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OUTLINE

SKETCHES OF SAUK COUNTY;

INCLUDING

ITS HISTORY,

FROM THE FIRST MARKS OF MAN'S HAND TO 1851,

AND

Its Topography,

BOTH WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED.

BY WILLIAM H. CANFIELD,
CIVIL ENGINEER.



BARABOO, WIS.:
A. N. KELLOGG, PRINTER, REPUBLIC OFFICE.
1861.

1729704

The heterogeneous matter herein bound together may be of some value hereafter. Many of the items would have been buried in oblivion had "Outline Sketches" not caught them, which has been the work of almost half a century. The work has been one of love and pleasure, except when letter sharks for lucre have been stolen from our "sketches" before they were complete, crippling the author, and collection of subjects. If this volume is of historic value in the years to come, the aim of the author will have been accomplished.

WM. H. CANFIELD.

Dated Oct. 20, 1890.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

It is the desire of the undersigned to present a collection of historical, topographical, and physical observations and facts, relative to this portion of the country. It being an even period of time, when the United States census has been taken, and now completed, and seeing the necessity of preserving such facts and observations as have already been collected, and collecting still others, it has seemed to me appropriate now to present to the public the following work.

WM. H. CANFIELD.

MANSION HOUSE,

THOS. INGALLS, Proprietor.

REEDSBURG, WIS.

Livery Stable Attached.

REEDSBURG BANK,

S. MACKEY & CO.

J. MACKEY, *Banker.*

F. J. MACKEY, *Cashier.*

J. W. LUSK,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

REEDSBURG, WIS.

ELLINWOOD, CARVER & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, FURNITURE, &c.,

REEDSBURG, - - WISCONSIN.

AUSTIN SEELEY,

Manufacturer of Guns,

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

GUNS, REVOLVERS, AND GUN MATERIAL ON HAND.

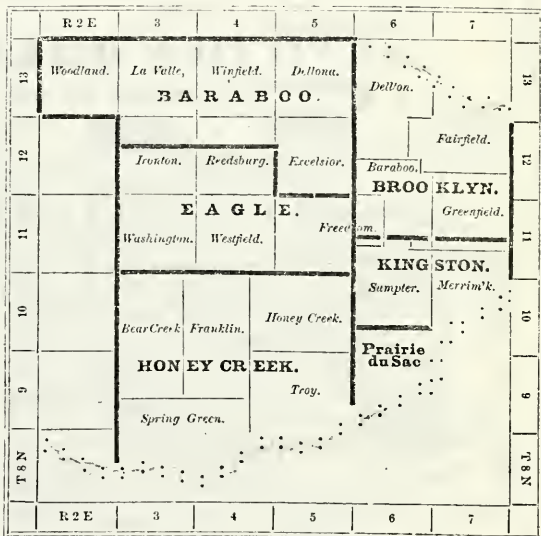
Reedsburg, Wis.

Repairing of all kinds Neatly Done and Warranted.

THE ORIGINAL TOWNS

OF

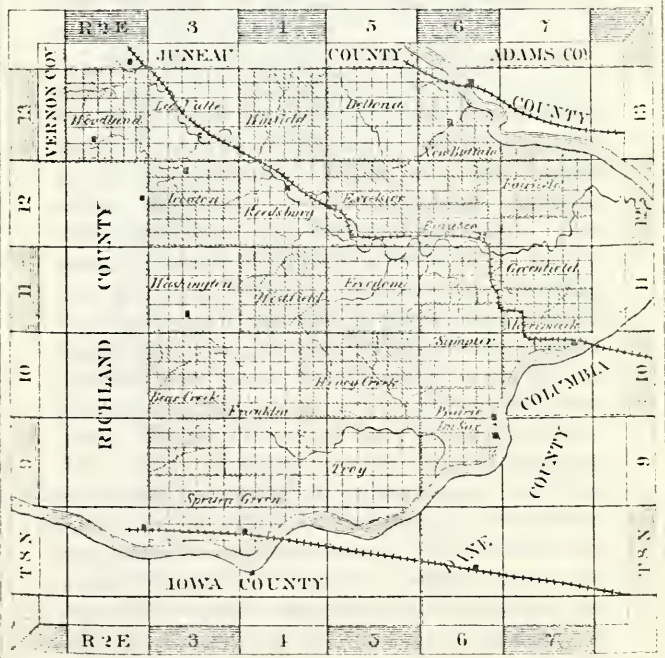
SAUK COUNTY.



THE above Towns were organized at the first sitting of the board of County Commissioners after the organization of the State government, January 10th, 1849.

The lighter lining shows the towns as at present organized and the small lettering the names of the towns.

MAP
showing the
TOWNSHIPS AND TOWNS
 OF
SAUK COUNTY
and the adjoining Counties





ANTIQUITY.

I shall devote a few pages to the antiquated humanity of the western hemisphere—to those who looked upon the same scenes we look upon, and tilled the same soil that we are tilling, and laid their bones where we must lay our own.

I have mostly quoted from such authors as have suited my views, and, perhaps, have done them injustice in giving so little of their labors, merely taking their theories, without bringing forward many of their proofs and arguments. But for our purpose it must suffice. He that is interested in antique man, must read where the subject is investigated at length. This must, of necessity, be a mere syllabus. The world is now so full of available knowledge, our travelling facilities so good, that distant people become, in our imagination, our neighbors. Their widely different manners, their social life, their religion and government, become common place to our feelings and reflections. Bayard Taylor and many others, yea, almost daily visitors are telling us many things of the frigid zones, and the people who inhabit them; while Dr. Livingston and others, are furnishing similar information relative to the torrid zones. But where is the author who can tell us about the Mound-builders who once so numerous inhabited Sauk county and the adjacent country, at least a thousand years ago? It

opens a great field for inquiry, and for our imaginations to play in.

In now turning our thoughts to the acts of Man, we naturally look for a beginning. But where? With his geological footprints? We will leave that to the geologist to explore. We next get the marks of his hands in the erection of his sepulchres, monuments, and cultivated fields. We here are in the very midst of them. Who were, or what were the people? and when did they exist? Were the climate, the soil, and natural productions the same? and were they the ancestors of the present Indian races? Did they cultivate the earth, and live a vegetarian life? or by the chase? These, and many other queries, naturally arise.

We will not attempt to theorize much, but give such information as we are in possession of, and shall quote largely from I. A. LAPHAM'S "*Antiquities of Wisconsin.*" This work all who are fond of such investigations should possess. It was published in June, 1855. He commenced the work in behalf of the American Antiquarian Society, but it was finally published by the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Lapham made the surveys and compilation without charge or compensation, other than the incidental expenses. Surely the State cannot be ashamed of such a son.

Who were these mound-builders? Like the Central American Indians, were they peculiar to themselves, and nothing, either in this or the eastern hemisphere, like them? After surveys and examination of works in the vicinity of Racine, Dr. Hoy says: "In conclusion I must remark that whatever be the legitimate inference drawn from similar works and remains in

other places, concerning the state of civilization attained by the mound-builders, the evidence here goes to prove that they were an extremely barbarous people, in no respect superior to most of the savage tribes of modern Indians."

Mr. Lapham says: "It is not strange that changes should, from time to time, take place in the character and habits of a people so rude and so little advanced in civilization. Different tribes have different habits, and the stronger one may have overrun and swallowed up the weaker, and thus changed its customs and destroyed its institutions. In this way the mode of burial, and even the religious ceremonies, might be altered; those of the conquerors being substituted for those of the conquered. History records many such events. The inhabitants of Egypt have ceased to build pyramids and sphinxes; the Greeks have ceased to erect temples; and yet we have reason to believe that their descendants occupy the same country. Is it more strange that the ancestors of the present Indians should have erected mounds of earth, than that the aborigines of any country should have had habits different from their posterity? We need not, therefore, look to Mexico, or any other country, for the descendants of the mound-builders. We probably see them in the present red race of the same or adjacent regions." "If the present tribes have no traditions running back as far as the times of Allouez and Marquette, or even to the more recent time of Jonathan Carver, it is not strange that none should exist in regard to the mounds, which must be of much earlier date. It is by considerations of this nature, that we

are led to the conclusion that the mound-builders of Wisconsin were none others than the ancestors of the present tribes of Indians.

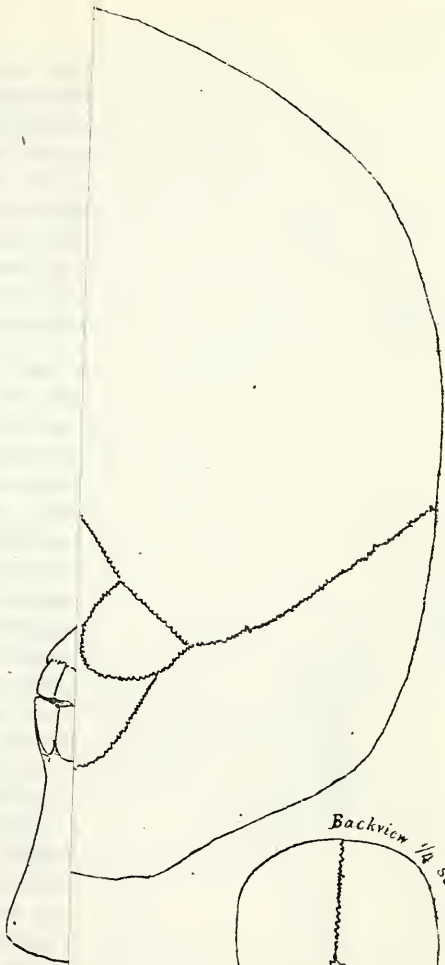
“Another fact is important in this connection. The mound-builders occupied the same localities that are now the favorite resort of the present Indians, who still often make use of the mounds for the burial of their dead. They have a kind of veneration for them, which may be the result of a lingering tradition of their sacred origin. The implements and utensils of the mound-builders were the same, in many cases, as those used by the recent inhabitants, before their intercourse with the whites; and, as it has been quite clearly shown that the latter have, in former times, erected mounds of earth over their dead, we may consider such facts as tending to prove the unity of these people.

“It is a fact of some importance in the deciding upon the general characteristics of the mound-builders, that they have selected the same localities as their successors, and probably for the same reasons, to wit: the greater facility of subsistence.”

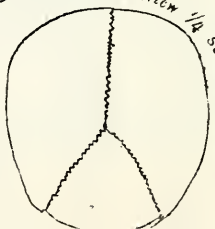
Of the contents of the mounds,—remains of ancient workmanship, &c., he says:

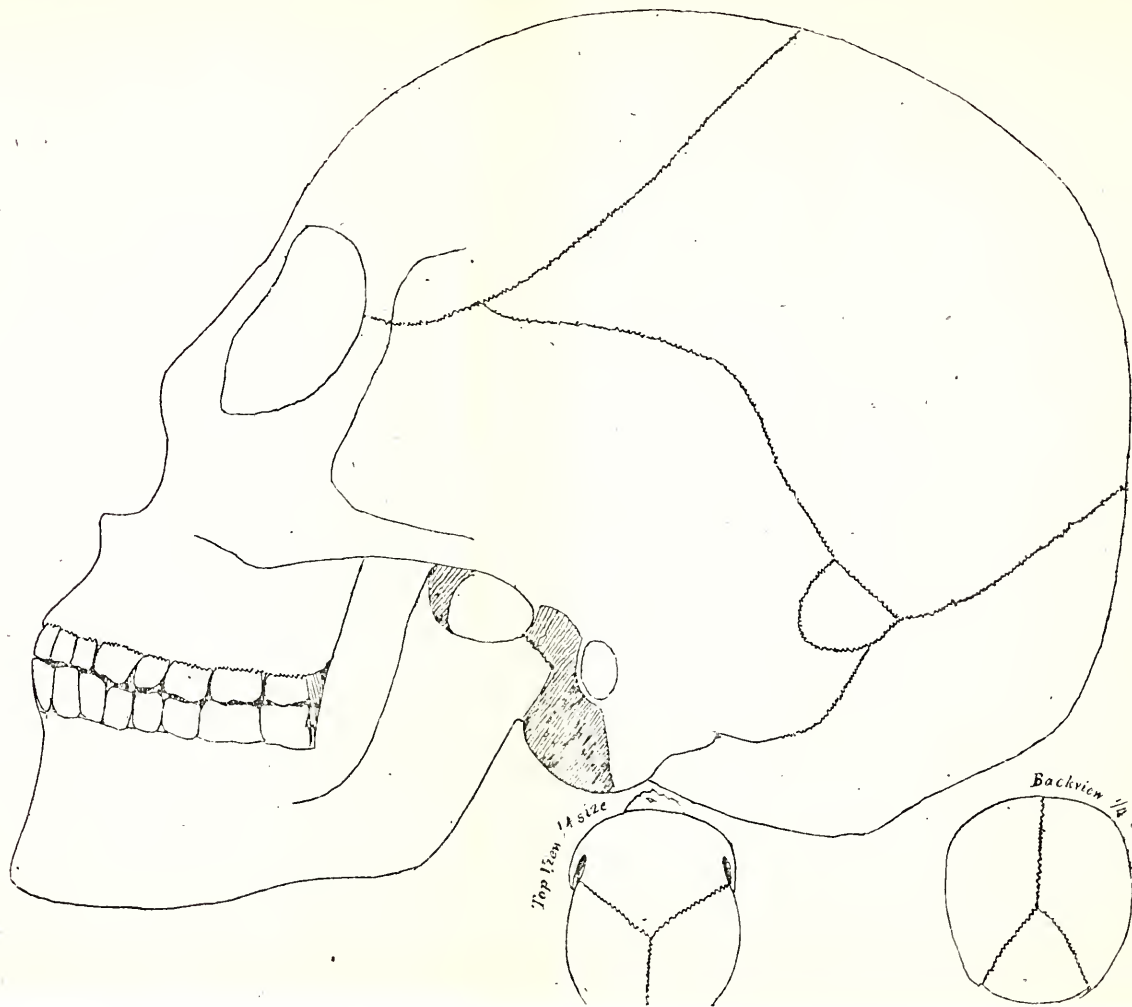
“It is important to determine with certainty whether the relics found buried are the work of the original mound-builders, and placed there at the time of erection of the mounds, or have been deposited subsequently. This can usually be done with a reasonable degree of certainty by one accustomed to such investigations.

“So far as I have had opportunity to observe, there



Backview 1/4 size





Top View 1A size

Backview 1B size

are no original remains in the mounds of imitative form, beyond a few scattered fragments that may have gained a place there by accident. Many of the mounds have been entirely removed, including the earth beneath for a considerable depth, in the process of grading the streets in Milwaukee, and it is usually found that the natural surface had not been disturbed at the time of the erection, but that the several layers or strata of mould, clay, gravel, &c., are continuous below the structure as on the contiguous grounds.

“Great numbers of the smaller conical tumuli are also destitute of any remains. If any human bodies were ever buried under them, they are now so entirely ‘returned to dust’ that no apparent traces of them are left. If we assume that each mound was a place of burial, we must infer, from the absence of utensils, that the common practice of depositing with the dead the implements to be used in the other world, is of comparatively recent origin, since some of these, at least, would have resisted decay. The middle-sized conical mounds, and those of larger dimensions, almost always contain evidence of the deposit of one or more human bodies. These are always very much decayed, only one skull having been found sufficiently entire to enable Dr. Hox, with much skill and labor, to restore it sufficiently to make out its general characteristics. A fortunate combination of circumstances had caused this preservation. The skull, and some other bones, were enveloped in a peculiar kind of clay, which seems to have possessed a preservative quality beyond that of ordinary earth, of which most of the accumulation was composed; and on the very top of the mound was

a large tree, which had shed off the rains for several centuries. "Many peculiarities of this cranium are pointed out by Dr. Hox. The following are its dimensions :

Longitudinal diameter, 6.8		Length of head & face, 8.2
Parietal diameter, 5.3		Zygomatic diameter, . . . 4.9
Occipito-frontal arch, . 13.8		Facial angle, 76°

"To give the reader more particular information respecting the supposed characteristics of this interesting relic of an ancient people, I have, with the assistance of a phrenological friend, prepared the following 'chart.' For the locality of the 'organs,' &c., reference was had to SPURZHEIM, whose works have become a portion of the literature of the country, and are to be found in all important libraries. Although the principles of this professed science may not be true in all their details, yet its nomenclature affords the means of presenting the conformation of the skull in a definite manner. The figure following the name of each organ, indicates its relative development ; 0 signifying deficiency, and 6 very full or unusual prominence.

AFFECTIVE ORGANS.

I. PROPENSITIES.

Destructiveness, 4½		Combativeness, 4½
Amativeness, 6		Secretiveness, 5
Philo progenitiveness, . . 6		Acquisitiveness, 4½
Adhesiveness, 5		Constructiveness, 2½
Inhabitiveness, 5		

II. SENTIMENTS.

Cautiousness, (very full,) 6		Conscientiousness, 4½
Approbateness, 5		Hope, 4½

Self-esteem, 4	Marvellousness, 3
Benevolence, 3	Ideality, 4
Reverence, 3	Mirthfulness, 3½
Firmness, 4	Imitation, 2½

INTELLECTUAL ORGANS.

III. PERCEPTIVE.

Individuality, (large,) . . . 6	Order, 2½
Configuration, 2	Calculation, 2
Size, 6	Eventuality, 5½
Weight and resistance, . . 3½	Time, 2
Coloring, 3	Tune, 2½
Locality, 5	Language, (uncertain), . 5

IV. RELECTIVE.

Comparison, 4½	Causality, 5
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This chart shows that the affective, or feeling faculties, prevailed over the intellectual in the proportion of 4.3 to 3.9; and the several groups of organs are developed in the following order:

Propensities, 4.8	Sentiment, 3.9
Reflective, 4.7	Perceptive, 3.8

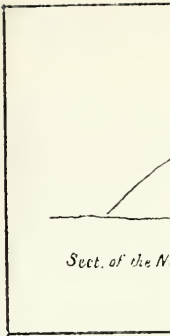
“Whether these figures can be relied upon as indicating the character and disposition of the individual to whom the skull belonged, may be doubted; though it will be perceived that their indications correspond with the general character of the aborigines, in the large cautiousness, individuality, &c., and the deficient constructiveness, calculation, &c.

“But few implements, ornaments, or works of art of any kind, have been discovered in the mounds of Wisconsin, that could not be traced to recent Indian burials; and yet it is certain that had they been originally de-

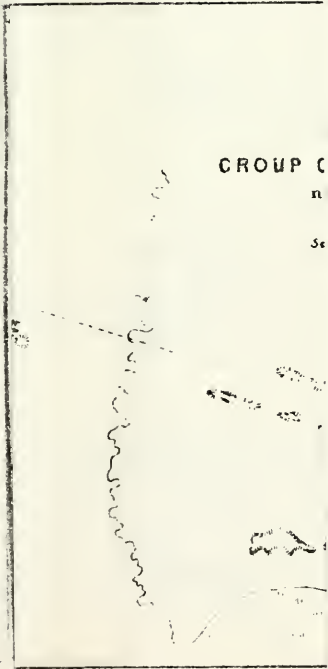
posited, they would still be found there. The stone axes, flint arrowheads, and articles of pottery are of a durable character, and could not have decayed since the creation of the mounds. Hence we conclude that the more ancient mound-builders of Wisconsin were not in the habit of making such deposits."

Dr. Hox adds:

"During these investigations we obtained sufficient evidence to warrant me in forming the following conclusions: The bodies are regularly buried in a sitting, or partly kneeling, posture, facing the east, with the legs fixed under them. They were covered with a bark or log roofing, over which the mound was built. The apparent confusion in which the skeletons are sometimes found, is owing to their falling over at different angles at the time, perhaps, of the giving way and caving in of the temporary roofing. It is quite common to find skeletons before reaching the primitive receptacle or pit. These were undoubtedly subsequent interments, made by the modern Indians. They are in a different state of preservation, and are mostly found in an extended posture. All the primitive crania were crushed and flattened by the weight of the superincumbent materials. In two instances, however, I succeeded, by great care and labor, in restoring these flattened fragment to their original shape. One of them is described in the preceding chart." "The two were much alike, and quite different, in several particulars, from the various Indian crania that I have examined. The zygomatic arch has not the same projection, the angle of the cheek bone is more obtuse, and the orbits are rather less angular than in the modern Indian.



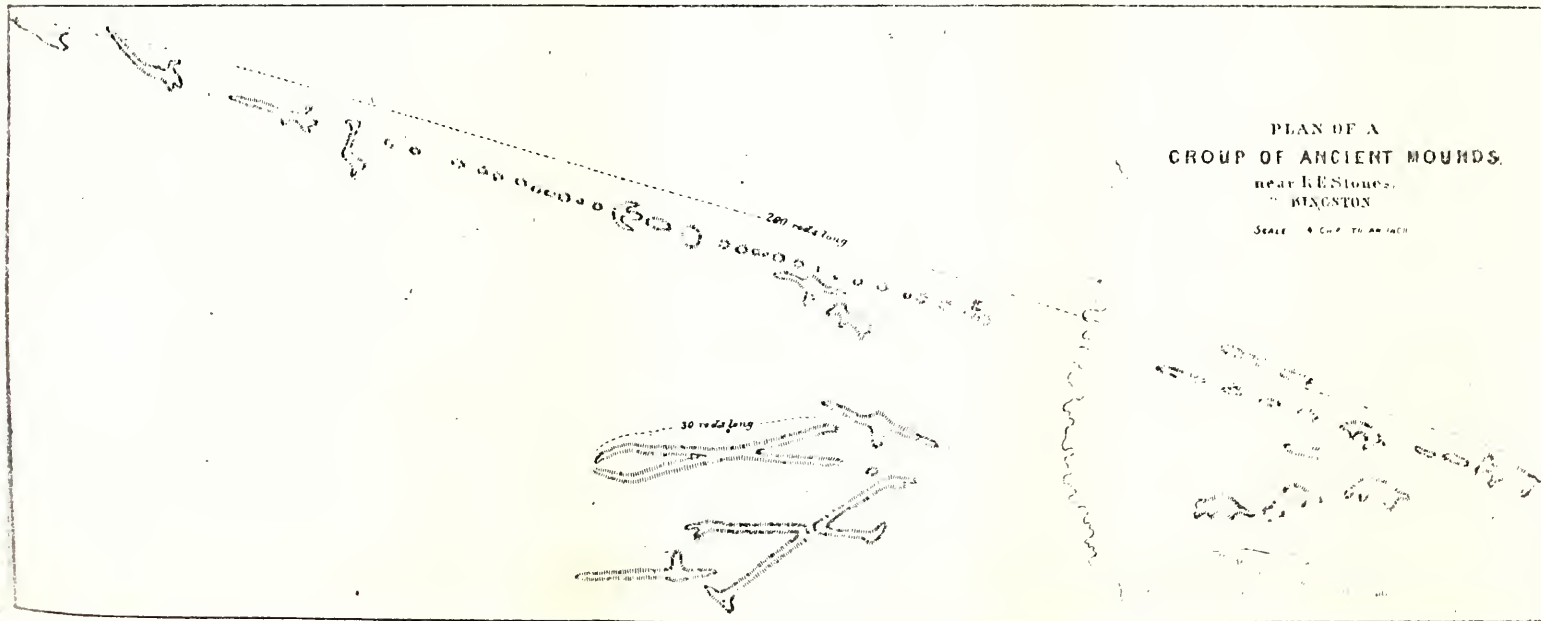
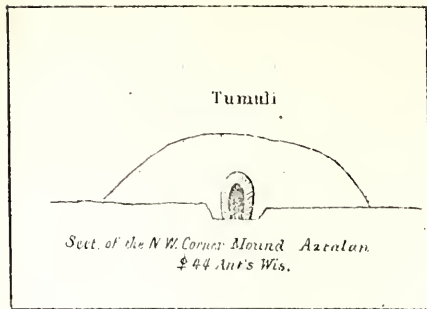
Sect. of the N



GROUP C

n

sc



The heavy projecting jaw and the flattened occiput, are quite characteristic of these ancient mound skulls. Facial angle, 76° . Internal capacity, eighty cubic inches."

Dr. Hox says:

"In regard to the antiquity of the works at Racine, it may be stated that on the mound from which I obtained the pottery, there was a burr-oak stump which contained 250 rings, and the tree was cut ten years since, when the land was first occupied. Near this, I excavated another mound, on the centre of which were the remains of a large stump, which must have been much older. Immediately under the stump I obtained the cranium before mentioned. A stump on the long mound, at A., (plate II.,) has 310 rings; and near by are the remains of a large tree, and an oak stump five feet in diameter. These facts indicate an antiquity of at least a thousand years."

As regards their general arrangement and order, Mr. LAPHAM says:

"As is the case with the works of other forms, there are no two precisely alike in their dimensions, or in their direction with reference to the cardinal points. But it has been observed that the larger extremity, or head, is usually directed *towards the south*. They vary in length from one hundred to four hundred feet. Their usual height of the body may be stated at four feet, from which there is commonly a gradual diminution, both in the height and width, to the extremity. It is frequently impossible to decide exactly where it terminates. They are almost always associated with mounds of round or oblong form, usually having about

the same general direction. Where they occupy the edge of elevated ground, the head generally points obliquely towards the low ground, and the projections, or "logs," are on the side towards the ridge.

"Examples may be found of all forms, from a true circle through the oval and elongated oval to the oblong mounds and long ridges.

"Again, there is a succession of mounds, from the simple ridge of considerable size at one end, and gradually diminishing to a point at the other, through the intermediate forms having one, two, three or four projections, to the turtle form. In this way, also, we may trace a gradual development, so to speak, of nearly all the more complicated forms. It is not pretended to assert that this was the order in which the mounds were erected, or that the aborigines gradually acquired the art by successive essays or lessons. Indeed, we are led to believe that the more complicated forms are the most ancient.

"The relative ages of the different works of Wisconsin, so far they can be ascertained from the facts now before us, are probably about as follows:

First and oldest.—The animal forms, and the great works at Aztalan.

Second.—The conical mounds built for sepulchral purposes, which come down to a very recent period.

Third.—The indications of garden beds, planted in regular geometrical figures or straight lines.

Fourth.—The plantations of the present tribes, who plant without system or regularity, in small hillocks.

"Thus the taste for regular forms and arrangements, and the habits of construction with earthy materials,

seem to have been gradually lost, until all traces of them disappear in our modern degenerate red man.

“The animal-shaped mounds appear to be peculiar to Wisconsin; for the few obscure instances noticed in Ohio, by Messrs. SQUIER and DAVIS, can hardly be deemed an exception to this remark. They indicate a difference in the character of the people occupying these regions, but not greater than often exists between the neighboring tribes or nations.”

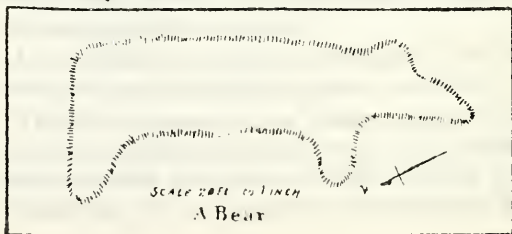
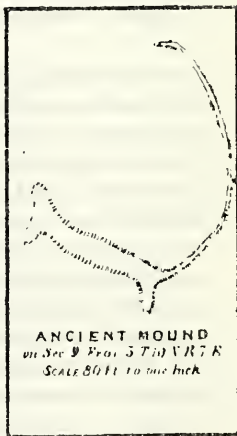
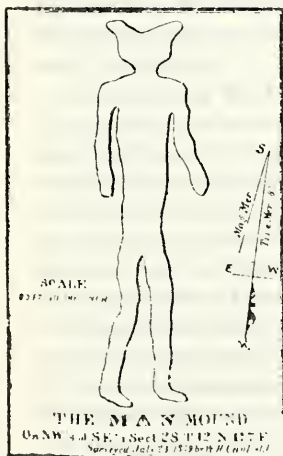
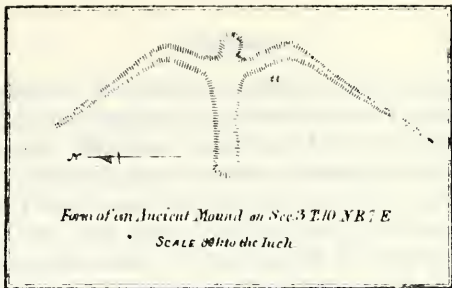
These ancient earth-works are very abundant in Sauk county—I think more so than in any other part of the State, it being about central to the country occupied by the animal-shaped mound-builders, which is of about 150 miles circuit. They are the most abundant in the valley of the Wisconsin river, and about the Baraboo rapids. There is one fine exception, however, in the group of mounds in the town of Dellona, on section 17, town 13 north, range 5 east. It contains many mounds, in many different forms: the parallel ridge, elliptical, square and octagon inclosures containing from two square rods to nearly one acre, with single and double walls, now about two feet high. Within the octagon inclosure is a pit, resembling a fallen-in well, and considerable broken pottery, &c., were found. There are animal and bird-shaped mounds, and the round, or tumuli. These latter seem to be of a more recent date, from their being more acute. They are so steep that is difficult for teams to get on to them for the purpose of cultivation. Time has not yet levelled them as much as the rest.

Near JAMES A. MAXWELL'S residence, Baraboo, there

are animal-shaped mounds inverted, i. e., animal-shaped excavations. The garden-bed mounds do not, in this county, seem to be in company with other mounds, but, so to speak, are back more in the country, i. e., back towards the head of the streams, and in regions not calculated for fishing, but agricultural purposes, as the region about Babb's prairie, and for several miles, either way, where you can find large fields of them.

These beds are about six feet wide, and from six to twelve inches high, and about one and a half feet apart, and parallel to each other. In fields of from ten to one hundred acres, the beds will have several different directions, as if different families had cultivated each its own field, according to the lay of the ground and the taste of its members, (and I guess they got good crops, for they here had a good soil.)

The mounds of imitative forms, and tumuli, are so plenty near the Wisconsin river, which forms the north and east boundary of the county, that we will not describe the different groups, but say, in general terms, that they occupy the most pleasant spots along the river, such as the Indians and our own people love to occupy, except the open prairies, on which I do not remember to have seen any. In looking over the different groups, I have noticed that the tumuli, or sepulchral mounds, usually occupy a central part of the ground, with the beast and bird mounds, and other forms, occupying the outskirts, as though they were mock guards to the dead. One mound that I surveyed several years ago, is in the shape of a night hawk, with a small flat mound under its left wing, having the bill of the bird turned towards it, as though it were



carrying it. The thought suggested itself to me that it might be intended as the bearer of souls from earth to heaven. The last mound that I have made a special survey and plot of, is more interesting than any other I have seen. It represents a man with a head dress on; has arms, legs and feet. The head is towards the south; is represented as walking, one foot being partly raised; is 214 feet long. It is located near JOHN WING'S house, on northeast quarter of southeast quarter, section 28, town 12 north, range 7 east. See figure 1.

If, according to Mr. LAPHAM, the most complicated and finest of these works, as at Aztalan, are the oldest, and their builders were the ancestors of our present race of Indians, who have degenerated to their present condition, it would seem to show that the former had emigrated hither from some other country, where they had risen to a scale at least corresponding to their works here represented. Indeed, they probably stood higher in their native soil, for all new settlements are not equal to their "father land;" otherwise we should see a gradation of development—the rising, as well as the falling, in these works—the advancement, as well as the degeneracy. This is in the nature of things. Nothing could exist in its highest state of perfection without a gradual development.

I have formed a theory from reading Mr. LAPHAM'S work, and my own limited observation, as follows:

That the ancestors of our present Indian tribes existed here before the mound-builders, and that the latter emigrated here from the south, probably in a peaceful way, (for according to the chart given by Mr.

LAPHAM of a mound-builder, their destructiveness and combativeness is rather small,) got possession of this region of country, and turned their attention more than they were accustomed to in their native land, to the chase and fishing, but still cultivated the soil some, as seen in their garden beds. These garden beds may seem to show a later date, in some instances, but as far as my observation goes, they are on grounds separate and distinct from the other mounds, and their makers probably cultivated them when they were burying their dead, and erecting over them the tumuli and constructing other mounds, agreeably to their religious feelings. Those of the bird form are generally represented as flying southwardly, and the animals as walking in that direction, i. e., towards their "father land;" and, like the Chinese, they may wish, after death, to be buried in their old homes, and these imitative forms may have answered the ends of their religious feelings.

All their cemeteries are associated with these zoologic and ornithologic mounds. These works are extremely rude as compared with those of the Mexican Indians, but perhaps the colonies were new, and either abandoned them or were driven off before they had become rich. The Mexicans had carved on their temples, in stone, men, birds and beasts; here are represented men, birds and beasts upon the ground.

Mr. LAPHAM says, p. 36:

"It will be remarked that in opening mounds and penetrating to the original deposits, but few implements and ornaments of any kind are found. In this respect the Wisconsin mound-builders *differ* from their

successors, who are in the habit of burying articles of supposed value and utility with their dead." On page 45, while speaking of the Aztalan mounds, he says: "The analogy between these elevations and the "temple mounds" of Ohio and the Southern States, will at once strike the reader who has seen the plans and descriptions. They have the same square or regular forms, sloping or graded ascent, the terraced or step-like structure, and the same position in the interior of the enclosure. This kind of formation is known to increase in numbers and importance as we proceed to the south and southwest, until they are represented by the great structures of the same general character on the plains of Mexico."

I have never seen any works that seem to be of an offensive or defensive character.

There is a passage in the observations of J. W. BOND, in his "*History of Minnesota*," page 360, which indicates an opposition to my theory. He says:

"The third species of elevations which I shall notice, have the form of embankments, rather than mounds. They are artificial, found usually in the river bottoms and low planting lands, and formed by carrying out, spring after spring, the corn roots and other trash off the fields, and piling them along the outer edge, or on the row between two fields. In many instances of patches that have been planted for ten or twenty years previous to the introduction of the plow, I have seen these embankments from two to three feet high, and of all conceivable shapes; some rhomboidal, some hexagonal, and some oval. I remember having noticed them first many years ago, in Little Six, where,

I presume, they may still be traced, as I am not aware that those old fields, (which were on the opposite side of the river, and about two miles below the site of the present village,) have ever been plowed. The thought has occurred to me, that perhaps some which have been regarded as Indian fortifications in other parts of the country, may have a similar origin."

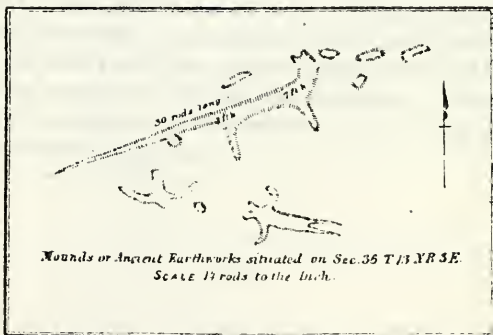
I do not wish to set up any antiquarian theory, and try very strenuously to defend it, without more reading and observation; but this quotation from Mr. Bond's history, I do not think is applicable to our mounds and tumuli, for many reasons before given, and others not herein given.

With these observations, we dismiss the subject of the mounds.

There are in this region, as well as the entire Northwest, numerous works that show great skill, and yet are not made by the hands of man. They are the works of the Beaver. When these animals are entirely destroyed, their works will remain for a long time to command our admiration. I have seen from five to ten dams, within a space of half a mile, upon some small spring branch, and have often noticed where they have dammed quite large streams. It would seem as though the whole country had once been alive with them.

A gentleman from Baraboo, in travelling through the northwestern portion of this State, came upon a fresh dam with an inhabited village in it. In relating what he had seen, he said:

"I said, at once, they were poor dam builders, (this



gentleman had built dams,) for instead of building their dam at right angles with and straight across from bank to bank, they constructed it in a waved line, obliquely up the stream. But upon inspecting it, I recanted my opinion immediately. The philosophy that governed their action was too apparent — it was to make a long waste-ware, for they had holes cut through every few feet, to the water's edge, that the floods might pass through in a thin sheet upon the grass, thus doing less damage than it would if it passed off in a body.

On a small stream emptying into the dam, they had, as far up as a grove of aspens, (three-quarters of a mile,) made 'slack water navigation,' by building dams at the requisite distance apart, for the purpose of floating to their village their winter's supply of food. In this grove the trees, from six to sixteen inches in diameter, were felled, and cut up into pieces from four to six feet long, and floated to their village and sunk, and when the bark had become partially rotted, their food was ready. I concluded, even if I could converse with them I could give them no better knowledge than they possessed, at least of dam building. I left with great satisfaction, having learned much, wishing them a long and happy life."

AMERICAN INDIANS.

The origin of the present American Indians has been a subject of much theorizing and speculation. I do not remember to have read any that comes so directly home, as probable conjecture on this subject, as JENX Y. SMITH'S theory, contained in his address before the Wisconsin State Historical Society, delivered in January, 1859. He recapitulates, on page 150:

“*First*, That, with Earth and Man as they are, the dispersion of the race over the whole world would inevitably result from placing a single human pair upon the eastern continent.

“*Second*, That all the tribes of this continent are of Asiatic origin.

“*Third*, That they sprang from numerous small centres, and that, with rare exceptions, those centres were placed upon the northwest coast.

“*Fourth*, That these original centres were derived partly from the accidental dispersion of population through the Aleutian and other islands of the Pacific, and partly from the extreme northeast of Asia, across Behring Straits.

“*Fifth*, That from these centres upon the northwest coast, the Indian tribes spread over the whole of North and South America.

“*Sixth*, That the civilization of Mexico and Peru was introduced subsequently to the first occupation of those

countries, the former by castaways more direct from the civilized regions of Asia, by way of the northwest coast, with rare instances of castaways from Europe, who mingled their blood with the Asiatic stock, and slightly modified their manners and institutions: and the latter by similar migrations from Asia alone, either through the north, or, more probably, the south temperate regions of the Pacific.

“*Seventh*, That the means by which the various centres of Indian population arrived upon this continent, as well as the incongruities observed in their ideas and institutions, while they unite in pointing to an Asiatic origin, indicate, no less distinctly, that *all* the Asiatic nations were represented in the formation of the Indian race, and hence, that all attempts to trace them, as a whole, to any one of them, must prove abortive.

“*Eighth*, When we consider that as early as the time of Solomon, some of the Asiatic nations possessed sufficient knowledge of naval architecture and navigation to fit out ships for a three years’ cruise, we cannot avoid the conclusion that many instances of castaways upon this continent must have occurred before population could have had time to extend itself to the extreme northeast of Asia and across Behring Straits, or by induction from island to island, across the Pacific to the American coast.”

It will not be compatible with my design to support these propositions by many or very lengthy quotations, but recommend all who have not already read it, to get and give it a careful perusal.

“Montezuma told Cortez of a connection between the Aztec race and the nations of the old world. The

general facts of their foreign origin, their migration by water, and subsequent journeyings southward along the shores of the Pacific, are well established by their pictorial writings and charts, which, by the aid of Aztec instructors, the Spanish conquerors learned to decipher. The Aztecs also kept chronological records by tying sticks in bundles, by cycles, and by these it has been ascertained, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that they landed on the continent between the years 1038 and 1064. But the Aztecs were by no means the original inhabitants, and hence have been denied the title of *Aborigines*. They were preceded by the Toltecs, and they by the Olmees, the farthest glimmerings of whose history come down to us, almost from the commencement of the Christian era."—*National and Tribal History*.

"The tradition of the appearance, from time to time, of remarkable personages, so different in appearance, and so superior in knowledge to the races among whom their lot was cast, should not be regarded as mere Indian myths.

"The discovery has been made, in one of the central counties of this State, of an image, carved in marble, found in the earth, about a foot below the surface. The head was broken off, but otherwise the relic was perfect. It was presented to the State Historical Society by Hon. LEVI HUBBELL, and may be seen in the Society's rooms." "Prof. J. M. JAMISON, of Carroll College, formerly a Missionary, pronounces it an image Budh, which the Budhists of China and Burmah, and the Jain sect of India worship."

There is deposited in the Sauk County Cabinet, at

Baraboo, a relic which I should think might be here described as additional proof on this subject. It was deposited by TYLER F. AYERS, and was found by him when a boy, in his father's garden, town of Peru, Clinton county, New York. It is a small female figure, in a sitting posture, upon a globe of six inches diameter. The globe was broken, and it is now placed upon a wooden one of the same diameter, as a substitute. It is a fac-simile, or nearly so, of one found in Michigan, and described in the *Genesee Farmer*, of 1837, as follows :

“We have now before us a very curious and interesting specimen of ancient art, presented to us by a friend, the work, probably, of a people who inhabited this country previous to the present race of aborigines; for it displays a perfection in the arts far surpassing the rude state in which they at present exist among this people.

This relie was found in Michigan, in one of those ancient fortifications which are scattered over our country. It is a piece of sculpture, the material of which resembles, somewhat, black slate, but is as hard as flint. A knife will make no impression upon it. It evidently must have been carved when in a softer state than the present. It was, *probably*, formed of some earthy material into *proper consistence* to be cut, and then hardened by baking.

“The figure is that of a female, sitting on the ground, in an attitude and air of sadness and despondency, leaning her head upon the back of her left hand, the elbow resting upon a small vessel in the form of a cask; the right hand resting on the knee, and holding something which appears to have engrav-

ed on it some written characters, but which are too small and indistinct to enable us to discern their form. Over the head is thrown a loose drapery, falling down upon the shoulders and back, leaving the left arm, on which she reclines, and the left breast, naked, but folding across, in graceful folds, over the right arm and breast, and covering the front part of the figure. On the fore part of the head, which is not covered by the drapery, the hair is gracefully parted, and a portion of it hangs down in tresses upon the left breast. The little cask on which she leans, shows the staves in regular order, with three hoops at the top, and two at the bottom. The head of the cask comes up even with the chime, and seems to be formed of narrow strips, like the staves; on the fore part of the cask there appears to have been something attached like a handle, but of what form is not distinguishable, as a portion of the front part of the figure is broken off. Around the cask lengthwise, over the hoops, passes something like a band, which was designed, perhaps, for the purpose of carrying it. From the size of the vessel, *compared* with that of the figure, we should judge its use was to carry water.

Every part of the figure and its appendages is very distinct, and the sculpture admirably performed, and yet the whole height, by exact measurement, is but *one inch and one eighth*. The head, which displays very perfectly the features, and even a countenance indicative of wo, is not larger than *a good sized pea*. What this tiny figure was meant to represent, when was the age in which it was made, and who were the people whose ingenious artists could produce such

works, are interesting inquiries, but will probably never be satisfactorily answered."

"Col. CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, of Edinburgh, in his treatise on the Natural History of the Human Species, suggests that the Chichemees were from the Aleutian Islands — understanding the word *caves* as a figure, denoting vessels or canoes. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT addressed a letter to Lieutenant MAURY, asking his opinion on this point, and several others relative to the navigation of the Pacific and Polynesian waters by means of the rude vessels of early ages. In his reply, to which we have before alluded, this scientific navigator says :

"At page 261, the Colonel had a stronger case than he supposed. The Aleutians of the present day *actually live in caves* or subterranean apartments, which they enter through a hole in the top. They are the most bestial of the species."

"You wish me to state whether, in my opinion, the Pacific and Polynesian waters could have been navigated in early times, supposing the winds to have been as they now are, in balsas, floats, and other rude vessels of the early ages ?

"Yes ; if you had a supply of provisions, you could run down the trades in the Pacific on a log. There is no part of the world where nature would tempt savage men more strongly to launch out upon the open sea, with his bark, however frail.

"Most of the islands are surrounded by coral reefs, between which and the shore the water is as smooth as a mill-pond. The climate and the fish invite the savage into the water ; and the mountains which separate

valley from valley, make it more easy for the natives to go from valley to valley by water than by land; for the scoriae upon the mountains, with the bramble by the way, offer barriers to those naked people which are almost impassable. On the other hand, there is the refreshing water, the smooth bay, the floating log, or even the unhusked cocoa-nut to buoy him along. I have seen children there, not more than three years old, swimming off to the ship with nothing but a cocoa-nut to hold by. This voyage accomplished, (from one part of an island to another), there is the island in the distance to attract and allure; and the next step would be — if we imagine an infant colony on an island of a group — to fit out an expedition to some of those to leeward. The native then finds a hollow log split in two. Like children here, he has dammed up his little mountain streamlet with a dam of clay across. He does the same with his trough, kneading the clay and making a dam with it across either end. He puts in a few cocoa-nuts, a calabash of water, breaks a green branch thick with foliage, sticks it up for a sail, and away he goes before the wind, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. I have seen them actually do this.

* * * * But by some mishap, in the course of time, his frail bark misses the island or falls to leeward; the only chance then is to submit to the winds and waves, and go where they will bear."

"Lieutenant MAURY then remarks that the Pacific Islander very soon gets above the use of such rude contrivances, and describes their method of constructing canoes that will carry twenty persons, or more.

"The foregoing remarks of Lieutenant MAURY ap-

pear to relate particularly to the islands in warmer latitudes of the Pacific; but by similar means the Aleutian chain, partly by accident and partly by design, would inevitably be reached, one after another, by people from the northeast of Asia, till the whole chain would be traversed, and the continent at length reached. Thus the Aleutian chain may have furnished numerous centres of population on the continent — not *immediately* Asiatic, but of Asiatic origin, and having become thoroughly savage in the long period of many generations required for their dispersion through the whole chain of the American coast, and the winds and currents forbidding all return, by any process known to them, it is not strange that the existence of this continent should have remained unknown to the civilized countries of Asia, from which they may have originated.

“Another natural channel of migration from the rude tribes of the extreme northeast of Asia, is Behring Straits. Some writers have regarded this as *the* point from which the entire American population was derived, and have looked no further. That it was *one* of the routes by which the Indian fathers reached the continent, these can no longer exist a reasonable doubt. Lieutenant MAURY, in the letter before quoted, says:

“‘Captain Ray, of the whale ship Superior, fished two years ago (1848) in Behring Straits, and *saw* canoes going from one continent to the other.’

“If this was done in 1848, it may have been done in 148 as well. But it would not naturally take place until population had been pushed to the extreme north-

east of Asia. Migration by this route, was, most probably, first by accident, and afterwards by design; and yet, the barbarous people having no conceptions of the nature of their discovery, or that they had discovered a new continent at all, the knowledge of it would not be likely to find its way back through the intervening barbarous hordes, to the civilized portions of Asia. But to conclude that this is the only route by which Asiatics could have reached the continent, would be as unphilosophical as it is inconsistent with well known facts. It was, doubtless, one, and only one, of several ways by which the American continent was furnished with its numerous centres of population."

We will content ourselves with these few extracts from Hon. JOHN Y. SMITH's relative to the origin from which our aborigines came, and compile a few extracts of history relative to the occupants after the white man knew them.

Rev. ALFRED BRUNSON, formerly Indian Agent, in his article in the fourth volume of the *Wisconsin State Historical Society's Collections*, says:

"The earliest inhabitants of the territory now included within this State, of whom we have any positive knowledge, were the ancestors of the present Indians of this vicinity; and from the best light I have been able to ascertain upon the subject from Indian traditions and the earliest history of the country, the Dacotahs, or Sioux, were the occupants and owners of the soil of what is now our entire State, together with Minnesota and the northern parts of Iowa and Illinois. This occupancy we can trace back for about two hundred and fifty years.

“ Among the most prominent, and, indeed, the second in importance of antiquity of the Indians found in what is now Wisconsin, were the Chippewas, the chief or principal nation of the Algonquin or Algie race. Their proper name is OJIBEWA. Their original location was Canada, over the entire region of which they seem to have spread their cohorts, totems, conquests and villages. It is said by some that they came from the west, down the north side of the great Lakes and drove the occupants of Canada south of the St. Lawrence river. At what period they commenced to encroach upon the territory of the Dacotahs, is not known to history, but it appears to have been as early as the year 1600 of the Christian era.

“ They traveled mostly in canoes, following the lakes, straits and rivers, making portages where their course was obstructed by falls, and across the intervening lands between lakes and water courses. They first crossed the straits at St. Mary and Mackinaw, and then worked their way south by slow degrees, having to contend with the Sioux at every advanced step. They worked their way to Green Bay, and even south of it, and to La Pointe, and the head waters of the St. Croix, Chippewa, and Wisconsin rivers, prior to 1668, but were driven all back as far as St. Mary's in 1670, and hence, as SHEA says, our northeastern border and northwestern Michigan was the area of the first meeting of the Algie and Dacotah races. Here clans of both their wide spread families met and mingled at a very early period; here they first met in battle, and mutually checked each other's advance.

“ The chief or principal Algie family, are the

Ojibewas. The Algie family made a firm stand in Wisconsin not much before 1726.

“The Sacs and Foxes probably left the Wisconsin river in 1766, and commenced their settlement at Rock Island. Their alliance was in 1760 or 1761, by some authorities, and as early as 1686 by others. The confederated tribe was driven from Green Bay up Fox river, and from thence to the Wisconsin and Mississippi. CARVER found them, the Sacs at Sauk Prairie, the Foxes at Prairie du Chien, in 1766, five or six years after the formation of the alliance. The Sacs are also known as the Sauk or Saukees.

“The next tribe in point of importance in early occupancy of our State, was the Winnebagos. But there is so much discrepancy in dates on the origin and numerical strength of this tribe, that, if I had not seen them myself, I should almost doubt their existence. One thing, I think, is well settled, and that is, they are not of the Algie race. Some of SHEA’S authorities found them at Green Bay as early as 1639. Winnebago is the name given them by the Algie or Algonquins, which means ‘fetid.’ It was because they were said to have come from the salt water, which the Indians style fetid water. This name, however, is corrupted. *Wene* means filthy, or fetid, *be*, water, *go*, gives its character. *Wene-be-go* is the name of the water in a marsh that is scented or filthy, and the Algie race gave this people this name because they were said to have come from the salt water, or marshes. They called them a Dacotah tribe, probably, because they were at peace with the Dacotahs; but, as there is no analogy between their languages, there is

no probability of such relationship between them.

“The Winnebagos called themselves *Ot-chagras*.

“The Winnebagos, ever since their ingress into this country, have been a despised people by the Indian races and whites, their character being sly, underhanded, treacherous and cowardly.”

“The same author says: ‘The eastern portion of what is now Wisconsin being the common battle ground between the Dacotahs (Sionx) and Algie races, it is probable that the former, as an act of kindness to a wandering, homeless people, and as a matter of policy on their part, gave the Winnebagos the country between them and their enemies.’ He says there is ‘strong reason to believe that they were driven from Mexico upon the approach of the Spaniards. They were found in the neighborhood of Green Bay about the year 1630.’

“When CARVER visited the Winnebagos, in 1766, they had left Green Bay, and were residing on Fox river and the lake which bears their name, and after the Sauk and Foxes had left the Wisconsin river, the Winnebagos occupied that region, where the present white population found them, and whence they were removed when taken from the State to Iowa.”

“JOHN METCALF, who now resides at Upper Mills, Baraboo, and has been acquainted with the Winnebagos from before the Black Hawk war, at Helena, says, from inquiries frequently made, he learned that they came from the south — below the Missouri river; that they obtained the privilege from the Saes and Foxes to locate upon the Wisconsin river for a few years only, until they could recruit, as they had

become reduced by wars. When they were well rested and strong, they claimed the country by might."

Relative to their disposing of these lands and their removal, an article published in the *Sauk County Standard*, December 19th, 1850, says, in describing the Baraboo Valley :

"For at least many years before their removal, the Winnebagos made choice of this valley for their home. Here, within a distance of three miles, were their villages, four in number, and *there*, near our village, was their council house. On these rapids were their fisheries, from which they obtained some of their supplies. There, on the south side of the river, only a league distant, were their sugar camps — groves composed almost entirely of the sugar maple. I never beheld handsomer. They are nearly girdled down by their frequent tappings. Those small prairies and frequent thickets on the north side of the river, made fine haunts and green pastures for deer and small game, as well as the lordly elk. On the range of bluffs, between this place and the Wisconsin river on the south, on those heavy oak ridges, are fields well calculated for the bear. Was there ever a country better calculated for the Indian to enjoy his life according to his own peculiar nature and habits? But alas! that fell destroyer of his social and religious happiness, as well as his moral being — *Civilization* — a word that comes to his understanding as — do ye to others what you can that is bad, and do ye not unto others any good acts which you would have done to yourselves. The crafty white man held out the bait, the trappings of his art, and their gaudy show dazzled the judgment of a majority of their rulers, for which they sold their birthright and the bones of their fathers, to their superior and much civilized white brethren. At this move the tribe in general, together with one of their

chiefs, (Dandy,) remonstrated. He would not sign the treaty, and objected to leaving the country, but was, with the rest of the tribe, forced to leave for their new homes west of the Father of Waters, and several hundred miles north of their present location. He, with his adherents, returned, and were, by the United States dragoons, hunted up and again removed; but they again returned, and for the last year have been upon the border of our settlement, doing no one any harm except in the imagination of some soft-brained men, who sometimes succeed in getting the women a little excited.

“After the Winnebago treaty was ratified, those wayward and resistless pioneers, waiting to have a new field opened for their enterprise, immediately took possession of their cornfields and gardens. This very much annoyed the Indians, and, to use the words of one of those pioneers as related to the writer, ‘they would make up all kinds of faces, and call me all the hard names they could think of—blackguard and make sport of me, and even threatened to kill me, and I thought sometimes they would; but I told them they dare not injure me, or any thing I had; if they did, every Indian of the tribe would be hung.’ This man could speak their language with as much fluency as his own, and therefore understood all they had to say to him perfectly well. It is a saying that ‘men brought up in the woods are not to be frightened by owls,’ and I would say of these early settlers, by Indians, either.

“The time fixed upon for their removal, was the 12th day of May, 1849—a day that will long be remembered by the Winnebagos, the real test to their feelings not having come till then. To leave the graves of their friends, (which, to an Indian, is no light matter,) the haunts of their younger days, a country to which they might well have become attached—all these things were brought fresh to their minds on the

morning of the 12th, by the United States dragoons being present to assist in their removal; and, said an eye witness, their lamentations and cries were heard yet while out of sight; and, said the same person, 'there was not a member of their tribe, save some of their chiefs, who would not have given all they possessed to have the bargain made by them recanted. But our Christian mode of making treaties with the Indians is to get some kind of a bargain with some or all their chiefs, and then show them the sword and a map of the country west of the Mississippi, and the Indians have learned to understand the rest.'

The Hon. HENRY S. BAIRD, in his *Recollections of the Early History of Northern Wisconsin*, says:

"For many years prior to 1824, the northern portion of Wisconsin was occupied by the Winnebagos, Menomonees, Chippewas, and some Pottawatamies. The two first named tribes owned nearly all the country in the present State, lying on Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, Wisconsin, Fox and Wolf rivers. The Winnebagos on the west side of Winnebago Lake, and the Upper Fox and the Wisconsin Rivers. The Menomonees on the east side of the Lake, Fox and Wolf rivers, Green Bay and the west shore of Lake Michigan. Both of these tribes were then powerful, and held in great awe by the few white inhabitants then in this country. The Winnebagos, in 1824, numbered, perhaps, upwards of six thousand. The Menomonees between three and four thousand. Their character and habits differ very essentially. The former tribe, although they could scarcely be called either brave or warlike, were yet worse — they were cruel and treacherous; and would much rather dispatch an enemy in secret ambush, than face him in fair and equal combat. They were friendly to the British, and for many years were their pensioners, going openly every year to Canada to receive their pres-

ents from the British Government. They hated the Americans, and in the war of 1812, espoused the cause of the former, and proved the most sanguinary foes of the United States troops in the battles of the Thames and River Raisin, and in the massacres at Mackinaw, Chicago, and other places. Even in later years, they viewed the citizens with suspicion, and kept them in constant fear; and it is well known that they not only instigated the Sacs and Foxes, in the Black Hawk war, to commence hostilities, but participated in their battles. But these were not the worst features in the character of the tribe. They possessed vices of a more mean and groveling nature — they united the art of stealing to that of lying. If they could catch the traveler's horse, or lay hands upon any of his baggage or property, it was appropriated at once to their own use. It would seem that they even trained their miserable dogs to steal, as I experienced on more occasions than one, when the whelps eat the *strips of raw hide* attached to the oars of the boat or canoe, while encamped at night near one of their villages. Their lying propensities were proverbial, and if the traveler ever made inquiry of any of their tribe for information about his route or about the country, he could only be sure of being right by acting contrary to their suggestions and answers.

“Far different were the characters and habits of the Menomonees. As a tribe, they practiced neither of the low vices of thieving or lying. Unlike their neighbors, whose characters I have just portrayed, they were neither treacherous nor belligerent. Always friendly to the whites, they gained the friendship and confidence of the latter. It is true, that during the war of 1812, this tribe, together with all the northern and western tribes, joined the British, and fought under their standard; but this must be attributed to the fact that the whole of this northwest was, at that period, in subjection to that power, rather than the

inclination of the Menomonees, who were induced to believe that the Government of the United States was entirely unable to keep possession of the country, and protect the Indians in their rights."

I find, in J. WESLEY BOND'S *History of Minnesota*, page 211, a few items relative to the Winnebagos, which must be particularly interesting to us who live upon lands bought of them, and upon their village sites, where their "fires are hardly yet extinguished."

"The Winnebago Agency is located about forty miles back from the Mississippi river, on Long Prairie river, about 140 miles north from St. Paul. Long Prairie is about sixteen miles long, and, on an average, one and a half miles wide, stretching from the northeast to the southwest, and from the high and central location of the Agency buildings lying around it, presents a highly picturesque and agreeable view. This tribe numbers about 2,500 souls. The first recorded treaty by the United States with this tribe, was made in 1816. They were again included in a treaty made at Prairie du Chien in 1825; and at the same place, in the year 1829, another treaty was made with them by which they received \$30,000 in goods, and \$18,000 annuity for thirty years, and 3,000 pounds of tobacco and 50 barrels of salt, annually, for the same period. And again, they treated in 1832, with an annuity of \$10,000 for twenty-seven years, with a stipulation to establish a boarding school for them at Praire du Chien, for the same period, at an annual cost of \$3,000, and \$3,700 more, annually, for farmers, blacksmiths, physicians, &c. They also made a treaty at Washington, in the year 1837, by which they sold all their lands east of the Missis-ippi.

Under this latter treaty, the Government paid \$200,000 in liquidation of their debts; \$100,000 to their relatives of mixed blood; expended \$7,000 for their removal west; gave them \$50,000 in horses and goods, and paid for provisions, erecting a grist mill, breaking and fencing grounds, and incidental expenses, the sum of \$43,000. It was also agreed to pay them, annually, for twenty-two years, \$10,000 in provisions, \$20,000 in goods, \$20,000 in money, and \$5,000 to be devoted to education, agriculture, &c. They made a treaty at Washington City, in 1846, by which they agreed to move to the Upper Mississippi, and which they did in 1848. In this last treaty, they disposed of all their interest or claim in any lands whatever, on condition that the United States should give to them 'a tract of country north of the Minnesota and west of the Mississippi river, of not less than 800,000 acres, and pay them \$190,000 for the following purposes, to wit: To liquidate their debts, for their removal and subsistence, for breaking and fencing lands at their new home, and including \$10,000 of it for manual labor schools, and \$5,000 for grist and saw mills. The balance, being \$85,000, is to remain in trust with the United States, at five per centum, for thirty years, and the interest thereon is to be paid to the tribe yearly.'

"The Winnebago schools are now under the direction of Roman Catholic missionaries.

"It is a lamentable fact that the educated of this tribe are the most worthless, which clearly shows that they should first be taught to labor and acquire property, after which they will see not only the use, but the necessity, of becoming educated.

“It is to be hoped that they may yet become a civilized people. They raised, last year, on Long Prairie, the following quantities of produce:

Corn,....300 acres,....12,000 bushels.	Turnips, .. 50 acres,....10,000 bushels.
Potatoes, . 50 “10,000 “	Oats,..... 40 “ 4,000 “
Wheat, .. 10 “ 300 “	Garden vegetables, 10 acres.

“On the Mississippi:

Corn,....100 acres,....2,000 bushels.	Turnips,.. 80 acres,....8,000 bushels
Potatoes, . 10 “1,000 “	

“The crops at this Agency are unusually good, and the Indians cannot want for food. They have assisted in plowing, planting, and harvesting. Those that have horses, put up hay enough to keep them through the winter. I find that they are not only disposed, but anxious to work; and many of them will do as much work in a day, as a laboring man among the whites.”

The United States will have paid the Winnebagos, in the space of thirty years, nearly *two and a half millions* of dollars, or an average of nearly *one hundred* dollars per head.

There are marks of Indian corn fields in almost every part of the county, the most extensive of which are at the Sauk villages. There are here, in one body, some five hundred to one thousand acres that were the fields of the Sauk and Foxes. Their fields were beautifully located, as are the present white people's villages upon them.

SECOND SKETCH.

The first Sketch was devoted to the chronology of men who have inhabited the soil of Sauk County in periods of time far back.

We shall not in the subsequent Sketches follow a chronological order particularly, or make an attempt to follow closely any system or order. There will undoubtedly be matter considered that might have been left out, and that left out which ought to have been considered. There must in the very nature of things, be errors committed and blunders made.

We shall consider our descriptions, first—topographically, then chorographically, *i. e.*, particular descriptions of the County in sketches, and then as a whole.

The *natural* topography of a country is divided into basins, tables, hills, mountains, bluffs, (a Western term,) ledges, precipices, &c., forming the contour; and

A NEW ANTIQUARIAN OBSERVATION.

Since the first Sketch of "Outline Sketches of Sauk County" was issued, ANDREW HONCER, of Kingston, has shown me a stone 6 by 6 inches at one end, and four by 8 inches near the other. This end is brought by a short bevil on its four sides nearly to a point. It is 6 feet long, and is a straight, handsome rectangled stone from the quartzite rock of the Baraboo Bluffs. It was taken from the breast of an animal shaped mound, and would seem to have been placed there at its erection. It stood nearly in a perpendicular position, inclining a little to the South-west. The broadest end, which was pointed, stood about upon the original surface of the ground, and the other end was exposed above the mound about a foot. Ma. H. has it lying by his door yard gate for the inspection of the curious.

Query.—Was this stone placed there as a grave-stone by those ancient mound building people? Was it purposely inclined South-westwardly in the same direction that most of the animal shaped mounds are headed? It is located on the N. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter of Section 4, Town 10, North, Range 6, East.

into water-courses and stationary bodies of water,—the arterial; vegetation, the botany; the material of all earthy substance, its mineralogy, and the classification of its rocks its geology.

The association being different in different places—ever varied and varying, makes this handy-work of nature the most interesting of studies, and its topography a colossal subject to handle, even by the most learned; yet there can be a few abstractions made that all can understand.

That portion of Sauk County first occupied by white men should be called the Sauk Prairie Basin. It extends from the East side of the County, at the Columbia County line to the mouth of Honey Creek, and lies upon the Wisconsin River, extending back to the Baraboo Bluffs, an average width of about three miles by twenty in length. Like other portions of country, it has a complexion and physiognomy (so to speak,) peculiar to itself. There is, however, near the Eastern end a creek crossing it, having its source near the Lake of the Bluffs, and is supposed to carry off the surplus water of that Lake by an underground passage which breaks out in large springs about two miles distant from it. This is a small creek discharging at its mouth about 50 to 75 inches of water. The water is very pure and I believe quite soft. It has not much of a valley or basin, and does not change the general character of the Sauk Prairie basin above described.

This basin of country is supplied with many excellent natural elements. The Baraboo bluffs on the northern side afford numerous springs and rivulets of soft water, and are timbered with a growth of large white

oak (but already most of it is in the shape of fences, buildings, &c., in this basin below). Upon the South and East side of it, it is not only watered by the Wisconsin River, but reaps a benefit by its being a navigable stream. At the upper end and next to the bluffs, clay is the predominating soil, particularly so, next to the bluffs. At the lower end and near the Honey Creek valley, sand predominates, and the soil is less productive. There is about two square miles here that the soil is poor, but the conditions for improving it are complete; it being in the vicinity of the towns, where manures are plenty; and owned in small tracts, and also near the hay marshes of Honey Creek, makes its renovation more easy and sure than if located at a more distant part.

Most of this basin is gently undulating except the lower end, which is quite level. The upper end is timbered with white, black, and burr oak. Sauk Prairie occupies most of the lower end, but for half a mile from the river, and also from Honey Creek marshes, it is timbered with burr and black oak.

There are no valuable minerals within this basin, although lime is procured from the bluffs adjoining. These bluffs back from Sauk Village furnish a superior building stone from their cap, which is a calciferous magnesian lime rock, lying in strata from 4 to 8 inches thick. They have a yellow tinge, some quite a cream color, others lighter (all from the same quarries,) and when artistically arranged in the front of buildings and stuccoed between the joints, make a pleasant appearance. There are many handsome buildings already built of it in this valley. The stone dresses easily, the

face scarcely needing the chisel applied at all, and breaking very square and nice. These quarries are an immense source of wealth to this region, as from the ease of procuring and using the stone, it must ever form almost the entire building material.

Its geology consists of Potsdam sand stone as the underlying rock, covered to a great depth with drift sand, pebbles and boulders. I am not aware that it has been struck by digging wells, although shafts have been sunk to the depth of a hundred feet and over. There is no rock in place within the basin. From the bluffs there crops out this sand rock capped with the lower magnesian lime rock, quartzite slate and talcose slate. (The quartzite slate &c. will be more particularly described in another sketch, as it does not belong to this basin.)

Sauk Prairie occupies about twenty-two of the sixty square miles which the basin contains. It has two square miles of poor soil, and about three or four more that pays but a small profit for cultivation; the remaining eighteen are of excellent soil, being second to but little in the State. The aspect and scenery are beautiful. There are many points where fine views can be had, but none hardly equal to that from Prospect Hill, on the opposite side of the river from Upper Sauk Village. From here can be seen much of the artificial as well as natural topography of the neighborhood.

The *Kee-ko-sa-ra*, the Indian name for the Wisconsin river, and signifying in their language, "River of flowery banks," which is about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile in width at this place, flows at your feet, fading away among the many islands in the distance, both up and down the stream, with several points of bold and bald bluffs look-

ing down into the valley, and sometimes into the river. The fall of the river from Portage to its mouth, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet per mile, while that of the Mississippi is but $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches per mile from the mouth of the Ohio to St. Paul, including its two rapids. (Geological report of Iowa.)

But in comparing this and other branches with the "Father of waters," we must consider that the Mississippi is at the bottom of the great basin, and that its supplies fall from the water sheds into it as rivulets run from the hill sides into the creek. But I believe that this stream is the most rapid of any of its branches. In front of you is a lovely prairie, richly wooded about, and imbossed upon its distant edge by the Baraboo bluffs. Upon your left, and partly behind you, the bluff sides are profitably cultivated to the grape. One vineyard, that of Mr. KELL, will make this season 20 barrels of wine, besides selling a large quantity of the fruit. This is the largest plantation, but Mr. HURLEY is the pioneer grape man. In this vicinity there are several quite extensive vineyards. Upon the river you see steamboats, and see it spanned by two bridges, one at each town. Where but 23 years ago, the Indians were lords of the soil, there are within the town of Prairie du Sac, on an area of 31 square miles, all within sight, 380 dwellings and 1,900 inhabitants. Upon this prairie, then, so beautifully clothed in myriads of flowers of every shape, shade and color,* and the luxuriant grasses,—you see a plaid work of farms striped by roads and dotted with buildings. The high chimneys indicating steam propelled machinery; you see in each

* "Not less than 800 species."—T. J. HAUN.

village steamboats lying upon the river and people moving in all directions. To the South-west of you, at the lower end of the prairie, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the mouth of Honey Creek, you see a prominent point of bluff that forms a land mark of the country. At its base the creek is dammed. At the East of the dam the fine flouring mill of Messrs. MERRIHEW, ROWELL & Co. stands. It is 32 by 50 feet, is built of the magnesian lime stone from the top of this bluff, and has four run of stone at present. There is also a shed built for feeding teams in, which is the first appendage of the kind in the County. In 1859 the flour made at this mill took the first premium at the State Agricultural Fair. The creek here furnishes about 1,000 inches of water—calculated on the edge of the dam. At the West end of the dam stands the old mill, now used for chopping and coarse grinding. RUFUS MERRIHEW is now the active man of the firm, and a man who prides himself much in the milling business. Here was the first dam built in the County. ROBERT BRYANT built it in 1841 and got his saw mill running in 1842, but it never did much business. He sold to H. B. STAINES who put into operation a pair of 28 inch burr stones and a shaking bolt. This bolt was some two feet wide and eight feet long, placed in an inclined position—the ground wheat falling on the upper end, and the bran running off at the lower end. This mill was a little improvement on “Uncle Bill’s”—WM. JOHNSON’S—big coffee mill. But we would sometimes have to wait a day or two before getting our small grist, and tend mill ourselves. It required more than common honesty to toll our own grist. STAINES sold to MIX, who put up a respectable building

R. G. E.



and put to work two pair of 30 inch burrs with smut mill and other usual fixtures appertaining to a custom mill. WILSON was the next proprietor, J. R. WOODRUFF next, HENRY ROWELL next, then Merrihew & Rowell, who built the new mill shown in the engraving, and lastly its present firm.

From the favorable locality of this mill, it has always all the custom work it can do. Since the completion of the new mill it has done a good deal of flouring.

Of the 31 miles (19,840 acres) area of this town, 5,201 acres are under cultivation or nearly one-fourth its surface. (In quoting from the United States census report of the Southern Assembly District, made by STEPHEN B. DILLEY, Deputy Marshal, it must be a pleasure to all to learn that he did his work of taking it, to the letter of the law.)

Of the population 687 are from the German States, 75 from other foreign countries, 82 from New Hampshire, 79 from Vermont, 116 from New York, 352 born in Wisconsin and the remainder divided among the other States of the Union.

There were grown in 1859, 23,764 bushels of wheat, 18,985 bushels of Indian corn and 15,618 bushels of oats. The next year, which will long be remembered for the abundance of our crops, there were raised from nearly the same number of acres, 50,109 bushels of wheat, 30,882 bushels of corn, and 23,663 bushels of oats. (See Town Assessor's agricultural statistics.)

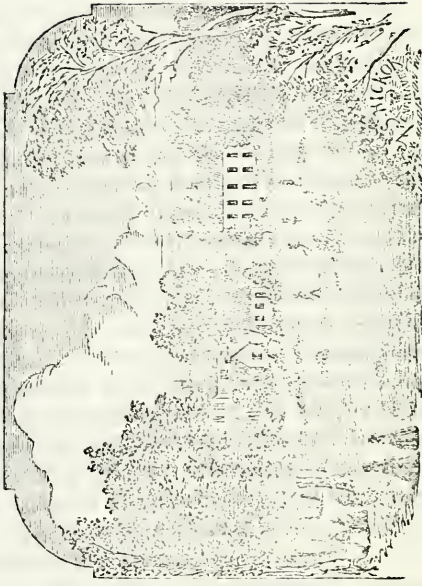
There were produced in this town 107 gallons of wine in 1859, which is more than all the rest of the County has produced.

