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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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IOWA COUNTY COURTHOUSE
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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THE STORY OF WISCONSIN, 1634-1848

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

CHAPTER I. PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

TOPOGRAPHY

In the beautiful new capitol of the state of Wisconsin a noted artist has portrayed the commonwealth as a strong and beautiful woman, embraced and encircled by the guardian figures of the Mississippi River, Lake Superior, and Lake Michigan. Thus in symbolic form the painter has vividly portrayed the truth that Wisconsin's position at the headwaters of the two great valleys of North America—the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—has been of supreme importance in the history of the state. To these advantages of position is due its early discovery, its thorough exploration, and its value as a link in the penetration of inland America.

The area of the present state is 56,066 square miles, somewhat larger than the whole of England. In extreme length from north to south it is 320 miles, with a maximum width almost as great. Its distance from the Atlantic coast is about a thousand miles—one-third of the entire distance across the continent. The eastern and northern portions of the state drain into the two upper Great Lakes by short streams with rapid courses. The larger portion of the area belongs to the Mississippi system, into which it drains by a series of large rivers; the largest and most important of these is the one from which the state takes its name. The Wisconsin River rising on the northeastern boundary of the state cuts across it to the southwest, making a great trough which at the elbow in south central Wisconsin approaches within three-quarters of a mile of the eastward-flowing Fox River. The Fox, in its upper course a sluggish stream, winding slowly through lakes and wide-spreads of wild rice, after passing through Lake

Winnebago, the largest lake wholly within the state, rushes with great force down a series of rapids into the upper end of Green Bay, the V-shaped western extremity of Lake Michigan. Thus a natural waterway crosses the state, uniting by means of a short portage the Atlantic waters with those of the Gulf of Mexico, and dividing the state into a northern and southern portion, which have had widely differing courses of development.

The southeastern half of the state, with plentiful harbors on Lake Michigan and Green Bay, opens unobstructedly towards the south and east. It was therefore the first portion to be permanently settled, and has partaken of the civilization and progress of the Middle West. The northern and western part of the state faces toward the farther west, and its development has been delayed by the tardy growth of population at the head of Lake Superior and along the headwaters of the Mississippi. Waterways connecting these two drainage systems pass through this part of Wisconsin of which the earliest known was that via the Bois Brulé of Lake Superior and the St. Croix of the Mississippi. Other streams connect with the headwaters of the Chippewa, the Black, and the Wisconsin. All these routes were explored during the early years of Wisconsin's history, but their rapid flow and difficult portages have made them impractical as commercial routes. The heavy forestation of the northern portion of the state has been until recent times the main fact in its history; while as carriers of timber and as sources of water power the rapid rivers of northwestern Wisconsin have played their part in the production of its wealth and prosperity.

SOVEREIGNTY

Politically, Wisconsin has been included in more different units of government than any of its neighbors. It was first a part of the Spanish empire in North America which claimed all the continent whose southern borders had been discovered

and occupied by Spanish subjects. The Spanish sovereignty in Wisconsin was never more than a shadow, and so far as we know no one of that race ever placed foot upon Wisconsin soil until long after it was possessed by a rival power.

The true history of Wisconsin begins with the coming of the French, who in 1634 sent their first representative to its shores. The period of French occupation was nominally about a century and a quarter; in reality it lasted somewhat less than one hundred years, as more than twenty years elapsed before the first discoverer was followed by others. The real exercise of French sovereignty began in 1671 when St. Lusson at the Sault Ste. Marie took possession in the name of Louis XIV "of all other Countries, rivers, lakes and tributaries, contiguous and adjacent thereunto [to the Sault and Lakes Huron and Superior], as well discovered as to be discovered, which are bounded on the one side by the Northern and Western Seas and on the other side by the South Sea including all its length or breadth."[1]

The French domination of the area we now know as Wisconsin was exercised from the lower St. Lawrence Valley and was directed by the court at Versailles, where paternalism was the fashion, and where the smallest details of administration were decided by the highest powers of the kingdom. It may thus be said that Wisconsin during the French period was ruled directly by the French monarch. Every appointment of a petty officer of the Canadian army to command a log fort by one of Wisconsin's waterways had to be endorsed by the king; every little skirmish with the Indian tribesmen, every disagreement between soldiers and traders had to be reported by the Canadian authorities to the Royal Council, and await its dictum for settlement. Even the power of the governor of New France was frequently overruled by dictation from the Court of France, and orders for the governance of his subjects in Wisconsin were discussed in the presence of the greatest monarch of Europe.

[1] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XI, 27-28.

The French domination came to an abrupt end when in the course of the Seven Years' War, Montreal, including all the upper province of New France, surrendered to the arms of England. The last French garrison left Wisconsin in 1760 by the Fox-Wisconsin waterway, and the next year an English detachment took possession of Green Bay and made Wisconsin a constituent part of the British Empire. Thus it remained until the close of the American Revolution. During the first years of the English possession, the Upper Country was ruled by the military authorities at Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay) and Mackinac, subject to the commander-in-chief of the American armies, and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department. After 1774 Wisconsin was a part of the province of Quebec.

British sovereignty in Wisconsin fell with the Treaty of Paris in 1783, which transferred to the new American nation the land south of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi. The British government, however, claiming nonfulfillment of certain treaty provisions, but in reality acting in the interest of British fur traders, refused to deliver to the United States the northwestern posts. Thus the inhabitants of Wisconsin, while technically on American territory, were practically ruled by English officers. In 1796 after Jay's Treaty with England, the northwestern posts were delivered over to American garrisons, and Wisconsin became an unorganized portion of the Northwest Territory. On May 7, 1800 Indiana Territory was organized with Wisconsin as part of her vast domain. Upon the territorial division into counties Wisconsin became a part of St. Clair whose limits extended from a line nearly opposite St. Louis to the northern boundary of the United States. In 1802 Gov. William Henry Harrison appointed two justices of the peace and three militia officers in St. Clair County of Indiana Territory to serve at the French-Canadian settlement near the mouth of Wisconsin River. The next year a third justice was appointed for Prairie du Chien, and

another commissioned for the sister community at the mouth of Fox River on Green Bay. All these appointees were British subjects and prominent fur traders. Therefore while commissions were issued and writs ran in the name of the United States, British fur traders were in actual control of all governmental agencies in Wisconsin.

In 1808 the United States increased the number of its representatives by the appointment of an Indian agent at Prairie du Chien. This agent was a French-Canadian by birth, formerly a British subject, who had become a naturalized American by residence in the French settlements of Illinois. By race and interests he was allied with the Franco-British traders of Wisconsin.

In 1809 Illinois Territory was set off from Indiana carrying with it St. Clair County in which Wisconsin was included. So far as known the officials appointed by the governor of Indiana for Green Bay and Prairie du Chien continued to act under the commissions already received.

The outbreak of the War of 1812 made a sharp division among Wisconsin's few government officers. The Indian agent was the sole official who maintained his American allegiance. All the other appointees declared for Great Britain, and actively engaged in operations for her benefit. The Indian agent was driven down the Mississippi, and Wisconsin became again a part of the territory of the British empire, guarded by Canadian troops and administered by British officers. In 1814 the Americans made an attempt to repossess themselves of the region on the Mississippi. A force organized at St. Louis ascended the river and built a post at Prairie du Chien. This American post had been held less than a month, however, when an overwhelming British force from Mackinac and Green Bay captured the new fort and expelled the American garrison.

The Canadian authorities were eager to retain possession of Wisconsin, and during the negotiations for the Treaty of

Ghent in 1814 made a determined effort to have the boundary lines redrawn so that Wisconsin would be made a buffer Indian region under British authority. This attempt failed, and in 1815, according to the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, the British garrisons were withdrawn from Wisconsin's soil. Nevertheless, so hostile were the Indian tribes to American reoccupation that not until eighteen months after the signing of the treaty was the American flag raised within the limits of Wisconsin. During this nongovernmental period the British fur traders maintained, as they practically had done since 1761, an ascendancy over the tribesmen that preserved the few settlements from anarchy and destruction. While thus theoretically changing sovereignty several times from 1761 to 1816, Wisconsin was really during the entire period a French-Canadian settlement under British control.

American military occupation began in 1816 when strong posts were built at Prairie du Chien and Green Bay, the garrisons of which overawed the sullen tribesmen. Indian officials were appointed and American traders soon rivaled the operations of the French-Canadians. So bitterly did the latter resent the restrictions imposed upon them by American officers and officials that in 1818 they planned to remove in a body to some place under British jurisdiction taking the Wisconsin Indians with them. Within a few years, however, the friction was adjusted, and the leading Wisconsin settlers became naturalized American citizens.

In 1818 Illinois was admitted as a state into the Union, and Wisconsin was transferred to Michigan Territory. The same year Wisconsin was organized into two counties, Brown and Crawford, justices of the peace were appointed, and American sovereignty became operative within this region. In 1824 United States district courts were organized for that portion of Michigan Territory lying west of Lake Michigan. In 1829 Crawford County was divided, all south of the Wisconsin River becoming Iowa County. In 1834 Brown County

was reduced by the organization of its southern portion into Milwaukee County. In 1836 Michigan was admitted into the Union, and the territory of Wisconsin was organized out of that portion of its limits that lay west of Lake Michigan.

Wisconsin Territory was maintained for twelve years. In 1846 there was a movement for statehood, but the constitution then drawn was rejected by the people, so that not until 1848 did Wisconsin become the thirtieth state in the American Union.

BOUNDARIES

The boundaries of Wisconsin were first laid down in the Ordinance of 1787, which decreed that the southern boundary of the fifth or northwestern state of the Northwest Territory should be an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan; that the western boundary should be the Mississippi to its source, thence by a straight line to the Lake of the Woods and the international boundary; that the northern boundary should coincide with the international boundary through Lake Superior; and that the eastern boundary should be the meridian due north from Vincennes to the international line. The area of Wisconsin as outlined by this ordinance was one and a half times as large as at the present time. By successive measures Wisconsin's boundaries have since been curtailed at the southern, northeastern, and northwestern sides.

The southern boundary was changed when in 1818 Illinois was admitted to the Union. In order to secure for that state a harbor on Lake Michigan, Illinois' northern boundary was shifted from the line due west from the southern point of Lake Michigan, to latitude 42° 30′. This added to Illinois a strip of territory sixty-one miles in width, containing 8,500 square miles, and the site of Chicago. In 1818 there was no one in Wisconsin to protest against this change. In 1838, however, and during Wisconsin's later territorial period, attempts were made to repossess the northern portion of Illinois

on the ground that the Ordinance of 1787 was a solemn compact, and as such inviolable without the consent of all parties concerned. The matter never came before the United States Supreme Court, but Wisconsin's territorial legislature passed several vigorous resolutions on the subject to which Congress paid no attention. Strange to say, many Illinois inhabitants dwelling in the disputed strip would have preferred Wisconsin's jurisdiction; at one time an informal referendum on the question in several Illinois counties resulted overwhelmingly in favor of Wisconsin. No official action, however, resulted, and the enabling act for Wisconsin in 1846 fixed its southern line at 42° 30′.

The eastern boundary as outlined by the Ordinance of 1787 was obliterated when in 1818 Wisconsin became part of Michigan Territory. When in 1834 it became evident that Michigan east of Lake Michigan would soon become a state, it was suggested that all west of Lake Michigan be organized into a new territory. This would have included in Wisconsin the upper peninsula of Michigan, and made our state a topographical unit. Michigan, however, became engaged in a boundary contest with Ohio concerning the harbor of Toledo. Congress decided this controversy in favor of Ohio, but compensated Michigan by adding to her area the lands east of the Montreal and Menominee River boundary. Wisconsin, then unorganized, had no means of protest. Her northeastern boundary was fixed by the erection of the territory in 1836.

Wisconsin Territory when organized included all that portion of the Louisiana Purchase lying north of Missouri, and east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers. This vast region, embracing Iowa, Minnesota, and the larger parts of the Dakotas, was understood to be added to Wisconsin for administrative purposes only. In 1838 Iowa Territory was set off, and Wisconsin was limited to the western boundary as outlined in the Ordinance of 1787. This included within Wisconsin Territory nearly one-third of the present area of

Minnesota. At one time it was suggested that a sixth state should be formed of the territory east of the upper Mississippi and south of Lake Superior. This project was abandoned, however, and the area in question was divided by the St. Croix and St. Louis river line between Wisconsin, admitted as a state in 1848, and Minnesota, organized as a territory in 1849.

Wisconsin in 1848 became a state with boundaries as at present. Although shorn of her original allotment of territory, her present area makes her third in size of the five states of the Old Northwest.[2]

[2] For the entire subject of Wisconsin's boundaries, see *Ibid.*, 451-501.

(To be continued)

MOSES ORDWAY, PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY

THOMAS S. JOHNSON

Moses Ordway, son of Trustum Ordway, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 27, 1788. His parents were poor in this world's goods and it is said that when Moses was a boy they owned nothing but an ax, a log chain, and a yoke of steers. His mother was a member of the Presbyterian Church; his father was a Baptist. The former taught him the catechism and the Christian duties; the latter taught him practical tasks—how to work the land, and to make good use of his powers. There was no school in the neighborhood that he could attend until he was twelve years of age, so he worked for his parents and developed a taste for mechanics. Seeing his bent his father hired him to the village blacksmith for one year, to a carpenter and builder for another; then he was apprenticed for a year to a wagon maker, and after that he worked in a cotton factory.

About this time he fell and broke his shoulder, which turned his attention to the medical profession. Thereupon he studied medicine two years with a local doctor, after which he began to practice. A great revival of religion soon occurred in his village; young Ordway was converted, had a vision of the world of indifference and sin, and resolved to become a preacher. His father was bitterly opposed to this course and wished him to continue his medical practice. His mother said, "Let us pray for guidance and help our boy to go to college." The father replied, "I cannot help." So the young man determined to make his own way, and entered Middlebury College. After graduation from that institution Mr. Ordway studied with the minister at Hillsboro, in preparation for the ministry, and in 1822 was licensed to

MOSES ORDWAY
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

preach by the Congregational Association of that place. His first charges were in newly-settled regions in Vermont, where he went from one place to another on foot or on horseback, and later in a chaise made by his own hands. In his journal of that period he says:

I always preached three and sometimes four times on the Sabbath and visited families and held meetings in houses during the week. I had good congregations but no souls were converted. I was ashamed and began to look at my promise to God that if he would put me into the ministry I would be an apostle and a revival minister without regard to pay and gather souls to Christ. These were my views at the outset but in getting my education I had forgotten. I repented and determined to reform my life. I resolved to seek a new field and late in the fall of 1823 I started out for St. Lawrence County, New York, and began a work for revival at Norfolk with good results. In the spring of 1824 I was ordained as an evangelist by St. Lawrence Presbytery. God wonderfully blessed my work and opened out my way. A few weeks before I went to Norfolk three pious women met to pray in secret from eleven to twelve each day for a minister and for the church. When I came to the place one of the principal men asked me to preach. I simply said, "You have sent off your good old minister and I conclude that you do not want a minister or any more preaching." But he said they did. I proposed that if the little church of eighteen or twenty members would all come together one week from that day I would be with them. "Agreed," said the elder, but I said to him, "We cannot do anything unless they are all there, both men and women, and this must be a private meeting for the members alone. One week from that time they were all there and the work had already begun. They were tender in feeling, thoroughly convicted, and I did not have to spend days in convincing them that their salvation came out of Zion and that sinners were converted by the sovereign grace of God. They understood that they must ask God to do the work, and God would honor their prayers. In this revival there were forty members added to the church.

Soon after this Reverend Ordway went to assist the minister at Warsaw, New York, in revival meetings, and labored with gracious results as a Presbyterian missionary in the great revivals of the day, in Steuben County and afterwards in Genesee and Monroe counties. To continue his own account, he writes:

On my way home from my revival meetings, in the early part of 1836, I was violently taken with the Wisconsin fever. Hearing about the opportunities for missionary work in that wonderful new world that was opening up so grandly I concluded it would be wisdom to be in season and go there to do needed work in the new settlements. So I commenced preparations at once. I began to sell my property at Rochester and by the first of October, 1836, I was ready to go. We went on an old steamboat which only ran by day and in fourteen days reached Green Bay, Wisconsin. I went immediately to the garrison at Fort Howard and called on Dr. Satterlee, the surgeon, a good and wise man,[1] and made known to him my business. I met a man who had lived near my father and who in a fit of madness had killed his brother and had disappeared. I went across the river and talked with the people. There was a school house where the Episcopal people held a service on Sunday mornings and the Methodists in the afternoons.[2] Our people thought I should hold a meeting in the evening. I then informed them that I should not preach or be known in public until we had a meeting-place of our own. The idea pleased them and they soon purchased a large storehouse which was lately nearly finished. We completed the building and soon had a nice meetinghouse. While this was going on, I was privately looking up material to form a church. I found sixty people who had been professors before they came to Green Bay. Rev. Cutting Marsh,[3] the foreign missionary who was laboring among the Stock-

[1] Richard Smith Satterlee was a native of New York, who enlisted in the army from Michigan Territory and was commissioned, Feb. 25, 1822, assistant surgeon with the rank of lieutenant. Dr. Satterlee succeeded Dr. Foote as garrison surgeon at Fort Howard in Green Bay some time in the early thirties. He was very popular with both town and army people, and assisted in founding the first Presbyterian church in Wisconsin. About 1840 he was removed to another post, and continued in service until the Civil War, when he became chief medical purveyor for the federal army with the rank of lieutenant colonel. September 2, 1864, he was brevetted brigadier general and cited for honors because of "his diligent care and attention in procuring medical supplies, and for his economy and fidelity in disbursing large sums of money." February 22, 1869, he was retired from active service and died Nov. 10, 1880.

[2] A Protestant Episcopal church was begun at Green Bay in 1824, but no building was undertaken, and the organization was not completed until 1829 when Christ Church was incorporated by the territorial legislature of Michigan. "Services were held in the yellow schoolhouse on Cherry Street" until 1838 when the church building was completed.

The first Methodist services were held in Fort Howard garrison when Colonel Samuel Ryan was commandant. In 1832 New York Conference sent the Reverend John Clark as missionary to Wisconsin; he organized a class at Green Bay and in 1834 the Reverend George White was appointed pastor. Services were held in the schoolhouse in alternation with the Episcopalians until the Methodist church building was completed in the latter part of 1836. Deborah B. Martin, *History of Brown County* (Chicago, 1913), I, 256, 259.

[3] For a sketch of the Reverend Cutting Marsh and his work for the Stockbridge Indians see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XV, 25-88.

bridge Indians, had been here and looked up a few. We finally found nine who were willing to be formed into a Presbyterian Church and before our meetinghouse was finished the church was organised. Rev. Mr. Marsh and I formed the church which was the first Presbyterian Church in the territory of Wisconsin.[4]

At this time there were about four thousand inhabitants in Green Bay and they seemed to be agreed in only one thing and that was to blaspheme God and indulge in all kinds of wickedness. About every other night they would have a bonfire and by the help of a whiskey hand would have a dance which was so wicked and so wild that many of both sexes would lie drunken on the ground the next morning.

My first discourse was on the subject of the carnal mind being at enmity against God. This was illustrated by the daily life of the people of Green Bay and went home to many hearts. This was on the last of November, 1836, and by the last of December we had gathered a blessed harvest of souls which brought up the membership to eighty. These were received into the church in January and February, 1837. This was a genuine work of grace and attended by many interesting circumstances. At this time I held a revival meeting at the Stockbridge Mission with the Rev. Cutting Marsh, where there were many conversions.[5] About the middle of February, 1837, I took Brother Marsh and we mounted our ponies and started for Milwaukee where we had a call to form a church, and after sleeping two or three nights on the snow we arrived safe in Milwaukee. Here we found a heterogeneous mass of about a hundred and fifty men and thirty women who seemed to take some interest in our work. We held meetings and visited among the people and the church was formed April 11, 1837.[6]

Mr. Ordway remained a month or two in Milwaukee and preached to its pioneer residents. Meanwhile he went to Prairieville (now Waukesha) and took up a homestead claim where his family might live while he continued his

[4] Mr. Ordway would seem to indicate that there had been no Presbyterian organization at Green Bay previous to his arrival. There had been no settled pastor, but the Reverend Cutting Marsh in April, 1836, visited Fort Howard and Green Bay, and organized a small company to whom he preached several times before Mr. Ordway's arrival. Manuscript journals of Marsh in Wisconsin Historical Society.

[5] See Marsh's account of this revival among the Indians in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XV, 159-60.

[6] Marsh's manuscript journal shows that the two ministers reached Milwaukee on March 17. He gives a detailed account of the church organization on April 11, 1837; Samuel Hinman, Samuel Brown, and John Ogden were elected elders; eighteen united in full membership.

missionary operations. On the last of May of this year he returned to New York and began preparations to remove to Wisconsin. He sold his possessions in the East and started west in a two-horse wagon with tools and a hired man to prepare his home and get it ready for his family, who soon followed him to the new territory. After he was settled Mr. Ordway preached in Prairieville for a season when the church secured the services of the Reverend S. Nichols,[7] and Mr. Ordway went out to preach in Troy and in other places in the newly settled regions of eastern Wisconsin. He says in the journal:

As I have reached a good old age, I have to say that God has provided well for me in my support during a ministry of fifty years. I have never come to any severe want and have never had what would be considered a full salary for a single year in my ministerial life. About two-thirds of the time I have received nothing at all from the new and young churches, and besides supporting my family have paid considerably for other ministers. At Waukesha, I preached about two years for nothing. Then, when they got Rev. Mr. Nichols, I paid fifty dollars toward his salary, and at the same time preached a year at West Troy for nothing. At Beaver Dam I preached more than three years without salary and built them a house of worship with little help. When they engaged Rev. Alexander Montgomery[8] for a year I paid fifty dollars towards his support and at the same time went to Fountain Prairie fifteen miles west and formed a church. Whenever my health allowed I was ready to go and hold meetings and preach the gospel and always found work to do and great success in winning souls.

I have in all my ministry never sought for an easy place where they could pay a large salary but on the contrary have always looked for a miserable place where no harm could be done. I would look for a place where the people were so poor, stupid, or heartless that they would not ask a minister to preach to them and would take pains to say that they would not be able to pay, as a gentle hint for you to let them alone.

[7] The Reverend Cyrus Nichols was a native of Reading, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1799. He graduated at Williams College, and studied theology at Auburn, New York. In 1836 he came West and preached at Kenosha and Racine; he was called to the Prairieville (Waukesha) charge, May 1, 1839, and remained one year. For forty years he was a missionary in this state. He died at his home in Racine, Feb. 10, 1883.

[8] The Reverend Alexander Montgomery came to the Beaver Dam church in October, 1845, and remained as stated supply until June 1, 1850.

In such a place I delighted to put my foot. But I never preached to them the love of Christ to harden them for a long siege but began with St. Paul's doctrines, and very soon there would be a new face on things. As soon as they were awake and God began to increase them and they began to want to pay me, I would open the door for some anxious minister, who was ready for work and I would go to another place. This has been the order of my ministry from first to last and I have had not a little comfort in my service.

If some of my ministerial friends think I have been a very worldly minister, doing little for the Lord and much for myself, there is some truth in this for I have done a large amount of manual labor but have made it all contribute to the glory of God and the upbuilding of his church. Take for example our life in Beaver Dam. When we came here it was a dense forest—no houses, no mills, no roads, and no fences. Only a few scattered people and not a rich man among them, but in a few years Grubville,[9] as it was called, became a very noted place with mills, churches, stores, and factories. But it cost much hard work and it is true that I had no small hand in it. I owned the first sawmill. Paul Brower[10] owned the land on which the present upper mill stands. He tried to build a sawmill but had no means and gave it up. He gave his claim to Mr. Goetschius[11] with a contract to build the mill, but he could not do it and gave it to David Drake,[12] who went at it with a will and got the timber cut and the dam partly made but got sick of it and wanted to sell, and I bought the property. The people needed a gristmill and I built one with two run of stones, with circle saws and turning works. I hired capable men and superintended the work and frequently put my own hands to the work.

Mr. Brower and I surveyed and located all of the roads in and out of Beaver Dam as they now run to Watertown, Waupun, Columbus, Fox Lake, Lowell, Horicon, and Fall River. We helped to build the pole bridges and other improvements without one cent of pay. We cleaned

[9] "Grubbing" was a pioneer term for cutting down small elm and basswood trees, the bark of which was fed to stock when pasturage was insufficient or lacking. The term "Grubville" is said to have been applied to Beaver Dam in its early days by envious neighbors who wished to belittle its attractions.

[10] Paul Brower was of Holland origin, but a native of New York and a veteran of the War of 1812. He came to Wisconsin from Jefferson County, New York, in company with his son, Jacob L. Brower, who was the pioneer settler of Dodge County.

[11] Joseph Goetschius was a son-in-law of Paul Brower, who came to Wisconsin in his company. He located at Fox Lake in 1839, and in 1841 removed to Beaver Dam and became one of its pioneer settlers.

[12] David Drake in the spring of 1842 bought forty acres including the water power at Beaver Dam; the same autumn he sold his claim to Moses Ordway.

up the streets and plotted the lots and did what we could to promote the welfare of our city in the face of much criticism and many difficulties.

Mr. Ordway first came to Beaver Dam in the spring of 1842, and, as he relates, built a grist- and later a sawmill; he removed his family to this place in 1843. During all these early months he preached both at Beaver Dam and in all the settlements around. He soon formed at the village a Presbyterian church of eight members and a small Sabbath school of nine children—all the town afforded at that time. Early in April, 1844, he called upon the men of the place to build a good meetinghouse, 16 by 24 feet in size, which was completed in less than one week. He preached in Beaver Dam three years, and during that time there were two revivals and several additions to the membership of the church. He organized a church in Horicon, on the east side of Rolling Prairie, and also in Juneau. He says in his journal:

I formed a church at Lake Emily and preached there for a season and formed a church at Fox Lake. I went to Fountain Prairie[13] the first time right through the woods and not a marked tree for fourteen miles. There I held meetings. Soon the village of Columbus sprang up and a Presbyterian church was formed there with Rev. Mr. Rosencranz as pastor.[14]

My next effort was at Oxford 13 miles north of Portage.[15] Here I formed a Presbyterian church and preached to them a short season. Although only a few families were here we had quite a revival and 10 or 12 united with the church.

My health began to suffer from exposure and in October, 1855, I moved to Rockford, Illinois, and labored as a Presbyterial missionary at Middle Creek, Durand, Poplar Grove, and in many settlements in that vicinity with gracious results.

[13] Fountain Prairie is a township in southeastern Columbia County, which was first settled in 1843.

[14] The first settler on the site of Columbus came in 1849; the town grew rather slowly and the first religious organization was not completed until Jan. 26, 1850. The Reverend C. E. Rosenkrans, who became the first pastor of the Presbyterian church at Columbus, affiliated in 1852 with the Fox River Presbytery. He remained in charge ten years, and died in 1860.

[15] Oxford is a town in western Marquette County, having a population somewhat less than one thousand.

When his youngest son, James, entered the federal army at the beginning of the Civil War, the father returned to Beaver Dam and in April, 1862, took up again the missionary work and assisted the ministers as Presbyterial missionary in this region. His soldier son was killed November 7, 1863, and although the family cares and business interests of the elder Ordway were pressing, he nevertheless visited his mission fields and was ever ready to conduct revival meetings and to help forward the work of the Lord. He had a passion for souls and gloried in the extension of the Kingdom. He was an earnest and fearless preacher of righteousness, unfolding the gospel plan of salvation with great clearness and power. The old settlers of Wisconsin never forgot the pungent sermons of this man of God, nor the kindly offices and friendly welcomes of this pioneer Presbyterial missionary in Wisconsin.

While Reverend Ordway was on a missionary tour to Cambria during the winter of 1869-70, he was suddenly prostrated by sickness and died January 24, 1870, in the eighty-second year of his age. On the following Sabbath morning a union funeral service was held in the First Presbyterian Church in Beaver Dam; burial was in Forest Home, Milwaukee, where his son, Hon. David S. Ordway, lived. The latter son and his sister, Mrs. Mary Goodman, of Beaver Dam, survived their father a few years. One grandson, Fred S. Goodman, has for many years been one of the national secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association, and with his two sons is now in the army work of that organization in the soldier camps in the United States and France.

