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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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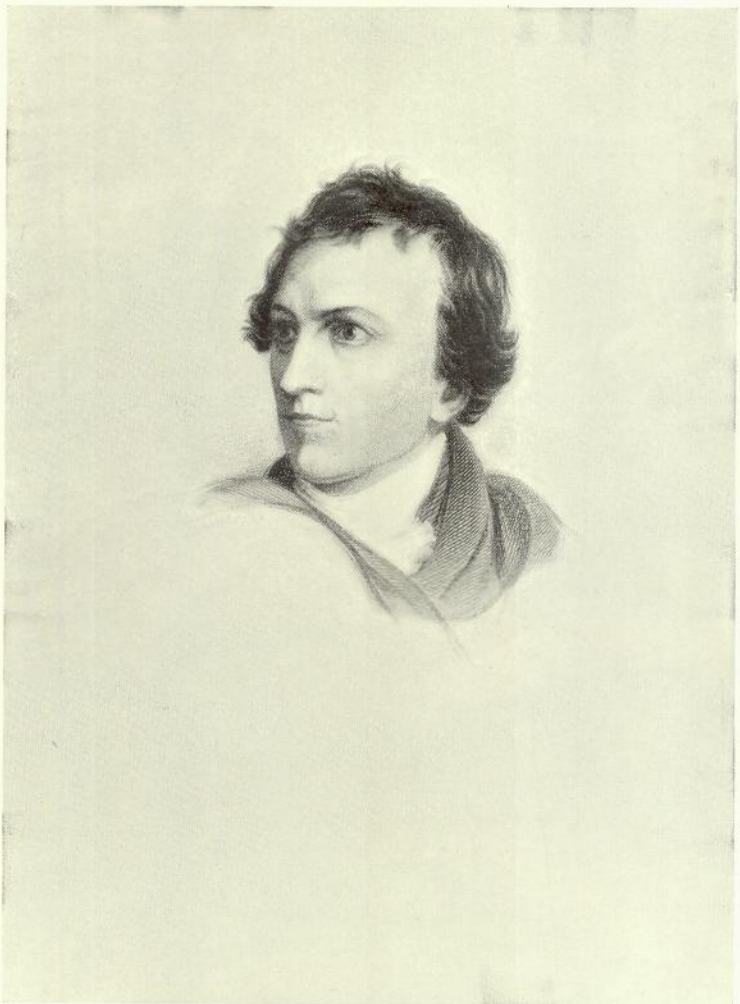


JAMES GATES PERCIVAL
1795–1856

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

WILLIAM H. PEARSON

Recently, while walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., I paused at a bookstore and glanced over some old second-hand books, among which were the poems of James Gates Percival in two small volumes. I was at once interested, for, while having read some of his poems at intervals and having read a good deal about the man, I had never seen an edition of his poetical works. Quickly deciding to purchase the little volumes, which were published in 1859, I remarked to the dealer that they meant much to me in view of the fact that the author's grave was in the Wisconsin county from which I had come to Washington.

That grave at Hazel Green contains the remains of a man once famous. The monument, erected over it by admirers many years after his interment there, summarizes well the elements of his fame:

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

born in
Berlin Connecticut
September 15 1795

Graduated at Yale College
B A 1815 M D 1820

State Geologist
of
Connecticut 1833-1842
State Geologist
of
Wisconsin 1854-1856

Died in Hazel Green
May 2 1856

EMINENT AS A POET
RARELY ACCOMPLISHED AS A
LINGUIST
LEARNED AND ACUTE IN SCIENCE
A MAN WITHOUT GUILE

Surely, motorists with an historic and artistic appreciation, traveling near Hazel Green in Grant County, Wisconsin, should be cognizant of the fact that there was buried in 1856 a man who was once a figure in the literary and scientific life of this country. Some one has said that we get comparatively little out of Rome unless we take something to it—a mind well stored with the facts of Roman history.

James Gates Percival was the son of a village doctor. He was a great linguist, having command of ten languages; a musician; a skilled botanist; a practical geologist. He was a physician, who failed in practice, and a poet widely read in his generation. It should be known, too, that he played a large part in the compilation of Noah Webster's dictionary, in which work his scientific learning and his knowledge of languages made his services very valuable; that he was for a time professor of chemistry at West Point Military Academy; army surgeon at Boston; a tutor, a lecturer, an editor; that he was offered a professorship of languages in Hampden-Sidney College in Virginia; that, a Universalist in religion, he thought of entering the ministry; and that he died in May, 1856, at Hazel Green, while investigating the mineral resources of Wisconsin. His was a career, therefore, of many-sided activity.

Disappointed in love, the poet never married. His lot was a hard one—of loneliness, poverty, disappointment, and ill health. He was shy, sensitive, egotistical, melancholy, and eccentric. In fact, when a young man he made two attempts on his own life. In financial matters he was shiftless. He was also, up to a certain point, inconstant, pursuing untiringly some line of endeavor for a time, only to turn suddenly to some other subject in which he would

become equally absorbed. But in his geological work, taken up after he had fully realized that poetry was not a source of profit to him, he was unremitting in his efforts. His character was of marked purity, and the love of nature was with him a passion. It will be seen, then, that the man's personality was far from simple. Indeed, what a puzzle he was! What vagaries, inconsistencies, and idiosyncracies we find! We read of his amazing memory, keen powers of observation, powerful reasoning faculties, uncommon versatility—in short, of his rich natural endowments, untrammeled by vices. Withal, his learning was profound. He was exceedingly industrious, no day ever being too long for his purposes; he had opportunities most favorable; and he had friends of marked devotion. These advantages were offset by a feeble body, a morbid sensitiveness and conscientiousness unfitting him for business success, excessive timidity, pronounced eccentricities, and a gloomy skepticism in spiritual matters. Thus equipped and thus handicapped—overlearned and lacking in practical judgment—he treated himself more cruelly than did any other. He has been called a "noble and mysterious shipwreck." With him many a crooked place might have been straight if he could have avoided extremes and thus have had a more harmonious development.

So, with the thought of his dying among strangers at the little town of Hazel Green, and with the thought of the lonely grave at that place, unmarked for years, I have gone sympathetically through his poems and have been amazed at the number he composed, the fluency with which he wrote, and the great learning he displayed. It is said that Percival, often too poor to buy nourishing food, left a library of a good many thousand volumes, which sold for $20,000.

The man must have had charm, for all through his life he had friends, who in spite of his peculiar personality

helped to get him positions, to retain his vast library, and to build that curious home in Connecticut, significantly having no door in front, for himself and his books—a home which he left in tears, it is said, when he went to Wisconsin to resume for the last time his geological work. We find, for instance, J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, taking him into his home in New York City for several weeks at a period when Percival's labors were proving unfruitful financially. And, after the grave at Hazel Green had been without a monument for many a year, admirers in another generation erected the stone from which the inscription above is quoted.

Percival's biography, published in 1866 and embracing five hundred seventy-nine pages, was the work of J. H. Ward, a young Episcopalian clergyman, who, while he never saw the subject of his book, had a tender regard for the man. The preparation of this interesting work is said to have been the labor of some years. It was reviewed in a number of magazines, and occasioned an unjust attack on Percival's literary career by James Russell Lowell. Mr. Ward wrote that very early in life he came under the spell of the poet's genius, and, after completing the biography with its intensive study, "the simple reverence for his genius and attainments which I had in boyhood has increased with a riper knowledge of his character."

Percival's life at New Haven, Connecticut, almost that of a hermit but having the solace of study, covered many years. About 1831, when he was thirty-six, his poetic period was practically over, his intellectual pursuits thereafter being along the lines of linguistics and natural science. However, being a Whig in politics, he wrote a number of songs during the presidential campaign of 1840 to further the candidacy of General Harrison. Leaving the life of seclusion, the congenial atmosphere of study, the vast library gathered at great sacrifice, he went into practical geological work with its hardships and drudgery, pursuing

his course with a determination truly heroic, and making Percival the geologist by some subtle metamorphosis strangely different from Percival the poet. Worn out by the labors of the geologic survey in Wisconsin, he died in 1856 in the home of Dr. J. L. Jenckes at Hazel Green. The *Gazette* of Galena, Illinois, a paper always having a large circulation in the vicinity of Hazel Green, stated after Percival's death that, having been bitten by a dog, he resolutely refused to take any liquid matter, imagining that hydrophobia was coming on and dreading convulsions. But Dr. Jenckes, in his contribution to Ward's biography, says nothing to substantiate this.

Hazel Green, the little hamlet figuring so largely in Percival's three years in Wisconsin and marking the place of his grave, has had a publicity, without doubt, beyond any other place in Grant County. I trust that, since distances formerly long are now short, the pilgrimages to that grave will become more numerous, and with the veil of obscurity lifted, also more significant. A few days after Percival's death, the *Evening Post* of New York City published "A Lament for Percival," in which occurred these touching lines:

> Long as the dark green pines shall wave,
> O'er breezy plain or towering steep,
> The pilgrim oft shall seek thy grave,
> And o'er the shrine of genius weep.

Having made this survey of the scholar's life, and remembering the limitations of space, I shall now briefly consider his efforts from the idealistic side—as a poet—and from the very practical side—as a geologist. He aspired to fame as a poet, but failing to achieve financial success in this field, he in later life, as has been shown, entered into the practical work of a geologist, where his services were valuable.

In a discussion of Percival's poetry, candor compels one to say that his longer poems, like "Prometheus," are

woefully hard to follow. Words in wild profusion instead of conveying thought seem to conceal it, and the mind gets lost. There are richness of fancy, ornateness of language, and harmonious versification, but there is not enough balance or good sense. Sometimes one loses his way in a wealth of illustration, and again one is enmeshed in a parenthesis of eight or ten lines. The effect of all this is painful. There is too much adornment and not enough clarity of expression. Accordingly the reader begins to wonder whether clear thinking lay behind the involved language. How much some of these long poems needed the pruning knife! Always, however, Percival was resolutely an advocate of the rough draft of inspiration, boasting that he was free from the use of the "file and burnisher." It was a poem of this character that he read on a September evening in 1825, when thirty years of age, before the Connecticut Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society—a poem of eleven hundred lines in blank verse on "The Mind." That evening of fatigue must have been carried long in the memory by those who suffered. Percival, not knowing human nature and human tastes well, could be a bore, as in this public instance and in recorded instances of interminable private talks—really lectures—to some lone sufferer. Undoubtedly, poems that weary one as that Connecticut audience was wearied will not keep their author's memory green.

Passing to the short poems, we find the situation changes greatly, and the desire to quote more than space permits has to be restrained. As, in a way, Everett's ornate Gettysburg oration is to Lincoln's simple speech, so are Percival's long poems to a few of the short ones. It would seem that some of these should be better known and should give their author a higher place in American literature than he now holds. The critics are doubtless to blame for his unpopularity. Lowell's scathing comment,[1] unfair as it was, has done him

[1] In *My Study Windows.*

great harm. To illustrate: On looking over one history of American literature for public schools, I find that the author, after saying a word or two generally on Percival, referred the student to Lowell's *My Study Windows*—a course markedly unenlightened. Surely "error always lurks in generalities." Some day, let us hope, abler pens than mine will in a large way challenge the conclusions of Lowell.

I shall now quote in its entirety "The Coral Grove," written in 1822, which is generally considered Percival's masterpiece and which was first published in the *Courier*, Charleston, South Carolina, then the leading literary paper in the South:

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

A hundred years have passed since this piece, so rich in fancy, appeared. Henry Ware, clergyman, author, and Harvard professor, said in 1826 that "The Coral Grove" was "one of the most distinct and exquisite pieces of fancy work which the muse ever sketched." In 1855 Yale's great naturalist, Professor James H. Dana, delivering at New Haven a popular address on the coral formations, quoted these lines:

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone.

In 1859 William Cullen Bryant, comparing favorably Percival's "brilliancy of imagery and sweetness of versification" with Thomas Moore's, cited "The Coral Grove" as an illustration. The poem is found in the *Library of Choice Literature*, a notable work from all standpoints, edited by A. R. Spofford, librarian of Congress, and published in 1883, sixty-one years after the verses were written. In Wilstach's *Dictionary of Similes*, these striking lines are quoted: "To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter," and "Are bending like corn on the upland lea." It seems to me this one poem alone establishes the fame of its author as a poet. How seemly, therefore, would it have been if the school literature above mentioned had given a reference to "The Coral Grove" rather than to Lowell's savage onslaught.[2] If time be the great test of merit in literature, then, to be fair, has not this production met the test? Less caricature, more understanding, and more fairness should be accorded James Gates Percival. American literature is not so rich and varied that these lines must be sent to the scrap heap with

[2] Professor Henry A. Beers, in his *Ways of Yale*, edition of 1910, after treating Percival quite jeeringly in the chapter "Our Own Percival," calls himself to account toward its close, and cites exceptions to the general tenor of his remarks—he acknowledges the worth of "The Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake."

the effusions of dabblers in verse on the ground that they suffer in comparison with the best.

Besides, there are further testimonies that Percival continues to inspire some—that he is not wholly forgotten. Looking over Charles H. Crandall's *Representative Sonnets by American Poets*, published in 1890, I find the author saying of Percival, "His sonnets have the courtly elegance and fine feeling of old-time poetry." Now, this is far removed from faint praise. Two sonnets from Percival—"My Love" and "Night"—which follow are included in Crandall's selections:

LOVE

If on the clustering curls of thy dark hair,
And the pure arching of thy polished brow,
We only gaze, we fondly dream that thou
Art one of those bright ministers who bear,
Along the cloudless bosom of the air,
Sweet, solemn words, to which our spirits bow,
With such a holy smile thou lookest now,
And art so soft and delicately fair.
A veil of tender light is mantling o'er thee;
Around thy opening lips young loves are playing;
And crowds of youths, in passionate thoughts delaying,
Pause, as thou movest by them, to adore thee;
By many a sudden blush and tear betraying
How the heart trembles, when it bends before thee.

NIGHT

Am I not all alone? The world is still
In passionless slumber; not a tree but feels
The far-pervading hush, and softer steals
The misty river by. Yon broad, bare hill
Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars
Seem eyes deep fixed in silence, as if bound
By some unearthly spell; no other sound
But the owl's unfrequent moan. Their airy cars
The winds have stationed on the mountain peaks.
Am I not all alone?—A spirit speaks
From the abyss of night, "Not all alone—
Nature is round thee with her banded powers,
And ancient genius haunts thee in these hours;
Mind and its kingdom now are all thine own."

Are our standards of taste so high that these poems count as naught? If such lines are not appreciated, is it the fault

of the poet, the critic, or the public? These lines—and they deserve to be better known—should contribute mightily toward keeping the one who penned them from oblivion. In 1859 the poet Bryant, referring to Percival, said: "Some of the sonnets have all the majesty of those of Wordsworth." It must be apparent now that the author of "To a Waterfowl" and "Thanatopsis" thought highly of Percival as a poet—appraised him in a way strikingly at variance with that of Lowell.

As further evidence that this son of Yale has not had fair treatment—that obscurity should not be his portion,—I must revive his lines on "Evening," breathing as they do deep feeling in felicitous expression; and I must once more express wonder that critics have not become better acquainted with little poems of this character, so free from the conceded defects of the longer ones:

> O Evening! I have loved thee with a joy
> Tender and pure, and thou hast ever been
> A soother of my sorrows. When a boy,
> I wandered often to a lonely glen,
> And, far from all the stir and noise of men,
> Held fond communion with unearthly things,
> Such as come gathering brightly round us, when
> Imagination soars and shakes her wings.
>
> Yes, in that secret valley, doubly dear
> For all its natural beauty, and the hush
> That ever brooded o'er it, I would lay
> My thoughts in deepest calm, and if a bush
> Rustled, or small bird shook the beechen spray,
> There seemed a ministering angel whispering near.

The judgment of a later generation than his own is that the little poem "To Seneca Lake," referred to in the *Cambridge History of American Literature* as a "little gem," ranks high in merit among Percival's writings. It has a place in some of the recent anthologies. In view of its simplicity, contrasting so markedly with the verbiage of

poems like "Prometheus," and its sustained excellence, I shall give it now in full:

TO SENECA LAKE

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

I wish I might quote in entirety "Last Days of Autumn," "Reign of May," "New England" (for Percival was intensely patriotic), "The Flag," and "To the Houstonia Cerules," a very delicate New England spring flower growing in large patches. Following is one stanza from the last-named poem:

I love thee, modest flower.
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful step, along thy studded bed,
At morning's freshest hour.

I must quote "Home" in full, that it may be brought out still more forcibly how this writer has been neglected. Yes,

I must resurrect from the graveyard of poetry these lines with their remarkable simplicity, feeling a service will be done thereby in bringing their charm to the light of day:

My place is in the quiet vale,
The chosen haunt of simple thought;
I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,
I better love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,
To wander by my native brook;
I ask, in life's unruffled flow,
No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,
Where the clear water murmurs by;
And if I wish a while to roam,
I have an ocean in the sky.

Fancy can charm and feeling bless
With sweeter hours than fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness
Than home around the bosom throws.

Ford's *Poems of History* contains Percival's "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie"; Stevenson's *Poems of American History* includes the "Apostrophe to the Island of Cuba"; and Harper's *Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry* prints among others "May." "The Deserted Wife" used to be found in the school readers and was a favorite for declamation purposes. Likewise, "To the Eagle," beginning "Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!" appeared in McGuffey's *Sixth Reader*, widely used a generation or more ago. "The Suicide," a long poem written after his most tragic personal experiences, shows his abiding melancholy. "Consumption" is an example of a frequent tendency to what Richardson in his *American Literature* calls "sickly sweet sentimentality." It begins:

There is a sweetness in woman's decay
When the light of beauty is fading away.

That this melancholy character was egotistical and mis-

anthropic is shown by internal as well as external evidence. That Percival bitterly resented the public's refusal to take him and his verse more favorably is revealed to us in "An Imprecation," one of his juvenile poems, aimed at the people of Hartford, Connecticut, wherein he pronounces a number of curses, this being one:

> Wrapped in gory sheets of lightning,
> While cursed night-hags ring thy knell,
> May the arm of vengeance bright'ning
> O'er thee wave the sword of Hell.

England having had great eras of literature, a literature which was old and rich when ours was new and Percival was a forerunner, I became interested in discovering whether he was known in British literary circles and, if so, whether favorably or otherwise. So, with the resources of the Congressional Library within easy reach, I began to investigate along this line. Happily, I soon came on *British Criticisms of American Writings*, by Professor W. B. Cairns of the University of Wisconsin, who said, in part, that "Percival was the subject of frequent comment in English journals (contemporaneous criticism) and was sometimes ranked at the head of American poets." One finds the *Edinburgh Review* in 1827 expressing surprise, when commenting on Percival, "that his works are not better known among us." About the same time the *British Register*, reviewing Percival's poems, observed that "we have seen many specimens of American taste and genius, but we think this work one of the most favorable."

Percival, after being state geologist of Connecticut, went to Wisconsin in the employ of the American Mining Company, later becoming state geologist of Wisconsin, spending about three years in the West—the most pleasant period of his life. Up at dawn, traveling sometimes in a one-horse vehicle and sometimes on horseback, working in his room far on into the night, subject to all kinds of weather,

Percival the poet is hardly recognizable in Percival the geologist. Such a transition! The mind that was often so lavish in the poet became merely accurate and logical in the scientist. We read of the former poet's coming in contact with every square mile of land in the state of Connecticut; of his examining the interior of over two hundred mines in Wisconsin; of a sort of philosophic calm coming over him; and of less skepticism in religious matters. His plunging into scientific pursuits so intensively must have brought great relief from old sorrows. Poetry was now definitely put behind him. Any belated sporadic efforts along that line were linguistic studies. His mind, permitting no irrelevancies, was on the matter in hand. Professor Cairns, already quoted, in writing to me relative to the former study of Percival, gave a reminiscence told by his father, who was one of a number who welcomed the state geologist to River Falls, Wisconsin. As a part of the entertainment, the stranger was taken to the falls near the town, where it was expected that he would exhibit a poetic rapture on viewing the sight. However, manifesting no appreciation of the natural beauty, the guest got busy with his hammer. Professor Shephard, who accompanied Percival for a time on the Connecticut survey, comments similarly, saying that he never heard "a single poetic observation concerning the objects which met us in our wandering." (Parenthetically, let me say that it is recorded that the two geologists, while traveling together, went to church one night. After the service, Percival, on being asked how he liked the sermon, replied, "I consider it an animating and probably useful performance.")

J. H. Evans, "Reminiscences of Early Grant County," published by the Wisconsin State Historical Society in 1909, says that Percival, reaching Platteville on the geological survey, stayed at the home of Major Rountree, where Mr. Evans knew him. He speaks of the scientist's strong

face, his wonderful eyes, and the surpassing charm of his talk. H. D. York, of Hazel Green, another pioneer of Grant County, writing to the *Grant County Advocate* and speaking from observation, said: "However eccentric and forbidding Dr. Percival appeared to outside observers, in the private social circles he was full of cheer and mirth, his utterances often sparkling with wit and wisdom."

Was he a great geologist? Let the answer be given by Professor Dana, who spoke in 1865 these words of unqualified praise: "In the expression 'Percival the geologist,' few will recognize a reference to Percival the poet; and yet, in my opinion, no one in the country has done better work in geology or work of a greater value to the science." Likewise, D. C. Gilman, a former president of Johns Hopkins University, reviewing J. H. Ward's biography of Percival, said, "His geological researches were original and profound." Apparently, there is no question as to Percival's scientific ability or achievements.

We live in an age when the reading of poetry is on the decline. Poetical works are neglected because the capacity to appreciate is lacking. Our standard of values seems to be false. Even Shakespeare is overlooked, his works often filling bookcases for appeal to the eye rather than to the mind. But, history repeating itself, there will be a revival of interest in poetry, and a future generation may experience something of Percival's own feeling:

Softly sweet the song is stealing, softly through the night afar;
Faint and low the bell is pealing; dim, through haze, the light of star;
Hushed and still is all around me; cold and still my brooding heart;
Sure some magic spell hath bound me,—bid, oh! bid the spell depart.

To be appreciated by even a few is not to be dead.

COPPER MINING IN THE EARLY NORTHWEST

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

The first miners in the region of Wisconsin were the Indians. Archeologists have found clear evidence that an aboriginal mining industry of large proportions was located on the shores of Lake Superior. The belief that the American Indians did not utilize metals was abandoned years ago, because of the proof afforded by the great number of copper implements and ornaments that have been found in Wisconsin. Our earlier scientists were astonished to find these prehistoric copper artifacts in such numbers upon our soil. Later search has resulted in more and more coming to light. Over twenty years ago a count was made and thirteen thousand copper pieces had been recovered from Wisconsin mounds and village sites. Henry E. Hamilton, the chief collector of Wisconsin copper artifacts, has expressed his belief that the copper articles manufactured by the North American Indians amounted to millions.

Copper implements and ornaments are likewise found in Ohio mounds, and in sites along the Atlantic coast plain as far south as Georgia and Florida. The manufacture of these metallic articles was formerly attributed to a pre-Indian race called the mound builders, who were thought to have been of a higher culture than the aborigines found by the whites when they discovered the western continent. Now that the theory of the mound builders as a separate race has been abandoned, it is freely admitted that the prehistoric Indians had sufficient skill to have been the manufacturers of the copper artifacts found in the mounds. None of these show signs of casting or of melting by fire. Modern Indians and the present Eskimo have not lost the art of fashioning copper without smelting. Plates as thin

as those used in the making of ornaments may be beaten out and shaped with stones, and the edges of the metal hardened in the process. Indeed, it is probable that the prehistoric miners and artificers considered the copper nuggets only as a peculiar kind of stone.

The source of the prehistoric copper is not difficult to find. The glacial drift brought down into the northern Mississippi and Ohio valleys many small pieces of copper, which were seized upon by the Indian workers; but the chief source of their supply was the Lake Superior deposits. As early as 1848, when agents of the Minnesota Mining Company were prospecting in the northern peninsula of Michigan, they found hundreds of abandoned diggings along the copper lode. As mining in this region progressed, prehistoric workings were located over a range one hundred miles long and from three to five miles wide in Ontonagon, Houghton, and Keweenaw counties; these were soon discovered to have been opened on the richest parts of the lode, and the early prospectors profited by the sagacity of their remote predecessors. On the north shore of Lake Superior, also, Indian mines have been discovered, and the prehistoric workings on Isle Royale are the most extensive yet found. Numberless pits have been seen from which copper was taken, and excavations of another type seem to have been used by the prehistoric miners as dwellings. William H. Holmes, one of our leading archeologists, is convinced that the Lake Superior mines were worked by Indians for hundreds of years.

The methods employed by these primitive miners are shown by the remains that have been found. Stone hammers were evidently used and with these copper masses were pounded until flakes were broken off. They cared little for large masses of metal, since these were too refractory for their methods of transportation and manufacture. Evidences of the use of fire abound, but heat was used, not

to melt the metal, but to loosen the rock strata in which it was embedded. After fires were built, water was dashed upon the heated rocks to crack them. In some of the deeper pits ladders have been found and wooden props on which small masses of the metal were raised. Immense numbers of broken stone hammers and axes lie around these old workings, and everything testifies to the indefatigable industry of these primitive miners.

No studies have yet been made of the tribal affinities of these first miners on Lake Superior. Some archeologists hold that the region about this great lake was the primitive home of the great Siouan race, and that therefore the early miners must have belonged to this stock. Radisson, the first observer of the Lake Superior peoples, noted that some of his Siouan visitors wore in their ears crescents and stars of copper polished until it shone. On the other hand, few copper artifacts have been found on prehistoric Siouan sites, and even the Wisconsin Winnebago (belonging to the Siouan family) acquired the copper artifacts they had by intertribal trade, and not by manufacture. So few metallic remains have been found in Winnebago graves and village sites, that Paul Radin, their recent historian, definitely asserts that members of this tribe were never copper makers.