The three Villages of this town are very pleasantly located upon the Wisconsin river, and are within two miles up and down the river, and at some future day will be united into one town. There are now two Post Offices,—one at Sauk City and the other at the village of Prairie du Sac. There was formerly a good deal of antagonism existing between these two places; Upper town being settled principally by Americans, and Lower town by Germans. They are, however, now good neighbors, and entertain a friendly feeling towards each other.

Sauk City, the lower town, now contains about 1,000 inhabitants. It has (now being completed) a stone School House 40 by 60 feet, a Catholic Church 90 by 129 feet, (see engraving), a free Congregational Hall 20 by 40 feet, 3 Taverns, 6 Dry-Goods Stores, which sell \$65,000 worth of goods per year, 1 Hardware Store that does a heavy business for a country town, 2 Druggists, 4 Breweries, 1 Distillery, that does a small business, for all Germans when they come to town to trade must have their lager beer,—6 Shoemakers, 4 Blacksmiths, 2 Wagon makers, 1 Jeweler, WERNER, an old resident, 1 Tobacconist and a Furnace.—See engraving. It is now double as large as shown in engraving and propelled by steam. There are a corresponding number of artisans and professional men. There is about \$75,000 worth of merchandise sold annually. There is a bridge across the river which is 1020 feet long, built nearly on the HALL plan, and is a fine and substantial truss work; and a Bank, that withstands the pressure of the times. There is a collection of about 300 specimens of natural history; about 250 specimens

of different species of stuffed birds which were collected mostly in and about this neighborhood, and constitute perhaps four-fifths of such as inhabit, as well as those that frequent this State. It is truly interesting as well as instructive to look upon so large a collection made mostly in our neighborhood, and notice the great variety of plumage, the many different and singular forms. We often ask in looking at them, is it really true that this bird and that bird inhabited Sauk County. This region of Country has some rare specimens of ornithology. This collection is the property, and was made by CHARLES DININGER, a German gentleman. From the fact of their being put up neatly, accurately and with an air of life-like appearance, they are valuable to the student and an ornament to the County—there will be a list prepared for our future sketches by an experienced taxidermist and ornithologist. There is a German newspaper printed here, the first copy of which was issued by LOCURNE, as printer, and C. DURR, editor, Nov. 23, 1853. It came into the hands of its present owners in October 1856; L. CRUSIUS printer, H. KLEINPELL editor. Its name is Pioneer Am Wisconsin—in English, Pioneer on the Wisconsin. It now has a circulation of 350 and is doing a good living business.





TURNER'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH ACADEMY—LOCATED AT
SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN.

This is strictly a family boarding school, under the immediate supervision of Professor H. J. TURNER, formerly of Utica, New York. French is the common language spoken in the family. It was opened at Sauk City in the spring of 1854, and averages about thirty students from some of the best families in the State.

WILLIAM H. CLARK, more familiarly known as Major CLARK, located here as a lawyer, in the spring of 1842. He boarded with Esquire ALBAN, and I believe had his study and office in the Esquire's Log House chamber, and of course was the first lawyer in the County. JAMES S. ALBAN became his student at law on rainy and other leisure days. He moved into Sauk County December 21, 1838, crossing the river on the ice. His family consisted of his wife and three children. His wife who had been in poor health died shortly after her arrival. She had the reputation of being an excellent woman. Consequent upon his circumstances, Mr. ALBAN labored at various kinds of manual labor. He could shell out rails equal to "Old Abe," and has since obtained political position as well as Mr. LINCOLN. He has been twice elected to the Senate of this State, is Probate Judge of Portage County, and has just received the appointment of Colonel of the 18th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

There is one class of seventeen members in this and upper town Village, of "Albrights," from Jacob ALBRIGHT, a Pennsylvanian, who founded this sect. Their correct corporate name is "Evangelical Association of North America," and another class of nineteen, back at the Honey Creek bluffs. There is but a slight difference between this sect and the Methodist.

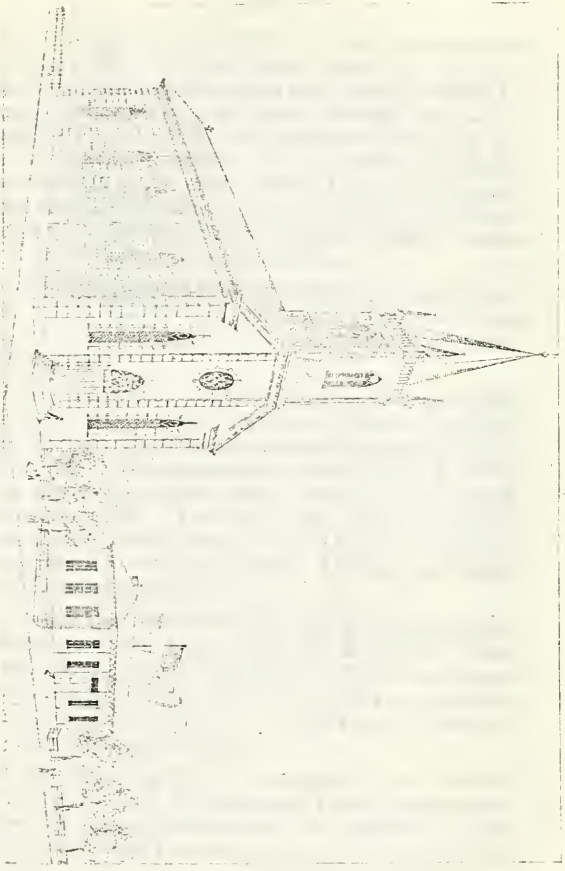
There is a "Dutch Reformed Church" of fourteen or sixteen members, here whose corporate name is the "Evangelical Reform Church."

There is a sect of "Atheists" also. They first styled themselves "Humanists" and held their first meeting at Sack City, October 24, 1842. They were incorporated, however, by the name of "Free German Association of Sauk County," June 3, 1853. There are 70 families in all who are associated together of this creed; 20 in this town, 35 in Honey Creek and 15 in Mirrimack. They met with violent opposition at first from other sects, especially the Catholics, whose desire to persecute only strengthened them the more. Their members constitute, to say the least, a very respectable portion of the community, and their meetings are marked with civility and decorum. They employ a salaried speaker. CHARLES DURR, now deceased, was their first speaker and EDWARD SPROETTER their present speaker. The lectures are upon some science or biography, or any subject the speaker may consider useful. Declamation by young men after speaking and singing, constitute their services. Feasts, dancing, and amusements are also participated in on Sunday.

The following is a short sketch of the history and origin of the Roman Catholic Church, at Sauk City, as furnished by Rev. F. H. WEINHART:

"In the month of September, A. D., 1845, there came the first Priest and Missionary, Rev. Adelbert Inama, of Tyrol, to this place. With the then small congregation of eight families he built a frame Church 20 by 36 feet, which, however, scarcely completed, after the first service was held therein, accidentally became a spoil of the flames.

St. Ann's Church, Sault Ste. Marie



“In the year 1847, the Rev. A. Inama, who then removed about three miles East of Sauk City, with the intent to found a congregation there also, (in which he succeeded beyond all expectation, having since built a beautiful Church, 45 by 90 feet,) was followed by the Rev. Maximilian Gaertner. Up to 1852 the divine service was held in the public School House of this place, when the foundation to a stone Church 50 by 105 feet (not 90 by 129 feet,) was then laid, of which Charles J. Ross, of Sauk City, is the architect.

“The congregation then yet being a very small number, only a part of said building, 35 by 50 feet was erected, in which the divine service was held up to the present time.

“Up to the year 1858, the congregation gradually increased to the number of about 80 families, at which time the Rev. M. Gaertner returned to his old home, Tyrol, and was then succeeded by the Rev. F. H. Weinhart, also a Tyrolese by birth, who is still attending the congregation. The work of the building was then continued with united zeal, and in 1860 the walls were completed. During last summer (1861,) the Church became entirely enclosed.

“Had it not been for the late money crisis, and the now pending war between the North and the South of this great American Republic, the work would have progressed farther, but with the aid of divine providence the congregation expects to complete the building during the coming year, 1862.

“The Church is also in possession of two beautiful bells, one of which was purchased by the congregation some time since, and the other was presented to the Church by Casper Hornung, in the spring of this year, 1861.”

F. H. WEINHART.

CHAS. O. BAXTER, Esq., in a letter says :

“W. M. H. CANFIELD, BARABOO,

“*Dear Sir:*—At your request I reduce to writing, from memory, a few items in relation to the early history and settlement of Sauk County.

“Early in the Spring of 1838, Berry Haney received private information from George W. Jones, who was then delegate in Congress from Wisconsin Territory, that the Treaty with the Winnebago Indians, for their lands North of the Wisconsin river, was ratified. Haney at that time was engaged with Col. Abner Nichols, of Mineral Point, in staging between Mineral Point and Fort Winnebago. They had two men in their employ by the names of Jonathan Taylor and Solomon Shore. Haney at that time was living on Black Earth Creek, at the place now called Cross Plains. On the receipt of the intelligence of the ratification of the Treaty, as above mentioned, he sent Taylor to the Wisconsin River, opposite Sauk Prairie, there to await the coming of Shore, who went with Haney to Fort Winnebago to purchase a skiff to take down the river to Sauk Prairie, in order to get across. They met at that point according to previous arrangement, crossed over and proceeded to mark out their claims. The first one marked out by them was for Berry Haney, on what is now Sauk City. Taylor claimed the next above Haney, and Shore the next, which claim I afterwards purchased and own at this time. Haney, I believe had the first land broke in Sauk County. In June 1838 he employed James Ensminger and Thomas Sanser to break ten acres, for which he paid them one hundred dollars. The first place in the shape of a dwelling on Sauk Prairie was built by Ensminger and Sanser. They dug a pit in the ground about four feet deep, 12 by 16 or 18 feet square, logged it up and covered the hole with hay and earth, making a sort of root-house. This they did for the purpose of preventing the Indians from burning them out, as they had threatened.

“James S. Alban (who is now Judge Alban of Port County) and family moved on to Sauk Prairie in January 1839, being the first family I believe in Sauk County, or what is now Sauk County. I believe it is claimed by John Wilson, of Wilson’s Creek, that he and family were the first. How this is I cannot say; I have always understood, until a few years since, that Alban and family were the first.

“I left Rock Island for Wisconsin about the 1st of April, 1839, on board the old steamer Fayette. I arrived at Galena in due time, and there took stage,—or rather wagon—for Mineral Point. The proprietor was John Messersmith, Esq. We arrived at his place at Elk Grove, at noon, where we were very politely entertained by the Esq. and his family, and after an excellent dinner we proceeded on our way. We arrived at Mineral Point in the evening of the same day. I there lay over one day for the stage—or rather wagon again—to Madison. At Mineral point I met Berry Haney, who introduced me to A. A. Bird, of Madison, who was also waiting for the stage, and to many prominent citizens of the Point. We were one day in going from the Point to Haney’s place in Black Earth Valley, where I arrived, I believe, on the 6th of April. A few days after I arrived at Haney’s place, Haney, Joseph Denson, from Iowa Territory, and myself started for Sauk Prairie. We followed a dim trail to the river, left our horses on the South side and crossed over in an Indian canoe.

“We visited several of the cabins and claim shanties, and among others we visited D. B. Crocker’s, which was situated where the village of Prairie du Sac is now situated. While there a little incident occurred that may be worth relating.

“The day was pleasant and we were all seated out in front of his cabin, admiring and conversing upon the beauties of the country, when some one of the company discovered an animal of some kind approaching the

grove below us, from the prairie. Some supposed it to be a deer, others that it was a wolf. Denson being an old hunter and good marksman, proposed to go down and try to get a shot. He took Crocker's gun and went down to the grove, where he soon disappeared. Presently we heard the report of the gun, and very soon saw Denson with his hat off, running with all speed towards us, making signs to us to come to him. We all ran as fast as we could. When we came up to him he told us he had shot an animal, the like of which he had never before seen. He said when he fired it leaped into the air about ten feet, and then he thought it was making after him, which was the cause of his running and giving us signals to come to him. After re-loading his gun, we cautiously advanced to the spot, and there found a monster lynx pierced through the heart.

"The only families that were then settled in what is now Sauk County, were James S. Alban and Albert Skinner, unless John Wilson. Wilson was living at Wilson's Creek at that time. There were several young men making and improving claims when I came, the names of all of whom I believe I recollect.

"H. F. Crossman, Burk Fairchild, D. B. Crocker, William Billings, William May, Nelson Lathrop, E. B. Harner and an old bachelor, by the name of Hunter.

"The third family that moved in, was named Parks, and the fourth Jonathan Hatch's.

"We celebrated the 4th of July, 1839, where the village of Prairie du Sac, now stands. There were 25 persons present, of whom four were females.—Mrs. Alban, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Haney. The other population of the County, or what is now Sauk County, were present. At that time we were in Crawford county. In the winter of 1839 and 1840 we petitioned the Legislature to strike out a new county, call it Sauk, and attach it to Dane for all purposes, which was done.

"The first election was held on Sauk Prairie in the fall of 1839, and returns made to Prairie du Chien. The return was made by James S. Alban. He went down in a canoe, and returned, I believe, on foot. We polled 14 votes, all told.

"Some time in October 1839, five of us, Berry Haney, Burk Fairchild, Solomon Shore, Samuel Taylor and myself crossed the bluffs over to the Baraboo Valley. The trail led us over the bluffs immediately back of what is now known as the 'Teals' place, the highest peak, I think, in the centre range between the prairie and Baraboo. The trail led us directly to the Baraboo river, at the place where Maxwell's mill dam now stands. Here we forded the river and entered the Indian Chief, *Caliminee's*, village, where we were very warmly and hospitably received. We rested and refreshed ourselves and horses, and were much amused in seeing the Indians playing at cards and horse racing. Some of them would stake their last string of Waupum on a single chance at cards. The game we could not understand. After spending about two hours at this village we started to traverse the river above, which we did, wherever it was approachable, as far up as *Dandy's* village, which was five or six miles above. At this village we were received with marked displeasure by the Indians, many of them gathering around us, and making much noise and confusion. They made signs and gesticulations for us to leave. After some parley with them, however, we succeeded in restoring quiet, and afterwards purchased some corn to feed our horses for the night, and then left them in peace.

"We encamped about two miles above the village, where I spent the most disagreeable night of my life. It was very chilly, pitchy dark, and rained the entire night. We had no shelter except that afforded by our blankets, which was but little, as we were drenched to the skin in a short time, through blankets and all. Af-

ter much trouble we succeeded in making a fire, which somewhat relieved us from the cold.

The next morning the rain ceased. After drying our clothes and taking breakfast in the Indian style, we proceeded up the river to the narrows, from which point we returned on the direct trail to the lower village, where we had the honor of dining with the Chief. We spent several hours at this village and then went down the prairie to the narrows below, from which place we returned home. After a very tedious and tiresome journey across the bluffs, we arrived at Sauk some hours after night and lodged in the primitive house, (or dug out, as we used to call it,) which was a very agreeable change from the night before.

We saw no visible signs of white men in the Baraboo valley. I think in all probability we were the first white men that ever crossed the bluffs between the Prairie and Baraboo valley.

Some time in the after part of the summer of 1839, Cyrus Leland and George Cargel moved their families to the prairie, being the 5th and 6th, and a little later in the season of the same year Berry Haney moved his family to the Prairie, being the 7th. On the 30th of November 1839, Charles B., son, of Berry and Anna Haney was born, being the first white child born in Sauk County.

There was nothing further of importance transpired during the winter of that year. The winter was very cold, with much snow, which covered the ground until spring. This ends my first year's stay in Wisconsin.

C. O. BAXTER.

The following information relative to the German settlement at Sauk Prairie, is furnished by CHAS. HAL-
LASZ.

The *Germ* of the German Settlement at Sauk, was

* Sarah Leland, now wife of Judge J. B. Quimby, of Sauk City, I think was the second white child born in Sauk County. W. H. C.

Augustine Haraszthy, commonly called the Count, from his old country title, accompanied by his cousin Chas. Hallasz, Hungarians. They left Hamburg, March 3d, 1840, with an intention of settling in Florida. That State had then just come into the Union, and in Hungary, it was represented as the "Garden of Eden," by German travelers. They were young and full of poetic ardor, and having plenty of money they determined to see if Florida was a paradise. On leaving Hamburg they purchased some of Maryatt's novels and travels, to while away the time upon the packet ship *Sampson*, while at sea. Maryatt's description of his trip from Green Bay, up the Fox River, *via* Fort Winnebago, and down the Wisconsin River to Prairie du Chien, was so detailed as to determine them to alter their destination, together with a description of some Englishmen who were coming to Mineral Point. "Lead to be got almost anywhere a few inches under the surface. The country beautiful, rich, and one great flower garden, especially at the Indian Villages on Sauk Prairie, and above all, the climate so invigorating that a man could hardly die without artificial means," consequently they landed at New York city—thence by the Hudson river and Erie canal to Buffalo and by steamboat to Milwaukee. After a short stay here they procured a plat from the Land office, and employed an interpreter at \$2 per day, who proved to be nearly as green as themselves.

They purchased three horses, and after reconnoitering the country found some land that suited them on Rock River, at the head of Lake Koshkonong. They hired a log house put up, and in the mean time they

built a hay cabin—purchased ox-teams and implements, got their goods from Milwaukee and went vigorously to work getting a winter's supply of hay.

The country, the implements of agriculture, and the newness of everything had the effect to stimulate them to great exertion. To fish, to hunt, and to work had all their charms. But they were inexperienced, and nothing but buoyant spirits and stout hearts carried these young men through with whatever they undertook.

The mosquitoes were intolerable. One night, the Count in a rage declared that he could not stand them. He took a wisp of hay, went out to the fire and lit it to smoke them out; while passing it about in the hay house it blazed up and set fire to the roof. The roof was green a few days previous, but now as dry as powder. In one moment it was all in a blaze. What should they do? Six loaded pistols, three loaded double barreled guns and thirty-five pounds of powder. They run into a ravine near by—the guns and pistols went off, but the powder “cleared the deck.” Ashes, coals and sticks flew beautifully. After a while they approached, some of them only in their shirts. It was a sad spectacle, situated as they were, but they consoled themselves with “let it go,” and that they had driven the musquitoes out.

The Register of the Land office had made a mistake in the plat he had given them, and their lands proved to have been entered a year previous. They felt chagrined and set fire to the log house now partly completed, picked up what “traps” they had and left.

Troubles never come singly. When they got ready

to leave Hallasz could not catch his horse, (a French pony); he could get his hands almost on to him and then he would turn and trot off; he would follow the train well enough, but would not be caught. Hallasz said this made him "so tam mædder as all the rest." If he'd had his gun "he'd shot 'is tam head off." After traveling about a half day they came to a field of oats. Here they took rails and made a pen, and by getting in their other horses caught the wily brute. Hallasz said if the man who owned the oats had found them they would have had to pay about \$10 damage for grain trampled down. But just then they had but a small respect for the land of their "golden dreams." But at night they partly forgot their troubles, for they encamped upon a most beautiful small lake, and with some fish tackle they had, caught fish and passed the night pleasantly. They passed on with their cup continually full of green-horn experience on trails and new roads—sometimes mired in sloughs—sometimes lost. They made their way to Janesville, which contained but one log house; thence to Madison, and by way of Berry Haney's to the Wisconsin River. They had now before their eyes what they had read of upon the ocean, in Maryatt's works. They arrived here about the middle of July, 1840, and found the country about the Indian Village and upon the river all claimed up by a few Americans. The Count purchased of Burk Fairchilds for \$400, a strip 30 rods wide upon the river and running back a mile. They went back to Milwaukee for supplies and then spent the rest of the summer mostly in hunting trips back in the country, and many a novel circumstance can friend Hallasz relate.

In the fall, the Count went to Milwaukee and made the acquaintance of an Englishman of rank and wealth by the name of Robert Bryant. The Count returned and Bryant soon came out, and a co-partnership was entered into. They purchased Berry Haney's claim for \$1,000, and in the summer of 1841 employed Chas. O. Baxter to lay out a town, and named it Haraszthy. The name was afterwards changed to Westfield, and at a still later date to its present name. Both of the proprietors were companionable, poetical and also go-ahead men, spent money freely, and were just the right sort of persons to build up a town. The Count soon drew about him a large German Settlement. In the spring he returned to Hungary and came back with his wife, children and father in the summer of 1842. His father was generally spoken of as the "old General." He was an excellent chemist.

This family remained here until the spring of 1849, when they left for California by the overland route. It will be remembered that at this early date the undertaking was much more than at present, but the Count could face any hardship easily. The "old General" was soon appointed Assayer in the Mint at San Francisco, and his son, the Count, was appointed clerk. The soon amassed a fortune, and it would take a volume to relate the interesting details of the chequered life of this man.

Charles Hallasz still lives at Sank, and has enjoyed the confidence of the people in several of the town and county offices.

The following correspondence is furnished by ED-
MOND RENDTORFF, of Sauk City:

“SAUK CITY, June 19, 1861.

“WM. H. CANFIELD, BARABOO.

“*Dear Sir*:—When you last saw me I was sick, but
am now recovering. I write you a few lines in regard
to our German settlement, which I enclose herewith to
your service.

Yours Truly,

“EDMOND RENDTORFF.

“On board the *Hamburgh Packet*, “*Barque Wash-
ington*,” I left *Hamburgh* and landed safe, *December 8,
1838*, in the city of *New York*, where I lived about one
year as clerk in a mercantile house, being importers of
dry goods, especially silks. I left there for the South-
ern part of *Illinois*, near *Albion*, *Edwards county*, where
I lived with some German friends, and commenced to
learn something about farming. By extreme hard la-
bor and the influence of that, for me unhealthy climate,
my mind and body was nearly broken down—when, un-
expectedly, and to my great joy, my brother *Adolph* ar-
rived direct from home to visit me. It was in the spring
of *1840*. He had made the acquaintance of two pas-
sengers on ship-board—*Auguston Haraszthy* and his
cousin *Charles Hallasz*, *Hungarians*—and said if I had
no objections it was their mutual wish and plan that
we four settle together, and keeping up a correspond-
ence with them, we prepared to join them. In the
mean time my brother was taken sick and came near
dying with a fever. I remained by him and did the
best I could under the circumstances. To rest a little
at night I rolled myself up in a blanket at the foot of
his roughly made bedstead on a few planks, called the
floor, of the log house. After a long sickness and as
soon as my brother was able to travel, we left the place
where we had endured so much hardship.

“In the fall of *1840* we arrived at *Prairie du Sac*.
The day of our arrival I shall never forget. The weath-

er was splendid. We stepped ashore and looked around, but stood still for a good while. The scenery—the beauty of nature made a great impression on me—on us I dare say. Oh yes, if possible, said we—if possible yes! yes, let us settle here,—and immediately we were halloed and greeted by Haraszthy, Hallasz and the Germans who worked for them, and the few Americans present, as if we had been friends “long time ago.” The very next day we went to work.

“Over twenty years have passed by since my arrival here—a time faster spoken of than lived through—a time that has brought to our German settlement many hardships which the inhabitants can testify to; most of them are now forgotten, and with the joys and blessings which have been showered upon us, the griefs and hardships of the past are thought of no more.

“During the first days, especially, that I lived in Sauk, my eyes were much of the time on the fine scenery. It was no unbroken wilderness that met my gaze. The idea struck me that Indians had lived here and that still an ancient people before them occupied this lovely prairie. Many signs of them were here upon the surface of the soil, showing themselves in the silence of beautiful nature, where only a few white men could be seen. What a change time has made here! Those formerly untouched bluffs now show numerous quarries of lime and building rock. That valuable, high and mighty timber on the islands of the Wisconsin river and border is gone. Its barbarous enemy, the “American ax,” in German hands has been here and brought destruction all around—but now in its place, kind nature has planted new trees which are at this time half grown again. The wild grass of the marshes has changed as countless tons of hay have been made there by the settlers.

Look at the prairie from the end to the commencement again of winter, full of flowers, changing almost every week, one closing to make room for another,

—more blossoms than leaves or spears of grass. But now you see—only now and then—a vacant, unoccupied green spot; the blossoms have disappeared by the feeding of cattle. Their seed could not fall to the ground to spring up again to bring blossoms for future years. But how is it with the spot of land and surrounding country where we landed in the fall of 1840. All then was covered with Indian hills; thousands of deer bones, glass neck-pearls, arrow points of flint, and Indian graves were everywhere to be found. Yes, here they hunted, fished, raised corn and died. Time has decayed the bones; the new generation, children or Germans, have picked up their glass pearls, &c., to play with; their corn hills have been leveled, the village of Sauk City being located upon them, whose largest portion of inhabitants consists of Germans.

When I arrived at Sauk I found some Americans had made their claims here. The land could not be bought from Government, as it was not yet in market. Of these claims I only mention a few. Messrs. Haney, Russell, Crossman and Eusminger, who soon sold out. Chas. O. Baxter, Esq. has occupied his claim ever since; so has Jonathan Hatch. In all there were but a few acres of land broken and fenced, and a few log cabins built. Haraszthy and his men had erected one already, and we went to work and soon built another.

As time has passed on, all of these cabins have disappeared. The one in which Hallasz lived burned down during a very severe winter night, by which he lost many things. The next year after we settled here, we were very short of provisions. My brother and I raised an enormous quantity of melons, which aided much in giving a variety of food.

Haraszthy, Hallasz, my brother and I, sometimes made hunting excursions. At one time, leaving the settlement, we started for Honey Creek valley, in which at that time, not one living soul could be found, but a plenty of rattlesnakes. We killed many of them; also.

lots of pigeons and prairie chickens, which made us fine soups. We found wild honey too, but how to get it, we did not understand at that time. At another time we started out, taking a horse to carry our tent and other things. Near that bluff where Merrihew's mill now stands, the Count shot a deer, but unluckily so that it escaped him. By and by we all four started after the buck, but in vain was all the trouble. In the chase we had lost much time and greatly exhausted ourselves, and did not notice a tremendous thunder storm coming over us. The Count's head was wounded and we had nearly lost him. We arrived at last at camp drenched to the skin, where, in the dark and rain, we found everything wet; the tent torn into pieces, and its contents swimming in water—no fire—cold and shivering. You can believe we made pretty sour faces that night; but never mind, the night passed; at day-break we regaled ourselves as best we could. Fine sunshine warming us up again, we endeavored to cross Honey Creek. But to do this we had no idea what a difficult job it would be. We tramped up and down the creek through mud, heavy underbrush, and were by thorns half torn to pieces. At last we were so lucky as to find a place where the trunks of fallen trees lay partly across the stream. Now we ventured out balancing. But such balancing I had never done before in my life. I used to balance in dancing saloons, in Hamburg, New York, and even in a log cabin on the Wabash river; but here, surely it could not go very well, from sheer nervousness on account of being in such a critical position. I declare I was not afraid of water, as in my former days I was called a pretty good swimmer; but that swampy mud by the shore!—if any shore was there, nobody could tell where, or whether a bottom could be found; then to swim in mud is a considerable piece of art, and I knew, not so easily done, as I had experienced before in a piece of Honey Creek swamp. However, over we must and did go. But oh! our

traveling assistant had to come over yet, besides all our guns, tent and baggage. Finally, all crossed safely, which consumed a half day's labor. Now we traveled on, up hill and down hill, for hours, until we struck an Indian trail, which set us in good spirits. Not understanding how to travel by compass, however, we took ours, out which showed us (green horns,) about the direction we wished to take, but on we traveled, following that trail. After many hours, up and down, round and about, we came out in an entirely contrary direction from what we wished to travel; we stood upon a height and saw our Wisconsin river, where we finally camped. Being now not very far from Helena, we visited for the first time the oldest settler in Sauk County, Mr. John Wilson. We traveled and camped out several times along Pine river, where we met a great many Indian graves, but no settlers. Near the head of this river we discovered a cave, in which we slept that night. The next morning brought us a most disagreeable affair. We soon noticed that over night our most worthy traveling companion, our horse, had got loose, and was now—who knows where? Here we sat in the wilderness—with kettle, coffee-pot, blankets, tent, &c., but the horse was gone. With empty stomachs, my brother and I started immediately in search of the four-leg. We searched and searched—traced back where we had traveled the day before, not noticing much how fast the time passed by. At last, fatigued and very near giving up all hopes of finding the horse—there, there we came in sight of him, far—far away—so far we could hardly distinguish him. Really we had to combine all our energy to advance with something like good humor. The four-leg was eating grass very comfortably, while he kept walking slowly on, bound homeward. Noticing this, we had to march faster, to cut him off by and by, but to do this, it cost us a "heap" of drops of sweat, until we got so far—now commenced a chase, and a trying, and trying over

and over again, to catch that——our traveling companion. We learned now, if we had not learned it before, what independence means—that horse—really he showed himself an independent one. He tricked us out continually. On that day we learned some experience in Western horse-catching! My legs seemed to me to have turned over to the age of sixty or more years; my brains—in what condition they were is hard to tell! At last! At last! we caught him, and almost dropped down, so exhausted we were. Now came the returning to our cave, which luckily we found at last; we had done enough that day, which lasted then but a short time, and it was sunset. Next morning we started together from our cave, but met also with a most unlucky day. We had traveled all day, and not noticing that we traveled in too much of a circle, at evening found ourselves at the same spot we had left in the morning—our cave. During the following day we endeavored to do better—came at last to a creek but knew not which one it was, and being bound for home we followed it down. We had exhausted our provisions; the large and fat coon the Count had killed was gone. By climbing upon a high bluff we convinced ourselves we were going straight ahead and right. With half empty stomachs, we calculated with joy at about what hour we should reach Sauk; but as it often goes—so here—we soon found we had made a miscalculation. We had to pass a great hindrance, which consisted of a large tamarack swamp, many of which at that time were along the Honey Creek valley. We were anxious to get home and not willing to march for miles round it, so we concluded to cross it in a straight line, but we had to suffer for it. At the commencement, for a good while, we did not care for the great elasticity of the ground; but our marching went over into a kind of jumping, somewhat like grasshoppers. It often happened that in jumping to what seemed a pretty solid place, on arriving we would find ourselves in mud

—first knee deep, afterwards deeper—but the hardest trouble was our traveling companion, that independent horse, with all the baggage. O, Jerusalem!—hot and sultry it was; our bellies fallen in, our skin pretty near the bones, and no inside fat present, sweating all the time. Now that horse got stuck sundry times, not alone we had to carry the baggage! no—we had to carry the horse too, mostly through this mud and nasty smelling swampy concern. I consider it yet half a miracle how it was possible that we crossed this place, but it came to a fact that we crossed it, and we were thrown into astonishment at the fact! But hurrah now for sweet home; this we reached at sun-set, totally torn and dirty, having been out eight or ten days. Our German settlers glared and stared at us. I believe they could not make out whether we came direct out of, — or from the moon. In fact we looked worse than any European beggars, Winnebagos or chimney sweeps.

“The Count soon employed a carpenter, Mr. Morgan, an Englishman, who put him up a frame house for his family. This was the first one erected in Sauk City. I purchased it in latter years, and have kept it in repairs. It stands yet, and is occupied by one Mr. Cowles. More frame buildings were then put up. That of Mr. John Gallards and one under the name of the United States Hotel, now occupied by Hiram Miller,* that now occupied by J. Werner, Sr.; then a part of the District School building; then that of the Catholic Church—but before this latter building was finished, during church time it caught fire, and burned down in a few moments. It was full of persons at the time who had to fly for their lives. It was supposed to have taken fire by some one emptying his pipe before entering church. From the abundance of shavings which lay around, the flames spread rapidly.

Provisions at one time being rather scarce, a civil re-

* This was a palace of a building for so new a country, and for any time, will make a fine appearance. It was thoroughly built and furnished. W. H. C.

bellion broke out in the village among the workmen of the Count and Bryant. The motto of the rebels had previously been, "pork and potatoes for breakfast, potatoes and pork for dinner, &c.," and seldom anything extra. A procession was formed, headed by a stout man, carrying on a long pole a pickled ham bone for a banner, the rest following in single file like geese, each one carrying a piece of the cooking concern, such as tea-kettle, tin-pails, tin pans, &c.; beating on them, shouting, joking, and making a tremendous noise—which from the clearness of the evening, was echoed back from the bluffs upon the opposite side; and the reverberation came again and again, from the numerous islands up and down the river, as though all pandemonium was there. When the procession disbanded, the settlement was still and quiet. The supper horn was blown by the cook at an unusually early hour. In a short time a great hurrah was heard, the sequel of which was, that dishes were heaped with pies and cakes, &c. So ended the Sauk Revolution.

"Next day lumber, nails, hammer, plow, and everything was handled extremely fast. At one time I was requested by the Count to ride his mare to upper-town, to buy a few articles from D. B. Crocker's store, which was a very small one, and the only one in the country. After I jumped upon her back I found her willing to run off too fast, and therefore held the reins very tight, so she overthrew herself and myself backwards upon the hard ground. I was near losing my life at that time; but she gave me a lesson how to ride a mare. I did not know, and had no idea this female creature had such a soft mouth!

"Bears now and then made their appearance here, and in hard winter nights we often heard the yell of flocks of wolves, whose tracks in the snow on the ice were to be seen in abundance all along the river.

"My neighbor, Lueders, and my brother-in-law, J. C. Grapel, (deceased) arrived from Hamburgh. Grap-

el, my brother and I bought a claim of Ensminger, who was afterwards killed in the Mexican war. We settled on the land and kept bachelor's-hall in his log house, but took our meals with our neighbor, R. H. Davis', who lived in Esquire Alban's house, at that time, which was situated where J. P. Mann's steam mill now stands, and was surrounded by a grove of timber which has since disappeared, and is supplanted with fences, buildings, &c., of German people. To get a house built upon our place we sent to Galena, and got out the families of B. Ragatz, Louis Accula, and Wolf. When they had finished the house, old Mr. Bartholomew Ragatz, a Swiss, now deceased, with his family moved out to his claim on Honey Creek, and this was the first settler in Honey Creek Valley. This valley is now settled mostly by Germans and Swiss.

"When the land came into market, most of the persons owning claims in Sauk County could be found at the Land Office, at Mineral Point, to secure if possible, his piece of land. They passed resolutions to protect each other against speculators overbidding them. The land sale went off peaceably, however, and on the 27th day of October, 1843, the land where now stands Sauk City, was entered from Government by Charles Haraszthy, the father of Auguston Haraszthy.

"The Count and Bryant were somewhat engaged in steamboating: they owned a share in the *Rock River*, of which, at that time, I was clerk. We went three times from Galena to Fort Snelling, (St. Peters) and back, and once from Fort Crawford, (Prairie du Chien) to Fort Winnebago, for which latter fort we brought numerous soldiers of U. S. Infantry, their baggage, &c., returning from their Florida war trip. At the Forts we were kindly entertained by officers and men. Our boat was frozen in at Prairie du Chien, but as a warm spell of weather came afterwards, the engineer, two other men and myself were sent off from Sauk City in a skiff to get the boat to Sauk, if possible. After we

had started it commenced freezing very fast. Past sunset we were nearly blocked up with running ice; we stopped upon an Island and camped, it being in the month of December.

“Without a fire we lay down to rest, and when we awoke, found about half a foot of snow upon our blankets. We hauled our skiff on to the ice, and carried it to where the river was open. We however had to leave the skiff about three miles from Prairie du Chien. We commenced our march from here, through the deep snow towards that place. Our engineer gave out, and if left alone would perish. We took him between us and supported him onward as best we could. We arrived at the boat and cut her loose, but the ice was too strong for her to work in, and our trouble was all in vain. We went home under great hardships, it being very cold. Later I was engaged as clerk in Haraszthy's store. He built the first brick building on Sauk Prairie. It is that which now Messrs. Williams & Son occupy as a store.”

EDMOND RENDTORFF.



To sundry interrogations to E. G. T. LUEDERS, who now resides near Sauk City, the following are his answers :

SAUK CITY, June 24, 1861.

It is with regret that I could not have answered your letter of June 12th before to-day. I take pleasure in answering your questions, but in such a condensed form as the time will permit.

"I arrived at Sauk Prairie in July 1841, in company with my (now deceased) friend, J. C. Grapel, brother-in-law of Mr. Rendtorff. We reached Green Bay by the way of the Lakes, and passed through the richly wooded country which borders upon the Fox River and Lake Winnebago. Leaving the forest and entering the openings country, we were much surprised at the beauty of this natural park. At that early time a few farms only guided the stage road. In almost every house where we stopped, the hospitable people, (settlers, mostly from the Eastern States,) invited us to spend a few days at their new homes, and share what their humble plantation could afford, of course without pay. Arrived at Fort Winnebago, the terminus of the stage. The fortification was still garrisoned; there was besides, a store, tavern and blacksmith's shop, near the fortress. From here we went down the Wisconsin River by a boat of a French fur trader.

"I spent the rest of the season about Sauk Prairie in collecting several hundred species—in part—very interesting plants.

"Although I did not intend to spend the winter here, I was surprised by it before I could find a conveyance to the Mississippi.

"In March 1842 I went to Galena, and from there to St. Louis. There I found an easy introduction in my pursuit, as a Dr. Asa Gray of New York, had kindly

furnished me with a letter to Dr. Engleman, whose services for the development of Western horticulture are amply known.

"After a short stay in the city I proceeded to search the Western part of Missouri, collecting plants and other curiosities. On my excursion in that part of Missouri, I found opportunity to gather information about the Western country, and resolved to pursue the next spring a westerly course; as far as *terra firma* would permit me to study and collect the flora of the mountainous country. In the mean time there had awakened a spirit of emigration to Oregon, and large bodies of emigrants were along the frontier of Missouri forming several companies. One of these I joined—leaving the civilized world in May 1843.

"In the course of the journey, I collected plants and noted down peculiarities as circumstances would permit.

"The loss of my baggage in the rapids below the Grand Cascades of the Columbia River, rests not only severe with the collection of plants, but perhaps more so with a good many valuable instruments and other collecting materials, as I had fitted myself out to spend several years in that part of the country. *

"The kindest assistance was offered me by the gentlemanly officers of Fort Vancouver, but could not lead me again into the course which my enthusiastic mind had marked out, and from there all communications by letter were tedious and uncertain,—I concluded to return

* In Captain Fremont's narrative of his Exploring Expedition of Oregon and California, page 225 says:

"A gentleman named Lueders, a Botanist from the city of Hamburg, arrived at the Bay I have called by his name while we were bringing up the boats. I was delighted to meet at such a place a man of kindred pursuits; but we had only the pleasure of a brief conversation, as his canoe, under the guidance of two Indians, was about to run the rapids; and I could not enjoy the satisfaction of regaling him with a breakfast, which, after his recent journey, would have been an extraordinary luxury. All his few instruments and baggage were in the canoe, and he hurried around to meet it at the Grave Yard Bay; but he was scarcely out of sight when, by the carelessness of the Indians, the boat was drawn into the midst of the rapids, and glANCED down the river, bottom up, with a loss of everything it contained. In the natural concern I felt for his misfortune, I gave to the little cove the name "Lueders Bay."

This was November 14, 1843.

to Europe and engage anew, after having gained some useful experience.

"In February 1844 I left the mouth of the Columbia River for the Sandwich Islands, and proceeded from there to Chili, touching the Paradise of the Pacific (Otaheite), then in a state of seige. I arrived in Hamburg in November of the same year.

"In the short space of my absence family circumstances had taken a change, that made my presence there, at least for several years necessary—so the course nearest my heart, for future life, was beyond my individual control.

"At Christmas 1844, I again hailed the Mississippi; I lived at St. Louis until 1851, and after that time in Sauk County, near Sauk City, tilling the soil and my mind.*

"I have not touched upon California, as you see by the above brief remarks.

"About the flora of California and Oregon I am not able to give any accurate numerical data.

"The higher or lower number of species of plants depends partly on the mean temperature of the country and the configuration of the same, and besides the composition of the soil, physical as well as chemical. Many other agents have to be considered that play an important part in the flora of a country.

"According to my knowledge the number of species for a given space in California is considerable larger than in Oregon or Wisconsin; and still the latter State will hardly make a larger show of variety than Oregon. The County of Sauk, however, represents nearly two-thirds of the species of the entire State. Our beautiful country, adorned with elevations, valleys, plains and low lands, furnishes all kinds of soils and situations for the choice of Mother Flora, and in varie-

* Mr. L. occupies and tills ten acres of land, and labors hard both mentally and physically. He is thorough and orderly in his labors, and is a world within himself.

ty of plants nearly equal to the most favored countries."

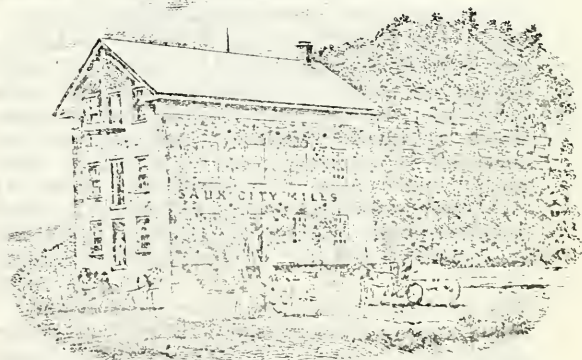
F. G. T. LUEDERS.

The Village of Prairie du Sac, or upper Sauk, as it is termed, still bears its christian name and now contains about 600 inhabitants. There is a bridge across the river here, 1452 feet long, built in 18—. It was the second one across the river. There is a stone School House 30 by 40 feet; a Congregational Church 24 by 52; A steam Flouring Mill of three run of stone; a steamboat, built for the use of the mill. Henry Rowell, the old miller and machinist, put this machinery into operation, being the third fine mill that he has built in the county; two taverns, one kept by D. R. Baxter (the Baxter House,) one of the oldest settlers in the county; five dry goods stores, that sell about \$75,000 worth of goods per annum; one hardware and tin store; two boot and shoe stores, (H. J. Ochsner of one of them is doing quite a large and liberal business); three blacksmiths, (one of them, Samuel Kelsey, an old settler and much respected citizen, has stood by the same forge, on the same spot, 18 years. He now manufactures wagons and plows quite extensively. He has forged quite a small fortune out of the much iron that he has hammered); one wagon maker, A. Orill, who has also been long in the business here, and is flourishing; one jeweler; four saloons; this place sells about \$100,000 of merchandise per annum. There are a corresponding number of professional men. One of these, J. B. Woodruff, settled here in the summer of 1843, and was the first physician in the county. He has ever enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent physician.

The Village is built in a grove of burr oak trees;



VIEW OF UPPER SAUK OR PRAIRIE DU SAC



PERRIN, MORRILL & CO.
Proprietors

SAUK CITY MILLS.

the surface is nearly level, and about 60 feet above the Wisconsin River. Many trees have been left standing as nature planted them, which gives a pleasant appearance to the town.

There is an Evangelical or Dutch Reformed Church in the South-west corner of this town, numbering 131 members. It was incorporated in the spring of 1851. The Church is a neat looking structure 24 by 32 feet. The Rev. — Leonhardy is the Clergyman. On the map it is called Lutheran Church, which is an error.

John McQuaker, a Scotchman, settled on Otter Creek where he now lives, back of Sauk City, in 1844, and George Luetcher, a German, in 1846, where he yet resides.

A. M. Seymour has kindly furnished for this sketch, the following:

PRAIRIE DU SAC, June 1, 1861.

WM. H. CANFIELD, BARABOO:

"To your inquiries relative to my settlement at Sauk, I would say,—That in the fall of 1852 I came to this place. The Village of Prairie du Sac, at that time contained in all three log buildings, one frame enclosed and one unenclosed; three more log buildings outside, but near the village plat was built but unoccupied. About a-half dozen were the entire population of the place. The names of the heads of the families were Nathan Kellogg, Calvin Frink, John LaMeseure, Josiah Abbott, Frank Crossman, Egbert Cary, Samuel Kelsey, Archibald Hill and myself. The four last named are yet at this place.

"The Village was laid out in 1840, before the land was surveyed by the United States, by Calvin Frink, John LaMesuere and David B. Crocker. The site was occupied by Crocker and Burk Fairchild, with other lands immediately joining. In division of claims the

village claim fell to D. B. Crocker. The Government land sale was in the fall of 1843. William H. Hubbard was chosen to enter the land in trust for the claimants, to be deeded according to their respective claims, and payments in proportion as their claims were to the whole, at the rate of \$1 50 per acre, which was carried out satisfactorily, with one or two exceptions.

“When Mr. Crocker came to settle here, he brought with him a stock of goods suitable for the times. The Winnebagos became large contributors to his trade, which continued for several years. Galena was then the head quarters for the trade of this place. Goods frequently were shipped by steamboats that came up the Wisconsin to supply the military station at Fort Winnebago.

“The first School I believe began about 1844, and was taught by a Mr. Smith, a Scotchman, who with his family had but recently come from the old country—a most worthy noble son from a noble christian country. He continued his school for two or three years, and then removed to Columbia county, where he now lives. Since then we have been gradually adopting the approved systems of education, and keeping pace with the growing wants of the present. As soon as the fruits of the toil of the husbandman began to be thrown into our lap, much toil was experienced in preparing it for use. The nearest mill was Hicox’s West of Blue Mounds, a distance of 40 miles from Sank, to which a second trip had frequently to be made to get our grist. In the fall or winter of 1842. I opened a tavern, in company with Wm. H. Hubbard.

Respectfully yours,

A. M. SEYMOUR.

The following communication is from S. H. BASSINGER:

PRAIRIE DU SAC, May 27, 1861.

WM. H. CANFIELD, ESQ,

"DEAR SIR:—Pursuant to your request, I take pleasure in furnishing a brief history of the Congregational Church of this place.

"In January, 1841, the Rev. S. Chafee, by request of the few members of the Church of Christ who had emigrated to Prairie du sac, and were living without being organized into a Church, visited the place, preached a sermon and organized a Presbyterian Church, consisting of nine members—all having presented letters of dismission and recommendation from other Churches, to wit: Calvin Frink, Lydia L. Frink, Mary E. Frink, Nathan Kellogg, John C. Kellogg, Charles F. Parks, Burk Fairechild, Jane Axtell, and Elizabeth Parks. During the year 1842, there were 9 additions; in 1843, 6; in 1844, 2; in 1845, 3; in 1846, 3; in 1847, 4; in 1848, 1; in 1850, 2; in 1851, 4; in 1852, 5; in 1853, 2; in 1854, 3; in 1856, 4; in 1857, 2; in 1858, 10; in 1859, 6; in 1860, 11;—total 87. Of this number twelve have been removed by death; three have been excommunicated and forty-five have received, on application, letters of dismission and recommendation to other Churches. Among the latter number are sixteen who were dismissed on the 25th of November, last, at their own request, on account of exceptions being taken to the Meeting House being granted previously for funeral services, at which time a Universalist Clergyman preached the sermon. The minister insisted that the use of the house should not be granted by the trustees for any purpose, without the consent of the minister. A majority of the Church and society dissented from these views, and on account of this difference of opinion, myself and fifteen others seceded from the church,—leaving at present twenty-seven members.

“The Ministers who have supplied the pulpit since the first organization are as follows:—Rev. W. W. Nichols, from April 1842 to April 1844; Rev. E. G. Bradford from April '44 to April '47; Rev. W. Cochran from October '47 to November '48; Rev. E. G. Miner from October '51 to October '53; Rev. J. G. Kanouse from June '54 to June '55; Rev. D. T. Noyes from October '55 to November '58; Rev. H. Hutchins from 1st December '58 to 1st December 1860. The pulpit has been supplied since November last, by the Rev. John Silsby.

“At a Church meeting held Nov. 29, 1844, the organization of the Church was changed from Presbyterian to Congregational, and assumed the name of the First Congregational Church of Prairie du Sac, by a unanimous vote. The Church edifice was erected during the year 1851, at a cost of about \$1,000, and will seat 200 persons. Since that time a bell has been procured by subscription from the citizens of the village for the purpose, at a cost of \$300.”

Yours, very truly,

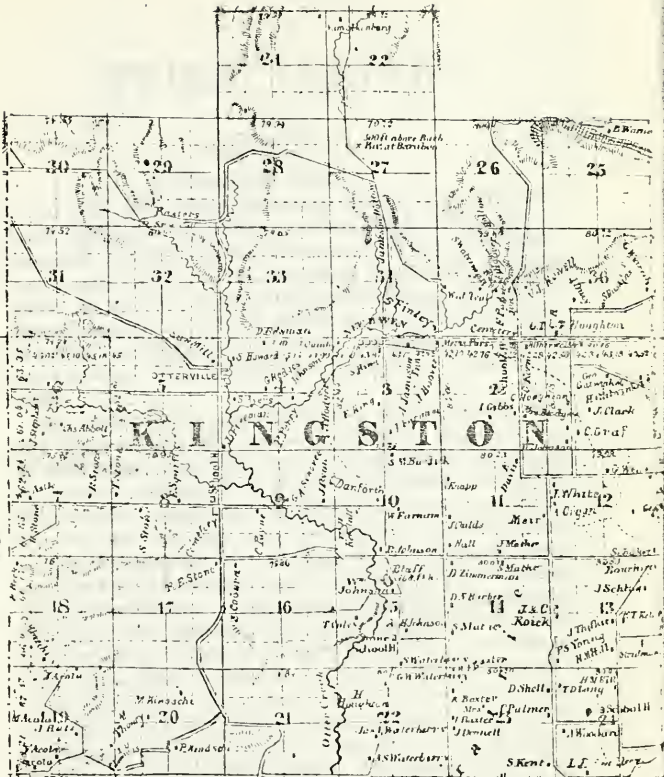
S. H. BASSINGER.

The town of Sumpter, (formerly Kingston,) is about midway the length of the Sauk Prairie basin,—back from, and not touching the river. The South-east part comprises the North end of Sauk Prairie, and is second in fertility to none in the County, if indeed in the State: it is now in a high state of cultivation. The South-west is divided up a good deal by high and narrow ranges of bluffs, the character of which will be more particularly described in the Honey Creek basin. On the West side lies “Stony Pocket.” The word “Pocket” is a Western phrase, indicative of a small basin nearly surrounded by bluffs. This pocket is a large one, being about three miles in length and two broad.

R. 6 E.

T. 11

T. 10



THIRD SKETCH.

SUMPTER.

DESCRIPTIVE TOPOGRAPHY.

The town of "Sumpter," formerly called "Kingston," lies about midway of the length of the Sauk Prairie Basin, back from, and only touching the Wisconsin river at the southeast corner post of the town. The *southeast* part of the town comprises the northern portion of Sauk Prairie, and the land is perhaps second in quality to none in the northwestern states. It has for a quarter of a century been well cultivated, and the residences, and farm buildings are large and of a good character.

The southwest part is considerably cut up by high and narrow ridges or bluffs, from two to three hundred feet high. It is these Otter creek bluffs that catch the eye of the weary traveler, as he commences to descend the Baraboo bluffs on his way from the county seat to Prairie du Sac, and few have traveled that way from whose lips have not escaped an exclamation of delight as their eyes ranged over the lovely scene presented by the sea-like expanse of level prairie, chequered with farms and their various crops and grasses; dotted along the edges with scattering timber, and bounded all along the western horizon by the picturesque spurs of the main line of bluff which thrust themselves out into the prairie-like headlands into the sea. To the south, in the extreme distance, are faint blue lines of hills on the other side of the Wisconsin river, while to the east, the bold bluff on the south shores of the same completes the frame of the picture. This scene, lightened as it is, by contrast to the almost savage wilderness of the road across the bluffs, is perhaps the finest "extended" view in all Sauk county.

The Otter creek bluffs are not only beautiful, but they contain immense quarries of very good and handsome building stone, which is a *calciferous* sand stone, overlaying the Potsdam. It

is in layers of from one to twelve inches thick, of a color varying from a light cream to one several shades darker; is easily quarried and dressed; and by a tasteful arrangement of the different shades of color, a very good effect can be obtained in building. These quarries vary in their lithological character. Some are more cherty or flinty than others. One opened by CHAS. ABBOTT, has a strata of what seems to be Serpentine, probably orthocerata, described in Report of Geological Survey of Wisconsin, by JAS. HALL, p. 147. There is a deposit of sand rock, of a few feet in thickness, forming a bench in the bluff side, owing to its more friable nature. Quarries are opened above and below this bench. Those below are usually more cherty than those above it. Above the calciferous sand stone are beds of Dolomite, from which lime is burned. With good means of transportation, these quarries must be a large source of wealth to their owners, and to the country generally.

Upon the west side of the town is a recess or bay, surrounded on three sides by bluffs, viz: The Main Baraboo Bluff on the north; the Honey Creek Bluffs on the west; the Otter Creek Bluffs on the south, and opening out on the east on the Sauk Prairie. This is what is locally called a "Pocket," and in this case is "Stone's Pocket," so called from the fact of five families of that name residing there, three of which are in no wise related to each other. It is three miles long by two broad, and contains 3,840 acres, of which 8-10 is susceptible of cultivation. The high lands are a clay loam, and the bottom lands the same with a greater accumulation of vegetable matter. A small portion, however, has a sandy loam soil.

The northern part of the town lies upon the south shed of the Baraboo Bluffs. It has a heavy clay soil *and much of it very stony*. Originally, it bore a growth of white, red and black oak, some hickories, also a few burr oak and maple in the vallies. Most of the oak was "made" into rails by the farmers on the prairie before the ceremony of purchasing from the United States Government was performed. It is now, where uncleared, covered with a dense second-growth, which is already beginning to yield an income to those prairie farmers, who have added every foot of it to their real estate. The bluff sides are cut by many and deep ravines, on the sides and bottom of which are quantities of sharp angular fragments of quartzite—

blocks of sand stone, sand stone partly metamorphosed, granitic boulders and masses of conglomerate, talcose slate and beds of nearly pure talc—tumbled and jumbled so that when you pass over them you balance from point to point, if indeed you are so lucky as to “make a point.” In the bottom of these canyon-like ravines—among these rocks, shrubs, ferns, lichens and mosses drips pearly drops forming slender threads—ripples and gurgles the purest of water. A gentle channel emerges and flowing out into the intervalle, joins others, thus forming small creeks, available for stock, and from its softness rejoices the heart of the farmer’s wife at the wash tub. The land upon the bluff sides and top is so filled with stone as to be generally unfit for cultivation, with the exception here and there of small tracts. Near the northeast corner of the town upon the north boundary line lies Devil’s Lake—“Spirit Lake”—“Lake of the Hills.” A very small portion of it lying within the limits of the town.

CHRONOLOGY.

The town of Kingston (now Sumpter) was one of the original five towns of Sauk county, organized May 10th, 1849. It was so named by HENRY TEAL and CHARLES KEEN, who were former residents of Kingston, Lucerne, Penn. It has been believed by some that it derived its name from a family of KINGS, who settled near the centre of the town. The old gentleman, Mr. HOZY KING, soon opened a tavern, and at one time had a small stock of goods. This place became known as King’s Corner. In March, 1856, SOLOMON KING laid out a village plat at the Corners and called it New Haven. It is better known now by the name of King’s Corners than New Haven. (The old gentleman was living with his second wife. She with her second husband. He had ten children and she ten, yet between them they had but nineteen).

The first Town Meeting was held at the house of James Moreland, April 3d, 1849. Jas. I. Waterberry, chairman; Isaac Gibbs and Sam’l Shaw were elected supervisors; Prescott Brigham, town clerk; Sam’l Mather, assessor; Ransome E. Stone, school superintendent; Cyrus Hill and David Randall received an equal number of votes for treasurer; R. Baxter was appointed clerk in place of P. Bryan, who had resigned.

1850—Calvin Danforth, Wm. Farnam, John Thelke, supervisors; D. R. Baxter, clerk; Hiram Bailey, assessor; R. E. Stone, school superintendent; Albert Jameson, treasurer. June 15th, T. B. Cowles was elected treasurer in place of A. Jameson, resigned.

1851—Sam'l Shaw, John Dennett, Chas. Kern, supervisors; D. R. Baxter, clerk; J. I. Waterberry, assessor; A. Jameson, treasurer; R. E. Stone, school superintendent.

1852—R. E. Stone, Ira Ball, Michael Quiggle, supervisors; Fred. S. Roper, Phillip B. Stamates, assessors; Calvin Johnson, treasurer; Sam'l Shaw, school superintendent.

1853—J. I. Waterberry, Eli Davis, F. S. Roper, supervisors; Philo Barber, clerk; J. W. Fyle, assessor; Geo. Gatwinkel, treasurer.

1854—Eli Davis, Nicholas Furst, John Dennett, supervisors; Chas. Naffs, clerk; Rob't Colburn, assessor; Geo. Gatwinkel, treasurer; Norman Wood, school superintendent.

1855—John Dennett, David Shell, Peter Perry, supervisors; Thomas D. Long, clerk; David Zimmerman, treasurer; Ryland Stone, Isaac Gibbs, John F. Stone, assessors; R. E. Stone, school superintendent.

1856—Eli Davis, Sam'l Mather, Wm. Farnam, supervisors; T. D. Long, clerk; John Dennett, treasurer; T. D. Long, school superintendent; Peter S. Young, Sam'l Waterman and Chas. Kern, assessors.

1857—Jas. I. Waterberry, Wm. Johnson, Geo. C. Babcock, supervisors; Thos. D. Long, clerk; David Zimmerman, treasurer; Wm. W. Perry, superintendent of schools; Eli Davis, assessor.

1858—Thos. D. Long, Hiram Houghton, A. Hall, supervisors; O. S. Knapp, clerk; D. N. Barber, treasurer; J. I. Waterberry, assessor; C. S. Abbott, superintendent of schools.

1859—R. E. Stone, A. L. Justine, C. Farrington, supervisors; O. S. Knapp, clerk; D. N. Barber, treasurer; C. S. Abbott, J. I. Waterberry, assessors; G. W. Waterberry, superintendent of schools.

1860—R. E. Stone, John Dennett, Chas. Kern, supervisors; Wm. W. Perry, clerk; Harvey Durkee, treasurer; Eli Davis, assessor; L. B. Swallow, superintendent of schools.

1861—O. S. Knapp, John Dennett, Chas. Ryone, supervisors; Wm. W. Perry, clerk; Harvey Durkee, treasurer; A. J. Sears, superintendent of schools; Wm. Johnson, assessor.

1862—S. M. Burdick, John Dennett, Chas. Teal, supervisors; Wm. W. Perry, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer; Eli Davis, assessor.

1863—S. M. Burdick, Chas. Teal, P. S. Young, supervisors; Wm. W. Perry, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer; Eli Davis, superintendent of schools; Eli Davis, assessor.

1864—M. Willis, J. B. Cowles, Geo. Gatwinkel, supervisors; W. W. Perry, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer; Eli Davis, assessor.

1865—M. Willis, J. B. Cowles, Geo. Gatwinkel, supervisors; W. W. Perry, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer.

1866—M. Willis; W. W. Perry, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer; R. Barber, assessor.

1867—W. W. Perry, Thos. G. Francis, John Thilke, supervisors; Edwin Burnette, clerk; Harvey Durkee, treasurer; R. Stone, assessor.

1868—W. W. Perry, John Thilke, John Dennett; Edwin Burnette, clerk; Harvey Durkee, treasurer; A. Jameson, assessor.

1869—R. E. Stone, D. F. Denison, Joseph Lunich, supervisors; Wm. A. Johnson, clerk; Harvey Durkee, treasurer; Ryland Stone, assessor.

1870—Wm. W. Perry, P. W. Carpenter, H. Gatwinkel, supervisors; W. A. Johnson, clerk; H. Durkee, treasurer; Ryland Stone, assessor.

There being a town of Kingston in Green Lake county, causing confusion in mail matter, the County Board in 1861 changed the name. In the midst of the excitement attendant on the firing on Fort Sumpter, and its defense by Maj. ANDERSON, they gave it the name of *Sumpter* to commemorate that event.

November 14th, 1855, the town of Merrimack was organized out of Kingston territory.

Sections 23 and 24 of town 11 north, range 6 east, was set off to Baraboo, 1862.

Of the old settlers, who are heads of families, and still (1870) reside in the town, (enumerating down as far as 1857) the following list is given:

1839—Albert Jameson and wife, Wm. Johnson and wife and son Roswell.

1840—Mrs. Henry Teal, Charles Teal, Alex. H. Johnson and wife, Mrs. Andrew Hodgett.

1843—Eli King, August Stadtman, John Schlag.

1845—Geo. Gatwinkel, Henry Gatwinkel.

1846—Jacob Hutz, (Sauk county, 1842,) Mrs. P. Brigham, Alonzo Waterberry, Charles and Henry Rork, John Thilke, (Little Prairie, 1844,) E. Van Valkenberg.

1847—R. E. Stone, Valentine Accola.

1849—Wm. Astle, Thomas Stone, Charles Payne, John Dennett.

1850—D. Shell, Henry Hill, S. M. Haskins.

1851—Wm. Perry, Seymour Perry.

1852—Jacob Elmandorf, Ralph Elmandorf, Sarah Elmandorf Reynolds.

1853—Wm. Seibecker, John Wierich, son of Peter W., John Leiser.

1854—Willis Waterberry, (about.)

1855—Peter Knudsch, John Steiber, James Mather, J. W. Gordon.

1856—W. P. M. Johnson, R. White, J. S. Knapp.

1857—Charles Abbott.

If the unmarried of both sexes and married women were added, there would probably be over fifty persons who would have over a twenty-five years' residence in the town.

CHARLES PARKS, whose parents resided for a short time at the bluffs, and now (1870) are living near Arena, Iowa county, was the first child born in the town, Feb. 1840, and the second one in the county. It is said in a note at the bottom of page 58, Second Sketch, that Sarah Leland was probably the second child born in the county. This must be an error. She must have been about two years old when her parents moved into the county.

As an instance not only of the kindheartedness and christian charity, but also as an example of the difficulties that beset the early settlers, we give the account of the action of Mrs. P. Brigham, of Kingston, at the Bluffs, she having learned from her husband, that a family in Baraboo, were in most destitute circumstances, being reduced to grinding a little corn in a coffee

mill daily for their bread, and the other provisions being nearly exhausted and their boy, an infant with a broken leg, no surgeon nearer than Madison. Mrs. B. next morning had her horse saddled and packed with flour and pork, and such medicines as were likely to be useful or were available and started alone with the burden of relief. She lost her way upon the bluffs, taking the wrong trail, there being nothing worthy of any more definite name to follow, had many fears in crossing a swollen stream, (Skillett creek) but finally arrived safe at her destination. Her aid was most acceptable and unexpected, and it is probable that that family must often think with grateful hearts of that *brave, kind* woman at their door, with her well laded horse. She found that a neighboring woman, Mrs. Rosaline Peck, and the father had apparently set the bone correctly and the babe was doing well (so it proved.) Mrs. B. the Sabbath following, made a second visit, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Teal, both on horse-back. (This naration the author can particularly vouch for, its coming so near home.) Mrs. Teal now (1870) is generally known as grand-ma Teal; her kind heartedness (and indeed that of the whole family) is well known. She has brought up as tenderly as though they were her own, *seven* orphan children. One of whom was married to her son Charles, with whom the good old lady, still active and lively in her 84th year, now resides, (1870) at the old homestead at the bluffs. Her roof has always been a shelter to friends and strangers alike.

JOHN HOOVER, Sen., came into the town about 1843, and soon opened a public house at the Bluffs, upon the east road, so called, and for many years made it a pleasant home for the traveller. This pleasant couple of Pennsylvanians are now (1870) in their graves.

The nationality of the first settlers of the town, can be seen quite truly by the census reports. That of 1860 shows a population 959, of which 359 were born in Wisconsin, 101 in the Eastern States, 122 in N. Y., 51 in Penn., 44 in Ohio, 80 in other states, 31 in English dominion, 178 in the German states. Putting aside those born in Wisconsin, the relative numbers between foreign and native born are 394 that moved from the states hither, and 209 from Europe.

The health of the town is superior—being nearly free from malarious diseases. The census report of 1860, shows a mortality of 18 persons: 1 Apepsy, 2 congestion of the lungs, 1 inflammation of the lungs, 1 asthma, 2 typhoid fever, 1 liver complaint, 2 cholera infantum, 2 spinal complaint, 1 cholice, 1 croup, 2 scarlet fever, 1 diphtheria, 1 accident.

The census report of 1870 shows there to be out of a population of 847, but six deaths this year, 2 of these were by accident, 1 diphtheria, 1 bilious fever, 1 Hepatitis, 1 Lung fever. There are 154 families. The oldest person 80. These statistics abundantly prove it a salubrious climate. In fact the county and this part of the "north west" is an invigorating, healthy climate.

It seems from the census report of 1870, that the population has diminished 112 persons. This diminution is not owing to poverty of soil or natural disadvantages, the reverse is the fact. The first farms cultivated in our county were here. We have before affirmed the soil to be second to none other in the western states. The climatic statistics of the U. S. census reports proves its perfect healthfulness.

This diminution of population is caused by farmers becoming wealthy, and enlarging their homesteads, and from the fact also of its being entirely an agricultural town, there being within its borders no growing villages or cities.

AGRICULTURAL.

The town of Sumpter when first settled, and before the soil had its wheat growing properties partially exhausted, grew very large crops of wheat, and for many years it was its chief product. The farmers never have indulged to any extent in speculative crops, i e, when compared to the other towns of the county. When we shall treat the county as a whole, on the subject of agriculture, we will give a comparative table of its products. The crop is not reported in the U. S. census reports of 1860 and 1870. These reports give the crops grown in 1859 and 1869:

	1859.	1869.		1859.	1869.
Acres Improved.....	8,712	9,167	Pounds Butter.....	19,611	30,935
Horses.....	242	475	" Cheese.....	3,838	470
Milch Cows.....	309	396	Tons Hay.....	557	1,866
Working Oxen.....	107	6	Bushels Clover Seed.....	8	39
Other Cattle.....	467	511	" Grass.....	61	29
Sheep.....	382	1,558	Pounds Hops.....	..	15,162
Swine.....	465	884	Pounds Bees Wax.....	69	80
Bushels Wheat.....	31,137	53,028	" Honey.....	335	70
" Rye.....	961	690	Bushels Buck Wheat.....	65	440
" Indian Corn.....	18,775	33,629	" Barley.....	85	3,441
" Oats.....	28,935	48,291	Gallons Wine.....	107
Pounds Wool.....	1,471	5,201	" Cane Molasses.....	248	917
Bushels Potatoes.....	6,240	8,723	Value of Orchard Products... \$	192	\$1,866
Bushels Peas and Beans.....	46	97			

It is difficult to come to anything like an accurate conclusion as to the prosperity or productiveness of a country from the census reports. The United States reports of 1860 for the crops of 1859, was a very low average, on account of the extreme drouth that season. The wheat crop averaged but $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels to the acre. The United States census reports for the next decade, 1879, which was for the crop of 1869, was again very low; it being another dry season. This year the average of the wheat crop was but 5 8-10 bushels to the acre. It is a *fact* that the country is *not* subject to drouths. The Town Assessors report for the year of 1861, given, the crop of 1860 shows an average of $22\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat to the acre. The average for the decade is about 13 bushels to the acre.

IMPROVEMENTS.

The only village plat in town is New Haven, formerly called King's Corners, on section 3, T. 10 N., R. 6 E. It contains 9 dwellings, 2 blacksmith shops, 2 small wagon shops and a church building. It was layed out regularly, March 22, 1856, by SOLOMON KING. A district school building is within a few rods of the plat. In the same month, 19th, the village plat of Otterville, was laid out by CHARLES HEDGES, on Section 4, T. 10 N., R. 6 E., near a steam sawmill, built the year previous, by WM. FARNAM and EPHEAUM KELLOGG; they had a small grist mill attached, mostly for grinding feed. About a mile from this there was another steam saw mill, built by ROBT. BAXTER. The Machinery from both of these mills is now removed, the inhabitants have deserted Otterville, and the village lots turned into farm fields. There are 7 public school houses, 2 of stone, 5 of wood. That of district No. 1 is the best. It is a wooden building, large, well built and nicely furnished, cost \$1,600. No. 2 has the poorest, but they intend to build another year.

There are three small wooden church buildings, a Methodist, Evangelical (german,) and Lutheran (german.) The Wisconsin river improvement will touch the N. E. corner of the town, and the Baraboo Air Line R. R., the N. W. corner. This latter improvement is being constructed, and fast pushing on to completion. There is a post office called Bluff Post Office, at the bluff, upon the East road, so called.

SOCIALISTIC RELATIONS.

There are none other than district schools and religious societies in the town. The first class of that was organized in the county, was formed in this town, at the Bluff, and at the house of HENRY TEAL, 1840, the Rev. JAMES WHITFORD officiating, HENRY TEAL, GEO. TEAL, LUCY BRIGHAM, CATHARINE KELLOGG, MARTHA BRIGHAM, THOMAS B. COWLES and ANDREW HODGET, were the members of the class. MARTHA COWLES thinks ELDER NICHOLAS, a Congregational clergyman that had settled at the village of Prairie du Sac, preached the first sermon at Sauk and Baraboo. Mr. T. B. COWLES thinks *perhaps* that a traveling Baptist missionary by the name of MATHEWS, preached the first sermon in the county. Mrs. HENRY TEAL is quite positive that JOHN CRUMMER preached the first. While boarding with her at Willow Springs; he determined to preach the first sermon in Sauk county, that the honor might rest with the Methodist denomination. Accordingly, in May, 1840, he repaired to the Wisconsin river on Saturday, and found a log stable, opposite Lower Sauk, that was empty. In this he put his horse, cutting grass with his pocket knife, sufficient to sustain the animal until he should return the next day. A German set him across the river in a "dug out." He then went to JOHN HOOVER'S, at the Bluffs. Here, the next day, he delivered his sermon and returned to Willow Springs. The next Methodist service was held by REED and WHITFORD, at HENRY TEAL'S. The next by THOMAS FULLERTON, who was the first circuit preacher that made stated appointments, to this class. In 1842, there was organized, what was called the Sauk Prairie Mission, its territory extended from Black Earth creek, in Iowa county, to Dekora, in Columbia county. The second quarterly Conference was held at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S, on Sauk Prairie, Dec. 28, 1844; B. T. KAVENAUUGH, presiding elder of the

mission, A. M. BADGER, preacher in charge. In 1845, HENRY SUMMERS, presiding elder, P. S. RICHARDSON, preacher in charge. At this early day, the life of the itinerant was one of constant toil, privation and hardships. In 1847, E. SPRINGER was the presiding elder, E. HAWES, preacher in charge; in 1849, EDWIN S. BUNCE, p. c. (preacher in charge) Black Earth and Dekora was set off this year. 1850, C. HOBERT, p. c. (presiding elder) of the district, including the Sauk Prairie Mission; EDWARD S. BUNCE, p. c. 1857, W. WILCOX, p. e., WM. OSBORN, p. e. 1853, I. SEARLS, p. e., J. M. WELLS, p. e. 1854, I. SEARLS, p. e. J. H. SCOTT, p. c. 1855, J. C. BRAYNARD, p. c. 1856, M. HIMBAUGH, p. e., H. PALMER, p. c. 1857, ditto. 1858, M. HIMBAUGH, p. e., — ROWBOTHAM, p. c. 1859, ditto. 1860, A. H. WALTERS, p. c., R. FANCHER, p. c. 1861, A. H. WALTERS, p. e., A. HALL, p. c. 1862, A. H. WALTERS, p. e., R. GOULD, p. c. 1863, E. YOCUM, p. e., R. GOULD, p. c. 1864, E. YOCUM, p. e., J. S. LAKE, p. c. 1865, E. YOCUM, p. e., W. B. HAZELTINE, p. c. 1866, ditto. 1867, J. H. BACHMAN, p. e., E. MCGINLY, p. c. 1868, J. H. BACHMAN, p. c., I. A. SWEATLAND, p. c. 1869, J. H. BACHMAN, p. e., W. W. WHEATON, p. c. 1870, ditto.