THE FINGER OF GOD IS THERE

Reverend P. Pernin

CHAPTER III. AFTER THE CATASTROPHE

ENSUING PROSTRATION

I came out of the river about half past three in the morning, and from that time I was in a very different condition, both morally and physically, to that in which I had previously been. Today, in recalling the past, I can see that the moment most fraught with danger was precisely that in which danger seemed at an end. The atmosphere, previously hot as the breath of a furnace, was gradually becoming colder and colder, and, after having been so long in the river, I was of course exceedingly susceptible to its chilly influence. My clothes were thoroughly saturated. There was no want of fire, and I easily dried my outer garments, but the inner ones were wet, and their searching dampness penetrated to my inmost frame, affecting my very lungs. Though close to a large fire, arising from heaps of burning fragments, I was still convulsively shivering, feeling at the same time a complete prostration of body and spirit. My chest was oppressed to suffocation, my throat swollen, and, in addition to an almost total inability to move, I could scarcely use my voice—utter even a word.

Almost lifeless, I stretched myself out full length on the sand. The latter was still hot, and the warmth in some degree restored me. Removing shoes and socks I placed my feet in immediate contact with the heated ground, and felt additionally relieved.

I was lying beside the ruins of the large factory, the beams of which were still burning. Around me were piles of iron hoops belonging to the tubs and buckets lately de-

stroyed. With the intention of employing these latter to dry my socks and shoes, now the only possessions left me, I touched them but found that they were still intolerably hot. Yet, strange to say, numbers of men were lying—some face downward—across these iron circles. Whether they were dead, or, rendered almost insensible from the effects of damp and cold, were seeking the warmth that the sand afforded me, I cannot say; I was suffering too intensely myself to attend to them.

My eyes were now beginning to cause me the most acute pain, and this proved the case, to a greater or less extent, with all those who had not covered theirs during the long storm of fire through which we had passed. Notwithstanding I had kept head and face streaming with water, the heat had nevertheless injured my eyes greatly, though at the moment I was almost unconscious of the circumstance. The intense pain they now caused, joined to a feeling of utter exhaustion, kept me for a length of time extended on the earth. When able, I dried my wet garments, one after the other, at the blazing ruins, and those near me did the same. As each individual thought of himself, without minding his neighbor, the task was easy even to the most scrupulous and delicate. Putting on dry clothes afforded immediate relief to the pain and oppression of my chest, enabling me to breathe with more ease. Finally day dawned on a scene with whose horror and ruin none were as yet fully acquainted. I received a friendly summons to proceed to another spot where the greater number of those who had escaped were assembled, but the inflammation of my eyes had rapidly augmented, and I was now perfectly blind. Someone led me, however, to the place of refuge. It was a little valley near the river's edge, completely sheltered by sand hills, and proved to be the very place where I had intended taking refuge the evening previous, though prevented reaching it by the violence of the hurricane. Some had succeeded in attaining it, and had suffered comparatively

far less than we had done. The tempest of fire had passed, as it were, above this spot, leaving untouched the shrubs and plants growing within it.

Behold us then, all assembled in this valley like the survivors after a battle,—some safe and well, others more or less wounded; some were very much so, especially a poor old woman who, fearing to enter the river completely, had lain crouched on the bank, partly in the water, partly out of it, and, consequently, exposed to the flames. She was now stretched on the grass, fearfully burned, and suffering intense agony, to judge from her heart-rending moans and cries. As she was dying, and had asked for me, I was brought to her, though I fear I proved but a poor consoler. I could not unclose my inflamed eyes, could scarcely speak, and felt so exhausted and depressed myself, that it was difficult to impart courage to others. The poor sufferer died shortly after.

Those among us who had sufficient strength for the task dispersed in different directions to seek information concerning the friends whom they had not yet seen, and returned with appalling tidings relating to the general ruin and the number of deaths by fire. One of these told me that he had crossed to the other side of the river, and found all the houses as well as the church in ashes, while numbers of corpses were lying by the wayside, so much disfigured by fire as to be beyond recognition.

"Well," I replied, "since it is thus, we will all proceed to Marinette, where there is a fine church, new presbytery, and school house, capable of lodging a great number."

About eight o'clock, a large tent, brought on by the Company, was erected for the purpose of sheltering the women, children, and the sick. As soon as it was prepared someone came and urged me to profit of it. I complied, and stretched myself in a corner, taking up as little place as possible, so as to leave room for others. But the man employed by the

Company to superintend the erection of the tent had evidently escaped all injury to his eyes during the night, for he perceived me at once. He was one of those coarse and brutal natures that seem inaccessible to every kindly feeling though he manifested a remarkable interest in the welfare of the ladies, and would allow none but them under his tent. As soon as his glance fell on me he ordered me out, accompanying the rude command with a perfect torrent of insulting words and blasphemies. Without reply I turned over, passing beneath the canvass, and quickly found myself outside. One of the ladies present raised her voice in my defense, and vainly sought to give him a lesson in politeness. I never heard the name of this man, and rejoice that it is unknown to me.

A BREAKFAST ON THE GRASS

Ten o'clock arrived. After the sufferings of the night previous, many longed for a cup of hot tea or coffee, but such a luxury was entirely out of our reach, amid the desolation and ruin surrounding us. Some of the young men, after a close search, found and brought back a few cabbages from a neighboring field. The outer leaves, which were thoroughly scorched, were removed, and the inner part cut into thin slices and distributed among those capable of eating them. A morsel of cold raw cabbage was not likely to prove of much use in our then state of exhaustion, but we had nothing better at hand.

At length the people of Marinette were informed of our condition, and, about one o'clock, several vehicles laden with bread, coffee, and tea arrived. These vehicles were commissioned at the same time to bring back as many of our number as they could contain. Anxious to obtain news from Marinette, I enquired of one of the men sent to our assistance if Marinette had also suffered from the fiery scourge.

"Thank God, Father, no one perished, though all were dreadfully alarmed. We have had many houses, however, burned. All the mills and houses from our church down to the Bay have gone."

"And the church?"

"It is burned."

"The handsome presbytery?"

"Burned."

"The new schoolhouse?"

"Burned also."

Ah! And I had promised the poor unfortunates of Peshtigo to bring them to Marinette and shelter them in those very buildings. Thus I found myself bereft in the same hour of my two churches, two presbyteries, and schoolhouse, as well as of all private property belonging to them or to myself.

GENERAL STATE OF FEELING AT MARINETTE AND MENOMINEE

Between one and two o'clock I left in one of the wagons for Marinette, and after arriving there, sojourned for some time at the residence of one of my parishioners, Mr. F. Garon, receiving under his hospitable roof all the care my condition required.

The two banks of the river respectively named Marinette and Menominee and which, united, formed another parish, were strangely changed in appearance. These two sister towns, one situated on the south and the other on the north side of the river, were no longer recognizable. Life and activity had entirely given place to silence and a species of woeful stupefaction. A few men only were to be seen going backwards and forwards, looking after their property, or asking details concerning the conflagration at Peshtigo from those who had just arrived from that ill-fated spot. No women were to be seen in the streets nor even in the houses, the latter having been abandoned. The children, too, with

their joyous outcries and noisy mirth had disappeared from the scene. These shores, a short while since so animated, now resembled a desert, and it was a movement of overwhelming and uncontrollable terror that had created, as it were, this solitude, a terror which dated from the preceding night when the tempest of fire came surging on from Peshtigo, consuming all that part of Marinette that lay in its path. Intelligence of the fate that had overtaken Peshtigo farther increased this general feeling of alarm till it culminated in a perfect panic. Dreading a similar catastrophe to that of Peshtigo, many families hastened towards the Bay, embarking on the steamers, *Union, Dunlop,* and *St. Joseph,* which had been kept near the shore so as to afford a refuge to the terrified inhabitants. The consternation was indescribable, and one unfortunate man on arriving panting and breathless at the boat fell dead from fear or exhaustion. These boats afforded anything but a safe place of refuge, for if the conflagration had broken out as suddenly and raged as fiercely as it had done at Peshtigo, nothing could have preserved them from the flames, and the only alternative left to those on board would have been death by fire or water. Fear, however, is generally an untrustworthy counsellor, and the expedients it suggests remarkably ill chosen. The inhabitants of Marinette and Menominee passed the night of October eighth dispersed in the different boats, and it is unnecessary to add that few slept during those hours of strange anxiety. Terror effectually banished slumber, producing the result fear generally does on the Christian soul, turning it instinctively to prayer, even as the terror-stricken child casts itself into the arms of the mother it has summoned to its help. What are we, poor mortals, exposed to the wild fury of the unchained elements, but helpless children? The Catholics present with one accord cast themselves on their knees and prayed aloud, imploring the Ruler of the elements to stay His vengeful arm and spare His people. They

prayed without shyness or human respect. Doubtless, there were present those who had perhaps never learned to pray, or who had forgotten how to accomplish that all important duty, and these latter might in other circumstances have felt annoyed at such public manifestations of devotion, but in this hour of common peril, all hearts involuntarily turned towards heaven as their only resource. There were no tokens of incredulity, impiety, or bigotry evinced by any. The Protestants who were present, being unacquainted with the Catholic formula of prayer, could not unite their supplications with those of the latter, but they encouraged them to continue their devotions, and when they paused, solicited them to recommence. Danger is a successful teacher, its influence immediate and irresistible. No reasoning succeeds so quickly in making men comprehend the greatness of God and their own insignificance, His almighty power and their own helplessness. Naught else detaches souls so completely from earth and raises them towards Him on whom we all depend.

The preceding details, furnished by individuals coming and going from the boats, were full of interest to me. During this time I remained with my kind host, Mr. Garon, being too ill even to leave the house. The kind attentions of which I was the object soon restored me in some degree to health. Tuesday evening, I was able to visit several persons who had been injured more or less grievously by fire, and to prepare the dying for their last end, as far as lay in my power, in the total absence of everything necessary on the sad occasion. Feeling strong enough, I resolved to return to Peshtigo on Tuesday night, and commenced my preparations. The clothes I wore had been greatly injured by my long sojourn in the water, and I would have willingly replaced them, but found this impossible. The storekeepers, fearing a similar misfortune to that which had overtaken the merchants of Peshtigo, had packed up the greater part of their merchandise and buried it. I could get nothing save a

suit of coarse yellow material such as workmen wear whilst engaged in sawmills. In the absence of something better it had to answer, and about ten o'clock at night I went on board a steamboat about leaving for Green Bay, calling previously, however, at Peshtigo. The night was very stormy, and it was only about daybreak that we ventured to land, the water being very rough when we reached Peshtigo landing, which was about nine or ten in the morning. I remained there only a few hours, during which time I visited the sick beds of several victims of the conflagration.

RETURN TO PESHTIGO

About one o'clock in the afternoon a car was leaving for Peshtigo, conveying thither men who went daily there for the purpose of seeking out and burying the dead. I took my place with them. The locomotives belonging to the Company, having been burned, were now replaced by horses, and we progressed thus till we came up with the track of the fire. We walked the rest of the way, a distance of half a league, and this gave me ample opportunity for examining thoroughly the devastation and ruin wrought, both by fire and by wind. Alas, much as I had heard on the sad subject, I was still unprepared for the melancholy spectacle that met my gaze.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

It is a painful thing to have to speak of scenes which we feel convinced no pen could fully describe nor words do justice to. It was on the eleventh of October, Wednesday afternoon, that I revisited for the first time the site of what had once been the town of Peshtigo. Of the houses, trees, fences that I had looked on three days ago nothing whatever remained, save a few blackened posts still standing, as if to attest the impetuous fury of the fiery element that had thus destroyed all before it. Wherever the foot chanced to fall it rested on ashes. The iron tracks of the railroad had been

twisted and curved into all sorts of shapes, whilst the wood which had supported them no longer existed. The trunks of mighty trees had been reduced to mere cinders, the blackened hearts alone remaining. All around these trunks, I perceived a number of holes running downwards deep in the earth. They were the sockets where the roots had lately been. I plunged my cane into one of them, thinking what must the violence of that fire have been, which ravaged not only the surface of the earth, but penetrated so deeply into its bosom. Then I turned my wondering gaze in the direction where the town had lately stood, but nothing remained to point out its site except the boilers of the two locomotives, the iron of the wagon wheels, and the brick and stonework of the factory. All the rest was a desert the desolation of which was sufficient to draw tears from the eyes of the spectator—a desert recalling a field of battle after a sanguinary conflict. Charred carcasses of horses, cows, oxen, and other animals lay scattered here and there. The bodies of the human victims—men, women, and children—had been already collected and decently interred—their number being easily ascertained by counting the rows of freshly-made graves. To find the streets was a difficult task, and it was not without considerable trouble that I succeeded at length in ascertaining the site where my house had lately stood. My next care was to look for the spot where I had buried my trunks and other valuables. This I discovered by means of the shovel which I had employed in digging the trench and which I had thrown to a short distance, my task completed. There it still lay, half of the handle burned off, the rest in good order, and I employed it once again to disinter my effects. On moving the sand, a disagreeable odor, somewhat resembling that of brimstone, exhaled from it. My linen appeared at the first glance to be in a state of perfect preservation, having kept even its whiteness, with the exception of the pleats, which were somewhat discolored; but on touching it, it fell to pieces

as if the substance had been consumed by some slow, peculiar process, or traversed by electricity. Whilst touching on this subject we may add that many felt a shock of earthquake at the moment that everything on the surface of the earth was trembling before the violence of the hurricane. Here again was a total loss. A few calcined bricks, melted crystal, with crosses and crucifixes more or less destroyed, alone pointed out where my house had once been, while the charred remains of my poor dog indicated the site of my bedroom. I followed then the road leading from my house to the river, and which was the one I had taken on the night of the catastrophe. There, the carcasses of animals were more numerous than elsewhere, especially in the neighborhood of the bridge. I saw the remains of my poor horse in the spot where I had last met him, but so disfigured by the fiery death through which he had passed that I had some difficulty in recognizing him.

Those who have a horse, and appreciate the valuable services he renders them, will not feel surprised at my speaking twice of mine. There exists between the horse and his master a species of friendship akin to that which unites two friends, and which in the man frequently survives the death of his four-footed companion.

Whilst wandering among the ruins I met several persons, with some of whom I entered into conversation. One was a bereaved father seeking his missing children of whom he had as yet learned nothing. "If, at least," he said to me, with a look of indescribable anguish, "I could find their bones, but the wind has swept away whatever the fire spared." Children were seeking for their parents, brothers for their brothers, husbands for their wives, but I saw no women amid this scene of horror which it would have been almost impossible for them to contemplate. The men I met, those sorrowful seekers for the dead, had all suffered more or less in the battle against wind and fire. Some had had a hand burned, others an arm or side; all were clothed in blackened, ragged

garments, appearing, each one from his look of woeful sadness and miserable condition, like a ruin among ruins. They pointed out to me the places where they had found such and such individuals: there a mother lay prone on her face, pressing to her bosom the child she had vainly striven to save from the devouring element; here a whole family, father, mother, and children, lying together, blackened and mutilated by the fire fiend. Among the ruins of the boarding house belonging to the Company, more than seventy bodies were found, disfigured to such a fearful extent that it was impossible to tell either their age or sex. Farther on twenty more had been drawn from a well. One of the workmen engaged in the construction of the church was found, knife in hand, with his throat cut, two of his children lying beside him in a similar condition; while his wife lay a little farther off, having evidently been burned to death. The name of this man was Towsley, and during the whole summer he had worked at the church of Peshtigo. Doubtless seeing his wife fall near him, and becoming convinced of the utter impossibility of escaping a fiery death, his mind became troubled, and he put an end to his own existence and that of his children. There were several other similar cases of suicide arising from the same sad causes.

These heartrending accounts, combined with the fearful desolation that met my gaze wherever it turned, froze my veins with horror!

A ROPE WANTED TO HANG A SCOUNDREL

Alas! that I should have to record an incident such as should never have happened in the midst of that woeful scene! Whilst struggling with the painful impressions produced in my mind by the spectacle on which I looked, my attention was attracted to another quarter by the sound of voices, raised in loud excitement. The cause of the tumult was this: In the midst of the universal consternation per-

vading all minds, a man was found degraded enough to insult not only the general sorrow and mourning but also death itself. Enslaved by the wretched vice of avarice, he had just been taken in the act of despoiling the bodies of the dead of whatever objects the fire had spared. A jury was formed, his punishment put to the vote, and he was unanimously condemned to be hanged on the spot. But where was a rope to be found? The fire had spared nothing. Somebody proposed substituting for the former an iron chain which had been employed for drawing logs, and one was accordingly brought and placed around the criminal's neck. Execution was difficult under the circumstances; and whilst the preparations dragged slowly on, the miserable man loudly implored mercy. The pity inspired by the mournful surroundings softened at length the hearts of the judges, and, after having made him crave pardon on his knees for the sacrilegious thefts of which he had been guilty, they allowed him to go free. It may have been that they merely intended frightening him.

Weary of noise and tumult, and longing for solitude, I left my previous companions, and followed for a considerable distance that road to Oconto on which I had seen so many vehicles entering, turning their backs on the river to which I was hastening with the tabernacle. I had not gone far before I saw much more than I would have desired to see. All in this line had perished, and perished in masses, for the vehicles were crowded with unfortunates who, flying from death, had met it all the sooner and in its most horrible form. In those places where the flames had enfolded their victims in their fiery clasp, nothing now was to be seen but calcined bones, charred mortal remains, and the iron circles of the wheels. It was with some difficulty that the human relics could be distinguished from those of the horses. The workmen of the Company were employed in collecting these sad memorials and burying them by the wayside, there to remain

till such time as the friends of the dead might wish to reclaim and inter them in a more suitable manner.

I left them at their mournful task, and returned to the site where our church had so lately stood. There also all was in ashes, nothing remaining save the church bell. The latter had been thrown a distance of fifty feet; one half was now lying there intact, while the other part had melted and spread over the sand in silvery leaves. The voice of this bell had been the last sound heard in the midst of the hurricane. Its lugubrious note yet seems at times to strike on my ear, reminding me of the horrors of which it was a forerunner.

The graveyard lay close to the church, and I entered and waited there; for I expected momentarily the arrival of a funeral. It was that of a young man who had died the evening previous, in consequence of the terrible burns he had received. Never was burial service more poverty-stricken nor priest more utterly destitute of all things necessary for the performance of the sad ceremony. Nor church, nor house, nor surplice, stole nor breviary: nothing save prayer and a heartfelt benediction. I had felt this destitution still more keenly on two or three previous occasions when asked by the dying for the sacrament of Extreme Unction, which it was out of my power, alas, to administer to them. I left the graveyard with a heavy heart, and turned my steps in the direction of the river, which I had to cross in order to seek for my tabernacle with whose ultimate fate I was unacquainted. A bright ray of consolation awaited me and seldom was consolation more needed.

THE TABERNACLE

I crossed the river on the half-charred beams of the bridge which had been joined together so as to offer a means of passage, though a very perilous one, to those who chose to trust themselves to it. I had barely reached the other side

when one of my parishioners hastened to meet me, joyfully exclaiming: "Father, do you know what has happened to your tabernacle?"

"No, what is it?"

"Come quickly then, and see. Oh! Father, it is a great miracle!"

I hurried with him to that part of the river into which I had pushed as far as possible my wagon containing the tabernacle. This wagon had been blown over on its side by the storm; whilst the tabernacle itself had been caught up by the wind and cast on one of the logs floating on the water. Everything in the immediate vicinity of this spot had been blackened or charred by the flames; logs, trunks, boxes, nothing had escaped, yet, strange to say, there rose the tabernacle, intact in its snowy whiteness, presenting a wonderful contrast to the grimy blackness of the surrounding objects. I left it in the spot where it had thus been thrown by the tempest for two days, so as to give all an opportunity of seeing it. Numbers came, though of course in that time of horror and desolation there were many too deeply engrossed with their own private griefs to pay attention to aught else. The Catholics generally regarded the fact as a miracle, and it was spoken of near and far, attracting great attention.

Alas! Nothing is more evanescent than the salutary impressions produced on the mind of man by divine blessings or punishments. Time and the preoccupations of life efface even the very remembrance of them. How few there are among the rare survivors of the fire that swept Peshtigo from the face of the earth who still see the power of God in the calamity that then overwhelmed them as well as in the preservation of the tabernacle, events which at the time of their occurrence made so deep an impression on their minds.

When the duties which had detained me three days amid these mournful scenes were completed, I took the tabernacle from the place which it had occupied of late and sent it on

to Marinette where I intended soon saying mass. When the right time arrived, I forcibly opened the tiny door. There—circumstance as wonderful as the preservation of the tabernacle in the midst of the conflagration—I found the consecrated Host intact in the monstrance while the violent concussions the ciborium must have undergone had not caused it even to open. Water had not penetrated within, and the flames had respected the interior as well as exterior, even to the silky tissue lining the sides. All was in a state of perfect preservation!

These sacred objects, though possessing in reality but little intrinsic value, are nevertheless priceless in my eyes. I prize them as most precious relics, and never look at or touch them without feeling penetrated with sentiments of love and veneration such as no other holy vessels, however rich and beautiful, could awake within me. In the little chapel at Marinette, which replaces the church burned there more than two years ago, the same tabernacle is on the altar and contains the same monstrance and ciborium which were so wonderfully preserved from the flames, and, daily, during the holy sacrifice, I use them with a species of religious triumph as trophies of God's exceeding mercy snatched so marvellously from destruction.

I must beg my readers to return with me for a little while to the banks of Peshtigo River—but not to linger there long. Before removing the tabernacle, I was busily occupied three days and two nights, now in seeking for the dead, then in taking up from the water various objects which I had thrown by armfuls, at the moment of leaving my house, into the wagon and which had been overturned with it into the river. The most precious of all these was the chalice, which I was fortunate enough to find, together with the paten. My search was greatly facilitated by the opening of the dam and letting out of the waters which were here fifteen or twenty feet in depth. This step was necessary for the finding of the corpses

of those persons who, either seized by cramps, or drawn in by the current, had been drowned during the night of the hurricane.

For the space of these three days our only habitation was the tent, the shelter of which had been so arbitrarily refused me the preceding Monday. It covered us during our meals, which we took standing and as best we could, and during the night protected the slumbers of those who could sleep, a thing I found impossible. Our beds were made on a most economical plan—the river sand formed our substitute for mattresses, and a single blanket constituted our covering.

During this period I first learned the fate of the city of Chicago. A physician, come from Fond du Lac to attend to the sick and burned, brought a newspaper with him, and in it we read of the terrible ravages wrought by fire, on the same night, and, strange to say, about the same hour, not only at Peshtigo but in many other different places and above all at Chicago. This great conflagration at Chicago proclaimed to the world by the myriad voices of journal and telegraph, created far and wide an immense outburst of compassion in favor of the unfortunate city, diverting entirely the general attention from the far more appalling calamities of which we had been the hapless victims.

On the afternoon of Friday, the thirteenth, I had about finished my labors on the desolate banks of Peshtigo River. The corpses found had all been decently interred, and the sick and maimed carried to different places of safety. Exhausted with fatigue and privation, I felt I could not bear up much longer, and accordingly took place in a wagon that had brought us supplies, and was now returning to Oconto in which latter town I had friends who were awaiting my arrival with friendly impatience. I enjoyed two days of rest at the residence of Father Vermore, the excellent parish priest of the French church. Monday following I left for

Green Bay to visit his Lordship, Bishop Melcher, dead, alas, even now whilst I write these lines.

* * * [1]

SOME DETAILS OUTSIDE OF THE NARRATIVE

It may be as well to record here some of the extraordinary phenomena and peculiar characteristics of the strange fire that wrought so much desolation, though I was not personally a witness to them all. I was too near the inner portion of the circle to be able to see much of what was passing on the outside. It is not he who is in the middle of the combat that has the best view of the battle and its details, but rather the man who contemplates it from some elevated point overlooking the plain.

FORCE OF THE HURRICANE

Whole forests of huge maples, deeply and strongly rooted in the soil, were torn up, twisted and broken, as if they had been willow wands. A tree standing upright here or there was an exception to an almost general rule. There lay those children of the forest, heaped up one over the other in all imaginable positions, their branches reduced to cinders, and their trunks calcined and blackened. Many asseverated that they had seen large wooden houses torn from their foundations and caught up like straws by two opposing currents of air which raised them till they came in contact with the stream of fire. They then burst into flames, and, exposed thus to the fury of two fierce elements, wind and fire, were torn to pieces and reduced to ashes almost simultaneously.

Still, the swiftness with which this hurricane, seemingly composed of wind and fire together, advanced, was in no degree proportioned to its terrible force. By computing the length of time that elapsed between the rising of the tempest in the southwest, and its subsiding in the northeast, it will be

[1] The portion of the original narrative which we here omit is devoted to the personal doings of the author during the following weeks.

easily seen that the rate of motion did not exceed two leagues an hour. The hurricane moved in a circle, advancing slowly, as if to give time to prepare for its coming.

INTENSITY OF THE HEAT

Many circumstances tended to prove that the intensity of the heat produced by the fire was in some places extreme, nay unheard of. I have already mentioned that the flames pursued the roots of the trees into the very depths of the earth, consuming them to the last inch. I plunged my cane down into these cavities, and convinced myself that nothing had stayed the course of combustion save the utter want of anything to feed on. Hogsheads of nails were found entirely melted though lying outside the direct path of the flames. Immense numbers of fish of all sizes died, and the morning after the storm the river was covered with them. It would be impossible to decide what was the cause of their death. It may have been owing to the intensity of the heat, the want of air necessary to respiration—the air being violently sucked in by the current tending upwards to that fierce focus of flame—or they may have been killed by some poisonous gas.

GAS

It is more than probable that for a moment the air was impregnated with an inflammable gas most destructive to human life. I have already mentioned the tiny globules of fire flying about my house at the moment I quitted it. Whilst on my way to the river, I met now and then gusts of an air utterly unfit for respiration, and was obliged on these occasions to throw myself on the ground to regain my breath, unless already prostrated involuntarily by the violence of the wind. Whilst standing in the river I had noticed, as I have already related, on casting my eye upwards, a sea of flame, as it were, the immense waves of which were in a state of violent commotion, rolling tumultuously one over the other, and

all at a prodigious height in the sky, and, consequently, far from any combustible material. How can this phenomenon be explained without admitting the supposition that immense quantities of gas were accumulated in the air?

Strange to say there were many corpses found, bearing about them no traces of scars or burns, and yet in the pockets of their habiliments, equally uninjured, watches, cents, and other articles in metal were discovered completely melted. How was it also that many escaped with their lives here and there on the cleared land as well as in the woods? The problem is a difficult one to solve. The tempest did not rage in all parts with equal fury, but escape from its power was a mere affair of chance. None could boast of having displayed more presence of mind than others. Generally speaking, those who happened to be in low lying lands, especially close to excavations or even freshly ploughed earth with which they could cover themselves, as the Indians do, succeeded in saving their lives. Most frequently the torrent of fire passed at a certain height from the earth, touching only the most elevated portions. Thus no one could meet it standing erect without paying the penalty of almost instantaneous death.

SOMETHING STRANGER STILL

When the hurricane burst upon us, many, surprised and terrified, ran out to see what was the matter. A number of these persons assert that they then witnessed a phenomenon which may be classed with the marvelous. They saw a large black object, resembling a balloon, which object revolved in the air with great rapidity, advancing above the summits of the trees towards a house which it seemed to single out for destruction. Barely had it touched the latter when the balloon burst with a loud report, like that of a bombshell, and, at the same moment, rivulets of fire streamed out in all directions. With the rapidity of thought, the house thus chosen was enveloped in flames within and without, so that the persons inside had no time for escape.

DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE FIRE

It is somewhat difficult to calculate the extent of territory overrun by the fiery scourge, on account of the irregularity of the course followed by the latter. Still, without exaggeration, the surface thus ravaged, extending from the southwest to the northeast of Peshtigo, may be set down as not far from fifteen to twenty leagues in length by five or six in width. The number of deaths in Peshtigo, including the farmers dwelling in the environs, was not less than one thousand—that is to say, about half of the population. More than eight hundred known individuals had disappeared; but there were crowds of strangers, many of whom had arrived that very morning, whose names had not been registered, and whose number will ever remain unknown.

Among those who escaped from the awful scourge, many have since died, owing to the hardships then endured, whilst others are dropping off day by day. A physician belonging to Green Bay has predicted that before ten years all the unfortunate survivors of that terrible catastrophe will have paid the debt of nature, victims of the irreparable injury inflicted on their constitutions by smoke, air, water, and fire. If the prediction continues to be as faithfully realized in the future as it has been in the past, my turn will also come.

May the construction of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Marinette, be then completed, so that some grateful hearts may pray there for the repose of my soul.[2]

[2] We omit to reprint a Conclusion and an Appendix, which occupy the closing pages of the book, whose contents pertain to the religious reflections and ideas of the author.

BADGERS IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE

ALBANY BOY WINS CROIX DE GUERRE[1]

I have tried to get the opportunity to write you a letter—at least something that might be called a letter—but the Germans have kept us a bit too busy. Believe I promised you all a long letter when I got "en repos" telling you about our work in the first attack. The trouble was before we had any "repose" we were shoved into another attack—much worse than the other. However, at present we are in a quiet sector so I shall have time to tell you most of the things that happened to us.