On the other hand, evidence is fast accumulating that the greater number of copper artifacts are to be found on Algonquian sites. In Wisconsin the richest finds of prehistoric copper have been made along the Lake Michigan littoral, on sites associated with the Menominee and Potawatomi villages of historic times. The Georgia and Ohio mounds in which copper ornaments have been found are thought to have been the burial places of Algonquian peoples. Most of the early explorers along the Atlantic coast found the aborigines they met supplied with copper ornaments, and these tribes were nearly all of the Algonquian stock. It seems then reasonable to suppose that the

ancient miners of Lake Superior were the ancestors of the historic Algonquian tribes, all the more since the original home of this great race is thought to have been northwest of the Great Lakes, and that from this region they migrated east and south. Whether we can ever identify these primitive miners any more closely than to say that they were probably Algonquian is doubtful. The great branch of that race which now occupies the lands around Lake Superior—the Chippewa—were not there when the whites first came west. Moreover, the Chippewa knew nothing of mining methods. They were in possession of many copper nuggets, which they regarded as sacred and cherished "as household gods"; but although they acted as purveyors of the metal, they denied all knowledge of the ancient mines, declaring that these had existed before they came to Lake Superior.

Certain natural facts gave an impetus to the primitive use of Lake Superior copper; one was its color, which made it highly prized, for when polished it glowed almost like gold. "Red copper" it was always called by the first explorers. The second fact was its purity. Because of these qualities its use was widespread, and it early came to the notice of European adventurers. Fish, furs, and metals were the first resources of the New World to be sought and exploited. Mines were especially in demand because of the riches Spain had acquired in Central and Southern America. So the French discoverers of the St. Lawrence were alert for evidences of mineral wealth; and Jacques Cartier, who in 1535 first entered that river, was told by the savages something about the copper of the upper lakes. One of the chiefs that he carried off to France made him a present of "a great knife of red copper that came from the Saguenay." Cartier's successor, Samuel de Champlain, on his first visit to Canada in 1603 was told that the Huron Indians wore bracelets of copper, brought from a mine in the far north.

These, he was told, were of "very fine copper." Lescarbot, one of Champlain's contemporaries, wrote that the people beyond the Saguenay had much gold and red copper. Sagard, who was the earliest author to visit the western country, wrote of the Hurons: "Their treasures consist principally in quantities of pelts of different animals terrestrial and amphibious. There are also mines of copper which should not be slighted. . . . about eighty or one hundred leagues from the Huron country there is a mine of red Copper, of which the Interpreter showed me an ingot on his return from a voyage he made to that country."

A quarter of a century then elapsed in which we find no mention of copper mines. In 1653 Father Bressani, an Italian Jesuit, when describing the resources of America wrote: "There is a Copper ore, which is very pure, and which has no need of passing through the fire; but it is in places far distant and hard to reach, which render its transportation almost impossible. We have seen it in the hands of the Barbarians, but no one has visited the place."

The first western traders were watchful for signs of copper in the distant countries they sought. The traders in Lake Superior from 1660 to 1663 carried to the colony news of heavy deposits. From their information, Pierre Boucher wrote in his *History of Canada* in 1664: "In Lake Superior there is a large island, about fifty leagues around, in which there is a fine mine of red copper; there are also found in several places large pieces of this metal in a pure state. . . . They [the traders] have told me that they saw an ingot of pure Copper, weighing according to their estimate more than eight hundred pounds, which lay along the shore; they say that the savages when passing by, make a fire above this, after which they cut off pieces with their axes; one of the traders tried to do the same, and broke his hatchet in pieces"—thus showing the superiority of stone over iron tools for primitive copper mining.

Father Allouez, who in 1665 made a voyage to Lake Superior, received instructions to investigate the possibility of utilizing the copper deposits. He found the natives very averse to talking about the metal, asserting that their manitous would be angry if they revealed the secret of the copper mines. Allouez, however, persisted, and gained the tribesmen's confidence sufficiently to obtain several large samples of copper ore, and some information of the places from which they were obtained. This information he carried to his superior, who made a careful report of the several sites Allouez had discovered. In this report mines are mentioned on the north shore of the lake, and especially those on Isle Royale; the McCargo's Cave excavations are noted with accuracy. On the south shore he reported masses of copper west of Chequamegon Bay, and several slabs and irregular rocks of metallic origin located around the bay. These the missionary thought were probably washed by the ice and the waves from the northern shore. The large deposit on Ontonagon River, however, seemed to be of a different character, and to promise a considerable deposit that might be worked as a mine. He also noted appearances of mines on the Keweenaw peninsula, and had been assured that many deposits existed in the interior.[1] Thus within a decade after Lake Superior was first visited by Frenchmen, the main deposits of copper were known.

It was another matter to utilize this knowledge and to make the mines profitable to the colony. Talon, the first intendant of Canada, who was always on the alert for its advantage, acting on the report made by the missionaries sent Jean Peré as his confidential agent to Lake Superior to verify the report, and to determine whether it was practicable to open the mines and transport the ore. Peré had himself found on a trading voyage to the northern lake what he thought was a rich copper mine, and readily undertook

[1] Allouez's report is in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvi, 72-76.

Talon's commission. He went out in 1667, and when he did not return the following year, Talon sent Louis Jolliet to carry to him supplies and to learn of his success. Jolliet was not able to find Peré because of tribal war raging in Lake Superior; he did, however, on his homeward journey discover a deep waterway, by which he thought the product of the mines might be transported. Acting on Jolliet's report, Talon sent in 1670 an expedition to assert French sovereignty over the far Northwest, and to explore farther for copper. The leader of this expedition did not succeed in finding Peré or any mines; his account of the difficulties of transportation was very discouraging, and Talon's recall to France put an end for a decade to any attempt to develop the mines.

Duluth, whose whole interest was in exploration and not in exploitation, did not make any attempt to open mines on Lake Superior. His brother La Tourette, however, in the summer of 1687 brought to the colony a large copper ingot, and the governor was preparing to make further inquiries, when the exigencies of the Iroquois wars stopped all prospecting in the far West. Lahontan, who about this time was at Mackinac, wrote: "Upon that lake [Superior] we find Copper Mines, the Mettal of which is so fine and plentiful that there is not a seventh part lost from the Oar." Le Sueur, while an enterprising trader, also kept a sharp lookout for profitable mines, and claimed to have located copper in several places. When in 1698 all traders were recalled to the colony, Le Sueur went to Paris and endeavored to obtain permission to exploit the mines he had discovered. The intendant of New France at that era was not in favor of these distant operations, and wrote of Le Sueur, "The only mines that he seeks in those regions are mines of beaver skins."[2]

By 1710 the intendant of that time had a wider vision of

[2] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvi, 174.

opportunity for New France; he made a report of the resources of the colony in which he says: "It is almost certain that there are copper mines on the borders of this lake [Superior] and in the islands within its extent. There are found in the sands pieces of this metal, which the savages make into daggers for their own use. Verdigris rolls from the crevices and clefts of the rocks along the shores, and into the rivers which fall into the lake. They claim that the island Minong [Royale] and small islets in the lake are entirely of copper. Among the pebbles of this lake are pieces of a lovely green color which crush easily." After the presentation of this report the ministry ordered that the discovery of these mines should be taken into consideration. The Fox wars, however, closed these northern regions to French enterprise for two decades longer. Then there came a commandant to the post of La Pointe on Chequamegon Bay who was to discover and open these Lake Superior mines.

Louis Denis Sieur de la Ronde was born in France about 1670; at a very early age he entered the French navy, and was junior officer on the ship that in 1689 carried James II to Ireland in his vain attempt to recapture his crown. Two years later La Ronde came to America, and by 1693 he had attained the rank of lieutenant and was sent with Iberville to begin the colony of Louisiana; but he soon returned to Canada and was stationed there for several years. In 1723 he visited Boston on a diplomatic mission; and four years later was assigned to the command of the post at Chequamegon. At this time he ranked as captain in the Marine, which was the department in control of the colonies.

La Ronde found his new post one of great interest, despite the isolation and the severities of the climate. Among the reports the Indians brought him were those of a floating island of copper, which no mortals could approach since it was guarded by spirits who would strike any in-

truder dead. La Ronde also secured specimens of copper ore and sent them to the colony by some of the returning officers. Among these was the younger St. Pierre, whose father had formerly been commandant at the La Pointe post, and with whom La Ronde formed a partnership for copper mining. La Ronde's specimens were sent to France for assaying, and while waiting for the result he and his partner made a proposal to build ships for the transportation of the ore, which would be too heavy to carry in the ordinary craft—the birch-bark canoe.

It is characteristic of the delays incident to the government of Canada, that even after the samples of ore had been successfully assayed, and the mines had been proved to contain riches, it was not until 1733 that permission was received to operate them, and it was not until 1734 that La Ronde and St. Pierre could begin prospecting in earnest. When, however, the proper preliminaries had been arranged, the enterprise developed rapidly and more real mining progress was made in the ensuing ten years than in all the preceding years of French occupation.

One of the earliest measures taken was the building of a bark to navigate the great lake. The shipyard was at Sault Ste. Marie, and the difficulties to be overcome must have equaled or exceeded those of La Salle's party, when nearly half a century earlier they built the *Griffon* at Niagara. La Ronde's little vessel was of twenty-five tons burden, and carried two or more sails; it was of immense use in transporting men and provisions to the fort at La Pointe, and in skirting the coast to prospect for mines. Without this small craft all of La Ronde's efforts would doubtless have been useless.

The search for suitable places to mine centered around the Ontonagon River, on whose banks lay the large copper mass which was in the early nineteenth century transported to Washington and placed as a specimen in the museum of

the Smithsonian Institution. La Ronde, while not able to detach this copper rock *en masse*, did succeed in obtaining from the vicinity several very promising samples of ore, which in 1736 he carried in person to Canada. The only person in Quebec who had any expert knowledge of minerals was one Chambellan, a gold and silver smith, who was suggested as an expert to visit Lake Superior. La Ronde, however, had other plans and wrote to the colonial minister at Paris asking for some miners of established reputation to be sent out. The government acquiesced, and in 1737 sent two experts of German origin, named John Adam Forster, father and son.

Meanwhile La Ronde's men had already begun operations, employing the methods that the Indians had used before them. One of these operators, named Corbin, sent to the governor some articles he had made from nodules of copper "by hammering it while cold just as it came from the mine." He also stated that he had seen a great mass of copper rock, lying on the bottom of the lake, which must have weighed eight thousand to ten thousand pounds.[8] The Forsters were sent up to Mackinac by the first canoes that left for that place in the spring of 1738, and going on to Sault Ste. Marie expected to find La Ronde awaiting them. He was at this precise moment beating eastward in his sailing craft, against the spring gales of the lake, and arrived at the Sault only to find that his long-desired experts had gone with a trader named Guillory in an attempt to locate mines. There was nothing to do but to await their return, which La Ronde did with such patience as he could muster. When they came he found to his dismay that they had not visited the right places, and had no favorable report to make. They were unwilling to prolong their stay in the Northwest, since their contract expired early in 1739 and they could not reach Europe by that time if they remained

[8] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvii, 237-240.

longer on Lake Superior. La Ronde, however, was urgent, and by dint of persuasion and offers of pecuniary increase, obtained the consent of the Forsters to return along the southern shore of the lake, and to inspect the sites he had already explored. They accompanied him to La Pointe, and thence under the guidance of the younger La Ronde visited the copper exposed on Ontonagon River and found evidences of four mines which they pronounced very promising, eastward from La Pointe. One of these was on the Ontonagon, one at the mouth of Black River, and two on the cliffs that faced one another at the mouth of Ste. Anne River—probably the one we now know as Iron River. Of one of these mines they wrote: "One could never see a mine, apparently finer, and it is certain that if one wished to start in the business and invest money there, a great return of copper might be hoped for."[4]

La Ronde was jubilant; he saw in perspective all his plans justified, he himself on the road to wealth and hailed as a benefactor of the entire colony. He determined to conduct the Forsters in person to Quebec, receive the governor's congratulations, and then to arrange for working the mines. At the Sault he engaged twelve *voyageurs* to begin an establishment on the Ste. Anne River, there to build a fort, a forge, and a smelting furnace. He planned to transport his ore by the Toronto portage, and to have for that purpose a vessel of eighty tons built on Lake Huron; he also expected to transport cattle and horses to Lake Superior from Detroit, and to begin an agricultural settlement at the mines. Most of these well-laid plans were never carried out; so far as we know the vessel for Lake Huron was never built, nor were cattle transported from Detroit, nor was a permanent settlement made. He did, however, begin mining operations and take out considerable ore, and La Ronde may well be known, not only as the first

[4] The Forsters' report is in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xvii, 262-263, 314-315.

practical miner on Lake Superior, but as the first to open that region to civilization. He had at La Pointe a fort with a garrison, horses, and probably a mill, also a dock, and some beginnings of agriculture—all this was in all probability on the present Madeline Island, then called St. Michel. It was during this period also that the name "Apostle Islands" was first given to the group at the mouth of Chequamegon Bay.[5]

In the colony La Ronde's return with the mining experts, and their favorable report, was received with enthusiasm; hopes of great profits spread throughout Canada, and the governor recommended to the ministry in France that La Ronde be given the command at Chequamegon for three more years, and a monopoly of its fur trade in order to enable him to continue his mining ventures. Enough was realized from the ore already transported, to pay the expenses of the Forsters and to reimburse the royal treasury for its advances. All promised well for a rapid growth. But the blight which fell upon so many promising ventures in the West swept away the beginnings of Lake Superior mining—that is, trouble with the natives, due to the impossibility of keeping at peace tribes whose greatest glory and honor depended upon war.

The Sioux-Chippewa War was a struggle lasting for over a century, and while at times subdued by the ability of French officers like Duluth, Le Sueur, and La Ronde, it smouldered under the surface at all times, and in 1739 broke out with renewed virulence. By the summer of 1740 the Chippewa bands from the Sault, from La Pointe, and at many of the intervening points were on the warpath, and Lake Superior became dangerous for any white voyagers. In vain the younger La Ronde at his fort at La Pointe tried to halt the hostilities. His influence was not potent enough to allay the wrath of the tribesmen against heredi-

[5] The name "Isle St. Michel" appears on a map of 1688. See Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 342. It persisted as late as 1826. The name "Apostle Islands" is found on early eighteenth century maps.

tary enemies, and to brush aside their determination to drive the Sioux from the lakes and streams of northern Wisconsin. It was about this time that the places in the interior of Wisconsin where the Chippewa still dwell—at Lac du Flambeau and Lac Court Oreilles—were wrested from the Sioux.[6]

Meanwhile, Sieur de la Ronde at Quebec was making every effort to continue his plans for developing his copper mines. He trusted to his great influence with the Lake Superior Chippewa to halt their warfare, and to establish tranquillity in the Northwest. Leaving the colony, he had arrived at Mackinac and was about to start for the Sault, when he was overtaken by a mortal illness and returned to Quebec only to die. His eldest son, Philippe, succeeded him in command at La Pointe, and his widow was granted for several years the lease of this profitable fur trade post, in reward for her husband's services to New France.[7] If among these services were the discovery and operation of the copper mines of the far North, neither the colony nor the La Ronde family profited thereby. The fur trade was a more certain means of enrichment than copper, and again it was a question whether "mines of beaver skins" or those of metal were to make Canada prosper.

Thenceforward until the close of French sovereignty in North America there were no more attempts to profit by La Ronde's beginnings, nor to utilize the copper deposits as a source of gain. When, however, the British took possession of the western posts, they heard from French officers and traders of the rich mines awaiting development adjacent to their new stations. In 1765 Sir William Johnson, superintendent of all the western Indians, reported that a certain Canadian (probably La Ronde) had taken considerable ore from the mines in Lake Superior. Three years later a

[6] *Minnesota Historical Collections*, v, 190-198.

[7] La Ronde's great-grandson was a pioneer in Wisconsin. In the early nineteenth century he lived at Portage, and married the daughter of a Winnebago chief. See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, 345.

company was formed in which Johnson, although professing himself skeptical concerning the possibility of success, finally decided to take a part. Three British traders in Lake Superior—Alexander Henry, Henry Bostwick, and one Baxter—were the active partners, and even royalty deigned to invest in this promising enterprise. Prospects were made in several places, and in 1771 an establishment was formed on the Ontonagon River, and a number of miners wintered at this place. The following spring, at the first attempt to mine, a landslide from a cliff buried three of the miners. This so discouraged the proprietors that this region was abandoned and operations transferred to the northeast shore. There the workings were no more successful than on the Ontonagon, and before the American Revolution the enterprise was relinquished and the royal charter that had been prepared was never issued.

The enterprise of the French in attempting to mine the rich deposits on Lake Superior cannot but be commended. But the difficulties were too great to be overcome, notwithstanding the excellence of the plans and the persistence in carrying them out. The vast distances over which the ore had to be transported; the dangers of navigation on the rudest and stormiest of the Great Lakes; the severities of the climate, and the few months of the year that it was possible to conduct operations; the lack of a settled population from which to draw men and supplies; and finally, the unstable equilibrium of the natives, to whom a state of war was more desirable than peace—all were the causes of exigencies that even the wisest and most energetic of mining operators could not provide against nor successfully combat. The enterprise was foredoomed from the start, and while it contributes interest to the earliest history of the Northwest, it can only be regarded as an heroic failure, against odds too great for any one to have overcome. As a picturesque incident it deserves a place in our annals, and as a record of industrial beginnings it is worth being narrated.

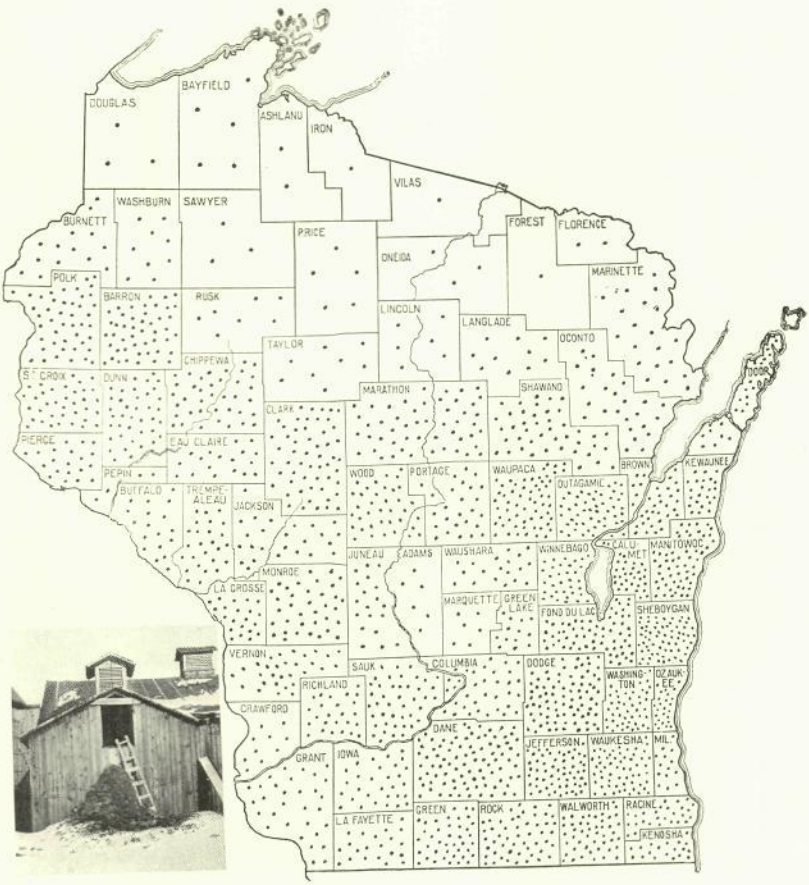
THE HISTORY OF THE SILO IN WISCONSIN

N. S. Fish

Two years ago at the semi-centennial of the establishment of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, facts were brought out that had a marked influence on the development of dairying in Wisconsin. Little notice, however, was given to the silo, which has played an important rôle in the dairy industry. The fact that one-fifth of the entire silo-using population of the United States is in Wisconsin testifies to the economic importance of the silo. In leaving or entering Wisconsin by train or auto one is impressed with the universality of the silo in this state as compared with neighboring states.

The silo has many advantages, but its greatest is the possibility through its means of utilizing all of the corn crop. There was a time when land was cheap and coarse feed abundant, and the loss of a portion of the corn crop was not serious. At the time of the advent of the silo in this state, land was increasing in value and feed was becoming high-priced. Under these conditions many of our farmers were unwilling to carry a herd of cows through the winter, finding it was not profitable to do so. Many would sell in the fall and buy again in the spring, thus being able to pasture the herd and throwing the wintering losses on others. The silo greatly reduced the cost of wintering cows and thereby introduced a fundamental improvement in the business of dairying.

The word "silo" comes from the Latin word *sirus*, or *silus*, meaning cellar. The history of the silo as a storage place dates back to the earliest times of which we have any record. The practice of burying grain in underground pits to save it for future use and to protect it from invading



DISTRIBUTION OF SILOS IN WISCONSIN 1923

Each dot represents fifty silos. The inset shows the Steele silo, the oldest silo in continuous use in the United States.

enemies is mentioned by ancient writers. But the use of the silo as we now understand it appears to have been commenced in 1861 by A. Reihlen, of Stuttgart, Germany, who probably stored the first green maize in pits. He had lived in the United States a number of years and on his return to Germany began the cultivation of large dent corn. A quantity of his corn was injured by frost, which made it unfit for soiling purposes. Wishing to preserve it, he dug trenches in which he stored the maize; when he opened these a few months later he found the corn well preserved and discovered that his cattle would eat it readily.

The chief credit for what may be termed the practical modernizing of ensilage undoubtedly belongs to M. Goffart, of France. Goffart began as early as 1852 to study the preservation of forage. In 1877 he published a book on ensilage which laid the foundation of all modern practice. This book was translated and published in the winter of 1878-79 in New York, by J. B. Brown of the New York Plow Company.

For many years there was considerable discussion as to who built the first silo in this country, early writers giving the credit to John M. Bailey, of Bellerica, Massachusetts. In 1879 Mr. Bailey demonstrated the possibility of the system on a large scale. He wrote and published the *Book of Ensilage* or *The New Dispensation for Farmers*, the first edition appearing in the winter of 1879-80. Later writers credit Dr. Manly Miles, of Lansing, Michigan, who built two silos in 1879, and Francis Morris, of Oakland Manor, Maryland, who built his silo in 1876, with being the first to prepare silage in the United States. Dr. Miles learned about the silos in France and had experiments conducted under his direction at Champaign, Illinois. His silos were of trench construction, twelve feet long and six feet wide. Mr. Morris' silos were also of the trench type. The first

silo in Wisconsin was built in 1877 by Levi P. Gilbert, of Fort Atkinson. Mr. Gilbert conceived the idea from reading in 1876 a government report on the making of ensilage in European countries. He decided to try the venture, and during the summer of 1877 dug a trench six feet wide, six feet deep, and thirty feet long. For a time it was thought that this was the first silo in America. W. D. Hoard, who was then editor of the *Jefferson County Union*, took issue with eastern writers who claimed priority for Mr. Bailey's silo at Bellerica, Massachusetts. A paper written by Mr. Gilbert was read by Governor Hoard before the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association at Elkhorn, January 15, 1880. Hoard was very enthusiastic about the possibilities of the silo, for in an article in the *Jefferson County Union* of November 19, 1880, he stated:

> The system of ensilage or preserving fodder in its most perfect and succulent state in a pit or silo is attracting great attention, especially among dairy farmers. L. P. Gilbert of this town has successfully practiced this system for three years. He is decided and enthusiastic as to its economy and effectiveness, yet we do not know of a single farmer who has followed his example. Seven tons is calculated to winter a cow. Now the cost of the fodder, all expenses reckoned, is eighty cents per ton. This makes the entire cost of wintering a cow $5.60. Not a farmer in Jefferson County but will claim that it will cost from $20 to $25 to winter a cow well, whereas by this method and with this kind of fodder three cows can be wintered at the expense of one.

The first above-ground silo to be built in the state was erected in the summer of 1880 by Dr. L. W. Weeks, of Oconomowoc. Weeks got from the French his idea relative to silos. He was a man of means and could well afford to experiment on this new venture. Only two of his silos were original constructions. These were built of stone and cement twelve by thirty by twelve feet deep, and had a wooden superstructure double-boarded on the inside, bringing the entire depth to about twenty feet. They still stand on the farm that is now owned and operated by Fred Pabst as a part of his large Holstein breeding establishment.

The farm of Dr. Weeks (which consisted of forty-eight acres) was not considered by his neighbors to be much of a farm. Previous to 1880 Weeks operated the farm at a loss, keeping only a half-dozen cows. In an attempt to make the farm pay he made fine butter, adopting the Danish system of cold setting milk, of which he had learned something during his wanderings in Europe. He increased his herd to twelve cows, purchasing hay and grain for winter feed. Finding this did not make the farm pay, he was about ready to quit farming when he obtained a copy of Goffart's treatise on ensilage. He decided as a last resort to try this new venture and built two silos, putting up one hundred tons of fodder corn the first year. He was able to increase his herd to nineteen head that year, and the year following to forty-two head. In a letter to Dean W. A. Henry he stated that before he commenced using ensilage his farm paid a yearly loss, but since then it had given a liberal profit.

Dr. Weeks experimented to see how much of this ensilage a cow could eat. He took a cow and kept increasing her feed until he fed her ninety pounds per day, but she could not digest that and lost her appetite. He then put her on marsh hay and in three days she began to bellow for regular food, so he put her back on it. It may be interesting to know that Dr. Weeks supplied the Plankinton House at Milwaukee with cream from his ensilage-fed cows.