There are some members of the Baptist church, who attend service at Prairie du Sac, where the society have a chapel.

There are perhaps twenty members of the First Day Advent church, in town; they are organized but have no house of worship.

In the N. E. part of the town, there is a society of Albrights, or properly "Evangelical Association of North America;" they have a membership of 28, and have a chapel on the N. E. corner of JOHN THILKE'S farm, 24x30; the society was organized March 23, 1863.

About a mile north of this, at the Cross roads, by WILLHELM SEIBECKER'S there is a Lutheran Chapel and a Lutheran society of fourteen families. It was organized in 1862; in 1863 the building was erected.

In this part of the town there are a good many Germans, that adhere to the "Free German Association, of Sauk County." Their lecture room is in the town of Merrimack.

A FARCE.

In the summer of 1845, there was a farce played upon the inhabitants of Sauk, by a Barabooan—a man who was a monomaniac upon the subject of Indian troubles.

On the 18th day of August, 1845, in the evening, he got very much frightened, by — some say boys, others think it was but his crazy imagination. Be the cause what it may, the facts were these: He went to his sister's house and told her that she must leave immediately—that the Indians were burning the houses and murdering the people at Baraboo village—that he saw the flames and heard shrieks from the people. She partly dressed her children—took her shoes and stockings in her hand, and in company with her brother and an Irishman by the name of John Gray, who was boarding there, started in haste for the Sauk settlement, six miles distant, in the dead of night, with children half dressed and barefooted, over the rocky road, and as soon as time could permit, reached A. Jameson's house, and urged him "for God's sake" to alarm his neighbors, for the people were all massacred at Baraboo. These persons were considered truthful, and Mr. J. did not doubt for a moment that it was just as they had stated, and, as is natural, the ever-quick imagination never allows an alarm to subside, and from house to house he went; and others went; and in a short time the whole settlement was in a boil of excitement. Women and children crying and urging their fathers and brothers to make haste. Some packed their most valuable things; some took provisions, one man took oats for his horses and nothing for themselves. In a short time the bluff settlement was *en route* for the Sauk villages, alarming their neighbors as they went (who had not got the news by rumor.) The towns were reached and alarmed, and word sent on to the extreme lower end of the prairie, and before daylight all Sauk was rendezvoused at Upper Town—had companies organized and officered—Count Harasztha was chosen captain. A blacksmith, in fixing a gun, discharged it and wounded a person slightly. Scouts were sent out as the day dawned, constantly feeling their way to Baraboo. They found the people there at their usual employments, and entirely ignorant of the intense excitement of their Sauk neighbors. This practical joke, although a large one, was pleasantly taken,

because it was evident that the intention was good and came from a monomaniac. Judge Stephen Bates, a much respected citizen at Lower Sauk, relapsed from an indisposition, that he seemed to be recovering from, in consequence probably of this excitement, and in a few days died. He had been a man of a very active mind, and during his whole indisposition the family had been extremely careful to keep his mind quiet. (He had been Judge of a Circuit Court of the State of New York, and was one of the jurors in the celebrated MORGAN suit—the revealer of Free Masonry. Judge BATES was the father of CURTIS BATES, formerly of Sauk City.)

SAMUEL SHAW, of Upper Town, soon after this affair, gave vent to some poetic mirth relative thereto, as follows :

INDIAN WAR ON SAUK PRAIRIE—AUGUST, 1845.

BY SAMUEL SHAW.

Good sir, attend and hear a friend,
 Chant forth a measured ditty,
 Droll things I'll tell which once befell
 Around Sauk Prairie City!

The moon rode high in vaulted sky,
 And men did rest on pillows,
 Nor dreamed of ill as they lay still,
 While "varmints" lurked in willows.

From Baraboo hills, o'er rocks and rills,
 Hard by the Devil's Lake, sir,
 At dead of night, in sore affright,
 Ran men o'er bog and brake, sir.

Without a gun, to Sauk they run,
 And tell a fearful story;
 The scalping knife was taking life,
 Around lay corpses gory.

The news did spread, and roused from bed
 A score of sturdy yeman;
 Upon their feet and in the street,
 To fight the Indian foeman.

From door to door ran half a score,
 And fire-locks did rattle,
 I'm sure no knight e'er felt more fight,
 Than these in hope of battle.

From friends to friends the news extends,
 And Parson raised a broom-stick ; *
 E'en aged dames caught war-like flames, †
 While Satan twirled the drumstick.

Aroused that night, one man in fright,
 Got up hind-side before, sir ;
 Four petticoats near, put on in fear,
 And then cried, give me more, sir.

And others—some, to jug of rum
 Did go for consolation ;
 And then "hiccup" with courage up,
 To face this tribulation.

On moon-lit green there soon was seen
 A band of valiant freemen ;
 Armed for the field with sword and shield,
 And guns in moon light gleaming.

In martial ire, with eyes of fire,
 All ready at command, sir,
 'Tis right at first to know the worst,
 Are Indians out in band, sir ?

Then they propose where sun arose
 To send and watch their motion ;
 The matter sift, ask Red Men if
 For fight they have a notion ?

Through woods and rills, o'er rocks and hills,
 O'er prairie dell and fern, sir,
 To Baraboo where owls hoo, hoo, §
 Did go Sauk prairie men, sir.

To seat of war they now repair,
 No Indians there were prowling ;
 One Peter Funk, that night lay drunk,
 And raised a hideous howling.

* Said to have really occurred. The late Rev. Mr. B—, the stated minister at what was then called Upper Town, was on that night lodging with one of his friends out on Otter Creek, and being aroused by the cry of (Indians) was soon seen with a broom-stick in his hand, resolved on a desperate defense.

† Certain old ladies are said to have manifested strong belligerent symptoms.

§ It will be borne in mind that Sauk Prairie was settled before the Baraboo valley, and at the time of this occurrence the latter country, was sparsely inhabited, and gave no indications of its subsequent rapid growth and prosperity, and the owls were then the most noisy inhabitants of that region.

The which was heard by talking bird,
 Who for his life did scabble ;
 On that dread night, in horrid fright,
 Did scare us with his gabble.

The public mind rejoiced to find
 No danger thence was pending,
 The fright was bad, no fight they had,
 The dread of carnage ending.

The clash of arms no more alarms,
 Bland peace smiles on our prairie ;
 Far, far from strife, runs even life,
 Altho' our fortune vary.

ALBERT JAMESON has kindly communicated the following for these "sketches:"

KINGSTON, NOV. 25, 1870.

"FRIEND CANFIELD:

I received a few lines from you, wishing me to give you a few of the particulars, respecting my coming into this county.

My first visit here, was Dec. 12th, 1838, in company with ANDREW HODGETT, ALEXANDER BILLS and NELSON LATHROP. We crossed the Wisconsin river upon the ice, the snow was about six inches deep. After meandering as much of the prairie as we could, we camped, in what has since been called the Hoover Hollow, from JOHN HOOVER, who settled at the mouth of it. We swept away the snow and made preparations for the night; some making a fire, some collecting pine bows, their being in this gorge, as well as others, along this range of bluffs, a few pine trees, for a bed. These we had to substitute for blankets, for we had none. I was engaged in getting supper which consisted of rather plain fair, simply corn meal wet with cold water and baked upon a stone. After our repast, we retired to our lodgings, and spent the night pleasantly. We located our claims on the 20th; my claim I am now living upon. We then started for the river. ESQR. ALBAN had moved over the river with his family that day. We put up that night with him, and was entertained as well as could be expected under the circumstances. To the best of my knowledge, Mrs. ALBAN was the first white woman living within what is now the county of Sauk. WM. JOHNSON came in a short time after we located our claims. CYRUS LEELAND, I think, came here

the following June; he brought his family with him, and Mrs. LEELAND was the second white woman upon our prairie. I did not bring my family until I had been here a year or thereabout. I had been here about a year before I knew any thing about the Baraboo, except by the Indians. The first woman that crossed the bluffs, was Mrs. PECK, in company with EBEN PECK, her husband. They had to cut their road through the brush over the bluffs. Like other new places, the very first settlers labored under many and great inconveniences. Our nearest mill was south of Mineral Point some 20 miles, owned by I. J. SHELDON. I never expected to have seen so great a change take place as has in the settlement of this county, in so short a space of time. The improvements, commerce, &c., are nearly equal to the older states already.

Yours Truly,

A. JAMESON.

WILLIAM JOHNSON'S FIRST SETTLEMENT IN SAUK COUNTY.

I have learned from Mr. JOHNSON and family that he left Belmont in the fall of 1863. When they arrived at the Wisconsin river it was sufficiently frozen to cross on foot. They left their team at the river, with a man to care for it, and went to the bluffs, near the Honey creek Valley, and crossed over into what was called the "Pocket," to a cabin occupied by one LATHROP, where they spent the night. The next day they went to the point of the bluff where he now resides, and liking the location set his men immediately to work. There had been a storm, commencing with rain and then freezing, which festooned every twig and branch with ice. The day was clear, making, says Mr. JOHNSON, the most brilliant display of ice adorning, that he ever saw.

They threw up a small cabin near the spot where now stands the steam saw-mill, and spent the winter in getting out rails. Thirty or forty Indians lodged near them. They were fair neighbors, and dealt with their white friends considerably, never, but in one instance, having any difficulty. Then an Indian insisted on having flour when they could spare no more, and was about helping himself, when CAREY, (his oldest son,) caught hold of his clothes in such a way as to walk him hastily on tip-toe out of doors, to the great amusement of the other Indians.

The next spring he came on with five ox teams, a set of blacksmith's tools, a large breaking plow, and a *mill* similar to an overgrown coffee mill. He got the mill of Col. MOORE, of Belmont, Iowa, and MOORE got it of an old pioneer, who it is said, ground for toll. It is believed to have cracked the first kernel of corn in the northwest, as well as the first in Sauk county. It was capable of grinding nearly a bushel an hour. The old mill should be preserved as a memorial. They got J. E. ALBAN to help them across the river. It was with much difficulty they got the cattle into the water, but finally succeeded. One yoke, however, would not swim, sinking and rising like a drowning person. They finally got them started beside their two canoes and made good progress until their feet struck a sand bar, where they made a stubborn halt, and effectually anchored them out. They coaxed and whipped; the cattle turned their yoke. They unyoked them to keep them from drowning, and tied each one to a canoe, and put the boys (JOHN ROBBINS and GEORGE FOLEX, both of whom are now dead,) into them, and JOHNSON and ALBAN got into the water and crowded them off the bar. They then made a great effort to get into the canoes. The boys were frightened almost to death, for neither of them could swim. They might have taken hold of their horns and kept the canoes away from them; but instead of so doing they broke everything, except the paddles, they could get hold of, over their heads. They soon got them unfastened and let them go their own way, and the boys landed upon an island. They were too poor canoeemen to get to ALBAN and JOHNSON, who were obliged to swim to them. But they had time to do that and get back to the oxen before they landed on the opposite shore. One ox was thought to be dead. They hauled him out and he finally came to and got well; but from that day to the day of his death he could not be got near the Wisconsin river. They started in above Upper Town, and landed upon this side, below town, a distance of a mile and a half from where they started.

That summer he broke 60 acres for themselves, and as much more for their neighbors. The next summer they fenced and put into crops what land they had broken; and their harvest was never better. In the fall he moved his family here. After this harvest the little mill was of much use. It was a rule of

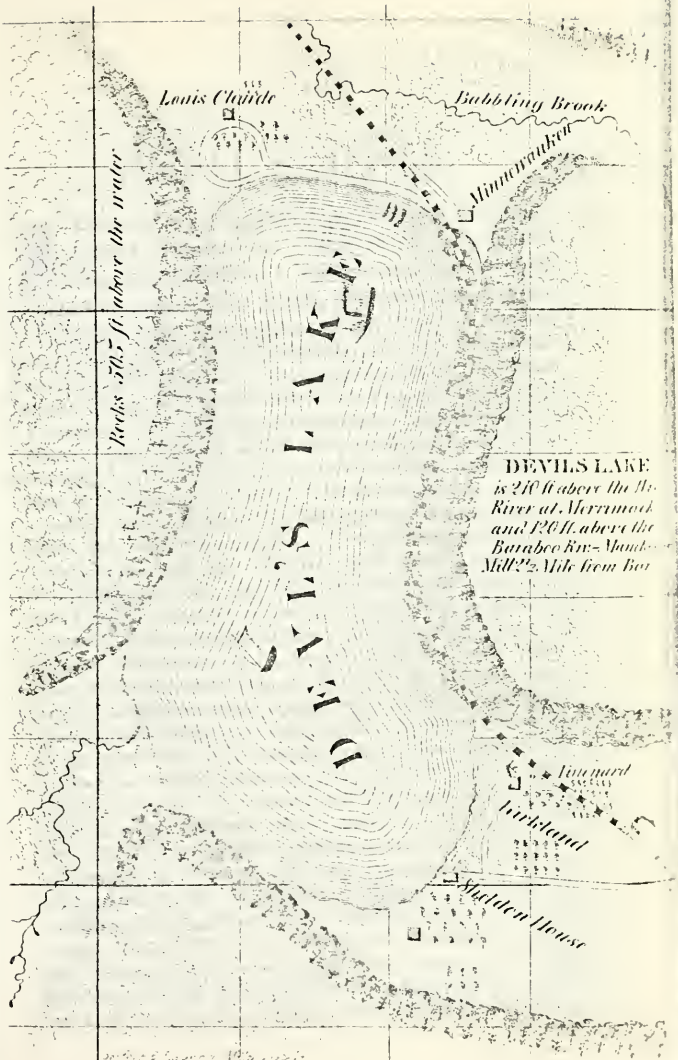
the family that one man should grind before breakfast enough for the day's use. The neighbors also made much use of this mill.

When the land came into market, Mr. JOHNSON entered 640 acres. He has sold none except what he has deeded to his sons; having now 400 acres. He had three girls and a boy by his first wife, and eight boys by his present wife—some of whom are married. He has been and now is an energetic man, and has probably assisted in laying more roads than any other man in the county, excepting surveyors. He is a member of the Methodist church.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WM. JOHNSON, ALBERT JAMESON and SAMUEL SHAW, have many thanks from the author and compiler of "Outline Sketches of Sank County," for their reminiscences. We feel particularly thankful to LOUIS CLAUD for assistance in arranging part of the matter of this "sketch" and for valuable suggestions.

Errors and omissions are incidental annoyances—criticism a purifier. The friends of "Outline Sketches" will do a favor to the author and public, by pointing out to him those omissions and errors when noticed.



Louis Claude

Bubbling Brook

Merrimack

Rocks 50.5 ft. above the water

DEVILS LAKE

DEVILS LAKE
 is 210 ft. above the M.
 River at Merrimack
 and 120 ft. above the
 Baraboo Riv. - Monk
 Mill 2 1/2 Miles from Bar

Timnard

Larkland

Madden House

DEVIL'S LAKE

IS a basin of water $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, north and south, by $\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide, east and west. It is located in the south part of the town of Baraboo; a small portion of it in the north part of Sumpter, Sauk county, Wisconsin, niched in the Baraboo bluff, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the village of Baraboo. The Baraboo bluffs are a wide range of hills with much mountain-like scenery in them. Their highest points are from 700 to 800 feet above the Wisconsin river. They are composed chiefly of palaeozoic rock, and have by convulsions been rent, shook, canyoned and piled, from whence comes the mountain-like scenery. In the pass where the lake is located, the bluff appears to have completely parted from base to base as though a river had passed through, and subsequently filled up from 150 to 300 feet with glacier debris. Near the north end the lake basin was scooped out, and is now filled to the depth of 50 feet with pearly and very soft pure water; the rock-bound shores rising over 400 feet above it. This primitive-like rock scenery being so far distant from a mountain chain, renders it the more interesting. It has already become a favorite place of resort for pleasure seekers. It has for the past few years' profitably supported a public house at the north end, the *Minni-Wauken*, and at this time there is another in course of erection at the south end. The land-lord of the *Minni-Wauken*, S. Hardley, has a small steamboat "the Capitola," together with a fleet of row-boats. The south end of the lake is known as Kirkland, where there are pleasure grounds. At the north end Louis Claude, an English gentleman, has fine grounds, and buildings in rural design. The lake has no visible outlet, yet it has a small inlet. At times it overflows to the north into Babbling Brook, thence into Baraboo River. At the present time, 1870, the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company are constructing the Baraboo Air Line Railroad through the gap at the east shore. There has been much written and published relative to it, much of

which is exaggeration. It is an easy matter for many minds to find myths and legends to spin yarns of, to weave into ballads, epics or fertile prose. So much of such matter has been served out to the public and greedily swallowed, it would be extremely difficult to disabuse the venerating of the reality of their existence. It is said that Indians will eat no fish caught out of the lake. The earliest settlers—those who associated with their red brother—knew their canoes were upon the lake, and that they hunted about and fished there the same as elsewhere. From much careful inquiry of those early settlers, it does not appear that "Nitchie" had any legends of this lake; yet from their known legend characteristics, it is not utterly improbable but that he may have had.

There has been efforts made to change the name of the lake to "Lake of the Hills" and "Spirit Lake." The name so stands upon some maps. Laterly it has fallen back upon its "bad manitou" name, given by our forest brother, in square English.

W H. WOOD, of Portage City, (the well-known merchant), after a visit with his family to the lake, gives the "Portage Register" an epic of what he there saw and imagined. We copy the "Baraboo Republic's" synopsis of it:

"My Geological Friend, will you please permit your fancy to retrospect the 20,000 years last past when the old pancake formation call Wisconsin was 'without form, and void;' when the vast sandbed from Dekorra to the Lake Superior region was overflowed, and the water commenced to recede toward Green Bay; when the little clamshells on the top of Lone Rock began to petrify, and the 'Old Granny' rocks on the Kickapoo were just getting their noses out of the water.

"Previous to this, old Vulcan, who had been forging thunderbolts,—which, 'let off,' had upheaved the Blue Mounds and the Illinois prairies—found his works moving along in the region of Dekorra. Here, with a regular 'peacemaker,' he tore open the gap at Dekorra, letting the pent up waters through the rocks. This in the end will be a great blessing to the Mississippi river country, giving it a ship canal to the great lakes.

Nevertheless it spoilt the mighty channel of the Fox, and rendered it necessary to cut the Portage canal and expend a good deal of money. So much for explaining the origin of the Wisconsin river.

“But old Vulcan, though drowned out at Dekorra; fanned the expiring embers of his furnace at Merrimack, and came rushing on toward the upper Barraboo, casting and heaving up the Baraboo bluffs, at a rate which must have astonished the mound builders. Gaining force as he proceeded, and wrathful from his Dekorra ducking, his upheavals soon assumed the volcanic form, and his eruptions were of a high old order. For three miles down this valley did he cast forth rocks, from one hundred tons weight downward. But the grand expiring effort of his whole northwestern experience was at the ‘Devil’s Lake.’ Here he piled quartz rock to the extent of the weight of a small country like France, and his last upheavals were of the California order, getting particles of gold mixed up with the molten quartz, when Jupiter interfered with his extravagant spree, and ordained that the people of the Baraboo hills should henceforth and forever be the virtuous sons of toil. The Baraboo (which at that time was agitated by a tearing flood) let in the water to the tune of a lake four miles in circumference; and this lake, then, is the crater of the last volcano in the United States. So disgusted was the old blacksmith, that he put out for the country of the Andes, where he has ever since kept up his fires. But, doubtless, as soon as the ship canal is finished, he will commence operations upon Louisiana soil, and not only rib that alligator country with mountains, but stop up all but one of its dozen mouths, thereby affording slackwater navigation, like the Hudson, its whole length. So you see that in this matter of a ship canal, Providence is on our side; and the mighty god, Vulcan, having deserted, and drowned the devil in his own lake, is enlisted in the improvement enterprise also.

“But we must go to the other end of the lake. Most of the party go by boat. But three of us, valiant men who ‘lap water like a dog,’ chose to climb the rocky steep and go over the mountain. No donkey can aid us here; we are not fooling about the sloping Alps now; We are climbing the Devil’s Lake precipice, and can make no comparisons till the devil gives the world another. A man who can climb a greased pole can gen-

erally climb up here ; but when we undertake to descend at the other end, towards the vineyards of N. C. KIRK, Esq., and in a broiling sun, then the ease is different. 'Can we get down here, Mr. KIRK?' we shouted when we got to a point where we could not see over. 'Not there! steer to the right and take it coolly,' said he. Coolly! We have swam the Wisconsin when the current ran from shore to center, but we never were so completely used up. Ice-water, fire-water, and lake-water, with the cool shades, finally calmed our heaving bosoms, and we proceeded to view the paradise of Wisconsin. You might have a combination of Madison with the '76 farm, and the St. Luke farm opposite Portage, ad led to the New York Central Park, and still you would want KIRK's groves, lake-front, lawns and ancient mound—where he exhumed the pre-Adamite sketeton in a sitting posture—to make paradise complete.

The designs of providence are often seen in the selection of the right man in the right place. Adam might have been well fitted for a landlord, but he must have suffered terribly for guests when he made companions of serpents. On the contrary our friend KIRK has hosts of friends about him, and no pleasure party leaves his beautiful shades, eats his grapes, apples, and drinks his nectar—of which he has a cellar full—without pronouncing him the prince of good fellows, generous to a fault, and worthy of the ownership of such a charmed spot.

"We advise you—the yeomanry of the northwest—when you do go anywhere, to go to the Devil's Lake. Take along your entire families, and always stay over night, at least; patronize our friend HARTLEY of the Minni-Wauken House to the best of your ability. If the funds are short you can camp in the Sugar Maple groves, and hire his boats. If you can afford to enjoy his comfortable quarters and his cheer, it is worth all it costs; and as he is landlord, captain, engineer, fireman and pilot combined, he is like his many occupations, 'a host in himself;' and better than all, he has no cringing flunkies about him to sponge your loose change for naught, like the eastern watering places. We have traveled some, and confess we never saw a spot where nature taught the great lesson of her 'bosom's upheaval' as here; and if the world but knew what was here—as it soon will—there is nothing in four states that will compare with its attractions."

The following short, truthful didactic verses are truly *multum in parvo*, by S. S. G., dated Baraboo, January 25th, 1870:

I STOOD upon the northern shore one summer day,
 Before me, silent, calm, and deep, its waters lay,
CA mighty mirror, framed by God's own hand
 With granite rock and beach of golden sand.

Wondering I gazed on mighty cliffs that tower,
 Rock piled on rock, as if by earthquake power;
 Riven and carved, silent, dark and drear,
 Whose shadowy shapes frown o'er the waters clear.

While nature's turrets, walls and gothic spires
 Stand sharply lined lit by the sunset fires;
 And hardy pines, upheld by fissured rock,
 Sigh to the breeze, or brave the tempest's shock.

No wonder that the red man, Nature's child,
 When first the dun deer led him to this wild,
 Surveyed the scene, and, struck with awe and fear,
 Felt the dread presence of an evil spirit near.

'Twas said when lightning flashed athwart the sky,
 And the loud thunder shook the mounds near by,
 Their inmates rose, and oft in birch canoe
 Sped o'er its seething waves swift as the arrow flew.

The "pale-face," even, ponders o'er its weird design,
 And dreams of ages past, beyond the reach of mind,
 When mountains rose like billows of the sea,
 And formed a valley where a lake we see.



IN the report of the "Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin," vol. 1, p. 11, by JAMES HALL, the character of the rock about "Spirit Lake," as it is here called, is described:

"The quartzite rock is compact, usually redish brown, often pink in the more crystalline portions; while in some localities it is ferruginous, and again, nearly white. In the fresh fracture and usually upon the weathered surfaces, no lines of lamination or bedding are perceptible. When exposed in cliffs, it is traversed by numerous nearly verticle joints or fissures, which are sometimes so numerous that the exposed portions are divided in this way, and fall down in small pieces, entirely covering the slope. In favorable positions the times of bedding are distinctly perceptible, and the mass is clearly stratified—the alternation of fine and coarse material, and the diagonal lamination of some parts, are as clearly distinguishable as in a modern sandstone.

"In the vicinity of 'Spirit Lake' and other places between the Baraboo river and Sauk Prairie, these rocks appear in great force. The cliffs bounding that lake are about 400 feet above its level, and we have from 100 to 200 feet in nearly perpendicular cliffs. In ascending over the exposed edges of these strata, the lines of bedding are in some places seen; and towards the upper part of the exposure, beds of conglomerate occur, in which the pebbles, varying from the smallest size to more than a foot in diameter, consist of the brown quartz rock. This condition would indicate that the mass became indurated and was subsequently broken up and its detritus aggregated into a conglomerate."



The following crude verses are founded on a legend, which is said to have given Devil's Lake its not surpassingly euphonic, but very suggestive title. They are respectively dedicated to my friend CHANDLER, (J. C.) * * * * *

BEN. D. HOUSE.

MINNI-WAUKEN.

A LEGEND OF DEVIL'S LAKE.

A NAMELESS Lake with sullen roar
 Broke on the rocky strand;
 While Demons of the lake and shore
 Seemed clasping hand in hand.

And geni of the ether blue,
 With gnomes beneath the earth,
 Seemed met in conclave leal and true,
 To shriek their ghostly mirth.

The wind awakened from its lair,
 The clouds drove to and fro,
 And chased the waves in upper air,
 As surged the lake below.

And foam-drops from that upper main,
 To meet the waves beneath,
 Fell in a cold and sleety rain,
 Which covered hill and heath.

Yet, in yon glen, the camp-fires seem
 To scoff the Storm-King's thrall;
 And with their bright and ruddy gleam
 They rend the midnight pall.

And round the blaze in circling ring,
 With tomahawk in hand,
 The Chiefs a war-song madly sing,
 To cheer their warrior band.

But, borne upon the midnight blast,
 A shuddering sound was heard,—
 As though, on rushing pinions, passed
 Some evil-omened bird.

Fell o'er that throng a hush profound,
 As though each heart were chilled !
 As nearer came that weird sound,
 The ghostly song was stilled.

Each warrior grasped his ashen bow,
 And sprang into the shade
 To watch the coming of the foe,
 Concealed, but undismayed.

And through the darkness of the night
 There strode a stalwart form,
 Whose eye was fixed upon the light
 Which pierced the driving storm.

He halted not until he'd crossed
 The camp-fire's gleam of light,
 Which, with a blood-red glow embossed
 The storm-king's shield of night.

The scalp-lock o'er his shoulders fell,
 And, from his hair, the sleet
 Seemed changed as by a demon's spell,
 To blood drops at his feet.

Five hundred braves were at his back—
 With stealthy step they trod ;
 Each warrior stepping in the track
 He left upon the sod.

With folded arms across his breast,
 He spake, with flashing eye :
 "The wolves have left their coward nest !
 For well they knew 'twas I !"

He scarce had ceased ere bow-strings' twang
 Was heard from out the shade,
 And war-cry answering war-cry rang
 From brave 'gainst brave arrayed.

Shriek answered shriek—from hill to hill
 The cry was oft repeated !
 Till echo, answering echo, told
 The tale of foe defeated !

The fires gleamed brighter from the glen,
 Where erst the war-song sounded ;
 But they who sang were prisoners then,
 And by their foes surrounded.

The lake's wild roar was heard below ;
 The pine trees moaned and shivered ;
 The braves defeated knew their fate,—
 Yet, not a muscle quivered.

They thought, that in the happy grounds
 Along the sparkling rivers,
 That they forevermore would hunt,
 With never failing quivers.

The conquering chieftian bids his braves
 With thongs of bark to bind their slaves,
 And lead them to the lake ;
 That they, before they leave this land
 To join the phantom hunting band,
 Their thirst might freely slake.

But when they reach the rock-bound shore,
 His voice is heard, above the roar
 That rages on the strand ;
 And thus he speaks unto his braves :

“These wolves who robbed our fathers' graves,
 Shall bleach upon the sand !

“The fish shall feed from off their bones !
 Their beds shall be upon the stones
 That lie beneath the waves !
 Their scalps shall in our wigwams hang !
 Their bow-strings in our hands shall twang !
 And they shall have no graves !”

Then, as his order loud was given,
 Their death song chanted up to heaven,
 Above the wild wind's roar.
 Their scalps from off their heads were torn,
 And at the belt of victors worn,
 And they cast from the shore !

The morning's sun in gloom arose ;—
 But they who drowned their conquered foes

Were treading forest path.
The waves still lashed their rock-bound shore,
And seemed to vent, in sullen roar,
A very Demon's wrath.

Adown the rocks, far up the side
Of hill which raised its head in pride,
A chieftian slowly came;
And he alone, of all his band,
Still deadly weapons held in hand,—
His eyes flashed vengeful flame.

And for his braves, who slept below,
A curse he chanted, deep and low,—
And these the words he spake:
"Forever cursed be the face
Of all these hills, and all the space
Which holds this cursed lake!

"And *Minni-Wauken* be thy name,
And cursed be thy waters!
For thou shalt have the darkest fame
With all our sons and daughters.

"And nevermore the red man's oar
Shall dip the cursed water
Made foul by death and Satan's breath
Breathed from a field of slaughter.

"For *Manitou* has cursed with woe
These murderous waters, ever;
And on this shore shall never more
Be slang the red man's quiver!"

To them its shore forevermore
Was like the Stygian river
Where souls in wo roam to and fro,
"Forever, and forever."

* * * * *

Fair lake! thy name should never more
Be linked with thoughts infernal;
While there are blooming on thy shore
So many gardens vernal.

Despite the red man's bitter curse,
 Upon thy southern border
 A vineyard ripens in the sun,
 Mid nature's wild disorder.

Fair KIRKLAND! thou didst break the spell!
 Thy groves, with beauty laden,
 Have changed what proved the red man's hell
 Into the white man's Aiden.

And, "*Minnehaha*" be thy name,—
 Thon Lake of laughing waters!
 For thou shalt know the brightest fame,
 With all our sons and daughters!

A LEGEND OF DEVIL'S LAKE.

BY MISS MARY E. DARTT.

NESTLED close down between wild, rocky hills,
 Feeding no rivers and fed by no rills,
 Devil's Lake lies, like a jewel rare,
 Dropped from the ocean's casket there
 On the stern gray rocks—they'd forgotten where—
 By wandering nymphs of the upper air,
 But though forgotten, and bound to the place
 By the unyielding clasp of its shore's rude embrace
 Like a sad, prisoned spirit, it still seemed to be
 Ever murmuring low for its home in the sea;
 And in pity, perchance, for the painful unrest,
 That at times heaved so wildly its beautiful breast,
 Pines have grown up midst the rocks on its shore,
 And whisper to it of the ocean's deep roar,
 As fanciful breezes, with fingers unseen,
 Toss their dark boughs into wavelets of green,
 Like time-worn battlements crumbling away,
 Whose dark sides with lichens are softened and gray,
 And over whose fragments of unshaped stone,
 A soft smile of verdure is gracefully thrown,

Stands bluffs, that, like Titans, their feet in the tide,
 Seem guarding with vigilance all save one side
 Of this crystalline lake—here its prisoning band
 Is as fair as though formed by a sea-nymph's hand,
 Of feathery willows and wave-washed sand;
 And back from it with a gentle swell,
 Stretches a forest, where song-birds dwell,
 And squirrels play in the checkered shade
 By its maple boughs and old oaks made.
 Here, in these years of which we are told
 So many legends and stories old,
 Camped for a while a roving band
 Of Indians by the lakelet's strand.
 And, with the maidens of the tribe,
 Bathed in its crystal water
 Ke-she-ah-ben-o-qua,* their chieftian's only daughter.

Slender her form, her motions full of grace,
 As full of strange, dark beauty her delicate young face—
 Dark as though a shadow from the midnight of her hair
 Enamored by its loveliness, was softly sleeping there.
 But grace of form and feature were lost in sweet surprise
 When the gazer felt the liquid light that trembled from her eyes;
 So much of soul was in the look, so arch and yet so innocent,
 'Twas love and timid playfulness in one expression blent.
 Yet oft that deeper light would steal into her eyes,
 Which speaks a depth of feeling, boundless as mid-sea skies,
 When listening to the wild music the woodland birds would
 make,
 Or the low-whispered murmurs of the wavelets of the lake.

Down through the regal woods of June,
 The sun poured fierce the heat of noon.
 All life had fled the open glade,
 And even in the deepest shade,
 A hunter who had thither strayed
 By some strange freak of fate or chance
 From far off, sunny, vine-wreathed France,
 For sight of living creature sighed.
 At length the waters of the lake he spied—

* The early dawn.

Its hills all blue as though a veil
 Of azure from the sky
 Had dropped between their tree-tops green
 And his expectant eye.
 He hastened on with quickened pace,
 Impatient to survey
 This new-found gem of loveliness
 Dropped sudden in his way—
 But pauses, for a form of grace
 Starts up before him, fair as dream
 Of twilight, crowned as evening's queen
 With stars and pearly dew.
 One startled glance from her soft eyes,
 And, while yet lost in pleased surprise,
 She vanished from his view,
 And left him wondering if some spirit—
 The guardian of the wave—
 Had not just vanished from his sight
 To seek her mystic cave!
 And she, Keshchabenoqua,
 Fled to a deeper shade,
 To question why so strange a face
 Appeared to her, a simple maid,
 At such a time, in such a place.
 Was it some form that she had seen,
 Returned to earth from that fair shore
 Whose hills, arrayed in fadeless green,
 Departed spirits wander o'er?
 The eve dispelled the mystery,
 As she drew near the camp.
 Just as the faint new moon lit up
 Her silver crescent lamp,
 Smoking the pipe of peace,
 Close by her father's side
 Was that strange face she'd seen,
 That form of regal pride!
 She rather felt than saw his eyes
 Raise from her father's face
 To read the sweet confusion
 That lent her cheeks new grace,

As tremblingly she hastened
 To seek the wigwam's shade
 Ere her timid heart's emotion
 To the stranger was betrayed.

The months rolled by, and autumn came,
 Yet still the hunter staid,
 As wandering as the Indians there,
 Their camp his own he made.
 With them he chased the slender deer,
 And trapped the grim black bear,
 Engaged in every dangerous feat
 A fearless soul might dare;
 Until the glory of his deeds,
 His skill in every art,
 Had won the envy or the love
 Of every dusky heart.
 And one heart more than all the rest
 Watched for the even tide
 To call him from the distant chase
 To linger by her side—
 To lay some trifle in her hand,
 Perchance a single flower,
 Or bird, with sun-bright plumage,
 Caught in some woodland bower.
 You'd have known why the early dawning
 Had given to her its name,
 By her cheek so like Aurora's
 When lit by the dawns first flame,
 When his step, making music, was heard in the wood,
 And she knew in a moment more
 His shadow would fall on the grass where she stood,
 Close by the wigwam door.

One night she parted from his side,
 And strayed along the shore
 Where, in the moonbeam's silver tide,
 She'd wandered oft before—
 Oft when her heart had known no thought
 Beyond the pearly shell
 The wave soft rippling o'er the lake

Washed landward by their swell.
 But now her heart was far too full
 Of a great new-found joy
 To think of vanished scenes or hours,
 Of childhood and its toy ;
 For on her lips burned loves first kiss,
 And life for her had known no hour
 More perfect in its bliss.
 Yet though so happy, was it fear,
 Or some foreboding shadow near,
 That kept within her joyous breast
 A vague, strange feeling of unrest ?
 The wind, in whispering to the lake,
 Its haunting memories seemed to wake,
 And though the night was silver bright,
 And every wave was gilt with light,
 Their murmur seemed a captive's sigh,
 Or some low dierge's melody ;
 And through the eve she'd seem to hear
 The breathing of a presence near.
 Oh ! had the form she most should dread,
 Windago, first in every chase,
 The warrior of the stern, dark face,
 Whose lengthened gaze she'd ever fled,
 Haunted their moonlit trysting place !
 When early morn, with dewey lips,
 First kissed the slumbering lake
 And smiled to see its sleeping waves
 In dimpling ripples wake,
 Each lover sought the chieftian's side,
 To ask the maiden as his bride ;
 The one, with all that hate could paint
 Stamped on each dusky lineament,
 Showing the maid's foreboding true
 In every glance his fierce eyes threw
 Upon the other, who like stone,
 Scarce curved his lips in quiet scorn.
 The chief possessed one passion—pride—
 All others in his breast had died,
 Or in this one were lost.

Love never had his bosom stirred—
 He felt no meaning in the word.
 The question, then, within his mind,
 Was not which suitor was most kind—
 Which loved his daughter most ;
 But which, as hunter, could exceed
 The other in some daring deed.
 He paused a moment. In a tree
 Towering high o'er a cliff,
 He'd seen an eagle seek her nest
 The night before, when in his skill
 He fished along the shore.
 The place is found without much search,
 For near the shore two groups of birch
 On either side the rocky way
 Their graceful, silvery branches sway ;
 Then higher up for many feet
 Only nude rocks, one's footsteps meet—
 One fragment, huge and gray, has on its side
 The ripplemarks of some old tide—
 And then a pine, with fire-seathed base,
 Helps mark the pathway to the place ;
 A half-burnt tree still higher stands ;
 And then, defying feet and hands,
 A hill-top fortress crowned with pines,
The looked-for cliff against the sky reclines.
 Not long the silence was unbroke :
 Pointing towards it, the chieftian spoke—
 " He shall the chosen suitor be
 Who first from the boughs of yonder tree
 An unfledged eaglet shall bring to me."

Scarce had they heard the chief's reply,
 Ere they had flung their blankets by,
 And reached their boats upon the strand.
 One hasty glance their pathway planned ;
 Quick the time their paddles make,
 O'er the waters of the lake,
 As swift their steps from block to block,
 Up that wild mass of broken rock,
 O'er fallen trees and fissures deep,

Through which the startled reptiles creep,
 Through briars that, with cruel grasp,
 Claimed blood as tribute for their clasp—
 No pause—no rest—in their wild race,
 Save one dread moment, face to face,
 When they had reached the crag's rude base ;
 And then no words the silence broke :
 Their eyes alone the challenge spoke,
 With flashes of that vivid fire.
 Subtle as thought, without a name,
 That bursts from souls when all aflame,
 Telling the deadly purpose of their ire !
 And then, as with new madness stung,
 Up the steep crag the pale-face sprung,
 Resting his feet he knew not where—
 Whether on ivy, rock or air.
 That he had gained upon his foe,
 Was all he wished or cared to know.
 The fatal tree was reached at last,
 And upward he was climbing fast,
 When to its base the red man came.
 Something more than rage or shame
 Was in that upward glance of flame—
 A deadly purpose nerved his frame !
 Eager to know the lover's fate—
 Too eager in the camp to wait—
 The maid, with others crossed the tide,
 And clambered up the mountain side.
 She found a spot where naught could hide
 The sequel she must wait—
 A moss-crowned rock, quite near the base
 Of the gray, frowning precipice—
 And there, with eager, upturned face,
 She stood in wild suspense.
 She saw him seize the eagle's nest,
 And place an eaglet in his breast ;
 But ah ! too late, he came to know,
 His weight was resting on a bough
 Within Windago's grasp.
 In vain his arms are stretched to clasp

The trunk in their embrace :
 They only met a fiendish form
 And a more fiendish face.
 One upward glance—'twas a look of pain—
 A frantic grasp that was all in vain—
 And then far down by the maiden's feet
 Was a pool of crimson gore—
 A broken branch—a shapeless form—

 An eaglet— nothing more !
 A cry, as when a heart's string break,
 A moment trembled o'er the lake ;
 And then, as mocking its despair,
 A yell of triumph filled the air,
 For Windago had gained the band,
 Holding an eaglet in his hand !

Like one who walks in some dread dream,
 Unconscious quite of reason's beam,
 The maiden found the water's side.
 Here, the dark horror of the scene,
 Rushed o'er her like a tide—
 The mangled corse—the exultant yell—
 Windago's smile as Pierie fell—
 Oh ! agony ! could she ever wed
 That face that smiled above her dead !

 Oft, as they'd glided o'er the lake,
 When every wave was bright,
 Pierie had spoken of a land
 That never knew a night ;
 A land where all love's dreams are true—
 Where lovers never weep—
 Whose gates should open to their view
 When death should bid them sleep.
 She'd seek its shore—why should she wait ?
 Perchance she'd meet him at its gate ;
 If not, to lie beneath the breast
 Of darkest waters, were more blest
 Than life, with her dark fate.

Storms long since have swept away
 The tree that held the nest ;

But, towering high above the rest,
To mark the spot, they say,
There stands a huge, rough rock to-day;
And, 'tis said, when through the sky
The hoarse autumnal breezes fly,
Scattering the garlands of gold and red
Autumn has wreath'd round the forest's head,
The maid comes back from her watery grave,
And wanders at night along the shore,
Where oft with her lover she'd wandered of yore;
Wreathing her arms, slender and bare,
With the long, dark waves of her midnight hair;
And then o'er the rock, like a spectral shade,
Glides the shadowy form of the Indian maid,
And a mournful sob and a wailing cry
Sweeps through the pines with a shivering sigh;
As, like a smoke-wreath, she fades away
Into the mists of twilight gray.

Woe to the warrior, maid or child,
That meets this spectre, weird and wild,
Or hears the notes of the vengeful cry
That fills the air as it passes by!

A CATALOGUE

OF THE

Indigenous Animals of Sauk County,

LISTED WITHOUT MUCH REFERENCE TO ORDER OR GENERY.

- Man*.—We have the marks of his toil in long gone-by years.
- Hoary Bat*—*Little Brown Bat*.—The latter the most plenty.
- Hoy's Shrew Mole*—*Common Shrew*—*Silver Mole*—*Star Nosed Mole*.
- Hedgehog*.—Were more common when the country was new.
- Wild Cat*.—Are common.
- Canada Lynx*.—Not very rare.
- Prairie Wolf*.—Are giving place to the *Gray Wolf*.
- Foxes*.—Are increasing.
- Fisher*.—Were plenty when the country was new.
- Weasel*—*Mink*.—Either are not very plenty.
- Otter*.—Quite plenty.
- Skunk*.—Was almost unknown when the country was new ; now plenty.
- Badger*.—Plenty when the country was new ; now very scarce.
- Racoon*.—Plenty.
- Black Bear*.—Have been plenty. *Cinnamon Bear*.
- Squirrels*.—The gray most common ; Red next ; Black, Fox, Cat, Flying, Striped and Ground Squirrel ; all very common.
- Striped Gopher or Leopard Spurmaphile*—*Gray Gopher*—*Pocket Gopher*.
- Woodchuck or Ground Hog*.—Very common.
- Beaver*.—Their old dams are upon most small streams in abundance.
- Jumping Mouse*.—Rare ; seen by R. H. Douglas. *Deer Mouse*—*Prairie Mouse*—*Meadow Mouse*. The *Norway Rat* and *Black Rat* are exotics.
- Musk Rat*.—Very plenty and much hunted, for his fur.

White Porcupine.—Very rare.

Northern Hare.—Seldom seen. *Gray Rabbit*.—Scarce when the country was new, but now very plenty. *Water Rabbit*.—That resorts to water when pursued, sinking below the surface except the nose and eyes.

Deer.—Have been plenty, and yet some left. *Elk*.—But one or two has been killed by white men in the county.

Buffalo.—Had all left before the country was purchased of the Indians.

OF REPTILES.

TESTUDINATE.

Soft Shell Turtle.—Paddles for feet. *Painted Turtle*—*Snap-ping Turtle*—*Blanding's Tortoise*—*Box Turtle*.

SAUREA.

Green Lizard.—Not common. There are two or three varieties of *Skink Lizard*. We have one variety of the *Glass Snake*, which is classed as a lizard.

SERPENTS.

Black Snake.—Not common. *Ring-Necked Snake*.—Not common.

Yellow Rattlesnake.—Common when the country was new.

Massasauger Snake.—Common when the country was new.

Black Rattlesnake.—Uncommon. *Bull Snake*.—Common when the country was new. *Green Snake*—*Striped Snake*.—Common.

Blow Snake.—Common when the country was new. *Milk Snake*.—Very rare, if any. *Water Snake*.—Common. *Blue Racer*.—Scarce. *Rattlesnake Pilot*.

BATRACHIANS.

Green Frog—*Pickereel Frog*—*Wood Frog*—*Tree Toad*—*Warty Toad*.

TAILED BATRACHIANS.

Salamander—*Red-Backed Salamander*—*Mud Puppy*.—Often caught by fisherman.

FISHES.

Perch—*Beam*—*Bass*—*Pickereel*—*Trout*—*Silver Eel*—*Shovel-billed Sturgeon*—*Lamprey*—*Yellow Perch*—*Striped Bass*—*Cove Bass*—*Darter*—*Lake Sheepshead*—*Eel Pout*—*Shiner*—*Dace*—*White Sucker*—*Black Sucker*—*Red Horse*—*Pickereel*—*Horned Pout*—*River Whitefish*—*Gar Pike*.

This completes the list of the Indigenous Vertebræ creation of Sauk county. It is not expected to be perfect or complete. Should "Outline Sketches" prosper, a list of Insects, Articulate Mollusks and Radiates, may be given in a future number. Also a list of Plants.

MEMOIR OF ALBERT JAMESON.

In its issue of November 24th, 1875, the *Baraboo Republic* announced the decease of ALBERT JAMESON, one of Sauk County's earliest settlers, best neighbors and truest friends. Words cannot be arranged to express our heart's sadness as we mournfully laid him in earth's bosom to rest. He will be forgotten only when those who know him shall also be in their rest. He had no positive enemies, if indeed any. He was constituted for thought and labor, more so than than the mass of men, being of medium stature and of a nervous, sanguine temperament, with excellent vital organs to sustain his mentality. He was allable and even-tempered; was honest, liberal and just in his deal with his fellow-men; was charitable in his opinions and approachable; was ardent, and like Paul before his conversion, yet (especially in politics) was conservative, belonging to the democratic school. The inmost desire of his very soul was to obtain knowledge, and it was his delight to impart it to others, which was always done without any apparent self-esteem. All of these pleasant qualities rendered him a valuable and much esteemed neighbor and citizen. He was not a politician, yet he held some offices of trust from the hands of the people. He never sought the office.

He was born in Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Penn., Aug. 15th, 1804. As he

grew up he learned the carpenter's trade. In 1831 he went to Ohio and spent two years; thence to Rockford, Ill., and spent two years. Here he married Miss Elizabeth Hoover. The wedding was celebrated on the 25th of November, 1837, making 38 years of married life, lacking ten days. Two boys and four girls were the fruits of this marriage. The boys and the eldest, a daughter, passed away before him. From Rockford he went with his father-in-law to Belmont, La Fayette Co., Wis., where they made but a temporary home. In December, 1838, in company with three other young men, Hodget, Bills and Lathrop, they started for Sauk county, crossing the river upon the ice December 12th. They explored the north end of Sauk Prairie, camping one night in the Hoover Hollow gorge. Having no blankets they cleared away the snow, which was six feet deep, and used pine boughs for both under and upper sheets. They made their claims in this vicinity. In the following summer they took possession of their lands. Mr. J. has ever since occupied his, making valuable improvements and purchasing other tracts in the vicinity. He was emphatically a social man, always taking an active part in social life; his house much of the time had the appearance of a public inn. The stranger never was turned away, but made welcome and went away happy.

MEMOIR OF ALBERT JAMESON.

There are but few families over a large tract of country that have entertained so many and in so hospitable a way as this family. About fifteen years were thus spent here. California now opened a field for his activity. We believe it was not the money that allured him to its realms as much as the wild excitement of obtaining it. In 1853 he made his first *detour*, prospecting and mining about Placerville. He was an enthusiastic lover of the sublime and wonderful in nature, and was always entertaining and happy in his descriptions of what he had seen, and was a collector of rare minerals and curiosities. Towards the end of the second year he made a trip through Oregon. At Port Orford, when the tide was out, it made the most westwardly point of land in America. This point of land he went to and did set his foot upon. He thinks if he had stayed five minutes longer the tide would have overtaken him. In 1855 he came home.

In the spring of 1859 he was among the great rash of people that started for the new gold region this side of the mountains, at Pike's Peak. Meeting so many that had been there and were returning discouraged, he also turned back, at a point two miles beyond Fremont's Orchard.

The next spring, 1860, he went to the vicinity of where Boulder is now located and spent the summer in prospecting and mining. He was elected sheriff of the county, making a profitable season of it. He came home in the fall.

In the spring of 1861 he again went to the Peak, taking his son Orrin with him, and that fall they returned. Orrin soon after married, and not long thereafter enlisted in the Union army and was killed at Atlanta, Georgia. He was one of the best of young men. Mr. Jameson's health was now poor, suffering much from rheumatism. In 1870, July 19th, he went to the mountains, making

his head-quarters at Rocky Bar, Alturas County, Idaho. This *detour* was mostly spent carpentering—the erecting of bridges. He came back in 1873, arriving October 19. He tried to induce his family to return with him the next season; but to exchange an excellent home for one of excitement and uncertainty, it was not thought best to do. His heart was there, and in the spring of 1874 he returned to Rocky Bar, entering into partnership with his nephew, Stephen Dilley, who has been there several years, in quartz mining. He had not been there more than two months before he became uneasy about his health. He could not agree with physicians there. November 5, 1875, he started for home, arriving at Baraboo on the morning of the 13th. He went directly to Dr. Cowles. He had taken a severe cold upon the ears, and the Doctor told him that he thought it would terminate in lung fever if he was not very careful, and thought he had better not go over the bluffs at present, for in his weak state if he should have a run of this disease it would go hard with him. But his anxiety to be with his family decided him to go. Pneumonia did set in. With the ride over the bluffs it was more than he could endure. Now all that skillful physicians and kind friends could do could not save him. He died Wednesday, Nov. 17th, at 11 o'clock P. M., and on Friday, Nov. 19th, was buried beside some of his children. He hardly had time to exchange friendly words with his family or to arrange any business. After he got home he lay down to rest, in hopes to recuperate, but only to awake to the urgent needs of a physician; and soon delirium took possession of his brain. His boxes of specimens, and even his trunk, he did not open. It seems sad, yet it is pleasant to look back upon scenes that he played a part in.

ERRATA.

CORRECTIONS AND OMISSIONS IN AND OF THIRD SKETCH.

In Wm. Johnson's narrative, on 16th page, the date 1863 should be 1838.

Alex. Johnson settled where he now lives, in 1839.

Isaac Gibbs came in 1840.

James Ducey came in 1841.

H. J. Farnham came as a boy with his father, in 1843.

Charles Gibbs " " " " 1843.

U. S. Kendall settled here in 1845.

Sam'l Mather's wife and four children—Jesse, Sarah C., Shively and Howard, in 1845.

Laura, widow of the late Jesse Baxter, and a son, H. J. Baxter, in 1849.

H. Durkee in 1849.

J. Squires in 1850.

J. Astle in 1850.

Geo. Weirick in 1851.

Peter S. Young in 1850.

O. S. Knapp instead of P. S. Knapp in 1856.

The name of Thos. D. Long, that occurs several times in the list of town officers, should be Thos. D. Lang.

Charles and Henry Rorek should read Charles and Theodore Rorek.

GUIDE BOOK

TO THE

Wild & Romantic Scenery

IN

SAUK COUNTY, WISCONSIN.



Giving the direction and distance from the

'Lake of the Bluffs,' 'Lake of the Hills,' 'Minni-Waukan,'
'Spirit,' or 'Devil's Lake.'

BY WM. H. CANFIELD.

BARABOO, WIS.
Republic Book and Job Print.
1873.

The Scenery in Sauk County,

SPECIALLY in the Baraboo Bluffs, is not equaled in grandeur by any in a radius of 500 miles. It is surrounded and intermingled with a rich agricultural country, yet there are solitude and solitudes. The overhanging Cliff, the Dell, the Canyon, the Gorge, can be reached and enjoyed, without greatly over-taxing the physical. The object of these pages is to describe and direct to those places of most apparent interest, making Devil's Lake a center from which to describe.

ATTRACTIONS ABOUT THE LAKE.

It is no longer a difficult place to reach. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad is now constructed through the gap, with a flag station at either end of the lake,—at Kirkland and at the Minni-Wauken. P. B. Parsons & Co., proprietors of the Vilas House, at Madison, Wis., have just completed here a pleasant place called the Minni-Wauken House, designed by LOUIS J. AYDE, and built in the Swiss cottage style of architecture. It contains about seventy-five rooms, has wide verandahs fronting the lake and bluffs, and a pleasant air of comfort beams out at every point. The great want so long felt at this charming place as a summer resort, of proper hotel accommodations, will hereafter be well supplied. At the south end is the Sheldon House, on the railroad, at the south-east corner of the lake is Kirkland, a flag station. Here is a most beautiful park, with quiet grounds, arbors, rustic seats, and a wine cellar. In the foreground is a fine large orchard, and a vineyard of several acres. Nearly all visitors resort to this place to while away their spare moments, so shady and cool and pleasant is the retirement. A placid lake at your left, with its beautiful gravelly beach, and pure soft water, gradually deepening, overhanging with a dense forest, that a woodsman's axe has not found only to open paths for the landscape gardener. In front you have the

We will now introduce the reader to other points of interesting scenery in Sauk County. Most of them will richly pay for time and expense in making them a visit.

THE PEWEE OR PEWIT'S NEST

located in section number 9, town 11, north of range number 6 west, in the town of Baraboo, three miles distant from the city, in the W. S-W. direction. It received its name in 1843, from the circumstance of an ingenious eccentric mechanic building a workshop in a recess of the solid sand rock, ten feet above a deep pool of water, confined within the walls of this canyon, dug out by the plunge of water over a fall of 8 or 10 feet in height. The approach to it was either through a trap-door in the roof, or a trap-door in the floor. If through the roof, it was by climbing down the rock wall to it; if through the floor, it was by a floating bridge upon the pool, with a ladder at its end leading to the trap-door in the floor. The shop could not be seen from the mouth of the canyon, either from the top, or from any direction but one. Hence, by the early settlers, it was dubbed "Pee-wee's Nest." Here he repaired watches, clocks, guns, and even farming utensils were made and repaired. He had lathes for turning iron and wood. The power which propelled them was from an old fashioned centrifugal water-wheel, itself a novelty. He also had a large coffee mill arranged to run by this power, and a grind-stone. He could tell a lively story, could, and did, fiddle well. He preached some for the Mormon church. He is always living upon the borders of a new country, and is a doctor at the present time. There has since been a saw mill built here, propelled by an overshot water-wheel, 14 feet in diameter, with a shaft 9 feet long, its bearings the rock walls of the canyon. This wheel, thus suspended, for years made an interesting feature of the picturesque place. Mary E. Dartt, now Mrs. D. Thompson, while residing here, wrote poetry that was published by sundry newspapers and magazines. She has favored us with a few lines, not before published, upon

THE PEWIT'S NEST.

Of thee, my sweet romantic nest,
I have no tale of blood:
Crime never stained thy water's breast
With murder's crimson flood.

But fancy says, in times of old,
The warrior sought thy shade,
To tell the tale, so often told,
To dusky Indian maid.

named the stream "Skillet Creek," from the waterworn holes in the soft sand-rock, looking much like basins, or hand-washing iron vessels, called "skillets." He is yet our neighbor, Levi Moore. It is the pleasant aspect about these falls that has always made them a point of interest. The present owner of the property, Warren Wood, is a gentleman of culture and education, is courteous to visitors, which does not detract from the pleasures of a visit to this place.

THE PARFREY GORGE

Is situated in section 22, town 11, north range 7 east, four miles east of Devil's Lake, upon the south side of the Baraboo Bluff. It is the prettiest bit of scenery in the Baraboo Bluffs, if a great extent, or a broad view is not taken into account. It seems to be a parting of the upper rocks—the sand and conglomerate—down to the quartzite on the south-east front of the bluff, a width of about seventy-five feet, a depth of about one hundred, and a length of about one-third of a mile, opening into a valley on the top of the bluff, from which is emptied a lively stream, that tumbles and leaps through the gorge and down the bluff side, having a fall of some four hundred feet, within a distance of half a mile. It has from an early day been used as a mill power stream.

Old pines here stand, with courtly air,
 Held daringly secure by fissured rock,
 Sigh not to sequestered places deep or drear,
 But to a dashing, romping, babbling brook.

It tortures not a sinewy form,
 Because its humbler sisters do;
 But over rock and wheel it runs and foams,
 To gain a resting place below.

Faithful, lively, cheerful, pretty pet,
 Of creation animate, all:—of all
 Where ere thy bank they ever meet,
 Thy sparkling waters gurgling fall.

THE DORWARD GLEN.

This romantic place is upon the south slope of the Baraboo Bluff, three miles east of the Parfrey Gorge, and six and a quarter miles east of Devil's Lake. It has a gorge in it, in the sand and conglomerate rock, down to the quartzite, which is here only exposed in the creek bottom at one place. The walls of perpendicular rock are seventy-five feet high, and the vale between them of the same width. It has its interesting points. The "Weeping

Rock " is beautiful. The hand of man, an appreciative child of nature, has also added charms to the place. Upon one side, overhanging the glen, is a painter's studio. Here have been executed, by the Dorwards, father and son, large altar pieces for many of the finest Catholic churches in the north-west. Upon the east side, a little back from the cliff, and opposite the studio, is a Catholic chapel of stone, rudely built, entitled *ST. MARY'S OF THE PINES*. Mr. B. J. Dorward, while gaining a living, in Milwaukee, as a portrait painter, became converted to the christian religion, and sought retirement in the Baraboo Bluffs, where he has devoted his time to religion, poetry and painting. He has educated one son a priest and one a painter.

In his volume of "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin," of this house and glen, he pathetically alludes in the following lines :

ST. MARY'S OF THE PINES.

Dear retreat for mortals wearied
 With turmoil,
 Take me to your sheltering bosom !
 Soothe my brain with nature's gladness,
 Pour the balm and wine and oil !
 Dull routine my life has wounded
 Nigh to sadness :
 Give me in your wilderness
 Change of toil !

And ye springs that gush and sparkle,
 As you pour
 From your never-failing fountains ;
 From your dark, mysterious prison,
 Swelling still the streamlet's store ;
 Laughing to the light of morning
 Newly risen,
 Let me join with your sweet murmurs
 One voice more.

From the unseen came I also,
 By the might
 Of the Eternal Fount of Being,
 Through the darksome ways of error,
 Far more dismal than the night
 Of your hidden stony barriers ;
 From that terror
 -By the hand of mercy lifted
 Into light.

Streamlet—daughter of a thousand
Limpid springs!

Oh, thou speedest like an angel,
With a healing benediction,
Folded underneath his wings;
Warbling sweetest as thou meetest
Contradiction
From rude stones on which lichen
Feeds and clings.

Oh, that I could scatter blessings
Like to thee!
That my soul could mirror beauty,
As thy bosom's liquid crystal!
That my songs might be as free,
Varied, lasting as thy singing!
Then should list all
Mortals to my strain—a minstrel
I should be.

Pines, that heal the air with perfume,
Towering high,
Decked with cones for jewels, pendent
In your green, immortal vesture;
Though your heads are in the sky,
Yet, like mortal man beneath you,
You must rest your
Feet upon the solid fabric,
Or must die.

Lend my verse the balsam odor
Of your tears!
And the color of your needles,
And the heavenward direction
Of your stems, which rise like spears,
That my song may still point upward
From dejection,
And the basis of the earthly
To the spheres!

Rocks, that Time has worn to grandeur
With his breath;
Steadfast as a righteous canyon,
High above the vanished ages,
Moveless 'mid surrounding death;
How your silence, and your shadows,
Shame my pages!
Doomed to crumble, as the leaves
My feet beneath.

Little chapel, rude and lonely
 To the eye,
 How thy white cross, in the sunlight,
 Gleams, and prompts a prayer in whispers;
 Shall my mouldering ashes lie
 Blessed and near thee, though unheeding
 Song of vespers,
 Or the Kyrie Eleison's
 Pensive cry?

Gorge of beauty, sweetly nestled
 'Mong the hills,
 Far removed from sordid traffic,
 Filled with springs forever weeping
 Through the rocks in mossy rills;
 Shall my lowly memory linger
 In thy keeping,
 When this heart, which now is throbbing,
 Silence fills?

Yes, a little while my footsteps
 May be known;
 And the hearts that I have cherished,
 Will remember me in yonder
 Sacred symbol in the stone!
 They will say, "His hand engraved it!"
 And with fonder
 Accent of affection whisper,
 "He is gone!"

"Gone! above this transient vision
 Of a day;
 Upward springing through the azure,
 Upward to the source of beauty,
 From the strife of sin and clay,
 Soared his spirit to our Savior,
 As the levin,
 Through the clouds of storm and darkness,
 Cleaves its way."

UPPER NARROWS.

All strangers visiting Devil's Lake should also visit this place, and most excursionists do. The Railroad runs through it 9½ miles west of Baraboo, at Ableman. It is a half mile through it, 20 rods wide, and the quartzite walls are about 400 feet high. The great metamorphic mass is here more crystalline and pumice-like than at the Lake in the Bluffs.

A certain view of the rocky wall of the Narrows, from the railroad depot, (that Col. Ableman points out to his friends) represents a COMIC FACE. The view is enjoyed best by a comic mind.

JUG ROCK is worth visiting. It is a solid rounded mass of sand rock, in the shape of a jug, on a pedestal, entirely free from the cliff, some ten to 15 feet, and standing 75 feet high. It is a half mile west of Ableman, on the north side of Narrow's Creek.

At Ableman's there is an excellent public house, kept by Salada & Pearl, with accommodations for excursionists.

Two miles west of Ableman is the

NARROWS OF NARROWS CREEK,

Which is a fac-simile of the Narrows above described. Narrows Creek passes through it, and a good wagon road. One mile west of this place there is a small and romantic canon that sports a little stream from off the bluff.

LOWER NARROWS

Is located about seven miles E. by N. E. from Baraboo, by road, and eight miles N. E. from the lake. The opening in the bluff of quartzite is half a mile wide, 400 to 500 feet in height, and half a mile in length. One mile south is Eikey's lime quarry, which is much visited by students to hunt the fossil trilobate, and other fossils. From here to the Lake of the Bluffs there are several wild and romantic indentations in the main bluff, each having a rivulet.

There are four great openings through the bluffs of this upheaved quartzite region. The longest and greatest is Devil's Lake; next, Lower Narrows; then, Upper Narrows; and lastly, Narrows of Narrows Creek.

HOOVER HOLLOW.

This gorge is one and a half miles S. by S. W. of Devil's Lake. It is in the quartzite, and is probably 200 feet deep, is about the same in width, in the narrowest place, and about 80 rods in length, through which runs a small stream. There is a wildness of scenery here that invites many Visitors.

JAMESON HOLLOW.

This indentation, upon the south side of the Baraboo Bluffs, is more of a vale than a canon or gorge. It is less romantic and wild than many other points. Its narrowest points are about 40 rods in width. A small brook comes down through it. It is in the quartzite principally; some sand-rock upon the south face of the east bluff. It is one mile west of the Hoover Hollow. The west Sauk road runs through it.

OTTER CREEK

Is four miles west of the Lake of the Bluffs. It pierces the south side of the Baraboo Bluffs through a gorge of quartzite and sand rock, forming a basin of nearly a mile square in the bluff, with several arms. Here there are bold points of sand-rock. There is a good wagon road through the valley, joining the west Sauk road.

THE WM. JOHNSON BLUFF

Is located five miles S. W. of the Lake of the Bluffs. It is an isolated one 200 feet high. It has an area of one acre upon the top. A perpendicular sandstone face to the S. E. Twenty rods from its foot, upon this side, is a pond of about one acre, at the bottom of a conical depression. Near this perpendicular rock Wm. Johnson has a substantial stone farm house. To the west flows Otter Creek, cutting this off from a chain Otter Bluffs. It is about midway, N. and S., of Sauk Prairie, also E. and W., which gives it a commanding position for views. It well pays the lover of landscapes to visit the top of this bluff.

PROSPECT HILL, OPPOSITE PRAIRIE DU SAC.

Is a point worthy of a visit. You have the Wisconsin River at your feet, glimpses of which can be caught for several miles either way among the foliage of the islands. In the foreground is one of the prettiest villages in the northwest. Almost every building can be seen; also Sauk City, one and a half miles farther south. You have Sauk Prairie before you, with every house, street and lane plain and distinct, and the Honey Creek Bluffs, Otter Creek Bluffs and Baraboo Bluffs as background. It is ten miles south of the Lake of the Bluffs. Many quite extensive travelers have spoken in the warmest terms of this magnificent view, and compared it favorably with places of greater note that they have visited. There are extensive vineyards upon the adjoining hill sides.

NATURAL BRIDGE.

This archway in the bluffs is about 20 feet high, and 10 or 15 broad. The upper surface of the bridge, over the door, is from 30 to 50 feet above the floor. It is on a spur putting off from the south side of the Baraboo Bluffs, in section number 17, town 10, north of range 5 east, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles N. E. of King & Pagle's grist mill. It may be described as a cove scooped out of the side of the bluff, with a rock wall arm thrown three-fourths of the way across its front, forming an amphitheatre behind of an area of an acre. Through this wall there is an opening as above described.

The wall over the ragged archway is about three feet wide on the top, forming a giddy pathway. Underneath the floor of the archway there is a cavern-like room that, did it extend a few feet further, would also form a second door through the bluff, but as it is, it forms a cool, dry room, about seven feet high, twenty-five feet deep, and thirty to fifty feet broad. We doubt whether a superior can be found in this whole region of country as a retired and romantic spot.

The Honey Creek bluffs abound in romantic sand-rock scenery. There is the NIGGER HEAD rock, which stands 150 or 200 feet high. Its juniper capped summit represents the woolly hair. It has the flat nose, the chin, neck, chest and abdomen, profile as viewed from the distance.

The PILLARS; where the cliff end of a bluff is supported upon pillars. It is a beautiful spectacle. The recess behind the pillars is 15 or 20 feet across the end of the cliff. There are other points of much interest in this valley that we will not use space to describe. They are within a radius of 10 or 12 miles from the Lake of the Bluffs.

FALLS AT THE HEAD OF THE EAST BRANCH OF HONEY CREEK.

On Section 55, Town 11 North, Range 5 E. a half a mile from the house of Galand Jacobs, is a fall of water of about thirty feet, twenty feet perpendicular. In high water it makes an imposing appearance. In the dry months of summer but little water runs over it. It is not visited much, although it is a pretty piece of scenery. To the geologist it must be an interesting point to visit. It is about eighteen miles west by south-west from Devil's Lake.

THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER

Are twelve miles north of Lake of the Bluffs. They are grand beyond description. A person visiting this place should first call upon Hiram Bennett, at his photograph gallery, at Kilbourn. He is the prince of landscape photographing. He has the points all mapped out, and is entertaining and enthusiastic.

The simple passage of the Wisconsin River through a gorge and gorgeous channel of soft shaly sand-rock, for 4 or 5 miles, in a zig-zag manner, is not all there is of the Dells. There is in this neighborhood many such passages, which make a very interesting collection of dells and dingles.

In high water the river finds a passage around the narrow defile into a valley, and thence into its channel, a distance of about a mile. This is upon the west side of the river. From this ravine has at some time past apparently flowed in a channel farther west

into the valley of the Hurlbut Creek, and thence into its present channel, a distance of about two miles.

The centre of interest is at the Elbow, by river men called the "Devil's Elbow." The angle of curvature is so abrupt that rafts often break up more or less in their passage. In high water it is unsafe to "run the Little Dells." The great river is here compressed to a width of 52 feet. It has a depth in low water of 65 feet, and 93 feet in high water. Its rocky banks are about 75 feet high. Upon a map of the "Territory of Wisconsin," published by David H. Burr, in 1836, is lettered at the Elbow, "The river has high rocky banks overhanging the water, so narrow a person can jump across."

The following are some of the prominent points that have received names:

STAND ROCK is located half a mile above the head of the Little Dells.

LUNCHEON HALL, near Stand Rock.

HORNET'S NEST, near Stand Rock.

WITCH'S GULCH, at head of Little Dells.

STEAMBOAT ROCK, three-fourths of a mile below Little Dells.

ROOD'S GLEN, near Little Dells.

COLD WATER CANYON, half a mile below Steamboat Rock, on west side.

NOTCH ROCK, OR RIVERMAN'S TERROR, near the "Elbow," upon the west side.

RATTLESNAKE ROCK, near the same point.

BLACK HAWK'S CAVE, near the above.

THE CAVES, also near the above, and can be entered with boats.

CHIMNEY ROCK, three-fourths of a mile from Kilbourn, and three-fourths of a mile below the "Elbow," on the west side.

HIGH ROCK, OR THE JAWS, near by.

LONE ROCK, below Newport.

INKSTAND AND SUGAR-BOWL, near by.

CONGRESS HALL, 80 rods east of Delton.

DEVIL'S CRAG, three miles up the creek, south-west of Delton. There is an imperfect natural bridge here.

There might profitably be written many pages without exhausting the subject upon this most interesting place, but it is not the province of this "Guide Book" to enter into details.

OF ECHOES.

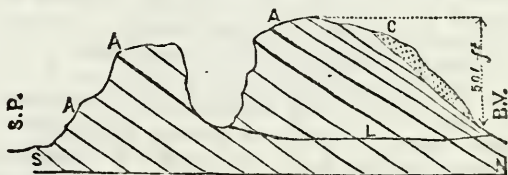
There is a fine one at Devil's Lake, one just below the Kilbourn Dam, and one in the valley, a short distance east of King's Mills, town of Honey Creek.

GEOLOGY

OF THE

Baraboo Bluffs about Devil's Lake.

We quote and add a few brief words upon this subject: "The material of the ridges (Bluffs) is mainly a dark colored quartzite; with this in places are silicious and talco-silicious schist and two or three kinds of conglomerate. (The color of the quartzite is of many hues, from a light gray, or an ash color, to the sombre tints above referred to). Through the whole length of the valley the dip is uniformly a little west of north; the angle from 20° to 80° . For 20 years past brief notices have appeared in the journals of the country, the main point under discussion is, does, or does not, this metamorphic rock antedate the Potsdam sandstone. I think beyond all doubt or cavil they antedate the Potsdam epoch—it is either Huronian or Laurentian in age.

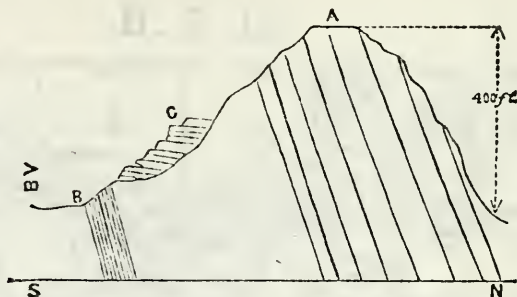


SECTION 1.—North and south through the south range on section line 1 of map. A, quartzites; A, quartzites with some schists; C, conglomerate; S. P., Sauk Prairie; B. V., Baraboo Valley; L, level of lake.

