THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

DECEMBER 1920

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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

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

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

The Collegiate Press
GEORGE BANTA PUBLISHING COMPANY
MENASHA, WISCONSIN

TO MEMBERS

This year, for the first time, the membership roll of the State Historical Society passed the one thousand mark and now stands at slightly more than 1,100.

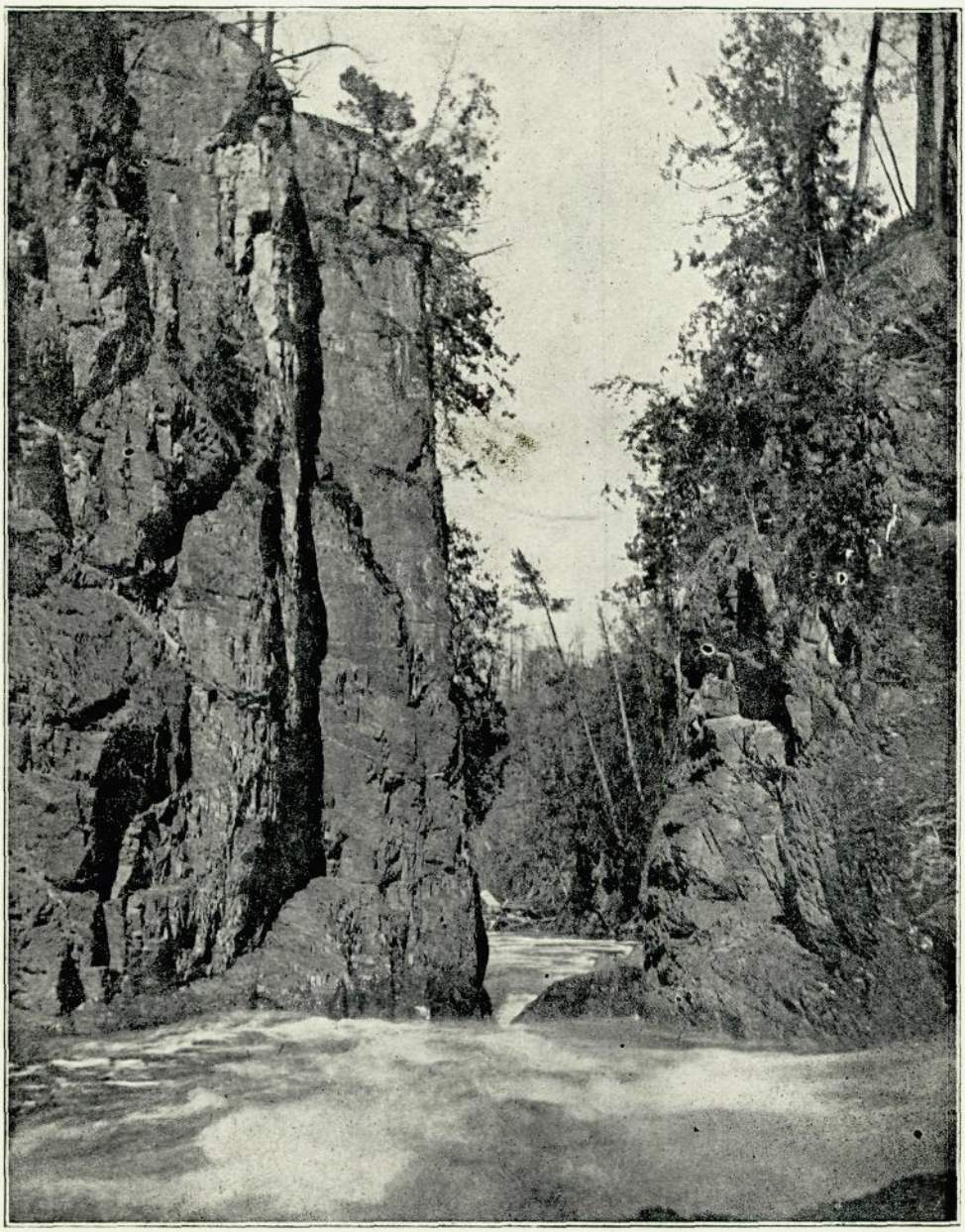
This showing is encouraging. Yet, as Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, chairman of the membership committee points out, "it should be but an earnest of future greater gains." Mr. Lacher says, with literal accuracy, that while the Society is recognized by historians everywhere as one of the greatest and most successful institutions of its kind, its importance and functions are not as widely or generally understood in the state itself as they deserve to be.

The experience of the membership committee in the past two years proves that nothing save a little well-directed energy is required to increase our present membership several fold. They have started out with the aim of doubling it in the next six months. Mr. Lacher personally has signed eleven new members—which is one per cent of the total—within a few weeks. Men and women who would appreciate the advantages of membership and confer benefits on the Society by being associated with it are to be found scattered through every community in the state. They can be identified by those who know them personally, and in no other way. We therefore call upon our members to canvass mentally their list of acquaintances and give us the names and addresses of such as are, or should be, interested in state or in local history, so that we can send them invitations to join. Or, better yet, after determining how many prospects you have, write for blanks and sign the members yourself, taking the fee at the same time and transmitting the blanks and fees to us. Mr. Lacher's extraordinary success is due primarily to his zeal based on a conviction that membership in the Society is a great benefit. But, it is due also to his systematic method of working. He always carries membership blanks with him; and most of his prospects are signed incidentally. He sometimes gives memberships as Christmas gifts, or as presents to neighboring high schools. In all cases they are thoroughly appreciated.

Kindly let us hear from you promptly.

For a greater, more useful State Historical Society,

JOSEPH SCHAFER,
Superintendent.



ON THE CHIPPEWA—BAD RIVER TRAIL—THE GORGE AND WATERFALL AT JUNCTION OF TYLER'S FORK WITH BAD RIVER

Reproduced by courtesy of the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey

VOL. IV 1920-1921

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

CONTENTS

The Society as a body is not responsible for statements or opinions advanced in the following pages by contributors.

THE TRAILS OF NORTHERN WISCONSIN

JAMES H. MCMANUS

Trails are the ways in which primitive men and animals travel; they run largely along the same lines in all ages; even birds have fly-ways in the air, and fishes of the sea have paths in the deep. The generations of today follow the lines of the past. There is a wonderful fascination in finding an old trail; in tracing its winding course, as determined by hill, valley, stream, lake, forest, or other natural feature, or even by mere human whim, and in speculating on the causes determining its location here rather than yonder, and on the people by whom it was used.

In order accurately to locate old and long forgotten trails one must have a knowledge of the topography of the region through which they run. In tracing the trail for marking, one must make his way over the ground and often determine the location by inquiring where lay the line of least resistance. Along the land and water trails of the North are yet to be found many winding portage paths around falls and rapids. At many other places the portage routes led over barren rocks of quartzite or slate set on edge and unaffected by the moccasined feet of the ancient voyager; in such places one must determine where the passage could be made with least effort and in the shortest distance. The process of erosion of either these resistant rocks or clays is so slow that little or no change has been made since the first man came to the region; so if one has good judgment and has been thorough in his search he can feel sure that he has located the trail correctly. At many of the portages one side of the stream is impossible of passage by reason of precipitous cliffs or high banks. Sometimes one is at an utter loss and has to make his way as best he can

around the obstruction, only to find a well-defined trail at the other end of the portage leading far aside over easy ground into the forest, returning to the stream far distant from where the search for it had been made. Nevertheless there is no doubt as to the general location of the northern trails. Indeed, such is the character of the region they could not have been located elsewhere.

In the northern part of the state, extending from the Michigan boundary to that of Minnesota, is a region which is termed by geologists the Northern Highland of Wisconsin. "Far back in the geological past," says Martin, "probably twenty-five to one hundred million years ago, Wisconsin was part of a mountainous region which covered all this state and much territory outside. It had peaks and ridges similar to those in the Alps. . . . The fossils in the overlying sedimentary rocks show that these mountains are among the oldest in the world." The highest ridge in this region today has for its eastern end the Penokee Iron Range and extends westward in a series of high, rocky elevations. This ridge "is formed in some places by the harder portions of the Huronian iron formation, in other places by resistant quartzite, quartz slate, slaty schist, gneiss, or other metamorphic rocks.[1]"

This ridge extends east and west across the state, some miles north of the watershed between the Mississippi River and Lake Superior. The streams flowing north are for the most part short and their upper reaches flow through rocky beds, with steep rapids of white foaming water, finally plunging over high falls and then running in slack water channels to the lake. The streams running south are far longer and their upper reaches run in flat, sluggish channels through swamps and lakes. On the broad, flat watershed their source branches interlock with those of the northward flowing streams in such manner that their channels are not

[1] Lawrence Martin, *The Physical Geography of Wisconsin* (Madison, 1916), 347, 356.

far apart, while the water flows in opposite directions. Some of the swamps and even some of the lakes have the distinction of furnishing water for both the greatest of lakes and the greatest of rivers. In midsummer, in dry season, these streams flow in lazy currents and seem to glide noiselessly around the huge rocks obstructing their passage. In the springtime when the warm rains melt the snows of winter, or in summer floods when torrents of rain fall on the steep sides of the hills, the water of the northward flowing streams, rushing down the steep short valleys, transforms them into mountain torrents; these in turn swell the main streams, which, rushing down their narrow channels in tumultuous waves, overflowing their banks and often filling the whole deep gorge, plunge over high falls with a thunderous roar which may be heard for miles. Some of the streams in their passage of the hills have several high falls—sometimes close together and sometimes separated by long miles of deep cut valley with hills that are almost mountains. Such is the Potato River east of Upson in Iron County. Below the last fall some, like the Bad River, flow with sluggish currents in narrow, winding valleys cut deep in the resistant clay. Others when near the lake drop over high walls of sandstone and then flow to the lake through beautiful glens with perpendicular or overhanging walls of brown and variegated sandstone. The clay banks of these valleys stand at an angle as steep as seventy-five degrees and in their upper reaches are very narrow, often V shaped, with their walls rising from the water's edge.

North of the ridge between these major streams are innumerable smaller ones that rise in springs far up its side; many flow out of crevices in the metamorphic rocks, while others seep out from under the beds of clay where they rest on the rock foundation. These streams all flow in crooked, winding channels cut deep in the clay beds, uniting with others to form larger streams, and ultimately falling into the

major streams or following independent courses to the lake.

In the region south of Ashland the broad flat quartzite ridge drops down in a steep slope forming the east wall of a well-defined, wide valley covered with glacial sands and morainic hills. South of Superior the quartzite hills again rise high in air to the south of a wide clay plain extending from their base to the lake. On the north slope of these latter hills is found the highest waterfall in Wisconsin, 160 feet high, where the Black River drops from the ridge to the plain below.[2] In all this plain is an ever-present network of small streams in their deep valleys. Upon all this vast, rugged region with its deep valleys and lofty hills is superimposed a dense forest; on the glacial sand this consists of pine; elsewhere, of pine, hemlock, red and white birch, maple, oak, linden, balsam, spruce, and cedar. Over all the clay plain low swales of cat-tail marshes wind along on the ridges between the valleys, lined with willow, alder, and other shrubby growths, making travel on the ridges extremely difficult. South of the quartzite ridge, lakes and swamps abound with similar forest conditions.

Whence came the first men into this region, no one knows; what races have lived here, none can tell. By just what ways they traveled to and fro is unknown. We only know some ways were not passable; here they evidently did not go. Other ways were passable; here they may have gone. Tradition tells its story and says by stream, in river valley, on high ridge, over mountain top, through deep-cut gap, beside lakes, and across plains—here ran the ancient trails. These were the ways of the Indians from earliest times. Written records tell of the trails of adventurers, explorers, fur traders, and hunters. Men still living have seen these ancient trails on land widened and fitted to the

[2] This fall is embraced in the Pattison Park recently given to the state by the heirs of Martin Pattison of Superior.

lumberman's use as tote roads, while on the water his staunch bateau and flatboat supplanted the Indians' frail bark canoe. Settlers and homemakers who made the country roads are still with us. Then came the railway with its long lines of steel track; and now the state highways are penetrating this region. Thus in the same valley, through the same mountain pass and across the same plain, in practically the same lines have run the trails and ways of the ages.

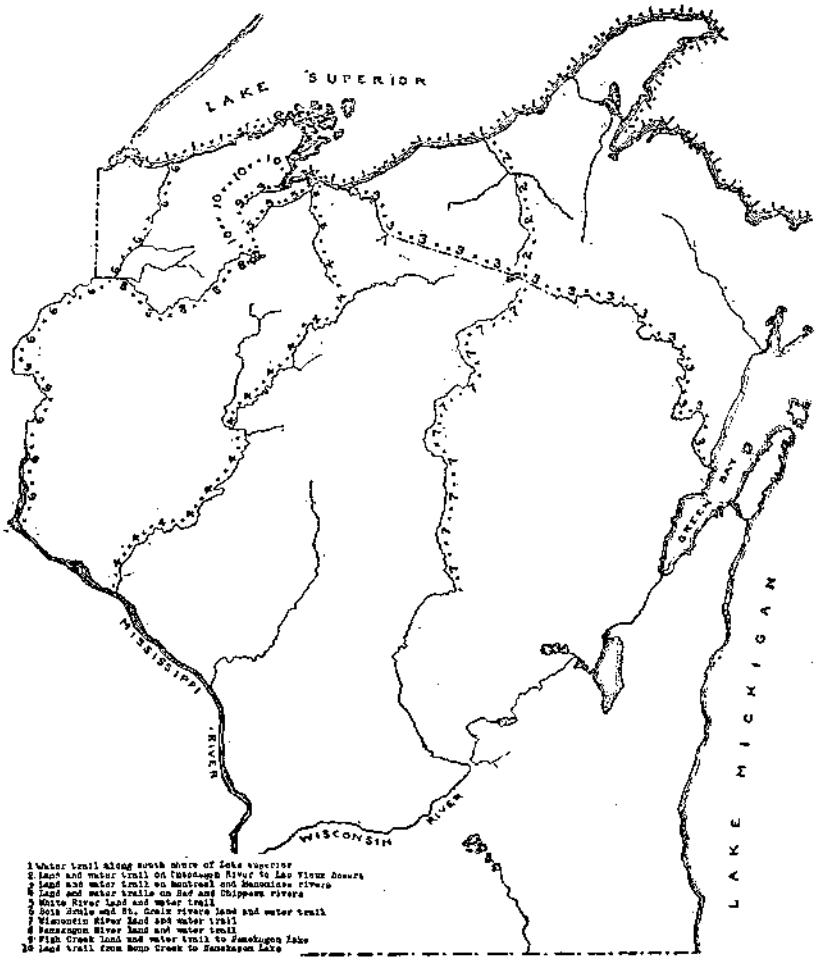
The long, quartzite ridge of the North is cut by several valleys known as passes or gaps. Some of these are occupied by considerable streams; others, called wind gaps, were doubtless filled with streams long ago, when the watershed to the south was higher than now. We have no positive evidence that the wind gaps were ever used as trails. Beginning at the east the gaps filled with streams are the Montreal, West Hurley, Rocking Bridge filled with the Gogogashugun or West Fork, Hoyt, Potato River, Tyler's, Carries or Devil's Creek, Whittlesey, Penokee carrying Bad River, Marengo, White, Fish Creek, Iron, and Bois Brule.

The first white men who came into this region by way of Lake Superior found Indian trading parties making their way along the south shore of the lake, paddling their light bark canoes from point to point in calm weather and seeking shelter in some protecting bay or river mouth in time of storm. These trading parties made their way as far as distant Montreal in Lower Canada. Upon the return trip the larger parties separated, as the several bands composing them reached the lake end of the trail leading to their homeland beyond the high ridge to the south, or to their settlements on the shore of the lake. Thus the trails of the North may be regarded as a comprehensive system with the waterway along the south shore of Lake Superior constituting the trunk line and the water and land trails leading up the

streams, across the flat plain, through the gaps of the ridge over the divide, and down the several streams as the branches. There were doubtless many short trails connecting these main ones; but in our study we are concerned only with the chief travel ways.

The first of these great trails led up the Montreal Valley. The water portion of the trail was on the boundary between Wisconsin and Michigan; the land portion partly in Michigan and partly in Wisconsin. The landing from the lake was made at the river mouth below the lower fall, which is seventy-eight feet high and stands back from the shore one-fourth of a mile. In its natural state the wall of this fall was perpendicular but it has been blasted down by lumbermen to permit log driving. In the olden time the scene must have been one of wondrous beauty, with the primeval forest perched on the high, rocky cliffs and the high fall distinctly visible from the lake. At the very beginning of this trail there was a long, hard carry up the steep bank around the falls. From the top of this climb the way led through rough water rushing down the stream's rocky bed with many portages around rapids until the upper fall was reached, just below the site of the present city of Hurley. This upper fall is forty feet high; its portage path is on the Wisconsin side over high walls of rough rock around a long reach of sharp rapids between high hills which open at the upper end into a wide, flat meadow bordered with high cliffs.

It would be appropriate to preserve this entire valley from Hurley to the Lake as an interstate park to commemorate this trail, one of the most famous and most used of the entire region. In recent years the forest has been cut away, but the mighty gorge remains as it was when man first beheld it, and time, the great healer, can restore the forest. Already the dense second growths have covered the scars of the spoiler and need only to be protected from fire to



THE TRAILS OF NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Map drawn by Mary S. Foster

reproduce the forest in its splendor. This gorge for the entire length of the river is one of the roughest passes of the quartzite hills. Immense boulders, huge of base and many feet high, literally block the channel. At other places the stream runs between blocks of granite, where it is literally set on edge, and then flows down steep, wide chutes in raging torrents on which no boat could live. Above these the land becomes level, and the stream flows between high banks lined with balsam, spruce, and cedar, without a ripple to roughen its surface, until the voyager begins again to encounter flecks of foam on the water telling of further obstructions above. Difficult as this trail was in its lower reaches it was more so in the upper stretches by reason of the deep, soft swamps that closed in on the rocky bed of the stream forcing long portage detours. Once through the hills, the water route led to the source of the river; thence by land, by lakes, and various streams to the headwaters of the Menominee River and down that stream to Green Bay. This trail crossed the headwaters of the Wisconsin River and the northern portion of the vast lake region of northeastern Wisconsin. At Lac Vieux Desert, the source of the Wisconsin River, it intersected the trail up the Ontonagon River of Michigan.

Difficult as this trail was, it afforded a shorter and safer route to Green Bay than the all-lake route around the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and was used by Indians, white hunters, trappers, adventurers, and fur traders alike. Near the headwaters of the Montreal, up a western branch, a trail led off to the eastern headwaters of the Flambeau River. In the later days of the fur trade the traders established an all-land trail from Lake Superior to the first of the lakes in the northern Wisconsin lake region. The canoes were kept at the landing on the interior lake; all goods were carried overland both ways between Superior and the inland lake on the backs of men, known as packers. It is not

certain where this lake was; different ones may have been used by different companies or at different times. Starting at Lake Superior on the east bank of the Montreal, this trail led up to the ridge between the Black Creek and the Montreal and followed it to a point opposite Hurley. Here it crossed to the west side of the Montreal and followed the higher ground west of the river near the line of the Northwestern Railroad from Milwaukee to Ashland. The west fork of the Montreal falls into the east fork a short distance above the lower falls. Up this stream a trail led over rough water, around a heavy fall where the Northwestern Railroad from Hurley to Ashland crosses at the foot of a cliff, up short stretches of quiet water, then around roaring rapids with mountain torrents to the upper falls, around this and then on to the source with a land portage over the divide to the sources of the western Flambeau.[3]

The next great trail to the west led up the slack water of the Bad River to the mouth of the White, just west of the Indian village of Odanah on the Bad River Reservation of the Lake Superior band of Chippewa Indians. Here the trail divided, the east branch holding on up the slack water of Bad River to the foot of the first fall, fifteen miles from the lake. Once above this fall, there began a series of short water passes, succeeded by long land carries around torrential rapids, past the beautiful falls of the Potato River just above where it empties into the Bad River, on through the Penokee Gap, thence over the slack water of the region between the Gap and the divide. This region is covered west of the Soo Railroad with a vast marsh through which the Bad River flows with sluggish current. A dense growth of balsam, spruce, and cedar lines the swamp on either side, with the stream washing, first one side, then the other, in its winding course. From the head of the swamp there is a

[3] For a description of the Montreal-Flambeau trail as used by a trader see "Malhiot's Journal" in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XIX, 177–81.

stretch of rough water to the source on the divide, from which point a land trail led to the waters of the Chippewa. The other branch of the Bad River trail followed the channel of the White River over slack water flowing between swamps of tall balsam and cedar with taller spruce and tamarack as marked features, while the high banks were covered with great pines. This reach of slack water is some twelve miles long to the rapids. Over these far less difficult rapids the trail led to the slack water in the great swamp south of Mason; then on up the Long Lake branch to Long Lake, over this beautiful sheet of water to its head, thence over the divide to the waters of the Namekagon, a tributary of the St. Croix.[4] This was one of the least difficult of all the passes of the ridge, lying as it did in the stream's middle reaches, in the low, wide valley beyond the west end of the Penokee Range.

Above the first fall of the Bad River another trail branched off to the west and ran up the Marengo River. This is one of the most beautiful of the northern highland valleys. While the water of the stream is swift in many places, there are few rocks in the river bed, and the high bluffs which wall in the narrow valley are formed in pleasing lines and covered with pine, hemlock, maple, and birch. Here are found many groves of the beautiful canoe or white birch, a striking feature with their snow-white bark set in the somber browns and greens of the pines and hemlocks. Many beaver dams still exist, forming long ponds of dark, still water, with many houses still used by a numerous colony of beavers. The middle reach of this stream is cut low down on a nearly level grade to the falls. These tumble down over two distinct ledges of nearly perpendicular quartzite rock. The lower fall is about forty feet high, the

[4] According to information obtained from L. E. Thomas of Shell Lake this Bad River trail was the route taken by the traders to the Court d'Oreilles region. It was also followed by way of the St. Croix River to the Mississippi; see Doty's description of 1820 in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, VII, 203–204.

upper one about twenty feet, and stands back only a short space from the lower. Standing at the foot of the fall, as I first saw it, before the trees were cut away, in the vast amphitheater, it required but little imagination to transform it into a glorious cathedral with the steep hills, adorned with ferns, for walls, and the tall, stately trunks of the trees for pillars, their huge limbs like girders upholding the roof formed of the mass of branches and their leafy covering. Only subdued and diffused light ever reached the floor of the valley. A throng of birds filled the whole place with soft melody, while the sound of the water on the fall seemed distant, subdued, resonant, like the peal of a deep-toned organ. It is not strange that the Indian found in this place the habitation of his "minnow munodoo" or good spirit. Without question this is one of the most picturesque of all the northern trails. The whole valley for seven to ten miles, at least down from the head of the falls, should have been preserved with all its forest grandeur as a state park. Even now, after being despoiled by the lumberman's axe, it is worth preserving and reforesting. The carry up the steep hills around this fall was difficult; but from the top to the divide the route was easy, and the land portage was short to the waters of the St. Croix.

Of the fleet of canoes remaining after the departure of the several bands which made use of the trails we have described, the larger number held their way across the channels opening out of Chequamegon Bay, one to the south, one to the north; while some turned into the Bay and held their way to the west. Of these latter, a small band probably turned into the Kakagan River and continued on tidewater to the mouth of the Bear Trap River, then up that stream about three miles, and over a land trail to the upper White River. Another band may have landed near the present site of Ashland and proceeded overland to the White River. This was a hard trail, leading

across many deep, steep-walled valleys in the resistant clay; but it must have been splendid in its grandeur, since it passed through a heavy pine forest.

A combined water and land trail led up Fish Creek. This was an easy way with no falls, as the creek is cut low in the clay beds on the lower reaches and in the sand beds on the upper reaches and occupies the wide gap between the west end of the Penokee Range and the high quartzite ridges to the west. This trail intersected and followed the Brunson Trail which I have described in an earlier issue of this magazine.[5]

Another band probably landed on the north shore of Chequamegon Bay at the mouth of Bono Creek and followed an all-land trail up the long, narrow, flat ridge east of the creek northward to the height of land, thence around the headwaters of the creeks falling into the bay, including Fish Creek, west of the waters of White River, and along the eastern end of the western range of quartzite hills to the western sources of the St. Croix River, and their numerous lakes.

The most important of the all-Wisconsin trails, and most interesting because of its importance, was the Bois Brule-St. Croix River trail. This pass has an added interest because it was one of the outlets of the great glacial lake which so filled the basin of Lake Superior that its waters rushed through the Brule River Gap and discharged into the St. Croix Valley. The Brule now discharges its water into Lake Superior after flowing over many steep rapids and falls. However, there are many long reaches of still, smooth flowing water, many of which are ponds made by the numerous beaver dams; and notwithstanding the carries around falls and rapids, this trail is far easier than any of the others we have described except that of the White River. It was the favorite route of voyagers between the upper

[5] "A Forgotton Trail," In *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, December, 1919, 139–52.