The third silo to be erected in Wisconsin was built by John Steele, of Alderly, Dodge County, who is still living. Government reports gave Steele the idea of making ensilage. Weeks and Steele built their silos at practically the same time, neither knowing about the other's plan. While Steele was in Oconomowoc buying some cement preparatory to fixing his silo, the dealer told him that Weeks was that day filling his silo. Steele drove over to the Weeks farm to see the process. This was about the middle of August. It was

the latter part of August, 1880, when Steele filled his experimental silo, which was originally a root cellar holding about twenty-five tons. Steele stated he then thought it was too late, but got help and filled it in one day, working until eleven o'clock at night. Although in after years he had poor silage, due to cutting too early, he stated to the writer that there was never better ensilage made than that of his first year, although he did not know it at that time.

In 1881 Steele extended the walls of the old root cellar up into the haymow, bringing the top of it even with the eaves. This made the size of the silo fifteen by sixteen by twenty-three feet deep, twelve feet above the ground and eleven feet below. This silo was of stone construction, double-boarded with building paper between, to serve as an insulation against cold. It has been in continuous use ever since and appears to be as good today as when it was built. Steele states he has never had a bit of frozen silage in this silo. He met with such success that other dairy farmers built silos soon after. Steele probably did more to popularize the silo in the early days than any other man in this state. He gave instructions to farmers in the vicinity as well as to the institute men who came to see his silo.

Steele also built a round silo before this type of construction became popular. His father at the time they were making maple sugar had a large tub to hold maple sap, and it was from this he conceived the idea of making a round silo. In 1888 he built the round silo which was eighteen feet in diameter and thirty feet high. It was built of two-by-six staves and lasted twenty-seven years.

On November 8, 1880, Steele was elected a member of the state legislative assembly. He was a member of the agricultural committee, and it was through his influence that Dean Henry was able to get an appropriation of $4,000 to experiment on ensilage and sugarcane, as he was the only one in the assembly who had a silo or knew anything about

ensilage. On account of Mr. Steele's successful experiments the vicinity about him became the first silo building community in the state. Some of these old silos are still in use, the most notable being the one built in 1882 by J. W. Hays, which has been in continuous use since then.

In 1881 Dean Henry of the University of Wisconsin built a silo twenty-seven by twelve by fifteen feet deep. The walls were of rubble sandstone eighteen inches thick, the inside being smooth with cement. This silo was not a complete success on account of the porosity of the walls. When ready to fill this silo, Dean Henry thought the event of such importance as to warrant putting notices in the city papers and sending out postal cards inviting prominent farmers from different parts of the state to witness the work, which was to start on August 5, 1881. This silo was opened November 29, 1881. Upon being offered the ensilage, three out of twelve farm cows refused to eat it. Those that ate seemed puzzled over it, and showed plainly by their cautious mincing manner that they could not quite understand what it was. Those that refused it entirely at first, soon fell to tasting it, and after four or five feeds they all ate it as naturally as hay. The first experiment performed was a feeding trial between meadow hay and ensilage. The result was in favor of the ensilage.

Most of the farmers in the state were feeding fodder corn in the bundle or sheaf. They wanted to know if there was any material loss in this method of feeding, and if so whether it would pay to use the silo to save such loss. The next year Dean Henry attempted to solve this problem. He built, that summer, a silo extending into an embankment fifteen feet, having a width of twelve feet. This silo was filled on September 4 and 5; the feeding experiment commenced on November 16 and ended January 5. The results of this experiment showed that in amount of food obtained, ensilage exceeded the fodder by fifty per cent. Further, the

ensilage-fed cows produced ten per cent more milk and eleven per cent more butter. The cows fed on fodder corn drank in the trials 6.841 pounds of water, while the ensilage-fed cows drank only 1.061 pounds. Dean Henry's next experiment was a comparison between hay and ensilage fed to calves, which was begun on January 7, 1882, and ended January 30. This experiment also was very favorable to ensilage. Little more was done until 1887, when low prices for agricultural products drove farmers to studying how to reduce the cost of feed. It was for this reason that no other single question attracted so much attention in the institutes during the two previous winters as did the subject of silos and ensilage. During this year Dean Henry, with the assistance of the late Professor F. W. Woll, constructed six experimental pits in which to preserve different varieties of corn. Feeding experiments similar to those performed before were carried on, and the results were in favor of the silo. It was shown that ensilage-fed cows would maintain a flow of milk for butter fully equal to or more than that produced by those feeding on dry fodder. It was further shown that twice the amount of food could be stored in a given space in the shape of ensilage as in the form of hay.

This was a period of eager interest among farmers of Wisconsin in the question whether to build a silo or not, and as Hiram Smith said at the closing institute held at Madison, 1886: "Owners of silos are flooded with correspondence from all over the northwest; nearly every owner of a silo is visited almost daily; farmers come five, ten and twenty miles, some singly and some in couples and sometimes in platoons; in short, farmers are flocking to the silo like pilgrims to the Holy Land."

Nearly all of the earlier silos had partitions. No reason for this was advanced; it seemed to be a building custom more than anything else. However, the partition allowed more to be fed off daily, thus preventing moulding, though

losses from this cause had not been experienced in general. Farmers also weighted the ensilage by means of planks and stones, the weight applied being from one hundred to two hundred pounds per square foot. Some farmers did this as a matter of habit, but the real reason lay in the heat generated. When ensilage is first put into a silo it will heat up. It was reasoned that the heating of any material like green fodder can go on where air is supplied. If pressure is applied, the supply of air is cut off and the heating will cease. We might add that this one fact kept some farmers from building silos, for they feared that their barns would burn down. This idea was gradually corrected in the late eighties.

With our present knowledge of construction, it is surprising that the square and rectangular silos continued to be built as long as they did. The United States Department of Agriculture, in a report published in 1882, made mention of the merits of the round silos, but farmers did not build them. One reason that might be advanced is that many of the square and rectangular silos were built in barns because farmers thought that was the proper place for a silo. The early silos were of stone, and for this reason it seemed to many that all silos had to be built of stone. In some localities stone was not to be had except at considerable expense. From 1885 the building of silos from lumber, in the corner of the barn, gradually took the place of the stone silos. This type of construction continued until in 1891 Professor F. H. King, of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, introduced the round silo.

Previous to 1891 Professor King had made a special study of the different types of silos then in use. He journeyed throughout Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois in quest of information. It was from these investigations that he brought forth a new type of silo which became known as the King silo. King observed that many farmers were having trouble with ensilage spoiling in the corners of the

square and rectangular silos, and decided in favor of the round silo as a type which would be free from that objection. Round silos had been advocated before, but farmers did not build them. Professor King had more to do with developing and advocating the round silo and making it a success than any other man.[1]

In all discussions that took place in the eighties relative to the silo, the farmers who argued against or made laughing stock of those who owned silos were men who did not own them. All kinds of arguments were used against the silo, which no doubt made silo building rather slow at first. Some of the reasons advanced against the feeding of ensilage were that the cows would lose their teeth, that it would eat out their stomachs, that it would cause trouble at calving time, that it would affect the quality of the milk. Only one farmer who had a silo expressed any dissatisfaction. He stated that the feeding of ensilage made his cows half drunk. This he attributed to carbonic acid. So strong was the prejudice against the silo, that in some communities creameries refused to receive milk from farmers who fed their cows ensilage. This was true as late as 1908 in Rock and Walworth counties, Wisconsin. Even today Swiss cheese makers object to accepting milk from farmers who feed ensilage. Some who fed ensilage expected too much, such as a large increase in the flow of milk. Some of the men who addressed meetings rather overstated the advantages of the silo. While some claimed they got a larger flow of milk, others claimed they did not. However, all agreed that by the use of ensilage they could keep a larger herd through the winter, and the cost of keeping the cows was not so great per head as when dry feed was used.

[1] Round wooden silos were first described and their use advocated in an article by Professor King published in July, 1891, as *Bulletin No. 28*, by the University of Wisconsin, Agricultural Experiment Station. After the appearance of this bulletin, this type of silo and the stave silo were practically the only kinds of wooden silos built in the country for a number of years.

Professor King was the first man to make a study of the weight of ensilage at different depths. His weight tables were first published in 1891 and revised in 1893. Professor King also was the first man to determine the lateral pressure of ensilage, which he found to be eleven pounds per foot of depth. Many of the early King silos were too great in diameter, and many farmers lost considerable ensilage on account of mould.

With the advent of the silo, ensilage cutters and carriers were manufactured for this specific purpose. Feed cutters had long been in use, and these served for cutting the fodder when the first silos were filled. When the silos were above ground, it was necessary to build a platform, pitch the ensilage onto it, and then into the silo. The power used in running the cutters was tread, sweep, or engine. In the tread two horses were commonly used, and four or six horses in the sweep. Henry Lapham, who built a pit silo in 1881 against a steep bank, had rather a novel way of tramping the ensilage at time of filling. He would back a horse into the silo and use it for tramping, not taking it out until it walked out at the top of the bank. The filling usually took a week, for in those days it was considered best to fill slowly, as it was thought sweeter ensilage could thus be obtained. At the time of filling, some farmers added salt or lime, thinking this necessary for the proper preservation of the ensilage.

The building of silos in Wisconsin, like other things, has not been without its freak. The largest silo ever erected in the world was built in 1898 by Arthur McGeoch, of Milwaukee, on his farm at Lake Mills, now owned by C. F. Greenwood, of that place. This silo was sixty-four feet in diameter and sixty feet high. As much as two hundred acres of corn was put into it in one season. It was found to be so impractical that it was used only three seasons for

ensilage. Mr. Greenwood now uses it for straw storage, for which it serves very well.

Wisconsin is one of the few states that take an annual census of the number of silos. The first attempt to take a census was in 1904, when circulars were sent to 1302 assessors. The total number as reported that year was 716; Dodge County, with 87, ranked first. The State Agricultural Department began to take the annual silo census in 1915. In that year there were 55,992 silos. This past year, 1923, Wisconsin had 100,060 silos, which is about 46,000 more than New York, her nearest competitor, which has approximately 54,000. Wisconsin, only two-thirds developed, now has 155,000 farms of over fifty acres each. Thus 65.5 per cent of her farms are equipped with silos, or about two farms out of three. Dane County leads in the number of silos, having 4406, which equip 86 per cent of her farms of over fifty acres. Dodge County is second with 4172 silos. While Dane County leads in the number of silos, Dodge County has more than enough to equip every farm of fifty acres or more, since there are 4014 farms of over fifty acres, in comparison with 4172 silos in the county.

The cost of the early silos varied from forty cents to $2.30 per ton. This variation was due to different types of construction. The cheapest silos were those built in barns, where one side of the barn could be utilized. The more expensive types were of masonry construction. The cost of silos today runs from $4.70 to $11.00 per ton. The cost of filling the early silos, according to detailed accounts kept by some of the farmers, was on the average from fifty to eighty cents per ton. The cost of filling today is about $2.50 per ton.

EARLY WISCONSIN EDITORS

JOHN G. GREGORY

PHILO WHITE

Few whose delight is browsing among the records of early Wisconsin will fail to recall the name of Philo White. A shadowy figure as seen in the blue haze of distance, he was one of the substantial factors in the planting of the commonwealth.

To his initiative is ascribed the founding of the *Milwaukee Sentinel.* He was concerned in the erection of Milwaukee's first large, modernly equipped hotel. For a time he was the owner and editor of the *Racine Advocate,* one of the best-written and most influential newspapers in the territory. He exerted himself, not unavailingly, to enlist the federal government in the improvement of Racine harbor. For two terms he was a member of the Territorial Council, and he took part in the proceedings at the first sessions of the Senate after the organization of the state. As a member of the Council's committee on internal improvements, he made a powerful propaganda for the construction of plank roads. In the Senate he helped to lay the foundation of the public educational system, and proved himself a friend of higher learning, not only by his efforts toward the starting of the State University, but by his work with Dr. Roswell Park for the establishment of Racine College. Though not a practical farmer, he aided the progress of agriculture. He owned farms in Racine County, wrote for the State Agricultural Society a noted paper on that county's economic resources, and contributed at the outset toward winning the reputation for leadership in scientific farming which the Badger commonwealth enjoys today. With Nelson Dewey he favored the building up of a citizen soldiery, not for the promotion of militaristic ideals, but for the defense of America and American institu-

tions. As an indication of the efficiency with which he discharged responsibilities committed to his care, it may be interesting to recall that when he was at the head of the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Militia of Wisconsin, in 1851, he reported to Governor Dewey for the three regiments constituting that unit a total enrollment of 7716 men, which was equivalent to one out of every six persons in the population. At different times Mr. White held other public offices than those enumerated above. He was a presidential elector for Wisconsin in 1852, and for many years was employed in the diplomatic service of the United States.

Philo White was born June 23, 1796, at Whitestown, New York, which had been founded by his grandfather, a commissary in the Revolutionary War. His careful education began at Whitesboro and was continued in the preparatory department of Montreal College. Later he attended Utica Seminary, but instead of remaining for graduation he entered the office of the *Columbian Gazette*, of which his former preceptor was one of the publishers. This was a congenial environment, and in it he passed three or four years, acquiring experience, and withdrawing at length with a view to establishing a paper of his own. His first venture, at Manlius, New York, was abandoned because of insufficient support. After a visit to Washington, he went in 1820 to Salisbury, North Carolina, where in company with another young man he began the publication of the *Western Carolinian*. In 1822 he married the daughter of William Hampton, of that place, and there made his home, purchasing his partner's interest in the *Western Carolinian* and continuing its publication till 1830.

At an early age Mr. White had participated in military service as a member of the force called out in 1814 for the defense of Sackett's Harbor, remaining actively engaged till the brief campaign in that vicinity came happily to a close. In consideration of this service, he subsequently received a

soldier's land warrant and was placed on the roll of pensioners of the War of 1812. He held various offices in the North Carolina militia, and at one time was nominated for the legislature of that state, but declined. However, while still engaged as editor and publisher, he consented to serve as a justice of the peace, and later as chairman of the "Justices of the Quorum," constituting the county court of pleas and quarter sessions, and for a time was mayor of Salisbury.

In 1830 his health became impaired, and physicians recommended a sea voyage. At this juncture influential friends procured his appointment as United States navy agent, a position whose duties included those of naval storekeeper and purchasing agent for government vessels on the Pacific Ocean. Previously the work had been performed at two stations, Valparaiso, Chili, and Lima, Peru. In his hands it was to be consolidated. He reached his distant field after a voyage by way of Cape Horn, and was absent for four years, establishing a reputation for zeal, integrity, and efficiency that stood to his credit at Washington while the generation of officials cognizant of what he had accomplished remained in control of affairs.

Invigorated physically, he returned to the United States in 1834, and established at Raleigh the *North Carolina Standard*, which soon acquired wide circulation and commanding influence, procuring for its editor the recognition of the dominant element in the legislature, which elected him state printer. In addition to carrying on his newspaper, he prepared a vast quantity of political literature for circulation throughout the state. Theretofore, North Carolina had stood for the Whigs. The energetic young editor's propaganda became a leading factor in winning it over to the Democrats. In 1836 the vote of the state in the electoral college was cast for Van Buren, and Philo White was chosen to carry the return to Washington.

The trip gave him a vacation which he needed. Once

more he found that he had overwrought, and that a cessation of strain and a change of scene were necessary to rebuild his strength. At this time the national capital seethed with the spirit of speculative adventure. Often there had been interest in western land investments, but never before had excitement on the subject risen to the pitch which it reached on the eve of the panic of 1837—a crisis in large measure precipitated by the wild desire to acquire sudden wealth and the confident belief that this could be secured by the purchase, at highly inflated prices, of farms, or water powers, or mineral prospects, or town lots, in the region west of the Great Lakes, to which immigration was pouring from Ohio and Indiana and even from western New York and Pennsylvania, as well as from the older settled portions of the eastern states. In fact, there were Southerners not immune to the craze for western investments, as is attested to this day by the number of Virginian names to be found in abstracts of title showing the initial ownership of properties located in the early-settled parts of Wisconsin. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that Mr. White concluded to sell his newspaper and seek a change of environment in the western Eldorado.

May, 1836, found him in Milwaukee, which was at the apex of its initial boom. Not only the nascent metropolis of Wisconsin, but the whole region from Chicago to Green Bay, was at the moment a theater of operations for feverish gamblers on the possibilities of the future. No gamester, yet fully alive to opportunities for legitimate investment, the investigator from the East purchased property both at Milwaukee and at Racine. As indicating his judgment in making selections, it is perhaps worthy of remark that a piece of land which he bought from Solomon Juneau came to be regarded as the most valuable lot in the city of Milwaukee, and held that distinction for several years.

When Mr. White arrived, Wisconsin was still a part of Michigan, the new Territory of Wisconsin not coming into

existence until the fourth of July. The initial issue of Milwaukee's first newspaper, the *Advertiser*, appeared on July 14. Its publisher had come from Chicago at the invitation of Byron Kilbourn, the principal proprietor of the settlement on the west side of the river. Kilbourn was concentrating his energies on the disposal of lots in his townsite. To attract attention to what he was offering for sale, he had procured for distribution in New York the publication of a copper-plate map, which purported to represent Milwaukee, but which showed the platted portion all on the west side of the river, with nothing on the east side but a marshy wilderness. In Mr. White's judgment, the *Advertiser* was conducted in a manner no more likely to do justice to Juneau's interests, and those of other East Siders, than was this apocryphal "map." He talked with Mr. Juneau, who was not slow to appreciate the soundness of his conclusions. Mr. White was about to return to North Carolina for the purpose of disposing of his property there, preparatory to settling in Wisconsin in the spring. Before coming back, he planned to visit New York. It was agreed that he should purchase in that city an outfit for a newspaper to represent Milwaukee adequately, laying due stress upon the importance of the East Side. It was also agreed that while Mr. Juneau would advance the money essential to the enterprise, the editorial management of the newspaper was to be entrusted to Mr. White.

The latter bought the equipment and sent it forward in charge of John O'Rourke, whose name is remembered as that of the *Sentinel's* earliest editor, though the young man proved to be in the last stages of consumption and died not long after his arrival in Milwaukee. Mr. White returned, according to his agreement, and for a time took part in the conduct of the *Sentinel;* but he found other matters absorbing most of his attention, and in the fall of the year was summoned to New York to serve as disbursing officer in the navy. Later, as a purser, he was attached to the squadron

in the Pacific, and seems to have remained away from Wisconsin until 1844—the year in which he settled in Racine. In December, 1844, he purchased the *Racine Advocate*, of which he was owner and editor till March, 1846. While in Racine he became connected with James H. Rogers in the erection of the United States Hotel on the lot at the northeast corner of East Water and Huron streets, Milwaukee, which he had purchased from Mr. Juneau. The lot had a frontage of one hundred and twenty feet on East Water Street, and the hotel, built of brick, covered all the ground. It was three stories in height at first, another story being added later. Municipal waterworks were not in full operation in Milwaukee till 1873, but to supply running water to the patrons of this luxurious hostelry pipes bored from tamarack logs were laid underground from a spring on the north side of Michigan Street, between Milwaukee and Jefferson streets. The hotel was destroyed by fire in 1854, but these pipes were found in a good state of preservation when dug up a quarter of a century afterward.[1] Some of the wood was fashioned into souvenir canes for old settlers, who could recall the time when travelers reaching the city by steamboat landed on the pier near the end of Huron Street, and when the United States Hotel was "in its glory."

The earnestness with which Mr. White devoted his attention to agricultural pursuits is evidenced by the fact of his ownership at one time of three farms in Racine County, to one of which he gave his name, and on all of which he conducted experiments in advanced methods of husbandry, communicating to the public the results of these experiments which he deemed important. This he did in

[1] As perhaps shedding light on the source of this part of the equipment of the United States Hotel, which was unusual at that time, it may be interesting to note that the account of Whitestown, New York, in Morse's *American Gazetteer* (edition of 1810), concludes as follows: "The compact part of this flourishing town lies on one beautiful street about a mile in length, ornamented with trees. The houses are generally furnished with water conducted by pipes laid underground from the neighboring hills."

newspaper articles and speeches, as well as in his report written at the request of the secretary of the State Agricultural Society and published toward the close of his residence in Wisconsin, in the society's first volume of *Proceedings*. His desire to confer practical benefits on the farming interest was manifested also by the ardor with which he entered into the study and discussion of the subject of good roads. There being in the prairie region of the state no stone with which to accomplish macadamization, and the expense of hauling heavy materials for long distances by team being prohibitory, he arrived at the conclusion that plank roads could be more readily adapted to the needs of the people of Wisconsin at that time than could any others. With this view he studied the best plans for their construction, embodying all that was to be gathered on the subject in his report to the Territorial Council, afterward published in pamphlet form for general circulation. The arguments he forcibly presented made a strong impression not only in Wisconsin but in other states, and resulted in the construction of plank roads which in several conspicuous instances gave satisfaction in their day, and were accounted factors in the attainment of prosperity by the communities that built them. Later, conditions were greatly modified by the construction of railways, as well as by the rise in the value of lumber, which was a cheap commodity in many parts of the country when Mr. White began his campaign.

While in the Territorial Council, Mr. White procured the passage of the act under which Racine was incorporated as a village, and subsequently, as a member of the State Senate, he drew up and secured the enactment of its original charter as a city. His election to the Territorial Council occurred in 1846, and to the State Senate in 1848.

In 1849 began his career in the diplomatic service. The first Schleswig-Holstein War was casting a shadow over the

free cities of Hamburg, Lubec, and Altona. Mr. White was sent to the Hanseatic Republic of Hamburg as United States consul with diplomatic powers. Firmness of purpose, a knowledge of complex questions of international law, and not a little tact, were required to protect American citizens and commerce in those commercially free ports under the anomalous conditions of the time, while avoiding serious friction with the government of Prussia. In spite of its difficulties, he executed his mission with credit.

In 1852 he was chosen one of the presidential electors of the Democratic party in Wisconsin, his colleagues making him their presiding officer. In July, 1853, President Pierce appointed him chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Ecuador, and in 1855 he was raised to the grade of minister resident in that country, where he remained till 1858. The circumstance of the ministerial residence being at Quito suggested to Isaac Woodle the observation, often quoted, that President Pierce had conferred upon Philo White the highest office in his gift. Predecessors of General White at Quito had been negligent in the prosecution of claims of American citizens against the government of Ecuador, some of which had been in dispute for as long as thirty years. He looked into their respective merits and succeeded in pushing most of them to settlement, seeing to it before he left that all which deserved attention were docketed with proofs of their validity, and well on their way to ultimate adjustment. His release from the service came at his own request, after six years of useful labor. Upon his return to the United States he did not resume his residence in Wisconsin, but with his wife went back to the home of his youth, where he remained till the end of his prolonged life.

General White is recalled as a man of medium stature—five feet seven inches in height,—square figure, and active habits. His speech was rapid but pleasantly intoned. His

mind, naturally alert, was enriched by wide observation and voluminous reading. His long residence where Spanish was spoken had favored his acquisition of considerable facility in that language. In his later years his literary style was inclined to be academic, but he never ceased to lay stress upon the aspects of his subject most important from the standpoint of practicality. While a young man, his brilliant success as a partisan editor in North Carolina created prestige for his pen, and at about the time when Juneau was endeavoring to enlist him for editorial activity at Milwaukee, James Knox Polk, then speaker of the House, with whom he had come to be on friendly terms, wrote a letter warmly urging him to undertake the conduct of a Democratic paper at Nashville, Tennessee. Why he declined is not recorded; but there is no doubt that he was genuinely interested in Wisconsin, and perhaps, after two warnings, had reached the conclusion that a man of northern birth with an addiction to hard work was not likely to retain his health in a southern climate.

A member of the Protestant Episcopal church, he was tolerant of the religion of others, and on general principles a strong believer in the practice of organized worship as conducive to good citizenship. For this reason he fought against the taxation of church property. He was also opposed to easy divorce, and found more than one occasion for expressing his views on this subject when he was a member of the Territorial Council. In those days there was no way of securing a divorce in Wisconsin except by special act of the Territorial Legislative Assembly. General White asserted that members under pledge to constituents to put through divorce bills would be inclined to make common cause with fellow members entrusted with similar measures —that little or no attention would be paid to the merits or demerits of each particular bill, but that practically every bill of the kind would be forced through by "log-rolling,"

and this, he affirmed, would exercise a demoralizing influence in the community. Opinions identical with those of General White on the subject of divorce were expressed by the *Racine Advocate* with so much vigor as to attract hostile attention from members of the legislative body who considered their actions impugned; and as the General had been the owner of the newspaper, he was assumed to be the author of the articles. The matter was brought up in 1848 at the final session of the Council; but as he declared the articles were not his, the plan of forcing him to retract or modify his criticism of members who had participated in promoting divorce bills was abandoned.

Throughout his life were scattered instances of generous public spirit. He donated to Whitestown property for a town hall and a public park. In 1856 he presented to Bishop Kemper the land warrant for forty acres which had been accorded him for his juvenile militia service, and which until that time he had preserved as a souvenir instead of putting it to use.

In his comfortable retirement at Whitesboro, where he passed the remainder of his days, his thoughts often reverted to Wisconsin. He made his last visit to this state in July, 1862, the occasion being commencement week at Racine College, where by invitation of the faculty he delivered an interesting address. In 1877, with thousands of his fellow citizens of northern New York, he assisted in celebrating the centennial of the battle of Oriskany, being one of the officers in charge of the exercises, and taking part in the speaking. In the following year he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his wife, after a happy comradeship of more than half a century. Their marriage had been blessed with two children: Mary, born in 1824, who was married in July, 1844, and died in October of that year; Esther, born in 1830, who died in infancy. General White died at Whitesboro, February 15, 1883, in his eighty-seventh year.

