundness of his dispositions, without even the forethought to place Smith, his next ranking officer, in temporary command, went down the river and aboard the flagship to arrange further naval co-operation, the Confederate forces were forming for attack with high hopes of success.

The Confederate plan of General Pillow was similar to that of Lee later in the same year at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill. Both attacks were to take advantage of an over-extended Union right flank and the absence of Union reserves back of it. Both Pillow's and Lee's attacks were bungled in about the same way and both, in spite of the bungling, were reasonably successful. The difference was that after Grant's command, or half of it, had been destroyed, Grant, returning to the battlefield, was met by Smith, who begged permission to counter attack with his still treasured portion of reserves. Grant consented; he could hardly refuse his former revered instructor at West Point!

Curiously enough, the same counter measure to Lee's attack was suggested to McClellan. Had he accepted the offer of his corps commander who wished to attack Richmond he might have gone through and brought a speedy end to the war in 1862. However, there was at that time no C. F. Smith in the Army of the Potomac who knew enough to treasure up reserves and be prepared for all eventualities, and therefore McClellan and his Army of the Potomac went down the James River in shame and defeat.

After the surrender of Fort Donelson, Grant was as one stunned. The new situation was one outside his experience. He proposed tentatively to Halleck an advance on Nashville. He does not appear to have seen the rich fruits of victory open to his grasp as he had seen the opportunity for attacking Fort Donelson after the fall of Fort Henry.

Possibly the Civil War schoolmaster, experience, stepped in to save embarrassment at this critical juncture and to keep Grant from growing conceited over the success, to which he was so little accustomed, of his partly earned Donelson victory, and at the same time, which was most important, afford him leisure for reflection on his mistakes and their consequences. At any rate friction with Halleck, since explained away as owing to the suppression of messages by a traitorous telegrapher, resulted in Grant's being relieved from command and placed in virtual arrest for over a week. Meanwhile Halleck ordered his command sent up the Tennessee, which movement was executed under the orders of C. F. Smith. Unhappily for Grant and for the Union, Smith, wounded at Donelson, soon after had to be relieved from duty and shortly afterwards died. Grant, restored to duty, found his army encamped at Pittsburg Landing near Shiloh without outposts, without reconnoissance, without secret service, without camps laid out on any systematic plan, without instruction of officers, without camp maps, good roads, or guideposts.

Grant failed to perceive the lack of these requisites. Indeed, he seems at Shiloh to have struck the low water mark of his military education. He has been blamed for failure to intrench, but the criticism does not come from any competent source. He is not properly chargeable with shunning preparations for a defensive fight; he is chargeable with neglecting to prepare his officers and men for any kind of battle at all, like the improvident father who brings up his son only to spend money and then suddenly goes under in a panic, leaving the son stranded and helpless.

Grant was undoubtedly disgruntled over his unjust treatment by Halleck; but the main factor was, I believe, that he was still dazed by the Donelson crisis. The civilian does not realize the strain of command in action nor the time necessary to recover from its effects. Grant had had three months between Belmont and Henry-Donelson; his teacher, experience, gave him only fifty days between Donelson and Shiloh, and, even with the enforced inaction of ten days, this was not enough.

Grant was caught mentally as unprepared for the battle as was his command. He and his army were saved by the mistakes of the visionary and inexperienced Confederate general, A. S. Johnston, and by the firm adherence by Grant to the same policy Smith had taught him under the stress at Donelson: to prepare a reserve for counterattack. Grant had no C. F. Smith at Shiloh to pave an easy way for a counterattack; but a reserve was gradually and finally built up, and it brought eventual success.

We have already said—and this is as true today as in Grant's time—that tactical success is assured by adherence to very simple principles. The difficulty exists only in knowing when and how to apply them. Thus, for example, nearly every decisive victory has been gained by the right use of reserves withheld from action until the arrival of the timely moment. Nearly every great general has been taught this lesson by bitter experience: Napoleon learned it at Marengo; Moltke at Koeniggratz. In both cases their reserves came on the field at the critical moment by accident. Napoleon ever after planned his battles to occur like the "accident" at Marengo; Moltke did the same. Lee should have learned this lesson at Frazier's Farm. Jackson learned it early and while he lived applied it, for Lee, with excellent results. Lee himself did not master it until his bitter failure at Gettysburg brought home to him the most precious secret of the military commander, too late except for use in parry-

ing Grant's blows of 1864. Sherman never learned this great lesson of tactics, although he mastered many others. Sheridan was taught it at Winchester; Thomas learned it at Chickamauga and practiced it with a wonderfully sure hand at Nashville. I do not know where Joffre learned it, but he used it with skill in the First Battle of the Marne as did Petain in the Second Battle of the Marne.

This lesson which had escaped McDowell, Buell, McClellan, Burnside and every other Union leader was worth to the Union all the time and losses at Belmont, Donelson, and Shiloh which it had cost to teach it to Grant. In the absence of any school of applied theory in that epoch it could only be taught by favoring experience and then only to the apt pupil.

Shiloh, perhaps Grant's most vital personal experience, was followed by another two months' period of gestation during which Halleck joined in person the Army of the Tennessee and assigned Grant as second in command with no duties save to observe and to reflect.

Thereafter Grant, again in command, had various minor experiences which time does not permit our following out, but which served more fully to equip him for the problems of the Vicksburg campaign the following year. In that campaign Grant displayed the same knowledge and skill and displayed it in much the same manner as had Napoleon in his Ulm campaign in 1805. The only difference was that what Napoleon had learned partly at school and partly through his experience in Italy, Grant had learned almost wholly from his experience in the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland valleys. Never did experience teach more patiently and persistently, harshly at times, yet always with ample periods for recovery of balance and inward absorption. Always in independent command, first with 3,000 men (Belmont), then 9,000 (Henry), then 18,000 (Donelson), next 36,000 (Shiloh), lastly 72,000 (Vicksburg),

making all the beginner's mistakes but profiting by each and fortunately not having his career wrecked by them, who else is there in all history who has been given such a military education?

One marked feature of Grant's military education was its leisurely progress. Following the surrender of Vicksburg he again had a period of inaction of three months' duration. Just what use Grant made of these periods of inactivity there is no evidence to show. He did not, apparently, as Napoleon used to do between campaigns, have maps prepared of the battlefields and study the past operations with a view to extracting the utmost to be derived from a thorough knowledge of the complete facts. Yet his own conduct showed that he did learn from them; and I cannot escape the conviction that these periods of protracted inaction and reflection were as essential to his mastering of the military art as were the intermittent periods of activity.

It is well, however, to point out to such as may have military ambitions that never again under modern conditions of warfare are we likely to have a conflict drag on through intermittent fighting, awaiting the education in action of the general to end it. The general-in-chief in another great war may not begin his education at a staff college but it is certain that he will begin it at his desk and following staff college methods, and not, as Grant began it, by commanding in a muddled fight like Belmont.

In July, 1863, Grant was merely one of three successful Union generals, Meade and Rosecrans being the other two. Meade during the autumn proved a disappointment while Rosecrans, defeated at Chickamauga, was a still greater one. It was thus only natural that in October Grant should be called to Tennessee to raise the resultant siege of Chattanooga. Here he met his first problem in command of combined armies, for the Army of the Cumberland was to be reinforced by the Army of the Tennessee, brought from

Vicksburg under Sherman, and by Hooker's Corps borrowed from the Army of the Potomac.

Grant's orders for the attack on Bragg's army on Missionary Ridge showed the same rawness in the new and more complex game of commanding armies that his orders for Belmont had shown in the handling of a brigade. Grant ignored three important considerations: First, he overlooked the need of giving each of his armies an appropriate mission in the approaching battle. His own former Army of the Tennessee, now under Sherman, was to make the attack while the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas was to look on. Second, he antagonized Thomas' men and Hooker's men by appearing to conduct the operations so as to reflect credit on his own former army and consequently to discredit further the Cumberland Army still stinging from its defeat at Chickamauga and disgruntled over its half-rations during the siege of Chattanooga. Third, Grant, finding Bragg's front formidable in appearance, adopted a flank attack without any reconnoissance to determine whether the terrain was feasible for such an attack, which it proved not to be. Yet he had been in Chattanooga over a month before the battle.

A spirit of emulation between rival units, whether divisions, corps, or armies, serving side by side is an admirable thing; yet seldom can the higher commander afford to take sides in such rivalries. That Grant's inexperience led him to appear to do so might easily have compromised the hoped-for victory; that it did not do so in this instance was owing to Grant's having assigned Sherman an impossible task and, through lack of broader tactical experience, having assigned to Thomas an easy assaulting position though with orders to demonstrate only and not to attack. The men themselves, stung by the insult to their army and their commander, won a soldiers' victory by refusing to halt and going on to the capture of Missionary Ridge.

Pope, in 1862, was ruined by a similar display of partisanship. Grant, more fortunate in 1863, was saved from the consequences of his own faulty conception, plan, and orders by the fact that his errors in the psychological estimate of his own army and his faulty estimate of the terrain neutralized each other.

This victory brought Grant, after another three months' period for digestion and assimilation of his experience, to Washington and to the assignment to command all the armies of the United States. This put him to the supreme test of a military commander of his time and gave him the new rôle of planning and ordering campaigns rather than battles.

Circumstances combined to render this rôle easy for him. His loyal and trusted friend, Sherman, in command of all the troops in the western theater of war, required, as Grant saw it, only to be told what to do and when to do it, not how to do it. This confidence in Sherman saved him the error of attempting to prescribe details for the campaigns at a distance from himself, an error which Napoleon fell into and which was one of the main factors of his ultimate ruin. Armies of a half million men are not to be commanded that way with good results. Grant had a further advantage in writing a directive for Sherman, in that he was personally acquainted with all important parts of the western theater from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Alleghanies, had had Sherman with him most of the time, and knew Sherman's ideas and what he could do.

As regards the plan of campaign for the more important eastern army, Grant had the advantage of being able to appreciate and to be guided by President Lincoln's sound strategic ideas as I have pointed out in a previous paper.[1]

In determining his own location as commander of all the armies Grant's experience in the West enabled him to decide

[1] "President Lincoln as War Statesman," in Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1916, 106-40.

correctly to accompany in the campaign the Army of the Potomac. His relationship to that army, however, was a more difficult problem for him and one the solution of which it took a month's bloody experience to teach. His experience with the Army of the Cumberland, which he had so strongly and unnecessarily antagonized at Chattanooga, had taught him the danger of hurting the pride or prestige of the Army of the Potomac by removing Meade, but he did hurt it in other ways. His first conception of his relationship to Meade was that of a superior mentor and guide. He began the campaign of 1864 in Virginia with a quite proper directive, along parallel lines to his directive to Sherman. But when, during the first day of the Wilderness fight he saw the battle going as any woods fight has always gone and probably always will go, as he had seen Donelson and Shiloh go, he lost his balance and without justification began to hector and to irritate Meade, Meade's staff, and Meade's army, and, further, to divide with him the tactical control and responsibility for the battle. But that action by itself was not the worst phase of Grant's conduct. By mixing in Meade's business he was not only compromising the fighting power of the army he had chosen to accompany but was neglecting his own straight-forward military duty. This duty, as the military man views it today, and as Grant, himself, later in the campaign learned to view it, was to be able to tell Meade after the battle what to do next.

It was not decisive for the war whether the battle of the Wilderness was lost, won, or drawn; but it was virtually causative of prolonging the war another year that Grant, instead of at once solving his own problem and being able to tell Meade immediately at the conclusion of the battle what course to pursue next, required twenty-four hours to disentangle his own mind and extricate his staff from interfering in Meade's affairs sufficiently to enable him to formulate the next directive.

The decision itself, based on his Vicksburg lesson, was correct, but Grant was here opposed, not to the lumbering Pemberton but to the nimble-witted Lee, himself trained as Grant was trained by two years of practical work. The consequence of this tardiness of decision and orders was that Lee was able to anticipate Grant's next move on Spotsylvania and to defeat his purpose. Very different would have been the result had Grant been ready to give his decision on the evening of the second day's battle instead of the evening following; the strategic situation of the two armies would then have been reversed, all in Grant's favor.

As the campaign progresses we see Grant learning his own proper rôle and doing his own proper work, leaving Meade and his staff to do his; and as Grant learned to do this he gained the power to outwit Lee, notably in the crossing of the James. But unfortunately the process of disentangling himself and his staff from the immediate control of the Army of the Potomac proved as costly in casualties and as bitter in consequences as the original intermeddling had been. The mixing in by Grant had led Meade and his subordinates to expect from him direct interference and positive tactical orders; consequently when Grant settled back after Spotsylvania and confined himself more and more to his own appropriate sphere of directives, Meade was slow to reassume full control and made the natural error of continuing to interpret Grant's directives as positive orders. It was this error which caused the unjustifiable slaughter at Cold Harbor which resulted in the final weakening of the temper and clouding of the prestige of the Army of the Potomac. The immediate responsibility for it was Meade's; but in the ultimate the blame is Grant's for not making clear to Meade the change in his conception of their relationship. In his *Memoirs* Grant rightly assumes responsibility for the failure and the losses.

Here then at Cold Harbor stands a man, forty-two years of age, who, in as complete a course of two years and a half

on the conduct of military operations as was ever offered at a military staff college, has finally taken his last examination and been graduated as proficient in the conduct of a brigade, division, corps, army, and group of armies.

The comparisons suggested between the empirical methods of Grant's military education and those means whereby the younger officer is now taught the same vital lessons of tactics in the school of the line and the staff college have doubtless raised in the reader's mind at least two questions: First, would a staff college graduate, had there been one, have been able to do with the Northern armies in 1861 what Grant did with them in 1864? Second, was it our staff college graduates who won the war with Germany for us?

I cannot in answering these two questions give any assurance that any staff college graduate placed in McClellan's shoes in 1861 would necessarily have done any better than did McClellan; nor can I state with confidence that the staff college graduate won the late war any more than the non-graduate. Both won it. I might, for example, name non-school-trained officers who rose in action brilliantly and deservedly, one from brigade, one from regimental commander, both to the grade of corps commander, and who needed no mentors as to how to exercise command. I might also cite as examples three staff college graduates who rose from the grade of colonel to command divisions and who would have gone farther had the war lasted longer. But, in the usual case, the graduate of the staff college had not enough rank at the outset to become a general and was therefore put on the general staff and assigned to some general either as chief of staff or in some other capacity. Then the result depended on how the two worked together and on the actual thoroughness with which the staff college man had mastered his lessons. Many generals who had such graduates as chiefs of staff, but who failed to learn how to make use of them, also failed to make progress in action and were

weeded out ruthlessly by those higher up, who demanded constant success. Other generals having graduates as chiefs of staff leaned on them too confidently, only to find them broken reeds, and in such cases both the general and the chief of staff were often, to use the soldier phrase, "canned" at the same time.

The enviable professional opportunities afforded the lower-ranking staff graduate, when assigned to a general who could appreciate his ability, may be illustrated by the half joking, half serious remarks exchanged one evening between two generals of high rank. They were dining together in France shortly before the armistice with only their respective chiefs of staff present.

"I wonder," said the older general to the younger, "if you have one of those chiefs of staff, like mine, who tells you everything to do, where to go, and what to say."

"Yes, I have," replied the other, "I never did anything he did not tell me to do but once, and I never cease to shudder over the muddle I got into that time!"

In the case of those two generals and in that of many others success and fame came to them through finding a staff college graduate who had mastered his art and was not only willing but eager to grasp the opportunity to practice it, perfectly content that his general should get the popular credit for it and anxious only that the work should be well done. The real people, he was aware, those on the inside, knew who was doing the work, who was really responsible, and the others did not matter.

This resulted in a situation somewhat akin to that which existed in the former German army in which princes and kings were titular heads of corps and armies, while highly trained, trusted, and tried staff officers did their work. The German Crown Prince in 1870, for example, though nominally an army commander, was in reality a mere puppet in the hands of his chief of staff, and the Crown Prince in the

recent war was the same. It is evident that so long as we continue to pursue the policy of regarding higher appointments in the army as rewards to be given for political services rendered, such a system is not only inevitable but desirable for us also. The system has its drawbacks, however, for if some high-ranking general gets a young and conceited general staff chief who does not really know very much but who thinks that he does it makes for trouble all the way up and down the line.

There was plenty of friction from such causes in our army in France. Of our staff college men serving in staff positions, from the highest down to the division, the lowest unit which has a general staff, we may say that some made "excellent," some merely "good," some only "fair." Other staff college men failed utterly, both as staff officers and as commanders. In such cases it was not a failure of knowledge so much as of character; they simply had not the requisite stamina.

In other words there is no more assurance that any particular officer passed through the staff college will come out a competent military leader than there is that anyone who passed through Grant's experiences in 1861-62 would develop the talent to conduct successfully a Vicksburg campaign in 1863. But tactics is to be learned, just as arithmetic, by doing many examples and solving many problems. Fortunate is the man who has the opportunity to learn his tactical lessons in the staff school, at the expense only of the sweat of his own brow, the rebukes of his instructors, and the anguish only of his own mind over his tactical sins and shortcomings as one after another they are discovered and held up in garish light for correction. And if happy is the man who can thus learn, still more fortunate is the government and country where proved, competent staff college graduates are plentiful and where they, and not the court favorites, are put in positions of high military responsibility.

What it cost to educate and graduate Grant in his practical course in military art, in lives, money, and resources I leave it to others to calculate if they choose. For myself the important fact is that he was finally educated and able to end the war the right way for the people of the United States. What it now seems increasingly important for the people of this country to understand, as we become more enmeshed in world politics, is that Grant, Napoleon, Caesar, and most others popularly regarded as inspired military geniuses were not geniuses at all, in the popular sense, but simply human beings trained and finally graduated either in the school of hard, actual experience or in a professional school presided over by a Moltke, a Foch, a Douglas Haig, or a Morrison.

Our people need also to realize that in a modern war, against a nation fighting under leaders already trained when war begins, we cannot hope to win if we plan for the education of the military leader in our next war to take the time, expenditure of money, and wastage of lives, necessary to educate Grant.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

This study makes no pretense at being a history of Grant's military career; it is intended merely to serve as a partial interpretation of that career along tactical lines. The sources for it are chiefly the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion. The biographies of Grant by Badeau, Coppee, King, and others all assume that that attack or defense which succeeded was therefore correct; they are, in other words, not written on a critical tactical basis. *Grant's Campaign in 1864*, by Major C. F. Atkinson of the British Army, and Colonel Willey Howell's study of the same campaign, in volume one of the *Military Historian and Economist*, constitute valuable introductions to a military analysis of that campaign. In the latter volume will be found a study by myself of Fort Donelson. For the remainder, after

employing the Scribner series on the Civil War for orientation purposes it is recommended that one go direct to the Official Records which richly repay investigation by the student of military history. Grant's earlier career, before Belmont, not touched on here, is especially interesting. The chief sources for it will be found in the Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. III, pp. 130 and 430-48 for the Ironton command, and pp. 452-65 for the Jefferson City command, and p. 141 et seq. for the Cairo command. See also Correspondence in Series II, Vol. I. These earlier reports and correspondence suffice to give a distinct, characteristic, and most agreeable picture of Grant's good qualifications, his simplicity, directness, and common sense. Until Belmont he had not learned caution in dealing with superiors and associates and wrote as he thought. For the Belmont reports see Official Records, Series I, Vol. III, pp. 266-364. For the other campaigns and battles reference to the General Index of the Rebellion Records (Serial number 130) is recommended.

Grant's *Memoirs*, written late in life, are psychologically interesting but not militarily instructive. Grant's military knowledge, like a foreign language learned late in life, apparently fell away from him with disuse. He forgot what he had done and why he did it. His own course he quite humanly sought to justify and his own rôle and importance quite as humanly to magnify, naïvely oblivious of the existence of either tendency in himself. Because of lack of critical aid in the preparation of his *Memoirs* they contain frequent errors of fact as well as of interpretation.

DOCTOR WILLIAM BEAUMONT: HIS LIFE IN MACKINAC AND WISCONSIN, 1820-1834

DEBORAH BEAUMONT MARTIN

Drawing near to the green island of Michilimackinac, the traveler sees from the deck of the lake steamer a broad, white path climbing a steep slope above which rise the ramparts and clustered dwellings of an old cantonment. The houses facing the parade ground are for the most part one and a half story buildings with dormer windows in the roof and a roomy pillared porch across the front entrance; but close to the sally port which opens on the sharp incline seen from below stand two low stone cottages with ground floor rooms and a loft above, the most primitive and modest of dwellings. The one located nearest the gate is the surgeon's quarters of old Fort Mackinac; under its shadow a rough boulder has been placed upon which has been deeply carved the inscription: "Near this spot Dr. William Beaumont, U. S. A. made those experiments upon St. Martin which brought fame to himself and honor to American medicine. Erected by the Upper Peninsular and Michigan State Medical Societies, June 10, 1900."

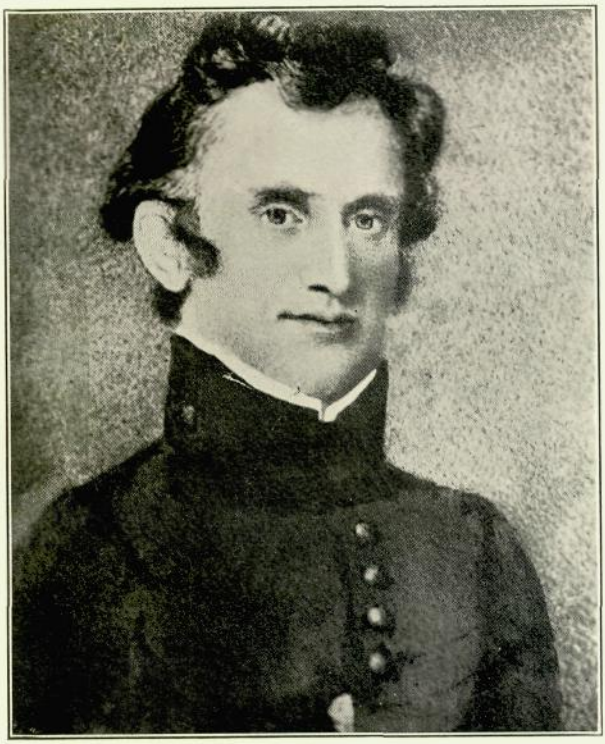
It is one hundred years ago, in May, 1820, that Dr. Beaumont made his initial trip west to that remote army post, where he was destined to establish his reputation as one of the foremost physiologists of his time. Early in his career the young man had shown a strong bent toward original research; and his experience as a surgeon in the War of 1812 gave him exceptional opportunity to pursue his medical training and investigations.

Beaumont came from a distinguished ancestry. The name of De Beaumont had been prominent in the annals of French, Norman, and English history for centuries. The second son of Sir Roger Beaumont stood high in the favor of William the Conqueror and received from the great soldier's bounty many emoluments in court lands and

offices. It was Roger de Beaumont who was finally created Earl of Warwick by the Conqueror's son, William Rufus, about 1085. The family grew in wealth and importance until in 1635 it is linked with the New World across the ocean by the love of adventure of a certain William Beaumont who sailed from Great Britain in the *Eliza de Lond* and cast in his fortunes with the little New England village of Saybrook. Later the family moved to Lebanon, Connecticut; here was born November 21, 1785, William Beaumont, third of the name in America.

Beaumont grew into a determined, courageous lad, who early broke away from the Lebanon homestead and started forth to make his fortune, his first venture being that of teacher in the little hamlet of Champlain, New York, on the great Chazy River. The youth met at this time Dr. Pomeroy, a prominent physician of Burlington, Vermont, and it was the doctor's library and excellent advice that eventually decided him to begin training for his life work. Later Beaumont entered the office of Dr. Benjamin Chandler of St. Albans where in return for the instruction afforded him he performed many of the menial functions of a servant about the house and the office. Here he prepared powders, made pills, swept the office, kept the bottles clean, and assisted in operations, often through main force—for anesthetics in surgery had not then been discovered.[1] The apprentice was taught the symptoms of disease, the crude methods of diagnosis, the art of prescription writing, and the process of cupping and bleeding, considered then a specific in febrile troubles. It was at this time that Beaumont began to keep an accurate record of daily events in his profession; and this little book of ready reference contributed largely to his success in later years. Another department of medicine to which careful study was given was that of the chemist. In the woods around Lake

[1] Jesse S. Mayer, *Life and Letters of Dr. William Beaumont* (St. Louis, 1912), 20.



DOCTOR WILLIAM BEAUMONT

From an ivory miniature painted about 1830, in possession of Miss May Beaumont of Green Bay

Champlain grew many useful herbs and medicinal plants and shrubs. From these Beaumont learned to extract the chemical elements and became skillful in the apothecary's art.