Mississippi and St. Croix rivers and Lake Superior. At the source of the Bois Brule the water flows out of the north end of a long, swampy lake, while the St. Croix flows from the south end. However, the voyagers left the Brule some distance below the swamp and carried on land entirely around it.[6]

It is interesting to note how the railroads and highways, run in relation to these ancient trails. The Northwestern Railroad line from Chicago to Ashland occupies the valley of the Montreal in such manner that the traveler catches many views of that torrential stream from its source to the narrow gap below Hurley, where the road swings west through West Hurley Gap across the Gogogashugan above the lower falls and skirts along and around the base of a great hill just before it enters upon the flat plain across which it runs to Ashland.

The Soo line from Chicago to Ashland occupies the valley of the Bad River from its source down to the upper fall just below the city of Mellen, at the site of the Bad River power plant. There it swings to the west, skirting for miles the north base of the high ridge across the beautiful valleys of the Brunsweiler and Marengo, and then stretches away to Ashland.

The branch of the Soo from Hurley to Mellen crosses the Gogogashugan some way above the Northwestern Railroad and the Potato River at Upson, just above the upper fall; it then crosses the divide into the valley of the Tyler Fork, follows that valley for several miles west, then passes over another divide to the Bad River at Mellen. There was an Indian trail along this line leading into the vast region of beaver dams on the upper reaches of the Potato River, Tyler's Fork, and their tributaries, intersecting and crossing all trails up the streams from the Montreal to the Bad River.

[6] See detailed description of this route in "Curot's Journal," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XX, 401–408, especially notes 32 and 34, pp. 405 and 406.

This must have been a famous game and fur region, as beaver and other fur bearing animals abound even today, while deer are found in great abundance, with a few wolves and bear.

The Omaha Railroad from Spooner to Superior and the Soo Road from Spencer to Superior both follow near the Bois Brule trail from Solon Springs to below Gordon.

The Omaha Road from Spooner to Ashland enters the White River Valley north of Cable, following it down to Mason, then over the divide into the Fish Creek Valley thence to the Bay and along the shore to Ashland, ever in sight of the old White River and Fish Creek trails to Namekagon.

The state trunk highways recently laid out follow closely the same lines; in fact, the physical features of the country are such that they could not do otherwise.

A fine scenic highway might be constructed jointly by Wisconsin and Michigan along the interstate boundary from the lower end of Green Bay up the Menominee River through one of the most picturesque lake regions in the world, then down the Montreal, crossing and recrossing at points of special interest, to its mouth; thence it should be continued along the crest of the bluffs on the south shore of Lake Superior to Odanah, Ashland, and Washburn. A branch of this highway, if built from Hurley west along the base of the ridge at the butt of the quartzite escarpment, would pass near the lower falls of all streams breaking through the range. This road might be extended to the Minnesota state line and the falls of the St. Louis River; at various points interstate and state parks might be established. The cost of such an improvement would be large, but it would be a wise expenditure. It would bring the tourist into scenes of mountain grandeur; it would follow or intersect all of the ancient trails, and make of Wisconsin the wildest and most beautiful playground accessible to the

people of the Middle West. Here are rivers which began to flow when the first land appeared above the waves of the universal sea; here the story of the origin of our state is carved deep in enduring granite; here is the forest, indeed not primeval, but sturdy in its youthful growths, like a mighty giant, striving to cover up the marks of the despoiler's hand; here are specimens of nearly every species of northern plants; here yet are found the bear, wolf, and deer, with many other beasts of the forest; here the muskrat, martin, mink, otter, coon, and beaver all abound; here trout fill all the streams, while pickerel, the great northern pike, muskalunge, and bass abound in the lakes; here are yet found picturesque and interesting aborigines who possess knowledge and legend yet untold to any but those of their own race; here are the monuments of the past, a rich field for the antiquarian; here to the north ever abides the world's greatest freshwater lake; here to the south are the foundations of America's greatest mountains, which were and are not, because of the irresistible tendency of all organism to decay; here, over all, is that mighty arch of sky that nowhere is richer in its blue or more brilliant in its lights; here is health, as one opens wide his lungs and breathes in the pure air and drinks from springs of living water.

One should come hither in the spring when all the landscape is covered with bloom, when the air is surcharged with fragrance, and when at morn and eve the feathered choir fills the woodland with liquid melody; and then abide through the delightful, cool, dreamy summer, on into the autumn when the forest takes on its most gorgeous dress and stands adorned in festive robes of tints and hues possible only to the brush of the Divine Artist.

COLONEL HANS CHRISTIAN HEG

THEODORE C. BLEGEN

Hans Christian Heg was born at Lier, near Drammen, Norway, on December 21, 1829—about four and one-half years after the pathfinders of the Norwegian emigration to America sailed out from Stavanger for the New World. Hans was one of the four children of an innkeeper, named Even Hansen Heg, and his wife. Drammen was a small city in the southern part of Norway, a few miles southwest from the capital, Christiania. Its inhabitants were in close touch with the emigration movement from its earliest stages. Ole Nattestad's little book describing his journey to the United States was published in Drammen in 1839;[1] and in the spring of that year, his brother, Ansten Nattestad, with about one hundred emigrants, sailed from Drammen for New York.[2] The Heg family was, naturally, influenced by these events; America and its golden opportunities had become the most interesting topic of the day in its part of the world.

A group of about forty emigrants who failed to secure accommodation aboard the ship carrying Ansten Nattestad's company sailed from Skien in the spring of 1839. Led by John Nelson Luraas, they intended originally to make their way to the Norwegian settlement in Illinois. Upon their arrival in Milwaukee, however, they abandoned this plan and located instead on the shores of Lake Muskego, a short distance south of Milwaukee, in modern Waukesha County, Wisconsin.[3] During the winter of the same year two emigrants from Drammen, Sören Backe and

[1] A translation of this book, by Rasmus B. Anderson, is in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, I, 149–86.

[2] Theodore C. Blegen, "Two Norse Argonauts: Ole and Ansten Nattestad," *The North Star* (Minneapolis, Minn.), I, 420–22; II, 18–21.

[3] *Billed-Magazin*, I, 7, 10, 11. George T. Flom, *History of Norwegian Immigration to the United States. . . to 1848* (Iowa City, Ia., 1909), 119–21.

COLONEL HANS CHRISTIAN HEG

From a portrait in Grand Army Memorial Hall, State Capitol, Madison

Johannes Johanneson, settled on the shores of Wind Lake, near Muskego.[4] Even Heg may have been contemplating emigration for some time, but his decision seems to have been deferred until he received encouraging letters from these two acquaintances of his.[5]

In the spring of 1840 Even Heg and his wife, with their four children, started on the long journey to distant Wisconsin. The sale of his property at Lier enabled Heg to embark with considerable means in his possession—far more than the average emigrant had. He became the leader of a party including about thirty persons from Drammen and a smaller group from the district of Voss. On May 17 they set sail from Drammen in the same ship that had carried the Nattestad group the year before. After touching at Gothenborg, Sweden, where a cargo of iron was secured, the ship sailed for America, reaching New York eleven weeks later. The immigrants followed the usual route to the west, going by river and canal to Buffalo, and thence by steamer on the Great Lakes to Milwaukee. The majority of the party disembarked here under Even Heg's leadership, though some of those from Voss continued the journey with the boat to Chicago. The objective of Even Heg was Muskego. The distance between Milwaukee and Muskego may now be covered in an hour by trolley, but for these immigrants in 1840 it was an arduous day's trip over a strange trail.[6]

Muskego was a typical pioneer community.[7] Hans Heg came to this settlement at the age of eleven and passed the remaining years of his youth amid its frontier conditions. His father, Even Heg, soon became the acknowledged leader of the colony, by virtue of his character as well as his

[4] *Billed-Magazin*, I, 11–12.

[5] Rasmus B. Anderson, *First Chapter of Norwegian Immigration (1821–1840): Its Causes and Results* (4th ed., Madison, 1906), 277–78. Cf. Flom, *op. cit.*, 157–60.

[6] *Ibid.*, 152, 159, 200–201. *Billed-Magazin*, I, 12–13.

[7] See A. O. Barton, "The Old Muskego Settlement," Waukesha *Freeman*, Sept. 7, 14, 21, 1916. H. R. Holand, "Muskego," in *Symra*, III (1907), 187–96. *Billed-Magazin*, I, 10–13. Anderson, *First Chapter of Norwegian Immigration*, 266–84.

financial means. Shortly after his arrival he purchased the farm of John Nelson Luraas, leader of the settlers of 1839.[8] This farm became the Mecca of hundreds of Norwegians in search of homes in Wisconsin and the West.[9] Here they received invaluable aid from Heg and his associates. Hospitable and resourceful, Even Heg was always ready to do his utmost for his compatriots. Especial interest attaches to the large barn which he erected in 1843. The small log cabins of the settlers could not accommodate the great numbers of immigrants who passed through Muskego on their way to Koshkonong and other settlements. Heg's barn was open to all, and every summer saw it thronged with large parties of newcomers who made it their home during the first days and weeks after their long journey from Norway. After consulting with the Muskego settlers in regard to the best lands for settlement, they started westward. For some years Muskego had the distinction of being the objective point of the majority of the Norwegian immigrants to America.[10] Not only was the Heg barn a haven for the new arrivals, but it served for a long time as the social and religious center of the community as well. Before the arrival of a minister, lay services were conducted in the barn, at which Even Heg, among others, preached. The famous pioneer minister, C. L. Clausen, preached here upon his arrival at Muskego in 1843. Here he organized a congregation during the same year. Sunday school classes were held in the barn; in 1844 the Reverend Mr. Clausen confirmed the first class of children there. The barn was the scene of baptisms as well as marriages. In 1844 an interesting double wedding was celebrated in "Even Heg's new, home-sawed, oak frame barn." During the cholera epidemics which desolated the colony in the forties the barn

[8] Anderson, *op. cit.*, 276.
[9] *Billed-Magazin*, I, 12–13.
[10] The settlement on Koshkonong Prairie in Dane County soon took precedence over Muskego in this respect, however.

served as a hospital. Typical of the spirit of the community was its enterprise in building a church, the first Norwegian Lutheran church in America, begun in 1843 and completed two years later. It is interesting to note that the ground for the new church was donated by the father of Hans Heg.[11]

Hans Heg became known in Muskego as a wide-awake and gifted boy. The financial means of his father's family, while somewhat more ample than the average, were nevertheless insufficient to permit Hans to secure a higher education. As the son of an able and enterprising father, however, he had good opportunities and used them to advantage. He took pains to learn the English language thoroughly; at an early age he became familiar with the essential ideals and customs of America and informed himself upon the political questions of the day.[12] It was customary for Muskego settlers to accompany parties of immigrants to the newer places of settlement, and Hans in this way made frequent trips to the Jefferson, Rock, and Koshkonong Prairie settlements. An alert and keen young observer, he developed as a result of these excursions a deeper insight into American conditions.[13] On the most vital question of the time, slavery and its spread, he held positive views some years before he himself became of age. In this connection one circumstance possesses peculiar interest, not only with respect to the molding of the principles of Hans Heg, but also because of its significance for the attitude of the Norwegian element in America as a whole on the slavery question.

[11] *Billed-Magazin*, I, 12–13, has an account of the Heg barn and social conditions. See Flom, *op. cit.*, 160–61; Anderson, *First Chapter of Norwegian Immigration*, 278–79. J. W. C. Dietrichson, *Reise blandt de norske Emigranter i "De forenede nordamerikanske Fristater."* (Stavanger, 1846—reprinted Madison, Wis., 1896), 25 ff. contains a description of religious conditions in the settlement. Cf. J. A. Bergh, *Den norsk lutherske Kirkes Historie i Amerika* (Minneapolis, 1914), II, 15–20.

[12] Knud Langeland, "Oberst H. C. Heg," in J. A. Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Histoire (15de Wisconsin Regiment), En kortfattet Historie om dets Organization og de Feldt-Toge, hvori det tog Del* (La Crosse, Wis., 1869), 103. Langeland was an intimate friend of Colonel Heg.

[13] Langeland *Nordmaendene i Amerika; Nogle Optegnelser om de norskes Udvandring til Amerika* (Chicago, 1889), 46.

This was the establishment of the first Norwegian newspaper published in the United States.

This paper was called *Nordlyset* (The Northern Light). As early as 1845 James D. Reymert, a prominent member of the Muskego community, with others, urged the establishment of a newspaper. Two years later it became a reality, the necessary funds having been supplied by Even Heg and Sören Backe. The publishers were Heg, Backe, and Reymert, the latter being the editor. The early numbers of this newspaper, it is interesting to note, were printed in Even Heg's log cabin. The first number contained among other matters a translation of a portion of the Declaration of Independence; at the head of the editorial column appeared a cut of the American flag. The significant point with respect to *Nordlyset* is that it became the Norwegian organ of the Free-soil party. In supporting the principles of this party it forecast accurately the course which the Norwegians in the United States were to take in the stirring political events of the next few decades. The office of *Nordlyset* became the political center of the community and was visited by many candidates for office who sought the support of the paper with a view to getting the "Norwegian vote." Hans Heg was eighteen years old when *Nordlyset* was established; in its offices, where he met many politicians, his own political talent began to develop.[14] In the following year, 1848, he was an active worker for the Free-soil party.

Gold was discovered in 1848 in the Sacramento Valley, and the following year witnessed the remarkable flocking of the gold hunters to California. The lure of gold stirred the spirit of adventure in Hans Heg. In 1849, at the age of twenty, with three companions he set out to join the army

[14] Langeland, in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 104. See *Emigranten* (Inmansville, Wisconsin), May 20, 1853; Carl Hansen, "Pressen til Borgerkrigens slutning," in J. B. Wist, *Norsk-Amerikanernes Festskrift 1914* (Decorah, Iowa, 1914), 10 ff. A. O. Barton, "The Beginnings of the Norwegian Press in America," Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings* for 1916, 190–96.

of Forty-niners. On March 26 the four young men, equipped with a solid wagon and two yoke of oxen, started on the long overland journey.[15] Hannibal, Missouri, was reached on April 6, and St. Joseph on April 29.[16] Some of Heg's letters, published in *Nordlyset*, give interesting details of the trip. Bad roads, lack of bridges, and other difficulties caused delays. Cholera in St. Joseph and rumors of danger from Indians caused many gold-seekers to turn back. But Heg and his companions went on.[17] In a letter from Savannah Landing, May 2, Heg wrote of the crowds of people waiting to cross the Missouri. His company of four now had four yoke of oxen and one horse; their load weighed three thousand pounds.[18] They went on to Fort Laramie, and thence to Green River, a distance of four hundred miles, in the course of which no grass for the oxen was found. South Pass was reached on July 4 and Salt Lake City on July 16. Mormons whom they met on the way told them that earnings of the gold miners in California averaged from four hundred to a thousand dollars a week. As Heg and his comrades proceeded westward, they were in good spirits despite the difficulties encountered.[19] At length, after a journey of many adventures and much suffering, they reached California. Here Heg remained two years, experiencing the usual hardships and vicissitudes of fortune of the gold miners. In one of his letters of this period, written at Weaversville, California, he wrote, "We have been very actively engaged during the whole winter in digging gold. But it is becoming scarce, and little is found. Last fall, when we arrived, we built a log house, ten feet square in size, equipping it with a good fireplace, etc. . . . . I and Hanson have worked together since we came here in September, and we have saved one thousand dollars, besides

[15] *Nordlyset*, March 29, 1849, p. 2.
[16] *Nordlyset*, May 17, 1849.
[17] *Ibid.*
[18] *Nordlyset*, June 7, 1849.
[19] *Nordlyset*, Oct. 11, 1849.

our expenses, which have amounted to about three hundred dollars . . . . In my opinion the best part of the gold crop has now been harvested, and those who come out next year will find themselves much disappointed."[20] After two years in the West, and just at a time when he was beginning to have real success in his mining ventures, Heg received news from home that his father had died on August 17, 1850.[21] His mother had died in 1842, and it was clearly Hans Heg's duty to assume charge of the farm and the care of his younger brothers and sister. Accordingly, in 1851 he returned to Muskego.[22]

Upon his return he took over the three hundred and twenty acre farm which had belonged to his father, and undertook the duties of a farmer. In 1851, shortly after his return, he married Gunhild Einong, a daughter of a Norwegian immigrant of 1843.[23] Heg was now twenty-two years of age and had already won the respect and confidence not only of the Norwegian settlers of the community, but of many of the native Americans of the vicinity as well. Politics attracted him, and he was soon looked upon as a rising young politician. An ardent Free-soiler, he was soon to affiliate with the new Republican party. Slavery was abhorrent to him, and the sincerity of his views was later to be proved by the supreme sacrifice. A writer who knew Heg personally stresses the free and unhindered development of his principles in that American atmosphere, "so pregnant with freedom, equality, and the spirit of brotherhood,"[24] in which he lived. These things were indeed the very life of the simple pioneer society of Muskego; and in

[20] Quoted by Langeland, in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 104.
[21] *Democraten*, (Racine, Wis.), Aug. 31, 1850.
[22] Sketch in *Emigranten* (Madison, Wis.), Sept. 12, 1859, p. 2.
[23] Mrs. H. C. Heg is still living. A venerable lady of eighty-five years, she resides in Elizabeth, New Jersey, with her daughter Mrs. Fowler. Some months ago the writer addressed a letter to Mrs. Heg inquiring whether the letters and papers of Colonel Heg had been preserved. Mrs. Heg replied that she had carefully kept her husband's Civil War letters and some other papers, but that coincident with a recent thorough cleaning of the attic, they had all disappeared. They were doubtless burned.
[24] Langeland, in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 104.

Heg there is evident a deep faith in American ideals, in democracy, equality, and human freedom. A champion of such principles, Heg was put forward in 1852 as a Free-soil candidate for the state legislature. The antislavery Whigs also had a candidate in the field. The Democratic candidate, Thomas West, was elected, having a small majority over Heg.[25]

Heg entered actively into political and civic work in his locality. In 1852 he became a supervisor in the Town of Norway, Racine County, and also a justice of the peace. In 1854 he was chosen chairman of the board of supervisors. He was re-elected in 1855. As chairman of the town board he was a member of the county board; in 1855 he was chosen as one of three commissioners to superintend the Racine County Poor Farm, in the western district. In 1857 he was again selected as a Poorhouse commissioner, but was too busy to retain the town office, to which his brother was elected. The duties of these local offices he appears to have discharged faithfully; with their successful execution he gained the confidence of an increasing number of citizens.[26] In the fall of 1857 he was a delegate from Racine County to the Republican state convention at Madison. A group of Norwegians met in Madison and proposed the nomination of Heg for some state office as a recognition of the Norwegian element in Wisconsin. Congressman Potter spoke in the convention for Heg and the Norwegians, but only twenty-three votes for Heg were forthcoming, and he received no nomination.[27] In 1859 Heg determined to give up farming and removed to Waterford, where in company with two Americans he operated a mill and a general merchandise store.[28]

His stay at Waterford was of short duration, however. Political recognition of a substantial character came to him

[25] *Ibid.* Cf. *Emigranten*, Sept. 12, 1859, p. 2.

[26] A summary of Heg's career in local politics is presented in *Emigranten*, Sept. 12, 1859, p. 2. Cf. *History of Racine and Kenosha Counties* (Chicago, 1879), 315, 329.

[27] *Emigranten*, Sept. 12, 1859, p. 2.

[28] Langeland, in Johnson, *op. cit.*, 105.

in his nomination by the Republican state convention of 1859 as a candidate for the office of State Prison Commissioner of Wisconsin. Accepting the nomination, Heg traveled about the state, making political addresses in Norwegian in the Norse settlements and in English elsewhere.[29] Many Germans and Scandinavians at this time believed that the Republican party was tainted with Know Nothingism, and Heg's place on the Republican ticket in Wisconsin was undoubtedly a Republican bid for the Scandinavian vote.[30] Heg himself regarded the nomination as a compliment to the Norwegians and effectively maintained that the Republicans were not nativistic.[31] Some of the newspaper comments on Heg are of interest.[32] The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* said, "Mr. Heg is completely Americanized, speaks English as clearly and fluently as a native citizen."[33] In some quarters it was even charged that Heg was so completely Americanized that he was indifferent to the Norwegians.[34] In his addresses, however, Heg spoke with pride of his Norwegian blood and of the Norwegian element in Wisconsin.[35] At the subsequent

[29] In one of his speeches, at Madison, Heg said, "I was aboard the Anti-Slavery ship when it had to make voyages up Salt River. I am still on the same ship. But the crew is numerous and confident. The outcome is no longer uncertain. The victory will be ours." Quoted in *ibid.*, 105. Cf. *Emigranten*, Oct. 2, 1859, p. 2, with extracts from *Wisconsin State Journal*. On Heg's nomination see *Emigranten*, Sept. 5, 1859, p. 2.

[30] In 1856 a Norwegian newspaper published at Madison maintained that the Know Nothing element in the Republican party was so strong that it was able effectively to control the state convention in that year. It called attention to many evidences of Know Nothing influences within the ranks of the Republicans, and called upon the Scandinavians to have nothing to do with that party. *Den Norske Amerikaner*, April 19, May 3, May 10, and May 31, 1856. *Emigranten*, more influential than *Den Norske Amerikaner*, gradually took sides with the Republicans and defended the party from attacks both by *Den Norske Amerikaner* and its successor, *Nordstjernen*. See, for example, *Nordstjernen*, July 22, 1857. Both the Republican and Democratic parties in Wisconsin in 1857 adopted strong planks against nativism, but charges persisted, especially from the Germans. Considerable light on this subject may be found in Bruncken, "The Political Activity of Wisconsin Germans 1854–60," Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings* for 1901, especially 197 ff.

[31] *Emigranten*, Oct. 10, 1859, p. 2, quoting from the *Wisconsin State Journal*.

[32] *Emigranten*, Oct. 3, 1859, with extracts from the Waupun *Times* of Sept. 21, the Watertown *Volkszeitung* of Sept. 24, and the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* of Sept. 19.

[33] Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, Sept. 14, 1859, quoted in *Emigranten*, Sept. 26, 1859, p. 2.

[34] *Emigranten*, Oct. 31, 1859, p. 2.

[35] *Emigranten*, Oct. 24, 1859, p. 2. with a report of Heg's speech at Monroe, Wisconsin

election he received a majority of 2,673.[36] Not only was he elected, but he had become well known in the state, a fact of considerable importance to him later.

At Waupun Heg made a creditable record and displayed good administrative ability. Improvements were made under his direction in regard to machinery and plans for work by prisoners. After a visit to the Illinois prison at Joliet, Heg opened a cooper shop and a broom shop at Waupun.[37] He was opposed to the practice of electing prison commissioners every two years and favored appointment with permanent tenure.[38] After careful study he advocated the principle of the indeterminate sentence, now so generally adopted.[39] His reports contain some statements worthy of quotation. "The penalty of the law," he said, "is justly due to its transgressor, but in the midst of deserved wrath, it is God-like to be merciful."[40] Again, "Experience has confirmed my conviction that a mild and merciful application of the rules of discipline is sufficient in all cases to reduce the most hardened offenders to obedience."[41] He believed that prisons were established not simply for the punishment of offenders, but also "to reclaim the wandering and save the lost."[42] He wrote, "Nothing will arouse the virtuous aspirations of a fallen man so powerfully as the conviction that it still lies in his power to regain the rights he has forfeited, and that he yet can be respected by society as a fellow-man."[43] Rated highly in respect alike to honesty, efficiency, and economy, his administration of the prison assured him of renomination in 1861.[44]

[36] *Emigranten*, Nov. 21 and 28, 1859. Heg appears to have been the first Norwegian elected to a state office in the United States.

[37] *Annual Report of the State Prison Commissioner, for the Year ending Oct. 1, 1860*, 7.

[38] *Annual Report of the State Prison Commissioner, for the Year ending Sept. 30, 1861*, 2.

[39] *Ibid.*

[40] *Ibid.*

[41] *Ibid.*, 1.

[42] *Ibid.*, 1–2.

[43] *Ibid.*, 2.

[44] Considerable information about Heg's administration, with anecdotes and stories illustrating his methods, is in "En Tur til Wisconsins Statsfaengsel," *Emigranten*, Aug. 3 and 19, 1861. See also Langeland, "Oberst H. C. Heg." in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie, 105–106.*

The year 1861 marks the conclusion of Heg's services as commissioner, however. The crisis had been reached in the relations of North and South. President Lincoln had called for volunteers for the great task of preserving the Union. The Civil War had begun. The testing time had come for Americans of whatever ancestry. Not more than seventy-five thousand Scandinavians were in the United States in 1861. The great immigration from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark was barely past its beginning stages. "Yet the one dramatic and heroic chapter in the whole story of the progress of the Scandinavians in America," wrote Dr. Babcock in 1914, "is that dealing with their part in that great struggle, in which many hundreds of them gave their strength and their lives for the unity and safety of their adopted country no less bravely and no less cheerfully than did the native-born American . . . . Everywhere the story of their services in the army is creditable, and it is not strange that the survivors are proud of their war records as the badge of loyal Americanism. They did not go into the war for the mere love of adventure, nor for love of fighting, for men in large numbers do not leave their families and their half-developed farms for flimsy and temporary reasons. They loved the new country they had made their own, with a love that was measurable in the high terms of sacrifice, even to the shedding of blood and to death."[45] It must not be forgotten, however, that Germans, Irish, and other nationalities rallied to the cause in the same spirit. The Scandinavians were not exceptional.