WISCONSIN TROOPS AT THE DEFENSE OF WASHINGTON IN 1861

CHARLES O. PAULLIN

During the first months of the Civil War the chief task of the federal army was the defense of Washington, and many Union troops first saw active service near the capital. The main Confederate army lay in Virginia to the southwestward, and for a time within sight of the city. After the battle of Bull Run its arrival was daily expected. The part played by Wisconsin troops in and around Washington during these critical months will be described in this paper.

On April 14, 1861, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops to serve for three months. Wisconsin's quota of this number was one regiment, which, when organized, received the designation First Wisconsin Infantry, or Three Months' Troops. This regiment, however, was not sent to the defense of Washington. As many more men volunteered than were needed, Governor Randall, anticipating the needs of the federal government, authorized the raising of a second regiment—the Second Wisconsin Infantry. On May 3 the President called for five hundred thousand additional troops to serve for three years or during the war, and the Second Wisconsin was mustered into the federal service as part of Wisconsin's quota under the second call. Under the command of Colonel S. Park Coon, the Second reached Washington on June 25 and was quartered first in Woodward's Block on Pennsylvania Avenue and later in Seventh Street Park. On July 2 it crossed the Potomac into Virginia and encamped about two miles in front of Fort Corcoran—the defense of the Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown—and about ten miles from the advance guard of the Confederate army at Fairfax Court House.[1]

[1] W. D. Love, *Wisconsin in the War of the Rebellion* (Chicago, 1866), 230.

The army on the south side of the Potomac was commanded by General Irvin McDowell, and was organized into divisions and brigades. The Second Wisconsin was assigned to the third brigade of the first division, with Brigadier-General Daniel Tyler as divisional commander and Colonel William T. Sherman as brigade commander. As Colonel Coon knew nothing of the military art, and as the lieutenant-colonel, Harry W. Peck, was a West Pointer, Sherman placed Peck in command of the regiment and attached Coon to the brigade staff.

Thus commanded, the Wisconsin Second, the only Wisconsin troops to be so distinguished, fought on July 21 at the battle of Bull Run, some twenty-five miles southwest of Washington. The hardest fighting in this battle was done by Sherman's brigade, and the Wisconsin Second gave a good account of itself. Twice it bravely advanced up a hill held by the enemy, pouring into him an effective fire. In his official report Colonel Sherman writes thus of the Wisconsin men:[2]

> When the Wisconsin Second was abreast of the enemy . . . I ordered it to leave the roadway by the left flank and to attack the enemy. This regiment ascended to the brow of the hill steadily, received the severe fire of the enemy, returned it with spirit, and advanced delivering its fire. The regiment is uniformed in gray cloth, almost identical with that of the great bulk of the secession army, and when the regiment fell into confusion and retreated toward the road there was a universal cry that they were being fired on by our own men. The regiment rallied again, passed the brow of the hill a second time, but was again repulsed in disorder. . . . Colonel Coon of Wisconsin, a volunteer aide, also rendered good service during the day.

The Wisconsin troops lost 24 killed, 65 wounded, and 23 missing—a total of 112—a loss exceeded by only three other regiments. The first Wisconsin soldier to fall was Marion F. Humes, of Janesville, who was struck by a cannon ball. He was a plucky and deserving youth, eighteen years old. The previous winter he had attended Milton Academy, where he had applied for work to enable him to

[2] *Personal Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman* (New York, 1875), i, 212-214.

pay his expenses. When asked why he did not receive aid from his friends, he replied: "My mother is dead, my father is sick, and I have spent the most of what I have earned in working by the month during the summer to help support him. But I have wished so much and so long to go to school that I may do some good in the world."[3] Entering the war, he met his fate bravely and contentedly.

The retreat from Bull Run to Washington was effected during the night of the twenty-first and the forenoon of the twenty-second. By noon of the twenty-second the Second Wisconsin was again in its camp in front of Fort Corcoran. On August 27 it was transferred from Sherman's brigade to that of Brigadier-General Rufus King of Wisconsin, and on the same day it crossed the Potomac and encamped on Meridian Hill in the District of Columbia, where were also two other Wisconsin regiments—the Fifth Wisconsin, Colonel Amasa Cobb, and the Sixth Wisconsin, Colonel Lysander Cutler. The Sixth reached Washington on August 7, and the Fifth on the following day. On October 1 the Seventh Wisconsin, Colonel Joseph Van Dor, arrived at the capital. Wisconsin also furnished one company of the first regiment of United States Sharpshooters, which arrived at the instruction camp at Washington on September 25. These four regiments and one company were the only Wisconsin troops that took part in the defense of the capital in 1861.

In September, the Seventh Wisconsin took the place of the Fifth in King's brigade, and the Fifth was assigned to Hancock's brigade. Later in the war King's brigade, after it had proved its courage, received the designation of the "Iron Brigade." These four regiments fought in many of the most important battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged.

The Fifth Wisconsin crossed the Potomac in September and was stationed near the Virginia end of Chain Bridge,

[3] W. D. Love, *Wisconsin in the War of the Rebellion*, 241.

three miles above Washington. Its brigadier was General Winfield Scott Hancock, then unknown to fame. Captain Rufus R. Dawes of the Sixth Wisconsin, stationed near the District end of the bridge, thus describes Hancock drilling his troops:[4]

> The General had a voice like a trumpet and we could hear him drilling his brigade. He would give some such order as "On first division, third battalion, deploy column, quick, march!" And the regiments would proceed. Colonel Cobb of the Fifth Wisconsin, a civilian appointee, would sometimes blunder, and we would hear in the same ringing tones, "Colonel Cobb, where the ———nation are you going with that battalion?" Amasa Cobb was a distinguished citizen at home and this was a source of amusement to our men, some of whom would go down among the willows under the bank of the river, and shout across in fine imitation of General Hancock, "Colonel Cobb, where the ——— nation are you going with that battalion?" The men called the performance, "Hancock whispering to his brigade."

Early in October the Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin regiments crossed the Potomac at Georgetown and encamped opposite Washington on Arlington Heights, on the line of fortifications extending from Chain Bridge to Alexandria. Here they remained throughout the winter of 1861-62. It was a monotonous life, with its repeated drills, reviews, and inspections. General McClellan, with his headquarters in Washington, was in command. A rigid disciplinarian, he was busily occupied converting the raw recruits into trained soldiers. On November 20 the new army marched out to Bailey's Cross Roads, some five miles from Washington, where the largest review of troops ever held in America up to that time took place. President Lincoln, the members of the Cabinet, and many foreign and domestic celebrities were present. An amusing incident of the review is thus described in a letter of Captain Dawes:[5]

> I must not write about what the papers are so full of . . . but perhaps you have not seen that General McClellan was so overcome by the lofty pomposity of drum major William Whaley of this regiment [Sixth Wisconsin], that he took off his hat when Whaley passed. But, sad to relate, Whaley was so overcome by this recognition, which took place while he was indulging in a top-loftical gyration of the baton, that

[4] Rufus R. Dawes, *Service with the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers* (Marietta, O., 1890), 24.
[5] *Ibid.*, 30.

he dropped the baton. From the topmost height of glory he was plunged into the deepest gulf of despair. This drum major of ours we regard with pride and affection as the finest adornment of the regiment. He can hold his head higher, and whirl his baton faster than any drum major in the Army of the Potomac. It is enough to make one sad, to see the stately Whaley leading that execrable brass band on dress parade, eternally playing the "Village Quickstep," but when his own drum corps is behind him, "Richard is himself again," and he snuffs the air and spurns the ground like a war horse.

Dawes gives the following interesting account of the origin of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the share in it of the Sixth Wisconsin:[6]

One of the reviews referred to in the foregoing letters was held at Bailey's Cross Roads. The troops were dismissed in the midst of the review, owing to some reported movement of the enemy, and McDowell's division marched back, taking the road toward Washington to our camp on Arlington Heights. With our column rode a lady visitor; my authority is her own account. Our regiment marched at the head of the column, because we stood on the extreme right of the line. As we marched, the "evening dews and damps" gathered, and our leading singer, Sergeant John Ticknor, as he was wont to do on such occasions, led out with his strong, clear, and beautiful tenor voice—"Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." The whole regiment joined the grand chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, as we go marching on." We often sang this, the John Brown song. To our visitor appeared the "Glory of the coming of the Lord" in our "burnished rows of steel" and in the "hundred circling camps" on Arlington, which were before her. Julia Ward Howe, our visitor, has said that the singing of the John Brown song by the soldiers on that march and the scenes of that day and evening inspired her to the composition of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

For amusement the officers played whist, chess, and other games. In the log dining-hall they often gathered and ventilated jokes, made speeches, and sang hilarious songs. One favorite sport was tossing men in the blanket. On Thanksgiving Day Colonel Cutler gave each company of the Sixth Wisconsin twenty mince-pies. It was an extraordinarily muddy winter and the troops welcomed the return of spring and a more adventurous life. In March the camps in the defenses of Washington were broken up and the Wisconsin troops, 'spoiling for a fight,' moved southward to take part in the Virginia campaign of 1862.

[6] Dawes, *Service with the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers*, 28-29.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

WILLIAM A. TITUS

AZTALAN: A MONUMENT TO ABORIGINAL EFFORT

Few places in Wisconsin's historic or prehistoric period have been described so fully, and in many instances so erroneously, as has the interesting group of earthworks situated on the west bank of the Crawfish River in Jefferson County, and known since 1836 as Aztalan. Archeological sketches, magazine articles, and newspaper stories have for almost a century described these major antiquities as almost everything from ruined temples of wandering Aztec tribes to plain earthworks of Siouan or Winnebago origin; and while it is somewhat heartless to strip the old monument of its acquired romance, it is only fair to say that the more commonplace view is the one now generally accepted by students of archeology and ethnology. All suspicion of embellishment or exaggeration eliminated, these extensive remains are of sufficient interest to justify the intensive study of them that has been made during the past eighty or ninety years. The present article is designed to be descriptive rather than technical, and it is not the intent of the writer to advance any dogmatic opinions as to the origin or aboriginal use of the structure.

These earthworks, by far the most extensive within the borders of Wisconsin, were first noted by N. F. Hyer in October, 1836, and briefly described by him in the early part of 1837 in the *Milwaukie Advertiser*. Judge Hyer named the ruins Aztalan because of a tradition among the Aztecs of ancient Mexico (recorded by Humboldt) that their ancestors came from a region called Aztalan near the great waters many leagues to the northeast. Hyer's description of the great enclosure was copied widely, and though fiction and fact were sadly interwoven, it was practically the

only source of information available until in 1850 Increase A. Lapham made a general survey of the ruins.

In 1838 William T. Sterling visited the Aztalan region in company with Judge David Irwin and John Catlin. They remained on the site a week and made a number of excavations, cross-cuts through the walls, etc., all of which were recorded in a manuscript report now in the files of the Wisconsin Historical Society. Some of his observations are of sufficient interest to be considered in this descriptive article. He states that they found the walls as hard as common brick, the dried clay indicating an incorporation of marsh hay, sedge, or other vegetable fiber. The cross-sections of the walls or embankments showed distinct layers of clay mixed with grass, each layer about four inches thick and apparently sun-dried before the succeeding layer was added. He admits that there was no evidence that any of the clay had been burned, except as burning superstructures or grass fires might have produced this result in an accidental way. He mentions the large number of arm bones excavated by his party. All these human bones had been fractured or split as if to obtain the marrow. He thus adduces definite evidence of cannibalism among the aboriginal inhabitants—a fact apparently established by later and more scientific investigators.

In Lapham's *Wisconsin*, published in 1844, the author devotes a page to a rather superficial description of the Aztalan earthworks. In his "Antiquities of Wisconsin," published in 1855 by the Smithsonian Institution, Lapham gives an exhaustive, technical, and scientific description of the antiquities of the region, together with maps showing the results of his survey. Lapham's map of the Aztalan ruin is still standard and must ever remain so, as many of the mounds and embankments have been almost entirely obliterated by years of cultivation. His measurements show a rudely designed parallelogram enclosing about seventeen and two-thirds acres, the east side being the river

bank and the other three sides consisting of earthen embankments twenty to twenty-five feet in width and varying in height from five feet down to less than one foot. The length of the west wall (roughly parallel with the river) is given as 1419 feet, the north wall or embankment 631 feet, and the south embankment 700 feet. The entire distance around the enclosure is not far from four-fifths of a mile. Lapham disproved the earlier statement that there was also an embankment on the fourth side of the enclosure along the river, but he notes two long embankments directly across on the opposite side of the river, one of which was 660 feet in length.

Along the outside of the embankment that defines the enclosure are numerous enlargements of the earth wall, as if circular mounds had been merged into the embankment. These are located at fairly regular intervals, probably as near an approach to uniformity in distance as savages were capable of making. Earlier writers referred to these accretions to the outer walls as buttresses or bastions, a theory that was utterly discredited by Lapham. He found within the enclosure one truncated and terraced pyramid of considerable area and about sixteen feet in height, and another truncated mound of lesser height. These are the so-called temple mounds, that have been the occasion of so much speculation among writers on the subject. Burial mounds are numerous, either within the enclosure or in the immediate vicinity, and a few effigy mounds have been featured by investigators since Lapham's time.

The author of "Antiquities of Wisconsin" argued at considerable length that Aztalan could not have been a fortified Indian village because its location left it open to attack from higher ground in the vicinity. It must be remembered that the Indian always considered proximity to an ample water supply far more important than a commanding eminence where the all-precious water was scanty or absent. It is more than probable that the Aztalan en-

closure was heavily palisaded on three sides, and possibly along the river bank as well.[1] Such palisaded Indian villages were not unknown in the Wisconsin region in historic times. The Mascouten village is mentioned by Father Dablon as being palisaded, and in 1716 the Foxes shut themselves up within a triple palisade when besieged by the French. With the possibility that the palisades followed the curved line formed by the "bastions," an outlook could be provided that would prevent a skulking foe from approaching the walls. Many arguments have been advanced to show that the "buttressed" earthwork is elsewhere unknown in Wisconsin, and therefore these aboriginal builders must have been an unknown but distinct race of people. The facts do not warrant this conclusion. The Aztalan embankments are only a variation of the chain mounds, or embankments with incorporated mounds at intervals, that are found occasionally in other parts of our state. A striking example of this type of embankment is found in the town of Taycheedah, Fond du Lac County, where a series of embankments nearly two hundred feet long have circular expansions at intervals that form perfect mounds incorporated with the embankments. This unique group of earthworks was described in detail by the writer in his "Fond du Lac County Antiquities," published in the *Wisconsin Archeologist* for April, 1915. These mounds and embankments, still undisturbed, are located in a dense thicket on the east side of and contiguous to the concrete highway known as the Winnebago Trail.

After Lapham's survey of the Aztalan site in 1850, no important contribution was made to our knowledge until within the present century. Amateur investigators con-

[1] A tract of land along the road front of the Aztalan site, about three and one-half acres in extent, has been purchased by Jefferson County. Much of the money expended in acquiring it has been raised by the school children of the county. This tract contains eight large conical mortuary and ceremonial mounds—all that now remain of a former long line of such earthworks. In 1923 this land, now known as "Aztalan Mound Park," was deeded by the county to the Wisconsin Archeological Society and is now being maintained as a state park.

tinued to excavate in haphazard and unscientific ways, and then to publish in newspapers and magazines their more or less fanciful theories. Many implements, weapons, ornaments, and pottery fragments were unearthed and are now widely scattered in public and private collections. It is worthy of note that none of these minor antiquities indicate a higher stage of culture than do the artifacts from other localities in Wisconsin. Indeed, it can probably be stated as a fact that the most artistic and beautifully finished types of Wisconsin prehistoric weapons and ornaments have not been duplicated by any finds within the Aztalan enclosure.

During all the years from 1840 to 1920 the process of demolition and mutilation of these earthworks, by both the farmer's plow and the excavator's spade, went on apace. In 1838 Edward Everett asked President Van Buren to withdraw from sale the section of land on which the ruins are located. He could arouse no sentiment in favor of his recommendation, and it is said that the site was sold by the government for twenty-two dollars.

In 1907 George A. West, of Milwaukee, published in the *Wisconsin Archeologist* a lengthy article to prove that Aztalan and other similar antiquities of Wisconsin were the work of the ancestors of the American Indians found in the Mississippi Valley when the white men first came there. He discredited the theory that Aztalan was constructed as a religious center or rallying place for the Indian tribes on ceremonial occasions, and concluded that it was an ordinary fortified Indian village, possibly the seat of government of some powerful tribe. Even the cannibalism of the ancient inhabitants, a fact on which all investigators seem to agree, was shown to be a not unusual practice among the Wisconsin Indians during the early historic period, the Winnebago man-eaters being specifically mentioned in the *Jesuit Relations*. West believed the so-called temple mounds in the enclosure to be the "high places" on which were built the huts of the chiefs or head men of the tribe. He quotes

freely from many different authorities to show similar deductions in the case of other antiquities.

Dr. S. A. Barrett, of the Milwaukee Public Museum, during 1919 and 1920 undertook extensive excavations on the Aztalan site, but the full account of his investigations has not been published as yet. From his addresses and newspaper interviews it appears that Dr. Barrett disagrees with Mr. West as to the origin and aboriginal use of these earthworks, and favors the contention of Lapham that the mounds and embankments were constructed and used for ceremonial purposes. This latest investigation was conducted carefully and thoroughly, and it is not probable that future work on the site, even if undertaken, will add greatly to the present knowledge of the location and its structure. Dr. Barrett could find no evidences of rotted wood in the embankment, and therefore concluded that palisades had never been planted around the enclosure for defensive purposes. This does not preclude the possibility that blockhouses or similar structures of wood formerly occupied the summits of the earthworks, and if these were roofed and chinked with clay, and later burned by accident or design, it would account for the burned clay or so-called "brick" found in and about the enclosure. Deep in the large mounds, Dr. Barrett found the decayed remains of huge posts surrounded by cairns of stone for added support. Some of the posts were twelve to sixteen feet below the top of the mounds, and undoubtedly reached far above them before time and the elements caused these posts to disappear. Dr. Barrett believed these to be ceremonial poles, or possibly totems.

Like all the earlier investigators, Dr. Barrett found abundant evidences of cannibalism. Human arm and leg bones, crushed and split so that the marrow could be extracted, were found in quantities. Human ribs and skulls, chopped into small pieces so that they could be placed in the cooking kettles, were also noted. Mingled with these

were found animal and fish bones, indicating that these aboriginal epicures used a diversified diet.

Summing up the results of the several investigations covering the Aztalan site, it is probable that the following deductions will approximate the facts:

The ruins were occupied by aborigines at two different periods—a very early period estimated at one thousand years ago, and a comparatively late period evidenced by finding intrusive articles of European manufacture. The later Indian inhabitants were probably Winnebago.

The weapons, implements, and pottery fragments found in the vicinity do not differ greatly from those found in other localities, and it cannot be claimed that even the earlier inhabitants differed in culture from the other tribes that occupied Wisconsin at the same period.

The site was strongly fortified, the embankments supporting blockhouses or other similar structures of wood, massively built and well defended. A double wall of wood extended along the river front. This was divided by cross-partitions into rooms. There is evidence that one or more log buildings formerly stood within the enclosure.

The people subsisted on fish, game, and river mussels, and more or less frequently on the flesh and marrow of human beings. It is probable that they had corn fields in the immediate vicinity, and that they also grew such other vegetable foods as were known to the prehistoric Wisconsin Indians.

While the village was fortified and regularly inhabited, it is not improbable that it was used as a gathering place of some powerful tribe which congregated there at intervals for ceremonial worship. The regular inhabitants may have been the custodians of the sacred place. Whatever its purpose, it represents an almost incalculable amount of manual labor, especially when one reflects that it was done without mechanical appliances.

LETITIA WALL, A WISCONSIN PIONEER TYPE

JOSEPH SCHAFER

Southwestern Wisconsin, including the celebrated lead region and the territory adjacent as far as the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, attracted a good many settlers from the south and the southwest. The lead-bearing lands were occupied early, the remainder considerably later. But the emigration from the south once started, it continued to flow, though with diminished volume, till the Civil War brought it to a full stop.

The valleys of Blue River and Fennimore Creek near their junction received some pioneer settlers early in the 1850's, and among these were four or five families derived from North Carolina by way of Missouri. Two of them were families of the brothers Tillman and Alpheus Wall. Tillman, being a man of energy, pluck, and resourcefulness, soon cleared and improved a large farm and became a prosperous, respected citizen. His family now has numerous representatives in other parts of Wisconsin and in adjacent states. Alpheus was a man of different type, yet with characteristics resembling those of his older brother. He was intelligent and of good appearance and address. Yet, to use his own phrase, he was usually "somehow or other, no 'count." Perhaps it was the hookworm, possibly it was a tubercular affection which sapped his vitality. At all events, "no 'count" he was, so far as productive labor went, aside from the moderate success he had as an habitual, devoted angler. But even this activity was never pursued at a distance from home, and the little branch of Fennimore Creek which meandered through the Wall meadow (for Alpheus lived in a log house on his brother's farm) was insufficiently stocked with brook trout to yield more than an occasional breakfast.

There was obviously no money in the family, and under these circumstances Alpheus Wall must have been a dependent upon his brother or upon the public (unless, as some suspected, his illness was psychological and might have been cured by dire

necessity), had it not been for his wife, Letitia— or 'Titia, as every one called her.

Tradition, which in this case has only the Wall family as its source, placed the girlhood of Letitia Abbott on a North Carolina plantation where were indulgent parents, negro servants, fine horses to ride and to drive, gallant suitors, balls, and aristocratic society.[1] For Letitia was a belle. Whether or not she was named for the mother of Napoleon, she was something of a conqueror socially and might have taken for a husband her choice of several eligible men in her own set. But she fell in love with Alpheus Wall, who was "so tall and fine looking," as she used to remark even in middle life, and him she married. In doing so she alienated her parents and cut herself off from the old home. Thus, with Alpheus and the others of his family, she found her way to the Wisconsin frontier.

To those Northerners who had calmly taken for granted the helplessness of southern women in emergencies, her career proved a genuine surprise. The training she had received may not, indeed, have enabled her to do many different things. She tried teaching, in fact was chosen to teach the first school in the newly organized district. But she did not continue in that occupation, and it seems doubtful that she was well fitted for it educationally. She could, however, do some things in which the other women of the neighborhood were not skilled. Though brought up in luxurious surroundings, she was trained like southern women generally in the arts of spinning, weaving, quilting, and all kinds of needlework. During the Civil War, when wearing apparel became very scarce and high-priced, and the farmers of her locality found difficulty in clothing their families, these accomplishments were brought into requisition.

Aunt 'Titia observed that almost every farm had upon it a small flock of sheep, sufficient to produce the raw wool required by the family. Spinning, however, was done by only a few, and exclusively on the old-time diminutive spinning-wheel, which was too slow and uneconomical to meet the war-time emergency. She persuaded the neighbor women to buy the large spinning-

[1] She was born in 1829 and must have come to Wisconsin as a woman of about twenty-four years.

LETITIA WALL

wheel and taught them to use it, while for herself she procured a loom and began the business of weaving cloth. The women would spin wool for the filling, buy cotton for warp, then dye both and bring them to her to weave. Many were the suits of homespun which resulted, for she was kept busy at the loom day after day during several years.

When the war closed, farmers began once more to purchase their cloth in the stores or to buy ready-made clothing. So the demand for cloth-weaving fell away. Many pioneers, however, were then ready to leave their log houses, and when they built better homes there arose a demand for rag carpets to cover the floors. There was a period in which the sewing of "carpet-rags" was the occupation with which the industrious farm mother filled her winter evenings. Sometimes all the female members of the family worked at it, and not infrequently male members took a hand too. A small boy, if he could do nothing else, could at least wind the ball of sewed rags. The rags were torn into narrow ribbons perhaps three-eighths of an inch in width, tacked end to end, and the resulting string was wound into a ball which grew and grew until it reached the right dimension, perhaps four or five inches in diameter, when it passed for a pound in weight. Sometimes the rags would be colored, uniformly in several selected colors; but much rag carpet, some of it very agreeable to the eye, was made out of the rags colored just as it happened, "hit or miss."

Aunt 'Titia now procured a carpet loom, and instead of linsey-woolsey manufactured rag carpets for the whole countryside. An interval of several years was spent at Boscobel, where a young Scandinavian boy she had taken to rear found work in a store. Alpheus, too, performed a bit of light work now and then which brought him a few coins, and for the rest, he spent with joyous prodigality the money she earned at the loom. So, nothing could be laid by, and in a few years back they came to Tillman's farm and took possession once more of the log cabin.

I remember that lowly dwelling shaded by oaks, at the foot of the bluff above the spring. During the 1870's it was a special joy to us children to go there with our mother, because it was such fun to watch Aunt 'Titia drive the shuttle with a kind of rhythmic

rattle, back and forth, and to see the differently colored breadths of carpet forming under our eyes. Then, too, Aunt 'Titia loved children, and having none of her own, she adopted as hers in spirit all the youngsters of the countryside. She had not much time to talk to us, but she would snatch a few minutes now and then and these few minutes were worth hours of waiting. For Aunt 'Titia was so kind, so jolly, and so "different"—we didn't know why—that despite our love of outdoor play, we sat in her work room charmed to the spot, and had to be removed by our elders long before we felt inclined to go.

