

The 1860's

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Frontier Life, Schools,
and Civil War in
Baraboo
Tales From Earlier Days
By Bob Dewel

The recent story, published on July 25, told of some aspects of life for a pre-teen boy in the frontier area of Baraboo Rapids. Boys seem to have been unsupervised and pretty much on their own, going barefoot from mid-spring to mid-autumn, and free to explore their world.

There is more to tell, as gleaned from the extensive reminiscence of W.W. Warner, a pre-teen boy before the Civil War. Along with the aforementioned riverfront adventures, the boys also knew the ins and outs of the early business places, many of which he mentions.

Uptown or Downtown?

Baraboo in those days had two business centers, and unlike today, the Water-Walnut Street area was called Downtown because it was down by the river. The stores around the courthouse square were spoken of as Uptown, because they were up from the river.

The most puzzling part of his "uptown" stories is one telling of the summer resort of "one James Kennedy in this marvelous grove...on Second Avenue. Therein was maintained an incipient Ferris Wheel". This entry is curious, for the Ferris Wheel was not invented until the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, some 45 years later. Warner is reminiscing in 1913, while the Ferris wheel was still a sensation. It was probably a swing of some sort in the 1850's.

Warner spoke of this place as being brilliantly illuminated, probably by oil lamps or candles, as electricity had not been harnessed in the 1850's despite its discovery nearly 100 years before by Benjamin Franklin. Warner says candy and gum could be purchased at the

resort, which was not far southwest of the courthouse. He states that there was little habitation west of the courthouse otherwise, it being mostly forested land and good for hunting. There was a small lake nearby, long since filled in and forgotten.

Regarding businesses, Warner spoke of the enormity of the Bassett mill, seemingly one of the Seven Wonders of the World to the boys. Its roof was on occasion occupied by them, until they were shooed away. There were references to Baraboo businesses such as Neison's market, The Ohio Store, The Pennsylvania Store, and Pratt's Mill plus planing mills and sash and door factories. Most were dependent on water power for their operation.

Fires and the Park

He also mentions the Pointon Pottery on the corner of West Street and Second Avenue. Near the courthouse, by the present Ringling Theatre location, was French Pete's. This is one of the places where the whiskey Ladies of 1854 destroyed the alcoholic beverages (I-38). Nearby, on the SE corner of Fourth and Oak was the impressive Western Hotel, later to burn.

Warren confirms the account of a Fourth of July celebration which seemingly started a conflagration on the north side of the square. He says it happened "during the night succeeding an ambitious Fourth of July celebration....destroying a large part of the town. Here we are puzzled, for that event is believed to have happened in the 1870's, well after Warren and family had departed in 1861. True, they returned to Wisconsin later, but he writes little here of that part of his life.

What we call the courthouse square, was known then as the Park. Warner says that a Liberty Pole was erected there at the outbreak of the Civil War encouraging young men to military duty. A band headed by Pearl-head Johnson played, accompanied on drums by Calhoun, nickname name not given. Favorite tunes were The Girl I



This imposing building, the Bassett Mill, seemed like one of the seven wonders of the world to the pre-teen boys of early Baraboo before the Civil War.

left Behind Me, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, and The Red White and Blue. The lyrics of one song were as follows: "So take your gun and go, John, Yes take your gun and go, for Ruth can drive the oxen, John, and I can man the hoe".

Schools

Warner is well into his stories before he mentions school. He does speak of the Collegiate Institute of which we wrote several years ago (I-42). It was located west of the present Elks Club (Al Ringling's Home). Warner mentions starting school at the Academy there as a lad of five or six, but not sticking it out. He especially remembers a Miss Chapman, and an old four room structure, on the hill overlooking the river" south of what is now the civic center. He recalls a musical selection on a portable melodeon by one Julia Purdy. A Mr. Purdy, perhaps her father or husband, specialized in making caskets in a nearby shop, which the boys always scurried by, wondering if one of the caskets would be for one of them someday

Another school, run by a Miss Cathaway, was in the downtown area "behind the present First National Bank". Today that would apparently mean on Third Street, perhaps near Bekah Kate's. Other teachers were Miss Vall and professors Burnham, Fox, and Barker. At the Baraboo Collegiate Institute, Prof Kimball and his wife presided, doing their best "with the somewhat crude material offered them", meaning the students.

He says the Institute buildings were made of white Pine, rafted down the river. One wonders if the logs were among those contested in the Reedsburg or Log War of 1851 (see I-10). A note of interest: Warner's father was postmaster, and the office was opened on Sundays and Holidays for people to get their mail, a practice which would never clear religious objections today, or union rules either!

There will be a third and final story about Warner in his boyhood

days before the Civil War, and we've saved the best for last in the August 8 column. This is about a boyish prank which got out of hand—and he names names!

Sidebar: The 304-story second edition of Bob Dewel's "Yesteryear Revisited" is now ready. The two-volume set can be seen or purchased at the Village Booksmith, or from the author.

**A Battlefield Letter,
and Tripoli
Tales From Earlier Days.
By Bob Dewel**

This article will appear shortly before Veteran's Day, and is dedicated to America's citizen soldiers. The United States has engaged in some ten major conflicts, beginning with the Revolution and ending hopefully with the ongoing and controversial Iraq conflict.

There also are dozens of less major conflicts, it seems, to be considered later in this article. But here are excerpts from letters home from a Baraboo boy, written after a major battle. Guess which war he was in!

The letter home

"As we approached the field (of battle) , there was joking in the ranks, but it was dry, for the men knew they were going into battle....It is like turning the leaf of a book... to read at the top of the next page one of two words, life or death...we opened suddenly in a great battle. Half the field is hidden from view by timber...we receive a murderous fire...men are shot down before they have loaded.

"The enemy knows the ground better than we...they commence firing on the rear of our line...We are somewhat disorganized, but must fight... and those who strike hardest and fastest will be the victors. A charge is ordered."

"Look at your company—nine remain...daylight may be seen through one's hat...(a bullet) grazed one man's forehead...he did not know when it came...we are to advance again."

Well, you get the idea. The letter is written home by a Baraboo boy, Howard Huntington, who later is wounded but survives the war and becomes a judge in Appleton. The War? It is the Civil War, and the report is of the Battle of Gettysburg, perhaps the fiercest and saddest day in all of our

military history. Some 618,000 American youth, including both the North and South, died in the Civil War conflict, a shameful slaughter. That is more than died in WWII, which killed 450,000 Americans.

Howard Huntington

We have written of the Civil War before (I-45 to 54), and of Huntington (VI-38) but this is new material. It was generously supplied by Mr. Gary Miller of Joplin MO, who has researched Huntington's life in depth. Readers may remember that Miller once purchased an antique desk, and hidden behind a drawer were the diary and papers of Howard Huntington, a Baraboo soldier.

Building on that find, Miller has accumulated detailed history and details about Huntington's admirable life. Mr. Miller visited Baraboo a few years ago in his search for information on Howard, and we have maintained contact and e-mail correspondence with him. However, we were startled on a recent morning when our computer began printing a message from him. Startled indeed, because the printer didn't seem to quit, until it had churned out some 140 pages of typewritten transcripts from his collection!

A later article will tell of Huntington as a young man in early Baraboo. He was half a generation older than the star of our recent series about W.W. Warner, thus adding greatly to our knowledge of those early days. Miller has indicated that there is much more to come, and special folders on Huntington will be established at the Sauk County Historical Society. We are grateful for Miller's generosity.

Our 'minor' wars

At the beginning of the article, we mentioned what might be called minor conflicts in our history—though for the soldier involved, no conflict is minor! Actions that come to mind are Philippines, Hawaii, many Native American conflicts such as the Blackhawk action. Also Grenada, Haiti, The Bay of Pigs, the Balkan conflict, and



BARABOO, SAKK COUNTY, WISCONSIN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1862.

From the Sixth Regiment.
 Camp near Hagerstown, Md.
 Sept. 19, 1862.

Messrs: Editors:—The sound of cannon yet reverberating along the Heights of Maryland, has ceased to find a heeding ear, with some of Sakk County's brave boys. To-day only the little group of five remains of that once large Company, resting on their arms, ready for the next onset, which may be the next hour. Ask you where are the others? Eight lie dead upon the field, and twenty-eight are scattered around in private houses, barns and stacks, bleeding from the wounds received in the last two engagements. There are no missing—not one. They are all accounted for, and are to be found in time of battle to the front, bleeding, but never flinching; dying, but never murmuring. You need no further evidence that they were brave; you never doubted it. They came to fight for

Young Huntington
 Was a regular
 Correspondent
 For the Republic.
 He signed H.J.H.

their country, and did it with a courage which can never be exceeded.— Methinks I hear the mothers of our dead already moaning aloud for their sons who have just fallen in battle. Do not weep; your noble boys were unfortunate, but never unhappy.— Geo. Miles said: "Tell my folks I died doing my duty," and expired with a smile still on his countenance. John Weidman and Jake Langhart were lain by his side.

On Wednesday morning early, as we were moving on toward the enemy's lines, a shell was thrown in our ranks which killed and wounded 12 of Co. A: Henry Copeland, James Kyes and Horton Young were the killed. I would like to talk with the relatives of Francis Gerlaugh and William Black, to tell them how brave and noble were these two young friends and schoolmates. From the same town and neighborhood, they enlisted together, always tented together, fought and died together.— The shell that exploded in the ranks wounded Frank in the leg slightly, but he did not stop, but moved on with the regiment. We kept driving the enemy back until we found ourselves receiving the cross-fire of a Texas Brigade on the right and a Georgia Brigade on our left. We stood and fought some time against these powerful bdds. At this point Billy Black received a ball through his head, and fell without a sigh.— Frank fought desperately for another moment, and fell lifeless by the side of his comrade.

The wounded are now doing well, except some who will die. Captain Noyes has lost his foot, which was injured by a shell.

The rebels are crossing the river. Our artillery is thundering at their rear. I will not give the names of our wounded, as I understand they have been sent you. The names of those in the company now here are William Saaro, Lyssander Vanleuven, Augustus Kleis, and Samuel Kyes. They have many marks from bullets on their clothes. Acting Lieutenant Pruyn has charge of the company now.

Yours respectfully,
 H. J. H.

moments more and sharp skirmishing was in progress in front. Our Reg't was immediately thrown into battle line, and just as the line was formed, a shower of balls came through the ranks, reminding us of Shiloh last Spring. Not a man flinched, but some of them growing impatient at being under fire without fighting some themselves, drew up their guns and commenced returning the fire, which was speedily checked. But the enemy was on the retreat, and after ascertaining that they had all left we returned to the division to report the whereabouts of the rebels and prepare for a heavier attack. We had killed two rebels, captured five, and taken three horses, without sustaining any injury ourselves. Their wounded if there were any, were carried into their camp. That evening Gen. Rosecrans, who was on the right, attacked the main body of Gen. Price's army, numbering about 22,000 men, at Iuka. The battle, though short, was sanguinary. Our artillery opened on them at a range of not over two hundred and fifty yards, and was of course, at that distance, very destructive. The rebels, not liking to have their entire ranks swept away by such a fire, charged on our batteries. As they came on, the artillery opened through the length of their lines, literally strewing the ground with piles of mangled victims. They took the battery, but our forces charged back again, and the fight became little better than a hand to hand contest—the contending parties being so near each other that every dis-

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Sumatra—to name but a few of literally dozens of military interventions.

The earliest war was rather significant, though little remembered—the Tripoli (now Libya) conflict, or Barbary Wars. Early in our nation's history the Muslim nations bordering the Mediterranean on the south, such as Tripoli, had become very aggressive, capturing our ships and enslaving the sailors, sometimes with mutilation.

In 1796, with Washington about to retire as President, a treaty was signed, and it is shocking today to learn that the United States actually paid cash, \$83,000 yearly, and other considerations for peace from this roughneck nation!

A Christian Nation?

The most remarkable thing about the 1797 treaty was Article 11, containing the following words: "As the Government of the United States is not, in any sense founded on the Christian Religion..." The treaty was negotiated in the Washington Administration, ratified by President John Adams, with passage by the United States Senate. Jefferson was Vice-President. Quite a lineup of Founders!

Apparently our Founding Fathers would not be in agreement with those who like to say today that our nation was founded as a Christian Nation. The Founders' candor helped cement the Founders' resolve to keep the state and the church separate, a principle that has served our nation and our churches very well indeed.

Four years later hostilities were again resumed and our warship, the Philadelphia captured. Its Captain and crew were sent into virtual slavery, with stories of mutilation. Later peace was reestablished, again with payments of money. Today Marines sing of their mission on "The Shores of Tripoli."

"Am I a Coward? Yes! Should I run? No!"

Tales of Earlier Days

By Bob Dewel

We have written previously about Howard Huntington, a young Baraboo man in the Civil War. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Gary Miller of Joplin, Mo., we now have this confessional story of Huntington in his first battle in that terrible war. There is no need for us to comment on the contents, printed appropriately on or around Veterans Day.

Howard Huntington
Baptism by fire, Brawners Farm, August 29th, 1862
Iron brigade

I shall endeavor to describe the engagement and my sensations in this, my first battle. Marching hurriedly along the turnpike road leading from Warrenton to Alexandria, we passed through Gainsville some 300 miles back, and had just left Groveston behind, a village consisting of half a dozen small houses. We emerge from a piece of woods in the valley and were climbing a gentle rise near a ridge of the timbered ridge half a mile to the left of the road. I see some army wagons, the teams to which, lashed to a gallop, disappear in the timber, and I wonder what our wagons are doing there and why the drivers are in such a hurry—not dreaming of Johnnies.

In a short time, however, just as we reached the top of the hill we had been climbing, we were suddenly and rudely enlightened, for the rebs opened on us with their artillery. At the point where we found ourselves the road had been excavated, leaving an embankment of about three feet high, of which we immediately made good use by lying down behind. Soon we heard musketry firing mingled with that of cannon, and a little later came the order to move up into the field.

As we sprang up out of the road and over the fence in the field, here was the scene that met my gaze: A meadow sloping down in front of us for some distance, then as gradually rising until it reached the wooded ridge of which I have spoken, Slightly to the left on our immediate front and extending a long distance to the left of this ridge came a line of fire—it was then nearly dark—and much nearer to us and the road, Still on our left was another similar line of fire.

We did not need to be informed these lines of flame were reb and union lines of infantry, and that hew fight was an exceedingly hot one. As soon as our line was formed we were ordered forward. We knew we were in for it. What were my sensations at the moment? It would be a difficult matter to describe them, possibly impossible to describe any of the accurately. I had a good many and they were varied.

The first thought that came to mind was that the prospects for getting killed were getting bright, and the question I first put to myself was "Are you a Coward?" To this I without an instant hesitation answered "Yes... Should I run?" I must have been very pale. It seemed as if my blood had stopped circulating. Waves of intense heat flashed in quick succession through my entire being. I trembled so, I could with difficulty quit from dropping my musket, but I hug onto it because I realized I should soon have need of it if rebel bullets did not knock me out very early.

My legs quaked so they would hardly support my weight, slight though it was. Should I Run? Although I could hardly move one foot before the other toward the enemy, I felt that if I were to head the other way I could beat the record. My mouth had, in an instant as it seemed, become dry and parched. I was suffering a terrible

thirst. With trembling fingers I managed to get my canteen to my lips, and took a long draught. It did not quench the thirst by which I was consumed. Again the question presented itself to me, "Shall I Run?" Paradoxical as it may seem, I answered in the negative because I was too much of a coward to endure being called a coward by my comrades if I survived.

In the meantime we were nearing the line of battle. We were to form on the right of the line. Now, in the growing darkness, I discovered a black mass was moving out from the timber in front, directly toward us. I will not be certain, but I shall always think my hair began rising at this time, or at least something that lifted my hair from my head, and I had to grab quickly for it or I should have lost it, but I caught it and pulled it down tight so it would not be liable to come off again.

Just at this instant our Colonel's voice was heard giving the command "Ready, aim, fire". There wasn't a suspicion of tremor in his voice, while I could not, I felt sure, utter an audible sound. That volley put such a damper upon the approaching line that they came no farther. They stopped, wavered for an instant, and as they heard our command "Forward" broke for the cover of the trees whence they had emerged.

We moved forward and joined the battle line. Then once more came the voice of our brave old Colonel, which could be heard distinctly above the noise and din. "Load at will". Just then came the thunder of artillery from directly behind us, and I was startled with the thought that the enemy was to our rear. I soon learned that it was one of our batteries throwing shells directly over our heads into the enemy lines.

After we became actively engaged, in finding that I was not killed, nor even wounded, things began to look and feel more comfortable. My nerves became steady and grew cool. *Believing that I should soon be hit, I yet determined to get as many shots as possible before it occurred, and so continued to be diligently occupied until the order was given to "Cease Firing".*

The casualties in our regiment were found to number more than a hundred. It seemed strange that so many had fallen and I escaped. It grew to be regarded by myself later as a matter of course that I should come out of the battle unscathed.

We lie in line where we fought, and I had dropped asleep. I suppose all the boys had done the same, as we were very much exhausted. But we were soon awakened and on the march, which had been so unceremoniously interrupted but a few hours before.

Howard Huntington

Regular readers may remember an earlier article about Howard Huntington. Owners of my Yesteryear Revisited books will find the story about him in Section Six, page 38. Also in the Tales of Earlier Years volume, Pages 130 and 132. Both volumes are available in the Library and the Historical Society. Briefly, Huntington survives several major battles, courted and married a Baraboo girl, and became a respected Judge in Green Bay.

**The Battle of 2nd Manassas
(The Second Battle of Bull Run)
August 28-30, 1862**



On August 9, Nathaniel Banks's corps attacked Jackson at Cedar Mountain, gaining an early advantage, but a Confederate counterattack led by A.P. Hill drove Banks back across Cedar Creek. Jackson's advance was stopped, however, by the Union division of Brig. Gen. James B.

Ricketts. By now Jackson had learned that Pope's corps were all together, foiling his plan of defeating each in separate actions. He remained in position until August 12, then withdrew to Gordonsville.^[12] On August 13, Lee sent Longstreet to reinforce Jackson.

From August 22 to August 25, the two armies fought a series of minor actions along the Rappahannock River. Heavy rains had swollen the river and Lee was unable to force a crossing. By this time, reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac were arriving from the Peninsula. Lee's new plan in the face of all these additional forces outnumbering him was to send Jackson and Stuart with half of the army on a flanking march to cut Pope's line of communication, the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Pope would be forced to retreat and could be defeated while moving and vulnerable. Jackson departed on August 25 and reached Salem (present-day Marshall) that night.^[13]

On the evening of August 26, after passing around Pope's right flank via Thoroughfare Gap, Jackson's wing of the army struck the Orange & Alexandria Railroad at Bristoe Station and before daybreak August 27 marched to capture and destroy the massive Union supply depot at Manassas Junction. This surprise movement forced Pope into an abrupt retreat from his defensive line along the Rappahannock. During the night of August 27 – August 28, Jackson marched his divisions north to the First Bull Run (Manassas) battlefield, where he took position behind an unfinished railroad grade below Stony Ridge.^[14] The defensive position was a good one. The heavy woods allowed the Confederates to conceal themselves, while maintaining good observation points of the Warrenton Turnpike, the likely avenue of Union movement, only a few hundred yards to the south. There were good approach roads for Longstreet to join Jackson, or for Jackson to retreat to the Bull Run Mountains if he could not be reinforced in time. Finally, the unfinished railroad grade offered cuts and fills that could be used as ready-made entrenchments.^[15]

In the Battle of Thoroughfare Gap on August 28, Longstreet's wing broke through light Union resistance and marched through the gap to join Jackson. This seemingly inconsequential action virtually ensured Pope's defeat during the coming battles because it allowed the two wings of Lee's army to unite on the Manassas battlefield.^[16]

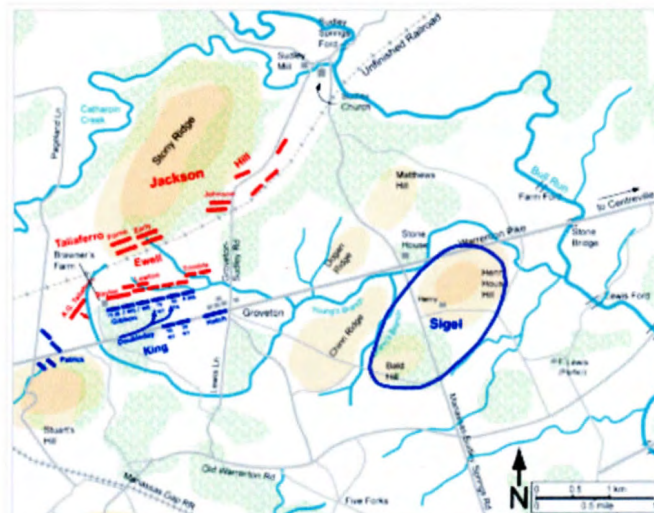
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August 28: Brawner's Farm

The Second Battle of Bull Run began on August 28 as a Federal column, under Jackson's observation near the farm of the John Brawner family, moved along the Warrenton Turnpike. It consisted of units from Brig. Gen. Rufus King's division: the brigades of Brig. Gens. John P. Hatch, John Gibbon, Abner Doubleday, and Marsena R. Patrick, marching eastward to concentrate with the rest of Pope's army at Centreville. King was not with his division because he had suffered a serious epileptic attack earlier that day.^[17]

Jackson, who had been relieved to hear earlier that Longstreet's men were on their way to join him, displayed himself prominently to the Union troops, but his presence was disregarded. Concerned that Pope might be withdrawing his army behind Bull Run to link up with McClellan's arriving forces, Jackson determined to attack. Returning to his position behind the tree line, he told his subordinates, "Bring out your men, gentlemen." At about 6:30 p.m., Confederate artillery began shelling the portion of the column to their front, John Gibbon's Black Hat Brigade (later to be named the Iron Brigade). Gibbon, a former artilleryman, responded with fire from Battery B, 4th U.S. Artillery. The artillery exchange halted King's column. Hatch's brigade had proceeded past the area and Patrick's men, in the rear of the column, sought cover, leaving Gibbon and Doubleday to respond to Jackson's attack. Gibbon assumed that, since Jackson was supposedly at



Action at Brawner's Farm, August 28.

Centreville (according to Pope), that these were merely horse artillery cannons from Jeb Stuart's cavalry. Conferring with Doubleday, he volunteered to send the veteran 2nd Wisconsin Infantry up the hill to disperse the harassing cannons.^[18]

The 2nd Wisconsin, under the command of Col. Edgar O'Connor, advanced through Brawner's Woods. When the 430 men reached a clearing southeast of the farmhouse, they were confronted by the one of the most fabled units in the Confederate Army, the Stonewall Brigade, commanded by Col. William S. Baylor, now depleted after many battles to only 800 men. At 150 yards (140 m), the Wisconsin battle line fired a devastating volley at the Virginians. The Confederates returned fire when the lines were only 80 yards (73 m) apart. As units were added by both sides, the battle lines remained close together, a standup fight with little cover, trading mass volleys for over two hours. Jackson described the action as "fierce and sanguinary." Gibbon added his 19th Indiana.