Men of Scandinavian blood joined the colors with enthusiasm in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and other states in which they had but recently settled. Scandinavian names are to be found in the membership of very many of the northwestern regiments. In Wisconsin, the stronghold of the Scandinavian element, a movement was

[45] Kendric C. Babcock, *The Scandinavian Element in the United States* (University of Illinois, *Studies in the Social Sciences*, III, no. 3, Urbana, 1914), 75, 78.

started in the first months of the war to raise a Norwegian regiment. The energies of Hans C. Heg were early enlisted in the cause. His name, for example, heads generously a list of Waupun subscribers for the benefit of families of volunteers as early as April 26, 1861.[46] On May 7 he offered the convict labor at Waupun to be utilized in the making of uniforms. "We are ready to take hold at any time," he wrote.[47] On August 20 a call to Wisconsin came from Secretary Cameron for five additional regiments. Governor Randall of Wisconsin officially asked that one of these regiments be composed of Germans.[48] Probably influenced by this idea, J. A. Johnson of Madison opened a roll on August 31 for the recruiting of a Scandinavian company, calling for at least eighty-three men.[49] On September 14 the Norwegian newspaper *Emigranten* announced that Johnson's call had met with a good response.[50] K. K. Jones of Illinois suggested both to Johnson and to Heg that a Scandinavian regiment might be organized. Somewhat before this Heg had informed Johnson of his intention to go to war, and it is possible that he had already conceived the idea of a Scandinavian regiment. His resignation as Prison Commissioner had been sent to the Governor, who refused to accept it. When plans for the proposed regiment were somewhat more definitely formed, it was decided to have Heg's name presented for renomination in the state Republican convention in the belief that such action would add to his prestige and stimulate recruiting.[51] On September 25, 1861 a meeting of leading Scandinavians was held at the state capitol, Madison. At this gathering it was

[46] William DeLoss Love, *Wisconsin in the War of the Rebellion* (Chicago, 1866), 131, with reference to Waupun *Times*, April 26, 1861.

[47] H. C. Heg to W. H. Watson, May 7, 1861. Ms. in collection of Civil War papers from Governor's office in Wisconsin Historical Library.

[48] *Emigranten*, Aug. 24, 1861.

[49] *Emigranten*, Sept. 2, 1861.

[50] The same issue contained an interesting advertisement calling attention to the organization of one or possibly two companies in Goodhue County, Minnesota, for the Third Minnesota Regiment. *Emigranten*, Sept. 14, 1861.

[51] Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 15–16 and ff.

formally decided to raise the regiment; a letter was sent to Governor Randall informing him of this decision and petitioning for the appointment of Hans C. Heg as colonel.[52] The Governor was found to be in full sympathy with the project, and on October 1, 1861 a commission as Colonel was issued to Heg.[53] Heg was renominated for the office of Prison Commissioner with great acclaim.[54] In declining the honor he called for the selection of a "courageous, liberal, and humane man" in his place.[55] He then devoted himself vigorously to the effort to secure a hearty response to the call for volunteers. The selection of Heg as colonel was hailed with enthusiasm both in the English and in the Norwegian newspapers in Wisconsin. A typical editorial, taken from *Emigranten*, reads: "Young, powerful, and attractive, honorable, unimpeachably honest, to a high degree considerate of the welfare of his subordinates, with a splendid fund of practical, sound sense, and with the increased knowledge of men and things which his work as a state official has given him, he is the best man of all the Norwegians in America whom we know to lead such an undertaking. Our countrymen can gather about him as their chief with unqualified trust."[56]

[52] This letter, dated Madison Sept. 25, 1861, is in Civil War Ms. from Governor's office, Wisconsin Historical Library. It reads:

Sir:

The undersigned, as a Committee, appointed by a meeting of Scandinavians from different parts of the State, assembled here at Madison today—have been assigned the duty of informing Your Excellency that said meeting has passed a resolution to raise a Scandinavian Brigade for the war now pending in this our adopted Country; And that we recommend the following Gentlemen to be appointed as follows:

Hon. Hans C. Heg as Colonel
K. K. Jones as Lieut. Col.

Believing that a movement like this for the defence of our Country and our Flag will meet the approbation and support of the Government, we respectfully remain

Your obedient Servants:

J. A. Johnson — C. F. Solberg
S. Samuelson — K. J. Fleischer
B. W. Suckow — Chr. Winge

[53] *Emigranten*, Oct. 5, 1861.

[54] The Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, Janesville *Daily Gazette*, Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, and other newspapers are quoted on Heg and his renomination, in *Emigranten*, Oct. 5, 1861.

[55] *Emigranten*, Oct. 12, 1861.

[56] *Emigranten*, Oct. 5, 1861.

Recruiting officers were chosen and began their work in the Norwegian settlements. In the Norwegian as well as in the English newspapers effective aid was given to the campaign. *Emigranten*, of Madison, deserves special mention for its co-operation in this connection. In placing the American flag at the head of its editorial column after the war began, it was typical of the Norwegian press in general, and it devoted much space to the plan for a Norwegian regiment. On September 28 *Emigranten* published an appeal signed by ten leading Scandinavians calling upon the people of their blood in the United States to help make the organization of the regiment a success. Southern victories showed plainly that only by a united and powerful effort could the Union be saved; the proposed regiment gave to the Scandinavians of the West a unique opportunity to enter the service; and finally, it was pointed out, other racial elements in the population were taking similar steps and the Scandinavians could not permit themselves to be outmatched by the Germans and the Irish.[57] In supporting this appeal editorially, *Emigranten* called in the same issue for the organization of "at least one regiment." Throughout the autumn of 1861 several stirring calls were written by Colonel Heg and spread broadcast. "The government of our adopted country is in danger," he wrote on October 5. "That which we learned to love as freemen in our old Fatherland—our freedom—our government—our independence—is threatened with destruction. Is it not our duty as brave and intelligent citizens to extend our hands in defense of the cause of our country and of our own homes?"[58] On November 16 he wrote, "Come then, young Norsemen, and

[57] The call was addressed to all able-bodied Scandinavians in the United States. It was signed by H. C. Heg, Adolph Sorenson, Knud Langeland, J. A. Johnson, K. J. Fleischer, Chr. Winge, S. Samuelson, Ole Torgersen, C. Fr. Solberg, and Chr. Colding. *Emigranten*, Sept. 28, 1861.

[58] *Emigranten*, Oct. 5, 1861. In this call Heg asked for a thousand men—Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. He said: "The officers of the regiment will be men who speak the Scandinavian languages. Thus an opportunity to enter the service is afforded those Scandinavians who do not yet speak English."

take part in defending our country's cause, and thus fulfill a pressing duty which everyone who can do it owes to the land in which he lives. Let us band together and deliver untarnished to posterity the old honorable name of Norsemen."[59]

The recruiting and the organization of the regiment—the Fifteenth Wisconsin—were carried forward rapidly under the supervision of Colonel Heg. The regiment was assembled at Camp Randall, Madison, in December, 1861;[60] by the following February its number had reached the required minimum. The prospective soldiers had their first real taste of military life at Camp Randall, their experiences here being typical of those of all the thousands of Wisconsin soldiers who were here prepared for the arduous duties awaiting them in the South. In February, 1862 there were about three thousand men at the camp, two other regiments being also in process of organization. Much time—in both mornings and afternoons—was devoted to drill, in the elements of which the men of the Fifteenth were well grounded before their departure from Madison.[61] Gradually the regiment was recruited to a strength of about nine hundred, and it eagerly awaited orders to move. The great majority were of Norwegian blood, though there were some Swedes and Danes, and a handful of Americans and Germans. Not a few of the soldiers of the Fifteenth were immigrants of but a few weeks' standing. Bersven Nelson, for example, reached La Crosse from Norway on July 16 and was in the service less than four months later.[62]

[59] *Emigranten*, Nov. 16, 1861. Nine hundred men were needed, of whom six hundred had come in at the time this call was written. It should be mentioned that *Emigranten* made up a special number composed of articles from its issues of Oct. 5 and 12, dealing with the regiment and the war in general, which was widely circulated as an aid to recruiting.

[60] Bersven Nelson, "Optegnelser fra Borgerkrigen" in Waldemar Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter* (Eau Claire, Wis., 1916), 16–17. This diary (pages 15–61) covers the whole period of the service of the Fifteenth Wisconsin and is a valuable source of information. An interesting article on the regiment at Camp Randall is in *Emigranten*, Dec. 21, 1861. See also *Emigranten*, Jan. 20, Feb. 3, and Feb. 10, 1862.

[61] *Emigranten*, Feb. 17 and 24, 1862, Nelson, "Optegnelser fra Borgerkrigen," in Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, 16.

[62] *Ibid.*, 15–16.

Most of the recruits, however, came from the older settlements. A supposedly authentic list of the members of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, recently published, contains 890 names.[63] Practically all of these joined before the regiment went south, though some entered later. Iowa, Minnesota, and Illinois, in addition to Wisconsin, were well represented in the regiment. Heg himself visited certain Norwegian settlements in all of these states during the recruiting campaign.[64] Typical of the names of Heg's warriors were Olsen, Hanson, Peterson, Johnson, Thompson, and Erickson. There were four Ole Olsons in Company F; Company E boasted three Ole Ericksons; and Company B matched this with three Ole Andersons. In the regiment as a whole there were no less than one hundred fifteen men whose first name was Ole.[65] The names chosen for the regimental companies were unique and interesting. Among them were the St. Olaf Rifles, the Wergeland Guards, Odin's Rifles, Norway Bear Hunters, Scandinavian Mountaineers, Heg's Rifles, Rock River Rangers, and Clausen's Guards.[66]

When the regiment left for St. Louis on March 2, 1862, the Madison station was thronged with hundreds of friends and relatives assembled to bid goodbye to the soldiers and cheer them.[67] Upon its arrival at Chicago, the soldiers were met by "Nora Lodge," a Scandinavian society, which entertained them and presented them with a flag, "having, on the one side the American colors, and, on the reverse the

[63] A. L. Lien, "Liste over nordmaend blandt Wisconsin tropper i borgerkrigen: IV, 15 Regiment Wis. Vol. Inf.," in *Samband*, April, 1914, 339–58. Cf. *Roster of Wisconsin Volunteers, War of the Rebellion, 1861–65* (Madison, 1886), I, 804–829.

[64] Heg was at Waupun, Oct. 3, 1861, Chicago, Oct. 12, Cambridge, Oct. 18, Pleasant Springs, Oct. 19, and in the latter part of the month at Decorah, Iowa, and in Fillmore and Houston counties, Minnesota. *Emigranten*, Oct. 12 and 19, 1861. Captain Grinager of Company K was from Freeborn County, Minnesota, and the majority in his company were from Minnesota and Iowa. In Company A there were many from Chicago and other parts of Illinois.

[65] *Samband*, April, 1914, 339–58.

[66] Clausen was a prominent pioneer Norwegian Lutheran minister who served as the first chaplain of the regiment. See Svein Strand, "Pastor C. L. Clausen," *Symra*, IX, 204–223.

[67] A long account of the departure of the regiment for the South, by C. F. Solberg, is in *Emigranten*, March 17, 1862, 2–3.

American and Norwegian arms united, the Norwegian being the picture of a lion with an axe, on a red field."[68]

During the next three years the Fifteenth Wisconsin played a valorous part in the operations of the Union forces in Kentucky, Tennessee, and northern Georgia.[69] When mustered out of service near the end of the war, its surviving members were veterans of more than a score of severe engagements. Among the more important of these were Island No. 10, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge), Resaca, New Hope Church, and Kenesaw Mountain. Almost one-third of the entire regiment died during the war as a result of wounds or disease. In respect of mortality the percentage of its losses places the Fifteenth Wisconsin high in the list of all the gallant Wisconsin regiments of the Civil War.[70]

The history of the Fifteenth Wisconsin and the biography of Colonel Heg are practically identical from the autumn of 1861, at Madison, to September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga. With the exception of a few brief leaves of

[68] P. G. Dietrichson, "The Fifteenth Wisconsin, or Scandinavian Regiment," in O. N. Nelson (ed.), *History of the Scandinavians in the United States* (2d ed., Minneapolis, 1904), part 1, 155. This article was originally published in *Scandinavia*, I, 297–300. Cf. *Emigranten*, March 17, 1862, 2–3.

[69] Much has been written in the Norwegian language about the Fifteenth Wisconsin. The first history was J. A. Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie* (1869). See above, note 12. O. A. Buslett, *Det Femtende Regiment Wisconsin Frivillige* (Decorah, Iowa, 1895) is an entertaining and unreliable book of 696 pages. P. G. Dietrichson, *En Kortfattet Skildring af det femtende Wisconsins Regiments Historie og Virksomhed under Borgerkrigen* (Chicago, 1884) is a brief sketch of 32 pages. It is also published in an English version. See above, note 68. Waldemar Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, is valuable chiefly for the diary of Bersven Nelson (15–61), the diary of Morten J. Nordre (154–59), and approximately one hundred Civil War letters written by soldiers of the Fifteenth (74–165, 235 ff.). There are chapters by Mr. Ager on some of the battles in which the regiment participated, and other phases of its history. Mr. Ager has published many articles on the Fifteenth, among which may be noted: "Det norske regiment i Slaget ved Chicamauga," *Nordmands-Forbundet*, VI, no. 3 (Sept., 1913), 492–501; "Tapene i det norske regiment under borgerkrigen," *ibid.*, IX, no. 3 (March, 1916), 162–69; "The Fifteenth Wisconsin," *American Scandinavian Review*, III, 325–33. Selections from letters written by the surgeon of the Fifteenth are in Luther M. Kuhns, "An Army Surgeon's Letters to his Wife," *Proceedings* of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association for the Year 1913–1914, 306–320. No satisfactory regimental history of the Fifteenth Wisconsin has appeared in English. Some information is in Charles E. Estabrook, *Records and Sketches of Wisconsin Organizations*. . . (Madison, 1914), 136–37.

[70] Ager, "Tapene i det norske regiment under borgerkrigen," *Nordmands-Forbundet*, IX, 162–69. The percentage of losses sustained by the Fifteenth Wisconsin, according to Mr. Ager, was 33.04. Cf. Charles E. Estabrook (ed.), *Wisconsin Losses in the Civil War* (Madison, 1915), 74–79.

absence and one period of illness Heg was constantly with his regiment and brigade during these two years. In camp, on the march, and in battle, he shared their hardships, led them, and won their love and devotion.

The pictures of Colonel Heg reveal a tall, straight, military figure. His facial appearance was somewhat similar to that of Stonewall Jackson. Of commanding presence, Colonel Heg appeared to be considerably older than he was. His age, in fact, was less than thirty-four when he met his death at Chickamauga. A careful and critical observer, Colonel Heg was at the same time quiet in demeanor and somewhat taciturn. He fraternized rarely with his soldiers and has been described as an officer who did little consciously to win the hearts of his men. For himself he loved and trusted his soldiers and was ready at all times to risk his life for them. A student of the Fifteenth Wisconsin and its history asserts that Heg was not the type of leader for whom soldiers are eager to die, but rather the type who faced death for his soldiers—an assertion that seems to be substantiated by the history of the regiment.[71] An effective disciplinarian in the army, Heg could prove a jovial companion outside the service. As an officer he was spirited and intelligent, uniting the spirit of caution with seeming recklessness. Veterans of his regiment delight to recall his ability to dissipate discouragement and to inspire cheer and confidence. Something of this is evident in a letter from Colonel Heg, dated February 15, 1863, near Murfreesboro.[72] The letter was an acknowledgment of the receipt of gifts for sick and wounded soldiers from a soldiers' aid society in Wisconsin. His men, he says, have risked their health and lives for a cause vital to all. Appreciation at home is both an encouragement and an incentive to the soldiers. "Our army must and will crush this terrible

[71] Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, 249.

[72] The letter is in *ibid.*, 163–64. It is translated in part in T. C. Blegen, "Colonel Hans Christian Heg: American," *The North Star*, I, 93–94.

rebellion if our people in the North will make common cause with the army and do all in their power to encourage the soldiers . . . . No encouragement is more effective than that which comes from home . . . If a mother has a son, or a wife a husband, in the army, her letters encouraging him to do his duty will be worth more than anything else. Persistent complaints, lamentations, and prayers for his return home, do more to spread despondency and finally sickness than the physical dangers through which soldiers must pass . . . . There is no alternative but this: death and destruction for us and our Government, or the crushing of the rebellion. The latter must be accomplished, no matter what sacrifices be demanded—even though it entails loss of life, property, and everything else."

Like all the other regiments, the Fifteenth Wisconsin had to meet tests of endurance in long and rapid marches over unfamiliar ground and in skirmishes too numerous to mention. Throughout these and other hardships Colonel Heg was with his men, cheerfully accepting every situation, and encouraging those under him. While his military career in general is the story of his regiment, a number of his acts merit special mention and may illustrate some of the observations made concerning his character.

The regiment took part in the battle of Perryville on October 8, 1862, and at one stage in this fight made an effective charge.[73] Not a single soldier of the Fifteenth was killed in this battle, however. At Stone's River, between December 30 and January 3, 1862–63, the regiment was not so fortunate and suffered heavy losses, including its lieutenant colonel and other officers. Colonel Heg realized that the mettle of his men was to be severely tested in this battle and near its beginning he encouraged his soldiers by riding along the firing line in front of the troops. Lieutenant Colonel McKee urged him not to expose himself but Colonel

[73] Ager, "Slaget ved Perryville," *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, 181–84.

Heg affected not to hear him. Suddenly his horse was struck by a shot, and both horse and rider rolled to the ground. By good fortune Heg was unhurt, however, and his gallantry appreciably strengthened the morale of his waiting soldiers.[74]

During the same battle Colonel Heg displayed bravery in the storming of Knob Gap, a gorge fortified by eight pieces of artillery and a force of dismounted cavalry. A brigade line of skirmishers was led by Lieutenant Colonel McKee; after them came the main body of the brigade headed by Colonel Heg. The position was taken, and a cannon captured. It is said that the regiment loved its colonel after Stone's River more than ever before, for it was clear to them that he did not expect his soldiers to go where he himself would not go. Eighty-five members of the Fifteenth Wisconsin were killed or wounded, with thirty-four missing, as a result of this battle.[75]

In February, 1863 Colonel Heg commanded temporarily the second brigade, and on May 1 he was placed in permanent command of the third brigade of the first division, twentieth army corps—his own regiment, the Fifteenth, being at the same time transferred to this brigade.[76] While in temporary command of the second brigade, he participated in an exploit that won him a considerable reputation for daring. The brigade was engaged on March 4, 1863 in an expedition from the vicinity of Murfreesboro to Shelbyville. At one point Colonel Heg halted the brigade and selecting a few companions started upon a circuitous way through the woods in order to surprise the rebel pickets

[74] Ager, "Slaget ved Murfreesboro eller Stone's River," *op. cit.*, 185–99. Mr. Ager prints a letter written Jan. 11, 1863, by Lieutenant Chantland, a participant.

[75] Dietrichson, "The Fifteenth Wisconsin, or Scandinavian Regiment," in Nelson, *History of the Scandinavians in the United States*, part 1, 158–59. Langeland, "Oberst H. C. Heg," in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 107. In his report of the battle, the brigade commander wrote, "While every field officer under my command did his duty faithfully, Colonels Alexander and Heg, in my opinion, proved themselves the bravest of the brave." *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. XX, part 1, p. 282.

[76] Buslett, *Det Femtende Wisconsin Frivillige*, 295.

stationed on the main turnpike. With two officers Heg rode ahead of the rest of the scouting body when he suddenly came upon the enemy pickets. Heg was armed only with a sword; his two companions were unarmed. They immediately dashed forward, however, and succeeded in taking the pickets prisoners. The Colonel waited until his followers came up and then sent a detachment forward to find out the position of the rebel reserves.[77]

In the opening phase of the Chickamauga campaign Colonel Heg's brigade had the distinction of being the first to cross the Tennessee River, a feat accomplished at daybreak on August 29, 1863. Pontoon boats were put in place at Caperton's Ferry; the brigade crossed them, drove away the cavalry of the enemy, and occupied the southern bank of the river. A twelve-hundred-foot pontoon bridge was then completed, and the whole division under General Davis, to which Heg's brigade was attached, then crossed. The regiment and brigade, as well as Colonel Heg himself, distinguished themselves in this movement.[78]

The Fifteenth Wisconsin was one of five infantry regiments from the Badger State that took part in the bloody battle of Chickamauga. The record of these regiments, as told in Fitch's *The Chattanooga Campaign*, is one of gallant fighting against great odds, and of tremendous losses. The Fifteenth came out of the battle with only a small band of survivors; it would probably have gone out of existence but for the arrival of two companies which had been left in garrison at Island No. 10. On September 19, 1863, the first day of the battle, the regiment lost seven officers and fifty-nine enlisted men; and the losses of the second day brought the total to one hundred eleven.[79] The regiment

[77] Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 45. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. XXIII, part 1, 138–39, for Heg's own report.

[78] Michael H. Fitch, *The Chattanooga Campaign* (Wisconsin History Commission, Original Papers, No. 4), 59. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. XXX, part 1, 485, 496–97.

[79] Fitch, *The Chattanooga Campaign*, 130–31.

served in Heg's brigade, Davis' division of the twentieth corps. The story of this sanguinary battle is one of fighting at close quarters, of soldiers on both sides fully exposed to enemy fire, of advance and withdrawal through underbrush and in the open, of repeated attacks and counter-attacks. The Fifteenth Wisconsin had been sent forward on the first day with the Eighth Kansas at its left, both being supported by a second line including the rest of Heg's brigade. During the severe fighting that ensued the Kansas regiment withdrew, leaving the Fifteenth unsupported on the left and compelling it to fall back. An Illinois regiment was brought up; the lines were reformed; and a spirited charge was made against the enemy, driving them back two hundred yards. The enemy countered, forcing the Illinois troops back, and the Fifteenth suddenly found itself between the fire of Confederates and Federals.[80] It was obliged to retire as best it could. During the day's fighting Colonel Heg was in the midst of his regiments, cheering them and encouraging them both by his words and by his personal bravery. With his brigade outnumbered and being forced back, he was constantly heartening his men and attempting to stop the forward movement of the enemy. When the Twenty-first Illinois arrived the lines were broken and were being driven back. Colonel Heg rode forward, waved his hat to the soldiers, and ordered them to follow him. They stormed forward with a cheer and were successful in hurling the enemy back a considerable distance.[81] An interesting description of this fighting was written by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* and reprinted in the *State Journal* of Madison, Wisconsin:[82]

[80] Dietrichson, in Nelson, *History of the Scandinavians in United States*, part 1, 160. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. XXX, part 1, 498–99.

[81] Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 108.

[82] Issue of Oct. 30, 1863. This account is similar in all essential matters to that contained in an official report by Colonel John A. Martin, Heg's successor as commander of the brigade, dated Sept. 28, 1863. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and*

The Third Brigade, Colonel Heg commanding, had hardly advanced fifty yards when the enemy suddenly opened on it a destructive fire. The Second Brigade had not yet formed into line, but was rapidly doing so, three regiments to the right and one on the left of the Third Brigade; all some thirty yards to the rear. The troops of the Third Brigade pressed vigorously forward, firing promptly and with coolness, as they advanced. Its flank, however, was exposed; a wide gap being between it and the troops on the left; its right was the extreme right of the troops in this vicinity. The firing at this time was terrible, and the stream of wounded to the rear was unprecedently large. Bullets tore through the ranks; grape and cannister flew whistling among the brave men, but they stood their ground, not yielding an inch.

In vain the rebel hosts pushed forward; in vain they brought fresh troops—the desperate valor of the men resisted every effort to drive them back. For three quarters of an hour this small brigade held them at bay. But its flanks, those weakest points of an army, were exposed, and the enemy struck at these, and pouring through its gap on the left and right, subjected it to a terrible enfilading fire. Colonel Heg, the brave brigade commander, reluctantly gave the order to fall back, and the men slowly retreated, until they reached Carlin's Brigade, loading and firing as they went. Here the Third Brigade again reformed and the division again united, charging the enemy, driving them until it had reached the ground occupied by the Third Brigade before it fell back. For a quarter of an hour they held this position, the rebels massing column after column and hurling them with desperate valor against their thrice decimated ranks.

Captain Albert Skofstad, of Company D, Fifteenth Wisconsin, writing to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* on October 20, 1863, thus describes the final act in the military career of Colonel Heg:[83] "Throughout all those hours of severe danger and exposure, Colonel Heg was ever prompt at his post, always courageous and self-possessed. Not once did he falter or swerve from his duty . . . . His comrades fell

Confederate Armies, series 1, vol. XXX, part, 1, 528–31. Col. Martin mentions with special praise the gallant work of Heg. A report by Captain Mons Grinager of the Fifteenth Wisconsin is in *ibid.*, 533–34. "Skandinaverne ved Chickamauga," *Emigranten*, Oct. 12, 1863, deals with the part played by Scandinavians in the battle.