The quartzite shows in many places lamination and cross-lamination of the more modern sandstone. Many of the most distinct ripple-marks I have ever seen. The most remarkable feature of this locality is the very striking system of vertical joints which every where intersect the quartzite. The bearing of these joints are N. E. & S. W. and S. E. & N. W. These joints together with the bedding joints have cut the rock into separate blocks weighing by calculation from 70 to 200 tons.

At Baraboo Lower Narrows the metamorphic rocks are in great force. The cliff on either side of the river which here makes a direct cut through the range from South to North, being as much as 400 feet in height. At the bottom of the hill upon the South

is an exposure of a peculiar light-colored siliceous schist entirely different from any of the series.



SECTION 2.—Through North range of W, Bluff of Baraboo Narrows, A, thick-bedded dark colored quartzites, with some talco siliceous schist; B, siliceous schist; C, horizontal sandstone; B. V. Baraboo Valley.

Directly above the schist I found a horizontal undisturbed sandstone." The above is condensed from a paper that was read before the Wisconsin Academy of Arts, Science and Letters, Feb. 13th, 1872, by Rolland Irving, E. M., Prof. of Geology, Mining and Metallurgy, at the University of Wisconsin.

There have been official reports made and papers published by many Scientist upon the Geology of the Baraboo Bluffs in the neighborhood of Devils Lake, D. D. Owen, U. S. Geo; James G. Percival, Wis. St. Geo; Daniels, do; James Hall, do; I. A. Lapham; Roland Irving; James H. Eaton; Alexander Winchell; T. C. Chamberlain; Warren Wood. It was, we understand, from W. Wood that A. Winchell obtained his information for the foundation of his remarks upon this region. There is at present a Geological survey in progress under charge of Dr. I. A. Lapham. We hope this point may be reached in course of the present or next season.

The Lake is 1,474 feet above the sea.

Last season (1872) there were probably 20,000 visitors to this Lake from regions outside of its immediate neighborhood.

FOURTH SKETCH.

MERRIMACK.

DESCRIPTIVE TOPOGRAPHY.

THIS town lies at the upper or east end of the Sauk Praire basin, between the Wisconsin river and the Baraboo bluffs, and upon their southern slope. Its topography is peculiar and interesting, showing the many evidences of the great physical forces of the glacial period. Swirl holes from 50 to 100 feet deep, and 20 rods at the top less or more, and conical hills 50 to 100 feet high. The general surface of the ground looks like a "chopped up sea." We believe that there is no portion of country in this part of the State, in a circuit of at least fifty miles that we are acquainted with, that exhibits so plainly glacial deposits. There are abundance of marks upon the bluffs N. W. of the town that has been smoothed off and scratched by glaciers. The valley in which Devil's Lake lies has been filled up by glacier debris, and probably the Lake was scooped out by the same forces. There are frequent small ponds and isolated marshes, affording water for stock. Where the Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Co. have cut through the small hills, it shows most beautifully, this drift deposit. Here is a sand bed, then perhaps clay or gravel next, and so on deposited irregularly. The soil upon the farms differ as much. A farm may have all grades of soil, from barren sand-beds to the richest alluvial. The earth in places con-

tains many boulders from a small size to a cubic yard: mostly granitic. The soil of the town will average fair, making a good, and well watered district of country. The Wisconsin river being upon the south, and the Baraboo bluff with its numerous springs upon the north, with small isolated ponds and marshes through the middle, also the Searl's creek that is formed from the springs of the bluff, passes nearly through the middle of the town to the Wisconsin river. Unlike the water from the bluffs west of the Lake gap, it is here hard. We can account for it on no other principle except that east of the Lake gap the soil on the top of the bluff is filled with cobble lime stone, whereas west of the gap there can scarcely be one found. The southern face of the bluff east of the gap is soft sand rock, conglomerated with quartzite pebbles and boulders. There is a most beautiful exposure of this rock at Pafrey's grist mill, between the N. E. and N. W. quarters of Sections 22 and 23. The face of the bluff has parted from 20 to 50 feet, to the depth of about 100 feet; and extending about a quarter of a mile back into the bluffs. Through this dell runs a small creek. The conglomerate, about 50 feet thick, is here most beautifully exposed through the entire length of the dell. This is indeed a romantic looking place. The town is well timbered with a great variety; on the bottoms grow willow, white maple, elm, birch, cherry, ash; on the knolls and bluffs white, red, black and burr oak, hickory and poplar and hazel; some pine about the rocky cliffs. Hence we have a town of good land, an abundance of water and timber, and a fair stone (sand stone) for building. The abutments and piers of the R. R. bridge at Merrimack, across the Wisconsin River, are partly being made of this rock, taken from the bluffs near Pafrey's mill. The town was the favorite abode of the ancient mound builder. There are many large and interesting groups of mounds, containing many perfect and beautiful shaped animal mounds.

CHRONOLOGY.

THE town of Merrimack, according to record, was organized "April 3d, 1855. According to previous notice, the qualified voters of the town of Kingston residing in township No. 10 and 11 north, range 7 east, met at the hall of Walter P. Flanders the 3d of April, A. D. 1855, at 9 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing a new town to be called Merrimack, and to hold the first annual town meeting for electing the respective town officers for said town."

E. G. Buck was elected chairman of inspectors. Samuel W. Hovey and Luther Crossby for inspectors.

M. Quiggle, S. W. Hovey and M. Brindler were elected supervisors; H. M. Manly, assessor; Jas. G. Train, treasurer; Chas. Naffz, clerk; Norman Wood, superintendent of schools; John Quiggle, Sam'l Shaw and J. M. Haines, justices of the peace; J. Emerson, constable.

1856—M. G. Todd, Lyman Hodsdon and M. Brendler, supervisors; Chs. N. Naffz, clerk; J. G. Train, treasurer; H. M. Manley, assessor; N. Wood, school superintendent; Chs. Naffz and A. Todd, justices of the peace; I. Shipman, L. Bailey, constables.

1857—M. G. Todd, N. Furst, L. N. Smith, supervisors; Chs. Naffz, clerk; J. G. Train, treasurer; H. M. Manley, assessor; N. Wood, school superintendent; A. B. Bradley, I. Shipman, justices of the peace; F. L. Roper, A. Eschenback, constables.

1858—This year hogs were restrained from running at large. A. B. Bradley, N. Furst, H. M. Jones, supervisors; J. M. Haines, clerk; J. G. Train, treasurer; A. B. Bradley, superintendent of schools; M. Quiggle, Chs. Naffz and D. B. Randall, assessors; David Swartz, L. Prems, I. Shipman, constables.

1859—J. G. Train, N. Wood, Marvin Simonds, supervisors; J. M. Haines, clerk; H. M. Jones, treasurer; D. B. Randall, assessor; E. P. Barber, superintendent of schools; Chs. A. Leach, constable.

1860—N. Furst, M. Quiggle, L. Premo, supervisors; J. M. Haines, clerk; H. M. Jones, treasurer; J. G. Train, school superintendent; Sam'l Shaw, Chs. Naffz, justices of the peace; D. B. Randall, assessor; Wm. Hamilton, I. Shipman, James Morey, constable.

1861—N. Wood, B. Boquer, L. Premo, supervisors; Levi Wright, clerk; Chs. Naffz, treasurer; N. A. Burgess, superintendent of schools; N. Furst, assessor; C. L. Parkhurst, const. J. G. Train, represented the south-Assembly District in the Legislature, 1858 and 1859.

1862—N. Wood, (ch'n) B. Boeguer, S. W. Hovey, supervisors; G. A. Terrill, clerk; Chs. Naffz, treasurer; J. M. Haines, assessor; L. C. Parkhurst, constable; Wm. Butterfield, M. G. Allard, justices of the peace.

1863—S. C. Roby, (ch'n) H. J. Todd, M. Quiggle, supervisors; L. Wright, clerk; Jas. Morey, treasurer; D. B. Randall, assessor; I. Shipman, constable.

A special town meeting was called, Dec. 12th, and \$800. raised as bounty money, to induce men to enlist into the volunteer military service of the United States to save a draft that would be made upon the town for volunteers.

1864—A special town meeting was called Feb. 17th, to authorize the town to raise \$200. for each volunteer required to fill the quota of the draft; the money to be borrowed. The town was so authorized.

J. M. Haines, (ch'n) Wm. Thilke, H. J. Todd, supervisors; L. Wright, clerk; D. F. Farnam, treasurer; N. Furst, assessor; I. shipman, constable.

A special town meeting was called Oct. 8th, to authorize the town to borrow \$2,600 to pay men who volunteered in the military service of the U. S. The town was so authorized.

1865—A special town meeting was called Jan. 14th, to raise \$3,000 to pay each volunteer \$200 to enlist.

Wm. Thilke, (ch'n) H. M. Jones, J. M. Coats, supervisors; A. N. True, clerk; D. F. Farnham, treasurer; N. Furst, assessor.

1866—S. C. Roby, (ch'n) Wm. Slade, A. Eschenbach, supervisors; L. Wright, clerk; Douglas Cramer treasurer; T. E. Manley, assessor; C. C. Noyes, constable.

1867—J. Morey, (ch'n) Wm. Slade, A. Eschenbach, supervisors; L. Wright, clerk; D. Cramer, treasurer; T. E. Manley, assessor.

A special town meeting called to settle with H. W. Bostic for the loss of a horse by an imperfect bridge.

1868—N. Wood, (ch'n) P. C. Moulton, A. Franzell, supervisors; A. N. True, clerk; H. T. Quiggle, treasurer; Wm. Thilke, assessor.

1869—D. B. Randall, (ch'n) C. A. Hills, B. Brown, supervisors; G. Norris, clerk; D. Schwartz, treasurer; D. J. Farnham, assessor.

1870—H. Bailey, (ch'n) Geo. Shepard, Geo. W. Morrell, supervisors; G. Norris, clerk; D. Cramer, assessor.

Special town meeting called Aug. 27th, to authorize the town to subscribe the capital stock of the Baraboo Air Line R. R. company, which was agreed to, to the amount of \$10,000. Upon the question there was 167 votes cast, 99 for, 66 against giving town bonds to said B. A. L. R. R. Co., when it shall have been completed through the town.

In 1860 Mr. Samuel D. Coats settled in the town. Mr. C. is a portrait and landscape painter. He has all he can do in portrait painting at from \$20 to \$100 apiece. His delineations are very true to nature.

We append a list of the old settlers that are still living in the town, enumerating as far down as 1856:

1844—Zoeth Eldridge, who is now the oldest settler in town.

1847—D. B. Randall.

1848—Henry W. Shaw, David Sutton, Harmon Kuntz, David Swartz, T. Burkhard, F. Risler.

1849—Wm. Thile, C. Steidtman, Robt. Coulborn.

1850—Isaac Emerson, S. K. Hovey, L. Crosby, N. Furst, Hiram Bailey, Geo. Fris, D. & T. Swartz, Herman Kunts.

1851—J. W. Peck, J. Premo.

1852—A. Gross, Wm. Keitel.

1853—D. J. Farnham, Lyman Hodsdon, Chas. Bower, Wm. Kruger.

1854—Sam'l Cramer, N. Wood, A. Eschenback, F. Boegner, B. Weiging, A. Colborn, Wm. Wiglow.

1855—4 Terrill girls, Elizabeth, Cornelia, Emma and Hattie, and a son, G. A. Terrill.

1856—John Goggin, L. Gould, L. Premo, P. C. Moulton, T. E. Manley, T. Scheigner, D. Cramer, M. Quiggle, H. Quiggle.

George Wood settled in 1843, where Zoeth Eldridge now lives, and was the first settler in the town.

The Post Office was first called Collamer, but after the town was organized, it was called Merrimack.

The Nationality of the early settlers can be seen from the Census Report of 1860. There came from Maine, 2; Conn., 6; N. H., 34; Vt., 49; Mass. 10; R. I., 6; N. Y., 127; Penn., 46; Ohio, 31; Ill., 10; Canada, 33; Eng., 57; Wales, 1; Scotland, 1; Ireland, 44; Germany, 107; Prussia, 1; Switzerland, 10; Those born in Wisconsin, 240.

The Health of the town may be judged of by the Census Report of 1870. 2 died this year of Consumption; 2 of Lung Fever; 1 by Accident; out of a population of 621. There are three more Males than Females. The oldest person enumerated is 77 years. 144 families.

AGRICULTURAL.

MERRIMACK is adapted to a wide range of Agriculture. Its abundance of water renders it valuable for the production of butter, cheese, and stock. Its great variety of soil adapts it to any of the cereals grown in this latitude. The farmers thus far have confined themselves mostly to the production of wheat, oats and corn. The Census Reports of 1860 and 1870, giving the crops of 1859 and 1869 are as follows:

	1850.	1869.		1850.	1869.
Acres Improved.....	2,621	5,027	Pounds of Butter.....	9,505	15,495
Horses.....	24	236	" Cheese.....	9,505	804
Milch Cows.....	170	219	Tons of Hay.....	587	839
Working Oxen.....	82	10	Bushels of Clover Seed.....	—	—
Other Cattle.....	36	138	" Grass ".....	26	—
Sheep.....	138	758	Pounds of Hops.....	—	6,757
Swine.....	252	325	" Beeswax.....	5	17
Bushels of Wheat.....	10,939	21,509	" Honey.....	335	235
" Rye.....	56	229	Bushels of Buckwheat.....	20	235
" Indian Corn.....	8,590	17,805	" Barley.....	775	1,777
" Oats.....	11,049	17,778	Gallons of Wine.....	30	30
Pounds of Wool.....	148	2,417	" Cane Molasses....	365	364
Bushels of Potatoes.....	2,364	2,298	Value of Orchard products..	\$608	608

IMPROVEMENTS.

THE town contains one village which was laid out in September, 1865, by Walter P. Flanders, and named Merrimack by Mrs. J. G. Train, from Merrimack, N. H.

It commands a fine view of the river and the surrounding scenery is pleasant. It was first called Brown's cabin; as soon as the cabin was fairly completed, Brown was mysteriously missed and has never since been heard of. Chester Mattson, who was then a bachelor, built the second house and Geo. Grant's family occupied it. Mattson and Grant opened a tavern, (we believe Thomas Trott was also an interested party) and a ferry across the Wisconsin river. The place became known as Matt's ferry. It is as well known by this name at present, as Merrimack. Mattson made energetic efforts to get a direct road from Madison to Baraboo. He succeeded in getting a State road laid; the papers bearing date Oct. 2d, 1848. It soon became a great thoroughfare and known as "Matt's Ferry road." Mattson was a visionary, speculative, energetic, enterprising man. No old settler can ever forget the Old bachelor. Flanders purchased of Mattson and Trott, and laid the town out as before stated. W. P. Flanders built a store in 1852 (when half completed, it burned down but was immediately rebuilt.) and put into it a stock of goods. In 1853 J. M. Haines and Lyman Hodsdon purchased this property and put in a good stock of general country merchandise, and for nine years did a liberal and profitable business.

For the last decade of years it has not improved much if any. Since the building of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, it has taken a lively start. Its status in 1870 was 150 inhabitants, 1 tavern, 2 stores, 2 blacksmith shops, a wagon shop, a physician, no lawyer or settled clergyman. There is a wire ferry across the river; the wire cord being 1,200 feet long. W. P. Flanders had for several years a dairy of 25 or 30 Herefordshire cows; it is now sold out.

At present it would be difficult to give the true population or business of the place while the R. R. is being constructed. The R. R. bridge will be 2,000 feet long and 35 feet above the water.

Its anticipated advantages. It is situated at the crossing of two great National thoroughfares, viz: the Ship Canal from Green Bay to the Mississippi river, and the Chicago and Northwestern R. R., the through line of the Northern Pacific R. R. It has a rich country surrounding and tributary to it.

In 1844 Harris Searl built a small grist mill upon Searl's creek, in S. E., N. W. quarter Section 4, Town 10 north, Range 7 E. It affords here about 50 inches of water. When the mill was completed so that he ground a little for himself, there came a great freshet that swept out a part of the dam and undermined the mill so that it tipped partly over. The damage was so great it was never repaired.

In 1846 David King built a grist mill at the bluff on a branch of the Searl creek, using a good deal of the furniture of the Searl mill. He used a 26 foot overshot water wheel. In 1849 it burned down in mid-day, while they were eating dinner. He then built a saw mill, with an 18 foot overshot water wheel, below the grist mill site; it would saw but 400 or 500 feet of lumber in a day. In 1851 he completed a new grist mill with a 36 foot overshot water wheel. He did a fair business for a few years. In 1857 Mr. King died. David King was a man that will be held kindly in the memory of all

who knew him. The community was much indebted to him for his mechanical ingenuity. He was a blacksmith, gunsmith, carpenter and mill-wright; was enterprising, hard-working, steady, sober, and an honorable man. Mr. Narracong bought this mill and put in a steam engine in 1855. It did not meet his expectations and proved a complete failure. Fordice Roper in 1856 built a new mill farther up the stream, near the mouth of the dell. Frederick Roper then came in possession of the mill. He used a 40 foot overshot wheel. He sold to Isaac Gibbs. In 1860 Frederick and John Roper built a distillery, and for 10 years manufactured a small amount of whisky each year. Many a farmer exchanged a few bushels of Rye for a few gallons of —. Robert Parfrey purchased of I. Gibbs, the Roper grist mill in 1865, and put in a 60 foot overshot wheel and did a very good business. He has now a small reacting 6-inch wheel, under 75 foot head. The little creek here falls within a half-mile, probably 300 feet, chafing and foaming down the side of the Baraboo Bluffs through a little canyon, making fine scenery.

There was a steam saw mill and machine shop built in Merrimack in 1858 or '59. Its money transactions became tangled, and it has for many years lain idle. The Wisconsin river, at an early day, was considerably navigated, but for a few years past the trade has fallen off in consequence of better R. R. facilities. It is now being used more, as the Fox river is better improved for the shipment of grain; and for the last two seasons a steamer has made daily trips from Prairie du Sac to Portage. There is no reason why there should not be a large amount of business done through this channel, when the Government shall have finished the improvements now in progress of construction.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS RELATIONS.

THE *Free Will Baptists* organized a society March 6, 1851, at the house of S. W. Hovey, and called it the Free Will Baptist Society of Merrimack. Elder Maynard assisted. Melinda Maynard, Betsy Hovey,

Mary Olds, Salvina Premo, S. K. Hovey, Anne Premo, Mary Bostic, S. W. Hovey, Chauncy Olds, Joseph Premo, Minerva Premo, Dorcas, Michael and Lewis Premo, were the members. At the present time there are 20 resident members.

The *Methodist* and Free-will Baptist are the most numerous religious sects.

The first class of Methodists was organized at the Ferry in 1852. It had six members. Esau Green (now deceased.) class leader, and his wife; Wm. Swet, and Mrs. Swet his mother; John Cornish and wife. It now, 1871, numbers about 35. Geo. Pigg is the present class leader. In 1856 there was a class formed at the bluffs, A. Baker, (class leader.) Mrs. Polly Bailey, Sarah Mathews, Mrs. Louisa Farnham, and Edward Richmond. It now contains 25 members. In 1860 they erected a chapel 20x30, which is located about in the centre of the town. It is the only edifice of the kind in town except the Humanist Hall, although the Free-will Baptists are about erecting one in the village of Merrimack.

In 1860 Elder Warren Cochran assisted in organizing a Congregational Church. It had six members. Elder C. preached here for a short time, after Rev. Jas. S. Jenkins six months. The Society has for some years been discontinued.

The Humanists have an organization and a hall, in the S. E. part of town, but owing to a split that exists amongst them, they number but three or four families. Carl Durr (deceased.) settled in Merrimack in 1848 and became a gifted humanist speaker, and was much admired by his people, and much respected by all who knew him.

There are many Irish Catholics in town, but they have no church. They attend divine service at Baraboo and Caledonia.

The people of Merrimack have always been liberal in support of Common Schools. At the Ferry, for 10 or 12 years, they kept up an excellent lyceum, and at times paid lecturers to lecture to them.

The Good Templars have organized twice but have let their order perish.

BARABOO AND ITS WATERPOWERS.

THERE is scarcely any section of country that has not its interesting features. Nature, however, is not equal in her gifts. There are barren wastes; and many points rich in natural wealth, are made useless by contingencies. There are points that all men consider favored places from the fact that their latent natural wealth is made easily available. It is a fact that throughout the country those places that were selected by a former race are the first chosen by a succeeding race of men. In this county the Indian villages were the first points selected and settled upon by the pioneers. Where Indian villages have stood, the white man's city is to stand or does already stand. The Indians chose the sites of their predecessors—the mound builders—for their villages. At Baraboo, Cal-i-mi-ne, the head chief of the Winnebagos, located his council house in the midst of a large and imposing cluster of ancient mounds. The first white family in this valley settled within sixty rods of Cal-i-mi-ne's site. A little farther up the stream, near Lyons, a band of Indians lived. Here, also, are fine groups of ancient mounds; and here, also, was the first white man's choice for a home. Our oldest settler, Archibald Barker, attempted to build a cabin at these cornfields as early as the spring of 1837, but it was torn down by the Indians, and he was driven off. In 1840 their fields were not only occupied, but the river was dammed near them. An old settler, JOHN B. CRAWFORD, now possesses the land. Two leagues further up the stream the chief, DANDY, had his village and fields; and here, too, were the first farms opened in the valley of the Baraboo by James Christie and Captain Finley, a Scotchman and a Tennessean.

Not only generation after generation, but race after race, seem to follow in the foot-steps of their predecessors, as if attracted so, magnet-like. Throughout the Northwest large towns have invariably grown up where Indian villages stood. These circumstances may be offered as a proof that Baraboo will always hold a conspicuous rank among the cities in the

growth of the country; for there is no part of the West that bears more marks of an ancient population than this locality.

That the Indians were ardently attached to the country at the Baraboo Rapids, is evident from the fact that when they were first removed by the U. S. Dragoons to their Reserve in Minnesota, "the cries of the squaws and children could be heard for a mile distant, as they left their old homes." The next year, Dandy's band came back and raised a crop of corn a short distance above where Reedsburg is now located. A company of Dragoons came and again took this band to their new home; but again they came back; and most of that band have since spent their lives as vagabond beggars through the country,—dispirited and broken-hearted.

The Baraboo River is about 70 miles long, and 200 feet wide at Baraboo, and furnishes about 10,000 inches of water, as reckoned upon the edge of a dam. The stream is made up almost entirely of springs, and has but a few marshes in the valley. The water does not get very low in a dry time. The rapids and town have heretofore labored under the disadvantage of being walled in by the Baraboo Bluffs, upon the south and east of the rapids, containing much mountain like scenery, and are composed largely of palaeozoic rock, making the building of roads across it difficult and the travel upon them tedious. This has been heretofore the "bugbear" to Baraboo prosperity. Now that the Chicago and Northwestern Railway—which will be the main trunk of the Northern Pacific Railroad—passes through the place, it removes the hitherto perplexity of bad road; and when some improvements are put upon the river, requiring but a trifling outlay of money, the great National Ship Canal from Green Bay to the Mississippi can be brought to our doors. The stream is of ample depth and width, and is a better stream to navigate than the Wisconsin river, on account of current and sand. Notwithstanding the hitherto want of public thoroughfares, the place has grown steadily, and at this time has the largest Woolen Mills (unless it may be the Racine Mills,) and Furniture Manufactory in the State. There is one item worthy of note in the manufacture of woollen goods. The dyers at each of the factories say that they save to their employers from 10 to 25 per cent. of coloring material, over any other place that they ever worked at, and get finer colors. This circumstance is probably owing to the water of the river containing so large a percentage of soluble iron. There is at one place up the river—Sprout's Slough—a very large mineral spring, and the whole valley is largely iron-bearing.

The people of Baraboo, as early as 1852, made a move towards building a railroad through the valley,—sending Col. James Maxwell to Washington as a lobby member to assist in getting a grant of land for that purpose. A grant of land was obtained, but was so arranged as to favor the interest of Milwaukee in the building of a road towards St. Paul; stipulating, however, that when the said road was built, other companies could use it for a consideration. Our locality was in a direct line from Milwaukee to LaCrosse; and the first surveys for the construction of their road

were made through the Baraboo Valley; but on account of crossing the Kickapoo Valley, which is very rough, they swung their line around its head, about 24 miles from the air-line, leaving the Baraboo Valley quite off the route upon which they built. While Chicago and Milwaukee were yet fighting the land-grant battle, in the winter of 1853, a survey was made from Madison to Baraboo, and was intended to be a link of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This was the pioneer railroad survey pointing northwest. In the fall of 1853, a preliminary survey was made from Madison via Baraboo to LaCrosse, or some north of that place. In 1870, another survey was made on the same route. The great work of pushing forward the Northern Pacific was commenced with much vigor this season,—extending from St. Paul and Duluth towards Puget Sound. The Chicago and Northwestern now deemed it for their interest to open up this, the long talked-of air-line, but difficult road to build, it being now a necessary connecting link with their roads near the Mississippi River already completed and connecting with the Northern Pacific. The Baraboo people, together with their neighbors on the route, ever ready to catch any favorable railroad breeze, were at once up and doing. The Baraboo Air-Line Railroad Company was organized, under a special charter. They soon consolidated with the Chicago and Northwestern. In the fall of 1870, work was commenced upon the line at Madison,—(their road being completed from Chicago to that place.) July 25, 1871, a celebration was held at Lodi upon the opening of the road to that place. At the writing of this, the line to Baraboo is nearly graded, the bridge across the Wisconsin River completed. In four weeks more the track will probably reach Baraboo. After living these many long years a prison-like life, we find ourselves located upon two great national thoroughfares,—the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the Green Bay and Mississippi Ship Canal.

The community is much indebted to Col S. V. R. Ableman for his sanguine and stirring appeals for action two years ago this fall. His articles over the signature of "Locomotive" will not soon be forgotten by a grateful people. Also, to T. Thomas for his untiring exertions and indefatigable labor in carrying into execution the plans of the company, together with Joseph Mackey, Esq., of Reedsburg; Narricong, of Lodi; and R. M. Strong, of Baraboo.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF MILL POWERS, AND THE MANUFACTURING INTERESTS OF BARABOO.

FROM what evidence we can collect, it would seem that Wood & Rowen, and Matson & VanSlyke, commenced their dams in the winter of 1839-40. Wood & Rowen made the first commencement at a point a little above where the Baraboo Manufacturing Company's Factory now stands. Abraham Wood was a Missourian or Kentuckian. He had a squaw for a wife; she was a good cook, and was a fine, obliging woman. Wallace Rowen was a Tennessean. He had a large family, and

had for a long time been a frontiers man. His whole family could speak Winnebago fluently. Draper & Post were the mechanics who built the mill. Draper came in as a partner before it commenced running. In 1842, Draper disposed of his interest to the old firm. In 1843, Levi Moore bought out Rowen, and Moses Nulph and Harry Perry bought out Wood. In July 1844, there came a flood that washed out a part of the dam and the mill, which was completely broken to pieces, and some of it carried entirely out of the river. The first drive of logs that came from the Baraboo Pinery were in the boom, having been cut and brought there by A. Barker and James Christie. The boom broke away, and the logs, in going over, probably caused the first breach in the dam. There was a man of the name of Fred. Blabern drowned at that time; he was on a raft of lumber below the Narrows, with Ed. Willard. In a short time after the mill went out, Wood took back his half of the property. August 19, 1844, each definitely defined his claim. Wood had surveyed to him the south-east quarter section 84, and Moore the southwest quarter section 35, Town 12 North, Range 6 East. They now resolved to put the new dam farther up the stream, at the head of the "bend," make a low dam and carry the water across the "bow" in a race. October 25 and 26, the race was laid out, leveled and staked by an engineer, and the following winter was dug by Anderson & Polson. ("I find there is 9 feet 1 inch fall in the river from the beginning of the mill-race to the end. Grade [or the bottom of the race,] is 3 feet above the present surface of the water at the upper end,"—*See Field-book W. H. C.*) making 12 feet and 1 inch natural fall in the river from the head of the race to the foot of it.

In the following summer the dam was put in and mill completed. J. Clement built it. The saw-mill was finely constructed and did an excellent business. In the winter of 1840-41, Mr. A. Barker logged in Secley Creek, and ran the logs down to the mill in the Spring. The following summer he ran out a raft 110 feet long to Dekorra, which was the first raft run out of the river. He says: "in running down the cribs to the lower end of the rapids, where we coupled up, one day in company with Ed. Kingsley, going down each on a crib, I halloed to him to look and see that somebody seemed to have made a dam of stones across the river. As we approached we saw it was the backs and tails of fishes. We were soon amongst them, and found they were sturgeons. I killed three with my hand spike. In jumping into the water to get them I was knocked down by their running against my legs. For a short distance the river seemed to be jammed full of them."

In October, 1842, Captain Finley built three or four flat boats and ran them to Sauk, where he loaded them with potatoes and ran them to St. Louis.

Jabish Clement bought out Wood soon after the mill was completed, and Moore & Clement ran it for about two years. They were not successful in partnership, and their affairs became involved.

THE ISLAND WOOLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

THIS fine property now laid idle until 1859, when M. J. Drown and G. H. Stewart, of Beaver Dam, got hold of the Clement claims, and in the spring of 1860 those of L. Moore also. Stewart soon withdrew, leaving Drown and his friends the field. The purchase was made for the purpose of erecting a Woolen Mill. This summer a dam was completed, a factory 40x90 and one set of machinery put up, and started work that fall. In 1865 William Andrews came into the firm; 1866, Col. D. S. Vittum; 1867, Henry Rich; subsequently, A. A. Avery and William Rich. The reputation of this house, from the beginning to the present time, has stood high for the excellence of their goods and fair dealing. They have at the present time two full and complete sets of machinery of the most approved kinds, besides machinery for custom work. They manufacture from 8,000 to 10,000 yards of cloth per month, or about 100,000 yards per year. They employ about 36 operatives. Their factory stands within a few rods of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. The firm is known as the "Island Woolen Manufacturing Company." Their business is promptly and systematically conducted, and consequently runs with smoothness and regularity. They have a large capital invested, and probably turn out more cloth than any other mill in the State.

THE BARABOO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TAS organized in the winter of 1866-67, as a Joint Stock Company, the following individuals subscribing; M. J. Drown, A. A. Avery, *William Andrews, Frederick Hertel, T. Thomas, Levi Crouch, William Hill, William Palmer, H. R. Ryan, S. W. Ryan, Charles A. Sumner and B. F. Mills.* Those persons whose names are in *Italics* have disposed of their interest. They commenced the construction of their factory in the spring of 1867, with an available capital of \$35,500. They placed their manufactory building about 200 feet above the Island Woolen Mills. It is 40x126 feet. They also have a Blacksmith Shop, Warehouse, Paint Shop, Dry House, Steam Rooms, or Chests, Sheds, Barns, etc. etc. The Ryan & Hollinbeck machinery that did so large and successful a business at the Upper Mills, they put in here as a part of their machinery equipment. Henry Ryan was their first general manager, for six or eight months; and was succeeded by M. Patridge, for a year; then C. A. Sumner and George Ryan, for five months; then again and at present, M. J. Drown,

Who moves business quietly, if not by storm.

Their present accountant, Col. A. L. Slye, has been in their employment most of the time.

The goods chiefly manufactured at present are chairs and bedsteads. These are sent in large bills over the entire Northwest,—as far east as

Chicago, as far south as Texas, west to Omaha, and north to Red River. Their sales amount to from \$60,000 to \$75,000 per year. The Railroad Company has granted them a switch, being about a mile from the depot but near the track of the road. They intend erecting a large warehouse upon it. Their orders crowd them constantly, and they are continually increasing their business.

At this water-power, there must have been manufactured and sold within the year past, \$225,000 worth of goods.

THE LOWER OR MAXWELL WATER-POWER.

THE property generally known as the Maxwell water power, now owned by William S. Grubb and Humphrey, Bacon & Co., is at the foot of the Rapids, which fact gives it a peculiar advantage, there being no back-water from other dams to interfere with its usefulness. The river here being in the form of an ox-bow, with a good fall, and race cut across the upper end of it, a low dam is sufficient, which very much lessens the cost of building and repairs. This alone is a great item in the keeping up of a water power. The depot buildings, machine and repair shops of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway are about one hundred rods distant. The distance across the upper end of the bow is about twenty rods. The race does not intersect the river at its nearest point, coming within eight or ten rods of, and then running parallel with and down the river about eighty rods, at which point a fall of about fourteen feet is obtained. This arrangement enables the proprietors to create several powers from the same dam. This was the first power selected upon the rapids or river. In the summer of 1839, James Alban, Esq., the first white settler upon Sauk Prairie, while on a visit to Eben Peck, at Madison, (whose was also the first white family there,) related that while he was one day reconnoitering the bluffs bordering Sauk Prairie upon the north, he came in sight of a very singular looking lake, enclosed most majestically amongst wild rocks and precipices, and that through its opening he saw what looked like a fertile valley beyond. He said he intended, in a short time, an exploration of the valley of the Baraboo. Peck at once proposed to go with him, and to go immediately, which was agreed to, and they started the next day and went as far as Alban's, and from there to the Baraboo river, intersecting it at a point near where the lower dam now stands, and, crossing the river they found two Indian villages. The Indians were ill-disposed, and told them to "puckerhee." Peck selected this ox-bow or great bend of the river as his claim, and marked it, but they were obliged to start on their way home that night, for another chief had been sent for who now came, and with a quivering chin told them, "kruukshun!" They re-crossed the river, but staid that night upon Peck's claim. Returning to Madison, Peck gave a glowing description of the Baraboo and his claim. In the fall, Eben Peck and Rosaline his wife, and Luther, his brother, made a visit to his claim upon the Baraboo river. Hence, without doubt,

Mrs. Peck, who now resides at Baraboo, not only has the honor of being the first white woman at Madison, but also the first at Baraboo, or in the Baraboo Valley. They crossed the bluffs on horseback, Mrs. Peck riding a man's saddle borrowed of John Hoover upon Sauk Prairie. In riding towards Portage City upon what is now called Peck's Prairie, they met, to their great surprise, Wallace Rowan and Abraham Wood, who were on their way to look at the Baraboo river. Wood and Rowan at this time made a claim of the upper ox-bow or great bend of the river. It is believed that soon after this visit, late in the fall of 1839, Wood put up a house and moved his family into it. He had a squaw for a wife, with two small children. In the winter and spring following he was preparing to erect a dam. In about a month after this last expedition of Peck's, two pioneer explorers, Chester Matson and James Van Slyke, visited the Baraboo rapids in search of a mill power, and after looking them over, concluded to "jump" Peck's claim. This must have been quite late in the fall. Being men of small means, they applied to and obtained James Maxwell, of Walworth, and Perry Hancy, of Dane county, as backers. At what date they commenced building, or making active preparations for building a dam, we have not been able to determine; but A. Barker, Mrs. Peck, L. Moore and James Haines, all old settlers, believe that Wood was upon his claim first, and probably made some preparations to build first, but that Van Slyke, having the most means, prosecuted the work of building most vigorously after he commenced. The work at this lower dam progressed rapidly until it was nearly ready for graveling, (it being a tree dam,) when Peck served "papers" upon Van Slyke & Co., and summoned them to Madison to a suit to try titles to the disputed claim. This suit went in Peck's favor. The next spring or summer the floods carried first a part, and subsequent high waters the remaining part of the dam away. In the fall of 1840, Peck moved his family on to his Baraboo claim.

For a few years now this mill site became a dead letter. There was no capital, and scarcely any provisions in the settlement. Each family had to turn its own coffee mill, boil its own wheat, and pound its own hominy. When the land came into market, in 1846, I believe, there was not a man in the settlement who attended the sale. In fact, there was no money here, and no trade nor traffic, no commerce of any kind by which to obtain it. The settlement was far back upon the frontier, and what little money the settler may have brought had been paid out for the necessaries of life. Maxwell now purchased from government the disputed claim, and in the spring of 1848 came on with his family, bringing also a stock of goods. The county seat now having been removed from Sauk to Adams, and a village plat laid out, he purchased a lot and erected a store building upon the corner where now the Burlington Brothers trade, which has since been familiarly known as "the Maxwell corner." This was the first frame building at Adams, now Baraboo. The first store, however, upon the Baraboo rapids was kept near

the Maxwell dam, by Augustine Haraszthy and J. C. Grapel, near the Peck house. This store building was the first frame building in the Baraboo Valley. It was built in 1845. Maxwell commenced re-building the dam in April, 1847.

In consequence of doubts as to who commenced the first improvement of waterpowers upon the Baraboo Rapids, I addressed James A. Maxwell, of Boulder, Colorado, and received the following courteous reply:

Boulder, (Colorado,) September 9, 1871.

Wm. H. Canfield: Dear Sir:

Yours came duly to hand. The answer has been unavoidably delayed. Your history of the first settlement of the Baraboo Valley is mainly correct. Wood & Rowen and James Van Slyke both began work in the fall of 1839 on their respective water powers. Van Slyke returned to Walworth county in the early part of the following winter, and by his glowing description of the Baraboo country and water powers I was induced to take a one-half interest with him in building a saw mill, he to do the work, I to furnish means. Hence in the early spring of 1840 I let him have two yoke of oxen, chains and wagon, loaded them with a set of saw mill irons, pork, flour and beans, and he set out for the Baraboo Valley with four or five hired men. Father was at the time a member of the Council and at Madison. At my request he either went over with Van Slyke, or soon afterwards, to see if his representations were all right and my investment a safe one. The suit with Peck somewhat dampened Van Slyke's ardor for building, and the June flood took it all [apart] away. So he sold the mill irons to Rowen & Wood, disposed of the provisions, and drove the train back to me, I think sometime in July 1840. In 1846, when the land was ready for market, Van Slyke entered the land by the preemption act of June 1st, 1840, he being there and at work with the men at the passage of the act. I furnished Van Slyke with the means to enter it for a half interest in it, and father afterwards bought the remaining half. In the winter of 1846-7, father, Esterbrook and I visited the place and ran out the lines of the quarter entered by Van Slyke. We found Haraszthy with a store of goods on it, and found also that we should need another forty to cover the entire water power, and Esterbrook, by agreement, went to Mineral Point and entered it. In the spring of 1847 we began building the saw mill—my father, B. L. Briar and I in the form of a stock company. Father and I owned the property and furnished the means; Briar was the mill-right—worked for so much per day and was interested in the mill when done only to the amount of his labor. In the spring of 1848 I moved to Baraboo, living in the Haraszthy store building, and went vigorously to work deepening and widening the race. During that season we sold a half interest to J. F. Flanders and Benjamin McVickar, of Milwaukee, with an agreement to build a flouring mill at a cost of \$10,000, which was finished in the winter of 1848-9.

In the year 1850, I think, (I am not certain, however, as to dates, having no memoranda here by which to refresh memory,) we divided the property, leaving Flanders and McVickar with the saw mill and all the surplus waterpower and land, father and I with the flouring mill and two acres of land around it, with 200 inches of water to run it, and Briar with the carding mill and water to run it. There the matter stood up to about the time I left.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. MAXWELL.

In the spring of 1856, Charles Cook, an Englishman, bought of W. P. Flanders, the water-power, except the 200 inches previously sold to Maxwell, and that season put up a saw mill on the ruins of the old one that had been burned down. He also built a Tannery and commenced the tanning business; and purchased of L. Briar a Carding Machine, and put into the building one set of Woolen Mill Machinery. The hard times of

1857 found him involved, and the property went back to Flanders, Cook losing about \$5,000. In the winter of 1858, John Dean, from Massachusetts, an Englishman, leased from Flanders the woolen mill building and power, purchased the Cook machinery, brought on some looms and run with much energy, assisted at times by his brothers William and James as partners, for seven years. He then purchased the Maxwell grist mill building and water-power, and fitting it up put his woolen mill machinery into it. In 1865, A. Andrews, familiarly known as "Boss" Andrews, went into partnership with him, continued for one year and sold to Henry Rich. Rich continued about a year. In 1869 John Dean sold to James H. Dean, William C. Graves and Joseph Ellis each a one fourth interest. This factory has prided itself for the past few years in its fine colors and beautiful Afghan blankets. In February, 1870, G. H. Bacon and Ira L. Humphrey purchased the John and James Dean interests, and in the fall Mr. Graves' interest. Hence at present the firm stands, Bacon, Humphrey & Ellis. In the spring of 1871 they put both building and machinery in excellent repair, and for the last four months they have been turning out about 3,800 yards of cloth per month. Bacon and Humphrey before going into this mill had each established a reputation for being steady, thorough, successful business young men. Since their connection with this piece of property, both the general appearance of the property and their goods show thoroughness to the extent of their means. They should have a little more capital to do the business they ought to do.

Aug. 1870, Flanders sold his water-power to Wheeler & Gunnison, of Milwaukee, who expected to establish paper mills. We think it was the distance from railroad communication that worked a reverse in their plans, in part. In the Spring of 1871 they sold to William S. Grubb. At present there is no improvement of powers or shops of any kind, except the woolen mill, upon this the finest of the water-powers upon the Baraboo River, having a fall of between thirteen and fourteen feet, with a low dam to keep up—about four feet high. It being at the foot of the rapids, the proprietors will not be annoyed by any other parties flowing water on to them.

THE MIDDLE WATER-POWER.

THIS power was surveyed out and claimed June 2d, 1844, before the Townships were subdivided by Congress, by George W. Brown, of Whitewater. In July, Marvin Blake, a brother-in-law, moved on,—(Brown being a bachelor.)—also George Grant and family, with several other workmen, with provisions and tools. In December, he had his dam in and saw-mill running. This mill did not suit him; therefore the next season he built another saw-mill, which was a far better one. While excavating the pit, a skeleton of a mammoth was discovered; but the bones were so decayed that they could not be preserved. The next season he erected a grist-mill upon the north side of the river,—the saw-mill being

upon the south side. This was the first grist-mill of any magnitude upon the river. In December, he got one run of stone in operation. The next season he commenced building an addition to his grist-mill. On the 16th of December, he intended to go to Milwaukee after another run of stones. He was making an addition to the size of the mill building; after it was raised, he intended to start. Ah! this calculation sadly failed! While raising a bent of the frame, it fell! He saw it coming and alarmed others, but did not clear himself. A timber struck his head, and he died in a few moments. This was on the 15th. He was an enterprising man, and much respected. The land was pre-empted in William Brown's name, at the general land sale. In reply to inquiry, he furnishes the following definite information :

W. H. CASFIELD, Esq.:—In reply to your inquiries, I will state that I pre-empted the water-power now known as the Middle Power, in Baraboo, in 1844, and "proved up" thereon in 1845, and received Duplicate at the Mineral Point Land Office. In 1846 I deeded all to my brother George W. Brown,—e $\frac{1}{2}$ ne $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. 2, T.11 R. 6, e.—*Wise Vol. A, Deeds, Sauk County*, pp. 310-311. Manchester Water Power was "proved up" by VanSlyke, at Mineral Point, in the same town. I got my Duplicate. I came to Baraboo in July 1844, and was in co-partnership with George W. Brown until the date of the deed aforesaid.

WILLIAM BROWN.

The first sale of any portion of the water-power was to Delando Pratt, and Lewis and Josiah Hayes,—200 inches of water and a strip of land,—in 1846. By fall, they had erected buildings for shops, in which were turning lathes, a shingle machine, chair-factory machinery, lath saws, etc. For a year or two they did a good business, and seemed to flourish. At last the firm disagreed, and discontinued their business.

This season there was a bridge built across the river, where the present one now stands. It was of logs,—*i. e.*, log piers, with stringers connecting them, and covered with plank.

In 1847, Philamon Pratt bought one half of the water-power and the saw-mill. In the spring following, he moved his family to Baraboo. In 18—, his saw-mill was burned, and he erected the present improved mill.

In 1848, Daniel Schermerhorn, father-in-law of Delando Pratt, put up a tannery upon the saw-mill property belonging to Philamon Pratt and opened a boot-and-shoe shop. (Abraham Laertz, however, claims to have done the first shoemaking in the village.) Mr. S. was a man of much energy, hence he did a lively business. The community charged him with being hasty in using some of his own leather, before it was fully tanned. Boys having on his make of boots or shoes, to irritate him, would bellow like a bull or bawl like a calf, when they would meet him, and declare that their boots had not been fully killed. The old gentleman, being of an irritable nature, it would vex him exceedingly, to the amusement of the boys. Mr. Schermerhorn was elected Justice of the Peace, and made an excellent one. He removed to Juneau County, where he soon became County Judge.

In 1849, Thomas and John Seaburn, brothers, bought the Pratt-Hayes water-power, buildings and land, and put in more cabinet furniture ma-

chinery. In October 1856, J. N. & H. T. Savage bought each one-third of the concern, paying \$4,000 each,—Thomas Seaburn withdrawing. Hence John Seaburn and the two Savages constituted the new firm. Harper T. Savage introduced the "Cottage Bedstead." They had been running chiefly on a patent washboard, turning them out by thousands. He labored hard to persuade the firm that any timber less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square was sufficient for posts. He sent at his own expense to Massachusetts for patterns. "Seeing is believing." The firm could now see that the "Cottage" would actually withstand all that ought to be put upon any bedstead; and then there was beauty and symmetry in its form. They made at once 300. Ryan & Hollinbeck and other cabinet manufacturers soon copied it. H. T. Savage continued with the firm one year. L. Wild took his place. For two years the new firm did an excellent and lucrative business, paying up much past indebtedness, increasing their stock, and their force of operatives to about sixteen hands, and had \$2,000 in bank. But December 26, 1864, presented another picture to them. A fire the night previous burned their stock and large lot of lumber, and Pratt's Hub and Spoke factory.

Some time, perhaps a year, after this, John Seaborn had his dwelling burned. Some time after, H. T. Savage had his dwelling burned.—Thomas Seaburn moved to San Francisco, and went into his old business. Recent letters bring intelligence of his being burned out, with a loss of \$5,000. These parties are "all-fired" unfortunate!

In July, 1851, Isaac Bectol put up a foundry and machine-shop on the Pratt-Hayes property. In 1854, he went to California; discontinuing his business here.

In 1853, P. A. Bassett and J. P. Sanford purchased of the Brown estate their one-half interest in this water-power, and commenced rebuilding a large and elegant mill,—the citizens subscribing some to the enterprise. Soon after the mill was completed, Sanford withdrew. At first, they put in 4 run of stone, but soon after added two more. Bassett did a very large and liberal flouring business. Most of the wheat of Sauk Prairie was hauled over the bluffs to Bassett's Mills. The merchants were many times compensated for their contributions towards the building. The road to the railroad, 14 miles distant, soon became dotted with teams drawing flour. He added a cooperage to his business, erecting a large building for a shop, employing from 15 to 30 coopers in setting up barrels. He had in operation a complete set of barrel machinery. He not only supplied all the mills within a circuit of fifty miles with barrels, but packed heading and staves and sent into Minnesota and over the Northwest. He extended this branch of business until it became quite a mammoth concern. He was the most popular business man Baraboo ever had; ever ready to assist in enterprises necessary to the town. The community were reaping too great a benefit from his business to have it long continue. He had to succumb to pressure in the summer of 1863, and

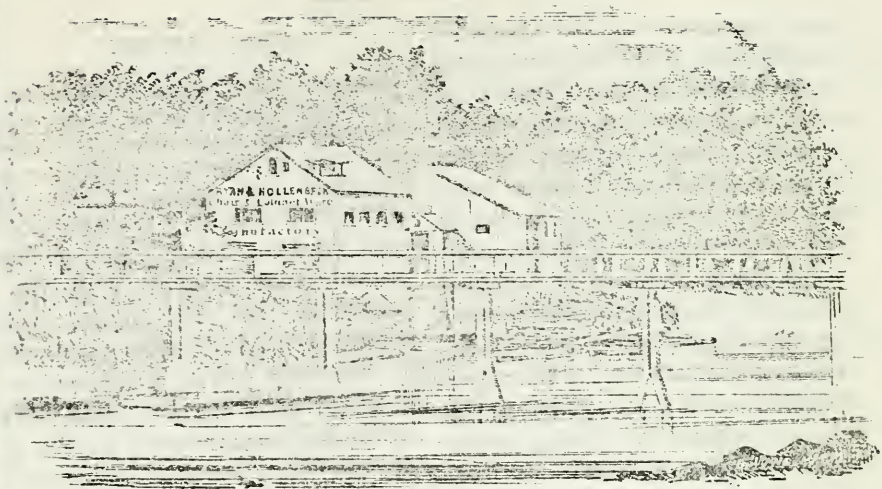
made an assignment of his property. Again the community were fortunate in having this property pass into the hands of R. H. Strong, a resident of Milwaukee. Mr. S. is popular among his employes, an even-tempered, steady, careful business man. The mill, under its new proprietor, has done a large business, but not as large as under its former administration. Mr. Strong has recently become a resident of Baraboo and is preparing to erect an elevator upon the new railroad here. For the past eight years the mill has ground an average of about 115,000 bushels. George Cooper has had charge of the mill since Strong has owned it, and is as even tempered a man as the proprietor.

In 1866, Nathan Starks put up on the old Pratt-Hayes power, a machine shop for working iron on quite an extensive scale, and a foundry. He did not make the business pay. J. J. Gattiker became a partner in January 1867, but in March following disposed of his interest. The property is now owned by Gen. A. W. Starks' estate, and has been run for more than a year by W. E. Kittridge as lessee.

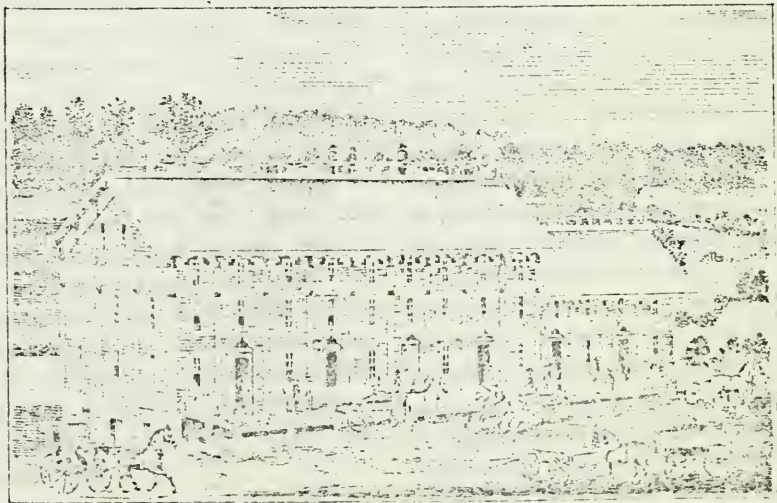
At the present time, there is upon this "Middle Water Power:" a flouring mill, with 6 run of stones; a saw-mill with lath and other saws; a machine shop and foundry. There must be from \$125,000 to \$150,000 worth of business done here annually.

THE UPPER MILL POWER.

A CLAIM was made to the water-power at the head of the Rapids in the summer of 1843, and timber got out for the mill-frame in the following winter. July 28th, 1844, a survey of the claim was made for the firm, which consisted of Ed. and George Willard, and Don Carlos Barry. In September, 25th, 28th and 29th, the mill was raised.— We had a temperance raising, which was uncommon in those days. In a month or six weeks after the mill was raised, they commenced sawing some, under a low head. D. C. Barry sold out, not long after the mill was started. This season the mill did a good business, sawing the logs from Peck's Pinery. In 1845, large drives of logs came down from the Baraboo Pinery. Alva and Alanson Culver, brothers, and Amos Conkey, purchased the mill this summer. In 1846, several families moved in about the mill, giving it the appearance of an embryo village in the woods. All the mills had plenty of logs, and times were lively. Samuel Shaw put in the basement some lath saws and a turning lathe. In 1847, John Metcalf, of Helena, and Frank Crossman, of Prairie du Sac, purchased the property. Metcalf brought on a stock of general country merchandise, built a store building near the mill, and for several years sold goods. Nathan Paddock and Martin Waterman, in 1850 bought Crossman's interest. The mill ran nicely, and for several years doing an average business of 1,000,000 feet per year. In 1855, the firm built a large and commodious furniture shop, adjoining the saw-mill, and put in water-wheels for the running of a factory. In 1857, they erected a new mill, larger than the old one,



UPPER MILLS, BARABDO
Mical Paddock & Waterman,
Owners & Proprietors



BASSETTS
BARABDO MILLS

IN MEMORIAM.

CHESTER PEASE.

The Lyons neighborhood was made sad by the news of "Uncle Chester's" death. (He was called by this name by everybody.) He was born at Rochester, Windsor county, Vt., November 28th, 1804, and died April 23rd, 1885, aged 80 years 4 months and 27 days.

Mr. R. T. Tinkham thinks his ancestry was of the old Puritans.— He was the oldest of a family of eleven children, eight boys and three girls.— Three brothers are still living: One at St. Albans, Vermont; one at Augusta, Illinois, and is postmaster at that place; one at North Fayston, Vermont.

"Uncle Chester" left Vermont in 1842 or 1843 and came to Racine, Wisconsin and entered into partnership with an uncle in the grist mill business. In 1851 he dissolved partnership and came to Baraboo, Sauk county, Wisconsin, and made his home at his sister's Mrs. R. T. Tinkham's. Two years later he went to La Cross where his brother Joseph resided, and took him up a farm, but worked a good deal of his time with his brother at the carpenter's business. He came back to Baraboo in 1859, and has since resided here, making his home at R. T. Tinkham's a portion of the time, and a part he kept bachelor's hall in one of his own houses near by. He lived a bachelor's life.

In recalling the memories of the dead we are more interested in them if they had peculiar traits of character that stood out bold and independent. We

will always look back with joy to our bachelor neighbor for his integrity, purity of character and usefulness; even the little children clung to him as to a parent. He was very modest and retiring—so much so that his acquaintance only extended among his relatives and to those with whom he had business. He was fond of company, provided they threw themselves in his way, but took no pains to seek society. Although a good walker and in good health he only visited the city once in 3 years and then to execute a deed, the distance being but one and a half miles. He was a great worker but it was without fret or bustle. He was mechanical and orderly. A carpenter and mason. Was fond of solid reading. Always temperate and for the last ten years became quite a hygienist—taking into his stomach no stimulants or narcotics. Had he been more thorough in throwing off a hard cold contracted in the fore part of our hard winter, he might have continued for years longer as his system seemed unimpaired up to this time. He was extremely afraid of making trouble for any one. A pleasanter, kinder man in a family could not be found. He never was too tired to let the water-pail remain empty or see any little work neglected. He was of a religious turn of mind, but never made any open profession which we think arose from his dread of being conspicuous. His well spent life was long and a blessing, and an example to the world.

W. H. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. ANN PADDOCK.

On May 1st the friends and neighbors of another old settler were summoned to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ann Paddock. She died at her home near Baraboo, Wis., April 29, 1885, of consumption. She was born in Economy, Nova Scotia, July 11th, 1827, and was therefore 57 years, 9 months and 18 days old. She was the ninth child of a family of 11 children, five boys and six girls. Her family were of English Scotch lineage, and moved to the town of Lysander, Onondago county, N. Y., July, 1833. Here they rented land until the spring of 1843, when they moved to Antioch, Lake Co., Ill., and purchased government land. During 1844-5 Ann made her home with her sister, Mrs. Nathan Paddock, in Milwaukee.

She was married Sept. 10th, 1845, to George, younger brother of Nathan Paddock. The following winter she and her husband moved to their farm in Antioch, and lived there until Sept. 1852, when they removed to Baraboo, Wis., which place has been her home for the past thirty-three years.

She was the mother of six boys, two having died in infancy. The four remaining ones were present, with their father, to administer to her last wants.

Before her marriage, while in Milwaukee in 1844, she became a christian, un-

der the preaching of Elder Raymond, was baptized by Elder Manning at Wauwautosa, and united with the Baptist church of that place. The covenant she then made with the Lord, she has ever been faithful to,—always feeling deep interest in the conversion of souls, especially for those of her children. Many tears have been shed for them.

She will be greatly missed among the sick and afflicted—for unto such she delighted to minister, combining, as she did, the natural tact of a nurse with a most excellent judgment of remedies.

Mrs. Paddock had been an invalid for many months, and bore her suffering with patience and fortitude becoming a christian. For a few days before her death she seemed so much better that those around her were hopeful her life might be prolonged, but during the night after having been assisted to walk about the room, she sat down, leaned against her husband, and died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Thus had passed away a devoted wife and mother, and a kind friend and neighbor—one who shared with us the hardships and trials as well as the pleasures of a new country life, and whose influence was always for good.

Funeral services at the house; sermon by Elder McGinnis from 1st Cor., XV chapter, 26th verse. COM.

Dr. Charles Cowles of Baraboo.

[From the Sauk County Democrat.]

When the news came to us of the death of Dr. Cowles we were affected as though it had been one of our own family. On the day of the funeral in conversing with old settlers, I found that they were affected in the same way. The great throng coming in from the surrounding country to the funeral, showed how much they loved and respected him. But with the sadness came pleasant reflections. He had lived over his three score and ten. He had a strong and active and comely *physique* with a nice blending of nervous and bilious temperament and a buoyancy of spirit that but few possess in so large a degree. His presence would make a sick man well without a pill. His endurance was unbounded. Until lately he had no sickness or impaired constitution. A night ride on horse back of sixty miles with the mercury 26° below zero to visit a patient without injury to his health attests his wiry make up. His perception was as quick as a woman's. He possessed a quick, active and yet reflective brain.—All in all, he was just fitted for great usefulness, and the Baraboo Valley has reaped a harvest of his services.

Best of all, the old settlers learned years ago that he was a true democrat without an aristocratic hair on his head, the poor man's friend and their physician, pay or no pay. If a begging Indian came to you and presented an alms paper it was sure to have Dr. Cowles' name to it in the way of recommendation. While slavery existed he was a positive, active, political abolitionist; an enthusiastic, powerful temperance lecturer, a christian whose prayers were more from the ends of his fingers than from his lips. He has put into church buildings many hundred dollars and for the support of his denomination (congregationalist) he was prodigally liberal. His impulsive nature at times led

him to say things that he much regretted. His diagnosis as a physician was, we believe, seldom disputed or questioned. A case was taken to Chicago wherein at first the medical men differed with him, but an acknowledgement was made before the close that Dr. Cowles' decision was right. He was no policy man, but when convinced of a truth was ready to act upon it even if very unpopular.

Dr. Cowles was born in the town of Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, Oct. 5, 1816; received a common school education; spent a year at Oberlin; read medicine at Gull Prairie, Mich.; took lectures at Wilerby, Ohio; received his diploma Feb. 25, 1845; followed his father's family to the then wilderness Baraboo Valley, making his residence here in May, 1846.

Dr. Cowles was the second physician in Sauk Co. and the first in the Baraboo Valley. He joined the Old Settlers Association at their first meeting and has delivered ten or twelve addresses of welcome to their annual gatherings.

He was appointed examining surgeon for soldiers, and in 1885 was accused by personal enemies of taking bribes from the soldiers in getting pensions. Although the strictest scrutiny by government failed signally to establish any point against him, so delicate was his sense of honor and so scrupulous had he been during his whole life to keep his reputation clear in all matters pertaining to business that the mere suspicion with all that followed broke his heart, and ultimately caused his death.

His familiar face and form has not been seen as frequently on our streets during the winter,—but to church and prayer meeting, to the bed-side of the sick he still went until almost the close of his long and useful life. He was confined to his bed only thirty-six hours, and retained his consciousness until the last.

He died Feb. 17, 1887, aged 70 years, 4 months and 12 days.

W. H. C.

[From the Baraboo Republic.]

On Friday morning our citizens were astonished by the report of the death of Dr. Cowles, an eminent physician and an old and respected resident of this city. His death was quite sudden, he having enjoyed usual good health until Wednesday forenoon, Feb. 16, at which time he was taken with a severe chill, followed by hemorrhage of the lungs. From that time to the time of his death, which occurred at eleven o'clock on Thursday night, he was confined to his bed. During that short period he received all the care and attention that loving relatives and kind friends could give.

The funeral service of the deceased was held in the Congregational church on Monday, Feb. 21 at 2 o'clock and was conducted by Rev. R. L. Williams former pastor of the Presbyterian church, of this city. The service was opened with the hymn: "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," by a selected quartette, followed by scripture reading. Rev. Mr. Bacon, pastor of the Baptist church then offered a most fervent prayer which touched the sad hearts of the many friends who had assembled to pay their respects to the memory of the departed one. Appropriate remarks were then made by Rev. R. L. Williams, the substance of which will be found elsewhere in these columns.

After a short prayer by Rev. M. Benson, pastor of the M. E. Church, the service closed with, "Nearer My God to Thee," sung with much feeling by the Quartette. An opportunity for the friends to view the remains was then given, after which they were interred in the cemetery. Thus has ended an honored and peaceful life. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to all the bereaved relatives.

* * *

Dr. Charles Cowles was born Oct. 5, 1816, and died Feb. 17, 1887.

He removed from Ohio to Baraboo forty one years ago in the strength and vigor of young manhood.

Since that time he has lived and practised medicine in this city of his choice, so that his private and public life has been identified with the growth and development of this region. These forty

years embrace an era of the grandest events and achievements the world has ever seen. He was no idle spectator in these historic years.

Physically he was possessed of a constitution of vigor and strength with great powers of endurance. In former years he was often compelled to make long journeys on horse back in visiting his patients. In one night he rode sixty miles with the thermometer at 26° below zero. A man of feeble frame would have broken down years ago, as in his enthusiasm for his profession he shrank from no hardship in the performance of its duties.

Belonging to a family which embraced in its membership some of the best educators of our country, he was himself a strong, nervous, incisive thinker and in his leisure moments a diligent reader of books requiring profound thought for their mastery.

But while he had physical and mental strength, he had more than all that; he was strong in his moral nature; he had moral convictions and was true to his convictions. He was brave, often eloquent and always bold in advocating what he believed to be right. A worldly self interest did not lead him, policy never shaped his course. He espoused all the great reforms when it was not popular to do so and did not wait for the triumph of a cause before he helped it.

In his religious life there was no half way in his belief in the truths of the gospel. His bible class can testify that there was no uncertain sound in his teaching of the bible. He loved his church with the same strong devotion which was the prominent characteristic of his life. For her he prayed. For her he labored and sacrificed, only his closest friends knew how much. And here next to his home he will be sadly missed.

As a physician, he will be missed from the bedside of the sick. He will be missed from the streets which his vigorous form has walked these forty years. He will be missed at the annual gathering of the Old settlers, where his fund of anecdote and ready wit contributed so much to the hilarity of the occasion. He will be missed from public and religious gatherings, where he was always ready to champion the cause of truth

and right. Most of all he will be missed in his church and in his home -- in his church where his ardent labors and capacity for leadership made all rely on him for counsel and help--in his home where he showed most strongly his genial and jovial disposition, and his devotion to those he loved. The poet has sung "The good die not." So that while we shall miss him it is pleasant to feel that there is a sense in which he is still with us. All classes of his acquaintances, from many a slave whom he has helped toward freedom, many a poor Indian whom he has sheltered from the inclemency of the storm, many of the poor whom his tender heart prompted him to befriend, to those leaders of thought and public opinion with whom he always stood shoulder to shoulder, will cherish his memory, and testify that there lived a strong, earnest, kindly christian man. By the power of memory he will walk our streets and enter our homes. His voice will still speak for truth and reform, and his words, merry or earnest, will be heard in the halls of memory.

"God calls our loved ones,
But we lose not wholly what he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed
As truly, as in his heaven."

putting in two saws,—an upright and a rotary, with improved machinery throughout. The hard times of 1858-9 found the firm with liabilities which it became difficult, under the pressure of the times, to meet. In 1860, Paddock and Waterman went to the Mountains. In 1858, Joseph Shoards had in the basement of the mill the machinery for making wooden bowls, and for a season turned out quite a goodly number of this household goods. Levi Moore ran the mill from 1860 to 1864. In 1861, the dam went out; a new and better one was immediately put in. April —, John Metcalf died. T. Thomas, representing L. J. Claude, a creditor, assumed the running of the mill.

In 1855, Henry Ryan and P. S. Hollenbeck, from Portage City, put into the new shop a set of cabinet factory machinery. For a while they did a losing business, and came near "going under;" but fortunately, just then the prices of furniture commenced to advance, which after a short time put them on to a sound footing, and for several years they made their business lucrative. Their sales varied from \$10,000 to \$20,000 per year. In 1863, Hollenbeck went out of the firm. In 1867, Ryan's lease ran out, and this machinery was moved into the Baraboo Manufacturing Company's shops.

Nathan Paddock came back from the mountains in 1867, and in the spring of 1868 sold the Paddock-Waterman interest to Terrill Thomas.—Louis J. Claude soon became a partner, and Corwin Thomas, brother of T. Thomas, also took an interest, the firm standing: Thomas, Claude & Thomas. This season the firm put into the Ryan shop, after making thorough repairs, a set of hub and spoke and wagon-gearing machinery of the latest and most approved kind; which if run to its full capacity could turn out the wood work of 50 wagons per day. In 1869 and 1870, they did a heavy business in this line. From the lumber manufactured at the saw-mill, and the amount of wagon gearing manufactured, this power must do a business of about \$100,000 per year. This mill has done the largest lumber business of any upon the rapids. Thomas cut 1,300,000 feet since January 1st. 50,000 feet of this was for railroad construction.

This water-power has about 7 feet fall, and is at the head of the rapids. The dam sets the water back for several miles, forming an immense reservoir to draw from, which is of great value in running machinery.

A BRIEF RECAPITULATION.

THE whole fall of the Baraboo Rapids, as now improved, is 44 feet—7, 13, 10 and 14, at each dam respectively. If there should be another dam erected upon Alexr. McGillvra's land, from 6 to 10 feet more may be added, making good our old estimate of 50 feet and more fall upon the rapids.

This dry season, ever to be remembered for the burning of Chicago, Peshtigo and Manistee,—the fire sweeping over and devastating several

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The analysis focuses on identifying trends and patterns over time, which is crucial for making informed decisions.

The third part of the document details the results of the study. It shows that there has been a significant increase in sales volume over the past year, particularly in the online market. This is attributed to several factors, including improved marketing strategies and a more user-friendly website.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future actions. It suggests that the company should continue to invest in digital marketing and explore new product lines to further expand its market reach. Regular monitoring of key performance indicators is also advised to stay on top of market changes.

The following table provides a summary of the key findings from the study. It shows a clear upward trend in sales, with a notable increase in the online segment. The data also indicates that customer satisfaction has improved, which is a positive sign for long-term growth.

Overall, the study demonstrates that the company is well-positioned for continued success. By implementing the recommended strategies, it can further solidify its market position and achieve its long-term goals.

of the Northern Counties of Wisconsin so rapidly as to destroy from 1000 to 1500 human lives, besides immense herds of domestic animals,—notwithstanding the parched earth, the water of the Baraboo river has been usually high. It must ever be so, as it is made up from veins gushing forth from the bowels of the earth.

Our rapids water-power is not one half improved; yet at the present time we turn out \$515,000 worth of manufactured goods, annually, and employ about 130 operatives.

There is an opening for a vast amount of capital, to be yet advantageously employed upon these rapids. The lower, or Grubb water-power, presents a fine open field now for the employment of capital.

FRUITS.

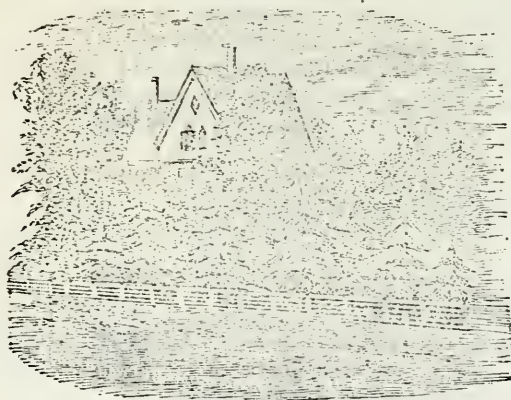
BARABOO may not be compared to some of the Middle States for its delicate fruits; but when compared with Wisconsin and Minnesota, there is not a point therein that is its superior. As it grows older, the climate seems to become more adapted to fruit-growing, and experience teaches how to cultivate it. This year apples are a drug upon the market at from 25 to 50 cents per bushel; besides there being a good supply of pears, grapes, plums and cherries. Within four miles of Baraboo there are at least twenty acres of vineyard and probably a hundred acres of orcharding.

Mr. A. G. Tuttle, a nurseryman and fruit-grower, one mile from town, for the last five years has taken four of the first premiums upon apples in the professional list at the Wisconsin State Agricultural Fairs. He took fifteen premiums upon different kinds of fruit this season, which is a proof of not only his skill, but shows how this region compares with other portions of the State. The apple, the pear, the plum, and the old Kentish Cherry (Early Richmond) are the kinds of tree fruits that we can cultivate with success.

THE BARABOO VALLEY NURSERY

is particularly identified with the fruit culture of this section of country: In 1860 James M. Clark, an experienced and most excellent pomologist and nurseryman, and his son associated with A. G. Tuttle and son in the nursery business, entitling their business "The Baraboo Valley Nursery." In 1861 Mr. Clark and son withdrew. Mr. Tuttle being an enthusiastic disciple of Pomona, flourished in his new undertaking by adapting the right varieties to the climate, soil and exposure in the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for many years has enjoyed an extensive trade. Of late he has turned much attention to grape culture. At my solicitation he has furnished me with a wood cut of his new residence. For a description of it and the grounds I take pleasure in quoting an article from the pen of the excellent President of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society:

“Among the Fruit-Growers.”



“A. G. TUTTLE, Esq., of Baraboo, Vice-President of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society, is far too well known to all your readers, both by his fruits, real and mental productions, to need any praise from my weak talent; but that same old weakness of mine, to commend

merit, still haunts me; and so here goes for what it's worth, “pencilings by the way,” of some things I, in common with Messrs. Lund, Dr. Bowen, Habich, I. and N. Dean, and Gripper, recently saw and participated in at his beautiful house and grounds. “See that beautiful Pine,” says Lund. “You have Pine on the brain,” is the rejoinder of Gripper; “how much that Norway Spruce exceeds in symmetry, beauty and grace!” when in fact both specimens were as near perfect as could well be imagined by the eye. So voted the entire company, and this before we had alighted from the wagon.

No sooner entered his well-laid-out grounds than a magnificent show of Flemish Pears attracted our attention. “This is the pear of the period, most reliable of any, bears well, and is good enough for any one.” Pear trees seem to have done exceedingly well here. We did not see any blight, but all his trees looked perfectly healthy.

Mr. Tuttle has always been a thorough advocate of the merits of the Fameuse apple, both tree and fruits; and we all were rejoiced to see him prove his faith by his works. For here we saw the best show of this fruit our eyes ever witnessed,—trees literally loaded down. Other sorts were doing well, but this I think surpassed them all for fruitfulness.