Jackson, personally directing the actions of his regiments instead of passing orders to the division commander, Maj. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, sent in three Georgia regiments belonging to Brig. Gen. Alexander R. Lawton's brigade. Gibbon countered this advance with the 7th Wisconsin. Jackson ordered Brig. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble's brigade to support Lawton, which met the last of Gibbon's regiments, the 6th Wisconsin.^[20]

After Trimble's brigade entered the action, Gibbon's men were at a significant disadvantage and he requested assistance from Doubleday, who sent in the 56th Pennsylvania and the 76th New York to plug a gap between the 6th and 7th Wisconsins. These men arrived at the scene after dark and both Trimble and Lawton launched uncoordinated assaults against them. Horse artillery under Captain John Pelham was ordered forward by Jackson and fired at the 19th Indiana from less than 100 yards (91 m). The engagement ended around 9 p.m., when Gibbon and Doubleday broke off contact and retired to the Turnpike in an orderly fashion; the Confederates were too exhausted to pursue. The fight was essentially a stalemate, but at a heavy cost, with over 1,150 Union and 1,250 Confederate casualties. The 2nd Wisconsin lost 276 of 430 engaged. The Stonewall brigade lost 340 out of 800. Two Georgia regiments—Trimble's 21st and Lawton's 26th—each lost more than 70%. In all, one of every three men engaged in the fight was shot. Confederate Brig. Gen. William B. Taliaferro wrote, "In this fight there was no maneuvering and very little tactics. It was a question of endurance and both endured." Taliaferro was wounded, as was Ewell, whose right leg had to be amputated.^[21]

In a few moments our entire line was engaged in a fierce and sanguinary struggle with the enemy. As one line was repulsed another took its place and pressed forward as if determined by force of numbers and fury of assault to drive us from our positions.

Maj. Gen. Stonewall Jackson^[22]

Jackson had not been able to achieve a decisive victory with his superior force (about 6,200 men against Gibbon's 2,100),^[23] due to darkness, his piecemeal deployment of forces, and the wounding of two of his key generals. But he had achieved his strategic intent, attracting the attention of John Pope. Pope wrongly assumed that the fight at the Brawner Farm occurred as Jackson was retreating from Centreville. Pope believed he had "bagged" Jackson and sought to capture him before he could be reinforced by Longstreet. Pope's dispatch sent that evening to Maj. Gen. Philip Kearny stated, in part, "General McDowell has intercepted the retreat of the enemy and is now in his front ... Unless he can

escape by by-paths leading to the north to-night, he must be captured."^[24]

Pope issued orders to his subordinates to surround Jackson and attack him in the morning, but he made several erroneous assumptions. He assumed that McDowell and Sigel were blocking Jackson's retreat routes toward the Bull Run Mountains, but the bulk of both units were southeast of Jackson along the Manassas-Sudley Road. Pope's assumption that Jackson was attempting to retreat was completely wrong; Jackson was in a good defensive position, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Longstreet to begin attacking Pope. Despite receiving intelligence of Longstreet's movements, Pope inexplicably discounted his effect on the battle to come.^[25]

August 29: Jackson defends Stony Ridge

Jackson had initiated the battle at Brawner's farm with the intent of holding Pope until Longstreet arrived with the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia. Longstreet's 25,000 men began their march from Thoroughfare Gap at 6 a.m. on August 29; Jackson sent Stuart to guide the initial elements of Longstreet's column into positions that Jackson had preselected. While he waited for their arrival, Jackson reorganized his defense in case Pope attacked him that morning, positioning 20,000 men in a 3,000-yard (2,700 m) line to the south of Stony Ridge. Noticing the build up of I Corps (Sigel's) troops along the Manassas-Sudley Road, he ordered A.P. Hill's brigades behind the railroad grade near Sudley Church on his left flank. Aware that his position was geographically weak (because the heavy woods in the area prevented effective deployment of artillery), Hill placed his brigades in two lines, with Brig. Gen. Maxcy Gregg's South Carolina brigade and Brig. Gen. Edward L. Thomas's

Our men on the left loaded and fired with the energy of madmen and a recklessness of death truly wonderful, but human nature could not long stand such a terribly wasting fire. It literally mowed out great gaps in the line, but the isolated squads would rally together and rush right into the face of Death.
Maj. Rufus R. Dawes, 6th Wisconsin^[19]

Grousing among Civil War Soldiers

Tales of Earlier Days

By Bob Dewel

Has there ever been war in which soldiers did not grouse (or worse) about their officers, their outfit, their lack of purpose, or the fate that double crossed them into a soldier's life? Conversely, isn't it true that the closer the soldier gets to purposeful military action, the more satisfied he is with his personal lot, dangerous though it may be?

This was true in the case of Howard Huntington, the Baraboo soldier in the Civil War about whom I wrote in the last article. At that time as he went into battle for the first time, his abject fear of being a coward was overcome by his loyalty to his outfit and the attitude of his fellow soldiers toward cowardice. He revered his commanding officer, and respected the opinions of his fellow soldiers, and his loyalty overcame his fears.

Let's look, however, at his attitude on June 12, 1862, just two months before his first test in battle. He and the Baraboo group called Company A had been in the army over a year, and had yet to see military action, the defining act that justifies your purpose in submitting yourself to military discipline and, too often, military inefficiency. It is sometimes described as "Hurry up and Wait" by disgruntled soldiers.

Huntington rails against the 30 mile marches, mentioning the Southern heat. "I never before saw men suffer so much...beneath a broiling sun with their knapsacks as they trudged through the hot sand, until the road on either side was lined with soldiers completely exhausted." He explains that the exhaustion is real, and that a soldier likes to keep up with his regiment, not fall behind.

On arrival at Catletts they learned the train had suffered a blown up bridge and was not available. Soon the entire Division moved, but was back at Catletts again in a day or so! Now they marched 15 miles in the rain, camping in a graveyard. He remarks about the company flag which had been donated by Sauk County citizens, and how it was revered, and accompanies them wherever they go.

Though they have been a year in service but no combat, he remarks that of the original 100 or so men, they are now reduced to sixty-five, due to nineteen on detached service elsewhere, seventeen discharged, and four who have died of non-combat wounds. "Had we been placed in more active service, where our movements were of a character to animate a soldier and inspire him in the propriety and earnestness of leaders, I am quite certain that the health of the entire army would have been much better, and the list of discharged would not have been swollen to such a surprising extent."

"The 'Baraboo Generals', the enlisted I mean, are becoming dissatisfied and criticize in common with the whole department. They see not the fruits of their labor, and wonder why we have been playing soldier so long...parading before our capitol for a year, with white globes and polished boots,...and lugged knapsacks on so many reviews that some may have thought it the ultimate object of the war". He says that at one time they were within half a mile of two rebel regiments, but were not allowed to engage them.

I suspect that many modern servicemen from our recent wars, including WWII, have heard or expressed such sentiments, though often in more colorful soldier's language. Officers generally allow their men to let off steam in this manner, knowing that when push comes to shove, the attitude will change and they will deal manfully with the matter at hand, the enemy. Last week's article demonstrated that for Huntington's

group only two month later. About to go into serious battle, he stewes not about the past, but about his personal adequacy to meet the challenge of true battle.

Last weeks article about the military action at Brawner's Farm was so long that I was not able to include the desolation following the battle. The following is not for the faint of heart, and I include it only to provide completion and accuracy to Huntington's account. Skip this part if you prefer.

Huntington wrote his Father, dated the same day as his diary, in the following manner. He does not mention how he overcame his fears, but adds the following description after seeing a battle ground:

"The battlefield of Cedar Mountain is a horrible sight. The Rebels did not half bury their dead, and their men naked and frosted (?) still lie upon the surface of the earth. The stench from the dead men and horses is awful. The battle ground bears evidence of a hot engagement. On the ground you will find the remnants of the clothing of the men; hats, coats, pants shoes, shirts, exploded shells. Accoutrements etc. lie in thick confusion. The trees and bushes are cut up with bullets. The ground in some places is covered with blood."

We will spare the reader from more description. Near the end he advises "I would advise you not to let Sammy enlist. He is too young and would soon get sick and thus injure the government and himself. Get him to write me. Tell Emogene to write me.

(signed) From your affectionate Son H.J.H.

Huntington's outfit probably came upon this scene

Battle of Cedar Mountain Help us improve Wikipedia by supporting it financially.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Coordinates: 38.40139, -78.06583

The **Battle of Cedar Mountain**, also known as **Slaughter's Mountain** or **Cedar Run**, took place on August 9, 1862, in Culpeper County, Virginia, as part of the Northern Virginia Campaign of the American Civil War.

Battle of Cedar Mountain
Part of the American Civil War



The battle at Cedar Mountain, by Currier and Ives

Date August 9, 1862

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Battle

On August 9, Jackson and Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks's corps tangled at Cedar Mountain with the Federals gaining an early advantage. With the Confederate left in danger of collapsing, Gen. Jackson rode to that part of the field to rally the men. Intending to inspire the troops there, Jackson attempted to brandish his sword; however, due to the infrequency with which he drew it, it had rusted in its scabbard and he was consequently unable to dislodge it. Undaunted, he waved the sword, scabbard and all, over his head.^[1] A Confederate counterattack led by A.P. Hill repulsed the Federals and won the day. Confederate Brig. Gen. Charles S. Winder was killed and his divisional artillery commander, R. Snowden Andrews, was nearly disembowelled. This battle shifted fighting in Virginia from the Virginia Peninsula to northern Virginia, giving Lee the initiative.

Eligible Bachelor on Campus in 1866

Tales From Earlier Days
By Bob Dewel

Picture yourself in this position: It is 1866. You are a 25 year old Civil War veteran, and will carry a bullet in your body for the rest of your life. You are a son of a Methodist Minister, and related to a Signer of the Declaration of Independence who was also the first President of the Continental Congress. Another relative is a builder of railroads, and he will soon be a multi-millionaire. You don't know it now, but you will meet three more Presidents (you've already met Lincoln).

You are a very eligible bachelor indeed. You are a student in a college in Michigan, young and handsome. Young ladies are falling all over you, as best they can in the restrictive days of 1866. But there is a problem. Your love is reserved for a girl back home in Baraboo, and you feel morally bound to her.

Such was the dilemma of Howard Huntington, featured in the last article as a soldier at Gettysburg, as well as at Antietam and Manassas. A law student now, this remarkable young man of the 1860's had plenty of time for social life at the college, but wrote his Father "My human weaknesses are pretty ladies. I need to study more."

Pretty Ladies

Thanks to Gary Miller of Joplin, mentioned in previous article, we have a transcript of part of Howard's life in college in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The great majority of entries in his diary give allegiance to young Clara Noyes back in Baraboo. A selection of entries read "a sweet letter from my Clara, and it did

me much good. She loves me truly and is so worthy of my entire life is she...A splendid letter from my Clara...I paced the room for a long time and thought of my Clara, and wished I could see her..." There are dozens of such entries, such as " I wrote Clara about my thin auburn whiskers, and she said not to take them home with me...I received one o f the sweetest letters written by my Clara, my little wife (to be)...". Well, you get the idea.

There are other entries, however, which illustrate his dilemma in relation to the opposite sex. Entries refer to girls named Ada, Flora, Miss Taylor, and "a pretty lady...Miss Hotchkins... I took Miss Pierce to a party...Miss Parker complimented me and hinted she wanted my photo...Miss Hotchkins was in today and asked me to go to church with her tonight but I treated it as a joke, and declined the pleasure... I took Flora to a lecture today."

It continues! "Miss Davis accused me of kissing her and I did not, and had not thought of such a thing...I went home with (Miss Gaunt)...Ed (his roommate) tried to cut me out on her, but did not succeed. She understood I was going with her...Mrs. Pierce requested me to call any night this week to see Ada, but the intelligent Mother is the only one I care for...I took Miss Gaunt to a lecture...Ada tried to pick a fuss with me (as) I went home with her...Louisa was here—I went home with her...Ms Maxi is a pretty girl and has considerable fire in her...Mrs. Lamer cried when I left."

Lest the reader believe otherwise, we found nothing in the diaries to insinuate that Huntington's personal behavior was anything other than admirable and celibate, despite the opportunities in college or the late night courting with Clara at her home. There are frequent references of attendance at a variety of Protestant churches, both at home and in college.

Spring Break





The Col Noyes Residence, on Ash between First and Second Streets. Howard Huntington called on Clara Noyes frequently at this home.

By March 18, 1866, he arrives in Madison at midnight for spring break, staying in a rooming house. First thing in the morning he gets shaved and shampooed. He was in Baraboo by Saturday noon March 17, probably by stage coach, and stopped immediately to see Clara. On Sunday the 18th we see his devotion to Clara, for "I stayed with Col. Noyes (her Father) all night, Went to bed at 3 o'clock this morning and got up about 9 O'clock. I did run up home and saw the folks and then went back and went to Church (it is Sunday) with Clara. I remained with Clara all day and we went to church in the evening. I stayed late as usual and brought my valise home in the evening. Saw my little brother--Nice."

One can picture Howard and Clara on the spacious veranda of the Noyes home, (First and Ash) on a summer evening, with perhaps a stroll down Walnut across the river. There was perhaps a stolen kiss in the shade and privacy of the covered bridge. Today they could wander West on Water Street to the new gazebo, and perhaps stroll on the Riverwalk under the Broadway bridge. No such amenities on the river then!

The above are a selection of entries from Huntington's diary for less than four months, and we are only on page 23 of 79 pages for the year 1866. Despite his somewhat amused references to his popularity among the young ladies, we feel we are not being obtrusive in printing excerpts. They present the mores and passions of a young and eligible bachelor in earlier days. We have omitted many pages and entries which refer to his lecturers and studies in Law, with speakers such as Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ensuing pages during Huntington's summer vacation in Baraboo will be reviewed later, and perhaps published if they present new information about life and times of post-war Sauk County. The transcripts will be placed later in the Sauk County Historical Society, and make pleasant reading. When other material arrives from Mr. Miller, we will review it in a like manner, and we thank him for sharing it with us.

**Pioneer Baraboo Author
 is Rediscovered**
 Yesteryear Revisited
 By Bob Dewel

"Howard Huntington is coming home to Baraboo tonight. I am just his PR man." So said the speaker, in an ad hoc meeting at the Sauk County Historical Society held earlier this summer.

Howard Huntington? Who is he, and why does he have a PR man? He has not lived in Baraboo in 140 years, and has no surviving heirs. More on Huntington later, but first, an identification of the speaker.

Gary Miller

He is Mr. Gary Miller of Joplin, Missouri, and he had never heard of either Howard Huntington or Baraboo three years ago. Yet he will be in Baraboo for Veterans Day, Monday, November 11. This will be his second visit in five months.

Miller is a Civil War buff, and recently learned that in 1998, in De Pere, a piece of furniture had been set out to be hauled away. Contained within it, incredibly, were 48 letters, a scrapbook, and 8 diaries written during the Civil War! The author was Howard Huntington, a Civil War soldier from Baraboo.

Details are sketchy, but someone had the good sense to collect and save the documents, turning them over to a documents dealer. Among the purchasers was Gary Miller. He became so entranced with the first letter he purchased that he has since obtained most of the other documents for his collection, and is now a specialist on the life of Howard Huntington.

Howard Huntington

Earlier this year Miller contacted the Sauk County Historical Society and the Baraboo library for local information on Huntington. It developed that Huntington was a lad of 11 when his parents, along with other prominent

New England families, moved here in 1852.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he was attending the Baraboo Institute, a small college of which we have written. Like so many young men of his generation, he volunteered for the cause of saving the Union and abolishing slavery. He was among the early volunteers, joining the famed Company A, 6th Wisconsin, the famous Iron Brigade.

It was common in those days for young men and women to achieve considerable skill in the written word, sometimes bordering on the poetic, and it is partly this quality that made Gary Miller find Huntington's letters and diaries so valuable. Huntington exhibits an unabashed love for Baraboo and its idyllic location on the river, between the north and south ranges of the Baraboo Bluffs. Devils Lake receives his accolades also.

Huntington's father was a Methodist minister and inculcated in his son a deep religious belief but not coupled with religious zealism. Although his Mother died when he was 13, Hunting bonded with his father's second wife.

Among his compatriots in the war were such well know old Baraboo names from the past as Mair Pointon, Phillip Cheek, Henry and John Sheets, Rob Cheek, A.L. Sweet, and Howard Pruyn, who died at his side in a battle. Many of these men are mentioned in previous articles on the Civil War. Unit officers were elected in those days, with Huntington rising from Corporal to Lieutenant eventually, as was Pruyn, his close friend.

Huntington, however, was not your ordinary happy-go-lucky soldier, seldom engaging in gambling and drinking, but preferring to write. It is his written words, so fortunately saved and now preserved, that set him aside from most Civil War letter writers.

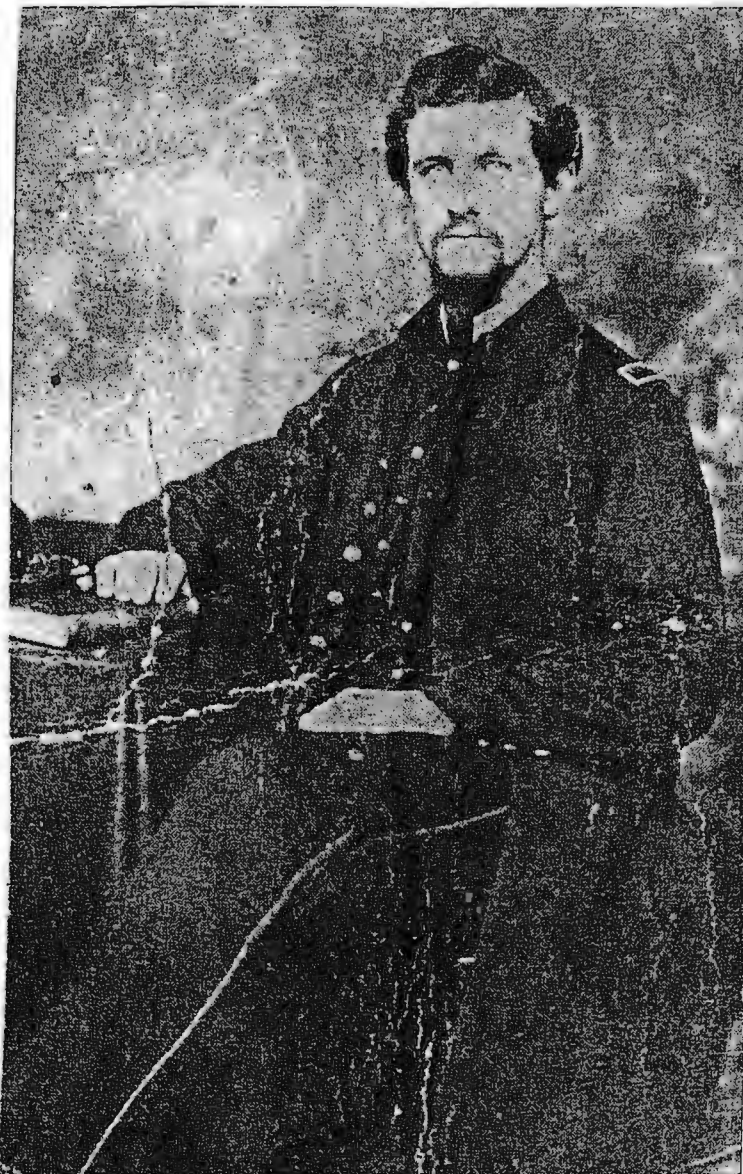
Gary Miller, his "P.R.Man", is writing a book which will include most of

the letters. We will not undercut him by revealing much of what he wrote, but the reader of the book will be more than impressed by the range of subjects covered. Suffice to say that Huntington carried a bullet in his body throughout his life, and that he met President Abraham Lincoln while encamped on the White House Lawn during what was almost a siege of Washington by the rebel forces.

Following the war Huntington obtained a law degree at Ann Arbor, and practiced law in Baraboo for a time. He then went to Green Bay, where eventually he became a judge. There he earned a reputation as an early advocate of civil rights. But when Miller made inquiries in Green Bay recently, it was disclosed that his grave was not even marked as a civil war veteran, an oversight that has been quickly corrected, thanks to Miller's research.

Huntington married a Baraboo girl, Clara Noyes, and when she passed away in 1890 he returned to Baraboo for his second wife, Edna Ryan, whose father operated Ryan's Jewelry store here for many years. He never lost his love for Baraboo and its lakes and hills and small town ambience. He died in 1902 at the age of 61 due to a heart attack.

Actually, some of his letters and reports were published in the Baraboo Republic of the day, and some are contained in the books about the Iron Brigade. It took a stranger from Joplin, Missouri, to obtain and assemble Huntington's many papers and call them to our attention. And it is he, Gary Miller, of Joplin, who is bringing Howard Huntington back to the Baraboo he loved so much.



CONTRIBUTED

Howard Huntington, Iron Brigade veteran and skilled writer.

WHO WAS HUNTINGTON?

WHO: Howard Huntington

WHAT: Writer, Civil War veteran, attorney and judge

MILITARY RANK: Lieutenant

HOMETOWN: Baraboo, moving here from New England in 1852

SPOUSE: Clara noyes, then Edna Ryan, both of Baraboo

DIED: Of a heart attack in 1902 at age 61

In the Sauk County Riflemen, ¹⁶⁴



BOB
DEWEL

YESTERYEAR
REVISITED

not a man stirred

"In proportion to its numbers, this brigade sustained the heaviest losses of the war." So wrote Fox in a Civil War history. Sauk County's Company A, 6th Wisconsin Infantry, bowed to no group in its zeal for battle.

It is hard to realize today the patriotic fervor which accompanied the outbreak of the American Civil War in 1861. It can only be rivaled by the unity of the nation in 1941 following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and Hitler's immediate declaration of war upon the U.S.

In both cases, the young males in the nation rose to the challenge, though the 1861-65 conflict was a division of allegiance within the nation. Both in the North and in the South, young men offered their services with enthusiasm and self-denial.

Little did the Baraboo and Sauk County youths realize, however, that their three-month enlistment would be extended to three years or more in the Civil War, or that their ranks would be decimated by nearly 50 percent losses due to military casualty or disease.

April 1861

The attack on Fort Sumpter by the South in April 1861 was the final act of civil disobedience that forced the Union to act. President Lincoln called for a voluntary enlistment of 75,000 men for three months, which turned out to be an overly optimistic estimate of the coming need.

In Baraboo a series of meetings began on Saturday evening, April 19, 1861. On that night a tentative military organization was formed and officers were elected — inconceivable now, but common in the Revolutionary War, also. It started out as a citizen army commanded, on the lower levels, by elected — not appointed — officers.