[83] The letter is reprinted in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Oct. 27, 1863. "From early childhood his characteristic has been that of cheerfulness and patience," wrote Skofstad. "One could not associate with him without feeling the magic of his power to dispel gloom and sorrow. In the hour of death this did not desert him. The same peaceful atmosphere which surrounded him in life did then. From the nature of his wound his sufferings were severe, but he uttered no complaint. . ." At Heg's own request, Skofstad accompanied his body home to Muskego. Langeland gives a somewhat different account of the circumstances of the wounding of Colonel Heg. Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 109. Cf. Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, 251; Fitch, The *Chattanooga Campaign*, 87; letter of Lieut. Col. Johnson, dated Libby Prison, Nov. 3, 1863, in *Wisconsin State Journal*, Dec. 23, 1863.

at right and left, still he rallied on. From noon until sundown he was constantly exposed to the fearful fire of the enemy. It was at this hour, when his day's work was so nigh done, that a ball from a sharpshooter's rifle pierced his bowels, causing the mortal wound. He did not stagger or fall, but even when death stared him in the face, full of life and ambition, and true to his manliness, he once more rallied his men, and rode on for about a quarter of a mile. Loss of blood enfeebled him, and he was obliged to resign his command. He was taken to a hospital, where he passed the weary night in suffering . . . ."

Several officers of the Fifteenth Wisconsin visited their fallen chief as he lay on his deathbed on the night of September 19. In response to one officer, who told Colonel Heg that he had heard of his gallantry during the battle, and that the boys of the Fifteenth would have been glad to see him, he answered, "Tell my boys of the Fifteenth that I kept myself where I was needed, and that I knew they did not need me."[84] Lieutenant Colonel Johnson wrote thus of his visit to Heg: "I knew that I had looked into the face of our beloved colonel for the last time, and he was dearer to me now than ever before. He said to me that he was glad that the Fifteenth had held their places like men and had done their duty to the last."[85] According to Langeland, Colonel Heg said that he was willing to die, for he knew that his life was given for a just cause, and that he was but one of hundreds of thousands who had laid down their lives, gladly sacrificing them on the altar of their country.[86] These humble and noble words may perhaps be said to typify Heg's attitude with respect to his own personal part in the great struggle.

[84] Quoted in Ager, *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, 252. This evidence seems to cast some doubt upon the assertion that Heg fell in front of the Fifteenth Wisconsin while leading a bayonet charge. *Ibid.*, 251.

[85] Quoted in Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 54.

[86] *Ibid.*, 109.

The following morning, September 20, 1863, shortly before twelve o'clock, Colonel Heg passed away.[87] In the regiment as well as in the whole brigade his loss was deeply mourned. He had apparently won the respect and love of his soldiers to a peculiar degree. One of his captains wrote, "We miss him in our every-day life, in the home circle there is a vacancy that can never be filled. We miss him in our regiment, for he was more than a friend to us all. The influence he exerted among us will long be felt. Our hearts are crowded with sorrow, but there is consolation in the thought that he died in the noblest of causes."[88] Chief of the brigade, he would probably have been made a brigadier general in a short time, had he lived. In fact, General Rosecrans is reported to have said, when informed of Heg's death, "I am very sorry to hear that Heg has fallen. He was a brave officer, and I intended to promote him to be general."[89]

We can not follow further within the limits of this article the history of the Fifteenth Wisconsin. It played a bloody and brave part in the second day's fighting at Chickamauga. Lieutenant Colonel Johnson was taken prisoner and conveyed to Libby Prison, from which he later escaped and made his way back to the regiment, becoming its colonel. The regiment was present at the taking of Missionary Ridge and took part in the march into Georgia. Its organizer and first leader was brought back to Muskego and buried with fitting honors in the churchyard of the Norwegian pioneer settlement to which, twenty-three years before, his father's family had come as immigrants.

His home state mourned with his home community when the news of his death became known. The *Wisconsin State Journal* echoed scores of newspaper comments when it

[87] *Wisconsin State Journal*, Oct. 27, 1863.

[88] *Ibid.*

[89] According to Captain Grinager. Johnson, *Det Skandinaviske Regiments Historie*, 55–56.

said, "The State has sent no braver soldier, and no truer patriot to aid in this mighty struggle for national unity, than Hans Christian Heg. The valorous blood of the old Vikings ran in his veins, united with the gentler virtues of a Christian and a gentleman."[90] On October 3, 1863 a meeting of Scandinavians was held at Madison, where appropriate resolutions were adopted as a tribute to Colonel Heg. The concluding section of these resolutions was as follows: "Resolved, That we mourn his untimely death, not as a loss sustained by individuals only, but as a loss inflicted upon a people who loved and respected him for his unswerving honesty, excellent ability and exalted patriotism, whom he so honorably and faithfully represented, and who will ever cherish his memory with the deepest and sincerest affection."[91]

Colonel Heg has often been spoken of as a Norwegian, and still more often as a Norwegian-American. These are both honorable titles. It is perhaps more appropriate, however, simply to say that he was an American. His is a story of one who threw himself wholly into the currents of the life of the new and adopted country. Without reserve he gave the best that he had to America. He knew the trials as well as the opportunities of pioneer life in the West. He learned to believe in and to cherish our American institutions and ideals. A man of the West, he joined the mighty throng that brought California into the Union. He served his community in many humble local offices. Chosen by popular election, he served the people of his state in a not unimportant official capacity. Finally, he gave himself without qualification to his country when its flag was in peril, and, leading a brigade of the American army, he died fighting for that flag.

[90] *Wisconsin State Journal*, Sept. 29, 1863.
[91] *Wisconsin State Journal*, Oct. 7, 1863.

THE PANIC OF 1862 IN WISCONSIN

M. M. QUAIFE

That masses of human beings are subject, no less than the lower animals, to sudden outbursts of wild, unreasoning panic and hysteria is a matter of common knowledge. In civil life such outbursts may vary widely in form, depending upon the nature of the occasion which has evoked them—from the wild yet harmless gust of anger which swept over the country upon receipt of the news that Admiral Dewey had given to his wife a house presented to him as the result of popular subscription, to the more frequent causeless stampede from a theater or other place of assemblage, with its toll of life and limb. In military life such hysteria more commonly assumes the form of panic rout upon the occurrence of some unexpected event supposedly favorable to the opposite cause. So well recognized is this liability to sudden panic that a prime purpose of military drill and discipline is to eliminate the likelihood of its occurrence by reducing the individuals who compose the army to automata who move only at the command of a superior.

However causeless and foolish a given panic in the light of after knowledge may appear to be, but little reflection is required to show that certain causative conditions are common to all outbursts of this character. Briefly stated, each individual is concerned for his own welfare, and because of a predisposing train of events the public mind has become imbued with the idea that this welfare is seriously endangered; then the report is started, under circumstances which do not admit of individual investigation, that the danger feared is at hand. The report may be false and the danger wholly nonexistent; yet the individual lacks the means of determining this and—wisely, oftentimes, in view of his state of information—seeks safety in

sudden flight. His fear is heightened by the spectacle of those around him acting in like fashion, and for the time being he is deprived of his ordinary faculty of guiding his actions in the light of reasoned judgment. After the event the action taken may seem ridiculous enough; yet it is better to be a live object of ridicule than a dead object of pity. A few years ago a crowd of Sunday strollers went out upon the too-thin ice of a flooded Chicago lagoon. Suddenly the ice began to sink and a wild dash was made for the bank. All reached it in safety, with no greater damage than a large number of wet feet. Here the stampede was amply justified, and the crowd took the only wise course of running first and investigating afterwards. Can it be said that the wisdom of the action taken would have been less, had it been in response to a false alarm? If so, what shall be said of the wisdom of those who, refusing to credit the startling report of the rider who dashed down the Conemaugh Valley in advance of the Johnstown flood, neglected to make instant flight to the hills? Clearly, to paraphrase slightly the old verse,

> He who promptly flees away
> May live to investigate another day.

Probably the most notable panic in the annals of Wisconsin was the great—and wholly causeless—Indian scare of 1862. So far as we know, no comprehensive study of this incident in our history has ever been made. We propose to examine it, therefore, with the twofold object in view of putting on record a narrative of the event itself, and of drawing such conclusions from it as the facts adduced may seem to justify.

For modern peoples, at least, war is an abnormal state of affairs and the public mind is keyed up to an abnormal state of excitement, viewing with indifference, or even with positive approval, actions which in normal times would meet with severest reprehension. In Wisconsin in the

autumn of 1862 the public mind was ripe for a siege of hysteria. For over a year the armies of the Union had been engaged in deadly grapple with a foe whose success would destroy the life of the nation; and thus far there seemed but little reason for expecting that the foe would not succeed. Already the "three-months' war" had dragged out to five times this length, and the Union armies had but little of positive achievement to their credit. In the West, it is true, some successes had been won, but the Army of the Potomac, which was to our Civil War what the Western Front was to the Allies in the World War, had in the hands of incompetent leaders encountered one bloody reverse after another, until, instead of Richmond being in Union hands, the late summer of 1862 witnessed the army of Lee and Jackson again in the immediate vicinity of Washington.

In Wisconsin conditions reflected faithfully the gloomy state of national affairs. Already the frontier state with a meager population of eight hundred thousand had sent thirty thousand of her young men to the front. The country newspapers carried weekly long and ever-growing lists of casualties. Volunteering had fallen off to such an extent that already recourse to conscription had become necessary. In the lake-shore counties, where a large German and Belgian element lived, serious draft riots had developed. In Milwaukee order had been preserved only by bringing in large numbers of troops. The popular and respected chief executive of the state, Governor Harvey, had recently lost his life in a sorrowful accident—drowned in the Tennessee River while engaged on an errand of mercy to Wisconsin's sick and wounded soldiers after the battle of Shiloh. To a public thus sated with anxiety was suddenly borne the news of the terrible Sioux Indian massacre in Minnesota, one of the the bloodiest in all the long story of conflict between the white race and the red. Although the people of Wisconsin were safe enough from Indian

massacre, the public nerve suddenly broke, and a wave of senseless panic swept over the state.

Even a brief glance at the Indian population of Wisconsin suffices to show that with the possible exception of the extreme northern and western portions of the state the whites stood in no conceivable danger from this source. The most powerful tribe was the Chippewa of Lake Superior; it numbered—counting only those living in Wisconsin—about forty-five hundred souls. By virtue of the treaty of La Pointe of 1854 it occupied four reservations: one of 66,000 acres in Marathon County, another of the same size in Chippewa County, a third of 125,000 acres in Ashland County, and a fourth of 25,000 acres in La Pointe County. However, the tribe did not restrict itself to these reservations but wandered freely over much of the northern part of the state, picking berries and hunting and trapping.

Next in strength to the Chippewa were the Menominee, who from time immemorial had resided in the vicinity of Green Bay. They had a reservation of 230,400 acres along the banks of Wolf River in Shawano County and according to the annual reports of their Indian agent were making creditable progress toward a state of agricultural self-sufficiency. Aside from this, they carried on logging operations, hunted, trapped and fished, gathered berries, and manufactured maple sugar for sale to the whites. They numbered in 1862 about eighteen hundred souls.[1]

In Brown and Outagamie counties, not far removed from the Menominee, was the reservation of the Oneida, comprising 61,000 acres. These were the most powerful of the "New York Indians" who had come to Wisconsin some forty years before, numbering a little over one thousand persons. The Stockbridge and Munsee, on a reserve of two sterile townships, completed the tale of the Indians

[1] Much detailed information about the several tribes attached to the Green Bay Agency may be had in the annual reports of Agent Davis, which are printed with the reports of the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

attached to the Green Bay agency. In 1862 the agent reported 135 persons on the Stockbridge reservation and 214 members of the tribe who were scattered over the northwestern section of the state. These New York Indians were much further advanced in civilization than any of the native Wisconsin tribes; and it seems apparent from the contemporary reports that to the extent their hard economic conditions and the interference of rascally white men permitted they were industrious, law-abiding citizens.[2]

Besides these several tribes with legal habitations there were in the state about one thousand or twelve hundred wandering Indians, chiefly Potawatomi and Winnebago, who had managed to remain behind when these tribes were removed from Wisconsin, or else had returned to the state of their individual initiative after their removal to reservations farther west.[3] They had no settled homes, but moved about from place to place[4] and subsisted by hunting and fishing and begging from the whites. They had no supervision by the general government until in 1864 Congress provided for a special agent with headquarters at Stevens Point to look after them.

Altogether there were thus about nine thousand Indians in Wisconsin, of whom nearly eight thousand were attached to government agencies; a considerable proportion of them were far advanced in civilization and practically all were loyal to the government and desirous only of living in peace with their white neighbors. There were various causes

[2] The proximity of the Oneida to De Pere and Green Bay and the hostile attitude of the local courts made it impossible to prevent the debauching of these Indians by crooked liquor dealers. As illustrative of the attitude of the courts, Judge Miller pointedly complained that cases against illicit liquor sellers were brought before him, and lamented the expense and inconvenience caused the accused thereby. In one case the district attorney had presented his proofs in such convincing fashion that it seemed the jury could not avoid a verdict of guilty, when Judge Miller, in his charge, observed that the prosecution *had not proved the defendants knew the men they sold to were Indians*, and another verdict of acquittal was returned.

[3] In 1865 these wanderers were reported to number 1,500, but of these 350 were Potawatomi who had come in from Kansas during the preceding year.

[4] One such band which we shall shortly have occasion to notice was encamped for several years during the war on Horicon Lake in Dodge County.

of friction between the two races; but it seems clear from the official reports and even from the statements of local white residents that the great bulk of such misconduct as the red men indulged in was induced by prior wrongdoing on the part of the whites. Their record for loyalty in the Civil War was one to put many a white community to shame. An alien race, and induced by no fear of conscription, they furnished a surprising number of volunteers to the several Wisconsin regiments. The Menominee, with a total population of 1,879, sent 125 soldiers into the army, and of these one-third died either of disease or on the field of battle.[5] The Oneida, less than 1,100 in number, furnished 111 soldiers; while the Stockbridge and Munsee supplied forty-three soldiers from a total population of 338.

No report was made of the number of soldiers supplied by the other Wisconsin tribes, but the correspondence of the governor's office affords interesting evidence of the attitude of the Chippewa.[6] Three days after the surrender of Fort Sumter, M. M. Samuel of St. Croix Falls, a fur trader of twenty years' standing among the Chippewa, wrote to Governor Randall that he had five hundred Chippewa braves at his command, whose services he offered "to aid the cause of the Union in arms against Treason."[7] Elaborating upon this offer, in response to a request from the Governor for more detailed information, Samuel explained that by reason of his long residence among the Chippewa he had acquired a thorough understanding of their "peculiar habits, manners, and views," and an influence commensurate with any enterprise he might propose to carry out. The one proposed would accomplish the twofold result of supplying the government with five hundred soldiers and benefiting the frontier by the removal from it of a body of warriors

[5] Report of Green Bay Agency in *Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs* for 1865.

[6] Now preserved in the State Historical Library.

[7] M. M. Samuel to Governor Randall, April 17, 1861, ms. in governor's Civil War correspondence.

of this size.[8] Concerning Samuel's proposal Augustus Gaylord, his fellow-townsman, and later adjutant general of the state, wrote the governor expressing his belief in the trader's good faith and in his ability to carry out his plan.[9] Gaylord raised a doubt, however, concerning the propriety of employing Indians "in the present contest with our brothers." About the same time Robert Grignon was tendering the Governor two hundred Menominee warriors, "all well armed with rifles, sure at forty rods."[10] Eventually, however, no Indian military units were accepted by the authorities, and the red men who became soldiers entered the service by individually joining one or other of the white regiments which were being raised. In the absence of official data it is impossible to say how many Wisconsin Indians joined the army. Since the tribes attached to the Green Bay agency, with a total population of about thirty-three hundred, supplied two hundred seventy-six men for the army, it seems conservative to assume that the whole nine thousand Indians in the state furnished five hundred or six hundred soldiers. Whatever the precise number may have been, it is amply evident that the vast majority of the warriors in Wisconsin were friendly to the whites and loyal to the government.

Had the case been otherwise, however, the red men could have accomplished little against the whites and for them to have taken the warpath would have been sheer insanity. The bands were widely scattered over a vast extent of country; the several tribes had little in common with each other; they were all poverty-stricken and quite lacking in resources for carrying on a war; at the best, they numbered nine thousand people in the midst of a white population of eight hundred thousand. It may be

[8] Samuel to Randall, May 14, 1861, ms. in governor's Civil War correspondence.

[9] Letters of Gaylord to Randall, April 24, 1861, and to W. H. Watson, May 16, 1861, in governor's Civil War correspondence.

[10] Letter to Governor Randall, May 8, 1861, in governor's Civil War correspondence.

granted, of course, that there was some excuse for anxiety on the part of the sparse white population of northwestern Wisconsin; but when the scare came it moved with transports of terror the inhabitants of populous counties and towns who were in no conceivable danger, extending even to the metropolis of the state itself.

A curious foreshadowing of the great panic of 1862 was had exactly a year before in the Indian scare at Horicon.[11] Early on the morning of Monday, August 26, 1861, a breathless messenger came to the village with the information that fourteen houses had been burned by the Indians at Kekoskee and some of the inhabitants had been murdered. It was also reported that eight hundred warriors were on their way to Horicon to burn and pillage the town. The news spread rapidly through the village, and the streets were soon thronged by excited townsmen. Crowds of women stood crying on one corner while the men congregated on another to discuss what should be done, and the children, dismissed from school, ran wailing through the streets. Wagonloads of farmers came in from the surrounding country, and an effort was made to arm the men, but only a motley array of firearms "with here and there a bludgeon and pitchfork" could be produced. So great was the alarm that many families made hasty preparations to leave for Milwaukee and some actually started. Meanwhile a telegram was sent to that city for state troops to come to the rescue of the beleaguered village, and a large company of men from Hustisford marched to Horicon to bear a share in the defense of that place.

Shortly after noon several wagonloads of men who had gone to Kekoskee to reconnoiter returned with the report that all was quiet at that place. They had found only twenty-five or thirty Indians around the encampments there, thoroughly frightened at the appearance of so many

[11] The data for the description which follows are drawn from the Horicon *Gazette*, Aug. 28, 1861.

armed men among them. But this report did not suffice to allay the terror of the panic-stricken townsmen of Horicon. The small number of Indians seen was regarded by many as a highly suspicious circumstance, and it was surmised that their enemies were lying concealed in the woods waiting the approach of darkness before beginning their work of destruction. At a public gathering in the afternoon a committee of fifteen was appointed to make a second investigation of the situation and discover, if possible, the cause of the alarm.

This committee journeyed to the Indian camp the same afternoon and the next morning proceeded with their investigation. They found that the camp contained twenty-three men, with three times as many women and children. With the aid of an interpreter a long talk was had with the chiefs of the band, who expressed their "utter astonishment" at the visitation from so large a body of armed men the day before, saying that if attacked they "should fold their hands and unresistingly be shot down." They ridiculed the idea of so small a band of warriors rising in insurrection in the midst of thousands of white men; they had no other home than this small piece of land and here they wished to live in peace until gathered to their fathers.

Such sentiments were highly encouraging to the committee, which now proceeded to inquire into the origin of the report of hostilities. It found the whole matter had grown out of a quarrel between a German settler, named Dagen, and a drunken Indian. The German had threatened to shoot one of the red men's ponies, and about two weeks before the panic one of them had been shot, by Dagen as the Indians believed. On Sunday, August 25, one of the Indians, in a partially-intoxicated condition, accused Dagen of the shooting and "chased him around a stump, but did not draw his knife from his girdle." Dagen appealed to his neighbors to watch his house and stacks for fear they would

be burned, and thus the rumor spread, "and grew as it traveled until it became truly alarming." The report of the committee took occasion to condemn in strongest terms the conduct of those whites who were in the habit of selling liquor to the Indians, "and especially those who, visiting their camps, take the opportunity of insulting their females"; it concluded by gravely expressing the belief "that the lives and property of whites in the vicinity are safe."

Notwithstanding its slight foundation, the scare of 1861 was not confined to Horicon or even to the limits of Dodge County. Many of the neighboring towns, on receipt of the news of hostilities at Horicon, excitedly prepared to rush armed men to the scene. At Beaver Dam dispatches were received by the mayor that fifteen hundred Indians were at Horicon. A man rode through the countryside at full speed warning the farmers to flee for their lives, and many set out with their families for town, some with beds and blankets on which to pass the night.[12] "Determined men" set out for Horicon, armed with a motley array of weapons, —guns, pistols, corncutters, and pitchforks—but en route it was learned that the report of hostilities was false, and the men returned to their homes.

At West Bend, in Washington County, the news from Horicon produced a night of terror.[13] The excitement began in the afternoon on receipt of the first report of an impending Indian descent upon Horicon. It became more general when at about seven o'clock the evening Milwaukee paper arrived confirming the news of the outbreak. Nothing of importance transpired, however, until ten o'clock, when a messenger came in from the Dekorra Road, some ten miles west, with the information that a large body of Indians was descending upon West Bend. This news, according to the contemporary scribe, "capt the climax." To the wild firing of guns and the roll of drums in the streets people

[12] Beaver Dam *Argus*, Aug. 30, 1861.
[13] West Bend *Post*, Aug. 31, 1861.

sprang from their beds. "Children were crying and men and women were seen running in all directions. Speeches were made advising the men to stand by their homes and their families till the last. Picket guards were immediately formed and sent out in every direction, armed with rifles, shotguns, pistols, pitchforks, or whatever could be got hold of." The gunsmith was kept at work all night repairing ancient muskets and pistols. Some of the women packed their silverware, while others, still more prudent, advised their husbands to make their wills. One woman who had been bedridden for over a year and who lived half a mile out from town was hastily dumped into a wheelbarrow and trundled into the village for safety. Mounted men went out at half-hourly intervals to visit the pickets and returned reporting all well until two o'clock A. M. Then a man was reported shot, but it was finally ascertained that he was "shot in the neck with sidearms which he carried." At Barton, a short distance north of West Bend, one man stood picket all night armed with an ax and clad only in a shirt, not daring to leave his post long enough to dress.

At Fox Lake a similar state of excitement prevailed on receipt of the news from Horicon. The townsmen hastily armed, and about two hundred were leaving for the scene of battle when another dispatch from Horicon brought word that no help was needed there.[14] Even at distant Galesville, almost across the state from Horicon, the fear inspired in a "Dutchman's" breast by one intoxicated Indian sufficed to produce a full-blown panic. When the report of trouble at Horicon reached town the citizens suddenly recalled that Indians had been there buying powder and lead, and the story gained credence that Galesville was to be burned and its population massacred.[15] Guns were collected and cleaned, pitchforks, corn knives, and fish spears were brought out and placed in the hands of an extempore

[14] Fox Lake *Gazette*, Aug. 29, 1861.
[15] La Crosse *Democrat*, Sept. 6, 1861.

Home Guard. For bullets old type from the printing office, tea lead, and masons' plummets were melted. In response to the story that two hundred Indians were to attack Galesville in the night, patrols were kept up until daylight. The state of panic prevailed until the receipt of a telegram that Horicon was safe and the massacre story a humbug.

The ridiculous spectacle afforded by the Horicon scare, news of which was blazoned far and wide in the press of the state, might well have fortified the public mind against an early repetition of this particular species of folly, but no such consequence followed. News of the Sioux massacres in Minnesota in August, 1862, sent a wave of horror over the Northwest. In Minnesota it was feared for a short time that the Chippewa, who like the Sioux had a grievance against their agent, would make common cause with their ancient enemies against the whites. This fear extended to the white population of north and northwest Wisconsin, although the sequel showed that the alarm, in this state at least, was entirely without foundation.

Governor Salomon moved with vigor to the relief of the anxious settlers. He dispatched to the several points from which reports of danger came all the arms at his disposal and appealed to the War Department at Washington. "Appeals are daily made to me," he telegraphed Stanton on September 2, "for arms and ammunition. Families are leaving their homes for fear of the wandering bands. I am well satisfied that these Indians have been tampered with by rebel agents. The people must be protected. Prevention is better than cure. I have furnished to different localities all the state arms, some eight hundred that we have, and must send more. More arms must be furnished immediately, as only about 8,000 stand have been sent here, and we have full 13,000 men assigned to new regiments formed and forming . . . ." His appeals produced little

effect upon Secretary Stanton, however, who sternly rebuked the governor for his "imperious orders" to the War Department.[16] Supplies of ammunition were forwarded to Wisconsin, however, and somewhat belatedly Major General Pope, fresh from his conflicts with Lee and Jackson in Virginia, was sent into the Northwest to assume command of the entire situation. Meanwhile Governor Salomon had procured the recall from Kentucky of Maurice Samuel, now a captain in the First Wisconsin Infantry, and sent him into the Chippewa country to allay the apprehensions of the people and exert what influence he might for the preservation of peace. From St. Croix Falls on August 30 Samuel reported to the governor that much apprehension existed in the counties of Dunn, Pepin, Pierce, and St. Croix, and in some of the towns midnight alarms had occurred, with the people rushing from their beds and houses in fear of imminent massacre. Notwithstanding this excitement, Samuel could learn of no depredation committed or threats made by the Chippewa. He had met A-que-en-zee, a war chief of the tribe, who had manifested only the most pacific intentions toward the whites. On the following day, August 31, Captain Harriman reported from Hudson upon measures he had taken to allay the panic in that vicinity. "So far as I can judge," he wrote, "the fear is mutual, and the Indians and Whites are striving to outdo each other in conceding Territory—i.e. while the whites are running in one direction the Indians are running in the other."