Speaking of varieties, Mr. T. said: “We have now three sorts on which we can rely with perfect safety,” and named them as the Fameuse, Utter and Walbridge. The last one he says is a good bearer, and of as good quality as the Northern Spy, and bears every year. To this short list I presume some may object, but it is just to say that Mr. T. has had large experience upon this Sauk County soil.

We all indulged to our hearts' content among the grapes. Here too Mr. Tuttle is quite at home, and few can spend an hour as we did in his company among his vines and not learn some new thing.

He has several acres of vineyard all fruiting well, for which he found a

ready market in the north part of the State. He has Concord grapes planted largely, but is substituting the Rogers as fast as possible, giving the preference to Rogers' No. 9, 15 and 4. Many others are excellent, but these he thinks the best, and only surpassed by the Delaware.

I cannot write of all I saw, and cannot but wish there were more doing like him. His conservatory was well stocked with plants, and his cellar with pears, plums, etc."

O. S. WILLEY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF BARABOO, AS APPLIED TO THE RIVER.

MANY a query, relative to its euphony, has been made by both residents and strangers. I have collected a few items relative thereto that may serve to satisfy the curious, at least in part.

John De laRond, a Frenchman who settled at Fort Winnebago May 5, 1828, and now living with his Winnebago wife, upon the banks of the Baraboo River, six miles from Portage, says the river received its name from a Captain *Burbony*, who was in Moran's expedition against the Indians, and who wintered at the mouth of this stream.

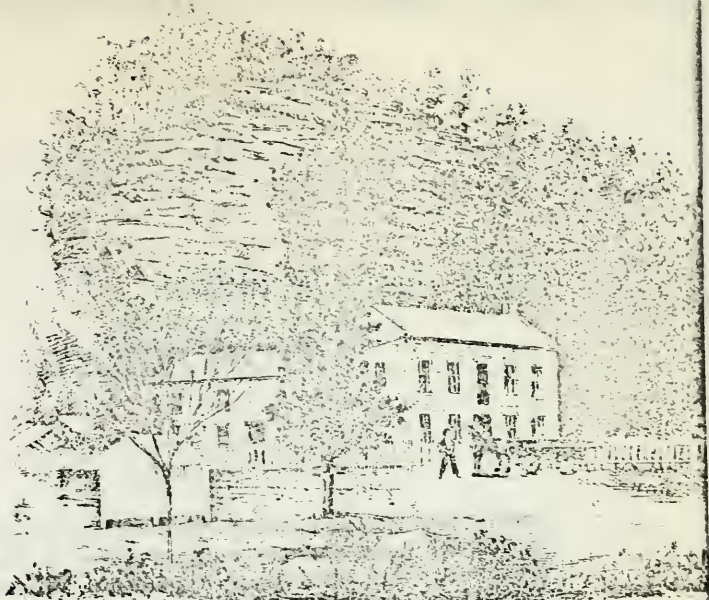
On a "Sixpenny Map of the United States," brought from Glasgow, in Scotland, by John Dickey, in 1842, a river bearing the name of *Belle Chasse*, occupies a position nearly where the Baraboo River is situated — Mr. Dickey thinks the map was published in 1817. Its English would be "beautiful chase,"—fine hunting grounds. Hence the "beautiful hunting ground river" empties into the *Ki-poo-sa-ru*, or "flowery bank river"—Wisconsin River.

Upon Farnam's "Map of the Territories of Michigan and Ouisconsin," published in 1839, it is called *Bonibean's Creek*.

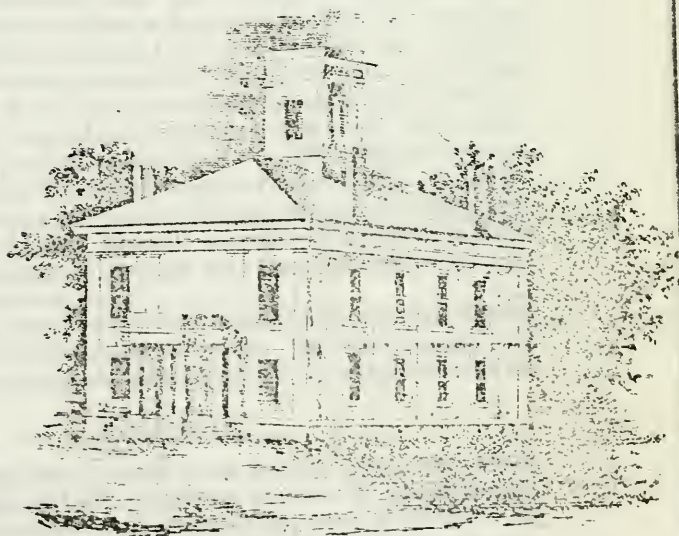
Upon a map of "Long's Second Expedition to the Rocky Mountains," in 1823, it is called *Mullemak*.

Morse & Brees' Map of Wisconsin, published in 1844, is the first to call it *Baraboo*.

The Winnebago Indian name is *Ocoochery*, signifying "plenty of fish."



VIEW OF WILLIAM JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE
on South Prairie



COUNTY COURT HOUSE

BARABOO.

BARABOO is an incorporated town of about 3000 inhabitants, situated on the Rapids of the Baraboo River, and is the county seat of Sauk county, Wisconsin. It is also on the main trunk line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, about midway between Chicago and St. Paul, and distant thirty-seven miles northwest from Madison, sixteen from Lodi, sixteen southeast from Reedsburg, all on the line of the railroad; sixteen west-by-south from Portage, fourteen south from Kilbourn City, both on the Milwaukee and St Paul Railway; and fifteen north of Prairie du Sac and Sauk City, on the Wisconsin River. Its contour is broken, and its soil a glacial debris. Most of the town is from sixty to eighty feet above the river. This deposit is at least one hundred feet in depth, and, probably, at the time of its deposition, dammed the river to the height of its thickness, forming a lake of the valley above, which has subsequently filled up. The circumstance of Col. Ableman's obtaining, from a well boring at his hotel near the river, pine leaves and pieces of wood from a depth of twenty-five to thirty feet below the surface, is proof of this theory, in connection with the fact of the river now running over this detritus at the Rapids, giving a fall of about fifty feet. Hence, it was neither Wood nor Van Slyke who built the first dam at Baraboo, but the "Great Architect of the Universe, who doeth all things well."

The preceding pages have detailed the dam-building upon these Rapids, and their past and present commercial value. The following pages will treat of the political, social, mercantile, professional and artizan interests.

POLITICAL.

When Sauk county was organized it was attached to Dane for judicial and county purposes, and divided into two precincts, Prairie du Sac and Baraboo, the latter comprising all of the territory north of the bluffs. In 1843-4, the people of Prairie du Sac petitioned the Legislature to fully organize Sauk county. The people of the Baraboo precinct remonstrated, on the ground that there were not voters enough in the county from which

to draw a jury list and fill the county offices; and, further, that it was not politic, at that time, to burden themselves with the expense of a fully organized county. But this remonstrance availed nothing, for the Saukites had made up their minds to lose no time in which to allow Baraboo to gain strength, and a bill was pushed through the Legislature, and approved May 10th, 1844, under which Hon. Noah Phelps, of Green county, Dr. John Morrison of Jefferson, and Hon. Charles Hart of Milwaukee, appointed Commissioners to locate the seat of Justice. They were required to examine the *whole* county, and locate the seat of Justice with regard to the *future*, as well as present population." They decided to locate it at one of the Sauk villages—that one that would make the largest donation. Sauk City, (or Lower Town, as it is called,) offered the Bryant-Haraszthy house, well worth \$3,000; Prairie du Sac, (or Upper Town,) offered a certain number of village lots, supposed to be worth more than the Lower Town offer, which the Commissioners accepted, and the county seat was located at the village of Prairie du Sac. Mr. Phelps and Dr. Morrison, while on their official visit to Baraboo, were at William H. Canfield's sugar bush, to eat warm sugar, and while there the Doctor was stricken with apoplexy, and that night died. This was probably the first death of a white man in the Baraboo valley. It occurred March 15th 1844. The other Commissioner, Mr. Hart, came with Mr. Phelps, three or four weeks thereafter, and concluded the business. Some months later, the Prairie du Sac people offered the deeds of the donated lots to the County Board. They contained a clause making the lots revertible to the original donors in case of the removal of the county seat. This excited great indignation among the people of Sauk City, Baraboo, and the Bluffs, and several public meetings were called, at which varied action was taken. In the summer of 1845, at one of these meetings, a committee was appointed consisting of Augustine Haraszthy and Edmond Rendtorff, of Sauk City, Levi Moore, Abraham Wood, Thomas Remington and William H. Canfield, of Baraboo, to make an exploration of the interior of the county, to ascertain whether the land was fit for settlement and cultivation. It was urged by the Sauk people that the interior of the county was one complete mass of rocky bluffs, wholly and entirely unfit for cultivation. The Committee started on their exploration on the 10th day of November, 1845. Count Haraszthy's mare and a week's provisions, a shot gun, two rifles and a bird-dog constituted the outfit. We took the pinery road to Sceley Creek, and camped that night in a pinery shanty. In the morning the Count took the halter off the mare and told her to go home to her colt; and, taking one day's provisions, we started into the primeval forests. The next day Wood shot a deer, but did not get it, and a partridge which the Count bagged had to suffice for dinner, supper and breakfast for six stalwart men. Another day of dinner, supper and breakfast was passed with nothing but water to drink, and the next breakfast and dinner, also, were a blank. We intended to shoot the dog that night

for supper, but Providence smiled upon us, and Capt. Moore's trusty rifle brought down a fine yearling buck, whose fat sides and hams were soon to be seen in pieces, roasting around the fire on sticks. We crossed over the head waters of Honey Creek, passing on to Bear Creek, thence down Narrows Creek to the Baraboo river, and thence to Baraboo. The committee reported to a subsequent mass meeting that the interior of the county was not only fit for cultivation, but would make a fine agricultural district.

In the winter of 1845-6 the Legislature was petitioned to re-establish the seat of Justice by a vote of the people, which petition was granted. The election was held on the 7th day of April, 1846, and resulted in the removal of the county seat to the Baraboo Rapids. The County Board appointed twelve Commissioners to designate the point upon the Rapids. They made an arrangement with the school district for the southeast quarter of section 35, town 12 north, range 6 east, which quarter the school district had previously claimed. This was a short time previous to the land sale. On the day of the sale one of the County Commissioners, Prescott Brigham, purchased the said quarter section in his name and with his money, there being no funds in the county treasury, and subsequently deeded it to the county. Mr. Brigham was afterwards elected Register of Deeds, and was the first incumbent of that office after the county seat was re-located. Mr. B. was a pleasant, affable, and upright man, and was always a true friend to Baraboo. The County Commissioners platted the county seat quarter section into a village plat, Charles O. Baxter, County Surveyor, making the survey, the record bearing date April, 1847, naming it Adams. The name was changed to Baraboo in 1852. The block upon which the Western Hotel now stands, was purchased by Sumner and Maxwell before a public sale of lots was held, of which there were several. Harvey Canfield, Commissioner; C. C. Remington, Clerk.

There were realized from the sale of lots about \$4,000. A fair sized court house, of wood, two stories high, and a sham wooden jail, surrounded by a wooden fence of twelve or sixteen foot plank, set on end close together, with spikes driven in at the top. Its appearance was that of a huge dry goods box. Edward Sumner built the old "box," and the court house, finishing the latter in April, 1848. Old settlers will remember Abc. Wood's raising some of the floor of the jail and digging out of the building and enclosure. He was incarcerated for attempting to shoot Henry A. Chapman, the land agent. The court house was built upon the north side of Fourth street, north of and facing the public square.

In 1857, a hexagonal stone jail was built, Colonel E. Sumner, contractor. In 1864, an addition, or, rather, a new wooden jail was built, adjoining the stone hexagon, the latter being considered too rickety and unsafe. Jonas Tower superintended the building.

But Baraboo did not long enjoy her county seat laurels in tranquillity. As the back part of the county began rapidly to settle up, Reedsburg became an aspirant for the county seat. More than ever this local ques-

tion became the all-absorbing topic, and the political atmosphere became somewhat sulphureous, for Baraboo, with its old enemy upon the south, and a new, ardent, growing one upon the west. The political contests for some years were nearly equal. The strife became more embittered by the Reedsburgers taking a position that they would provide no way for fleets of pine logs to pass over their dam. In May, 1851, the Barabooans turned out *en masse*, went to the "Burg" and cut away a small portion of the dam, that the logs might pass over. This act was styled "the Reedsburg war." In 1852 the Reedsburgers petitioned the Legislature to have a nine-mile strip stricken off from the south side of Juneau county and attached to the north side of Sauk county, which was agreed to, and the strip was added. This made Reedsburg nearly central to the county. At the session of 1853, the nine-mile strip was set back, through the action of Charles Armstrong, member from Baraboo, notwithstanding, as was alleged, he pledged himself to the people of Reedsburg that he would not meddle with the boundary question. At the session of 1855, the people of Reedsburg petitioned the Legislature to have the question of again removing the county seat to a more central point submitted to the people. The petition was granted, and an election held in April, 1855, and again, by a large majority, it was located at Baraboo.

The County Board, in discussing the subject of erecting a new and better court house, threatened the town with the removal of the county seat if they did not contribute liberally towards the erection of a new building. Sixty persons came forward and subscribed \$3,000, provided the county would erect a brick court house 40 by 60 feet, and put it in the center of the square. This agreement was entered into, and the contract for the erection of the building was let to P. A. Bassett, in 1855. It was completed and accepted by the Board January first, 1857.

On the morning of the fifth of July, 1859, the old court house, (then the property of Peter Van Wendall,) Stanley's, and other stores, were burned.

In 1867 the inside of the building was remodeled, two fire-proof vaults put in, new floors laid, partitions altered, and a Sheriff's office added. Deciduous trees have been planted upon the grounds about the building. Lawns laid down and walks laid out. Much credit is due to Col. R. M. Strong, the present County Treasurer, for these improvements.

For the last decade or more there has been no agitation relative to the removal of the county seat, and local strife has ceased.

EDUCATION.

THE first school taught in the Baraboo Valley was conducted by E. M. Hart, a Massachusetts man, in a log building near the Wood & Rowen mill. Eben Peck met Mr. Hart at Prairie du Sac, and induced him to come to Baraboo and open a school. There was no district then organized, and hence the school was a private one. The first

school meeting was held June 23d, 1844, at which Lewis Bronson, Wallace Rowen, and William H. Canfield were appointed a committee to select a district school house site. They selected the high point of ground a short distance west of the mill, where a building was soon commenced; but the location was changed at the suggestion of Eben Peck, who proposed that the district should claim the southeast quarter of section 35, town 12 north, range 6 east, to be entered, and at some time thereafter, when land became valuable, sold for the support of schools. A building was erected near the northwest corner of the quarter, which was used for many years for school meetings and town purposes. It yet stands, being encased with boards, painted, and used as a dwelling. E. M. Hart, I think, also taught the first district school. R. P. Clement and William Joy were among the first teachers. Mr. Hart came to Baraboo a bachelor of about forty years of age; but a lass of fourteen years, a pupil in his first school at the "Boo,"—Miss Eveline Gilson—softened and warmed up his stoic heart, and Chief Justice of Baraboo—Don C. Barry—tied fast the hymeneal knot. This was the first white man's wedding in the Baraboo valley. Mr. H. has made a life-long business of school teaching.

The village increased in population very rapidly for a few years, and the school requirements equally fast. When towns were organized in the change from Territorial to State government, it became necessary to reorganize school districts. In 1849 and '50, the village then containing about 600 inhabitants, a spirited contest sprung up between the advocates of a Union School district for the village, and those who wished to divide the territory into three or four districts. After holding several meetings, the advocates of a Union district prevailed. In 1850 a fine, large (for the times) wooden school house, thirty-two feet square, and two stories high, having one room above and two below, was completed. Some excellent schools were taught in this building. About 1865 it became apparent that a new building or buildings were needed, and again the question was discussed, at many meetings, relative to dividing the district, or building a house that would be amply sufficient to answer the end. Again the Union School advocates were successful. Two different sites were selected and purchased upon which to place the new building, both of which were afterwards abandoned. A third one was purchased near and a little south of the business center of the town, on block 38, upon which a large and elegant building was erected. From the District Clerk's Report for 1870, giving the details of the new building and the new graded school, we make the following extracts. Mr. A. L. Burnham, District Clerk, was unwearied in his exertions to accomplish this great and splendid undertaking:

"Excavation for the foundations of our new school building was begun on the 9th of April, 1870. On the 24th of the same month the corner stone was laid, and on the 30th the first brick. It was completed on the 10th of October, 1870, at a cost of \$33,000, formally accepted from the contractors, and opened for school the same day. The seating capacity of the building is as follows: the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th and 6th depart-

ments are each furnished with sittings for 72 pupils; the 1th, 7th and 8th departments are furnished with 81, 60 and 48 respectively; and the south side, or mixed department, has sittings for 48 pupils.

This number can be increased without inconvenience in the 1st, 2d and 4th departments by 50 more, while the Assembly Hall can be seated to accommodate 220, making a total of 830 sittings in our public school building.

The number of pupils over four and under twenty years of age, residing in this district at the commencement of the year, was 735.

Number registered in school, residing in the district, 495.

Per cent. of pupils who have attended school, residing in the district, 69.

Per cent. of attendance of pupils registered in school, 80.

The Board sought to secure a corps of competent, experienced and efficient teachers, and to organize and maintain a school that should command the respect and esteem of good citizens, and meet the wants of the community, be an honor and attraction to the town, and an undoubted equivalent and justification for the large expenditure of means they had made.

The school organizations of Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago and Boston were examined for information, and such features selected from each, as, in the judgment of the Principal and Board, were best suited to our wants and purposes. The arrangement of the school building decided the number of departments, and, accordingly, the school was organized upon eight grades into nine departments, denominated as follows: mixed department, (primary and intermediate, on south side,) then, first primary, second primary, first intermediate, second intermediate, first grammar, second grammar, senior grammar and high school departments.

A gentleman with large experience as a teacher, with the prestige of high official recommendation and uniform success, was engaged to take the more direct management and supervision of the school, who, by direction of the Board, wrote up a course of study to be pursued upon eight grades, which was adopted. This course includes instruction in the following branches:

Orthography, Reading, Writing, History, English Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic, which the law requires to be taught in every district school. Physical Geography, Drawing, Bookkeeping, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Physiology, Natural Philosophy and Latin, and some other branches, which the Board required, permissively, under the last clause of section 55 of the General School Law of 1853, which, after enumerating in the first clause the branches required to be taught, says: "And such other branches as may be determined upon by the District Board, provided that no branch of study shall be taught in any other than the English language."

In the organization of a High School Department, and the range given in the course of study, the Board sought to offer to our sons and daughters, and the surrounding community, facilities for securing an academic education at home, and the preparatory training for a higher course to those who wished it.

A set of rules and regulations for the government of teachers and pupils was prepared and adopted.

As an evidence of their beneficent results, I point you, with pride and satisfaction, to the high per cent. of attendance and punctuality secured, and the perfect condition of the school estate. But three panes of glass have been broken during the year, all of which were replaced without expense to the district. The furniture shows not the mark of a knife, or the scratch of a pin, and the privies are free from a mark or a scratch. And after one year's trial, we candidly submit as to which of these rules and regulations should be abrogated. The list needs extending, but not curtailing.

The general results for the year will be seen from the Principal's Report, which I herewith append:

Whole number of pupils enrolled.....	570
Per cent. of attendance for the year.....	80
Per cent. of punctuality.....	65
Number of visits.....	850
General deportment.....	95
Cases of corporal punishment.....	10
Cases of suspension.....	2
Number of foreign pupils.....	65

In conclusion, we say that, considering the school as a whole; that it is its first year; that many things were new to us; that many things had to be learned and done; the results attained warrant us in pronouncing it a success.

We have one of the best school buildings in the whole country. Citizens from other portions of the State, and from adjoining States, speak in high praise of its arrangement and perfect adaptability to the use intended. We have one of the best organized, best governed, and best taught schools in the State. We do not, however, claim it as perfect, or that it cannot be made better. It can be made better. It ought to become more and more efficient, year after year; and, like all other organizations, it must grow better and stronger, or it will deteriorate, for there is no stand-still point in this fast age. Throw around it the strong shield of your united influence; sustain it by a liberal policy; secure the best talent in teachers; your means will com-

mand. and, if in any respect there has been failure in the past, success will surely accrue to it in the future."

In 1854, Rev. Warren Cochran opened a private school in the brick church, then belonging to the Congregational Society, which was afterwards transferred to one of the Taylor buildings, on the corner of Broadway and Third Street. This school was opened with a view to founding a college in Baraboo, which should be undenominational in its management, and was very fully attended. Sums of money were raised, a site selected for the building, and some stone and other material delivered on the ground. This was on an eminence a little west of the then plotted town. The Board changed their plan and erected a wooden building, about twenty-four by thirty-six feet, and two stories high, with a lecture room above, a school room and two recitation rooms below. Professor Pilsbury, of New York, succeeded Mr. Cochran in charge of the school, which was chartered as the "Baraboo Collegiate Institute." He was followed by Professor E. F. Hobart, a graduate of Beloit College, who, with his learned and estimable wife, conducted a very successful school, for several years, when, upon their retiring, Professor J. S. Kimball, of Keokuk, Iowa, was sent for and took charge of the school until 1870, when the new graded school went into operation.

Several other teachers have been connected with this Institute, prominent among whom was Miss A. B. Savage, of Vermont, who, for several periods of time, had sole charge of the school.

In 1854, Miss Maria Train opened a select school and conducted it with much ability for about two years, when she united her destinies with Mr. C. C. Remington.

In 1856, there was a move made to establish a school of a high order for the education of girls. After two or three preliminary meetings, an organization was effected, and subsequently a charter obtained from the Legislature, entitling the school "The Baraboo Female Seminary." Miss Mary A. Potter was called as Principal, and came on and opened the school agreeably to the plan. She conducted it for one year, when she was succeeded by Miss Jane Gregory for one term, then by Miss Mary Mortimer, who continued the school for five or six years. Several pupils were graduated under her care with honor to themselves and the institution.

Soon after its organization it became a denominational school, under the charge of the Presbyterian Society. The Presbytery, at one of its meetings, passed resolutions to give its influence and support to this school, which resulted only in its receiving a few additional pupils from abroad.

The Rev. H. H. Kellogg, and his daughter Julia, as Principal, succeeded Miss Mortimer, who were in turn succeeded by Mrs. Bevy Clark, who taught a school for young Misses for a year. This ended the existence of the Female Seminary.

Mr. P. A. Bassett had always been a strong pillar to the Seminary, and

his failure in business stopped the school. The fine buildings became his property, which he afterwards sold to the Episcopalians for a church and rectory.

Miss M. M. Nethaway, in 1864, opened a school for Masters and Misses, always having a full room. It was continued until the new graded school was opened, when she went into that, taking charge of the primary department for one year.

In the fall of 1867, Miss Rose P. Thrall, an excellent teacher of much experience, came from Ohio to Baraboo in the hope of securing a position as teacher in the public school, or of finding a good opening for a select school. Arriving too late to enter the public schools, she was induced by her friends to open a school in Taylor's Hall, at that time used by the Episcopalians as a place of public worship. Rev. Mr. Hudson, of the Episcopal church, took an active interest in this school, teaching a class in Latin, and Music, and conducting daily religious exercises. The school was opened in October and conducted as above until March, when Miss Thrall, in response to urgent solicitations from that State, went to Missouri to take charge of a school there. Mr. Hudson and his wife have since conducted the school in one of the buildings belonging to the church property purchased in 1868.

School advantages have always been ample at Baraboo from 1844 to the present time.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL RELATIONS.

There are seven religious organizations that have edifices in which to worship, namely: Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Unitarian, Catholic, Baptist and Episcopal. There is a German Evangelical Society of a few members, but they have no settled minister.

I have solicited and obtained from the pastor of each of the churches a statement of the organization and history of their respective societies which are here inserted, as follows:

METHODIST.

Methodism was first introduced into Baraboo in 1843, probably by Rev. A. M. Badger, who was appointed to Sauk Prairie Mission that year, with Rev. B. T. Kavanaugh, Presiding Elder. The first class, organized in 1843, was composed of six members, the names of four of whom, only, I am able to give, viz: Lawrence Cowles, leader, Ralph Cowles, and Solomon Shafer and wife. In 1845, Henry Summers was Presiding Elder, and P. S. Richardson, Preacher in Charge. In 1846 and 1847, Elihu Springer, P. E., and Edrich Holmes, P. C.; in 1848, E. Springer, P. E., and Joseph Williams, P. C. During this year the first Board of Trustees was erected, whose names, as found recorded in the county records, were Alexander Crawford, Peter Losey, and J. A. Maxwell. In 1849, Baraboo was set off from the Sank Mission, and made a separate charge, under the name of the Adams Mission, receiving from the Missionary Society \$50 for the year, and Rev. Asa Wood appointed preacher. He received, as I find from the printed minutes, from all sources, including the \$50 from the Missionary Society, for the entire year's labor, \$117 91. The number of members at its organization into a mission was sixteen in all, and as a matter of history I give

their names: Alexander Crawford and wife, James A. Maxwell and wife, C. A. Clark and wife, E. Langdon and wife, J. M. Clark and wife, Mrs. C. Brown, B. L. Purdy, Charles Stanley, Ralph Cowles, Mrs. James Crawford and Mrs. C. M. Adams. At that time the Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists all worshiped in the old court house. The Methodists, feeling that they were thus limited for church privileges, decided to build a church, and immediately commenced operations. Clearing away the snow from the ground, they erected a rough board building, twenty-four by thirty-six feet, boarded on the inside, as on the outside, with unplanned inch boards, and filled in between the boards with saw dust; built a rough pulpit and seats, and in less than three weeks from the day they cleared the snow from the ground, they were holding a protracted meeting in it, which resulted in a fine addition to the infant church. This was the first church building in Baraboo, and stood on the corner of the lot now occupied by the present Methodist church building. In 1850, Channey Hobart was P. E. (Presiding Elder,) and Nelson Butler P. C. (Preacher in Charge.) In 1851, Washington Wilcox was P. E., and Nelson Butler P. C. It was during this year that Adams was changed as the name of the circuit to that of Baraboo, and also that steps were taken to commence a new church. In the minutes of the Quarterly Conference of June, 1851, is found this record: "Ques. Is there a Trustees' report? Ans. We have secured a lot and commenced the erection of a church thirty-six by fifty feet. In 1852 Isaac Searls was P. E., and C. P. Newcomb, P. C. On the 26th of August, 1853, the new church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by Rev. Bishop Levi Scott, of Wilmington, Delaware. It was a bright day for Baraboo Methodism. I now give a list of the succeeding Pastors and Presiding Elders:

1853. Isaac Searls, Presiding Elder.	W. H. Thompson, Preacher in Charge.
1854. Isaac Searls, do do	Augustus Hall, do do
1855. R. W. Barnes, do do	W. B. Hazeltine, do do
1857. Elmore Yocum, do do	J. A. Sweatland, do do
1858. Elmore Yocum, do do	J. A. Sweatland, do do
1859. Elmore Yocum, do do	W. M. Osborne, do do
1860. M. Bennett, do do	C. E. Weirich, do do
1861. M. Bennett, do do	W. H. Kellogg, do do
1862. M. Bennett, do do	Washington Wilcox, do do
1863. M. Bennett, do do	Washington Wilcox, do do
1864. R. Dudgeon, do do	J. E. Irish, do do
1865. R. Dudgeon, do do	J. E. Irish, do do
1866. R. Dudgeon, do do	J. B. Bachman, do do
1867. R. Dudgeon, do do	Elmore Yocum, do do
1868. J. B. Bachman, do do	Elmore Yocum, do do
1869. J. B. Bachman, do do	J. H. Whitney, do do
1870. J. B. Bachman, do do	J. H. Whitney, do do
1871. J. B. Bachman, do do	James Lawson, do do

There have been two Annual Conferences held in Baraboo, the first in 1853, Bishop Scott, presiding. This Conference included all of the State of Wisconsin and the Territory of Minnesota. I remember one minister, Rev. S. Spates, who had come all the way from Sandy Lake Indian Mission, and desired to be released from his mission; but, as no one could be found willing to go, he said, in a public meeting held during this Conference, that, "rather than have my red brethren left without a shepherd, I will go back to them, standing sentinel until I am relieved."

There were present at this Conference 125 ministers, gathered from this extensive field. That same territory now embraces three Annual Conferences. The second Conference was held in 1860, Bishop Scott again presiding.

In 1864, the church edifice was enlarged to its present dimensions—36 by 74 feet—and is not any too large for our rapidly growing population.

The present membership of the church is 225; members in Sabbath School, 220. The present Board of Trustees are J. B. Avery, A. L. Burnham, T. Islip, S. McGilvra, H. R. Ryan, Washington Burrington, George H. Hall, J. H. Halsted and H. H. Potter.
JAMES LAWSON, Pastor.

Mrs. Valentia B. Hill says the first sermon preached in the Baraboo valley was in her house, near the Wood & Rowen mill, by Thomas Fullerton, in the winter of 1842, and that she was the first person baptized. Also that her son, Ichabod B. Hill, was the first white child born in the valley, January 9th, 1842.
W. H. C.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The First Presbyterian Church of Baraboo was organized February 26th, 1851, with fourteen members.

Its stated ministers have been, Revs. James H. Kesson, Charles M. Morehouse, George Spalding, Sidney H. Burton, Hiram Gregg, James A. Hawley, E. B. Tutbill, E. B. Miner, H. S. Clark, and F. Z. Rossiter.

Present membership is 137, of whom 52 are males.

Present Officers—*Ruling Elders*: M. Blachley, B. B. Brier, J. B. Crawford, S. M. Love, E. O. Holden, H. Cowles. *Deacons*: J. G. Cowles, H. T. Savage, J. W. Powell.

Sunday School, 150 members. Confession of Faith and Covenant is that of the "Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin."

Rev. N. Bradford, a Presbyterian, preached here as early as 1844. He was located at Prairie du Sac. F. Z. ROSSITER, Pastor.

Their house of worship is a fair-sized, respectable house, yet the Society is not satisfied with it, and are taking steps to build a new and elegant one. They have recently purchased a parsonage. W. H. C.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The First Congregational Church of Baraboo was organized December 18th, 1847, embracing eight members, all of whom are still alive. Its additions have been more than one hundred, some of whom have died, and some been dismissed. In 1869 a membership of seventy was reported. In 1852 they built a house of worship, costing, with the lot, about \$1,200. This house was subsequently sold and a larger one built, worth \$4,000. The members from the beginning have all been pledged especially to some principles of reform, prominent among which were temperance and anti-slavery, and the advocacy and practice of which have not always met with popular favor; sometimes with persistent opposition. It is believed that the church, in the midst of many trials, has the public confidence and Divine favor. The present members are very cordially and affectionately united. They retain their house of worship, and hope still to be of some service in the Christian corps.

W. COCHRAN.

In April, 1869, a majority of the Congregational Church formed a Second Presbyterian Church, and as such united, by act of Presbytery, with the First Presbyterian Church, assuming the latter name. An arrangement was made for the occupancy and ownership of the new Congregational Church building and property. The dissatisfaction of a minority of the Congregationalists with this proceeding increased, and contentions ripened into a law suit, which was finally settled, the united church, on certain conditions, giving up the property and going back into their old house. The building is plainly but neatly finished upon the inside, and warmed by a furnace.

W. H. C.

BAPTIST.

Rev. P. Conrad, then residing at Prairie du Sac, commenced labors in the Baraboo valley in the fall of 1845, when there were but few inhabitants in this region. The Baptist church of Baraboo was organized under his labors, July 10th, 1847, consisting of five members, viz: George F. Nelson, Mary Ann Clark, Warren Brewster, Robert Crawford and Annis C. Crawford. The next day two more were received—Simeon Crandall and Ruth Crandall. From this time additions were frequent. Elder Conrad moved his family into Baraboo in May, 1851, and continued his pastorate until September, 1852, having labored in this valley seven years, the last five as pastor of this church. At the close of this pastorate it appears that forty members had been received, mostly by letter from other churches, and twelve had been dismissed. The first person baptized into this church appears to have been Harriett J. Smith, December 9th, 1851. During the year 1853, there appears to have been no additions.

The following have been pastors of the Church:

- Rev. P. Conrad, from July 10th, 1847, to September, 1852;
- Rev. Thomas Harwood, from January 16th, 1856, to January, 1857;
- Rev. N. Wood, from August 1st, 1857, to June, 1860;
- Rev. J. B. Patch, from July, 1860, to July, 1861;
- Rev. A. A. Drown, from July, 11th, 1863, to February, 1865;
- Rev. E. B. Edmunds, from May 1st, 1865, to May, 1866;
- Rev. S. Carr, from January, 1866, to January, 1869;
- Rev. L. M. Newell, from April 1st, 1870, to this writing.

Under this last pastorate a new church has been organized, at the out-station in Fairfield, which already numbers thirty-five members. Here, also, a large and flourishing Bible School has been organized, and a very interesting Bible School has been organized at Lyons.

The total number who have united with this church up to the present date is 254. Of this number, 85 were baptized directly into this church. Sister Annis C. Crawford is the only constitutional member now remaining. The present number is 67.

In the early history of the church meetings were held in the pioneer log school house; afterwards in the court house. Since which time the present house has been occupied. A new house is greatly needed, and is in contemplation.

The following table shows the yearly increase and decrease since 1853:

In	1854	there were	5	added and	1	dismissed.
In	1855	do	15	do	3	do
In	1856	do	1	do	9	do
In	1857	do	55	do	9	do
In	1858	do	41	do	10	do
In	1859	do	5	do	9	do
In	1860	do	9	do	11	do
In	1861	do	1	do	10	do
In	1862	do	5	do	1	do
In	1863	do	12	do	22	do
In	1864	do	18	do	16	do
In	1865	do	5	do	—	do
In	1866	do	3	do	14	do
In	1867	do	2	do	12	do
In	1868	do	9	do	8	do
In	1869	do	2	do	8	do
In	1870	do	6	do	—	do
In	1871	do	8	do	2	do

The number reported dismissed are by letter, death and exclusion. Some have been dismissed where the date has been omitted in the records.

L. M. NEWELL, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—TRINITY CHURCH.

On the first Sunday in June, 1867, a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church began services in a small upper room on Oak street, then used as a Good Templar's Hall. For a few weeks the services were continued in the same place. Taylor's Hall was then rented, a large upper room on the southeast corner of Broadway and Third street. This hall was cleaned, painted, whitewashed, and furnished with settees, stove, lamps, chancel, chancel furniture, and prayer books. A few months later a Parish, under the name of Trinity Church, was duly organized, according to the canons of the Church, and became an incorporated body, according to the laws of the State.

The number of church families was six; the rest of the congregation was made up of scattered individuals. The number of persons who were found to have been at some time communicants, was eighteen. Of these, a few had united with some denomination, and have so remained.

In September, 1868, after several plans had been defeated, it was resolved to purchase the property on the northeast corner of Oak and Sixth streets, known as "the Seminary property," and then owned by P. A. Bissett. Four thousand dollars was the amount of purchase money agreed upon. Of this, one-fourth was obtained in subscriptions at home, one-fourth in Milwaukee, and the balance in cash in various cities from Detroit eastward to Albany, and thence southward to Philadelphia. The work of procuring this money occupied nine months, so that on the first of June, 1869, just two years after the first service, this property was paid for, and the deed for it duly executed. This property consisted of four lots of ground, a residence, two school buildings, and a barn. The residence is occupied by the Missionary as a Rectory, the larger school building is used as a temporary chapel, and a church school is taught in the smaller one.

That part of the Missionary's support which comes from the Parish is paid at "the Weekly Offertory," a collection made on every Sunday at the time of morning service, according to the pattern of the primitive church.

A. J. M. HUDSON, Rector.

UNITARIAN.

The Free Congregational Society worship in a large gothic building situated on the corner of Fourth and Birch streets, and generally known as the Unitarian church. The founder, Rev. Ichabod Coddling, having become very favorably and widely known as a powerful advocate of liberty and reform during the presidential canvass of 1860, preached in the court house October 25th of that year, and occasionally afterwards, and took regular charge May 15th, 1861, of the society, which had been organized on February 16th.

The congregations were large, and the efforts of both society and pastor for the anti-slavery cause and the Sanitary Commission, constant. Mr. Coddling resigned his charge about March 1st, 1865, and died in Baraboo June 17, 1866.

Rev. A. A. Roberts was settled October 8th, 1865, and ordained February 13th, 1866, as pastor of the Society, which now came to be generally known as Unitarian. This change was partly brought about by the generous aid of the American Unitarian Association in building the church, which was dedicated December 11th, 1867. Mr. Roberts closed his pastorate September 27th, 1898, and now resides in Baraboo. The present pastor, Rev. Fred May Holland, took charge of the Society October 11th, 1868,

and reports it as in all respects flourishing. About sixty families attend the church. There is no formal church membership, and but few meetings are held beside that every Sunday morning for public worship, followed by the Sunday School. The objects of the Society have always been thorough moral culture, free spiritual worship, and active, unsectarian philanthropy. The present trustees are, Major Chas. H. Williams and Judge C. C. Remington, for three years from December 18th, 1870; T. D. Lang and E. Walbridge, for two years, and J. G. Train and Frank Avery for one year. FRED MAY HOLLAND, Pastor.

CATHOLIC.

Rev. Father Gardner was the first priest that officiated in that capacity at Baraboo within the recollection of the writer. The old man made trips from Sauk to Baraboo and Dellona, through the snow, on foot, to administer the sacraments and rites of the church. Then Father Montague for some time; then Father Weinhart, a very eminent and pious divine; then Father Nassau; then Father Heiss, a worthy man; then Eitchman, a noble representative of the first religion; then Schriener, of whom I will make no invidious comments; then Father White, in 1871, a learned and pious man. For the last three months we have had no resident priest.

Previous to 1851, we held services in a private house. In this year we bought the First Congregational Church for \$500, which has already become too small for our increased congregation. It was dedicated about the first of October, 1862.

WILLIAM POWER.

We understand there will soon be a priest permanently located here. Steps will then be taken for laying out a cemetery ground, and building a new church.

W. H. C.

There is a "Paine Association" that meets once a year to celebrate the birth-day of Thomas Paine, the statesman and philosopher.

PROFESSIONAL.

WHERE ARE FIVE PRACTICING PHYSICIANS. Charles Cowles located here in 1846, making twenty-five years that he has practiced medicine at Baraboo, being the first physician in the Baraboo valley; J. R. Hall, H. S. Des Arges, Theodore Koch, Fred Crouch, and M. M. Davis, all of the allopathic school; and L. C. Slye, of the homeopathic.

THREE DENTISTS. S. P. Kezertla, resident dentist, has practiced his profession in Baraboo for sixteen years; J. M. Smith and N. H. Drew.

NINE LAWYERS. Cyrus C. Remington located here in 1846, and was the first lawyer in the valley. The first case he tried was between Levi Moore and Abraham Wood, before Alexander Crawford. He lost the case. William H. Clark, the oldest lawyer in Sauk county, resided many years at the Sauk towns before removing to Baraboo; William Brown, also an old settler; Nelson W. Wheeler, since about 1851; Levi Crouch, Howard J. Huntington, John Barker, Hon. S. S. Barlow, and Charles Freeman.

ONE ABSTRACT OFFICE, by George Mertens.

"SAUK COUNTY BANK," T. Thomas, President; W. B. Thomas, Cashier.

FIVE RESIDENT MUSIC TEACHERS. Misses Maria P. and Emma Macklin have taught music for several years at their residence; Mrs. William S. Grubb; Miss Mary E. Hawes; Miss Prichard.

TWO PRINTING OFFICES. The "Baraboo Republic," William Hill, Editor and Proprietor. "Independent" office, now run by Peter Richards, as a job office, M. J. Drown, proprietor.

THE SAUK COUNTY STANDARD.

The first newspaper published at Baraboo was started by A. McFadden and C. H. McLaughlin, June 25th, 1850. Its politics, Whig; its name,

CYRUS CLARK REMINGTON.

Born, Sheridan Chautauqua County, N. Y., Nov 10, 1824.

Died, Baraboo, Wis., Oct. 13, 1878

[From the Baraboo Republic of Oct. 16th.]

The quiet of last Sabbath in this village was painfully broken by intelligence of the death of Judge Cyrus C. Remington, which rapidly passed from house to house immediately after the event. He had been confined to his home for some days, but his case was not generally understood to be critical; and so, although his friends had long known that he was an invalid, holding to life by force of a strong will, they were unprepared to hear of his death, and in this way it was a most distressing blow to the community.

For several years Judge Remington has been a sufferer from a complication of disorders which impaired his physical powers, and, through pain, at times unfitted him for his professional labors. He suffered a great deal, and often kept about his work when most men would have yielded to such distress as he experienced. It was recently decided that he suffered from calculus; and on the 24th of September he underwent an operation for that disease. His friends were then in hopes that his recovery to health and strength, with a prospect of

many years more of useful life, was assured. But all were to be disappointed. He became worse, and after struggling bravely against the increasing pains of his malady for a few days, exhausted his strength and died, in the end passing quietly and easily to his release.

*During the Judge's last illness, Mrs. Remington was confined to her chair by reason of lameness from an accident experienced some time since, and was thus unable to render him much of the personal service which her love prompted; but the attention of his children, other kinsmen and friends, was unremitting. He endured his sufferings in a heroic spirit, and died as he had lived, bravely and faithfully. His family were all around him except his twin daughters, Misses Maud and May, who are students at the University. In response to a telegram as to their father's sinking condition, they were conveyed home in a carriage from Madison, by Mr. Olin, one of the instructors, but did not arrive until after their father's death.

The funeral, which was held at his home yesterday, was very largely attended, all the old families of the place

being represented. There were present also, Messrs. Lamb and Pinney, of the Dane county bar; Mr. Frank Stewart, Clerk of the U. S. Court; and Judge Stevens and Mr. A. W. Wyse, of our county bar, residents at Reed-burg. His legal associates of this place, were we believe all present.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Jenk Ll. Jones, of Janesville, who came expressly for the purpose, and were very beautiful and touching.

[From the Baraboo Republic of Oct. 23d.]

The subject of this sketch, fourth child of Silas and Margaret Remington, came to Wisconsin with his parents and six brothers and sisters in the spring of 1840, when he had entered upon his sixteenth year. His father, who was a farmer, had purchased without seeing it a body of land near Wankesha. The family made the journey from their former home, in New York, entirely overland, with wagons, a considerable undertaking at that day; and on reaching their destination were sadly disappointed in the character of their purchase, which proved to be poorly adapted to agriculture, in which it was their purpose to engage. Indeed, the change was little short of a calamity. They found themselves not only deceived, but almost impoverished, and obliged to enter upon frontier life at a cruel disadvantage with their pioneer neighbors even, nearly all of whom had at least the advantage possessed by a fertile over a sterile soil. This circumstance necessarily had a grave effect on the young lives which it oppressed. Cyrus was now at an age when his whole time

should have been given to learning. His previous education had been obtained in the common schools of his native state. To have removed to a territory scarcely reclaimed from the Indians was bad enough, without having to abandon the hope of higher education in order to assist in keeping the wolf from the door and in retrieving the family losses.

Judge Remington was therefore a self-made man. He supplied the deficiencies in his scholastic training by self-application to books, and with such success that he became competent to instruct the youth in his father's neighborhood, and was for several terms engaged as teacher. He remained on the farm, and continued in these employments, about six years, when he went to read law with Alexander Randall, of Wankesha, afterwards governor of the state. At that time Mr. Randall was post-master, and in connection with the post-office carried on a store. Young Mr. Remington became a lieutenant in all these branches of service, and as Mr. Randall's professional labors were at that epoch of less importance than his official and commercial occupations, the student's study of law was necessarily restricted to the brief and irregular intervals of his clerical work. However, he kept his author continually open, and applied himself assiduously whenever a spare moment presented. The next year he went to Milwaukee, and there finished his professional reading with Messrs. Finch & Lynde, being admitted to the bar February 16, 1847.

The first ambition of his life was now achieved, the foundation of his future success laid. Fully sensible of the disadvantages under which he had labored

in reaching the starting point of a professional career, he cherished a purpose of honorable and useful work rather than a hope of distinction, and in this spirit set forth in the world. He literally directed his steps to Baraboo, having proceeded hither from Madison on foot, carrying his wardrobe and library in a carpet-bag; and after paying fare on the ferry over the Wisconsin, entered Sauk County with only the possessions named and twenty-five cents in money. This was in May, 1847.

At that time Lyons was the center of the local population. There were only two buildings on the present site of Baraboo. Accordingly the new lawyer went to Lyons, where for about two years he boarded with Alexander Crawford, in company with several of our old settlers who still survive him, and one of whom remembers, as the first public act of Mr. Remington, that he was clerk of the sale of lots when the county commissioners sold the village plat of Baraboo. And Baraboo has been his home ever since.

In 1852 he was married to Maria S. Train, sister of J. G. Train, who with their six children survives him.

In 1854 he represented in the assembly the district comprising Adams and Sauk counties; and he was county judge of Sauk County from January, 1870, to April, 1873, when he resigned. These were the only public offices he ever filled. He had an aversion for political life, which was confirmed by his experience in the legislature. A judicial office was better suited to his character.

As a lawyer, C. C. Remington has stood at the head of the Sauk County

Bar for many years. By long residence and experience not only, but by learning in the law and acumen, he was entitled to this distinction. And he merited it in a still higher sense. For it was impossible for any man in the profession to honor it more highly by honorable service in it. He never sullied his professional character by a questionable, much less a dishonorable act. He always discouraged litigation, and prevented it when possible. He never stooped to any of several classes of profitable practice which involve some sacrifice of principle by the attorney. On the other hand he never sacrificed a client. He never defended a criminal at once poor and wicked, without faithfully securing for him the enjoyment of every right to which he was entitled. He made his client's case his own.

As a counsellor he was the reliance of a great many of our business men. For years they have been accustomed to seek his advice, and some have leaned upon him as upon a staff. His knowledge of law was extensive, his judgment good, and his sense of justice delicate. With these qualifications he has been a peacemaker, a promoter of good neighborhood, and a guide to judicious conduct among the litigious; while he has rendered valuable service to those, of whom there is a large number, whose extensive business operations require legal guidance. The business community, no less than the legal profession, will feel his loss very heavily.

As a citizen he was honorable, patriotic, public spirited. We deem it worthy of record that he loaned a thousand dollars to the United States very early in the Civil War, and did it from

a sense of duty. This act was characteristic of his citizenship. His views of public questions were broad and liberal, his sense of public duty exacting.

As a man he was peculiar beyond most men in that outer shell of manners on which first impressions of character are based, and accordingly was greatly misunderstood by many persons. He was extremely plain-spoken because every fiber of his soul was honest, and so what often passed for acerbity of manner was only integrity of spirit. Those who came to know him intimately found this out, and respected the man for it; and so it has been said, that although he repelled many who did not thoroughly know him, he never lost a friend who did. His heart of hearts was tender, his feelings fine. He loved his friends, and never forgot a kindness. To the end of his life he frequently spoke in grateful affection of the character of Mrs. Alexander Crawford, who was a mother to him during his early life in Baraboo.

But it is in his family that he is best known for his entire worth. He lived for his family. All that he

achieved was not for himself, but for his wife and children. His soul went fully out to them. He had set his heart on giving to each of his children a good education. He was sending them to the University as fast as they came forward, and often said that if he could only live to see his youngest son and child thus equipped for life, he would be content to end his sufferings here; and when at length, some months before the end, the prospect of death seemingly drew near, he expressed a determination to make, for their sake, as strong resistance as possible. And so he did, but without a rail. Yet he leaves to them, besides the recollection of his complete self-sacrifice in their behalf, an example of life which of itself is a valuable inheritance.

Who can rightly estimate the value of a human life? A pebble thrown into the sea appears to make only a few rings upon the surface, but we are told it moves all ocean. If then we see a life go out that was full of benignity and worth, how can we fully measure our loss?

R. R. REMINGTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. R. Remington, Sr., died at his residence one and one-half miles west of the city of Baraboo, April 13th, 1886, aged 64 years, 10 months and 13 days.

He was born in the town of Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., and on his father's side was of English descent, on his mother's German-French. He bore the name of his maternal grandfather, Roswell Root, who was a pioneer of Ontario county and one of its most prominent citizens.

Both of the parents of the deceased were Methodists and he was trained in that faith. In the house of his grandfather Root the eccentric Methodist minister, Lorenzo Dow, was often a guest.

Until about the age of fifteen he received such education as the district schools of that vicinity afforded, and after that time he worked upon his father's farm in summer and spent his winters as an active student of the Canandaigua Academy. He was fond of recalling these days and spoke frequently of his teachers. His favorite study was mathematics and in the various branches of this science the irascible but keen minded Horatio Robinson was one of his teachers. He retained his interest in these studies till late in life and his children are indebted to him for instruction in these branches. March 9, 1843, he was married to Miss Jane A. Nethaway, of the town of Canandaigua,

and three years later they started for Wisconsin, coming by way of the lakes to Milwaukee. Thence they journeyed overland to this locality. Sickness overtook them on the way and they stopped twenty-five or thirty miles west of Milwaukee at the house of Silas Remington, father of the late C. C. Remington of the town of Baraboo, and there buried an infant son. The team he had expected to meet him not arriving, after a week's delay, C. C. Remington, then a young man studying law in Milwaukee, took his father's team and took them to Madison. From thence they went via Sauk to Baraboo, stopping at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Harvey Canfield.

The previous spring and before the land was surveyed he had made claim to land adjoining that of Mr. Canfield. Leaving his wife at his aunt's he went to Mineral Point to receive the patent for his land, which he retained and occupied the remainder of his life.

They had not been long in their Wisconsin home before sickness and death again visited them and they buried two little daughters. Shortly after the death of his second daughter, with his wife and one child he went overland by private conveyance to his native place, returning in the same manner. He took a lively interest in politics and was a zealous supporter of the abolition cause, and remained during

life a staunch republican. He took an interest of his family and intimate still more active interest in school mat-friends.

ters and attended to the building of the first school house in his locality. He had an unusually strong individuality and seemed to love to labor, and during these early pioneer years was an active public man. In 1865 he again returned with his family to his old home in Canandaigua, being called thither by the death of a brother. He remained there in business three years. His health began to fail visibly at this time and he returned to his Wisconsin home.

Disease laid a heavy hand upon him and he gradually withdrew from public association and devoted his time and remaining strength to the welfare and

The four children remaining to him have grown up and three of them have become heads of families, and together with his wife attended him during his last illness. Funeral services were held at the house. Rev. M. Benson, pastor of the Methodist church in Baraboo, officiated, taking for the foundation of his remarks John 11: 1st, 2d, and 3d verses. Mr. Remington under all circumstances was the most uncompromisingly brave, stoical man I ever became acquainted with and was kind in his family and upright in dealing with his neighbors.

"Sank County Standard." February 6th, 1851, McFadden retired, and McLaughlin assumed the proprietorship, changing its politics to Democratic, M. C. Waite, editor. May 8th, 1851, Duncan C. Niven succeeded Mr. Waite; politics the same. McLaughlin and Niven both retired at the end of the first volume. J. H. Wagoner and George R. Clark then run the paper until March 10th, 1852, when R. H. Davis succeeded Wagoner. September 1st, D. S. Vittum succeeded Clark. December 22d, McLaughlin again came in, succeeding R. H. Davis, D. S. Vittum's name ceases to appear in the caption of the paper June 8th, 1853, and Cyrus C. McLaughlin stood alone. August 3d, R. C. Gould associated with McLaughlin; August 30th, 1854, they both retired, and Andrew C. Holt conducted the paper alone until May 30th, when Victor E. Peck and James I. Dennis succeeded Holt. August 1st, 1855, the name was changed to "Sank County Democrat." December 6th, J. W. Phelps came in as political editor; March 6th, 1856, J. H. Wells succeeded Dennis, Phelps retired, and the paper was enlarged to seven columns. It suspended in November, 1856.

THE BARABOO REPUBLIC.

We are indebted to Capt. William Hill, editor, publisher and proprietor of *The Baraboo Republic*, for the following brief history of that paper:

January, 1855, the first number of *The Baraboo Republic* was issued by D. K. & S. Noyes. Through occasional omissions of its weekly issue in its earlier years, it drifted away from the time of the commencement of its yearly volume, until now the first issue of the volume in each year is in April. It was a seven column paper on the start, Republican in politics. In October of the same year the junior partner withdrew, and was succeeded by Perkins & Blake, Mr. D. K. Noyes retaining the proprietorship and political editorship. During the winter of 1855-6, Mr. Noyes being at that time a member of the Legislature at Madison, Mr. N. W. Wheeler served as editor *pro tem*. In September, 1856, Mr. A. N. Kellogg's name appeared at the head of the paper as contributing editor. He had previously written for it. In the following month the valedictory of Mr. Noyes appeared, together with the announcement that the paper had passed into the hands of Messrs. Kellogg & Perkins—Mr. Kellogg as editor, Mr. Perkins as publisher. At the same time the paper appeared in new type throughout, and under Mr. Kellogg's management soon attained a high rank among the interior papers of the State. While nominally but publisher, Mr. Perkins soon became associated with the editorial conduct of the local and miscellaneous departments of the paper. Early in 1857, Mr. H. A. Peck served for a few weeks as editor *pro tem*. Mr. William Hill, the present proprietor, had previously served for one or two weeks in a similar capacity. January 1st, 1860, Mr. Perkins withdrew, and Mr. Kellogg became sole proprietor and editor, in which capacity he continued until May, 1862. During the latter part of his experience as publisher, Mr. Kellogg adopted (or invented, for the idea was original with him,) the plan of "patent insides," which the exigencies of the war soon brought

into general use among country papers, and out of which Mr. Kellogg's now immense business in furnishing ready-printed outsides and insides for newspapers has grown. In the month above named, Mr. Kellogg sold the Republic office to Messrs. C. E. Stuart and John W. Blake. August 19th, 1863, Mr. Stuart withdrew. Mr. Blake remained as sole proprietor until April, 1865, when, with the commencement of the volume, Mr. William Hill assumed charge of the paper as editor and proprietor, and so continues at this date. It is now, and for three years has been, an eight column paper.

THE INDEPENDENT.

In the spring of 1866, D. K. Noyes, after returning home from the war with one foot shot off, in casting about for a business occupation, fastened his mind upon the printing business, and made efforts to purchase the *Republic*, but, failing in that, he purchased and brought on an office equipment, and started a paper, entitling it "THE INDEPENDENT," D. K. Noyes, Publisher and Proprietor. The first number made its appearance July 17th, 1866. He published it one year, and then sold the office equipment to William H. Canfield, M. J. Drown and D. S. Vittum taking a one-fourth interest each. The office was rented to Peter Richards and J. C. Chandler, who published the Independent for three months, when Canfield bought out Chandler, changing the politics to Democratic, and in August 1868, sold out his interest to Vittum and Drown, but continued to run the paper, as editor *pro tem* until after the Presidential election. Fred. E. Everett then published it until June 9th, 1869, when its publication was suspended.

THE SAUK COUNTY HERALD.

The *Sauk County Herald* sprung up from the ashes of the *Independent*, J. C. Chandler, editor and proprietor. The first number was issued January 6th, 1870. In politics it was Republican; in temperance, all and all; and in other respects it was "Shanghai" all over. It lived about six months, and suspended the latter part of June, 1870.

D. K. Noyes says he counseled the starting of the first paper at Baraboo, then Adams. This makes him emphatically the pioneer newspaper man of the place.

MERCANTILE AND ARTIZAN.

BARABOO HAS FOUR HOTELS. The "Western," conducted most of the time for the last fifteen years by William Wallace; The "Wisconsin House," Hermon Albrecht and John Schlag; The "Exchange Hotel," by A. J. Moore, successor to his father, Volney Moore, Sr., who has kept the house, with some intermission, for ten or fifteen years; "Peck's Hotel," by E. T. Peck and C. W. Dykens.

THREE DRUG STORES. The "Excelsior," by B. F. Mills, M. D., since 1857 or 1858. Dr. Mills practiced medicine in Baraboo from 1851 until the

opening of his store, as above; Lang, Camp & Co.—T. D. Lang, Arthur Camp, and J. A. Struthers; M. Michaelstetter & Son, styled, "Red Front."

FOURTEEN DRY GOODS AND GROCERY STORES. C. A. Sumner has traded at the same place for fifteen years; George H. Hall; Harper T. Savage and James H. Halsted. The Senior partner has been in trade here for many years, and was once burned out of his dwelling; R. & W. Burrington, brothers: "Head-Quarters"—Stafford, Drown & Co.—John B. Stafford, M. J. Drown, and D. D. Doane,—does a very large business; Huntington & Stanley—Herbert Huntington and William Stanley; Bower, Obert & Co—George Bower, Wendel Obert, and Tobias Clavadatscher; Lang, Camp & Co.; Train & Longley—J. G. Train and Freeman Longley; A. A. Roberts and wife; E. Calkin; William Hoxie and Joe. Davis, Jr.; William Moore; and Simon Kolliner.

NINE MILLINERS AND DRESS MAKERS. Mrs. C. Harrison has had here a millinery store and shop for more than twenty years; Mrs. S. B. Hawes, and Miss Gray, milliners; Mrs. Towsley and Mrs. Sharp, milliners and dress makers; Mrs. J. Hawes, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. A. E. Peck, Mrs. H. D. Newell, dress and cloak makers.

FOUR MERCHANT TAILORS. Charles Wing has been in business sixteen years; William Power from fifteen to eighteen years; William Butler; Benjamin C. Skinner.

FOUR HARDWARE STORES AND TIN SHOPS. Ransom Jones, Tinsmith, formerly did a large hardware business; Gattiker Brothers—J. J. and Alfred Gattiker; Gray & Stephenson—H. L. Gray and William Stephenson; McClellan & Wallace—Frank McClellan and William Wallace.

TWO JEWELERS. Charles E. Ryan has been in business here sixteen or seventeen years; William Scharnke, practical watchmaker.

TWO FURNITURE STORES AND CABINET SHOPS. L. Wild has carried on business here for fourteen years; F. B. Baldwin for a shorter time.

ONE CONFECTIONER AND BAKER—Charles Pfannstichl—who also keeps an eating house.

SIX SHOE STORES AND SHOPS. A. Andrews' is the oldest of the boot and shoe houses, having been running most of the time for more than twenty years; Avery & Green—Frank Avery and Isaac Green—have done a large sale and shop business since 1856; Mr. Shultz has made boots and shoes here for ten or twelve years; Joseph Hawes, three or four years; G. Junger for three years; Ernest Scharnke.

THREE SADDLERS AND HARNESS MAKERS. James W. Elliott has been in this business here for fifteen or sixteen years; A. C. Geib seven or eight years; W. E. Slack three or four years.

TWO BARBERS. Charles Junge; William Schroeder.

TWO FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOPS. John R. Loy, for more than twenty years, has done a universal machinist business, and has recently added a steam engine and cupola to his shop; the Starks Foundry and

Machine Shop, lately carried on by W. E. Kittredge, is now run by J. J. Gattiker.

TEN BLACKSMITHS. James Cowles has hammered iron at the Rapids for twenty-five or six years; John Thatcher and William Andrews have been in the business for eighteen or twenty years; G. G. Gollmer since 1851; Hiram H. Webster has blacksmithed here for fifteen or sixteen years; Daniel Kelsey since 1847; C. T. White; Charles Bender; P. Kinnelly; C. Meier.

FIVE WAGON MAKERS. James Dykins, since 1847; Thomas Islip, since 1850; Thomas Oates, since 1853; Henry Moeler, since 1856; Henry Meier.

NINETEEN CARPENTERS AND JOINERS. George Capener, since 1850; W. W. Woolcott, since 1854; Thomas Thompson; William Elliott; Samuel Porter; H. M. Jennings; Thomas Johnson; Jared Dodd; John Somers; A. C. Matthews; James Fowler; George Pimbley; G. W. Dilley; M. H. Heylman, since 1853, is also a mill wright; Patrick Doherty, since 1854; Joseph Lancaster, since 1855; Lawrence Harrison; G. W. Marchant; Andrew Lamoreaux.

FIVE MASONS. George Newson, since 1849; Thomas Parks, since 1852; James Turner, since 1849; J. G. Palmer, since 1856; John Hudson; Michael McGan; Charles and Perry Palmer; Jacob and Daniel Worth.

TEN PAINTERS. William Bullard; William Seofield; C. F. Clark; Charles Porter; Frank Fletcher; R. Sutcliff; H. Sutcliff; John O. Prouty; Thomas Ferris and his son Alonzo.

ONE PUMP FACTORY. David Mansfield.

ONE BROOM MAKER. F. N. Britt, since 1868.

SALOONS. Frank Miller; Stephen Hoffstetter; Udell Brothers; Thomas B. Quigley; W. Webb; Murray.

TWO BREWERIES. One run by George Bender; one by George Ruland.

ONE BRICK YARD. Levi Moore, proprietor.

MASONRY.

The Baraboo Masonic Lodge, Number 24, F. and A. M., was chartered June 8th, 1852. James Maxwell, first W. M.; W. D. Truax, S. W.; Ed. P. Forsythe, G. W.; David Munson, Treasurer; R. M. Forsythe, Secretary; D. Ruggles, S. D.; G. G. Gollmer, J. D.; D. Schermerhorn, Tyler. It has ever since been in a flourishing condition. The deaths that have occurred are Harvey Canfield, Col. James Maxwell, H. A. Peck, William H. Joy, A. Hall, and William J. Huntington.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The Society of Odd Fellows have had an organization here, but have not met as such for several years past. Many of their members have gone with the Masons. A new lodge is soon to be instituted.

THE DORCAS SOCIETY

Came into existence in the winter of 1868, after the fall of hops and a

short crop of grain. It was feared there would be suffering in the town, and to avert it the ladies organized this society. It has since had an active existence, and, like the Tabitha and Dorcas of Scripture, "is full of good works and alms deeds."

TEMPERANCE.

There was a Washingtonian Society organized here as early as 1843. Solomon Shafer was the prime mover. It, also, had an active existence, holding punctually its semi-annual meetings, when there was always an address delivered by some invited speaker. About 1850 it was supplanted by the "Sons of Temperance," a secret society, to, as some believe, the great detriment of the cause. There was certainly a great loss of membership. "The Sons" were supplanted by the "Good Templars," another secret society. In 1868, 1869, and 1870, this society was very flourishing, and has, at the present time, quite a live appearance. Baraboo compares favorably with its sister towns of the State in respect to temperance and sobriety.

LYONS

WAS the first village plot platted in the Valley, recorded April, 1846. Its contiguity to Baraboo—only half a mile west of the corporation—stunted its growth. It contains about 35 families, and has

ONE TAVERN. Kept by A. P. True.

At Lyons was kept the first tavern in the Baraboo valley, by James Webster, who settled here in July, 1842, and died in 1853. In 1844, Alexander Crawford moved here, building a house on the opposite and south side of the road from Webster's. He also kept a house of entertainment for several years. This was near the old ford, on the Baraboo River. In 1869, the old settlers celebrated Mr. Crawford's golden wedding. In September, 1870, they bore him from this, his first Baraboo home, to the grave, with great sorrow, as he had entwined his life largely into the afflictions of the people.

TWO BLACKSMITHS. Robert Lot, since 1856; and Benjamin Bailey.

ONE WAGON SHOP. Carried on by J. W. Aldrich, since 1856.

ONE COOPER SHOP. J. P. Atwood, since 1856.

ONE PAINTER. Thomas Morehead, since about 1850.

TWO STONE MASONS. A. Tillotson and John Golding.

ONE STONE MASON, BRICK LAYER AND PLASTERER near Lyons, Geo. Holah, since 1856.

ONE CARPENTER. P. Calhoun.

ONE CARPENTER AND JOINER, AND CABINET MAKER. Charles Cook.

MANCHESTER

WAS platted in 1850, and soon flourished "like a green bay tree." There was an addition subsequently made to it. It contained a grist mill, carding mill, saw mill, blacksmith shop, tavern, and had a bridge across the river. A combination of circumstances operated

against the place, and the plot has been vacated. Its dilapidated buildings stand as a memento of its past prestige, except the old grist mill, now converted into the "Manchester Woolen Mills," which are doing a fine and flourishing custom and manufacturing business, as described on the ninth page of this book. This is the finest of the waterpowers, lying adjacent to the depot grounds.

FIRES.

THE fires of October, 1871, must find a niche in records as a prominent event of the northwestern United States. Here the "Fire King" battled with the people day after day, particularly in Wisconsin and Michigan, from about the 20th of September until Sunday, October 8th, when hundreds of hamlets, villages and cities, as many miles apart, were nearly simultaneously ignited, the people driven into water in common with beasts, or charred upon the ground. The superheated tempest passed on and on, leveling all combustible material to coal and ashes. Baraboo escaped the trying time, and was one of the first to send aid to Chicago and Peshtigo. But her Sabbath day of trial came December 3d. While her Sunday Schools were in session, at noon, and in a quiet snow storm, notwithstanding, six wooden store buildings, on Third and Oak streets, were burned down. The brick bank and brick hardware store nobly withstood the fire, and materially assisted in checking its progress. Loss, \$30,000, mostly insured.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

TAKE pleasure in assuring the patrons of "Baraboo and its Water-Powers," that after a canvass of the town for sales, I have received more than is sufficient to cover the cost of publishing the *Map and Sketch* at the low price of two dollars, for which I return you my sincere thanks. It being after the great fires, and in the days of donations and tax-paying. Especially do I thank him who took and paid for in advance, twenty dollars in subscriptions; the four others from whom I have received ten dollars each. And he who subscribed five dollars, and on receiving the work paid ten, unexpected to me, I aver "makes my heart warm every day." The fourteen who subscribed five dollars each, do I thank in particular. To each of the clergymen and a layman who have written a chronological sketch of their respective societies, for this sketch, I am obligated. Errors and omissions will be corrected hereafter, as far as possible.

POSTSCRIPT.

As the last type of the last form of "Baraboo and its Water powers" are being set, we are informed that C. F. Viebahn, the late County School Superintendent, is advertised to open an Academy at Baraboo on the 16th of January 1872.

SIXTH SKETCH.

THE TOWN OF REEDSBURG.

ITS CHRONOLOGIC RECORD.

[A voting precinct was set off by the name of Baraboo, in the Fall of 1848. The first poll was opened in a little shanty in front of where the Ingalls House now is. This was the fall that Zachariah Taylor was elected president of the United States.]

This town embraces territory that was originally called Baraboo, which was one of the six towns that Sauk county was divided into, January 19th, 1849. When the territory of Wisconsin took her position as a state, equal in rights with her sisters, and the precinct districts retired for the erection of town governments, this town of Baraboo was made to include what is now Dellona, Winfield, La Valle, Woodland, the north half of Ironton, Reedsburg and Excelsior.

The first election was held May 19th. This was a special election. Wm. Van Bergen, Lewis Butterfield, and Lewis Johnson were elected justices of the peace and \$250 voted to be raised by tax for town purposes. A law restraining hogs from running at large. A report of the school superintendent was read: "During the past year a school has been taught in District No. 2 for three months at \$1.50 per week; that the county had assessed upon the town a tax of \$118.27 for school purposes; \$34.90 was collected." It appears that there was no record book provided for the town until 1852.

At the regular election of this year David C. Reed, Lewis Butterfield and John Rork were elected supervisors, O. H. Perry, Clerk. At the town meeting in April, 1850, Samuel Northip was elected chairman of the board of supervisors. The other officials were re-elected. The name of Baraboo for the town became objectionable as there was a village by this name upon

the rapids of the river, laid out prior to the organization of this town. The shear town of the county was laid out adjoining the village of Baraboo and called Adams by the county commissioners in April, 1847. The postoffice was called Baraboo at the county seat, although located in the village of Adams. The only postoffice in the town of Baraboo was called Reedsburg. Several names became confounded with that of Baraboo in different localities, hence the town of Reedsburg was organized to extricate themselves from this medley.

Upon petition of J. H. Rork and others, while this gentleman was acting as chairman of the board of supervisors of this town, a new town was created out of the towns of Baraboo and Eagle. It comprised the present towns of Winfield, La Valle, Woodland, the north half of Ironton and Reedsburg. This act was taken December 11th, 1850. It was named Reedsburg in honor of the first settler of the village of Reedsburg, David C. Reed, who caused to be erected the first saw and grist mill here.

The first town meeting was called in compliance with the act of organization, at the house of John Clark, April 1st, 1851, and adjourned to the school house of District No. 1. John Rork, Sebastian Kerstetter and Wm. P. Randall were elected supervisors; Oliver H. Perry, town clerk; Wm. Andrus and John Randall justices of the peace; Daniel Carver, treasurer; Alanson C. Reed and John Randall, assessors. April 19th S. Gay Sperry was appointed school superintendent. The town of Marston was organized out of Reedsburg and Eagle, ——— —, 1872, taking the present towns of Washington, Ironton, La Valle and Woodland. This year the board consisted of John Rork, John Pelton and H. F. Smith; E. G. Wheeler, school superintendent; Rolin M. Strong, clerk; S. A. Dwinell and Horace Crowell, assessors; Daniel Carver, Treasurer. July 27th, \$75 was appropriated to build a bridge across the Baraboo river at Reedsburg. December 15th, Winfield was set off from Reedsburg.

1853—E. G. Wheeler, Wm. Pitts and J. S. Green, supervisors; D. Carver, treasurer; E. G. Wheeler, school superintendent; E. O. Rudd and Lyman Twist, assessors.

1854—The same officers throughout were elected. In

March, Westfield was set off from Reedsburg and Freedom. This change reduces Reedsburg to its present boundaries—a congressional township, viz: T. 12 N., R. 4 E.

1854—The last years officers were elected.

1855—E. G. Wheeler, James K. Thompson and John Randall, supervisors; O. H. Perry, clerk; E. O. Rudd, assessor.

1856—John Randall, P. P. Jayne and A. West, supervisors; O. H. Perry, clerk.

1857—Henry W. Andrus, Z. T. Carver and L. V. Tabor, superintendents; W. H. Strong, clerk; D. C. Reed, treasurer; J. S. Conger, school superintendent; J. H. Rork, assessor.

1858—H. W. Andrus, D. Carver and Wm. Bowman, supervisors; R. M. Strong, clerk; J. S. Strong, treasurer; J. S. Conger, school superintendent.

1859—H. W. Andrus, Daniel Carver and A. R. Sprague, supervisors; H. A. Tater, clerk; J. S. Green, treasurer; B. D. Sprague, school superintendent; W. H. Johnson, assessor.

1860—E. Gleason, Austin Seeley and R. T. Cole, supervisors; F. P. Sanford, clerk; J. S. Green, treasurer; H. S. Hascall, school superintendent; Joseph Lanach, assessor.

1861—Austin Seeley, Israel Root and H. Palmer, supervisors; H. A. Tater, clerk.

1862—A. Seeley, Lewis Gifford and H. Parker, supervisors; J. S. Strong, clerk; J. T. Gifford and E. O. Rudd, assessors.