Our first taste of real war was at Nazon—you have seen the name on the map and in the reports many times I know. We went from there to Vertus where we were "en repos." It was a pretty trip as far as Compeigne; from there it presented all the sadness, sorrow, and confusion and horrors of this great war. The roads there are wide and allow four wagons or cars to pass abreast. As a rule there was a double stream on the road continuously. Coming from the front were long lines of trucks (which had carried soldiers to the front) laden down with refugees and their possessions; following these were wagons loaded with household articles and everywhere there were refugees, old women, little children, all carrying all they owned in the world. Their homes had probably been shot down by this time or would soon be. They were going—they did not know where—but all they wanted was to go. There was also a steady stream of soldiers coming out of the lines. They were tired—so tired some could not go on but rested in peculiar positions along the road. Then came more wagons, ambulances loaded inside and out with wounded—some having no clothing and being wrapped in blankets—more trucks, more refugees, and more soldiers. Over all floated a cloud of dust—everyone was covered with dust—one breathed dust and ate dust and above all hated dust. Going in toward the front were trucks of soldiers, ambulances, big guns, small guns, and ammunition wagons—more men, more men. Every-

[1] Letter of John B. Litel to his father, June 27, 1918, printed in Janesville *Gazette* of August 10.

one was hurrying in rout. There was little talk, but every face had a set expression. For us new to the game it was a strange and impressive sight, one never to be forgotten.

About five in the evening we reached our destination—a little village deserted by all save a few soldiers, the buildings most shot to pieces. We washed up, ate, and turned in for a little much needed sleep. The night before we had slept but two hours and had been constantly on the go. We were soon to learn that we were very fortunate in securing two hours of sleep. About eleven that night we were called and told that we must leave in five minutes—we also left all our blankets, cots, etc., carrying our barrack bags and a few toilet articles. We moved ten kilometers and parked our cars near the road. It was quite cold but we managed to get a few hours' sleep. At six o'clock six of us went on duty. As we went toward the front there was really very little shelling. The Germans had recently advanced and had not as yet had an opportunity to get their guns in place. It was not long, however, before they had the range and were busy banging away.

We reached the post and awaited orders. A few minutes after we saw two batteries of the famous 75's pull up in a field and begin work. And they can work some, too. Shortly after we saw a detachment of British Cavalry go into action—a wonderful sight. The men were splendid looking fellows, the horses shone in the morning light, and their long spears and swords reflected the light of the sun in a million sparkling shafts. Before long we were too busy with our "blesses" and had little time for anything but work. We worked steadily for about four days when the worst was over and things quieted down for about a month when we had two more bad days. During the first five we slept but a few minutes at a time—one night in a cellar on turnips, the next out in a courtyard with nothing but a blanket wrapped around one. We ate when we could or what we could—which wasn't a great deal some times.

There were times when one's chances of life didn't seem too good. There were times when the war came mighty close. The time for instance we learned of our first boy's death. Killed while sitting in his car ready to leave. The time, too, when we buried him—just a party of some fifty Americans (there were several men from other

sections came up) all alone among these Frenchmen, laying away one of our own boys whom we loved. But there were times when we had mighty good times through it all. Times when we would gather in some deserted house before an open fire and talk it over.

Then there was the day none of us will ever forget—the day we were called out in front of our quarters and inspected by a general while the general of our own division stood back and looked on—with just a bit of pride in his fine eyes it seemed to me. Then the general of the army corps pinned a croix de guerre (French war cross) on both of our French and American lieutenants and on our flag. This is the second highest grade of the war cross given and we are all mighty proud. Eleven of the boys also received citations for this work. The crosses did not come until some time later—in fact I just received mine today and am having the lieutenant send it under separate cover from Paris. Please let me know if you receive it as it means a great deal to me and I want you to be sure and get it.

We had now been at Ribecourt (just below Noyon) about six weeks when we received the order to move and go back about fifteen kilometers where we would be on reserve. Instead of going from there on to "repose," as we expected, we went into action again, this time at Soissons, or just outside, our post being at Laveisine. From our previous position to Laveisine we encountered more dust than I ever saw in my life. In fact it was impossible to see a thing but the back of the car ahead—hardly more than ten feet. We arrived at L. about eleven o'clock and at twelve our posts were established and at four I went out to one. The lieutenant did not attack as he thought it only fair to give some of the boys a chance who had not as yet received war crosses. However, the roads were bad and as long as he deemed it advisable to have two men on every car he and I took turns riding with whatever car was ready. I started at four and rode in this manner back and forth until twelve the next day. It was quite a strain at times as the shelling was terrific. The Germans were using one of the Austrian guns, the 210 which makes a hole big enough to bury a Ford completely. People back there may think this is an exaggeration—I know I used to, but now I know it isn't. The shell before it is fired stands nearly to my waist

and is as big around as a water hydrant. The Boche had a pleasant way of sending three of these over at once and not infrequently would they break on either side and to the front or rear of our car.

I shall never smell fresh dirt but that I shall think of those terrific explosions. They would make the earth for yards around shake and quiver as though it were jelly. I have passed buildings in a small town when one of these monsters would crash through the roof and the roar would be deafening. Rocks and stones (nearly all buildings here are built of these) two feet wide would be hurled in the air like mere pebbles.

One morning I was in a small town when the shells seemed to rain into the little valley where the town was snuggled. I was in a cellar and about three blocks down the same street some more of our boys were in a similar one. A shell lit directly on top of the house over their cellar and all we could see of them was part of one boy's leg. About two hours later several of our boys and one car were captured by the Germans in the same town. It only goes to show how close one can come and still get away—what a difference there is between life and death over here.

It's funny how during a time of this kind one never fears death. At least I never do—it's only the fear of being torn to pieces by one of those big shells and left on the road somewhere to suffer. But when things are real busy and there are lots of wounded one even forgets to think of that and just goes ahead. You know you can't run fifty miles in an ambulance—it would kill all the wounded—and one usually travels very slowly and takes his chances where a shell is going to light.

We worked five days and nights on this attack and during that time I think I managed to get two hours' sleep. You may think that is not enough, but what is one to do, when there are wounded; they must never be left and they never are. Then, too, you may think it's pretty hard to keep awake. I used to think it would be but it's not so bad. The big shells and the big holes and the gas all go to keep one awake.

Now that I speak of gas perhaps you would like to know about that. That part of war goes way beyond what Sherman said. You see he never had any! I was riding one day with another boy. He

was driving and a gas shell broke near by and I gave him my mask to put on as his lay back of him. After he had adjusted his mask he handed me his. I had on a pair of gloves and, in my anxiety to get on the mask, put one glove in my mouth. That taught me a lesson. When I opened my mouth enough gas came in to make me good and sick—after that I took my gloves off with my hands.

We then went back "en repos" after five days of semiexcitement. Then was when we felt the whole thing—the nervous strain kept us up until we were back there away from it all. Then we knew that we were tired. We only were there a week and did not do a thing but clean up our cars, clean up ourselves, and rest—in capital letters—REST. We were too tired even to write letters.

Then we came up to this sector, quiet, peaceful, and wonderfully beautiful—valleys with wooded mountains on both sides, miles and miles of green trees. It's all so different here. One almost forgets the war.

So you see, Dad, we have been through considerable. We all feel like veterans now and we are proud of all the gold stripes that show we have been here six months and prouder still of the green and red striped ribbon which shows we have done something that the French republic recognizes as real. We are proud of our section for it's a wonder, and we are proud of our lieutenant, who has made it such. Of course we are sad at times when we think of the boys we have lost—killed or taken prisoners—but after all we must expect that. It's part of the game.

Give my best to all my friends—tell them to forgive me if I don't write. I think of them often. Please, Dad, write me a nice long letter. I miss yours very much and I haven't heard in a long time. How does the car run, and is your garden as good as ever? If it is, I certainly hate the Boche more than ever.

A FOURTH OF JULY AT THE FRONT[2]

The great and glorious Fourth has come and gone. The weather here was perfect. It was a gala day everywhere. It would have done your heart good to see the crowds of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Australians, and Canadians mixing with our

[2] Letter of Lieutenant Harry Kessenich to his parents, July 7, 1918, in Madison *Democrat* of August 6.

lads in a perfect realization of what July fourth meant to America and what it means to the world today. It meant liberty for us. It means liberty for the world—the liberty, truth, and justice that the allies believe in and which they will attain because of their wonderful unity of purpose and action and because the grace of God is with them. We cannot lose. We will win!

And now, folks, let me tell you about the day's program in our own little camp. We had an afternoon of sports, track and field events and boxing contests that would be hard to beat anywhere. Two hundred English Tommies and their officers were with us. It was an afternoon of fun. The lads surely enjoyed the contests as it was a fight for supremacy between platoons. And they gave their guests some good, wholesome ideas of the strength, speed, and alertness of real Americans. After the meet I overheard some Tommies discussing the events.

One of them said, "When those lads get into a fight, they'll bother Jerry a bit."

Coming from an Englishman those few words meant a lot. An American expressing the same feeling would undoubtedly have said: "When those lads get into a fight each of 'em 'll pound the blocks off forty-seven Boches."

As I have often written to you, the English officers at this place have made it their duty to do for us everything in their power to make our camp better and more pleasant. We have appreciated their kindness and resolved to do something for them on the Fourth. So I asked them for the privilege of their officers' mess that evening that we might give them a regular dinner. We have not as yet the facilities in our camp for staging such affairs. But they agreed with pleasure and with the aid of their English cooks and their school adjutant we went to work and staged a dinner, which for its completeness, its good fellowship, and its patriotism was the peer of any I have ever attended, and I would wager it had no equal in France.

The circumstances made it such. There we were, nine Americans and ten British officers, dining together in an English school, celebrating the day that gave America liberty from Britain, celebrating the fact that America and Britain are now allies in a common

cause and all of us on foreign soil! It was a cosmopolitan gathering. We ranged in rank from second lieutenant to major. The major commandant of the British school is a famous athlete from Cambridge university. One of his instructor captains is from Oxford university, where he played on the football, cricket, and track teams. Other English officers attended the University of London-West. Among the Americans the following universities were represented: Yale, Vanderbilt, Tennessee, Washington and Lee, Richmond college, Michigan, Georgetown, Marquette, and Wisconsin. Could you ask for a representation more varied among such a number of men?

The table was gorgeous in American and British flags, red, white, and blue flowers. I had the honor of being at the head of the table, with the major commandant on my right. At the other end of the table, acting as vice-master, was a Scotch captain. At the conclusion of the "oats" I said a very few words apropos the occasion and proposed a toast to His Majesty, the King of England. The major responded by lauding America's efforts, reading the official communique of the day, wherein it told of America's million soldiers in France, and of the launching that day of a hundred American ships. He praised President Wilson as the greatest statesman of the day and then asked a toast to "His Excellency, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States." Toasts were then proposed to the English navy, which has performed one of the miracles of the war in keeping the English channel open, and in helping in the transport of America's army across the seas with the loss of less than three hundred lives. Then came words of praise for General Pershing, General Haig, and General Foch, and finally a toast to the English staff, who prepared the dinner.

The bombardier, a quick-witted Irishman, McCarthy by name, said that while in his opinion the dinner with its fixings was the best they had ever staged at the school, yet it was the easiest to prepare, "because your toastmaster came to me with a fistful of money, told me that the sky was the limit, not to bother about expenses, and that if I needed more money to come to him." It was the truth. We spared no effort to make the affair one which the guests would

never forget, one which the hosts would always cherish as one of the most glorious "Fourth" celebrations ever.

When we went into the anteroom we sang "America" and "God Save the King," gave about a dozen yells for each university represented and a lot that were not represented. Then the party broke up. My throat is still sore.

Well, that is the way we spent the Fourth. I have tried to give you my idea of the day "over here." We all hope and pray that the next anniversary of the day will find us back "over there," but not unless we have routed kaiserism, put autocracy to flight, and helped to make the world safe for democracy.

A VETERINARY'S OBSERVATIONS [8]

This morning, while pondering over the events of the past, Hampton and I conceived the notion to write you a letter to remind you that everyone of our old acquaintances in the veterinary profession at home has not been forgotten. In our travels over the shell-ridden fields, as well as through the beautiful cultivated landscapes of France, we have often talked about you, the wife and kids and the whole civil population of St. Cloud, who always treated us so well when we paid them a visit. I have often wondered how you are getting along with your practice and other enterprises.

I suppose you have known that Hampton and I have been in France for some time. He arrived last August and I in December. It was strange that in my first assignment I should have immediately found him there as one of my underofficers. We with five others started the first American veterinary hospital in France and after four months turned it over to a regular veterinary unit that arrived from the States. On being assigned to this office I brought Hampton along to serve as my bodyguard, chief assistant, and principal inspiration.

I am not at liberty to state in a letter what our duties are or to say anything about our activities, but you may rest assured we are not the smallest peas in the pod. Our work takes us everywhere and already we have had all the experiences, close shaves, and excit-

[8] Letter of Major L. A. Merillat, printed in Fond du Lac *Reporter*, August 9, 1918.

ing moments any bloodthirsty human being could desire. When it is all over I am going to write a book for fireside entertainment for the coming generation, that is, if the good graces of our ambitious would-be Ruler of the universe, and God, will be so kind as to spare me. Up to date this creature of festering royalty has done big things with his armament. He has terrorized small nations, tortured those unfortunate enough to have fallen into his hands, defiled families, exhibited prisoners in cages to his admiring people like wild animals, chained his own soldiers to their guns so they could not retreat, spent millions spreading disastrous propaganda wherever he could—but the one thing he has utterly failed to do is to scare anybody.

I am telling you only what I have myself personally observed or obtained first hand, and I tell you, Schrage, it will some day all react so hard on those responsible that no one who should by right be pleased with punishment will be savage enough to enjoy it. The day is at hand when they are going to get licked, just like all bullies always finally get it in the neck or solar plexus, and it is beginning to look as if it will be the Americans who will deliver the blow.

You know, in Germany, the Americans are treated like savages. They say to their people that we are not intelligent enough to be treated like the soldiers of other nations and so the poor fools, deluded by the rulers they have been forced to venerate, are compelled to assume an attitude of contempt toward us. But already they have found out more times than the papers have stated it, that they are fighting real men now, and not Russians. The whole truth is, Schrage, the American soldiers have it all over them. They don't give a damn for their gas, their tricks, their big guns, nor the discipline they call bravery; they just go in and get them, and a wholesome respect for the Yankee gameness is already having a telling effect.

As the German soldier himself is learning this and is comparing the individual American character with the lies he was told about him, he is actually turning on his own country. "You can't fool all the people all the time," as the old saying goes. There will soon be a million of us here, and the Germans know it, but still, yesterday, in a clipping from one of their papers they announced that

there were only a few Americans here and that most of them were Sioux Indians. Can you beat it? Can you imagine a people could be kept in such abject ignorance and under such abject subjugation?

I often wonder how Wisconsin is behaving during these days and how the large German population actually feels about this war. Myself, I have always been the champion of the loyalty of the German-Americans, knowing so many of them at home and here who are nothing but regular fellows and as anxious to shake off this monster as anyone else. I take, for example, my own wife, born of German parents, who not only gave her husband and only child to the army, but quit a comfortable home in Chicago to live on a lonesome farm, in order that it might be made more productive, while anxiously waiting for news about the welfare of all she has in the world to live for. And I know there are other Germans like her. I would hate to think otherwise. The real features of this war are not yet understood by many. Its bigness, and the bigness of the daily events mask the real issues. Soon the full truth will be known to all and the foolhardiness of a man who in the guise of trying to save his people wants to rule everyone will be apparent.

A HARVARD MAN IN BATTLE*

Well, here I am again, Mother, still above the ground and feeling fine, but a little nervous from past experiences.

I received the *Herald* today. Guess where? Well, on the field of battle at the Marne. I will try and tell you a little of what I have gone through of late. The *Herald* and also the *Independent* have the distinction of being read by both Casey and myself on the Marne in France. It came about like this: They called for volunteers and you know we never want to miss anything, so I volunteered, along with twenty-three others, Casey among them. Well, we were loaded on one of these French trains; rode for about fourteen hours; got out; piled into auto trucks and rode for seven hours more; and at last dropped in at the ringside. And believe me, it was some fight. I saw more men killed in ten minutes than could march up Main Street abreast in half an hour. Well, we went into action after twenty-one hours on the road and close on eighty-six hours' hitch

* Letter of Thomas F. King to his parents, June 12, 1918, printed in Baraboo *Republic* for August 10.

without a bite, only hot cocoa and bread. But no one kicked, as we fed up on Germans.

It is funny, Mother, the things that come into a fellow's mind. You see the Germans come into action, locked arms, without a gun or grenade. The idea is to get the storm troops as close to us as they can without losing them. Well, when I saw them coming (I was in a hole behind a machine gun and sure was working fine) the song, "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go" came into my mind. They all had new uniforms on and new boots, but what an insipid lot! Their faces are devoid of expression of any kind, just like the pigs that they are. Well, we fed them their "iron rations" and they fell back. Eight times they came against that American position only to be driven back by machine gun, rifle, and artillery fire. That slope was so slippery with blood that they could not walk up it, so they fell back and shelled it to plow it up. Then we fell back and strengthened our positions. They came again and this time we broke up their ranks. A German will fight as long as he has all the odds in his favor, but even them up and he quits like a yellow dog. Well, it kept up until I am sure you all, way back there, could hear the noise. The concussion of the big ones is sure awful and a nose-bleed is the only relief. My nose bled like a regular spring, but I felt fine all the way through.

We got in one bad hole once and at once were surrounded by Saxons, men about six feet tall and as big as a mountain, but another company charged and out we came. I know of one of those big dogs who sure won't vote in Berlin this fall. I now have his helmet, for he has no further use for it. He came at us like a fire horse. My gun was empty and the bayonet was broken, but I had one "noisy apple" (hand grenade) so I gave it to him and down he came. Never did I think I could kill a man, but I can, a German above all things. As long as they are ahead of the game in numbers they are fine, but when they have to fight, then is when they expect mercy, but they do not get it. (Orders are orders over here.) We went in about fifty strong on our position; there were eight of us left, the majority wounded; but some of them will never go home. It hurts after one gets back and at rest, when he sees it all and wonders how he came through. Casey and I met at the mail

wagon. We were looking for each other and you may be sure we were glad to see each other. Got our mail and are now back of the lines getting rest. We were on our feet for eighty-six hours and now I am answering Frances' letters and one to you.

I got the paper, saw in it a letter from Bill Gendrick. He does not like the South. Wait until he is over here in hell for a year and Hogan's Alley will look good to him back there. All of those who are coming over might just as well make up their minds that this is not a tour, but real, hot stuff. Now, I see you are having a Red Cross drive back there. Anything anyone can do for the Red Cross they ought to do and smile, for how little you all know about the wonderful work they do over here. And those Red Cross nurses! Why, mother, they work for days at a time without a rest, for no one but us, and there isn't a soldier in France who would not lay down his life for those good Red Cross women.

We will soon again go back to our original positions and wait for the original eight and some more of the home boys to step up and show them just how good "Old Illinois" is. I came out in good shape, with only a bit of shell in one foot, and I had my foot dressed by a nurse from Janesville, Wisconsin. She asked me if I was from Chicago. I said, "A little way from there." So I told her where, and she told me where she came from. And, gee, it did sound good to hear her say that. She knew some fellows I knew up there so I got an extra good dressing on my foot. Pretty soft for me, huh?

Now listen, Mother, do not worry for I am O. K. and you know some men were made to hang, so I figure I am one of those.

The Germans are strong with their gas and of course a gas mask is a hard thing to fight in. It smells like the middle of a hospital and after one has it on for five or six hours he is glad to get it off.

We took prisoners and I stood near one and he said: "Got a cig. Billy?" Well, you know, Mother, a fellow would give the Devil a smoke over here if he met him. This one spoke good English. He was in Chicago when the Hotel Kaiserhof changed its name to the Atlantic, and that was after the United States declared war on Germany. So you see he made good time home to help out his Kaiser, didn't he? But I told him he couldn't get into the States

again with a shoehorn and he said "I guess not." He says Germany is in a bad fix and that they do not like to face the Americans for they sure can fight.

Well, Mother, you may give this to the paper, if you wish. Tell all the people back there never to forget the Red Cross and cut out the peace talk. No one over here wants peace—not until every Hun is made a "bum" and it will not take very long, for he is whipped in all stages of the game.

A DAY'S WORK IN THE Y. M. C. A.[4]

This week has been uneventful, aside from the ordinary run of fighting on our front—night trench raids, gas attacks, bombing raids over our towns—there is nothing to report. You read of those things now morning, noon, and night, so I won't bother you much with them. One reason is that the censor will not let me bother him about them. We cannot tell you the interesting things of our life over here; we must ever seek the flat, commonplace affairs to send off to you.

Three days ago a German airplane was brought down beside our town. It was a two-seater that had been hovering far overhead for some time; the Boche do this a great deal in this sector. The antiaircraft guns were working on this fellow as usual, and seemed to get no nearer his wings than usual; he sailed serenely here and there, taking our pictures, or preparing to drop bombs, or whatever it was he was after. Our shells, like so much pop corn, were breaking all around him—really a beautiful sight against the blue dome. We have watched these things so much lately our necks ache and we quit. Suddenly this fellow was seen in a long dive; then he began to spiral and then to tumble more or less, and we began to realize he had been knocked a little groggy; soon he took a long straight dive and disappeared behind the trees, and we knew another aviator had closed his last throttle.

The next day I was told from those who went out to the place, about four miles away, that there was nothing left of man or machine, but little broken bits. It was a German lieutenant and his mechanic aboard the craft. They said the lieutenant was dressed

[4] Letter of Daniel Wells, printed in Marinette *Star*, August 14, 1918.

in the best military style, "all spruced up, as if he was goin' somewhere" as one of the men told me. They gathered up the broken bits and gave them a military burial. They made two graves at the edge of the near-by wood and the chaplain fashioned a cross and left it there.

There are hundreds of Jews in this division we have with us now, New York Jews, fresh from the counters and offices of the city, many of them; and we are watching them with considerable curiosity, at least in the trenches, to see what they will do when the big guns are breaking overhead, and the "typewriters," the machine guns, are chattering out in front of them. I wish I could write you more on this subject.

We had a joint celebration on the Fourth with the French, and they certainly were keen to share the day with us. They joined in our games with us and helped decorate our graves. The French are certainly a hospitable, likeable people; I have been here nearly fourteen months now and I think more and more of them every day. They are a nation that's game all the way. You can never extinguish the French nation; no matter how many times they are down, they come back.

You might want to know how we put in an average day in our work over here. I get up between 6:30 and 7 in my room over the school. I go up to our Y mess on the hill above me. There I sit down with our divisional director, our treasurer, the athletic director, the religious manager, the entertainment man, and several others. After someone else asks grace, we pitch into a breakfast of bacon, coffee, French war bread and butter. I say butter, because I want to give it special and honorable mention. After breakfast I dodge around on my duties and errands. Maybe several new Y men, or women, have come in the night before and need attention or instructions before they take the field or go into one of our local canteens. Many of them don't know a thing about the town, the sector, or France, and in everything they do they need to be steered. They almost have to be led across the street.

If it is not new members there is probably some lease for one of our canteens or places of amusement that needs attention and I must go and jabber French to some native to settle an account or

pay some claims. Then there may be something that takes me to division headquarters, or French military headquarters, about some of our automobile truck licenses or some French Civilian workers in our warehouse or some other place. In the afternoon, I will probably have a party of seven or eight to take up to get their gas drill, so they will be prepared for gas attacks in the trenches, or in some of the near-by towns. After the gas party, there is probably something that takes me to one of our towns and stations distant perhaps about five or six miles; this trip I take on Y car, Ford, or truck, or on my bicycle—I always prefer the bicycle. Sometimes I am gone all day out in the field, going around to our stations on one thing or another that may seem trivial, but is necessary and often difficult, since we must often do a thing ourselves to get it done at all. When I am gone all day I eat wherever mealtime overtakes me. I like these meals best as they are with the troops.

In the evening, I am back at our Y mess, because unfortunately I have to run that; after dinner, if I have been in town all day, I invariably take a walk, or my bike, through the enchanted fields and woods and forests of this part of France. I have never seen any rural scenery to compare with it and every way we go, we have the hard, smooth roads to roll over. I often leave my wheel beside the road and wade through the high grass, the blue flowers, and wild poppies toward the setting sun, watching it finally drop "back there," where are all those I know and love, for after all, you know, this is France and back there, it's home.

When I get back to my billet from the country, I take my French lesson, at 9 o'clock, from one of the schoolmasters here. This lesson now consists in conversation, with him correcting me as I go along. I am out of the grammar stage of the language now; that is, at least I know more rules than I can apply and I must needs spend all my time in practice, with someone who can trip me up in about every sentence and show me my mistakes, if he has time to go over all of them. Interpreting is about half my work.

As I write you this letter, I can look out of the high French window in my room and with its high angle of fire toward the sky, I can see another Boche plane skating around up there in the blue, looking for what's coming to him, and with our popcorn breaking

all around him, as he trundles his little wheelbarrow through the skies this way and that looking for a place to drop one of his eggs, or trying to get low enough to take a pretty picture of us. They must like us in a way; they are everlastingly trying to take our pictures. Once in a while we take their number.

Of late these Boche planes have taken to dropping little toy balloons down on us, filled with propaganda of the usual kind. That was what this one we knocked down was doing; he had just dropped some sheets saying they were going to bombard our town and warning the civilians to get out. Before he had made the tour back to his own lines he himself had been bombarded and the nose of his motor was buried about four feet in French soil. This fellow's motor was hit at high altitude and he began to drop; then he was seen to get his motor going wide open later about four or five hundred feet from the ground, but he was not able to hold his wagon on her course. With his motor going wide open he still made straight for the ground; this made his fall all the harder, as it brought the ground toward him just that much faster. Then the poor devil scattered himself in a French wheat field and there was not much left of him to pick up but his calling cards, which were mailed to his home through the Red Cross in Switzerland.

I must now get ready for the next bombardment—of shells? No—of flies, at our evening mess.

MADISON ARTILLERYMAN GETS MUSTARD GAS[6]

My long-hoped-for baptism of fire—and gas—was pulled off in due form, and here I am in a mighty pleasant and restful base hospital recovering from that formerly palatable condiment, mustard. But it was sent over in gas form and I cannot say that it was relished.

We arrived at our sector on Friday, the twelfth, and on Sunday night took part in our first scrimmage. Also sustained our first casualties. Only about fifty of the battery were engaged and I hadn't succeeded in getting to the front, it being about Monday noon before I arrived. But from accounts current the Boche opened up on our positions about midnight and "strafed" 'em with shrapnel,

[6] Letter of Morris Davis to his sister, July 26, 1918, printed in Madison *State Journal* of August 24.

high explosives, and gas for eight hours. They succeeded in getting within a hundred yards of our positions but morning found them back in their own little dugouts—such as were left. They were so close, however, that we prepared to blow up the guns, which is accomplished, you remember, by disconnecting the barrel from the recoil spring and firing a last shot. The recoil throws the barrel back against the trail and is said to smash things most satisfactorily. I hope we never have to do it though.

First physical offensive against the Hun consisted of ramming home a 100-pound high explosive shell and placing a powder charge behind it. This happened at 8:35 P. M., July 15, and from then until I was placed "hors de non-combat" Saturday morning I did things to upwards of a thousand similar shells. Reports were that they played hop with four or five divisions of Hunnen and we know of two pontoon bridges and an observation tower that they spoiled. It is an indescribable feeling when someone over by the battery command dug-out pops up and says, "Number four gun did that."

For fear that you are worrying about my gassing, I'll tell you about it right here. Friday night the Hun gave us—free—gratis—for nothing—about five gas shells a minute for several hours. The shells were about four-inch ones. By Saturday morning they were all over the landscape. Instead of a heavy charge of explosive, the nose of a gas shell contains only a light charge of powder—just sufficient to shatter the casing and release the gas, though there is some fragmentation.

Four of these shells dropped within a few feet of me and by seven o'clock Saturday morning I was violently sick. I worked along awhile, thinking it would pass, but finally had to lie down in a machine gun dug-out. Woke in about an hour, practically blind. It was four days before I saw anything. That, however, has about passed now. The gas also burned the flesh in several places, though not severely.

The trip to the base was made in one of the finest hospital trains that I ever saw—American. It was crowded, too, though serious wounds were not plentiful. The wounded are, for the most part, as matter-of-fact and unheroic as a bunch of measle patients. Their typical expression is, "Well, we sure did give 'em hell."

I think the American soldier will make a good veteran.