Samuel, at the request of A-que-en-zee and in pursuance of his commission from the governor, proceeded to Superior to bring his influence to bear upon the Chippewa of that vicinity. Before his arrival the inhabitants had indulged in a severe panic, the course of which was more prolonged than at any other place in Wisconsin.[17] A committee of

[16] Stanton to Governor Salomon, Sept. 5, 1862, ms. in governor's correspondence.

[17] The story is conveniently summarized in *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, III, 474–77.

PUBLIC ORDER No. 1.

SUPERIOR, AUGUST 31, 1862.

The Undersigned Committee of Safety, by virtue of the power in them vested, issue the following Orders:

1st. There will be a regularly organized Guard detailed each day, who will go on duty at 9 o'clock each evening, and remain on, until 5 o'clock the following morning, which Guard will act under the orders of an officer to be appointed by the Committee of Safety. To the furtherance of this regulation, every male person residing within the limits of the Town, between the ages of 18 and 60 years, will be called upon in their turn to stand guard, and if not able to perform the service personally, they will be required to furnish a substitute.

2d. All families are required to sleep each night, within the following prescribed limits, namely:

Between St. Johns and Thompson Avenues, and Fourth Street and the Bay.

3d. All venders of ammunition, are prohibited selling or disposing of the same to any INDIAN, under penalty of CONFISCATION and having their places of business Closed.

4th. Any Indian or Squaw who may be found in a state of intoxication will be taken into custody and made to disclose from whom they obtained such Intoxicating Liquor.

5th. Any person who shall sell or give Liquor to any Indian or Squaw, will be arrested, his stock taken possession of, and a guard placed over his or her premises, until a proper disposition of the same, shall be determined upon.

WASHINGTON ASHTON,
THOS. H. HOGAN,
R. G. COBURN,
Committee of Safety.

THE COMMITTEE Suggest to the Inhabitants of the neighboring towns, the propriety of concentrating at this point, until all danger has passed.

public safety was organized which, on August 31, issued Public Order No. 1: Every male inhabitant between the ages of eighteen and sixty was required to take his turn at guard duty; the town was to be patrolled nightly from nine o'clock until five in the morning; all families were required to sleep within certain limits designated in the order; and venders of ammunition and whisky to the Indians were threatened with punishment. Notwithstanding these measures, so great was the panic that on September 3 some thirty people departed on the steamer *Neptune* and others were prevented from going only because of absence of transportation. "Why not have a battery of artillery stationed here," wrote James Ritchie, draft commissioner, to the governor on September 4, "there are *Empty* houses enough to accommodate several Regiments."

In January, 1862, Ritchie had procured the enrollment of a company of men at Superior known as the Douglas County Home Guards. On September 18 the Committee of Public Safety directed every able-bodied man to enroll in this company for service until relieved by United States soldiers. An inventory taken by the committee disclosed the presence of sixty firearms of all sorts in the town, and one of the members, E. C. Clark, was dispatched to Madison with an appeal for government arms and troops. Both were supplied, although it was not until early November that the soldiers reached Superior. Meanwhile the Douglas County Home Guards had continued to play the rôle of protector to the anxious community. Early in November Judge McCloud of Bayfield visited General Pope at St. Paul to acquaint him with the danger the home community was still believed to be in from the Chippewa. In its initial stage the panic at Superior was similar to that which at the beginning of September spread over a large portion of the state, but it is evident from its long continuance that the anxiety of the people of this section had a different basis

than did the wholly causeless and foolish temporary panic of early September in central and eastern Wisconsin.

Beginning in Western Wisconsin in the last days of August, the panic wave rolled eastward until its climax was reached in the section immediately north and west of Milwaukee on September 3 and 4. Captain Samuel on August 30 reported from St. Croix Falls a general state of fear throughout Dunn, Pepin, St. Croix, and Pierce counties, with people in many towns rushing from their beds and houses "immagining the bloody scenes of the Pioneer days of old to be upon them and a savage foe about to deprive them of life or home." From Hudson, August 31, Captain Harriman reported the white men and Indians as equally scared, with each in mortal fear of the other. At Prescott an editorial notice in the *Journal* of August 27 ridiculed the idea of any danger from Indians to the people of Pierce County. Notwithstanding, the panic ran its course, and the *Journal* of September 3 announced that "the ridiculous Indian excitement in this county" was over. The chief incident in this county was the stampede of the people of Beldenville to River Falls "while not an Indian was within fifty miles." "It was a ridiculous sight," wrote a sarcastic correspondent of the *Journal,* "to see Beldenville marshal its forces and march to the River Falls stronghold. The forces consisted of ox teams laden with stoves, pots, kettles, pork, potatoes, women and children too numerous to mention, trunks, bundles of bed clothes, and three men, and Beldenville is a deserted city. Yes, Beldenville the great has fallen."

From the Menomonie *Dunn County Lumberman* of September 6 we get a clear picture of the panic in that vicinity. For ten days past the people of the county had been intensely excited over the Indian situation. On receipt of news of the Minnesota massacre the people had promptly organized companies of Home Guards for the purpose of

defense, but singularly enough, coincident with these defensive measures the terror of the people increased, and soon "the whole population of the county were in commotion and on the move, flying from approaching savages." For four days, beginning August 29, "a constant stream of men, women and children" poured into Menomonie, all fully convinced that the Indians were close behind them murdering every white person they could overtake and devastating the settlements as they progressed. In most cases the fugitives had left everything behind in their mad race to keep ahead of the imaginary pursuers. Some, however, had loaded their wagons with bedding and provisions; others destroyed the property they were unable to carry away. One man threw a quantity of flour into the river to prevent the Indians getting it; he then bestowed some other loose property upon a neighbor who had concluded not to run away, and embarked in a boat down the Red Cedar bound for "Pennsylvany."

Whole settlements were evacuated. The entire Norwegian settlement "fled in the greatest consternation." The Mud Creek settlers scattered in several directions, some to Menomonie, some to the southward, while others took to the cornfields. The panic struck the Massee settlement on Sunday, August 31.[18] Church services had been held as usual, when those living east of the schoolhouse were met by someone with the report that the Indians were coming, and for them to give the alarm. Two men immediately started on horseback to spread the alarm, and a mad rush ensued for Downsville. "When we arrived there," relates a participant, "it seemed as though everybody in that vicinity was there, some had their household goods, but each had some sort of a weapon of defense, all the guns, axes, pitchforks, and scythes were there." The question now arose as to what next should be done. It was finally

[18] For this account, in addition to the *Dunn County Lumberman* of Sept. 6, 1862, I have drawn upon a paper read by J. C. Ticknor at the Old Settlers' meeting, Oct. 18, 1913.

agreed, before proceeding farther, to send out a reconnoitering party of armed men to discover the facts of the situation. This party, caught in a heavy rainstorm, camped for the night in a barn by the roadside. While waiting for the scouts to report, some of the fugitives at Downsville began building rafts to descend the river to Durand, while others started in wagons for that place. In the midst of these preparations the thunderstorm which detained the scouts broke, and many declared the thunder to be the report of cannon at Menomonie.

The panic in this vicinity subsided almost as rapidly as it had arisen. At Downsville the discomfort produced by the thunderstorm, which thoroughly drenched the fugitives, combined with an absence of sleeping accommodations to bring about the beginnings of a state of sanity, and by the following night most of them were back in their homes. In general this was the story everywhere. As soon as people began to think, they realized the foolishness of their fears and made haste to return to their abandoned homes. The example of the press was helpful in quieting the excitement, as the editors, almost without exception, ridiculed the idea of danger and counseled their readers to remain calm. At Sparta the *Herald* of September 3 urged that no real cause for alarm existed in Monroe and adjoining counties. If the natives had ever contemplated hostilities, the idea was abandoned ere now, since they knew the whites were prepared for an attack. Here, as at most places in western Wisconsin, a Home Guard had been organized with over one hundred members. Curiously enough, while the excitement was subsiding in some communities it was rising in others. At La Crosse it was reported on September 7 that the Lewis Valley settlement had been burned by Indians.[19] This news was brought, characteristically enough, not by a resident of Lewis Valley but by a

[19] La Crosse *Weekly Democrat*, Sept. 8, 1862.

man from Salem. In Lewis Valley the people were being told of the destruction of the Bostwick Valley and Mormon Coulee settlements, while the Black River Falls *Banner* conveyed the information to friends at La Crosse, Sparta, and elsewhere, that the horrible tales they had heard of massacre at Black River Falls were all untrue. "This is a great country for people to believe all they hear," dryly commented the editor of the *Democrat*. Yet even as he wrote, scores of people from the adjacent section of Minnesota were pouring into La Crosse. None of them had seen any Indians, but "their neighbors" had seen many. The editor did not believe there was an Indian within seventy-five miles of La Crosse, but in the popular excitement "every bush has an Indian behind it, every moan of the wind is an Indian signal, the hoot of the owl is nothing but the infuriated whoop of an army of savages." The *Democrat* granted there might be some cause for alarm, but there was none for a general stampede. A heavy force of armed men was between the Indians and the settlers, and the chief desideratum now was confidence. Home Guards should be organized, and those who spread lying reports should be promptly tarred and feathered and hanged.

It is as impracticable as it is unnecessary to describe all the scenes of panic in this section of the state, but it may be worth while to present the clear, albeit ungrammatical, statement made on behalf of the inhabitants of the village of Wilton concerning their reasons for fearing the red men. At a meeting held September 6 it was decided to organize a military company for home defense, and a "corresponding committee" appealed to the governor for authority and instructions to this end. "We have not taken this step," the committee wrote, "from feers of an amediate attact from the savages now roving in our midst. But from observations that have been made, and from facts that have been and are being brought to light, are of that

carictor, seemingly that would convince any thoughtful man that thare is a porful effort being made on the part of individuals from some quarters, as belonging to some class of vile traiter to our noble government, to afect a younion of all the diferent tribes of wild Aborigines of our States and Teritories to attact our fronttier, and thus aid on the work of the desstruction of our noble government. Among the many evidences whitch we have of this fact are the following—White men have been discovered in the rankes of the savages, disguised as wariers, the Indians have strangely of late come in posesion of formidable arms and emmunition. Tribes that have long been engaged in war, and untill laitly entertained the most dedly enmity to each other, are seen mingling together in warlike companies, and seem deeply agitated upon some topic and the ungarded language and haughty demeanor of some that rove in our midst clearly show that the tribes even in our midst are but watting for the consumation of some great plan, preparitory to a fierful blow upon our ungarded frontier. If these things be so, and none in our midst have confidence to say that they are not so, is it eny thing strange that we as lowial citizens of this staite and dwelling upon our vary frontier exsposed to these savages, if such an attact should be made, should feel a deep anxiety to plaise ourselves in the best attitude of defience."

The committee's statement of its "evidence" was made, it is to be noted, after the immediate panic had subsided in this particular community; yet it reveals clearly the state of mind which was responsible for that outburst of emotional unreason. Given a quantity of gasoline, it requires but the application of a match to produce an explosion; the match taken by itself would be harmless. In the outbreak we are studying the abnormal state of the public mind supplied the gasoline; the application of some report of Indian outrage, however improbable or foolish it might be in itself, produced the panic.

The panic in central Wisconsin, in the region centering about Stevens Point, seems to have taken place quite as early as in the western part of the state. At Wautoma the scare was at its height as early as August 27, and by September 3 had subsided.[20] The local editor ridiculed the fears of his neighbors, who were organizing guards and maintaining nightly patrols when there were not fifty Indians within fifty miles and the town was surrounded on all sides by thickly settled country. As a typical instance of the silliness of the current rumors, the visit of four homeless Menomonie on a begging expedition was magnified by the time the report reached Fond du Lac into the story that four hundred warriors had burned Wautoma and massacred its citizens. The alarm in this section of the state was promoted by widespread reports that large bodies of "strange" Indians were congregating in the region between the Black and the Wisconsin rivers.[21] The editor of the New Lisbon *Juneau County Argus*, commenting on the local fears, expressed the belief on August 27 that there was no danger; yet he approved the organization of a Home Guard on general principles, and favored also the request made of the governor that a regiment of soldiers be stationed at New Lisbon. At this place it was popularly believed that bands of warriors amounting to as many as one thousand were congregated within twenty miles of town; on inquiry, however, the four hundred Indians reported at Tunnel dwindled to fifty; the three hundred on Big Creek proved to be the night camp of a small party on their way to attend a green corn dance above Necedah; and the four hundred near Scott and Bulkeley's mill proved to be six capable of taking the warpath, with the usual number of squaws, papooses, and dogs. On Saturday, August 30,

[20] Wautoma *Waushara County Argus*, Aug. 27 and Sept. 3, 1862.

[21] See, e.g., letter of Moses Strong from Stevens Point, Aug. 30, printed in Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Sept. 2; and letter of L. S. Cohn from Wausau, Aug. 30, printed in Berlin *Courant*, Sept. 4.

Judge Miner of Necedah and a delegation of citizens visited the Indian camp fourteen miles above town, where all the red men from this section of the state were congregated. The camp contained, by actual count, seventy-two men, all of whom were as badly scared as the most timid of the whites. On being interviewed their chiefs protested they had no remote notion of hostility and said that if attacked by the whites they would lay down their arms and make no resistance.

The report which Judge Miner brought back produced some abatement of the excitement in the immediate vicinity of Necedah. It had no effect on the contemporary hysteria in other places, however. A resident of Berlin en route to Lake Superior, wrote from Wausau on August 30 an account of his observations to that date.[22] At Plover the talk had been that two hundred armed and mounted Indians were coming from Grand Rapids to destroy the place. At Stevens Point the observer had found all quiet, but learned that some fifty Indians had been there a week or two earlier and had left for Waupaca on a begging expedition. Arriving at Wausau August 30, the traveler found that a Home Guard had been organized and was patrolling the town at night. The previous night a report of fifty Indians descending the river had created great excitement, and women ran through the streets crying, "My children, my children." Investigation revealed that the party consisted of a single Indian who was out on a night fishing trip.

At Grand Rapids the scare ran its course somewhat earlier, apparently, than at most adjoining points. For two months rumors of prospective Indian depredations were in circulation.[23] It was reported that bands of warriors numbering from one to eight hundred and belonging to various tribes were stealthily camping in the vicinity. At length the gathering excitement culminated in a panic

[22] Letter of L. S. Cohn in Berlin *Courant*, Sept. 4, 1862.
[23] Grand Rapids *Wood County Reporter*, Sept. 13, 1862.

outburst on the night of August 22. A citizen saw what he took to be a mounted Indian, who on being accosted disappeared in the gathering darkness. The alarm was given, and by sending messengers to all occupied houses, within two hours the entire population was raised, armed with every conceivable weapon of defense. Lights were ordered to be left burning while the crowd assembled in a hall to organize for defense against the anticipated attack. It was now reported that two townsmen who had gone out to make a reconnoissance had come upon two Indians in Centralia, and a spasm of renewed alarm ensued. However, the night wore away without any attack and the advent of dawn brought "joy and peace" to the anxious watchers. On the following evening the citizens again assembled, this time to organize a Home Guard. Officers were chosen, some thirty pickets were stationed to guard the town, and a petition was dispatched by messenger to the governor appealing for a supply of arms. Excitement ran high for three days, when it was discovered that the two "Indians" who had been seen in Centralia were in fact two white men out on a reconnoissance of their own. With no new cause for alarm, the terror subsided and the volunteer guard disbanded, despite the efforts of the officers to hold it together. A few days later two Indians actually did enter Grand Rapids in the broad light of day. They were chiefs, come as spokesmen of their band to enter into a treaty with the whites, or take any other action they might to avert the impending attack which they feared was about to be made upon them. The panic of the whites had induced a similar but far more reasonable panic among the red men themselves.

It remained for the group of lake-shore counties extending from Milwaukee to Green Bay and westward as far as Lake Winnebago to put the climax to this reign of hysteria on September 3 and 4. Suddenly, as if by spontaneous

combustion, over all this populous region the inhabitants were seized with the idea that destroying hordes were upon them, and bereft of all sense or reason they sought safety in headlong flight.

At Chilton on September 3 word came that Centerville in Manitowoc County had been destroyed.[24] Three thousand Indians were advancing on New Holstein and five hundred more were murdering the residents of Holland in Brown County. The residents of New Holstein started en masse for Fond du Lac; those of Woodville sought refuge at Stockbridge or Clifton; while the inhabitants of Rantoul, Brillion, and other points fled for Chilton. Here pickets were stationed on every avenue leading into the city, and the streets were patrolled nearly all night. Then a deliverer appeared in the person of Judge Pierpont, a level-headed resident of Manitowoc. He went among the people showing them the absurdity of their fright; by morning the panic had subsided, and those who had succumbed to it began to feel ashamed over the figure they had cut.

For several days reports from the north had come into Fond du Lac of another "Horicon War," without exciting attention, when in the evening of September 3 a stream of fugitive families from Chilton and Calumet began pouring into the city.[25] Manitowoc was in ashes, Sheboygan was plundered and burning, and the red devils were thundering on to Greenbush and Chilton—such was the exciting character of the tale the fugitives told. That night a picket guard was put out to the north of the city, "armed with revolvers they didn't know how to shoot, and pistols they couldn't cock." On Thursday, the fourth, little occurred until noon, when a fresh stream of fugitives began pouring in, this time from the southeast, with reports of the destruction of Sheboygan, Plymouth, Greenbush, Manitowoc, and Wacousta. The town was now thoroughly

[24] Chilton *Times*, Sept. 6, 1862.
[25] Fond du Lac *Saturday Reporter*, Sept. 6, 1862.

aroused, and great crowds gathered in the streets to discuss the situation pro and con. In a short time parties of men were sent out to investigate the truth of the reports. "On every road," wrote the local editor, who accompanied one of these parties, "we could see dozens of wagons all loaded down with women and children fleeing towards the city—no men were along—all had been left at home to fight. Everywhere on the road we saw empty houses, flying families, and numerous picket-guards facing towards the southeast, armed with old shotguns and awaiting the first attack. . . . Every family met was asked if they had seen the Indians—and sure enough in that whole trip of fourteen miles not a person could be found that had seen an Indian, though all were satisfied that the said Indians were but a short distance behind them. And so the various parties sent out returned without finding a trace of an Indian, and seeing nothing but a deserted country." Our editor speaks highly of the bravery of the men, but in the press of other cities the saving of Fond du Lac from destruction was facetiously credited to an aged female tollgate keeper. When the war party appeared the braves had no money to pay toll with and she dutifully refused them permission to pass.

The scare at Appleton was precipitated by a report received on Wednesday afternoon, September 3, that the Indians were burning and massacring in the town of Morristown, and "marching on in their butchery."[26] The night was bright with moonlight; the people gathered in the streets, and three scouts were sent out to learn the facts. Meanwhile fugitives began to arrive, and the stories they told grew with every repetition. Some of the townsmen packed their valuables and wanted the train got out for Oshkosh; others favored sending for the soldiers at Oshkosh to come to Appleton. Eventually all went to bed. At noon the next day the scouts returned; they reported that a group

[26] Appleton *Crescent*, Sept. 6, 1862.

of hungry Indians near Manitowoc River had slaughtered an ox and roasted it; also that the whole country was panic-stricken. Numbers traveled all night fleeing towards Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Green Bay, and other places. So rattled were the Appletonians that in the opinion of the local editor half a dozen Indians could have taken peaceable possession of the city.

At Plymouth, Manitowoc, Sheboygan, Port Washington, Waukesha, Richfield, and apparently everywhere throughout the section of the state we are discussing, scenes similar to those already described were enacted. For the sake of brevity we content ourselves with presenting merely representative details concerning them.

At Manitowoc the excitement began on the evening of Tuesday, the second, when fugitives from Branch, a point seven miles northwest, reported that the Indians were but three miles behind, slaughtering and burning.[27] A guard was hastily formed and the streets entering town were patrolled. The story from Branch proved a humbug, but fresh reports fed the excitement. The valiant women of the town are said to have gathered in the upper stories of the courthouse equipped with vessels of boiling water to be used in scalding the on-coming hordes. A male settler, less valiant, hid himself in a featherbed; while some found comfort in the reflection that if worst came to worst they could embark upon the vessels in the harbor and find refuge on the bosom of Lake Michigan. It was stated that over a thousand fugitives rushed into the city and that five hundred men were under arms during the night of September 3.

A pioneer resident of Plymouth, Mrs. H. N. Smith, has left a lively and somewhat satirical account of the panic at that place, written some ten years after the event.[28] The

[27] Manitowoc *Pilot*, Sept. 5, 1862; letter of R. G. Plumb (ms.) Jan. 5, 1918; correspondence from Manitowoc dated Sept. 4, in Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Sept. 10, 1862.

[28] This is one of a series of articles on the history of Plymouth, printed in the Plymouth *Reporter* beginning Dec. 10, 1872. See also report from Plymouth in Sheboygan *Evergreen City Times*, Sept. 6, 1862.

calm peace of the early September day was suddenly broken by a solitary horseman riding headlong into town with the "blood-freezing" news that Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Chilton, and Franklin had been sacked and their citizens slain by a band of red men at whose hands Plymouth would shortly meet a similar fate. The skepticism of such as were inclined to doubt this first report was soon dispelled by the arrival of another horseman with a story still more thrilling. "The afternoon sun was already far in the west when the very air seemed to tremble with the quaking panic. As twilight approached there was a rush of hundreds of wagons. . . The men were armed with scythes, sickles, butcher-knives, corn-cutters, screw-drivers, and every species of firearms possible to be procured. On they came, load after load, till not only the taverns but the private houses and even the little depot swarmed with unexpected guests. . . ." A council of war disclosed the presence of a considerable number of firearms, but only three pounds of powder in town, the property of Delos Gates. This, Mrs. Gates prudently secured in her apron and refused to part with "for love or money." A citizen bravely offered to go to Sheboygan for powder, and while the crowd and excitement continued to wax, three others volunteered to go out to the north and investigate the truth of the reports. They encountered plenty of people "flying before a fancied foe," but no Indians. At Sinz's tavern in the town of Rhine were found "hundreds of women and children, with three or four men." At Flagg's tavern twelve miles north of Plymouth, two hundred men had assembled under the leadership of the Honorable Julius Wolf, "who, armed cap-a-pie with the uniform of Prussia, a la Kaiser Wilhelm, with gun, sword, bayonet, pistols, was an object well calculated not only to strike terror to the savage heart but also to restore confidence to the most timid and to cure dyspepsia in its worst form." But as usual no one could be found who had himself seen an

Indian, and the scouting party returned, "satisfied that there was not a redskin enemy between Plymouth and Lake Superior."

The excitement over, the absurdities of the situation began to receive attention. One man took the pork out of his barrels and buried it in the cellar. Another, who had a cask of currant wine, called in his neighbors to help him drink it up, "determined that the savages should not get drunk through any fault of his." A woman ran three miles to town with a pumpkin pie in her hand. Another woman turned her pigs into the garden, reasoning that the vegetables would benefit her no longer and the animals might enjoy one good meal before the redskins arrived. One family scattered its furniture over a "ten acre lot," hoping thereby to save at least some of it.

The panic at Sheboygan began as at Plymouth when on September 3 a frantic horseman dashed into town with the usual tale of Indian horrors.[29] Fifty red devils were burning Centerville, twelve miles north and every man who could carry a gun or a pitchfork was frantically desired to rush to the rescue. Soon another courier arrived with the report that three hundred Indians were sacking Herman; while a third brought word that five hundred were advancing on Sheboygan itself. Close on the heels of the couriers came a rush of fugitives, and the town was thrown into an uproar. By nightfall it was estimated that the number of fugitives in town was upwards of four thousand. A single drawbridge spanned the river, and this the prudent city fathers had taken up to prevent the Indians entering the town. It likewise cut off from their haven of refuge the remainder of the stream of fugitives who were still pouring in.[30] With greater rationality, perhaps, the authori-

[29] A really artistic narration of the scare at Sheboygan is given in the *Evergreen City Times* of Sept. 6 under the heading "The Gunpowder Plot." It humorously represents the entire affair as devised by a "powder huckster" to create a market for a stock of unsalable powder which he had on his hands.