1863—J. H. Rork, Chester Buck and H. Parker, supervisors; Z. T. Carver, treasurer; J. Lanach, assessor.

1864—J. B. Clark, A. Seeley and S. H. Chase, supervisors; R. W. Johnson, clerk; F. P. Sanford, treasurer; M. A. Cochran, assessor.

1865—A special town meeting was called January 14th, and \$200 voted to each person who would enlist into the service of the United States. February 8th, another special meeting was called, and \$800 voted to assist in sustaining families of men that had enlisted into the army. The annual town meeting was held in April. Volney Ayres, John Fosnot and Wm. P. Randall, supervisors; James Miles, clerk; W. I. Carver, treasurer; "and Moses Young was duly elected assessor." October 10th, a special meeting was called, and \$400

voted to build a bridge across the river at Reedsburg.

1866—Stafford Mackey, Hiram Parker and John Townsend, supervisors; James Miles, treasurer; Moses Young, assessor.

1867—Hiram Parker, John Laubscher and J. B. Clark supervisors; C. F. Sheldon, clerk; W. I. Carver, treasurer; Moses Young, assessor.

1868—J. H. Rork, Henry Giffert and Geo. Williams, supervisors; Moses Young, assessor; Geo. Flantt, treasurer.

1870—Austin Seeley, T. Darger and S. Dearbourn, supervisors; A. F. Leonard, treasurer; R. A. Wheeler, clerk; John Kellogg, assessor. A special town meeting was held September 14th and \$25,000 voted in town bonds for stock in the Baraboo Air Line railroad. A special town meeting was called ————, and \$2,000 voted to repair the road to Narrows Prairie.

1871—A special town meeting was called January 17th, and \$600 voted to build the Fordam bridge (so called) across the Baraboo river $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the village of Reedsburg.

A. P. Ellinwood, W. H. Young and John Giffart, supervisors; D. R. Kellogg, clerk; A. F. Leonard, treasurer; John Kellogg, assessor.

In 1860 the population of the town was 1,181

1865 “ “ “ 1,288

1870 “ “ “ 1,63.

In 1870, there were 557 foreigners, mostly Hanoverians. For the first ten years the population was almost purely of American birth. The population would now figure up at nearly 2,000 souls.

There were 14 persons died in the year ending June 1st, 1870. 4 of consumption, 1 of billious fever, 2 of typhoid fever, 1 of palsey, 1 of whooping cough, 1 of inflammation of the brain, 1 unknown, 1 of child-birth and 2 by accident. The health of the town may be judged by the above statement.

ITS TOPOGRAPHIC CHARACTER.

The largest portion of this town is valley land. The Baraboo river passes through the northeastern portion of it, and Narrows creek through the southeastern part. Each are large streams and have broad valleys. Then there is Babbs creek that drains an area of nine or ten square miles and furnishing about fifty inches

of water, that lies almost entirely within the northwestern portion, falling into the Baraboo river at the west side of the village of Reedsburg. Hay creek, a stream but a little smaller, empties into the river directly opposite to the mouth of Babbs creek. Copper creek runs through the northeastern corner of the town. Of river and creek bottoms, and marsh and swamp lands, there is not to exceed eight square miles. These lands will not detract from the natural wealth of the town—as the farmer becomes able to bring them under cultivation they will ever after form the most valuable part of his possessions. There is, east of the village, about two square miles of rather a lean sandy soil; most of this has a clay subsoil, and by proper management will undoubtedly in time make the finest of farms. Of the bluffs that are not available for the plow, we estimate not to exceed four square miles. If the bluffs, the marshes and bottom lands, and the light sandy soil were added together there will still remain twenty square miles. These broad acres are the choicest of lands, with living running creeks, springs or brooklets upon almost every quarter section. The soil is a clayey loam with much vegetable matter mixed in the deluvium.

BABB'S PRAIRIE.

So called from James W. Babb, the first settler who tilled the soil in the town of Reedsburg. This prairie in a state of nature formed a most unique landscape picture, being altogether different from ordinary prairie scenery. It contained from twelve to fifteen hundred acres of land in an irregular form with arms running off in different directions, sometimes enlarging into a little prairielet, all of which was ensconced in heavy timber. The stalwart tree, the underbrush and bramble coming to the prairie line and going not an inch further, reaching their limbs over into the open space to get more sunlight, looking much like the shore of a lake. There was a chain of islands of timber dotted across it. There is a creek running through it and the Baraboo river running near it upon its northeast side. Twenty-eight years ago we saw this beautiful landscape as dressed in the garb made by God's own hand. The Prairie was a complete flower garden; the forest, a fruit garden. Here grew in profusion the apple, plum, cherry, gooseberry, currant, blackberry, raspberry and

hawse. The Scotch claim that the Garden of Eden was located at their *Edenburg*. We claim it was located here; the Euphrates flows by it: it is watered by crystal streams; and as proof positive, we aver that there are at several places about it ancient garden beds of the same forms that are commonly made at the present day by the people of Reedsburg or any other civilized people. They most assuredly ante-date the American Indian form of cultivation. The soil is a deep clay loam. A more beautiful prairie never was made.

NARROWS PRAIRIE

Lies two miles southeast of Babb's prairie upon a creek that bears this name, which was given it from the circumstance of its passing through a canyon-like gorge of quartzite rock, a little east of the town line. The prairie extends in patches up the stream for five or six miles beyond this town, and probably contains in all about 2,000 acres of land, about 1,000 laying in this town. As a landscape, the beauty is not equal to Babb's, but it is its equal in the quality of its soil. It is very finely watered by abundance of springs from the bluffs that make their courses across the prairie to Narrows creek.

THE TIMBER

Of the ridges is chiefly white and red oak and aspen, with underbrush and brambles as about Babb's prairie. The bottoms have elm, maple, ash, butternut, cherry, basswood, aspen with undergrowth of alder, wahoo, prickly-ash, thorn, apple, plum and willow. Tamarac in the swamps.

ITS GEOLOGY.

The rock is mostly in place showing very little if any disturbance. It is sand rock of the Potsdam classification. On sections 29 and 30 the magnesian lime rock caps the top of the bluffs; it is here burned for masonry. Reedsburg lies without the glacial range. There is no boulders within the town, nor swirl holes nor drift knolls, on still markings.

ITS MINERALOGY—*Metaliferous*.

Iron and copper undoubtedly are emboweled in the earth within the town. There may never be a bank of iron ore found here, yet float-ore can be picked up at

several places, and there are places that the earth is quite ochreous. Of copper, a "lode" was discovered at an early day upon the southeast quarter of section one, and several tons thrown out. The discoverer, Don C. Barry, writes to S. A. Dwinnell, "In the Fall of 1844, myself and a man by the name of Harry Perry were passing that part of the county, —had been looking for a location to lumber on Big creek. On our return I discovered, where water had washed away the earth, what I supposed to be copper ore. Early in the Spring Harry Perry died, and I took in two partners that had been miners at Mineral Point, to assist me in opening our copper mine. We raised about two tons without much expense, it being the deepest about four feet from the surface; it gave out as we struck the sand rock. We stuck to it all that summer, sinking shafts; the deepest was, I think, about thirty-two feet in the rock below the deposit of ore, following down a seam. We abandoned the mine on account of water and limited means. I had the ore hauled to Mineral Point, where it sold for \$90 per ton."

We think Mr. Barry should have mentioned that he found a small deposit of ore at two different places as he proceed down with his shaft, in the crevice of the rock. We think Mr. B. was offered \$1,500 for his mine by Mr. Kendall, who owned a copper mine and a copper smelting furnace at Mineral Point, at one time, which he refused.

If JOHN MURISIR's theory be true, that most of our metals are brought in a gaseous state from a great depth in the earth to near the surface, or to the surface, and deposited in "lodes" in crevices, why may there not be ore yet in the Barry crevice? It was a well defined crevice but nearly closed at the time he stopped digging. If in digging one foot farther the crevice should enlarge, there would probably be copper ore therein.

But, says one, this was probably drift from lake Superior. This point is *without* the glacial range; there is not a boulder, or cobble stone, or glacial mark of any kind within five miles of this place. Again, it is a carbonate, and laying in the jaws or mouth of and along down a well defined crevice. Again, it is on the great mineral backbone from lake Superior, via Black River, Ironton, Kickapoo, and the lead regions of Wis-

consin and Iowa. According to geology, an upheaved crest forming an anticlinal axis six to eight hundred miles in length, across which in places are crevices filled with metallic ores. Hence we cannot see from the light before us but what there may yet be a large mine of copper opened at or in the vicinity of Barry's digging on section one.

As an episode to this subject of mining we would relate, that sometime in August, 1845, a rumor leaked out that there was a large body of copper ore of sufficient richness to pay for working, that lay in a sheet from ten to twenty feet below the surface, besides there was a prospect of striking a rich vein. Upon a certain day all of Sauk county, with mining tools, was astir for the copper diggings, each person trying to get there before the other. The next day proved it a hallucination, and the copper fever soon abated.

The Rev. S. A. Dwinell, has in his old manuscript bundle, written out that mining anecdote of S. Gay Sperry, at the village of Reedsburg, which we copy: "In the autumn of 1856, an attempt at swindling was made here which has no counterpart in the history of the country, and which excited a great deal of attention at the time, wherever known. L. Gay Sperry, an early settler and prominent citizen, owned a village block, just north of the Congregational church, upon which was a house and improvements worth some five hundred dollars, which he wished to sell. He devised the following plan to do it: A letter was prepared, purporting to have been written from England to a friend in Cincinnati, by the last survivor of a band of buccannereers that formerly infested the Mississippi river. He stated to his friend that the members of this company of robbers at one time ascended the Mississippi river to a certain point, landed on the east bank and proceeded eastwardly to a point on the Baraboo river, where they buried a large amount of gold and silver coin. Enclosed in this letter was a minute description of the exact locality of the hidden treasure, purporting to have been written at the time it was deposited.—upon an elevated piece of ground at such a distance and direction from their place of landing, in such a direction from the rapids of Baraboo river, between certain white oak trees, which were described, and points of compass given. The treasure was in an

iron pot, with a charred stick planted upon it and running to near the surface of the ground. The paper upon which this was written was worn and dingy with age. The whole was put up and marked in a business manner and fastened with red tape,—was taken to Beaver Dam, and dropped in a thicket of small trees near the residence of Mr. W——, a banker of that city. It was soon afterwards found by him with every indication of having fallen accidentally from the pocket of the owner. He went to the hotel registers and found upon one of them the name of the person to whom the letter was addressed and hailing from Cincinnati. Leaving all business he mounted his buggy and proceeded in haste in the direction of the hidden treasure. On his way he met Judge W——, of Reedsburg, to whom he communicated his business and showed his papers. The Judge being satisfied with them turned back, and accompanied Mr. W—— to this village. After thorough search, guided by the directions in the lost paper, they were satisfied that the treasure was upon the land of Mr. Sperry, a few rods south of his house. Mr. W—— then went to Sperry and enquired his price for his village property. Sperry replied that a stranger from Cincinnati had the day previous offered him \$2,300 for it, but his price was \$2,400. A bargain was soon consummated and the property exchanged hands. On the succeeding night, Mr. W——, accompanied by Judge W—— and two others, proceeded to his newly purchased possessions to dig for the long buried coin, carrying with them coffee sacks in which to bear it away. They found the charred stick at the designated spot, and they were much elated with the belief that their coffee sacks would soon be called into requisition. They left, sadder if not wiser men."

ITS AGRICULTURE.

The different varieties of soil renders the town susceptible of a wide range of products. Now that there are railroad facilities, advantage will be taken of these conditions more than heretofore. Almost every quarter section has living running water upon it. The meadow land and plow land is desirably commingled. The United States census reports do not always give a true condition of facts, yet it is the best medium of knowledge we have, official.

	1866.	1870.		1866.	1870.
Acres improved.....	9,414	9,414	Bushels Oats.....	30,119	32,428
Wood Lands.....	9,214	9,214	“ Barley.....	1,682	1,126
Other Lands.....	1,972	1,972	“ Buckwheat.....	3,693	5,223
Horses.....	338	338	Pounds of Wool.....		4,778
Mules and Asses.....	14	14	Bushels Peas and Beans.....		401
Cows.....	421	421	“ Potatoes.....	10,440	14,426
Other Cattle.....	328	328	Value of Orchard Products...		598
Sheep.....	1,814	546	Pounds Butter.....	37,650	32,565
Swine.....	1,279	635	Tons of Hay.....	1,133	1,626
Bushels Wheat.....	14,426		Pounds of Hops.....	23,267	151,650
“ Rye.....	1,349	1,598	“ Cheese.....	1,125	
“ Corn.....	24,610	22,841			

In 1867 there were 140 hop yards, containing 357 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres.

In eight towns, of which Reedsburg is the geographical center, there were in 1867, probably 800 yards, containing 1,600 acres.

There was burned in 1865, 4,000 bushels of lime; and there were manufactured, 3,600 brooms, 400,000 feet of lumber and 3,000 flour barrels.

It will be noticed that the products are not in the narrow range of wheat, oats and corn, which is usual in the settlement of a new country in this latitude of the northwest. From 1865 to 1868 hop growing was entered into largely in common with the surrounding country. The hop trade gravitated to the village of Reedsburg, where large quantities were bought and sold

SCHOOLS.

The first school was taught by Amanda Saxby as a private school in the winter of 1849-50, in her father's house which was a log cabin covered with bark. Says an old settler, “we well remember seeing about 10 or 12 urchins strung along on a bench while the ordinary household affairs were going on about them.” The second school was taught by or commenced by Miss Amanda Wheeler; on the second day of her school she was married to S. H. Chase, in the spring and summer of 1850, in the old mill house for three months and one month in the Saxby house. She had 31 scholars. This was a private school.

The first district school was taught by Rollin M. Strong. (Mr. Strong is the present County Treasurer generally known as Col. Strong, which title he earned in the war of the rebellion). The Colonel says “that soon after the organization of the school district they purchased lot No. 6 in block No. 7, upon which there was a small frame house”. The partitions were taken out and the building converted into a school house. It

was in this building that I taught the first district school of Reedsburg. The people of Reedsburg have always united in sustaining a district school of such a character that it would fully subserve the ends of primary and academic education.

In 1856, the district purchased $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre of land of Messrs J. & S. Mackey, adjoining the north east corner of the village plot and put up a substantial frame 30x40, two stories high arranged for two departments. In Feb. 1868, this fine building burned down by ashes turned down beside it. During the following summer and fall a new building was erected, 40x36, two stories high; the upper, an assembly hall for the higher department; the lower, divided into two rooms for the primary and intermediate departments. Cost of building, \$5,500. Albert Earthman, a gentleman of acknowledged ability, was hired to take charge of the school in the autumn of 1868. He graded it in accordance with the laws of the state, and has to the present time conducted one of the best schools in the state. He has been not only a "live" teacher for their school, but a pillar of support to the intellectual, religious and refined society of the village.

RELIGIOUS.

A. Lock preached the first sermon in Reedsburg, and has since, for nearly a quarter of a century, held religious service in and about the place. He does not adhere to any religious denomination; he holds sacred the seventh day, and has a remarkable memory of the scriptures and his discourses are chiefly made up of quotations therefrom.

The first resident minister was James S. Saxby, from Walworth county, September, 1849. He was a Congregationalist.

"The Methodist Episcopal church was organized by Rev. Nelson Butler, of Adams circuit, afterward Baraboo circuit, Madison district, Wisconsin conference, at the house of John Clark, November, 1850, and consisted of twelve persons, six of whom were received on probation, as follows: Zebina Bishop, John K. Rork, Dinna Rork, Garrett Rathburn, Susannah Rathburn, John Clark, Sarah Clark, Mary A. Bowen, Amanda Barrenger, Jane Spink, Mary Reed and Phillip B. Smith. Z. Bishop was appointed class leader. The

membership in 1855 was sixty-three, and five on probation. The following ministers have served the church:

N. Butler, from	September, 1850	to	September, 1852
John Bean,	“	“	1853 “ “ 1855
E. S. Bunce,	“	“	1855 “ “ 1857
A. V. House,	“	“	1857 “ May, 1858
E. A. Sackett,	“	May, 1858	“ “ 1859
John Bean,	“	“	1859 September, 1859
R. Robotham,	September, 1859	“	“ 1860
John M. Springer,	“	1860	“ April, 1861
C. D. Whitcomb,	“	1861	September, 1863
E. S. Bunce, from	“	1863	“ “ 1864
C. B. Kilbourn,	“	1864	“ “ 1866
B. L. Jackson,	“	1866	“ “ 1867
R. Pengilly,	“	1867	“ “ 1869
I. Sweatland,	“	1869	“ October, 1869
John Harris.	February, 1869	to	September, 1871
Robert Langley.	September, 1871	to	the present time.

Mr. Langley settled in this state in 1832, and has been instrumental in building fourteen church edifices.

In the fall of 1855, the Reedsburg church erected a tabernacle of boards at the northwest corner of the intersection of Fourth street and Locust, 20x30, which has served them as a comfortable place of meeting for some ten years. In the spring of 1872 an edifice was built, 50x35, with 20 foot posts: truss supported roof. The class at Reedsburg now numbers some 39 members. There is a class upon Narrows prairie numbering 23 members, S. M. Burt, class leader.

The Congregational Church was organized February 8th, 1851, in the school house, at the village by W. Cochran, of Baraboo and James Saxby, of Excelsior. The first members were Nelson Cornish, Mercy M. Cornish, Wm. Dubois, Cynthia Dubois, Henry Dubois, Sarah Dubois, Lyman R. Morley, Harriet Morley, Isaac W. Morley, Marrietta Morley, J. S. Strong, Harriet H. Strong, J. S. Saxby, Sarah Saxby, Amanda Saxby, Peter Getman, Laura Huntington, Mahala Thompson: 10 members. There has since been added 134. The present resident membership is 52; whole number, 67.

Rev. S. A. Dwinmel was pastor from January, 1852 to December 31st, 1857. (Installed pastor February, 1859—sermon by Rev. Warren Cochran). Rev. Warren Cochran from January to December, 1868. H. H. Hin-

man, from March, 1870 to March 1871. M. Dennett, from March, 1871 to the present time.

The following deacons have served the church: Wm. Dubois, L. Russell Morley, Nelson Cornish, I. W. Morley, Martin L. Cooper, J. S. Worthman and D. C. Sheldon. The church has been united in sustaining their ministers in the application of the gospel to all forms of sin, and in promoting especially the temperance and anti-slavery reforms which have been prominently before the nation from the time of its organization.

In 1855, the society built a church edifice, 32x50 feet, valued at \$1,600, and located it upon the southwest corner of the intersection of Pine and Third streets. Abram West and Volney Spink, builders. It was dedicated October 18th, 1855, Rev. Warren Cochran preaching the dedicatory sermon. It was the first church edifice in the village. The nearest one east was at Baraboo; south, Dodgeville; west, La Crosse; north, Stevens Point. At the time the house was put up cash was not easily obtained. The first subscriptions circulated previous to and during the summer of 1854, contained the names of 49 subscribers, answering to the sum of \$726.50. Of this sum, \$703.50 was to be paid in lands, merchandise, lumber, labor, furniture, blacksmithing, harness making, shoe making and a new two horse wagon. There was \$23 subscribed to be paid in cash, and just one dollar collected. In 1871 the house was repaired and re-furnished at an expense of \$1,200.

REEDSBURG, Aug. 28th, '72.

To WM. H. CANFIELD:

In reply to your note, I would say that the first Baptist church of Reedsburg was organized by Elder Peter Conrad, of Baraboo, Jan. 24 1852, who was their pastor until Dec., 1852; E. D. Barber, was pastor from Dec., 1852, until June, 1858; Elder B. D. Sprague, was pastor from Aug., 1858 to 1860; Elder Wm. J. Chapin, from Sept., 1860, to Sep., 1863; Elder Mead Bailey, from April, 1866 to Oct., 1867; Elder John. Seamons, from Nov., 1869 to Oct., 1871; Elder E. D. Barbour, was called to the pastorate the second time, April, 1872, and is at present so officiating. The church is now erecting a new edifice 32x46 feet, in the village of Reeds-

burg, at a cost of something over \$2,000. The present membership is 30; it has numbered as high as 60.

Respectfully, E. D. BARBOUR.

This new church has very symmetrical proportions and makes a fine appearance. The steeple is 70 feet high. It stands a credit to the architect and builder, J. N. Parker.

REEDSBURG, March 24d, '72.

To WM. H. CANFIELD:

You asked for the statistics of the Presbyterian church here: I give some Items:

The Presbyterian church here was organized in 1857 with seven members: it has now fifty-one. The ruling elders of the church are five, viz: Lewis Gifford, Chester Buck, Samuel Ramsey, Joseph Mackey and John V. Kelsey. The Sabbath school numbers one hundred. A church edifice 38x40 has just been completed at a cost of \$5,200.

Yours, Truly, WM. LUSK.

The pastors of this church, according to the Dwinell papers, have been: Wm. Lusk, from Nov., 1857 to May, 1860; Wm. Lusk, Jr., from May, 1860 to Sept., 1860; Timothy Williston, from Sept., 1860 to March, 1861; A. S. Whitecomb, from Sept., 1861 to Oct., 1869; Wm. Lusk, from Oct., 1869 to the present time.

REEDSBURG, June, 1872.

To WM. H. CANFIELD.

Relative to our Church I would say: The first Christian Church of Reedsburg is on Narrows prairie and was organized March 20th, 1863, at the school house near Hirona Parker's by the Rev. W. Shumway, of 8 members. W. Shumway, chosen pastor. Daniel Rowley and George Williams, were appointed Deacons and remained such with fidelity to the cause untill Nov. 30 1871, when George Williams, was killed by the falling of a tree the loss of which the church feel deeply. Its present membership is twenty five. The Church had my labors as pastor for six years, when my health failed. In 1869, the Rev. Hiram Hall, was chosen pastor for two years, during which time my helth improved and was again chosen the pastor. The church has the

honor of living in peace with all men, may peace and prosperity attend it.

Yours Truly,

W. SHUMWAY.

REEDSBURG, Wis., March 25th, 1872.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Baraboo, Wis.:

Dear Sir:—Following I send you the statement you wished with regard to our church organization, etc.:

This German Evangelical Lutheran Congregation was formerly an out-parish belonging to that of Westfield, eight miles south of Reedsburg, until 1868, when it became independent of the Westfield parish. They purchased an entire block (No. 9) in the village of Reedsburg, upon the height of ground near Union park. There was a dwelling house upon the property that was finished up for a parsonage. A church edifice was commenced upon the property in the spring of 1870, under the supervision of the present pastor. On Sunday, 10th after Trinity, it was dedicated to the Triune God. It is 70 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 22 feet high in the audience hall. It has a steeple 80 feet high, in which hangs a bell of 1,500 lbs weight. The audience room is nicely furnished. There are at present 120 families belonging to the congregation and 350 communicants. In the fall of 1869 the Rev. August Rohrbach arrived here, and has since had charge of the parish.

Yours, Truly,

AUGUST ROHRBACH.

This congregation is composed almost entirely if not quite so, of people from Hanover, Germany. There is a parish in the west part of the town of German Lutherans, chiefly Prussians, that number some 12 or 14 families. They have a small chapel, and preaching in it once in two weeks by the minister from westfield.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

REEDSBURG, July 1st, 1872.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Baraboo:

In compliance with your request I have obtained for you the following statistics relative to the Odd Fellows' organization here:

Subordinate Lodge of I. O. of O. F. was organized in 1866, with fifteen members. Nelson Wheeler, N. G., A. Spoon, V. G. Has now, 1872, 45 members.

Northwestern Encampment, No. 20, organized 1866. Nelson Wheeler, C. P., C. M. Gaylord, H. P. Organised with 12 members; Has now 1872, 30 members.

Reedsburg, Masonic Lodge No. 79 Organised 1856, E. G. Wheeler, W. M., W. H. Young, S. W., Moses Young, J. W., in 1864, had 35 members most of whom were in the army in 1865. The Lodge was moved to Ironton, and name changed to Ironton Lodge. The present Masonic Lodge at Reedsburg, No. 157 was organized in 1866 with 16 members. First officers were, Moses Young, W. M.; G. Stevens, S. W.; H. A. Tator, J. W. Lodge has now 1872, 45 members and a fund of \$500 invested in Lodge Room.

Yours Truly, MOSES YOUNG.

PERSONAL CHRONOLOGY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The first white inhabitant Don Carlos Barry, settled at the Copper diggings in the town of Reedsburg, before spoken of in the Spring of 1845. James W. Babb, made his settlement upon the prairie, now known as Babb's Prairie, May 17th, 1845. His first visit to it was by crossing the river, near the narrows and passing through Narrows prairie. He put up a hewed log house this season. He formed an intimacy right away with the Winnebago Indians who ever after were his friends. Several families would frequently come to visit him putting up their tents and staying several days. Babb undertook to raise his house by their aid but his imperfect knowledge of their language, and their boisterous manner of procedure, determined him to abandon the undertaking. He sent to the settlement at the rapids for white men to help him raise his house, they were three days in putting it up. It was 22x46. This Summer he broke 60 acres, raised 20 acres buckwheat, corn and potatoes and put in 30 acres of winter wheat. After this seasons labor, late in the fall he left his effects goods and chattles in the hands of the Indians, and returned to Ohio. When he came back in the spring he found his property all safe. John Babb and family (son of James W. Babb) came this spring (1846). In Nov. 1847, James W. Babb bought his land at the public Land Sale at Mineral Point, 960 acres and has increased it to 1050. James W. Babb's family moved to their new residence in Nov., 1847. A son-in-law, Stern Baker, and family came at the same time. There

were two unmarried sons Phillip and Strother, that came in the Spring.

The first Child born in the town of Reedsburg was a daughter to Thompson Shepard, Josephine, January 14 1848. The second, a pair of twin girls to Don C. Barry, Agnes and Alice. Third, a daughter to Stern Baker, March 18th. 1848. Isa Binda. The first male child was a son to Strother Babb, August 18th, 1848, Thomas. In 1847. there were in the town, James W. Babb, John Babb, John Ladd, Strother and Phillip Babb (single men). Stern Baker and family, Thompson Shepard and family, Wm. Wood.

The first couple married were Washington Gray to Frances Swallow, by John K. Rork, Esq., at the house of L. M. Swallow, the bride's father, on Narrows Prairie, in May, 1849. The house was a shanty set into the south bank of Bear creek, where L. D. Craker now lives.

The first couple married in the village was Samuel H. Chase to Miss Amanda E. Wheeler, June 2d, 1850, at the house of the bride's father, E. G. Wheeler, by David Baxter.

The first death was David D. Howard, a young man, February 6th. 1850: funeral attended by elder A. Lock.

The following list of old settlers are at present living in the town as far as we are able to learn:

1845—James W. Babb came May 17th.

1847—Phillip Babb, Stern Baker and family.

1848—Thompson Shepard and family, Jonathan Hunter and family in June, Joel Hunter, Geo. Randall, fall, Benj. Thornton, January, Orrin S. Ward, John K. Rork and family.

1849—A. R. Sprague, October, Austin Seeley and family, Eber Benedict and family, Mrs. S. H. Chase, Mrs. A. E. Markee, Charles Reed, Morris E. Seeley, Lansing Carver, Geo. Benedict, Henry Benedict, Z. Bishop.

1850—L. B. Carver, Zalman Carver and family, Alworth Cole and family, Mrs. Alden Allen and family, O. H. Perry, Thomas Rathburn, John Stone, Charles Stone, W. J. Carver, H. S. Carver, Mrs. Daniel Carver and family, K. Priest and family.

1851—Wm. N. Carver, S. A. Dwinell and family, Mrs. M. A. Dixon and family, Oscar Dixon, Albert Dixon, Abram West and family, Mrs. Sidney West and family.

1852—A. M. Waltz and family, Alex. Weidman, L. D. Craker, John Sanders, Noble Armstrong, A. M. Sanders, David Barnhart and family, Edward Bulow.

1853—John Flitercroft and family, February 28th, R. Priest and family, Dr. S. Ramsey and family, S. H. Harris and family, H. H. Treadwell and family, Richard Bailey, Peter Empser.

1854—G. Bogenrief and family, November, W. Shumway and family, August, W. H. Young and family, spring, Chester Buck and family, spring, N. and P. Buck, sons of Chester, spring, James Armstrong, fall, Elijah Gleason and family, Lorenzo Gleason, Mrs. Pamela Tator and family, Giles Stephens, J. Mackey and family in June, Safford Mackey, Moses Young, Mrs. John Miles and family, John Miles, Mrs. Edward Layman, Mrs. M. A. Hunt and family, J. V. Kelsey, C. S. Hunt, Henry C. Hunt.

1855—J. Quirk and family, John Safford, spring, Walter Wood, fall, Henry Wood, fall, P. W. Jones and family, November, L. Gifford, C. H. Knapp and family, June 14th, M. A. Knapp, June 14th, Edwin Andrus and family, November 15th, Wm. Andrus, November 14th, Ransom Andrus, November 14th, W. Warren and family, Mort Finch, Geo. Meyers, Wm. W. Winchester, J. F. Danforth, G. W. Henderson, W. W. Henderson, Mrs. J. M. Flautt and family, George H. Flautt, J. B. Flautt, P. C. Flautt, Mrs. G. W. Henderson and family.

1856—D. Rowley and family, July 10th, L. D. Rowley, January 10th, Israel Root and family, May, Samuel Brooks and family, April, W. W. Henderson and family, James Lake, Mrs. Wm. Donley, Mrs. F. Shaw.

1857—J. B. Graham and family, spring, Jesse Graham, Mrs. J. Sanford, Eber Cummins, Milo Smith, Philo Lane, N. V. Chandler, Smith Devereaux and family, Charles Hinkley and family.

1858—H. Parker and family, spring, Jerry Barnhart and family, J. W. Lusk, John Kellogg and family, A. F. Leonard and family, E. L. Leonard, Mrs. Ambrose Smith, D. R. Kellogg.

Here we strike a line between old and new settlers.

Not having canvassed the *village* of Reedsburg the above list is incomplete, which will be rectified in an addenda.

SOME INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE FIRST SETTLER OF
REEDSBURG—HIS ANCESTORS AND SUCCESSORS.

It is no uncommon occurrence for four generations of a family to meet together, but for a parent to look down upon a great great grandchild is an occurrence worthy of note. Mrs. Cynthia Rollson, mother of Mrs. Hannah Barry, mother of Don Carlos Barry, father of Almira Barry Munger, mother of Adelbert. These five generations of the above named persons for about two years met at the house of Thompson Shepard, on Copper creek, where the great great grandmother lived the last years of her life. She was blind for several years previous to her death, and only saw her great great grandson through the touch of her fingers and through her imagination. She knew the child by his voice; the neighbors were also quickly recognized in this way, and she would feel hard did they not call in her room and converse with her. In 1856 she died, aged 82 years. Her life was a very chequered one. She first married John Rollson, who was of a roving disposition. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in the Turkish war, and was at the seige of Tripoli under Commodore Bainbridge, and was there taken prisoner and exchanged. He served his time out, and hearing that his wife was dead, married again to a lady near Philadelphia, with whom he lived fifteen or sixteen years, and had three children, when she died. In the meantime Mrs. Rollson married Thomas Hill, in 1807. Mr. Hill died in 1814. They had three sons. Lafayette Hill, who lived for a while at Portage City, was one of these children.

In 1819, Mr. Rollson, with his eldest son, to partly satisfy a roving disposition, made a visit to Colechester, where he married his first wife. He found one of his children, a daughter, who had grown up and married John Barry, who had then a son, Don Carlos (first settler of Reedsburg). Carl was sent to inform an aunt, and it so happened that his grandmother was present. They could hardly make out by the boy who had come, and they went with much curiosity to see. The old first loves recognized each other, and met in the door. Each had supposed the other dead; each had married a second time and each had three children, and the lawful partner of each was dead. How singular was the meeting! So excited was he that large drops

of sweat stood upon his forehead. They were both overjoyed and almost overpowered. In a short time they were re-united in marriage after a separation of seventeen years. In a few years after this event Mr. Rollson died, and finally Mrs. Rollson came to her granddaughter, Mrs. T. Shepard, on Copper creek, in the town of Reedsburg, Sauk county, where, in two or three years afterwards, she died. The daughter of Mrs. Rollson, old lady Barry, mother of Don Carlos Barry and Mrs. Shepard, is now living near Kilbourn City. She is eighty-two years old and very smart; during the last year she has woven in her hand loom upwards of 200 yards of cloth.

More romance.—Another re-union of first plighted faith occurs with a great granddaughter of Mrs. Rollson, daughter of D. C. Barry. In 1846, Almira Barry married — Munger. In 1850 young Munger hired out to team from Omaha to Salt Lake City; from there he went to California. Although writing to his wife often she received not his letters and of a consequence he received no answers. The sixth year after his absence she applied for and obtained a divorce. Three years from this time (making nine years of absence), Munger returned and again the hymenial knot was tied between them.

Plussed.—Our old first settler of Reedsburg has two interesting pairs of twins in his family—first, daughters, Alice and Agnes; second, sons, Edgar and Edward. On the first day of the year 1868, these daughters were married—Agnes to Albert Miner, Alice to George Diggins, cousins. These cousins were partners in business; each set up keeping house in the same building on the same day. The sons at this date (1872) are about seventeen years old.

D. C. Barry is, and always has been, a pleasant man, full of life, and a man of strongly marked character, of a restless, roving disposition. He made several different settlements in Sauk county. He went to California, gold hunting, and came back; after a few years he went to Pike's Peak on the same errand and came back. When the great rebellion broke out, out of duty and probably more out of the wild excitement it afforded, he enlisted to help put it down. This was purely from choice as his age cleared him from military duties. He was of strong democratic proclivities from beginning to end, and to the present time.

Interesting (to him if Collected).—A few years ago Mr. Barry's attention was drawn to a notice published in a New York paper that there was a certain sum of money in the hands of the Court of Chancery, in England, for the heirs, if living, in America, describing the past history of his family so accurately that he determined to write to England and see if he would get an answer. He received an answer and wrote to his mother, "I have received a letter from England by last mail. There is a large estate laying unclaimed in the court of chancery, in England, for the heirs of Patrick Barry, who are in America, and they offer to collect it for 10 per cent. I send you a copy."

Patrick Barry was an Irishman who came to this country when he was young. In 1774 he married Lucretia Westover, and lived with her about a year in Sheffield, Massachusetts, teaching a school. There, however, he was mistrusted by the inhabitants as acting the part of a spy to the British government. He told his wife he was rich and wished her to go to England with him, which she refused to do. He left rather summarily and was not after heard from. About two months after his departure his wife had a child born, which she named John, who grew up and married Hannah, daughter of Mrs. Diantha Rollson. D. C. Barry and Mrs. T. Shepard were the fruits of this marriage.

Seven years after the departure of Patrick Barry his wife obtained a divorce and married Dubartius Willard, who was the father of the "Willard boys," Edward and George, who, in company with D. C. Barry, built the "upper mill" at Baraboo, in 1844, who are so well known in the Baraboo valley.

D. C. Barry is again in a new country, O'Brien Co., Iowa. His family are all settled about him, and yet we are informed he is not contented.

THE VILLAGE OF REEDSBURG

Is located on sections 9 and 10, T. 12 N., R. 4 E., on the Baraboo river and Chicago & Northwestern railroad, 16 miles from Baraboo, 52 miles from Madison by rail, 16 miles from Kilbourn City, which is the nearest point to the Milwaukee and La Crosse railroad, and 30 miles to the Prairie du Chien railroad at Spring Green.

The site of the village in a state of nature was an unpleasant, marshy bottom land backed by sand hills covered with a growth of scrubby black oak timber. The beautiful surrounding country could not be viewed from the plat. Yet, forsooth, Jove decreed that a Burg should here spring up that would dry the marshes, level the hills and supplant the rose for the tag alder.

It is no disparagement to a place to say they have "grappled the bull by the horns." There were two important reasons for selecting this point for a village site. First, here was an old Indian ford, the river having a rock bottom which formed a good base to construct a dam upon. Second, the basins of several creeks pointed here as a center to which trade would flow when the country settled up. Time has settled the question of the judgment of its early founders.

We can safely say that there is no place of the same number of inhabitants in the state of Wisconsin considering its facilities for commerce and trade that has done a larger and more lucrative business than this place.

In reply to interrogatories Joseph Mackey penciled down the following:

"In 1847, a person, whose name to me is now unknown, came up to Sauk county, discovered the iron mines and returned to Big Foot prairie, where he was taken sick and died. Prior to his death he communicated to D. C. Reed his discovery. Mr. Reed immediately came up, entered 200 acres including the mines; also, the southwest quarter of section 10, T. 12 N., R. 4 E., it being now that portion of Reedsburg that lies south of Main street. Caleb Crosswell, then of Delavan, and a Mr. Powell became interested with Mr. Reed and in 1848 the improvement of the water power was commenced. A grist and saw mill were erected. A Mr. Van Bergen became interested in the property with Reed. The interest of all these parties finally passed into the hands of Reed, who became heavily involved. He sold his interest to J. Mackey in August, 1853; said Mackey moved on with his family in May, 1854, arriving here about the 1st of June. J. Mackey sold an interest in the property to his brother Safford in 1854. In 1855 to E. Mackey an interest. Included in the above purchase was the 200 acres of what is now Iron-ton, embracing the ore bed, also about 600 acres of

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. The text also mentions the need for regular audits to ensure the integrity of the financial data. Furthermore, it highlights the role of the accounting department in providing timely and accurate information to management for decision-making purposes.

The second part of the document details the procedures for handling cash payments and receipts. It specifies that all cash transactions must be recorded immediately and accurately. The text also outlines the process for issuing receipts and how they should be stored and filed. Additionally, it discusses the importance of reconciling the cash account regularly to ensure that the recorded balance matches the actual cash on hand. The document concludes by stating that these procedures are essential for maintaining the financial health and transparency of the organization.

pine lands. The iron lands were sold to Jonas Tower in 1855. The first grist and saw mill was burned on December 8th, 1860. In 1861 the new mills, 40x60 feet and five stories high, now standing, were erected by the Messrs. Mackey. The quarter section north of Main street was entered for Mr. Reed by A. Mott, of New York, and a contract taken for same by D. C. Reed, afterwards transferred to A. H. Irving. Mr. J. Mackey, on purchasing interest of Reed, secured a deed of same, including prior lands from said Irving.

J. MACKEY.

The Mackey grist mill has four run of stone, and is capable of flouring about 12,000 bushels of wheat in a year. For the past years it has done custom work entirely. G. Bellenger, an accomplished builder and millwright, built the mill.

The population of the village in 1860 was 461; in 1865, 500; in 1870, 547; the population of foreign birth in 1870 was 141.

In the saw mill building there is a factory for making tight barrel staves, owned and run by Mr. Stafford and capable of turning out — per day; it is expected to be run by steam another season. This machinery has been a profitable investment.

Two Taverns—Mansion House, Thos. Ingalls; North-western, John Shamer. Livery Stable—Stephen Ingalls. Lawyers—Joseph Mackey; Giles Stephens; J. W. Lusk; F. W. Schweppe. Physicians—N. W. Sollade & Van Buskirk, Thomas Gilluly. Clergymen—Solomon A. Dwinell, Congregationalist; Wm. Lusk, Presbyterian; Robert Langley, Methodist; M. Dennett, Congregationalist; August Rohrback, Lutheran. Drug Stores—S. Ramsey; N. W. Sollade & Sons. Reedsburg Bank—J. Mackey, Banker; F. J. Mackey, Cashier. Hardware—T. L. Hansen & Co.; Hansen Gale & Co.; W. Gales & Co.; S. F. Smith. Jewelry—W. A. Pixley. Dry Goods—H. C. Hunt & Co.; Wm. Stolte; John Kellogg & — Harris; Henry Giffert; — Ellinwood. W. J. Carver, Harmon Carver; Theodore L. Hansen & Co.; J. V. Kelsey; Peter Byrne. Groceries—A. F. Leonard; S. J. Dearholt & Co., groceries and clothing. Boots and Shoes—Paul Bishop. Furniture Store—Chipman, Priest & Co. Shoemakers—Russell; — Law; Paul Bishop. Blacksmiths—W. Warren; Wm. M. Barstow; Peter Emser; — Beushenser;

— Buyhousen. Wagon and Sleigh makers—Barnhart & Sanders. Gunsmiths—Austin Seeley; D. A. Barnhart. Barber Shop and Yankee Notion Store—Ed. Leonard. Carpenters—J. K. Rork; James Lake; D. Washburn; N. W. Parker; Walter Wood; Reuben Rork; Wm. Dix; Fritz Schröder. Brickmakers—Ingalls, Hyatt & Co. Tailors—Frederick Miller; Fred. N. Ratzman; Gideon Bellenger. Meat Markets—Ayers & Rockwell; — Johnson. Groceries—F. A. Leonard S. Deerholt & J. D. Mackey. Milliners—Mrs. E. Layman; Mrs. C. S. Hunt; Mrs. E. Bellinger. Dressmakers—Mrs. Wm. Barstow; Mrs. E. T. Carver. Brewers—Franc Meachler & Floren Meachler. Saloons—Martin Byrne; Peter Byrne; Edward Kruger; Edward Beulow; —Schaum; Wm. Harkins. Feed Store—O. H. Perry. Painters—C. C. Chapman; Geo. Chapman; Geo. Daniels. Masons—Philo Lane; David B. Miles; William Gade; Wm. Strampe; Henry Westedt, stone cutter, mason and Bricklayer.

Reedsburg has received the benefit of a newspaper at three different periods. The first for about a year. *The Herald*, was published 1856-7, by C. Lohman; *The Free Press*, in 1860-1, by N. V. Chandler. *The Free Press*, re-established by N. V. Chandler in 1872, and now stands on a firm footing, and is what Reedsburg has ever needed. It is the soul of the place. An intellectual elevation of 1,000 feet above the "*Mud Cill*." A profitable investment for the town; a "sheet anchor" to commerce; a *desideratum*.

The first postoffice was established in the village in 1849; Horace Crowell appointed postmaster. The mail was supplied from Baraboo for some five years, and carried once a week, most of the time by a man on foot. In 1854 A. H. Clark put on a tri-weekly stage between Reedsburg and Baraboo, which was continued until the La Crosse railroad was built, since which time the mail was supplied from Kilbourn City six times a week.

Caleb Crowwell, brother of Horace, was elected member of the state Assembly from Reedsburg, for Sauk county, in 1850. A. West, for the north Assembly district of Sauk county in 1857, and Eli O. Rudd in 1859.

E. G. Wheeler was elected county judge in 1854 for four years.

R. M. Strong was elected sheriff of the county, 1860,

and county treasurer in 1866, which office he holds at the present time.

The first physician and M. D. was R. G. Williams, who came in the fall of 1850. The second, Samuel Ramsey, who came in the fall of 1853. The third, D. N. Hunt, 1854. The fourth, E. R. Mackey, 1855.

The first lawyer was the Hon. E. G. Wheeler, who came in May, 1850. The second, Joseph Mackey, in the spring of 1854. The third, Giles Stephens. The fourth Wm. Miles.

The first store was owned by F. F. Sanford, superintended by O. H. Perry, 1850. The second, by J. S. Strong & Son in the fall of 1850.

The first tavern was owned by John Clark, a temperance house, opened 1850. The Alba House, 40x62 was built by Alba B. Smith, 1856. The Mansion House, by E. R. Mackey and D. C. Reed, 30x60, 1856.

RECORD OF REEDSBURG IN THE WAR.

BY S. A. DWINNELL.

Reedsburg has a record of which she need not be ashamed and too valuable to lose. It will pass into history. It ought now to be collected, and put in form to be preserved, before it is lost from the memory of man.

There enlisted from this town, so far as I can ascertain, one hundred and forty persons. One went who was drafted. Others was drafted who commuted three hundred dollars.

Of those who volunteered, one hundred and eleven entered the service during the first year of the war, when they received no other bounty than that paid by the United States, which was one hundred dollars.

Most of those who entered the service at a later period, were too young to be enlisted at the commencement of the war. As near as I can ascertain, this was true of about four-fifths.

Of those who entered the service as commissioned officers from this town, Capt. R. M. Strong was promoted to Lieut. Colonel; Lieut. Henry A. Tator to Captain; Lieut. A. A. Ellinwood to Captain; 2d Lieut. Jas. W. Lusk to 1st Lieutenant; Serg. John A. Coughran was also promoted to 2d Lieutenant; and Serg. Chas. A. Chandler to 2d Lieutenant; the latter was appointed Captain but not mustered.

It has been no easy matter to obtain the names of of all of our soldiers, together with the regiment in which they were mustered. I have done the best I could to make a correct list. My inquiries have been numerous. After all, it may not be perfect. Some names may have been overlooked that ought to have been set down to us. If any person knows of such, they will please oblige me by forwarding them to me at once, together with their regiment, and if they were veterans say so.

Many families changed their residence just as the war commenced, and in some cases it is impossible to ascertain the exact time of their removal. For this reason, perhaps a wrong credit may have been given in two or three instances.

Thirty-three lost their lives—eight of them were killed in action, five died of wounds incurred in battle, one by accident and nineteen by disease.

Twelve were wounded in action, and two by accident, who recovered. of these, seven are entitled to pensions from the United States.

Twenty-nine are known to have re-enlisted as veterans for three years, after having served two years or more.

Of these, eight lost their lives, most of them in battle after their re-enlistment. From this town there entered the army, six fathers with one son each, two fathers with two sons each, and one father with three sons. There went also, twenty pairs of brothers. In addition to this, there were five instances where three brothers went from a family, and in one case four; making seventy-nine in all, who stood in relation of father, son and brother to each other.

This case is probably without a parallel in a town of twelve hundred inhabitants in the entire land, where they entered the army voluntarily, and shows how very heartily fathers and sons and brothers threw themselves into the work of saving the nation in the hour of danger.

The following individuals volunteered in the army. Those who removed their families here before they were sworn into the service of the United States, I have credited to this town:

INFANTRY:

Fifth—W. I. Carver.

Sixth—Sergt. John A. Coughran, Theodore Joy, Geo. Morgan Jones, Alfred Darrow, Geo. C. Miles.

Seventh—Albert C. Hunt, Geo. W. Root.

Eighth—Samuel Fosnot.

Eleventh—Amariah Robotham.

Twelfth—Capt. Giles Stevens, Lient. Jas. W. Lusk, Sergt. Frank W. Henry, Sergt. Spencer S. Miles, Corp. Reuben W. Green, Corp. Morris B. Seeley, John Barnhart, Levi J. Bemis, Charles Bulow, Edward Bulow, Francis Colgan, Frank E. Dano, Wesley Dickins, Leroy Dickins, John Dougal, Aug. H. Johnson, Philo Lane, James Miles, John Oliver, Charles F. Pollock, Elias Pond, Baldwin Rathbun, Chas. Riefenrath, John Sanborn, Wm. W. Winchester.

Sixteenth—Alfred S. Devereaux.

Nineteenth—Capt. R. M. Strong, 1st Lieut. Henry A. Tator, 2d Lieut.

Alex. P. Ellinwood, Sergt. Chas. A. Chandler, Sergt. Eugene A. Dwinnell, Sergt. John H. Fosnot, Sergt. Alfred P. Steese, Sergt. Geo. Waltenberger, Corp. Jas. M. Hobby, Corp. B. S. Pitts, Corp. Alvah Rathbun, Corp. Martin Seeley, Isaac N. Bingham, Peter Brady, John Caney, James Castle, Julius Castle, Dexter C. Cole, Rufus C. Cole, Cassius M. Collins, Hugh Collins, Clarence A. Danfort, Charles Day, Albert E. Dixon, Osgood H. Dwinnell, Peter Empser, Christoph Evers, Joseph C. Fosnot, Nelson Gardner, Giles Graft, Dexter Green, Martin Greenslit, Ephraim Haices, Edward Harris, Wm. D. Hobby, Cha. Holt, Thos. J. Holton, Wm. W. Holton, Wm. Horsch, Edward L. Leonard, Giles Livingston, Jas. Markee, Geo. Mead, Erasmus Miller, William Miller, Amos Pettyes, Frank Pettyes, Newman W. Pitts, Wm. Pitts, Walter O. Pietzch, Russel Redfield, H. Dwight Root, Hiram Santus, Harmond V. V. Seaman, Dewelton M. Sheldon, Chas. F. Sheldon, Kirk W. Sheldon, Wm. Steese, Julius M. Sparks, Chas. H. Stone, John Thorn, Richard Thorn, Henry E. Waldron, Orson S. Ward, Frank Winchester, Menzo Winnie.

Twenty-third—Erastus Miller, Jason W. Shaw, Wm. W. Pollock, John Waltz.

Thirty-fifth—A. F. Leonard.

Thirty-seventh—Horatio N. Day.

Forty-first—Zaiman Carver.

Forty-third—J. Israel Root, Albert Winchester.

Forth-ninth—John McIlvaine, Russel T. Root,

CAVALRY:

First—Erastus H. Knowles.

Third—Oscar Allen, Henry Balow, W. Nelson Carver, Philemon Devereaux, Hiram Gardner, Geo. Rufnail, Geo. W. Priest, Henry Southard, John Winchester, Moses Van Camp.

Fourth—Norman V. Chandler, Milo Seeley.

ARTILLERY.

Fourth Battery—Geo. Fosnot, Oliver E. Root, David Sparks.

Tenth Battery—Edwin E. Shepard.

First Battery Missouri Light Artillery—Lieut. William Miles, Q. M. Sergt. Geo. H. Flautt, John Collins, John Downing, Jay Jewett, M. L. Jewett.

The following persons enlisted in regiments of other states, or of unknown regiments of our own state:

Allen Brooks, Oliver B. Christie, S. S. Clark, John Culbert, Henry C. Hunt, Isaac Lyon, Geo. Pollock, Boardman Roscoe.

Samuel Ward is said to have been drafted.

THE DEAD OF REEDSBURG,

IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

There appears to be no list of those from this town, who fell in the late war, yet made out. Believing it to be due to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country, as well as to the future historian of the town that such a record be made, I have taken considerable pains to perfect one. This has required a good deal of labor, some of the names not appearing in the Adjutant General's report of our dead, and others being mis-spelled. It is possible that I have failed to report all; if so, let any person having a knowledge of the facts send to me, and I will add to this list. Wm. Miller, enlisted from Winfield, but removed his family from this town. Hugh Collins and J. Wesley, Dickens died after their discharge, from disease contracted in the army. three families lost two each: Collins, father and son; and Miles and Pitts two sons each.

After the following names, k stands for killed in action, w for died of wounds and d for died of disease. The number before the name indicates the regiment.

INFANTRY.

Sixth—Geo. C. Miles, k, South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862.

Seventh—Geo. W. Root, d, Arlington, Va., Feb. 28, 1862.

Eleventh—Amariah Robotham, d, Pocahontas, Ark., May 8, 1862.

Twelfth—Serg't Spencer S. Miles, w, Marietta, Ga., July 26, 1864; Serg't F. W. Henry, k, Atlanta, July 22, 1864; J. Wesley Dickens, d, Lavalle, Wis. Charles T. Pollock, d, Bolivar, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1862; Chas. Reifenrath, k, Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864.

Nineteenth—Serg't A. P. Steese, d, Hampton, Va., July 20, 1864; Corp. Alvah Rathbun, w, Fortress, Monroe, Nov. 5, 1864; Dexter C. Cole, d, Madison, Wis., March, 1864; Hugh Collins d, Reedsburg, Aug. 1867; John Cary, d, Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 19, 1863; Charles Day, w, Hampton, Va., June 16, 1864; Dexter Green, k, Fair Oaks, Va., Oct. 27, 1864; Ephraim Haines, w, Portsmouth, Va., July 5, 1864; Wm. D. Hobby, d, Yorktown, July 31, 1863; Wm. Horsch, d, Hampton, Va., July 27, 1864; James Markee, d, Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 12, 1862; Wm. Miller, w, Richmond, Va., Nov. 1, 1864; Newman W. Pitts, d, Saulsbury, Prison, Jan. 16, 1865; Benj. S. Pitts, k, Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864.

Twenty-third—Erastus Miller, k, Blakely, Ala., April 8, 1865; Jason W. Shaw, k, Vicksburg, May 28, 1863; John Waltz, d, Memphis, March 9, 1863.
Forty-ninth—John McIlvaine, d, Reedsburg, March 3, 1865.

CAVALRY.

First—Erastus H. Knowles, d, St. Louis, April 8, 1862.

Third—Henry Bulow, k, Baxter Springs, Ark., Oct. 6, 1863; Geo. W. Priest, d, Camp Bowen, Ark., Nov. 6, 1862.

First Missouri Battery—John Collins, d, Cincinnati, Aug. 1862.

—*N. Y. Regiment*—Boardman Roscoe, Davis Is., N. Y., April, 1865.
 Unknown. Holden Miller, Madison, Wis., 1864.

From this list, we find that Reedsburg lost a larger number than any one supposed, being about one-fourth of all who enlisted. Of these, eight were killed, six died of wounds, and eighteen of disease. The 19th Regiment took more from this town than any other, and consequently lost more.

Henry Bulow, was murdered, with all the Regimental Band of the 3d Cavalry, after surrender, and their bodies thrown under the band wagon and burned, by order of the infamous Quantrel, who, with 500 rebels, were disguised in Federal uniforms.

S. A. DWINNELL.

Reedsburg, June 24th, 1872.

The Rev. S. A. Dwinell, is at the present time publishing a series of articles, in the *Reedsburg Free Press*, of the "Record of Reedsburg, in the War of the Rebellion." There are many personal incidents related that are very interesting to a Reedsburgian in particular. It would be a pleasure to see it in pamphlet or book form.

To the Rev. S. A. Dwinell, we are much indebted for a large amount of matter for this sixth, or Reedsburg sketch; also, we are indebted for communications from, Rev. Robt. Longley, Methodist; Z. D. Barber, Baptist; Wm. Lusk, Presbyterian; W. Shumway, Christian; August Rohrback, Lutheran; and to Moses Young, on benevolent societies.—W. H. C.

ERRATA.

On 2d page, 5d paragraph, 9th line, read L. Gay Sperry. Same page and paragraph, 11th line should read—The town of Marston was organized out of the towns of Reedsburg and Eagle, in 1852, and comprised the present towns of Washington, Ironton, Lavelle and Woodland. Same paragraph, 13th line should read (here and elsewhere) John H. Rork. Fourth paragraph, 1st line should read (here and elsewhere) J. L. Green.

On 3d page, under date of 1854, should read—Supervisors, John H. Rork, John Fosnot and S. Mackey. Under date of 1857 the name of Henry W. Andrus should read (here and elsewhere) H. W. Andrews. Under date of 1861, H. Palmer should read H. Parker. Under date of 1864, M. A. Cochran should read J. A. Coughran.

On 4th page, under date of 1866, should read Safford Mackey. Under date of 1868 should read Geo. H. Flautt, clerk. Under date of 1870 should read F. Darger and S. Dearborn.

The following are the town officers for 1872: A. P. Ellinwood, supervisor; D. R. Kellogg, clerk; A. F. Leonard, treasurer; Wm. Andrews, assessor.

Census of 1870 should read—1,620.

Page 6, paragraph on geology, last line, instead of "on still markings," should read "nor stric markings."

On page 12, 7th line should read E. H. Sackett. Thirteenth line should read D. B. Kilbourn. On last paragraph, 2d line, read 1867 for 1857.

Page 12, 1st line, read (here as elsewhere) M. Bannell.

Page 14, last paragraph, 6th line, read Hiram Parker.

Page 15, second paragraph, last line, read August Kohrlack.

Page 17, second paragraph, 3d line, read L. B. Swallow. Third paragraph, 3d line, read bride's brother. Under date 1848, read Benj. Thorn, Orson S. Ward, John H. Rork. Under date 1849, read Dennis Bishop. John Fosnot settled here Nov. 15, 1852. His sons, Joseph and John, are now heads of families. Under date 1859, L. B. Carver should be omitted, and the name of John D. Sanford appear under this head. Under date of 1854 should have been inserted James and David Miles—insert before C. S. Hunt the name of A. O. Hunt. Under date 1855, after J. F. Danforth, read O. L. Henderson.

Page 24, second paragraph, next to last line, read "aud-sill."

Page 25, list of lawyers, read Giles Stevens. Third paragraph read J. F. Sanford.

Truman N. Barringer and family settled in Reedsburg October, 1849. Jessy Leach in 1850. Benj. W. Brown in 1855.

Page 14th, on 5d line from the bottom, read "Hiram Hale."

Nov. 1st, 1872.—It is now nearly a year since Reedsburg has had railroad advantages. Since the baptism, several business houses have been added, old ones enlarged, many small dwellings and shops and several fine suburban residences have been built, additions to the village plot made, streets improved, and graded and extended, two new church buildings erected and finished, (Methodist and Baptist)—making five fine houses of worship here. There is a large and commodious school house, arranged for three departments. It has a very comfortable hotel, a saw mill, a grist and flouring mill, run by water, and a tight barrel stave factory by steam. At the R. R. Depot grounds there is a passenger depot and a freight depot, a well, water-tank, and double wind-mill, two warehouses and a stock-yard.

Joseph Mackey has my sincere thanks for Direct assistance rendered and encouragement given to the compilation of this Sketch. Also, Jerry Barnhart has my best regards for favors bestowed.

Will friends point out to me any errors that may yet be in the Sixth Sketch.

W. H. CANFIELD.

Business Directory of Reedsburg, Oct. 1872.

PROFESSIONAL.

CLERGYMEN--S. A. Dwionell, Congregationalist; Wm. Lusk, Presbyterian; Robert Langly, Methodist; M. Bennett, Cong.; August Rohrlack, Lutheran; E. D. Barbour, Baptist.

ATTORNEYS--Joseph Mackey, Giles Stevens, J. W. Lusk, F. W. Schewpe.

PHYSICIANS--N. W. Sallade & -- Van Buskirk, Thomas Gillula.

PRINTING OFFICE--"Reedsburg Free Press," N. V. Chandler, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL.

BANKS--Joseph Mackey & Son. F. J. Mackey, Cashier.

HOTELS--Mansion House, Thomas Ingalls & Sons. Northwestern, John Shaum

LIVERY--Stephen Ingalls.

DRUG STORES--S. Ramsey, N. W. Sallade, R. E. Ditamar.

HARDWARE STORES--Hansen, Gale & Co., S. F. Smith.

JEWELRY--W. A. Pixley.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERY STORES--H. C. Hunt & Co., Wm. Stolte, Kellogg & Harris, Henry Geffert, Ellinwood, Carver & Co., I. V. Kelsey, T. L. Hansen & Co., Peter Byrne.

GROCERY STORES--A. F. Leonard, S. J. Dearholt.

BOOT & SHOE STORES--P. Bishop, D. D. Russel.

FURNITURE STORES--Chipman, Priest & Co, Ellinwood, Carver & Co.

SHOEMAKERS--P. Bishop, D. D. Russel, F. Lane.

BLACKSMITHS--W. Warren, Wm. M. Barstow, Peter Emser, Henry Benshausen.

WAGON MAKERS, &c--Barnhart & Sanders.

GUNSMITHS--Austin Seeley, D. A. Barnhart.

BARBER SHOP AND YANKEE NOTIONS AND CONFECTIONERY--E. L. Leonard.

CARPENTERS--Jas. Lake, C. A. Chandler, S. Washburn, J. N. Parker, Leroy Devereaux, J. Hudes, R. A. Rork, J. H. Rork, J. H. Wood, Walter Wood, Wm. Dicks, Chris. Schroeder, LaFayette Wright, Reuben Spaulding, Henry Hohn, Wm. Neibuhr, Henry Kisentzwann.

MASONS--Philo Lane, David Belbiles, Wm. Gade, Wm. Strampe, Henry Westdt.

TAILOR--F. Ratzmann.

MILLINERS--Mrs. E. A. Layman, Mrs. C. S. Hunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Bellinger.

DRESS MAKERS--Mrs. Wm. Barstow and Daughters, Mrs. E. A. Layman and Daughter, Mrs. Z. T. Carver.

MEAT MARKET--Ayres & Ruckell.

BREWERY--Franc & Floren Mechler.

SALOONS--Gustav Reinecke, E. Balow, W. Harkins, Peter Byrne, Martin Byrne, Fritz Schroeder.

PAINTERS--C. C. Chipman, G. W. Chipman, Henry Warren, H. Ostermeyer, W. W. Winchester, D. Winchester, Chas. Winchester, Frank Winchester, J. B. Flaunt.

FEED STORE--S. J. Dearholt.

MILLWRIGHTS--G. Bellinger, Wm. S. Shepard.

COOPERS--Henry Wood, J. S. Worthman, Ernst. Schucke.

GIST AND FLOURING MILL--Safford & Joseph Mackey, Proprietors.

TIGHT BARREL STAVE FACTORY--J. P. Stafford, Proprietor.

SEVENTH SKETCH.

EXCELSIOR.

THE north half of the territory now called Excelsior was originally a part of the old town of Baraboo; the south half was included in the old town of Eagle. The north half by act of the county board Nov. 14th, 1850. was set off to Dellona when that town was organized; the south half was set off to Freedom Dec. 11th, 1850. This territory thus made twain was re-united Dec. 10th, 1857, by act of the county board, and named *Excelsior*. The territory it includes may be described as township number twelve north, range number five east of the fourth principal meridian. A square congressional town containing 36 sections or square miles.

TOPOGRAPHY.

About eight square miles in the north-east corner of the town lies in the valley of Dell Creek. This stream, together with its branches and small marshes, abundantly waters this basin. The land is a sandy loam; in some places clay predominates. As a whole, it cannot be called a rich soil, yet it is sufficiently so to support a thriving class of farmers. Its primitive timbered condition was oak openings. White, red, black and burr oak, and poplar, were the chief timbers.

The ridge that divides the waters of Dell Creek from the Baraboo river at the north edge of the town, is narrow and from 200 to 300 feet high, and crooked like a worm fence with a south-east trend for about four miles, where it branches into two wide arms, sufficiently

broad for farms to be made upon their tops. The soil is a heavy clay, with white and red oak, hickory and poplar timber. The one arm keeps its south-east course, forming the northern shed of the Baraboo valley; the other turns off at right angles across the Baraboo valley, closing it up like an immense dam with but a narrow opening for the channel of the river to pass through. This is called the *Upper Narrows of the Baraboo River*. In its narrowest place the canyon cannot be more than 200 feet wide upon the bottom. Average width about 400 feet, length $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. This gorge is much visited to view its wild and romantic scenery. Either end of the opening is sand rock, which lays upon the outer side of the bluff; the central portion is quartzite, large portions of which is very crystalline. It is, however, difficult to obtain satisfactory specimens of large and fully organized crystals. They are beautiful, as we peep into their geodic chambers and see their many faces that absorb and reflect light, beautiful, sparkling gems as they are. They tempt the student's hammer to detach a portion of the rock containing them for a place upon his center table or in his cabinet.

But in this operation a disappointment is sure to follow. When separated the fragments look insignificant and poor. Large masses are beautiful, but hand specimens are poor. Quite a large portion of this gorge, from top to bottom, is of this frothy crystalline quartzite. As is the character of this rock elsewhere, you here see the bold, perpendicular, flinty faces, spires, towers, obelisks, slabby walls of giddy heights standing in the debris of sharp, angular fragments, in which, in places, grow deciduous and evergreen trees. In the deep shades of these cliffs, Falcons dart from their cliff-nests, uttering screams that vibrate among the rocks. With such surroundings we can but involuntarily meditate and adore. Here we find trees, shrubs, and flowers not common to the neighborhood, except

in like positions. The hemlock, upright and trailing; mountain ash, savin, juniper, both upright and trailing; white and yellow birch, with many varieties of mosses and lichens.

One and a half miles south-west of the narrows of the Baraboo river, in the same trend of bluff, are the Narrows of Narrows Creek, which break through this great quartzite ridge at right angles with its trend and presents similar characteristics of the Narrows of the Baraboo river. One mile farther to the south west this great cross bluff joins the Baraboo and Wisconsin rivers' divide.

West of the Dell Creek divide, and north of the Narrows cross bluff, there is about 13 sections of land of rather a poor quality, with the exception of that portion south of the Baraboo river, of about one section, known as the Ohio settlement. Here the land is rich, and was originally covered with a growth of heavy timber. In this heavy timbered forest I noticed in an early day, before it was settled upon, large portions that had been thrown up by an ancient people into beds like our own garden beds; probably the work of the mound builders. In the south-east part of the basin above referred to there is about two square miles covered with a grove of gray pine, with a very light sandy soil. There are many fine farms interspersed through this basin of 12 sections of land; yet as a whole the soil must be classed among the light soils.

The south portion of the town, about eight sections, lies in the valley of the Baraboo river and Narrows creek, and has an excellent clay loam soil with oak openings characteristic. There is here a topographical feature worthy of note. It is a minor cross bluff, a low quartzite hill, about half the height of its sister bluff, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north. It is mostly covered with sand rock, yet its center is quartzite and forms a narrow vale for the passage of the river. Between this

and the narrows, in a basin of about two sections into which point ragged and rocky points, lies the only village that Excelsior can boast of, now called *Ableman*. It was formerly known as the village of *Excelsior*, a name given to it by its proprietor. When the C. & N. W. R. R. was located through the place, the officers of the road, Mr. Dunlap, then chief manager of the Wisconsin division, in particular, insisted upon calling the place Ableman, in honor of the services rendered by Col. S. V. R. Ableman, the proprietor of the town site, in opening up this R. R. enterprise.

The place contains an excellent hotel, R. R. depot, 2 blacksmiths, 1 wagon shop, 1 tinsmith and hardware store, 1 grist mill, 1 saw mill, 1 drug store, 1 dry goods store, 1 saloon and grocery. This place has a pleasant and romantic aspect, situated as it is among the hills, and is near the geographical center of the county. When the county seat question was before the people for removing the seat of justice from Prairie du Sac, this place was by many considered as the most appropriate point to re-locate it at, it being near the geographical center of the county.

GEOLOGY.

The rock formation is sandstone, of the Potsdam class, common to this part of the country. In the north part of the town it is in "place" and undisturbed. In the south part it is underlaid by quartzite, which is metamorphosed sandstone of an older formation than the Potsdam, and probably once stood as islands in the Potsdam sea. The conglomerate that always skirts those high points of quartzite near their tops we give as proof of this theory. This town lies west of the boulder or glacial range, hence there are no drift hills within its bounds.

METALLURGY.

There is considerable float ore (hematite) on sections 12 and 13. A little specular ore may occasionally be found in the quartzite.

POLITICAL AND CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS.

The first election of the town of Excelsior was held at the Red School House in said town, on the 6th day of April, A. D. 1858, for the purpose of electing town officers. The inspectors of said election were John Johnson, Newman Peck, John Gaddis; clerk, Geo. S. Handy. The following named persons were elected town officers for the ensuing year:

A. W. Starks (ch'n), F. N. Peck and H. F. Smith, supervisors; Wm. C. Cady, clerk; Otis Ryder, superintendent of schools; John Weidman, treasurer; Joseph Pimbley, assessor; Benj. Holt and Newman Peck, justices of the peace; John Weidman, M. B. Waltz, and Wm. T. Hudson, constables. At this meeting there was \$100 voted for roads and bridges, \$100 for support of poor, \$200 for schools, \$200 for incidental expenses, town clerk's salary \$50.

1859—Otis Ryder (ch'n), E. C. Watson, Wm. Du Bois, supervisors; Wm. C. Cady, clerk; J. R. Hall, superintendent of schools; Geo. Townsend, treasurer; Ira Smith, assessor.

1860—E. C. Watson (ch'n), A. W. Mead, Wm. Du Bois, supervisors; Wm. Cady, clerk; Geo. Townsend, treasurer; I. W. Morley, superintendent of schools; L. M. Burt, assessor.

1861—Wm. C. Cady (ch'n), Frederick Baringer, Wm. J. Gemmill, supervisors; Wm. B. Thomas, clerk; John C. Young, Treasurer; L. M. Burt, assessor; E. C. Watson, superintendent of schools. (Wm. B. Thomas served as clerk until June 22d, when M. W. Chapline was appointed to fill the vacancy. Thomas enlisted in the army.)

1862—E. C. Watson (ch'n), Geo. Townsend, Higgins Harrison, supervisors; (Townsend tied Hiram Odell, but by lot was chosen); M. W. Chapline, clerk; Frederick Baringer, treasurer; S. J. Jopp, assessor.

1863—Geo. Townsend (ch'n), (tied by Wm. C. Cady) Alanson Foster, Leonard Weidman, supervisors; F. N.

Peck, clerk; Wm. J. Gemmill, treasurer; Wm. Du Bois, assessor. February 27th there was a special town meeting called and voted \$200 as a bounty to induce persons to enlist into the U. S. army, in compliance with the call for 500,000 volunteers. Eleven was the town's quota.

1864—Alanson Foster [ch'n], A. B. Case, Charles W. Williams, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; Wm. J. Gemmill, treasurer; Wm. Du Bois, assessor.

August 22d a special town meeting was called for the purpose of voting \$200 to 12 volunteers needed to supply a call of the United States, which sums were voted.

1865—E. C. Watson [ch'n], C. Schale, J. Metcalf, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; Wm. C. Cady, treasurer; Wm. J. Huntington, assessor.

A special town meeting was called February 11th, 1865, for the purpose of voting a premium of \$200 each for 14 men. required to fill a call from the President of the United States.

1866—Geo. Townsend [ch'n], James M. Smith, Parley J. Foster, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; Norman Simonds, treasurer; Nelson Osburn, assessor.

1867—Jacob A. Schliek [ch'n], Joseph Osburn, Jesse Smith, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; Norman Simonds, treasurer; Alanson Foster, assessor. [Nov. 15 John Johnson was appointed ch'n to fill vacancy.]

1868—F. N. Peck [ch'n], H. C. Miner, James Hill, supervisors; Chas. S. Turner, clerk; N. Simonds, treasurer; Wm. Du Bois, John H. Lent, A. B. Case, assessors. [Dec. 30 J. W. Morley was appointed town clerk to fill vacancy. H. C. Miner died in May, and Geo. Townsend was appointed to fill vacancy.]

1869—John Johnson [ch'n], Geo. Townsend, Henry Du Bois, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; H. G. Jones, treasurer; Wm. C. Cady, assessor.

1870—Chas. H. Williams [ch'n], A. B. Case, Milton A. Burt, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; H. G. Jones,

treasurer; Wm. C. Cady, assessor. From Nov. 8th M. A. Burt served as chairman in consequence of Chas. H. Williams' resignation and removal from the town.

A special town meeting was called September 15th, and \$12,500 voted as subscription to Baraboo Air Line R. R. company stock, and \$2,500 for right of way, as aid for the construction of a railroad from Madison to Reedsburg. The \$2,500 right of way money has not been called for by the company, but the bonds were issued for the whole amount.

1871—S. W. Rudd, ch'n, A. B. Case, M. A. Burt, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; John H. Lent, treasurer; Wm C. Cady, assessor.

1872—S. W. Rudd, ch'n, T. W. Harrison, E. J. Sweet, supervisors; F. N. Peck, clerk; H. G. Jones, treasurer; Wm C. Cady, assessor.