When war with England was declared in 1812, William Beaumont immediately enlisted as Surgeon's Mate; his diary gives an interesting account of the methods pursued in the treatment of wounds and army epidemics. The forests around Plattsburgh, where the troops were quartered, swarmed with infections of all kinds; typhoid and erysipelas, fever and ague, lung and throat troubles, and the Surgeon's Mate gained much practical experience in the successful treatment of these disorders. At the battle of Plattsburgh Beaumont received recognition from the United States government for distinguished service; at the war's close he resigned from the army and took up general practice in Plattsburgh. Here he had already met his future wife, Mrs. Deborah Green Platt, a lovely young widow, and the daughter of Friend Israel Green and wife Sarah. Mrs. Platt had been active in caring for the sick and wounded during the occupation of Plattsburgh; and Surgeon Beaumont had fallen deeply in love long before the war closed. Although a staunch Quaker and therefore opposed to war, Friend Israel was also intensely patriotic and aided in every way possible the Yankee forces, his inn, known as "Israel Green's Tavern" being a center for loyal meetings.

In 1820 Dr. Beaumont re-entered army service and was immediately assigned for duty at the frontier post of Fort Mackinac. The trip west proved novel and full of interest to the physician's keen mind. From Plattsburgh the steamboat *Congress* carried passengers to Burlington, then a stagecoach conveyed them to Whitesburg, four miles from Utica, where connection was made with the Erie Canal, at that time in course of construction. Embarking on a "Western Canal" boat, as it was called, Beaumont

proceeded through the big ditch to Macedonia, seven miles from Auburn. "A more useful and stupendous work could not have been conceived, planned and put into execution" writes the Doctor in his notebook; "Nothing can be pleasanter than to pass through the canal in the passage boats, for you have nothing to disturb the pleasant feeling, being perfectly safe from any apprehension of danger, gliding smoothly along upon the surface of still water, at the rate of five miles and through a most delightful country." At Canandaigua the Reverend Dr. Jedidiah Morse and son boarded the stage coach to which Beaumont had been transferred and from that time on were his traveling companions to Mackinac. From there Dr. Morse pursued his journey to Green Bay, in order to make his report to the United States government on the Indian tribes of the Northwest.

The first glimpse of Fort Mackinac in 1820 was a different scene from the up-to-date crowded summer resort that the place has since become; yet even today when one puts off from St. Ignace and sees the dim shape of an island rise from the blue waters of Lake Huron the sense of something mysterious and elusive controls the vision. Cloudy, humpbacked, its head reaching toward the straits of Mackinac, the Great Turtle Island of Indian myth and legend still holds in its misty depths the promise of adventure and romance. When William Beaumont first looked upon it from the deck of the steamer *Walk in the Water* that May day in 1820, winter was still only a month in retrospect, and the winds that blew from the ice fields on Lake Superior chilled the traveler and made him homesick for the more genial shores of Lake Champlain. The ruins of old Fort Mackinac on the mainland were still to be seen, and St. Ignace, straggling along its horseshoe bay, held unrecognized below the altar of its bark-covered mission chapel the body of the revered Father Marquette.

Fort Mackinac the Doctor found well garrisoned, the surgeon's department poorly equipped but with a promise of more generous supplies later. The French village fringing the shore consisted of a group of shaggy bark-covered cabins, warm and snug in winter with great stone fireplaces and chimney—a clean whitewashed dwelling, where hospitality reigned, but not as gay socially as its fur trading neighbor, La Baye, whose habitants, free from religious restraint, were noted for their love of sport and lavish entertaining, where the fiddle led a merry dance in which young and old joined. Dr. Morse preached in the little Protestant mission church near the beach and speedily introduced Beaumont to the strict Presbyterian set to which many of the American families belonged, among them the Scotchman, Robert Stuart, one of the trio controlling the American Fur Company.

The three leading men in the American Fur Company in 1820 were, first, its founder and president, John Jacob Astor, "the old Tyger," as he was genially apostrophised in fur trading letters, head and front of the enterprise, but who very rarely visited his western posts, or gave personal supervision to his extensive, far reaching monopoly. Astor remained in New York directing the great industry, while his captains, Ramsay Crooks and Robert Stuart, were directly in the field, making contracts with French engagés, establishing and equipping "Jackknife posts" from Mackinac to St. Anthony, meeting and enlisting as agents the independent French and English traders at Green Bay and other points, drawing them into the meshes of the fur trading monopoly. Crooks in particular was a master at Indian diplomacy, easy-going, apparently, but sharp as a razor in concluding a bargain, with experience and keen insight into the intricate buying and selling of Indian supplies, and in knowledge of every pelt's commercial worth. Stuart was a Scotch Presbyterian, strict to the letter in religious duties,

but hot-tempered and impatient, to whom the easy-going French voyageur, with his love of drink and idle ways, was a constant exasperation. In 1832 Stuart wrote to Morgan L. Martin, at that period delegate to the territorial legislature at Detroit, asking that he use his influence in having the whipping post reinstated, as he believed it the only possible method of holding in check these unruly servants of the company. The whipping post remained obsolete, however, possibly because Stuart's use of it was not considered humane; so he was forced to content himself with cudgeling the unfortunate engagés with the result that the garrison surgeon at Mackinac reports frequent calls to mend broken pates and much-bruised bodies.

The American Fur Company was the only rival of the American fort in local importance; but the commanding officer at the garrison ranked even the head of the Astor monopoly in influence and the enforcement of strict discipline. Dr. Beaumont secured permission from the Surgeon General to practice in Mackinac village, there being no other physician west of Detroit, and immediately began to inventory and reconstruct his medical equipment; especially was he interested in arranging for a large garden in connection with the hospital in order that his patients should not suffer for lack of fresh fruits, vegetables, and herbs.

The newly-installed surgeon's first clash with army authority came because of this same fine hospital garden. The officer in charge of the Indian department, Colonel George Boyd, belonged to one of the most distinguished families of Virginia; his acceptance of the post of Indian agent at Fort Mackinac was largely the result of a love of adventure and the prospect of sharp brushes with his Indian wards. The inventory of household furnishings brought by the Boyds to this remote lake post seems almost incredible when one considers the difficulties attending their transport from Virginia or an eastern town. Just previous to Beau-

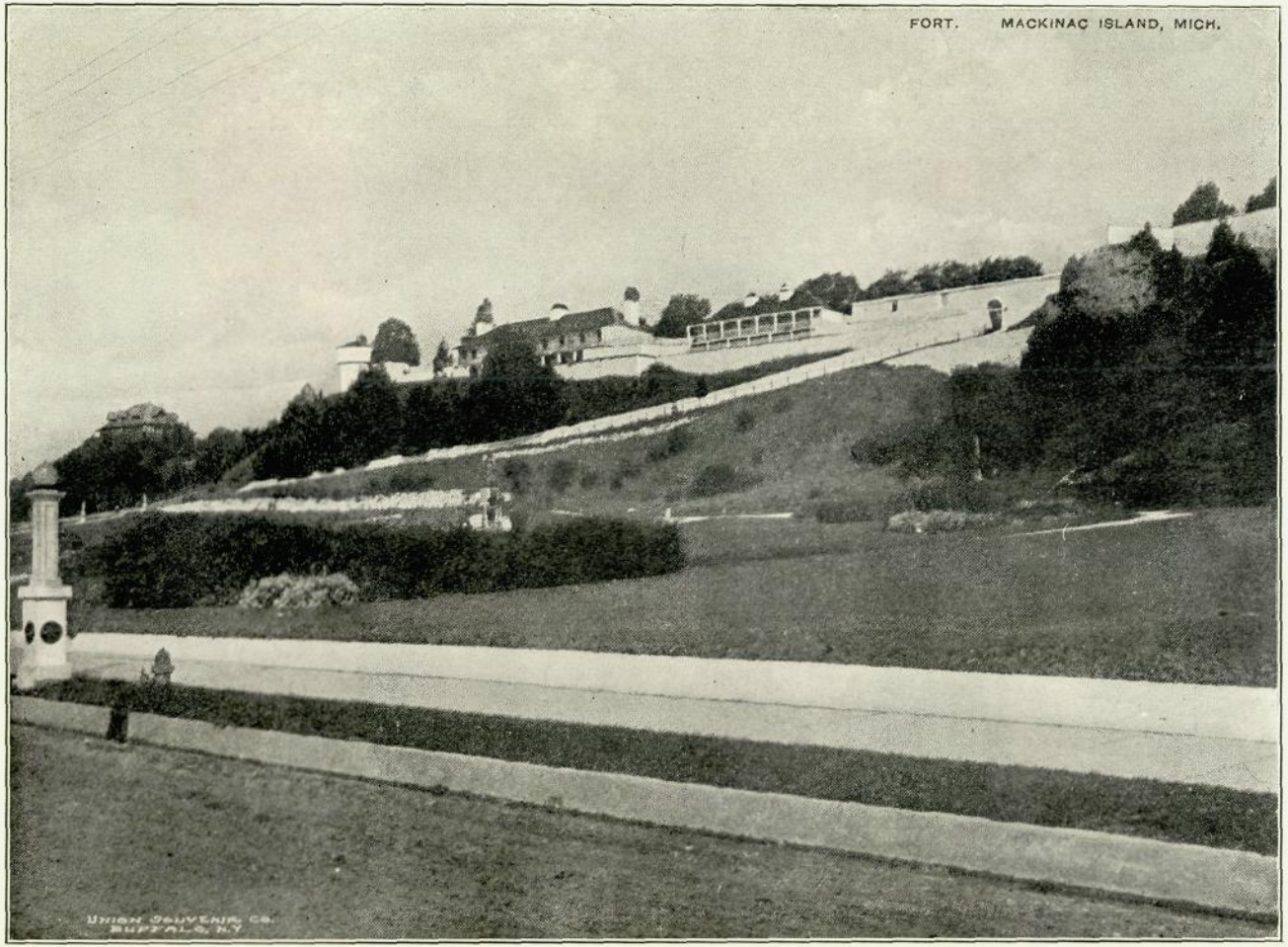
mont's arrival Colonel Boyd had planned a large and comfortable dwelling in which to house the Indian agency and its handsome belongings. The building was to be erected in the midst of the government garden, a space barely large enough to furnish vegetables for the garrison and especially the hospital. Much time and labor had been expended by the soldiers in cultivating the stony soil and Dr. Beaumont's protests against the injustice of covering this hardly won plot of ground with buildings were loud and emphatic. He finally appealed to the War Department, as the Colonel still persisted in his determination to have the land, and proved that not only would the sick of the garrison suffer for green food but also that by the curtailment of garden space valuable herbs and plants needed for medical treatment could not be cultivated. The War Department paid heed to the clever physician's statement of the case, and the garrison garden was left undisturbed. The Agency house, which Colonel Boyd was forced to locate elsewhere, was for many years the most important dwelling on Mackinac Island outside of the fort buildings; around it cluster many romantic tales of love and war. The story of "Anne" has its most charming scenes staged in the old Agency house. It burned many years ago; the site it occupied is now a park in the center of which stands the statue of Father Marquette, by Trentenove.

In the summer of 1821 Beaumont applied for leave of absence and went east to marry Deborah Green; on their return the pair went to housekeeping in the surgeon's quarters in the quaint stone house on the hill. It is an interesting dwelling and was doubtless a delightful one a hundred years ago, when presided over by Mrs. William Beaumont, a charming personality and a notable housekeeper and homemaker. The house is built into the side of the hill, so that the second story is flush with the parade ground, while the doors and windows of the basement open on the slope below.

There is a platform leading to the lower door; rough pillars support an upper porch, from which is the most glorious view imaginable of blue water reaching to the horizon, groups of islands in the distance, and in the foreground the wide straits of Mackinac filled with shipping, and the island's one huddled street at the foot of the hill. The house is being gradually fitted up as a museum and is to be furnished as nearly as possible in the period when it was owned by the Beaumonts.

The opportunity of a lifetime came to the physician on June 6, 1822, when a French engagé, Alexis St. Martin, lounging in the store of the American Fur Company was accidentally shot by one of his companions, the muzzle of the gun being not over three feet away. The post surgeon, Dr. Beaumont, was immediately sent for and found on examination "that the powder and duck shot had entered posteriorly and in an oblique direction forward and inward, literally blowing off the integuments and muscles for several inches in circumference, fracturing and carrying away the anterior half of the sixth rib, fracturing the fifth, lacerating the lower portion of the left lobe of the lungs, as well as the diaphragm on the left side and perforating the stomach."[2] Although Dr. Beaumont after dressing the wound told Robert Stuart that the man would probably not live thirty-six hours, yet by exercising all his skill in the treatment of the terrible wound he was able to report on June 6, 1823, one year from the day of the accident, that "the injured parts are sound and firmly cicatrized, with the exception of an aperture in the stomach and side." It was through this opening in the stomach that the action of the gastric juice on food could be followed, and in the month of May, 1825, Beaumont commenced his first series of gastric experiments, St. Martin having then perfectly recovered his health and strength.

[2] William Beaumont, *Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion* (Plattsburg, 1837).



FORT MACKINAC

Showing Doctor Beaumont's house at left of sally port

The experiments were carried on in the surgeon's quarters and were progressing successfully, when in June of that same year the Doctor was ordered from Mackinac to Fort Niagara, New York. In order to continue his investigations he persuaded St. Martin to accompany him. However, the close proximity to Canada proved too strong a temptation to the young French Canadian and on the first opportunity he ran away and joined his relatives across the border.

From that time on the hold of Dr. Beaumont upon the irresponsible Frenchman was only intermittent. It is said that the jeers of his fellow voyageurs on the "window in his stomach" was one cause for his unreliability. For although Dr. Beaumont had brought him literally from the dead, as he acknowledged, and had shown him every kindness, yet the notoriety and curiosity excited among his own people, combined with the tiresomeness of the unending experiments, proved decidedly distasteful to the lively youth of twenty-one.

No trace of Alexis was gained for several years. In the spring of 1826 Dr. Beaumont, while on duty at Fort Niagara, was ordered "to be in readiness to accompany the troops from Sackett's Harbor and Niagara to Green Bay and to have all medical supplies under his charge carefully packed for transportation." In his reply he states that he will be prepared at the appointed time and requests permission "to prescribe for the citizens of Green Bay whenever necessity requires it, they being entirely dependent upon army surgeons for medical aid and assistance." Beaumont's taking time by the forelock in securing a permit for practice was because of the rigid enforcement by Surgeon General Lovell of the army regulation which forbade medical officers of the corps to engage in private practice while on duty. This regulation came into existence in 1814, but not until Lovell became Surgeon General was its enforcement insisted upon. Permission was, however, accorded Dr. Beaumont; and

later General Lovell explained that his arbitrary ruling was "not intended to prevent acts of humanity on the part of surgeons, but simply to prevent neglect of duty by entering extremely into it (private practice) as well as an improper application of public property."

Beaumont's detachment got promptly under way; and on June 18, 1826, the Surgeon reports from Fort Howard, "Hospital entirely destitute of every means of comfort save med cines" and urges that the hospital equipment from Sackett's Harbor be transferred to Green Bay. This request was granted, as were indeed most of the Doctor's calls for aid from the War Department, for his reputation for professional integrity and uprightness was well established, and he immediately proceeded to reorganize the medical department at Fort Howard with the same dispatch that he had shown at Mackinac, putting everything in better and more efficient condition.

Fort Howard had been built for the most part just after the arrival of the American troops on August 7, 1816. All the construction work was done by the soldiers, the uprights and joists being sawed out by whipsaw; however, John Lawe owned a primitive sawmill at that time, as did also Pierre Grignon, so lumber for the buildings could be obtained from these villagers at what was considered a ruinous price. The cantonment was enclosed by a high stockade; surrounding the parade ground were the barracks, officers' quarters, blockhouses, and other buildings; in fact the Inspector General who yearly visited the frontier forts during the twenties reports that the soldiers are constantly employed in constructing new dwellings and in adding little shops, bakehouses, smokehouses, dog houses, and stables, practically a complete village.

Outside the pickets were placed the hospital and the Surgeon's quarters, while the supply warehouse and Quartermaster's quarters were in a large building, also without

THE SURGEON'S QUARTERS AT FORT HOWARD

the fort, close to the edge of Fox River and convenient to the boat landing. Until a short time ago the foundation of the old warehouse could be plainly traced; but the building, strongly timbered and in excellent condition after its occupation of more than seventy years, was taken down during the eighties and carried by Hiram Cornell to Valentine, Nebraska, where for a time it was used as the county courthouse. The government inspector in one of his reports speaks of the danger and inconvenience of thus isolating the hospital and warehouse outside the stockade. There was always the possibility of an Indian outbreak, when it was necessary to have the ordnance supplies immediately accessible; moreover with the hospital so far away the escape of convalescents to the neighboring village was a constant annoyance.

Dr. Beaumont's efforts to improve conditions succeeded admirably; in 1827 the report reads, "Hospital well provided with medicines, instruments and stores." The year following the government inspector writes: "Fort Howard, June, 1828. Hospital: The building wants some repairs and alterations to render it secure against rain and more convenient. Assistant Surgeon Beaumont acts, as is invariably the case with the officers of the Medical Department, with an exclusive eye to the comfort of the sick. In looking through the several rooms my attention was called to the medical library, which as to number of volumes appears well enough, but furnishes very little variety, the catalogue stands thus. Bell on venerial 7 copies, Cooper's Surgery 3, Dispensatory 2, Dorsey 2, Dr. Rush 8, Sydenham 1, Dr. Rush and Prindle 1, Dr. and Surgeons Vade Mecum 8, Thomas Practice 4. In addition to the few standard works now furnished the best medical journals and most approved treatises on mineralogy and botany are much wanted at all the frontier posts. The first that it may be in the power of the insulated medical gentlemen to keep pace with the im-

provements and discoveries that are daily taking place in the science of medicine, and the latter as books of reference (without which Mitchell himself would be frequently at fault) to enable them to report with confidence and correctly upon the mineralogical and botanical wealth of their several districts. I submit it to the Surgeon General whether or not the government could be a loser by even the most liberal appropriation toward this purpose. Of surgical instruments to include amputating, trepanning and pocket there are perhaps 1 dozen setts, not one of which is fit for use in the opinion of Surgeon Beaumont, who looked over them with me. (By an order from the head of the Dep't they will be sent to New York for repairs.) An idea has been suggested to me which if carried into effect might save the government a portion of the present expense in furnishing instruments, and besides many an unfortunate the added torture of a dull knife. Let every surgeon and ass't surgeon be provided by the government with complete setts of instruments for his own use exclusively during his continuance in service, and for which he shall be held individually responsible. Holding his instruments under such a tenure I am persuaded that there is not a medical gentleman of the army who would not take more care of them (careful though he may now be) than he would of those received after the present mode, of a predecessor to be held for a time, and then to be turned over with steward, cook and all to a successor in office."[3]

It will be seen by this report that Dr. Beaumont left his imprint upon Fort Howard as at Mackinac in securing added efficiency in the medical corps, and his suggestions for improvement made to the Inspector at Fort Howard were of permanent value in securing prompt action from the War Department. Meantime his notes recording his experiments on St. Martin had been published in 1826, in the *Medical*

[3] Manuscript reports of inspections of Northwestern posts, in War Department, Washington.

Journal, and had caused much discussion and comment in scientific societies. St. Martin had never been recaptured; but rumors had reached Dr. Beaumont that he was still in Canada and had enlisted as a voyageur in the great Hudson's Bay Fur Company. While Beaumont was at Fort Howard, in addition to stirring up laggards in government circles and establishing a remarkable reputation for skill in his profession among the village folk in the Fox River Valley, he also wrote to his Mackinac friends urging them to be constantly on the lookout for St. Martin. In the latter part of the year 1827 "the Doctor's ungrateful boy" was finally traced and communicated with, the surgeon immediately sending money for the transportation of the French voyageur and his wife to Green Bay.

It was not until 1829 that St. Martin was finally captured and brought to Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, where Surgeon Beaumont was then stationed. Here the experiments were begun anew; between December 6, 1829 and April 9, 1831 fifty-six were recorded. Beaumont notes in his account book that he paid St. Martin 800 livres annually ($160) and in addition clothed and subsisted him and his family. This income was so far in advance of any remuneration received from the fur companies that the Doctor was able to hold the wandering youth for a year and a half to his distasteful occupation. In 1833 the first edition of "Beaumont's Experiments" was published.[4]

[4] On October 19, 1832 articles of agreement were signed between Dr. William Beaumont and Alexis St. Martin, whereby "the said Alexis did for the term of one year covenant to 'diligently faithfully and to the utmost of his power skill and knowledge' perform such service. . . as the said William shall from time to time order. . . . . and likewise be just and true and faithful to the said William in all things and in all respects." The Doctor was at this time given a six months' furlough, which he planned to spend abroad, but later determined to pass in Washington City, where he was unhampered by routine duties, was surrounded by books and men of note in medicine law and diplomacy, and had Alexis St. Martin at his beck and call. Surgeon General Lovell, in order to make lighter the burdens of Dr. Beaumont, on whom Alexis was constantly making demands beyond the terms of their agreement, used his influence to have St. Martin made a sergeant of a detachment stationed at the War Department in Washington, he receiving payment for his services at the rate of $12 per month, an allowance of $2.50 per month for clothing and ten cents per day for subsistence.

From 1826 to 1828, the years in which Beaumont was stationed at Fort Howard, the village of Baye Verte, as it had been called up to the coming of the American troops in 1816, comprised a straggling group of log cabins close to the water's edge, reaching almost continuously on both sides of Fox River from its mouth to the Rapides des Peres. On the east shore stood several more pretentious homes belonging to the resident fur traders, French and English, agents of the American Fur Company; the De Langlade estate which included the group of houses belonging to Pierre Grignon, Judge Lawe's rambling log dwelling and roomy trading house, and the homes of Louis Grignon and Judge Jacques Porlier. In 1820 there had been a determined attempt to change the location of Fort Howard from the low and rather swampy site on which it was originally erected to high ground on the east side of Fox River some four miles from the entrance to the bay. This plan was discontinued within a year or so, as the river entrance, "bordered on the right as well as on the left with an extensive plain, open and nearly level, so that an enemy could not approach in any direction without being exposed to the fire of our heaviest field pieces from the Fort," was considered much stronger for purposes of defense, especially in Indian warfare. As immigration and settlement increased, the American families took possession of the houses built for army occupation on the east shore; and although the name "Camp Smith" remains to this day as identifying the slope where old stone foundations crop up here and there through the soil, yet on the plat of the village, which the inhabitants called "Shantytown," the name of Menomineeville was bestowed by Judge James Duane Doty, who built the first brick house in Wisconsin in the little hamlet. A frame house also erected by the Judge, purchased by the government in 1828 for an Indian agency, was burned many years ago, but the ruins

of its stone chimney can still be traced close to the river bank on the grounds of the Fox River Country Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont found many friends from Mackinac as well as from eastern towns already settled in the village. Intercourse between the garrison and the French and American villagers was constant, and so delightful and congenial was this society, that the enthusiasm of the Beaumonts who enjoyed so much their stay at this frontier post in Wisconsin, proved an incentive to a colony of some thirty Plattsburghers to emigrate thither. When in 1828 Dr. Beaumont received orders to join the Fifth Regiment at Fort Crawford, he left Fort Howard with sincere regret.

Green Bay was the central rendezvous for many powerful Indian tribes. Large bands of Menominee, Winnebago, Potawatomi, and Chippewa camped for a large part of the year along Fox River and neighboring streams. Many of these tribes were quarrelsome and insolent, ready to pick a quarrel on slight occasion, for since the evacuation of Fort Edward Augustus by the English in 1763, they had been without any recognized authority over them and were disposed to be contemptuous of American domination. Judge Doty, writing from Menomineeville in 1825, describes the place as being known "only as the seat of Indian wars." The dread of an Indian outbreak sat lightly, however, upon the gay garrison community at Fort Howard, until the Red Bird tragedy in 1827 startled the inhabitants into sudden terror. Dr. Beaumont accompanied the detachment under Colonel Whistler to Fort Winnebago and witnessed the dramatic surrender of Red Bird. The Black Hawk War was also an event in Dr. Beaumont's Wisconsin life, in which he was an active participant, not as a military commander, but as chief director in the "cholera campaign" as the Indian raid in years following was named in army circles. The disease was brought west by the troops under General Scott, who was detailed to distant Wisconsin in order to

quell the Winnebago uprising. All through the summer of 1832 the cholera raged through the villages and garrisons along the Mississippi and Green Bay. Dr. Beaumont was then stationed at Fort Crawford and did wonderful service in caring for the terrified inhabitants and in sending to Fort Howard and other badly stricken districts formulas and methods of treatment. "The greater proportional numbers of deaths in the cholera epidemics," he records, "are, in my opinion, caused more by fright and presentiment of death than from the fatal tendency or violence of the disease." But whatever the cause, the fatality was great, especially in Green Bay, where the "Sisters of Poor Clare" under the guidance of the well-known Catholic priest, Father Mazzuchelli, went from house to house tending the sick and even burying the dead.