By the following Monday the courthouse was overflowing and volunteers were being accepted. The Baraboo Republic announced that it would furnish and equip one volunteer, including a Sharps rifle. It was not clear whether the volunteer came from the newspaper staff!

Feverish activity on Tuesday and Wednesday resulted in four four-horse wagons proceeding to Reedsburg to obtain recruits, followed by a similar visit to Merrimack on Friday.

On that same Friday a resolution was passed "That we immediately tender our services to the Governor of the State and urge the acceptance thereof, with the assurance that our aim is to support the Government and the Constitution and aid in the enforcement of the law."

The Riflemen

Thanks to a book, the "Sauk County Riflemen," by Philip Cheek and Mair Pointon, we have a detailed record of the group. In most cases in this article, no names will be given, since each man in his own way, and suffering his own fate, served his country.

The ad hoc group of recruits was known first as the Sauk County Riflemen. In the military custom of the day, men from the same locality usually belonged to the same company for the balance of a war. This policy was later abolished, since the fickle fate of battle assignments might make a given locality suffer too greatly in the loss of its young men.

By Saturday, April 26, only a week after the first meeting, 77 men had enlisted and additional officers had been elected. Even the sergeants and corporals were chosen in a democratic way. On May 4, Delton and Reedsburg members came to Baraboo to drill "for the edification of the gathered crowd." The men were then presented "with a beautiful rosette in the national colors, which added greatly to their appearance." The assembled men then gave three cheers for the ladies.

On May 11 the group drilled at Reedsburg, where they were addressed by their chaplain, later to be killed in action at Reseca, Ga. From then until June, the recruits were boarded at Baraboo in private homes at no cost to the government. Picnics and other festivities were held for the men both in Kilbourn and Sauk City — the men walked there!

A.M. Jones was the father of four of the recruits. A Virginian by birth, he was



Facial hair and serious expressions belie the youth of A.L. Sweet, Philip Cheek and John Rothwell in the Civil War. The photograph was taken in Fairfax, Va. in 1862.

"intensely loyal ... remarking what if the war lasted long, he had two more younger sons, and when the boys were all gone he would go himself." Such was the ardor of most northerners. The record shows one Jones was killed in action, one died from disease, and two were discharged due to disability, though it's not clear if they were of the four brothers.

'Not a man stirred'

At a subsequent meeting, the company commander stated that "if there were any that were faint of heart or for any other reason did not wish to go for the three years (the new enlistment period), they could retire. Not a man stirred" at this challenge to their manhood. Still preserved, hopefully, in the Sauk County Historical Society is a silk flag presented by the ladies present. It hung for a long time in the Joe Hooker G.A.R. Post in Baraboo.

G.A.R. stands for Grand Army of the Republic, the official name of the veterans group.

Finally, late in June, the eager company of young men left for Camp Randall in Madison, sent off by a crowd of 2,000 in Baraboo and probably transferred to Madison by horse-drawn wagons. The railroad would not come to Baraboo for nine years. The group was accompanied out of town by the Baraboo Fire Department, which was reported to have bright uniforms, probably red.

Songs were sung, cheers were given, a poem read, and each man received a small copy of the New Testament, a custom which was revisited in World War II, some 80 years later, for those who were Christian.

To Camp Randall

The final muster into service was in Madison on July

16, 1861. Two of the men subsequently returned to Sauk County to marry before leaving for the battle, including Philip Cheek, one of the authors of the book. The only uniform up to this time was a gray cap (gray was the Southern color!) with green trim.

Former soldiers reading this article will relate to the following statement: "We were never satisfied with the food served at Camp Randall." On July 4 the menu was bread, potatoes, codfish gravy and coffee. The men promptly threw the food, tin plate and all, into the cook shanty and made a break for downtown Madison, only to be stopped by double-guarded gates. Madison civilians were indignant, and on July 18 served a splendid supper to the men, "and it was the only square meal we had there."

Arriving in Milwaukee, the men again received an elegant dinner courtesy of the civilian population. A huge cake was decorated with the phrase "Flowers may pale, but the honor of the brave, never."

In Baltimore, technically a Southern city even though it was north of Washington, the group was attacked by "plug-uglies," but it was promptly put down. At this point, for the first time, the men were issued heavy and clumsy Belgian rifles, which when fired knocked the operator to the ground.

A future article will not discuss the nearly three score battle engagement of the Riflemen, now known as Company A, for there are Civil War buffs in the area far more qualified to do so than this author. As was stated before, Company A and its regiment saw far more than the usual number of engagements in the war, and the men acquitted themselves with honor for their regiment and for the county.



Sauk County Historical Society Photo

Undated Photo

Our Iron Brigade, the nation's finest

A previous article about Sauk County's Company A, Sixth Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry, detailed the beginning of the American Civil War, and recorded the patriotic enthusiasm with which Sauk County youths rallied to the cause.

As members of what would come to be called the Iron Brigade, they later received national recognition for their valor. The article closed with their arrival in Baltimore, to be met by Southern sympathizers. The demonstration had been quickly quelled by police, as Company A had not been issued firearms.

Aug. 7, 1861 saw the men transported to Washington in filthy cattle cars, a rude adjustment from the railroad coaches they had previously enjoyed on the trip from Milwaukee. The dirt amid squalor was just a taste of what was to come.

Food remained a problem, and finally two Wisconsin companies of German descent began a protest with the cry "brodt," meaning bread, and the other companies took up the cry with gusto. At the colonel's headquarters, the group was lectured on soldierly conduct by the colonel himself, but a 300-pound member of Company F spoke up, charging that the quartermaster was the colonel's brother-in-law, and besides that the colonel had only been a fish inspector in Milwaukee. The men got their brodt after that! The men knew their officers well from civilian life then, and spoke freely!

Mud and pup tents

Fall and winter brought mud and cold, but soldiers are ever resourceful, and cobbled up log cabins with a canvas roof and mud chimneys for sheet iron stoves.

Pup tents had been issued, each man receiving one half of a tent, with buttons to button to another half carried by a tent mate. Astonishingly, the tent halves were only 5½ feet long, so a 6-foot soldier either had to have his feet or his head on the outside.

In the book named "The Sauk County Riflemen," this story is related: "One of our boys who studied the thing concluded that the tent was invented by some preacher who was desirous of getting the boys on their knees and thought this was a sure way." Meantime, as in any war, diversion was sought by wrestling, boxing and singing groups. The men raised \$250 to stock a library, also. Card games abounded, of course.

Fredericksburg, Va. was occupied without opposition, but being a Southern city the men were not welcome. If a Union flag was hung over a sidewalk, Southern ladies would carefully detour around it.

A river divided the Northern and Southern forces, both of which were at rest at the time, and bands from each side played in the evening. The Northern band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and the Southern band replied with "Dixie."

The two bands finally joined on the opposing riverbanks to play "Home Sweet Home," and it is said there was many a tear on a sturdy cheek.

Although this article will not detail the military engagements which began with Lee's advancing army, the book's authors state that the men soon decided that "a discrete and respectful obedience to a cannon ball is no indication of cowardice."

Encamped on the White House lawn at one time, the men for the first time saw President Lincoln, who was engaged in doling out water to the exhausted soldiers. They saw him at least twice more during the war. There was little Secret Service protection for the president then, as the country learned to its sorrow when he was later assassinated at Ford's Theatre in 1865. While encamped on the lawn, the men could at one time see the Union Jack on the Capitol building and Lee's flag in the distance.

There were light moments between the many battles in which the Sauk County men were engaged. At one time a champagne dinner was spread for the officers, but "the rank and file got what they could swipe, which was no small amount."

Furlough home

Later in the war, 30-day furloughs allowed the men to return to their homes, where they were lavishly entertained by the Women's Loyal League and others. One man was married during the furlough. Of the original 101 men in the company only 43 remained due to deaths from military action or disease or from hospitalization for wounds. During the entire war only one man deserted from the brigade.

Later in the war, some remote quartermaster issued some 85 pounds of clothing to each man for him to carry, in addition to his rifle and knapsack. Everyone knew this excess baggage would be discarded on the first forced march, which it was. Before that, however, during the middle of the night, some jokesters dressed the colonel's horse in leggings as a silent protest. Upon reaching the stable, the colonel was confronted with a very bewildered horse.

Food rations remained variable and many times



Pictured above is a familiar face — the sentinel statue on the courthouse lawn, which commemorates the efforts of Civil War-era soldiers. At right is a list of Company A soldiers who died in the war.

there was no food at all on a forced days march. The authors report that they were introduced to the newly invented canned goods, a marvel of a scientific breakthrough at the time. This was the forerunner of hardtack, K-rations and MRAs, Called Meals Rejected by Ethiopians in the Gulf War.

The book chronicles a sad list of the young men who died, both from wounds and disease. Thirty one "engagements" of the enemy are listed for Company A, with up to 50 percent of the roster killed or

wounded or hospitalized. One man was wounded twice, and another was wounded four times.

Civilian life

For those lucky enough to return to civilian life, the country and the county were benefited, for the following years found them acting as postmasters, register of deeds, district attorney, judge, clerk of court, sheriff, insurance commissioner of Wisconsin, member of the Wisconsin Legislature, and member of Congress. A picture had been taken of Company A at the end of the war, and hung for many years in the old First National Bank. Unfortunately it is not in the Sauk County Historical Museum at the present time, but it would be welcome.

Julia Ward Howe. She, upon hearing the tune to "John Brown's Body," wrote the words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to fit the music. The words suited the men, who were only too familiar with the "watchfires of a hundred circling camps and the evening dews and damps."

Rob Cheek

Although the Sauk County Riflemen were a cohesive unit and have received a lot of attention from historians, there were dozens of county men who served in other units.

There is a poignant letter in the possession of Mary Hein of Baraboo written by Rob Cheek. In it he writes from Madison to request that his father sign the papers for him to enlist. Perhaps there had been some family tension, for Cheek's letter

seems to even threaten his father with the words "if you don't sign it I shall go somewhere and I shan't farm it — your land."

Young Cheek promised to send \$10 a month of his meager salary as a soldier.

Apparently the father signed. Young Rob Cheek knew what he wanted to do, for a cause he believed in. He helped to save the Union.

One year and one day after enlisting, Rob Cheek was killed in action.

OUR DEAD.		
Killed in Action.		
Lieutenant Howard F. Pruett	May 4 '64	Laurel Hill, Va.
Private Frederick Bauer	Feb. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private William E. Black	Mar. 31 '62	Gravelly Hill, Va.
Private Frederick Hoedler	Feb. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private William H. Cozzens	Mar. 31 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private Sylvester Fort	June 2 '62	Gravelly Hill, Va.
Private Franklin Pinton	Sept. 7 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private John Greter	Feb. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private John H. Gresham	Feb. 17 '62	St. Paul, Md.
Private Charles H. Jones	July 1 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private James G. Lyve	July 1 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private George C. Lawhart	Sept. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private William C. Niles	Sept. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private John Pearson	July 1 '62	South Mountain, Md.
Private John C. Weidman	June 16 '62	South Mountain, Md.
Private Jonathan Winkler	Mar. 31 '62	Gravelly Hill, Va.
Died from Wounds.		
Corporal Richard Arledge	Jan. 9 '62	South Mountain, Md.
Private Aubrey Hallow	July 2 '62	Petersburg, Va.
Private William N. Crandall	July 2 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private Uriah Miller	July 21 '62	Antietam, Md.
Private Levi Huesman	Oct. 11 '62	Gettysburg, Pa.
Private George F. Rice	Feb. 17 '62	Antietam, Md.
Corporal John J. Wyman	July 21 '62	Hatchers Run, Va.
Died from Disease.		
Private E. D. Ames	Jan. 2 '62	Arlington, Va.
Private James Hill	Sept. 24 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private John G. Holcomb	Dec. 27 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private Israel Thomas	Feb. 12 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private Deacon H. Johnson	Mar. 18 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private Theodore A. Jones	May 4 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private Marshall E. Keese	July 1 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private John Voss	July 1 '62	Washington, D. C.
Private Harry Williams	May 1 '62	Antietam, Md.

Along with Lincoln, the men had occasion to be visited by

Jarris Hospital. Feb. 12th 1862
Dear Mother.

I wrote you
and told you that I was
slightly wounded but it is worse
than I expected I have lost my
leg it is amputated just above
the knee as soon as my leg
gets so that I can get along
on crutches I will be transferred
to my home and then
I will get a furlow to come home
I have not heard from my
Regiment since I was wounded
and I dont know whether
Manford Bump was wounded
or not. Tell Bump's folks to
write to me for I am wounded
and I can not write for myself
and have to get some one
to write for me. I lost what

money I had have not got a
cent I wish that you would
send me five dollars (151300)
write as soon as you get this
Direct to: Ward D. Jarris Hospital
Baltimore Md from your
affectionate son
Henry

THE FLAG OF COMPANY A, THE IRON BRIGADE

Yesteryear Revisited

By Bob Dewel

In a previous Civil War article about the Sauk County Riflemen, mention was made of the presentation by the ladies of Baraboo of a "small silk United States Flag bearing a painted eagle in its canton".

It seems like a simple and relatively insignificant act to today's veterans, but the Company A Flag was of extreme importance to the soldiers of that era. Moreover, the honor of being the flag bearer, despite the very high rate of casualty, was highly coveted by the idealistic young men who served in the Civil War.

The flag was the rallying point for a company during the confusion and heavy smoke which characterized Civil War battles. The flag often led a charge, and the bravery of the bearer inspired similar bravery and determination for the men who followed it. Its loss in a battle could greatly jeopardize morale.

Moreover, it helped to identify friend and foe in the melee of battle, when the Northern and Southern uniforms were remarkably similar. With regard to casualties, however, as many as seven men died carrying the flag of one company in a single afternoon.

Thanks to Diane Alexander Pietenpol, former Baraboo citizen who now lives in Green Bay, we have a record of the small silk flag presented to Company A in Baraboo as they departed for battle in that worst of all our wars, the Civil War.

She writes: "My great great uncle, John Alexander, was a corporal in Company A, 6th Wisconsin Infantry. He was killed at Antietam on September 17, 1862. According to family legend, he was holding the company flag when he was killed. The color bearer had been shot down, and John stepped forward to pick up the flag. He was hit by part of an exploding shell and was mortally wounded. The flag was the silk flag presented to the

company which you mentioned in your article." The appalling slaughter at Antietam has been called the single bloodiest day of the war.

She continues: "The flag was presented to the company by Mrs. M.J. Drown as the troops drilled on the courthouse square. It went through a number of major battles, the last being Antietam." By the spring of 1863 the flag was so tattered and torn that it was no longer serviceable, and it was returned to the Governor of Wisconsin."

Accompanying the flag was a letter from Colonel Bragg of the Sixth Regiment, which reads in part as follows: "When we received it, its folds, like our ranks, were ample and full; still emblematic of our conditions we return it, tattered and torn in the shock of battle. Many who have defended it "sleep the sleep that knows no waking; they have met a soldiers death; may they live in their country's memory."

It is not known how the flag got to Baraboo's Joe Hooker Post of the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR). where it hung for many years until most veterans died off. Somehow it then was mislaid, and was found in 1938 wrapped in an old newspaper. All that remained was the gold fringe of its border, parts of the blue field, and wisps of the material clinging to the seams where the stripes had been sewn together.

John Alexander's brother Henry Alexander Sr. was the last surviving member of the GAR Post, and his daughter Cora Biege repaired the flag as best she could. It then hung in Henry's home for a time as a memorial to his fallen brother. When requested, Henry donated it to the Wisconsin Veterans Museum in a ceremony conducted on October 6, 1940.

In a 1941 interview with the aged veteran, he stated that "Mrs. Drown, when she presented it, said that they should bring it back with them. You know, it is an honor if anybody can capture (your) flag. The flag came back before the boys came back. My brother never came back, he is the one that was holding it when he was killed."

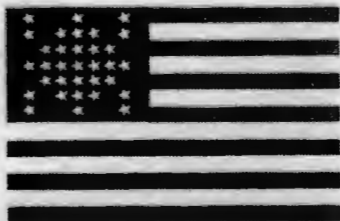
Henry Alexander also stated that out of the 26 that went



Above is the 1861 issue national color of the Sixth Wisconsin. Below is its national flag. This color was the last one issued to the regiment and was used in the "bloody shirt" era.



Above is the presentation color of the Sauk County Riflemen, Company A, Sixth Wisconsin Infantry. Below is the "Star-Spangled Banner" of 1814, as shown on a U.S. Postal Service stamp.



in Company A that morning in Baraboo, only six came out whole. The Captain lost his foot. John was killed. Billy Black and Frank Curley were both killed, and one man lost both his arms." No brigade in the Union Army suffered a higher percentage of casualties than the 6th Infantry, of which Company A was a part.

Degradation

Note that the flag was sent to the state governor by Colonel Bragg. The story of the degradation of the flag while in the custody of the Governor of Wisconsin in the 19th century is told in a booklet, "The Flags of the Iron Brigade" by Michael Madaus and Richard H. Zeitlin, which we obtained from the Belleville Public Library thanks to the interlibrary service of the Baraboo library. Had Henry known of the deplorable misuse of company flags during that time, he might not have donated it back to a state official.

The story is told in considerable detail by Madaus, and illustrates the remarkable reservoir of hatred toward the South which followed the Civil War. That hatred was also directed toward the Democratic party of the day. Unlike today when that party champions the poor and oppressed, it had been associated in the public mind with oppression in the South. The Wisconsin Republican Party lost no time in attempting to place the blame for the war on the Democrats.

The various flags deposited with the state for posterity were repeatedly dragged out in rallies denouncing the Democrats and President Andrew Johnson in an effort to bolster Republican Governor Fairchild and his cohorts. Because the bloodied and tattered flags were used by the Republicans in so many rallies, the elections became known as "bloody shirt" campaigns.

Veterans organizations were organized and dominated by that party, including the GAR. Since the flags were under the control of Fairchild as Governor, they were released on occasion for political campaigns. Voters were urged to vote Republican "to preserve the Union victory, won at such enormous cost."

Many of the electorate were disgusted with these tactics, and Fairchild barely won reelection in 1867. Unfazed, Fairchild

had himself delegated to attend a national veterans convention in Chicago in 1868, and as presiding officer, convinced the veterans group to endorse the Republican candidate for President, Ulysses Grant. Fairchild then led a parade to the nearby Republican National Convention, with the torn and tattered battle flags leading the way.

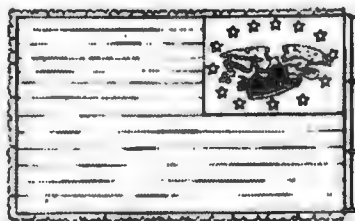
By 1870, however, the Bloody Shirt tactics began to really backfire, as "some veterans believed that the GAR was not an independent fraternity but an instrument of the Republican Party." Soon Fairchild took a diplomatic post in Europe, probably a political reward from President Grant, and the GAR dwindled to 253 members in Wisconsin in 1875.

The Democrats had gained control of the Assembly in the 1870's, and passed a law requiring that the battle flags "shall not be removed from their cases", and promoted an end to North-South bitterness. The GAR became regenerated and for years was a significant but usually non-partisan organization promoting veterans interests rather than political interests. Baraboo's Phillip Cheek served for some years as state Adjutant.

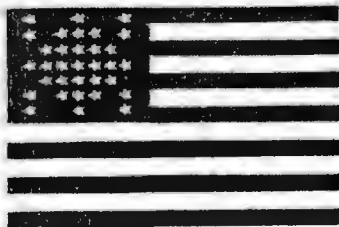
Over the years the flags gradually lost their political usefulness, and they were shifted back and forth from the state capitol building to the 1900 Historical Society building. They fortunately escaped destruction when the state capitol burned on February 27, 1904, and are preserved today in the Wisconsin Veteran's Museum.

The disgraceful Bloody Shirt days were eventually ended. Colonel Bragg's mortally wounded flag bearers could now sleep their "sleep that knows no waking" in peace.

Below is its national flag. This color was the last one issued to the regiment and was used in the "bloody shirt" era.



Above is the presentation color of the Sauk County Riflemen, Company A, Sixth Wisconsin Infantry. Below is the "Star-Spangled Banner" of 1814, as shown on a U.S. Postal Service stamp.



Civil War Tokens and Ames Family Soldiers Yesteryear Revisited By Bob Dewel

This article refers to two very different happenings in the Civil War, one commercial and one very personal.

Peck and Orvis

Dr. Jon Stock, genial Baraboo Ophthalmologist, is a man of many interests, one of which concerns a special facet of early Baraboo merchandising. In this case, it is his interest in what are known as Civil War Tokens. As he reports, "hard money and coins were hoarded by a frightened citizenry, and therefore merchants were hard pressed to conduct business. No coins in circulation meant no way to conduct trade."

To alleviate the problem merchants had coins privately minted, and millions were used in 1863 and 1864 until the federal government banned their use. Stock has several such coins in his collection, and reports that there were two classes of coins.

One group had the coins struck in copper, bronze, or brass, with patriotic slogans on the obverse side and the familiar Indian Head on the reverse side. The merchant could have 100 of these penny coins made for 80 cents, clearing a profit in that way when they were distributed as change.

The other group of coins was called store coins. The Indian Head was still used on the reverse side, but the merchant's name or logo was on the obverse side. These cost a dollar per 100, so the only profit to the merchant was his advertising on the coin.

Especially prized among the Stock collection is the token for a Baraboo store known as Peck and Orvis, a dry goods store of that period. Actually, the logo read "Peck and Orvis, druggists and grocery, Baraboo, Wisconsin" This copper coin is

recognized in a coin catalog as being rather rare.

At our suggestion, Dr. Stock contacted Joe Ward, expert on the history of downtown Baraboo, and learned that the Orvis and Peck store was located at 103 Third Avenue, a space now occupied by part of the Baraboo National Bank. A two story wood structure stood there, built in 1856, by Henry A. Peck for his "Merchandise House and Drug Store."

Sometime after 1858 Mr. Peck took as a partner Rufus Orvis, a fairly recent resident of the city. Early newspapers show advertisements for staples, drugs, and groceries. It was during this partnership that the copper coins were distributed, for by March 1, 1864, Peck had sold his interest to T.D. Lang. The store now became known as Orvis and Lang.

Dr. Stock reports that within three years Peck was dead from "consumption", (tuberculosis) at the age of 36. The funeral was held at the home of Mr. Lang, his successor in the business. Orvis was drowned in South Bend, Indiana, in 1870.

Dr. Stock's article will soon be published, in much greater detail than we have outlined here, in a Wisconsin numismatic magazine. He has kindly allowed us to review it in the News-Republic.

The Ames Family

For a longer time than we would like to admit, we have had in our possession "The Biography of John Norton Ames" by Marion Ames, a descendant. It was sent to us by Donna O'Keefe, and concerns the antecedents of none other than Tim O'Keefe, the cheerful and accommodating director of Baraboo Parks and Recreation.