Newman Peck has been a justice of the peace every year since the organization of the town, excepting one, that of 1868.

F. N. Peck, son of Newman Peck, has been clerk since 1863, except the year 1868, when he held the office of chairman, which is probably a longer clerkship than has been held by any other person in the county.

The town meetings have always been held in the Red School House, in school district No. 6.

OLD SETTLERS WHO ARE HEADS OF FAMILIES AND STILL
(1873) RESIDE IN THE TOWN.

The following list enumerated as far down as 1858, is given under this head:

The first farm opened was by Captain Joseph H. Finley, in the summer of 1839, a hard working, intelligent and much respected bachelor, a Tennessean. He sold his farm and went into the lumber business upon the Lemonweir river. We have a sad record to make of Captain Finley. After a series of financial misfortunes, he had a leg amputated, and, I understand,

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or report.

is now an inmate of the poor house of Clark county. His old farm is where Edward K. Hill now resides.

The first family was James Christie's. He settled here in March, of 1841. The Indians the year previous had been removed by the U. S. Dragoons, yet there was standing in Dandy's village two lodges, and two only. Into one of these he moved his family and made a stable of the other, and this season gave the adjoining Indian corn fields a white man's culture. The place is now known as the "Baringer place," but by the old settlers as "the old Christie place." Mr. Christie was a Scotchman, Mrs. Christie an Indiana lady. They raised a large family of children. He was social in his nature and had a large circle of friends, which made his house, like many of the first settlers', a demi-public inn, where hospitalities were as free as the spring waters that flowed by the door. He most always held some public office; was several times county commissioner. He removed to Newport in 1852. His daughter Eliza, now Mrs. Henry Snider, of Newport, was the first white child born in what is now the town of Excelsior. We have at last a sad record to make of our old and much respected friend. He was murdered and his body cast into a pond near Kilbourn City.

Of the old settlers now living in the town—

1847—In the spring E. H. Hubbard came with his father's family, and is now the oldest resident settler. Whoever knew his father cannot forget his eccentricities, nor will fail to have some anecdote to tell of him.

1848—In the spring S. J. Lamberton opened his farm. S. V. R. Ableman also purchased land in September, and commenced improving it this year and moved his family into the town in 1851. Gen. A. W. Starks also purchased his land this season of Col. Ableman, and moved on to it in 1850.

1849—L. W. Morley and family came from Ohio. A. Forester and family came in November, from New York. Reuben Butterfield and family came June 4th,

from Vermont. John Johnson and family came in June from Connecticut. Wm. C. Cady and family came May 1st, from New York. Ira Smith, James M. Smith and Jesse Smith also came this season.

1850—Geo. Townsend and family came in July; Isaac Metcalf and family in the spring; Mrs. Wm. Du Bois, Charles E. Du Bois, and Mrs. T. R. Young also came.

1851—Mrs. Jane Kipp (wife of the late Reuben Kipp) and family came in the fall; H. G. Jones and family in May; *H. D. Jones in May; Benjamin Holt and family in July; Thomas Metcalf and family in the spring. S. V. R. Ableman, C. S. Hitchcock and John Weidman also came in.

1852—Michael Leifer and family. L. M. Burt and family came in March. N. M. Burt, M. A. Burt, [all in the county in 1874,] and H. M. Barnes.

1853—Jerry Kingsland, A. B. Watson and Mrs. P. S. Chapman.

1854—Wm. T. Hudson and family and John F. Barringer came in the spring, S. J. Jopp and family in May. Joseph Osburn, John Osburn and J. J. Nye.

1855—John Terry came in May; J. T. Gourgas and family, Wm. Montany and family in the spring; Sidney Holt and family in August. E. C. Watson, Mrs. Margaret Hengstler, Gottlieb Hengstler, A. B. Case. Wm. Peers and Isaac Hartvet came into the county in 1851.

1856—F. N. Peck and family, Newman Peck and family and Hugh O'Connor and family came in this summer; Wm. J. Gemmill, Higgins Harrison and family in the fall; T. W. Harrison, a minor, with his father's family, and A. J. Flickner and family in the spring; Mrs. E. Watson in August.

[*NOTE.—H. G. Jones (Father Jones) when the war of the rebellion broke out offered to enlist, but was not accepted. He, however, sent five stalwart sons, two of whom died of disease and one was killed. He was a Virginian. He has for several years held the office of town treasurer.]

1857—J. Britton and family came in the spring.

1858—J. Mash and family and C. Schale and family came in October; J. Livesley and family and A. Foster and family in the spring.

Mr. Foster has an apple orchard of 1300 trees, and his son, P. J. Foster, has 800 adjoining, making here 2100 trees in one orchard. Each has three-fourths of an acre of grapes; A. F. has one acre of raspberries. This fruit farm is on the highest land in Excelsior.

GEN. A. W. STARKS AND COL. S. V. R. ABLEMAN.—In every well settled neighborhood of the size of a town there will be in some direction, points of special interest that can be talked about or written upon with profit and interest. In this town I select two of its citizens upon whom to multiply a few words. From their public services they have rendered to the State, county and their town, it is but justice to their neighbors and town that they should form a part of its history.

There was a striking parallel between these men. Both possessed marked individualities and characteristics; both were large men; both of the same school of politics [Democratic], and after their acquaintance at Albany, N. Y., when they were young men, became friends. Both at an early day entered the arena of politics and were most always, or perhaps always, successful. They came to this State about the same time and settled in the city of Milwaukee. Both were military men from taste; neither have sons to perpetuate their names. Either were fond of practical joking. In the presidential canvass of 1852, A. W. Starks called a democratic caucus, no one attending but Col. Ableman, Robert Young and himself. There was then no paper in Sauk county, but the next number of the *Milwaukee News* contained an account of a *large, enthusiastic and respectable meeting*. Col. Ableman with paper in hand meets the General with a large smile on his face and says: "Gen., how could you? Col., here

is the simple truth as I will prove to you. Do so. You are *large* ar'n't you? Yes. Bob. is enthusiastic? Yes. I am respectable? Ha! ha! Gen., that will do for this time." The meeting was held under a tree.

COL. S. V. R. ABLEMAN.—In reply to my inquiries and in compliance with my request, Col. Ableman has favored me with answers, for which we are indebted:

ABLEMAN, May, 1873.

FRIEND CANFIELD:—I enclose to you some biographical notes. My hand is rheumatic; writing poor; composition worse. Substance, dates, etc., may be depended upon.

S. V. R. ABLEMAN.

From these notes I have arranged the following matter:

Stephen Van Ransslear Ableman was born December 25th (Christmas Day), 1809, in the town of Bethlehem, Albany county, State of New York. His father, Christian G. Ableman, was born in Prussia, Germany. He was a soldier of our Revolution. His mother, Regina Kanier, was born in Claverack, Columbia county, New York, in a few months after her parents arrived there from Bordeau, in France. In 1820 his parents moved to Albany. Stephen for two years was sent to the Lancasterian School in that city, Robert Tweed Dale, principal, Motts Bros. assistants. In May, 1822, he was bound an apprentice during his minority, as the old indenture reads, "to learn the art, trade and mystery of a carpenter and joiner, after the manner of an apprentice, for, and during the full end of the term during all which the said operative, his said masters, faithfully shall serve, their secrets keep, and their lawful commands everywhere readily obey. He shall do no damage to his said masters, or see it done by others without letting or giving notice thereof to his said masters, nor waste his masters' goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any person. At cards, dice, or any other unlawful game he shall not play. Whereby his said masters may have damage with their

own goods or the goods of others; without license from his said masters, he shall neither buy or sell. He shall not absent himself day nor night from his said masters' service without their leave; nor haunt ale houses, taverns, or play-houses, but in all things behave himself as a faithful operative ought during the said term; and the said masters shall use the utmost of their endeavors to teach or cause to be taught or instructed the said operative in the art trade and mysteries of a carpenter and joiner, and promise to provide for him sufficient meat, drink, boarding, mending, lodging and washing, fitting for an operative during said term of time, and pay him in cash the sum of twenty-five dollars per year, to be advanced and paid as his necessities may require. Signed and sealed."

The bounden operative served faithfully to the full satisfaction of his masters four years and four months, as appears upon the back of the indenture, "cancelled December 25th, 1830."

Stephen was a Christmas gift to his parents, and this date shows him to be now a Christmas gift to the world, a free man to the full extent of the law. On the back of the old indenture are these words: "This indenture is given up and acknowledged as faithfully fulfilled.

FASSETT & HALLENBAKE.

"Witnessed, Nathan Allen."

In 1825, by the consent of his masters, he enlisted as a drummer in the National Guards Ninth Rifle Regiment, and served in all their drills in this capacity for four years. He was then chosen Ensign and rendered this service for three years, until elected captain of the some company. He then took his discharge.—It reads, "31st Brigade, 9th Rifle Regiment. S. V. R. Ableman has paraded in the said 9th Rifle Regiment, uniformed and equipped according to law, and has performed all such military duty as has been required of him for the space of seven years last past, and is therefore free from further military duty, except

in cases of insurrection or invasion, or when called into actual service.

PETER RELYEA, Col.

ALEX. CAMERON, Capt.

“Albany, May 16th, 1832.”

His long and steady service to a trade not only made him master of it, but moulded for him a stable and reliable character. If the young men of the present day were more strictly bound, and more strictly held to service, it would be of infinite value to them and to the community. He has never participated in any game of chance or searched for a day's labor. May 4th, 1831, he married Elizabeth Bolt Jarvis, of ——— Connecticut. She was born October 25th, 1812, and died May 19th, 1860. She was confined to her bed for the last eleven years of her life, a great sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism. Nearly all her joints became ossified,—a most singular circumstance. All was done by her husband that the ingenuity of M. D.'s could devise to alleviate her sufferings. The issue of this marriage was two children, a son, who was born June 14th, 1832, and drowned in the bay of San Francisco March 24th, 1833, and a daughter, Laura Elizabeth (now Mrs. E. C. Watson), born September 7th, 1835. Mr. Watson, after his marriage, connected himself in business with his father-in-law, and for many years has chiefly managed the home business, and at the present time is depot agent at Ableman R. R. station. After Mr. Ableman's marriage to Miss Jarvis he immediately opened a carpenter shop on Water street, Albany, and has since performed many heavy contracts.

July 29th, 1833, Ensign Ableman was elected captain, with rank from this date, of the National Guards 9th Rifle Regiment, 31st Brigade, commissioned by Gov. Wm. L. Marcy, Levi Hubble Adjutant General.

In 1843 Captain Ableman was elected Alderman of the 7th Ward, Albany, N. Y., and served as such, and was subsequently re-elected. He was also appointed

commissioner of the poor of said county, and keeper of the alms house for 1842 and 1843.

In 1838 he was elected Colonel of the 249th Regiment N. Y. S. Militia, and duly commissioned.

In 1845 the broad west seemed to open a more extensive field to operate in. The charms of the west were not to be resisted, even against favors, friends and place. On the 17th of June, with his family, he arrived at Milwaukee. He established the first Woodworth Planing Mill in Milwaukee. It was on the canal. In 1848 he built a steam Planing Mill, and a Sash, Door and Blind Manufactory on West Water street. This season he located lands in Sauk county, where he now resides, in Excelsior. In 1850 he sold his mills and moved temporarily to Baraboo, and commenced improving his lands. After a few months residence here he moved to the point where he now resides. In 1857 he built a steam saw mill, and in 1860 a steam grist mill.

Nov. 30th, 1865, he married Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Captain Watson, and widow of the late Captain Adam Gilmore. A brother of this wife, Edward Watson, married Laura, the only child of Mr. Ableman.

In 1853 Col. Ableman was appointed United States Marshal for the State of Wisconsin, by Franklin Pierce, and served as such until James Buchanan's administration, in June, 1858. He arrested the slave Glover, that certain abolitionists stole from the prison that in this time caused so much excitement and agitation. He has always taken a deep interest in politics. His position open, plain and bold, holding in contempt tricky, or what is more politely called policy, moves, for the purpose of vantage.

In 1869 the Colonel wrote and published in the Baraboo *Republic* articles, over the signature of "Locomotive," urging the people of the Baraboo valley to organize under their charter, many years ago obtained.

He laid down a plan to operate on. The force with which these letters were written caused an organization to be made, which was entitled the Baraboo Air Line Railroad Company. The Colonel was chosen president of this company. The commencement of the work, and then the sale to the Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Company, and the construction of the line through our county within one year's time was viewed with inexpressible satisfaction by the Colonel. The Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Company, out of esteem for him, named the station at the village then known as Excelsior, "Ableman." The postoffice and village has since received the same name.

THE HON. A. W. STARKS.—Argalus Waldo Starks was born March 10th, 1804, at Williamsburg, Massachusetts. His father's name was Moses Starks, who was an ax maker. He was of English descent, but far back. General Starks of Revolutionary war notoriety, was his ancestor. It is recorded in U. S. History, that at the battle of Bennington, Gen. Starks remarked to fellow soldier, "We will conquer to-day, or to-night Mollie Starks will be a widow." History is replete with anecdotes of this Starks family. His mother's maiden name was Betsey Hunt. She was also of English extraction. Argalus when young was physically weak. The hammer and anvil of his father's shop had no charms for him, for this physical inability united with quick perception and retentive memory, better fitted him for a scholar, which he probably would have made had his education not been neglected. His retentive memory in mature age was proverbial and was to him a stepping stone to political position. In November, 1820, his parents removed to the village of Theresa, Jefferson Co., N. Y. About four months after their arrival, Argalus came to the conclusion that the "birds of Massachusetts sang sweeter than their prototypes of New York, and that the grass was greener about his birth-place than his new home."

He therefore left unceremoniously without asking leave. He soon found that the grass was not so green or the songs of the birds so sweet in the absence of father, mother, brothers and sisters, warm love and affection; but his pride of character would not allow him to retrace his steps. In casting about for employment he chose peddling. This conclusion showed good judgment, for his composition was purely Yankee. So well did the business suit him that he continued in it many years, traveling over the New England states and a part of New York. July 3, 1828, he married a Miss Mary Ann Filkins, of Schnyler's Lake, Oneida County, New York. He continued in his favorite business for about a year after his marriage. Having now accumulated some capital he determined to change his occupation by going into the hotel business at Albany, New York, keeping the New England House. How long he kept this house we cannot say, probably ten or twelve years. He was at least once elected alderman of Albany, and probably held other offices in that city. July 28th, 1838, his wife died, leaving him one child, Mary Jane, now Mrs. Israel Greeny, who, by the will of her father, was given, and now lives upon his fine homestead property in this town. January 27th, 1839, he married Miss Margaret R. Worthman, of Martha's Vineyard, Mass. James Worthman, of Reedsburg, is her brother. He moved to Milwaukee in 18 and had been there but a short time before he was elected street commissioner; then city marshal for the years of 1844 and 1845. He was appointed by the governor (Dewey) General of the Militia. From this appointment he was ever after called "General" Starks.

In the spring of 1850 he began his residence upon the land James F. Flanders had purchased for him.— Col. Ableman and Gen. Starks had become fast friends. One day the General says to Jas. F. Flanders, "I wish you would purchase for me in Sauk county, as close to Ablemans as you can, a piece of land that will make

me a nice New England farm." He replied, "I will do it." He located this New England farm in the jaws of the Narrows, of Narrows Creek. Here are Massachusetts hills, rocks, springs and brooks; we opine, "Massachusetts birds and grass," for in 1850 the Gen. moved on to this Massachusetts farm and always was pleased with it. His western friends say that he has spent enough money upon his New England farm to have made a garden of a section of land upon a prairie. This mattered not to him, it was a New England-like home, where he could see the piles and columns of rock, the rills and the brooks. Songs of birds and green grass, for the poetry of life was a part of his soul. His heavy and somewhat stolid appearance by no means reflected the inner man. In 1853 he was elected State Prison Commissioner. He breathed into this institution a new life by furnishing other moral reading to the convicts beside the Bible, even certain newspapers were furnished them and their extra hours of labor paid for. For this humane innovation his enemies and competitors cried out crucify him. The legislature was prayed to, who appointed a committee to investigate into the finances and conduct of the prison. They held a session of several weeks, and their report will ever be read by his friends with pleasure. It was complimentary and eulogistic throughout. By acting fearlessly upon a principle of right the Gen. had, in a christian manner, conquered his enemies. In his younger days Argalus had experienced religion, and went about the neighborhood exhorting his comrades to turn from their evil ways. He many times remarked, at maturity, "I almost wish I was a shouting Methodist." Although not a member of any church, his course of life generally, as shown in his conduct of the state prison, was of a true religious character.

Sometime about these days he struck a fine speculation by purchasing a piece of land in the village of

Manitowoc for \$500, and sold it for \$22,500, getting one-half of this sum down. The purchasers failed to meet the last payment and the property fell back into his hands.

He was elected chairman of the board of supervisors of the town of Freedom and once of this town. * At the breaking out of the rebellion war he took an enthusiastic part as a war democrat, and in 1862 was brought forward as a union candidate for the legislature and elected. In 1864 was returned. March 2d of this season his wife died of consumption, leaving him two children, John and Ella. John was so great a favorite with his father, and in fact with his whole circle of acquaintances, that I cannot pass him by without adding a few words to his memory :

At the breaking out of the rebellion war he was one of the first to enlist, and went out in Company A. In his first battle, Ganesville, he was slightly wounded in the knee, of which he soon recovered, and afterwards participated in the battles of Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and the storming of Vicksburg. At this latter place he received a musket ball in his thigh that was never extracted, which, in about two years after, was the cause of his death. There are many very pleasant anecdotes told of him while in this war service. His characteristics were coolness, bravery, unconsciousness of self, faithfulness and endurance. He was never ill, nor fell out of the ranks while on heavy marches for two years, until he was first wounded, and was always in the right place. Like his father, he was full of life's poetry, which always made him anywhere an agreeable companion. He died the 16th of March, 1864, aged 24 years. In the army he had held the offices of Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain and Adjutant. He died with the title of Captain John Starks.

*NOTE.—He was appointed Appraiser of School Lands by Governor Farwell.

Ella Starks now makes her home with Mrs. Greeney, upon the homestead place.

Nov. 24th, 1864, the Gen. married Miss Catharine Schwartz, of Westfield, Sauk county. He had no children by her. In 1865 he was nominated by the Republican party for Senator, and was elected. These four years filled the cup of his day and generation. On June 28th, 1870, the Hon. A. W. Starks died at his residence, of a disease of the kidneys. In his dying hour he sent for Col. Ableman to visit him. Mrs. Ableman and Mrs. Watson rendered many acts of kindness to him and his family during his sickness.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

There is a class of Episcopal Methodists in the east part of the town now numbering 30 members. H. G. Jones is their class leader. The society was first organized at his house, which was in October of 1851. C. P. Sanford was the officiating preacher, and the members were Jacob Van Loon, Eve Van Loon, H. G. Jones, Mary Jones, G. M. Jones, Mary E. Jones and John Sanborn. In the summer of 1861 Father Teal, a Protestant Methodist, made efforts to build a church, which were crowned with success. It was speedily completed and dedicated in the fall of this year. He named it "The Ebenezer Church," for, said he, it will be a place where we can raise our "Ebenezer," [a Hebrew word—"the stone of help"—prayer]. They (the Protestant Methodists) paid toward its erection \$75.00 and own the building. The Episcopal Methodists paid \$400.00. The Protestant Methodist class now numbers about 45. Elder S. P. Kezerta, a Protestant Methodist, a resident dentist of Baraboo, has preached in this church ever since its erection, and in the neighborhood a year before. He has had some marked revivals, and is yet a favorite with the people. He has had a revival here this winter (1874). I learn from F. N. Peck that there are about 30 Lutheran families, 14 Baptists of

different kinds, 12 Congregationalists, 8 Christians, and a few Catholic families, but they are members of organizations outside the town.

OLD SETTLERS

MEMBERS

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TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
OLD SETTLERS'
ASSOCIATION,

OF SAUK COUNTY, WISCONSIN,

Held June 20th, 1872.

Officers of Association for 1872.

PRESIDENT:

CHARLES HALASZ, *Sauk City.*

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

CYRUS HILL, <i>Columbia.</i>	WM. JOHNSON, <i>Sumpter.</i>
J. HATCH, <i>Baraboo.</i>	MARVIN BLAKE, <i>Baraboo.</i>
A. HILL, <i>Prairie du Sac.</i>	J. THILKE, <i>Prairie du Sac.</i>
ENOS KIMBALL, <i>Freedom.</i>	

SECRETARY:

WM. H. CANFIELD, *Baraboo.*

1890

1890

OLD SETTLERS

ASSOCIATION

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

1890

1890

1890

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PROGRAMME.

1. At 10 o'clock, A. M. Salute from the four pounder from the top of the bluff.
 2. Music by the Brass Band.
 3. Prayer by Rev. T. M. Fullerton.
 4. Vocal Music by Sauk City School.
 5. Address of Welcome by Wm. H. Clark, Esq.
 6. Reminiscence of Rev. T. M. Fullerton.
 7. Taking Memberships.
 8. Repast and Refreshments.
 9. Short Reminiscences.
 10. Election of new officers.
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OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR 1872-73.

President—Charles Halasz, of Sauk City.

Vice-President—George Owen, of Prairie du Sac; John S. Akola, Town of Prairie du Sac; Joseph Johnson, Sumpter; Albert Jameston, Sumpter; George Nippert, Honey Creek; Alex Stewart, Troy; T. J. Morgans, Franklin; Even W. Evens Spring Green; James Taylor, Spring Green; Stephen Phettiplace, Bear Creek; Z. Staple, Washington; C. W. Gulliford, Westfield; Enos Kimball, Freedom; Hiram Bailey, Greenfield; Lewis Butterfield, Fairfield; Levi Moore, Baraboo; Hiram Webster, Baraboo; James H. Haines-Baraboo; D. K. Noyes, Baraboo; Silas J. Seymore, Dellona; Patrick Hickey; Dellona; John H. Roark, Reedsburg; Strother Babb, Reedsburg; D. B. Randall, Merrimaek; Sollomon Brown, Dellton.

Treasurer—James I. Waterberry, Prairie du Sac.

Secretary—Wm. H. Canfield, Baraboo.

A programme for the Festival of 1873 will be published a few weeks before holding it, and sent to the members of the association; which will probably be held at Prairie du Sac, June 20th, 1873.

Chronologic List of Members.

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| <p>1837, June, Archibald Barker.*
 1839, July, Jonathan Hatch. †
 Dec., Wm. Johnson.
 June, Alex H. Johnson.
 Roswell Johnson.
 Oct., Mrs. Lucy Brigham.
 Nov., Mrs. Elizabeth Jameson.
 Nov., Mrs. Isabella Fowler.
 1840, Sept., James I. Waterbury.
 Jan., Mary A. Dennett.
 May, Henry R. Howard.
 June, Isaac Gibbs,
 Catherine Oertel.
 Levi Moore. ‡
 June, Charles Teel.
 June, Mrs. Henry Teel.
 May, George Dunlap.
 June, Charles Halasz.
 Cyrus Hill.
 Wm. A. Johnson.
 1841, May, Archy Hill.
 Nov., T. Perry.
 April, John Gallard.
 May, D. R. Baxter.
 1842, Dec., Adam Dunlap.
 U. S. King.
 Sept., A. M. Seymour.
 Sept., Irving Seymour.
 April, Daniel H. Kelsey.
 June, A. M. Seymour, Jun.
 May, John L. Akola.
 Valentine Akola.
 June, Mrs. Lydia Shew.
 Aug., Henry Gatwinkle.
 June, Christine Hurley.
 May, Wm. H. Cantfield.
 Aug., George Gatwinkle.
 Sept., George Owen.
 Dec., H. H. Webster.
 July, Samuel Shaw and family.
 1843, May, D. J. Farnham.
 May, A. S. Waterbury.
 June, James H. Farnham.
 Sept., D. Joseph Johnnton.
 John Steiber.
 Aug., Eli King.
 July, Ammarilles Perry.</p> | <p>1843, Dec., C. T. Rouse.
 May, Wm. Brewster.
 May, Henry Steiber.
 1844, May, John Thilke.
 May, James H. Haines.
 Oct., John B. Crawford.
 Nov., James H. Bell.
 July, D. A. Darby.
 April, John W. Gordon,
 July, Lee R. Baxter.
 Oct., Edward P. Tabor.
 June, Huldah Tabor.
 June, Charles Tabor.
 Oct., Reuben Baxter.
 Nov., Jabez Shumway.
 Oct. Z. Eldridge.
 May, James A. Taylor,
 July, Edward Caldwell,
 July, Wm. Brown,
 Oct., Erastus Langdon.
 H. J. Baxter.
 Mrs. Jessie Baxter.
 1845, Oct., James Cowles.
 May, B. F. Brown.
 Sept. Wm. Christie.
 June, N. H. Drew.
 May, T. J. Morgans.
 Oct., Charles Hitzmeyer.
 O. B. Hubbard.
 Hiram Bailey.
 M. O. Jeffries.
 Sept., Jacob Kehl.
 Sept., Peter Kehl.
 Feb., Enos Kimball.
 June, B. S. Jeffries.
 Sept. Charles E. Gibbs.
 Archibald Christie.
 1846, Nov. David P. Crandall,
 Feb., John Sharp.
 June, Joshua Perkins.
 May, Leonard Thompson.
 May, Daniel Gulliford.
 July, Edwin C. Perkins.
 Oct., Wm. Rabb.
 May, Strother E. Babb.
 Nov., Elizabeth Barker.
 C. W. Gulliford.</p> |
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*Mr. B. attempted to put up a trading shanty at this date but had it pulled down by the Indians. This was nearly a year before the treaty was ratified with the Winnebagoes.

†Jonathan Hatch is the oldest actual settler now living in Sauk county.

‡Levi did not come down with his regular half dollar but has the thanks of the Society for \$5.00 in lieu thereof—an old trick of his.

1846, Nov., Mahala Rice.
 March, T. Birum.
 May, Otis Kilbourn.
 May, Dr. Charles Cowles
 W. T. Kelsey,
 Alex. Ferber.
 George Ferber.
 Feb., Webster Sharp.
 June, May W. Bunnell.
 June, O. E. Bunnell.
 Feb., John Sharp.
 Nathaniel Perkins.
 May, Rufus Oren.
 June, Henry Hill.
 Oct., Henry Keifer.
 Aug., Joseph Lester.
 Dec., David Myers.
 Aug., Rose Hoover.,
 Feb. Judson Sharp.
 Aug., John Berga.
 June, Elisha P. Tabor.
 M. Willis.
 1847, April, A. Lezeart.
 April, Fredrick Ross.
 June, A. Hoeg.
 June, L. C. Baxter.

1847, June, M. N. Risley.
 Wm. Baxter.
 D. B. Randall.
 Betsy Ann Waddle, wife of
 the late James Waddell
 Aug., Ulrich Buehler.
 June, Jacob Hershinger.
 June, Charles Hershinger.
 June, George Nippert and wife.
 Sept., Thomas Jones.
 June, George Caldwell.
 May, George Payne.
 Dec., Elizabeth Rabb.
 Nov., Robert B. Crandall.
 June, D. K. Noyes.
 Feb. Ransom E. Stone.
 Sept., S. W. Corwith.
 Oct., L. V. Tabor.
 1848, May, James Long.
 Chester M. Butterfield.
 B. G. Paddock.
 Cyrus C. Remington.
 Chester A. Butterfield.
 June, Charles Natiz.
 March, Lewis Butterfield.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Old Settler's Association of Sauk County was held according to notice, June 20th, 1872, in the grove near Wm. Johnson's house in the town of Sumpter.

Without complete arrangements or committees appointed to execute them, the grounds for the festival were complete, arranged on the morning of the 20th. Wm. Johnson (Uncle Bill) and his sons and neighbors took hold voluntarily and did their work most thoroughly. Eight or ten loads of lumber were drawn from Esq. Halasz' lumber yard in Sauk City. A capacious stage was erected for speaking and seats for 1,000 persons. Tables for eating, booths for selling refreshments and a floor laid for dancing.

Uncle Bill on the evening of the 19th killed his fatted calf and the "latch-string of his door was left out" as it ever used to be when he inhabited the "log cabin."

On the morning of the 20th, about day break, he slid into his pants and out and fired a board salute followed by a hurrah! The old boy from his youth to his 78th year has ever been a high-goer.

(When Aunt Mahaleb, his wife, wishes to set him back a little, she tells him the story of his climbing a tree when sixty years old, to frighten some girls who were to pass that way. With an outcry intended to alarm them he made a lurch in the tree-top—fell—and was so caught that assistance had to be obtained to extricate him.)

At 9 o'clock the President, accompanied by the Sauk City Brass Band, and the Singing Class of the Public School of that place in charge of Will F. Bundy, arrived and took their places. The band and singing class then—and afterwards at intervals during the day—discoursed artistic music, adding greatly to the interest of the entertainment.

1. At 11 o'clock A. M. the meeting was called to order by President Halasz.

2. A congratulatory cheer.

3. Rev. T. M. Fullerton was called upon to open the exercises by prayer, and fittingly did so. The Association felt gratified that this opening rite of their Annual Meeting should be pronounced by this pioneer preacher of Sauk County.

4. Music by the band.

5. A song by the school class.

6. Address of Welcome by Wm. H. Clark, Esq., who, for sufficient reasons, dispensing with manuscript, said:

FELLOW PIONEERS:—We have met together to-day, in this pleasant month of June, when both animate and inanimate nature are gayest and happiest, to renew an old acquaintance, to shake each other by the hand again, to gaze again into each others' faces, and to hold a social chit-chat over old days that are gone.

Thirty years have now elapsed since he who now addresses you first became acquainted with a few, less than one out of a hundred of your number present, who were then each of them a Pioneer of Pioneers. They had severed the strong ties of kindred and of home in the heart of civilization to seek new homes at its furthest extremity on the prairies of the West, where the trail of the savage had been uncrossed by the foot of a white man. I speak now of the pioneers who preceded my arrival in 1842, and of them I need not say, since it is a self-evident proposition, that they were and are men of no ordinary mold. Bold, hardy, industrious, with a zeal that never abated, and with hearts that

The first part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the Board of Education to the Board of Directors of the University of the State of New York. The letter is dated January 10, 1900, and is addressed to the Board of Directors of the University of the State of New York, Albany. The letter is signed by the Secretary of the Board of Education, John C. B. Smith.

The letter is a formal communication and is written in a professional and courteous manner. It discusses the various matters that have come before the Board of Directors of the University of the State of New York since the last meeting of the Board of Directors. The letter is divided into several paragraphs, each dealing with a different aspect of the University's affairs.

The first paragraph of the letter discusses the financial condition of the University. It states that the University has received a large amount of money from the State and from private sources, and that it has been able to pay its debts and to carry on its operations. The second paragraph discusses the work of the various departments of the University. It states that the departments have been busy with their respective duties, and that they have made many valuable contributions to the advancement of knowledge and to the education of the people of the State.

The third paragraph discusses the work of the Board of Directors. It states that the Board has been busy with its duties, and that it has made many important decisions. The fourth paragraph discusses the work of the Board of Education. It states that the Board has been busy with its duties, and that it has made many important decisions. The fifth paragraph discusses the work of the Board of Regents. It states that the Board has been busy with its duties, and that it has made many important decisions.

The letter concludes with a statement of the Secretary's confidence in the Board of Directors and in the various departments of the University. He expresses his hope that the Board will continue to support the University in its efforts to advance the education of the people of the State.

never faltered, they encountered all the hardships and privations of pioneer life, broke the virgin soil, and plowed the furrows deep, fattened the pork and stall-fed the beef, sowed the grain and planted the corn that fed not only themselves but also supplied the wants of the straggling hundreds who followed them.

When in 1842 I first became a resident of Sauk county, all the necessary comforts of life were cheaply furnished and easily obtained. To their untiring patience, unremitting toil and herculean efforts—to that old pioneer plow—is this consoling fact to be attributed. They thus laid the foundation of almost an empire in this broad territory of ours. Largely these men were of American birth.

But there were other pioneers here not of American birth. It is a singular fact that in that early day most of the nations of Europe were represented among the few inhabitants of Sauk Prairie. There were one or more immigrants and estrays from England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Germany, Poland; “the furious Frank,” “the fiery Hun,” and even one of “Africa’s dusky sons” were there. On the evening of the Fourth of July, 1842, at a ball held in the Lower Town, where “music arose with its voluptuous swell” and “flying feet” kept time to its harmonies, the favorite dance of each nationality (the last excepted) succeeded the other in regular order. The music was that of a piano! the keys of which were touched by the fingers of a lady recently from London, and again by a “wee Scotch lassie,” not then in her teens, since known as one of the most gifted vocalists and accomplished musicians of the state, now a resident of Madison, and to whom we of Baraboo had recently the pleasure of listening. This occurred at a time when the wigwam of the Indian was still in view, and before his moccasined feet had made their last indentation on his war-worn trail. Full well do I remember the tall and graceful form of the Indian Chief Dekora, who was looking on, and hearing him exclaim: “*Heap dance; heap music; neisheshen squaw!*” *

A number of the Hungarians and Germans were co-immigrants with and formed part of the retinue of Count Auguston Haraszthy, a Hungarian nobleman, in many respects a very remarkable man, and probably

*“*Neisheshen*”—nice.

the first pioneer of foreign birth to set foot on the soil of Sauk county. In person and mind he fully typified "the fiery Hun" of Campbell. Leaving his native home, amid the vine-clad hills of far-off Hungary—a home surrounded by every luxury which extravagance could desire, and which had descended from father to son through a long line of nobility—having resolved to become a citizen of republican America, he visited many of its famous localities for the purpose of selecting (as he told me) a new home which to himself and his family in Hungary should prove not less attractive in its natural characteristics than the home they were to abandon for it. He wandered from place to place, from village to city, and through the rural districts of many states in the Union. Many places were beautiful, but not altogether what he sought, until chance led him to the banks of the Wisconsin river. Ascending to the top of the nearest bluff, opposite to where is now Sauk City, his delighted eye gazed on the unrivaled landscape which lay out-stretched before him: "*Eureka! Eureka!*" he exclaimed: "*Italia! Italia!*"

Without going into the particulars of his remarkable career, filled with adventures stranger than fiction, or relating any of the numerous anecdotes concerning him, I will only say further, that soon after the discovery of, and settlement upon, his miniature Italy, he set out for his native home, and on his return was accompanied by his wife, a lady of Polish origin, of great beauty and rare accomplishments, by their two children, and by his father and mother. But his mercurial activity unfitted him for a quiet life. Now the owner and captain of a steamboat on the Lower Mississippi, then again at home tilling his many acres; now a merchant dealing out to customers (whom he always trusted) large quantities of merchandise, then a lumberman on the Upper Wisconsin; now at San Francisco a member of the Legislature and Assayer of the United States Mint, or in the interior of California carrying on perhaps the largest vineyard in the world; now again in the Old World; finally, while pursuing another avocation in the heart of Central America, his restless spirit was forever quenched in its murky waters. Death accorded to him a fate as strange as his life, and his body was devoured by alligators.

Who that ever knew can forget "the Old General," the father of the Count? Father and only son and

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been
admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of
Education, since the last meeting of the Board, on the 1st
of January, 1892. The names are given in the order in which
they were admitted, and are followed by the date of their
admission, and the name of the person who presented them.
The names of the persons who have been admitted to the office
of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the last
meeting of the Board, on the 1st of January, 1892, are as
follows: [The following names and dates are extremely faint and difficult to read, but appear to be a list of names and dates.]

child, in the structure of their minds, in their habits, tastes and dispositions, they were the very antipodes of each other, as unlike as ever could be. Nevertheless their attachment for each other was unbounded. Naught but death would separate them; where went the son, there accompanied or followed the father. In sunshine and in storm, through good and evil report alike, he cherished "*Mein son Augusta,*" as he called him. He was probably the best educated man who ever came to this country from abroad, having studied and mastered all the sciences through the medium of the Latin language, which was lisped by his infant tongue before that of his native land. He soon became a proficient in the English language, which he constantly made his study. After he had mastered it sufficiently to communicate his ideas intelligibly, a more entertaining and agreeable companion could not be found.

I have thus briefly alluded to the character of these two men—father and son—not only because they were among the first settlers of our county, and had great influence in attracting our foreign population hither, but because also they are now among the number of those who have passed away—it being one of the duties of this Association—and its most sacred one—to extol the virtues of its dead pioneers.

Another of the favorite and distinguished pioneers of our county, whom not to mention and commemorate on this occasion, and in this connection, would be an omitted duty, and a criminal neglect, is also now among the lamented dead. James S. Alban was the first white man who ever pitched his tent and erected his cabin in our county. We all knew him well, and loved him much. Nestled among a cluster of trees that grew on the southern extremity of the prairie was his cabin home—which though rudely constructed and scantily furnished (as a matter of course in those days) yet sheltered from the storm and protected from the sun as happy a family as any other. Having been a boarder in his family for many months, I am a good witness to the fact that his wife, the "*Amanda*" of his boyish love and the mother of his children, was as fine a specimen of a pioneer matron as ever administered to the necessities of way-faring humanity. When the latch-string of the cabin door was pulled by either friend or stranger the incomer was ever saluted with a kind "*come in*" and greeted with a smile of welcome.

With few of the so-called accomplishments of the modern lady and with none but a common education, she was eminently adapted to the situation in which Providence had placed her, and her cabin home was as happy as industry, cheerfulness, gentleness and truth could make it. When blown by the breath of the fell destroyer the lamp went out, and her gentle spirit ascended from her paradise on earth to the paradise above and her body was consigned to the sepulchre at Prairie du Sac: the scalding tears burned hot on the cheeks of all alike—husband, children, friend and neighbor! This sad occurrence broke the family up and the children were sent to Ohio to be reared and educated by a kind old uncle. He must have discharged his duty well for the only son of "Amanda" is now a prominent young lawyer at Stevens Point in this state and her oldest girl became the wife of a member of Congress. Mr. Alban, after death of his wife, became a lawyer, county judge, assemblyman and senator, from the same county, and when the war of the late rebellion broke out he became the colonel of a regiment of volunteers and fell at its head on the bloody field of Shiloh.

"Green be the grass above thee,
Friend of my early days—
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

It would be a pleasing and melancholy duty did time permit it, to sketch the lives and history of the other dead pioneers of our county, all of whom were good "men and true," and each an original character—each like Richard—"himself alone."—Richard H. Davis, the Crossmans, father and son, Wilson, Bryant, Morgan, Hovan, Teel, Wood, Rowen, Canfield, Harrington and others. At some other annual meeting I hope full justice will be done.

The Major was listened to with much attention and interest, and received a hearty vote of thanks, accompanied by a request that he furnish a copy of the address to be published with the proceedings.

Rev. T. M. FULLERTON was introduced by the President to the audience, and read the following paper, prepared by him in compliance with a written request from the Association:

ADDRESS OF T. M. FULLERTON.

Having been requested, as one of the pioneer preachers of Sauk county, to contribute some reminiscences of early times, I very cheerfully comply. I have kept a tolerably copious journal, so that I am not compelled to rely on memory only as to dates and events and persons of which and of whom I may have occasion to speak.

It was my privilege to be one of those inevitable men on the frontier, a Methodist itinerant preacher, as early as the spring of 1841. I was not, however, the first of my class to visit Sauk county. That honor, I think, belongs to Rev. James G. Whitford,* now of Volga City, Iowa. It has been suggested to me that, possibly, Rev. John Crummer preceded him, but of this I have no knowledge sufficient to form a belief.

Mr. Whitford, after spending a number of years of widowhood, part of them near St. Paul, as an Indian and frontier missionary, very naturally desired to find a fellow sufferer of the gentler sex, hoping, as many do, that by uniting their sorrows they could bear them more joyfully. Mrs. Sarah Sayles, the widowed daughter of Henry Teel, who had removed to the Bluffs on Sauk Prairie in 1840, attracted. During his visits here he preached to the few settlers that gathered for the purpose, and, I believe, formed the first class in Sauk County; but of the date, and of all the names he has no record. The class was formed at the house of Father Teel, still standing at the foot of the bluffs, which for several years was the place of meeting. Mr. Whitford, and Mrs. Sales were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Simpson, on the 15th of August, 1841, and this was probably the first marriage in Sauk county.

My first record relating to this county mentions meeting Rev. Henry W. Reed, now of Epworth, Iowa, Presiding Elder of the Dubuque District, and J. G. Whitford, on their way to Sauk Prairie, May, 1841, to hold a quarterly meeting. Mr. Reed was then Presiding Elder of the Platteville District, Rock River Conference, which embraced all this region of country; and Mr. Whitford was stationed at Mineral Point, associated with this county circuit. I was his assistant. They left an appointment for me a few weeks from that time.

*Mrs. Henry Teel, says John Crummer, preached the first sermon in Sauk county in May, 1840.

and promised the people a preacher for the next year. I reached the Prairie on the 23d of June, 1841. The only road then from Mineral Point was by way of Blue Mounds, and the only vestige of habitation between Brigham's tavern and the river at about where the Lower Bridge now is, was Mr. Thomas' Station, near Cross Plains. All the supplies for the Upper Wisconsin pioneers were drawn on the military road leading to Fort Winnebago, now Portage City. Mr. Thomas had established a way-station for teamsters and travelers. From this road a way was opened from about the present Alden's Corners to the river. The crossing at Lower Sauk village was the only ferry then between the Fox and the shot tower at Helena. I copy the entry in my journal as made on my first visit on the above date:

"After riding through a heavy rain storm, on a very bad road, I crossed the river and got to Father Teel's at the Bluffs, just at dark. I have often heard of this prairie, but like the Queen of the South, I can say, 'The half has never been told me.' It is on the west bank of the Wisconsin river, eight miles long and four wide, being about eighty-five miles from the mouth of the river. The lower part of it is about ten feet above high water mark, and it gradually rises until the northern part is fifty or more feet high. The soil is in places sandy, but very productive, and all adapted to cultivation. This was once the great headquarters of the Sac nation of Indians, and large fields of their corn hills are yet plainly visible. These were driven hence by the Winnebagos, and subsequently they gave place to the whites, some of whom first settled here about two years ago. There are now about 270 inhabitants on the prairie. A flourishing little village is commenced on the river.

To show what sad havoc thirty years will make with a man's opinions of taste, and if you look at me as I read this, with his personal appearance, I continue the quotation:

"There is here a Hungarian Count—so he calls himself—who claims to have large quantities of money, and is expending it liberally in improvements. There is also an Englishman here who claims to have been a Lord in the old country. He is in partnership with the Count. They both look like savages, wearing a long beard above as well as below the mouth. And they are the *great* men of the place, and others adopt their customs, and make themselves as ridiculous as possible."

On Thursday evening, June 24th, I preached at the Bluffs from 1 Cor. 13, 13; Friday evening at the Lower Village, in an unfinished school house, from Rev. 3, 20; Sunday, A. M. at the bluffs, and in the evening again at the village.

At the Rock River Conference, held at Platteville, closing Sept. 2, 1841, I was appointed to Muscoda mission, in Platteville District, Rev. Henry W. Reed, Presiding.

Elder. The mission embraced all the settlements on both sides of the river from Muscoda to Fort Winnebago. Before the close of the year I had appointments at Muscoda, Blue Mounds, then known as Centreville, near Meeker's lead furnace, (Highland, four miles north, was not even thought of then,) Helena, Ridgeway, Blue Mounds, Sauk Village, Honey Creek Mills, Bluffs and Baraboo. It required three weeks to make my round, involving a travel of more than two hundred miles, for there were scarcely any roads.

My first appointment at Honey Creek Mills, where several families had settled, was September 16, and the text was James 4, 8, the meeting being at Mr. Gould's, and there were eighteen present. At this point we afterwards held the meetings at a Mr. Crain's, whose wife was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Finding the distance so great to go and return by way of the Mounds, I crossed the river at Helena, Mr. Alva Culver, who boarded the shot tower men, keeping a scow for the purpose, on the 30th of September, and went up to Sauk on the old Indian trail. This route I traveled eight or ten times during the year. The trail was circuitous, bearing out from the river, and crossing several wet marshes, where my little Canada pony could not bear me up. To avoid the inconvenience of dismounting in a quagmire nearly knee deep, and wading twenty rods, as I often did, I sought a better route. Sometimes I went up the river bank, but the logs and gorges, to say nothing of the bluffs coming to the water's edge made that a difficult road. I tried several times to vary the former track, to split the difference between the impassable river bank and the swampy trail, but like almost all bargains on splitting the difference I found myself badly sold. I settled down at last to the conviction that it is safe to follow the trails of Indians until civilized highways are *made*.

There were no settlers in your county west of Honey Creek till the fall of 1841, or the spring of 1842. Mr. Wilson, the shot tower cooper, moved his family to the mouth of Wilson's creek in the latter part of 1841. He was a well informed Scotchman, and had a family of well posted children. I staid with him one night, when I was informed it was an established family order that, by turns, one should read history or some other solid work, of which he had a good library, each night, while all the others worked and listened. Hence

the intelligence of the children was remarkable for a frontier family. Soon after a Mr. Turner settled about where Spring Green now is, and several young men took claims on the prairie. On the 30th of May, 1842, I preached in Mr. Turner's house to the family and three young men who came in. My text was "The time is short," 1 Cor. 7, 29. That was undoubtedly the first attempt at peaching in Spring Green. In 1841 there was a temporary bridge built across Honey Creek at the mill which saved me trouble. Before that I had made my pony swim the creek at the crossing of the trail, and had taken my baggage across on a log. Sometimes my pony concluded it was as easy for me to walk and carry my luggage as it was for him to carry that and me too. Once I walked *immediately behind him* for about seven miles. West of this bridge a Canadian, Mr. Brisset, with a young Yankee wife, settled in 1842. I spent one night in their little cabin. Still west of him a mile or two, in a beautiful valley, after the burning of the grass, I saw a field of several acres of parallel ridges, about five feet apart, very nearly straight, that must have been used many years before, for large white oak trees grow all among them. They were more artistic than any remains of Indian cultivation I have ever seen.

My first visit to the Baraboo Mills was October 5, 1841. Notice of my coming had not been given, and we therefore had no meeting. At that time the saw mill had been repaired, a new dam put in and some men employed. An old man, Mr. Draper, a member of the Baptist Church, was someway interested in the mill, and it was called Draper's mill. He invited me to come and establish meetings there. A Mr. Hill, from one of the New England states, had built a log cabin about ten or fifteen rods east of the mill, and boarded Mr. Draper and the hands. This mill was not far from half a mile above the ford on the Baraboo river.

On the 16th of October, Tuesday evening, I preached in Mr. Hill's house to eleven persons, from 2 Cor. 5, 20: which was certainly the opening of the gospel for the first time in the Baraboo valley. None of those present professed to be Christians, save Mr. Draper. After that my appointments were regularly filled there, except once when the roads were impassable.

On Sunday, Feb. 6, 1842, I formed a Methodist class at Baraboo Mills, consisting of Solomon Shaffer, leader.

Ollie Shaffer, and Parmelia Gilson, all of whom were Methodist immigrants, recently arrived. Mr. Shaffer was the mill blacksmith, and lived in a house newly built south of the mill. Mrs. Gilson and family had settled about a mile above the river, on the north side. Before I left the circuit there were one or two families moved in above the Gilsons, I think about five miles up the river. I visited them once, but have no record of the names. My impression is that one of them was a Jones.

On the 10th of April Mrs. Mary J. Hill, the woman of the house where our meetings were held, joined the class. She was the first convert to religion in the valley, having made a profession in the early spring of 1843.

The unfinished school house at Lower Town, as Sauk City was then called, was very uncomfortable as a place for meeting; besides the people there were chiefly Germans, and had little sympathy with our forms of religion. Early in the winter of 1841-42 we got the privilege of holding our meetings at the house of Mr. Skinner, and there-afterwards had no services at Lower Town.

About the first of April, 1842, Rev. Phillip W. Nichols came with his family to Upper Town, as a Presbyterian Home Missionary, under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for the Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. He had formerly been a Methodist itinerant preacher, but for reasons satisfactory to himself and his church, his connection with that body was dissolved. He had connected himself with the Congregational body, but at that time in Wisconsin Territory, under what is known as the "Union," a minister of either the Congregational or Presbyterian Church could serve the other without change of ecclesiastical relations. So he was a Presbyterian pastor, but a Congregational minister. The scattered Presbyterian friends here had received him as a missionary, with an appropriation from the mission fund of four hundred dollars, they agreeing to furnish him a dwelling, fuel and provisions for one year, as their part. He was the first regular pastor for Sauk exclusively, for, although I preceded him, my parish embraced Grant, Iowa, Dane and Richland counties, besides Sauk and all the settled regions beyond. Again, his salary equalled \$700 or more,

while mine could according to our law, be no more than \$100. He had \$100 missionary funds; I but \$50, aside from which I only received during the whole year \$0.92. He had a pleasant home with his family; I boarded round like the schoolmaster of the times. He was a man of years of experience in the ministry and knew the inconveniences of Methodist pioneering; I was inexperienced in both. It is therefore no wonder at our first interview, at the house of Mr. Skinner, after I had preached and called on him to close, he gave me and the audience to understand that he thought I had vast room for improvement. We first met April 13, after which we alternated in holding meetings at Upper Sauk.

My principal home during the year was at Father Teel's. I spent nearly a week there once in three weeks, and myself and horse shared the best they had. The family consisted of the two old persons and George, about seventeen, and Charles, about twelve. Mother Teel was more than a mother to me, for she saved my life, once at least, by her skill in treating a dangerous disease successfully. No poor itinerant ever met with more generous hospitality than I did at that "Methodist Tavern," and my home there is among the most cherished memories of my life.

I finished my year on July 20th, having traveled about 3,500 miles, besides visiting generally about the settlement, preaching nearly 200 times, to congregations ranging from two, the lowest, to thirty the highest, averaging eight. I could count my congregation every time for the whole year without making a mistake! The people were generally poor, consisting in most instances of newly married couples, just beginning life for themselves. But they were exceedingly kind, and I may add, patient; for I was often ill, and at best could poorly interest, much less profit them. But it was a valuable year to me, rich in privations, trials and opportunities, and one I can never forget because of its pleasures.

At the conference of 1842, held at Chicago, Seymour Stover succeeded me on the Muscoda Mission, while I was sent far hence to the gentiles—that is among the Chippewa Indians at the head of Lake Superior. Mr. Stover is still living near Chicago. His connection with the Sauk county people did not prove very happy. At the end of his year the mission was left off the minutes. In 1844 it was again favored with mention, but

not called "Sauk Prairie," and left "to be supplied," being yet in Platteville District, Benjamin T. Kavanaugh being the Presiding Elder. Being far away, I have no knowledge as to who was the supply for that year, but he probably was a badger.

The thanks of the Association and the audience was tendered to Mr. Fullerton, and it was voted that the paper should be printed as a part of the proceedings.

A recess was taken for dinner. About one hundred old settlers were marched into line, and headed by the band, proceeded to tables prepared for them. The tables were arranged by Charles Page. All ate of the johnny-cake, the meal of which was made by the old Planter's Mill upon the ground; but instead of the tables being frugally spread with eatables, as "when that old mill was new my boys," they were spread with all the delicacies common to the country and the season, half of which could not be eaten. Uncle Bill the night previous killed the fatted calf. We heard the young bullock plead most piteously to be spared, but his kind among others were pointed out in the sheet let down from Heaven as decreed to be killed and eaten by Jew and Gentile, and his plea was denied, much to the gratification of the Gentiles at this hour of the day. There were probably one thousand persons who dined in the grove upon and about those "star" converging tables.

After the viands were sufficiently discussed, calls were made for impromptu speeches and business was deferred to listen to the

RESPONSES.

N. W. Wheeler, who was asked to tell what he knew about farming, replied that he had learned what he knew from Horace Greeley. He (Nels) was as old a settler as there was in Sauk county that was not older than himself. If he was not an old settler, he was an old setter. He had striven to make people peaceable and honest and to relieve them of a heavy load of the filthy lucre in their pockets. He had had suits before His Honor the President, and he believed him an honest, upright, and just man, because he had always decided in his favor. He noticed Dr. Cowles here; he thought the difference between himself and the Doctor

was, that he got the people's money, which made them feel bad, while the Doctor dealt them pills which made them feel worse. He approved of the objects of the Society, and wished it many happy meetings.

The allusion to Dr. Cowles by Wheeler caused calls to be made for Dr. Cowles, who came forward. He disagreed with the preceding speaker. He thought that there were no pills known to the *Materia-Medica* so sickening as those that the gentleman had administered often to his client's adversary and to the client himself. He spoke of the hardships endured in the practice of medicine in a new country. He would mention but one case. He was called upon one night to visit a sick man upon the Lemonwier River some 60 miles distant. The mercury at 20° below zero; before daylight I was at his bedside; the *best of all that was*, the man got well in *spite of his medicine*. He met here to-day one old lady that he had not seen before for twenty years, and the *best of that was*, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him and he kissed her. He repelled with scorn the charge that is sometimes made, that the country is laterly being filled up with a better class of citizens. He believed that the country when new was filled with more and better mind—with less "red tape"—with more sterling worth, greater activity, and with more pleasant associates. That he should ever look back with pleasure to the days of his first settlement in Sauk county.

Charles Hallasz was called to tell what he knew about splitting rails. He knew nothing and avoided telling his old story but gave an interesting sketch of what brought him to America. He and his cousin the Count Haraszthy left Hungary for no reason but to wander. They expected to go to Florida, but reading Maryatt's novels while crossing the ocean, determined them to go to Wisconsin, that was pictured as a paradise. They made a settlement first upon Rock River but they found they had settled upon another man's land. The mistake was made at the land office. They burned up their house and came to the Wisconsin River that they had read of upon the ocean. Why they staid he could not yet tell. The scenery was beautiful but wild. They were not used to such scenery or the mode of getting a living here. Yet they stopped * * *

James Taylor, now of Spring Green, was called upon to tell what he knew about the Sauk War.

He came forward and said that he supposed the people would like to know how it was that he became a general. Johnny Gray came to his house in the night and said get up and flee, for the Indians are coming. He thought he would be more safe on the old mare's back so he took her and went to alarm his neighbors. Ed. Tabor! get up and flee for the Indians are coming. Can't I get behind you? Yes, get on. And so we went to Tom Tabors'. Get up and flee for the Indians are coming. Can I get on behind? Yes. So I went from house to house and told them to flee for the Indians were coming, but could take no more on the old mare's back. We rendezvoused at Ben Johnson's. Men, women, children, and household goods from the whole neighborhood. When daylight came we saw that no houses were burned or no Indians in sight. The women had been running balls in the night. We sent Johnny Gray to Baraboo to see if they were *all* killed. We thought we would show the women what good fighting we could do, so we drew up in line and I gave the word, take aim—fire! One old musket broke the silence. I shall tell you no more about the Sauk War or how I became a general. He spoke with much feeling in this renewal of old friendship to-day.

The Secretary read a letter from James H. Bell, dated

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 12th, 1872,

WM. H. CANFIELD, Baraboo, Wis.

Dear Friend—I cannot attend the Old Settler's Meeting this year. I wish to be remembered and numbered as one of them. I came to Sauk county in 1844. in company with John B. Crawford. The dells and valleys of old Sauk county are a home to me. I think I am the only citizen that went from the county to the Mexican War and returned. I should very much like to attend the meeting. Please send me a paper of the proceedings should they be published.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. BELL.

While engaged in a party of governmental surveyors in the winter of 1844. with John B. Crawford, he saved the latter's life. He would have perished had not Bell have heard him halloo once only! in the night. He started from camp, guessing the course the sound came from, he traveling through the snow about fifteen

inches deep, and in about one-quarter of a mile came accidentally to him. He was holding on to a little tree, benumbed with the cold and somewhat out of his right mind, almost ready to fall down. Crawford had endeavored to go into camp from the settlement in the night, lost his way, and by Bell found as above stated.

Business was resumed, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Charles Halasz, of Sauk City.

Vice Presidents—Cyrus Hill, now of Columbia County; Wm. Johnson, Town of Sumpter; Jonathan Hatch, Town of Baraboo; Marvin Blake, Town of Baraboo; Arch. Hill, Town of Prairie du Sac; John Thilke, Town of Prairie du Sac; Enos Kimball, Town of Freedom; Jas. Taylor, Town of Spring Green; Geo. Nippert, Honey Creek; Alex. Stewart, Troy; Solomon Cramer, Franklin; James Taylor, Spring Green; Stephen Phettiplace, Bear Creek; Z. Staple, Washington; C. W. Gulliford, Westfield; Patrick Hickey, Dellona; J. H. Rork, Reedsburg; Strother Babb, Reedsburg; D. B. Randall, Merrimack; Solomon Brown, Dellton; J. F. Sanford, La Valle; Job Barstow, Greenfield; Wm. All, Ironton.

Secretary—Wm. H. Canfield, of Baraboo.

Treasurer—J. I. Waterbury, of Prairie du Sac.

A resolution was adopted that there should be no booths or places of sale for refreshments of any kind about the grounds selected for the next annual festival, except in the interests of the Association. It was also

Resolved, That the Committee on Organization have until the next Annual Meeting to present their report for perfecting more completely the organization of the Association.

The Association tendered Wm. Johnson twenty-five dollars, for expenses incurred by him, and tendered him their most hearty thanks for his labor and trouble. The thanks were feelingly accepted, but the money was not, excepting finally \$5. which was forced on him.

The Association also tendered Wm. H. Canfield for his labor and trouble as Secretary a sum of money not definitely fixed, together with a vote of thanks accompanied by complimentary remarks from Gen. Owen.

Though taken by surprise the Secretary soon so far recovered his senses as to accept \$10.

The Brass Band was paid \$25.

The Secretary regrets that there should not have been then and there an expression of acknowledgments to W. F. Bundy and his Singing Class, for suspending school one day, bringing an organ with them, and entertaining the "Old Folks" with their delightful music. He will for his kindness and trouble please accept the thanks of the Association.

The thanks of the Society are through the Secretary tendered to D. S. Coates for the exhibition of his Devil's Lake oil painting, a finely executed piece about 50x60 inches.

To Joseph Johnson, who labored hard for a week or more that the meeting might be a success, there are *many* thanks due and he is tendered the same on behalf of the Association by the Secretary.

But it would be impossible to name all who contributed to the success of this first meeting of the Old Settlers' Association.

There remained after paying all expenses \$16.50 in the treasury.

WM. H. CANFIELD,
Secretary.

THE PIONEERS OF SAUK COUNTY.

Third Annual Meeting of the Old Settlers' Association.

SECRETARY'S REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The third annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk county was held upon the day advertised, viz: Thursday, June 18th, at the Sauk county Agricultural Fair Ground. The meeting was large, but not equal to the two preceeding ones. The day was pleasant and the meeting of old friends was cordial. There was not even the smell of alcohol upon the ground, and nothing occurred to mar the general good feeling. The officers of the association feared that they would be criticised by their distant friends for being less energetic in preparing for the entertainment than had been done at the first and second meetings. But our friends were so charitable that we were made to feel easy on this point.

The order of the day was observed as follows:

1st. The pioneers who settled here (in Sauk) in 1839 were escorted from town

in Myers' elegant barouche, preceded by the cornet band, to the place of meeting, and after a ride about the trotting track alighted in the bowery prepared for the ceremonies.

2nd. Music by the band.

3d. The meeting was called to order by the president, J. B. Crawford, Esq., in a short appropriate speech. He regretted that the old pioneer preacher, that had met with us twice, was not present to offer prayer, but he would introduce to the audience an old pioneer methodist preacher of this state, now located at Reedsburg, the Rev. Robert Langley.

4th. Mr. Langley made a lengthy prayer; but unlike the multiplication of words sometimes, that is tedious for its length, this was refreshing all the way through. It was history, couched in language of invocation—a beautiful, appropriate prayer.

5th. Song, "The Old Mountain Tree," by the pupils of the primary department of the Lyons school, from five to eight years of age, Miss Belle Flanders, teacher. They never sang in public before, and had but a half day's notice. Their friends must have felt pleased with their nice performance.

6th. The secretary came forward to report, and read the minutes of the preceding meeting. He asked to be relieved of reading them in detail. He called attention to the 5th article of the constitution which requires him to report to the society at its 3d annual meeting the names of all deceased persons who were settlers in the county while Wisconsin was yet a territory. He reported that he had not perfected such a list; that the labor was considerable, and that if some person, say Arba M. Seymour, would prepare a list of those upon the south side of the bluffs, he would upon the north side, and report at the next annual meeting.

Of the deaths of members of the association since our last meeting, we have to record that of Lewis Butterfield, who made his home in this county in March, 1848, in what is now Excelsior, and in the neighborhood known as the Butterfield settlement. Three brothers settled here. Lewis subsequently removed to the Lower Narrows of the Baraboo river, in the town of Fairfield. This place soon became known by his name. He was a kind-hearted, upright and much beloved citizen, and always held offices and places of trust wherever he lived. He died of lingering consumption, leaving a wife and a large family of grown-up children. N. H. Drew died Dec. 8th, 1873, and his wife May 3d, 1874. He purchased a farm on Sauk Prairie in 1845 and moved on to it May 6th, 1846, and has been a resident of the town to the day of his death. A well known and excellent family.

The wife of George Damlap Cristian, daughter of Jonathan Hatch, died in August, 1873. She, with her father, were almost the first on Sauk Prairie. Although she was not a direct member, we feel it our duty to record the death of the only and much beloved daughter

of A. M. Seymour, Eusebia, wife of S. A. Abbott. She died of inflammation of the bowels, at Kilbourn City. Mr. Seymour spent his treasures freely upon the education of this child. She was a graduate of the Rockford, Ill., Female Seminary. Her maturity was all humanity could claim, an amiable, cultivated woman.

The pen was in the fingers to record the death of Thomas Jones, of Peck's Prairie, but he did not die.

Also at our last meeting Charles Halsasz was in the minds of many given over to his resting place. Both of the above were upon the ground this year, apparently hale.

During a period of three years but two deaths occurred among the names recorded on the minutes of the association, which numbered, prior to this meeting, 171. When we reflect that a large share of this number are aged persons, it would seem to have been a period of unusually small mortality in a class of this age of life.

SPEECH OF DR. COWLES.

7th. Dr. Cowles was invited to make an address of welcome, and he responded substantially as follows:

Friends and Fellow-Members of the Sauk County Early Settlers' Association:—It is with some reluctance that I appear before you, as I have nothing prepared for this interesting occasion.—I will, however, commence by saying that, with a full heart I greet you. I see before me many of the old and familiar faces of other days—men and women who, twenty-five years ago, were in all the buoyancy of vigorous youth, full of hope for the future, but with heads now whitening for their last resting place, who have come from remote parts of the county to this reunion of our society. May it prove truly "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," and as we again look upon each other and exchange the friendly grasp of the hand, may we each call to mind memories of the olden time when we "felt for other's woes and had patience for our own."

Twenty-eight years ago I stood upon the rugged border of Devil's Lake. Two or three Indian canoes floated upon its placid waters, while on the northern shore lay encamped a small

band of real native Americans, with their fishing tackle ready to draw out the finny tribe from that beautiful sheet of water. Had I then been told that a railroad would ever pass through those gorges with twenty trains a day freighted with the products of the great Northwest, I should have regarded it as the "baseless fabric of a vision" existing only in the morbid imagination of one "more to be pitied than blamed."— Yet so it is; "Westward the star of empire takes its way." I am told that Minnesota last year produced 50,600,000 bushels of wheat, and that in the coming harvest that amount will be greatly augmented.

"It has been tauntingly said, "These old settlers will soon be out of the way, giving place to a higher civilization!" I repel it as a vile aspersion upon your fair fame, my friends, not worthy to be entertained for a single moment.— We have ever been as zealous in all our efforts for improvement as the more recent immigrant. On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher delivered a discourse in the presence of his aged father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. At its close, when some of his audience were congratulating him on his very fine effort, the old gentleman, straightening up in his pule, and significantly pointing to his son, said, "If it had not been for me you would never have had that sermon." And so, my friends, had it not been for us these hly-tongued upstarts would never have been here.— In all former times the pioneer has been the conservator of the race, laying the foundations for states and empires, and he should be held in grateful remembrance in all coming time. Those early settlers were men of sterling character, as was indicated in the physiognomy of almost all. They usually were marked by strong features and Roman noses, the extremity of which pointed downward—men of character and of iron will; while it is quite noticeable that, in many of the more recent importations, that important nasal protuberance has just a slight inclination the other way.

While we meet and part from year to year, each time but makes the number less. Since last we met many of our fathers and mothers have "wrapped the drapery of their couch around them and lain down to pleasant dreams;" and now and here, let us, as is fitting this occasion, pause and drop a tear to the memory of

those dear ones who, for us and their country, have poured out their blood to enrich the soil around the tree of liberty.

May these meetings be long continued, may they become sources of pride and pleasure to us all, and however much we may differ in politics or religion, may those differences be all laid aside, and we come together on one common ground of social brotherhood; and thus may we live to love and cherish each other until the last gray-haired patriarch among us shall have passed to that "bourne from which no traveler returns," where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

8th. The president rose to make some explanations relative to the preparations for this meeting, and ran off to relating some anecdotes of early times.

9th. Mr. Langley wished to say a few words of commendation of the Rev. T. M. Fullerton. He regarded Mr. F. as almost the best man living. His language was warm and strong in praise of Mr. F. He thought him almost the father of christianity in Sauk county, and an excellent pattern of his faith wherever he was, not only because he was a good christian, but because he was naturally a good man. He related anecdotes of him, most of which we already have in a reminiscence read by Mr. Fullerton at our first meeting, which was printed with the proceedings and is now in the hands of the secretary for future distribution.

He spoke of the great usefulness of this association; that it should be kept up with much care; and that young persons should have the opportunity of meeting with the old first pioneers, and listen to their early times' stories to keep alive their recollections of this most interesting time in the history of any country. He thought Wisconsin, all things considered, far the best state of fifteen that he had lived in, and that Sauk county was a beautiful portion of it. He referred to our bountiful average crops as compared with those of other states, and to the beautiful scenery and healthful climate. He came into the state in 1832, and believes there are but three persons now living, that were in the state at the time he came here. He

had ground corn in hand mills, and pounded corn, and knew all about a new country life.

The president rose and told some anecdotes of going to Sauk and getting flour, and packing it on his back across the bluffs.

Wm. Johnson took the stand and said that he brought the first breaking plow into the county. There was then but one white woman residing in the county. That they arrived at the river at night; after a while Jim Enspringer came with a woman. It was cold and they all lay down together under the same blankets. In the morning all was right, and they were rested from their weary fatigue of the previous day. The woman fixed them up an excellent breakfast. They then crossed the river, and he thought that this woman was the second white woman on Sauk Prairie.

He moved up with one of those large Pennsylvania wagons, drawn by three yoke of oxen. He then told the story of their crossing the river. (This story has been printed.) He worked 100 acres of land down by the mines the summer he was building and breaking up here.

10th. Recess for dinner.

The marshal, E. D. Evens, formed a procession, and, led by the band, it proceeded to the tables in the two long rooms of the main building. This was advertised to be a plain farmer's dinner, gotten up in "New England kitchen style, by James Cowles, the veritable yankee we read of." The yankee had forgotten those old dinners, for this one, to speak in stock-breeding style, was a cross between a banquet and a rich visiting dinner. The only objection to it was that fifty cents apiece for the meal hardly paid for getting it up.

(The young man that took those knives and forks from the table and said "they belonged to his sister" must return them.)

PRESENTATION OF A PYRAMIDAL CAKE TO
MRS. ROSALINE PECK.

President Crawford said: The old settlers desire to present you this cake as a token of our appreciation of your enterprise, courage and endurance, as the

pioneer white lady settler of Baraboo, and also of your kindness to those in need; and we trust you will accept it with our best wishes for your present and future happiness.

To which Mrs. Peck replied, that while she was not aware of having done anything to merit special commendation or notice, she still felt very much gratified and pleased at this manifestation of kindly feeling; and she should be farther pleased if this beautiful cake, for which she offered many thanks, could be so distributed that every old settler could partake of it.

11th. At 3 o'clock the dinner visiting was broken up by the president calling the meeting to order. The time had arrived for the election of new officers and looking over the finances of the association. The following officers were elected in due form:

President—LEVI MOORE.

Secretary—Wm. H. CANFIELD.

Treasurer—JOB BARSTOW.

Vice Presidents—Silas Corwith, Prairie du Sac; Philip Babb, Reedsburg; Henry Ochsner, Honey Creek; John Dennett, Sumpter; Col. S. V. R. Ableman, Excelsior; Enos Kimball, Freedom; E. W. Evens, Spring Green.

The place for the next meeting was then discussed. W. H. Canfield contended that out of justice, and policy, and every other principle of right it should be held in the rich valley of Honey Creek, with our German friends, who compose so large an element of this county, and so many of whom are old settlers; that there is a beautiful place, worth a journey to see, at which it might be held, viz., the Natural Bridge near Konig and Pagle's mill.

Mr. Geo. W. Bloom also proposed having it held at Bloom. But the Sauk vote stood as a unit against us, and it was carried to be held again at Baraboo.

12th. After the election was over, Arba M. Seymour came forward and took the stand. He said that it had been his fortune to travel much over this county (as an agent of the Madison Mutual Fire Insurance Company and as a surveyor). He came here a young man. Years rolled by. His wife began to pick white hairs out of his head. What

would his head look like now if all the white hairs were picked out. He told several anecdotes, some of which have been before published. He felt it a great privilege to meet again with his old friends.

The old settlers did not respond to the call to bring articles of antiquity, paintings, photographs and other relics, as much as could have been desired. The stand for the speaker was made of a pine board floated down the Wisconsin in the first raft ever ran down that river. Eben Peck bought lumber out of this raft at \$80 per M, besides drawing it to Madison; and out of that lumber this stand was made. On it lay a Bible from the Nash family, now in W. H. Canfield's family. A little medicine trunk (wooden) that is over a hundred years old. Also a china tea canister, holding a quarter of a pound, a quantity that in the earlier history of tea drinking would last about a year. The canister is of about the same age as the trunk, and was handed in by Mrs. Hatch. A pewter tea-pot, very small, that was used before the revolutionary war; the American Almanac, date 1713; The Ulster County Gazette, containing the death of Washington; The Providence Gazette of Oct. 6th, 1798; the first number and first volume of the Sauk County Standard; a large photograph of I. A. Lapham, LL. D., who settled in Milwaukee in 1836, and at present has charge of our geological survey, and a

full sized portrait of Harvey Canfield.

OF PHOTOGRAPHS PRESENTED

to be put into the "Old Settlers' Album," we enumerate:

Jonathan Hatch and wife Polly; Charles Hallasz and wife Emma; Martha Jane Prethero; Adam Dumlup; Archibald Hill; Martha Hatch, wife of Archy Hill; John Metcalf, deceased (the picture taken after death); H. D. Jones.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON EXHIBITION.