Being under fire is quite an experience, but I have been thrilled lots more at a movie and scared worse. About the only noticeable sensation is nervousness, which may amount to a chill in the early morning after being suddenly awakened, or which may be only a slight quickening of motions. Ordinarily with an "action" gun crew—8 men, drill strength is 6—two shots per minute is about the limit, but when Fritz's shells are creeping closer with each burst, it is no trouble at all to send three. Then there is the feeling of oppression, almost fear, on waking suddenly when very tired. When Fritz is active we average about one hour's sleep to nine or ten of hard work. Often when we are all set for three hours of sleep we are called out on a rush within fifteen minutes. One gets so he can sleep anywhere; I dozed off once with a fused shell in my hands, waiting for the word to load. And I slept five hours at a stretch on a slope so steep that it took a deep toe-hold to stick on at all. One can sleep in mud through a driving rain—and never take cold. Oh, it's a beautiful life in many ways. You enjoy sleep and food more than the most fondly imagined joys of soft living, and the bare thought of—oh, strawberry shortcake and cream, to mention one of a hundred—is a joy keener than ever described by novelist or poet. What a value I am setting on plain little everyday things these days.

It does not seem possible that I was there only five days. I remember enough of incident and sensation to fill an ordinary month. With all the dirt and work and vermin, with all the lack of sleep and all that, I enjoyed it more than all of my whole army life. I could not help but turn down two offers of relief—only about fifty being on the firing line at a time, the rest of the battery relieving them in turn. As a result about a third of the first contingent is still at the guns now, while I am lounging back here in a hospital. And the worst of it is that there have been big doings in our sector, and our lines have advanced. But there will be more big events this fall, I confidently believe.

The woods and ridges around our position just teemed with guns of all sizes—quite a number of thousands of them in a ten-mile sector. And on two pitch-black nights they laid down a barrage! The noise was wonderful, and the muzzle flashes made things as

day at times. Fritz was getting every kind of shell we had—gas, high explosive, shrapnel. It seemed to me that our artillery landed about a thousand shells to Fritz's one all week, but perhaps he was doing more than surface appearances indicated.

Another everpresent feature is the 'planes—flocks and squadrons of 'em. They fly in every conceivable formation, and many things are less beautiful than a squadron in the full light of a rising or setting sun. Air battles, too, like all newspaper reports, are "too numerous to mention." The ground is infested with antiaircraft machine guns and "Archies." Fifteen or twenty black and white shrapnel bursts, together with the staccato rattle of several machine guns, give one a faint idea of the beautifully varied life of an airman.

Mind and body are almost entirely detached from each other under active conditions at the front. The effort to remember the day of the week or the date is about the extreme limit of mental activity. I have a vague impression that I have just passed my twenty-third birthday and there will be letters from home—most readable and satisfying to this "soldat americaine en France." But there is no paper nor envelopes any place to mail letters up there. My letters may therefore be irregular if the Huns continue going backwards. But don't worry.

HORRORS OF WAR AT CHATEAU THIERRY[1]

The villages that have recently come into our hands sure do show great evidence of heavy and savage fighting. We came into Chateau Thierry only a few days after Mr. Boche had been driven out. From my window here, over a stable, you can look out over a hill that was the scene of a bloody battle. The Huns had machine gun pits and trenches. There is almost a hundred of dead Boche lying about. Some places in the trench they are three deep.

You bet our boys, brave men, every one, marched straight into the rain of machine gun bullets, and killed the Germans where they stood. On the edge of our trench are buried a corporal and his men. Their rifles with bayonets still fixed lay where they were dropped in the murderous hand to hand struggle. Their blood is spilled

[1] Letter of William McDonald of Janesville, August 7, 1918, printed in Janesville *Gazette* of September 20.

all over the ground. But for that blood the Germans paid dearly. I walked up to the trench and peered in. There were Germans three deep with their heads smashed in. No quarter was asked, and none was given.

All over the hill can be seen the deadly effects of our boys' fire, and bayonet work. I went into a house with some war correspondents of the New York *Herald*. An aged couple came in to see us. They had been once German prisoners, but made good their escape when the drive was at its height. They returned only to find a shell of what was once their home. They were sad after gazing at the ruined walls and furniture, but they said they would remain and get along somehow.

There were many rifles and abandoned machine guns and German equipment strewn about the yard. Everything showed signs of a fierce encounter. A few feet away lay piles of German dead, one an officer. The stench that comes from these battle fields is awful. Flies are so thick that you almost breathe them. They get into your food, your eyes, and your ears. The walls at night are simply black with them. It has been raining for three or four days. The roads are deep with mud. By that I mean honest to goodness MUD in capital letters. It turned pretty cold, and tonight I am going to turn in, in heavy marching order. Can you imagine those boys, the poor fellows on the line? No shelter and many have lost their equipment. Digging themselves in, and living in trenches filled with water, and some without blankets.

The devastation left in the wake of Mr. Boche is fierce—beautiful homes where once lived happy and contented people. Most of the homes were furnished wonderfully, and are now almost total ruins. At one place we saw some grand chateaux that it was more than a crime to despoil.

Many of my old comrades have been checked off, but the reports do not come in very fast in a drive like this, so I am waiting patiently for some word from my company. I saw many of my old friends just before they started for the front. They were glad to see me, and I was glad to see them. The old company's privates were all sent away soon after they came across. But I saw Lieutenants

Pelton and Rau, also a few of the noncoms from Janesville and Edgerton. They all made a name for themselves.

My pal and I walked up to where a battery was putting over a heavy barrage on the woods just ahead, where the Germans were located. We came through a wheat field, and were chased by two boche machines—(planes). We evaded them by ducking into some woods. We emerged on the opposite side. We saw troops marching up the road towards the front. They called to me, and I ran over and discovered it was Co. M. I shook hands with all that I knew, and said good-bye. Then fell in with them for a little way.

The head of the column entered a little village. Just then the Germans started to shell it. The first shell was a terrific explosion. You could hear the cries of the wounded men. An ambulance that passed us only a few moments before came slowly back filled, many of them hanging on the fenders. One fellow, now a corporal, who used to be in my squad waved and called out a "Hello Mac." With his arm almost torn off, he smiled. How do the Huns expect to lick men like these? Then came the alarm of "gas." Quickly we donned our gas masks. The line started forward again, and we started back to division headquarters. We walked until we saw some Frenchmen on a wagon. They did not have their gas masks on, so we removed ours, and looked at each other, and as usual laughed.

One lieutenant, a great friend of mine, and a member of the original advance party, has been killed. He was shot through the leg. He was so mad he grabbed up a rifle and bayonet, and charged a machine gun emplacement. He was cut almost in two by the deadly bullets, and so ended his short army career. Two other lieutenants, very good friends of mine, have made the supreme sacrifice. But in turn the Germans have only that much more to settle for. It seems too bad, that good men have to come this long way, to let some damn squarehead sauerkrauteater shoot them down. But such are the tolls of war, and their death could not be more honorable.

THE STORY OF A RED CROSS NURSE[3]

They tell me the ban is off most things in writing home, so I'll be freer now to tell of our trip over, and what we've been doing so

[3] Letter of Jane Taylor, November 28, 1918, printed in Fond du Lac *Reporter* of December 20.

far. Very tame compared to all that has been going on, still it may be of interest to the home people in general.

Our unit of one hundred nurses left New York October 26 and 27. We left the city in groups of from 25 down to 5. Went to different piers, and were taken to different ships that were to start out in convoy for some unknown overseas port. Left the harbor in the evening of October 27.

In a way it was a very friendly trip all the way, for there were about sixteen ships always near to each other and signaling constantly. We were given life belts, but on our ship we were not compelled to wear them all the time, as I found later was the order on other ships in the convoy. But we had to have them beside us wherever we were, night or day. We had drill call every day, and had to hurry to our place beside the lifeboat that was to be ours in case of submarine danger. At night ships were kept dark. No cigars or even radium wrist watches were allowed on deck.

My heart kept going down to the troop decks where the enlisted men were, but a wiser head than mine decreed that we were to be down there only as needed to care for the sick. But oh you people at home, deal lovingly with the boys as they return, they need it so, even if they do not do exactly what is considered right by the set lines made for ordinary people. Remember, "Enlisted men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

Our convoy seemed to wander all over the Atlantic in our trip across—some days in the gulf stream and then out again—but at last we landed without mishap in Liverpool. An escort of ships came out to meet us the last day, and took us in with great care. There our unit of nurses was united for a brief time, and we were all put on a train at once and sent to Southampton. Traveled all night, and of course no sleepers. After a hurried breakfast at the station hotel in Southampton the unit was again divided for safety in the cross-channel trip. The chief nurse took half, and I was given half, and we never got all together again until we reached here. We were put on a hospital ship in the morning and stayed around near port until night; then we started out and were landed at Havre, France, in the morning.

Were met by a transportation officer and taken to a hotel, where arrangements had been made for us to stay. That was Sunday, November 10. The next morning the whole town began to wake up, and word went around "Feenished la guerre." Everybody kept saying it to us, and we began to realize that it really must be over. By afternoon the quiet streets began to resemble the place in front of a circus tent entrance. Couldn't get through the crowds, and then groups began marching and singing. They called to have the Americans march, so the Y. M. C. A. people collected as many as they could to begin with, and before long the line grew to great proportions. The band went first, then the nurses under our own flag that we'd never had occasion to use before, then every American, mostly soldiers, who saw what was going on, joined in. I'd never marched in the streets before in my life, and I'll never forget that day. The whole street full marched right with us. Women reached out their hands to us, and men cheered, and oh, so many tears through the crowd. I threw kisses from my hand and they were returned to me by the thousands.

But darkness came on and the marching stopped, and we were hurried onto a train to take us to our destination, then unknown to all the nurses except myself. All I could tell them was that we'd have to change trains in the morning and go another twelve hours.

A cold night on the train, but this time we had bread and jam with us, and that helped some. In the morning we arrived, where? In Paris! It was early in the morning and Paris had just gone to bed after its first night's celebration. We were too late to make connections with our other train out of Paris, and next train not until next morning. There was no officer to meet us or give us help. We went to a hotel the army people patronize a great deal, but no room for us. "For one person maybe, yes, but for nearly fifty—Oh, la! la! No." Paris was full up with people. All France had come in. I spent until late afternoon telephoning this office and that, waiting about a half hour each time for telephone connection, and at home, to think I've grown impatient if central kept me waiting a whole minute! Then I tried to get out by afternoon. I tried to get out and hunt up the officers, so as to get more satisfaction, but found I couldn't get through the streets, and all traffic was stopped.

Then I called all the girls together and said, "Folks, it's come to a case of abandon ship." Go out in twos and threes through the near-by streets and see if you can find rooms for yourselves. Only report here early enough to get to the train tomorrow morning in case I can get accommodations. Soon after they had scattered a tired little sergeant from the transportation office found me at the hotel, and explained how upset everything was, but promised he'd do all he could to have space for us on the next morning train. One of the nurses who found a room came back for me, and later in the evening I went back to see if any nurses were unable to find places for the night, but all had been fitted in somewhere. Early the next morning we found two coaches reserved for us, and started away before Paris had really gotten to bed.

Impossible to get coffee so early, so we had to be contented with dry bread until nearly noon. I learned that we were to stop over half an hour at a station. About an hour ahead I got a telegram sent, asking that the station restaurant have at least coffee for us when we arrived there. The station people in their distress at having such a hurry-up message, went over to some American soldiers with it. In no time they had arranged a long table for us, and had coffee, bread, rice, meat, and cheese for us, and had even arranged how much we were to pay for it, so we wouldn't be cheated. (In time of need turn to the soldiers.) When we were ready to go I couldn't find them anywhere to thank them for their trouble, but thanks they surely got if they only knew it.

At 7 P. M. we reached Mars-sur-Allies, and a tired lot of people we were. Great army carryalls met us, after we had telephoned out, and brought us out here to camp. And so well had I trained the girls by that time to keep their eyes on their own suitcases, that way out here in the country, where there was no danger of having them picked up, every girl grabbed her own heavy suitcase, and seemed loath to let the soldiers put them in the truck out of their sight.

We've rested not at all since we came. A few are sent each day to different camps all over France. Tomorrow I'm to go with nine others to a place called Angers, northwest from here, near Tours. But the prospects are none of us are going to be kept over here very

long. Trainloads of patients are leaving every day now. The boys are tremblingly glad to go. I watched them load a train this morning, and they were still getting ready to go this afternoon. Oh, people, be good to them when they get there. One look of home will bring many of them back to health, who are going down hill here. I'm seeing all I can bear to see it seems, and the cold rooms and dampness are giving coughs and colds to many of us.

I'm expressing no preferences for any place to work, or kind of work. Wherever I'm sent I'll go gladly, but I'm thinking that if they took me now to accompany sick soldiers home, I'd go most gladly. To die gloriously in wartime is one thing, but to shiver and shake and finally die of pneumonia when war is done is quite another. Home looks good to me.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY

CAPTAIN P. H. CONLEY

Next to the history of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, that of Lafayette County is the earliest in Wisconsin. It is also more typical of pioneer days than is the history of either of the others, since its settlers were scattered in the open, while the people of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien dwelt around a fort. The story of Lafayette is a history of a high class of people, engaged in mining and agricultural and dairy development that has resulted in a community that is perhaps the richest, per capita, of any in the state.

It is not possible to state who was the first white man upon the soil of Lafayette County. During the French régime many explorers, missionaries, and traders passed up and down the Mississippi. Nicolas Perrot was presented with a piece of lead ore, explored the lead mine region, and built a fort within it during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Pierre Le Sueur came up the Mississippi in the year 1700, and mentions a lead mine "in a prairie, a league and a half inland" from Galena River. This may have been in the neighborhood of the later New Diggings, not far from Fever (or Galena) River. Unknown French and half-breed traders continued to frequent this region in order to purchase the lead which the Indians themselves took from the rude mines they worked. The Indians, however, were jealous of white intruders, and only such as won their confidence were permitted to visit the lead mines. Among these was Julien Dubuque, who settled near the city named for him, in 1788. He was on friendly terms with the Indians who permitted him to dig lead throughout their country, and at one time he practically controlled the trade in the western part of Lafayette County. Dubuque died in 1808, and practically

had no successor in the affection of the Indians. Until the close of the second war with England, very few white men appeared in this region. It is rumored that Henry Shreeve took out a cargo of lead in 1810, and floated it down Fever River. After the close of the War of 1812 traders came in very fast. Among them were Jesse W. Shull, Dr. Samuel C. Muir, Amos Farrar, A. P. Van Metre, and David G. Bates, all but the last of whom had Indian wives.

Between 1815 and 1820, Capt. John Sharr made eight trips between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, carrying down cargoes of lead from the Fever River mines. The first settlement that is known to have been made in Lafayette County was that of 1824 by a party of six who came overland from Galena, and who named the place "New Diggings." When early American settlers came, they were men of rare excellence—earnest, frank, honest, brave, tender, and daring—men of nerve and character. After the New Diggings settlement was begun Henry and J. P. B. Gratiot, from St. Louis, visited the western part of the county in 1825, and began mining, smelting, and selling goods. They soon had six furnaces in operation and employed upwards of sixty Frenchmen and Indians; the place was called "Gratiot's Grove."

The Murphys erected a flour mill at Benton in 1827, which was the first in the county; people came to it from a distance of forty miles to get grinding done. Even from Rockford and Dubuque this place was sought in order to get flour and meal.

Many people who later became well-known pioneers and whose descendants are still with us came to this county by 1827. Among these were Samuel H. Scales, the Oliver brothers, the McNulty brothers, the Van Metre brothers, D. M. Parkinson, John T. Moore, John W. Blackstone, the Townsend family, Abraham Looney, and George Wiley.

The Winnebago outbreak in the summer of 1827 retarded settlement for a time. A fort was built at Gratiot's Grove

and another at Shullsburg. Prospectors and speculators fled, but the real settlers remained, gathered into the forts, and abandoned work. After the Indians were subdued, settlements spread rapidly all over the county. In 1828, John Ames settled near the center of the present county, and gave his name to one of our streams. Colonel William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton of Revolutionary fame, erected, in the same year, a furnace at "Fort Hamilton," and platted the village of Wiota. Here his widowed mother visited him in 1837. Not much later Jamison Hamilton founded Darlington; James Kendall settled at Kendall Town; and R. H. Magoon came to Monticello, built a furnace, broke land for farming, and soon after opened a general store. Elk Grove was early settled and grew rapidly, as it combined what the pioneers sought—good water and plenty of timber. Settlers were there in 1826; the town had a postoffice in 1830, and a tavern in 1833, in which religious services were held twice a year. Lorenzo McNett, who came there from New York State, was fifty days in making the trip. Henry Gratiot was the first permanent settler in the town that bears his name. He came there from Gratiot's Grove in 1828, and his was the first white family in that part of the county. The Parkinsons came to Fayette about 1832; two years before Thomas H. Price had opened a farm, and a Mr. Duke had mined there in 1828.

Shullsburg was an important point in our early history. Gratiot's Grove, just to the south, was the best known place between Galena and Chicago. There were many mines around there; saloons, stores, hotels, boarding houses, and residences multiplied; traders, smelters, miners, merchants, gamblers, and the usual concomitants of a boom town were in evidence. The southeastern corner of the county was slow in settling, because of the number of Indians, who found that part of the state a paradise for trapping, fishing, and hunting. Spafford, who came to this part of the county in 1830,

was killed by the Indians June 14, 1832, during the Black Hawk War.

The first large settlement in the northern part of the county was at Willow Springs. Colonel D. M. Parkinson built the first cabin there in 1827. George Carroll, of Maryland, a nephew of the famous Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, John Smith, John Ray; N. T. and Peter Parkinson were early settlers. John T. Moore opened a three-room log hotel near where Fort Defiance was afterwards built. Here congregated such congenial men as General Henry Dodge, Colonel William S. Hamilton, Colonel Ebenezer Brigham, General Charles Bracken, Colonel Abner Nichols, Major J. P. Cox, Colonel James Morrison, Colonel Levi Sterling, Major J. B. Terry, Colonel D. M. Parkinson, and Judge J. W. Blackstone. This hotel was on the line of road from Fort Winnebago to Mineral Point, and thence on to Galena.

The first settlers lived in tents or sought protection from the elements in their prairie schooners, or under an inverted wagon box. Some lived in caves in the side of a hill or bluff. The first necessity was to build a home of some kind. Often it was a sod-banked hut; more often a house of logs, usually fourteen by sixteen feet. To make this the pioneers felled trees, cut the trunks to the required lengths, smoothed them on two sides, laid the two ends on the ground, cut a notch on the upper side near the ends of each, and laid on the side pieces. Then the next two end pieces would have two notches at each end, one to go over the last side piece, the other to receive the next side piece, and so on, up to a height of about eight feet, where the roof started. The roof was of clapboards, split by hand. There was usually one door and one window; the door was at one end, a fireplace at the other. The fireplace consisted of an opening in the logs, about five by seven feet, walled with stone, the chimney of which was on the outside of the house. This latter was sometimes of stone, laid up dry, but usually of mud. Some log houses had

sod chimneys lined with clay, while other chimneys were made of sticks and clay. Tables, chairs, stools, and benches were improvised from logs. The beds were usually placed in the corners of the room nearest to the fireplace. A forked stake was driven into the floor, at such a distance diagonally from the corner of the room as to form a rectangle, about four by six feet. Holes were bored with a large auger in the side and end log walls. A pole was driven into one hole and the other end laid in the fork of the upright. A timber was placed in the other hole and laid on the first one; then split boards, or willows on poles formed the springs. A tick was then filled with straw, dry grass, or leaves, and the bed was completed as only a good wife could finish it. After bedsteads were obtained, there was always a trundle-bed for the children.

Within the cabin, artificial light was furnished, for the most part by the fireplace, but some had a "grease cup," a saucer or iron vessel filled with grease, with a wick or twisted rag over the side, that burned beautifully, but did not give much light.

After a patch of ground was broken, and the corn or wheat raised, the next care was to prepare the grain for food. Corn was sometimes ground by rubbing the ears on a grater, made by punching holes in tin or iron, but the meal so obtained was coarse. Another method was to place the kernels in a hollow receptacle, and pound or crush them. Corn boiled in weak lye, called hominy, was the staple article of food. Threshing of wheat was done by flails; the result was not very satisfactory, as winnowing was hardly a success. At Galena, Wiota, and Benton were the only mills; ox teams were slow; there were no roads or bridges; creeks were more formidable than they are now, and when swollen by rains or thaws were quite impassable. Thus during at least one-half the year travel was impossible. When a settler reached the mill, he might have to wait days for his turn, and he could

not telephone home that he was delayed, or that he was stranded in a slough, or had lost his way. Food was not only hard to get, but very high in price. In 1830 flour was $18 a barrel; pork, $30 a barrel; coffee was fifty cents a pound; sugar, thirty cents; calico was forty cents a yard; while lead, the staple product, brought only $3 a thousand weight.

Notwithstanding all this, with the honesty, hospitality, and kindly sympathy that were the prominent characteristics of the hardy pioneers, early life in Lafayette County would have been enjoyable but for the ever present fear of the Indians.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

During the winter of 1831-32, Black Hawk's band of Sauk Indians went on the warpath, and settlers and miners began active preparations for protection. Forts were built all over the county; a description of some of them may prove interesting. The great stockade on the Looney farm at New Diggings was one hundred twenty feet square, and cared for more than one hundred persons; the remainder of the people, farther south, went to Fort Clark at White Oak Springs. The Elk Grove fort covered an acre of land, split wooden pickets formed the inclosure, and there were two blockhouses to which the settlers came every night. Captain De Long made it his headquarters for more than four months. Fort Hamilton, near Wiota, was forty feet square, surrounded by a ditch and pickets; on the west side was a blockhouse, sixteen by twenty-four feet. Fort Defiance on the Parkinson farm was a stockade eighty by one hundred twenty feet, made of heavy split timbers eighteen feet long, sharpened at the top, with no openings, except loopholes; at two of the corners bastions, twelve by fourteen feet, were used for kitchens; at the opposite corners were blockhouses sixteen feet square, projecting two feet beyond the bastions, and rising five or six feet above the palisades. Within the enclo-

sure were buildings to accommodate the families of the settlers. The garrison of this post numbered forty men, who were well drilled.

Black Hawk sent out a war party to attack Fort Hamilton. En route it came to the Spafford farm, where a number of men were working in a cornfield. The whites made a stand, but were no match for the war party, who killed four, while two escaped. Two days later (June 16) a German, named Henry Apple, was killed less than half a mile from Fort Hamilton. Henry Dodge led a party of twenty-one men in pursuit of the Indians, and came up with them the same day on the banks of the Pecatonica. He left four men to hold the horses, then charged the enemy, who were protected by a high bank and whose number was unknown, fought the battle on a space of less than half an acre, and in less than ten minutes every Indian was slain. The whites reported three killed and one wounded.

General Dodge was a tower of strength to the settlements throughout this reign of terror. At the beginning of the struggle he organized a mounted company of two hundred men who scoured the country, protected the outposts, and procured provisions for the families in the forts. Black Hawk said that had it not been for "Hairy Face," as he called him, he would have regained the southwestern part of Wisconsin.

After the close of the Indian troubles, the progress of the county was rapid, and the gain in population and wealth wonderful. On April 3, 1836, President Andrew Jackson commissioned Henry Dodge governor of the new territory. Belmont was chosen for the first meeting place of the territorial legislature, which convened October 25, 1836, and remained in session forty-six days. The building in which it met is still standing, but does not compare very favorably with the splendid new capitol at Madison. Colonel D. M. Parkinson was a member of this first legislature, representing a district which comprises now five counties.

SOME FIRST THINGS

The county of Lafayette was established by an act of legislature passed in February, 1847; the first meeting of the commissioners was held May 3 of that year, and the county seat was located at Shullsburg. The returns for the year 1847 showed that the assessed valuation of the county was $267,586; in 1917 the county's subscription to the First Liberty Loan was $269,600. The Belmont *Gazette,* the fourth newspaper started in Wisconsin, was established October 25, 1836, by James Clarke and John B. Russell. In the winter of 1829, the first school in the county was opened at the home of J. P. B. Gratiot, with Miss Hotchkiss as teacher. The first schoolhouse was built in 1832. The first judicial term in the county was held at Shullsburg, September 6, 1847. Honorable Charles Dunn, justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin Territory, and presiding judge in Lafayette County, was on the bench. The first religious services are supposed to have been held in Wiota, in 1826, conducted by the Reverend Aaron Hawley.

FORMER VILLAGES OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY

Nachez, about a mile and a half west of the village of New Diggings, was the first village in the county, and had, at its best, over a hundred inhabitants.

Old Shullsburg, west of the present city, was a prominent place with its saloons, stores, fort, shops, and residences. There was intense rivalry between it and "Dublin Village," north of the city. Both were crowded with miners, prospectors, and the flotsam and jetsam of the early mining camps.

Stump Grove was a busy place with its "Bull Pump," "Horse Pump," two hotels, store, shops, and a score of residences and cabins. It is now a pasture.

Benton had a village at or near Horseshoe Bend, with stores, saloon, shops, mill, furnaces, and residences.

Collettes Grove or Fort De Seelhorst, in section seven in Elk Grove, was founded in 1827. It had stores, tavern,

brewery, postoffice, boarding houses, shops, residences, church, and school in its day, but now only a fine farm and a schoolhouse remain.

There was, at one time, a Mormon village north of the present Blanchardville.

Fort Funk, in Monticello, with its general store, furnaces, shops, churches, and school, is now only a memory.

Yellowstone, a trading point for a radius of five miles, had its postoffice, school, shops, and stores, but has today only the raging Yellowstone rushing to the Gulf.

Spring Valley, in the southern part of Gratiot, had a hotel, stores, shops, and some half dozen residences.

New Baltimore was laid out with streets, avenues, and public squares, but it never got fairly started. Its site was afterwards known as the Ansley farm.

In 1826 or 1827 there was a village of a hundred or more inhabitants in the southwest corner of White Oak Springs, the very name of which is now forgotten.

Shultz's Ford, later known as Riverside, had a depot, postoffice, school, church, shops, mill, saloon, stores, and an attorney-at-law; now the sole sign of business is a cheese factory.

Gratiot's Grove, founded about the year 1825, was, in 1838, the most important place between Galena and Chicago. It had the first school in the county, several stores, two good hotels, furnaces, shops, comfortable residences, and a population of several hundred.

White Oak Springs had a remarkable start. It had sixty-three platted blocks, three hotels, four saloons, three blacksmith shops, five good stores, furnaces, smelters, and upwards of six hundred inhabitants. It was on the stage line from Galena to Freeport. It was a gathering place for well-to-do gamblers and "sports," and play ran high. Farms were won and lost on horse races, thousands of dollars changed hands daily, and a thousand dollars was staked on

the turn of a card. It held a great Fourth of July celebration in 1829. There is nothing now but a beautiful landscape and a farmhouse.

Prairie Springs, near Fort Defiance, was the gathering place of all the prominent men in southwestern Wisconsin, and the scene of great conviviality; there now remain but a few depressions in a field to mark the former foundations of buildings.

Willow Springs, northeast of Calamine, was founded about the year 1828 and became a busy little hamlet, with three stores, three hotels, furnaces, shops, school, Sunday school, etc. One saloon was for Jackson, and the other for Adams, and politics waxed warm. The spring is all that is left now, and this is not as large as in former times.

Avon, a mile south of Darlington, was an important place in its day, being one time the county seat, and having quite a start on the building for a courthouse. It had the finest hotel, at the time, in the county; three stores; a postoffice, getting its mail from Willow Springs; church, school, blacksmith, carpenter, and wagon shops; now, however, its commercial life is represented by Sandefur's garden, and its professional life by Dr. Rowe.

Old Belmont had the honor of being the first capital of the territory. The first territorial legislature met there, October 25, 1836. Here also was held the first session of the supreme court. The first newspaper in the county and the fourth in the state was established here. It appeared in October, 1836, and continued for one year; for the sixteen years following, there was no paper published in the county. The village had its hotels, stores, and business places, but all are gone.

LOCAL NOMENCLATURE

Lafayette County was named for the gallant Frenchman, who, before he was twenty-one years old, purchased a ship, braved the British fleet, left his young wife, landed at our

darkest hour, fought our battles, was wounded, returned to France, spent his fortune to buy food for our soldiers, procured fleets, armies, arms, and money for us, and asked nothing in return, but the satisfaction of helping to give us freedom.

Argyle—Named after the Scotch duke, by Allen Wright, a former tenant.

Belmont—From two French words, "bel" and "mont," meaning beautiful hill, so named for its mound.

Benton—Named in honor of Thomas H. Benton, the Missouri senator, statesman, and editor.