As I grew to youth, and then to manhood, I began to realize what it was in Aunt 'Titia that had so deeply attracted me in childhood. It was, primarily, her extraordinary character, which harmonized with her large frame, splendid head and eyes, and aquiline countenance, as well as the dignity of her bearing and speech. In that farming neighborhood few women, even among the relatively prosperous, consistently held up their heads and looked life fearlessly in the eye. The most robust farm matrons often appeared tired, discouraged—ready to quit. Not so Aunt 'Titia. With her the hope of prosperity, if it had been experienced at all, faded early. She knew perfectly well that her slender living must come out of her earnings at the loom. Out of them, too, must come the weekly allowance of whisky and tobacco for Alpheus—without which he could not exist. She knew that if the farmers' crops failed they would get along without her kind of carpets. On the other hand, with a little more prosperity ingrain carpets would come in and her occupation as a weaver of rag carpets would be gone. Want was never more than a few weeks behind her, and she had the imagination to see his grim visage. This was not a unique circumstance, for millions have been situated much as she was. What is remarkable is the way she bore up under the threat of imminent disaster. So far as any one could see, she never wavered or lost heart. There was always the same cheerful greeting, the same hearty, eager conversation, the same proud carriage, firm step, and unshakable self-control. The women of the neighborhood were fond of commiserating with one another over present or prospective misfortunes, sometimes sincerely, sometimes with obvious affec-

tation. But no one would think of commiserating with Aunt 'Titia, although she worked harder than any of the rest and was obliged to do so; and if any had thought of it they would not have braved the look with which she would have received any excess of sympathy. It wouldn't do to insinuate to 'Titia that her husband was shiftless, as they would have done to others, for 'Titia was different. And being different, being what she was—a strong, erect, self-respecting, and proud woman—she made the entire neighborhood aware that such virtues not only existed but were worthy of high respect.

Aunt 'Titia was an intellectual woman. How she found time to read I know not, but she was well informed upon current topics, particularly politics. Doubtless her experience, and that of her people, in the Civil War exerted a strong influence in keeping up her interest in politics; for though loyal in act, as we have seen, she was a rebel in spirit and she never became reconstructed. "We have been overpowered, but not defeated," she reported her southern friends as saying when, many years after the close of the war, she returned from a visit to the homeland. And the way she said it proved her sympathy with the declaration. She could out-talk and out-argue any man in the community on political questions, and the men were discreetly non-committal in her presence. But her information was so wide and exact that she could talk on many other subjects as well as on politics, and every intelligent man delighted to converse with her.

For the women she had no end of interesting community talk. It was not exactly gossip, because there never was in it a jealous or backbiting spirit; yet it verged toward gossip. She knew all the cases of young men who were "waiting on" young women and what the prospects were for marriages. She was posted as to how recently-married couples were getting along. I am certain she could give the exact day and year of birth of every boy and girl in every family within six miles of her home, for her memory in such matters was seemingly infallible; she kept track of the families who moved from the neighborhood into states farther west. In a word, her interest in all about her was engrossing and her quest for detailed information about persons and families literally unending. How she managed to gain such infor-

mation, since she rarely left her cottage door, was one of the mysterious things about her which so gripped the neighborhood. Of course she obtained it by questioning her customers and listening, in a recording attitude, while they talked more or less aimlessly to her.

I believe Aunt 'Titia lived in the log cottage under the hill, taking care of her Alpheus, for more than twenty years, the time of the growth to maturity of the children whose birthdays she retained so marvelously. Close friends heard occasionally of some ailment that made her duty as bread-winner more painful and arduous, but to the outside world appearances always remained about the same. She had the true spirit of craftsmanship, taking satisfaction in doing her work well.

Her husband lived to a fairly ripe old age, but without improving in physical stamina in his later years. At last he passed away, leaving her free of the burden of his support, but also seemingly without the motive which theretofore had urged her to "carry on." In broken health and a spirit remote from resignation she first spent a year or two with her foster son, then entered a home for aged women maintained by the Order of the Eastern Star, of which she had been a member for many years. There she died a few years ago.[2]

To almost any other woman of her time and neighborhood a life like Aunt 'Titia's would have seemed tragically hopeless, to be endured only in the spirit of self-pity. To her it was a part to be played without complaint and without admission of defeat or even disappointment. She was the best exemplification of *morale* that our community afforded. In that respect, as in her enforcement of the ideals of intelligence, of good manners, of sympathy, and of worthy conduct, she was a blessing to all, and especially to those who grew to manhood and womanhood under her indirect but unsleeping supervision.

[2] She entered the Illinois Masonic Home on April 24, 1901, and died there May 10, 1912, aged eighty-three years. Letter of Lola R. Rickard, superintendent, dated Rockford, Illinois, January 23, 1924.

DOCUMENTS

JOURNAL OF A WORLD WAR VETERAN

IRA LEE PETERSON

Ira Lee Peterson was born at Millard, Wisconsin, May 13, 1896, the son of Almon and Laura Peterson. He was thus twenty-one years old when he started this journal. When the Wisconsin Guard was called out for Mexican border service in 1916, Peterson was concluding his second year at Whitewater Normal School, and students of the school formed the nucleus of the Whitewater company of which he was a member. When he returned from the border, he gave a talk on his experiences to the children of the near-by country school which afforded practice teaching classes for the Normal students. One of the little girls of that school gave him a leather-covered diary and told him to take it to France. This was the origin of the journal which appears here. This diary was lost when stored with other baggage of the Thirty-second Division, but a new one was started (a few back notes being added) and kept in small notebooks, which were left behind at different places as each was filled, with directions for having them sent back to his home if he did not call for them after the war.

When in contact with the enemy, a soldier must not carry papers which might afford the enemy any information if they fell into their hands, so most of the entries about battles were made after withdrawing from the front each time. So far as he knows, Peterson's was the only diary kept consistently in his battalion, and it was never censored by the army authorities.

After the war Mr. Peterson entered the service of the Y. M. C. A., the organization which in some instances had cared for his diary books in France. He was membership secretary of the Madison Y. M. C. A. until recently, and is now associate secretary of the Davenport, Iowa, Y. M. C. A.

References to his size at a few places in the journal will be understood when it is known that Mr. Peterson stands six feet three inches in his stocking feet.

The journal was submitted to the William B. Cairns Post of the American Legion, Madison, in response to a request for members to contribute to the historical collection of the post.

Following is a chronological summary of Mr. Peterson's military service:

COMPANY "K" 128TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY

Enlisted in Co. "C" 1st Wisconsin National Guard at Whitewater	Oct. 2, 1912
Re-enlisted in Co. "C"	Oct. 2, 1915
National Guard of United States called out	June 19, 1916
Mobilize at Camp Douglas to go to Mexico	June 22, 1916
Wis. National Guard federalized at Camp Douglas	July 15, 1916
1st Wis. Infantry entrain for San Antonio, Texas	July 18, 1916
1st Wis. Infantry entrain for Ft. Sheridan, Ill.	Dec. 27, 1916
1st Wis. Infantry mustered out	Jan. 19, 1917
United States declares war on Germany	April 6, 1917
Wis. National Guard called out	July 15, 1917
Wis. National Guard mustered into federal service	Aug. 5, 1917
Wis. National Guard entrain for Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas	Sept. 24, 1917
Thirty-second Division formed of Wis. and Mich. National Guard	Sept. 24, 1917
128th Infantry entrain for Camp Merritt, N. J.	Feb. 2, 1918
Thirty-second Division embark at Hoboken, N. J.	Feb. 18, 1918
Arrive at Brest, France	Mar. 4, 1918
Complete training at Chassigny, France	May 14, 1918
Arrive at the trenches in Alsace	June 4, 1918
Gassed in action at Fismes (Second Battle of the Marne)	Aug. 3, 1918
Wounded in action in Battle of the Argonne	Oct. 7, 1918
Embark at Marseilles with Wis. Casual Company 1942	Mar. 3, 1919
Land in New York	Mar. 20, 1919
Entrain at Camp Merritt for Camp Grant, Ill.	Mar. 25, 1919
Discharged from U. S. Army at Camp Grant, Ill.	April 4, 1919

IMPORTANT EVENTS BEFORE ENTERING TRENCHES AT ALSACE, JUNE 4, 1918

Feb. 18, 1918. We leave Camp Merritt in the morning and load on the *Covington* at Hoboken at noon. Before passing up the gangplank, we are given coffee and buns by the Red Cross. It is a great sight to look at the lights of New York City that

evening. About eleven o'clock the huge transports glide out of the harbor; we pass the three-mile limit shortly after midnight.

Mar. 1, 1918. So far the convoy has got along safely without meeting any submarines. The fourteen transports travel in a group formation with the U. S. cruiser *Huntington* leading the way. Our large transports, the *Covington*, the *George Washington* and the mystery ship (the barberpole) have six-inch guns on board. About four o'clock this afternoon the cruiser notices something which appears to be the periscope of a submarine. The *Huntington* gives the warning with five blasts of her whistles, and swings about and fires part of her guns broadside at the object. Our boat and the *George Washington* then fire and the object disappears. Although it was a great scare, nothing more happened. The voyage has become very tiresome now, and it is a great relief to know we are nearing France. About fifteen subchasers come out to meet us, and the *Huntington* returns to the U. S. These little mosquitoes—the subchasers—dart all about us and we feel quite safe with them.

Mar. 4, 1918. We sight land this morning and it surely looks good; first we see a large wireless station and then we see the green hills of France. We arrive at Brest about noon but we shall have to stay on the boat for two days yet. Two days later we disembark and go out to the Pontanezen barracks until they are ready to send us to the interior.

Mar. 12, 1918. It has taken us three days to cross France in their box-cars and third-class coaches. The box-cars are marked 8 *cheveaux* or 40 *hommes*, which means 8 horses or 40 men. We have lived on corned beef so far in France. We unload at Prauthoy and march to the village where we shall be. The third battalion marches to Chassigny, and here we are to train for a few more weeks before we go to the front. The Thirty-second Division is in the tenth area now, a battalion billeted in each town in this large area. We are in the Haute Marne Department and we are the first Americans in this area.

Tuesday, May 14. Eight weeks of final training has now ended in France. Yesterday there was no drill and we had an inspection of all equipment in the afternoon, and in the forenoon I took

my V. B. squad[1] out to the bomb house and shot fifty grenades. Phair earns the prize for the squad. Today we are bidding farewell to the village and are all ready to go. We formed battalion at two o'clock and marched the eleven kilometers to Culmont-Chalindry. We had supper on the street near the depot, and before we entrained I saw a French boy that could speak English. We entrained at eleven o'clock and forty men were put in each box-car.

Wednesday, May 15. We arrived at Belfort at eight o'clock. Some have managed to sleep and others have not. Every one is very tired as we never carried such heavy packs as now. They weigh at least seventy-five pounds. Belfort is a large city and is on the main road. It is very well defended and we saw the first real barbed wire entanglements here. We march seven kilometers to Vezelois where we will billet, and stop just outside to eat. It is nearly noon and every one is very hungry and tired, some having eaten some of their hard tack. The barn we are put in (our platoon) is very dirty and it takes all afternoon to straighten and clean it out. In the evening Nelson of "I" Co., Phair, and I have a feed at an old French lady's house.

Thursday, May 16. No drill, bugle calls, or formation now. We are in dangerous country. After show-down inspection, Phair and I reconnoiter around the country. We looked over a system of barbed wire entanglements, forts, and other means of defence. The nearest point of firing line is twenty-five kilometers away and the nearest point of German border six kilometers away. We go swimming in the afternoon and in the evening Nelson and Oleson of "I" Co. and Phair and I have another feed at the old lady's. After that we went up to the large fort and walked through the barbed wire entanglement, eighteen posts wide. We also visit the next village and talk with some French soldiers. Phair and I sleep in the orchard these nice moonlight nights.

Friday, May 17. Phair and I go over to the next village to buy bread. It is hard to get bread in this country, as there are so many French soldiers here. We sleep in the afternoon and in the evening we have a real feed at the old lady's, consisting of

[1] A "V. B." squad is a *Vivien-Bessieres*, or French grenade squad.

French fried potatoes, omelet, cream and bread. Co. "K" takes a night hike five k. to the east.

Saturday, May 18. We have air battles every day now. Whenever a German plane comes across, the aircraft guns chase it across the sky, and sometimes the French machines fight with the enemy planes. Cheevers of Lincoln, Nebraska, and I go over to the "Y" in the other village and write letters. This country is very beautiful, especially the mountains.

Sunday, May 19. Nothing doing during the forenoon and I sleep under the apple trees as it is very nice weather now. In the afternoon, Phair, Wilear, and I go for a walk. At one village we see where an air raid took place. Several holes in the café can be seen, and they show us where it damaged the railroad station.

Monday, May 20. Rogers, Phair, and I go over to the Y. M. C. A. in the forenoon. We are expecting to move now as a French sergeant has told us where we are going and when our regiment is due there. The fellows wish they would get paid now so they could get tobacco, etc. Another night hike to the south.

Tuesday, May 21. After dinner we have gas mask inspection and then we roll our packs again and are ready to move on. At 8:30 we march out and go seven k; we pass through three villages and at midnight we are in new billets in a real little city, so we are told. My squad and I have a good billet.

Wednesday, May 22. Have breakfast at nine o'clock after straightening up billet. Phair and I look over the town. There are dozens of cafés and several other stores. Phair goes on guard at noon, so Pauley and I go for a walk. We go through four villages. In the evening I write letters in the French folks' house below our billet.

Thursday, May 23. I am on guard today. Jordan is sergt. of the guard. Four posts are established up through the city of Montrieux-Chateaux. This city is supposed to have had over seven thousand population before the war. Order comes out at night that "M," "I," and "L" companies must stay in the other end of town unless on pass. I have a lot of fun chasing them out at night.

Friday, May 24. We rise at five o'clock and at six the whole battalion starts on a hike of seventeen kilometers. We pass the

old border line of Germany and pass through country where a great battle took place at the beginning of the war. We see some great camouflaging. Bayonets are all sharpened now.

Saturday, May 25. Phair and I engaged a nice room the night before for a franc and a half a day. We sleep fine in the soft French bed. Sergt. Seigman has to call us this morning as they are rising at 5:30. We marched to a field this forenoon and drilled some. This afternoon Phair and I took a swim in the canal. Our room is about twelve by fourteen feet and has a large bed, a commode with a French clock and several ornaments and pictures on it, three tables, five chairs, a closet for clothes, a large looking-glass, a stove, and five paintings, being "The Marriage," "The Baptism," "France in Peace Time," "The Shepherd," and a scene on the water; also a crucifix.

Sunday, May 26. Breakfast seven-thirty, so we have a good night's rest. Inspection of guns at nine o'clock and at eleven o'clock one of the "Y" secretaries holds services near the mess hall. After reading for a while in the afternoon, Phair and I promenade over to the next city to see the sights. An unusually large number of French officers are there. In the evening Phair and I go over to the "Y" to see the movies. On our way back a French sergt. comes running up and wants us to stop a fight. We find that three 127th men are drunk and making a lot of noise. One wants to fight, and I hold him and keep the others away. He said he wouldn't care if I were fifteen feet tall—he could still lick me.

Monday, May 27. We go out to drill even if we did hear that the French didn't want us to drill on account of danger of air raids. In the afternoon we have gas instruction and Sergt. Gallenbeck is peeved at the results of his work with the men. We have an officer's room without knowing it, and an officer is going to use it tonight.

Tuesday, May 28. Go out to maneuver at seven in the morning. This morning we practice going through the woods by compass. At noon we are really going to get paid. Many are happy and some sad when they get their debts paid up. I draw one hundred fifty-five francs and fifty centimes this time. We drilled close order in the afternoon and some are missing.

Wednesday, May 29. We go on a fourteen-kilometer walk or hike this morning. We go through Vezelois, the old camp, and make a round trip out of it. In the afternoon we go swimming instead of drilling. Canal is pretty cold. At last I find a couple of birthday presents to send. I send them through the French post office.

Thursday, May 30. We have problems this forenoon; I detect changes that need to be made in the squad. Al Jacobs falls in one of the squads this morning for drill. When they look at him, he points to the corporal and says, "Look at him, and I am to follow him and he isn't coming back." We have close order drill under Sergt. McPhoeters in the P.M. Bible class in evening.

Friday, May 31. Reorganize V. B. squad. We have problems during the forenoon. Colonel visits us while out to drill. Shells whistle near us when aircraft guns open on Boche aeroplane. In the afternoon after we have gas mask drill, Wilear and I take our squads out and work out a problem. Konkhe and a bunch of us have a rabbit stew supper.

Saturday, June 1. Go out to drill field at usual time and have three problems. At ten-thirty we march down to a wood and go into a gassed dugout with our English gas masks on. In the afternoon we have close order drill for an hour. In the evening, eight of us have a six-course supper, Jamieson and Konkhe being the originators of the idea.

Rabbit stew			Radishes
Bread		Fried Potatoes	
	Roast rabbit		
	Roast pork		
Cake			Swiss Cheese
		Marmalade	

About eight o'clock we hear the worst bombardment upon the lines we ever heard. Rumors are that it's a gas attack.

Sunday, June 2. Arise rather early, as I am corporal of the guard today. Have paid the old lady and we are going to move out this morning. Show-down inspection by Lieutenant Colonel before fellows roll their packs. I have three men on guard; they are serving out four days and nights of guard duty, straight. Most severe punishment I have seen in "K" Co. for some time.

Two were A. W. O. L., and the other man said he had a vision of a schooner of beer as he went by a café to drill, so dropped out. Receive a nice birthday present in evening. We march six kil. to Chavaneaux la Grande and go into billets.

TO THE TRENCHES

On Tuesday night, June 4, just before supper at the village Chavaneaux la Grande, we receive hurry orders to roll packs and be ready to move at 8:30. At nine o'clock we leave, being warned not to smoke or talk, and that we were going to dugouts. Luckily I have inspected my squad's packs to see that they have everything with them. The battalion finally start, mystifying the people of the village with their actions. We go at an awful pace at first, but that is soon cut down to moderate pace. Every one is quiet and most of us are very glad to be going, as we despised the village so on account of the people and the French officer who made us drill. We are told that we are in danger of shelling at any time. Peculiar signals appear all the time, and it all appeals as being a well organized movement. It is a very eventful night because now we are going to try out our training against a foe. I figure out that we have done just nine months of intensive training, the amount the British army said it requires to make a soldier. After we have gone about five miles, we are ordered to put the English gas mask at the alert position. After we march about ten miles we reach the village of Fullerin and we are issued ammunition. It is a quiet night; every once in a while a flare light shoots up and lights up the sky wonderfully. After receiving ammunition "I" and "K" companies march on to the trenches. We pass batteries and I never saw so much camouflaging. The boys are quite tired now, as it is quite a hike with at least seventy-five pounds on the back. At last we turn into a wood and go about two miles down a road which is made out of poles; it is certainly a great piece of work; the poles are about eight feet long and laid crosswise and close together. Just before we go into dugouts, it is getting daylight—about four o'clock. We have marched over twelve miles, and it is the longest hike I have taken since doing the twenty-five miles at San Antonio. Freeman, who has walked half-way on his nerves, swears that no German will

do laundry work in his sight as it has come to us that they do that with the French. We go into an immense dugout and my squad and I lie in a passageway on the hard ground. It doesn't seem as if there is much to be afraid of, as all we have heard is some sniping over the hill.

Wednesday, June 5, I wake up at nine and get breakfast. It seems we are in a regular picnic ground, it is such a quiet place. We have a pretty good dinner and at one o'clock the French artillery starts; the first shot makes every one very quiet, but no one looks very scared. We are nearly surrounded by French artillery and they keep up their shooting now and then all afternoon. I sleep a couple of hours after I get used to it, but wake up when some gas shells go whistling over.

After supper my platoon is divided into four groups *de combat.* French guides lead each group out. It is a very quiet evening and the woods and the setting sun are so beautiful, it's hard to realize we are in danger. We arrive at the dugout and (French shells whistling over, Thurs. morning) ten of the men are each put with a French soldier. These soldiers have fought on the Somme, so can "compre" some of the Anglais. A French lieutenant comes along that can speak English, and he takes Sergt. McPotters, Corp. Savee and me around and shows us the lay of the land. We are in the front line trenches; Savee and I alternate as corporals on guard during the night. Most every one is up during the night except the relief in the trenches. Each one of our men is put with a Frenchman and they are a jolly bunch; they all think I am a great sight with my size and height; they all say *le grand* (tall) when they see me. Savee goes on with his French corporal; we are all instructed to do just what the Frenchman with us does and tells us to do. The Frenchmen are smoking, talking, singing, and enjoying themselves right by their guns, so all the discipline we have taught our men about being quiet in the trenches and smoking on duty is forgotten here and they do the same as the French. We are surrounded with enough barbed wire to fence a good-sized farm in the states, and there are some simple contrivances to tell if any Germans are sneaking around. We are finally settled. German and Pauley are sentinels in front of dugout with their French sentinels. There has not been any

shooting all evening and we learn that no-man's-land is about a kilometer wide. As I look down upon our soldiers beside the French soldiers in blue, it appeals to me as a wonderful sight. The French army has really the greatest history of any nation in the world, and one can see that these French soldiers are wonderful soldiers. We despised old "Whiskers" (the French lieutenant back at the last village) but I forget my dislike for him when I see this easy-going, jolly bunch. About eleven o'clock my corporal, a little fellow who doesn't know what to make of such a *le grand soldat*, takes me in the dugout, which is really a nice little home and is much different from what I ever imagined. The bunks, upper and lower, are made square about six by six for two men and have straw in them. I ask him if there are any things in there that crawl and he says there aren't. Just then a very humorous incident happens. He tells me he will call me, and he says I may have the whole upper bunk to myself, putting my head in one corner and my feet in the farther corner. A couple of rats are playing tag somewhere around the dugout. One fellow remarks he saw one nearly as large as a cat. I soon fall asleep and at two o'clock the corporal wakes me and we go out in the trenches. The Frenchmen take a shot across no-man's-land every once in a while, and of course that just suits our fellows, so all along the lines shots are fired quite often. We go around to the different men and while we are by the machine gun, I try to get a better look at it in the dark and I slip down in a hole about five feet deep back of me; then the Frenchmen have the laugh on me. We are near a bunch who are fixing a rifle. I take it and fire a shot through an opening in the trees—the first shot at the German lines. I happened to look through the opening again and saw the moon. Once in a while we hear a German shot. It seems to make a double report, and once I hear a machine gun open up. It has a very even purr, much like the U. S. gun. When our rifles report, there is a crack and sharp report that I should think would be a challenge to the Boche, as we call them, like the French. It is all very interesting the first time, and there is nothing to be afraid of as we are out of danger of direct fire. The Frenchmen act like kids this morning, hopping around and singing, and they can make a noise like a squirrel, which is very laughable. I go to

bed at daylight and sleep till our breakfast is brought. A squad brings our breakfast to us. After breakfast I take Savee and Engerbretson's breakfast to them down at the listening post. They have been out on no-man's-land picking strawberries. I can see down into a valley where the Germans have their trenches, and there is a vacated town down there by the name of Hirshbach. I pick up the field glasses, take a look, and I experience such a thrill as I did when I made the turn into the docks at Hoboken harbor and saw the *Covington*. It was great to see these trenches about eight hundred yards away and barbed wire entanglements. I ask the Frenchman if there is anybody besides soldiers in the town, as my blood boils up to where I should like to do some sniping. A French sniper offers to take me out this afternoon.

I have to go to the listening post at twelve o'clock and stay on till eight with the French corporal. One American private and one French are with us, changing every two hours. I spend most of the afternoon looking through the glasses. I study everything in view, so I know just where all the wire and the different trenches are. One peculiar thing about the church in the village is that the clock has stopped at 6:30, and at the top of the church steeple is a red weather-cock which looks very strange through the glasses. No shooting from the listening post. Just before supper a couple of German planes go over, and through the glasses I see the large black crosses on the bottom which have wide ends. They go very fast and the aircraft guns make them go faster.

At eight o'clock the men go into the trenches again, with their guns ready for instant use. I go on from eleven till two. There is no firing from our men tonight because they were warned not to shoot at anything. It is very amusing to hear a German machine gun shoot every once in a while, and the rifles and chauchats [French automatic rifles] open up from the G. C. [combat group]. They continue that all the time I am out.

About two o'clock the German artillery away off began to roar, and then a few seconds later the shells would explode. It sounds very strange to hear the guns grumble way off. At two o'clock Corporal Savee relieves me and I have a good sleep from then until eleven o'clock, getting rested up for the first time in

three days. Considerable artillery action towards morning, I am told later.

Friday, June 7. I go on listening post at noon. Good news comes in French papers that Americans have put a wedge in the drive north of Paris by brilliant counter-attack. Just after I reach the listening post three French artillery guns open up on the artillery guns of the Germans over near Hirshbach, and it appears that they make some good hits. I saw the gun with glasses the day before.

I have suspicions that there are Germans in the dugout on the knoll, and after the corporal of patrol comes along and confirms my suspicions I get in a shell-hole and shoot four times at them. There is a crack to our bullets as they speed toward their mark, that I should think would make them know there is a new foe on hand. One Frenchman shoots a German cat that comes over near us. At eight o'clock we are relieved, and we march down to the billet in support. We make nice beds out of leaves, and part of us sleep till the following noon.

WAR NEWS

Hear good news that the Americans have put a wedge in the German drive toward Paris. One brigade of United States Marines distinguishes itself by a wonderful counter-attack.

Sunday, June 9. My squad and I have a new experience, with Corporal Savee's squad. We carry "grub" to the front line trenches and support. It is very strenuous work carrying those cans away up through the woods, and going to the different G. C.'s. After we carry the meals to them we are through with duty till the next meal. In the afternoon Corporal Buck and I decide to go reconnoitering out on no-man's-land. We crawl past thirty-two and go over five sets of wire and out into the brush. A German aeroplane is doing a daring stunt. He goes in a large circle and swoops down over our trenches at a tremendous rate. Every time he comes by, all the machine guns and snipers open on him as he is so low. We are out for excitement, so we pour a volley at him each time. Finally he comes very low and we manage to get in ten shots apiece at close range. Our guns are hot when we finish. Some of the machine guns give

him an awful volley. Some one must have hit him or some part of the machine, as he opened up his machine gun and then he went down back of the hill and we didn't see him any more.