[30] The drawbridge story is given by Mrs. Smith in her narrative of the scare at Plymouth. It is also affirmed by Frances Meyer, assistant librarian of Sheboygan (letter

ties sent out messengers to Centerville to report upon the situation there. By evening they returned with the comforting information that no trace of Indians or of Indian depredations could be discovered.[31]

All Ozaukee was gripped by the panic, and Port Washington, Waukesha, and even Milwaukee became the rendezvous of streams of terror-stricken fugitives. To Governor Salomon, who chanced to be in Milwaukee, came appeals for help from Richfield, Waukesha, and other points. A company of Milwaukee militia took the field in response to the report of the burning of Cedarburg, but its campaign into Ozaukee County proved wholly bloodless. The northward advance of the soldiers was rendered difficult by the stream of vehicles encountered, all heading for Milwaukee. A resident of Wauwatosa, about five or six miles out of the city on the Lisbon plank road, reported that three or four hundred teams passed during the afternoon and night of the fourth.[32] All night long the vehicles went by in the mud and rain, following one another so closely that the stoppage of one quickly blocked the road in the rear. The correspondent sought to stop some of the fugitives, but in vain. But one man, he reported, had seen any Indians; he claimed to have seen three or four thousand, but refused to pause long enough to answer any further questions.

To recount further details of the flight of the settlers to Milwaukee would be but to repeat the stories already told of the scenes enacted in other places. "The human family is at times ridiculous or frightened or desperate or foolish or cowardly," observes one historian of Milwaukee, "but never until the Indian scare of 1862 were the dwellers of Milwaukee and Wisconsin possessed of all five of these attributes at once." To one who, like the present writer, has gone

of Jan. 10, 1918) on the authority of her grandfather, still living, who was night watchman at Sheboygan at the time of the panic.

[31] Dispatches from Sheboygan in the Milwaukee *Daily Wisconsin*, Sept. 5, 1862.

[32] Milwaukee *Daily Wisconsin*, Sept. 5, 1862.

through, in the newspapers of the time and elsewhere, the mass of evidence concerning the panic of 1862 in Wisconsin this caustic comment seems to err, if at all, in the direction of understatement.[33]

[33] I am indebted to Mr. Frederick Merk of Harvard University for placing at my disposal much of the data on which this article is based. Mr. Merk had himself intended to make the study but unforeseen exigencies prevented him from carrying out the project.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

V. THE BATTLE OF THE BAD AXE

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled.—*Hemans.*

After the skirmish at Wisconsin Heights, Black Hawk found it necessary to lead his followers through the unbroken wilderness from the west bank of the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, a region as little known to white men at that time as is the interior of Brazil today. The chieftain knew that he could not afford to lose any time in reaching the Mississippi. The Indians were without food, and the troops were as illy equipped for the pursuit. The latter accordingly left the trail for a time and marched southward to the post at Blue Mounds for a supply of provisions. It was not until July 28 that the pursuing army, now fully equipped and provisioned, crossed the Wisconsin on rafts at Helena where the old shot tower was being built. The troops pushed north about five miles through the wilderness where the trail of the fugitives was picked up. It led almost due west, and, although a week old, it was not difficult to follow. The course led over steep hills and oozy marshes, with tangled thickets and swiftly flowing streams to make progress more difficult; but there were many evidences that the savages were becoming travel-worn and losing time, and, therefore, the soldiers were urged to greater effort. Many dead savages were found beside the long trail, some of whom had died from wounds received at Wisconsin Heights, while others had succumbed to fatigue and starvation. Each hour brought the troops nearer to the enemy, as the soldiers were well mounted, while many

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BAD AXE
From an oil painting in the Wisconsin Historical Museum

of the Indians were on foot. This delayed the whole band of natives as the laggards could not be abandoned to certain death and mutilation at the hands of the whites.

On August 1 Black Hawk and his followers reached the Mississippi at a point several miles below the mouth of the Bad Axe River; the troops did not arrive until the next day. This would have given the Sauk band plenty of time to cross to the west side in safety but for two fatal incidents. There were only a few canoes available, which necessarily made the crossing slow. A hastily constructed raft was loaded with women and children and started on its way to the west bank, but for some reason it went to pieces, and nearly all of its occupants were drowned. The second misfortune was even more tragic. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, while the Sauk warriors were gathered near the shore to await the return of the canoes that were so slowly carrying the party across the river, the government steamer *Warrior* appeared and ran in close to the east bank. Black Hawk stepped forward and held up a white flag, shouting, as he did so, that his followers wished to surrender. By a misunderstanding or a willful ignoring of the signal three rounds of cannister were fired from the vessel directly into the group of Indians. This was followed by a heavy rifle fire from both sides; but the slaughter of the Sauk, bunched together on the shore and without any cover, was easy work for the twenty-one soldiers on board the steamer. Twenty-seven warriors were killed in this skirmish on the river bank. The *Warrior* ran out of fuel and was forced to withdraw to Prairie du Chien, forty miles below, to take on a supply of wood.

During the night more of the Sauk escaped across the river into Iowa; but Black Hawk saw that the greater number were doomed to death or captivity because the Indian runners reported that the pursuing army had arrived within a few miles of the river. He accordingly

formed his battle lines for the morrow and gave his followers close directions as to the best method for meeting the attack of the troops. Then with White Cloud, the Prophet, and a few personal attendants the old chief turned again into the wilderness and headed eastward for the Dalles of the Wisconsin near the mouth of the Lemonweir River, where some of the Winnebago had offered to hide him from the government agents.

The land troops arrived under cover of darkness. In the morning the order was given to attack the savages. Black Hawk had arranged a decoy party which, when attacked, retreated up the river with the hope of drawing the troops away from the main body of warriors. This scheme almost succeeded as most of the troops, including the regulars, followed the decoy party upstream; but a detachment of the volunteers discovered the larger group of the Sauk, which still consisted of about three hundred warriors, and attacked immediately with rifle and bayonet. The firing was heard by the troops to the north, who immediately rejoined the volunteers. The Indians fought with primal ferocity; but resistance was hopeless as the troops had all the advantage of position, and the affair was a slaughter rather than a battle. Few prisoners were taken and these were mostly women and children. The savagery of the border was exhibited in its worst form by both sides. About three hundred of the raiders had escaped across the Mississippi during the two days, but the military authorities had arranged with Wabasha, a Sioux chief, to massacre these as soon as they reached the Iowa side; and so faithfully did he execute this merciless order that no more than one hundred and fifty of the thousand who followed Black Hawk from the lower Rock River four months before ever escaped to tell the story of their long raid. The Bad Axe region has become famous in the history of savage warfare in Wisconsin. It was the scene of a skirmish with the Winnebago during their uprising in

1827, and it marked the close in 1832 of Indian troubles in Wisconsin. The little railroad station where occurred these stirring events in frontier history is called Victory, the very name suggestive of the finality of the struggle between the red man and the aggressive Anglo-Saxon.

It was mentioned that about one hundred Sauk non-combatants floated down the Wisconsin in rafts and canoes from Wisconsin Heights with the hope of escaping across the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. These helpless creatures were met a few miles above the "Prairie" by a military force, and all were destroyed except possibly a dozen who escaped into the forest.

Black Hawk, after his flight from the ill-fated field of the Bad Axe, made good his escape to the rocky cliffs of the Lemonweir valley; but the Winnebago, who had deceived first one side and then the other, offered, for a reward, to reveal his hiding place to the white pursuers, and the old warrior was soon taken prisoner near the Dalles of the Wisconsin, a short distance north of the site of modern Kilbourn City. He was delivered to the United States authorities at Prairie du Chien and thence taken to Jefferson Barracks, and later confined in Fortress Monroe. After a brief term of imprisonment he was liberated and died at his home in southeastern Iowa in 1838.

The Black Hawk War was notable for the number of men engaged in it who later became national figures. Abraham Lincoln served with the Illinois volunteers, while Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis were officers in the regular army and took part in the conflict. Winfield Scott, later the hero of the Mexican War, was sent to join the forces in Wisconsin, but he did not arrive at Prairie du Chien until after the Battle of the Bad Axe. Of these four men who saw service on Wisconsin soil, two were destined to become presidents of the United States, one to be an unsuccessful candidate for the same high office, and one to become president of the southern Confederacy.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND LOCAL SOCIETIES[1]

JOSEPH SCHAFER

A friend once remarked that the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society was an "historian's heaven." If the intention was to describe it as a very delightful place for the historian to work in, one must give his unconditional approval. But if the word "heaven" herein was clothed with its customary meaning of a place or condition altogether satisfying, the verdict must be reversed.

One does not require much experience with even so magnificent and relatively complete a collection as the one which is housed in the State Historical Library to convince himself that history cannot be fully written from existing collections. This is especially true of one who conceives of history as I conceive of the history of Wisconsin—as the story of civilization-building in this commonwealth down to practically our own day. It would be quite possible, no doubt, to write the history of the French régime, the history of the British régime, and numerous episodes of later history without leaving Madison. But when we come to the period of American pioneering in Wisconsin, to the development of our far-famed agricultural and dairy interest, our industries great and small, and our social history based on the blending of several strong race elements, each possessed of its distinctive culture, the case is altogether different.

Thanks to the statesmanlike planning of our predecessors and the liberal support of state legislatures, the library already contains vast stores of documents, books, pamphlets, maps, and manuscripts illustrating phases of the complex historical process that has made Wisconsin what she is. But for a true and adequate interpretation of each one of

[1] Notes for an address delivered at the meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society, North Prairie, Sept. 18, 1920.

the major lines of development we shall require an indefinite expansion of existing sources.

NEED OF LOCAL STUDIES

Without attempting even to suggest the wide range of material required for the definitive treatment of the history of agriculture in Wisconsin, or the history of lumbering, or textiles manufactures, or iron manufactures, or education, or science, or religion, or morals, or the fine arts, or music—all of which, and a hundred others, make the warp that unites with the woof of our complex human nature to produce the fabric of civilization in this state—it may suffice to point out that a prerequisite of such a complete history is a considerable group of local studies of a very intensive character.

The geologist, intent on understanding the formation of the earth's crust in a given region, does not content himself with traveling over the region or with reading descriptions of surface conformations in various parts. Such a superficial view would tell him something, but not enough. In addition he wants the data that can be supplied only by a number of minute investigations into the character of the crust at different points. So he goes to places where there are borings for salt or for oil, or excavations for bridge piers; where the flood waters have eroded deep trenches, exposing the strata to a considerable depth; where the action of glaciers has cut down sections of hills, leaving steep cliffs exposed; where the ocean tides or the water and the ice of inland lakes have written giant pages on crag and headland for the scientific student to read. After a sufficient number of such intensive studies he co-ordinates his data into an orderly account and interpretation of the region.

The historian may well take to heart the lesson which scientific research, in so many directions, enforces and

reiterates. It has been charged against history that it is not firmly enough attached to reality, and in a certain sense the charge is true. Too many historical writers have been content to employ merely accessible material, shaping their stories to fit the data instead of finding the data that would enable them to tell their stories as they ought ideally to be told.

If there is excuse for such deficiencies in the fact that the resources of private workers are often inadequate to the requirements of a rigorous historical method, such an excuse cannot be admitted in the case of work in which we have the support of the state and the co-operation of all historical elements and organizations of the state. Like the State Geological Survey, which was so brilliantly conceived and carried out by scientists like Chamberlin, Lapham, Strong, Irving, and others, the "Historical Survey" of Wisconsin must be as scientific as the nature of historical research permits. And one of the obviously scientific methods of assembling concrete data to serve the purposes of interpretation is to go to typical localities and study their history with the minuteness that becomes possible only when—to use a figure from science—the object you are studying is small enough to enable you to use the microscope.

Take, for illustration, the history of an organized "town," the civic society comprised in a surveyor's "township." Within certain limits the life of such a town is typical of the life of the commonwealth, or even of the nation. The men and women who made homes in its river valleys, prairies, or "oak openings" are likely to be genuine "specimens" from the universal social amalgam; the farms, mills, workshops, churches, schools, and stores would be typical of such institutions in a thousand American neighborhoods. And if this is true in the pioneer stage it is not less true in later stages, so that the conditions of change as worked out on

the local plane will be applicable to more general history as well.

Such local communities differ from one another, due to a considerable range and variety of economic and social influences. But, if a number of them taken indifferently from the several counties and sections of the state were studied intensively, the resulting material would serve to illuminate the entire course of Wisconsin history. How, then, shall we proceed in the study of a town?

A METHOD FOR LOCAL HISTORY STUDY

After mastering the topography of the area, and its physical relations, which determine or influence the community's economic and commercial history, the next step is to acquire some real knowledge of the people who settled the town. This can be done by the use of various sources. One (and the most obvious, which also happens to be the least satisfactory) is to rely wholly on the statement of some aged person whose memory is supposed to reach to the social beginnings in that neighborhood. Another method is to consult town records, school records, church records, lodge records, and various local mercantile records as well as local newspapers, if there were any, for information about the first settlers, dates of their arrival, etc. This method is a good one but so laborious that few would have the time or the patience to employ it exclusively. It is a desirable collateral method.

A method which is being fostered by the State Historical Society is one which begins with a township plat showing all the land grants, with names of private grantees, and dates of grants. The making of such plats is not a single or simple process, but involves several subsidiary processes as follows: First, a transfer to the township map, copied from the surveyor's map, of the data preserved in the tract books of the United States Land Office; second, the transfer to the map of similar data from the tract books of the State

Land Office; third, transfer to the margins of the resulting plat of data from the surveyor's notebook descriptive of quality of land, kinds of timber, trails, etc., seen by him in making the original survey.

As a starting point for the study of population this plat of original private grantees of the land has several advantages. It fixes two points concerning every land purchaser who was also a settler: the place of his settlement in the township, and the *date* of his purchase. It does not fix the date of settlement, though that is approximated in most cases.

In the work of securing such plats we think the State Historical Society can function with advantage. All of the work of preparing the originals, except making the township map and transferring the data from the United States Land Office tract books to the map, is performed by our force. When completed, the original plat is photostated, and thereafter reproductions can be furnished at a merely nominal price, whereas if an individual were preparing a plat, the expense in money and time would be considerable.

However, the plat of original grantees of the land is not our final objective. The heart of our plan for the *Wisconsin Domesday Book* has been expressed in the words: "The opening of every farm in the American wilderness is an original creative process significant enough to deserve a line in the general history of civilization." It is the "makers of the farms" we wish to identify. Here local studies are required, as I have shown in my article on the *Wisconsin Domesday Book.*[2]

After identifying the actual settlers and locating them on definite subdivisions of numbered sections of land, there remain two preliminary inquiries both of which must perforce be carried on locally: (a) The physical character of the land as respects soil, conformation, ease of cultivation, and opportunity to communicate with markets. (b) The

[2] *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, IV, 1, Sept. 1920.

settlers, their social and geographical origins, training, experience, special intellectual, social, or occupational aptitudes, and outstanding ambitions—with any other data about them that may be procurable.

DATA ABOUT THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

In the quest for information on the first head, the notes of the surveyors, inscribed on the margin of the plat, will serve as a starting point. And the geological surveys of the state will be a supplementary resource. Still, a minute familiarity with the township from actual observation of all its farms, or at least of typical farming areas, is necessary to a successful study of the agricultural and social history of the town.

A good deal of help can be derived from the census takers' descriptions of farms, which reveal the relation of cultivated to uncultivated and woodland, also the amounts per acre of the several crops raised. Still, this yields only more or less definite inferences, and inferences are not the same as facts.

The census schedules also make a starting point in the study of social origins. They list the inhabitants by name, and give age, occupation, and state or country of nativity. Thus we know, from the census of 1860, that Isaac A. Sabin, twenty-five years of age, was a school-teacher and was born in New York. Further entries show us that his wife also was a New Yorker and that they had a daughter one year old who was born in Wisconsin. We want to know more about this school-teacher's origin, whether or not he was a New Englander and, if so, what formal training he had and at what schools. We want evidence concerning his experience as a teacher, his character and influence as a man in the communities he served. Such knowledge local research alone will yield. Pursuing it, we find that he was probably of Connecticut parentage, that he was well-educated—far beyond the average district school-teacher—that he was a

man of strong character and personality which he impressed upon his pupils. Thus, he was a genuine force in the social development of the neighborhood in which he taught a pioneer school in a rude log schoolhouse.

CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

If local societies will set themselves systematically to the problem of garnering such material for the social history of their communities, they will perform invaluable service and will make possible the intensive local studies of which we stand in need. The State Historical Society can supply basic helps for carrying out such programs in the way of census schedule transcripts for the different towns or counties, and other data collected at its library. To do this on a large scale would call for a considerable enlargement of its clerical force, but such enlargement is contemplated in the plans for utilizing the Burrows Fund income in preparing the *Domesday Book*. The county records and town records, the school records and church records, the cemetery records, and a variety of commercial records will be available locally as special documentary resources.

If we conceive the proposed "social-origins survey" under the form of a card index of first settlers, or of settlers who lived in the county (or other area) prior to a fixed date, the procedure would be about as follows: (a) The local society should select from its membership those who have a special interest in tracing social origins, and permit each one of these to cover in his or her study such areas as may be preferred. Cards of uniform size and form for filing should be furnished to all workers, together with a minimum schedule of points to be covered in the inquiry. (b) The results might be presented in the form of reports to the society from time to time and, in any event, should be filed at a central place. Copies of local files might be made for the State Historical Society, which would thus become a clearing house, helpful to inquirers in all parts of the state.

There are men and women who have a deep interest in the study of social origins, an enticing subject in itself. One man known to the writer, working on the subject from pure love of it, is even now familiar with the stories of hundreds of pioneers of his county. This is but a single illustration. Such knowledge ought to be recorded and carefully preserved. It could be done best by local societies, but it will have to be done by some agency if our study of Wisconsin civilization is to be ideally complete. The State Historical Society invites conference with the local societies on this and other subjects of co-operative endeavor.

THE STUDY OF LOCAL PROGRESS

Either the persons who make the local social and physical surveys, or others, will employ the facts brought out by these surveys in pushing forward the study of local history. For practical purposes the history of a township in its development from pioneer days may be looked upon as a complex involving many special histories—and each of those special histories deserves separate treatment. It might be well if some writers would specialize on the history of agriculture in given townships, others on the history of manufactures, others on the history of education, others on the history of morals, and still others on the history of local politics, public improvements, religious organizations, etc. The advantage, we repeat, in studying general historical themes under local conditions is that in this way we are placing the historical process, in small sections, under the microscope and compelling it to yield up secrets not hitherto revealed. The local community becomes at the same time a laboratory for testing the validity of social principles and hypotheses not definitely established. The more complete one's training for historical research, the more perfect his equipment for the study of the "Great Society," the more ample should be his reward from the local study suggested.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF A BADGER BOY IN BLUE: LIFE AT OLD CAMP RANDALL[1]

CHAUNCEY H. COOKE

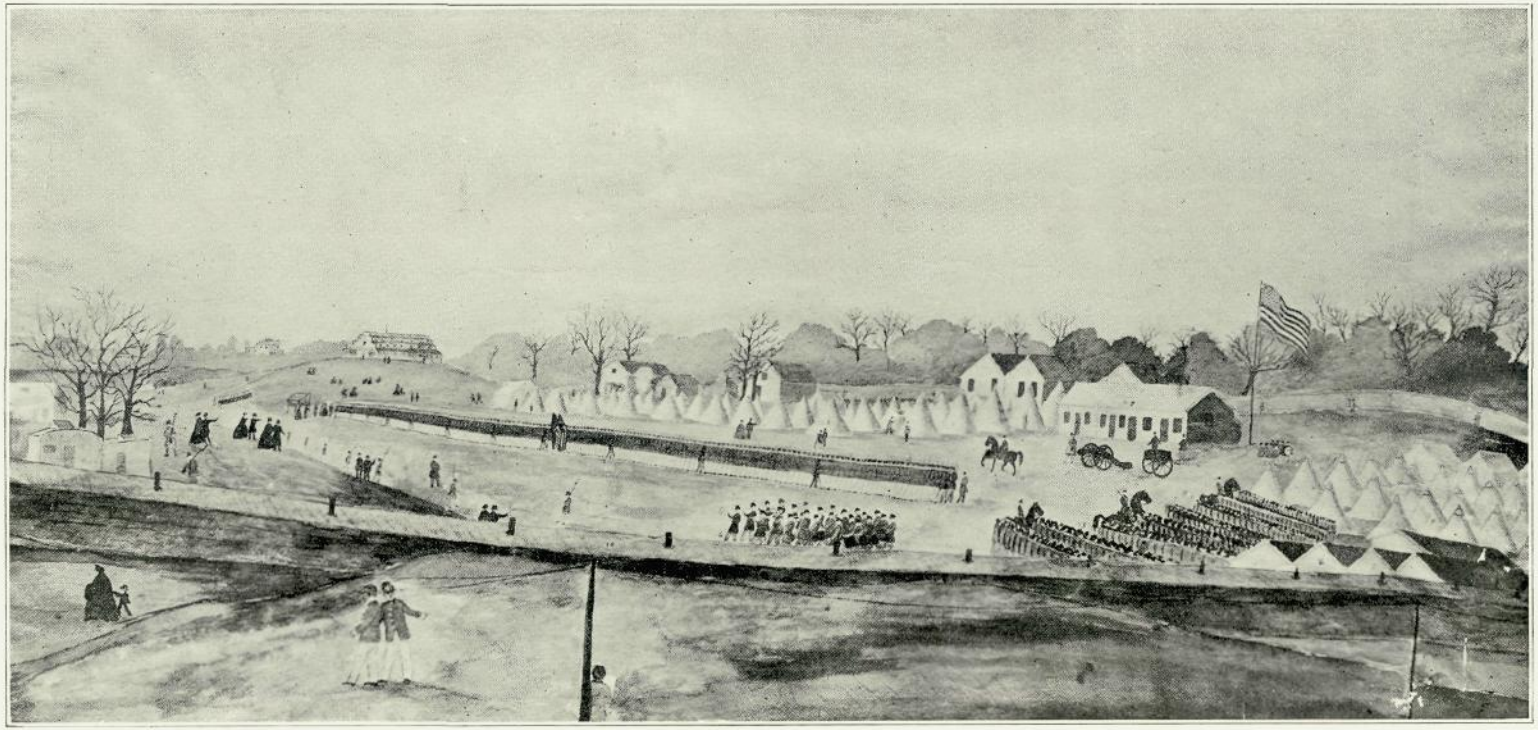
CAMP RANDALL, MADISON, WIS.
CO. G. 25TH WIS. VOL. INFT.
Dec. 16, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS: After just one week of varying incident from the time of leaving my old dear home I am seated to write to you. We did not find our regiment at Winona as we expected, they had gone to La Crosse. There were 27 of us in the crowd so we hired three liveries and drove all night and reached La Crosse at 6 o'clock in the morning. We nearly swamped in the Black river crossing McGilvery's ferry the ice was running so, but we got over all right. We stayed in La Crosse one night and came on to Madison the next night. The people of La Crosse were good to us, they gave us a fine dinner in the biggest hall in town but mother it did not taste half as good as the last one you gave me of bear meat and venison and hot biscuit and honey. It may be I did not do right when I sneaked out of the house and got Billy and rode away without saying good bye, but I couldn't help it. I knew it hurt you to say good-bye and that's why I did it.

Well, we are in Madison, the Capital of the state. How long we are to stay nobody knows. They say we need drilling and must get more disciplined before we go to the front. Well I hope we won't stay here long. These barracks are awful cold, and my bunk is on the top tier, next to the shingles—too hot in the evening—cold in the morning. I am wearing father's moccasins yet. I didn't get time to buy me boots in La Crosse or Winona.

Tell father to use my money and buy him some more. We are to be paid soon and I will send you some money. You need not lay it up as you did before but use it, and don't think of me,

[1] The first installment of these war time letters, together with a brief historical introduction concerning them and their author, was printed in the September, 1920 issue of this magazine.



CAMP RANDALL IN 1862

Reproduced by courtesy of Hosea Rood from a contemporary drawing by John Gaddis, Company E, Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry

I am all right. I never want to see father wear patches again. I don't believe this war is for long. I expect to be home next year to help with the work. Maybe not, but we'll see.

I forgot to tell you that we came in the cars to Madison from La Crosse. It was a new experience to me, I was wide awake the whole way. I was afraid we were off the track every time we crossed a switch or came to a river. At the towns, girls swarmed on the platforms to ask the boys for their pictures and to kiss the best looking ones. A young Frenchman, we called him the pony of the regiment because he was so small and quick, got the most kisses. He was so short the boys held him by the legs so he could reach down out the windows to kiss the girls. Many times some old fellow held the girls up so she could be reached. It was fun anyway.

I never think but I am all right, except when I try to double quick for a half hour or so. My wind gives out. Lieutenant Parr says, "Your measles stay with you yet." "Warm weather," he says, "will fix you all right." Love to all.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 25th, 1862,
Co. G., 25TH REGT.