Much of the early biography is not of local interest, but John Norton Ames is the grandfather of the Ira Ames family of Fairfield Township, section 22, during Civil War times. On age 5 of the biography we meet Ira, Tim O'Keefe's

great grandfather, a successful farmer and blacksmith for the area.

We have written previously of Ira's son Edgar, who was the first man in the Baraboo-Reedsburg area to die in the Civil War. His soldier buddies scraped together enough money to send his remains home by rail, and he is buried in the Fairfield Cemetery at Russell's Corners. We now learn from the biography that Edgar's father Ira was also killed in the Civil War, perhaps having enlisted to avenge the death of his son. He is buried in Cairo Illinois in a military cemetery.

As the first soldier killed in his company, Donna O'Keefe believes that Edgar could have been buried in the then new Arlington National Cemetery. As we have written before, he is in notable and patriotic company in a sense, for the county is also the burial place of a Revolutionary War soldier, John Greenslit. In addition, two soldiers of Napoleon's Army, Michael Hirschinger and Michael Nippert, are buried in the county.

One might ponder the following figures as Memorial Day approaches. The Civil War, that worst of all our wars, claimed the lives of 285 Sauk County men. World War I claimed 58, and the World War Two figure is 93, all according to Goc in his "Many a Fine Harvest." Vietnam claimed eight local men, and Korea thankfully only took four Sauk County lives.

Figures for our other national skirmishes and adventures, such as the Spanish-American War and the Philippine, Grenada, Panama, Haiti affairs, etc., are not available, nor is much publicity currently given to Afghanistan and Iraq casualties.

Military services at the cemetery on Memorial Day will probably, as usual, be sparsely attended. How soon we forget!

PECK & ORVIS,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE DRUGS & GROCERIES:

ALCOHOL,	PAINTS,
CAMPHENE,	GLASS,
KEROSENE,	SASH,
LAMP &	PUTTY,
OTHER OILS,	BRUSHES,
MEDICINES,	VARNISHES,
FRUIT,	NAILS,
OHIO STONE WARE,	
BURNING FLUID,	
BRUSHES,	CIGARS,
WINES,	SNUFF,
LIQUORS,	TOBACCO,
PROVISIONS,	STATIONERY,
SCHOOL	FARMING
BOOKS,	TOOLS,
WALL	SALT,
PAPER,	&c. &c

To our old customers we take this opportunity of returning thanks for liberal patronage in the past, with the assurance that no pains shall be spared on our part to merit the continuance of the same.

We invite all to call and see us, and

Examine our Stock,

For we flatter ourselves that we are able to offer inducements unsurpassed by any dealers west of the Lakes.

Baraboo, Wis., May 21, 1861.

H. A. PECK.

R. A. ORVIS.



Before there was a Veterans Day

by Bob Dewel

"I wrote you from City Point that I was slightly wounded, but it is worse than I expected. I have lost my leg. It is amputated just above the knee."

Those were the last words, written by a hospital volunteer for him, from Henry Stults. They were written from a Baltimore hospital on Feb. 12, 1865. A week later he was dead, a casualty of the Civil War.

This final letter to his mother, Jane Stults, reflects optimism that he will soon be home, but requests that she send \$15, as "I have not got a cent. I lost what money I had." Soldiers were paid \$13 a month then.

The Holmes and Burton Families

Henry's letter, and other family letters pertaining to his brother John, are still in the possession of the Donald Burton family of Greenfield Township. Mrs. Burton is a descendent of the Stults brothers' sister Angeline, to whom some of the letters were written. Mrs. Burton was Marion Holmes, and the Holmes and Burton families were early settlers of Sauk County, well before the Civil War.

The death of Henry in the war was not Angeline's first sorrow, for another brother, John, had died in 1864. "killed in the charge on the 21st about eight-and-a-half in the forenoon, and was not found until dark. He was shot right through the head, and never knew what suffering was." So wrote a brother soldier, James G. Cornish, to John's mother, Jane Stults.

Cornish was also from Sauk County. As was the custom in those days, all men from a given location were grouped together in one Company or Regiment. The letter goes on to list 14 other local men killed in the charge. The Regiment "has lost over 200 men killed, wounded, and missing," he wrote. This appears to have been near Atlanta, Georgia, during Sherman's march to the sea.

Cornish reported that John Stults "was buried in his woolen blanket," and that his only surviving possession was an "oil blanket (which) we can't carry nor send it home, as we can send nothing." Mrs. Stults later received \$8 a month pension for life, due to her son's death.

Ironically, John Stults was discharged from the army on Jan. 1, 1864, but then re-enlisted, serving until his death



Sun photo by Harold Willis
Baraboo's Civil War memorial pays homage to the brave soldiers of the Iron Brigade.

later in the year. What's more, he had written his brother, Henry, not to "inlist if yo can git along with out, for it is not mutch fun about it you haft to be everyones dog and barke when they tell yo to." John Stults stood 5 feet 11 inches, a

tall young man for his day, with gray eyes and light complexion.

Angeline Stults Holmes

The sister of the two soldiers, Angeline Stults, married Alfred Holmes, and they had five children. When hard times hit, Alfred went west, perhaps in hopes of mining gold, and never came back. She raised the young family herself, and one of the sons was Mrs. Donald Burton's grandfather. The Burtons have four children, Genele (Mrs. Tom) Hanners, William, Donna and Maxine.

Among the letters is one from Holmes to Angeline. Apparently the fact that he wrote to Angeline, as a single man, was sufficient to show an amorous interest, for there are no tender phrases in the letter, and it is signed simply "Holmes."

The Civil War was especially hard on Wisconsin, which supplied more than its share of men. Sauk County sent 1,646 men, or about 40 percent of its young male population. Of those, 295 failed to return, a fatality rate of 18 percent. It is said that grass literally grew on the streets of Baraboo during the war.

Veterans Day and Memorial Day

In modern times we recognize and honor our servicemen on Veterans Day, set on Nov. 11 because the hostilities of World War I ended on that day in 1918. It since has served to honor veterans of all military actions.

The passions aroused by the Civil War lingered for decades and in some cases generations. However, both sides accepted early the need for recognition of the ultimate sacrifices made by so many like the Stults boys.

In the South, May 30 was chosen and the day was called Decoration Day, a time to visit and decorate the graves of the fallen, both Union and Confederate. By 1868, the North had adopted the same date in May, usually called Memorial Day.

"A onerable grave"

This was not of much help to Angeline Stults Holmes. John's resting place was unknown, and perhaps Henry's also. She could take solace, however, in a letter of condolence, from Belle Southard, a relative. Southard wrote: "I would a like see my cousin John before he died, but that Brave Boy filled a onerable grave."

Tales for the Sesquicentennial

It was the worst of all our wars

by Bob Dewel

*When Johnny comes marching home again,
hurrah, hurrah.
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
hurrah, hurrah.
The men will cheer, and the boys will shout
The ladies, they will all turn out
And we'll all be gay when Johnny comes
marching home.*

This Civil War song epitomizes in a way the contradictory emotions of this worst of all our wars. When sung rapidly, it is a rousing and inspiring patriotic song. However, the song is written in a minor musical key, and when sung slowly the mournful tone emphasizes the heartache and sadness of war when Johnny doesn't come marching home.

There were 295 "Johnnies" who didn't return to Sauk County from that conflict, the longest war in our history. More men died in the Civil War (622,511) than in WWI (126,000) or WW II (407,000). Sauk County had its share of casualties, as most cemeteries will attest.

The Civil War

This war, fought basically over the twin questions of slavery and the right of a state to secede from the Union, began in April 1861. In addition, tensions had arisen between the industrialized North and the agricultural South, with both sparring over the nature of the new Western States — should they be slave or free states? Both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, with their soaring words about freedom, had avoided the question out of deference to the South.

The South was represented by the devoted and gallant Robert E. Lee, while in the North, Abraham Lincoln, from a Western

2,000.

According to Goc in "Many a Fine Harvest," some 1,646 young men from that county population served in the Union Army. If one eliminates all women, all children, and all older men from the county population figure, the percentage of young males of military age who served is astounding. Of the 1,646 men who left, nearly one out of 6, or 285 young men, died in the War.

Rallies and Volunteers

No local men are known to have served in the Southern Army. In fact, however, there apparently were a few dissenters, for at a patriotic rally on April 25, 1861, the following resolution, quoted in part here, was adopted:

"While we tolerate full freedom of speech and of the press in time of peace . . . resolved, that the presence of traitors is of itself sufficiently burdensome, and that, if they value the privilege of remaining among us, they must be quiet." So states Butterworth, in his "History of Sauk County."

Patriotic rallies abounded, and at this first rally, in what the *Baraboo Republic* called, "A most unbounded pitch of enthusiasm for their country . . . twelve Germans and two Americans (volunteered). Among the volun-



Speeches followed on the next day at the Methodist auditorium, and at the then-new courthouse (which later burned), where more volunteers joined. There was a draft in 1863, with Baraboo's requirement of 24 filled quickly by volunteers, as was the requirement of 36 men in July 1864. A voluntary fund was started to support families with the head of the family gone, in the amount of \$25 per month. Later the county raised \$12,000 for such relief.

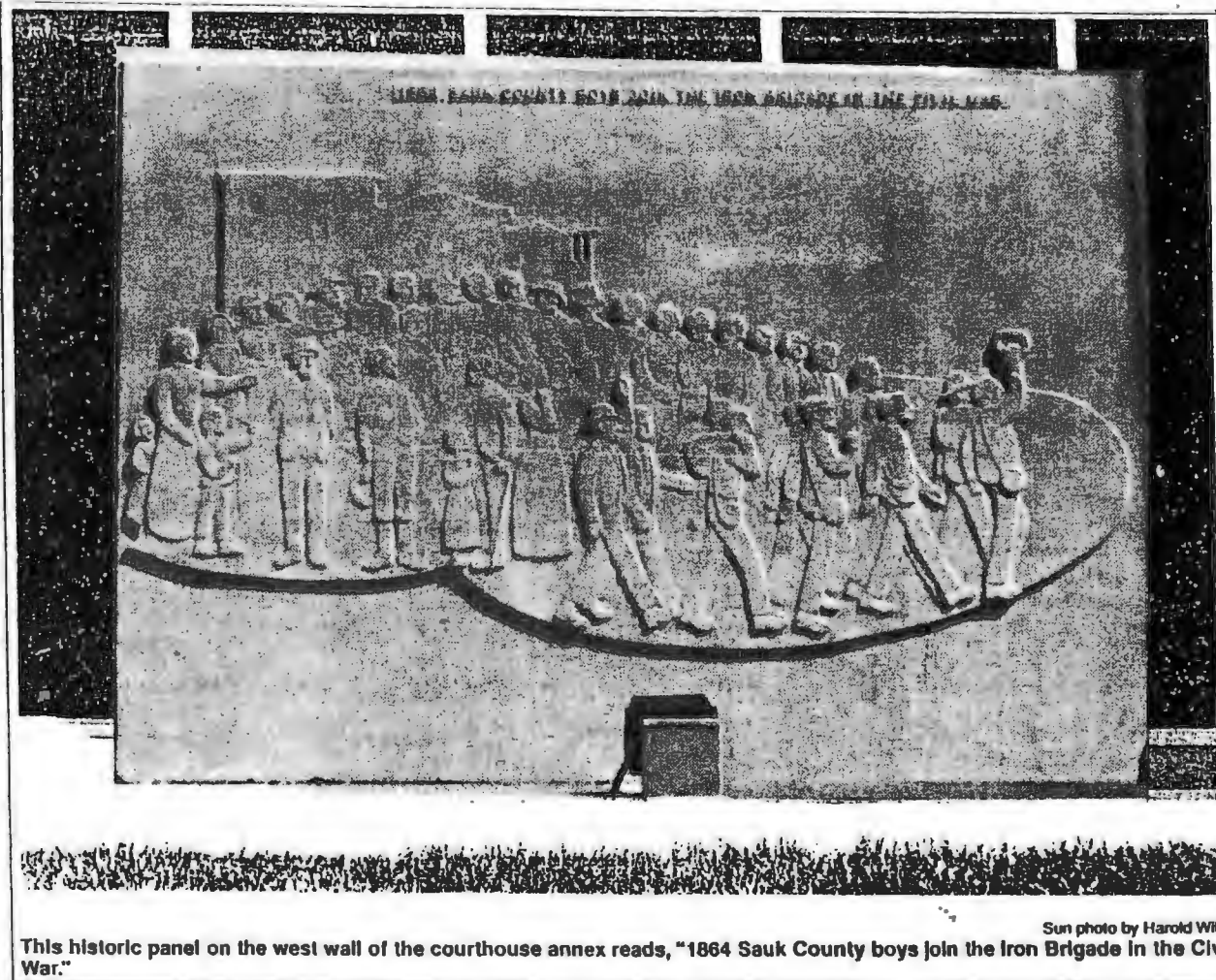
A Sauk County riflemen military group was formed, with meetings in all villages in the county. Also, "the ladies were active in

weapon any way."

Company A

One prominent group formed by the Riflemen was Company A of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, and they left for the front on July 28, 1861. Company A receives special attention from Butterfield, with far more detail than this article can consider.

In those days companies might be of men entirely from one town or county, and that was the case with many units listed by Cole in his "History of Sauk County." It would be hard to name a Civil War battle in which some Sauk County men did not participate.



state (Illinois), provided fair but patient leadership. Lincoln had been elected in 1860 with only 40 percent of the popular vote, the remaining votes being divided by Douglas in the North and Breckenridge in the South. Lincoln won in Sauk County with 70 percent.

Sauk County

In 1860 Sauk County had existed only 18 years, and Baraboo had been settled only 21 years. In that time the county population had exploded from 102 in 1840 to 18,693 in 1860. Baraboo had expanded from a scattering of settlers to a population approaching

teers were two sons of a lady who depended on them for her support. She gave (another son) permission to go also when he shall have replenished her woodpile." Pay appears to have been \$13 per month.

At the departure of another group of volunteers, "a national hymn was sung, and, after the benediction, the friends of those about to encounter the dangers and hardships of war were invited to bid them adieu . . . at this quarter every face was wet with tears," and the men left in a wagon, followed for some time by well-wishers. Of particular interest to this writer was one name, David Dewell, about whom no more is known.

forming societies . . . making bandages and picking lint to be used on the field of battle in case any of their dear ones were so unfortunate as to be wounded."

A Fourth of July Parade

In Baraboo, the children, some 200 in number, marched in the streets, and on the Fourth of July squads of volunteers from different parts of the county came into Baraboo and "a grand parade took place."

"In anticipation of the event the Reedsburg boys went over to Ironton to borrow a cannon, but, being refused by the owner, it became necessary to take the

Sally, twelve Town of Baraboo men in Co. F, 3rd Cavalry, died in a train wreck on their way to the battlefield.

In the end, the Union was saved from secession, and slavery was finally ended in the United States, the last of the great powers to do so. Intolerance remained, however, and the South eventually "rose again" to its present position of industrial and agricultural power.

After the War

The end of the conflict found most of the County's surviving sons returning to the beauty and bounty of the area, and by 1870 the population of the county had gained another 4,905, rising to 23,868 souls.

Baraboo resumed its growth also, and soon led the county in obtaining a railroad, the Northwestern, to dissect the county diagonally with main-line service.

The 285 men who did not return were not forgotten, as the magnificent statue on the courthouse lawn attests. In those days, when poetry was in great vogue, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" was augmented by the following verses, reflecting both the sadness and the pride felt by any family who lost a loved one in the conflict. The author is unknown:

*Who faltered or shivered?
Who shunned battle-stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle-line broke?
Go ask it of history
Years from today.
And the record shall tell you
Not Company A*

*There's a cap in the closet.
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded
Could not buy it today,
With its letters of honor —
Brave Company A*

*Though my darling is sleeping
Today with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head.
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away —
The battle-worn cap,
Lettered "Company A."*

Yesteryear Revisited

By Bob Dewel

This is the story of four soldiers. They sleep the sleep that knows no waking, in cemeteries in Sauk County.

That's not so unusual. There are hundreds of servicemen buried in our cemeteries, some of whom, as youths, gave the greatest sacrifice a man can give for his countrymen. We honor them on this Memorial Day, while this writer composes this article, and then we pretty much forget for another year.

But these four soldiers are unusual. One served in the Revolutionary War, the only such serviceman buried in Sauk County. Another served in the Civil War, and two men whose bodies lie in our county served in the ill-fated Napoleonic invasion of Russia. How did these four men happen to be buried here?

The Revolutionary Veteran

Thanks to investigative work by the Old Cemeteries Society, especially Bernadette Bittner and Ena C Moll, we know that in 1782 John Greenslit enlisted from Sept. 1, 1782 to September 1, 1783 in the Connecticut revolutionary forces.

Though the war had really ended with the battle of Yorktown on Oct. 19, 1781, the British forces on Long Island had stubbornly remained. Greenslit's regiment made a few forays into the territory. Even a decade later the British still held forts on the Ohio River.

Greenslit's ancestors had emigrated from Europe in 1634, and a female predecessor had been sentenced to death as a witch. Greenslit had joined the army at the age of 15, so he was already over 70 when the first white men came into Sauk County. He had long since married, in 1790, but did not come to Sauk until about 1855, when he applied for land at age 88. He died the following year and was buried in the Town of Dellona.

Thanks to researchers, the Sauk County Historical Society has several papers about Greenslit. In 1976 The Sons of the Revolution, the Town of Delton, and local veterans joined to restore the grave site and honor him. Many descendants from around the country came for the ceremonies. Greenslit is the only known veteran of the Revolutionary War to be buried in this county.

A Civil War Veteran

Donna O'Keefe has supplied us with the words of Baraboo's Phillip Cheek, a Civil War veteran. He spoke of the death of Private Edgar Ames, the first casualty in Company A, Iron Brigade.

He wrote "the company had a meeting when Ames died, and decided we would chip in and send his body home; we did, but it was the only one we sent. They (deaths) came too fast later when the fighting was on and thirteen dollars a month did not go far and the government made a rule that no bodies should

be sent north unless embalmed, and that ended it for the men unless they had wealthy or well-to-do friends, as it was too costly."

Thus Company A's first casualty was the first and perhaps the only body returned during the war. Ames rests in the Town of Fairfield cemetery, known as Russell's Corners in those days.

O'Keefe believes that as a soldier, Ames could have been the first soldier to be buried in the new Arlington National Cemetery. Incidentally, Ames' father also died in the Civil War, and is buried with fellow soldiers in a cemetery in Cairo, Illinois.

The Soldiers of Napoleon

Diane Alexander Pietenpol of Green Bay has given us considerable material regarding two soldiers from Napoleon's unsuccessful siege of Moscow, men who ended up being buried half way around the world, near Baraboo.

So how did Michael Hirschinger and Michael Nippert, probably relatives, finish their lives farming near Baraboo? Hirschinger was born in Germany in 1783--the same year John Greenslit, mentioned above, left the Revolutionary army. Hirschinger's and Nippert's war was to be under Napoleon, the French dictator.

The Wisconsin Magazine of History lists Hirschinger and Nippert as having "marched with Napoleon...both of these soldiers, who were with the great Corsican, are buried in a rural cemetery about 4 miles southwest of Baraboo" This would be the Rock Hill Cemetery off Highway W.

Hirschinger "often told his sons of that terrible winter, how many of the soldiers, after fording streams, perished in the cold. Something like a half a million men marched to Moscow, but the flower of the army was gone when the warm days of spring arrived."

Hirschinger brought his family to America in 1832, coming to Sauk County in 1847. Cole says he first bought 160 acres on the present site of Baraboo, but switched shortly to 120 acres in the Town of Baraboo. He died on March 20, 1853 at the age of 67. One son served in the Wisconsin Legislature.

Michael Nippert's ancestors were French, but they escaped to Germany when French Catholic King Louis XIV renounced toleration for Protestants. Michael was born in 1794, and after serving Napoleon in 1812 at age 18, he emigrated to America in the 1820's, coming by ox team to Sauk County in 1847. He died on May 23, 1864, and like Hirschinger, is buried in the Rock Hill Cemetery.

Both men had wives and families, and Hirschinger descendants live in the county to this day. Nippert descendants seem to have moved on, though 1920 plat maps show Nippert and Hirschinger farms side by side not far from the cemetery. Nippert descendants had property in Baraboo in 1920, according to a map.

One Nippert son, Louis, became a Methodist missionary in Germany, the ancestral home. Two other sons served in the Civil War, one in the Iron Brigade. Left for dead on the battlefield, he



STEVE APPS/WSJ photo

Others with Civil War ties are buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, including Frederick Brown, brother of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame. Oliver Reese, of the Wisconsin Dells American Legion Post, walks past Brown's grave.

recovered and rejoined his outfit. One can speculate whether he knew Edgar Ames. A grandson of Michael Nippert became a judge in Cincinnati.

There is an interesting tale involving two brothers of Michael Hirschinger, also a soldier under Napoleon. Cole tells it best: "Duels were popular in those days, and a soldier had challenged a youth.

When one of the Hirschingers interceded on account of the brief years of the youth, the aggressor challenged Hirschinger. They drew their swords and

Hirschinger, being clever with his weapon, severed a button from the coat of the antagonist and threw his own blade to the ground.

The warrior was so angry he thrust his weapon through Hirschinger, killing him. The man was court-martialed and shot." The other Hirschinger brother was killed in service.

Every soldier has his own version of his war. Three of these men lived to tell their tale and raise their families. We'll never know Edgar Ames' story of his war. Sauk County is honored to offer them eternal sanctuary.

MICHAEL HIRSCHINGER
Died
March 20, 1853
Aged 67 Years

MICHAEL NIPPERT
Died
May 23, 1864
Age 70 Years, 2 Months

Michael Hirschinger was the father of former Assemblyman Charles Hirschinger of Baraboo, now deceased. The most thrilling experience of the parent was his march to Moscow in the fall of 1812 and his retreat with the great Corsican. Half a million men marched triumphantly into the beautiful city, only to have it burned by the citizens in their very presence. This meant the destruction of Napoleon's army.

The tomb of Mrs. Hirschinger is near that of her husband.

Near the grave of Michael Hirschinger one reads about all that is known of still another Napoleon soldier, Michael Nippert. As to his martial deeds but little is recorded. By his side sleeps his wife.

Napoleon went to St. Helena; Hirschinger and Nippert came to the Baraboo Hills.

**TRIMPEY STUDIO AND THE DOLL
THAT WENT TO WAR**
Yesteryear Revisited
By Bob Dewel

You don't hear the word Trimpey much any more, but at one time it was almost a household name in Baraboo. Bert Trimpey and his wife Alice were for many years a colorful local couple, with Bert operating his photography studio and Alice selling antiques and displaying an historic doll collection.