We were in low brush out in no-man's-land, and sat there very quietly resting from our work. The flies were awful. Just as we began to think of leaving we heard a light movement in the brush. Instantly we were on the alert, as we knew a German sniper had been staying not far from us. We were both ready to fire on the slightest indication of an object. I peered through the brush, doing my best to locate the sound, neither one of us making a movement. Try as I would, I couldn't locate anything even though we could hear a very light and slow movement of some one crawling. Pretty soon it moved slowly away and Corporal Buck, who is as stealthy as an Indian, motioned for me to keep watch while he crawled away. He sneaked away and I was in hopes the German would peer up, but he didn't. We both stole stealthily away, one moving at a time. At the time we did not realize our danger and hardly believed it a human being; but after we got back we knew no animal would be so stealthy in the daytime, and we were in no-man's-land, so we knew we had been taught a lesson to be more careful.

That night "K" and "I" companies moved back to battalion headquarters and "M" and "L" companies relieved us. We have spent our first bit in the trenches; four days the first time.

Monday, June 10. Raining this morning for the first time in a long while. We are lucky not to be in the trenches. In the afternoon my squad and Smith's squad are on detail. No rest for the evil. A quiet day on the Alsace front. Stops raining towards evening. About midnight there is a gas alarm, but we never hear it in our room. A shell lit over on the other side of town.

Tuesday, June 11. Raining some more, but we have to fall in just the same, get shovels, and slide out through a lot of mud and dig trenches for three hours. Worst of all, they haven't drawn enough rations for a couple of days and we are getting desperate. We don't wish the Germans anything good, as we blame them for our being over in this war. Hardly any dinner and after dinner I buy two little cans of meat and sardines at

the only store in Fullerin, and the old lady gives me a small piece of bread. I have to pay five francs for the cans.

French artillery very active all morning, and Germans bombard about two o'clock in the afternoon, one shell hitting an old woman near the "Y." Report is that gas is sent over on "L" and "M" companies. Heavy shelling there also.

Wednesday, June 12. Rise at five o'clock and at six we march on and dig trenches again. Not so bad this morning, and we come in at nine o'clock. After dinner we roll our packs again and this time we carry all our stuff, that is, the two blankets and anything we own. I have over a hundred pounds. About eight o'clock we get ready, forming the G. C.'s, and I have charge of the one that goes to the American sector nearest the Swiss border, with Lieut. Solm. We march to the trenches and the guide puts Lieut. Solm and our G. C. in the wrong billets. They are very good ones and we wish we could stay there. It is a very quiet night and nice weather now. I post a guard for the night and then we have a good sleep on the ticks the little Frenchman gave us. Shorty Campbell imagines there are Huns all around when he walks his post.

Thursday, June 13. Lieut. Trautman tells Lieut. Solm we must move immediately to the right place, which is only seventy-five yards away. "M" Co. G. C., who went back from there, reported Lieut. Solm and G. C. lost. We move over and Corporal Senten and I have a dandy place to move in, which is shell proof. It must have been a French officer's office. As I am in charge I am very busy all day. The four men of my squad are with "B" Company. Heavy machine gun company and other men are added to our group during the day. Men are organized for what they would do in case of an attack, and at eight-thirty I establish a guard with very strict orders, as Germans have been caught several times lurking around the woods. At one o'clock a great deal of shooting is going on and the sky is lighted up with flare lights. When S. O. S. M. G. opens up, all the men are got out ready for instant use. Artillery soon quiets down.

Friday, June 14. We have a good place here if we would only get three good meals a day. Trouble is that the transportation isn't going as it should. We have a guard in the sentry box as the

gas guard and at night we have a guard of four men to guard the G. C., two hours for each man. Only a few hours of the night are really dark, from ten o'clock till three o'clock, and the weather is ideal now. I have plenty to do, having charge of this G. C., which is P. C. [post of command]. Men are quite busy here, doing detail work these days. Everything goes through P. C. before going to the lines.

Not much doing today and most of the fellows do laundry work down at the spring. Corporal Senten and Graham have the guard tonight and I get a chance for a good rest. A fellow from Utah in our company, who is a Mormon, wrote a very good poem, which is as follows:

MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE FRONT LINE

I sat in front of the dugout
With my rifle on my knees
Looking down the pathways
Sheltered by the trees.
I sat in the chilling atmosphere
Waiting for the Hun
And every little stick that cracked
The tighter I gripped my gun.
I sat there thinking and watching
Till my eyes get tired and fall shut
And I see the dear old home
And the good things I used to eat.
And when they fired the big cannon
Well, I guess I got on my feet.
And again scanned the pathways,
Till the Sergeant comes with a relief.
Then I go in the dugout
And prepare for a right good rest,
But the cooties were there by the million
And the rats had many a nest.
I lay there with my eyes shut afighting cooties
And when I'd killed most of them
A big rat went over my head.
But when I came out of the dugout
Everything looked bright and gay
And I thought what a happy life 'twill be
When we see the dawn of a peaceful day.

Saturday, June 15. Rains this forenoon and I sleep most of the morning. Such a kick has gone in about eats that we get all the dinner we can eat today.

Sunday, June 16. *Baptism with shell fire.* A very memorable morning in P. C. under Lieut. Solm. I have been corporal of the guard from midnight on, Ostrum and Hassing being the last two reliefs. It has been so quiet on our sector all night that all one could hear was the rats running around bumping into cans and wire.

About four o'clock it is fairly daylight even though it's cloudy this morning and I am waiting to let the patrol through. Hassing is walking post. About four-twenty, while I am sitting in our little room reading in a little book about "The Life of Jesus," I hear a low rumble in Germany, which is nothing unusual, but a few seconds later I hear a whizzing sound and while I am holding my breath and sitting at attention, it bursts about two hundred yards away. The second follows its path. Hassing comes rather fast and I have him call the others. Most of the volley lands between us and the kitchen half a kilometer away, trying to get our artillery, which is very well hidden. They are whistling too low over our P. C. for comfort, so every one is running for the dugout we designated in case of bombardment. Lavender is in such a hurry he doesn't stop fully to dress. It lets up in a few minutes and the fellows go back, when in about five minutes it seemed as if the earth were blowing up; one shell flies low over us and bursts near enough to make the buildings tremble. Ostrum calls Campbell and Guild, who were in a building by themselves, and as they are leaving at their greatest speed a shell bursts behind them and a piece of shrapnel goes entirely through the calf of Campbell's leg. Five of us are crowding in Senten's and my room, which is supposed to be bomb-proof, and just as we are getting in, a shell bursts right in the center of the P. C. At the same moment I see Ostrum and Manly fairly dive for the dugout. I never saw such fast movements in all my life. How all the fellows are getting in there, as the shells are falling thick and fast in our P. C. and the whole place is trembling! Some one tells me of Campbell's wound as they go by the door. Just then Kent comes in on the double, miraculously dodging all the explosions; we have to shut the door as the place is just trembling now. It seems as if the whole place is getting blown up.

As soon as it stops, after about five minutes, I dash down into the dugout to see Campbell, he having kept right on running to

the dugout. Manly, who has proved himself one of the best soldiers by his first guard duty at this P. C., has taken off Campbell's legging and shoe and applied first aid so quickly he has lost hardly any blood. A trail of blood can be seen from where he was hit, up the walk, down the steps into the dugout, the first blood I have seen shed in this war. Campbell is the first casualty in "K" Co. He is from Oklahoma, and came with a contingent to the company at Chassigny. I no more than get up the stairs before the third burst comes and every one is quick as gophers to get in under safe cover. We blame our bombardment to the German aeroplane which has just flown over, probably seeing something and signalling to their artillery, although we cannot guess what it is, as we kept everybody out of sight. The third volley soon ceases, Austin and Manly having just got to the first-aid dugout with Campbell before the third started. The artillery has combed the whole woods in search of ours and failed to do anything to them. Breakfast finally arrives, and we finally settle down for a quiet Sunday, as it rained all day. We consider it miraculous that no one is killed. In the evening, Senten and I are corporals of the guard, and I am on duty up till twelve-thirty. It's so dark at midnight the guard can't move. Orders from Major for tonight, "By all indications, things point to an enemy raid tonight; get some of them."

Monday, June 17. Engebretson fires two shots into the entanglements, while on guard, thinking he hears some one there. Has been a quiet night. Lieut. Trautman treats us to chocolate and cookies, which are very much appreciated. Manly sets off an offensive bomb in the evening, and the way it surprises some is very laughable, some diving into dugouts, and Guild runs at a good pace.

Tuesday, June 18. Sleep all forenoon and it's very quiet around the P. C. as every one is sleeping except the guard. Manly, Fetrow, Engebretson, Hammond, and Kluge went on patrol at three o'clock with Sergt. Hughes. Roll packs in afternoon and at ten o'clock "M" Co. relief comes and relieves us. It is a great sight to see each group walking silently and in single file back to Fullerin. We are put in good billet. Hear that Capt. Lindbaum has returned.

Wednesday, June 19. Sleep till nine o'clock and then go up and get some breakfast. Sergt. Barker puts me and nine of my P. C. group on guard to relieve "I" Co., as it was considered we had had it the easiest in the trenches, which we could not deny. Relieve them at noon and we find easy guard duty compared with what we had out in the trenches. Have a good supper of steaks and mashed potato.

Thursday, June 20. Remain on guard till noon; warn guard to prepare for Gen. Pershing's visit, but he doesn't come today. After supper Andrew Peterson and I go over to St. Ulrich and make some purchases at the Y. M. Ordinary chocolate bar is one franc but we are glad to get it. Country is wonderfully beautiful here. See Ed. Vance at headquarters and I walk back with him. He left the U. S. 22nd of April.

Friday, June 21. Rains most of the forenoon; as I have a number of letters to write I try hard to write one that sounds some way interesting, and make copies of it. Gen. Pershing is at St. Ulrich after dinner and we can hear the French and the regimental band playing. Corporal McIvers of the Military Police and I walk over to see the General but we are too late. German drives are at a standstill.

Saturday, June 22. Sleep till nearly noon on account of rain. After dinner Ashbrook, Lavender, and I go over to a wood and climb a high cherry tree and eat to our fill. Just before supper we go to a funeral at Mertzen. An American soldier in "B" Co. was shot by a German patrol, and a corporal along with the one that was shot shoots the German right through the heart. Two firing squads fire the salute and taps echo through the valleys of Alsace.

Sunday, June 23. Have had cossack post[2] No. 1 for the night, Neimi, A. Peterson, and Shellor being the sentries. In the afternoon I get a pass for Graham, Peter Peterson, and myself, and we go to Dannemaire. I never saw such a beautiful country as Alsace, the great valleys and woods, and in the distance the Vosges Mountains form a wonderful background. Dannemaire is quite a little city, with several stores and a beautiful church.

[2] A cossack post is a double-sentry outpost.

Monday, June 24. Do my own laundry for a change and sleep most of the day. In the evening "K" Co. is paid. I receive one hundred fifty-five francs.

Tuesday, June 25. Have slept the past night fully dressed, expecting call to arms; undress in the morning and go to bed. About ten o'clock the call comes and I have to dress at triple time. In the evening we march to the trenches, first platoon goes in reserve at Arguitance.

Wednesday, June 26. Managed to get to bed at midnight the night before. Get up at 4:30 and rout out the detail to carry grub. It's a man-killing job to carry those cans up through the woods, and in the afternoon the boys get some little burros, "bolos" the French call them, from the Frenchmen, and each detail has two of them in the evening to carry supper; very comical to see them.

Thursday, June 27. Rains this forenoon, but the little burros are able to take the grub to the G. C.'s anyway. Very comical to see them climb these hills, which are the foothills of the Alps. They are not over three feet high and weigh about one hundred fifty pounds. A battery of Frenchmen arrive this evening; meet one who can speak English. They are a very jolly bunchand like to visit with us. Have first argument with platoon sergeant.

Friday, June 28. Go on grub detail every meal today. The little burros are just the thing to carry the grub with. It is difficult to make them go across the bridge on account of their little feet. In the evening I have a big feed with Earling and Hansen of the medical corps. We have bread, canned peaches, apricots, lobsters, and potted ham. I find Hansen to be a fine fellow, as well as Earling.

Saturday, June 29. Go on patrol this morning. German sees some one in no-man's-land. I find out later that it was Bill Rutledge. I sleep all forenoon and after dinner go back to bed again. At supper time I take Settler's place and go on one of the routes with grub. I receive tonight my first mail I have received in three weeks. German, Freeman, and I have a feed before we go to bed—canned apricots, pineapples, cookies, and chocolate.

Sunday, June 30. I go on grub-carrying detail all day. Even if our comical little burros do carry the grub, it is tiring to walk

the trip three times in one day. I receive two letters from Madison, one telling of the death of Winfield Haskins.

Monday, July 1. Go on patrol this morning. I rest most all day, as we are going to leave in the night.

Tuesday, July 2. Leave for Mertzen three o'clock in the morning. After breakfast we sleep for the forenoon. Germans attack "C" and "B" companies in morning. "C" Company goes out to meet them. They are sure that at least eighteen Germans are killed. Two Americans are killed and eight wounded. I command firing squad for one funeral in evening.

Wednesday, July 3. No passes issued now, so we have to stay around. Call to arms in the afternoon.

Thursday, July 4. Fourth of July. Even if we are in France, American and French flags are flying everywhere. Kent and I go over to St. Ulrich and listen to a program in the *école*, also several pieces by the band, including the American and French national anthems. About ten o'clock they come over to Mertzen and play for us.

Friday, July 5. March to *de-louser* at Valdieu. I manage to get a whole new uniform.

Saturday, July 6. Have nothing to do all day. I get good dinner at Altenach.

Sunday, July 7. Go to Dannemaire after inspection and spend the day. Phair and P. Peterson go along.

Monday, July 8. Maneuver in morning. See German planes attempt to get French elephant balloon, but the French put up too good a barrage with anti-aircraft guns.

Tuesday, July 9. Go on guard in P. M. Have cossack post between Mertzen and Fullerin.

Wednesday, July 10. Easy day of guard duty. I find a tree with bushels of cherries on it and we get all we want.

Thursday, July 11. Platoon leave Mertzen in evening at intervals. American artillery fires volleys from woods while we are marching; it sounds fearfully loud this evening. First there is a flash of light on the sky and then a loud report. As we enter the woods, Huns return fire, but only four explode of the two dozen they send over, which is very lucky for us. Darkest path I ever followed.

Friday, July 12. Have slept under the trees for the night and it has been a satisfactory place. After having to "stand to" to get used to our positions we go over to some dugouts and make ourselves at home. I have charge of the third group. Find out that Earling's nickname is "Chub," so I have a lot of fun with him now. Pat Savee, Pansy Veley, and Goodrich and myself get in the same dugout.

Saturday, July 13. Spend most of the day resting. Pete Peterson and I were in charge of the guard the night before. We have three posts out in front. Freeman wants to sing and whistle and Hoke thinks he has heard women singing off in a distance, which is very amusing. Savee and Kent run down a deer which gets caught in a fallen tree. Savee is dubbed "champion runner."

Sunday, July 14. Receive ten letters in morning, so it makes a pretty good starter for the day. Artillery gets a great deal of shelling from Huns during morning, so we can't go out in woods as we wish. In the afternoon Kent and I go out picking berries. I had a great many to eat the day before. We pick a cupful apiece and put sugar and water on them, which makes them delicious.

Monday, July 15. Get all my letters answered and sleep during afternoon. Very warm today and I never saw such a variety of flies to pester one.

Tuesday, July 16. Sergt. Williams and I have working detail today. We have a good group and the French lieutenant compliments them on their work. French sergeant who is with us tells us about the armies.

Wednesday, July 17. Very warm today. "Shorty" Hart and I go swimming in a good place down in the brook near Friesen.

Thursday, July 18. Sergt. Williams and I have the working detail again today. Check up on extra ammunition, and Sergt. Seigman has the working detail carry the rifle ammunition to Battalion Headquarters in afternoon.

Friday, July 19. Hear news in morning that we are to be relieved that night. Day seems long as we have to wait around. It is a very pretty sight in the evening to see the platoon going down the winding path in the moonlight.

Saturday, July 20. Kent and I explore surrounding country during the day. Lieutenant pays the company after supper and I receive same as before. In the evening we have the long hike again. We take a different route and it is a little over ten miles.

Sunday, July 21. Have a good night's rest and after breakfast I take a walk to Montreux Vieux. Old chap in Epicerie tries to get information from me. All I inform him is how I would treat a Hun if I got near enough. Leave again in the evening for Montreux Chateau.

Monday, July 22. Never saw so many soldiers in one place in France. Units from three divisions are here. Make trip over to Montreux Vieux during the day.

Tuesday, July 23. Go swimming in canal with Olson and Nelson of "I" Company in the morning. Leave in evening and march about ten kilometers to Morvillards. Full moon and it is very pleasant marching.

Wednesday, July 24. Entrain at four o'clock A. M. in box-cars. Very crowded with forty men in these small cars, and impossible for every one to lie down. Had French hard tack and canned goods to eat.

Thursday, July 25. Have ridden nearly two days and a night. Great sights while going through Paris. Detrain about four o'clock in afternoon and march a little way along a very dusty road.

Friday, July 26. We are not far from the Somme front now, and things begin to look like business. See great flashes in the sky and dozens of observation balloons. I never saw so many trucks and all kinds of machines. We are in a little place called Rhuis, and one isn't able to buy anything to eat for love or money. I try to get something to eat but it is impossible.

Saturday, July 27. Sergts. Seigman, Hahn, Williams, Koser, and Corp. Jamieson leave for officers' school this morning. I lend Jamieson fifty francs as he hasn't any money. About ten o'clock battalion marches over to another town and we load on auto busses. I never saw such a line of busses. There must have been nearly two miles of them to move the division. We are taken to Chateau Thierry.

(*To be continued*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN EARLY WISCONSIN[1]

AMHERST WILLOUGHBY KELLOGG

My first experience at a Methodist camp-meeting was at a notable one held at Brookfield the summer of 1851 where Spring Street Church had a big tent for living and another larger one for meetings. Mother was one of the active workers in both, and I helped in the living tent, which called for not a little work. Brother T. T. Greenwood, a local preacher from England, had just come to the church and his work in the meeting tent at exhortation and prayer made a profound impression. The cholera had solemnized the people and there was a genuine turning to God, and the camp meeting was greatly successful. I recall the coming of Bishop Beverly Waugh, who stopped on his way to the Conference at Waukesha, held the next week, and the great effect of one of his evening sermons. He was a small, slender man, but as with a pale face and snowy hair he stood before the great congregation, beneath the fire-lighted trees, he preached and then exhorted with a power that moved, aye swept a crowd of seekers to the mourners' bench, and thrilled us all.

At the Waukesha Conference the Reverend I. M. Leihy was continued as presiding elder and Brother Miller was sent (I think) to Fond du Lac. Reverend Leihy, though a small man, was a strong, oftimes a great, preacher, and I recall with interest one of his special sermons on the unusual subject of church music; he was also a wise elder, doing good work but inclined to hold himself reserved and seemingly cold in manner, intellect predominating over heart. After filling out his term on the district, and several other appointments in this state, he went to California and finished his work and life there. Reverend S. C. Thomas from the Erie Conference soon took Brother Miller's place. While not a great preacher, he was a wise, well balanced, devoted Christian worker, whose honest kindly eyes looking out through gold-glasses at once inspired confidence as one to be trusted, and his faithful work, calm sweet spirit, and good business sense ever brought good results. It was this year that the firm

[1] The first two installments appeared in the June and September issues of this magazine.

of S. L. and R. P. Elmore came to the city and started the coal business, bringing the first cargo of hard coal. R. P. and wife at once came into the church as did also Mrs. S. L. and her daughters.

It was this spring of 1851 that father, having changed his business to dock building on the river banks, sold his land on the Kinnikinnick and moved to town, buying a house on one of E. Eldred's leased lots on Michigan Street on the west corner of the alley in the block on which the post office and custom house government building now stands. Later we learned the serious disadvantage of owning a home on a leased lot; for while time continually decreases the worth of the house, it as constantly increases the rental and taxes, while the owner of the lot gets all the increase in value of land, the growth of trees, or other of the house owner's improvements. R. P. Elmore rented the house on Jefferson Street whose back yard cornered on ours, and so we naturally became intimates. But to the great grief of all, Mrs. Elmore, to whom we had become much attached, died after a brief illness during the year, leaving a stricken husband and two sons and two daughters. All of these with their wives and husbands have been among our most particular friends throughout all the years that have come and gone.

After moving to town mother took in some boarders to help out family finances, and I boarded at home, my salary having reached $100 a month without board. Among these boarders were some who later became prominent men. One was a young lawyer, G. S. Lord Starks, son of a leading Methodist preacher of the Troy Conference, whose brother was also a member of the Conference; young Starks was active in the church and Sunday-school, a very aggressive fellow, and succeeded in his profession until his career ended in an early death. Another boarder was Joseph F. McMullen, also active in the church, at that time a clerk in Rood and Whittemore's book store, later a partner with Whittemore, and then having studied law in Joshua Stark's office he became his partner. Before this he had married Mary Emery, and I remember Matt Finch's remark at the time, "She will hold his nose to the grindstone for certain," and she did with her extravagant love for fine clothes and things for self and

family. Poor McMullen, a splendid fellow with a fine mind, a rich culture and a big heart, but not quite strong enough will, lost the edge of his true religious life, and then got financially embarrassed, left town under a cloud, tried to recover in San Francisco, failed in the law there, came to St. Louis and took a position as a gardener in the noted Shaw gardens, for which he had an adaptation from boyhood work on a farm in Sheboygan County; left there and went to Portland, Oregon, and at last lived with his son, a quartermaster's clerk at the fort in Spokane, Washington, where he has recently passed on, over the "great divide." Matt Finch, another boarder, later became a partner in the great law firm with his uncle Asahel Finch of Finches, Lynde, and Miller, of which William Pitt Lynde, afterward mayor and long a famous Congressman, was one of the founders, and Ben Kurtz Miller, noted as a lawyer and traveler to Japan and elsewhere, son of my schoolfellow and playmate Kurtz Miller, was the efficient filing partner. Matt after achieving truly great success died in early maturity. Still another boarder was E. R. Persons, then a clerk for F. J. Blair, but afterward a partner, the firm being Blair and Persons, long a leading crockery and glassware house. He married Nellie Miller, oldest daughter of Henry Miller, who was one of the prominent pioneer forwarding merchants of Milwaukee, and whose wife was an active member of Spring Street Church and a good friend of ours. Mr. Miller was a general favorite, genial, cordial, kind, good-natured, and a specially good accountant and business man. Largely because he was such a good fellow, he had formed associations and acquired habits that were dragging him down, and recognizing his danger, and his obligations to his wife and two sons and two daughters, he said to his wife one day, "If you will mortgage your home for $500 I will take it and go to California, stop drinking and make a new start"; the home was her own, located on the northeast corner of Wisconsin and Jefferson streets (where the Milwaukee Club building stands). After consultation and prayer with pastor and friends and realizing the difficulty of breaking away from his associates at home, she raised the funds and he started off. Report came back that he straightened up, and arriving at San Francisco at once secured a position in the banking

house of D. O. Mills and Company, with the result that he soon became a partner, and sent for his family, and after some years died leaving a large fortune. Not long after his arrival he met an old Milwaukee friend and said to him, "If I were presented a glass of brandy and a loaded pistol and compelled to take the contents of one or the other I would take my chances on the pistol."

One other boarder was Edward S. Taylor, a young lawyer in the office of Lakin and Steever, who soon married Julia Ruggles of Brooklyn, New York, and moved to Evanston, with an office in Chicago, forming what was sometimes facetiously termed the "Law and Lobby firm of Mack and Taylor." But Taylor after serving for some years as secretary of the board of park commissioners, became so successful a stump speaker that in national campaigns he spoke and ranked with Logan and like Republican orators. When the Board of Trade and other business men wanted some one to go to Washington and secure from Congress the World's Fair for Chicago in competition with New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, they pitched upon E. S. Taylor as their man and he went and won out.

Still another boarder was Samuel Dale, at that time a student in the office of Finch and Lynde and afterward in that of Carter and Davis; he too, not long after, went to Chicago and made for himself a fine record as a real estate attorney and lived in pursuit of his profession till 1915.

In the fall of 1851 I gave up my position in the store, and with the thought of further preparation for college I went to Appleton to spend six months at study in Lawrence Institute, rooming with my brother. I went by stage, a mud wagon with cloth curtains, reached Fond du Lac late the first night, and stopped at the tavern. The next day I went on to Appleton. The college building there was a three-story and basement frame with the dining-room in the basement, recitation rooms in the first story, and student bedrooms above. My brother and I occupied a suite on the main floor, two rooms with a hall and closet between; one we used for a bedroom and the other for a reception, often a recitation, room. In the closet my brother had rigged up a home-made shower-bath, in which by pulling a rope a wooden pail

filled with water was turned onto a sheet of punctured tin, with a decidedly chilling effect, as we often had to break the ice in the pail as a preliminary; but the shower took all the drowsiness out and well fitted one for the early prayer service. At that time the Reverend William H. Sampson was the principal, James M. Phinney was professor of mathematics, and Romulus O. Kellogg professor of ancient languages, Amelia B. Dayton of modern languages, and Emilie M. Crocker of *belles-lettres* and also preceptress, and the Reverend Reeder Smith financial agent. It was a strong faculty, each one competent to take the other's place in an emergency, and all having classes outside of their designated professorships. I think I had classes with them all except Miss Crocker, and enjoyed them all.