DEAR MOTHER: You see my paper don't have the regulation picture on it of Soldiers in file or in battle array. I am tired of such flummery. The meaning of the whole thing is to make money for the inventor and not for the soldier. We are told that the life of the Nation is at stake, and every fellow that enlists offers himself as a martyr to save his country. I was thinking these things over last, about 2 P. M. in the morning when I was nearly froze and the relief guard came round and I was off duty to go to my tent and get some sleep. It seems like foolery to the common soldier that for two hours we must stand in a temperature of 30 or 40 degrees when we are a thousand miles from the enemy. I had to walk and walk to keep from freezing. The mercury was down near 40 below zero and the guard house where we sat down between reliefs or lay down was little better than out doors. The health of our Regiment is none too good. One man dies on an average every day. As I

write this letter the drum is beating. The food we get is to blame for our bad health. The boys threaten a riot every day for the bad beef and spoilt bread issued to us and all this in our home state of Wisconsin. I went to meeting yesterday both morning and evening. In the morning at the Baptist, in the evening at the Episcopal church. The preacher discussed the state of the Union. I thot he talked a bit like a traitor. He was sorry the states should go to war over the question of slavery. He hoped the Union would be preserved and he thot Uncle Tom's Cabin was much to blame for the war. Capt. Dorwin said the preacher ought to live in South Carolina. There is talk that we will get pay tomorrow. I have sent a record of our company home. Hope you got it. I shall send you a lot of clothing just before we leave. Remember me to Uncle Edward Cartwright. It was kind of him to ask so often about me. I wonder where Ez and Ed are. They don't say a word. You remember they went in the 2nd Cavalry.

I am glad father had such good luck getting deer this fall, you will have lots of venison this winter. It is too bad the Elk are all gone or killed off. I know father is sorry. He blamed the Sioux Indians for scaring his game but the St. Louis hunters and the Farringtons of Mondovi have spoiled his hunting more than the Indians. I hope he will stop hunting bears alone. Its a dangerous business. Old Prince is a dear good dog but a bear is too much for him at close quarters. Is his jaw all right again? Every letter I get from home I expect to hear of Jenny's death. She is bound to rub her red blanket off in the brush and the first hunter that sees her will shoot her for a wild deer. I wonder what Claffin's people tho't when she ran in their bedroom and laid down to get away from the dogs.

Poor thing eight miles from home with no friend near, raced by dogs until her tongue hung out, and to save her life rushed into the open door of the Claffin home. Poor Jenny Deer. With four bullet marks on her legs and body and one thru her red blanket, and the damned dogs racing her for life. Poor thing. Poor thing. I can't help it, but these things make me homesick.

I'm ashamed of myself, Dear Mother, Good Bye.

From your son

CHAUNCEY.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, Jan. 6th, 1863.
HD. QUARTERS 25TH REGT., WIS.

DEAR SISTER: I am sure you would smile if you could get a view of Co. G. as I can see them from where I sit. You would say, "What a writing school." I can count more than 40 of the boys writing letters to their mothers or their girls. Mostly to their girls. Its easy to tell, if a fellow is writing to his mother he don't squirm and cover his paper when some guy looks over his shoulder. There is a lot of such teasing. The only way is to get away up in the top bunks out of reach and hold their portfolios on their laps for a desk. I came off guard this morning after the coldest night of the winter. My beat was long side the railroad track on a high bank where the wind cut me from all sides. I set my gun down and run back and forth to keep from freezing my toes. The snow sifted in the path and kept it soft and mealy. The Legislature had some extra work at the capitol last night. I could see the light at the top of the dome until after midnight.

No pay yet though they keep promising it. Went to the Episcopal church last Sunday. Say, don't they put on style though? I compared them in my mind to our little bunch in that two by four schoolhouse in Gilmanton. The preacher came out in a black dress and talked about things I couldn't understand, but the music was nice when I came away. If I was any better in heart, it was because of the music and not for anything the preacher said. A lot of the boys celebrated Christmas and New Year to their sorrow. Some of them were put in jail up town and two of them are there yet. Nearly every other house between here and the Capitol sells beer and by the time the lovers of grog get into town they are full to running over with "When Johnny comes marching home." There was close to a mutiny of the two regiments here the other day because so many of the boys had been arrested and jailed in the city. The 30th. regiment and several companies of the 25th came out without officers, formed in ranks swearing they would go up and storm the city of Madison, if necessary, and release their comrades in jail. Feeling ran so high that I took my place in the ranks without much heart in it to tell the truth. I was glad when our officers came around and explained

that we were mutineers and in violation of the rules of war and that we should disband.

I had no pity in my heart for the fellows in jail and I was glad for an excuse to sneak back to headquarters. We have some good fellows in our company who are devils when they are in drink. And we have about four who are devils drunk or sober. While I am writing these, the boys are singing Dixie in a great chorus. This awful weather makes us hanker for the warmer south and, since there is no hope of home. All seems quiet on the Potomac.

I see by the papers that the churches are urged to pray for the end of the war. They have had several spells at this and the battles have been harder and the slaughter greater. The churches south have been doing the same thing. It would seem that God ought to pity the slave and help our side, but will he? I know what father would say. He would quote Napoleon, who said, "Put your trust in well drilled troops and keep your powder dry." I remember the last time I heard him say this, when Elder Morse was visiting us and they were talking about the wickedness of slavery about which they both agreed. Father disputed the Elder's opinion that God presided over the movements and affairs of earth. He cited slavery and the wicked wars of the earth and the crimes of the liquor traffic as being inconsistent with the character of a just God. Elder Morse agreed with father this far, that they were not in harmony with the Divine plan, but were tolerated for some reason not given to man to know.

Have father tell Elder Morse, I thank him for his kind words. His son Henry is about and able to eat his rations every day. I hope you wont sell your land as you talk of doing. I got a letter from G——— the other day and answered it. He thinks McClellan is a traitor. Lots of us think the same. Our Captain is a wise man and he says McClellan has been waiting and waiting when he should have been marching and fighting. I am awful sorry that Freemont was set down on by Lincoln. I am with Freemont as many of the boys are. I have no heart in this war if the slaves cannot go free. Freemont wanted to set them free as fast as we came to them. I am disappointed in Lincoln. I re-

member a talk father had with Uncle Ed. Cartwright, who was blaming the war on the Abolitionists. It made father mad and he talked back pretty hot. He said I have a boy who wants to go to the war and I would give his life as cheerfully as Abraham offered his son if necessary that the slaves might be freed. Father meant all right though it seemed hard, but I love him all the more for it, although I suppose I am the boy he meant for the sacrifice. We are all anxious to go south, though none of us that I know are anxious to get shot for any cause. Direct as before to Camp Randall. Love to all, mother, father and brothers.

Your brother,

CHAUNCEY.

CAMP RANDALL, MADISON, WIS.
HD. QUARTERS 25 REGT. WIS. VOL. INFTY.

DEAR MOTHER:

This is a fine morning and the 29th. of January, 1863. How the time flies. Your last letter came day before yesterday. I am awfully glad father had such good luck killing deer. You will have plenty of good meat for the winter. You wish I could have a taste along with you. You bet I do too, but it can't be, so we must not think of it. We came close to a row with the 30th regiment yesterday. The Colonel in command of a squad came down to put some of our boys in the guard house. The word spread like wild fire and a rush was made for the barracks where the boys were taken, and it took but a minute to get them from the 30th men and the 30th Colonel was glad to get back to his regiment. The boys are threatening revolt against the commissary. Our meat and bread is a fright and a big share of the men in both regiments are ripe for mischief. I get a lunch nearly every day at a little grocery just outside the fence. I get a glass of cider, a handful of crackers and a nice piece of Swiss cheese for ten cents. They are Swiss Germans that run the grocery and the girl that clerks has the blackest hair and eyes I ever saw. She has been in this country three years and talks very good English. She has a brother in the Swiss army and when she brags the Swiss soldiers and how much nicer they are than we Yankees, she shows the prettiest white teeth as she smiles.

There is a rumor that we are to be paid soon, anyway before we go South. Rumor is such a liar we don't know what to believe. It is quite sure we will be assigned to the Southwest somewhere. Perhaps to Vicksburg, where the rebs are making a grand stand, perhaps to post duty on some of the river points. Some of the boys pretend they would like to smell gun powder on the battle line before the war ends. I suppose they feel that way. I am learning some things. I find that men who talk the most are not always the bravest.

The news from Washington is bad. McClellan with his big army has gone into winter quarters instead of making an aggressive campaign toward Richmond. Gen. McClernand is doing far more good work than all the rest. Some of the boys are dreaming of home and a good time pretty soon, but the Richmond papers talk like the south was just beginning to wake up. Lots of poor fellows will bite the dust before the end yet.

Friday Jan. 30th. I took a run this morning up to the Adjutant's office and back, to try my wind. It is quite a distance from our barrack. I believe I am getting my legs and wind back, and I am awfully glad. Some of the poor fellows who were sick with me in St. Cloud, Minn., with measles, are losing ground. Orlando Adams of Mondovi says he has no wind any more. Nathan Mann says he has no vim any more and can't stand the drill exercises.

Lots of the boys are blue as whetstones. They say if they were only out of it, the Union might go to blazes. If they would take us where the traitors are, and give us a chance to fight, we would feel that we were doing something. But this dreadful sameness is wearing.

February 2nd. DEAR MOTHER: Your latest letter came this morning. I hope you wont delay writing because news is scarce. Anything from home is news if it is in your hand writing and only about the dog or cat. No, I don't suppose we get the war news earlier than you do. I thank you for sending the paper of tea, altho you remember I don't love it especially. But I am sure this will be good coming from the best of mothers. I will drink it in memory of you and home. I have read somewhere that

mothers were the best beings in the world and now I know it to be true. I trust I may live to come home and prove it to you. You think our officers should see that our bread and meat is good. My dear mother they dont have a word to say about it. It's in the hands of the contractors. Dont worry, we will live thru it, and if southern bullets don't get us, we will tell you all about it when we come home. So Henry Amidon is married. Well, well, Henry is a good boy and I hope he has made no mistake in his choice. So the world goes. I used to think Mrs. Amidon's doughnuts and milk gravy was better than ours. You don't care mother do you if I say this. She was a nice cook and after walking down to Beef river, and taking a swim with Henry, and by the time we got back to his home for a late dinner, things tasted mighty good.

I was just a bit of a fool two years ago next March when I tried to wade across the foot bridge up to my chin in ice water near the mill dam to visit Henry when his folks were in Vermont. I had to back out and when I got back to shore I was so numb that I ran clear down to Uncle Dan Loomis' place and back to start my blood circulating. I was so cold I couldn't put all my clothes on and ran half naked.

I guess I've strung this letter plenty long, and part of it I can't read myself. I expect to catch it from father about my spelling as usual, well thats alright, I ought to improve as I have bo't me a pocket dictionary. It looks so much like a testament that our Chaplain came along the other day and asked me what chapter I was reading. Well, he said, the testament is the only book that is better anyway. He is a good man and wants every soldier to have a testament.

Direct as before to Co. G. Camp Randall, Madison.

Your son, CHAUNCEY.

Yours of recent date just received. I am glad you are knocking the split rail endways. Now we will have a good fence and no mistake.

We must not put any hollow logs in for a foundation like the one you told of in Ohio, where one end came on the outside and the other on the inside of the field. I never think of that story of

the old sow trying to get into the field after the farmer had turned both ends on the outside, without a good laugh. It seems you have heard that small pox is prevalent here. Don't be scared. There was but three or four cases and they were in the 30th Regt. Deaths are frequent enough but from other causes. We are losing a man a day on an average. The boys are buried on a hill just above the camp, and the roll of the muffled drum and the blank discharge of a dozen muskets is the solemn reminder that another soldier has gone to his last bivouac. Father, I begin to hate war and I have seen nothing of it either. There is so much contention among the boys so much that we hear from the Potomac, about treachery, of McClellan and a never ending dispute about the freedom of the slaves. Just now too we are having a fearful rumpus about the rations. The boys are on the point of revolting against the government, the contractors or the state for the sour bread and stinking meat rationed out to us. The sickness of our Regt. is laid to bad food. Stuff they call coffee is made of various seeds.

It seems an outrage to get such treatment in the Capital of our State. Curse upon curse is heaped upon the contractors. We have appealed to the members of the Legislature but they can't help us. After we had drawn our rations of sour bread the other day some three hundred of the boys marched down and stormed the commissary with the sour loaves as ammunition. The next day we got better bread but it did not last long. We hear that it is made out of musty crackers and soap. I don't know I'm sure. I got a letter just this minute and dear, I am so glad. I can see you all gathered about the kitchen stove. Mother has just filled the tea kettle for morning, and father is filling the oven with kindling too wet for starting the fire in the morning and I can see myself cuddled up under the blankets just as mother used to leave me after saying good night under the open shakes with the snow drifting in upon me. I don't believe I am homesick, but if I could not recall in memory these pleasant days of my boyhood I am not quite sure but I should be. Tell mother I am just childish enough to recall that little trundle bed prayer and to repeat it in a whisper every night. I do it because it brings me closer to her but how I cannot tell.

We are going south pretty soon, we hear it rumored every day.

I got a letter yesterday from Fred Rosman. He recalled the times we hoed corn together in 1857. Fred and I layed great plans about killing chickens and sending them to Fountain City and selling to the steam boats.

What funny folks boys are anyway. We talked about a lot of things. Most of our schemes have come to naught. O the pity, that the world don't pan out as they expected. Dora said in her last letter that you were not so well. Your letter makes no mention of illness. I hope you are all right.

Your son,

CHAUNCEY.

THE QUESTION BOX

The Wisconsin Historical Library has long maintained a bureau of historical information for the benefit of those who care to avail themselves of the service it offers. In "The Question Box" will be printed from time to time such queries, with the answers made to them, as possess sufficient general interest to render their publication worth while.

THE OLD CHURCH ON MADELINE ISLAND

Can you give me the date of the building of the old Roman Catholic Church on Madeline Island in Lake Superior?

My reason for asking is: There is an old church, "Caroline Church," in Setauket, that is approaching its 200th anniversary, and it is alleged to be the oldest church building in America. But my impression is that the church on Madeline Island antedates this, as I think that church was built by the Jesuits in the time of Marquette, Hennepin, and the rest of them.

HERMAN HAUPT JR.
East Setauket, Long Island

The church building on Madeline Island is incorrectly attributed to the Jesuit mission of Father Marquette. No trace of his mission on Chequamegon Bay is known, save the letters and accounts published in the *Jesuit Relations*.

The Madeline Island church was built in the early part of the nineteenth century by Father Frederick Baraga (later Bishop Baraga), an Austrian Catholic missionary to the Indians and half-breeds of the Lake Superior region.

THE NAME OF MONDOVI

Can you give me any information regarding the name of our little city, Mondovi—its origin or meaning?

MRS. R. SOUTHWORTH
Mondovi

Your request for information concerning the name Mondovi interests us, but we are not able to solve the problem of its origin. We are of opinion that the name was probably invented by some

of the earliest settlers, possibly by the first postmaster, Robert Nelson. The first postoffice was established in your town in 1859 when it was called Mondori, but this was due to a misreading of the name. In 1860 it was called Mondovia and so remained until 1863 when it assumed its present form.

Your community is not so old but what some of the early settlers may be yet living who could recall the origin of the name. If you should learn it locally, we would be glad if you would let us know, as we keep a record of place names in Wisconsin.

NAMING A MARATHON COUNTY FARM

Will you please send me information concerning the history and legends of Marathon County? We are going to name our farm, but as yet have not been able to find a suitable name, but hope we will be able to select one from the information you give.

HENRY HERMANSON
Spencer

Marathon County was in earlier days the haunt of the Chippewa Indians. Their original home was around Lake Superior, but during the eighteenth century they advanced into central Wisconsin and took possession of the great valleys of the Wisconsin, Chippewa, and St. Croix rivers. Except for Indian traders the earliest white men in Marathon County were the lumbermen, who after the treaty of 1836 began to go in increasing numbers to the upper Wisconsin. The great falls were occupied as early as 1837.

The cut-over lands were placed in market, and agricultural settlement began in the late fifties. It was nearly checked by the Civil War, but at its close began with accelerated pace, and during the seventies most of the public land was sold.

Why not name your land from some of its natural features—for its principal trees, or its outlook, or its streams? We can give you the Chippewa words for the natural features, but usually they are less pleasant than the English words. For example, Ma-na-to-kik-e-we-Se-be—Stooping-Spirit River; Skan-a-wong-Se-be-we-shance—the creek that runs through bluffs. The Indian word for the Eau Pleine is She-sheg-e-ma-we-she-can-Se-be (Soft Maple River).

TENNESSEE PRISONERS AT FORT MACKINAC

In the June number of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, page 473, in the article on Fort Mackinac there is the following:

"At the time of the Civil War the fort had been ungarrisoned for some time. On May 20, 1862 a detachment of troops arrived there as escort for several prominent officials of Tennessee who had wished to deliver their state to the Confederates. They were detained in honorable captivity for some months at Fort Mackinac."

Kindly give me all detailed information you can about this group of Tennesseans: who they were, and under what circumstances, etc., they were carried to Fort Mackinac.

W. A. PROVINE
Editor, *Tennessee Historical Magazine*,
Nashville

The Tennessee prisoners confined at Fort Mackinac in 1862 were Gen. William G. Harding, Gen. Washington Barrows, and Judge Joseph C. Guild. They were Confederate sympathizers who had been arrested by order of Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee. General Barrows was one of the committee who, April 30, 1861, made an agreement with the Confederate government to enter into a military league. He was arrested some time before November 6, 1861, for on that day his application for a parole was denied. Joseph C. Guild, judge of the Chancery Court of Gallatin County, was arrested by Johnson's officers April 15, 1862 on charge of treason, and brought to Nashville. The arrest of Gen. William G. Harding we have not discovered. He may have been one of the Municipal Council of Nashville, which after Johnson's taking possession of Nashville in March, 1862 refused to take the oath of allegiance to the federal government. Governor Johnson considered it dangerous to the Union cause to have these men in Tennessee and had them sent north. May 6, 1862 he made a protest to the federal authorities that the three prisoners, Barrows, Harding, and Guild, were being allowed to be visited by Confederate sympathizers. Secretary Stanton issued orders for their close custody, and arrangements were immediately made to take them to the fort at Mackinac. May 10, 1862 the steamer *Illinois* arrived at the island from Detroit, having on board the three distinguished Tennesseans and a company of Michigan militia under command of Capt. Grover S. Wormer of Detroit (later colonel of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry and brevet brigadier

general of the United States volunteers). May 15 Captain Wormer wrote to his commanding officer that he had placed his prisoners under guard in the Mission House until quarters could be prepared for them at the fort. Three sets of officers' quarters were arranged for them. General Harding occupied the west end, General Barrows the middle set, and Judge Guild the set at the east end. Captain Wormer was reinforced late in May by another company of volunteers.

Judge Guild later wrote his reminiscences and testified to the courtesy with which they were treated, saying that Captain Wormer was a gentleman and treated them as well as his orders permitted. He gives an instance of his own participation in a local trial of an Indian for murder, and his captor's objection to his practicing law while a prisoner. The prisoners applied to have their families join them; it does not seem, however, that this was permitted.

September 10, 1862 the three Tennesseans were removed to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. We have not ascertained at what time they were permitted to return to their homes. You will find the following references of use in elucidating this subject: Edwin O. Wood, *Historic Mackinac* (New York, 1918), I, 475–76; Jos. C. Guild, *Old Times in Tennessee* (Nashville, 1878), 361–65; Clifton P. Hall, *Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee* (Princeton University Press, 1916); Appleton's *Annual Cyclopedia*, 1862, articles "Nashville," and "Tennessee"; J. W. Fertig, *Secession and Reconstruction of Tennessee* (Chicago University Press, 1898); *Official Records of the Civil War*, series II, volume 3. The Johnson papers in the Library of Congress must contain more material on this subject.

COMMUNICATIONS

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIOUX MASSACRE OF 1862

I was very much interested in Miss Kellogg's report and Mr. Bardon's letters in the June magazine in regard to the Sioux Massacre of 1862. They brought very vividly to mind my own experience during that massacre. I am sending this, thinking it may possibly interest someone else.

I went home with my aunt to spend the summer vacation of that year on her farm near Ottawa, Le Sueur County, Minnesota. The farm was on a prairie and we could see the village of Ottawa a long distance away. My uncle returned hurriedly from the post-office in that village one Monday morning and brought the dreadful news. We could scarcely believe it; we thought it must be an exaggeration. All day long we watched and listened for we scarcely knew what, and hoped for better news.

I never shall forget the horrors of that night. The sky was brilliant with firelight from the burning homes, and it required very little imagination to see Indians stealthily approaching. We were thankful that we were on a prairie.

Tuesday morning came at last and the news was even more dreadful than that of the day before; the Indians were much nearer, and we started on our journey. We were obliged to ride sixty-five miles in a lumber wagon to a place where we could take a boat. We had hurriedly packed what we could carry on such a trip—my clothes, still wet, were taken from the line and packed in my trunk. My aunt and I sat on that trunk for that long ride. On our way we met load after load of men who had been to Fort Snelling to enlist and were going home on furloughs to care for their crops. We had to stop every time and tell them all we knew. They could not believe what we told them, and ridiculed the idea that there could be anything serious, and laughed at us for being so easily frightened. We often wondered how they found their homes and families. We met one of these loads while fording a brook, and answered their questions while the horses were drinking. Suddenly I saw a brown face in the

bushes near us. I grabbed my aunt's hand without speaking; she looked where I was looking and we both thought our time had come. Not knowing what to do, we simply kept still and watched. It proved to be a half-breed girl quite as eager for news as we were and in quite as much danger, for the Indians were killing half-breeds too.

At night we arrived at a point where a big city was to have been built. The hotel was the only building of importance to be seen. Its empty rooms were soon filled with men, women, and children stretched on the bare floor or on blankets or watching for Indians through the dusty windows. I have forgotten the name of the place—it might have been St. Lawrence. It was some "Saint" but that is all that I distinctly remember.

In the morning we took a small steamer on the Minnesota River for St. Paul where we took one of the large Mississippi River boats for La Crosse, and there took a train on the La Crosse and Milwaukee road for Milwaukee. At my home in Milwaukee they knew nothing of our danger until my telegram telling of our safety reached them. I reached Milwaukee in the midst of the Indian scare in Ozaukee and Waukesha counties, which was very real to me although *only* a scare.

JULIA A. LAPHAM, *Oconomowoc*

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending October 10, 1920 there were thirty-three additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Eleven of these enrolled as life members, as follows: William D. Barge, Chicago; T. C. Elliott, Walla Walla, Washington; Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore.; Ferdinand Hotz, Chicago; Paul F. Hunter, Madison; Eugene A. Jewett, Marshall; Elizabeth H. (Mrs. Hobart) Johnson, Madison; Erick H. Johnson, Frederic; Charles A. Leicht Sr., New Lisbon; Edmund J. Lindsay, Milwaukee; W. S. Perrigo, Beloit.

The remaining twenty-two persons became annual members of the Society: Regene Beckmire, Trempealeau; Charles E. Butters, Madison; Richard W. Davis, Bangor; Mrs. B. Dresback, Chicago; Bert Giegerich, Prairie du Sac; Willis L. Gilbert, Milwaukee; Harry Goneau, Owen; O. E. Hagen, Caryville; H. S. Hendrickson, Rio; Clarence A. Hollister, Blair; Frederick M. Hyde, Clintonville; Joseph G. Lazansky, Kewaunee; J. A. Macdonald, Madison; Frank B. Metcalfe, Milwaukee; Anna R. Moore, Cambridge; Walter Hart Perry, Wauwatosa; Rev. W. F. Rader, Brodhead; Dr. C. F. Rodolf, Madison; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ocean Spring, Miss.; Randolph M. Thompson, Martell; John H. Voje, Oconomowoc; Mrs. Edith von Wald, Madison; Lieut. John C. Wade, Fort Bliss, Texas.

Chief Justice John B. Winslow of the Wisconsin Supreme Court died at his home in Madison July 13, 1920. Judge Winslow was a native of New York, but he grew to manhood in Racine County, and was educated in the public schools of the county and in Racine College. He manifested a marked legal aptitude and at the early age of thirty-two was elected judge of the first circuit. At the age of forty he became an associate justice of the state supreme court, which he continued to adorn, and most of the time to lead, for almost thirty years. Judge Winslow was an active friend of the State Historical Society and for many years prior to his death had held the office of vice president of the Society.

To most Americans of the present time the days of Washington and Adams, of General Greene and Anthony Wayne, seem as distant and unreal as those of Gustavus Adolphus or Sir Francis Drake. Until within a few weeks, however, a man walked the streets of Madison and went daily to his law office, whose father was an officer under Washington and an intimate friend of General Charles Lee. William A. P. Morris, to whom we allude, was a veteran in still other respects than those connected with his Revolutionary ancestry. He was an alumnus of Hamilton College of sixty-six years' standing. He was a resident of

Madison from the period of its early infancy, having located here in 1854. A man of culture and scholarship, he was early attracted by the work of Lyman C. Draper in the upbuilding of the State Historical Society which dates from the same year (1854) as Mr. Morris' coming to Madison. He became Mr. Draper's firm friend and, when he died, the executor of his will. As a member of the Dane County bar from 1854 (at the time of his death Mr. Morris had long been its oldest member), located in the capital city, he had known most of the lawyers and jurists of importance in the state from its infancy. He long survived most of his earlier contemporaries at the bar, including such men as S. U. Pinney, Harlow S. Orton, William F. Vilas, George B. Smith, E. W. Keyes, and John C. Spooner. Mr. Morris was for several decades a curator of the State Historical Society and for many years prior to his death chairman of its finance committee. No man gave more freely of his time and talent to the Society's service, and until the end he retained a freshness of vision and soundness of judgment rarely excelled in one of half his years. The death of Mr. Morris on September 15 removed one of the state's finest and most interesting characters. Taken all in all we shall not soon look upon his like again.