One of Alice's dolls had "gone to war" in the Civil War, as will be told shortly. Her collection received media attention of the day in various national magazines and newspapers.

The Studio

Trimpey's was not your run of the mill photo studio. Designed by W. E. Smith, of Frank Lloyd Wright's architectural staff, the studio was newly built where what we have known recently as the Baraboo Building and Loan-Amcore Bank building, located two doors east of the Al. Ringling Theatre. Its appearance was very different, however, with a flower box extending across the front, and the columns we see today were not present at that time. Smith had just returned from Japan, where he was influential in the design and construction of Wright's Imperial Hotel.

Part of this land had been cleared by the removal of the last vestige of the mid-nineteenth century brick courthouse. This was probably the second primitive courthouse, as the first is believed to have been built entirely of wood.

Inside, the ceiling was latticed, and French doors led to the garden in the rear. The Daily News reported that "the photographer's pictures are of rare worth and out of his new studio will come most excellent specimens of his art." Three such photos hang today in

the Sauk County Historical Society Museum on Fourth Avenue.

Of special interest is the land in the rear of the building. This small area had been transformed from an ash pit to a small garden, complete with shrubs, a winding steppingstone walk, and a meandering stream. The entire garden was fenced in, and provided the background for some of his photographs. Upstairs in the building was Mrs. Trimpey's antique store, where her collections were on display.

The Civil War Doll

Mrs. Trimpey, formerly Alice Kent, was especially recognized for her collection of rare and historic dolls, and she published two small books about them, one of which was loaned to me by Pat Kaune. One story is especially poignant, and is best told in Mrs. Trimpey's own words, somewhat edited here for space considerations, as were found in her book, "Becky, My First Love."

The story takes place in the heady days of 1860, when Civil War fever hit its peak in Sauk County. Volunteers from all over the county were being mustered in Baraboo for transfer to Madison and on to the battlefields. She writes:

"Among the soldiers was a tall fair haired lad of fifteen...thinking only of adventure, martial music, and gay uniforms....When the last goodbyes had been said, a slender young girl made her way timidly through the crowd. She reached the young volunteer and slipped a tiny doll into his hand. It was her dearest keepsake, her own little doll."

"The childhood sweethearts little dreamed they would not meet again...a strange silence fell over the throng as one by one they left... (when) the regiment was mustered out on Sept. 5, 1865, among the missing was the young lad who had carried in his pocket for three years the tiny china doll. His body was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery, but the box holding his few



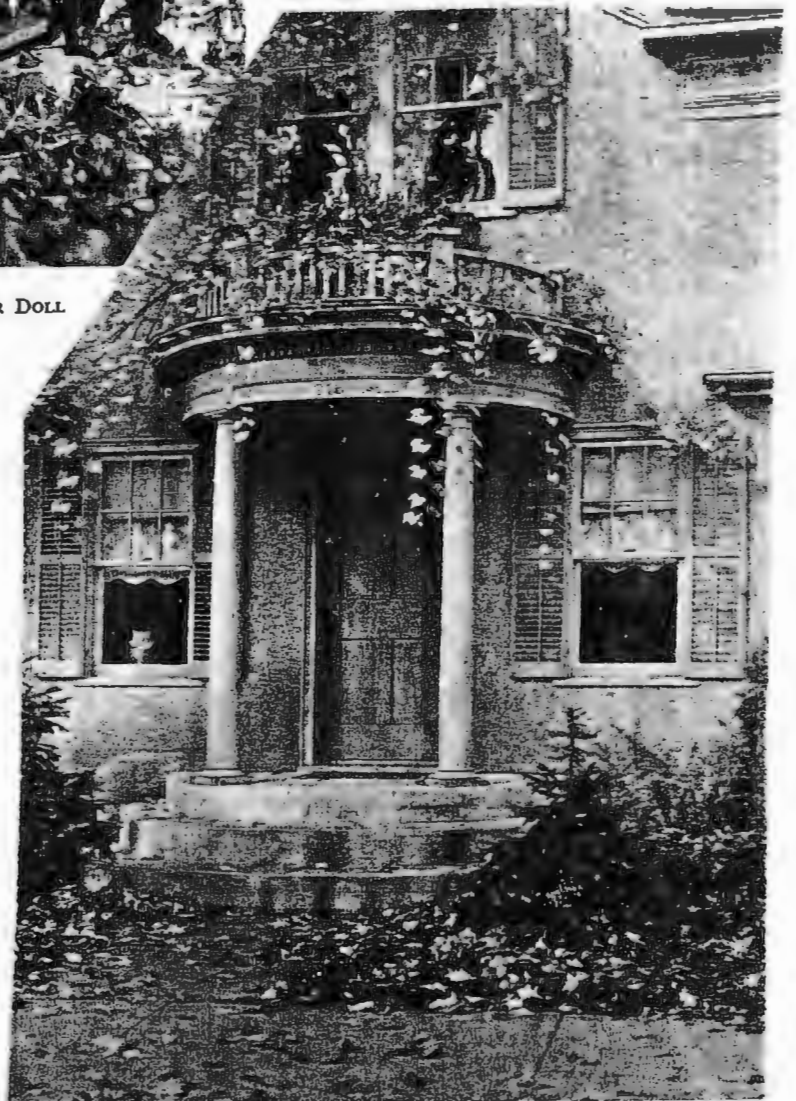
EMELINE, SAMBO, DINAH AND THE CIVIL WAR DOLL

belongings was sent back. It contained only his faded blue coat and the little old doll."

"Seventy five years have passed, and nothing's known of the dark-haired girl from the Caledonia Hills. No doubt she too is gone, and may be sleeping now on some forgotten spot where only gentians grow."

Alice Trimpey fell to her death in Her bathtub, but she had already, in 1949, willed her dolls and a 151 piece set of lusterware to the State Historical Society, where they were displayed for a time. Hopefully they are still there, but packed away in some dark closet.

Resting quietly there is the doll that went to war, sleeping the sleep that knows no awakening, just as are the young soldier and the timid girl.



THE HOUSE WHERE THE OLD DOLLS LIVE

Barefoot Baraboo
Boys Before the Civil
War
Tales of Earlier Days
 By Bob Dewel

Readers of this column may recall frequent references to W.W. Warner. In fact, our first article, written in 1997 for the gone but not forgotten Baraboo Sun, reminded everyone that the proper name for highway 123 to Devils Lake is The Warner Memorial Road (see *Yesteryear Revisited* book II-89).

Now, in faded newsprint, we know a great deal about life for a boy in Baraboo Rapids before the Civil War, thanks to memoirs by Warner. Some 60 years later, on July 13, 1913, Warner wrote extensively about those halcyon days. Life for a young boy revolved around the river and the village, of which each boy knew every nook and cranny. Warner's sterling memory paints a vivid picture for us in an extensive recounting.

To set the stage, Warner was born in either 1849 or 1850. Only 11 years had elapsed since the first settlement by Abe Wood, Wallace Rowan and Eben Peck. Only four or five years had passed since the area had been selected to be the county seat, and only make-shift buildings existed for county seat and jail until 1855. The south side of the river was named Baraboo, the north side Adams.

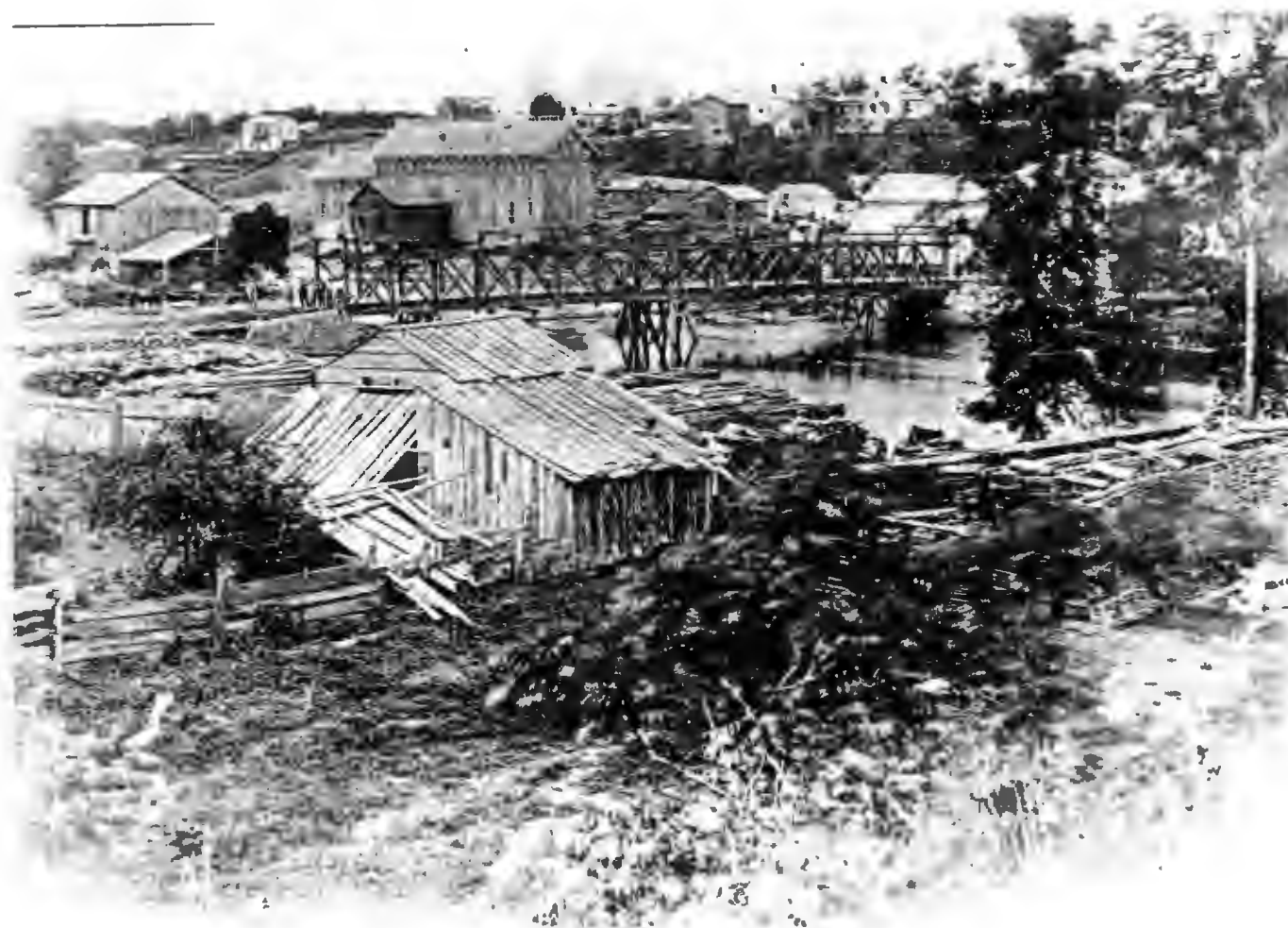
Another author, Reul, speaks of the square as having animals running at large, which "nibbled holes in the grain sacks lying on the farmers' wagons...geese waddled about the streets...pigs pilfered the meat stored in the lean-tos of houses". On the side of culture, there was a lecture series, Lyceum, and dramatic club, though one wonders if Reul exaggerates their prominence in the little settlement.

None of this was of interest or importance to pre-teen boys of that era. Warner reports that no boy wore shoes from the last snowfall in the spring to the first in the fall. He calls it being "turned out" for the summer. It appears that young boys had virtually no supervision and had the run of the village and the river, venturing as far upstream as North Freedom. Certainly there were no organized sports, but swimming was offered by the sometimes treacherous river.

He speaks of the river as "majestic, clear eyed, and teeming with mighty fishes", some of which succumbed to the makeshift lures of the boys. Only later, he says, did the river become burdened with "waste, slabs, and dust from saw mills, refuse from woolen mills, and filth from tanneries". Fish, he says, ran up Crawford's Creek nearly to Devils Lake—that creek now crosses the golf course. The Lake is not mentioned much in Warner's memoirs, the approaches being heavily forested and the lake not yet having any settlers.

Before a makeshift bridge was constructed, he remembers a ferry landing on the south bank near a brickyard. Fishing was a favorite pastime, and he recalls a sturgeon caught at the lower dam and weighing, without exaggeration he assures us, some 87 pounds. Slices were sold at Nelson's Market, which he says was not far from the bank. Large mouth Bass and Pickerel were not uncommon catches. Following floods, fish were found entangled in the dams, which consisted largely of tree branches wedged together. In other parts of his writing, Warner speaks of a 60 pound catfish below the Maxwell Dam, and a pickerel weighing over 88 pounds. Nearby, also below the dam, was a large spring noted for its "great size and pellucid glory"

Warner recalls seeing "The Sons of Temperance gathered there in full regalia, Suitable ritualistic observances and appropriate temperance addresses



Warner and his family left Baraboo in 1861 when he was 11. This rare photo was taken in 1866, some five years later, but it is likely that it closely resembles the riverfront as Warner knew it. Business and progress had ceased in Baaraboo during the war. Visible upper center is the Bassett Mill. The footbridge shown here was erected in 1866, replacing the makeshift one Warner describes.

were made." A previous article a few weeks ago told of Philomom Pratt's makeshift dam over the Baraboo, and Warner describes it in detail. In the center was a chute 6 feet wide for water to escape the mill pond. The only crossing at this point was a single log slab, which these very young boys crossed and re-crossed "on every possible occasion and pretext...naturally unknown to our parents."

What was more normal for these boys than swimming in the river? Warner reports the favorite swimming holes, one where the Circus World Museum now operates. Another was at the foot of West Street, where hard by was the Pointon Pottery. Another appears to have been at the foot of Birch Street below what was 'that sinister piece of masonry, the county jail', a new hexagonal building. It is not recorded, but boys traditionally swam naked then, though it is suspected that their clothing could have benefited from a soaking.

Parents today might worry, but apparently in the 1850's boys could roam at will, and indeed they did. These are boys of ages nine or ten. With the river as the center of attraction, they regularly walked about on the floating logs headed for the saw mill. On occasion they made their way to above North Freedom in a skiff which "by utmost stretch of courtesy could be dignified as a boat" of sorts.

There he noted that the river water ran deep red, due to the stream cutting through a hematite (iron) deposit. Writing 60 years later, in 1913, Warner writes of the new Cahoon iron mine south of town. He predicts that the area will soon be a network of railroad lines, sidings, and spurs due to a great mining industry. The Cahoon mine did last a few years, but ground water proved is downfall and it was abandoned. Baraboo would be a very different city had the mining venture succeeded.

Warner's reminiscences consist of four sections, each longer than this

article. We will write at last once more on this remarkable set of memoirs, including some boyish escapades not well received by the community fathers.

The Great Midnight Stagecoach Parade

Tales of Earlier Days

By Bob Dewel

Like the old movie serials every Saturday afternoon at the Al Ringling, circa 1920-1950, we have been following the adventures of W.W. Warner in this column. He was a pre-teen in Baraboo Rapids in the 1850's, and in 1913 he reminisced at great length on those carefree days of his youth.

So far the adventures of the boys had been mostly exploratory—swimming, fishing, and climbing onto the roof of the two-story Bassett Mill. There is some confusion now, for Warner was said to have left Baraboo as an 11 year old in 1861. He apparently returned in a few years, because the following amusing episode is dated by him as 1868 or 1869, when he was 19.

The story is best told, after a little editing, by Warner himself. He called it the episode of the old stagecoaches. In the distinctive rhetoric of his time, Warner begins as follows:

The Temptation

"Who, among the boys who participated in that famous escapade, may ever forget? Be it known, there were some 15 or 20 antique superannuated Concord stage coaches which had, one after another, been placed, so to speak in dry dock and out of commission, having outlived their further transportational usefulness. They were housed in a rambling series of sheds, just back of the present city hall. We young chaps, the day after a Fourth of July celebration, conceived the idea of decorating Oak street with the dilapidated vehicles."

"Some of the chariots, I remember, bore sophisticated names such as Argosy, Prairie Queen, Western Monarch, etc. Those who remember the one time resplendent coaches, gorgeous beyond the dreams of (the later) Ringling Circus creations, will recall that they were integers connecting Baraboo with the outside world such as Madison, Mazomanie, Portage, Kilbourn, etc." Here Warner digresses, with a discussion of transportation before and after the railroad arrived. Then he continues as follows:

The Escapade

"But to return to those Concord stage coaches! It was long after midnight when we scamps, as expeditiously and as quietly as possible, hauled forth a series of the nondescript vehicles from their moorings to the Western hotel street corner, and thence made an imposing string of them reaching almost to the present post office site (Second Street—ed.), and a fine spectacle they presented next morning!"

"Not many of the citizens of Baraboo were aware that such anti-deluvian (antediluvian—ed) chariots were in existence, much less that they were right here in Baraboo. The general astonishment, therefore, may be well imagined. What opportunities were offered in their destruction, shortly after this, their last public appearance for securing matchless museum antiques!"

"But soon trouble—our trouble—began. Somehow the city officials, and many of the older more staid, law-abiding citizens, did not take kindly to such deviltry, and public resentment was quite general, while diligent efforts were at once put forth to apprehend the several juvenile malefactors involved in the disgraceful escapade."

Paid the Damages

"Among those concerned in this exploit of truly undignified character but of no scandalous manner, was, in addition to the writer of these lines, as he now freely confesses (in a sort of conscience-found manner) my warm friend of those days, E.M. Brandenburg, Also Will Barker, James Lott, Charles Dykens, Ed White, Joe Davis, Henry



A Concord Stagecoach

Mould, Milton and Isaac Andrews, Cochrane, Joe Whitman, and several others whose names I can't at the moment recall. Quite a number of the culprits next morning, I remember, were rounded up, required to liquidate damages through nominal fines, and made to tug back to the original dry-dock the many antiques, amidst the jibes of very many onlookers."

The Flight to Sauk Prairie

"Among those "convicted" however, was not the writer of these lines, Somehow I became, so to speak "afraid of my horses" as did Ed White, and we hied ourselves to other climes and pastures new. Together we scurried over to Sauk Prairie and, without leaving word whither we had betaken ourselves, or when we might be expected to return, we engaged ourselves to one Teal (see 1-5 to 8) to assist in harvesting his grain crop. I remember, ruefully, that it was hot and thankless job, because very especially, we were not accustomed to the work, nor to the manor barn."

"But, at the same time we thereby escaped the humiliation of having to help yank those coaches by daylight, when they were surely much heavier, and we also escaped the fines, which I wouldn't be surprised to now learn, were as much as a dollar or two from each guilty young criminal, who had the poor taste to become apprehended. For aught I know to the contrary, this incident may have been written up by some participant and predecessor of mine in the local historical field, but if not, I trust the episode may be considered worthy of brief recital. To this day it appears enormously funny to those who were particeps, (viz participants--ed) with whom I have had occasion to compare notes in recent years."

Remaining Questions

Do you wonder what became of these reckless and unruly (but imaginative) youth, particularly Brandenburg and Warner? How did they fare in the real but difficult world of the later 19th century? And why was Brandenburg, in later years, a frequent writer in the columns of the News-Republic. Also, why is one of our most traveled highways named after Warner, with two stone pillars with brass plaques bearing his name. Also, why is there a stone monument in the Devils Lake State park, with a brass plaque memorializing Warner? We'll wind up these narratives in the final article.

Warner: Just Keep On Keepin' On

Tales of Earlier Days

By Bob Dewel

So what became of the midnight stagecoach prankster (last article), who fled to Sauk Prairie to avoid paying a fine? I rarely devote four articles to one subject, but the reminiscences of W.W. Warner are special. Here is the fourth and absolutely final story on this youth who lived in Baraboo for most of the years from 1851 to 1869.

Readers will recall his reason for skipping town: broken down stagecoaches had been hauled out at midnight and arranged in a mock parade from Fourth to Second on Oak Street. To avoid fines, Warner and friend O. D. Brandenberg fled over the bluffs and hired out to farmer Teal, where they worked harder than they could have imagined, performing farm chores to which they were unaccustomed.

Colorado Springs Gazette

Warner estimated that this event took place in 1868 or '69. He had headed west with his family in 1861, and the stagecoach prank is the only tale he tells of the years of his return to Baraboo. I have no dates for that residence period. We do have interviews, however, published in later years by the Colorado Springs Gazette, and summarized in a Baraboo newspaper on Oct. 16, 1913. Age 63 by then, Warner recalls crossing the plains with an oxen team. The railroad ended at Grinnell Iowa, and there was no town beyond Elkhorn, Nebraska, a few miles west of Omaha.

At age 12 Warner was "forking out sluices" in Nevada Gulch near Central City. The job was to be to pick out roots and stones from the sluice, apparently leaving the precious metal to be sold. He says he was still small, and could only with difficulty throw the harness over a horse's back. At age 18 he says he made \$25,000, big money today, by locating mine deposits in or near Central City. One mine took his first name, Wilbur. He says he "seemingly had a faculty for locating green root mines, that is, mines from which the ore could be taken at a depth of but a few inches."

There are problems with Warner's estimates of time frames, for he says they returned to Wisconsin in 1867 after harrowing experiences during the Native American uprisings. This is at age 17, just before he speaks of making \$25,000 at age 18. The 1867 return date does jibe, however, with his tale of the stagecoaches in 1868 or '69. However, he also says that he returned to Colorado in 1867, the same year he returned here, so that jibes with his \$25,000 earnings claim.

While there he located additional mines. He returned on the new Union Pacific in 1871, and saw a herd of a million buffalo on that trip. His chronology of events seems erratic, not unusual when a person of age tries to date the events of his youth. We also have here a Baraboo reporter reporting on a Colorado Newspaper reporter's story, another opportunity for chronological error—not to mention this writer's remote (?) potential for additional error.

Central City Register-Call

Fortunately, we have a backup reporter's story, this time appearing in the Register-Call of Central City Colorado, and reported in the Baraboo paper on July 11, 1914. He confirms the sluicing operation, calling it a man's job for a boy of 12, and speaks of his problem of harnessing a horse due to his small size. Also mentioned is the Wilbur Mine, "a half interest of which he sold to an old friend for \$25. A year later this mine was sold for \$20,000."



Though the road bypasses it now, the original cement of the Warner Memorial Road can be seen directly in front of the Chateau at Devils Lake

All of this, however is said to be at age 14, not at age 18 as previously reported. The Register-Call speaks of Warren's fame as a silver mine prospector in 1870. Gold was also involved, and Warner "soon left for the east with enough of the yellow metal to make a start in business, locating in Madison, Wisconsin for the following 38 years." A small news clipping tells us Warner's motto was 'Just Keep on Keepin' On'.

The significance of W.W. Warner

So why have we dwelt on Warner for four articles? Partly because of his rare descriptions of life of a boy in old Baraboo, a river town. Also, by 1916, retired and facing the inevitable, Warner apparently took stock of his life, remembering especially those formative years in Baraboo. He and boyhood friend O.D. Brandenburg, by now a respected editor of the Wisconsin State Journal, seem to have been frequent visitors to the old home town.