Blanchard—For Alvin Blanchard, an early settler, prominent business man, and founder of the village.

Darlington—In honor of Joshua Darling, a New Yorker.

Elk Grove—A beautiful stretch of timber runs through this township. Early hunters probably found therein what they took to be elk horns. It is probable that elk once ranged through southern Wisconsin; their southern range extended as far as New Mexico.

Fayette—A contraction of the name Lafayette.

Gratiot—Henry Gratiot was the first man with a family to settle in this township.

Kendall—After John Kindle, Sr., early settler, who built a mill, opened a school, etc.

Lamont—In honor of Daniel Lamont, member of Cleveland's cabinet.

Monticello—After the home of Thomas Jefferson.

New Diggings—Miners from Galena so named it, about 1824.

Seymour—It was named in 1869, in honor of the Governor of New York, then Democratic candidate for president.

Shullsburg—Jesse W. Shull, a fur trader, built the old town west of the present city, and gave his name to the present town and city.

Wayne—For Anthony Wayne, a Revolutionary general.

Willow Springs and White Oak Springs—These names were taken from the physical features of the places thus designated.

Wiota—A name composed by Colonel W. S. Hamilton, probably from Indian syllables; its meaning is not known.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS

THE "BLIZZARD" PRESS OF DAKOTA

In the "Fragments" for September, 1918, was given some account of the Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* printed on wall paper during the famous siege of 1863. From E. O. Kimberley, of Janesville, the Historical Society has received an interesting collection of papers printed on wall paper, foolscap, wrapping paper, and other odds and ends of household supplies, resort to which was occasioned by another "siege," less noted in western annals, perhaps, but not less arduous in character than the one prosecuted by Grant at Vicksburg. We refer to the terrible winter of 1880-81, and its influence upon the press of Dakota Territory. The settlers and settlements of Dakota were but ill equipped to withstand the unusual severity of the winter in question. Railroads were tied up for weeks, fuel became excessively scarce and correspondingly dear, and in most Dakota towns supplies of all kinds seem either to have become exhausted or to have commanded an unusual premium in the market.

With respect to the press, the principal stringency was due to the twofold fact that the publishers were commonly obligated to continue publication in order to meet contracts for legal printing, while the railroad blockade made it impossible to replenish the quickly-exhausted store of paper stock and other supplies. The straits to which the editors were reduced are amply evidenced in the external appearance of their papers, but a perusal of their columns affords still further light on the situation. The resourceful editor of the Vicksburg *Citizen* printed his sheet on the back side of wall paper. Some of his Dakota compeers of two decades later improved upon this example by printing the flowered as well as the blank side of the paper. An example before us is the Salem *Register* of May 20, 1881. Incidentally it may be noted that the stringency in the paper market occasioned by blizzards and floods thus extended well into the spring of the year. Three weeks earlier (April 29) editorial ingenuity found expression in the issuance of the sheet on ordinary white muslin; and the sample

before us reads as legibly and promises to prove far more enduring than it would have been if printed on ordinary stock. The Madison *Lake County Leader* of March 26 came forth dressed in the garb of the then familiar foolscap writing paper. As with the white muslin edition of the Salem *Register* this issue of the *Lake County Leader* evidences superior qualities of physical endurance. The Madison *Sentinel* of the same month is printed on coarse brown wrapping paper of the variety commonly employed in meat markets and grocery stores two or three decades ago. In recent years there has been much discussion among librarians concerning the supposed imminence of decay of modern newspaper files through disintegration of the paper stock due to chemical action. It is comforting to observe in this connection that after nearly forty years our wrapping-paper issue of the *Sentinel* is as perfectly preserved, apparently, as it was on the day of publication. Other materials pressed into service by ingenious editors were tissue and poster papers of various colors. The Dell Rapids *Exponent* on March 3 explains the straits which have necessitated its appearance "on wall paper, a handkerchief, perhaps on wrapping paper, in fact, anything that will print"; and forecasts that for the next issue "we may print on shingles." As the blockade continued the papers became ever more diminutive. Thus the Egan *Express* of April 21 consists of a two-column sheet twelve inches long printed on one side only. The Dell Rapids *Examiner* for March 19 is a single two-column sheet nine inches long, printed, however, on both sides.

Naturally the news items during this period of stress deal largely with the weather and with experiences of those exposed to it. Throughout, however, a cheerful optimism is manifested, and strenuous efforts are made to convince the readers that the climate of Dakota has been much maligned by the press of other states.

WISCONSIN'S OLDEST COURTHOUSE

What county in Wisconsin has the oldest courthouse? Iowa County lays claim to the oldest one from the standpoint of continued use. However, this building dates back but sixty years, having been built in 1859. This would indicate that Wisconsin is a comparatively youthful state, or that the counties have not

been building with a view to permanency or the demands of time. The Iowa County courthouse in the early days was also a great bone of contention between the people of Mineral Point and Dodgeville and furnishes a good example of a typical county seat fight. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, rivalry between neighboring cities is common and in a considerable number of counties today can be found instances in which a high degree of jealousy exists between two or more cities as to primacy in importance.

General Henry Dodge, the first territorial governor of Wisconsin, settled at Dodgeville, where his old home is still standing, in 1827, but the county seat of Iowa County was located at the older town of Mineral Point. Agitation for a more central location led to the introduction of a bill in the legislative session of 1855 providing for the removal of the county seat to Dodgeville. However, a select committee of the senate, to whom the bill was referred, reported adversely upon the measure. The chairman of this committee, by the way, was Amasa Cobb, a noted pioneer politician and himself a resident of Mineral Point. In the course of the report the committee vouchsafed the following interesting information:

> The county of Iowa has been peculiarly and unfortunately situated. Once embracing nearly three-fourths of the territory constituting our state, in the erection of public buildings and other sources of expenditure incident to a large, though sparcely settled, country she at an early day became deeply involved in debt, but a small portion of which has been paid or assumed by either of the flourishing and vigorous counties which have from time to time been organized from the borders of "old Iowa"; hence, she has for years been struggling along, crippled in her resources, her paper scarcely worth 50 cents, and her taxes most grievous to be borne. But now, thanks to the manner in which affairs of said county have been managed since the adoption of the town system of government therein, her "oldest inhabitant" now for the first time sees his county out of debt, and her paper as good as cash at one hundred cents on the dollar. Under the above circumstances, your committee do not believe that a majority of the citizens of said county are desirous of moving their county seat eight miles to the village of Dodgeville, and enacting over the struggle of embarrassment and indebtedness necessarily incident to the erection of new county buildings, etc., from which she has just emerged.

However, in the session of 1858 another bill was introduced providing for a special election on the question of removal. This bill became a law and in the election following the people by a

majority of 850 declared in favor of removal. But sharp lawyers of Mineral Point soon discovered technical grounds for contesting the removal. These were that the referendum law had not been published in two newspapers of the county as provided by statute and that Dodgeville citizens had exerted corruptive influences by distributing handbills pledging private aid in the construction of the new county buildings. After a considerable legal battle the state supreme court on July 11, 1859, declared the election was annulled. This decision evidently created unbounded rejoicing at Mineral Point, as indicated by the following account taken from a county history:

> T. J. Otis was the courier who conveyed the welcome intelligence to the well-nigh frantic residents of Mineral Point. Although the messenger arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning, within a very few minutes the entire population was aroused by the clangor of church bells, the boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. Bewildered, the citizens sprang from their beds, and in disheveled attire rushed into the streets, where they were speedily apprised of the turn of the tide in local affairs. About 7 o'clock the youthful and aspiring "young America" organized a procession, which, headed by a tin trumpet band, paraded the principal streets venting their superabundant enthusiasm in commingled noises. The city cannons not being considered equal to the occasion, a messenger was dispatched to Warren, Ill., on the morning train, with instructions to charter a twelve-pounder, regardless of expense. The artillery arrived in the afternoon when a squad of amateur gunners were deputed to advance on Dodgeville, in sufficient proximity to carry the sounds of rejoicing into the "enemy's camp."

In the meantime Dodgeville had not been idle. When it was learned that removal might be contested in the courts on the grounds of insufficient publicity, a new newspaper was launched at Dodgeville to present the claims of that place. This, the first newspaper at Dodgeville, appeared in August, 1858, and was known as the *Iowa County Advocate*. In 1861 another referendum law passed regularly and the citizens again voted in favor of removal, thus permitting the completion of the courthouse begun at Dodgeville in 1859.

A. O. Barton.

DRAFT RIOTS IN WISCONSIN DURING THE CIVIL WAR

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 Wisconsin was found to be among the most loyal states of the Union. Within her border the new Republican party, founded upon the principle of checking

further extension of slavery, had just been born. A determination to stand by the national government at whatever cost was the instant decision of both political parties. And the overwhelming response accorded to the first call for troops surprised even the most enthusiastic.

But before the close of the first season's campaign, enthusiasm began to dwindle, and even signs of opposition were noted in certain sections of the state. The reverses suffered by the Union army and the absence of a vigorous campaign on the part of the national administration was believed to be inexcusable. Volunteering showed a marked decrease, and those who had opposed the war or who had been even lukewarm in their support now bestirred themselves in making it unpopular.

The situation in Wisconsin became alarming. In July, 1862, when President Lincoln called for 300,000 more men, volunteering had practically ceased. In August a second call was made for another 300,000. Wisconsin's quota was fixed at 11,804, and the men were to be mobilized within fifteen days. In such an emergency, the volunteer system was hopeless. Governor Salomon and the military authorities decided to adopt the draft at once, and steps were immediately taken to put the plan in operation. Even with the draft system it was impossible to fill the quota within the allotted time.

The sheriffs in each county were ordered to enroll all able-bodied male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The rolls showed 127,894 men subject to military duty. Governor Salomon appointed a draft commission and an examining surgeon for each county. November 10 was the date set for drawing the names.

As the day of the draft drew near, great excitement prevailed. This was especially true in the eastern and southern counties. The opposition newspapers with their sensational headlines added to the excitement. Men possessed of robust health suddenly discovered some terrible ailment and had to seek treatment in a different climate. Canada at once became a Mecca for such invalids. So many healthy and robust men appeared before the examining board in Fond du Lac and asked for exemption, that some wag placed a sign over the door which read "Cowards' Headquarters."

In Ozaukee County where Lincoln had received only 627 votes out of 2,450, armed opposition first broke out against the draft. On the morning of November 10, 1862, the draft commissioner, Mr. Pors, and his assistant were attacked by a mob of a thousand or more people, variously armed and under the influence of whiskey. The draft rolls were seized and destroyed. Mr. Pors was dragged to the door and thrown down the steps. The mob then took possession of a small four-pound cannon that had been used on former Fourth of July celebrations, and loading it with the only ball they could find, mounted it on the pier in Port Washington and defied Uncle Sam to come and arrest them.

Governor Salomon learned of the trouble and decided to take instant and vigorous action. He ordered eight companies of soldiers to be sent to Milwaukee to arrest the mob. The presence of the armed soldiers caused the leaders to flee, but upwards of eighty were captured and given a trial in the provost marshal's court. They were convicted and taken to Milwaukee, where the company marched through the streets of the city in the form of a square with the prisoners in the center. After being confined in Camp Washburn for a time, they were transferred to the Bull Pen in Madison.

The following week the draft was to take place in Milwaukee and Governor Salomon took a vigorous stand to prevent the recurrence of the Ozaukee trouble. A proclamation was issued to the people of the county warning them against such disgraceful scenes as had been recently enacted by the Port Washington mob. Colonel John C. Starkweather was ordered to take charge of the troops and guard the city. Soldiers were placed on picket duty on all roads leading into the city. One company kept inside guard at the courthouse where the draft was to be made. With these precautions, the drawing of numbers began at nine o'clock in the morning and continued throughout the day and late into the night. The report of Colonel Starkweather, now on file in the State Historical Library, shows that absolute quiet prevailed throughout the city.

In West Bend, Washington County, slight trouble against the draft developed, but the sudden appearance of four companies of

the Thirty-first Regiment quieted the troublemakers and the strong arm of the state government again triumphed.

All the later drafts following 1862 were made under federal authority. Those who formerly were inclined to resist the authority of the government later decided that it might not, after all, be wise to do so, and we hear no more of any combined opposition to the draft. They had learned what it meant to resist the iron hand of the government. Half a century later, when the country called for an army on the basis of a selective draft, Wisconsin was among the most enthusiastic states in the Union in filling her quota.

JOHN W. OLIVER.

GENERAL JOHN HOLLY KNAPP[1]

On May 30, 1791, there was born at Goshen, Orange County, New York, to Jabez and Hannah (Holly) Knapp, a son whom they named John Holly. He was the sixth of ten children, eight of whom were daughters. As a young man he learned the saddle-maker's trade. During the War of 1812 he served as lieutenant in Capt. F. Tuthill's company of New York militia from September 8 to December 12, 1814.

On January 21, 1813, he was united in marriage with Harriet Seely of Orange County, New York, where the Seely family has been prominent for over a hundred years. About the year 1818 they moved to Elmira, living first in Southport, as that portion of the town on the south side of the river was called, soon, however, moving across the river to Newtown, which is the main part of Elmira. Here he engaged in merchandising. He built a gristmill on Seely Creek near Bulkhead in 1820; he was one of the directors of the bridge company, incorporated for the purpose of building the first bridge across the Chemung River at what is now Lake Street. He was Brigadier General of the New York militia, and was familiarly known as General Knapp. He joined Union Lodge No. 30 (now 95), Free and Accepted Masons, being initiated January 27, 1823, Passed and Raised April 25, 1823. He joined Elmira Chapter No. 40, R. A. M., taking M. M. and P. M. January, 1825, M. E. M. and

[1] This sketch was supplied, in response to the editor's request, by Henry E. Knapp, of Menomonie. The request for it grew out of the correspondence printed in the December, 1918 MAGAZINE, pp. 228-30.

R. A. M. December 21, 1825, his signature to the by-laws appearing on the latter date. He was largely interested in Blossburg coal and iron properties, and was one of the persons named in an act of the New York legislature, April 9, 1828, organizing The Tioga Coal and Iron Mining and Manufacturing Company. He moved to Blossburg about the year 1825, and managed the coal mining of the company until cheated out of his interest by a man whom he had supposed to be his friend. At Blossburg he built a large hotel and a store, both of which he conducted until he left for the West in the fall of 1830. He went via Penn Yan and Buffalo to the Mississippi River, and down that stream to New Orleans, where he spent two winters as manager of a large saddle manufactory, he being an expert saddle-maker. Returning up the river in the spring of 1832 he went as far north as the boats then ran, probably to Fort Snelling.

When passing the site of old Fort Madison, which had been built in 1808 and destroyed in 1813, he was much pleased with the location, which has often been described as the most beautiful on the river. Not having seen another site that pleased him so well he made inquiry of the steamboat captain, who knew most everyone and everything along the river, and ascertained that Augustus Horton, who was then living on the large island a few miles down the river, had made some sort of a claim to the land where the old fort had stood; this claim he bought of Horton in 1832. He took part in the Black Hawk War and was at Rock Island when the treaty was made. In the fall of 1832 he erected the first building in the new Fort Madison, locating it on the bank of the Mississippi River just below where Morrison's Plow Works now stand. This building he utilized for an Indian Supply Store until he sold it to Judge Cutler.

He was the first permanent settler in the new Fort Madison. He spent the winter of 1832 with his cousin, Nathaniel Knapp, a hotel keeper in Quincy, Illinois. He returned to Fort Madison early the next spring, accompanied by Nathaniel Knapp and family, who also settled there. Peter Williams, J. Horton, Augustus Horton, Richard Chaney, Aaron White, and Zack Hawkins also came in 1833.

In 1835 General Knapp built a residence, utilizing one of the five stone chimneys of the old fort, as the chimney for his house of hewed logs. The old well of the fort was still there and only needed

to be cleaned out, and has been in use ever since. During the time that elapsed before he sent for his family he had with him, as cook, William Smoot, who had accompanied him from New Orleans. He also built a new store in front of the fort site, not far from his house, and here as formerly he had a nice trade with the Sac and Fox Indians, Black Hawk being a frequent customer, and Keokuk an occasional one; the latter was the principal chief, having been advanced or promoted when Black Hawk was deposed. General Knapp's family arrived at Fort Madison October 9, 1835; they drove overland from Blossburg, Pennsylvania, making a quick trip of only six weeks.

In 1835-36 the General built a large hotel near his residence. It was Fort Madison's first frame house, and could accommodate about fifty guests with rooms. The assembly room on the second floor, about twenty by forty feet in size, being the most commodious room in town, it was used for the first district court room, and for meetings of the Board of Supervisors. The hotel was called the Madison House, and was also the first hotel built there; another was built about the same time by Nathaniel Knapp, and by him named the Washington House. Both hotels prospered, as travel soon became heavy. As many as one hundred teams sometimes stood in line on the Illinois shore waiting to cross on the flatboat ferry. This was very slow work, as only two teams could cross at one time; consequently they had often to wait more than a day before crossing. The General also built a stable to hold twenty-four horses, and then a lean-to addition for twelve more, and this was often full of teams of immigrants. He also built the first gristmill (run by horse power) which was the only mill there till 1845.

In June, 1835, General Knapp, assisted by Nathaniel Knapp, laid out the town of Fort Madison. There being some question as to the title of the land the government relocated the town in 1840 on the same lot lines, and the titles to lots then came direct from the United States.

During these early years the First Dragoons were stationed at Montrose, Iowa, a few miles down the river, and the officers were frequent visitors to General Knapp, among them being General Parrot, General Brown, and Lieut. Robert E. Lee. They all

admired General Knapp's sword, and after his death Mrs. Knapp sold it to one of the officers, not realizing how her sons would like to have kept it. One of them tried to repurchase it from the officer, but was not able to do so.

Among the frequent visitors were Black Hawk and his son Nasheakusk, who was then about the age of Jonas and John Knapp, and liked to come and play with them. Black Hawk liked to talk with the General, but did not often condescend to talk with the boys. Occasionally, however, he would take notice of them and tell them of the arts of hunting game and stories of the chase and of war. He was not above coming around to the back door to ask for food.

On January 2, 1837, a "Reception and New Year's Ball" was given for General Knapp at the Assembly Room in the Madison House. During these festivities he caught a cold and died two days later of quinsy. His grave marked by a monument is in the southeast corner of the cemetery at Fort Madison, he being the first person buried there.

HENRY E. KNAPP.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

On September 25, 1918, there died in Brooklyn, New York, an author whose connection with Wisconsin is known to but few at the present time. William S. Pitts was born in Orleans County, New York, in 1830. In 1847 he came with his parents to Rock County, Wisconsin. Here he married ten years later, and Rock County continued to be his home until the early sixties, when he removed to Chickasaw County, Iowa, where most of the remainder of his life was passed. A few years before his removal to Iowa there had been begun at Bradford, Chickasaw County, a simple village church. But for Dr. Pitts its history would have possessed nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of other rural frontier churches. But greatness such as its founders never dreamed of has been thrust upon it, for about it Dr. Pitts wrote the song, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," which has gone round the world and is sung wherever the English language is known.

Dr. Pitts first visited Bradford in June, 1857. No church was there then, but the "vale" was waiting to receive one, and the visitor

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

from Wisconsin was attracted by the pristine loveliness of the spot, as yet untouched by the hand of civilization. "This portion of the Cedar Valley will always be beautiful," he wrote forty years later, "but it was doubly so then. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I can see the cornhills left by the Indians when they journeyed toward the setting sun, the natural oaks, the greensward, the flowers, the prairie to the east, the woodland to the west, and the Little Cedar River running like a thread of silver through the valley."

When back in his Wisconsin home Dr. Pitts wrote the song which has made him famous, and laid the manuscript away. Several years later he followed his wife's people to Fredericksburg, Chickasaw County, Iowa, which became his home for half a century. Meanwhile a young preacher, the Reverend J. K. Nutting, had come to Bradford to assume pastoral care of the infant Congregational Church Society, which with no church building was worshiping in lawyers' offices, hotel dining rooms, and even in an abandoned storeroom with doors and windows gone. The outbreak of war in 1861 delayed the building of the church so that not until December, 1864, was it ready for dedication. Fredericksburg, which had become the home of Dr. Pitts, was a neighboring town a few miles away, and in the winter of 1863-64 he conducted a singing school at Bradford. Near its close one evening in the spring, the class went out to the still unfinished church. The leader had with him the manuscript of the song, written in Wisconsin several years before, and now carried by the author to the very spot where he had received the inspiration which evoked it; and for the first time it was sung (other than by the author himself) by the class, seated on rude seats which had been temporarily improvised.

Not long after this Dr. Pitts took his manuscript to Chicago, where it was published by H. M. Riggins, and thus was launched its career which has since become world-wide. Pleasant it is to be able to record that in this case, at least, the prophet has not gone unhonored in his own community. Bradford, which half a century ago was a thriving town with dreams of future greatness far in excess of its present achievement, has been for a generation a decaying village, the process of reversion to open farmland being now almost completed. The death stroke was given the place when the

Illinois Central Railway, reaching out from Chicago to St. Paul, passed it by at a distance of some three miles. With the decay of the village the church organization disintegrated until in time it ceased to exist. But the church itself had become hallowed in the affections of the community, and two decades ago a "Society for the Preservation of the Little Brown Church" came into existence. The church is lovingly maintained by the citizens of the vicinity and has become in course of time a shrine of history and of sentiment to an ever widening constituency. In recent years an annual "Brown Church Reunion" has been held, on or about June 15, which draws old-time friends of the church and residents of the vicinity from long distances. In June, 1916, Reverend Nutting, builder of the church, and Dr. Pitts, the song writer, were brought from their distant homes (the one in Florida, the other in New York) to grace the reunion. Reverend Nutting gave an address and Dr. Pitts sang the song he had written almost sixty years before. Reverend Nutting died the next year at the age of eighty-five, Dr. Pitts following him a year later at the age of eighty-nine.

Dr. Pitts was a man greatly beloved by his home community. Church and song alike are numbered among the spiritual possessions of Iowa. But Wisconsin produced the singer; in his Rock County home the song was written, and here for several years it slumbered in obscurity, unknown to all the world save its author. This brief chronicle has been written chiefly as a deserved tribute to a worthy son of Wisconsin; in part, with the hope that those who take pride in the literary achievements of Badgerdom will not permit its share of ownership in the fame of Dr. Pitts and his beautiful song to be forgotten.

EDITORIAL

MEMORIALS

With the close of the war this subject came spontaneously to the fore in most communities throughout the state. The spirit which has prompted its discussion is, of course, highly commendable. But in order to give tangible expression to the community spirit of gratitude to its defenders a concrete decision must be had concerning the form of memorial to be erected, and positive action must be taken in pursuance of this decision. In connection with both steps there is almost infinite room for difference of opinion, and, therefore, for the exercise of unwisdom in carrying out the community purpose. The experience we have had in connection with our memorials of the Civil War affords numerous illustrations of the pitfalls which lie in the path of the American community which resolves to erect a memorial to its soldier dead. The land is studded with soldiers' and sailors' monuments which all too frequently advertise the salesmanship of some monument firm, and at the same time the lack of artistic appreciation on the part of the community to which they belong. Too often, in erecting soldiers' monuments, principal emphasis is placed upon the height or the cubic contents of the memorial, without regard to its artistic and other qualifications.

It is no more possible to give advice to communities in the abstract concerning the kind of memorial they should erect than it is for an architect to advise householders en masse as to the kind of dwellings they should build. Nevertheless we think certain broad general principles can be stated to which every community, in working out its particular problem, should give heed. These we shall attempt to formulate:

1. Permanency is of the essence of the memorial idea. While the American nation continues to endure, the Great War and the sacrifices of our men and women in it will be held in remembrance. It is well to determine to erect a suitable memorial, but it is folly to proceed in haste. The project need not be completed this year, or even this decade. The erection of medieval cathedrals, the most splendid structures man has reared since the days of Greece and Rome, commonly went on for several generations.

2. Freedom from commercial gain, whether on the part of individuals or of the community, is likewise of the essence of the memorial idea. Already numerous concerns are in the field intent on capitalizing for private ends the sacred impulse of gratitude to the nation's defenders. Naturally their ways are subtle and their true motives are carefully concealed. Care must be exercised to detect, and, having detected, to rebuff such enterprises. More difficult to deal with is the spirit of community commercialism. One city is in need of a new hotel; another of a convention hall; another of some other utility. Perhaps these projects, worthy enough in themselves, have been harbored for years. Their backers, therefore, seek to put driving force behind them by tagging them with the label of a soldiers' memorial. To adopt such a course is to prostitute to commercial ends the sentiment of community gratitude.

3. Closely allied to the foregoing is the principle that in whatever concrete form the memorial idea may find expression that expression should bear an obvious and appropriate relation to the motive which inspired it. It is conceivable that an auditorium or a hotel can bear such a relation but the burden of proof in any specific case rests with those who affirm this; on the other hand, the appropriateness of such an act as the recent gift by a resident of Chicago of two and a half million dollars for the education of soldiers and sailors and their descendants will be instantly recognized by everyone. The memorial idea need not be dissociated from that of community utility, but it must not be prostituted to the latter. A library building, a bridge, or a park may be of greatest usefulness to a community and at the same time may conform fully to the conditions requisite to a true memorial.

4. If the memorial is to be a physical structure, the advice of competent artists, architects, or other experts should be enlisted with a view not only to producing a creation whose dignity and beauty shall be in harmony with the dignity and beauty of the offering made by the nation's defenders in the Great War, but one which shall also worthily advertise to coming generations the taste and spirit of achievement of the present one.

5. If the memorial decided upon is to take the form of a building or other similar structure, the question of its location should not be treated as an isolated one. Rather it should be determined with reference to a general city plan which takes into consideration not only the present state of development of the city but also its probable lines of future growth. If the memorial is to be a building, due consideration should be given the question of the possible need of future additions to it, with respect to choice both of grounds and of building plans.

6. Finally, it should be remembered that the initial cost of a building or other structure is only the beginning of the investment. So long as they shall endure, all such structures will involve a cost for maintenance and administration. To erect a memorial which later shall be permitted to fall into disrepair or decay would be worse than to erect no memorial at all. Forethought should be taken, therefore, to avoid this contingency or its alternative of unduly burdening the community with the proper upkeep of the memorial. To erect a memorial which shall in time become a white elephant will not serve the desired end of inspiring coming generations with gratitude for their forbears who offered their lives to the nation in the Great War.

THE MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where."

Thus sang the poet; but we do not intend to permit his words to apply to the efforts many members have been making in support of the membership drive. Two appeals have been made to the membership of the Society to coöperate with the administration in building up our numbers. Several

score members have responded to these appeals; some have recommended names of friends to be canvassed from the Superintendent's office; some have themselves canvassed friends and taken their application and initial membership dues; some members have done both these things. The great majority, however, have not responded to the appeal of the chairman of the membership committee for coöperation. Reference to another page of this MAGAZINE will show that about eighty members have joined the Society in the last three months. Some of these would have joined had there been no membership drive, but the great majority joined as a result of it. If through the coöperation of a small minority of the Society four score members have been gained in a few weeks' time, what would not be accomplished if to their efforts should be joined those of the great, and, as yet, inactive majority? One member has said that the Society should have 3,000 members; another has put the ideal at 7,000; and still another chides us for not having 30,000. We much fear that our weak heart would not withstand the excitement of realizing even the more moderate of these estimates, but we are willing to risk the experiment. We are putting our best not only into this MAGAZINE, but also into the many other activities of the Society. To the many members who have already coöperated in the membership drive we tender on behalf of Mr. Lacher and the membership committee our hearty thanks. Will not those who as yet have not responded to the membership appeal make it possible for us to extend thanks to them in the next issue of the MAGAZINE?

A MYTH OF DANE COUNTY EXPLODED

We once compiled a lecture on "Some Myths of American History," and on divers occasions afterward delivered it to more or less complacent, not to say enthusiastic, audiences. In the Madison *Democrat* of December 29, 1918, J. Paul Pedigo seems effectively to have punctured a myth of long

standing concerning the reputed "Great Cave" in the town of Verona, Dane County. If one can credit even such sober works as the industrious Durrie's *History of Madison,* less than a dozen miles from the state capitol dome is to be found a cave which fairly rivals in dimensions and in other natural attributes which a high-grade cavern ought to possess even the noted Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. For a stirring description of this natural wonder which soon, if only the dreams of enthusiastic city planners come true, will be included in the suburbs of Madison, we refer the reader to pages 278-80 of Durrie's history. Incited by this description and others of similar import Mr. Pedigo devoted his Christmas holiday to a visit to the cavern. His narrative of the wonders he did not find supplies the theme for our present discourse. In short our tourist was forced to conclude that the local historians were painfully inaccurate with respect, at least, to their accounts of the Great Cave. Its grottoes and corridors, its underground rooms and rivers he did not find; but only a tortuous passage, everywhere coated with "rich, black, slimy" mud, so small that to enter one must proceed on hands and knees or even on the stomach.