Another veteran was removed from the business and professional life of Madison by the death on August 31 of Joseph W. Hobbins at the age of seventy-two. Mr. Hobbins was a native of England, who was brought in early childhood to Madison by his parents in 1852, and practically his whole life was passed in this place. His earlier career was connected with the insurance business. In 1883 he organized and became cashier of the Capital City Bank, and this institution, one of the solidest in the state, is his handiwork and monument. As cashier and president he served it continuously until his death. Mr. Hobbins was a life member and firm friend of the State Historical Society, but his surpassing modesty prevented him from attending its meetings or taking part in its deliberations. His business training and sound financial judgment were freely devoted to the interests of the Society in connection with the settlement of the estate of Colonel Hollister, of which, jointly with the superintendent of the Society, he was executor.

The president of the Superior Historical Society, James Bardon, died at his daughter's home in Duluth the twentieth of July. Only a few days before, on the sixth of the same month, he had celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his coming to make his home in Superior. James Bardon was born in Ireland, November 25, 1844; when a child of two his parents brought him to America and settled at Maysville, Kentucky, removing thence in 1857 to the then new town of Superior. Mr. Bardon was connected with the development of his adopted home in many ways. He was only eighteen when he was called out on guard duty during the Indian scare of 1862. One of his last enterprises was to secure the muster roll of the Douglas County Guards kept among the Society's records, and he proposed to the city council to institute

"Stockade Park" within the limits of the historic stockade built at that time.

Mr. Bardon was an early Superior journalist, served for a time as a teacher, and owned and operated a sawmill for many years. He actively promoted railroads and banks and served his community in many local offices. His enthusiasm for his adopted state and city was lasting and resulted in many benefits conferred by this estimable citizen. He was a life member of this Society and a warm supporter of its activities. His brother, Thomas Bardon of Ashland, writes that during the funeral period flags hung at half mast on the public buildings of Superior, and leading citizens of both that city and Duluth were honorary and active pallbearers.

The Milwaukee press reported the death in that city on August 1, 1920 of Thomas L. Kennan, the oldest attorney in active practice in Wisconsin. A native of New York, Mr. Kennan studied law in Ohio and in 1849 began its practice at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He achieved success in his profession and for many years served as attorney for the Wisconsin Central Railroad. He recruited a company for the Civil War and went into service as first lieutenant, having declined the captaincy of the company he had raised. The active professional career of Mr. Kennan covered practically the entire history of the state of Wisconsin.

The Society received a visit in August from Miss Mary Reid of Des Moines and Mrs. Butterworth of Maquoketa, Iowa, daughters of Harvey Reid, whose interesting diary of life at the University of Wisconsin in the spring of 1861 was published in the issue of this magazine for September, 1917. Due to the kindness of Miss Reid, the Society has a mass of equally interesting Civil War letters written by her father, many of which it is hoped may be published at no distant date.

Two other visitors to the Library in August were Mrs. W. M. Dallmeyer and Miss Katrine Dallmeyer of Jefferson City, Missouri, great-granddaughter and great-great-granddaughter of General Jonathan Ramsay of that state. Dr. Draper visited General Ramsay at his home in Calloway County in October, 1851 and took down his reminiscenses both of his father and of himself, noted pioneers and Indian fighters. Mrs. Dallmeyer wished to ascertain General Ramsay's record in the War of 1812. He acted as brigadier general in General Hopkins' Illinois campaign during that year.

Henry Johnson, state treasurer of Wisconsin, wrote for the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* of August 15, 1920 an interesting article on pioneer home-making in Oconto County. Mr. Johnson himself became a pioneer in the town of Howe in the summer of 1879, and he describes with evident satisfaction the hardships and pleasures which he underwent while engaged in hewing a home out of the forest during the following years.

The State Historical Museum has acquired a small collection of archeological materials which formerly belonged to the late Mr. Arthur Mills of Madison. It consists of stone celts, grooved stone axes, a spud, a gorget, plummet, boat stone, pestle, flint and copper implements of various classes, and a number of interesting examples of Wisconsin and other Indian bead ornamental articles. The stone and copper implements have the interest to local students of having been nearly all collected from Indian sites on the Lake Monona shores at Madison.

Mr. H. E. Cole of Baraboo and Curator Charles E. Brown spent a number of days in the early part of September surveying groups of Indian earthworks and conducting other investigations in the Wisconsin River townships in western Columbia County. The most interesting and extensive mound groups visited by them were located at Kingsley Bend south of Kilbourn, at Lake Whiting, and at Swan Lake.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society is publishing a report by Dr. Alphonse Gerend, of Milladore, which describes the Indian history and antiquities of his home county of Sheboygan, a region particularly rich in aboriginal remains. The latter include camp and village sites, planting grounds, burial places, and groups of mounds, and other earthworks. These are most numerous in the region immediately surrounding the city of Sheboygan, in the Black River and New Amsterdam country along the Lake Michigan shore south of it, and about the margin of the great Sheboygan marsh in the northwest corner of the county. Traces of Indian occupation also occur along the Sheboygan, Pigeon, and Mullet rivers. With the assistance of some of the older members of the Forest County band of Potawatomi Dr. Gerend has been able to locate the sites of the villages which their people once occupied in Sheboygan County and to learn much concerning their history.

For many years the author has been making a collection of Indian stone, clay, and metal implements from the mounds, burial places, and camp sites in the county. This is most extensive and is now deposited in cases in the Sheboygan Public Library, there to form the nucleus of a future public museum. His present report represents the results of nearly twenty years of field and research work and deserves the fullest recognition.

The Illinois legislature of 1919 passed an act establishing the fourth Friday in September as American Indian Day. The example thus set of our sister state might well be followed by Wisconsin. The American Indian had his faults, but along with these went certain marked virtues which it would be well for present-day Americans to cultivate more actively than they seem, at least to one observer, to be doing. The story of our treatment of the red race, too, is one whose study is calculated to induce a healthy state of humility on the part of those Americans who cultivate it with any degree of thoroughness. Wisconsin still has a considerable Indian population, and despite their many handicaps our red men have made more than one worthy contribution to the cause of

civilization. To instance a single example, our Wisconsin Indians played a really astounding rôle in the Civil War. The Menominee, out of a total population of less than 1,900, sent 125 soldiers into the Union army. The Oneida, less than 1,100 strong, furnished 111 soldiers to Wisconsin regiments. The Stockbridge and Munsee, from a total population of 338, supplied forty-three soldiers. All this, be it remembered, without the compulsion of conscription, which was responsible for the entry of many a white soldier into the army. For Wisconsin to have equaled in the recent World War the record of the Stockbridge in the Civil War would have required the raising of 340,000 soldiers, approximately three times as many as were furnished by the state. Wisconsin might easily find a less worthy excuse for a celebration than one commemorating the virtues of the North American Indian, the real native American.

Baraboo, Dells, and the Devil's Lake Region is the title of a charming booklet of sixty-four pages describing the features of scenic and historic interest in the region which centers at Baraboo. The author, Harry E. Cole, is a resident of Baraboo who has become widely known for his devotion to cultural and scholarly interests. The present work, evidently a labor of love on the part of Mr. Cole, illustrates admirably the fact that one need not travel to New England or distant Europe to enjoy scenes which are steeped in interesting human associations. The charming physical scenery of southern Wisconsin has gained widespread popular recognition. If every county had a teacher like Mr. Cole to point the way, it would not be long until resident and tourist alike would view it in the light of the increased charm which comes from interesting human associations.

Joseph B. Thoburn, secretary of the Oklahoma Historical Society, writes that the society at its May meeting made provision for the employment of a librarian and for the publication of a quarterly magazine. The magazine will be edited by Dean J. S. Buchanan of the University of Oklahoma and will probably be known as the *Oklahoma Historical Chronicles*. At the time of writing, detailed plans for the publication remained to be worked out.

Mr. Thoburn conveys the following further interesting information concerning our sister society of the new Southwest:

"Our Society has procured by purchase the manuscript *Journal of Union Mission*. It is a very interesting document of 310 pp., 7½ x 12 inches. Like other papers of its class, it reflects the spiritual atmosphere of the time in which it was written. At the same time, it throws a flood of new light on the history of what is now Eastern Oklahoma a century ago. Its first entry is dated April 20, 1820, and it continues until February, 1826. Governor Miller, of Arkansas Territory, Colonel Matthew Arbuckle, commandant successively at Fort Smith and Cantonment Gibson, General Atkinson, General Edmund P. Gaines, Major William Bradford, Captain Nathaniel Pryor, Colonel Augustus P. Chouteau and one or two of his brothers are among the characters who figure in its pages. The document is fairly well preserved and every line

is legible. Two years ago I secured a small manuscript volume of letters, written just eighty years before, by a lady from Massachusetts who had been a missionary at Dwight Mission, in the Cherokee Nation, in 1834–5. It is ready for the printer. It is my idea that these two papers might appropriately be included in one volume."

THE CHARLETON PAPERS

The Society has recently received from Mrs. Frank Nanscowen of Milwaukee the papers of her father, Captain William Charleton. Captain Charleton was a well-known veteran of the Civil War, who died in Madison in 1908. He was born in 1831 in Ireland, came to this country when a boy, and grew up at Verona, in Dane County. He enlisted early in the war and served throughout the entire four years in the Eleventh Wisconsin Volunteers. After the close of the war he was assemblyman for two terms in 1866 and 1876; he also served as sheriff of the county during 1878–79. His papers, for the most part, are concerned with the Civil War period; for some time he acted as quartermaster for his company and retained duplicate copies of all his reports. These are extremely well kept and indicate the method of invoicing stores, ordnance, clothing, and equipage for a unit in the field. There are also muster rolls, recruiting papers, and some letters, notably those of Captain Otis Remick of Company B of the Eleventh Regiment. There are also a few papers connected with Captain Charleton's term as sheriff, such as jail entries, foreclosures, etc.

THE CLOUGH PAPERS

From Mrs. Sarah Louise Kimball of San Francisco the Society has received the gift of about a score of letters and documents formerly belonging to her grandfather, Colonel Simeon De Witt Clough of Racine, Wisconsin. Mrs. Kimball writes: "Grandpa Clough sent me these old business letters, when I was studying shorthand, as forms." It is true that they are models of well-written, well-expressed business letters. Most of them were written by Marshall M. Strong, a few by Henry S. Durand, William C. Allen, and John Rinewalt. They all relate to the financing of the Racine, Janesville and Mississippi Railroad, which later became the Western Union. In point of time the letters range from 1854 to 1857, almost all in the latter two years. At first they are optimistic in tone; the funds are being raised, the mortgages coming in. By July, 1857, however, Durand wrote from Providence, Rhode Island, revealing the desperate condition of the company's finances and the monstrous debts that would fall due in ten days, with not a dollar provided. The writers throw the blame for this sad state of their finances upon rival railway enterprises.

To the history of early railroading in Wisconsin these letters are an addition. They are also contributions concerning the first generation of Wisconsin Americans who built up the state in the years before the Civil War. When the war began most of these men were too old for active service. Strong addressed war meetings, contributed to relief funds, and loyally supported the men in the field. Clough was the first

commissary at Camp Utley, Racine, and likewise exerted himself in behalf of the Union. Their east and west railroad was also a link in providing the necessary transport and connections for the movement of troops and supplies. Unwittingly they had builded better than they knew.

THE PICKARD PAPERS

The State Historical Society has received from Fanny M. Jollyman of Cupertino, California, a manuscript written some years ago by her father, the late Josiah L. Pickard, who died in 1914. It consists of 109 typed pages and divides into five main sections—Early life in New England; career in Wisconsin, as principal of Platteville Academy (1846–1859) and superintendent of public instruction (1860–1864); superintendent of schools in the city of Chicago (1864–1877); president of the University of Iowa (1878–1887); and general remarks on educational progress.

Mr. Pickard was able to cast his eye in retrospect over the educational history of the country from the later eighteen twenties in New England to 1900 and after in California. As a source, his manuscript is particularly valuable for the history of public school development in Wisconsin, the progress of city school organization as illustrated in Chicago, and as giving a cross-section view of the University of Iowa about forty years ago, which will illustrate the conditions of state universities generally in that epoch. He also throws some light on the condition of the University of Wisconsin in the period of the sixties. Dr. Pickard twice refused to accept the presidency of Wisconsin's university in that period, being much more interested in the problems of elementary education than in those of higher education. He secured the enactment of the county superintendency law in Wisconsin to replace the inefficient town superintendency. He gave much thought to problems of supervision, grading, the preparation of courses of study, etc.

The manuscript contains several lively descriptions of incidents personal to the writer but illustrative at the same time of educational conditions. One is his earliest impression of the New England district school; another depicts an episode of his student days at Bowdoin College; a third is a dramatic account of his contest with the Platteville Academy trustees over the question of permitting a colored girl to attend that school. His experience with a hostile Chicago municipal government also makes good reading, as does the story of faculty politics at Iowa State University. Of very special interest is his account of the way the school system was employed in helping to meet the crisis brought upon the city of Chicago by the great fire of October, 1871.

Doctor Pickard presents a noteworthy account of the origin and the development of the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association, as also of the National Education Association with both of which movements he was intimately associated.

The manuscript will prove an important contribution toward the educational history of the nineteenth century. Copies of it are being

supplied to the Chicago Historical Society and to the State Historical Society of Iowa.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

THE KNAPP PAPERS

The *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for December, 1919 (II, 267–68) described the contents of two early diaries of John H. Knapp, founder and president of the "Knapp, Stout and Company Lumber Company." His son, Henry E. Knapp, has recently deposited with the Society his father's later diaries covering the years 1855, 1859–63, 1865–67, 1869–81. Mr. Knapp has also given to the Society a portion of his own correspondence from 1889 to 1905 and four boxes of genealogical material of the Knapp and allied families. These papers add to our knowledge of the operations of the great lumber company and of the personal character and interests of the Knapp family. Mr. Knapp senior was the purchasing agent for the firm. His earlier records narrate the several journeys each year to New York and Boston. By 1865, however, most of the goods could be purchased in Chicago. The success of the firm and the increasing amount of its transactions may be traced year by year until in 1878 articles were taken out for a joint stock corporation. This corporation enlarged rapidly while the wealth of the pineries lasted. Three steamboats were owned in order to tow their rafts on the Mississippi; by 1889, however, these were sold, and the quantity of the mill cuttings began slowly to decline. About the same time officers of the corporation began searching for southern timber; lands were bought, and mills started in southeastern Missouri.

Among the papers are two considerable inventories of the firm's property—one of 1893 and the other of 1899—useful in understanding the necessary equipment for the great logging camps and the farms that supplied them with provisions. The decline of the company's stores can be traced in these papers; by the middle of the nineties the merchandizing on the part of the corporation was entirely abandoned.

These papers are also interesting for other phases of history than the economic. The Knapps were in politics to a very small degree, but year by year the elder member of the family visited Madison during the legislative session. As prominent Wisconsin men they knew the leaders of political life. Letters are here from Senators Spooner and Allison, from one or more state governors and Congressional representatives. One of the correspondents was at the Buffalo exposition when McKinley was assassinated and vividly describes the sensations of horror and dismay that fell upon the concourse. The elder Knapp and his family were in Chicago on that fateful October night of 1871 when the city began to burn; his diary relates their escape from the doomed hotel and their retreat from the burning city. Both father and son traveled extensively, and both diaries and correspondence are full of interesting material on Americans in foreign countries. One phase of the correspondence concerns the Wisconsin troops in the Spanish-American War. Company H of the Third Wisconsin was recruited in Menomonie, and Mr. Knapp followed its fortunes with his interest and benefactions.

In return, the officers and soldiers wrote him many letters, exceedingly interesting, on camp life in the South and on the Porto Rican Campaign. One of his correspondents re-enlisted and was sent to the Philippines where his letters describe the insurrection and the American occupation of Leyte and Samar islands. Later he returned to the "States" and was sent to the garrison at Nome.

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

THE WOOD PAPERS

The Society has recently been the recipient of a number of papers derived from the estate of Charles Catlin of Milwaukee, turned over to our care by the First Wisconsin Trust Company, administrator. These papers are the letters and documents of the Wood family of Vermont, the best known member of which was Colonel Eleazer Derby Wood, who was killed in the sortie from Fort Erie, upper Canada, opposite Buffalo, September 17, 1814. Colonel Wood was a native of New York educated at West Point, where he was graduated October 30, 1806. He was at once commissioned second lieutenant of engineers and eighteen months later promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. During the years preceding the declaration of the War of 1812 he was occupied in building defenses in New York harbor and at Norfolk, Virginia. For a time also he was a professor at the military academy. With the outbreak of the war he obtained his captaincy and was sent to assist General Harrison on the northwest frontier. His engineering skill saved the army at Fort Meigs, and for distinguished services he was brevetted major. The next year, in command of the Twenty-first Infantry, he was upon the Niagara frontier where July 25 he was brevetted lieutenant colonel for gallant conduct at the battle of the preceding fourteenth. His loss was severely felt by his comrades and superiors in arms. General Jacob Brown pronounced his eulogy, describing him as "brave, generous and enterprising." The same officer raised a monument to his friend Colonel Wood on the grounds of West Point.

The papers, which were exhibited at the Perry Victory Centennial in the Public Museum, Milwaukee, comprise twelve letters of Colonel Wood to his brothers, ranging in date from 1808 to 1814: one letter from a comrade to Wood; a long account in his own handwriting of the siege of Fort Meigs; and a document written by Dr. James W. Wood describing his captivity as a civilian in Canada during 1813 and 1814. The letters of the young soldier are delightful; they are instinct with the highest sentiments of honor and patriotism, love of family, and noble principles. The earliest describe his work, his pleasant situation at Norfolk, Virginia, his life at West Point. Even by 1810 he saw the war clouds beginning to lower and was eager to take his part in America's defense. From Washington in December, 1812 he writes of the plans and disposition of the forces, his disappointment with reverses; and in 1814 he does not hesitate to denounce the "low state of our arms" and the "adverse reputation reverses have brought us." Nevertheless he was no gloomy pessimist. At Canandaigua, March 14, 1814 he writes: "We nevertheless possess valour & intrepidity; but the former is illy

conducted & the latter is cramped—the Army is, in some measure relieved and invigorated by the late promotions, changes, and removals &c—so trust something will be done in the course of the ensuing Campaign, which will tend to soften and give it a different cast."

He had unbounded admiration for General William H. Harrison, his chief in command at Fort Meigs; as a token of esteem he presented to Harrison the sword which Proctor surrendered to Wood upon the battlefield at the Thames. His strictures upon the commander who suffered the defeat at River Raisin and upon Colonel Dudley, who was defeated in the attempt to relieve Fort Meigs, are severe. As a military paper, descriptive of a campaign, a better one has rarely come under our observation than Wood's account of the siege and relief of Fort Meigs in the spring of 1813. This event was closely connected with Wisconsin history, since it was Indians from our region, led by British partisans, that whooped and yelped about the American camp and scalped and mutilated the bodies of the unfortunate victims—those "demons of the forest" as our author calls them "instead of remaining idle at the foot of the Trees, they bounded into their Tops, with as much agility & dexterity, as if they had been taught it from infancy, and from those elevated stations, poured down into our Camp prodigious showers of Musketry." How Wood himself outwitted the plans of Proctor and protected the American soldiers from both redcoats and Indians is told by himself in a description too long to cite, but fascinating to read. Although a soldier, he had no love for warfare and advised his brother against adopting a military profession. "I have written him to examine himself well, and if he thinks himself qualified for the office; and that he can stem the horrors of war, in however hideous a shape they may appear; he had better accept the appointment. I however, remind him of one Sir John Falstaff! Honor is a fine thing; but it will not set a broken leg; nor keep a hungry man from starving!" For himself he did his duty with courage and deliberation. "I am now destined for the true life of a soldier," he writes in 1812, "have many duties to perform, and much to undergo; but if, after all I can serve my country, preserve my reputation and contribute to the attainment of the object in view, viz., freedom—I am satisfied." So writes an American Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." America has many such sons who have gladly offered their lives on the altar of freedom, but none more pure and true than Eleazer D. Wood as revealed to the world by this series of letters.

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

THE PERRAULT PAPERS

The Society has come into possession of a group of letters and papers of especial interest for diplomatic history of the United States during the late thirties of the last century. After the Canadian revolution of 1837 a number of those who had been concerned therein, especially the leaders of the two sections, Louis Papineau of Lower Canada, William Lyon McKenzie of Upper Canada, escaped to the United States and

there carried on their propaganda for several years. Among the more prominent of the exiles was Louis Perrault, whose brother, Charles Ovide Perrault, was the hero and martyr of the battle of St. Denis. During the first half of 1839 Louis Perrault lived at Burlington, Vermont, and acted as treasurer for the funds collected for the relief of the exiles. Louis Perrault was in constant communication with the revolutionary leaders, and their letters to him contain all the secrets of the organization, the hopes, the plans, the sufferings, and the despairs of these exiled "patriots." Louis Perrault himself belonged to the "peace group"; he deplored any further efforts at violent action and was willing to take advantage of any amnesty that the government authorities would grant. He even applied to the governor general of Canada for permission to return to his family home at Montreal. None the less, he with his other compatriots was not averse to fishing in troubled waters and to utilizing the sympathy of the United States with the Canadian revolutionists to involve our country in war with Great Britain. When difficulties over the northeast boundary arose, and the governor of Maine issued a threatening proclamation in the so-called "Aroostook War" of 1839, the patriots took heart of hope, which died when President Van Buren and Secretary of State Forsyth repudiated Governor Fairfield's action and made soothing overtures to Great Britain.

The object of the patriots was Canadian independence. Their "Declaration," included among these papers in both an English and a French version, is an echo of our own. If they had succeeded in their purpose they might have become immortal "signers" and "fathers" of their country. A certain amount of liberal sentiment in Great Britain, at this time, might have supported a separation. Some of the exiles went secretly to London, while from Paris, where Papineau was endeavoring to work up French sympathy, came hints of British acquiescence and interest.

The most interesting figure among Perrault's correspondents was Edmund B. O'Callaghan, later editor of the well-known historical volumes of the *New York Colonial Documents*. O'Callaghan corresponded with Papineau at Paris and made long extracts from his letters for Perrault. O'Callaghan, likewise, deplored the foolish border skirmishes in which several unfortunate exiles were killed. To his mind violence had failed, and only propaganda by press and other persuasive methods remained. During the time these letters were being written Lord Durham's famous report on the state of Canada was published—a report which in the end rendered futile and unnecessary all insurrectionary movements among our northward neighbors. The exiles, however, were bitter concerning it and denounced its "duplicity" and unjust discriminations. The expeditions for the collection of relief funds ended in pitiful failures. Two of the French-Canadians visited New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, but did not secure enough for their own expenses, and one of them was held up at Baltimore until relief could be sent to him; another visited New Orleans, with what success we are not informed.

Other melancholy features of the correspondence relate to the fate of the "patriots" who were captured and were in prison in Canada or in London awaiting transportation to penal colonies. Attempts to prove their trials illegal or appeals to clemency availed but little. One of Perrault's brothers writes from Montreal after release from imprisonment in which he had suffered much.

The correspondence comes to a sudden end, probably because Louis Perrault was permitted in July, 1839 to leave Burlington for Montreal, where he seems to have passed the remainder of his life as a respected citizen. Hastily tying up the compromising letters in a packet Perrault sent them from Burlington, July 29, to his friend Duvernay, then at Middlebury, writing thereon "Papiers prives Louis Perrault. Duvernay voudra bien lui conservez." Duvernay in his turn departed before long from Middlebury for Montreal, leaving the packet of papers, carefully corded and sealed, with an American lady of his acquaintance at that place. She kept the trust sacredly, and apparently the seal was never broken until by the settlement of the estate of her daughter the package came into the hands of a curator of our Society. He, appreciating their unusual character, presented them to the Society. The historical value of these papers is considerable and more than merely local. They throw light on the aftermath of the Canadian attempt at independence and upon the international affiliations evoked by their revolt.

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

James H. McManus ("The Trails of Northern Wisconsin") is a veteran member of the West Wisconsin Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He contributed "A Forgotten Trail" to the December, 1919 issue of this magazine.

Theodore C. Blegen ("Colonel Hans Christian Heg") has recently been made assistant professor of history at Hamline University, St. Paul. He has previously written for this magazine an article on "The Competition of the Northwestern States for Immigrants," published in the issue of September, 1919.

M. M. Quaife ("The Panic of 1862 in Wisconsin") is the editor of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

W. A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: V. The Battle of the Bad Axe") of Fond du Lac continues in this issue his interesting series of articles.

Joseph Schafer ("Co-operation between the State Historical Society and Local Societies") is the superintendent of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.