On one of the return trips to Madison, Warner expressed the desire to do something for the city of his youth. Brandenburg is said to have suggested construction of a hard surface road to Devils Lake for the residents, to replace the tortuous railroad crossings and other obstacles on the old Lake Road.

The result was a designated gift to the city and the Town of Baraboo of \$40,000. We may shrug our shoulders at that today, but it represented perhaps \$300,000 or so in today's dollars. Al Ringling was also showing the way with his nationally significant theatre, and the Gatticker sisters had installed a fine new clock and belfry on the courthouse roof just that summer.

Why not show his own appreciation? A new will was written, and we have reported the development of the road, now HY 123, in previous articles. Today we glide quickly to Devils Lake, our mid-western gem so closely associated with Baraboo, on the Warner Memorial Road.

Discussion and Challenge

As a result, we honor the Warner name. We also remember Mary Rountree Evans through her park, the John and Murrel Lange Center at Boo U, Alma Waite and her blockbuster gift to the city, Dr Oschner because of Oschner Park—the list goes on. Can we in the present generation do as well? Had he done so while living, even anonymously, Warner could have secretly enjoyed the pleasure it gave to the citizens, knowing that eventually his name would be remembered.

Just for fun, for those with significant savings, try inserting your name in the following: "The (Your Name) Center for the Performing Arts", "The (Your Name) Housing Center at Boo U", or "The (Your Name) History Center in Attridge Park". Sound kind of good? Wilbur Warner, the stagecoach kid, thought so!

How we lost the Baraboo¹⁹⁸ Collegiate Institute

Beloit has its Beloit College. Ripon has its Ripon College. Some 16 cities in Wisconsin have private colleges — Carroll in Waukesha, Lawrence in Appleton, and others. Why not Baraboo?

Well, Baraboo did have a college once, but the lack of a civic-minded benefactor doomed it to failure after only 12 years. In its time it boasted a faculty, buildings including a dormitory, a board of trustees, and some 190 students. What's more, it had what may have been a very strange sleeping arrangement in the dormitory. More on that later.

The time capsule

Little was known of this college, except for brief mentions by historians Canfield and Butterfield, but by chance a copy of a nicely done "catalogue," as it was spelled then, has surfaced. It was found when the First United Methodist Church opened its century-old time capsule last spring.

The catalog has been returned to the capsule, but copies were made, and they reveal a respectable institution which flourished in Baraboo from 1858 to 1870. Founded in 1854 by Congregational pastor Rev. Cochran "with a view to founding a college," it was chartered by the state in 1858. There were two progressive stipulations, as befitted the liberal nature of the state at that time: It was to have "no test of a sectarian nature (for any) officer, professor, teacher or student;" and, "the advantages and honors of the institution shall be alike obtainable by both sexes."

Cochran's first group met on the corner of Broadway and Third, in a building which would later contain the harness shop of August Ringling. In 1859 a building "about twenty-four by thirty six feet and two stories high (was erected) on an eminence a little west of the platted town." The town ended at about West Street at the time. There were lecture and recitation rooms, with a Professor Pilsbury of New York in charge, followed by others. The 1858 legislative charter named it the Baraboo Collegiate Institute.

The catalog

The catalog that was found was for the 1863-64 school year, with terms running from Nov. 11, 1863 through Nov. 9, 1864. Winter vacation ran for two weeks beginning Jan. 23, and all of July and August constituted the summer vacation. It appears to have been a three-year curriculum, there being no sophomore class. The board of trustees consisted of 25 local people, but only seven faculty members were listed.

Besides the three upper classes, there is a listing of normal and preparatory students, normal referring to teacher preparation. Preparatory is not defined, and one suspects that the college really took the place of a high school at first, being preparatory to college elsewhere.

Some 140 students' names are listed, with young persons from most county townships plus Spring Green, Loganville, Clinton, Mazomanie, Reedsburg, and Mauston. There was also a student from Toledo, Ohio and one simply listed as from New York.

What we now call a mission statement is lengthy, but speaks of "cultivation of the mind, heart, tastes, and manners, for the various spheres of duty that (the students) will be called to fill. The Managers of the institution have made great efforts to enlarge its work and elevate its standard of attainments."

They were not done: Candidates for admission "will be required to be well prepared in all previous branches ... a true understanding of the English, a thorough course in mathematics, and a practical acquaintance with the sciences."

The courses of study are illustrated on the page above. Note that the names of the authors of each textbook are given, with references to Chaucer and the Elizabethan age and rhetorical exercises, composition, and discussion. There is some bookkeeping and penmanship, a lost art to today's computer operators. In the Primary Class "an effort is made to start right by teaching the child to *think*."

rate for each course. In the present day, unless the student goes to the University of Wisconsin-Baraboo/Sauk County, the stores and landlords of the behemoth Madison gobble up thousands of Sauk County dollars for room and board.

Baraboo Collegiate Institute,

COURSE OF STUDY.

Freshman Year.

FIRST TERM.—Robinson's University Algebra, Fitch's Physical Geography, Willard's U. S. History, Richards' Latin Lessons completed.

SECOND TERM.—Davies' Geometry, Dr. Smith's History of Greece, Liddell's History of Rome, Caesar's Gallic War.
Lessons from Chaucer and early English writers weekly throughout the year.

Junior Year.

FIRST TERM.—Geometry concluded, Carter's Physiology, Parker's Natural Philosophy, Bellini's Catalina, Cicero's Orations.

SECOND TERM.—Davies' Trigonometry, Surveying and Civil Engineering, Day's Rhetoric, Wallis' Chemistry and Mineralogy, Wood's Botany.
Lessons from writers of the Elizabethan age weekly throughout the year.

Senior Year.

FIRST TERM.—Agassiz & Gould's Zoology, Guizot's History of Civilization, Book-keeping, Story on the Constitution and Constitution of Wisconsin, Haven's Mental Philosophy.

SECOND TERM.—Geology, Astronomy, Political Economy, Hicok's Moral Science, Evidences of Christianity, Bushnell's Nature and Supernatural.

Lessons from later English writers weekly throughout the year.

All members of the Institution participate in weekly Rhetorical Exercises, Compositions, and Discussions.

This page from the Baraboo Collegiate Institute catalog illustrates the school's courses of study.

Rules and requirements

It is unbelievable, but "Board and tuition, including room, fuel, and lights (is) \$30 per quarter, if paid in advance." As an alternative, "Board can be obtained in private families for from \$2 to \$2.50 per week." Apparently you could also take only one or two courses of your choosing, at a given

The sleeping arrangements

As promised earlier in this article, there is a puzzle regarding sleeping arrangements. Among the rules and regulations is this statement: "Each boarder will furnish one-half of the entire covering for a bed." Did this mean that two men would have to share a bed, each providing his own blanket? As bizarre as this seems today, it possibly was a common arrangement. Taverns and inns in those days still followed the custom, when overwhelmed with customers for a night, of assigning more than one person to a bed.

There is a famous and true anecdote in this matter involving no less than John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Early in the revolution, while traveling together, they had to spend the night in New Brunswick, N.J., at an inn "so crowded that Adams and Franklin had to share a bed in a room hardly larger than the bed itself, with one small window."

Historian Van Doren states that Adams promptly shut the window, being "afraid of the evening air." Franklin promptly opened it, explaining that the air in the small room would soon be worse than the air outside. The loquacious Franklin immediately launched into such a long discourse on his theories of the cause of colds that Adams fell asleep before Ben was finished. The window stayed open. Such were the sleeping arrangements in those days.

Baraboo Collegiate Institute,

COURSE OF STUDY.

Freshman Year.

FIRST TERM.—Robinson's University Algebra, Fitch's Physical Geography, Willard's U. S. History, Richards' Latin Lessons completed.

SECOND TERM.—Davies' Geometry, Dr. Smith's History of Greece, Liddell's History of Rome, Cæsar's Gallic War.

Lessons from Chaucer and early English writers weekly throughout the year.

Junior Year.

FIRST TERM.—Geometry concluded. Cutter's Physiology, Parker's Natural Philosophy, Sallust's Cataline, Cicero's Orations.

SECOND TERM.—Davies' Trigonometry, Surveying and Civil Engineering, Day's Rhetoric, Wells' Chemistry and Mineralogy, Wood's Botany.

Lessons from writers of the Elizabethan age weekly throughout the year.

Senior Year.

FIRST TERM.—Agassiz & Gould's Zoology, Guizot's History of Civilization, Book-keeping, Story on the Constitution and Constitution of Wisconsin, Haven's Mental Philosophy.

SECOND TERM.—Geology, Astronomy, Political Economy, Hickok's Moral Science, Evidences of Christianity, Bushnell's Nature and Supernatural.

Lessons from later English writers weekly throughout the year.

All members of the Institution participate in weekly Rhetorical Exercises, Compositions, and Discussions.

THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Is preliminary to the Regular Course, and also to accommodate those who can devote but a limited period to study. The text books used are—Colburn's Mental, Robinson's Intellectual, Davies' Elementary, Davies' School, and Davies' University Arithmetics, Davies' New Elementary Algebra, Monteith & McNally's Series of Geographies, National Series of Readers and Spellers, Wright's Orthography, Clark's Grammar, Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar, Richards' Latin Lessons to Section Eleven, and Hanaford & Payson's Book-keeping. Daily instruction is given in Penmanship.

UW-Baraboo/Sauk County

Unlike larger institutions, Boo-U does not maintain dormitories. Its 500 students meet in air-conditioned lecture halls, complete with a separate library building, a large auditorium, and the sparkling new John and Murrel Lange athletic facility, cafeteria and offices. Note that, like the Collegiate Institution, it is located on a high eminence on the edge of town!

Baraboo and Sauk County, with Baraboo carrying a much larger load than the rest of the county, generously provided the buildings in the mid-1960s, with major additions this past year. This combination of civic and private generosity is a guiding light as to how communities our size can not only rival, but in some ways excel the siren song of the larger cities.

Small city ambience, with excellent institutional facilities, an outstanding theater and library, and world centers for circus lore and crane research make Baraboo a great and interesting place to live and work.

But Baraboo had to wait 100 years for an institution of higher learning, when benefactors didn't come forth in 1870 for the Baraboo Collegiate Institute.

Happily this week benefactors came forth to match the Alma Waite funds and get the Ringling theater on track. More will be needed before the job is done, but now the ball is rolling. The venerable theater, first of the great palatial theatres in the United States, will dazzle when the job is done. The art of benefaction is not lost, but is sometimes painfully slow. Let's not wait 100 years for the rest of the theater's needs!

Meantime, don't forget your "half-covering for a bed" tonight!

With regard to the location of the Institute, The Baraboo Intensive Survey reports the following:

Page 161 "The Collegiate Institute (now extant, formerly just west of the Al Ringling home at 623 Broadway).

Page 164: the "Institute Building" on Fifth Avenue.

Baraboo as the Vassar of
the Midwest??
Yesteryear Revisited
By Bob Dewel

Note: The columnist now has a web site, www.drbobdewel.i8.com which lists 217 previous articles, plus a sample article from the past.

Could Baraboo have been the Vassar of the Midwest, referring to that prestigious Eastern and formerly all-female College in Poughkeepsie, New York? More on that in a moment, but first lets set the stage.

With our seven modern elementary schools, plus the Middle and High School, we tend to look back in disdain upon the efforts of the early citizens of Baraboo toward education, as recounted in the previous article. Even if time has exaggerated the story, it is hard to find respect for a school with cracks in the walls so wide that one could throw a cat through them.

The truth is, however, that those hardy pioneers valued and promoted education as best they could in the little village of 1500 souls. What's more, they not only established secondary education, but aspired to even higher goals. They established not one but two Institutes of higher learning less than 20 years after the first settlement on the Baraboo Rapids.

A previous article (Book 1, page 42) described in detail the existence and curriculum of the Baraboo Collegiate Institute of 1854 to 1870. Hard times during and after the Civil War caused its unfortunate demise. Had it survived, Baraboo would be numbered with Beloit, Ripon, Appleton, and Waukesha as a private college town. But it was not to be.

The Female Seminary

There was in operation in Baraboo at the same time, however, a similar institute of higher learning, the Baraboo Female Seminary. Thanks to the resourceful folks at the Sauk County Historical Society, we now know a lot about that attempt by the struggling local citizenry to bring culture, art and refinement to the growing village. The Seminary was chartered in 1856 by the state legislature with an official board of trustees composed of P.A. Bassett, J.B. Crandall, George Mertens, J.W. Powell, F.T. English, J.F. Flanders, D.K. Noyes, and David Munson.

The school buildings stood at the Northeast corner of Sixth and Oak, currently the location of the Episcopal Church. Although nominally under the control of the Wisconsin Presbyterian Synod, the school was non-sectarian, the Church's role being more in the line of aid and support rather than doctrinal control.

Mary Mortimer

After a couple of years with Mary Potter as Principal, aided by Lucy Underwood

and Jane Gregory, the school came under the strong guiding hand of Mary Mortimer. This educator had been born in England in 1815, emigrated at age 5, was orphaned at age 12, but even as a child had devoted her life to education.

She arrived in Baraboo in 1859 with an impressive 20 years experience as a teacher and administrator, and with a strong religious impulse. She had been affiliated with various Women's Seminaries in the east, and also in Milwaukee. Although we think of seminaries today as training schools for ministers, the term was frequently used in earlier days to designate private schools of higher education for women.

It would be hard to overestimate the influence Mary Mortimer had on the Baraboo institution, and a laudatory book about her life was published in 1894, nearly 20 years after her death in 1877. A full chapter is devoted to her years in Baraboo, and she is quoted as



*Very affectionately Yrs
M. K. Mottner*



ONE OF THE FEMALE SEMINARY BUILDINGS, WHICH BECAME
EPISCOPAL PARISH HOUSE

saying that "No time in (her) earlier years gave her more pleasure than the years spent in Baraboo."

The curriculum included heavy doses of Plato and Socrates, plus The Science of Nature, Metaphysics, trigonometry, and the study of the Bible as an historical textbook of great import and guidance for humanity, but without an emphasis on its supposed doctrinal infallibility.

Failure

Unfortunately Miss Mortimer found a greater local financial weakness that was expected in the support of the school. The onset of the Civil War caused some tension among the trustees. In a letter quoted in the book, she says "this horrid war interferes with all good things", and indeed it proved true with regard to the Seminary. Local support waned. There is some indication that it merged or cooperated with the failing Baraboo Collegiate Institute mentioned in the fourth paragraph above.

By 1862 there were irreparable financial problems due to business failures of some of the school sponsors, and Miss Mortimer left in the spring of 1863. A Rev. Kellogg, assisted by members of his family, tried to carry on, but the school soon closed, the buildings being sold to the Episcopal Church. A brass plaque on a stone near the church marks the former location of the seminary.

It would be 100 years before Baraboo got another institution of higher learning, thanks to a progressive city council and county board in the 1960's. UW Baraboo-Sauk County is a great institution. Imagine Miss Mortimer's mortification (sorry for the alliteration) to learn of the modern day de-emphasis of Plato and Socrates, and of the modern and progressive curriculum at the present College.

The Baraboo of the Northeast

Back to the famous Vassar College in Poughkeepsie New York: Would you believe it was founded in

1861, long after the Baraboo Female Seminary (1856)? Had the local Seminary been supported, one can at least imagine that Baraboo, not Vassar, would become the premier prestigious institution. Could it not follow, then, that Vassar, following in its footsteps, would become known as the Baraboo of the Northeast?

Foolish speculation? Perhaps, but who in 1864 could have forseen Baraboo as the home of the World's Greatest Show, and now the world's premier Circus Museum and Research Library. Or, for that matter, an International center of crane restoration, or the home of the nation's first palatial movie palace?

Men and women of vision, with a progressive attitude toward change and a we-can-do-it outlook, can accomplish wonders. We will soon be electing our city and county leaders. The future of Baraboo will for a time be in their hands. May they have the vision of the circus and the crane foundation and the theatre, not the narrow and limited vision of the timid supporters of the Seminary of old.

Recalling the sturdy women of early Baraboo

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Someone has said that behind every successful man is a surprised woman.

The recent series of some 50 articles on Baraboo, as published in the Baraboo Sun and the Baraboo News Republic, has often featured the men who founded and shaped and enhanced the quality of life in the growing city. We aren't told whether their wives were surprised or not!

Women have played an important part, just as did their male counterparts. We will now consider a few of the many ladies who did their share in shaping the community.

Roseline Peck

Already mentioned to some degree in previous articles was the saga of Roseline and Eben Peck and their daughter Victoria. The latter was the first white child to be born in Madison, but thereafter was generally a resident of Baraboo and Sauk County. We don't know how successful a man Eben Peck became if he indeed reached the west coast after abandoning his family. However, he did leave behind a strong and resilient wife Roseline, who survived and raised her family in the man's world of that day.

The Pecks were New Englanders, and his experience as a Wisconsin surveyor created a love for this part of the world, a love so strong that in 1836 he and Roseline came to Blue Mounds and ran a tavern. In 1837 they moved to Madison, the first white family to settle there.

Victoria was born there Sept. 14, 1837 in a newly built log home. The workmen trying to establish a state capitol building were so enamored of the child that she was given the middle name "Wisconsin." Thankfully the Pecks did not accept the suggestion of someone that they name her "Wisconsiniana."

The Pecks came to the Baraboo River valley on horseback in the fall of 1839, she being the first white woman to view the future site of Baraboo. She swam her horse across the swollen river in a manly fashion, but they were driven back by the Indian residents of a village located on the southeast side of the present city. They returned for good in 1840, settling near the present Circus World Museum area.

Eben left for California in 1844, ostensibly to mine gold, but never returned, the rumor being that he was killed by the Indians. Roseline was left with two children, and wrote the following: "From that time on I have struggled alone to bring up my little family. Other settlers began to come into the place; I received them into my house, sometimes with seven or eight children, and frequently sent my teams to assist in erecting their houses, all without charge."

She was soon swindled of her land by claim jumpers, and saw her stand of trees cut down in a flood emergency. When the water threatened the mill the trees were used to divert the river "by some rich capitalists, and do you think any of the proprietors ... have called me to say thank you ... and so my whole life, it seems, thus far has been spent in striving to accommodate others."

Roseline remained all her life in Baraboo, and was sometimes the dispenser of herbs and other remedies before the settlement had a doctor. She healed broken legs with a grease dip of some sort. Roseline often said "there were no deaths in the valley until after the doctors came." Roseline lived until 1899.

Victoria Wisconsin Peck

Roseline's daughter, Victoria Wisconsin Peck, grew up in the little settlement, eventually marrying lawyer and author N.W. Wheeler. After residing in Chippewa Falls until Wheeler's death in 1885, she returned to Sauk County for the rest of her life. She was still alive when Cole published his "History of Baraboo" in 1918, "waiting for the mysterious summons (death)" as Cole put it.

In about 1917, O.D. Brandenburg, editor of the Wisconsin State Journal, attempted an interview featuring her as the first white child born in Madison. Brandenburg was a great booster of Baraboo, and his influence led W.W. Warner, who grew up in Baraboo, to donate funds for the Warner Memorial Highway. We know this as Highway 123, leading from Baraboo to Devils Lake.

Brandenburg's attempt to interview Victoria was a disaster, for the now venerable lady was eccentric and shy. Living in Lake Delton with her second husband, S.A. Hawley, Victoria kept retreating into the little frame house and then appearing somewhat defiantly in a doorway, apparently to contradict her husband, who was now the interviewee.

Part of the controversy was over the location of the trunk with her mother Roseline's things in it. Victoria maintained that it was lost in Omaha, but Hawley claimed it was right in the house. She answered that Hawley was "a late settler. He don't know anything."

Interestingly, the Hawleys were still in contact with Abe Wood's daughter Maggie, and they had visited back and forth. Her location was not given in the article.

Also interesting was Victoria's assertion, corroborated by Hawley, that Eben Peck had not been massacred by the Indians, but had written Roseline sometime in the past, wanting to come back. Even Roseline had said, in 1860, that he had written someone in Madison stating that he had a wife and five or six children in Texas. Roseline invited him, in modern vernacular, to get lost.

Brandenberg reported that Victoria was a very small person, weighing only 97 pounds but standing straight, in a simple cloth wrapper held in place in back by safety pins. She was quite deaf, and very nervous, with blue, almost gray eyes.

Recalling the difficult interview, Brandenberg wrote: "I called at this humble abode, hoping to obtain an interview ... but I had come too late."

The sewing society

Mention was made in a previous article about the Whiskey War, in which some 50 ladies destroyed the alcoholic supplies of local taverns and grocery stores in 1854. Some of them must certainly have been members of the Methodist Sewing Society (1857-1869), since the Methodist pastor was among the several clergymen whose sermons inspired the saloon raids.

The Society kept copious records, its original purpose being to raise funds to build and furnish a parsonage. Women paid 25 cents each, but gentlemen of the church were expected to pay 50 cents to be an associ-



Photo Courtesy of the State Historical Society. Mrs. R. Peck

ate, presumably a non-voting status. If personal sewing was brought, the women paid an extra five cents.

A strict rule was that "No one shall be at liberty to speak evil of any person." At one point, however, the minutes soberly report that "members had a generally pleasant time except that some little misunderstanding caused a slight flareup though nothing serious occurred." That secretary kept rather complete notes, but we'll never know what the slight flareup was!

Belle Case LaFollette

Unlike Roseline and Victoria, Belle Case was destined to live in Washington with her senator husband, dine with a president, and travel to Europe, for Belle Case (1859-1931) was the wife of Wisconsin's legendary "Fighting Bob" LaFollette. She also lived in Madison when husband Bob was governor of Wisconsin.

Belle's family moved to Sauk County when Belle was just three years old. At age 16, having absorbed all that the Baraboo schools had to offer, she entered the University of Wisconsin, soon becoming the first woman in the state to graduate from law school there, in 1885.

In the interim, however she taught school in Spring Green and Baraboo, where John Ringling was one of her pupils. She later described him as a "tall, heavy, dark eyed boy ... good natured, full of fun ... (with) little taste for lessons or books."

Of interest to students today is the fact that she never missed a day of school for 12 successive years, and never missed a class or was late at the university.

Belle and Bob were married in 1881 in Baraboo "by a Unitarian minister; the word 'obey' was omitted." It was said that she was the only person who ever defeated Bob in a debate! (We are not told whether this was a public or a private discussion.) In Washington, she served as his entire staff, except for an occasional hiring of a stenographer.

In a radical departure for women of that day, she spoke frequently at Chautauquas and elsewhere for women's suffrage, world disarmament, child labor laws, and race relations, and she was the first woman to publicly campaign for her husband. At his death in 1925, she declined an appointment to replace him in the United States Senate.

At her death in 1931, the New York Times wrote that Belle "is probably the least known yet most influential of American women who have to do with public affairs in this country."