During the Green Bay land sales of 1834, Dr. Beaumont purchased in Navarino, as the northern half of the city was called prior to 1838, property on which was built the Washington House, just across the river from the fort, and a famous rendezvous for the young officers. On the site of the old Washington House Mrs. Deborah Beaumont and her son Israel Green Beaumont built and fitted out the Beaumont House in 1863. This was a very fine modern building and through successive lessees gained a wide reputation as one of the best hostelries in the West. During recent years it has been remodeled; but much of the original brick outside walls are practically unchanged; and it still remains the leading hotel in Green Bay. Large properties were also purchased by Dr. Beaumont in other parts of Wisconsin Territory, as is proved through the recorded appointment preserved in the State Historical Library, of Nelson Dewey of Cassville, Grant County, as the lawful attorney of William and Deborah Beaumont. Dewey, afterward governor of Wisconsin, was in 1856 given a power of attorney by Mrs. Beaumont and her son to sell and take complete manage-

ment of all lands owned by them "in the counties of Grant, Lafayette, and Iowa in the State of Wisconsin." When Israel Beaumont came of age he was sent by his father to Green Bay to look after his landed interests, married a Green Bay girl, Miss Julia Pelton, and eventually made the place his home.

The Fort Howard hospital building and surgeon's quarters, where Dr. Beaumont showed the Government Inspector his medical library on that summer day in 1828, are both still standing in Green Bay; it is planned to have the hospital, which is in excellent preservation and a most interesting building, permanently preserved and filled with relics of early garrison days. For fourteen years Dr. Beaumont was closely identified with the Northwest; and his celebrated experiments were conducted first at Fort Mackinac, and later at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, while the notes and memoranda for his famous book were largely arranged while he was at Fort Howard. In 1835 he took up his permanent residence in St. Louis, first as post surgeon at Jefferson Barracks and, after his resignation from the army, as practicing physician in the city, but he still kept in constant touch with his Green Bay relations and friends. His reputation among the French inhabitants for skill and kindly dealing was widespread. For many years after he left Fort Howard tales of "Le bon docteur who mak' de meracle" were rife among the voyageurs of La Baye. Dr. Beaumont was the first physician to introduce vaccination in order to check the smallpox plague in the Fox River Valley; writing to Surgeon General Lovell in 1827 for the virus he says, "The importance as well as necessity of having it on hand in a country like this, subject at all times to the incursion of smallpox, from the continual passing and repassing of wandering Indians and Canadian voyageurs, will doubtless be appreciated." The Doctor urges that the vaccine be sent before the closing of navigation, as during the winter months

Fort Howard was practically cut off from the outside world, and it was at that season that the scourge of smallpox was most violent. Mail was delivered by a soldier from Detroit only twice in six months and it was a hazardous undertaking in winter when the trail through dense forests was infested by packs of wolves.

The Surgeon's family while he was stationed at Fort Howard comprised his wife and two children, Sarah born at Mackinac, and Lucretia, born at the Green Bay garrison, July 26, 1827. The youngest child, Israel, was born at Fort Crawford in 1829. The Beaumont's cozy quarters at Fort Howard were a favorite assemblage place for the residents of the garrison and it is recalled that on winter afternoons intimate friends met there, while Mrs. Beaumont read aloud the novels of Scott and Cooper, or gave a play of Shakespeare's which it is said she did excellently well, although with her Quaker principles she never entered a theater.

The Beaumont homestead in Green Bay is filled with treasures inherited from the handsome St. Louis residence. Above the beautiful old sideboard hangs a portrait of Mrs. Deborah Green Beaumont, painted by Chester Harding; its companion picture of the noted surgeon has been placed in the memorial room in Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, which is dedicated to Dr. William Beaumont, of the United States Army.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

VI. MEEME, A FRONTIER SETTLEMENT THAT DEVELOPED STRONG MEN[1]

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

The pioneer days of Wisconsin, when stalwart men and brave women were reared amid surroundings of poverty and hardship, are now remembered only by the oldest of our people; and ere long history alone can tell the story of the reclamation of the wilderness, so bravely begun by the settlers of four score years ago. With this thought, it becomes a pleasure to hear from the lips of men still living the early story of a locality that has given the flower of its manhood to Wisconsin and to America.

About fourteen miles southwest of Manitowoc, in the township of Meeme, is situated the inconspicuous hamlet designated on the county maps as Osman, but known in the early days as Meeme Post Office. It is today the center of a rich agricultural district but makes no claim to importance except as it retains the two institutions, the church and the public school, that helped to mold real men and women a generation or more ago.

The Meeme settlement, as it was called, centered around the Catholic church known as St. Isadore's and the public school. It embraced a portion of the townships of Meeme, Newton, and Liberty. The first settlers were largely natives of Ireland; and Meeme was commonly known as the "Irish settlement." With the birthright of native ability and the fullest use of their scanty educational opportunities the sons of these Irish pioneers made their names known and their influence felt far beyond the borders of their restricted locality in eastern Wisconsin.

[1] I gladly acknowledge my obligation to Henry Mulholland Jr. of Manitowoc and M. V. Sullivan of Fond du Lac for the data upon which this article is based.

Meeme is said to mean "pigeon" in the Chippewa Indian language; and the name was probably applied because there was in the vicinity an extensive wild pigeon roost. Henry Mulholland of Manitowoc, whose father, Henry Mulholland Sr., was one of the earliest settlers in the Meeme region, states that in his boyhood days the wild pigeons were so numerous in the vicinity as to darken the sun in their flight. He states further that the wild pigeons were destroyed by the Indians and by the early settlers in incredible numbers. He remembers the time when the nests were threshed from the trees with long poles and the young pigeons or squabs gathered up by the bushel by the Indians, who fried them in large pans to remove the oil from them. This pigeon oil was an article of barter and was offered by the dusky natives in exchange for whiskey and sometimes for the more essential articles of food and clothing. The traders then sold it to the settlers for use in lamps. It is said that when whiskey was exchanged for oil the traders were in the habit of putting a quart of water in the top of the barrel for every quart of whiskey that was drawn out at the bottom. When this dilution had gone too far, the Indians would refuse to trade until a new barrel was tapped.

As Meeme Post Office was on the old stage road midway between Manitowoc and Sheboygan, all stage vehicles stopped at the Mulholland home for dinner and to change horses. The result was that many visitors passed through the place; almost any noon hour of the year found the hamlet enlivened by transients, often men of note from the cities. This was especially true in winter when there was no boat service between Manitowoc and Sheboygan. Upon the arrival of the stage the entire population was wont to gather at the Mulholland tavern, there to discuss the news of the outside world as revealed by the Chicago papers.

The Meeme settlement was begun in 1847-48; in a few years there were enough people in the community to warrant

the building of a log church and the opening of a public school in the home of John Stewart. Mr. Stewart was the first of a long line of teachers in this rural school which played so large a part in the development of the community. In the beginning the settlers were poor and could barely afford the expense of maintaining the school; however, as the neighborhood developed the people showed their willingness to pay the price for the best of rural schoolmasters. Patrick O'Shea was one of the early teachers and took charge of the school in 1853 or thereabouts. He had been a schoolmaster of high-school rank in Ireland and was equipped with an excellent education for his day. His knowledge of mathematics is said to have been remarkable. However, the Meeme school board hesitated to employ him because of his broad brogue which probably diverged widely from classical English. He finally secured the position and fully justified the reluctant confidence of the august body that had hired him. The school board at this time consisted of Henry Mulholland Sr., Peter Walterbach, and Dennis Nagle. The last named was the father of John Nagle who in after years was known as an able educator and still later became the editor of the Manitowoc *Pilot*, in which capacity he attracted attention throughout the country by his philosophical editorials and other contributions. In his death, a few years ago, Manitowoc County lost one of its most distinguished citizens and Wisconsin its ablest newspaper man. It is a coincidence that the present editor of the Manitowoc *Pilot*, E. S. Crowe, is also one of the former Meeme boys.

Another of the teachers of the Meeme school was T. J. Walsh, who later went to Montana and is now United States Senator from that state. He is still remembered by the old-time residents of the district as an instructor of marked energy and commanding personality. One of the outstanding features of this rural school was its debating society. It is safe to say that the boys of the locality who later be-

came conspicuously successful in business, in the professions, or in politics, owe their success in large measure to the training they received in joint debates on the rostrum of the little schoolhouse. As the youth of this school attained the highest average of success of any rural district of Wisconsin, so was the school itself long considered the standard for country schools. The best teachers were always secured; and the matter of the salary paid was a secondary consideration. Some of our school boards of today could well find an object lesson in the history of the Meeme school.

Henry Mulholland Sr. donated three acres of land from his farm for a church site and cemetery. In 1848 a log church was built on this plot; this was torn down and replaced by a frame structure during the period of the Civil War. This congregation of St. Isadore's has had a continuous history from 1848 to the present time; a register of its membership during that long period would contain many names familiar to the people of Wisconsin and of the entire country.

The late Justice John Barnes of the Wisconsin Supreme Court was born and reared in the Meeme settlement. As a boy he attended the excellent rural school that was the intellectual corner stone of the community; later on he became a teacher in the same school. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1883 and practised law until he was elected municipal judge in Oneida County. Later he was appointed a member of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission from which position he resigned in 1907 rather than swerve from his convictions. In 1908 he was elected to the Supreme Court, serving until 1916, when he resigned to become general counsel for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee. He died in Milwaukee on January 1, 1919.

Judge Michael Kirwan of Manitowoc is also a Meeme product who made his way to a position of honor in Wisconsin. Before he studied law he was a teacher in the rural

schools and superintendent of schools for Manitowoc County. To him and John Nagle, who was also superintendent of schools before he became an editor, is given the credit for having raised the standard of the rural schools of Manitowoc County until they attracted the attention of the entire state. Judge Kirwan's ability, integrity, and fitness for his present judicial position are matters too well known in eastern Wisconsin to require extended comment.

Without detracting in any degree from the fame of the galaxy of brilliant men who at one time or another have called Meeme their home it may be said that John Nagle was more widely known during his lifetime than any of the others. Although this philosopher-essayist chose to spend his life and his talents in a small city on the shore of Lake Michigan he was born a newspaper man of metropolitan caliber, and his editorials and contributed articles were read from ocean to ocean.

The Connell family of Meeme sent out two physicians and surgeons: Dr. Daniel Connell now of Beloit, whose youthful oratory in the rural school gave him the nickname of "Daniel O'Connell"; and Dr. J. P. Connell who died several years ago in Fond du Lac where he had made a remarkable record as a successful surgeon.

The several Taugher families of this pioneer settlement contributed two priests and either two or three physicians. One of the former, the Reverend M. J. Taugher, was for many years located in Fond du Lac as pastor of St. Joseph's Church.

One of the early-day schoolmasters at Meeme was Henry Mulholland Jr., who was educated at St. Francis Seminary near Milwaukee. Other members of the Mulholland family were Peter, who was a captain in the Civil War and later sheriff of Manitowoc County; and Dr. John Mulholland. Peter Mulholland died a few years after the close of the Civil War, his illness and death resulting from exposure during his

military service. Among others who learned the lesson of self-reliance on the Meeme farms half a century ago were Dr. Hays; John Carey, a well-known local politician of three or four decades ago; and M. V. and J. E. Sullivan, now engaged in business in Fond du Lac.

The above record of illustrious sons is far from complete; however, it is sufficient to indicate the type of men who were developed in this farming community. One fact may explain the success of these farmer boys: the Meeme settlers evolved the idea of making their public school a social and intellectual center for adults as well as for children. Good literature was read to the assembled people; and oratory and alertness were developed in the frequent debating contests that were a major part of the school activities. No expense was spared in securing for the district the best teachers available. As a result no rural school in Wisconsin outranked the little institution at the Meeme crossroads. It was a case of casting bread upon the waters and finding it after many days.

CHRONICLES OF EARLY WATERTOWN

WILLIAM F. WHYTE

Watertown, now a staid, prosperous, and law-abiding community with what may be fairly called a homogeneous population, was during its early history rather a bustling place; and its inhabitants, made up of many different nationalities, frequently showed a disposition to step on their neighbors' toes in ways that promoted discord and wrangling, and sometimes led to serious breaches of the law.

The first settler, Timothy Johnson, was an American farmer of the better class of frontiersmen who came to Wisconsin in 1836 and settled in Watertown. There was a fall of twenty feet in Rock River in a space of about two miles, and because of this fact the village was for some time called Johnson's Rapids.

Johnson was followed by the Cole brothers and James Rogan in 1837, and the site of Johnson's Rapids was soon recognized as a good location for a future city. Lying forty-five miles west of Milwaukee, in a country covered by dense forests and well watered, it soon found favor with those pioneers of native and foreign birth who were looking for homes in the primeval wilderness. As an agent of the German settlers from Pomerania and Brandenburg reported to his friends who were waiting on the shores of Lake Michigan, "Here in this neighborhood we have both hay and wood." Along with the law-abiding and industrious settlers there came to Johnson's Rapids, as to every newly-settled community, men who had left the East in order to put a greater distance between themselves and the officers of the law.

During the first two decades of its history, Watertown was rather notorious as the headquarters of counterfeiters and horse thieves. The crude red-dog money of the early-day banks made counterfeiting an easy task, and the difficulty of communication in the days before the existence of the railroad and the telegraph gave the horse thief every ad-

vantage of escape. I do not know whether the frequently revised statutes of Wisconsin now regard horse stealing as such a heinous offense as our grandfathers did, but in those days a man who was caught red-handed got what was coming to him. Thirty years ago a poor chap stole a horse in Jefferson County. He repented of his sin and returned the animal to its owner, who was mean enough to make complaint and the offender was clapped in jail. He pleaded guilty at his trial, and the judge, whose memory harked back to pioneer days, gave him a sentence of seven years in the penitentiary, which was no doubt shortened by executive clemency.

The census of 1850 showed in Wisconsin a foreign-born population of 106,000 against 197,000 of American birth. The persecution of the German religionists by the Prussian autocracy, together with the Revolution of 1848, drove thousands of Germans across the Atlantic; and the hard times in Ireland consequent upon the famine years, 1845-48, were the motive power behind the emigration of people of Irish nationality. Members of these two nationalities did not mix very well, although the large majority belonged to the same political party. I have never been able to comprehend why the Irish emigrant, when he became an American citizen, chose the Democratic party, except that in the days of the Whig party the name was to him a reminder of the oppression and tyranny which he had suffered under British rule.

The German immigrants in the forties and fifties came from two classes: the peasant who left his native land because he wanted freedom for his church or was attracted by the cheap and fertile soil of Wisconsin, and the educated liberal who fled from political oppression. Members of the former class did not bother themselves much with politics or political parties, but as a rule were content to follow the more forceful and better educated of their countrymen, who

impressed on their minds that the Democratic party was the one to which they ought to declare their allegiance. The Revolution of 1848 in Germany has been idealized by American historical writers. The men who wanted to change Germany from an autocratic government to a democracy had not been educated in political science. They had lost the old freedom which their ancestors had cherished in the German forests and which their kinsmen had carried with them to England. Many of them, judging by those specimens who emigrated to America, were impractical men whose heads were full of notions which, put into practice, would instead of a political heaven on earth produce chaos in any state which they had attempted to control. They wanted to found a German state where they could preserve their mother tongue with all their German customs. A convention was held in Watertown in 1851 to consider the founding of such a state. It ended in talk. Shortly after, another convention was held to discuss the question of German rights. I am inclined to think that the prohibition question, which was being agitated in Wisconsin in the early fifties, had some influence on their actions. The state voted for prohibition in 1853, but the legislature neglected to pass a law enforcing the will of the people.

Carl Schurz, at that time a resident of Watertown, was even then recognized as a man of extraordinary ability, but he did not escape being assaulted with stale eggs in Watertown because he was "ein verdammte Republikaner." They did not expect anything but contrary opinions from many of the native born, but that a man of German birth should have the temerity to differ from them in politics was intolerable. The few Republican voters in the sixth ward were in the habit of marching to the polls in a body for reasons which were strictly prudential. The fourth of July, 1852, happened to fall on Sunday; as the custom always had been and still is, the citizens proposed to celebrate on the fifth.

Not so our newly naturalized citizens. They insisted on a Sunday celebration. So Watertown celebrated the anniversary of our independence on two successive days. Emil Rothe was the Sunday orator, and the exercises were conducted wholly in the German language. On Monday there was another celebration, with speeches in both languages. The Reverend Mr. Barth made the German speech, in which he took pains to denounce the Frankfort Revolutionary Convention as a godless assemblage because when it was proposed to open the convention with prayer the members of the convention hissed.

Many of the revolutionary element had been professional men in their native country and could ill adapt themselves to conditions as they found them in Wisconsin. Some of them made cigars which could not be smoked. Others attempted to make beer, which did not brew. My friend, the late Max H. Gaebler, tells a story of the early days of a brewery located north of the city limits between sixty and seventy years ago. Bad as was the beer, the drinkers of that day made liberal concessions, but they balked at the worst kind, so that where it was undrinkable the brewer fed it to his hogs on the farm. When the brewer's hogs lay on their backs pawing the air and squealing in riotous glee, the passing pioneer farmers, patiently driving their oxen to town, knew that another brew had miscarried. The brewery went bankrupt; and its principal asset, a thirty-five gallon copper kettle, came into possession of Joe Miller, the local coppersmith. In 1861 an orchestra was formed in Watertown to assist the choral society in performing Haydn's "Creation." Kettledrums were quite necessary but not available. So E. C. Gaebler, the conductor, commissioned Miller to build a pair. Miller utilized the old brewing kettle for the body of the larger one, and it was a success. Eventually the drums were sold to a musical society in La Crosse, where they were long in service. When the good

people of La Crosse listened to the sonorous roll of the kettle-drum, little did they suspect its turbulent origin.

Emil Rothe and Theodore Bernhard were a firm of cigar makers with antecedents much above mere mechanical pursuits. Rothe was a fluent speaker with a great love for political discussion. He represented Watertown in the legislature at one time and was several times a candidate for Secretary of State on the Democratic ticket. A report was current that he always got $500 for his expenses as a campaigner. Watertown did not prove a fruitful field for him as years went by, and he became the editor of the Cincinnati *Volksfreund*. Some years after his removal to that town he was a candidate for judge. Although there was a Democratic landslide that year it did not benefit Rothe and he was left outside the breastworks when the ballots were counted.

Theodore Bernhard, Rothe's partner, deserves more than passing notice. A graduate of the University of Berlin, he came to Watertown in the early fifties and represented the city in the legislature of 1856. For a great many years after the founding of the city, the public schools were in a chaotic condition, and private schools were in existence until 1863. Bernhard, who had been the head of a German private school for some time, was made principal of the new high school, with general supervision over the other schools in the city. He deserves a niche in the hall of fame among the city's worthies as the organizer of the Watertown school system. It was under his administration that the free textbook system was inaugurated, Watertown being the first city in Wisconsin to adopt the innovation. In spite of ill health (he was for a number of years a victim of chronic tuberculosis), he kept abreast of modern science, and nothing gave him so much gratification as to converse on subjects of a scientific nature. Aside from his school work he lived almost the life of a recluse. His library was his only solace.

He died in 1879, sixteen years after he became principal of the high school.

I have already said that the educated German immigrants were not always able to adapt themselves to conditions in the New World. The medical profession as a class was an exception to this rule; men of the type of Doctors Eger, Feld, Willguhs, and Fischer were successful in their work and gained the confidence of their fellow citizens.

The voters of Watertown in the decade of the fifties were as a rule passive followers of politicians who, wearing the Democratic label, manipulated the electors for the advantage of their party. The city was well governed, in the main; except during the long agitation over the question of the bonded debt, when the more ignorant of the electorate were persuaded by a few fanatics that the well-to-do and intelligent voters owned the bonds which the poor man would have to pay for, there was very little ground for criticism of the conduct of municipal affairs. The voters were honest, industrious, and worthy people, but having never been entrusted with political power in the land of their birth, they could not be expected to act as voters with discrimination or intelligence. The office of justice of the peace in the fifth ward was at one time held by a well-known character who was not distinguished for his knowledge of law. One Sunday afternoon in summer he was enjoying a peaceful game of tenpins with his friends at a west side resort. A message came that an arrest had been made within the limits of his jurisdiction, and his presence was desired in court. He was not long absent from Charlie Krebs' palm garden where the game had been continued by his friends. When asked on his return what had happened he reported, "O, dey arrested a fellow and he didn't got any money. So I gave him ten days in Juneau. Dey'll take him up tomorrow." About nine o'clock the same evening I saw a great crowd gathered about the door of the local jail. It did not

have the appearance of a peaceful assemblage, and thinking that I might earn an honest dollar in sewing up some citizen's torn scalp, I hurried to the scene. The air was thick with expletives and imprecations in voluble German (and impure English). I asked, "Was ist los?" "Raus musser; raus musser," was the only answer I received. The mob, consisting of the friends of the man who had been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment by the fifth ward Dogberry, was storming the jail. The marshal, John Richardt, who had sense enough to know that the man had been committed illegally, was soon persuaded by the irate supporters of the Sunday laws to release the prisoner, who went on his way rejoicing.

There settled in Watertown in the forties and fifties a number of members of the legal profession who, under more favorable auspices, might have risen to state- or nation-wide fame. They were all men of New England or New York origin, learned in the law, and I cannot understand why so many of them remained in Watertown, especially after the beginning of the railroad bond fight made it highly improbable that the town would attain a great degree of prosperity. Those members of the profession who left for other fields soon obtained the recognition which their talents deserved. Others remained and seemed to be content with the meager emoluments which their legal practice in an unprosperous town yielded. Perhaps the ablest lawyer who ever lived in Watertown was Jacob J. Enos. He settled there in 1844 and soon made his influence felt as a man of ability in his profession. He did not possess any of the arts of a politician and had no success in any attempt he ever made to gain political preferment. He was great as an expounder of the law, and it was a dull jury which Enos could not convince with his terse and trenchant logic. His commanding figure as he appeared on the streets made passersby turn and look after him. It has been my fortune to see quite a

number of kings, but I never have seen any scion of royalty who looked the part as much as did Jacob J. Enos. His reputation extended beyond the boundaries of Jefferson and Dodge counties. Chief Justice Dixon of the state supreme court was in the habit of telling the lawyers in Madison, "If you want to hear a case tried quickly and well, go down to Jefferson County and listen to Enos." I remember as a lad listening to his defense of some Jefferson members of the W. C. T. U. The women had sworn out a warrant against a saloon keeper in that town for selling liquor to minors. The beer merchant, to get back at them, had them arraigned for perjury. Fearing he could not sustain such a ridiculous charge in Jefferson he brought the case to Watertown, thinking, no doubt, that the reputation of that place might help him win his case. The district attorney of Jefferson County made a long-winded plea in favor of binding the women over to circuit court, and cited a New York case which he claimed bore out his contention. When he finished his argument, Enos said to him, "Hand me that book." He arose, cited a few lines from the same case, and in five minutes showed the justice, the district attorney, and everyone else within hearing that the saloon keeper's charge was perfectly ridiculous. On another occasion one of his clients was sued by a wholesale lumber firm for a debt. When the lumber dealers had put in their evidence, Enos arose and addressed the court in the following language: "Your honor, I never have defended a bare-face scandal and I don't propose to begin now. My client has deceived me. He has no case and I will have nothing more to do with him." Gathering up his papers he walked out of the court room.

Myron B. Williams was a prominent lawyer in Watertown for thirty years. He held the office of postmaster and was a number of times elected district attorney from Jefferson County. He was a gentleman of the old school, al-

ways immaculately dressed, and his political enemies nicknamed him "the respectable end of Jefferson County democracy." He was known as the most profound student of the Bible in his community. He never enjoyed a large practice, but when he left Watertown for Indianapolis he was soon recognized as a lawyer of learning and ability. The Indiana legislature had enacted a law authorizing the appointment of another circuit judge in Indianapolis. It devolved upon Governor Hendricks to make the appointment. The members of the bar met to make a recommendation to the governor. Benjamin Harrison, then the head of the Indiana bar, suggested that a ballot be taken so that the governor might be able to gauge the sentiment of the members of the legal profession. The vote was almost unanimous for Mr. Williams.

Williams' partner for a time was J. A. Lovely. He did not remain long in Watertown. He was a man of scholarly tastes and a well-trained lawyer. He left after a few years and settled in Albert Lea, Minnesota. Some twenty years later, having in the meantime changed his political coat, he was nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket. His political enemies in his own party, having heard of his Civil War record while a resident of Watertown, used that as a club to attack him after he had received the nomination. The services of Ira E. Leonard of New Mexico and Hiram Barber of Chicago, both former Watertown attorneys during Lovely's residence there, were invoked to attack Lovely. Barber stumped the district, spreading everywhere the tale of Lovely's disloyalty during the Civil War, with the result that he was beaten in a staunch Republican district. Some years afterwards, however, he was elected to the state supreme bench of Minnesota. He died an honored and respected citizen of that state. Hiram Barber, for many years a Watertown attorney, removed to Chicago and soon afterwards was elected to Congress from that city.