When I was at Lawrence, those were the days of primitive comforts; for instance, our lights were tallow candles, and on going to an evening debate each took his candle to help out the light; and our heat was furnished by a sheet-iron stove to be kept alive through the night by big chunks of wood put in at the top by means of a lifted-up cover opening the whole top of the stove, and each student sawed or chopped his own wood (except the co-eds, who hired theirs). Study hours closed at ten o'clock, when lights were to be put out and all were expected to be in bed; prayers in chapel (at which all were to be present or get marks which counted a discredit) came at six o'clock in winter and five in summer, and recitations began at seven and continued till five, with an hour at noon for dinner. Saturdays were given to chapel exercises, comprising declamations, reading compositions, and a weekly paper called "The Miscellany," edited and read by a selected student, who secured articles from other students. One Saturday there appeared some "machine poetry" by "Cousin John," purporting to have been ground out of an old machine found in an attic rubbish heap, which began,

> My frame is all covered with dust,
> My wheels all corroded with rust,
> And if you'd have me rhyme with ease
> You must furnish my cogs with a little grease.

The grease having been supplied from old candle butts, the machine ground on with squibs and hits at students and student

life, much to the amusement of the listeners; it was soon discovered that I was "Cousin John," and my old machine was often set to grinding afterward.

Our winter sport was coasting, for which the long hill down to the river via the cut-out roadway gave a fine chance, and the single sleds with a chosen co-ed and a bob with a load of girls were much in evidence during the jolly coasting season. Fall and spring sports were townball, a modified base-ball, one- or two-old-cat, in which co-eds often took part, and hand-ball against the side of a house, mixed with a pomp-pomp-pull-away or I-spy for boys. My place was usually that of catcher behind the bat. I seem to recall one or more big sleigh-rides, with a four-horse sleighload of girls and boys snugly tucked in and off for a moonlight ride all down the river-road, but without any halt for supper anywhere.

My six months at Lawrence Institute, rooming with and in such intimate relationship with my brother, renewing our old intimacies severed for so long, and with a change from business to study life, and the new friendships, some of which have lasted through the years, were among the happy experiences of life. Among the students were the three Colman brothers, Henry, Spier, and Elihu, each of whom has become eminent in his respective line—Henry as a preacher, Spier as a lumberman at La Crosse, and Elihu as a lawyer and federal attorney; Mollie Phinney, noted as a poet over her wedded name Mrs. Stansbury; Florence Edgarton and brother, the hotel keeper's children; Norman Buck, who married my double cousin Dora, also a student and graduate of the first class of Lawrence University. Buck became prominent as a lawyer and judge at Winona, Minnesota, and later as a federal judge in Idaho, dying in 1910 in Spokane, Washington. Lucinda Darling, also of the first class, has been Henry Colman's wife and one of earth's saints all the years since. Then there were a Mr. Johnson, later a hotel keeper at Appleton and elsewhere, with his wife prominent in Methodist circles; and Henry L. Blood, a part-time steward, who also became a well known hotel keeper; all of whom with several others have helped to add to the pleasant memories of my sojourn at Appleton during the winter and spring of 1851 and 1852.

Returning to Milwaukee, I soon secured a position as bookkeeper in the office of the leading lumber firm of Ludington, Wells, and Van Schaick at a salary of $125 per month; the members of the firm were Harrison and Nelson Ludington, Daniel Wells, Jr., and A. W. Van Schaick. Van Schaick had been the bookkeeper and had just been taken into the firm, and was the active partner; Nelson Ludington lived in Chicago, and Mr. Wells was occupied with his outside interests. As Mr. Van Schaick and I were born on the same day and year we had an added tie of interest and became good friends, calling ourselves the twins. He was a fine young man, systematic and thorough, with first-class business ability, an Episcopalian of a strong character, and it was a pleasure to be associated with him as he assumed no airs because of his partnership but was considerate and kind; at the time he was paying attention to Harrison Ludington's eldest daughter, whom he afterward married, and then went to Chicago and was put in charge of the Chicago business of the firm, and of its sawmills—a very responsible position, which he filled for some years to the satisfaction of his partners. Before I left Mr. Gardiner's employ, he had caught a vision of the money that was being made in the manufacture of lumber in the pineries and had bought an interest in a sawmill located at Little Suamico beyond Green Bay, to which he soon gave his whole attention, moving most of his stock of goods thither, taking with him one of his principal clerks, a Mr. Sayre. The enterprise proved so successful under his good business management, that after a couple of years he started a yard in Chicago, sold his home and moved his family there, where he acquired quite a considerable fortune before his comparatively early death some years later.

I look back upon my relations with him and his family with very pleasant memories, because of the many good business ideas and thorough system he taught me, as well as the double-entry bookkeeping; and also for the very kindly friendliness of his wife, mother, and sister.

While I was pleased at the thought that with my good salary I could soon earn enough to get off to college, my cousin, Helmont S. Kellogg (Uncle Luman's third son) came with a tempting proposition, viz: to join him in carrying out a contract he had

made with Dessert and Cate, owning a lumber mill at Little Bull Falls (now Mosinee), to supply them with their winter's needs of store goods and provisions, and take pay in lumber to be delivered at some agreed point on the Mississippi River the next summer. The scheme promised well, and after consulting my father and some of my business friends I decided to give up my position with the Ludingtons and go in with him. The plan included starting a store in a good farming district where provisions could be bought for store pay, and hauling them thence to Little Bull Falls; we decided on Fall River in Columbia County, and with my acquaintance had no difficulty in buying on credit the goods needed to supply that store and those called for by the contract. The goods had to be taken there by teams as there was no other way, and we hired farmers coming from the neighborhood to take them on the return trip. My first trip to Fall River was notable; my cousin had gone before to make preparation, and I was to bring his wife and little three-year-old daughter. Father lent me his team of blacks, good travelers, and his open buggy, and we planned for an early start to drive the seventy miles, a long drive, in one day. It was early September, and a bright sunny day, with good roads, so taking a basket of lunch and a feed for the horses we went gaily on, stopping only to feed the horses and eat lunch, until almost sundown, when driving through a deep mud-hole the wheels sunk so low that the forward axle struck the top of a small stump with such force as to break the axletree pin and let the horses go on and leave the buggy in the hole. I succeeded in stopping the horses, and getting out into the mud took Mrs. Kellogg in my arms and landed her on the bank, and then the child. A log cabin was a few rods away. Going there I found a hard looking company of four men and one woman, and learned that it was three miles to Columbus, the only place to get repairs and lodging for the night. Leaving Fanny and her girl at the cabin (where she was afraid to stay because of the looks of the men), I mounted one of the horses and leading the other rode to Columbus, and after trying three livery stables hired a horse and buggy to bring my companions. Soon after leaving town a terrific thunder storm came up, the rain pouring torrents; the only way I could see the road was by the frequent flashes of

lightning, from which the horse kept turning out, wanting to go back home, until I had to get out and lead him by the head, with the result that it was late when I reached the cabin. But the rain had ceased and with my companions we reached the hotel, very wet and muddy, somewhat before midnight; the next morning was bright, and riding back, with the help of neighbors I pulled the buggy out and tied it up with halter straps, drove to Columbus, loaded up my companions, and without further mishap arrived at Fall River before noon. Cousin Helmont had rented a store in the centre of the village, into which the goods in boxes and bales had been dumped, which however we soon put to right for trading with the farmers; we found that we could buy for store pay all the provisions our contract called for except pork, for which we must pay cash at $4.00 per hundred. Wheat was 3 shillings per bushel in Milwaukee that fall, and as we paid the same we could get it and have it ground into flour at the local mill; oats we bought for 15 cents. It was a very busy fall and winter. In general I took care of the store and my cousin the teaming and delivery, packing the pork and flour, etc. We made our home at Higby's tavern, where also the school teacher boarded, a Miss Ross, who afterward studied medicine, practiced in Milwaukee, and married Dr. E. B. Wolcott, a fine woman and valued acquaintance. Fred Brayton, a son of the Reverend Daniel Brayton of Milwaukee and Mt. Morris memory, was one of the merchants, and Cousin Fred F. Kellogg with his bride made his home there that winter, giving the town somewhat of a home atmosphere. Among other friends was a Miss Smith whose father owned a fine farm near Columbus, who the next year married Mr. Pedrick of Ripon, who became prominent politically. One interesting experience was on a return trip from a visit home. I took stage to Watertown, and there was obliged to hire a team with a young lady passenger from Beaver Dam to take us on; we secured a driver with two good horses and a two-seated democrat wagon; the roads had just frozen up after a season of mud and were very rough. The driver, bound to get us through as agreed, let the team go, and we could only keep our places by clinging to the sides of the seat or to one another; three or four times the seat bounded out from under us, and if we besought the

driver to go slower he would for a little while and then go bouncing and bumping on till we were bruised and lamed for weeks. When we reached Beaver Dam the road from there was mostly prairie and comparatively smooth and I arrived at Fall River at early evening; the young lady soon reported her recovery and meeting later we had hearty laughs over our rough and tumbling-clinging ride. She after a couple of years married a Mr. Ordway, a lawyer of Oshkosh and later one of the prominent members of the Milwaukee bar.

We filled our contract, amounting to some $14,000, to the satisfaction of the other parties, closed out our store in very early spring, when my cousin went to St. Louis and made a contract with Mr. E. Hammond, an old lumber dealer, to put our lumber, when it came down the river, into his yard and have an equal partnership in the business thenceforward; on the strength of this arrangement I went into his office as bookkeeper and cashier on a salary until the lumber should arrive. I found a boarding place on Pine Street between Seventh and Eighth, kept by an elderly motherly southern widow from Kentucky, a Mrs. Hunter, in a house that earlier had been a fashionable residence, but then like many another given over to a boarding-house. I at once joined the old Ebenezer Methodist Church, of which the Reverend Mr. Davis was then pastor, and entering its activities found an old-time church home. It was the first of the Methodist churches and I think was the progenitor of the Union Church, of which Clinton B. Fisk was a leading member. During my stay the pastor changed and the Reverend Mr. Van Cleve, later president of McKendree College, came to the pastorate, with whom I had pleasant relations.

Dessert and Cate could run out on the spring rise only a small part of their cut, of which our share was but a fraction of what was due us, and we with them were to wait for the expected big June rise for the rest; our part with Mr. Hammond's consent we sold at wholesale for cash to pay some pressing claims for cash advances used to buy pork, etc.; but greatly to the discouragement of the whole lumber interest of the Wisconsin River pineries, there was no June rise in the river that year for the first time, and no later rise as had sometimes been the case, and so our lumber

with that of all the rest was hung up in rafts at the mills, and after waiting all through the summer we were compelled to announce to Mr. Hammond that we could not fulfill our contract with him before the next year; he after due consideration and with real reluctance decided that he could not wait so long and declared the arrangement for the partnership void.

Mr. Hammond was a real St. Louis gentleman; he had made a considerable fortune in the lumber business and his idea in the deal with us was to be relieved of the active care of the business, and our relations were very pleasant, as were mine with the yard foreman "Dutch Charlie," a big strong German, who had been long in the position, and to whom the next year Mr. Hammond gave over the business. Of the long hot summer I recall but little save that it was very hot and dry; that as soon as the sun went down the whole household would gather on the front steps, as did all the others, so that the residence streets would be alive with family groups seeking relief from the oppressive heat. I recall the extra delicious honey-cored watermelons, the like of which I have seen nowhere else, and the good fare our landlady gave us, with a seeming special motherly care of me.

That was one of the years when the Know-Nothing agitation was especially active. One evening two of my friends, after inviting me to a dish of ice-cream, suggested a walk, and I followed them up the street and then up a flight of stairs into an ante-room, where they left me and went inside; in a few minutes a man came out and gathering several in the ante-room in a circle about him began to read us an oath pledging us never to vote for any Catholic for any office, and I called out, "Hold on there! I cannot take such an obligation!" "What are you here for then?" I told him I had not been informed of any such purpose and he had me hustled out into the street, and I went home disgusted, as were my friends with me when they came later, and I vigorously expressed my indignation at such attempt to trap me into such an association; that was the nearest I ever came to being a "Know-Nothing." One more incident I recall. Just before leaving for home a member of the church said, "I own ten acres of land in Chicago which I will sell you for $10,000, $1000 down and the balance when convenient." I took a description of the land, but

gave the matter no further attention, until some years later I found that it lay near the corner of Madison Street and Ogden Avenue and was then worth about a million.

On the way home I met my cousin "Mont" at Galena, when he informed me that he intended to ask Corwith Brothers, bankers there, for a loan of $3000 to help us out, to which I replied, "You can't have the cheek to do that in our present situation." His answer was, "My motto is to ask for help from those who can, and if they refuse you are no worse off than before, but if they consent you are so much helped and I will try. " I said, "If you do you must state the case as it is." "Oh, I'll do that," he replied. The result was that he secured the loan, which materially helped us out, and gave some money with which to buy shingles to load the rafts the next spring.

Mont's plan was for me to spend the winter in the pinery, keep careful watch of our interests, buy some shingles and see that we got our lumber the next spring, and stay by it till we got it to market. Accordingly after paying something on account and getting an extension on the rest of our debts, and a visit at home, and at Fall River on the way, I went first to Grand Rapids as the best place for buying shingles. Here I met the old Frenchman Biron, who had a mill and large interests besides, but he would not sell; after staying some time buying some small lots of shingles and looking over the situation I went up to Stevens Point where I interviewed the Gilbert Brothers, J. Slowthower and others, and as a result decided to go to Little Bull Falls and stay with Dessert and Cate till the lumber went out.

They kindly took me in at the mill boarding-house, where in the mother of the matron in charge I found a congenial Methodist sister, a fine old woman who mothered me well. At my suggestion with her help we started a Sunday-school at the post office across the river from the mill, we two the only ones to pray, though we could get good help in the singing. This was the beginning of a Methodist preaching place and church afterward. A run up to Big Bull Falls (now Wausau) gave acquaintance with Mr. W. MacIndoe, a leading lumberman, afterward Congressman. During the winter I got all the shingles my money would pay for and in the spring saw them on the rafts and rode over the falls

and on to Stevens Point and Grand Rapids on one of the rafts, quite a thrilling experience.

We had decided that the way to dispose of our lumber to the most profit would be to start a lumber yard and retail it out, and selected Muscatine, Iowa, as the best place; accordingly Mont went on and made the arrangements for a summer's work there, whither I had the rafts directed. My cousin rented a furnished house, brought his wife and daughter, and set up housekeeping, and I lived with them. As was my wont I united with the First Methodist Church, making many pleasant friendships.

One day as one of the rafts was being taken out of the river and washed and piled on the bank, I sat with the foreman of the gang of Germans doing the work and spoke to some of them in German to wash it cleaner, etc., when the foreman asked me what part of Germany I had come from, and for mischief I replied, "Aus Heidelberg." "Ach, that was my native town," he answered and went on in German asking for particulars. I had to confess that I was joking, and had never been out of this United States, but he insisted that I need not be ashamed of my fatherland and was quite insulted until I explained that my home had been in Milwaukee and that I had learned some German there.

Among acquaintances were G. W. Richman, a leading lawyer and afterward a Congressman, and his brother D. C., then a student in his office, a fine fellow and a poet with whom I became intimate and met his fiancée.

One day's strange experience at Muscatine I recall. Three of us had planned for a day's duck hunt in the low ground opposite the town on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River; taking our lunch, with an early start we rowed up the river about two miles to a point where a small creek-like slough entered the river; landing me on the south side the other two went over to the north side, and leaving the skiff we were to go up the creek, find what we could, and meet, if not before, at the mouth later in the day. We went on up the slough within hailing distance, scaring up and getting several ducks for a mile or more, when I came to an old dry tree stretching a limb out over the creek on which a wood duck was resting, but as I tried to creep up within reach he flew away; then I turned to retrace my steps down to the boat, and after

tramping quite a time, much to my surprise I came to the dead tree again; starting once more in order to avoid the driftwood obstructions on the bank, I struck into the woods and pushed on for quite a long time until I came back to the same old dry tree, where I fired my gun for a signal to the boys, but getting no response, and realizing that I had twice gone in a circle, and as it was getting late I decided to go down to the ferry opposite the city; in order to be sure not to make the circle again I marked a tree in the right direction and so on, but had hardly started when a flock of wild turkeys flew from one of the trees just before me, the first I had ever seen. I followed a little way in the direction of their flight but dared not go on as it was growing dark and I must not miss the last boat for the city, and so hurried on and reached the ferry just as the last boat had pulled out, which returned in response to my hail and took me home, a very tired and disgruntled individual. I was too tired to look up my companions that night, but the next morning learned that they had waited for me till dark; firing their guns several times but getting no response they had come home quite alarmed at my absence, and glad to hear of my safe return. My chief regret over the affair was that I had not been able to follow up and secure one or more of those turkeys.

One peculiarity of the town was this: An island in the river just below the city was given up to raising watermelons, and during the season big ones could be bought for a nickel, and so we indulged freely both at the office and the home à la Sambo. During the fall my brother paid us a visit and on his return took and rode home a fine pony horse which he named Bullet and kept for years at Appleton and Milwaukee. In the fall we sold the balance of our stock and yard to a lumber firm, and after paying up all our debts with the very considerable interest that had accrued, I took for my share of the whole enterprise a note of this lumber firm for a little more than $3000 and felt satisfied with my two years' experience.

I went home expecting to go right on to college at Wesleyan, but found that my brother had given up his professorship at Lawrence and would be at home for a time, and consulting with him decided to study with him at home, get a better preparation

and perhaps enter an advanced class. During my absence Spring Street Church had burned down, its ruins had been sold to Brother George F. Austin, and the congregation was now worshiping in Young's Hall. The fire occurred Saturday, January 14, 1854, in the pastorate of Chauncey Hobart, one of the strong men who filled its pulpit; he was on his second year as successor to Brother Thomas, and made a good record, and afterward a notable success in Minnesota. The Reverend P. S. Bennett followed him in August and in the fall purchase was made of the Congregational Church building, corner of Second Street and Spring, left by Plymouth Church after building its new church, corner of Milwaukee and Oneida.

That fall my father had finished building for the Milwaukee Railroad the pile bridge across Third Lake at Madison, and made his plans to take mother and go on a visit to the old Goshen home; one day he met Mr. Brodhead, then superintendent, who said to him, "Mr. Kellogg, I want you to take your pile-driver and go out and sink some cribs in a sink-hole near Fourth Lake into which we have dumped forty thousand carloads of gravel so far in vain"; father replied, "I can't do it, I am going east next Monday with my wife on a visit for the first time since coming west." Mr. Brodhead in his commanding way replied, "There is no 'can't' about it; you must, you can do it within two weeks and then you can go." Father, hoping to do more work for the railroad, as one of his objects in going was to buy a steam pile-driver, the first west of the lakes, consented, and taking his force went to work sinking cribs of unhewn logs in the hole and driving piles in the corners, until he filled the hole, after which the road filled it with dirt and there has been no further sinking. But when he had finished in a little more than a week, as the train dropped off a flat car on which to load the pile-driver, and which must be done before the train returned as there was no side-track, father got heated, and though he had a bonfire built to keep warm in the January cold, he took a severe cold resulting in an attack of what was then called pleurisy and died within the week of his return.

As the pastor, the Reverend P. S. Bennett, was a new man and knew little of father's life and work, we sent to Kenosha for

the Reverend A. Hanson to come and conduct the service, though he must come by stage in the bitter winter weather. The day of the funeral was a very severe one because of a real blizzard; Uncle Thaddeus (father's twin brother) drove up from his farm near Kellogg's Corners in a two-horse sleigh, bringing his family, and the day was so severe that Cousin Fred, who took the reins at first, was compelled to resign them to his father, who stood the blast better, but it was a badly chilled family who arrived soon after noon. The funeral was held in the church with a large attendance, the procession of sleighs to Forest Home large, and just as it reached the cemetery the storm ceased, the sun broke forth, irradiating the whole scene with a blaze of glory which seemed a type of the home to which father had gone, and was remarked upon by many as Nature's comforting and inspiring tribute to the departure of a good and useful worker in the Master's vineyard.

Upon the settling up of father's estate we found that not only had his oft-repeated prayer that he might get out of debt been answered but that he had left property values reaching up to about $10,000, but had made no will, so that the law's provision would give mother and the two sons an equal share of one-third each. Among the assets was the title to eighty acres of timber land located in the northwest portion of what is now the city of Milwaukee, on which he estimated there were oak trees enough if converted into piles to pay for the land, but on which he had made only a small payment to secure title under a land contract from J. H. Van Dyke. As neither of the boys was situated to continue the pile business and thus use up the timber, we accepted from Mr. Van Dyke the amount of payment father had made and surrendered the contract; and since have learned that he had received from the eighty acres something like a quarter of a million dollars. The pile-driver with its business we sold to one of father's workmen, a Mr. Starke, who soon formed the firm of Starke Brothers, who continued the business successfully for many years, making three or four competencies out of it. It was fortunate that we brothers were both at home that winter, as it made easier the closing up the estate, while in the meantime I continued studies with brother's help and direction.

I went on to Middletown [Conn.] and entered Wesleyan as a sophomore; Dr. William Augustus Smith was then president, John Johnston professor of chemistry and geology, Professor Lane of Greek, J. W. Lindsay of Latin, J. M. Van Vleck (younger than I) of mathematics, and the Reverend C. K. True of *belles-lettres* and mental and moral philosophy—a very strong faculty, each one a genius in his department. My first roommate was Samuel F. Upham, who became one of the strong, prominent leaders of the New England Conference, then a senior, a very lovable, fine character. Following my brother I naturally gravitated to the "Mystical Seven," a secret chapter society that though small has produced many notable men, among whom are President W. F. Warren of Boston University, and Bishop H. W. Warren (his brother), Bishops Andrews, Ninde, and Hendrix, the Reverends Dr. Burton, W. S. Studley, John and George Mansfield, and others. This society afterwards became merged in the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

In those days the long college vacation was in winter instead of summer to enable students to earn their way by teaching, and so the fall session was a short one, and I found myself at Uncle Field's school for a long vacation, and met my brother there, who had come on to marry a Middletown girl who had been a teacher in the school while he was in college. One forenoon we three, uncle, R. O., and I, had been over to New York and coming home just before noon hung up our overcoats in the hall and went in to prepare for dinner; just following us two sneak thieves, who doubtless had been watching, came in and stole our three overcoats; Miss Phelps, seated at an upper window, saw them, but supposing they had come by appointment did not suspect them until they began to run, and then came down and informed us, but though we rushed out and followed them we saw no more of them nor of the overcoats; it was quite a serious loss, as my brother's was a new and fine one.

Three or four days later a note was handed me at the breakfast table saying that if the owner of the second-best overcoat would go to the corner of Grand and Tenth Street he would hear something to his advantage. As it was a drizzly morning and the place was nine blocks away, I did not start very promptly

but began to inquire and investigate, only to find that no one of the family had heard about it, and carefully examining the writing concluded that Miss Phelps was trying to send me on a wild-goose chase as a jollying joke; when accused she had to confess that the exercise might be of advantage, and that it was only another of her practical jokings.

During the vacation I did some tutoring of pupils secured by advertisement, and also taught an occasional class in the school. Miss Rundle having been taken ill and left, a cousin of Miss Phelps, Miss Alice Warner, daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Scotland parish, Bloomfield Township, Connecticut, was secured to take her place. One notable incident of that winter was this. On Christmas eve (Sunday) Miss Phelps and I went over to New York to hear Dr. William H. Milburn, the celebrated blind chaplain of the Senate, preach; the night was so mild and summer-like that we wore no over garments, and after the sermon from the text, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee," the full moon shone so brightly that we preferred a two-mile walk to the street car; one week later the weather had so changed that on New Year's day Beecher, with many others, crossed the East River on the ice, an occurrence which happens once in a century, for the East River is salt and swift-flowing and I think has not frozen over since.

In the spring of 1856 I received a pressing invitation to meet Cousin Helmont in Chicago to consider an important business proposition; at first I hesitated but in response to an urgent telegram consented and went. Cousin Mont's proposal was that we put our profits on the Dessert and Cate supply into a lumber yard at Keokuk, then having a boom, which he and my brother would manage and build up into a prosperous business; after consulting my brother, who had been teaching at Evansville Seminary for the winter, and finding him willing to undertake the scheme with Mont I consented and put in my $3000, and went back to college, while Mont and R. O. and families went to Keokuk, my brother putting in as his share in the lumber yard his part of the available assets of father's estate.

Of that college year I seem to have somewhat faint recollections, but recall that I was impressed that I suffered a real handi-

cap in that I had not taken the freshman course with the class, and would not advise such a plan for another. I changed chums and rooms, leaving Upham and his third-story front with its splendid outlook over the town and the river and the grand view of the Portland hills, for a fourth-story west room overlooking Indian Hill with its cemetery, and wide stretch of green pasture and farm lands, with George W. Mansfield, a brother Mystic, for a chum. Mansfield was a Massachusetts Yankee whose home was near Boston, a good Methodist, whose brother, John H., had graduated the year before and had at once joined the New England Conference, in which he grew to be one of its strong and useful men, later a presiding elder; Chum was himself preparing for the ministry, a good-hearted lovable fellow, but not a thinker and only a fair student. He introduced me to his boarding club, by which some dozen of us clubbing together, appointing one member to buy the food and paying a widow who had a home to cook and serve it for the club, we were able that year to bring our board down to $1.50 per week, and during all my course we kept a good table at an expense within $1.75 and had good times together in a homelike family. Another of our club and a Mystic was Charles W. Rogers, a big-bodied, big-hearted fellow, who also was studying for the Methodist ministry, a classmate and close friend. Ezra Winchell, another student for the ministry, was a handsome bright-faced rather under-sized Connecticut boy, a junior and Mystic, who was a fine student and a true genia friend.