Other women

Other women of those days deserve recognition, but we know very little about them. We've already written of Angeline Stults, who lost two brothers in the Civil War, and was abandoned by her husband.

Then there is Maria Crandall, who gave the first public address by a woman in Baraboo. It was July 4, 1862, and the village had been in existence for 24 years already. She was not the first woman to attract public attention, though, for in 1853 widow Lucy Perkins was appointed postmistress. Like Roseline and Angeline, she had lost a husband, in this case through death, and had a family to raise. No public social service agencies then.

In 1854, a Baraboo Female Institute of higher learning was established with an all-female staff. By 1858, the Baraboo Collegiate Institute was also formed, and after a series of male professors, the school was run by Almira B. Savage.

Cole writes "No person like her has so fully and deeply impressed itself on the intelligent community of that day as Miss Savage." Had this school not died in 1870 for lack of local private endowment, Baraboo might have had, like Ripon and Beloit, a liberal arts college bearing the name Baraboo.

It was almost 100 years before our present campus of higher learning, the UW-Baraboo/Sauk College, was established. Miss Savage, disappointed in 1870, would have been pleased in 1968 when the UW Center opened. It finally got its major private local endowment in 1997 when another Baraboo woman, Murrell Lange, willed her and her late husband John's estate to the center. Would that the folks in 1870 had been moved to do so!

This essay was titled "The Sturdy Women of Old Baraboo." To those whom we have overlooked, we salute posthumously their unsung accomplishments!

They have their modern sisters in people like Kate Hill, Esther Gray, Marie Ritzenthaler, Alma Waite, and so many others who have donated or will be doing so to the city or one of its institutions. This is often done while the donor is still alive but sometimes anonymously, so they can enjoy while living the benefit they have bestowed on our attractive and progressive corner of the world.



WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



Mrs. Belle Case La Follette

**The News in Baraboo
in 1867 (140 Years
Ago)
Tales From Earlier Days
By Bob Dewel**

In earlier days, all local newspapers had a column called "Locals", recounting the trivia in the lives of its citizens. Today such material, if found at all, is in the police reports and the News-Republic's "Around Town" column, Baraboo being a larger and more sophisticated town than the village of 1867.

A clipping in the Southard scrapbooks at the Sauk County Historical Society was of interest to this writer, who as a youth used to write "locals" for his father's newspaper. The clipping was in the form of a 55-years-ago article which appeared in a Baraboo newspaper in 1922. The review of the 1867 Baraboo news was written by none other than O.D. Brandenburg, editor of the Wisconsin State Journal, who had a fondness for Baraboo, his boyhood home.

In a previous article we told how Brandenburg who, in a conversation with W.W. Warner of Madison, discussed the advantages of Warner's plan to build a memorial highway from Baraboo to Devils Lake. Today we call this State Highway 123, but it is more properly known as the Warner Memorial Road. Thus Warner is a true benefactor of the Baraboo area, with his name memorialized on a plaque near the south city limits.

The 55 years ago Column

Brandenburg's 1922 column is interesting for it presents a cameo view of a few days in 1867 in the village of Baraboo. This was before the railroad came and while it was still a mill town, dependent on the river for power. Stage coaches still operated in every

direction, and the new game of baseball was being developed among the young men of the community.

Here are some of the items Brandenburg reported in his 55-years-ago column. Hops were the principal farm crop in those days, bringing 56 cents a pound. Brandenburg reports that later the hops market fell in 1868, with hops bringing only 15 cents a pound if you could find a buyer and "impoverishing many persons deemed rich, including a Baraboo banker". He reports that six hops houses, some containing as much as two tons of the crop, had burned in the fall of 1967, only occasionally being insured for full value.

There are shorter items, of the type called locals. For example "A. Johnson had his new boots stolen during a courthouse dance and his lady's rubbers also were hooked". Another item reports that Mrs. Frank Brown was thrown from her buggy on Webster's Prairie and suffered a broken shoulder blade.

In Church news, several men, including George Mertons, had met in Taylor's Hall on Sept. 27, 1867, and "effected a parish organization under the name of Trinity (Episcopal) church". Mertons, later a Bank of Baraboo president, was at the time a claim agent, licensed to prosecute claims against the government for bounty back pay or pensions. In other church news, "Father Yocum, the new presiding elder (Presbyterian?), moved to Baraboo, much to the joy of his flock."

The new Bank Building

Speaking of the bank, one of the local items spoke of the construction of the "new bank building", now the Baraboo National Bank it is believed, as "progressing well. Workmen were putting on the cornice and it all presented quite a civilized appearance", Brandenburg reported that now (in 1922), "after more than 50 years, this building is to be replaced ere long, it is said". Actually, the bank's exterior was being remodeled into the current style.

33 Baraboo in 1867

By O. D. BRANDENBURG

Culled From Old Newspaper Files With Comment

Oct-1927

Blanc Peter Richards and J. C. (Shang-
hah Chandler, edited the Sauk county
Large Independent in 1867, and the issue
 for September 21 reports "hops all
F picked," not "a crop hurt by bad cur-
 ing or late harvesting," pressing was
RC in progress and prices ran from 55 to
 66 per pound. One year later it had
col fallen to 15 cents with calamitous
 consequences, ruining scores of Sauk
 county farmers and merchants and
 impoverishing many persons deemed
 rich, including a Baraboo banker. At
 New York six bales were received
 from Germany and 121 bales were
 exported to England.
dy The hophouse of James and Ed.
Hill, "five miles west of town," was
 burned August 24, with nine bales of
 hops, besides two tons belonging to
dy J. O. Pierce, who carried \$2,000 in
 insurance. Some \$500 was on the house
 and the Hill hops were fully covered.
col John Aten also lost a house and crop
 near Logansville, insurance \$2500, an-
ga other was burned in Ironton, with
vice \$2500 insurance—six hophouses in
 the county altogether that fall of '67.
lize The state fair opened at Madison,
 September 21, and Thad. Stevens,
 statesman, lay dying at Lancaster,
ga Pa.
CC The editor urged guideboards for
 the Devils lake road.
ci The "crossing or causeway" at the
 brewery was in a dangerous state and
 "liable every day to be the cause of
bio breakdown to white men's wagons,"
 "Shanghai" would like to drive the
ga roadmaster over it, naked, blindfolded
 and with his hands tied behind him-
 self until he promised to mend it." The
 Canfield's name is substituted Octo-
 ber 15, while the paper became demo-
cratic. In a signed editorial J. C.
 Chandler declares "I am not a demo-
 crat and believe that party advocates
 damnable principles," and he adds,
 he'd rather "go to stealing chickens
 than edit a democratic paper."
cc Atwood and Tiltstein at Lyons were
 preparing to "burn a limekiln from
 cobblestones picked up in the neigh-
 borhood."
cc Oct. 15 the new bank building was
 progressing, workmen were putting on
 the cornice and the "structure begins
 to assume somewhat of a cityfied
 appearance." Now, after more than
 50 years, this building is to be re-
 placed ere long, it is said.
cc Butter brought 30c in October, 1867,
 eggs 15, potatoes 45, wheat 1.75.
cc J. Dodd advertised that he had tak-
 en up eight hogs, each weighing
 from 150 to 200 pounds.
cc Mrs. Betsy Bigford died, aged 78,
 on October 11.
cc Rosette P. Thrall opened a select
 school in Taylor's hall, "a discipline
 to be strict yet kind," with tuition

out in this county—by a Dutchman
 digging a well;" also of the finding of
 a "stone wheel Dr. Wood has shown
 us which was dug from many feet
 below the surface on the high bank
 of the Baraboo river."
 Dan Rice's "great show" exhibited
 in Baraboo August 24, Portage Aug-
 23, Sauk August 26, 1867.
 "Our villagers" were delighted by
 a concert given by Dr. Harrison, Leon
 and Russ.
A. Johnson had his new boots stol-
 en during a courthouse dance and
 "his lady's rubbers also were hooked."
 Daniel Baxter, aged 78, who died
 in Prairie du Sac, was the contrac-
 tor "for building the new territorial
 capitol," and had been a colleague
 of Silas Wright in the New York leg-
 islature.
 Local Episcopallians met in Taylor's
 hall Sept. 24, 1867, and effected a
 parish organization under the name
 of Trinity church, with A. H. With-
ington senior warden and C. W. Kel-
logg junior warden, and A. J. Cooper,
George Mertens, Thomas Oates, Al-
bert H. Marzetti and Peter Richards
 vestrymen.
 George Mertens, later banker, was
 a licensed claim agent, "to prosecute
 claims against the government for
 bounty back pay or pensions."
A. J. Braley and his dog killed a
 female wildcat almost three feet long
 from "nose to hohtail" in the town
 of Excelsior on Pettis prairie. It was
 "littered with the bones of the henhouse."
 October 8, 1867, the title of "Rich-
 ards and Chandler" appears at the
 head of The Independent, and W. H.
Canfield's name is substituted Octo-
 ber 15, while the paper became demo-
 cratic. In a signed editorial J. C.
 Chandler declares "I am not a demo-
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 on October 11.
Rosette P. Thrall opened a select
 school in Taylor's hall, "a discipline
 to be strict yet kind," with tuition

\$4 a term.
Julia Van Ingen, Marietta Spencer,
Helen Wright and Julia Spencer an-
 nounced that they were open to en-
 gagement as teachers.

* * *

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When skating was fine at Oak
 and Fifth, northeast corner?
 When hop picking was a popular
 fall sport?
 When the rotten pieces were
 consistently at the bottom of loads
 of wood brought in for snie?
 When trees grew where the de-
 pot stands?
 When one of the "ole swimmin'
 holes" was right here in the mill
 race— after dark.
 When all the big fish were
 caught in Gilson's slough?
 When the postoffice was opposite
 the Presbyterian church?
 When Dave Mansfield licked
 Billy Brinson in a barber shop?
 When it was a big day's trip to
 Kilbourn and back?
 When cignons were in vogue?
 When the Warren House was a
 crockery store?
 When men agreed on the Bara-
 boo bank corner to hang Pat. Wild-
 rick, —and did.
 When school was held in the
 basement of the old Methodist
 church, Broadway at Fifth?
 When an overcoat on a boy in
 Baraboo was a novelty?
 When Ten Nights in a Barroom,
 Shanghai Chandler starring real-
 istically, was played in Taylor's
 hall?
 When, 50 years ago, the blue
 glass cure intrigued many?
 When Fred Pierson and Dick
 Richards were the nobbiest fellows
 in town—nifty and well-groomed?
 When Walt. Noyes clerked in
 his father's postoffice?
 When Levi Crouch had a mon-
 opoly of local stone quarries?
 When a grand grove of hard
 maples shaded the old Case home-
 stead on Lynn street then name-
 less?
 When one good, puffy little
 woman was always late to morn-
 ing service in the Methodist
 church?
 When Rev. J. E. Irish Methodist
 dry, was appointed consul at
 Cognoc, France, famous for its
 brandy?
 When H. H. Potter sold his be-
 loved pastor a spavined horse—at
 least the victim mischievously
 hinted as much from the pulpit
 while his good friend grinned?
 When the Cliff house at the
 lake, Baniface Pearl the proprietor,
 was a prosperous resort—alas, now
 all gone forever?
 When "running logs" in Pratt's
 mill pond was a thrilling sport?

Den: speak of the only cranium of a muskox
Fic: ever found in the United States being
 discovered "20 feet below the surface



A view of the Baraboo river on July 4, 1868. This was probably taken from the south end of Oak Street, looking East. The first Walnut Street bridge can be seen. The river looks full and perhaps flooded.

Some of the 1867 building is said to be still remaining today in 2007 under the 1922 façade. The bank has been greatly enlarged both to the south and west, since 1922, of course.

Benefactors to be

In an item suggestive of our modern Garrison Keillor, the 1867 paper reported that "A. J. Bradley and his dog killed a female bobcat almost three feet long from 'nose to bobtail', in the town of Excelsior on Pettis Prairie. It was in the henhouse."

Brandenberg reports that the Dan Rice Great Show circus exhibited in Baraboo on August 24 1867. Who would have guessed that those young and talented Ringling boys, living at times on the upper story of Taylor's Hall over their fathers struggling harness shop, would some day outdo Dan Rice in the circus business. They become the Worlds Greatest Showmen and put Baraboo on the map forever as Circus City U.S.A., with the worlds' greatest collection of circus memorabilia and wagons at the museum.

One of the Ringlings later built our Al Ringling Theatre which is generally regarded as the first of the great American movie palaces which sprung up over the country. Another local boy, Ron Sauey, along with his colleague George Archibald, developed the International Crane Foundation in Baraboo. John Kelley badgered local leaders to establish the Circus World Museum, another significant Baraboo institution.

Other articles by this writer have in the past chronicled young people who have gone on to high achievement in their fields, and we anticipate that the present generation of young people in our schools will make similar contributions to society, and hopefully to the home town which made their education possible.

There was more local news. One writer complained of the condition of the street in front of Rhuland's Brewery. He suggested that the street

commissioner of the day should be driven "over it, naked, blindfolded, and with his hands tied behind him, until he promised to mend" the street. The letter writer did not, however, suggest raising everyone's taxes to cover the cost of road maintenance.

There is another column on the same page of the Historical Society's Southard scrapbook, with somewhat similar but more pithy comments, which we may pursue if this article proves to be of interest.

They Lynched Men in
Portage in 1869
Yesteryear Revisited
By Bob Dewel

Justice was sometimes swift and uneven in the pioneer days. In an earlier article we reported on two duels fought in Sauk County in the early times. Today's article reports on not one but two lynchings that occurred in Portage, but involving Sauk County persons in one of the dastardly acts. In each case, both victims appear to have been white men.

Pat Widrick

The first lynching, on or about Sept. 15, 1869, involved the neck of one Patrick Widrick of Kilbourn, now Wisconsin Dells. Widrick had a history of being a "notorious desperado—probably one of the worst men that ever trod on Wisconsin soil" according to a later article in the Baraboo Daily News.

Widrick had already served two years in Waupun for highway robbery, and soon after his release he robbed and murdered Schuyler S. Gates of Kilbourn, netting \$2400. Gates was in the process of moving his property and his cash to Muscoda by river, and he and his wife were camped along the river for the night. After murdering Gates, the paper says that the wife's "person was violated" by Widrick. He was jailed in Baraboo, escaped, was recaptured, and then released on bail.

Soon after this, Widrick was arrested in Portage while in the act of highway robbery of Iver Oelson, a Norwegian stranger, and was jailed there. By this time the citizens had had enough of Widrick, fearing that witnesses would suddenly disappear.

Apparently the lynching was planned well in advance, for several men arrived by train, apparently from Kilbourn. Others came by horseback or wagon from Baraboo, traversing the dirt

road and crossing the covered bridges over the Baraboo and Wisconsin rivers.

The Baraboo paper said that the local men wanted "to be present when the excitement took place." Three men entered the jail, capturing the sheriff and his deputy. The Sheriff was blindfolded and gagged, and three men sat upon him during the proceedings with Widrick, who was dragged from his cell with the noose around his neck, and hung from a tree.

In favorable editorial comment, the Portage paper stated that Widrick would not have received the proper justice through the courts, and that the lynchers "were impressed with the belief that they had a sacred duty to perform, and they performed it decently and in order".

William Spain

If this was not enough, another man was lynched in Portage. Two Irishmen, both Civil War veterans from the same company, had quarreled during the war and afterwards. After meeting on the streets of Portage in a bitter quarrel, Spain returned to his home and got a gun, caught up with Barney Britt, and shot him through the heart.

This act was accompanied by remarks printed in the newspapers of that day but not suitable for the News-Republic's readers. Spain was immediately apprehended, and within a short time, a half hour according to the paper, he was lynched. Interestingly, Spain was a lawyer, and had been counsel for Widrick in another matter.

It is unclear whether Spain was lynched before or after Widrick's sudden demise by lynching, but it appears both were lynched within a few days of each other. Spain was also a former Register of Deeds for Columbia County.

The Ku Klux Klan

Not yet in existence was the Ku Klux Klan, notorious for its lynching of persons of color in the United States in later years. Both of the men lynched in Portage were white men, lynched for specific crimes. South Central Wisconsin



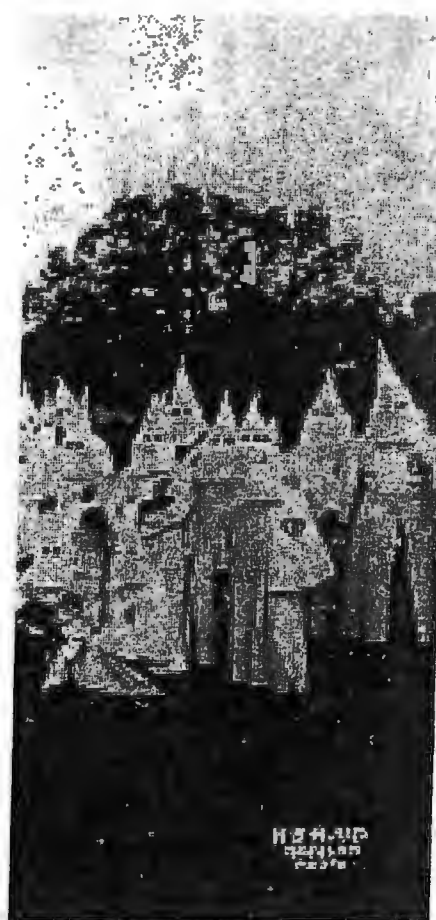
One half of a photo of a Klan convention in Madison, about 1920

was not far removed from the frontier days, with its swift but sometimes imperfect justice.

The lynchings associated with the Klan were much more recent, and the Klan was for some time a significant movement in the country. The photo accompanying this article shows just a part of the huge gathering in Madison, and identification is obviously impossible due to the hooded heads of the members. The complete photo shows three times as many members, and only part of it is reproduced here.

Were Sauk County men involved? We don't know, but there was at least one cross burned in Baraboo along the railroad tracks. Most of the men, if not all, are dead now, and their Klan secrets went to the grave with them. It is said that many men were lured into the organization believing it was simply a fraternal organization for like-minded white men. Once in, they were gradually indoctrinated with the warped and violent philosophy of the leaders, it is believed.

Modern justice is slow, but more competent. Even so, DNA and other evidence is causing commutation of death sentences in Illinois and elsewhere. Widrick and Spain were born 150 years too soon!



This photo is part of a three-foot long photo of a Klan Convention in Madison. It is believed that the photo was taken in about 1920

9-23-19

DARK DEED WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO

Patrick Wildrick Was Lynched At Portage After Committing Crime In Sauk County 1869

It was fifty years ago last Thursday since Pat Wildrick was lynched at Portage. He was accused of the murder of Schuyler S. Gates near Kilbourn and a mob hanged him to a convenient tree. The Columbia county history says he was a notorious desperado—probably one of the worst men that ever trod on Wisconsin soil. He had served two years in Waupun for highway robbery, and soon after his release Gates was robbed of \$2,400. The crime was laid to the Pat Wildrick gang and the accused was placed in jail at Baraboo. Here he broke jail, was recaptured, and later released on bail. Soon after Gates was murdered and Wildrick was accused.

The lynching of Wildrick was conducted shrewdly, a number from Baraboo going to Portage about that time to be present when the excitement took place. Two men with a third one between them, went to the jail and knocked on the door. Deputy Koerner, upon answering the knock, was informed that they were officers in charge of a criminal whom they wished to lock up. They were admitted, the officer was seized and soon Wildrick was swinging from a tree.

This event took place on September 18, 1869, not quite two days after William H. Spain had shot Barney Britt on one of the public thoroughfares of Portage. Both Britt and Spain were Irishmen, soldiers of the Civil war and quarreled over old incidents. Spain was hanged from a tree a few hours after the dark deed.

These two events were the topic of conversation in Portage for many days.

A Hall of Fame

BOB
DEWEL

▼
YESTERYEAR
REVISITED

community

This is an article in which the pictures tell much of the story — the known story, that is, for the newspapers did not report sports as religiously 140 years ago as they do now.

The fact is, though, that a baseball used by a Baraboo team of 1866 is on permanent display at the Cooperstown, N.Y. Baseball Hall of Fame! It is labeled

"Ball from Baraboo (Wisc) Baseball Club of 1866-77." What's more, they also have a "Uniform of Baraboo Wisconsin Club, 1866" on display. They were donated in 1939 by Alburn Lippitt, apparently a descendant of Grant Lippitt, shown in the picture with this article.

It was Harley Vodak who, when touring that facility, was startled to find the ball and uniform on display. Besides Vodak, Steve Rundio confirms seeing the display. Rundio is an expert on the baseball scandal of 1919, which has a Sauk County connection — more on that later.



Historical Society Photo

The Baraboo baseball team of 1874 included (from left) M.E. Spring, Rube Baldwin, Sam Briscoe, Ira Harris, Grant Lippitt and Will Dodd.

Further research revealed a picture in Goc's "Many a Fine Harvest" of "Sauk's first baseball team, Baraboo, 1869." The same picture can be found in Derleth's "Sauk County," complete with names, but dated 1874. Left to right, the names are M.E. Spring, Rube Baldwin, Sam Briscoe, Ira Harris, Grant Lippitt and Will Dodd. The breastplates on the Cooperstown uniform and that of the Goc picture are quite similar, but of a slightly different style of lettering.

Sports activity

It appears that Baraboo, and probably other county towns, had an active sports program as far as baseball was concerned. Basketball was not invented until 1891, and football was in its infancy in 1866 as an offshoot of rugby. A leading theory is that baseball was first played in 1839 in Cooperstown.

At the Sauk County Historical Society a baseball team uniform from the early 1900s is on display, apparently sponsored by the Island Woolen Mill. The pants are knee-length britches, and the material is a scratchy, heavy-weight wool, perhaps produced in the local mill though the label reads "Davega" of New York City.