The man who as an attorney achieved the most enduring fame and rendered Watertown the greatest service of any of her citizens who have ever lived there, was Daniel Hall. He was a partner of J. J. Enos up to the time of the latter's death in 1874, and after that formed a partnership with C. B. Skinner, which continued until dissolved by the death of the latter.

It is not often that a great lawsuit is carried on from the beginning to a triumphant and successful ending during a period of twenty years by one man. I have written the story of the Watertown bond fight in another place,[1] and I will give it only passing notice here. Mr. Hall was elected to the legislature in 1869, 1870, and 1871. He was honored by being chosen speaker in 1872. The legislation designed to protect the city from being despoiled by the rapacity of the bondholders was enacted during Hall's first two terms as assemblyman. With this foundation the case of Watertown vs. the bondholders was carried from court to court until finally the Supreme Court of the United States decided in favor of the city. The bondholders had retained in their contention some of the most eminent lawyers in Wisconsin. In one or two suits H. L. Palmer, Matt H. Carpenter, D. K. Tenney, and the late Justice Pinney were engaged. Mr. Hall carried on the case of the city alone, with the advice and counsel of Theodore Prentiss, who ably assisted him in devising the legislation which protected the city. In the last case before the Supreme Court George W. Bird of Madison was Hall's coadjutor.

CARL SCHURZ

In his autobiography Carl Schurz passes over his life in Watertown in a rather cursory manner. Perhaps his financial misfortunes which, though no fault of his own, must have caused him much humiliation, led him to ignore many

[1] Wisconsin Historical Society, *Proceedings*, 1916, 268–307.

of the incidents of his career here. I remember seeing Mrs. Schurz and her daughters in Watertown as late as 1865, more than ten years after they first came to the place, so that they must have regarded Watertown as their residence for a number of years.

Schurz came to Watertown in the fifties, a few years after his escape from Germany, bought a farm in the fifth ward, and built a very pretty chateau, which unfortunately burned down a few years ago. Here he led an idyllic life: hunting in the daytime and garden parties in the evening occupied his leisure. He served as alderman of his ward for one term but did not mix in local politics to any extent; his head was too much in the clouds for him to fraternize with the local politicians even of his own nationality; and his stand on the all-absorbing slavery question was not a popular one, as we have already noted.

While a citizen of Watertown Schurz was placed in nomination for the office of lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket. A. M. Thomson, a veteran Wisconsin editor, in a history of the state written a number of years ago, tells of Schurz's appearance on that occasion. He was nominated by the party managers with the idea of catching the German vote. Thomson describes him as a long, lank, shabbily-dressed fellow with bushy red hair and spectacles. He was called on for a speech and responded. "He had not spoken ten minutes when we all knew that he was the ablest man in the room," writes the historian. He was beaten at the polls although Randall, the Republican nominee for governor, was elected by a couple of hundred majority. No doubt the old Know-nothing feeling, which had not quite died out, diverted votes enough from Schurz to elect his Democratic opponent.

Schurz sold some parcels of land from his farm to his peasant fellow countrymen; a blanket mortgage which had been given by him covered the whole. When the panic

of 1857 came and he could not meet his payments, "the tail went with the dog," and the little fellows were wiped out as well. No one at the time attributed any blame to Schurz for the catastrophe, for bankruptcies and foreclosures were altogether too common in those days to elicit much notice.

I remember attending with my father a meeting in Cole's Hall where Schurz was the principal speaker. It was in the campaign of 1860 in which he attained national fame as a political orator. My recollection of the meeting is that Schurz had very long legs and wore spectacles, and that a split rail was suspended from the ceiling of the hall to emphasize the fact that Lincoln had been a rail-splitter. The aftermath of the meeting was very exciting and was long remembered in Watertown. There had been what was called in those days a "Wide-awake" procession preceding the meeting. The Democrats had a Douglas banner suspended over Main Street, and it was alleged by the Republicans that it was purposely lowered that night. Some of the taller of the marchers reached up with their lanterns and singed it. The procession was attacked with brickbats and other missiles, most of which came from an alley next to Bieber's saloon, and the attackers took refuge in the saloon itself. After the procession had broken ranks, the Wide-awakes went back to the saloon with the intention of executing vengeance on their assailants. They found the door locked. With heavy planks, they battered it in. The saloon was full of Douglas sympathizers who attempted to get away through the rear entrance. They were met by members of the Wide-awakes and a wild mêlée ensued. The innocent bystanders in the saloon suffered with the guilty; a more thoroughly beaten crowd never emerged from a political fracas in Wisconsin.

Fights at the polling places were very common; I have said that as a measure for safety the Republicans of the

sixth ward made a practice of marching to the polls in a body on election day. I might relate an incident which happened at the second ward poll on election day, November, 1864.

Wenzel Quis, who in some way, although over the military age, had been accepted as a volunteer in the army, was home on a furlough. He was a rather feeble man at the time, although he lived to be over one hundred years old. He was well known to be a Republican in politics, and when he attempted to cast his ballot, he was hustled away from the polls, pitched into the street, and his uniform torn and covered with mud. On his way toward Main Street he met John Rutherford, also a veteran on furlough, who inquired:

"What is the matter, Wenzel?"

"I wanted to vote," Quis replied, "and see what they did to me."

"Come on, Wenzel," said Rutherford, "I am going to vote and I'll see if they will stop us or not."

Approaching the voting place he drew his revolver, and with his ballot in his left hand called out with a rousing oath, "See here, you Dutch copperheads! Get out of my way. I am going to vote for Lincoln."

The crowd made way instantly, and the two "Lincoln hirelings" voted without further molestation.

Schurz, as is well known, was a Liberal Republican in 1872 and presided over the Cincinnati Convention which, although made up of intelligent and liberal-minded men, made the colossal blunder of nominating Horace Greeley for president. Schurz was strongly in favor of Charles Francis Adams and was so disgusted at Greeley's nomination that he was disinclined to take any part in the campaign. He was finally persuaded, however, to take the stump for Greeley. Then Schurz's financial debacle at Watertown was looked up, and it was thought good politics to exploit the misfortunes of both him and his fellow sufferers who had

lost their little farms through his mismanagement. A man who could not support Grant because he was surrounded by a corrupt entourage bent on making his administration a spectacle ought to have a clean record himself. So Colonel Wetelstedt, a Milwaukee newspaper man, was put on the job. In a short time he produced statements and affidavits denouncing Schurz as a rascal. They were published in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and given the widest publicity in the Republican press. Charles H. Gardner, a Watertown attorney, went over the ground in the attempt to produce counter statements but with ill success. The aggrieved parties were few and without influence, and it was thought good politics to bring Schurz to Watertown, where his alleged misdeeds were committed. He spoke in the public square on September 19 to a large but apathetic audience; as a supporter of Grant, I must confess that while listening to his speech he nearly took me off my feet. It was a terrific arraignment of Grant's administration; but I had to admit its truthfulness. I was comforted by only one circumstance —he did not say a word in favor of Horace Greeley. He denounced with all the eloquence at his command the faults and blunders of Grant, and at the end of any period his refrain was, "My friends, if you do not like this, then range yourselves under the banner on which the name of Horace Greeley is inscribed." I met an old farmer by the name of Spiegelberg a number of years afterwards, who told me that he was one of those who had lost land by the foreclosure, and that after the campaign was over he had written to Schurz asking him what, if anything, he intended to do in the matter. Schurz wrote to him to apply to Henry Mulberger, a Watertown attorney, who paid Spiegelberg money as Schurz's attorney. I rather think that it was creditable on his part to pay money in a case where he was not legally obligated to do so.

This must be said in Schurz's favor also: he never sought to make capital of his nationality. A large proportion of our citizens of foreign birth who have gained political preferment in our republic have done so because they had the good fortune to have been born abroad and have been appointed or elected to office because it was thought "good politics" to placate the foreign-born voters. Schurz achieved distinction in the United States not because of his birth, but by virtue of his extraordinary ability. As a statesman and philosopher he is, in my opinion, without a peer in recent American history.*

A PROBLEM IN CHURCH BUILDING

The Methodist church in Watertown has never until late years been a flourishing organization and without doubt would have died but for the facts that in the early life of Watertown a lot had been donated for a Methodist church and the missionary society contributed yearly to its support.

The few disciples of John Wesley were engaged in the attempt to erect a church edifice. The struggle seemed hopeless when the tempter in the shape of a society of Freethinkers approached them with the proposition that they would help finish the building if they could have the use of the church for their meetings occasionally. A considerable number of the early settlers of American origin were disbelievers in Christianity, and among them were the prominent men of the village. A Tom Paine society flourished for several years, and as late as 1859 a call for the formation of what was styled a "liberal religious organization" was signed by a large number of prominent business men. The Episcopalians had built a new church edifice, and the Free-

*Some may disagree with the author's flattering judgment of Carl Schurz, as others may disagree with his unflattering judgment of certain of the more local characters here portrayed. But the future historian, in generalizing concerning types of leadership in Wisconsin communities, will have cause to praise the frankness with which Doctor Whyte writes concerning men whose careers he knows, and the courage he manifests in assuming full responsibility for his statements in the face of certain criticism. J. S.

thinkers bought the old church for their use. The organization was not long lived, however, and the "church" was bought soon after by an enterprising citizen at a sacrifice sale and turned into a planing-mill. However, the few impecunious Methodists and their spineless pastor, who feared that their attempt to finish the church was hopeless, succumbed to the temptation and agreed in return for the desired financial assistance to allow an "infidel" orator to speak in the meetinghouse on week days occasionally.

This agreement between the disciples of Christ and the "sons of Belial" was adhered to until the advent of a new minister. The Methodist custom in those days was to change ministers frequently; from one to three years was the rule for a preacher to remain in one station. When the new preacher came, the unbelievers reminded him of their agreement with his predecessor and requested the use of the church for one of their meetings. But they met with unexpected opposition.

"What do you take me for?" shouted the irate disciple of John Wesley. "I am a Methodist minister, and this church is a Methodist church, a church of Jesus Christ, and nothing but His gospel shall be preached from its pulpit."

The Free-thinkers had no written agreement or contract and found themselves helpless in the matter.

THE SANS EPISODE

The Rev. Christian Sans was a well-known character in Watertown in the decade between 1850 and 1860. He was a Lutheran minister of rather a more liberal type than the Missouri Synod approved; his church under his dominating personality was a numerous body composed largely of German immigrants of the peasant class, whose industrious habits were at that time rapidly turning the wilderness into fertile farms. They were loyal to their minister and so far as they understood his aims and projects they did not op-

pose him. But when he was attacked and persecuted by those outside of the church, they did not defend him as they ought to have done. Sans was an enthusiast, eager to build up his church and promote the cause of religion in the community, but in the judgment of contemporaries who were friendly to him, somewhat lacking in tact. He was a practical and kind shepherd to his flock; if any of the poor families in the church were in need, he would appeal to the well-to-do and insist upon their supplying the wants of the less fortunate.

Had he confined his energies to work in his congregation, he might have remained in Watertown for the term of his natural life. But the blood of reformers and agitators flowed in his veins; and he soon aroused the antagonism of the unbelievers of his own nationality in the community, who having fled from oppression in Germany were determined that no one should be allowed to differ from them in this land of freedom and equality, especially if he were a German.

I have already enumerated some of the characteristics of the German unbelievers in Watertown who overawed by their noise and bullying the more ignorant and peaceable of their fellow countrymen. Although the country was new and the great majority of his congregation was poor, Sans by persistent begging both in this country and in Germany built a church which was dedicated in 1855 and is still used for congregational meetings by St. Mark's Society. It is a commodious structure, without, however, any pretense to beauty of architecture or design.

Sans was a man of gigantic stature, and on the street with his dignified stride and his yellow hair flowing over his shoulders he was a fine example of those Teutons who under Arminius overthrew the Romans in the Teutoburger Wald. He was anxious to Americanize the Germans as rapidly as possible and promoted prayer meetings in which both the

English and the German languages were used. He had an American Sunday school in his church, of which Heber Smith, afterwards one of the organizers of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, was superintendent. As a small boy, I attended this school and can well remember Dr. Sans's broken English and portly figure when he addressed the children at the close of the exercises.

Attempts on his part to bring the American and German Christians closer together were used as an argument against him by his enemies, but these alone would not have been sufficient to arouse the feeling which put his life in jeopardy if he had not attacked customs which his enemies regarded as sacred, and institutions which their newly-acquired political prejudices led them to believe must be defended with their hearts' blood. Sans had the temerity to denounce Sunday drinking and Sunday picnics as sinful, and he was, moreover, an opponent of slavery. He was charged with immoral practices by his enemies who claimed that his life in the East had been inconsistent with his professions before he came to Watertown. One charge they made against him he did not deny, namely: that he had taken his stepfather's name. Many years afterwards I was told by German women living on what is known as the Sugar Island that they were members of Sans's confirmation class and occupants of his home when young girls, and that his household was an ideal Christian home.

The opposition to Pastor Sans, as I have already said, did not come from his own congregation, but from men who cared nothing for the purity of the Christian Church and its minister; they had been held in check by an arbitrary government in Germany, and in Wisconsin they mistook license for freedom. The Anglo-Americans took up the cudgels for Sans. They did not take sides in the controversy over his morals, but they insisted that as an American citizen he be protected in his life and liberty. My father was a

man nearly sixty years of age at the time of the controversy; I well remember his sleeping in Sans's house, armed, as did many others of the law-abiding citizens of the town. Sans was no doubt indebted for his life to C. B. Skinner, the mayor of Watertown. Skinner was a quiet, peaceable citizen, a lawyer by profession, and a man in some respects like Macaulay's Puritan, "proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious." When the controversy was at its height, and the air was filled with threats against Sans, Skinner called some of the leaders together and addressed them in these words: "You people are threatening to kill Sans. Now you may succeed. But I am mayor of this city and I warn you that if you attempt to carry out your threats some of you will go with him. No man shall be murdered by mob law in this town if I can prevent it; and if shooting some of you people is necessary to protect Sans, I shall see that it is done." This warning had a decidedly quieting effect on the agitators.

About this time a donation party was given for Sans in Cole's lower hall. A dinner was served, and speeches were made by prominent citizens who, whether partisans of Sans or not, believed in the old English idea of fair play. At the close of the meeting those who came out of the hall saw a group of the "sons of Belial" standing at the landing with the evident intention of pushing Sans headlong down the stairs. Mayor Skinner drew a pistol and pushed his way to the front, shouting: "I'll shoot the first man who touches Sans." It is needless to say that Sans went home in safety that night.

On June 24, a committee of the Franchean Synod, of which Sans was a member, met at Watertown and decided "the charges against him were of a hearsay character and involved material contradictions; that they had been passed on in the East and nothing had been produced that has any standing in a court of justice; and until additional evidence

can be shown we cannot but hold Mr. Sans entitled to the confidence and respect of the Christian public."

Those whose courage and sense of justice had saved Sans from violence finally advised him that in the interest of peace and tranquillity he had better leave the town. He could not do any good with the feeling against him, however unjustifiable it might be. He therefore accepted the pastorate of a Lutheran church in Joliet, Illinois, and died there twenty-five years afterwards, a highly respected citizen.

THE BATTLE OF HABHEGGER'S BRIDGE

Watertown, always Democratic in its politics, showed strong Copperhead tendencies during the Civil War period. In 1861 when President Lincoln called for volunteers, a company was raised which formed a part of the Third Wisconsin Infantry. The local military company which had been in existence for several years disbanded on the outbreak of the Rebellion. In the winter of 1861 a part of a company was raised in Watertown under the captaincy of O. D. Pease, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh in the spring of 1862. A number of young men also joined the First and Third regiments of cavalry. An Irish company was also recruited, which was not full owing to the fact that many men of that nationality had enrolled in other companies. They formed a part of the Seventeenth Wisconsin Infantry (the Irish Brigade) and did valiant service in the Southwest. In the summer of 1862 two more companies were raised: the German (Sigel Guards), and the so-called American Companies. The Sigel Guards formed a part of the Twentieth Regiment which, under the command of Henry Bertram, a Watertown man, participated in the battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

The Twentieth Regiment had the largest casualty list of any Wisconsin regiment in a battle of the Civil War. The company was composed of men of German birth or parent-

age with one exception, John Ramsay, a Scot, who was killed at Prairie Grove. In the casualty list at Prairie Grove was John Weber, captain of the Watertown company. Captain Bird of Madison said to me recently that Weber was the most heroic man whom it had been his fortune to know in the army. His leg was shattered, and he, with other wounded, was driven seven miles over a corduroy road to Fayetteville. Although he must have suffered untold agony during the journey he did not utter a word of complaint, nor did a groan escape his lips. His leg was amputated, and he died a few days later in the hospital at Fayetteville.

Notwithstanding this very creditable war record there were in Watertown a large number of stay-at-homes who, as the war dragged on and the issue seemed doubtful, became bitter opponents of Lincoln's administration. The "Knights of the Golden Circle" was the leading Copperhead organization in the northwestern states. I do not know whether there were any "Knights" in Watertown, but they certainly had numerous sympathizers. After it was found necessary by the administration to pass a draft law to fill the depleted ranks of the volunteers, the opposition to the war became very pronounced; threats of what might be deemed open rebellion were frequently heard.

But the antiwar men did not have it all their own way. Some of the supporters of Lincoln were fearless and outspoken and did not hesitate to defend the administration when they thought it was their duty. Such an one was Edward Johnson, a druggist, a man of Irish birth, a Democrat, who, although a man of education and culture, was not averse to what the Irish call a "public fight." The Irish blood was warm in his veins; later on, in his old age, he was an enthusiastic champion of home rule for Ireland. In his absence from his store one day an anti-Lincoln banner was suspended from the roof to the building across the street.

When Johnson returned and saw the flag he seized an ax, climbed upon the roof, and hacked off the offending emblem. As it trailed in the dust of the street the irate druggist came down and standing in front of his store swung the ax around his head and threatened to brain any man who dared to put that rag back on his roof again.

Opposition to the administration took concrete form when a company of draft resisters was organized in Watertown, who in some way obtained possession of arms and met regularly in Cole's Hall. They made no secret of their intention to resist enrollment and to come to the assistance of any of their fellow sympathizers who might be in danger of molestation by any of "Lincoln's hirelings." The opportunity for which the souls of these draft resisters had thirsted soon presented itself. How they intended to proceed in their resistance to the government I do not think any of the pacifist heroes thought out in his own mind. But we who have lived through the years of the Great War and have really thought that our pro-Germans and pacifists were terrible fellows have no idea of the blind rage and fury which filled the Copperhead bosom in the years 1863-65. Lincoln was assailed every day in the press. "Tyrant," "oppressor," "widow maker," were the usual epithets hurled at "Honest Abe"; and no wonder that the ignorant, deluded citizens who read every day in their newspapers such diatribes against the President, which were ignored by an indulgent government, thought they had a right to resist the actions of such tyrants who were too weak even to call their slanderers to account. It may be that the sympathy for the rebellious South was created by the situation which the latter had brought about. They had, with the men of the North, been voting the Democratic ticket for years. The Southern Democrats had been the political compatriots of their Northern fellow citizens; now the latter were to be forced to go to war against them, to shoot men who had been

their brethren in politics and who were defending the sacred institution of slavery for which their Northern associates had been apologizing only a short time before.

The time had come for them to defend their principles. One fine summer day a courier came in from an adjoining town, bringing the news that the enrolling officer was taking down the names of those eligible for the draft. A detachment of the Watertown company hurriedly assembled and with their muskets on their shoulders started for the scene. These volunteers wore no uniforms and did not show any soldierly discipline or bearing as they marched through Main Street and turned north for the scene of the outrage which they were so eager to suppress. But they made up in zeal and enthusiasm for what they lacked in soldierly bearing. They reached, after marching about a mile from the city, a bridge crossing Rock River, where was located a grocery and saloon, a favorite stopping place for farmers entering or leaving the town. It was a warm day, and the company stopped to assuage their thirst with a glass or two of beer. While engaged in this congenial occupation, they were met by another courier with the news that the enrolling officer was escorted by seven soldiers armed with rifles. This was cold news. What could they do? Like Lars Porsena's soldiers at the bridge over the Tiber, "Those behind cried forward and those in front cried back." They finally compromised on a few more glasses of beer and with their arms reversed marched back to the city. The doughty warriors never appeared again in public in martial array; their subsequent activities were confined to verbal denunciation of the government.

RACIAL ELEMENTS

The prosperity of Watertown in the past and its present satisfactory financial status are due in great part to the thrifty and industrious farming population. The town

did not appeal to the development of manufacturing interests owing to the "bogeyman," the railway bonded debt, and its growth was no doubt hampered for forty years by that unfortunate situation.

But the fertile soil of the surrounding territory attracted the sturdy yeomanry of native and foreign origin; and the urban population could always rely on their rural neighbors for support. Judson Prentice, the pioneer surveyor, told me that he sent the Irish newcomers north and west, the Germans east, and the Americans south. Whatever his intentions may have been, it made little difference in the ultimate trend of the population. The Germans from Brandenburg and Pomerania were sent east to the hilly and less attractive township of Lebanon, Dodge County; but the sturdy peasants, disgusted with the petty tyranny of the Prussian kings, were not discouraged by the hills of Lebanon. Their perseverance and industry soon transformed the wilderness into a garden; and today there is no more valuable land or finer improved farms in Wisconsin. Ten years ago I motored with Senator Norris of Nebraska eight miles east to the neighborhood called the "Trechel." As we were returning I said to him, "Senator, what do you think of this country?" He replied, "I am amazed at the fine cattle, the beautiful homes, and spacious barns. I have never seen anything like this anywhere." The Lebanon settlement was made up largely of people who had been small proprietors in their native land and brought sufficient money with them to buy land, not only for themselves but for their children also. I knew one settler in the town of Ixonia who bought a farm for each of his five sons. The wealthiest immigrant, a man named Arndt, brought $25,000 in gold with him and at one time owned nearly one thousand acres of good farm land in Dodge County.

But it made little difference how much capital these German peasants brought with them. They soon by dint of

industry and thrift bought a piece of land; then the heads of the family with the children set about paying off the mortgage and erecting buildings for the cattle. I know that frequently the family lived in the log house until after the commodious basement barn could be erected to shelter the stock.

The townships of Emmett and Shields north and west of Watertown were settled by immigrants from Ireland and were for forty-five years known as Irish towns. Many of these immigrants were industrious and capable farmers. They controlled the politics of the towns for fifty years; however, as the original settlers died out their places were taken by Germans. The sons and daughters of the Irish did not seem to care for the quiet life of the farmer. They drifted to the cities; many of them did not marry; and the "peaceful penetration" of the Teuton gradually crowded out the Celt.

I have mentioned the lack of political ability of the German immigrant. The second generation seems to be "catching on," to use a slang phrase. For many years the politics of the town of Emmett were controlled by men of Irish birth or parentage. As time went by, however, the Germans, who had come to be in the majority, insisted upon their share of the town offices and forced a division. The Irish were finally compelled to be satisfied with the office of town clerk; as that worthy citizen has gone to his reward, no doubt the office is now filled by a voter of Teutonic extraction. The history of the two towns which I have just mentioned can be duplicated in every township surrounding the city of Watertown. The Saxon has driven out the Celt even as his cousins did hundreds of years ago when they braved the storms of the North Sea and drove the original inhabitants of the Island of Britain into the mountains of Wales and the highlands of Scotland.

The hardships which these immigrants endured in their native Germany fitted them better to achieve fortune in the land of their adoption than if their circumstances had been different. In Germany the so-called Gutsbesitzers or large proprietors gave the laborers on their estates just enough to keep them in good working condition but kept them so "close handed" for money that it was impossible for them to lay up enough to pay their passage to a new country. One farmer who had retired to the city to pass his old age in comfort told me that he was very economical in his youth; and by the time he was twenty-eight he had saved about fifty dollars which carried him and his bride across the Atlantic. The usual custom among the landed proprietors in Pomerania was to give the day laborer on the estate, in addition to his cabin and a small patch of land for potatoes, a yearly dole of one half a hog, the wool of two sheep, and linen enough for the housewife to weave for the family use. A very small sum of money was given him also; and so he lived from hand to mouth from youth to old age. Quite a number were brought to America by what is called "Freikarten." Some one of the family or a relative in the States would save enough to pay the passage money for those still in Europe; in this way large numbers were enabled to emigrate.

On the outskirts of Watertown was located what is known as the "Mecklenburg Settlement." Prior to the year 1866 the peasants of Mecklenburg were held in a state of practical serfdom by the Grand Duke. Being granted a large measure of freedom, a stampede of laborers took place from the Duchy, many of them coming to Watertown. This migration caused a stringency in the labor market in Mecklenburg, which was relieved by the importation of laborers from Sweden. Forty years ago it was not uncommon in Watertown to find Swedes who spoke Mecklenburg German—German with a Swedish intonation.