We are forced to pause at this point to indulge some disturbing reflections. How shall we explain the origin of the remarkable narratives the historians have given us about the "Great Cave"? How could they have been so grossly deceived about a natural wonder supposed to exist in their very midst, and concerning which the truth must have been known to many and could easily have been ascertained by anyone who would interest himself in the matter? A clue to the explanation is suggested by our recent investigator's closing statement that "the road to the cave is paved with humorists"; but why should a Dane County citizen who takes the trouble to write a book about his county permit himself to be "spoofed" by these humorists? If deception such as this is possible in the twentieth century, writing for a local con-

stituency on a subject with which everyone may be presumed to be familiar, what credence can we give to the historian's account of obscure events belonging to distant climes or vanished centuries? One final horrid thought shall conclude this train of reflections: We have never visited the Great Cave, and in the light of Mr. Pedigo's report we never expect to visit it. How, then, can we really know whether he himself is not spoofing us, under the impulse of a perverted sense of humor—whether the thrilling descriptions of the Great Cave recorded in our local histories are not, after all, plain unvarnished tales of simple truth?

WHISKERS

Social customs, like the Arabs, ofttimes "silently steal away," leaving the public unconscious of the change which their disappearance has brought about. We are moved to this reflection by the observation of a friend, looking at a collection of pictures of members of the Wisconsin legislature of 1862, "How much older than present-day legislators they look." The observation was correct, but did the facts in the premises bear out the surface appearances? Are our legislators of today a more youthful body of men than those whom our grandfathers chose to represent them? If not, why the more venerable appearance of the men of long ago? We think the answer is to be found in the word at the head of this article—"whiskers." The legislators whom our grandfathers delighted to honor were no more aged than those of today, but custom then decreed that a man's face should be adorned with a beard, while today the pendulum of fashion swings so far in the other direction that a cabinet officer can achieve a nation-wide reputation for bravery merely by supporting luxuriant mutton-chop whiskers.

Poor indeed is the modern historian, however, who cannot cite his authority for every statement he makes. To demonstrate our right to be numbered in the circle of the elect we

proceed to support with the following statistics the more or less weighty conclusions we have advanced. One of the most notable bodies of men ever assembled in Wisconsin was that which in 1847-48 framed our present state constitution. Information is lacking concerning the prevalence in this convention of hirsute facial adornment, but we have complete data as to ages of the members. The youngest was twenty-five, the oldest sixty-five. But of the entire 69 members all but 4 were under fifty years, 43 were under forty years, and 12 were under thirty years of age. It seems evident, therefore, that our pioneer lawmakers were not more venerable than those now in our midst. Whiskers continued to abound in Wisconsin at least until the early eighties. In the Assembly of 1879 were 4 men with clean-shaved faces, 14 with mustaches, and 83 with beards. In 1915, thirty-six years later, the 4 clean faces had increased to 48, while the 83 bearded ones had decreased to 4; the remaining 52 members in 1915 adopted the middle-of-the-road policy of disporting a mustache with no counterbalancing beard. Of like import are the statistics for the graver branch of the legislature. In the Senate of 1880 were 3 clean-shaved men and 27 bewhiskered ones; in that of 1913 were 18 faces bare of adornment while 2 disported beards.

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.

FACTS ABOUT GOVERNOR WILLIAM R. TAYLOR

I have made extensive search for information about Governor Wm. R. Taylor without being able to find anything to speak of. If you can supply me with such information or indicate where it may be found, the favor will be much appreciated.

Solon J. Buck
St. Paul, Minnesota

William R. Taylor was the twelfth governor of the state of Wisconsin. He was known as the "Granger" governor, because he came to office as the candidate of the "Patrons of Husbandry," familiarly known as "Grangers." Colonel Taylor, as he was commonly called, was a native of Connecticut, but his parents were Scotch, and recent arrivals in New England. He had the misfortune to lose his mother three weeks after his birth, an event that occurred July 10, 1820. Taylor's father, a sea captain, was drowned when the boy was but six years old. Thus early orphaned he was brought up by strangers in Jefferson County, New York, then a frontier locality. Young Taylor had a great thirst for knowledge, and after he was sixteen years of age he endeavored to obtain an education; by dint of working summers and teaching winters, he earned enough to begin the sophomore year at Union College, to which class he was admitted, but was unable to complete the course. In 1840 he moved to Elyria, Ohio, and took what would be called today a normal course. He was called to take charge of the worst school in the district of La Porte which was notorious for its rough usage of its teachers. He made it in a short time the banner school of the state. In addition to teaching, Mr. Taylor was employed in

a gristmill, a sawmill, and an iron foundry, and studied medicine about five months in Cleveland. While a citizen of Ohio, he served in the militia, and was successively captain and colonel.

The year that Wisconsin became a state Mr. Taylor removed there and bought a farm in Cottage Grove township of Dane County. He entered upon the work of a farmer with the same enthusiasm and thoroughness he had applied to other industries, and soon had a model farm under his control. He saw that individualism was a disadvantage to farmers and fostered all kinds of associations among them. He served seven years as president of Dane County Agricultural Society. He also held many local offices: in 1853 he was a member of the county board of supervisors and the next year its chairman; he was superintendent of the poor relief for seventeen years; trustee of the State Hospital for the Insane for fourteen years; promoted farmers' institutes; and was the first man in the county to offer a bounty for recruits in the Civil War. As foreshadowing his later services, he introduced a bill into the state senate of 1854, of which he was a member, to equalize taxation, and to tax railway property. This bill was lost.

In 1872 Colonel Taylor was elected president of the State Agricultural Society, and made a number of speeches at fairs that brought him prominently before the public. The Republicans had carried the state at every election since 1856, but in 1873 there was a great deal of restlessness under their tutelage on the part of many elements of the population. It was generally believed that the Republicans were dominated by the two great railway systems of the state, and the people were mulcted illicitly of their rightful dues. A convention was called by the disgruntled faction at Milwaukee in September and formed what was called the Liberal Reform party. This was composed of Democrats, disaffected Republicans or Mugwumps, those opposed to a drastic temperance law (enacted by the preceding legislature), and the Farmers' Alliance, or Patrons of Husbandry (the Grange); of all these forces the latter was the strongest, and a farmer candidate was the natural consequence. Colonel Taylor, the president of the State Agricultural Society, was nominated by acclamation, and at the election defeated Governor Washburn by a large majority. It is due to Mr. Taylor to state

that personally he was a strong temperance man, a member of the Good Templars. It would be writing a history of Wisconsin in the decade of the seventies to detail the events of Taylor's administration. No doubt the so-called Potter Law, fixing railway rates, was its outstanding feature. Such legislation appears to have been in advance of public sentiment. At any rate both the Potter Law and Governor Taylor went to defeat in the gubernatorial campaign of 1875, and the farmer governor retired to his Dane County farm the first of the year 1876. His later life was undistinguished, devoted to his farm and family. In 1905 the infirmities of age made it necessary for him to give up active life on the farm; some unfortunate investments, also, somewhat impoverished him, and he went to live at the Gisholt Home for the Aged in Dane County, and there he died March 17, 1909. He was buried at Madison in the Forest Hill cemetery, by the Knights Templars, of which order he was a member. In 1915 the state legislature appropriated a fund for a monument to Governor Taylor, and a handsome shaft now marks his last resting place.

DOUBTS CONCERNING THE EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY

MR. R. G. THWAITES,
MADISON, WIS.

I notice that your name appears in the preface of the book entitled, *Historic Doubts of the Execution of Marshal Ney*, written by James A. Weston.

I shall very greatly appreciate any information you may be able to give me regarding the location of any of the original material used by Mr. Weston.

JAMES R. GARFIELD
Cleveland, Ohio

Dr. Thwaites died in 1913, and the following answer to the inquiry you address to him has been prepared by one of the workers in the Wisconsin Historical Library.

Many years ago Dr. L. C. Draper, the first secretary of this Society, became interested in the identity of Peter S. Ney, of North Carolina, and made a large collection of manuscripts concerning him. In 1885 and 1886 he had a brief correspondence with Mr. James A. Weston, who said he had been making similar investiga-

tions for three years, and proposed to publish a book on the subject. After Dr. Draper's death, which occurred August 26, 1891, Mr. Weston came to Madison in 1894 and had access to all the material the late secretary had collected. The *Descriptive List of Manuscript Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin* (Madison, 1906), pp. 64-66, gives a brief description of the Ney manuscripts.

It would be difficult to say, without a very detailed study, just how much of Mr. Weston's book, *Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney*, is based upon the Draper manuscripts, but a brief examination shows that a very large number of the statements and much of the testimony he incorporated in that volume are to be found in this material, in some cases altered and extracted to give support to the conclusion the author wished to deduce. Dr. Draper came to another conclusion from Mr. Weston, namely that the material was insufficient to prove the identity of Peter S. Ney and Marshal Ney. Mr. Weston seems to have discarded everything that tended away from his theory of identity. The only acknowledgment he saw fit to make of his use of the Draper manuscripts was the allusion to which you refer in the preface of the book, to the aid received from the late Dr. R. G. Thwaites, secretary of the Society at the time of Mr. Weston's visit thereto.

THE EARLY PREPARATION OF COFFEE

I am collecting data for an historical sketch of the American coffee trade, and I am particularly interested in obtaining accurate information concerning the beginnings of the coffee roasting business in America. Here are some of the things I would like to know:

1. How was coffee prepared for use in the coffeehouse and, later, in the home, before the advent of the dealer roasting machine?

2. I have considerable data about the old-time coffeehouses in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia but I have been unable to find any references regarding houses of similar character said to have existed in the Virginia Colony and in New Orleans.

3. Have you in the museum any specimens, models, or pictures of old-time coffeepots, coffee roasters, coffee grinders, etc.?

I will be grateful to you for any suggestions you may make me as to the best procedure to follow in order to obtain the information and pictures I am seeking.

W. H. Ukers
Editor, *The Tea and Coffee Trade Journal*
New York City

Our manuscript material contains but little upon the subject of your inquiry. However, the following data concerning prices current at different times and places may be of interest to you:

In Camden, South Carolina, December 30, 1774, a merchant's invoice-book lists coffee at ten shillings a pound. (South Carolina Mss. B.)

Among the French Canadian traders and settlers of early Wisconsin coffee was a favorite luxury. We find it listed in 1805 and again in 1807 at 4.10, which means four livres and a half, a livre being worth about the same as a franc today. (Wisconsin Mss. 1A100, 105.)

In Milwaukee in 1851 twenty-five pounds of coffee were bought at one shilling (12½ cents) per pound, for a family living in Madison. The same family paid fourteen cents a pound in Madison in 1853; and one shilling sixpence (18½ cents) for "Java Coffee" in 1856. In 1859 their coffee was still invoiced at fourteen cents; but in 1866 and 1871 they were paying fifty cents a pound; in the latter year they bought two pounds of "Java" for seventy cents, and in 1893 were paying thirty-eight cents for coffee. The fluctuations are well indicated by the accounts of this one middle class American family of Madison, Wisconsin. (Wisconsin Mss. DQ.)

A wholesale grocer of Galena, Illinois, paid in 1867 for "3 Boxes Ess. Coffee 1½ Gro. a 5.00 $8.25." "1 bag prime coffee a .25 44.28." Their correspondent in Chicago charged them 22½ cents a pound in 1870, and from 18½ to 20 cents in 1871. (Illinois Mss. C.)

The following remarks on early methods of preparing coffee have been submitted by our museum chief, Mr. Brown:

In early American homes housewives of necessity roasted their own green coffee in spiders or in shallow tin or other metal pans. While fireplaces were yet in use in American homes, the roasting was done in spiders or iron kettles in the hearth. In later days when cookstoves came into general use, shallow tin pans were employed, the roasting being done in the oven.

In Milwaukee up to the late eighties many housewives still continued to roast their own coffee believing thus to have a better quality of roasted coffee than could be purchased in stores. I can

well remember seeing a number of pans of roasting coffee beans in my grandmother's stove.

In the pioneer kitchen exhibit in the State Historical Museum of Wisconsin there is on display an interesting contrivance for the roasting of coffee beans in a hearth fire. This consists of a cast-iron globe about one foot in diameter made in two halves, hinged at one end; this globe rests on an iron tripod. After the beans were put into the globe it was placed in the fireplace, the globe being turned from time to time by means of a small removable metal crank which could be attached to one end of the axis of the globe, to assure an even roasting of the beans. The coffee roaster was used in Geauga County, Ohio, before being brought to Wisconsin. It was manufactured by Roys & Wilcox Co., Berlin, Connecticut, under Wood's Patent, April 17, 1849, and Harrington's Improvement, May 17, 1869. Doubtless many of these were in use in early American homes in the Middle West.

Coffee being rather high priced and at times unobtainable, early settlers in Wisconsin used various substitutes, such as barley, wheat, and corn, the kernels being roasted in the same way as regular coffee. In boiling these coffee substitutes a small piece of chicory was often placed in the pot with them to add to the flavor.

This chicory came in sticks about six inches in length and of about the thickness of a finger. It was sweet tasting and looked somewhat like a licorice stick. Children were quite fond of it and the housewife had to keep it hidden from them. It was sold by the name of coffee essence. Up to the nineties a small factory on upper State Street in Milwaukee was engaged in its manufacture.

The earliest devices in use in grinding coffee in many American homes were wooden or iron mortars, the same being also used for the grinding of spices. However, coffee mills were also early in use. An early type of the combined coffee and spice mill in the State Historical Museum is made of sheet iron of rather rude construction and is designed to be fastened to a wall. On its top is a small funnel; the grinding is done by a small grooved cylinder which turns with a crank. The ground coffee escapes through a spout at the bottom. This particular mill comes from an old home in Lexington, Massachusetts. Later the type of wooden and metal hand mills with a

drawer beneath for the ground coffee was in general use and is still in use in many homes where people continue to grind their own coffee.

The most interesting coffeepot in the museum dates back to the period of the American Revolution. It is made of English tin, lacquered, and stands about eleven inches high with a base six and one-half inches in diameter. It has upon its surface a painted ornamentation of bright red fruit and green leaves which may be intended to represent tomatoes or, as they were then called, "love" apples. This coffeepot is also notable for its exceptionally long spout, which extends from near the bottom to the top of the pot.

COMMUNICATIONS

MORE WISCONSIN HISTORIC TREES

On page 92 of volume 2, number 1, of the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY is an inquiry about "Historic Trees in Wisconsin." Perhaps the following may be of interest in this connection.

At Kaukauna on the south side, beyond the present baseball grounds, along the river and on the hills near the former residence of the Beaulieus, are a number of Honey Locust trees.

The seeds from which these trees grew were brought from Mt. Vernon from the vicinity of Washington's tomb by Robert Irwin, Jr., in 1832 and given to Lieut. James Madison Boyd, who was a partner of Alexander Beaulieu in the operation of the old Beaulieu sawmill that was located on the south side of the Fox River at that time.

This information was given me by my father-in-law, James M. Boyd.

DR. H. B. TANNER,
San Antonio, Texas

SOME INTERESTING CIVIL WAR DATA

I am reminded by your appeal to members of the Historical Society, of recent date, that I possess the following documents which may be of some historical value. I send them to you for examination. Those you may think have such value keep; the others can be returned to me.

I located at Prescott, Pierce County, in June, 1860, traveling from Cincinnati, Ohio, by steamboat, changing boats at St. Louis. On the steamer from St. Louis came several returning delegates from the Chicago Republican convention which had just nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. After staying at St. Paul a few days I stopped at Hastings, Minn., where on the wharf I listened to a speech from William H. Seward, who spoke from the cabin deck of the steamboat. He was then on his way home—he had gone from the convention which defeated him for the presidential nomination, being sent, as he said, to look up some doubtful states; "But," said he, "from the demonstrations I have witnessed I think I have lost

my way." He was accompanied by James W. Nye, later United States Senator from Nevada, who, also, made an eloquent political speech from the upper deck of the same boat.

As soon as Sumpter was fired upon in April, 1861, I assisted Daniel J. Dill, a merchant of Prescott, in organizing the Prescott Guards, which in June, 1861, became Company B of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry. I was then first sergeant of the company and the inclosed list of names is the first roll made by me. The pinholes opposite some of the names denote absentees from the drills which took place daily on the high banks of the Mississippi on which Prescott is located.

General Edward S. Bragg, after the war, told me that was the best company of soldiers he ever saw. General Bragg at Camp Randall in 1861 was Captain of E Company of the Sixth; became in succession Major, Lieutenant-colonel and Colonel of the Sixth, and as Brigadier-general commanded the Iron Brigade; so that this Company B remained under his eye throughout the war. He thus knew what he was saying when he paid so high a compliment to this company. Out of ninety-two men mustered into the United States service it had fifty-two struck by bullets, twenty-seven of whom were mortally wounded. Captain Dill became Colonel of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry and I was promoted to be Adjutant, Major, Lieutenant-colonel, and Brevett-colonel successively in the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. We both served throughout the war.

The inclosed diary was kept by me while in command of the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry on the march to the sea. Colonel B. J. Sweet, of Calumet County, was the first colonel of the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. He was so badly wounded at the battle of Perryville October 8, 1862, that he never rejoined the regiment. While lying in his bed at Chilton, Wis., suffering from this wound, he wrote me with his left hand, the inclosed letter, dated December 7, 1862.

M. H. Fitch,
Pueblo, Colorado.

NOTES FROM A TRANSPLANTED BADGER[1]

I appreciate very much the honour you propose for me in making me a life member of the Wisconsin Historical Society and I value at a much higher rate the kindness which prompts the action. You enquire about degrees. After receiving the degree of B.A. in the University of Manitoba I attended Cornell University and obtained the degree of M.A. We have an historical society here but I regret to say that it is in a rather moribund condition. More's the pity because there is an enormous amount of historical material to be gathered here and of the very highest value. I have always tried to keep the interest alive in our schools particularly by means of our Empire Day publications, copies of which you have seen. I have for some time been thinking of a sketch of the life and work of Prince Rupert—often slightingly spoken of as a mere dashing cavalry leader, swashbuckler, soldier of fortune, and all that kind of thing. As a matter of fact he was the best of the Stuart princes. He could not say witty things like his scapegrace clever nephew Charles II and he was not so learned as that poor old pedant, his grandfather, but he could tell the truth and live a clean life and steer a straight course generally which were accomplishments not much in vogue at that time. In fact our whole Canadian history is full of immensely interesting characters which ought to be written up and I wish there were more time for it. There is no interest which means more to me in the whole range of intellectual life and effort than the historical interest and I shall greatly enjoy getting into touch with historical work in Wisconsin.

I said yesterday in writing a letter of Christmas greeting * * * that this Christmas is perhaps the strangest we have ever known. Since the fall of the Roman Empire civilization has not been in such grave danger as during the last four years. It is a great deliverance and that means joy to millions—and it has been at a fearful cost. There is hardly a home in Canada that is not affected nearly or more remotely. So that there is an unusual mixture of sorrow and happiness in this Christmas.

[1] Written by Sidney E. Lang, of Winnipeg, to his uncle, Robert B. Lang, of Racine, December 23, 1918.

SURVEY OF HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

The membership campaign which has been instituted under the able direction of Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, of Waukesha, has brought into the Society during the past quarter an unusual number of new members. We list them here, and submit some comment on the membership campaign elsewhere in this MAGAZINE:

Life members who have joined since the last report are as follows: Frederick A. Chadbourne, Columbus; Fred S. Hunt, Milwaukee; Dr. Norton W. Jipson, Chicago; Carl Kurtenacker, La Crosse; Sidney E. Lang, Winnipeg, Manitoba; F. F. Lewis, Janesville; Frank B. Luchsinger, Monroe; W. H. McGrath, Monroe; Nathan Paine, Oshkosh; Frank Sensenbrenner, Neenah; B. M. Sletteland, Pigeon Falls; Benjamin W. Snow, Madison; Rev. C. O. Solberg, Minneapolis; W. W. Strickland, Superior; and O. T. Waite, Oshkosh.

The new annual members are: Alvin R. Amundson, Cambridge; Lynn H. Ashley, Hudson; Caspar Bagley, Cambridge; C. L. Baldwin, La Crosse; W. H. Bissell, Wausau; Ernest Bruemmer, Algoma; W. S. Caswell, Milwaukee; Carlisle R. Clarke, Cambridge; J. D. Conan, Ely, Minn.; Henry K. Cowen, Milwaukee; C. P. Crosby, Rhinelander; Mrs. William H. Crosby, Racine; Joseph C. Culver, Eau Claire; J. H. Daggett, Milwaukee; C. W. Davis, Madison; Edward Deschamps, Whitefield Bay; Arthur Dietz, Coloma; Lelon A. Doolittle, Eau Claire; John E. Doyle, Madison; Oscar B. Duxstad, Clinton; William H. Edwards, Milwaukee; Ida L. Ela, Rochester; Charles E. Frey, Watertown; Anna G. Gasser, Prairie du Sac; F. Neil Gibson, Coloma; Rev. Henry G. Goodsell, Madison; Edward Hancock Sr., Shullsburg; O. H. Hanson, Cambridge; Dr. Grove Harkness, Waukesha; Andrew A. Hathaway, Easton, Maryland; A. O. Hecht, Appleton; F. P. Henning, Cambridge; W. E. Jillson, Milwaukee; Thomas S. Johnson, Beaver Dam; John Joys, Milwaukee; Dr. J. Sothoron Keech, Racine; Mrs. Jennie A. Keysar, Prairie du Sac; E. F. Kileen, Wautoma; William H. Killen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Herman O. Klein, La Crosse; Louis E. Knudson, Bruce; Arnold G. Krause, Bruce; A. O. Kromrey, Eau Claire; Mary L. Loomis, Madison; A. L. McClelland, Rosendale; J. B. McLaren, Appleton; A. M. May, Waukon, Iowa; Dr. Wilbur G. Melaas, Beloit; Louis H. Mickelsen, Racine; F. S. Morris, Sheboygan; Thomas Morris, La Crosse; C. K. Newhouse, Clinton; W. C. Norton, Elkhorn; James B. Overton, Madison; Asa K. Owen, Phil-

lips; John W. Owen, Racine; Lincoln H. Parker, River Falls; John Peterson, Clinton; Arthur J. Porter, Racine; E. L. Richardson, Milwaukee; William J. Rietow, Sheboygan; Mrs. Frederick Rogers, Oconomowoc; Max Rohr, Watertown; William Ryan, Madison; William H. Ryan, Appleton; Charles J. Sarff, Shullsburg; Frank H. Scofield, La Crosse; E. P. Sherry, Milwaukee; William Sproesser, Watertown; A. H. Whitney, Columbus; Charles Wickstrom, Superior; Frank Winter, La Crosse; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Wooster, Racine; Voyta Wrabetz, Madison; H. H. Wright, Darlington; Joseph Yocrg, Hudson.

Aside from the foregoing, Mr. Albert D. Bolens, of Port Washington, has changed from annual to life membership, and Yale University Library has taken institutional membership in the Society.

William D. Hoard of, Fort Atkinson, long a member of the State Historical Society, died at his home at an advanced age November 22, 1918. A native of New York, Mr. Hoard early came to Wisconsin and here passed the greater part of his long and useful life. In boyhood he mastered the language of the Iroquois tribe to which his father preached in western New York. In later life when stumping the state in his gubernatorial campaign, at Stockbridge, Mr. Hoard addressed the New York Indians who had migrated to Badgerdom in their native tongue, much to their surprise and gratification. In his death Wisconsin lost one of her greatest sons.

Charles R. Van Hise, for many years a member and for fourteen years a curator of the State Historical Society, died November 19, 1918. Dr. Van Hise was one of the nation's greatest geologists and since 1903 had held the presidency of the University of Wisconsin.

The Reverend S. T. Kidder, of Madison, died at his home October 23, 1918. Mr. Kidder was actively interested in historical matters. He was a member of the State Historical Society and for many years had taken a leading part in inspiring an interest in the history of Congregationalism in Wisconsin. Last summer, largely through Mr. Kidder's agency, the state Congregational organization turned over to the State Historical Library a valuable collection of material pertaining to the history of this denomination.

A splendid memorial in bronze and stone to the memory of Dr. Horace White and his son Horace, the noted journalist, was unveiled in the public park at Beloit in late October. The elder White may fairly be regarded as the founder of Beloit since he chose it as the site for a future home in the West of the New England Emigration Company in 1837. The younger White grew up at Beloit and was

one of the early graduates from the college. The memorial, the gift to the city of the White family, was originally planned in honor of Dr. Horace White only. The younger man having died before its erection, however, the heirs decided to erect a joint memorial to perpetuate the memory of father and son. The public dedication of the memorial will take place in the spring of 1919.

Late in December, at his Chicago home, died Abijah Catlin, a resident of Dane County from 1836 until fifteen years ago. Mr. Catlin was a nephew of John Catlin, territorial secretary of Wisconsin in 1846. Mr. Catlin participated in two gold rushes, that to California in 1849 and to Pike's Peak a decade later.

Charles E. Estabrook, of Milwaukee, life member of the State Historical Society, twice attorney-general of Wisconsin, and several times member of the state legislature, died suddenly of heart failure at his home, December 3, 1918. Mr. Estabrook was a veteran of the Civil War and actively interested in its history. He was chiefly responsible for the creation of the Wisconsin History Commission in 1905 and served as its chairman throughout the decade of its existence. To this commission is due the publication of ten volumes on Wisconsin in the Civil War, the last of these being the *Artilleryman's Diary* of Jenkin Lloyd-Jones. More recently Mr. Estabrook had brought about the publication by the state, under his supervision, of a reprint edition of the adjutant general's reports for the Civil War period.

Mrs. M. P. Rindlaub, of Platteville, where she had resided over half a century, died December 22, 1918. Mr. Rindlaub has long been a veteran of Wisconsin journalism. Mrs. Rindlaub was for a time treasurer of the State Press Association and was affectionately known as the "Mother of the Association." She was a pioneer worker in the temperance and woman suffrage movements, and active in religious and educational matters.

By the death at Green Bay in November, 1918, of Miss Emilie Grignon was severed a link connecting twentieth-century Wisconsin with its primitive beginnings. Miss Grignon's father was Paul (or Hippolyte) Grignon, son of Pierre, the noted early Wisconsin fur trader. Paul was born in September, 1790, and wintered as a trader at Milwaukee about the time Solomon Juneau first came there, a century ago. The daughter who has just died was born near Milwaukee in 1827, almost a decade before the modern Milwaukee took its birth. Her mother was a Menominee Indian woman.

Orrin H. Ingram, of Eau Claire, one of Wisconsin's leading business men, died at the age of eighty-nine, October 16, 1918. Mr.

Ingram came to Eau Claire in 1856 and soon became a dominant figure in the lumber industry which for long was, next to agriculture, Wisconsin's dominant occupation. He was long a member of the State Historical Society. A few years ago he presented for its manuscript collection the papers of the Empire Lumber Company. When the history of the lumber industry in this state shall finally be written these papers will figure prominently in the preparation of the story.

John Barnes, a member of the State Historical Society, general counsel for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company and ex-justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, died at his Milwaukee home on January 1, 1919. From humble beginnings Judge Barnes rose to a position of eminence in his state and in his profession. His career well illustrates the type which we are prone to think of as typically American.

Benjamin F. McMillan, of McMillan, died at his home in November, 1918. Mr. McMillan was a man of extensive and varied business interests, although his life was associated more largely with the lumbering industry than with any other. He was elected a curator of the State Historical Society in 1904, and a vice president in 1905, and continued to hold these offices until death.

Pneumonia, which was responsible for the death of Mr. McMillan, on December 21, 1918 terminated the life of Colonel Hiram Hayes of Superior. Colonel Hayes was one of Superior's oldest and best known residents. He came there in June, 1854, at the age of twenty-two, and died there in December, 1918, at the age of eighty-six. A lawyer by profession and a graduate of Bowdoin College, he early became prominent in public affairs. The year after his arrival he took the census of Superior; now the second city of Wisconsin, it then had a population of less than 400 souls. He served four years in the Civil War, rising to the rank of Colonel. In 1906 he became a curator of the State Historical Society, and was successively reëlected to this office until the time of his death.

Martin Pattison of Superior, banker and lumberman, died at his home late in December, 1918. For many years Mr. Pattison had been a member of the State Historical Society.