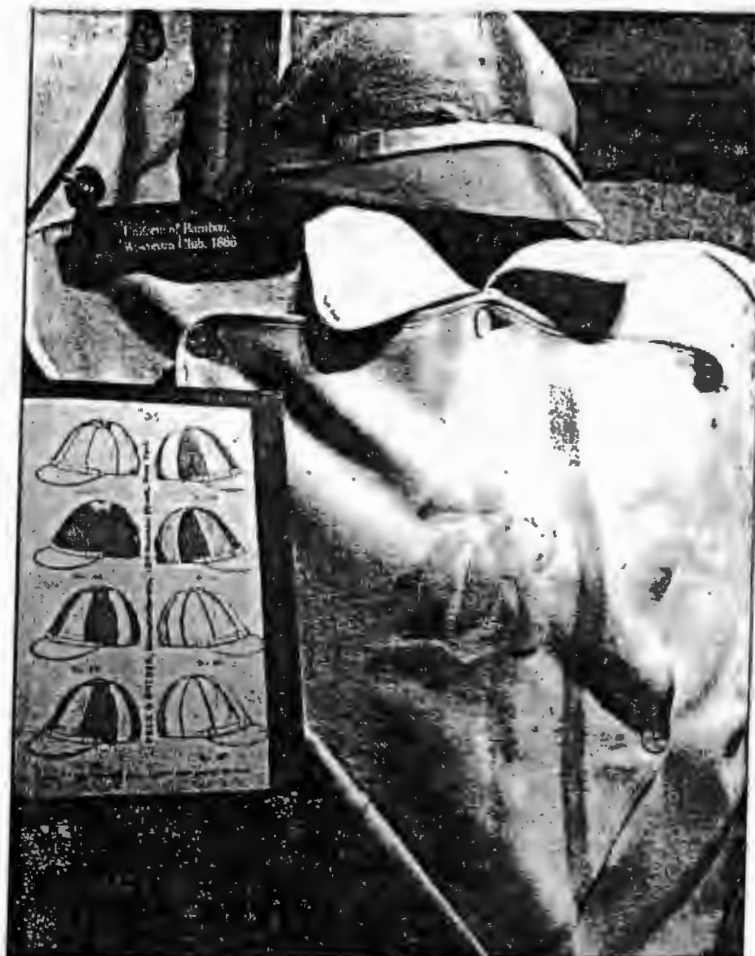
Lange, in "A County Called Sauk," reported on baseball as follows: "The Baraboo club was organized in 1866 and was one of the few in this area to have uniforms — they were red, white, and blue. In order to play a game

away from here, the players had to take off a day from work; get up early, sometimes before dawn; and ride for up to several hours on a horse or in a buggy over roads that were bumpy and rutty. The game was usually followed by a dance in the evening."

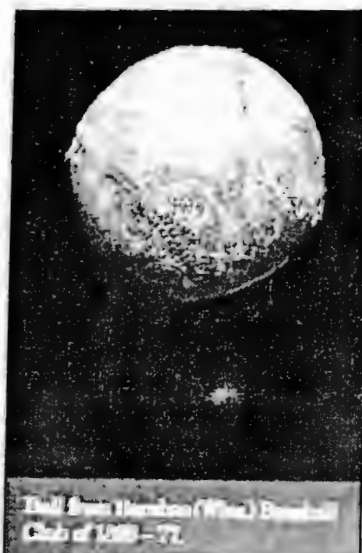
There was little other entertainment. Both Baraboo and Reedsburg also had horse racing tracks for recreation and competition.

The 1919 scandal

Rundio is a specialist on the "Black Sox Scandal" of 1919, in which eight Chicago White Sox players were banned from professional baseball for life for plotting to lose the World Series to Cincinnati in exchange for money to be paid by gamblers.



MILO STEWART, BASEBALL HALL OF FAME, COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.



Pictured at top is a uniform and hat from the Baraboo Baseball Club of 1866 that is on display at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. Also showcased there is a ball from the Baraboo Baseball Club from 1866-67 (above left). Shown above right is a uniform from the Island Woolen Club that dates back to the early 1900s and belongs to the Sauk County Historical Society.

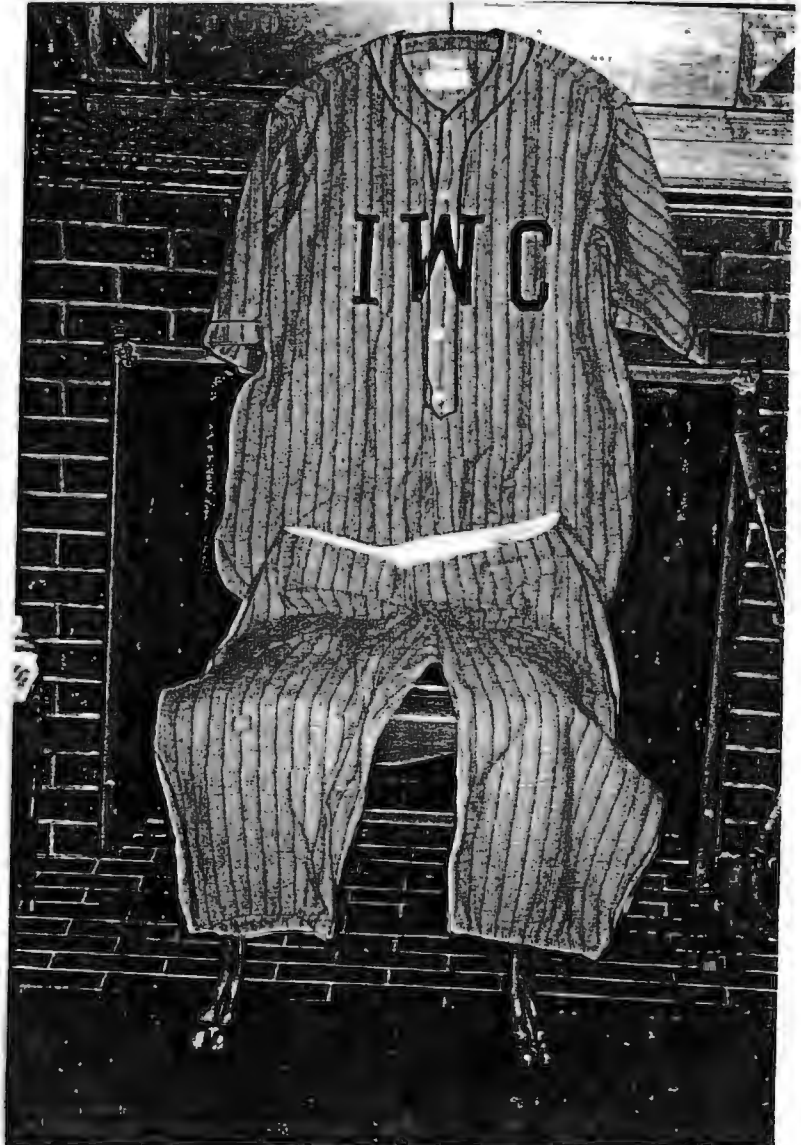
It develops that two of the men had subsequent connections to baseball in Sauk County! Happy Felsch, a Milwaukee native, was associated with a Sauk City team in the mid-1920s. In Reedsburg, Buck Weaver managed the local team, sponsored by Sorg's Ice Cream, at about the same time. During the Depression years, many Mid-west towns sponsored bush league professional teams, both white and African-American.

Today

Locally, a Baraboo youth, Robert Schell, won national recognition just this month for winning a baseball jersey signed by the legendary Ty Cobb! (See Page 1A of today's News Republic.) Schell, age 14, also got to go to the All-Star game and met many of today's major league players.

In Baraboo, baseball is alive and well, with the Baraboo Bandits Legion team at the State Line Tournament as we write. There's also the River Dogs home talent team. At the high school, the varsity baseball team took second place this year in the conference. Its coach, Paul Kujak, has a 123-75 record in 11 years, with three conference championships and six second-place finishes.

Hold on to those uniforms, men, Cooperstown might be calling for them someday, who knows!



BOB DEWEL /
SPECIAL TO THE NEWS REPUBLIC

This Island Woolen Club uniform dates back to the early 1900's. It is preserved at the Sauk County Historical Society.



Island Woolen Mills, Baraboo, Wis.

James Adams Collection

Island Woolen Mill Baraboo

Cardiff giant could have been Baraboo giant

It was an international sensation in 1869. The petrified "body" of a 10-foot-4-inch human giant was found in Cardiff, N.Y., by workmen digging a well. Many members of the scientific community had pronounced it to be a genuine petrification.

It was named the Cardiff giant, it was humbug, and it all began in Baraboo!

George Hull

The arrival of George Hull in Baraboo in 1867 was inauspicious. A native of Binghamton, N.Y., he occupied what historian Butterfield calls a shelly kind of building, and "entered into the manufacture of cigars, employing a couple of workers, and being associated with certain others as a peddler of his wares. His chief delight was to expound (negatively) fidelity ... his peddle wagon movements were mysterious, circuitous, and nocturnal."

Before the year was out his building burned while he was away peddling his cigars, but curiously the rickety building and its contents were insured for \$12,000. If skulduggery was involved is not known, but it is known that he settled for only \$1,000!

Hull was not highly regarded in the community, being known later as "a humbugger whose genius Barnum may covet." As we shall see later, Barnum did covet it! Whether Butterfield's remarks about Hull are hindsight, considering what happened, is not indicated.

The Baraboo connection

Hull's time in Baraboo was short, but there is evidence that the Cardiff giant hoax was not only conceived in Baraboo, but that the so-called petrified giant might well have had a Baraboo burial. If so, its later discovery and place in history would mean that its name would be the Baraboo giant!

Butterfield cites two matters as evidence of the Baraboo connection. One fact is that "a prominent official of this city, who has been known to have been in terms of intimacy with him, has developed the fact that Baraboo came near to being decided as the source of the burial and subsequent discovery."

Baraboo was especially appealing due to the presence then of a plethora of Indian burial mounds. One of these Hull is said to have tentatively selected as a receptacle of a mysterious "something". "I will sell fifty times as well as any cigars I make," George was quoted as saying.

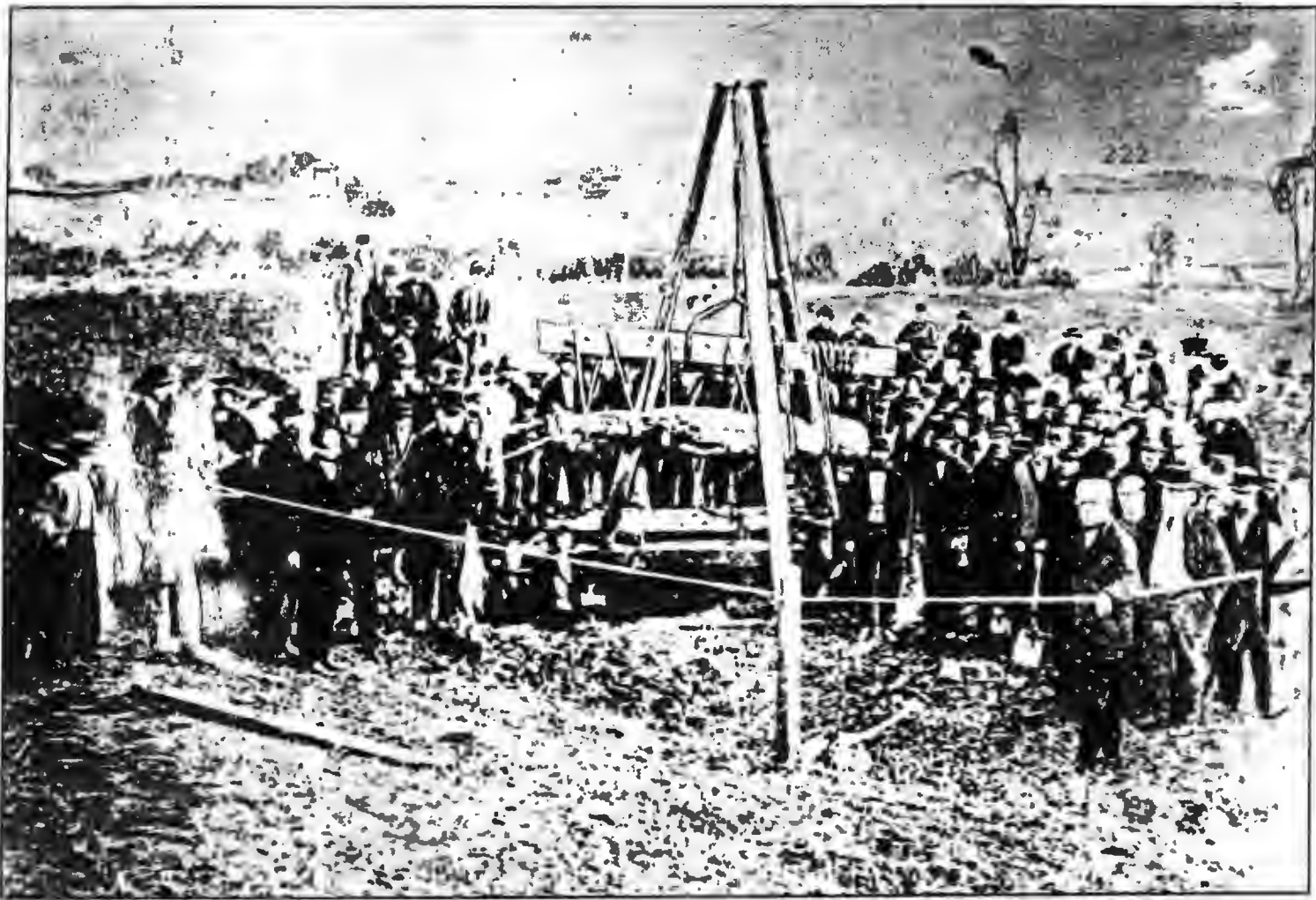
Other evidence is the following, in which it is suggested that a Baraboo man of unusual physical proportions was the model. Butterfield says, "Our District Attorney has recognized a perfect type of that of one of our most prominent citizens, in the ponderous proportions of a prominent feature, and openly charges him of being in complicity with Hull and standing with him for the model." Other reports state that Hull himself stripped and served as the model for the sculptor.

Butterfield published his history in 1880, only 10 years later. His extensive treatment of the subject was in reply to a Dr. Westcott of Syracuse, N.Y., who had written the Baraboo postmaster about Hull. Without indicating its author, Butterfield quotes an extensive reply. It speaks of Hull's penetrating eyes and 6-foot-3 stature and ever-slick hair, "with the ingenuity to dupe, diddle, defraud and gull a whole continent." Other authors say that Hull always dressed totally in black, and seemed to thrive on a mysterious attitude and mien.

The scheme

Hull's residence in Baraboo was short, and he seems to have left in late 1867 or early 1868, taking with him the scheme he is said to have conceived here. June 1868 finds Hull and another man in Fort Dodge, Iowa, where they commissioned the cutting of a huge gypsum block, 12 feet long and 3 feet wide and 18 inches thick. It was moved to the rail yard with difficulty, its excessive weight damaging two bridges and a wagon. It was also shortened to about 10 feet to reduce the weight.

The gypsum block arrived in Chicago, and was moved to a warehouse on North Clark Street, where the windows were covered over and strict secrecy prevailed for some three weeks. A newly arrived German sculptor, Edward Burghardt, was hired, and work began. Plenty of beer was supplied, making it unnecessary for the worker and his assistant to leave until the work was finished.



CONTRIBUTED

The Cardiff giant is shown being moved from its resting place near Cardiff, N.Y.

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All were sworn to secrecy, of course, nor was the purpose of the project revealed to them. In 18 days, the work was finished, producing the figure of a giant man. The sculptor had included head hair ringlets and a beard, with Hull had chiseled away since hair would be destroyed in petrification and then the figure was aged with acid, followed by English Tea to darken and streak the gypsum.

The finished statue featured a 6-inch nose, arms almost 5 feet long, an 8-inch second finger, and a 21-inch foot. It weighed 2,990 pounds.

It is alleged that one, and perhaps two iron-bound ton and a half boxes seem to have been involved in a scheme to ship the sculpture to New York and hoodwink revenue officers. With only one shipping ticket, one box was filled

with cigar-making equipment, which indeed was checked by the revenue agents, and the other case contained the sculpture — which certainly would have surprised the agents had they opened it! It is not believed that the agents were searching for a statue, but only because, of Hull's shifty reputation and the possibility of smuggling.

The other box was transported in secrecy to the William (Stub) Newell farm near the village of Cardiff, N.Y., Newell being Hull's brother-in-law. Newell's family had been sent away on some expedition, thus knew nothing of the scam. Newell once had a big toe removed due to frostbite, and wore it

with a chain around his neck.

Somehow the two men opened the box, dug a deep grave, and tumbled the 3,000 pound statue into it. Immediately it was covered with barnyard dirt, and allowed to season for a year.

The burial

Even at this time, it is believed only a handful of men knew the scheme. Hull and Newell obviously knew the whole scheme, but the German sculptor, his assistant, and the owner of the building probably did not know the purpose of the scheme.

Hull seems to have left the area, and the statue rested quietly for a year, at which time Newell arranged for men to start digging a well, at a spot which he designated. Lo and behold, the shovels hit an object, which when uncovered disclosed a huge foot. Further excavation, of course, exposed the giant statue.

The statue was an instant sensation, and by the next day Newell had put a tent over the trench and started charging 50 cents to view the petrification. A small company was organized, with Hull now participating, with shares at \$100. At this point Newell and Hull disposed of their ownership to new stockholders, presumably for a handsome sum, said to be \$30,000. Since their escapade had only cost \$2,200 by the time of burial, the profit was great in those days before inflation devalued the dollar. Historian Butterfield reported in 1880 however, that Hull was living near Binghamton, N.Y., and was "poor as a church mouse."

This may seem like the end of the story, but there were other developments involving P.T. Barnum and others to be considered in a subsequent article.

Circus World Museum's Robert Parkinson Library and Research Center has been helpful in preparing these articles, as has Dr. L.L. Titsworth of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FROM OUT OF THE PAST



The Cardiff Giant

Unmasking of giant hoax unfurls a legend

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The unearthing of the Cardiff giant in 1869 was an international event, one which might well have happened in Baraboo, as explained in the first part of this series of articles. Thousands of the curious flocked to the Newell farm near Cardiff, N.Y., to view the giant, greatly improving the business climate of nearby Syracuse.

Many scientists, without real investigation, accepted the carving as an authentic petrification, and those who didn't were ignored.

Among those who were interested was the legendary P.T. Barnum, for it seemed a logical acquisition for his New York museum of oddities. His offer of \$50,000 was refused, however. Not to be outdone, Barnum had his own plaster of Paris stature created and displayed, calling it a hoax of a hoax. Barnum's letterhead of the day even included a drawing of the statue.

Meantime, people were beginning to talk, people like the German sculptor who, when told his workmanship was poor, said "Vell, they hurried me like donder ... any baker could make so goot things out of dough," which in itself was a confusing reply.

A former employee of George Hull demanded \$10,000 for his silence, but exposed the hoax when his demand was refused. More and more scientists how denounced the statue, but the people kept coming!

Biblical implications

Why did Hull create the hoax, expending money and time and physical effort? It is said that, as an atheist, he "became so irritated at hearing a local minister (in Baraboo?) spout off about a prehistoric race of giants in the Bible that he decided to ridicule the Good Book.

"Actually, the discovery of the giant statue was hailed by the fundamentalist religious leaders of the time as scientific proof that the Bible, which mentions giants some 18 times, was the inerrant word of God.

It should be remembered that Darwin's teachings of evolution were still relatively unknown in those days, and there was widespread support then for word-for-word interpretation of the Bible. In truth, even accounts in non-Christian mythology of giants were still of interest, and children read of Jack and the Beanstalk, Jack the giant killer, and of course David and Goliath.

The presence of giants was unquestioned in the rural Bible belt of upstate New York in those days, and the discovery of the apparent petrification proved in many minds that the Bible was indeed correct. People and religious leaders wanted to believe that the Cardiff giant was a real petrified giant, and they continued to flock to the little farm. People wanted to see for themselves. Religious devotion to the discovery, in hindsight, seems a little too eager.

Exposure

On Nov. 5, 1869, the carving was moved to Syracuse. The bickering over authenticity among the scientific community of the day, plus the gathering evidence that it was a hoax, only fanned interest in the humbug. Inquiring reporters soon linked together Hull, the Iowa quarry, the

German stonecutter, and the heavy and mysterious shipment along with the Newell farm discovery.

Great arguments arose then as to which was the greater hoax, the Cardiff giant or Barnum's hoax of a hoax. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes and Ralph Waldo Emerson had been taken in by the humbug. Belief started to ebb when both giants appeared on display in New York City at the same time.

In truth, within a generation a man by the name of Robert Wadlow did achieve a height of well over 8 feet, reportedly due to glandular irregularities. He traveled the country as an exhibition for various commercial enterprises. Another man, Eddie Carmel, is said to have attained a height of 9 feet, and weighed 555 pounds, but this was disputed. None attained the stature of the Cardiff giant, who appeared

to be perfectly formed in every anatomical detail. It was hailed by believers as the eighth wonder of the world. It even got a few votes in some New York election!

A 1902 autobiography by one Andrew White has provided firsthand information, for he viewed the statue while it was still on the farm near Cardiff. He said there was almost an air of reverence among the crowds viewing the statue, though he himself immediately viewed it as a fraud.



The Cardiff giant rests in the soil of Cardiff, N.Y., viewed by a line of gawkers.

CONTRIBUTED

Like all sensations, public interest finally waned, and after various promotional attempts, the statue eventually found its way back to a warehouse in Fort Dodge, Iowa. In 1947 it was traced to the game room of an Iowa millionaire, and was purchased and returned to New York. There it is on display today in a museum in Cooperstown. The fee to see it is now \$9. Hull would be pleased!

Conclusion

And Hull? Later he is said to have tried the hoax again with ape bones and clay, but no one fell for it. He later moved to England, where he died. In reflecting on the escapade, Hull said, "People will believe anything. It worked because people wanted to believe it." Some wanted to believe for religious reasons, some for scientific reasons.

And how was all this viewed... in Baraboo? Butterfield devotes several pages to it in his history. In a mocking alliteration of words, part of which we have spared you, he writes: "We'll erect a grand triumphal arch, on which shall be inscribed 'the Hull Hog or None,' and ... the procession shall Hull and eat peanuts ... Hull shall be the watchword, Hull the password, Hull the countersign ... and the parole shall be Hull. We'll have the mightiest Hull-ibulloo in the Hull world."

In the first article, we told how the Cardiff giant hoax was conceived in Baraboo by Hull, and could well have been buried in an Indian mound and then discovered later. Thus it could have been known as the Baraboo giant, with 130 years of publicity.

Perhaps it is just as well that we do not hold this dubious honor. Baraboo is not noted for hoaxes and misconceptions, like some tourist traps, but rather by quality attractions and institutions.

Consider Circus World Museum, the Al. Ringling Theatre, the University of Wisconsin college, the Inter-

national Crane Foundation, and the Mid-Continent Railway Museum, and of course Devils Lake, all quality attractions. What a fortunate city we live in!

With our Norman Rockwell-like Courthouse Square and usually progressive attitude, Baraboo would not be a fitting location for one of the great hoaxes and misrepresentations of all time. Maybe it is a good thing that George Hull left and took his scheme with him.

But we still have a small claim to the notoriety. If you go to Circus World next summer, when the sideshow tent is up and located near the big top, walk inside. There you will find Baraboo's hoax of a hoax for there, reclining with that faint smile on his face, is a 10-foot replica of the Baraboo — no, the Cardiff — giant!



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A Better View of the Cardiff Giant, as seen in the Farmers Museum in Cooperstown Md.. A replica could be seen in earlier years at the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, due to its connection with Barnum



Peck's Department Store and delivery wagon