Among the early Lebanon settlers Christian communism was practiced to some extent. The wealthier immigrants contributed to the needs of those less fortunate. John Moldenhauer, one of the well-to-do pioneers, gave $500 toward aiding his poor brethren to emigrate; in 1843, $500 was a large sum of money. Land hunger, which in an individual means wealth and in a nation means empire, has been a characteristic of the citizens of Watertown, especially those of German extraction. Hundreds of the laboring class lived on the outskirts of the city, each with his little two- to ten-acre patch of ground, which was cultivated by the family while the head was employed as a day laborer on the railway or in a factory. By the census of 1900 Watertown ranked as the second city of the United States from the viewpoint of ownership of homes by the inhabitants. I have no doubt that the census of 1920 will show that it still ranks high in this respect.

Wherever one travels through large cities south or east of Chicago during the poultry season, the eye will catch the sign: "Watertown Stuffed Geese." This industry, which has long ago been "verboten" in Germany on the ground of cruelty to animals, still flourishes among the descendants of the German immigrants in the vicinity of Watertown. It is a source of considerable revenue to the farmer who possesses the necessary technical skill to carry on the process with safety to the goose. The large geese of the flock which weigh at least eighteen pounds are imprisoned in a box, only the head and neck protruding. The housewife prepares noodles of meat, and the goose is stuffed every six hours for three weeks. The bird gains at least ten pounds in that time and then is slaughtered for the market. A few years ago these geese were sold by weight as follows: a goose weighing twenty-five pounds would bring twenty-five cents a pound; for every pound above that the dealer would pay an extra penny so that a thirty-five pound goose would bring

over $12. These were prewar prices which have since no doubt changed greatly to the advantage of the goose farmer. Stuffing geese is an ancient custom. In the tombs of the sacred bulls in Egypt, which are four thousand years old, I saw carved on the walls a pictorial representation of the same process which has made our Watertown farmers famous.

The immigrants from Germany brought with them their love for music and dramatics. The Turnverein and the Concordia Musical Society were rival organizations; for many years creditable performances were given by both societies. The Turners would give an amateur theatrical entertainment and athletic exhibit every two weeks during the winter season and the musical society would alternate with a concert or a play. Thus the German citizens of Watertown did not lack for entertainment. I remember on one occasion Schiller's *Marie Stuart* was put on the boards by the musical society. The rôle of the Earl of Leicester was taken by a tailor who wore a very long beard which was not trimmed for the occasion. I wondered at the time whether Queen Bess, had she allowed such a courtier in her presence, would have sworn a longer oath than was her custom. These societies have gone into the limbo of the past. We can say of the amateur actors:

> The knights are dust, their swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

The music hall is now an Elk Lodge room, and the spacious "Turnhalle" is used only occasionally for political meetings.

AN HISTORICAL MUSEUM

CARL R. FISH

One of the easiest and most amusing additions a community can make to its attractions is an historical museum. The first step is to catch your curator. The prime duty of the first curator is collection. Little discrimination is needed, and, in the beginning little special knowledge, but one should be interested to learn many things, should be ordinarily honest, have hustle and ingenuity, and ooze with tact. Almost every community has some man, or more probably some woman, with these qualities, who would find in such work an interest for spare hours and who could before many years command the interest and co-operation of the whole neighborhood.

The next thing needed is a place. This will probably be wherever one can find room; but it is just as well to consider where an historical museum belongs. All Wisconsin towns have schoolhouses; most have libraries. Even small cities in Wisconsin are beginning to develop zoos, Madison for instance, having a very beautiful and interesting one. Many normal and high schools are building up commercial museums, and Mr. Peckham created in Milwaukee a valuable museum of natural history. Here and there are, also, the beginnings of an art museum. All these are part of the educational equipment and should work together in harmony. Any combination of them that works is satisfactory, but some are preferable to others. The commercial museum is usually in the high school, and there are perfectly respectable associations for an historical museum, but one cannot get over the fact that a school building is associated with the education of the young and that adults are often scared away. The most appropriate combination is with the library and art museum, of which a most charming and effective illustration is offered at Green Bay, than which I

have not seen anything more attractive, for its size, in Europe or America.

When a place for storage and exhibition has been secured, the next step will be the accumulation of material. Now the curator will need all her personal knowledge of families, and their histories, and their attics; all her zest in arousing people's interest in their past and their pride in having others know it; all her art in giving publicity and interest to the project. The schools, the press, and the Boy Scouts should be freely used; the curator must be prepared to answer calls to investigate treasures that are useless or that will really never be offered. Nothing must be rejected; note must be taken of everything whether it is offered or not—for who can tell what circumstance may at any moment cause the dispersal of a family's garnered treasures—and many of the best things must be accepted "on deposit," though one should try for a free gift. The two essentials are to get all one can, and to have tagged or to tag every object with the donor's story, which is often inaccurate, but may serve as a point of departure in "placing" the article.

And now when the first harvest is gathered in, the curator will sit down with it and think it over. At first it will seem to resemble a church rummage sale collection, and the first thought will be to give up the whole plan or to eliminate most of the accumulated treasures. Only, however, when a museum is very old and well established can it afford to eliminate, and then only sparingly. People must be made to feel confidence and appreciation; if their contributions are too impossible they may be left for a long time harmlessly in the purgatory of "not yet arranged." It is equally important that no fledgling curator can know what should be eliminated. Value often depends on combination; the least considered trifle may prove to be the chief stone of the corner. Arrangement may at first seem quite hopeless; at this point it would be well to consult the ever helpful Mr.

Brown of the State Historical Society's museum. A museum can never, however, be arranged on a classified system as can a library. The material must be allowed to dictate its own arrangement and will reveal some proper system if one gives it earnest thought.

Usually the first natural grouping will illustrate the pioneer life of the community. Tools, china, glassware, used by the first settlers; clothes they brought to the West with them, and quite different clothes they made after they reached the West; harness and old hymn books, fire irons, old guns, knives, spectacles and wigs, pictures, family portraits and their successors, the daguerreotypes, skillets, dolls, and medicine bottles, hair wreaths, baby linen, war medals, and old documents. Nearly any Wisconsin community still possesses in its homes enough reminders of the first days to make those days live again in the minds of the younger generation, if all be gathered together and displayed with cleverness.

But such a first reaping is almost sure to bring together much more. Our citizens came from many places, and few came quite empty handed. Smaller, stronger, and less perishable relics will drift in, which will serve as a basis for a case devoted to England, new and old, Pennsylvania and the states to the south, Germany or Belgium or Holland. Recent immigrants should not be forgotten. Wisconsin is as good a place as any in the world in which to pick up Russian brass. Bohemians and Greeks are still in touch with their old homes and patriotic enough to send back for characteristic things, cheap enough there, but adding immensely to the scope and interest of the museum.

The first collection will always be the heart of the museum, for its interest will be twofold. First will be the local association, and second will be the fascination which always attaches to hard work, for most of the articles will antedate the era of manufacturing. The foundation of the collection

will, also, be well established, for always the pioneer life and the earlier history of the various strains of population that made the community will be the central interests.

One further branch should, and may, easily be started, though it may be advisable to defer it a little and give it the advantage of a separate campaign. This is the life preceding settlement, that of the Indian and the trapper. Almost any portion of Wisconsin affords today such material, but it is not unlimited, and if not speedily gathered in, will soon disappear.

In building up the museum after it is once started, the curator should use the interest it creates to secure the assistance of others, and should drain to the limit the sources already mentioned to fill out the groups already started. Other lines, however, will continually open up, some of which are less dependent on outside good will, and more on personal initiative. For instance, photographs should be taken of storied spots and of houses interesting in themselves or because of their associations. The museum must aim to make it possible to visualize the locality at different periods. Not only amateur, but even professional photographers will often freely give their services if they are properly asked and know that what they give will be arranged in attractive form.

One connects the idea of a museum with old things, but a live curator must prepare for the future, when the things of today will be old. It may be impossible to make the museum properly illustrate the life which preceded the starting of the collection; there can be no excuse for not having it ready to reveal the life of today, though much contemporary material may seem to have no interest and had best be packed away for future revival. The curator should let no celebration pass, no important political campaign, no innovation in the way of living, without storing up illustrative relics. For instance, I always find people in-

terested in ancient clothing. It has long been a hobby with me that a most enthralling collection could be made by asking men and women of the community to donate partly worn clothes, having them cleaned and packed away. What a sensation could be created by keeping them through the period that they are "out-of-fashion," until they are "old-fashioned!" I believe that almost any town carrying out this plan systematically for a while could, without expense, suddenly produce a collection of which I do not know the equal.

All that has been mentioned so far can be done with very little money—merely what is required for simple cases and for the repair and preservation of some of the exhibits. The opportunity for spending money, however, is, as in the case of most things, enormous, and any healthy museum, once started, will find and spend. On what to spend it first is the question. Of course an historical museum should aim not solely to cultivate the self-consciousness of the community, but also its sympathies and imagination, by presenting something of the world outside. The world, however, is a large place. Probably one should mostly trust to accident, chance gifts from travelers, missionaries, and others possessing local pride and foreign association. Every museum should, however, have some one line that it actively pursues.

Sometimes a start will come by chance. The Nunnemacher collection of arms and armor in Milwaukee is an example. Some years ago a complete set of the Piranesi etchings of Rome was discovered at Superior. About this collection there might have been built up a section on Rome which would have enabled the children there to grow up with a lively sense of the greatest center of the world's history. If such nucleus is lacking, some local circumstance may give a clue. One of the most interesting small museums I ever saw was in Northampton in England. This town has for centuries been a center of boot and shoe manufacture. The

museum has collected illustrations of footwear from all ages and climes. It is not only interesting, but useful in furnishing ideas to the industrial workers of the town. How valuable would such a collection on the history of paper be at Neenah, Menasha, or Appleton, or one on fly fishing at Stevens Point, or river transportation at La Crosse, or dams and locks at Portage, or the history of lumbering at Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, Stevens Point, or La Crosse.

And now having spoken of the easily practicable, we shall consider for a moment the ideal—a practicable ideal which has been realized in many places. The ideal place for an historical museum is in an historic building. I remember the hours of joy I passed as a boy among the quaint objects collected at Newport, Rhode Island, in an historic church building. Nearly every town possesses some building of interest because of its structure or its associations; in time such buildings nearly always become useless for their original purposes, and then is the time for the museum, with a reputation based on its career, to step in and preserve an object of historic interest by giving it a new use, perhaps sharing it for a while with some other public body, as at Holden, Massachusetts, where a social settlement uses part of a fine old historic house, and in Green Bay, where the Tank cottage is used as a branch of the public library and for a museum.

Once in possession of such an appropriate home, the museum should arrange some part of it as it once was—not as a place to show off many things, but to reproduce an actual bit of the past, with the old things ready for their old uses. The finest museum piece in America is Mount Vernon, which is kept practically as Washington lived in it, enabling us to see the man and to realize the life of his time. A very perfect special museum is Pemberton House in Providence, Rhode Island. The original house was built about 1800, in which Mr. Pemberton long lived, devoting his time and

money to furnishing it as it would have been at that time. He never overfurnished, but if he found something better than he possessed he discarded what he had. After his death the house was reproduced in fireproof materials, and one can see today exactly how a gentleman lived a century and a quarter ago. Such examples are too much to ask of most communities; but a room, or a workshop, a printer's office, or a log cabin, presented exactly as it might have been at some given period, would give our generation the most vivid conception possible of the life of the past and would become a magnet of attraction drawing visitors to any community that has the spirit to see the thing through.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: INTO THE SOUTHLAND[1]

CHAUNCEY H. COOKE

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY,
25th, REGT. WIS. VOLUNTEERS.
February 28th, 1863.

DEAR SISTER: Your letter came in due time. It was handed me yesterday by the orderly as I came off guard. You rate me pretty low on composition and spelling but I mean to do better. Yes, I sent my clothes the day before we left Madison. I directed the box in care of Giles Cripps at Trempealeau. Father will have to get it from there. It weighs about 100 pounds. You will know my knapsack by my name stamped on one of the shoulder straps. Barney Bull has a coat in my bundle, all the rest belongs to the Mondovi boys outside of my knapsack. Father should leave their clothes at Yankee Town,[2] where their folks will get them. I hope father won't wear my coat. I hate to see a civilian in soldier's dress. If I ever get back it will do me for some time, and if I don't get back give it to some poor soldier in the neighborhood. You did not say anything of my letter written on the eve of leaving Madison for Cairo, Illinois. Of course you have it by this time. The sweethearts and wives of the boys from all parts of the state swarmed about the station to say good bye. There were lots of mothers and fathers too. The sweethearts smiled but the mothers and wives shed tears. I saw a few tears in the eyes of some of the married men. It made me think of the song I have heard father sing so many times. Here are two lines: "Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career; Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear." There were a thousand handkerchiefs fluttering in the air waving final adieus as the two long trains bearing the 25th slowly pulled out of the station to begin their journey south. I don't remember what I wrote you about Cairo. They say it is a bit like Cairo in Egypt. Our Cairo has more rats I'll bet, and it is built right in

[1] Earlier installments of these unusual war time letters have been published in the issues of this magazine for September and December, 1920.

[2] Now Gilmanton, Buffalo County, Wisconsin.

the forks of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. I don't like the people. They are half rebs, never look at a soldier nor speak in passing. There are a lot of steamers tied up here loaded with supplies for Vicksburg and other points occupied by our troops.

The site of our camp here in Columbus, Ky. is fine. We can see for miles up and down the river. We are on a high bluff 200 feet higher than the town. The water is not good tho and we drink cold coffee to quench thirst. No enemy can approach us by water and on the land side we throw out pickets every day in a half-moon circle touching the river above and below town, so we cannot be taken by surprise from the land. We have a lot of heavy cannon behind strong breastworks overlooking the river so that no hostile fleet could reach us. On the land side there seems little danger of attack. Half the people in this part of Kentucky are Union and we would have plenty of warning of any rebel advance. I have been on picket duty in the woods some two miles from town twice since coming here. My beat was supposed to keep moving constantly back and forth for two hours at a stretch.

A comrade would be on a similar beat either side of me but one was not allowed to have any conversation with comrades on guard. Say I want to tell you its a lonesome job specially if the night is cloudy and dark. Its an awful good time to think of home and soft warm bed and all that. Then I would say to myself—what's the use. When the stars are shining I always look for the dipper and the north star. They are both a little lower down here than in the North but they look just as friendly as they did in Wisconsin. There is a sort of companionship in the stars when one is alone. I remember how I used to look up at the stars when I was out trapping alone with old Prince, over Traverse Creek or in Borst Valley. The barking of foxes and the snort of passing deer would keep me awake for hours. Old Prince and I slept under the same blankets with nothing over us but the sky.

Ah, but those delightful days are no more and I am here in far away Kentucky. Confound it there goes the drum. It means put on your belts and get out for drill.

Good bye,

CHAUNCEY

COLUMBUS, KY., March 5th. 1863.
25TH WIS., VOL. INFANTRY

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I sent you a letter a day or two ago and maybe I will hear from you soon. I hope I shall. I am well and we are hearing and seeing things and the days are not so heavy as at Madison. The weather is fine—most of the time warm and clear.

We drill every day, do police work, cleaning round the camp, and take a stroll now and then back in the country, far as the pickets will let us. We are really in the "Sunny South." The slaves, contrabands, we call them, are flocking into Columbus by the hundred. General Thomas of the regular army is here enlisting them for war. All the old buildings on the edge of the town are more than full. You never meet one but he jerks his hat off and bows and shows the whitest teeth. I never saw a bunch of them together but I could pick out an Uncle Tom, a Quimbo, a Sambo, a Chloe, an Eliza, or any other character in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The women take in a lot of dimes washing for the soldiers, and the men around picking up odd jobs. I like to talk with them. They are funny enough, and the stories they tell of slave life are stories never to be forgotten. Ask any of them how he feels and the answer nearly always will be, "Sah, I feels mighty good, sah," or "God bress you, massa, I'se so proud I'se a free man." Some are leaving daily on up-river boats for Cairo and up the Ohio River. The Ohio has always been the river Jordan to the slave. It has been the dream of his life even to look upon the Ohio River.

The government transports returning from down river points where they had been with troops or supplies would pick up free men on every landing and deliver them free of charge at places along the Ohio and upper Mississippi points.

The slaves are not all black as we in the North are apt to suppose. Some of them are quite light. Those used as house servants seem to have some education and don't talk so broad. A real pretty yellow girl about 18 was delivering some washing to the boys yesterday. She left her master and mistress in December and came to Columbus. In answer to the questions of the boys she said she left home because her mistress was cross

to her and all other servants since Lincoln's emancipation. She said her mother came with her. One of the boys asked her why her father did not come with her. She said, "My father hain't no colored man, he's a white man." When the boys began to laugh she picked up her two-bushel basket of clothes, balanced it on her head and went her way. That girl must have made fifty stops among the tents leaving her basket of clothes. I wonder if she heard the same dirty talk in each of them. The talk wasn't clean, but some of us who tho't so just let it pass and kept still.

The talk now is our regiment will be divided—half sent up the Ohio to Ft. Donelson, the other half down the river. But this may be but one of many like rumors. There is always something in the air. Say but the picture before me as I write this is fine. I am sitting on the rampart of the Fort 200 feet above the river. The river, turbid and swollen from melting snows in Ohio and Indiana, boils and swirls as its mighty current strikes the bluff almost directly below where I sit. A regiment of cavalry has just landed from a government boat, and is climbing the bluff in a long winding column. The horses are fresh and they come prancing along, the swords of their riders jingling as if they were proud of their part in the scene. They don't know where they are going but doubtless to garrison some post farther south in the state. Wrote Ben Gardner some time ago, am afraid he has fallen or taken prisoner. He has always been prompt to answer. His regiment is south of Memphis.

I am afraid you will think me given too much to frequent and long letters, but I remember father's advice never to limit postage or letter paper expenses.

I should have mentioned that while the health of the boys is good in the main, we have some twenty in regimental hospital. Nathan Mann of our company and Orlando Adams of Mondovi are not expected to live.[3] These poor fellows are victims of the measles and were sick with me in the hospital at St. Cloud, Minn.

Direct as before to Columbus.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

[3] Nathan Mann died at Columbus, April 13, 1863. Orlando Adams was sent north but died in Grant County, Wisconsin, June 18, 1863. Charles Estabrook, *Wisconsin Losses in the Civil War* (Madison, 1915), 127, 130.

COLUMBUS, KY., March 10th 1863.
25TH. WIS. VOL. INFT.

DEAR PARENTS: Rec'd a letter from home yesterday. It came to Columbus and was remailed to me at Cairo where our company had made a halt enroute with five other companies to Ft. Donelson. We stopped at Cairo to get our new guns. They are not here but we are going to wait for them. Cairo is not so muddy as when we came here in February. Still the water in the river is 12 feet higher than the prairie behind the town. The levee or filling is all that saves the town from drowning.

I am sorry you are so frightened when you read of the big guns and stacks of cannon balls. I thought I had a more courageous mother. You know it is said that it takes ten ton of iron and lead to kill one soldier. Just think of that and take courage. They looked kind of ugly to me at first but now I never think of their being fearsome. We may have a different feeling about them when the time comes to use them. I stood guard last night on a government transport loaded with hardtack and sow belly. I never saw so many rats, the boat was swarming with them. Of course they had plenty to eat. I counted more than a hundred rat holes in the cracker boxes. The day before we left Columbus a steamboat tried to pass down by the fort without landing. She was hailed and ordered to land. It was found that she was loaded from St. Lewis with medical supplies, mostly quinine for the rebel forces at Vicksburg. Of course the boat and its cargo were confiscated.

I am glad you like your new team so well. I hope they will be all right. I shall want a cutter to match them when I get back so I can step round a little.

Say, mother, I had a question asked me yesterday by Elder Harwood, our Chaplain, that set me to thinking and stumped me so I couldn't answer. He asked me if I would go with him after the war. He said he wanted to get five or six good smart young boys that would go with him thru college. I answered that I could not say at once but would tell him later. Now mother, advise me what to say to him. The Elder is a minister of course, and altho he did not say, I suppose he meant to educate us for

the ministry. Mr. Harwood is a mighty fine man and I like to hear him talk. He preached the other Sunday in one of the churches in Columbus, and in his prayer he thanked God for the freedom of the slaves. Some of the boys don't like this in him, but they are mostly the tough sort. I was in his tent when a colored woman brot his washing and he spoke to her as nicely as if she was a white woman. When she curtseyed and called him massa, he said, "My poor woman I am not your massa, you have no massa any more, President Lincoln has made all the colored people free just like the white folks." The poor woman kept saying, "Bress de Lord, bress de Lord, dis am de yeah of jubilee." When he handed her a fifty cent scrip to pay for the washing she looked at the picture of Lincoln on the corner of the bill, and putting it to her mouth, kissed it. The Elder asked her what she did that for, and she answered, "O bress you, honey, Massa Abraham Lincoln is de first and onliest Savior of us poor niggahs, an we des love dat face of his."

The order to go to Ft. Donelson has been recalled and we are to go back in a day or so to Columbus, I am glad of anything to get us out of these rat hole barracks. They run over our faces at night and we can't sleep. When I remember the talks of Elder Morse and father about the wrongs of the slaves, I wish they might be in Columbus a few days and see and hear them as I have.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY., March 20th, 1863.
25TH. WISCONSIN VOL.

DEAR MOTHER: The six companies of our Regt. ordered last week to Ft. Donelson returned to Columbus last night after a week's stay at Cairo. Glad to get back to the top of the big bluff once more. We got here at midnight. There is an awful flood in the Ohio pouring into the Mississippi at Cairo from the melting snow above, and the seething water is black as mud. The air of our camp is fine compared to the miasma of Cairo. A short time ago I read a letter in the Alma *Journal* purporting

to be a dream by S. S. Cooke. It suited the boys to a dot. Some of them tho't it was a daydream with his senses and eyes wide open. It seems you are still having winter weather. Grass here is fine picking for cattle and there is a lazy summer-like quietness in the air. The trees are leafing and the spring birds are here in force. I have seen several gray thrush in my strolls in the woods and strings of ducks and wild geese are passing north daily. Well if I was a wild goose I suppose I would go north too.

March 21st. After drill went out in the edge of the woods. Its more peaceful and homelike than the racket of the camp. I can see the picket guard beyond me slowly pacing his beat. There is no enemy about but the discipline and regulations are just as rigid as they are in Georgia. No white man can come within the picket line except he has the password. A negro is allowed to come in. We are afraid that the whites may be spies, we know that the blacks are our friends. The health of the regiment is good save a few cases of bowel trouble. The boys call it the Kentucky quickstep. There is more sickness among the poor lazy blacks. They are filling all the vacant houses and even sleeping under the trees, so anxious are they to get near de "Lincoln soldiers." They live on scraps and whatever they can pick up in camp and they will shine our shoes or do any camp work for an old shirt or cast-off coat. They had a revival meeting at the foot of the bluff last night and such shouting and singing and moaning. It was Massa Lincoln was a savior that came after two hundred years of tribulation in the cotton fields and cane. They had long known that something was going to happen because so many times their massa had visitors and they would tell the servants to stay in their cabins and not come to the "big house" until they were called. Then some of the house servants would creep round under the windows and hear the white folks talking about the war and that the slaves were going to be free. And when the one that was sent to listen would come back and tell the others, they would get down on their knees and pray in whispers and give thanks to the Lord. Everything with the darkies is Lord, Lord. Their faith that the Lord will help them has held out more than 200 years. I sometimes wonder if the Lord is not partial to the white

race and rather puts it onto the black race because they are black. We sometimes get terribly confused when we try to think of the law of Providence. This black race for instance, they can't talk ten words about slavery and old Massa and old Missus, but they get in something about "de blessed Lord and de lovely Jesus" and yet in this land of Washington, God has permitted them to be bought and sold like our cattle and our hogs in the stockyards, for more than 200 years. I listened for two hours this morning to the stories of a toothless old slave with one blind eye who had come up the river from near Memphis. He told me a lot of stuff. He said his master sold his wife and children to a cotton planter in Alabama to pay his gambling debts, and when he told his master he couldn't stand it, he was tied to the whipping post stripped and given 40 lashes. The next night he ran to the swamps. The bloodhounds were put on his track and caught him and pulled him down. They bit him in the face and put out his eye and crushed one of his hands so he could not use it. He stripped down his pants and showed me a gash on one of his hips where one of the hounds hung onto him until he nearly bled to death. This happened in sight of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee. I told this to some of the boys and they said it was all bosh, that the niggers were lying to me. But this story was just like the ones in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and I believe them. And father knows of things very much like this that are true.

I will write you again soon.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY., March 25th, 1863.
25TH REGIMENT WISC. VOL.