Another of the Mystic "Seven" was one Longstreet, also a junior, a tall slim six-foot-two good student preparing for a professor, which he afterward became, having a specially genial and inspiring personality. Still another junior and Mystic was—— Elmer, the elegant dresser and gentleman among us, studying for the law, medium height, trim and handsome with his black hair and eyes, a Mohawk valley scion. Another was David J. Brewer, whose father had been a missionary to Syria, where he was born, whose mother was a sister of the famous Field brothers (David Dudley, Stephen J., and Cyrus). David left Wesleyan at the close of this his freshman year and went to Yale, where his brother was a professor, and after graduation read law in his uncle David Dudley's office in New York and then went to Kan-

sas, was elected the youngest judge of that state's supreme court, and finally was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; he introduced me to his family (father, mother, and two sisters,) then living in Middletown, whose home became a favorite visiting place during my stay. One more, and the youngest and most enthusiastic of our Mystics, was A. W. Hatfield, a nephew of the noted Robert M. (of whom Beecher once said he'd give a thousand dollars for his voice, it had such hooks in it); this one, still a freshman, was already a preacher and a good one, who after graduating was so successful that in two successive appointments he had great revivals, but after six years of such intense labor he wore out and went home to glory.

Leaving college and arriving at Milwaukee, I almost at once made an arrangement with Mr. James Ludington, who had some important interests, to act as his private secretary at $125 per month. His office was in the building, corner of East Water and Wisconsin streets, of which the Juneau Bank occupied the front and Ludington's office and that of J. B. Cross the rear. Ludington was in some way connected with the Southern Minnesota Railroad and had lumber interests at Pere-Marquette, north of Ludington in Michigan. Not long after my engagement the panic of 1857 came on and all business was for a time almost paralyzed, Mr. Ludington's among the rest; but he did not discharge me, though there was little to do but wait developments. This gave me the more time to continue my studies and keep up with my class as I had intended. The building of the Southern Minnesota Road had to be postponed and the supplies for the Michigan mill to be modified.

The Juneau Bank, of which J. B. Cross was president, M. S. Scott cashier, and Trowbridge (who afterward became a prominent banker in New York) teller, had a fine portrait of Solomon Juneau by Brooks in its directors' room. Scott later became cashier of the Milwaukee National Bank, and at the national bankers' convention held in Milwaukee a few years ago I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Trowbridge, then president of the association. In our early friendly discussions on Christian doctrine, he held to the five points of Calvin, though a good Congregationalist, and I recall telling him that I, as a

Methodist, believed that every man made his own election and did his own persevering; to which he did not strenuously object.

The panic began with the failure on the twenty-fourth of August of the Ohio Life and Trust Company of Cincinnati, widely known banking company with practically no life insurance business, but with a large line of deposits; this was followed soon after by the suspension of the banks in Baltimore and other southern cities, and then on October 12 by the suspension of all (except one) of the New York City banks, and soon after by those of Boston, New England, and the West, with the one honorable exception—the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company of Milwaukee, and its branch in Chicago. I have an indistinct recollection that the story was current that George Smith loaded a team with boxes of gold and sent it with a driver and a man with a rifle at high speed all night from Chicago to Milwaukee to help Mitchell out; at any rate Henry Bleyer tells me that he saw the open boxes of gold in the window of the bank.

It must have been about this time that Charles F. Ilsley (of Marshall and Ilsley), having occasion to send a large sum to a bank at Stevens Point, and there being no express, hired a team and buggy, and not liking to take the long trip alone, invited Elijah Butterfield to go along; on the way Butterfield talked so incessantly that Ilsley said to him, "Now, if you'll just keep still for one full hour I will give you a dollar, and then you may start in again," and the offer was accepted and carried out. Butterfield afterward made a great record as a life insurance solicitor for the Mutual Benefit and for other companies.

Mr. Ludington, having need of sending a messenger to his foreman at the Pere-Marquette mill, sent me by rail and stage to Grand Rapids, Michigan; there I hired a horse and went horseback, stopping the first night at a tavern in the woods, where a rowdy crowd made the night miserable by their revels. The next morning, my horse having cast a shoe, and the ground having frozen, it required a careful ride of some miles to a smith for its setting on Sunday morning (for I could not stay at that tavern over the Sunday) and then a fourteen-mile ride to Muskegon to church; then up the lake shore, in one place riding my horse into the lake, much above the stirrups, to get around a fallen tree

otherwise impassable, and thence through Ludington the twenty or more miles to the mill, finding myself very sore from unaccustomed horseback riding and taking a couple of days' rest at the mill before the long ride back again, to Grand Rapids.

The session of Wisconsin Conference had been held in Spring Street Church August 27 after my return from college; Bishop E. R. Ames was the presiding bishop and I recall the impression made upon me by his Sunday sermon. It was of a big strong man with a thorough grasp of his subject and with a sonorous voice, standing quietly with scarce a gesture and pouring forth the sublime truths of the Gospel with a rapt eloquence like that of Wendell Phillips, and capturing all hearts. While Bishop Ames was not reckoned one of our great preachers, yet he certainly made a profound impression by this sermon. At that Conference the Reverend Hezekiah C. Tilton was transferred from one of the Maine conferences and stationed at Summerfield and I then became a member of that church, which was worshiping in the basement. Brother Tilton was a strong, large man physically, mentally, and spiritually, in the prime of a grand manhood, and his work was very effective. He began a protracted meeting and after pressing the message very strongly for three nights with urgent invitations, the break came when John Dale arose and cried out, "I can't stand it any longer; come, boys, let's go," and he and his brother Samuel, Henry George, and two others followed him to the altar and were soon soundly converted, the beginning of a considerable ingathering. During the winter the auditorium was finished, and was dedicated by Dr. T. M. Eddy preaching in the morning, and President R. S. Foster of Northwestern University in the evening, April 4, 1858.

Early that spring Mr. Ludington wished some papers served on his foreman at the Pere-Marquette mill and he procured my appointment as deputy marshal and sent me over to serve them. This time I hired an Indian pony and a pung at Grand Haven and started out; after struggling hard for two days to drive the pony through the woods a little back from the lake shore, making very slow and difficult progress I reached a tavern a few miles south of Ludington at supper time, and there found that the man I was to serve the papers on had passed down the beach some two

hours before, and would spend the night at a tavern twenty miles away. Despairing of reaching him with the pony and pung, I swallowed a hasty supper and fed the pony, borrowed a saddle, and started down the beach; fortunately the moon was full and bright, and the pony, headed toward home, went like a bird over the frozen sand and we reached the tavern about eleven o'clock to find the man in bed; I did not have him disturbed but went to bed myself and slept the sleep of the weary, and early in the morning found the foreman and with the dignity of an officer of the United States government served on him the papers, and then mounted my pony and galloped back along the shore in a glorious morning ride after the pung, to which I hitched the pony, thus finding him much more tractable on the homeward journey, though I should much rather have kept to the saddle, his normal mode of travel. We reached Grand Haven the next night without other adventure, and on my return home Mr. Ludington congratulated me on the success of my trip.

Early April of that year 1858 found me back in Brooklyn on my way to college. Arriving at Middletown I found that I had been able to keep up with my class, and having taken the examinations entered into the work at the last quarter of the senior year; so that having entered as a sophomore, I was really in college only two and a quarter years of the four years' course.

In those days each one of the class appeared on the program for commencement day, the honors for which were in this order: first the valedictory, second the salutatory, third the metaphysical oration, fourth the philosophical oration. H. P. Shepard was the valedictorian; Reynolds, the digger of the class, the salutatorian. I can't recall who had the metaphysical, but I felt quite proud, in view of my long absences, to have won the philosophical, and as a good Mystic, chose for my subject "The Mission of Mystery." I was also proud to have been ranked in the first third of the class, to whom were given election to the Phi Beta Kappa order, one of the widely recognized honors among all the colleges of the country.

(*Concluded*)

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending October 10, 1924, there were twenty-four additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Nine persons enrolled as life members: Herman Fehr, Milwaukee; Gustave G. Gehrz, Milwaukee; Albert A. Mueller, Milwaukee; John T. Murphy, Superior; Dr. Albert J. Ochsner, Chicago; Frederic E. Risser, Madison; Wesley J. Stanley, Madison; Walter J. J. Vollrath, Sheboygan; Arnold Wangerin, Milwaukee.

Fourteen persons became annual members, as follows: Francis E. Ballister, Neenah; Fred Beglinger, Oshkosh; Stephen W. Fogo, Richland Center; Minnie H. Kelleher, Green Bay; Herman O. Kletzsch, Milwaukee; Elwood R. McIntyre, Madison; Bishop Joseph G. Pinten, Superior; Roy K. Rockwell, Beloit; Mrs. Theodore Schmidtman, Jr., Manitowoc; Edgar Tallmadge, Waukesha; Anna L. Tenney, Appleton; Dr. William Thorndike, Milwaukee; Archer L. White, Juneau; Daniel J. Williams, Columbus, Ohio.

The Avoca High School joined as a Wisconsin school member.

The seventy-second annual meeting of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was held at Madison, October 16. The election of twelve curators to take the places of those whose terms expired at the time of the meeting resulted in the reëlection of William K. Coffin, Eau Claire; Lucien S. Hanks, Madison; Nils P. Haugen, Madison; Patrick B. Knox, Madison; Lyman J. Nash, Manitowoc; Frank W. Oakley, Madison; E. Ray Stevens, Madison; Lawrence Whittet, Milwaukee; William W. Wight, Milwaukee; Robert Wild, Milwaukee. The place of Mrs. Leslie Willson was filled by the election of William Irvine, Chippewa Falls; and the vacancy caused by the death of Professor John G. D. Mack was filled by the election of Mrs. Angie Kumlien Main, Fort Atkinson. The vacancy caused by the death of Honorable John M. Whitehead, of Janesville, whose term would have expired in 1925, was filled by the election of J. T. Hooper, of Janesville.

Miss Kellogg's volume on *The French Régime in Wisconsin and the Northwest* has gone to press, and will soon be ready for distribution to our members.

Mr. Ellis B. Usher's interesting article in the June issue of this magazine, on the career of Dr. Nelson Powell Hulst, has brought much favorable comment. One valued correspondent, however, suspects that the name "Florence" for the mine, the town, and the county did not originate precisely in the way Mr. Usher points out. This correspondent believes there is good authority for the statement, often published, that H. D. Fisher named the mine, and that his name for the mine was naturally extended to the town and the county. Mr. Usher quotes a letter from J. J. Hagerman to Mrs. Hulst, asking her permission to name the mine "Florence" in her honor. Of this letter, dated Decem-

ber 15, 1875, this Society possesses a facsimile; so that there can be no doubt of its genuineness. Since the mine was sold to the Menomonee Iron Mining Company by H. D. Fisher and E. W. Keyes, under the name of "Eagle," which Mr. Hagerman and his associates wished to change because there was already an Eagle post office in the state, it is hardly probable that Mr. Fisher would interest himself further in the matter. The Society will be very glad to accept Mr. Usher's statement as a correction of its own published account of the origin of the name "Florence" (see "Wisconsin Counties," *Proceedings*, 1909).

FELLOWSHIPS

The Lyman C. Draper Graduate Fellowship in Western History has been filled by the appointment of Edward Earl Bennett, graduate student in American history at the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Bennett came to Wisconsin from the University of Kansas. He began his work in calendaring October 1.

The Society takes pleasure in announcing that Professor Frederick J. Turner, having retired from the professorship of American history at Harvard University, and having removed his home to Madison, Wisconsin, has accepted the honorary fellowship in our Society established by the advisory board, and will occupy an office provided for him in the Society's building. As Professor Turner is a native of Wisconsin, the acknowledged founder of the school of western historians, and was the incumbent for many years of the chair of American history in our State University, we congratulate our state upon his return to live among us. Professor Turner has agreed to deliver in January a lecture before the members of the Society.

ACQUISITIONS

Among the incoming material we note a group of letters concerning Frances Willard, from her early friends and later associates, sent by Mrs. F. S. Kent, of Beloit; a diary of 1846 written by Edwin Miller, of Dodge County; and a letter dated January 5, 1837, concerning the choice of Madison as the territorial capital.

Hobart Schofield Cooper, a graduate student in the department of history from the state of Tennessee, collected in that state a group of letters written from New Glarus, Wisconsin, during the Civil War. Mr. Cooper has kindly permitted the Society to take photostatic reproductions of these letters, for preservation in our library.

NECROLOGY

Death has once more invaded the ranks of our Board of Curators, and taken from us former State Senator John M. Whitehead, of Janesville. Although not a pioneer of Wisconsin, having been born at Hillsboro, Illinois, he became a resident of Janesville over forty years ago; was senator from Rock County for sixteen years, and has been actively

interested in all movements for the betterment of our commonwealth. He died at his home on the evening of August 31.

Dr. Norton W. Jipson, a noted archeologist and antiquarian, died August 5 at Chicago. Dr. Jipson was born in the Sugar River valley of southern Wisconsin, and in the course of studies of his native locality he became interested in the Winnebago Indians and an authority on both the history and the language of this remarkable tribe. He was a member of our Society and of the Chicago Historical Society; for the latter he had prepared a manuscript on the Winnebago tribe, which it is to be hoped will soon be published.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

The Waukesha County Historical Society held its thirty-sixth meeting September 13, at Menomonee Falls. The program traced the pioneer history of that place, and also contained a paper by J. H. A. Lacher, on "Three Famous Orators of Early Waukesha."

The Sheboygan County Historical Society has opened a museum on the second floor of the Sheboygan city library, well equipped for its present and future possessions. Among the former are the Gerund collection of Indian relics and the Potter collection of Indian and historical objects, including handiwork of the early Holland and German immigrants of the county. The society is also collecting sketches of as many pioneer families as it can obtain.

Menomonie is preparing a Dunn County museum of history to be housed during the county fair in the First National Bank. It is to be hoped this may lead to a permanent interest in historical preservation.

Kenosha County old settlers held in August a picnic at Paddock's Lake, when a memorial address on pioneering was delivered by the Reverend George R. Cady, of Kenosha.

LANDMARKS AND MONUMENTS

At Ephraim, in Door County, was unveiled on July 17 a monument to the first settlers of that county, who came there in 1853. This marker was prepared for the seventieth anniversary of the advent of the colony, but the unveiling did not take place until this year. The expense was borne by the Men's Club of Ephraim, instigated thereto by H. R. Holand, an enthusiastic antiquarian of this locality. The tablet reads: "Near this spot the first colony of permanent settlers in Door County landed in May, 1853, a Moravian congregation, led by their pastor, Rev. A. M. Iverson." It is embedded in a limestone shaft about nine feet high, removed from the state park.

The migration which this monument commemorates was from the Norwegian communistic colony settled by the Reverend Otto Tank at Green Bay. In 1853 one portion of the group determined to build new

homes for themselves, and settled at Ephraim, a name they chose as meaning "fruitful."

The flag was drawn from the face of the monument by the first two persons born at Ephraim. The addresses on the occasion were delivered by the Reverend S. Groenfeldt, of De Pere, a native of Ephraim, and Dr. Joseph Schafer, of the State Historical Society.

Contracts have been let for the erection next year of a monument to Colonel Hans C. Heg, leader of the Fifteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, who was killed at Chickamauga in 1863. Arrangements have been made to combine with this memorial to a heroic Norwegian, a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the first emigration from Norway to America in the sloop *Restoration*, which sailed July 4, 1825, from the port of Stavanger. The statue of Colonel Heg will be of heroic size, in military uniform, and will be the work of the sculptor Paul Fjelde, son of the noted Minneapolis artist Hans Fjelde. It was at first planned to erect this statue in the cemetery in Racine County; now it is expected to place it in the Capitol Park at Madison.

The tablet marking the old Military Ridge road, erected by the Bloomington chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was unveiled July 5. This ceremony was twice prevented by rain; on the third occasion an original poem, written by Harley J. Starrett, was read.

ANNIVERSARIES AND PAGEANTS

The seventieth anniversary of the signing of the Chippewa Indian Treaty of 1854 was celebrated at Odanah in September, by a gathering of the Chippewa tribesmen from all the neighboring reservations. Athletic games and contests were a feature of the gathering, in which were included several ex-service men of Indian origin who had been part of the Apostle Islands pageant on Chequamegon Bay. This last enterprise was an advertising and commercial movement, eventuating in a presentation that lasted from August 1 to 21. The pageant was named "Ke-wa-de-no-kwa," "Girl of the North," for the Indian wife of Michel Cadotte, and embodied interesting traditions and some of the historical events of the locality. It is planned to reproduce this pageant another year.

The Kaukauna pageant, produced August 5 to 10 inclusive, represented seven historical episodes of the Fox River valley.

The Monroe County pageant at Sparta, July 22 and 23, specialized in the history of the Menominee Indian chief Tomah, for whom the city of that name was christened.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

What was probably the first Baptist church in Wisconsin was organized at Delavan in 1839, and is therefore eighty-five years of age.

Five other churches went out from the parent church to Lake Geneva, Millard, Walworth, East Delavan, and Darien. The church building at Delavan still stands on its first site, facing the city park, upon lands given by the founders of both town and church, Samuel F. and Henry Phoenix, who came to Wisconsin in 1836.

Two large Norwegian churches are celebrating this autumn the beginnings eighty years ago of the religious institutions of their forbears: the Skoponong church, founded by the Reverend J. W. C. Dietrichson in Dane County; and the Bergen church, founded by Elling Eielsen in southern Rock County. Both these churches have played an important part in the growth of the Scandinavian people of Wisconsin.

The Green Lake (formerly Dartford) Congregational church held in September a week's celebration of its founding seventy-five years ago. The founder was the Reverend Cutting Marsh, one of the missionaries to the Stockbridge Indians, a man of piety and influence. The little church of seven members has grown in three-quarters of a century into one of the leading churches in Marquette County.

St. Andrew's Catholic parish at LeRoy, Dodge County, celebrated in August the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding.

St. Mathias Catholic Church of Nabob, in Washington County, celebrated in July its diamond (seventy-fifth) jubilee.

The seventieth anniversary of the Evangelical church of Port Washington was appropriately observed in September.

The Reformed church of Potter, in Calumet County, held a four days' celebration in August to commemorate its fiftieth anniversary.

The same denomination at Wolf River held, August 24, a harvest home festival in honor of the half-century since its founding.

St. John's Lutheran Church at Portage held a golden jubilee in September, which attracted many guests from other localities.

At Stoughton the Evangelical Lutheran church was founded in 1874; the present pastor, the Reverend R. M. Fjelstad, arranged in August a two days' celebration of this event.

At Oshkosh the Eighth Street Lutheran Church celebrated in September a golden jubilee.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The state press in the north is beginning to chronicle its age. September 12, the *Rice Lake Chronotype* called attention to the fact that it

was fifty years old and had been the organ of Barron County and its county seat for half a century.

If the north is beginning on half-century observations, the northeastern part of the state is taking account of the events of a hundred years ago. At Green Bay in September the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baird gave a pioneer tea in honor of the advent of the Bairds at that settlement a century ago. Mrs. Baird has told the story so charmingly of herself as a stranger and a fourteen-year-old bride, that other comment is superfluous. We hope that many of our readers will open volume fifteen of the Society's *Collections* and reread in honor of the century's passing, "Reminiscences of Life in Territorial Wisconsin." The old Baird homestead still stands in Green Bay; this was not, however, the first home of the young pioneers.

A massive elm planted in front of his home at Lancaster three-quarters of a century ago by Governor Nelson Dewey has recently been felled. It is unfortunate that this elm could not have been preserved to become one of the historic trees of Wisconsin.

The 1924 state highway map gives in its printed matter a brief summary of the history of Wisconsin and an index to historic points. Both of these features, which have appeared in former editions, and which we felt compelled to criticize for inaccuracies, have been in this issue revised and greatly improved, and are now reliable for all practical purposes.

A number of the state newspapers are instituting prize contests for the oldest resident who will write the best account of his pioneer experiences. Such a contest, sponsored by the *Berlin Journal*, has brought some interesting articles. The winner, Horace Van Kirk, had lived in the town of Nepeuskun for eighty years. Berlin, then Strong's Landing, was the gateway to the new region being opened in the middle forties into Waushara and Waupaca counties, and the stories of the pioneers awakened great interest.

A small booklet comes to hand containing a reprint from the *Butter, Cheese, and Egg Journal*, of the Honorable J. Q. Emery's article on "The Wonderful Story of Wisconsin's Dairy Industry." Mr. Emery traces the story from the organization in 1873 of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association by W. D. Hoard. He gives full honor to the pioneers—Stephen Favill, Chester Hazen, Hiram Smith, "the Nestor of the Wisconsin dairymen," and many others of the "Old Guard." He then touches on the work of the University College of Agriculture and the contributions of Professors Babcock, Henry, King, and R. A. Moore; the associations of cheese and buttermakers that have since functioned; and concludes with the statistics of the industry for 1923, when the total estimated product sold for about two hundred and fifty million dollars.

MUSEUM NOTES

Miss Laura E. Burmeister, of Los Angeles, has presented to the Historical Museum a number of historical specimens formerly the property of her father, Charles Burmeister, of Manitowoc. R. P. Boyd, Eau Claire, has presented some caps, boots, and other specimens of clothing worn by the Bolsheviki and American troops during the Russian campaign in the World War. The P. H. Uphome estate, Gays Mills, has donated a collection of about four hundred and fifty American and foreign coins. From the University of Wisconsin there has been received a service flag which hung behind Colonel Gilbert E. Seaman's chair in the Board of Regents' room during his absence on war service from July, 1917, to March, 1919. Other recent donors of museum specimens are Sarah Gilbert, M. L. Webber, Mrs. F. K. Conover, and Betsy Jackman, all of Madison; Carl F. Schondorf, Paterson, New Jersey; Mrs. P. M. Wright, Omro; A. T. Newman, Bloomer; W. H. Ewing, Whitewater; Mrs. Etta Self, Pine Bluff; and W. G. Cahoon, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

With the assistance of the history department of the Madison Woman's Club, the Wisconsin Archeological Society has secured a promise from the officers of the Forest Hill Cemetery at Madison to preserve the remaining four Indian mounds of a small group of these prehistoric earthworks formerly located there. These four mounds, in the new addition to the cemetery, consist of two panther or water-spirit effigies, a goose effigy, and a single short linear mound. It is hoped ultimately to mark this group with a metal tablet.

In beautiful Mound Cemetery at Racine and in several other cemeteries in Wisconsin, fine examples of aboriginal mounds are preserved. At Delavan Lake four groups of Indian mounds are to be marked by the local woman's club, the Rotary Club, and the Lake Lawn Hotel Company.

One hundred and thirty-four classes from the University of Wisconsin and from the schools of Madison and other cities and villages of the state, with a total of 4713 students, visited the State Historical Museum during the past year. This number represents an increase of 1709 students over last year's attendance. Most of the classes from high, graded, and rural schools came in the early months of the year, from February to June. During the month of May the attendance of students in classes was 1171, an unprecedented number in the history of the museum's educational activities. All were given instruction as they came, either by Mr. Brown or by his office assistant, Ruth Johnson. A very large number of other students came to the museum as individuals to view the state collections and to seek assistance in work assigned to them by their teachers.

A meeting was held at the Milwaukee Public Museum on November 16 and 17 for the purpose of organizing a Wisconsin Museums

Association. The call for this meeting bore the signatures of Charles E. Brown, chief of the State Historical Museum, Dr. S. A. Barrett, director of the Milwaukee Public Museum, Dr. George L. Collie, curator of the Logan Museum, Beloit College, R. N. Buckstaff, secretary of the Oshkosh Public Museum, and Arthur C. Neville, superintendent of the Green Bay Public Museum. There are about fifty state, college and normal school, county, historical, and municipal museums in Wisconsin. The purpose of the organization is to stimulate these museums and to encourage the founding of others in favorable localities. The principal speakers were Laurence E. Coleman, of Washington, D. C., secretary of the American Museums Association, and Professor Fay Cooper Cole, of the University of Chicago.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society has printed and issued a bulletin containing a monograph by Charles E. Brown, on "Wisconsin Gravel Pit Burials." Another issue of the *Wisconsin Archeologist*, now in press, contains interesting papers on the Chippewa, Menomonie, and Potawatomi tribes, contributed by Albert B. Reagan and Alanson Skinner, two well-known American ethnologists; also a number of shorter articles.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

William H. Pearson ("James Gates Percival"), a native of Grant County, Wisconsin, is at present in government service in Washington, D. C. His address is 215 "A" Street S. E.

Louise Phelps Kellogg ("Copper Mining in the Early Northwest"), senior research associate of the Society, presents a part of chapter sixteen of her forthcoming volume.

N. S. Fish ("The History of the Silo") is an instructor in agricultural engineering, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.

John G. Gregory ("Philo White"), chief of the war history department of the State Historical Society, contributes the second of a series of articles characterizing early Wisconsin editors.

Charles O. Paullin ("Wisconsin Troops at the Defense of Washington in 1861") is research associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, department of historical research.

Senator William A. Titus ("Aztalan: A Monument to Aboriginal Effort") continues in this issue his interesting studies of places of historical note in our state.

Joseph Schafer ("Letitia Wall"), our superintendent, writes from the testimony of his sister, Mrs. Bertha Marx, of Portland, Oregon, and from personal recollection. This article was prepared at the suggestion

of Dr. Catherine C. Cleveland, of Chicago, who is assembling data for a work on pioneer women of America.

ERRATUM

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that on page 125 of the September issue of this magazine, the name given as "Henry Enos" is a misprint for "Henry Eno."

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