Theodore Roosevelt, notable as both a maker and a recorder of history, died peacefully at his Long Island home, January 6, 1919. Mr. Roosevelt mastered and practised many callings, prominent among them being that of historian. With him and with his most notable historical work the Wisconsin Historical Society was inti-

mately associated. On February 12, 1886, Mr. Roosevelt, then a young man of twenty-six, but already a reformer, a historian, an ex-rancher, and an ex-assemblyman, wrote (with his own hand, be it noted) a four-page letter to Dr. Draper announcing his project for bringing out a work "in reference to the extension of our boundaries to the southwest, from the day when Boone crossed the Alleghenies, to the days of the Alamo and San Jacinto," and appealing for information and assistance concerning sources of information. The appeal was not in vain. True to its policy of now some seven decades' duration of welcoming all who will to its treasures and administering them in the most liberal fashion possible consistent with their safeguarding, the Society invited the eager seeker after historical truth to partake of its store. Somewhat later Mr. Roosevelt came to Madison to work in the Historical Library, the particular magnet which drew him being the Draper Collection of manuscripts. How well he used them and how greatly he was indebted to them is known to all who have read the third volume of *The Winning of the West*. More than once in the book the author acknowledges his obligation to the "generous courtesy" or the "great courtesy" of Dr. R. G. Thwaites, who had by this time succeeded Draper as secretary of the Society.

In January, 1893, Mr. Roosevelt again came to Madison, this time to deliver the biennial address before the Society. The address, "The Northwest in the Nation," was given in the Assembly Chamber of the old Capitol. This year he was elected honorary vice president of the Society, and in this capacity he was carried on its roll of officers until the position of honorary vice presidency was discontinued in 1896. In 1903 Mr. Roosevelt, now president of the United States, cordially granted to Dr. Thwaites permission to dedicate to him the forthcoming monumental edition of the Original Journals of Lewis and Clark. Dr. Thwaites' reasons for wishing to dedicate the work to Roosevelt were given in a personal letter to the President as follows:

"(1) We have long been personal friends, as well as fellow laborers in the same field of history; (2) your "Winning of the West" especially associates you with this earliest pathbreaking to the Pacific; and (3) it would seem eminently appropriate that the first complete publication of the results of the expedition, which President Jefferson fathered a century ago, should be inscribed to the chief executive in this centennial year—he who has but recently dedicated the exposition which celebrates this exploration, and whose own recent journey to occidental tidewater has of itself proved a veritable "Winning of the West."

In the spring of 1918 the present writer reminded Mr. Roosevelt that a quarter of a century earlier he had delivered the formal address before the Society and invited him again to address it at the annual meeting in October, but the pressure of other and more urgent duties prevented acceptance of the invitation. Finally about two months before the ex-President's death a somewhat moving letter of a Wisconsin soldier concerning the grave of Quentin Roosevelt, published in a paper at Sturgeon Bay, was sent to the saddened parents, eliciting the usual courteous acknowledgment.

We do not think proper in this place to comment on the career or character of Theodore Roosevelt. That he was abler and more far-sighted than most men, all contemporaries unite in conceding. We cannot forbear commending, to our own Wisconsin audience, however, Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted example with respect to one matter. Some years since, realizing the historical value of his personal papers and his own inability to insure their safe preservation to posterity, he turned them over to the nation's great library at Washington for safeguarding until the time shall arrive when they may properly be thrown open to the scholarly public. Among his services to the historical profession this simple act will assuredly not be accounted the least. Attention is called to it in the hope that some among the Society's constituency may be moved to imitate for the enrichment of the history of Wisconsin our former vice president's example.

George J. Kellogg, whose career is coeval with that of Wisconsin Territory and State, died at Minneapolis in his ninety-first year, January 8, 1919. Mr. Kellogg was one of the common men who chiefly make history. Born in New York in 1828, as a boy of seven he came with his father to Kenosha in the summer of 1835. There was no Kenosha then, however, the settlement being known as plain Pike River; later the name was changed to Southport and still later this in turn gave place to Kenosha. The Kellogg settlement was west of Kenosha near the present Sylvania in Racine County. There several brothers bought land, George's father among the others. The children attended the common schools—"and they were very common" Mr. Kellogg declared in later life. George in due time graduated from Louis P. Harvey's Southport academy (twenty years later Harvey died while governor of Wisconsin). Mr. Kellogg then taught school two years, worked two years in the pinery, and in 1849 joined in the gold rush to California. In 1852 he returned to Wisconsin with several thousand dollars in gold. He was then twenty-four years of age; settling at Janesville he devoted the remainder of his life to the nursery business. In this he was as truly a pioneer as he had been in the rush to California. Horticulture

was in its infancy in Wisconsin, and such beginnings as existed were confined to the lake shore where climatic conditions were materially different from those which prevail in the interior of the state. The assumption with which Mr. Kellogg began his work that Wisconsin, due west of New York, would produce the same varieties of apples which had been developed in that state proved wholly wrong. Years of experimenting at heavy expense of funds and labor were necessary to develop apples and other fruits adapted to the soil and climate of Wisconsin. Mr. Kellogg was a charter member of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, and for years before his death he was the sole surviving charter member. In later years he devoted most of his attention to small fruits, being especially interested in the development of the ever-bearing strawberry. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about him was the retention up to his ninetieth year of an active interest in horticultural development, and an enthusiasm for knowledge which led him to carry on an extensive correspondence with leading horticulturists, and to journey from state to state to observe for himself the results of their efforts.

When he went to California in 1849 Mr. Kellogg began keeping a diary and this practice developed into a lifetime habit. In 1914 the portion of this diary covering its first sixty years was presented to the State Historical Library, with the promise that at his death the remaining portion should come to the Society. On settling at Janesville in 1852 Mr. Kellogg began methodically to record observations of the weather, taking the temperature and other data three times daily. At the close of 1914 (when the writer paid him a visit) he was still using the same thermometer with which he began his observations in 1852; in the sixty-two year period that had elapsed, however, he had found it necessary to renew the marks on the thermometer scale three times. This weather record antedates by twenty years the founding of the government weather bureau, and on at least one occasion the possession of it enabled Mr. Kellogg to furnish important evidence in a legal trial in the determination of which the condition of the weather was a factor. Incidentally it may be noted that this daily record of almost seventy years refutes conclusively (at least for the vicinity of Janesville) the popular impression that the winters of pioneer days were more severe than those of recent years.

Mr. Kellogg was a pioneer of a type rapidly passing away. Sturdy in his physical frame, he was likewise of uncompromising morality and deeply religious. As an individualist he would maintain his convictions against the world, but these convictions were permeated by high idealism, and dominated by a desire for the good of his fellow-men.

That one long life has spanned the history of the American settlement of Wisconsin is instanced by the death in Florida on December 17, 1918, of the eldest son of James D. Doty, first United States judge for Wisconsin in its preterritorial period. Judge Doty was a native of New York, who early settled at Detroit and accompanied Governor Lewis Cass on his exploration in 1820 of Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi River. In 1828 Doty was appointed "additional judge" for that part of Michigan Territory west of Lake Michigan. Before visiting his jurisdiction he returned to his former home in New York, married Sarah Collins, and brought his bride to what was then a wilderness. There at the little settlement on the east side of Fox River, known as Cantonment Smith, Menomineeville, or more generally as "Shantytown," their first child was born on August 17, 1824. Mrs. Henry Baird in her delightful reminiscences of life in primitive Wisconsin says: "The first call I received as a housekeeper [in 1824] was from Judge and Mrs. Doty. They walked to our home, the Judge carrying their baby, Charles Doty." Young Doty's youth was therefore coeval with that of Wisconsin. He was a lad of twelve when the territory was erected; two years later his father went to Washington as delegate to Congress from the new territory. Charles was at this time sent to school at Derry, New Hampshire, where, like most frontier boys, he studied engineering and surveying. In 1840 when he was but sixteen he accompanied the government engineers who attempted to survey the northeastern boundary of the territory. Major Doty used to relate in his later years how the party mistook the sources of the Ontonagan River for those of the Montreal, and all unwittingly followed the latter stream to Lake Superior. This reminiscence is borne out by the government report of the survey.

In 1841 Judge Doty was appointed the second governor of Wisconsin Territory, and removed his home from Green Bay to Madison. There until a recent date the Doty home was standing not far from Lake Monona. Charles, although a mere stripling, was appointed private secretary to his father, and acted in that capacity during the three rather stormy years of his father's gubernatorial incumbency. After leaving Madison in 1844, Charles Doty opened a farm in Fond du Lac County, and was elected representative of his community to the first state assembly of 1848. In the meanwhile he married in 1846 Sarah Jane Webster, of Neenah. In 1849 he platted the town site of Menasha and made this place his future home. His father's family had been since 1845 established at the famous "Loggery" on Doty Island; Charles Doty had been hitherto concerned, in company with Curtis and Harrison Reed, in developing the water power of the Winnebago Rapids. He likewise acted as

assistant engineer for the Fox-Wisconsin Improvement Company, which in 1855 took over the Reed and Doty interests in the water power. In 1860 Charles Doty and Abel Keyes formed a partnership for a barrel-stave factory; two years later the former was one of a committee that brought the first railway to Menasha.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Doty volunteered for military service, and in November, 1862, was appointed commissary of subsistence with the rank of captain; his term expiring he was recommissioned in May, 1863, and served until the close of the war, when on June 2, 1865, he was brevetted major and lieutenant colonel for "faithful and meritorious service." His services were with the western army in the Vicksburg campaign, and later with Sherman. Before he was mustered out in March, 1866, Major Doty (as he was commonly called) visited the Indian reservations in the West and Northwest, inventorying government supplies.

After the war Major Doty returned to Menasha; in 1875 he removed to Alton, Illinois, and was at one time connected with the erection of the customhouse at St. Louis. In 1887 Major Doty removed to St. Andrews, Florida, where for over thirty years he lived in retirement with his eldest son, Webster. There in a quiet cemetery, within sight of the waters of the gulf, he rests far from his birthplace in Wisconsin.

The Beloit Historical Society has recently taken advantage of the statute on the subject formally to incorporate and to enroll as an auxiliary of the State Historical Society. Organization of the Society under the new charter was completed at the adjourned annual meeting held in the Society's room in the City Library, December 18, 1918. Mr. A. F. Ayer was elected president, Mrs. J. A. Meyers, Miss Nellie McAlpin, and H. W. Adams, vice presidents, Mrs. Cora Rau, secretary, and Mrs. W. H. Chesebrough, treasurer. In addition there is a board of directors composed of Father Ryan, Professor R. B. Way, and Mrs. R. J. Burdge. Regular monthly meetings are contemplated, with an annual meeting in November. Annual membership dues are $1; life membership, $6. The Society starts with 150 members who under the old plan have been paying annual dues of twenty-five cents. We welcome the reorganized Society to the association of local societies of the state; with such a community as Beloit to draw upon, the Society should find adequate support and a useful career.

A number of the trees at Camp Randall, Madison, Wisconsin's famous Civil War encampment, have been marked by the G. A. R. in memory of citizens of the state who were prominent in the Civil War period. Among those thus honored are Governors Randall,

MAJOR CHARLES DOTY

Harvey, and Lewis, Mrs. Harvey ("The Angel of Wisconsin"), General David Atwood, and Maj. H. A. Tenney.

The fiftieth anniversary of Sacred Heart Church at St. Francis was celebrated with an appropriate program December 29, 1918.

In September, 1918, at Oshkosh was observed the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Christoph Dowidat. For thirty-seven years of this time the Rev. Mr. Dowidat has been pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Oshkosh.

The semicentennial of St. Joseph's German Catholic Church of Appleton was observed with a four-day program November 26-29, 1918. In half a century the congregation has increased from fifty families to seven hundred. Thirty of the original members of the parish are said to be still alive.

The sixtieth anniversary of the Bethany Lutheran Church of Hustisford was celebrated October 13, 1918. The church has had six pastors, one of whom served twenty-eight years (1867-1895) while the career of his successor was terminated by death after a pastorate of twenty-one years. Two charter members of the church lived to witness its sixtieth anniversary.

The Catholic Archdiocese of Milwaukee was seventy-five years old November 28, 1918. At the time of its founding in 1843 its bounds included all Wisconsin and much of eastern Minnesota. The archbishop since 1903 has been Sebastian G. Messmer, long a curator of the State Historical Society.

The Civil War diary, in four manuscript volumes, of Lieutenant A. V. Knapp of the Tenth Wisconsin Infantry has been presented to the Society by Mrs. Knapp of Platteville. On the flyleaf of one of the volumes is this inscription: "If it should be my fortune to fall in battle some friend will please send this Diary to my Brother A. I. Knapp, in Lancaster, Wis." Instead of dying in battle Mr. Knapp died peacefully at his home in Platteville on October 14, 1918, over half a century after the close of the Civil War.

Charles Lapham, of Milwaukee, has presented to the Historical Museum a set of ivory chessmen, a hand scale, a collection of early railroad passes and other articles formerly used by his father, Dr. Increase A. Lapham. Henry P. Hamilton has given a collection of Indian stone implements collected in Manitowoc County by the late Dr. Louis Falge. From Mrs. Mary Atwood, of Prairie du Sac, there has been received a John Wesley New Testament printed in London, in 1817; a "Wanderbuch" carried by a traveling cooper

in Germany in the forties; an old silver watch; a snuffbox; a valentine made in Scotland about the year 1810, and a manuscript arithmetic textbook.

F. G. Warren, Warrens, has presented an interesting old percussion-lock duck gun. This weighs 27½ pounds and was fired from a boat. Other gifts are a Southern slave whip received from G. A. Bart, of Monroe; a miniature silver spoon, said to have been made by Paul Revere, from Mrs. J. M. Ballard, Madison; a Hawaiian hula dancer's leaf skirt from Mrs. M. B. Wengler, Madison; a collection of the military insignia now in use, from The Robbins Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts; a series of G. A. R. badges from Mrs. Katherine Larsen Ertel, Wauzeka; a log marker used in marking logs on Black River, from Mrs. David Johnson, Medford; a goblet made from a piece of wood from the old territorial capitol at Belmont (now Leslie), from W. H. McIntosh, Madison; and a pair of old hand-knit stockings, photograph albums, and other specimens from Miss Mary E. Stewart, Milwaukee.

Gifts of war posters and proclamations, service papers, maps, photographs, religious tracts, and Y. M. C. A. literature have been received from many Wisconsin soldiers. From Lt. Col. George E. Laidlaw, Victoria Road, Ontario, have come many specimens of Canadian war literature and posters.

In the September, 1918, number of the MAGAZINE we noted the presentation to the Society by E. O. Kimberley, of Janesville, of ambrotypes of the members of the noted Civil War band of which he was the leader. Mr. Kimberley has followed this initial gift with the presentation of some two hundred Civil War letters written home from the front by himself and his brother, William A. Kimberley, who was killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Included in the gift are several letters written to Wisconsin from relatives in England in the years following 1851. One of these, written in October, 1861, foretells the destruction of slavery as a consequence of the war, and finds comfort in the enlistment of two young American relatives in the Union army in the consideration that the war is one waged in the interests of human freedom. This letter derives additional interest from the fact that not until almost two years later did the Federal government commit itself to the program of freeing the negro slaves. An interesting collection of Dakota newspapers contributed by Mr. Kimberley is noted elsewhere in the MAGAZINE.

THE COLLECTION OF EUROPEAN WAR MATERIALS

The importance of assembling a representative collection of European war materials in its historical museum for the present and future use of students of the University and of the general public

has long been recognized by the State Historical Society. Being unable to send a representative of its own to the war front the Society has had to depend upon University alumni and students and other generous friends to secure for it such specimens as could be conveniently obtained by them in the course of their military or other war service. Its appeal to them has brought many promises of assistance, most of which it has not yet been possible for these friends to fulfill owing to the difficulties of overseas transportation and the fact that most of these men are still with the expeditionary forces in the field and camp and will be unable to return for some months to come.

The present state collection, therefore, while as yet small, is probably already more extensive than any similar collection in this part of the United States.

In May, 1918 Ray E. Williams, a University student, then but recently returned from France, placed in the museum's care a collection of nearly one hundred specimens (exclusive of war posters and photographs) obtained by him chiefly from the Verdun battle fields, while a member of the American Ambulance Service in France, from January to October, 1917. Among the many notable specimens in this collection are examples of French and German steel helmets and fatigue caps, a German dress helmet, a fez of the kind worn by French Algerian troops, and other articles of uniform. Among the weapons obtained are hand grenades of two types, a trench grenade, an aerial torpedo of the kind used by the French in bringing down hostile airplanes, parts of exploded shrapnel, several 37 mm. shells, a star shell or varylite, rifle cartridges of several kinds, a French bayonet, and scabbard and a noncommissioned officer's pistol with holster.

There are examples of the small compact first aid packages issued to French and British soldiers. A map of the type furnished to German soldiers in 1917 is very complete as it includes maps of all of the then European battle fronts. A match box taken from a fallen German has on the metal top the familiar "Gott Mit Uns." Singularly enough it contains English safety matches. A small French flag, a whistle, a flashlight, and other specimens, together with his passes and papers recall Mr. Williams' service with the ambulance section.

In December, 1918 there came into the possession of the museum a collection made by Mr. Frank H. West, of Madison, still in service in France as Y. M. C. A. secretary. This collection is about as extensive as that of Mr. Williams' and supplements it very well, containing for the most part specimens not present in the other. Of four rifles three are German guns and the other an Enfield of the

kind used by the British army. There is a German officer's automatic pistol and field glass, a soldier's harness with bayonet scabbard and cartridge pouches, several styles of German canteens and belts, a short-handled trench spade, a wickerwork case for carrying shells, a rocket pistol, and German knife and sword bayonets.

A small steel dart thrown from a German airplane operating over the Allied front at Bretueil is also in the collection. These are said to have been thrown down by the handful. After they had fallen several thousand feet their velocity became so great that they would pierce a steel helmet. A number of pieces of twisted metal are parts of a German plane brought down by the French at Malines, on August 18, 1918. Both collections contain many smaller objects of interest which a limited space prevents mentioning.

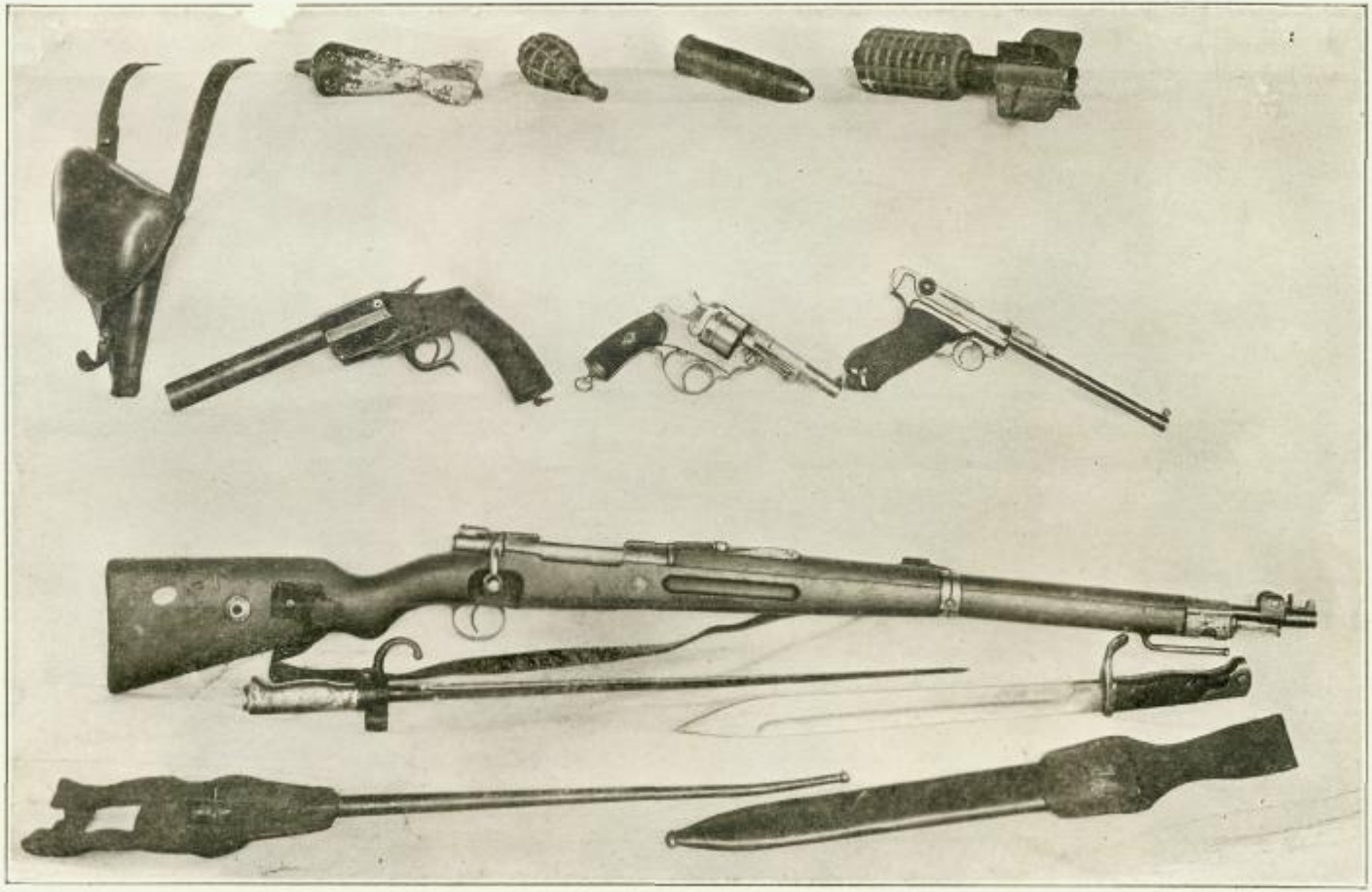
Both previous to and after the installation of these two collections single specimens and smaller numbers of specimens were received from other sources.

The adjutant general's office through the kindness of Major Earl S. Driver has placed in the museum the weather-beaten state colors of the Third Wisconsin Infantry, now the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Infantry, Thirty-second Division. It was carried by this regiment to Camp MacArthur, Texas, and then to France from which country it was returned to the state on July 10, 1918, by the Salvage Service, A. E. F.

A rubber "onion" is made of strips of raw rubber and is one of the kind that was shipped in bags of onions from the United States to Denmark and from that country into Germany at the beginning of the war. A three-inch shrapnel was presented by the University class of '97. A silver watch with a portrait of Kaiser William II was taken from a German sympathizer by a secret service man. There are specimens of rifle grenades, barbed wire, German trench signboards, prayer books, a rosary and crucifix from destroyed churches in France and Belgium, military pass books taken from dead German soldiers, and a fine collection of the letter seals of French, British, and Italian regiments.

Captain Horatio G. Winslow has presented two very interesting Bolshevik proclamations of the kind scattered among the troops of the Allies in Russia by airplanes. Lieut. Harold Wengler has sent a highly colored German prewar propaganda poster found in an Uhlan camp on the road between Vigneuilles and Nonsard, September 18, 1918.

With the help of Lieut. Earl W. Hutchison it has been possible to secure many copies of the *Stars and Stripes*, the *Beaumont Bull*, the *Plane News*, and the *Fly Paper*, newspapers published by the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Other



SOME RELICS OF THE GREAT WAR IN THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION
From a photograph in the Wisconsin Historical Library

copies of these service papers have been obtained through the courtesy of the editorial staffs of these papers and through other friends and the files of these in the State Historical Society's possession give promise of ultimately becoming fairly complete.

THE COLONEL MICHAEL H. FITCH PAPERS

Michael Hendrick Fitch, the son of Aaron and Ann Ashford Fitch, was born March 12, 1837, at Lexington, Kentucky. When a boy he removed to Ohio and was educated in the state schools at Clermont Academy and at Farmers College. He chose the legal profession and was admitted in 1860 to the bar at Cincinnati. The same year he removed to Prescott, Wisconsin, where he began the practice of law. The outbreak of the Civil War found him at Prescott, where he enrolled with the "Prescott Guards" as first sergeant. This company became a part of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, and Fitch was soon commissioned first lieutenant. In 1862 he was chosen adjutant of the newly enrolled Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers, and soon acquired the rank of regimental major under Colonel Benjamin J. Sweet. When the latter was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Major Fitch took command of the regiment, and served until June 17, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. In 1866 he was brevetted colonel, and the same year appointed pension agent at Milwaukee—an office he held for four years. Later he removed to Colorado where from 1876 to 1885 he was receiver of the land office at Pueblo. There Colonel Fitch still resides, and from there he has recently sent to the Society such of his Civil War papers as he has preserved.

These papers are few in number, but of much interest. The first in point of time is an annotated muster roll of the Prescott Guards of 1861 with accounts of the subsequent services of the men, of whom thirteen became commissioned officers, thirty-five were wounded, and seventeen killed or died of wounds. Several letters among these papers are from Colonel B. J. Sweet, one of the state's noted sons. After he was wounded at Perryville Sweet's health was permanently shattered, but a foe to inactivity he sought and obtained a colonelcy in the veteran reserve corps, and during the winter of 1862-3 built a fort at Gallatin, Tennessee. In May, 1864 Colonel Sweet was placed in command of the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and there in the autumn of that year he thwarted a dangerous conspiracy of southern sympathizers. In later years he was pension agent at Chicago, and deputy commissioner of internal revenue at Washington. The friendship between Sweet and Fitch was lasting, and the letters show the strong personal character of Colonel Sweet.

Most of the other papers are of a military character, including the reports made by Major Fitch in 1864 of the services in Sherman's army of the Twenty-first Wisconsin. These official accounts are supplemented by Fitch's personal diary written on the battle field between August 23, 1864, and June 13, 1865. On this latter date the regiment "arrived in Milwaukee & took a public Dinner & encamped at Camp Washburn." Four days later the men received their final discharge. Of the 960 who had composed the Twenty-first when it entered service in 1862 Major Fitch reports that but 260 returned home. This diary and the official reports are important bits of the history of our Civil War, and give a realistic picture of Sherman's operations around Atlanta, and during his march to the sea. They form part of the imperishable record of the valor of Wisconsin's sons in 1864. The remaining letters of the collection are postwar letters from Union commanders, extolling the valor and the discipline of the Twenty-first, and the gallantry and good judgment of its officers. Such testimony from generals such as Jeff C. Davis, Charles Walcott, and Lucius Fairchild is indeed high encomium for Wisconsin troops.

THE PETER LARSON LETTERS

The Civil War from the standpoint of an officer is seen in the preceding group of papers. The viewpoint of the self-sacrificing and humble private appears in the letters of Peter Larson, who died last year near Prairie du Chien. Peter Larson was born and grew up in Norway, and came to this country in 1849 entirely ignorant of the English language. With a good natural understanding he soon became conversant with the language of his adopted country, and in 1854 married a descendant of Revolutionary lineage, and settled upon a farm in Crawford County. There three children were born before the tragedy of war cast its shadow over this quiet home. In 1864 when the Union desperately needed more men to complete the work already begun, Peter Larson heeded the call, and volunteered for action. He was sent to Camp Randall, and after a few weeks' preliminary training was forwarded to Virginia where the new recruits were used to fill the depleted ranks in the old regiments. Mr. Larson was assigned to the veteran Seventh Volunteers, and was in all its operations before Petersburg and at the capture of Lee's army at Appomattox. Afterwards he passed with his regiment through Richmond, took part in the grand review in Washington, and in June, 1865 reached Jeffersonville, Indiana, where on the twenty-sixth of that month he was furloughed, and mustered out before his furlough expired.

The family kept all the letters he wrote to his wife, from the one dated October 28, 1864 at Camp Randall to that of June 27, 1865

at Jeffersonville, forty-nine in all, and one from his wife to him announcing the birth of a baby son. In these letters is mirrored the heart of a loving father and husband, separated from and anxious for the welfare of the family at home. In the constant admonitions to his wife to spare herself, in his detailed suggestions for the care of the stock and the farm one sees how a married soldier carried a double burden, and how near was the cause of his country to his heart, when for it he left so dear a home. Mr. Larson's letters may tell us nothing new about battles or strategy, but they do depict the daily life of the Union soldier, and above all the wartime conditions in Wisconsin, where on hundreds and even thousands of farms delicate women struggled on as best they might while their protectors in the army cheered and advised with them, and kept them heartened for the day of the homecoming. These letters also show the devotion of our "foreign legion," America's sons from afar, who, having enjoyed her freedom and purchased a foothold of land upon her broad bosom, offered themselves without reserve for her preservation and unity. Thus the Larson letters become typical in more ways than one of the experiences of Wisconsin soldiers in the war for national unity and democracy.