DEAR FATHER:

Your latest letter rec'd. I am perfectly happy to know that all are well at home. Don't worry about my morals or my health, I am taking pretty good care of both. The life of the soldier is not a very good reform school, but a boy can keep clean in the army, bad as it is around him, if he has the stuff in him. Our Lieutenant Colonel was talking about the loose

ways of some of the soldiers the other day. He said there would be one man if he lived that would go home as clean as when he entered the army, meaning himself of course.

Dan Hadley got a letter from Geo. W. Gilkey the other day. It was a nice friendly letter. He said he hoped we would hurry up and lick the rebels so we could come home as they needed our society in Buffalo Co. He said the girls were all waiting for a soldier boy. Mr. Gilkey seems to be a fine man. I see by the northern papers there is talk of conscripting. Are you in the conscript limit? I hope not. I would hate to see you in the army. I don't think the government will need any more soldiers. They are planning a big campaign on the Potomac to try and break Lee's army. Grant has driven Gen. Pemberton into Vicksburg and is closing in around that city. The move seems to be to lay siege and starve him out. . . .

There are some rebel officers in prison here. I was on provost guard the other day and stood on a post near a barred window of the jail. I could see four or five young-looking fellows in the room walking back and forth in their grey uniforms, trimmed in fancy gold braid and shoulder straps. They would call me up to the window and try to make snakes out of me. They said I was a black Republican and that I was fighting for the niggers and didn't know it. The oldest one talked like a gentleman, asked me a lot of questions about Wisconsin, and said he had a boy in the Southern army about my age.

Since the hot weather we are all getting our hair shaved off. Mine is cut close to my scalp. Boats are passing daily loaded with troops for Vicksburg. It begins to look warlike in that vicinity. There will be a big battle if Pemberton will come outside his breastworks and fight. We look any day for orders to go down there. We don't know the names of the troops that go by but we always give them a good big hurrah and they send it back with a roar.

We expect the 27th Wisconsin here tomorrow. We will make them welcome as we have a lot of picket duty for the force at this place. Yes I wish you would send me the *Sentinel* while we stay here at least. Northern papers are peddled in camp at from ten to fifteen cents apiece.

It's nice that you have some fresh cows. Better not try to raise the calves, you have so much else to do. We get pretty good milk from the nearby farmers but they don't know how to make butter. Its white and rank. The cows down here are a poor starved looking race. They have no grass for hay much to depend on, they have cornstalks for feed in winter. The Blue Grass region is away east of here. That is the home too of the Kentucky horses we have read about.

Well, the boys are putting on their belts getting ready for the call to drill, so I must close for this time.

Love to all,

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY., 25TH REGT.
April 10th, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER:

Your much valued letter received. I am just as glad as I can be that all are well, but there is a tone of plaint as to things I can't understand. It must be you have the blues. Don't think of me as being in danger for a minute, for I am having a royal good time. Its this way with me. If I have the blues it is when I get a fit on of thinking of the past when I didn't do as I should. I guess you would call it remorse. Some of the younger fellows and I have talked these things over and I find they were kind of troubled in the same way. They said it made them feel awful mean when they remembered some sly things or some deception they played on their mother and father. These things bring on homesickness and that sends them to the hospital, because they can't eat and so are put down on the sick list. I think as much of home as any of them but I don't want to see it until we thrash the rebs to a finish. We have four Wisconsin regiments at this place, the 25, 27, 31 and 34, a full brigade. You have doubtless heard that the Governor is enlisting negroes and forming negro regiments. They are officered by whites and there are a lot of candidates for positions in all the white regiments. Some 25 have applied for positions from our regiment.

There is a lot of joking on the side about the fellows that want to officer the nigger regiments. Our regiment has just drawn a new outfit of rubber blankets, hats and short coats. Enclosed you will find some flowers given me by a poor black washer-woman I met on the road up the bluff today with a bundle of clothes on her head. As she handed them to me she said, "Please massa will you 'cept dese flowers from a poor nigger woman who jes loves de Lincoln soldiers. Maybe you has a sweetheart and will send um to her." I told her I had a sweetheart, my mother, and she said "You's a good boy, honey." The black folks are awful good, poor miserable things that they are. The boys talk to them fearful and treat them most any way and yet they can't talk two minutes but tears come to their eyes and they throw their arms up and down and praise de Lord for de coming of de Lincoln soldiers.

In your last letter you spoke of my going to school, if I ever return. I am not bothering about things so far in the future. I am troubled about this awful war. Maybe I ought to think more of Webster, as father keeps jibing me about my spelling. If he will give me time I will learn to spell too as I ain't but 16 years old, that is I'll be 17 on the 15th of May if there has been no juggling with the family register.

By the way I nearly lost some valuables the other night. I was on provost guard, the other night in town, at the depot. My relief had lain down at 11 o'clock for a four-hour sleep. At 3 o'clock in the morning we were routed to go on guard. Feeling in my pockets I found my gold pen missing. My money I had placed in my shirt pocket was safe. The comrade next me lost $17. In the morning my gold pen and holder was found in the mud near the platform. A detective force has been looking for the thieves but they don't find any thieves. Word has just come that Nathan Mann of our Co. has just died in the hospital. Poor fellow, he has two brothers left in our company.

A skirmish yesterday at Hickman, 26 guerillas were captured and bro't to this place for confinement as prisoners of war. There is nothing very stirring about us. The boys are getting tired of mere guard duty and are hoping for any chance that will send

us to the front. For my part I ain't dying to go to Vicksburg where there is a better chance of getting killed as some claim they are. Maybe they are more anxious to die for their country than I am but from what I know of them I am doubtful. There is nothing farther from my mind at this writing than a wish to die for anybody or anything. I am hoping and praying for anything to make the rebels squeal and call it quits so I can come home and have a good time. Of course I am willing to take my chance, come what may, but I would a little rather live, come what may.

Tell Elder Morse Henry is all right and eats, if any difference more than his rations every day.

Love to all.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

HEAD QUARTERS 25TH REGT. WIS. VOL. INFT.
COLUMBUS, KY.
APRIL 15th, 1863

DEAR FATHER: Yours of April 9th came in due time. I am so glad all are well and that you are so cheerful and hopeful that the war will soon end.

You must be very brave to undertake so much work as you have planned, this spring. I have just received a letter from cousin Ben Gardner, whose regiment is camped just back of Memphis, Tennessee. You know he is in the cavalry. He says he is orderly and having a good time. Plenty of rations, no bullets to face and regular pay. He says, "I hope to meet you my son and talk over family matters and get a good look at you." I'll bet he is a lively fellow and loves a good time. He writes about the war as if it was a picnic. I enclose his last letter. He has no fear of rebel bullets, you can see that.

We moved our camp yesterday over near the brow of the over-hanging bluff. The view is much finer especially of the Mississippi. Say, father, do you know I never look at the river but I think of home. I go down to the shore nearly every day to wash my feet. When I dip my hand in the water I think that it comes from Wisconsin and I wonder what part of it came from

Beef River. It is terribly black and muddy, made so by the water of the Missouri that flows into it above St. Louis. From our new camp we can see the daily mail boat, 12 or 15 miles away, that brings us good and bad news from home and from Washington.

Last night I lay awake for hours listening to the honk honk of the wild geese passing over our camp toward the north. Does the dam which we repaired, the beaver dam east, still hold? If it does you must have plenty of shooting at ducks and geese this spring. Don't think me homesick, father, when I tell you I turned over many times in my bunk last night thinking of the stories you told me of the early French traders who broke the great beaver dams to get the beavers and so destroyed the nesting places of the wild ducks and geese that made their homes in our valley and on the neighboring creeks before the coming of the whites. That novel called *The Prairie Flower* still sticks in my craw. I never read any book that so haunted me, sleeping or awake. I remember that you told me that it was poison to read such stuff, but I don't believe it has hurt me. The people in *The Prairie Flower* were not in fear of any law but they did right in the midst of the Sioux Indians and the lonesome hills and wild animals about them. I remember you said "Prairie Flower" was a fictitious character, an unreal character, and that women were not as good on the average as she was painted. Well, father, I thought you might be wrong then but now I have come to think that you were right. Getting back to ducks and geese and the beavers, how I wish I might be with you this spring. What lots of fun you are having. All this passed through my mind last night as I lay in my tent with the lappel thrown back so I could see the north star and the dipper. Both of them are nearer the horizon than in Wisconsin. But they brought to me in their silence and sameness something of the nearness of home.

The deep, dark forests on the Missouri side reaching back for miles are slowly turning to green. Spring is here and no mistake. The freshness of the grass and leaves, the golden sunshine and carol of birds in every tree, give no hint of this human war. One thing I most forgot. I expressed $20 with Capt. Dorwin to Durand. You may have to go to his home for it. His family lives about three miles from Durand. I have an overcoat I wish

was home. I will give it away to the first darkey that looks like Uncle Tom. I know there are some greybacks in it. I would rather put the greybacks on some darkey than on mother, for I know she dreads such things.

I send you today a couple of Southern papers. One, *The War Eagle*, printed at this place, the other a Vicksburg sheet full of brag and bluster about fooling the Yankees. They are a fair specimen of Southern newspapers. Are there any copperheads up there? It makes the boys mad to read of copperheads at home. They are more dangerous than rebels at the front because the South is made to believe they have lots of friends in the North. They had better lay low if we ever get home. They will find its no joke to the South.

How I should like to have a brotherly tussel with brother K. and I think of the boys so often. Well, we will have a good time when the war is over.

How does Henry Amidon prosper? Confound him he has forgotten old times I guess. I have written him but he don't answer. I asked him in my letter if he remembered the time his father caught us down by the swimming pool laying in the hot sand stark naked and covering ourselves with the sand. I never was more ashamed in my life than when his father hollared and yelled to see us and we rolled into the creek to hide. Henry didn't mind it as much as I did. O, but those were happy days and we didn't know it.

Father, good bye till next week.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY., May 3rd, 1863.

HD. QUARTERS, 25TH. WIS., VOL. INFT.

DEAR SISTER: I am pleased that you have a good school and a good boarding place. That strapping boy so dull in his lessons may come handy in a fight with the others some time. Try and get home to see the folks often. Mother is worried for fear our regiment will be sent to Vicksburg where Grant is collecting a big army to storm the city. There are no rumors of our going

of late, tho troops are passing down the river daily bound for Vicksburg.

So Ezra C. is writing home some dreadful tales of guns and drums and gory battles? Let me tell you a bit of a secret. I don't want to dispute anybody, but he has not fired a gun. His story of the groans of the wounded and dying and the din of battle does his imagination more credit than his sense of truth. I know where their regiment is posted and if they have been in any fights, the war department don't know of it.

Our Colonel has granted 100 furloughs to the regiment which means 10 men to each company. Those that are sick and convalescent will get the preference. I am glad I am not in either list of unfortunates. I am feeling fine. I believe I have recovered from every ill effect of the measles in Minnesota. Poor Orlando Adams of Mondovi is still down and may never get better. Orlando has applied for a discharge, but they are hard to get. I wish he might go home for he is a very sick boy, and some say there is no hope for him. John Le Gore and one or two Mondovi boys are going to get furloughs.

Some new war songs have struck camp lately. One of them is "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The band boys tent, Chet Ide's headquarters, gets the new songs first. If there is anything funny about them, we can hear Chet laugh his peculiar hearty laugh. Another darkey song, "Babylon is Fallen," has been going the rounds. It begins, "Don't you see de black cloud risen ober yonder, whar de ole plantation am?" I was in a saloon down town yesterday with a lot of the boys, some darkies were singing it. I could have heard it all day. The boys would chip in a penny each and the black fellows sang it over and over. Then they got the negroes to butting. Alec Harvey gave five cents, I gave five, and a lot of others. The darkies would back off like rams and come together head to head. They said it did not hurt, but I believe it did. The boys kept setting them on by giving them 5 cent scrip. The darkies were kept about half drunk to give them grit.

I was on picket duty the day I got your letter, about two miles in the country. I went to a house near my beat and found

a lot of Union girls, anyway they said they were for the Union. One of them asked me my age. When I told her she said that was just about her age. They gave me a lunch of corn bread and a piece of pork. When I came away I got some milk in my coffee can and a piece of Johnnie cake for 10 cents. I saw three blacks, two men and a woman working around. I don't know whether they were slaves or hired help. I am going to get a pass one of these days and go back and buy some of the old lady's butter. Of course I ain't thinking about the girls. I have lately found out there are a lot of fellows getting passes to go into the country for milk and butter that are lying like troopers. It ain't milk they want nor butter. They are looking for pretty girls or rich widows. Such things are common talk in the tents after the candles are lit until bedtime. Some of them have got so far in their fancies that they say they are coming back to Columbus after the war is over.

By the way, have you got that box of clothing yet? You say nothing about it.

I often think of you and father singing together the plantation songs of the slaves. But do you know I would give O, so much if you could have heard what I heard last night. A steamboat from St. Louis lay here at wharf last night waiting for orders. After unloading its freight, the deck hands, all darkies, joined in singing a lot of plantation songs. I sat on some cotton bales watching them and listening to their curious speech. They gathered on the forecastle of the boat and for more than an hour sang the most pitiful songs of slave life I ever heard. The negroes may not know much, but they sing the most sorrowful songs in the sweetest voices I ever heard. It is wrong for me to have wished you here to hear them, because you would have shed tears. Just before I left one of them came up the gang plank near me. I asked him how long he had been free. He said he quit his old massa in Tennessee last December and shipped on the steamer, *Natchese*, at Memphis. I asked him where he learned the songs he had been singing. He answered "I don't know, massa, cept de jes growed up wid me. Seems like I always knowed um. Maybe I learned um from my old mammy who used to sing um

wid me fore she was sol' down in Alabama." As the poor black wretch shuffled along past me (he had no clothes above his waist) I noticed scars across his back as if made by a whip.

I paid 10 cents for a New York paper yesterday. It had a speech in it by Wendell Phillips on the horrors of slavery. I am just beginning to see what made father walk the floor and say hard things about the slaveholders after reading a speech by Wendell Phillips.

You will get this letter when you go home.

Death to copperheads.

Your brother,

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY., May 12th 1863,
HD. QUARTERS 25TH WISC.

DEAR MOTHER: At last we are under marching orders for the South. Hurrah. The orders came yesterday and I am just writing to tell you the glad news. I don't know why, but the boys are clear gone wild about it. They say they enlisted to fight and they want to fight. We have some rebel prisoners down town and they have been talking pretty saucy to the guard. They say one Butternut (that is the color of their uniform) is good for four Yanks. Poor ignorant devils. * * * They don't know but little more than the negroes, they use the same brogue. If you shut your eyes you would think from their jargon you was talking to a lot of "niggers" as they call the blacks. A call for dress parade. I suspect some important order will be read. Will finish later.

May 13th. This morning we were relieved from further marching orders and told to resume our former quarters. Last night came a rush order to strike camp and march double quick to a boat lying at the wharf. I had just gone to bed like the others and was asleep. Orderlies were rushing from one tent to another calling the boys to up and dress and fall in. In ten minutes time or less every tent along the ten company streets was struck and the match applied to everything of bedding and bunk boards that would burn. Eck Harvey and Bill Anderson, the twins, as they were called, the two biggest men in the company,

had just come up from town and were feeling pretty well. They were swearing and calling it a rebel scare. After everything was in a blaze and the companies lining up for orders a cavalryman came dashing along bound for the Colonel's tent. What did the messengers mean? Was it a countermanding order or was it a hurry order? The order came to return to camp, and the camp all in a blaze. Such a howl as went up from a thousand mad men you never heard. I am sure it must have looked to the hundreds of negroes who were watching us as if the devil with all his fireworks and his imps had come to Columbus. This is but one incident of that suspense peculiar to the life of the soldier. Here we had packed up our movables and burned the rest, and it was midnight and dark but for the fire. We lay down and pulled over us for the rest of the night the tent cloth and we went to sleep and dreamed of home and of father and mother just the same.

While we were eating our breakfast our good Lieut. Colonel ordered us to lose no time in falling in without arms. We were in line in a twinkling and waiting for further orders. The colonel then told us that Gen. Hooker had won a victory and he wanted us to give three great big cheers and a lot of tigers. And they were loud and long. Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of Hooker's victory. Old Hooker is a fox, Old Hooker is a coon, is the praise heard on every side. And he deserves it all if what we hear is true. I heartily wish he had the bloody 25th in his command. If he had I kind of think we would have a chance to work off some of our conceit and surplus patriotism. Though we never met the enemy it is our belief no thousand rebels ever stood in line of battle that could take our colors.

The 11th Missouri came through here yesterday from Clinton 12 miles from this place. They are a hard favored set of war worn veterans. They had seen service. I never saw in my life such a sight as followed in their rear. Such human beings, once slaves. Some were black as ebony with great pitiful, white, rolling eyes, and some nearly white and as pretty and polite as any woman I ever saw. I wonder mother if you ever thought what it is to be a slave, that is for the women, the mothers and daughters. I have

thought it all out and I will tell you some time if I ever come home.

Some sardine of a scamp pulled the rope out of our flag pole the other day. Ten dollars was offered anyone who would climb the pole and put it in the pole again. As I write there is a daring fellow on the tip top of the pole putting the rope in the pulley. As Lieutenant Brackett has skipt, our orderly has been promoted to second lieutenant and our second to first lieutenant. Sergeant McKay of Mondovi takes the first sergeant's place and Adam Heinbeaugh of Mondovi comes in as 8th corporal. I think we have the best set of officers in the regiment. We have a bully captain even if he did try to resign at one time. Captain Dorwin is a real good man. I would rather go into battle with him than any other man on the job. He can't keep step to the music, but he aint to blame. It just happens there is no time or music about him. The boys make fun of him but they like him just the same.

The fellows that were promoted had to set up the beer, and the way some of the brave lads drank to their health was a bit saddening to see. Of course your son had to drink some beer, not to be out of fashion, tho to tell the whole truth he had joined the cold water society. My excuse is I was told I could drink cider, and I find I can't so I was deceived. But I promise you, mother, I have not touched a drop of whiskey nor will I while I am in the army. I have never forgotten the firm stand father took soon as he found he liked the taste of drink, and I never shall. I never took a swallow of beer but I felt as guilty as a thief. I wrote sister D. only the other day. Love to the boys and father.

Your son.

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS, KY. May 23rd, 1863.

HD. QUARTERS, 25TH WIS. INFANTRY.

DEAR MOTHER: I sent you a long letter the other day but I forgot to mention my birthday. In fact I was not reminded of it until the day after but it has come and gone. I am sure if I had been at home my good mother would have reminded me of it in the shape of something good to eat. I don't know as I am

any older feeling than I was two weeks ago and the future looks just the same. When I see an old person I never think of being that way myself. Maybe the Lord will perform a miracle and keep me young like the story in the Old Testament, but if he doesn't I am pretty well satisfied to be in this good old world. When I go back in the country, away from the sight of these big, black cannons sticking their muzzles through the portholes of the fort, and look up to the green of the trees, and hear the hum of the bees and the twitter of the birds, and see the peaceful quiet of the country, it is hard to realize that the country is being torn to pieces in a big war.

Dear mother, I should have answered your last letter more promptly. I have written so many of late. I had almost forgotten I owed you one. You know it is said everything is fair in war, and I know you will excuse me.

During the last four days we have been shading our tents with brush. I tell you we have been fixed up nice. Standing off a little ways one can hardly see the tents and it makes it so much cooler. Hot? Well I should remark. These May days in old Kentucky make everybody loll but the darkies and nobody thinks of them. The heat pretty near drove us out of the tents in mid day. We take turns going over to the hospital to fan the sick boys and brush away the flies. The doctors say the younger ones are dying of homesickness much as anything.

Some of my chums and myself have been skylarking out in the country of late and we have visited a lot of pretty Kentucky homes. In a good many of them I am sure they hated to see us come in. They might be Union people but they hate to see us talking to their slaves and the soldiers were a little saucy where they thought they were not wanted. We would hunt the strawberry beds and eat them too. We would call for milk, butter, apples, and other good things to eat. Most of these people we knew were our bitter enemies and some of the boys were afraid their bread was poisoned. We found some places where we were invited into the house and where the young ladies would smile and would talk to us about our homes. We knew these smiling young ladies might have been traitors and might have spies

hidden away to hear what was being said. The dwellings or cabins of the slaves were mostly empty. Here and there we saw a few old negroes who chose to stay by Ol Missus and Masser to leaving their old Kentucky home to go out into a strange world. These old slaves were awful shy and always made some excuse to get away when we tried to talk to them. I suppose they were afraid Masser would see them. I often wonder where the poor blacks will go to find a home and something to eat. Those I have talked with say they are treated better now since they can run away without being chased by dogs.

We found a pretty country home the other day where the young lady took us out in her flower garden and gave each of us a bunch of flowers. I am sure her mother did not like to see us there. She had a cross look on her face and watched us thru the window as if she feared we might capture the girl and run away with her. When we went away one of the Durand boys told the girl he hoped to come back after the war and making the prettiest bow she said she hoped he would. When we went back to camp we told Chet Ide and Joel Harmon of Mondovi what a picnic we had and we all joined in and sang "Our Old Kentucky Home." I found out a strange thing lately, the darkies don't know anything about the song, of "Old Kentucky Home," except as they have picked it up from hearing the whites sing it. I guess I must have thought it came out of some negro's heart. Anyway whenever I met a negro alone anywhere I always wanted to ask him to sing that song. Those I did ask would smile and grin and say "Massa, I don't know it." Their ignorance of the song gave me a curious feeling.

This is a long letter. I hope it will find you all well as I am and happy. Love to the boys father and sister Do.

Your boy,

CHAUNCEY.

COLUMBUS KY. May 29th, 1863

HD. QUARTERS 25TH.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Your last letter came in due time, just two and a half days from the hour it was written. It must have been dated wrong. I got a letter from father the same day. It had been held up

somewhere. I suppose the mail clerks get things mixed sometimes.

We are under orders to march on short notice. We don't know if it means to go south, north, east, or west. It means just one thing and nothing else—"be ready." A soldier can't find any fault and if he does he is put in the guardhouse or if on a march he is tied up by the thumbs.

We have cooked up five days' rations and are ready at the first note of command to fall in. I am in a mighty hurry and must make this letter brief. Just another word. One of my mates wants me to say a good word for him to sister D. He is a nice clean fellow and all right. His only fault is quite common, he don't think the black race is just human. I can't beat him in argument but I know in my heart he is wrong about these poor, wretched black people. You need not get excited, marching orders may not mean anything. We may not strike tents for a month yet.

May 30th. Was out last night where the evening gun, a black cannon, booms the hour of sunset. A man pulls a string called a lanyard and a roar that shakes the great bluff follows, and all this means sunset. I learned last night what it meant in French. I was standing near the big black cannon which stands almost straight above the river some 300 feet. A negro sweep doing police work, a fine looking mulatto, was idly leaning upon his shovel and staring at a passing boat. "What are you thinking about?" I asked. Taking off his dirty cap and bowing, he answered with a smile, "I kind' hates to tell you, but I was thinking of my jewlarke." I didn't know what a "jewlarke" was so I asked him. "Why Massa," he answered, "just a sweetheart," and then he told me his story, how he was a slave in Louisiana, how he came out as cook for his master who was a lieutenant in a Louisiana regiment, how his master's cavalry company was surprised by Union cavalry, was fired upon by our boys, how he fell down to make believe he was dead and when our boys came up, he jumped to his feet and came back to Columbus with our boys. He had been at work in the fort at Columbus ever since. Whenever he spoke he took off his cap. I asked him what he did that for. He said slaves had to do that in the South. I asked

him if he was glad he was free and he said, "O yes Massa, I would be glad if I had my Kizzie wid me." The poor fellow took off his hat as he said this and slowly replaced it again. I am sure I saw tears in the fellow's eyes. The song of "Nellie Gray" came to my mind. It disappoints me that the negroes have never heard these songs. They stare at you when you sing them. While we were talking the gunner came, and fixing the lanyard pulled the cord with a jerk and with a mighty roar that sent a tremor thru the bluff and a black smoke that hid the river for a moment to'd us that the sun had set and the flagman at headquarters slowly lowered the stars and stripes. "Soliquasha," said my colored friend. "What do you mean by that?" I asked. That is French he replied meaning sunset. Here was a slave teaching me French. Mother do you know I asked myself this question, what right have I simply because I am white to be the master race, while this man knowing more than I should be a slave because he is black. He called himself a Creole; that is a negro born in Louisiana. He said he was born in a parish 50 miles from New Orleans. His master raised sugar and rice and they toted it on two-wheel carts to New Orleans where they sold it. His Massa's plantation was long side a live oak swamp that was full of deer, bear, and aligators. He said the "gaitors" warnt so bad as folks let on. "De niggers had a swimming hole in de bayou whar an old gaitor had raised a nest of young uns every year. In the winter the gaitors buried themselves like frogs in the mud. When they came out in the spring you could hear them bellow all night long." I don't know and I don't care whether this fellow was stuffing me or not. I was interested. Things he said about New Orleans and things he told me about his master's plantation away back in the swamps made me think of the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It looks as tho this war was to change all this. The South has had a mighty soft snap with darkies to do their work for a hundred years, while their masters have grown rich and insolent to us of the North. The papers don't say much about it but the truth is these slave-holders, these three hundred and fifty thousand chivalrous Southern gentlemen, who own some four million of poor ignorant fellows who pushed to the front and were mowed down by Union bullets don't know what they fighting for. Love to father, brother, and sister D.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

MORE LIGHT ON JONATHAN CARVER

In the March, 1920 issue of this magazine was printed a noteworthy contribution by Dr. William Browning entitled, "The Early History of Jonathan Carver." Dr. Browning succeeded in clearing up for the first time the facts concerning the noted traveler's ancestry, showing with convincing force that he was of excellent descent, from the line of Robert Carver of Marshfield, brother of Governor John Carver, and that his immediate forbears and connections were among the leading men of Connecticut. Through the development of a clue to which our attention was directed by Miss Jannette Burlingham of Shullsburg, we are enabled to strengthen Dr. Browning's argument by citing certain bits of information, at least one of which has an important bearing on the question of Jonathan Carver's descent from the brother of Governor Carver.

Dr. Browning correctly supposes that David Carver of Canterbury (father of Jonathan) is identical w th David Carver, son of John and grandson of Robert Carver, born at Marshfield about the year 1668, but he is unable to cite any direct proof of this identity (*Wisconsin Magazine of History*, III, 301). The missing evidence is supplied by Miss Burlingham. In Edwin R. Hodgman, *History of the Town of Westford . . . 1659–1883* (Lowell, 1883), 491, it is stated that Robert Carver located at Marshfield in 1638 and died there in 1680. His son, John, born in 1637, married Mellicent Ford of Marshfield. He died in 1679, aged forty-two years, leaving children: William, John, Robert, Eleazer, David, Elizabeth, Mercy, and Anna. "*David died in 1727 in Canterbury, Connecticut.*"[1]

Certain interesting additional light on the problems raised by Dr. Browning is to be had from the history of Westford and references readily suggested by it. The date of David Carver's birth is placed by Browning as "about 1668 (anyway nearer 1670 than 1663)." On what evidence he based this deduction the writer of the present note does not know. But its essential correctness is seen from the following considerations: William

[1] Italics by the present writer.

Carver, eldest brother of David, was a notable character of Marshfield, dying in 1760, aged 102 years. He was born, therefore, some time in 1658. If we assume that the other children born to John Carver came at intervals of two years, we get 1666 as the year of David's birth. If we lengthen the interval to two and one-half years, we arrive at the year 1668. Three children were born after David, the last (on the assumption of the two and one-half year interval) about 1675, and the father died in 1679. It seems clear, from the facts noted, that David Carver could not have been born as early as 1663 and that he probably was born about 1668.

The Probate Court proceedings in settling the estate of David Carver give the name of the surviving widow as Sarah (Browning, *op. cit.*, 294). Browning shows that the wife of David and mother of Jonathan was Hannah Dyer of Weymouth. In arguing that David Carver of Weymouth and David of Canterbury are identical, he thus disposes of this discrepancy: "The name Sarah, as the widow of David, given once in the settlement of the estate, does not negative this conclusion. While it might be due to any one of several reasons, the real explanation evidently is connected with the following fact: Of the twenty-one entries of births or baptisms, as found recorded, in but one (that of Benjamin, last child of *Ensign* David) is there failure to record the mother's name. It is therefore apparent that something had happened to her before the entry was made."

In fact nothing had happened to the mother of Benjamin but something had to Hannah Carver. From the history of Westford we learn that David Carver "by his second wife, Sarah Butterfield of Chelmsford," had a son Benjamin, born in Canterbury December 10, 1722. Further, that after the death of David Carver, in 1727 Sarah "returned to her native Chelmsford." Reference to the *Chelmsford Vital Records* (pp. 37, 197) discloses that Sarah Butterfield was born September 23, 1701, and married January 14, 1721-22. Thus the fact which Browning correctly surmised stands clearly revealed. Hannah Carver died at some time subsequent to October 25, 1717 (when her daughter, Hannah, was born: Browning, *op. cit.*, 299) and prior to January 14, 1722, when David Carver entered into an old-age union with a youthful

bride, Sarah Butterfield of Chelmsford. This fact explains, incidentally, the procedure of the Probate Court in appointing one guardian for the elder children of David Carver (Jonathan, David, and Hannah), and another guardian for Benjamin, the offspring of the second marriage.

It seems proper to place on permanent record the foregoing facts which contribute in however slight degree to the elucidation of the interesting and long-baffling problem of Jonathan Carver's ancestry, which Dr. Browning has solved in such notable fashion in the pages of this magazine for March, 1920.

M. M. QUAIFE

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN

Americans ever remember that it was our action that awoke Japan from her age-long slumber behind the seclusion of barred ports. In 1853 Matthew C. Perry, younger brother of the victor of Lake Erie, sailed four ships of war into the forbidden harbor of Tokio and insisted on the reception of an address from the president of the United States to the Mikado of Japan. The island nation was thrown into great excitement and consternation. Thousands of its people thronged the heights of the harbor to view the "black ships" that portended change and confusion. None had ever seen vessels propelled without oars or sails; and the slow, majestic motion of steam vessels seemed to them a sort of foreign magic. After several days of negotiation arrangements were made for the ceremonious reception of the naval commander by representatives of the Japanese government. July 14 Perry went on shore with a full escort of officers, sailors, and marines, marshaled by two brass bands, preceded by ensign bearers of the United States flag. Five thousand Japanese soldiers were drawn up to receive the unbidden strangers. Under a vast tent the government representatives welcomed Perry with great honors and took from his hand the golden casket conveying the message to their emperor.

Somewhere in the mighty crowd that witnessed this ceremony was a Japanese artist who perpetuated his impression of the Americans in a characteristic wood-block print. A copy of this historic relic has recently been presented to our Society by Mr.

Henry E. Knapp of Menomonie. The print is a curious comment on the mingling of the Occident and the Orient. The artistic conception is wholly Japanese, while the artist has caught the characteristic poise and swing of the marching Americans. Not being able to conceive of eyes without a slant, he has given the oriental tilt to that feature of the faces, while the other features are purely Caucasian. The print is a small rectangle about eight by twelve inches in size. On a dim green background stand out eleven figures, three of whom are evidently marines, the remainder members of the band. The uniform of the former comprises bright-blue trousers, reddish blouses, and blue caps. Knapsacks are held in place by pale green straps crossing the blouse, and belts with round brass buckles complete the uniform. Each marine carries his long musket at "shoulder arms," and swings along in a care-free, easy stride so characteristically American that it is amusing. The members of the band wear white trousers and long, pale-blue swallowtail coats, fastened with brass buttons, and completed by a buckled belt. Their caps are the same as those of the marines. The leader, who is the only bearded man (represented with a funny brush mustache and goatee attached artificially to his face) appears to be carrying the staff of a flag. Each of the others has his instrument, long, huge-bellied horns, curving in front of him, with cheeks puffed out in the effort of playing. Two are drummers, and the observer can almost hear the rat-a-tat as the entire group swings along in marching step. Between two of the upright muskets is a cartouche bearing the Japanese characters for the word "America." The artist's name appears at the left.

The print is much more than a cartoon. It is a real work of art. The coloring is harmonious, the soft blacks of the shoes, and the blues, whites, and reds of the uniforms blending into a pleasing whole. Moreover, the sense of life, of martial movement, is wonderfully wrought. More than that, the artist has remarkably caught the spirit of America, the insouciant interest in adventure, the blithe confidence in ourselves, the fling of youthful bravado. With such steps and in such a spirit did our lads fare forth afar in 1917 and 1918. Even as early as 1853 the

COMMODORE PERRY ENTERS TOKIO

keen-eyed Japanese had caught the glimpse of what is seen as "the Americans come."

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

NAPOLEONIC SOLDIERS IN WISCONSIN

How many soldiers who fought for or against Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo, or before, are buried in Wisconsin? Doubtless a considerable number. With practically all of Europe having been an armed camp for the better part of a generation, it was inevitable in the emigration following the Napoleonic upheaval that many restless and enterprising spirits should find their way to the Western World with the promise of greater security and lesser prospects of oppression and military impressment. It is a matter of interesting history, of course, that some of the more distinguished refugees, such as Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon and once king of Spain, and the Murats, nephews of Napoleon, came to this country and lived here for longer or shorter periods; but of the more obscure actors in the great European drama of a century ago hundreds no doubt came here to live permanently. Of such Wisconsin received a share, particularly in the German influx of the forties.

Some of our older citizens still recall as children seeing strolling, crippled veterans from the Old World who went from town to town making their living playing and singing war ballads and rehearsing their recollections of Napoleon and other great captains under whom they had served; while the records of the state prison at Waupun tell of the commitment there as late as 1878 of a prisoner who had been a soldier under Napoleon. From Waterloo to an American prison over sixty years later seems a far cry; and the story of this prisoner as related by himself at the time is a romantic one—one that may be here rehearsed briefly to show the wealth of romantic material that may be lying unsuspected all about us, often in most humble places.

His name was Zumbola Zowasky. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, July 4, 1791. He was evidently of some favored or influential family, for at the age of fifteen he was sent to the military school at Paris by Prince Poniatowski, Napoleon's

friend, who was later to lose his life for the Emperor at Leipsic. He was thus trained, as it were, under the eye of Napoleon himself. When Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812 the young Pole accompanied him as a captain of artillery. After the Russian campaign he returned to Warsaw but in 1813 was again under the banner of the Emperor and fought with him to the end at Waterloo. In 1831 he joined Sobieski in the revolution against Russia. But the end was not yet for this soldier of fortune. When the Hungarian revolution of 1848 broke out he joined Kossuth to fight for the freedom of Hungary, but with Franz Sigel, later to become distinguished in the American Civil War, he was taken prisoner and sentenced to banishment for thirty years, coming to America in 1851. It seemed an irony of fate that nearly three decades later one who had braved so much for human freedom should himself, at a great age, be sent to a felon's cell. On March 8, 1878 he was convicted in the circuit court of Dodge County of burglary and sentenced to two years in the state prison at Waupun. He was then eighty-seven years of age and was living at the time in Juneau, Dodge County. He was released on reduction of time November 29, 1879. His term of banishment had nearly run its course at this time and he declared his intention of returning to his native Poland to die. His subsequent fate is not known to the writer. Captain Zowasky said that two of his brothers had also been exiled to Siberia for participating in Polish revolutions.

A local historian of a generation ago claims that three old Waterloo soldiers were among the pioneers of the Sauk City region, presumably of the town of Roxbury, Dane County, whose early history has many other romantic points of interest. In a series of historical articles written by J. M. Steele for the Lodi *Valley News* in 1898, the following references are made to them:

> In the Catholic cemetery at Roxbury are buried three men, soldiers in the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte. Their names were Numiere, Polly and Class. Numiere was under Blucher fighting against Napoleon; while Polly and Class fought under Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo against Wellington. Blucher coming at night effected the overthrow of Napoleon. Polly wore the star of the legion of honor on his breast as one of Napoleon's guards. The writer saw him while living at the age of 90. He stood six feet, straight as an arrow.

Mrs. Staler, now dead, daughter of Mr. Class, with whom he lived in his later years, told the writer something concerning her father. Mr. Class went at the age of fifteen as a substitute for his brother, who had a family, and served until the downfall of Napoleon. Being at the home of his daughter I went to where her father was dressing the grapevines. There stood the man who had shouted victory and suffered defeat on the blood-red fields of Spain; was one of the army that crossed the Niemen 500,000 strong to invade Russia; one of the number who stormed the Russian intrenchments at Borodino, fighting uncovered in the open plain, causing Napoleon to exclaim at St. Helena, "You immortal heroes!"; saw the burning of Moscow, the greatest conflagration of modern times; lived and fought through that fearful retreat.

In contrast to such stormy early years, these men were to spend the afternoon of their lives amid the peaceful valleys of Roxbury, Dane County, far removed from their former scenes of strife. Evidently Mr. Steele was ignorant of more than one language: the German names which he has phonetically reproduced should doubtless read Neumeier, Pauli, and Clas or Claus. Families of such names were among the large number of German immigrants who settled in the vicinity of Sauk City.

For some years the writer of this article has incidentally been seeking to obtain further information relative to these men. However, most of their surviving relatives who have been interviewed have known practically nothing concerning the military records of their ancestors; and their old neighbors who still survive know but little more. But while the immediate historical end may not thus have been readily attained, the quest has led to other interesting conclusions. To say that if Mr. Steele had not devoted these two paragraphs to these men, their military histories might soon be entirely forgotten may seem strange. Waterloo was such an important battle in the world's history that anyone who had relatives there might be expected to know that fact at least. However, such lack of knowledge is natural enough. Military service was the natural and regular part of the life of practically every able-bodied man in Europe, at least in the humbler walks of life, a century ago. It meant no particular distinction. Of course their grandfathers served in the army, say their present-day relatives. Every man did. With the comparatively low standard of general intelligence then prevailing

in continent[2]l Europe,with only the most primitive means of communication, and without newspapers, what would the peasantry be apt to knowof the wars raging about them, beyond the fact that war existed? Least of all, what could they be expected to know of the complicated campaigns and policies of Napoleon and the powers opposing him? Theirs was not to reason why; theirs was but to do and die. War had come to be looked upon as something to be expected in everyone's lifetime. Coming nearer to our own time, how many Americans whose fathers served in the Civil War can give anything but the most meager outline of their war records? Very few indeed. Beyond the mere fact that their fathers served in the war they know little and could not begin to enumerate the campaigns and battles in which their ancestors participated. Very rarely are children interested enough to remember such things accurately; only with maturity and reflection is such knowledge fixed. How, then, could more be reasonably expected from the grandchildren of men who came from service in Europe? Furthermore, these immigrants were not men who read or studied history or politics to any extent. They had come as pioneers to a new land where hardship, novelty, and opportunity for wealth would tend to the forward, not the backward look. Save for its language and customs, they had left the old home behind; whatever their children learned of it could be from hearsay only, the echo of a dim remembered tale. Their children also grew up in a transplanted foreign atmosphere, hearing practically the German tongue only, yet without the cultural advantages they would have enjoyed in the same atmosphere in the Old World.

Often the significance of a campaign or battle is not revealed at once. Thus we read that Napoleon's defeat at Leipsic in 1813 was not known in Copenhagen, a short distance away, until six weeks afterwards and was then revealed not as a crushing defeat, but as a masterful maneuver by Bonaparte in extricating his army from a trap set by the allies. Likewise the significance of Waterloo has grown with time and through the pens of Byron, Hugo, and other worthies has been invested with a glamor which at first it did not possess. Of this only educated people would be aware.

Of the three men referred to by Steele, Pauli is the only one whose grave the writer has been able to identify in the Roxbury cemetery and concerning whom he has obtained any satisfactory information. Of the other two men only a legendary knowledge, so to speak, seems to exist now among their old neighbors; and as there were several Neumeier, Clas, and Claus families among the early settlers of the region, the writer has never felt satisfied that the meager information obtained concerned the veterans in question and not some other relatives. Except for a grandson of Pauli, the only person who could give what seemed a somewhat reliable interview was the Honorable Matt. Theisen of Sauk City, a member of the legislature of 1879 and now eighty-six years old, but wonderfully vigorous in mind and body for one of his years. He claimed to have known both Pauli and Clas very well and said that Clas had been on the Russian invasion in 1812. Further than that he could tell little of him.

The tombstone which marks the resting place of Pauli is the second one above his grave and bears the following inscription:

Peter Pauli
Geb. 10 Juni, 1792
Gest. 7, Sept., 1884
R. I. P.
Schlafe Wohl, O Vater, Schlafe
Deiner Walfahrt Leiden aus
Sanft Sei Dir Der Letzte Schlummer
Dein Erwachen Ohne Kummer

Pauli's grandsons, John and Peter Pauli, who formerly kept the Pauli House at Sauk City, said some years ago that their grandfather had not been on the Russian campaign, but that he served one year against Napoleon and three years under him. It will be recalled that at the height of his power Napoleon trampled ruthlessly on the German states and often compelled them to recruit his armies, so that German soldiers frequently fought in opposing armies. In time Pauli became one of Napoleon's guards and cherished to the last the star of the legion of honor so won. About 1848 he came with his family to America from Triere, Germany. After a short stay in Milwaukee he settled in Roxbury which was his home for the remainder of his life. Among the

tales with which he used to thrill his grandchildren was one describing his experiences at Waterloo, where the comrade on each side of him was killed, and when he turned to help the artilleryman behind him he, too, was killed. One son of Pauli died in Roxbury; another is believed to have lost his life in the Galveston flood of some years ago; while a daughter, Mrs. Phillipi, was recently living at Alma, Wisconsin.

If the other two soldiers referred to by Steele are buried in the Roxbury cemetery, their graves are not so conspicuously marked as Pauli's. As it was the practice a generation ago of placing iron or wooden crosses above family lots in this cemetery, it is possible that these veterans are buried under such memorials of which many still remain, but whose inscriptions have been obliterated by time and the elements. Their graves should now be sought out and made known.

In the meantime it would be interesting to learn of any other soldiers in the Napoleonic wars who are buried in Wisconsin. Will not the readers of this magazine report any such instances of which they may learn? It is said that Sauk County has one or more. Doubtless the same is true of Milwaukee and other lake shore counties.

ALBERT O. BARTON

BENJAMIN HYDE EDGERTON: WISCONSIN PIONEER

Benjamin Hyde Edgerton was born in Saybrook near Norwich, Connecticut, April 17, 1811, the eldest son of Elisha and Diana Hyde Edgerton. Later the family removed to Taberg near Rome, New York, then considered very far west, where Elisha Edgerton purchased a farm and where the subject of this sketch remained until his twelfth year. He then removed to Buffalo and engaged in various pursuits, none entirely congenial until he took up the study of land surveying.

It may be mentioned here in chronological order that he was closely related to the Fillmores of Buffalo—President Fillmore and he being first cousins; but there is no record that this connection was any aid to him in his early struggle for an education and a career.

In the early thirties he moved to Green Bay, Wisconsin, then a thriving village in the very far West, and was there employed on United States Government surveys, all the time studiously preparing himself for the profession of civil engineer. For this he became amply equipped and made it his life work until about the year 1870, when for a short period he engaged in the real estate and insurance business in Milwaukee.

Having finished his work in Green Bay in 1835, Mr. Edgerton rolled his earthly possessions into a bundle, strapped it on the back of an Indian pony, and traveled southward through the wilderness, following Indian trails through woods, prairies, streams, and swamps, until he reached what was afterwards known as Kilbourntown, from the heights of which he had his first view of what is now the metropolis of Wisconsin. He beheld cornfields, wigwams, and the cabins of a few white settlers; among them, that of Solomon Juneau, which stood on the bank of the Milwaukee River, at the intersection of what is now East Water and Wisconsin Streets. For a time the cabin of Juneau was his home; and often in after years he told of his high living there, when Mrs. Juneau's acorn pies were the one great luxury. He resumed his profession of surveyor and engineer; as the population increased he platted what is now the older part of Milwaukee, named many of the streets, and for a long period took an active part in its civic and social life.

In the early fifties the extension of railways into and through the West enlarged Mr. Edgerton's field of activities, and he became a pioneer in Wisconsin's railway development. The first railroad to be constructed was the Milwaukee and Mississippi River Railway, of which Mr. Edward H. Brodhead was the first chief engineer; Mr. Edgerton was assistant engineer until the completion of the road to Waukesha, which place remained for a short period the terminus of the road. Upon its extension to Madison and the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien Mr. Edgerton became chief engineer and removed from Milwaukee to Madison in 1853, where he purchased a home on the shore of Lake Mendota. After a residence of several years in the capital city, the railroad being completed to the Mississippi, he

removed to Milwaukee, where the general offices of the railway were located.

It may be mentioned here that the town of Edgerton in Rock County was named after him. He also surveyed the Janesville and Monroe branch of the railway, which leaves the main line at Milton Junction. Mr. Edgerton was afterwards engaged on other railway projects and surveys. He was engineer-in-chief of the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad surveying the line to Green Bay with a branch to Menasha, Neenah, and Appleton. It is a striking coincidence that Mr. Edgerton in after years was to make a pathway for the iron trail and locomotive to Green Bay across the same wilderness through which in the early thirties he had journeyed southward over the old Indian trails. He was also chief engineer of the McGregor Western Railway in Iowa, on which line he established the present thriving city of Cresco, and in partnership with Augustus Beadle was owner of the town site. He was also engineer-in-chief of the Kansas Southern Railroad; and the town of Edgerton on that line, in Johnson County, Kansas, was named after him.

In connection with Daniel L. Wells (of Wells, French & Co.) and Alexander Graham of Whitewater, Wisconsin, Mr. Edgerton built part of what is now known as the Vandalia line, now a part of the great Pennsylvania system. He was also at one time paymaster and superintendent of what is now the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul system.

Mr. Edgerton was essentially a man of domestic tendencies. Because his engineering occupation kept him so much from home, he finally withdrew from all such interests and established himself in one that permitted him to enjoy more of the privileges of home life. Among the pioneer residents of Milwaukee was Dr. Algernon Sidney Hosmer, for a time the popular host of the old "Milwaukee House." On June 7, 1838 one of his daughters, Sophia Hosmer, became the bride of Mr. Edgerton.

For many years Mr. Edgerton was an active vestryman and Senior Warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He was the architect of its edifice that for so many years occupied the northeast corner of Jefferson and Mason streets, where the Layton

Art Gallery now stands. His eldest daughter having married and settled in Chicago, her family soon followed her. There Mr. Edgerton entered the great silence December 9, 1886, followed by his devoted wife on August 16, 1910. Both have their last sleep in beautiful Forest Home Cemetery, Milwaukee. The bell which tolls the arrival of its guests was his gift to old St. Paul's Church; and daily on the sanctified air of that loveliest of resting places it sends forth its mellow requiem notes for Benjamin Hyde Edgerton, his wife, and a daughter (Mrs. Gertrude Edgerton Faulkner), and for many pioneers of Wisconsin. Two sons and a daughter of Mr. Edgerton still live in Chicago, besides other descendants. The information contained in this biographical sketch has been compiled by them.

JAMES OTTO LEWIS

Correspondence with John F. Lewis of Philadelphia has elicited additional material concerning the life of James Otto Lewis, the artist author of the famous *Aboriginal Portfolio*. This, with earlier information in the possession of the Society, enables us to give a brief sketch of his life. He was descended from a highly respected German family of the name of Ludewig, from Hall Suabia, members of which for several generations had held important offices in different towns of the province. His father, John Andreas Philip Ludewig, emigrated to Philadelphia in 1784 and Anglicized the name. James Otto Lewis was born in that city February 3, 1799. His mother was Anna Maria Clingman. He married Sophia Pelletier in Detroit, Michigan, and they had seven children—four daughters and three sons. His wife died in 1837, and later he married Mrs. Cynthia Moody in New York. Lewis died in New York in 1858.

James Otto Lewis was a pioneer and a soldier. In early life he took part in the defense of Schuylkill against the British in the War of 1812 and later was engaged in the Black Hawk War. He was a friend of General Cass and accompanied him and other Indian commissioners as draughtsman for the Indian Department to the Treaty Grounds at Prairie du Chien in 1825, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Mississinewa, and Fort Wayne in 1827. These

ceremonial occasions, when the great chiefs and warriors of various tribes were arrayed in their native costumes with all their trappings and decorations, gave him a fitting opportunity to paint them at their best. He attempted to portray their character and attitude as well as their costumes with strict fidelity, feeling it to be a great duty "to rescue from oblivion some relics of a race so interesting." The work was necessarily done with haste and under great disadvantage. While he is not regarded as a great artist, his work is the rarest and most precious because the earliest portrayal of the native Indian.

He created what he aimed to make—"a truly national work combining not only the elements of a National Gallery of painting but materials for Biography and History." The original drawings were stored in the Smithsonian Institution and burned in the fire, but lithographic copies were produced in color and sold in installments. Of these very few are in existence. A set was recently sold at auction for $350. There were originally, as far as we are able to ascertain, seventy-four portraits and five plates. The Wisconsin State Historical Society is the owner of three of the large portfolios and two smaller volumes containing biographies with portraits of some of the chiefs. None of these are complete, but one volume contains seventy-two portraits and plates, only seven being wanting to complete the set.

Lewis attempted to publish a set in England but did not meet with success, and when the third edition was placed on the market in the United States in 1844 Catlin's work was also being published and the market was flooded with Indian portraits. Lewis did not gain the recognition for his work that he deserved and seems to have died a poor and disappointed man.