THE GEORGE B. SMITH PAPERS

One of the most important manuscript gifts that has been received by the Society in recent years is that of the papers of George B. Smith, of Madison, statesman, politician, patriot, legist, lecturer, orator, and friend. Mr. Smith came to Wisconsin from Ohio in 1843. He was then but twenty years of age, and was accompanied by his father and mother and several brothers. Their first Wisconsin residence was Kenosha, but in 1844 the Smiths bought land in Medina Township of Dane County, and shortly thereafter George Baxter Smith settled at Madison, which became his permanent home. He was the youngest member of the first constitutional convention, and from that time until his death was cognizant of and usually a party to every political movement and campaign in Wisconsin. Before the Civil War Mr. Smith held several offices, notably that of attorney general in 1854 under the first Barstow administration. Upon the outbreak of the war he tendered his services to Governor Randall, who immediately made him one of his aides with the rank of colonel. Colonel Smith went to the front in 1861 as the governor's representative, and thereafter throughout the war was engaged in various patriotic services; his health forbade him active military employment.

Mr. Smith was a lifelong Democrat; he did not follow the majority of his early friends and associates into the Republican party. Therefore, after the close of the war he was precluded from public

office. He was often a candidate upon the minority ticket for congress and for state offices. He was also for many years the Wisconsin member on the National Democratic Committee, and during the Hayes-Tilden controversy he was one of the reviewing board. In Wisconsin Mr. Smith strongly supported Democratic candidates and measures, stumping the state in every gubernatorial and presidential campaign. He was a magnetic speaker and whether he lectured on Shakespeare or talked on the most recent political developments he always drew a large and enthusiastic audience. His literary tastes were marked, and he had an unusual library of choice books. He was elected a member of the Chicago Literary Club, as well as of the literary club in his home city. He early adopted the Baconian theory of the authorship of the works of Shakespeare, and he it was who interested its redoubtable champion, Ignatius P. Donnelly in the theory. Mr. Smith's Shakespearean scholarship was recognized in England, where he was invited to participate in the Shakespeare memorial. In short he led a life of great activity and variety and had friendships with men of different politics and widely divergent ideals. One of his friendships which played a part in the history of the state was that with Matthew Carpenter. They early became associated in legal employment; each quickly took the measure of the other and found a friend. It was George B. Smith who really brought about the election of Carpenter to the senate in 1869. He was himself the candidate of the Democrats, who were hopelessly in the minority, and, by swinging his following to the support of Carpenter, he secured his election over other and better known Republican candidates. Another phase of Smith's political activity centered around William R. Taylor and the Potter Law. Taylor, as the first Democratic governor of Wisconsin after the war, was persona grata to Smith; but as an agitator against the railroads, whose attorney Smith was, the governor placed the latter in peculiar circumstances. The history of the Granger movement, and particularly its culmination in the Potter Law, the cases prosecuted thereunder, and the reaction against the law can never be fully written until the Smith papers are consulted.

In 1878 Mr. Smith was mayor of Madison, and during his administration occurred an invasion of tramps which the mayor settled vigorously. He was for many years Wisconsin attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and many of the papers are the legal grist of a busy lawyer's office. For many years the firm was Smith and Lamb, the junior partner of which, Mr. Francis J. Lamb, is the donor of this valuable collection. In the midst of his varied and effective activities Mr. Smith was stricken down at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. He died in September, 1879,

after having in July welcomed to Madison the reunion of the surviving members of the two constitutional conventions.

The papers that have been presented to the Society cover Mr. Smith's entire Wisconsin life, but for the period before the Civil War they are not voluminous. For this early period the most valuable part of the collection is the letter books, five in number, extending from 1856, with but one hiatus, to 1870. In these are many letters on political subjects, correspondence during the Barstow-Bashford controversy, material on the presidential elections in Wisconsin, when as early as 1856 Mr. Smith was the national Democratic committeeman. The one relic of Mr. Smith's attorney-generalship of 1854 is a diary for that year, in which, however, there are no entries after the last of March. Among the early papers is a series of letters written in 1843 from Chicago to a friend in Ohio, describing the travels of the Smiths from the latter state to Chicago, their adventures by the way, and their impressions of young Chicago, together with their determination to push on to the territory of Wisconsin, and an account of the factional quarrel therein being waged between Governor Doty and the legislature. The letters of 1861 relate to Colonel Smith's share in the war; but it is not until 1868 that the amount of the correspondence becomes voluminous. From that date until Mr. Smith's death everything apparently has been saved, and because of his wide acquaintance and political prominence these papers present an epitome of Wisconsin history for that decade.

Among the curiosities of the collection we note one of the earliest typewritten letters; the articles of incorporation in 1859 of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; a scrip of 1846 used in payment for services in the first constitutional convention; a deed of 1849 with the signature of Agoston Haraszthy; a Watertown railway farm mortgage bond; an invitation to the German Peace Celebration of 1871; a Fox-Wisconsin scrip of 1851; and an income tax blank of 1871. Mr. Smith's literary correspondence includes early letters of Ella Wheeler; letters from three presidents of the University of Wisconsin, Daniel Read, Paul A. Chadbourne, and John H. Lathrop; material on the Chicago Literary Club of 1875-76; and letters and pamphlets concerning the Wisconsin Historical Society, of which Mr. Smith was a charter member and a curator for many years. Allied to this material is a number of delightful letters written by our consular and diplomatic agents in Europe, Horace Rublee, and General Lucius Fairchild. There is also a history of Medina Township, Dane County; and several of Mr. Smith's lectures, particularly that on the authorship of Shakespeare.

Amidst the wealth of material for the political history of the state it would be invidious to attempt to specify particular correspondence. The letters of Senator Carpenter and Governor Taylor have already been noted; among others are those of Elisha W. Keyes, James H. Howe, James R. Doolittle, Levi Hubbell, Thad C. Pound, David Atwood, Arthur McArthur, and many others well known in the state's activities. Much of the material is legal, but even this with the free use of passes and lobbying by the railways then in vogue assumes a political significance. Suffice it to say, that when the history of Wisconsin from 1868 to 1879 is adequately written, recourse will have been had to the papers of George B. Smith for material that cannot be found elsewhere. To the post Civil War portion of the Society's manuscript collections, this new acquisition is an important contribution.

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS

E. O. Mörstad. *Elling Eielsen og den Evangelisk-lutherske Kirke i Amerika.* (Minneapolis, 1917, 474 pp.)

Interest in the controversy which raged in Norwegian Lutheran circles in this country a half century ago over the Reverend Elling Eielsen and his work will be revived by the appearance of this new biographical volume from the pen of the Reverend E. O. Mörstad. The book is the result of a dozen years of patient investigation and research and bears evidence of careful and cultured preparation.

The centenary of Eielsen's birth occurred in 1904, and at the annual conference that year of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church—which is the slender surviving element of Eielsen's original organization—a resolution was adopted providing for the preparation and publication of a historical survey of this branch of the Lutheran Church, with the Reverend Mr. Mörstad as editor. The present volume of nearly five hundred pages is the result.

Eielsen may be said to have been the first preacher among the Norwegian immigrants in the United States, coming to this country in 1839 and soon afterward preaching his first sermon in Chicago. Previous to his coming to America, he had journeyed through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark as a lay preacher after the fashion of Hans Nielson Hauge, the celebrated evangelist, of whom Eielsen may be said to have been a follower. On October 8, 1843, Eielsen was ordained by a German minister, and was thus the first ordained Lutheran minister among the Norwegian settlers. Incidentally Eielsen becomes of further interest at this time from the fact that he brought out the first English book and also the first Norwegian book published by Norwegians in this country, Luther's *Catechism*

and *Forklaring*. To obtain these Eielsen went to New York City and had a small supply printed for use among his countrymen in the West. He returned from New York on foot in the winter of 1842, enduring intense privations on the way.

For a time Eielsen and the other Lutheran ministers who later came from Norway worked fairly harmoniously together, but disagreements soon arose which eventually led to much bitterness, and at the annual convention of the church held at Primrose, Dane County, Wisconsin, in June, 1856, the Reverend P. A. Rasmussen left the meeting with a number of followers, and thus instituted a breach which was never healed. In the warfare following the ministers opposed to Eielsen frequently sought to undo his work and occasionally re-performed his ceremonies of baptism and confirmation. They even followed him to Norway where Eielsen spent a couple of years preaching in the early sixties, and denounced him from the pulpits there. This hostility toward Eielsen on the part of other ministers was attributed by Eielsen's friends—and no doubt justly so—to jealousy and aristocratic intolerance. Educated at the University of Christiania and regularly prepared in orthodox courses in the "state church," they could scarcely be expected to look with anything but disdain on the rough, uncultured Eielsen—tramping from settlement to settlement with his kettle, axe, and compass—and his short cuts to the ministry. In a tolerant spirit, as becomes a later historian, Mr. Mörstad deals with the characters and events of this period of Norwegian church history and introduces much new material in the form of letters, newspaper comment, and incidents.

In the course of his evangelistic labors, Eielsen made his home at various places, but chiefly at North Cape, Racine County, where he owned a farm. His wife was a daughter of Hermond Nielson, one of the Muskego pioneers. She died in 1904, the centenary of her husband's birth. One of her sisters became the wife of O. B. Dahle, of Perry, Wisconsin, from whom are descended the present Dahle families of Mt. Horeb. Eielsen died in Chicago in 1881.

Mr. Mörstad has for some years been working as a missionary among the Indians of northern Wisconsin, stationed at Carter, Forest County, and incidentally in his book deplores the government's neglect of its pledges towards its aboriginal wards, and pleads for a more generous, sympathetic, and intelligent policy in this respect. Incidentally, also, the volume contains a brief historical survey of early Norwegian immigration, the constitution of the Church as adopted in 1846, and the testament of Hans Nielson Hauge to his friends and followers. It is unfortunate that a work

containing such a wealth of historical material and of such scholarly workmanship should have no index nor an adequate table of contents.

ALBERT O. BARTON.

The Quest for Life's Meaning is a thoughtful address read by Harry E. Cole, curator of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, before the Fortnightly Club of Baraboo, November 15, 1918. More recently the address has been printed as a booklet in form suitable for permanent preservation. The Historical Society acknowledges the gift of a copy by the author, which goes to swell the great collection in the Library of works by Wisconsin authors.

A Life Well Lived: Memorial of Mrs. H. A. Miner is a booklet published by the Wisconsin Woman's Home Missionary Union. For three-score years prior to her death in May, 1917, Mrs. Miner and her husband had occupied a prominent place among the leaders of Congregationalism in Wisconsin. In addition to her work in her own denomination Mrs. Miner was an early and enthusiastic laborer in the temperance movement in Wisconsin.

The Fennimore *Times* began serial publication December 18, 1918, of an early history of Boscobel written by Theodore N. Hubbell and deposited in the "Centennial Chest" at Lancaster, July 4, 1876. Where this chest has been preserved or why its contents are now brought to light, the editor of the *Times* does not inform his readers.

Pictures of Illinois One Hundred Years Ago is distributed by way of Christmas greeting by the publishers, R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company, as the annual volume in the Lakeside Classics series. The selection and editing of the contents of the volume have been done by M. M. Quaife of the Wisconsin Historical Society. The attractive format and excellent workmanship which have come to be characteristic of the Lakeside Classics series again finds illustration in the present volume.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The Secretary of State published in October a *List of Automobile, Motor Truck, and Motor Cycle Owners* who had registered their vehicles. This includes also the dealers in motor vehicles with their official names and addresses. As one of the commissioners of Public Lands, the Secretary of State publishes with the other members of the commission the biennial report to June 30, 1918. The policy of withholding public lands from sale has been followed since 1913, with modifications in the interest of the state. In Crawford County 1,100 acres of overflowed swamp land have been sold; a long-standing controversy with railway corporations on land grants has been set-

tled. Forestry leases have been made and sales of damaged timber. School certificates to the amount of $100,000 have been retired. There are in the state 349,888 acres of public land, of which 160,853 is swamp land. These figures are of importance in discussing the problem of lands for returned soldiers.

The State Treasurer has published his biennial report from July 1, 1916 to June 30, 1918. The net disbursements for 1917 were $16,396,550.87; for 1918, $17,540,848.41. To produce this the general property tax in 1917 paid $1,012,494.34; in 1918, $1,085,934.70. Income taxes in 1917 totaled $295,972.67; in 1918, $616,106.78; inheritance taxes in 1917, $860,777.30; in 1918, $517,389.97. The larger share of the remainder was met by corporation taxes.

From the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction have been issued some exceedingly timely pamphlets, useful not only to the schools but to the community at large. In October appeared *Suggestions on Organization of School Societies and Junior Red Cross Work in the Public Schools.* In this may be found a history of the Red Cross movement, and suggestions for organizing children for its furtherance, for war saving thrift, for the collection of war material, and for aid for food administration. Maybell G. Bush is the author of *First School Days for the Non-English Child.* She pleads that English shall become the language of Wisconsin, in which state in 1917 there were 512,569 foreign born. Very practical suggestions are made for primary teachers and kindergarteners with regard to encouraging timid children of foreign parents. Along the same line, although more extended in content, is the pamphlet by Mrs. Alice H. Bleyer, on *Americanization* published by the Speakers' Bureau of the State Council of Defense. Mrs. Bleyer estimates that there are in the United States 5,000,000 persons who cannot speak English, of which only 1.3 per cent attend school. She defines "Americanization" as the ability to speak English in all ordinary needs of life; a maintenance of American standards of living; and a real appreciation of loyalty and obligation for service. The public school must remain the chief agency for Americanization, but the parochial school should be supervised by public authority; for adults other methods must be devised. Especially do adult foreign women present a difficult problem that can be solved only by neighborly spirit and patient care.

The *Educational News Bulletin* provided for a "Yorktown day" in which America's debt to France was emphasized. The department has also issued *War Savings Societies* for adults with suggestive

programs on the governments of United States, Germany, Great Britain, and France pictorialized.

A timely pamphlet by William Kittle entitled *The Commonwealth of Nations* comes out as a normal school bulletin. Mr. Kittle gives a brief historical review, alludes to the commonwealth of nations established during the war, and gives the program of the League to Enforce Peace as worthy of careful study and thought, and a means of rallying public opinion to the support of the President's peace policy.

The Wisconsin War History Commission has published Bulletin No. 3, *Further Suggestions on Collection of County War History Material.* The county roster is important, but all effort should not be concentrated thereon. Other material should be gathered; coöperation should be maintained with the schools. A system of filing and representative reports is offered as an example.

The twenty-first *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Banking* gives a detailed account of the building and loan associations of the state. At the close of 1917 there were seventy-eight, of which forty were in Milwaukee County. Each of these had been examined once. Their assets total $19,000,000 and Wisconsin ranks sixteenth among the states with respect to the strength of such associations.

The program for the fourth biennial conference of the health officers of Wisconsin which met in the Assembly Chamber at Madison, August 7 and 8, was devoted to war subjects such as the safeguarding of health during war time, child welfare, and health supervision of school children. The training of public health nurses was likewise discussed, and the problems involved in the disposal of garbage. The quarterly bulletin, Volume III, No. 2, is a *Measles and Whooping Cough* number. These are not simple and trivial diseases, nor is it necessary they should be contracted; the younger the patients the greater the mortality; the death rate from these diseases in the state is 11.8 per thousand. Instructions are given to health officers and both they and the public are told what not to do in affected cases, as well as being given simple directions for avoiding contagion. In October the State Board of Health issued a pamphlet on the influenza epidemic, its prevention and control. This disease is the same as "la grippe" which first appeared in pandemic form in the winter of 1889-90. The present epidemic began in April on the western front. In May over thirty per cent of the population of Spain was affected. In May, June, and July the epidemic was at its height in England, and in June and July was prevalent in Ger-

many. A synopsis of symptoms, of treatment, and of methods for control are given.

Platteville Normal School has issued a bulletin on *Suggestions for the Study of Weeds* to be used in elementary schools. The boys and girls should be taught to attain proficiency in weed control and eradication. The annual loss from weeds is estimated at $800,000,000 for the entire United States, and in Wisconsin as twenty-five per cent of the crop-producing power.

The *Catalogue of the University of Wisconsin* for 1917-18 gives a brief history of that institution which began instruction in February, 1849, with twenty pupils in a preparatory department under Professor Sterling. Among its present-day war activities, listed only until February, 1918, were 132 members of the teaching staff on leave, while many more were giving services to national and local boards. For students the practice adopted from the epoch of the Civil War of waiving a portion of the residence requirements resulted in about 1,000 departures to enter the army or navy before the United States declared war. Intensive officer training began with a unit of 450 under the federal government. It is yet impossible to list the number of students in actual service. For those remaining, war courses and technical courses were organized. A separate bulletin, No. 733, lists the war courses to be given in the first semester of 1918-19.

Three scholarly studies have appeared within the last quarter: Reuben McKitrick, *Public Land System in Texas*, 1823-1910; William B. Cairns, *British Criticism of American Writings*, 1783-1815; Robert F. Seybolt, *The Colonial Citizen of New York City*. The second of these explains the causes of some misunderstandings; and the last shows that the freedom of the city in New York was derived from London precedents, and as late as 1801 none but freemen of the city could vote.

The Agricultural Extension service has issued a circular entitled *Thanks*. Wisconsin is thankful for dairy products increased six per cent, totaling ten billion pounds of milk; for an increase of nearly six million bushels of cereals; for sugar beets enough to supply ourselves, an increase of forty per cent over last year. Our gratitude must take practical form, and we must maintain the present high level of food production and, if possible, increase it. Fifteen million tons of food must be shipped abroad, and Europe's dairy herds and beef-producing herds must be rebuilt. Wisconsin can help.

The Agricultural Experiment Station has printed a bulletin on *Getting Rid of Stumps*. We have ten million acres of cut-over lands "in the twilight between the lumberman's paradise and the farmer's estate." Methods are explained of brushing and stumping; a "land clearing special" train goes out each year to make demonstrations in northern Wisconsin. Scientific methods and community coöperation will win the fight.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey has issued two of its soil surveys conducted in coöperation with the United States Department of Agriculture, those of Portage County, and of Wood County. The maps of these surveys are very valuable.

The Library Commission issues leaflet No. 6 of the Traveling Library Department showing the policy of the commission in placing the libraries to advantage. As the schools become more and more community centers they will demand more traveling libraries. They are now made up of fifty books, including fifteen nonfiction, fifteen children books, and twenty adult fiction. Special groups are sent out on science, agriculture, the war, etc. Individuals are supplied by parcel post.

One of the functions of the Industrial Commission is to increase knowledge of its work. A *Safety Review* is published from time to time and November 1, 1918 was proclaimed Fire and Accident Prevention Day. In 1917 Wisconsin lost by fire $6,000,000, of which fully two-thirds might have been prevented. Suggestive programs for the observance of this day were published. In September a *Handbook for Employers of Women* appeared, containing the statutory provisions regarding labor standards and suggestions for improved equipment in sanitation, safety appliances, dressing and lunch rooms, chairs, illumination, etc. The pamphlet is well illustrated. The second annual report on *Apprenticeship* has also appeared, organized labor favors this method of training, and it is the state's duty to adjust the contract, and to provide the vocational school. There are now 1,200 apprentices under legal contract. The latest issue of the Industrial Commission is the seventh annual report on *Workmen's Compensation*. Fifteen thousand eight hundred twenty-five cases were settled, and $1,705,468 paid, chiefly for temporary disability, although 163 death cases were adjusted. The same commission issues a revised *Building Code*, and an *Order* to motion picture machines and booths to prevent accidents.

THE WIDER FIELD

A capital study in the field of Minnesota and Wisconsin economic history is Lester B. Shippee's "First Railroad Between the Mississippi and Lake Superior," which constitutes the leading article in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for September, 1918. Another article of interest to all western readers is "The Literary Spirit Among the Early Ohio Valley Settlers" by Logan Esarey. A critical essay by Archibald Henderson seeks to validate the reputed Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence of May 20, 1775, concerning the authenticity of which discussion has been carried on for upwards of a century.

The *Proceedings* of the Mississippi Valley Historical Society for 1916-17 were printed as an extra number of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for October, 1918. The first paper in the volume is a critical discussion by Professor J. A. James, of Northwestern University, of the value of George Rogers Clark's Memoir. This document is a manuscript of one hundred twenty-eight pages in the Wisconsin Historical Library at Madison. It purports to be an intimate account of Clark's doings during the momentous years from 1773 to 1779. Theodore Roosevelt and other scholars have questioned its reliability, but Professor James, in contradiction to this opinion, argues stoutly for its essential accuracy and its great value as a historical source for the revolution in the West.

Two other papers in this volume which should prove interesting to Badger readers are Wayne Stevens' account of fur trading companies in the Northwest from 1760 to 1816, and a discussion of "Pageantry Possibilities" by Bernard Sobel.

The second issue of the *Illinois Catholic Historical Review*, for October, 1918, continues the ambitious standard established with the publication of the initial number. Among the many articles first place is given to the concluding installment of Father Garraghan's account of "Early Catholicity in Chicago." Second installments appear, also, of "Illinois' First Citizen—Pierre Gibault," "A Chronology of Missions and Churches in Illinois," and "The Illinois Missions." Among the other leading articles the following seem worthy of mention: "The First American Born Nun," by Mother St. Charles; "Catholic Progress in Chicago," by William J. Onahan; and "Illinois and the Leopoldine Association," by the Reverend Francis J. Epstein.

The October, 1917 number of the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* appeared in December, 1918. Its most interesting article is a forty-page narrative by George A. Brennan, of Chicago,

of the life and deeds of Godfrey De Linctot, a prominent French and American partisan in the Northwest during the Revolutionary period. A somewhat curious consequence of the belated appearance of this magazine is the inclusion in its editorial section of Bulletin No. 2 of the Wisconsin War History Commission, which did not come into existence until six months after the date the magazine bears.

"Social Work at Camp Dodge" is the single leader in the October number of the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*. The author, Prof. F. E. Haynes, of Iowa City, gives a thoroughgoing account of organized social activities at this Iowa camp as illustrating the conduct of such work in the army camps generally.

The fifth installment of "Missouri and the War" by Floyd C. Shoemaker holds leading place in the *Missouri Historical Review* for October, 1918. The fifth installment, likewise, of the series of articles on "Missourians Abroad" appears in this issue, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius being the living Missourian whose biography is presented. Installments of two other continued articles, Gottfried Duden's report of observations in the Missouri country in 1824–1827, and "How Missouri Counties, Towns, and Streams Were Named."

"The Story of the Confederate Treasure" is the leading article in the *Georgia Historical Quarterly* for September, 1918. The author, Otis Ashmore, undertakes to show what became of the money belonging to the Confederate government which was carried southward from Richmond at the time of the flight of President Davis and other Confederate leaders in the spring of 1865. That the money was devoted to legitimate public ends and not improperly diverted to private uses (as has sometimes been charged) seems to be satisfactorily established by Mr. Ashmore.

Two wartime articles of a rather special character head the contents of the *Washington Historical Quarterly* for October, 1918. The first, by C. L. Andrews, is devoted to "The Salmon of Alaska"; the second, by Professor Edmond S. Meany, editor of the *Quarterly*, deals with "Western Spruce and the War." The editor also contributes a further installment in his series of articles on the origin of Washington geographic names. Two other articles worthy of mention are a "History of Irrigation in the State of Washington" and "Slavery Among the Indians of Northwest America."

Despite the jocular, slangy style in which *The Taming of the Sioux* is written, which tends rather to repel than to interest the student of Indian life, the author, Frank Fiske, has given us an

interesting chronicle of the last sixty years of Sioux history. His first chapters on the Sioux before the Civil War are wholly inadequate, and show no knowledge of sources other than the accounts of Lewis and Clark, and a few military records. For the Outbreak of 1862 and the later fights and campaigns Mr. Fiske gives us a readable narrative and a few new points of view, learned from the lips of Indian scouts and chiefs. The author's sympathies are with the red men. His last chapter is the most valuable of the book. In it Mr. Fiske speaks from first-hand knowledge of the Sioux of today, and the tamed residium of the great fighting Indians of the past.

A. H. Harvey, a Kansas lawyer, gives us some reminiscences in *Tales and Trails of Wakarusa*, the stream in Shawnee County along which the Sauk and Foxes, on their migration from Iowa, made their way to their reservation in Kansas during the forties of last century. Apart from the first chapter, which locates the old trail, this is not a chronicle of Indian, but of frontier experiences. The author describes the advent in 1877 of a typical Kansas "newcomer" family; their experiences during bad crop years; the neighborly helpfulness of pioneers; and the melting pot of the various nationalities of the region. His sympathetic sketch of a Methodist protracted meeting, and the conversion of a notoriously quarrelsome neighbor is a good piece of writing. Such books as this, ephemeral in value, perhaps, are useful in reproducing the spirit of the frontier community, now so rapidly passing into oblivion.

In *Our Debt to the Red Man* (Boston, 1918), Mrs. Louise S. Houghton affords a good illustration of how much research and command of a wide range of information may be nullified through unscholarly use of historical materials and zealous devotion to a preconceived theory. What Mrs. Houghton really discusses is not the red man but the French-Indian "breed." She is a passionate advocate of the Indian and from a wide range of reading she throws together with little logical sequence incidents and facts designed to show the French and Indian strain in our population in the best possible light. The book abounds in errors of detail which go far to destroy such value as it might otherwise possess.

The Spirit Lake Massacre of 1857 was a tragedy of a type liberally sprinkled through the pages of American frontier history. Aside from the elements of individual and human interest which attach to the massacre it has for the student of mid-western development the broader significance that its direct result was to clear the red man from Iowa and thus to open to civilized development much sooner than would otherwise have been done a large portion

of the state. The history of *The Spirit Lake Massacre* has at length been appropriately, not to say elaborately, presented by Thomas Teakle, of Des Moines, in a volume attractively printed under the auspices of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

The flood of publications concerning Abraham Lincoln continues unabated. In *Lincoln the Politician* (Boston, 1918) J. Aaron Levy undertakes to elucidate the aspects of the Great Emancipator's career wherein he pursued with such consummate skill the great American calling of practical politics. The author's endeavor is to show, thereby, Lincoln's development and his training for national leadership. We do not think the study one of very great importance; nevertheless, it constitutes an interesting addition to the mass of publications about President Lincoln.

Another interesting volume is Alonzo Rothschild's "*Honest Abe*" (Boston, 1917), published posthumously by John Rothschild, the author's son. In a memoir of the father by the son, appended to the volume, we are told that Alonzo Rothschild devoted twenty-three years to the intimate study and interpretation of Lincoln. The book before us is obviously a work of love on the part of its author, from whose pen came a decade ago the volume entitled *Lincoln, Master of Men.*

A charming and beautiful book is *Lincoln in Illinois* (Boston, 1918), by Octavia Roberts. The author's girlhood home was Springfield. An uncle of hers had guarded his bier; an aunt had sung at his funeral; many of her grandfather's friends had been associates of Lincoln at the bar; while most of the elderly neighbors had personal recollections of their greatest townsman. In short Springfield was "permeated" with the spirit of Lincoln. This atmosphere was imbibed by the children of the town in our author's girlhood, and when in time she came upon his name in books the discovery was "like coming upon a friend of every day riding in a barouche behind four horses." The book she has written presents the "Everyday Lincoln," as he was known to his fellow townsmen. It is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Lester G. Hornby of scenes at Springfield and New Salem which are intimately associated with Lincoln's life in these towns.

Benjamin Franklin was born in the reign of Louis XIV in an obscure village on the outmost fringe of civilization, and died in a sizeable town near the close of the unhappy reign of Louis XVI. The son of a soapmaker, reared in an atmosphere of toil and poverty, through the force of his native genius he came to stand before kings and to commune on terms of intimacy with the great ones of earth.

Next to Washington and Lincoln he may fairly be accounted America's greatest son; nor does he appear dwarfed by comparison even in their majestic company. Though dead a century and a quarter, during which time America has grown from three to over a hundred millions, Franklin's hold on the public mind remains fresher than that of most living statesmen; and one would hesitate to affirm that any American now in public life will be as well and widely known to his countrymen of a century hence as will the son of the Boston soapmaker of two hundred years ago. The perennial interest in the character and career of Franklin finds expression in the profusion with which his name is scattered over the map of America from coast to coast—applied to counties, townships, and cities, to city streets and avenues, schoolhouses, and parks. As long as this interest persists will publications about Franklin continue to stream forth. Before us lies one of the most notable bits of Frankliniana we have seen in recent years, *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed* (New York, 1917), by William Cabell Bruce, a finely printed two-volume work of over a thousand pages. The author has evidently studied much the writings of Franklin from which, in the main, he has drawn this biographical study. We commend it to anyone who is interested in the great subject of the book. At the same time we venture to call attention to one outstanding fault. The author appears at times to be overwhelmed with the mass of details he has accumulated. He has produced a notable work. It would have been better had it been subjected, before publication, to such a process of compression as would have reduced its bulk by one-third or one-half.