KATE E. LEVI

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending January 10, 1921, there were fifty additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Six of these enrolled as life members, as follows: J. Henry Bennett, Viroqua; Charles W. Dinger, Eau Claire; Mrs. Jessica H. Fuller, Madison; Mrs. James A. McIntosh, New York City; Milo C. Richter, Milwaukee; Dutee A. Whelan, Mondovi.

Forty-three persons became annual members of the Society: Mrs. T. W. Baker, Waunakee; John Bauman, Eau Claire; Spencer D. Beebe, Sparta; Mrs. Giles F. Belknap, Waukesha; Albert M. Bowen, Brodhead; Myron P. Bowen, Milwaukee; W. A. Brooks, Menasha; Jannette Burlingham, Shullsburg; Rev. Guy Campbell, South Wayne; Charles B. Case, Prairie du Chien; Mrs. F. W. Chadbourne, Fond du Lac; Odin Christenson, Nelsonville; Albert N. Coombs, Waukesha; Henry A. Cooper, Racine; Edward M. Dousman, Madison; Frank W. Downs, Washburn; Frank S. Durham, Neenah; Walter C. English, Wyocena; Adolph F. Estberg, Waukesha; William A. Freehoff, Waukesha; John B. Imig, Waukesha; William G. Kaufmann, Sheboygan; Jay G. Laing, Waukesha; Carl Landsee, Milwaukee; Aimee Levin, Waukesha; Albert G. Love, Waukesha; A. W. MacLeod, Washburn; Frank Melcher, Madison; Willis H. Miner, Menasha; Oscar Morris, Milwaukee; Don E. Mowry, Madison; Laura M. Olsen, Eau Claire; Mrs. A. E. Proudfit, Madison; Lowell J. Ragatz, Madison; Frederick Reisweber, Milwaukee; Frances M. Roddis, Marshfield; Henry Rothschild, St. Paul, Minn.; Mowry Smith, Menasha; Lynn B. Stiles, Milwaukee; Thomas S. Thompson, Mount Horeb; Lucille Van Alstine, Milwaukee; Charles C. Willson, Rochester, Minn.; Otto J. Zander, Brillion.

The Richland Center High School enrolled as a Wisconsin school member.

Otto H. Lacher, Detroit, Mich., changed from annual to life-membership.

Hon. P. V. Lawson of Menasha passed away in his sleep during the night of November 30–December 1, 1920, at the age of sixty-seven years. Mr. Lawson was born in Corning, New York, November 1, 1853, and was brought to Wisconsin by his parents in 1854. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the class of 1879 and practiced law in Menasha till 1888 when, on account of ill health, he retired from the profession in which he had attained prominence and entered the manufacturing field where he soon gained distinction.

Mr. Lawson was a devoted student of the history and antiquities of Wisconsin. He made himself an authority on Indian remains and gathered a fine collection of Indian relics. He was for many years a very active member of the State Historical Society, and at the annual meeting in October, 1920, he was unanimously elected to the office of curator. As chairman of the Committee on Historic Landmarks, Mr. Lawson performed a valuable service to Wisconsin history in causing

historic sites to be properly marked. Among his services was a vigorous and effective campaign he made to save the prehistoric town of Aztalan from being obliterated. He also did much to make the people conscious of the heroic period of early Wisconsin history by marking the forts and battle-fields of the Indian wars. In these matters, as in his private business, Mr. Lawson was an enthusiast. He was always prepared to use his time, abilities, influence, and means to further the cause of Wisconsin history. In his death the Society loses one who, as curator, would undoubtedly have advanced its interests strongly. J. S.

George B. Hopkins of New York City, a former resident of Wisconsin and a member of the State Historical Society, died suddenly at his home, December 13, 1920. After leaving the University of Wisconsin Mr. Hopkins engaged in railroad work, building several lines in the northern part of the state. He later located in Chicago and then in St. Louis, where he was connected with the Wabash railroad. On removing to New York he engaged in banking. He retired from active business several years ago. At the time of his death he was chairman of the Municipal Art Society and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society of New York.

Judge Arthur L. Sanborn of the United States District Court died at his Madison home October 18, 1920. Judge Sanborn came to Wisconsin from New York in early life. Graduating from the College of Law in 1880, he practiced law in partnership with S. U. Pinney and later with John C. Spooner. In 1905 he was appointed to the Federal bench by President Roosevelt. He was a member and for many years a curator of the State Historical Society.

Dr. Charles H. Vilas of Madison, prominent in the civic and professional life of Wisconsin and the Northwest, died at the age of seventy-four, November 22, 1920. Dr. Vilas was brought to Madison as a child by his parents in 1851 and grew to manhood here. After graduating from the University he became a highly successful practitioner of Chicago, serving for twenty-five years as president of the Hahnemann Medical College. Upon withdrawing from active practice he traveled extensively, studying the social and sanitary conditions of the regions he visited. In recent years he gave generously of his wealth to numerous institutions of his home city. He was a life member of the State Historical Society.

Dr. Henry H. Abraham, a member of this Society, died suddenly at his home in Appleton in November, 1920, aged fifty-four years. Dr. Abraham was a native of Germany who came to Wisconsin in early childhood and by industry and ability rose to eminence in his community and profession. At the time of his death he was a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners and president of the State Medical Association.

Miss Julia A. Lapham, daughter of the noted scientist of early Wisconsin, Increase A. Lapham, died of heart disease at her Oconomowoc home, January 2, 1921. Miss Lapham, like her father, was possessed of marked scholarly tastes. She manifested a deep interest in movements for community betterment and was long active in women's clubs and similar movements to this end. She served as secretary of the Waukesha County Historical Society from its organization until her death, and it is a slight indication of her fidelity to its interests that her reports to the State Historical Society were always made with commendable promptness and detail. Of the State Historical Society, in the founding of which her father bore a prominent part, she was a loyal and interested member, a letter of hers giving her recollections of the Sioux massacre of 1862 being published in the last issue of this magazine. Her most notable single service to the Society was the gift to it a few years since of the extensive collection of her father's personal manuscripts.

The Thirty-second Division in the World War, 1917–1919, a volume of 315 pages, has been issued jointly by the war history commissions of Michigan and Wisconsin. The volume is intended to be a nontechnical narrative of the Division's career, and it is announced that the official report of General Haan, commander of the Division, will be published later. The present volume is attractively printed and copiously illustrated and should constitute a valued record to all the survivors of the Division and their relatives and friends. The narrative was prepared by members of the Division while still in service; it avoids all personalities and undertakes to tell in an impersonal way the story of the Division in an entity. Such a mode of presentation has its undoubted merits. It has, also, its corresponding defects; and the "fathers and mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts" of those who belonged to the Division will look in vain for any trace of the personal element whose recital commonly enlivens narratives of this character. Since the book was produced for the gratification of precisely this group of people the wisdom of the abstinence manifested by its compilers is perhaps open to question. However this may be, we wish to commend the members of the two commissions under whose auspices the book appears for their restraint, all too infrequent, unhappily, in official publications of this character, in keeping their own portraits and histories out of the volume whose pages are devoted, as they should be, wholly to the Thirty-second Division.

It was largely due to the vision and influence of Dr. Edward Kremers, director of the Pharmacy department of the University of Wisconsin, that the interesting bequests of Colonel and Mrs. A. H. Hollister, for the furthering of work in pharmaceutical history came to the Society some years ago. Dr. Kremers has been on leave of absence from the University during the first half of the current school year, pursuing studies along the line of his dominant interest. The following letter received by the Editor December 15, 1920 gives some account of his experiences to that time.

"When I left Madison about the middle of October, I told you that I was going East on an historical pilgrimage, largely in search of local color in connection with two subjects on which I have been working recently in connection with the Hollister Pharmaceutical Library. One of these I have called 'a drug list of King Philip's War.' It is based on a document of 1675 in the Archives of the State House in Boston, of which a photostatic copy was secured about a year ago. The other is the 'Pharmacopoeia.....Nosocomii Militaris,' commonly called the Lititz Pharmacopoeia of 1778, of which a photostatic copy had been obtained from the Surgeon General's Library in Washington.

"For some years I have entertained the idea that some of the eastern archives must contain documents of interest to the pharmaceutical historian. So, while in search for local color, I also had my eyes open for new material. To tell you that I was not disappointed is to understate the result. To be more correct, I should say that I was soon overwhelmed with material and that I finally ran away because I had found more than I could ever hope to work up even if I had nothing else to do.

"What is more, I found that everyone with whom I came into personal contact was more than willing to coöperate. Indeed, in several instances, I had to tear myself away. Archivists and others who knew of some of the wealth of the material of which I was in search told me that never before had a pharmacist made application. They were so greatly pleased to have one come along at last that they went out of their way to help me.

"Tempting as were the kind offers to give me a desk, e. g., in the Oliver Wendell Holmes room of the Library of the Boston Medical Society on the Fenway, I longed for place in our own Library where I might work at one of the subjects in hand rather than find something new each day. However, it was a treat, and if I needed added stimulus to go ahead with our work I certainly got a sufficient dose."

A CENSUS OF OLD HOMESTEADS

In the December issue of *History Items* was published the following under the above caption:

"The State Historical Society wants to obtain and publish a census of those farms sixty years old or more, which in this year 1920 are still in the families of the men and women who created them out of pieces of wild land. It matters not from whom the title originally came, whether the United States government, the State government, or a private owner. The only condition is that the land must have been improved or made into a farm by the present owner or one of his or her ancestors.

"Owners of such family homesteads are requested to send in the requisite information about them without delay. For convenience in filing the following form should be used:

"1. Description of land [Example: NE/4 SE/4 Sec. 7, T. No. 8 R2W]

"2. Maker of the farm [Example: James W. Jones].
"3. Date at which ownership began [Example: 1842].
"4. Origin of title [Example: From U. S. Govt. Cert. of Purchase No. 5763; from State Cert. of Purchase No. 7321; from John Smith. Warranty deed, 1842].
"5. Date of his settlement on the land [Example: 1843].
"6. Proof of above statement as to date of settlement [Example: A letter written by the settler, or some member of his family; some instrument or transaction which is of record; statement by original owner later in life; testimony of aged neighbors knowing the facts].
"7. Name of present owner and relationship to original farmer [Example: Wesley G. Jones, grandson of James W. Jones].
"8. If possible give a brief sketch of the original farmer, a photograph of him, and any photographs of the farm, with approximate dates.
"9. Description of the present farm.
"10. Date of report.
"Kindly send information to State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin."

Our clipping service shows that the newspapers very generally reprinted the item, and the response has been remarkable. Letters began to come in the very day after the item was printed, and they have continued to come in a steady stream since. A goodly proportion of the older counties are represented in the reports on hand, and many of the individual farms reveal in the history of their settlement the circumstances under which the distinct sections of the state were pioneered. The accounts, usually written by descendants, of the pioneer farm makers themselves are often full of human interest. In short, these reports are bringing to our collection many valuable items in the history of the people of our state.

The time before going to press with the March number of the magazine is too short to permit extended comment in this issue. But we present as an initial installment of the *Census of Old Homesteads* a report, written by Mrs. Ida L. Martin of Mukwonago, R. R. 2, on the farm begun by her father, Joseph Hosmer Stickney, in 1839:

1. Description of land: NW ¼ Sec. 23, Town No. 5, Range No. 19 E; SW ¼ Sec. 14, Town No. 5, Range No. 19 E.
2. Maker of the farm: Joseph Hosmer Stickney.
3. Date at which ownership began: The land was filed or bought the second week in October, 1839, and the patent dated December 10, 1840.
4. Origin of title: A patent from United States government, signed by Martin Van Buren, president of United States.
5. Date of settlement on the land: Some time in the spring of 1839, when a log house was erected.
6. Proof of above statement as to date of settlement, etc., etc.: A family record in my mother's handwriting which states that

Joseph Hosmer Stickney and Achsah Ellen Haseltine were married in Vernon Township, Wisconsin, January 1, 1840.

7. Name of present owner and relationship to original farmer: Mrs. Ida L. Martin wife of Everett Martin and youngest child of original owner.
8. A brief sketch of the original farmer, etc., etc.: Joseph Hosmer Stickney was born in Andover, Vermont, October 8, 1811 and came to Vernon Township, Wisconsin, by team in company with friends, arriving here August 18, 1838. His whole life from that time was spent on this farm, with the exception of five years from the spring of 1847 until the spring of 1852, when this farm was rented and he lived at Leroy, Dodge County, Wisconsin. In 1859 he erected a commodious stone farmhouse, which at that early date was better than farmhouses generally. In the early years of his life in Wisconsin, Indians were his neighbors, and the big grey timber wolf often howled in the woods which at that time surrounded the little home. Quite a large part of the farm was covered with the sugar maple and the wooden sap troughs lay against the foot of the trees where the Indian had left them at the close of the season, for the Indian, too, liked to gather the "sugar water" to boil down for the sweetening of his daily meals. Mr. Stickney never had trouble with the "red man" but many times the "red papooses" and the white man's children sat together by the fireplace and shelled the corn the Indian had bought for family use.

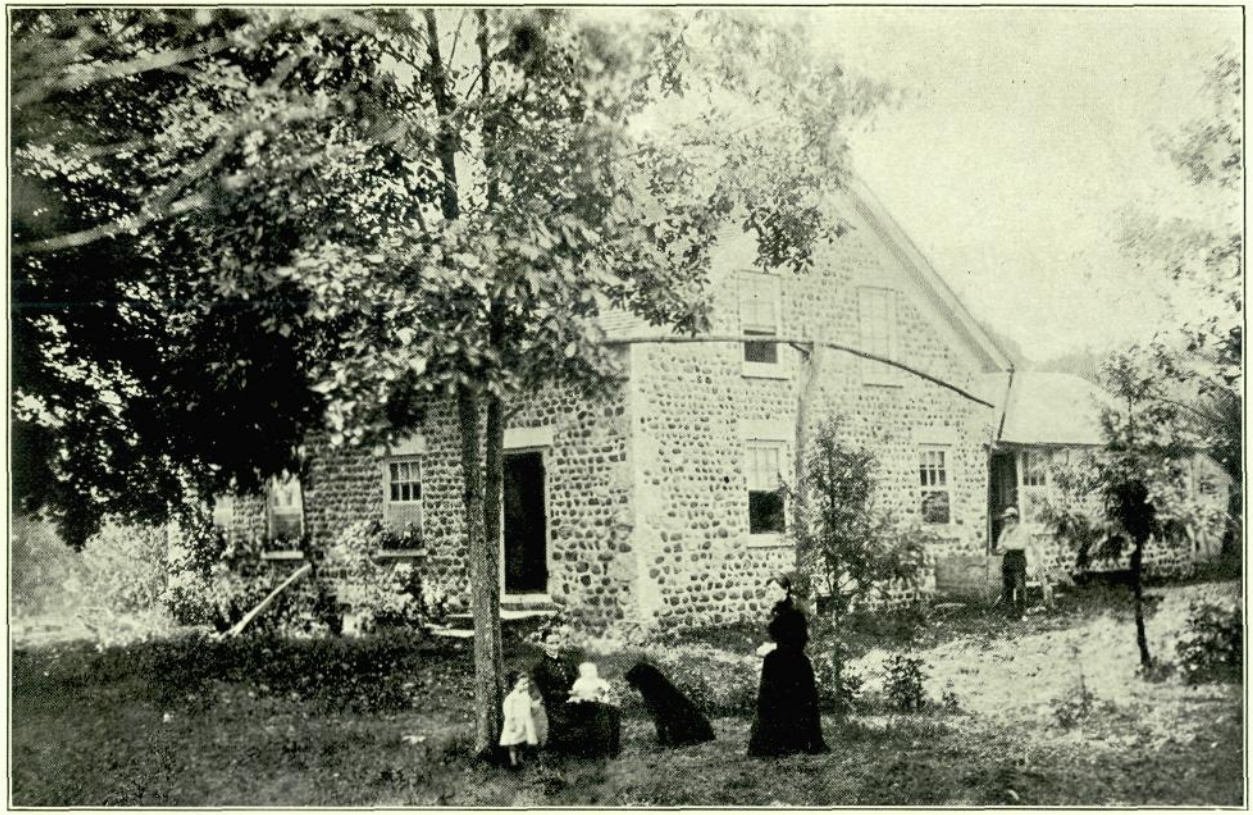
   The subject of this sketch rode on horseback to Chicago in October of 1839 to change the "wild cat" money he and his neighbors had for what they called "land office" money, so that they should be prepared to pay for their claims.

   Ten children were born to this pioneer and his faithful wife. One son died in infancy, but nine children grew to man- and womanhood on this farm. Mr. Stickney lived to be eighty-four, dying January 2, 1896.
9. Description of present farm: I don't think I understand this question. If it means if the farm boundaries are just the same as when my father made claims in 1839, they are not, although the buildings are on the same section as in my father's time. My father had 640 acres, and my husband and I have now 400 acres of that farm.
10. Date of report: December 30, 1920.

JOSEPH SCHAFER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Colonel Arthur L. Conger ("The Military Education of Grant as General") of the general staff of the army has long been known for his studies in military history and tactics. Throughout the Great War he served as assistant chief of staff to General Pershing. His notable address on "President Lincoln as War Statesman," delivered before the



HOUSE BUILT BY JOSEPH HOSMER STICKNEY IN 1859

From a photograph taken in 1884

Society in 1916, is printed in the annual volume of *Proceedings* for that year.

Deborah Beaumont Martin ("Doctor William Beaumont: His Life in Mackinac and Wisconsin, 1820–34") is librarian of the Kellogg Public Library of Green Bay. Miss Martin is the author of histories of Brown County and of Green Bay and a tireless student of Wisconsin history. She is the grandniece of Doctor William Beaumont and a daughter of Morgan L. Martin, who figured prominently in early Wisconsin history.

W. A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: VI Meeme: A Frontier Settlement that Developed Strong Men") concludes in this issue his series of sketches in early Wisconsin history.

Doctor William F. Whyte ("Chronicles of Early Watertown") is president of the State Board of Health and a curator of the State Historical Society. His last contribution to this magazine is entitled, "Observations of a Contract Surgeon," in the December, 1919 issue.

Carl Russell Fish ("An Historical Museum") is professor of American History in the University of Wisconsin and a curator of the State Historical Society.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The Law School of the State University is to be congratulated on the issuance of its new quarterly, termed the *Wisconsin Law Review*, the first number of which appeared in October, 1920. It is to be sent free to members of the bench and to the active members of the Wisconsin Bar Association. A small subscription price will bring the *Review* to those without the legal profession. The aim of the Journal is primarily to deal with questions of Wisconsin law and general legal matters of interest to the Wisconsin profession. The first number has for its leading article a sketch of the late Justice John B. Winslow by his successor, Justice Burr W. Jones, and Dean H. S. Richards of the Law School. The Dean also discusses "The Uniform Partnership Act." John D. Wickham presents a timely consideration of the "Statutes of Limitation in Wisconsin upon Actions for the Recovery of Land Sold for Taxes." The volume closes with "Notes on Recent Cases."

At the apex of the wedge of progressive legislation for Wisconsin stands the State Conference of Social Work, formerly called the Conference of Charities and Corrections. The conference was held at Oshkosh in October last, the University Extension department cooperating. The conference has set a mark for the nation by engaging a full-time trained executive secretary. Among those who contributed to the conference were Graham Taylor, Allen T. Burns, John A. Commons, John S. Donald, Martha Riley, Julia Lathrop, Dr. C. A. Harper, and Walter Davidson. The subjects discussed were grouped under the heads of Americanization; Industrial Relations; Rural Social Work; Public Health; Mental and Social Hygiene; and Red Cross. The *Proceedings* of the same conference for 1919 contain valuable papers on Mothers' Pensions; Minimum Wage; the Menace of the Feeble Minded; County Nurses, etc.

The State Department of Agriculture in its Bulletin 31 A gives a survey of the activities and services of this branch of the state government. It is the more interesting since Wisconsin's policy of dividing the field between the Department and the University College of Agriculture has proved so logical and practical that it is being adopted by the United States Department of Agriculture and is being copied in whole or in part by several other states. The Wisconsin Department of Agriculture was formed by the legislatures of 1915 and 1917 consolidating seven distinct boards dealing with agricultural interests. There are now nine divisions, each of which has a director. The aim is "service for the farmers and other citizens." Some of the typical activities are crop reporting, with forecasts and monthly reports, and special reports on commercial crops; field control of plant diseases; tuberculosis test of dairy cattle; hog cholera control; seed testing and weed destruction; markets; and state fair advisory.

Bulletin 318 of the Agricultural Experiment Station deals scientifically with *Credit Needs of Settlers in Upper Wisconsin.* It has been prepared by the university experts, Dr. Richard T. Ely, Dr. B. H. Hibbard, and Alonzo B. Cox. In the farm development of the cut-over region there are two processes—the pioneering and the improvement stage. Credit needs are more pressing in the first period; in the second they are larger but on a better basis. The pioneering activities of clearing, farm buildings, well, fencing, tools, machinery, and live stock need a capital of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars for normal progress. In the farm development period at least double that amount should be available. The farmer and the farm should be a sufficient basis for needed credit. The settler with some money is served by the present agencies. No credit machinery is now provided for the less well-to-do settler. The object should not be to subsidize the farmer, but to make his security as mobile as that of the manufacturer or merchant. The federal farm loan bank has already issued $17,000,000 in upper Wisconsin. This releases local money for short-time personal loans. The settler should remember that the amount of credit he can command depends on his character, his honesty, his ability to spend money wisely.

The Conservation and the Highway commissions are endeavoring to combine historical associations with pleasure trips. In their guides to the state parks and to places of interest historical values are emphasized. The former commission issued in May the first anniversary number of the *Conservationist.* This birthday was featured by an exquisite color print of the passenger pigeon, an extinct bird, descriptions of which fill the accounts of pioneers and primitive travelers. The same number gives notice of the gift to the state of the new Pattison Park in Douglas County under the will of Senator Martin Pattison of Superior. This park comprises six hundred and sixty acres on the watershed between Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi and contains the highest waterfall in the state. It is thought to have been the site of an

early fur trade post. The Conservation Commission likewise issues a pamphlet entitled *See Wisconsin First*, in which are outlined three auto routes named, respectively, the "Flambeau Route," the "Bad Axe Trail," and the "Kickapoo Valley Tour." On these routes the historical associations are mentioned. The Highway Commission accompanies its *Official Map of the State Trunk Highway System of Wisconsin* with a "Brief History of Wisconsin" and an "Index to Historical Points." The latter comprises twenty-nine historical points indicated on the map by green circles. Some of the statements are made more authoritively than historical criticism admits—such as the exact landfall of Nicolet, the site of Father Ménard's death, and the dates of the explorations of Radisson and Groseilliers. Jolliet's name is spelled with one "l"; Fort "St. Nichols" should be "St. Nicolas"; Fort Shelby was not built at Prairie du Chien in 1813 but in 1814; the several sites of Fort Crawford are not indicated; and the second territorial assembly met at Madison in 1838, not in 1836. In the "Brief History," there is an hiatus of some sort concerning the War of 1812. These slight inaccuracies should be corrected in the next edition of the guide.

In the June number of the magazine the appeal of the State Board of Education was noticed. The board issued a pamphlet (March to May, 1920) on "Educational Programs as outlined by Educators, Labor, Business Men, and Farmers." The chief need, according to the opinion of the board, is for an educational policy, instead of the present-day opportunism. The board, as a help in the formulation of a policy, has collected citations from such available programs as are announced, especially by the voice of Labor which everywhere is demanding a democratic educational system. One striking fact in the examination of the several programs is the comparative lack of emphasis on higher education. The institutions offering this form are sufficiently articulate; the new programs consider that "it is better to elevate the mass ever so little than to raise a few ever so high." There follows the program of the State Federation of Labor recommending a mimimum wage for teachers of one hundred dollars a month; the compulsory attendance age to be placed at sixteen; part-time compulsory attendance to be raised to eighteen with twelve required hours per week; appropriations for aiding deserving students to secure a higher education; the adult special age at the university to be lowered to eighteen; increase of mothers' pensions; labor representation on school boards; no military training in the lower schools. Business men's programs are few; nor have the farmers yet formulated an educational program of note unless the resolutions of the Society of Equity on rural schools and compulsory attendance may so be called. The pamphlet is intended to stimulate public opinion concerning the burning questions of democratic educational policy.

With a similar purpose the Extension Division of the University has issued a careful monograph by Mrs. Edith E. Hoyt on *Parent-Teachers Associations*. These associations are performing a community service and building up tolerance and co-operation among the various

elements of the community. By their unselfish purpose to serve future citizens they create a vehicle by which the community can come into constructive relationship with the school in practical ways. The association should not be a critical but a sympathetic organization; it is not intended to pass upon the teachers' qualifications nor methods, but to furnish a means of information whereby the parents may better understand the aims of the teacher and the purpose of the school system. It is a democratic organization, not an exclusive club; the only barrier is childlessness. The little book furnishes practical instructions for the formation of an association, for subjects to discuss, and for types of recreation. These associations are one of the many means by which Americanization is being promoted and strengthened.