John Caldwell and wife Minerva, (deceased); S. V. R. Ableman; Gen. A. W. Starks, (deceased); Albert Jameson; Wesley Clement; Roswell Clement; Gridley Clement; Jabesh Clement, (deceased); Mrs. S. F. Root; Frances A. Canfield (deceased), late wife of H. G. Angle; Martha Shepard, now of Watsonville, Contra Costa Co., Cal.; Cornelia C. Canfield, wife of Mark Shepard, of same place; Charles O. Baxter, and sister Rachel, (deceased); Orrin Noble and wife, of Eugene City, Oregon; Jonas Tower (deceased); Jas. W. Babb; John Wilson and wife Janet, (deceased); James A. Maxwell and wife Martha Dartt, of Colorado.

This album was constantly in the hands of some one, and was an article of much interest to all present. The secretary would here remark, that if any persons will send their photograph, he will take pleasure in putting them into the album, to the gratification of all who look over its pages.

THE PIONEERS OF SAUK COUNTY.

NEW MEMBERS.

Members who joined the association at this meeting :

	Date of Settlement.
H. G. Jones.....	March 12, 1848
H. D. Jones.....	March 12, 1848
Henry Greenslitt, Sen.,....	Feb. 1, 1848
George F. Nelson.....	May, 1846
H. D. Evens.....	May, 1847
George W. Tucker.....	Feb. 27, 1847
T. M. Warren.....	May, 1845
John Johnson.....	June 1, 1849
Jacob Cline.....	June 1, 1854
Wallace Porter and wife....	April 7, 1852
Mrs. P. Chapman.....	Dec., 1818
Milton C. Jonnson.....	Sept., 1841
Abram Allen.....	June, 1846
Daniel Ruggles.....	June, 1849
W. E. Hart.....	Sept., 1846
Charles H. Williams.....	April, 1853
Wm. C. Warner.....	May, 1851
Geo. W. Bloom.....	Oct., 1850
George Townsend.....	July, 1850
P. J. Parshall.....	May 15, 1847
Philip H. Babb.....	Oct., 1846
Martha Hill.....	Dec. 8, 1850
Henry Waddle.....	1847

David Henry.....	April 15, 1847
Ebenezer Dawley.....	May, 1849
J. J. Hunter.....	June 1, 1847
T. C. Thomas.....	May, 1854
Rev. Rob't. Langley, Hon. member	1852
Maggie Moore.....	1854
Herman Albrecht.....	1850
Mrs. Rosaline Peck.....	1840
Iaro. E. Evens.....	Jan. 20, 1851
Merritt Tinkham.....	Sept. 23, 1852
Peter Calhoon.....	June, 1852
Chas. Pfannstiehl.....	1852

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS:

From table.....	\$43 00
Initiation fees, 39 members, 50 cts.....	19 50
Yearly dues, 23 members, paid 50 cts....	12 50
Contributions (Mrs. R. Peck gave \$21).....	6 50
From lemonade stand.....	56 50
	<hr/>
	\$138 00

EXPENDITURES:

Expenses of the dinner.....	\$51 00
Expenses of lemonade stand.....	26 10
Bills rendered and paid.....	7 00
Bills yet to be paid, about.....	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$134 10

Leaving a balance in the treasury of \$3.90.
 This is about the financial condition of the association.
 Sec'y, Old Settlers' Assn. of Sauk Co.

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page.]

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J. J. Hunter.....	June 1, 1847
T. C. Thomas.....	May, 1851
Rev. Rob't. Langley, Hon. member	1832
Maggie Moore.....	1851
Herman Albrecht.....	1850
Mrs. Rosaline Peck.....	1840
Iaro. E. Evens.....	Jan. 20, 1851
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Peter Calhoon.....	June, 1852
Chas. Pfanustiehl.....	1852

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

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From table.....	\$43 00
Initiation fees, 39 members, 50 cts.....	19 50
Yearly dues, 25 members, paid 50 cts.....	12 50
Contributions (Mrs. R. Peck gave \$2).....	6 50
From lemonade stand.....	56 50
	<hr/>
	\$138 00

EXPENDITURES:

Expenses of the dinner.....	\$51 36
Expenses of lemonade stand.....	26 10
Bills rendered and paid.....	17 00
Bills yet to be paid, about.....	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$104 46

Leaving a balance in the treasury of \$32.14.
This is about the financial condition of the
association. WM. H. CANFIELD,
Sec'y. Old Settlers' Asso. of Sauk Co.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

SAUK COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to previous notice in this paper, the Old Settlers' Association met on the 25th inst. for its fourth annual meeting. At day-break there was a salute from the 3 pounder field-piece, and another at sunrise. The artillery service was under the direction of Sergeant L. O. Holmes. At 10:30 A. M. the Baraboo Cornet Band, under charge of J. Prethero, formed upon the public square and marched at the head of a procession to Mrs. Rosaline Peck's grove upon the east edge of town, where a speaker's stand and dancing floor had been built.

1st. At 11 o'clock Capt. Levi Moore, president of the association, called the meeting to order in a very appropriate speech. One idea presented was that we had come together not to cry over our hardships and troubles of the past, but to commemorate them. * * *

2d. Prayer by Elder Kezerta. It was fitting the occasion. He referred to the privations and hardships of a pioneer life and to the blessings that have grown out of it.

3d. Music by the brass band, "Scotch Song."

4th. Secretary's report was read.

5th. Music by the band.

6th. The president then said he would introduce to the audience the Hon. Dr. Cowles, who would address them without previous preparation.

The Doctor came forward, thanking the Captain for the felicitous manner in which he had been presented to them,

saying, however, he was not an "Honorable," but came within one of it in 1850. There were at that time three parties in the county, Whig, Democratic and Free-soil. Old man Brigham, Whig, Delando Pratt, Democrat, and himself, Free-soil, were the candidates. The vote stood thus: Dem. 61, Free-soil 60, and Whig 59. He regretted being so far from his audience and above them; would like to be *en rapport* with them, still could see their joyous faces and catch the twinkle of their eyes. He gave a cordial greeting from the bottom of his heart, and felt we had met on one common ground of brotherhood. These meetings had a tendency to draw us nearer together "to feel for others woes and patience for our own." He referred to our excellent band of music, an indication of progress, contrasting its beautiful strains with the primitive whistle of the school boy in bygone days. He spoke of our educational progress. There were but three school-houses in the county when he came into it. Now each township was divided into from three to nine districts, with good school-houses filled with a corps of teachers who would compare favorably with any class of teachers in the world. He would call attention to our old log school-house in the north-western part of the town, now by ruthless hands razed to the ground, in contrast to our \$40,000 structure with eight departments from primary to academic, furnishing its quota of pupils to our University. Of such things we may well be proud.

He also made mention of the characteristics of the old settlers, a hardy, generous race, whose latch strings always hung out, who always gave a kindly greeting to the wayworn traveler, the hoecake and hominy of those days contrasting strangely with the strawberry shortcake of to-day.

The women of Sank county had contributed as much to its material prosperity as the men, and deserve as great a meed of praise. We owe much to them, and in the language of Mark Twain, "were it not for them, we would be scarce, *almighty scarce*."

The old settlers were a class of people who were not always waiting for something to "turn up," but turned things up themselves. If circumstances were unfavorable they created circumstances. 'Tis well, 'tis fitting we should hold in grateful remembrance those who first broke ground in this our beautiful county. When a people cease to do honor to their glorious ancestry they are drifting away towards barbarism. It is therefore fitting and right that we drop a tear of regret for those who have gone down to their graves, since we last met, members of this association, "as shocks of corn fully ripe," leaving behind the aroma of a kind and generous life. He said he hoped that in the future some one would be selected to address the association who would collect facts and statistics of such a character as would be interesting and instructive, and lay them away on our archives, to which those who should come after might refer.

Our agricultural prospects were never better. An abundant harvest is just upon us. Let us rejoice. The chaplain thanked God for the measure of health that so generally prevailed. It might be doubted by some whether the doctors could respond to a sentiment so damaging to them. You see, my friends, there is not much to be said in a rap-clap speech like this. When you throw out of the account science, politics and religion there is not much left. Hoping these meetings may continue with increasing interest from year to year, I take my leave by saying to one and all, Be virtuous and be happy.

7th. Song by Luce's duet class—
"Auld Lang Syne."

8th. Music by the band.

9th. President called on the Hon. C. C. Remington to address the audience, adding that all of the speeches to-day must of necessity be impromptu, for no time has been given the speakers for reflection.

Judge Remington came forward,

thanking the president for being so considerate in his introduction, but he thinks people would have found that out without telling them. He would rather disagree with the former speaker in relation to set speeches. He thinks the greatest inducement to call people together is to exchange friendly greetings. If the old settlers could not meet these meetings are a failure. He thinks of all men James. W. Babb will long be remembered. For a long time where Reedsburg now is was called Babb's Ford. It was to have been the chief feature of this day to have had the old Virginia wagon repaired up, equipped and drawn by four horses, bringing the Babb family to this festival, but death had stepped in and taken the father to his resting place, hence the hilarity planned for this occasion was put to an end. The time was when to see "Old Babb" with his saddle wheel horse and big wagon was as much of a sight as a train of cars is now. It would have been grand to have seen him in his old wagon, marching at the head of a procession through the streets of our village. The speaker referred with enthusiasm to the generosity of Mr. Babb—said he was a man that kept no accounts, and he believed he was the kindest hearted man that ever lived. He said, I once conducted a law suit for him, growing out of a water power, that finally went against him, and as a consequence he went back upon his lawyers, and in the end it seemed to become necessary for me to sue in order to collect my fees. I sued him on account. He came down to court on the return-day of the summons and called for the bill. It was presented. That, said he, is all right. But, said I, you have paid some on it, naming the amounts. Yes, said he, I suppose that is so. And, said I, I had your horse a week, and have staid sometimes at your house. That is nothing, said he. When I let a man have anything in the way of friendship I never go back on it, and the old man refused to take any credit on that.

Mr. R. thought the old settlers no better than the new. They came here to do the best they could, not to plant the cross. We should not arrogate too much to ourselves. It is the fashion of the day to talk about the degeneracy of

the age. If the rising generation is not to take a higher plane there is something wrong. In view of the better advantages we have given them, they must take a higher stand, but we should be careful to not impress upon the young that they are superior to their parents.

Mr. R. said that the Doctor was the man that was expected to make the main speech, therefore he had but little more to say, and he saw that the young people were in a hurry to get to dancing.

He desired all persons to take a look at the Wm. Johnson mill nailed upon yonder tree. That old planter's mill cracked the first kernel of corn in Sauk county and perhaps the first in the north-west. He thinks this climate is, after all, the best that he knows of this side of the Rocky Mountains; that our county is not half settled yet and there is no need to emigrate. The Captain is pulling my coat-tail now and telling me to quit. [Spoken mirthfully.] Captain wishes to explain. It is so, you know it is, Captain. [In a low tone to Mr. R. the Captain said: Do not carry the idea that yours is the last speech, for there are two others to follow you.] To which Mr. R. says, the Captain is again telling me to quit for there are two better men to speak when I get through.

The captain seemed somewhat discomfited, much to the amusement of the audience. Mr. R. took his seat amidst bustle and much merriment. The president then explained that before the audience should break up for dinner there would be two more short speeches.

10th. Music by the band—"Down by the Deep, Sad Sea."

11th. Rev. F. M. Holland then took the stand.

My friends, I am not an orator, neither am I an old settler. I have never smoked the pipe of peace, or even any other, in my life. Nor have I ever scalped an Indian. I did come across the bluffs a few years ago, and then thought I never would come again. He said that we have the best school-house in the county, and that he thought Sauk county could boast of the best doctor in the United States. (Dr. Cowles took the joke.)

12. Dr. S. P. Kezerta came forward and welcomed the old settlers of Sauk county in this beautiful grove.

We have in this county all we desire and should be happy. We say to our sons 'Go and do as we have done and take these young ladies with you. They will go; try them. Go and settle this great West.' He referred to our last year's chaplain as a great pioneer, but was now silent in death. He said the scenery in Sauk county is almost equal to that of the Rocky Mountains. Sauk county has a back bone that stood out of the waters when this country was all a sea, a backbone that stayed the icebergs of the North and held them until they deposited their burden of boulders all over our valley and retired back to their native element, and left as a memento of their vastness a spring in the very narrow of its highest peak, called the Spirit Lake. [The Doctor here appropriately referred to the geological hypothesis, or fact, that in the paleozoic age this salurian group of rocks of the Baraboo Bluffs stood with the tops of the highest of them out of water (the so-called potsdana sea), while the whole Mississippi valley, in fact most of North America, was submerged. He might have mentioned another fact of interest, viz.: That the highest point of this chain of bluffs is the highest land in the state. Hence Sauk county is really the backbone of the state. It would be our pride could she also be its backbone in true religion, virtue, science and industry. Of this we do boast, but how truthfully others can better see. w. h. c.] The Doctor finished his remarks with a short religious exhortation.

13. Music by the band, "Canton Quickstep."

A recess was then taken for dinner.

14. At 2 o'clock the meeting was called to order and an opportunity given for persons to become members and for the old members to pay their annual fees.

NEW MEMBERS.

	Date of Settlement.
J. G. Blakeslee.....	Spring, 1852.
Ruby Blakeslee.....	do do
N. H. Briggs.....	May 22, 1851.
S. J. Jopp.....	May, 1853.
A. D. Jopp.....	do do

Philip Cheek Sr.....	March, 1855.
Joel Hunter.....	
J. T. Gilliam.....	
Daniel Pruyn.....	June 24, 1853.
John Munroe.....	March, 1850.
O. W. Spaulding.....	
Geo. Newson.....	
A. T. Case.....	Oct. 17, 1853.
Mary M. wife of J. H. Burnett, Fall,	1856.
A. J. Crawford.....	Fall, 1847.
O. H. Cook.....	Aug., 1845.
A. J. Moore.....	June, 1856.
G. B. Gibson.....	Spring, 1850.
Amos Norton.....	Nov., 1849.
A. H. Brownell.....	Apr. 15, 1850.
T. T. English.....	May 6, 1853.
Mair Pointon.....	Apr.; 1850.
Peter Buck.....	Aug. 19, 1849.
Mrs. L. Cahoon.....	Oct., 1851.
Jonathan Miles.....	Apr. 25, 1847.
Geo. Holah.....	Spring, 1851.
M. J. Drown.....	Spring, 1859.
D. S. Vittum.....	Fall, 1851.
Michael Hirschinger.....	Spring, 1847.
O. Brown.....	Spring, 1849.
James Goodwin.....	Fall, 1852.
J. P. Dangerfield.....	Apr. 19, 1853.
S. O. Rabb.....	Spring, 1847.
J. M. Crosier.....	Nov. 15, 1848.
Thomas Ferres.....	Spring, 1852.
W. W. Andrews.....	Spring, 1849.
James Hill.....	Fall, 1850.
Frank Miller.....	
Wm. Stanley.....	Fall, 1850.
A. G. Tuttle.....	Spring, 1848.

15th. At 3 o'clock the old settlers took the stand to have their picture taken.

16th. At 3:15 the platform was cleared and dancing begun. The first, a contra-dance, was led off by the following old settlers, whose ages are given opposite the names:

Capt. L. Moore.....	66	Mrs. Rosaline Peck.....	67
A. Lezeart.....	51	Miss Ida Lezeart.....	17
J. Gilliam.....	49	Mrs. Maria Haines.....	49
Peter Buck.....	45	Mary Haines.....	24
E. Barstow.....	57	Mary M. Barstow.....	36
James H. Haines.....	56	Mrs. Adelia Munroe.....	42

The young folks occupied the floor the rest of the day and evening.

17. At 4 o'clock a business meeting was called from the stand to meet a few rods distant. After the people had assembled the president stated the object

of the meeting to be, first, to select a place for the next meeting. The secretary again this year insisted that the 5th annual meeting should be held among our German neighbors in the valley of Honey Creek, but, as there was no one at this meeting to represent their wishes, his proposition was tabled, and the Sauk people insisted that it should be again held at Baraboo. The Baraboo-ians thought that some other point, as North Freedom, Ableman or Reedsburg, should share the pleasures and burdens of the fifth meeting. It was put to vote, and carried to be held at Baraboo, and, after some discussion, the officers of the association were empowered to select the time and place of the next meeting.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year :

President—Capt, LEVI MOORE.

Secretary—Wm. H. CANFIELD.

Treasurer—Col. D. S. VITUM.

Vice Presidents—John B. Crawford, Baraboo; R. E. Stone, Sumpter; Geo. Owen, Prairie du Sac; Henry Ochsner, Honey Creek; C. C. Kuntz, Troy; James Taylor, Spring Green; John Johnson, Bear Creek; T. J. Morgans, Franklin; —Staples, Washington; N. H. Briggs, Westfield; J. G. Blakeslee, Ironton; —Stanley, Woodland; Philip Babb; Reedsburg; Jesse Cottingham, Winfield; S. J. Seymour, Dellona; O. Brown, Delton; S. V. R. Ableman, Excelsior; Geo. W. Bloom, Freedom; J. P. Dangerfield, Fairfield; John Munroe, Greenfield; H. Bailey, Merrimack.

But one photograph was added to the Old Settlers' album, that of T. Birum.

Along with the old corn-mill there was exhibited a tarsal bone of "Old Clare," a horse that was driven in the first team that crossed the Baraboo Bluffs. She was then owned by "Uncle" Richard Clark, who afterwards sold her to Wm. Rabb, in whose hands she died in 1857 at the age of 25 years.

WM. H. CANFIELD,

Sec'y Old Settlers' Association.

OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY'S REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

FIFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County met pursuant to notice at 2 o'clock p. m., July 4, 1876, at the stand where the national celebration was held during the forenoon. The president, Levi Moore, Esq., announced the opening of the meeting. The exercises were then as follows :

1. Music by the Spirit Lake Cornet Band, "Antilla Quickstep."

2. Prayer by Elder Kezerta. The prayer was appropriate and good. He thanked the Lord that we had been permitted to again assemble upon an occasion like this; that these pioneers opened the way of civilization for their children and children's children; that many of them had laid up treasures here, and some treasures that perish not.

3. Music by the band, a waltz, "Love's Greeting."

4. Dr. Chas. Cowles then delivered an address of welcome to the old settlers, as follows :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Sauk County Early Settlers' Association: I appear before you to-day for the fourth time on the anniversary of the organization of this social and historical gathering. We meet as friends to extend to each other the hand of greeting and generous sympathy. Our hearts are one. In all our former trials and deprivations we had a common sympathy for each other. We propose to foster that reciprocity of interest which has ever characterized those who early learned to endure hardship for those who should come after us. Many of those early veterans have passed away. Others still linger on the shores of time to cheer us by their presence, while we

extend to them that sympathy and care which a christian civilization inspires. Here to-day at my left is father Crawford, at 85, to enjoy with us our annual festival. He, like the Nimrod of old, was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," and here is the same old rifle (Here holding it up) with which he, at long range, could bring down the fleet-footed deer, sometimes two at a shot, and supply his family and the neighbors with that which money could not buy. He is a man who was never known to back down. And here also is my venerable uncle, Alphas Cowles, at nearly 88, one of the first old abolitionists of the Garrison school. Always true to his convictions, never swerving one jot or tittle though eggs were hurled that had passed far beyond the line of culinary purposes. I remember well of learning my A. B. C's under the spreading branches of a whitewood tree that stood near his lewn loghouse, on the Western Reserve, in Northern Ohio. And now we would say to these dear old friends, while we welcome you we bid you adieu. May your departure from us be peaceful and your eyes close upon us "as sets the morning star, that goes not down behind the darkened west, nor hides obscure amid the tempests of the sky, but melts away into the light of heaven."

It seems proper on the present occasion to take favorable notice of those who, in our late war of the Rebellion, stood between us and the cannon's mouth. In justice to human nature, we are bound to believe they jeopardized their lives from motives purely patriotic. Let that spirit of self sacrifice which they manifested call from our hearts corresponding and responsive gratitude. Three thousand men enlisted from our county, many of whom never returned to cheer us, who fought and fell, but are not forgotten; and many firesides to-day, like Rachel, "mourn for their children because they are not."

OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Standing as we do on this Anniversary of our nation's birth, as well as its centenary, let us pause and consider the mighty past no less than the more imposing future. As most present are the honored yeomanry of the soil, let me as an illustration of progress refer to the old fashioned wooden mould-board plow. Its structure was peculiar and unique. It was made in this wise: A white oak tree was sought that wound against the sun. It was felled and a suitable portion being taken out with chisel, gauge and plane, was constructed into a mould-board, after which it was attached to a triangular piece of iron, known as the share. All being ready, the old cattle were hitched on. A gad in the hands of the big boy urged them on, and if by sundown an acre was turned under, and very indifferently at that, they did well. Mark the change. The same implement, all of steel, hardened by a new process next to diamond, polished to the last degree, attached to a sulky, drawn by horses fat and sleek, driven by one unable perhaps to perform more arduous labor, turning upper-side-down from three to five acres in a most capital style. What is true of this single implement of husbandry can be said of every department of human activity. In the track of the "Mayflower," a schooner of a hundred tons burden, taking a period of three months to cross the Atlantic, are now moving palaces of four thousand tons, making the trip from Liverpool to New York in nine days! "The world moves," panting and out of breath with the exclamation, What next?

In our moral condition as a people, it is no less startling. The Puritans hung Quakers, and, as they supposed, by Divine appointment would not suffer a witch to live. Now, who cares for a creed, so long as a man's acts determine the principles which govern him. As to witches, ghosts are seen almost everywhere without molestation; and if by possibility they are admitted into good society, their credentials are subjected to the closest scrutiny. Toleration is the order of the day. We hail it as a good omen.

Our material prosperity has indeed been marvelous. Beginning the century with a population of 3,000,000 we now number over 46,000,000, doubling every twenty-five years. Taking that ratio, 1976 will see 640,000,000 human beings pressing our American soil. With all the advantages of our higher civilization we may reasonably expect in the coming century the dawning of that better day, that golden age, sung by poets, and dreamed of by seers of the olden time. We are proud of our heritage, we thank God for it; and if those we leave after us prove true to the high trusts imposed on them, no ideal can portray the glowing future that awaits our beloved land.

Let us, friends, then, on this memorable occasion, repledge ourselves, one to the other, removing from our hearts every vestige of unhallowed bitterness: let us strike hands for an enduring brotherhood, a lasting fraternity; the true ideal of which is infinitely above all political strifes, or dogmatical ecclesiasticism, and is in fact the key note of that song, sung by angels at the advent of the Prince of Peace: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men."

5. Music by the Band.

6. Song by J. Hawes, Esq., "John Brown."

7. N. W. Wheeler, Esq., being loudly and repeatedly called for by the people, took the stand and made one of the humorous speeches for which he is celebrated, and of which the following is an imperfect outline:

He was glad to be able to fulfill his promise, made at the last centennial meeting of the old settlers, to speak to them. Had been thinking all day that some great and good man ought to address them. Felt that his words would be inadequate to express all his thoughts, but was aware that this might however be a good thing for the people. He came here twenty-five years ago, when he was young, very young. Like other of the old settlers he had grown

OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

better, but unlike them he had not grown older. Dr. Cowles had said that twenty-five years ago the settlers were all good men. He believed it, for was not he one of them? Dr. Cowles had mentioned in a general way the sufferings and trials of the old settlers of this county, but had not mentioned the poor lawyers, their hardships and the difficulties they surmounted; and their poor clients, who shall tell what they endured?

The speaker thought a meeting of the association once a year productive of great good. He always respected the intelligence and ability of the people of this county, and notwithstanding his own absence for several years, could not see that the average intellectual capacity had depreciated as much as might have been expected. He felt in regard to the condition of the people of this county, and his own relations to them, very much as Col. Noyes did about his paper many years ago. The Colonel being complimented in regard to his paper, said that he having supervision of it as editor and publisher, it was a very good paper.

These re-unions should cement old friendships form new ones and subdue malice. For his part he had malice toward none, and he knew that his nature was such that no one could have malice toward him. In conclusion, he hoped to meet with the old settlers each year for the next hundred years.

8. Music by the Band.

9. The Secretary's Report was read.

10. Thirty minutes time was then taken to receive new members. The following are the names of persons who joined during the day:

Wm. S. Grubb.....Nov., 1855.

Mr. Grubb gave me the following incidents: He came to Madison, Wis., in 1854. Was at the great Indian (Sioux) treaty at Mendota, Minn., in

June 1851, and at that time had a valuable collection of Indian curiosities, which was destroyed by fire at the burning of the hotel at McGregor, Iowa, June 1851. Mr. Grubb handed the association five dollars, to apply on membership fees in time to come.

Josephine S. Grubb.....	May, 1856.
Philarmou Pratt.....	May 7, 1848.
Mrs. Charlotte Pratt.....	May 7, 1848.
Otis. G. Watkins.....	Aug, 1850.
Geo. W. Cowen.....	June, 1853.
Elias D. Potter.....	Oct., 1853.
Eliza Potter.....	1851.
A. B. Case.....	March, 1855.
Silas J. Seymour.....	May, 1849.
T. J. Wood.....	Dec., 1851.
Harvey Randall.....	May, 1846.
Mrs. Geo. Brown.....	Oct., 1854.
H. R. Ryan.....	May, 1855.
Abby J. Ryan.....	May, 1855.
Mrs. A. H. Bowles.....	Sept. 30, 1855.
Mrs. Lydia Clark.....	1847.
R. R. Remington.....
August Ringling.....	Oct., 1854.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Col. D. S. Vittum, treasurer of the association, has submitted the following statement of receipts and expenditures for the past year :

RECEIPTS.

June 22, of Capt. Moore, balance on hand	\$15 06
July 5, W. H. Canfield, for membership..	25 60
" P. J. Parshall, for membership..	50
" A. K. Camp.....	25 57
" S. Capt. Moore, for lumber sold....	16 50
" Capt. Moore, proceeds of dancing.	26 50
Total receipts.....	\$110 73

EXPENDITURES.

July 5, To Spirit Lake Band.....	\$25 00
" Weirich & Woodman, for printing	6 50
" Damage to chairs.....	1 50
" D. K. Noyes, per bill.....	3 00
" Langdon & Pratt, per bill.....	46 28
" Capt. Moore, per bill.....	20 50
" W. H. Canfield, for print'g proce'ds	5 00
" Postage and ribbon for badges....	2 65
Total expenditures.....	\$110 73

W. H. CANFIELD, Secretary.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

SAUK COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

This meeting was advertised to be held on the public square in Reedsburg July 11th, 1878, but owing to very heavy rains, it was postponed to Aug. 22d, 1878.

August 22d the day was pleasant, and soon quite a large number of pioneers were upon the ground. At 11.30 the president *pro tempore*, J. F. Danforth, called the meeting to order.

Song by the Reedsburg Glee Club. "The American Flag."

Opening address by the President. He felt himself incompetent to fill the place. The death of the president elect, John Rork of Reedsburg, had necessitated the appointment of some one, and he had consented to accept the chairmanship of the meeting. As he had accepted the position he would do the best he could. We have met today to exchange friendly greetings. We have met in this pleasant way this makes the seventh time. These meetings are profitable as well as pleasant. He compared early times with the present: the unbroken forest and prairie with the cultivated fields that we have harvested and shall harvest this fall; the wild animals with the domestic; the wild expanse of thirty years ago with civilization and wealth of today.

Elder A. Lock came forward and opened the meeting by prayer. The leading thought was, "As we sow, so shall we reap." Our nation had sown an evil spirit and had reaped war. He asked that we might have a Christian spirit, to reap peace and good will therefrom.

Dr. Charles Cowles was called for to deliver the address of welcome. He was not present, although he had been on the ground. It was postponed until afternoon.

Song, "My Cottage Home."

President Danforth continued the subject of his opening remarks, comparing the past with the present. The contrast was pleasantly painted. We old fashioned people had not come here to make a display of rhetoric or grammar, yet we could talk something about the geography of the county thirty years ago.

W. H. Canfield was reminded of coming into the country in 1842. Following a new road by "blazes" (as yet not a wagon track upon it) from Madison to Sauk (upper town) and from Henry Teal's, at the Baraboo Bluffs, an Indian trail that wound over them and among the rocks and ravines to Richard Clark's place. Found the little dried up old man felling a white oak tree three feet through. He said he was going to make clapboards out of it. He was very talkative. His dirt floor bachelor cabin, the "clapboard tree, his dried-up face, big eyes and squealing voice, and high spirits was to me, "a greenhorn," very amusing. He directed us to Capt. Levi Moore's. We were warmly greeted by the Captain and S. Griffith and wife, who were stopping in the same cabin. The lessons in the geography of Sauk county that I learned in those years are very fresh in my mind. I was always pleased with a new country life: was never homesick. It was here I came to make a home, and I loved it from the beginning, and the people also, even until to-day.

A. Lock arose and told about felling big oak trees. He soon got upon the theme of his opening prayer. We are prospered or suffer generally according as we will our efforts. The Lord had been kind to him and to the people of this county, but if they sowed to this

world only, they could expect to harvest only worldly goods. He brought forward many texts of Scripture in support of his positions.

The president said it was about lunch time, but we would first sing the song of "Auld Lang Syne." The plain English of that good old Scotch song is "The Old Long Time Ago." It was heartily sung as he "lined it off." Its touching strains warmed up the pioneers' hearts, and they went to lunch, inviting everybody to partake with them.

The afternoon session was called at 2½ o'clock.

Song, "Mountain Land."

The Secretary's report was read, and is as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

July 11th, 1878.

To the President and members of the association. I would say that there has been no transaction since our last meeting, July 4th, 1877, because there has been no money at our disposal. You will remember that our last meeting was held on the Reedsburg fair ground and all of our expenses paid by A. P. Ellinwood. There was no money passed through our hands. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, delivered an oration addressed to the old settlers and citizens. Subject, "The ability to do an Honest Day's Work." It was ably discussed, and we all felt edified and highly entertained, and that we were well, and *very well* paid for coming here. Yet the old settlers declared that they had not had an "old settlers" meeting, and our Reedsburg friends desired that we should hold another meeting here upon some day other than July 4. Hence at our business meeting John Rork was elected president, S. J. Seymour treasurer, and Wm. H. Canfield secretary. The treasurer and secretary invited J. F. Danforth to fill the chair *pro tempore* of our deceased president, who kindly accepted the invitation.

Our by-laws require me to report the deaths of members for the year since our last meeting.

Charles Hallasz and wife. Their deaths were but a few hours apart. Mr. Hallasz was the first president of this association.

Arby M. Seymour. Mr. Seymour was the second president. He was one of the originators of this association.

John Rork. Mr. Rork was the last president of this association.

So it is, that this year three of our presiding officers have passed out of the river into the ocean of eternity. Also my kind neighbor, Abram Allen.

I have not here given even the dates of the death of these brethren and our sister, for it is the duty of this association to prepare *at least* a short memoir of every one of its deceased members, to be bound up with the historical matter that has been and may be collected. It is very much to be hoped that at this meeting money enough may be collected to pay for the printing of these memoirs. If not, our association becomes in part a failure. We have one memoir, that of Albert Jameson, that his wife paid for. I recommend that sketches be prepared by the friends of our deceased brethren and sent to the secretary, accompanied by a photograph, and I believe that means will be raised in some way to defray the expenses of printing. It is from memoirs, addresses and reminiscences that we collect historical data. Perhaps it would be advisable to draw up a circular and send to every member asking him to donate twenty-five cents to one dollar for the purpose of printing memoirs. Thirty pages of our past proceedings are already printed and laid one side for binding. There are 200 members of this association. If each member would punctually pay his yearly fee of fifty cents, we would have ample means to publish what we wish, and in a little while have a most interesting volume, which could be sent free to each member contributing. We think the association has erred some in the past by paying out its means for music and entertainments, which of course vanish like the fog of a morning.

WM. H. CANFIELD.

The Congratulatory speech by Dr. Chas. Cowles should properly appear here, but the copy having not yet been received by the printer, it will necessarily have to appear in another place.

Rev. H. L. Brown read a reminiscence from S. A. Dwinnell, he being

too feeble to come upon the ground.

Early Settlers of Sauk County.

FELLOW CITIZENS: We have been called to be pioneers, to blaze a track into the wilderness for roads on which other generations are to travel, to fence fields, open farms, erect dwellings, build shops and stores, and mills, and school houses, and churches for our children and successors to occupy. Have the foundations which we have laid been well laid? Has our work been as perfect as it ought to have been? If so, we have a right to rejoice and thank God for the opportunity to perform such a work. If not, we can only seek the Divine forgiveness.

How little the settlers of a new country understand the magnitude of their work; how little the importance of it to posterity; how short-sighted in respect to the future! When the first Puritan settlement was made, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, on Charles river, where Charlestown now stands, in 1630, they knew but little of the vastness of the work which God had given them. It is a matter of history that a few years after they landed there, commissioners were appointed to lay out a road into the wilderness towards the west. They engaged in their work, and upon their return reported that "they had laid out a highway twelve miles, and they thought it was as far as one would ever be needed in that direction." *Short-sighted men!* How little they knew of the value of the foundations they were laying; of the importance of their work; of the vastness of this land they were settling; of the greatness of the nation that was to grow up on these western shores! And yet it may be true that our conceptions of the future, of the changes which are to take place around us in the next two hundred and fifty years, may be almost as vague and dim as were theirs.

As some indication that this may be so, let us look for a few minutes at some items of statistics showing a few of the changes of the last forty years or so. In 1836 nearly all of northern Illinois, Wisconsin and what is now Iowa, and all of Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, was in possession of va-

rious tribes of Indians. The forests were almost unbroken, the prairies unfurrowed, the streams unbridged and their waters just beginning to be plowed by pioneer steamers. Over much of this then new Northwest the Indian from his wigwam, and the wild beast from his lair roamed in undisputed possession. I think the population of the states we have named, including a strip sixty miles in width on the northern line of Illinois, was in 1836 not far from 30,000. It must now be nearly 6,000,000. In 1836 there were ten or twelve villages, of which Chicago, Galena and Dubuque were, I think, the largest, with a population in each of these of probably from 1,000 to 2,500. Now there are more than 100 incorporated cities of from 4,000 to 500,000 each, and in all of them a population of 1,250,000, besides villages almost innumerable.

In 1836 the post-offices, schools, gospel ministers, churches and circuits, must have been limited to twenty-five or thirty each, while the grist mills, school-houses, newspapers and church edifices could have been numbered by counting one's fingers. I will take four items and show the changes of forty years. The post-offices in 1836 were not far from 25; in 1876 about 4,483. The weekly newspapers in 1836 were six; in 1876 not far from 775. In 1836 the school-houses I think did not exceed ten, and were worth not more than \$2,500. In 1876 the common and graded school houses were about 8,540 and valued at \$17,000,000. The church edifices in 1836 I think did not exceed five, worth not far from \$2,600; in 1876 there were 7,224 worth not far from \$19,000,000.

When I settled in Wisconsin in 1836, its population was less than 12,000. In 1876 it was about 1,250,000. It had then four counties, with some fourteen voting precincts; in 1876 it had 61 counties and 782 towns. In 1836 there were 12 villages of from 200 to 800 inhabitants in each; in 1876 there were 35 cities of from 4,000 to 100,000 in each. In 1836 there were fourteen post-offices; in 1876 it had 1,280, while the weekly newspapers had increased from 3 to 219, of which 19 were also pub-

lished daily. In 1836 there were only nine schools; in 1876 there were of common schools, together with those which were private and parochial, nearly 6,000. In 1836 there was one framed school house and a few of logs; in 1876 there were 5,299. Most of the graded school buildings were worth from \$5,000 to \$30,000 each, and the whole worth about \$5,000,000. In addition to these are buildings for private schools, normal schools and colleges worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars more.

In 1836 there were thirteen gospel ministers; in 1876 there were 1554 of Protestants and 204 Roman Catholic priests. In 1836 there was one church edifice built of logs and valued at \$200; in 1876 there were not far from 1664 owned by Protestants valued at nearly \$6,000,000, and 543 by Roman Catholics valued at about \$1,000,000.

In 1836 there was not a white inhabitant in Sauk county, and hardly one in all the vast region northwest to the St. Croix river. In fact almost the whole of Wisconsin was a wilderness except the settlements on Lake Michigan, at Green Bay, at Prairie du Chien and in the lead mines. How changed is everything to-day. Our capacities are not large enough to take it in. None but the Infinite one who wheels the planets in their course can fully comprehend it.

But I must not enlarge. It is a matter of satisfaction to me, and I presume it is to you, that we were allowed the privilege of being pioneers of Sauk county and of Wisconsin, and of assisting in laying the foundations of institutions governmental, educational, and religious of this large county and of this grand commonwealth.

May our last days on earth be as full of peace and joy as our pioneer days were of toil and trials. May our children and others who may receive and enjoy this inheritance be qualified to take it, improve it and transmit it to future generations. And when it is ours to die, as soon it must be, may it be found that by lives of trust in our Divine Redeemer and of obedience to Him, we have honored His name and blessed our generation.

Thus may we be prepared to hear in

the day of final reckoning the plaudits: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord."

S. A. DWINNELL.

Rev. H. L. Brown read a reminiscence from Mrs. Frances Dwinnell Elliott, daughter of S. A. Dwinnell, now of Indianapolis, Ind.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 19, 1878.

To the Old Settlers' Association:

I see you call for reminiscences from any of the old settlers of Reedsburg. I don't know how early or how long a residence is considered requisite to entitle one to the honor of an old settler, and a place in that album that is to be handed down to posterity. I certainly was among the early residents of that historic town, having taken up my abode there about one o'clock on the afternoon of July 2d, 1851, and, if time is measured by heart beats according to the poet's standard, I must have lived there twenty years or more. I went there a little girl in short dresses and should in all probability, like the Widow Bedott, have made it my native place and never gone away any more, if a certain tall and whiskered specimen of humanity had not persuaded me to change my mind and my name and commence a new life in a new state, and thereby I fear forever blasting my hopes of belonging to the Old Settlers' Association of Reedsburg, for I am obliged to confess that according to the almanac I removed my residence from there on the afternoon of October 29th, 1857. But I have many reminiscences of that period laid up on memory's shelves. I can't help thinking that I lived in Reedsburg in the "Golden Age." In the age of sewing circles, of lyceums, of singing rehearsals and writing schools. The age when the old school-house flourished, when all denominations took turns in holding forth, and when there same congregation listened, to Elder Conrad, Mr. Beau, or Mr. Lock, as the case might be; where the Sunday School was held that we all attended. Mrs. Sperry had charge of the infant class that was the pride of the school. After we had finished reciting it was our custom to sit and listen to them, and Mrs. S. would have them speak up loud so

we could all hear. One day she had been training them for exhibition on the story of Cain and Abel, and when the showing off time came she asked them among other questions, "What was Cain's occupation?" "He killed his brother," shouted some little chap. We all laughed, little thinking that in a few years members of that same school would really be engaged in this occupation—of killing their brothers.

I remember one 4th of July celebration, in 1853 I think, when we girls, all dressed in white, marched to the public square, each carrying a little flag with the name of one of the states printed on it. We had an oration by somebody, Judge Wheeler I believe, and a real band from Baraboo. I have never since been able to hear such sweet music as they made. We had a picnic dinner spread on a long table, and toasts after dinner. I remember rather an original one offered by Rodney Sage and supposed to refer to the representations of the states: "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I wonder where those said representatives are now? Most of them are living, as far as I know, but all changed by Father Time from blooming maidens to care-worn matrons of forty or more years. Gray hairs are sprinkling the charming tresses, and wrinkles are replacing the roses of the cheeks. The eager expectation of youth has given place to dark forebodings, and we stand upon the summit of the hill of life dreading to descend. Time beckons us up the hill of life, and pushes us reluctant down. Yet there are pleasant dale's and shady nooks on the downward side, and the smiling faces of the "old folks" around us invite us to join their number, and there are none among whom I would rather be counted than the old folks of Reedsburg. Their good sense, energy and sterling worth have made them honored and respected by all who can appreciate such qualities. May they live yet many years.

Very respectfully,

FRANCES DWINNELL ELLIOTT.

F. J. Groat, of Ironton, gave orally

his recollections. My attention was diverted and I did not get any of his first remarks. He came to the country poor and held his own yet pretty well. [Most all men would like to enjoy Mr. Groat's poverty. He has reasons for thanking God for a competency. We hope he will write out his recollections and let us have them some time.—W. H. C.] It was by reading such biographies as Daniel Boone's when he was young, that brought him into a new country. There was much good society in the country when it was new. He hoped that the old settlers would all feel on a level. He took land to work of D. C. Barry, on the west side of Babb's Prairie. Mrs. Barry is his cousin. He got three bushels of wheat of John Babb and took it to Baraboo to be ground. It lasted until spring. He went to many log raisings. He loved the warm hearted people. His "latch string" had never been drawn in. He settled in Ironton where he now lives. Several times he expressed great thankfulness for the manner in which God had blessed him and his family.

Mrs. — Rathburn told their troubles going back to Dane county. David C. Reed let them take an old yoke of oxen. They tured out the first day and laid down, as they thought, to die. That night the mosquitoes almost ate them up. When they got home they found the family nearly all sick. Reed induced them to sell their farm. Joe Mackey paid them \$1,000 (for a mortgage I think). She enumerated great losses in their family by death. She now, in her lonely situation and old age, looks to her Heavenly Father for comfort and support.

A paper from R. P. Clement, now of San Francisco, Cal., was read. This paper was very gratifying to all, as the Clement family was so well known in Sauk county. Three of the boys became lawyers. The whole family did extremely well in migrating to the Golden State.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 30, 1878.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Esq.,

Secretary Old Settlers' Association, &c.

DEAR SIR: On arriving home last evening from a two weeks' trip over

the mountains and desolate plains of the state of Nevada. I found a programme of the contemplated meeting of your association on the eleventh of July. I had hoped, and partly promised myself, to be present at your meeting this year, but circumstances and business demands have not admitted of my indulging in so great a pleasure.

The twenty-five years which have passed since I left old Sauk for this side of the continent have brought little forgetfulness of my early experiences and friendships formed, while a resident of lovely and picturesque Baraboo. The little log school house, where I had my first and last experience as a teacher; the old court-house; the little brick offices; Mother Garrison's store; the Adams' House; Col. Maxwell's store; Kirk's and Taylor's stores and other buildings about the Square at Adams were so photographed on my mind, that I have always a complete picture of them to look at at will. I was greatly attached to the old place and its people, and it cost me real pain to leave them.

A considerable number of our early Baraboo friends had preceded me to this coast, and from time to time others came until we have sometimes numbered nearly fifty in and about San Francisco. The Parishes were early here, so were Gen. and Col. Haraszthy and other families; R. P. Locke and family, Mark Shepard and wife and my brother Wesley. The later arrivals were Col. Sumner and family, Robert and John Thomas Taylor, my father and his family, and still later John Taylor and your son, and others whom I do not so readily call to mind. Of these Gen. Haraszthy and his wife, Col. Haraszthy, R. P. Locke, Ransom Parish and his wife, my father and mother and brother Jabish, and John Taylor, have passed beyond life's river.

In remembering those whom I first knew at Baraboo and who became especially dear to me as friends, your father and mother, yourself and wife, Uncle Alex Crawford and saintly Aunt Hannah, John Crawford, Col. and James Maxwell, C. C. Remington, W.

H. Clark, Judge Clark, Judge Canby and Dr. Cowles come first in order, but the list increases so rapidly and to such an extent that to name them all is impracticable. Dear old Sauk county; except for the severity of its climate in winter, which my impaired health made dangerous to me, I would doubtless be one of her citizens now. I trust her old settlers may have a happy reunion on their coming anniversary, and oh, if I *only could* be there and see. I would like to avail myself of the occasion of your meeting to communicate, through you, to as many of my old friends as possible, the fact of my kind remembrances and sincere regards, and I have an abiding faith that you will gladly do me the favor.

Very truly your friend,

R. P. CLEMENT.

Dr Cowles came to his feet and said there were no "tramps" thirty-five years ago. (A voice said except to come to a new country.) Compared the past with the present fearful state of society. The women then were not so nervous. The dietetics and the frivolities of to-day undermine the health and morals of the people—the nation. Hysterics and dyspepsia were not as common then as now. Our old ladies have more of the real mettle in them to-day than the young women.

W. H. Canfield told a part of the "Sauk War" story. We have the story already in print in our former proceedings as told by James Taylor, now of Spring Green.

A reminiscence (sent to the Sec'y) by T. J. Morgans, of Franklin, who has been confined to his house, or nearly so, for a year past, was then read.

PLAIN, Sauk County, Wis., July 4th, '78.

MIR. WM. H. CANFIELD:

DEAR SIR: I received your programme. Would be glad to meet you and others at the appointed time, but cannot this time, I send you a few lines and my photograph. I was born in South Wales, on the 29th of Jan., 1814, under the Dominion of Johnny Bull. Not fancying his mode of government, I bade him good-bye and landed in New York the first day of July, 1841. Being single, I remained

about New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, and arrived at Dodgeville, Wis., in 1843, quite a small place then. In the spring of 1845 I came to Helena Bottom; was one of those proposing and adopting the new name Spring Green, and so the place has been called ever since. There were four families in the place prior to my arrival, viz.: Rev. David Jones, now of Arena, whose claim I bought, the land not yet being in market; Thos. Williams, now of Bridgeway, Iowa Co.; Evan Jones and James Thomas, both dead. The Hon John Wilson and family lived at Wilson Creek prior to any of the above, I think. Not being a farmer, I rented my place, and returned to Dodgeville to follow my calling, *i. e.*, mining, intending to make my fortune in a short time in the mines, but instead of making a fortune, ran in debt six hundred dollars. I returned home, sold my claim, paid the debt and was left penniless to begin my life anew.

On July 7th, 1848, I was married to Martha Ann Slauter. Soon after I removed to where I am now—section 32, 10, 4. The only family here then was my father-in-law's, Dewitt Slauter. Have seen some hard times here. Many a trip I made to Prairie du Sac on foot, carrying over a hundred pounds home within twenty-four hours, being forty miles going and coming. People talking now of hard times; suppose they would make one trial-trip as above. Once Father Slauter and I traveled over Sauk Prairie for a few bushels of wheat, and could not find any for love or money; none to be got. In three different places we succeeded, by hard begging, in getting three bushels of corn, at one dollar per bushel; took it to the mill, and surely the miller took the grist, but, being a merciful man, allowed us to take the toll to feed our families. On our way home I found one bushel of very small potatoes for one dollar. The next day being the 4th of July, and having no ground broke and nothing to break it with, I dug holes with a spade and dropped three of the small potatoes in each hole, and covered them with sod. So my first crop was planted, and they turned out fair considering the time

they were put in. At that time deer, wolves, bears and snakes were common things to be seen almost every day. Once, coming home from Sugar Grove, I had to run for dear life, being followed by wolves. I had barely got within my house before they were at my door, and by the sound, I don't know but there were a legion. I saw one elk killed a short distance from my house. I think its horns are to be seen now at the village of Prairie du Sac. Had an awful Indian scare here once, but it is rather too ridiculous to mention. In 1850 I assessed the town of Honey Creek, now divided into five towns, viz.: Spring Green, Bear Creek, Franklin, Honey Creek and Troy. Had, by order of the town board, to go to Baraboo three times for the abstracts (from Mineral Point). My bill, I think (I quote from memory), was twenty dollars, considered then by some to be enormous. Had the honor also of filling other town offices, at different times. Although I have not stated the tenth part of the hardships I have suffered and endured in raising a large family, I have no reason to complain. I generally take things easy and am thankful for the little comforts that surround me. Hove Sauk county and its people. I wish you and all the old and new settlers much joy at your meeting July 11th, and at all times thereafter, and whenever it will be convenient for you to call on me you will always be welcome, whether you'll have any cigars or not.

I remain yours truly,

T. J. MORGANS.

Mr. Samuel Montross read a sketch of his recollections as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is well to look on both sides of a question. There are momentous consequences involved in becoming first settlers. A word of caution might not be out of place, lest some of this company may catch the emigration fever and inconsiderately venture where nature runs riot, in frisky freaks of unrestraint, from the reputed lords of creation, as she formed the Prairie, woodland, mountain, valley, lake, river and roaring cataract, whose inhabitants ran no higher than "poor Lo," wild

ferocious beasts and hissing serpents.

I might mention Mr. Seymour, among others who were victims to this fever, that left warm hearted friends and loving relatives, in a land of plenty, where luxuriant pleasures, arts and sciences flourished, to encounter vast responsibilities of cares, of trials, disappointments and solitude, who, by such recklessness, drew upon themselves the ardent duties of managing good productive farms, stocked with herds of animals, comfortable dwellings, and nice surroundings.

Young men, if you would avoid such inconveniences of being fettered with such cumbersome responsibilities that would subject you to their constant demands and cost much sweat in time of harvest, be careful how you expose yourself to such catching fevers, especially if your habits call for beer, whisky or tobacco, but stay where these demands may be supplied from the sound (?) civilization, where churches and distilleries stand looking at each other; where science and law protect the manufacturing or preparing of candidates for the demands of our extensive penitentiaries and high elevations of gallows swinging!

Young women, be wary how you leave the fashionable circles of social life to waste your sweetness (?) in temporary comparative solitude, where there are no walks to sweep with silken trails, no large fashionable audiences before whom to exhibit your latest styles. Log houses and jewelry make a hideous contrast in such comparisons, where courting and flirting is narrowed down to a point suitable to the demands of the time and of those reckless adventurers who might want a wife to assist in the demands of common domestic life. Would you be decoyed where there are no fancy millinery and fashionable dressmaking shops? and use a pail of water to make a toilet by? and then in some future day be called upon, before an assembly like this, to make the humbling confession of an old settler's life? Do not be dazzled with the imaginary sight of a heroine, battling with the stern realities of individualized life, to make conquest of all the virtuous possibilities

and uses belonging to a noble woman unto whom the world is looking for the redemption of her posterity from legalized crime and festering cesspools.

Irony aside, I would speak in all candor and truthfulness of some of the advantages suggested by switching off, out of the old ruts of traditions, fossilized notions and stereotyped monotony, that often drowns for want of propelling necessities, to rouse up invigorating energies. This often forms a vacuum into which new thoughts and new ideas rush, to speed the onward march of human destiny.

It was a common remark twenty-five years ago that this was a very healthy country because there was but little sickness, and many who came here ailing became invigorated, if not entirely cured. By observation, as old settlers, we are forced to the conclusion, that habits in life, of eating, drinking and clothing, had very much to do with such conditions. Forced away from the extravagant, unhealthy diet and fashionable changes of dress, so prolific of disease, we were compelled to live more as nature demanded, and she rewarded us accordingly, but as we were able to resume our old habits, the old effects were as certainly upon us. We are commendably engaged in educating our children in the scientific and literary acquirements of the day, but I regret to say that we sadly, if not wickedly, neglect the most important and simple teachings of life, a record of which is stamped upon us in letters of fire. Had we studied nature's lessons as she gave them to us, we and our children would have been more healthy and more wise; but we would not. It is believed by many that, in trying to teach children liberally, their lives are endangered thereby, through a force-feed process. It is a truth that is hard to deny, that all our places of learning are detrimental to children's health where there is not a co-operation of natural productive labor, a crime, which, if perpetrated through more direct means, would be thought worthy of censure. I desire not to be extravagant in expression, but justice demands that this slow torture be noticed. We wish our children to be

prodigies and deprive them of the only means of their becoming so. I mean those who are deprived of productive labor. The first principles of education should be to teach children to sustain themselves with their own hands. In neglecting this essential point, we are producing very many soft-handed, soft-minded and soft-brained men and women, who might justly utter maledictions against parents and schools for having blasted their lives and deprived them of the only solid foundation of honor and prosperity. It is thought by some that education undermines health, but education means development and growth of our powers, and organs, and their true education combined is necessary, healthful, and pleasant; the stuffing process of a particular organ is what deranges. The physiological, industrial, moral and literary, or intellectual, these should work together. Every organ of the body, and every faculty of the soul, brought into legitimate action, grows and develops aided by the others, and at the same time adds to the sum total of vital and spiritual power, that sustains and impels the whole, which will harmonize society with itself, man with nature, and earth with heaven. The moral ethics of the man's duty to man, as embodied in the "Golden Rule," should be the salt to season all the food to build up a dignified humanity, that all first settlers should be more interested in, to carve a more enduring monument to their fame than all the paltry trash they could heap up by violating their obligations to humanity, to their neighbors, to their children, and to themselves.

Instead of teaching our children by example and precept, to outwit in trade, to deceive for gain, and take advantage of the innocent, in designs upon them, filling our coffers by the miseries we create in the world, we should, as soon as they comprehend our language and action, so imbue them with the principles of a just and holy life, that their innocent imitative natures would at once revolt at "wrong and outrage with which earth is filled." This is the garden in which to clear the

noxious weeds. "Health and virtue are as contagious as disease and vice."

If we accustom ourselves to associate with pestilence, we breathe in its devastating fumes, inoculating our vitals with its corruption, and we succumb to its devastation.

If we make comparisons of the trickster and the deceiver, the swindler and the thief, the gambler and inebriate, the contagion is as corrupting to our morals as was the pestilence to our physies. With all these combined, humanity becomes a foul blot, a stench in the nostrils of earth and heaven.

When we come in the presence and feel the atmosphere surrounding a healthy organism that encases a pure loving spirit, we catch the exhilarating scintillation of happiness that ever reaches out to uplift and benefit the world with heavenly radiance, that it may obtain the blessings in store for those who are willing to seek them where they may be found in obeying the laws physical and spiritual. These powers, co-operating in their most lofty aspirations, are the highest ideals that humanity can claim and for which worlds and systems of worlds are developing.

First settlers should feel the responsibilities of their situation, for they are great: laying the foundations of the country's good or evil standing, to a very great extent, for many years; for such is the power of magnetic influence, that it unconsciously sways according to the power of the battery, whether for good or for evil, and a well balanced mind, knowing the importance of influence, needs to be panoplied with the whole armor of truth and righteousness, to guard well the paths that lead to the best interests of life and prosperity for themselves, their children, and their neighborhood; sowing such seeds as they would not be ashamed to harvest in the sight of angels. It is pleasant to contemplate a colony of settlers; all fraternally working for the best interests of society, and where that is the dominant motive, it cannot fail of yielding all the minor necessities to a competence. Through industry, economy and perseverance, every evil weed would be

plucked up by the roots that would endanger the harmony and purity of life, the largest charity would be extended to those who should fall into temptation. A kind feeling of love and good will should be extended toward such, for their deliverance from evil, instead of denunciation and threats of vengeance. When we learn how much more powerful kind persuasive words are than brute force or punishment, penitentiaries, the gallows and unkindness will dwindle into insignificant contempt.

All intolerance, for opinion's sake, will then be buried among the sickening relics of ignorant ages, and a glorious advance made towards that long looked for time, when the lion and the lamb will lie down together and a little child shall lead them.

I would apologize for the ironical and short manner of hinting to evoke thought in the above essay, necessarily short, but worthy of exhaustive effort.

L. MONTROSS.

Articles both old and curious were now exhibited:

A looking glass seventy-five years old—came from Canada.

A pair of wedding slippers worn by Lydia Long, mother of Mrs. W. H. Canfield. They are of yellow Morocco with very pointed toes.

A tea-pot (earthen) fifty years old belonging to Mrs. Benedict.

A ladies' willow work basket one hundred and thirty years old belonging to Mr. Geo. Stewart.

A sampler (piece of embroidery) fifty-four years old worked by Mrs. Amy Frost of Winfield.

A copper kettle owned by Mrs. N. W. Sallade, which has passed through three generations, and came from the borders of Germany in the year 1670. It was manufactured in France and holds about two gallons. It was made in three parts dovetailed together and brazed with brass, and looks substantial enough for three generations to

come. It is 208 years old.

A very large German Bible owned by Dr. N. W. Sallade. It is peculiarly arranged and very substantial, and was got up by subscription and published at Lancaster, Penn., in 1819.

An old Arithmetic which formerly belonged to Elisha Fish. It first teaches spelling, then reading and then numbers, and was published in 1774.

A pair of wedding silk stockings worn in 1811 by S. A. Dwinnell's father. With them were shown large shoe buckles worn at that day.

Nelson Parker's earthen salt dish eighty years old.

A Diary kept by S. A. Dwinnell's grandfather in the Revolutionary War.

An earthen pitcher and bowl sixty years old belonging to Mr. S. A. Dwinnell's mother.

A mound-builder's skull taken from a mound upon Mr. Edwards' farm near the Butterfield bridge. About twenty were taken from the same mound in 1877 by Darius Palmer, Mr. Edwards and W. H. Canfield. They seemed buried in a circle with their faces towards the center of the mound, and were of all ages.

An earthen pitcher brought from Africa twenty years ago by Mrs. H. H. Hinman.

An earthen pitcher brought from Australia in 1855 by Mr. Schonfeldt.

A china tea cup and saucer fifty-five years in use by Mrs. N. W. Sallade.

A sugar bowl brought from Allegany Co., N. Y., in 1822 by Israel Root.

A Bible published in 1801 owned by Mrs. James Lake.

Shaw's History of the U. S. owned by Israel Root.

A Collection of Hymns published in 1798 owned by Israel Root.

A collection of Almanacs formerly

owned by Jas. W. Babb. Among them was the famous Crocket Almanac, published in 1839.

BUSINESS MEETING AT 4 P. M.

Matthew Hill of Baraboo was duly elected president for the ensuing year.

Vice-presidents—Ransom E. Stone, Sumpter; Jesse Cottingham, Winfield; Caleb Cook, Dellona; Lewis Gifford, T. J. Morgans, Franklin; Henry Ochsner, Honey Creek; Solomon Brown, Delton; Geo. Owen, Prairie du Sac; Jas. Taylor, Spring Green; O. Thomas, Troy; Michael Sullivan, Bear Creek; Joseph Lunn, Washington; F. J. Groat, Ironton; Frank Sanford, La Valle; Geo. W. Bloom, Freedom; Frank Peck, Excelsior; Dr. Chas. Cowles, Baraboo; O. Cook, Greenfield; D. B. Randall, Merrimack; P. Chapman, Fairfield.

Wm. H. Caulfield of Baraboo was elected secretary, and Enos. Kimball of Freedom treasurer.

It was voted that we hold our next reunion at North Freedom as near the 20th of June, 1879, as possible, leaving the officers of the association to fix the exact day.

Voted that we adjourn.

Our 7th reunion is chronicled with the past now. It was not as large as some others, but we believe it to be in some respects the best that we have ever had. In the historical data it excels any other. President Danforth conducted the ceremonies very pleasantly. The singing of the Reedsburg Glee Club and others was excellent. No village could have produced better or more appropriate music. It was an oversight that there was not a vote of thanks given them. The secretary votes them his earnest thanks, and I doubt not that every person who was on the ground will join with me. We noticed a good many old people upon

the ground.

There was another oversight. Five members have died during the last year. Three of them had been presidents of the association. We did not pass the usual vote of condolence or show any special regard for the deceased. I hope the time is soon to come when we can write up memoirs of these persons to be bound up with our other historical matter. Following is a list of the deceased members:

N. M. Risley, A. Hoege, N. H. Drew, Lewis Butterfield, David P. Crandall, Rose Hoover, Charles Hallasz and wife, Arba M. Seymour, Abram Allen, John H. Rork—eleven persons in seven years: how light the mortality with us has been.

We look forward to our next meeting with many hopes, believing it will be a very large and interesting meeting, North Freedom being midway between Baraboo and Reedsburg and almost the exact geographical center of the county.

The following persons joined the O. S. A. at this meeting:

Edwin Andrus and Macena Andrus who came to Sauk county Nov. 1854.

J. B. Graham came to Sauk county in the spring of 1857.

Chas. Keith, who came to Sauk county March 2, 1855.

Helen L. Keith, born in the county April 27, 1843.

Joseph Robison Rice, born in Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y., Aug. 24, 1806, came to Sauk county in July, 1850.

Horace Gilbert, born in Middletown Conn., Aug. 2d, 1799, came to Sauk county May 16, 1857.

Robert Hawkins, born in East Kent, Eng., Jan. 14, 1827, came to Sauk county Oct. 20, 1855.

Lewis Gifford, born July 18, 1807.

Ezra Stevens, born in Saratoga county, N. Y., Dec. 2d, 1801, came to Sauk county in 1850.

C. R. Kelley, born Nov. 15, 1815, came to Sauk county in 1854.

Austin Seeley, born Nov. 5, 1819, came to Sauk county in 1849.

Z. T. Carver, born Nov. 17, 1800, came to Sauk county in 1850.

L. C. Fish, born in New York July 3, 1832, came to Sauk county in April, 1854.

Geo. W. Dickins, born March 14, 1823, came to Sauk county in 1854.

A. P. Ellinwood, born near Peters-

burg, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1833, came to Sauk county in Nov. 1858.

A. W. Sallade, born in Crescent, Pa., Feb. 9, 1844, came to Sauk county in the spring of 1856.

Seventeen new members, making in all 277.

There was paid in by old members on annual fees, \$5. We received from new members \$7.75. We paid out for printing circulars and envelopes, and stamps, \$9.25, leaving \$3.50 to pay on printing proceedings.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.

been changed from a state of nature, I may say, to a state of grace. It is a glorious old county. I have lived here and I expect to die here. Nels. will probably lie outside.

I hope that we shall love each other better, serve each other more, until time shall end.

12. Comic song, by Benson Carpenter.

13.

ADDRESS OF GEN. W. S. GRUBB.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is very properly expected that all present shall, in some manner, contribute to the pleasure of this gathering, and, though unaccustomed to public speaking, I was reminded by the officers of the association, at last evening's meeting, that, excused on that occasion, they expected I should, to-day, relate something in the way of general or personal reminiscence. Such orders cannot with propriety be disregarded, and, having prepared a few notes, I yield cheerful acquiescence, but confess to some embarrassment in appearing before you.

There are times when an individual, impelled by some hidden impulse, is prompted to give utterance to the sentiments which at the moment may possess him, and I recognize this as an occasion when both tongue and heart yield willing accord to the invitation.

Who can look upon this vast assemblage of the old, the middle aged, the youth and the beauty of this fair county, and knowing the motive that has brought them together, not feel a kindred spirit arising in his own bosom, and the desire to participate in this most happy reunion. It is a marked sign of western progress,—affording hope in a high state of future social development,—that not only in this county, but in

hundreds of places all over the west, organizations similar to our own are in existence; that on each recurring anniversary gather increasing numbers, not to mingle in political discussion, debate or argument—but for the single purpose of meeting in love and harmony, talking over subjects of interest, dropped by necessity long ago; reviving old friendships; bringing together the young in social intercourse; and helping to build up society upon the basis that we are but members of one great family. Is this not a most noble object? I would to God the fraternal spirit that pervades this gathering, embraced not only the section in which we live, but extended to the uttermost limits of this country.

To the learned and worldly wise, many of the subjects discussed on these occasions may seem trifling and unimportant, but it is far otherwise. The impulse which unlocks the heart, and prompts to mutual utterances of love and friendship is always sacred and holy, but how dignified and proper when coming from these weather beaten and sturdy pioneers; men of courage and iron will, whose daring enterprise led them into the depths of the western wilderness; whose ringing blows leveled the forests and caused to blossom the countless acres that stretch beyond us; who, by their honest industry helped to elevate labor, opened the way for the coming of the more delicate and cultured, and made it possible for them to find homes where else had remained a wilderness. Necessarily great are the changes which these men have witnessed. Waving fields of grain and corn have replaced the forest; the log cabin has given way to more pretentious and beautiful homes; and where the slow toiling oxen dragged the old wagon amid stumps and brush and mire, the ever

wonderful locomotive, with its magnificent train, glides swiftly by. Amid these scenes of new and varied life, the old pioneers may sometimes feel themselves forgotten, but such vast assemblages as these brought together to do them honor, bear ample testimony that they are yet a recognized and living power among us.

Although a member of this association, and young in comparison with many present, nearly thirty years have elapsed since, as a boy, I crossed the great lakes and landed on the soil of Wisconsin. Thirty years is but a dot in the history of some nations, but it marks an epoch in that of ours. Crossing this state in a stage coach, in company with my brothers, we took steamer at Prairie du Chien, and ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul. At that time large Indian villages occupied the present sites of some of our most flourishing river cities, and the savages crowded the shores as we passed by. At one point the branches of the forest trees, which here lined the stream, were laden with their dead, it being a singular custom among them to wrap in some protecting material the bodies of the departed, and in lieu of Christian burial, lash them by thongs of sinew or bark to the larger branches, thus protecting them from the depredations of the wild beasts that roamed the forest. Landing at St. Paul and crossing the present site of Minneapolis, then an unoccupied prairie, we reached Fort Snelling, and there witnessed the rare sight of 4,500 Sioux warriors assembling for treaty purposes, said to have been the largest Indian gathering ever seen in this country. As some of the numerous bands of painted savages filed in upon the camping ground, they beheld in astonishment the pale faces present—having never until that moment gazed

upon a white man. Returning to Wisconsin, in the spring of 1854, I purchased several hundred acres of oak openings, near Madison, and proceeded to clear off the timber preparatory to embarking in the healthy, but, at that time, not very lucrative vocation of farming. All prospects of becoming a Vanderbilt or an Astor speedily vanished when the hope was found based upon wheat at sixty cents a bushel, or a like quantity of oats or potatoes for a shilling. Yet it was not until several years of untiring effort, and fearing that some fine day the sheriff might be inquiring my whereabouts, I accepted an offer and sold out. I trust that this experience of many years ago will not dampen the ardor of any farmer present. In every business there are disappointments as well as successes. May be I did not understand the economic art of farming, as did my old German neighbor, who, upon one occasion, so kindly admonished, "That the farmer who wished to thrive, must dispense with the ham and eat the snout." That being the reverse of my style of operating, I queried whether the old gentleman was not right; but then, it did seem a rational proposition, that the man who raised the animal had the right to some choice in the matter.

It is possible the man was "poking fun;" however, I attributed his success to the aid afforded by the sturdy family that followed his own vigorous frame into his small but well tilled fields, while I, Yankee fashion, spread over too many acres. It is with much pleasure, however, that I recur to the many attractions of rural life. All the influences that surround it are elevating and ennobling, and it is an untold misfortune that so many of our farmers' sons forsake their father's calling, and drifting into the great cities, sink their individuality and

are swallowed up in the vortex of rushing humanity. My advice to the young people present is, that so far as possible you should stand by your parents in their declining years, and, succeeding to the old homesteads, become the same active, industrious and valuable members of the commonwealth that they have been. Let us be satisfied with our lot, for without contentment success is well nigh impossible. Heed not the Lo, here! and the Lo, there! for are we not dwellers in one of the noblest states of this great Union? Some there are, dissatisfied with the slow accumulations of honest toil, and hearing the marvelous tales of hidden wealth amid the sunburned and desolate regions of the far West, who left us in the vain search, but, wearied and disappointed, they sighed for the green hills and valleys of their old home, and have returned. Others, dreaming of wealth with little exertion, sought the sunny South; but they fled, finding the pestilence had joined hands with the more terrible demon of discord, and have come back, resolved not to wander again.

What if at times the fierce winter winds do seem to sweep down upon us a little too boisterously! Are we not recompensed by the glories of our summer

and by our magnificent autumns, whose pleasant days beguile us along so imperceptibly that the recurring winter, with its crisp and invigorating air, finds us still willing sojourners here? These are the characteristics of our home, made doubly dear to many of us by ties of the strongest nature. My experience in life has been that of many of you—good fortune has been tempered with adversity; but it was unalloyed by the latter when, twenty-three years ago, the genius of good luck led me to seek one of the fair flowers that bloomed among your hills (a wife), followed by Heaven's choicest gift, our children. Then came the seeming penalty of the enjoyment of too much human happiness, and now this beautiful valley, forever hallowed as the resting place of one loved most dearly, and further endeared by associations of the most attractive nature, is the home to me most prized of any on earth. Therefore my lot is cast with this people, and trusting you have all reached the same conclusion, may we be permitted to meet again and again in these happy reunions, blessed by God and man, and that go so far to establish among us the priceless blessings of love, fraternity and good fellowship.

The address of Mr. Grubb concluded the literary exercises of the re-union.

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.

Secretary's Report.

The Old Settlers' Association has yet to learn a financial lesson, of some arrangement to get hold of more money. There are but few that pay their annual dues, and the initial fees of new members and the lemonade stand have been our only source of revenue. We have not been able to meet our incidental expenses and have our proceedings printed in pamphlet form without leaving us a trifle in debt. We should have in our pamphlet a memoir of every deceased old settler. The secretary stands ready to furnish such memoirs when there shall be means provided for putting them in print. One error we have always committed, *i. e.* in having the secretary's report read, and the business meeting, after the address of welcome and reminiscences.

In looking over the list of our members we recognize but two deaths during the past year. The first is Jonathan Hatch, who died at his residence in the village of Lyons, January 14, 1879, aged 85 years and four months to a day. He was the oldest white settler then living in the county, having come here in July, 1839, except, perhaps A. Barker. I have a memoir of him prepared for publication. The other one is the Rev. S. A. Dwinell, of Reedsburg, aged 67, who had been an invalid for several years. He came to Reedsburg July 2, 1851. He for many years was pastor of the Congregational Church of that place; was one of the outspoken abolitionists. A man of strong sympathies and a tender heart. He was a natural historian, always collecting and chronicling events that came under his observation, often making quite long journeys to obtain information. He wrote and published in pamphlet form his recollections as a pioneer of the state, and has published much county history and a long series of articles showing the part that the soldiers of Sauk county, especially those of Reedsburg, took in the late Rebellion. In his death the society has lost a valuable member.

I would recommend that the association devise some measures to collect some money in order to render itself more useful.

Of the present meeting and our financial standing I would report that we owe:

To the Reedsburg Free Press for last year's printing	\$2.50
For a new Photograph Album, purchased just before this meeting	3.25
For a short hand reporter.....	1.00
Paid N. W. Wheeler's expenses of travel from Chippewa Falls.....	10.00
Paid band of martial music ..	8.00

MONEY RECEIVED.

On dues and donations.....	\$18.00
Fees on new members	14.00
From lemonade stand

The following persons paid in their yearly dues:

Wm. Grubb,	50	Wm. Christie.....	50
Philip Cheek.....	50	Jonathan Miles.....	50
Charles Hirschinger	50	Mrs. N. King	50
D. J. Tarnam	50	A. Hoege	50
Enos Kimball	50	Eli King.....	50
S. J. Seymour, ..	50	Mrs. R. Peck.....	50
A. Barker	50	O. H. Perry.....	50
Archie Christie,	50	G. W. Bloom.....	50
Daniel Gulliford.....	50	D. A. Darby.....	50
Charles Keith.....	50	O. B. Hubbard.....	50
Mrs. Keith.....	50	Hiram Webster	50
Jacob Hirschinger.....	50	O. W. Spaulding.....	50
Peter Calhoon.....	50	R. Johnson.....	50
Austin Seeley.....	50	E. D. Potter.....	50
Dr. Chas. Cowles.....	50	A. P. Ellinwood.....	50
Mathew Hill	50	F. N. Peck.....	50
John Crawford	50	John Munroe.....	50
Wm. Johnson	50	Mrs. R. R. Remington, donated.....	50

NEW MEMBERS.

A. R. McCoy, born May 14, 1823, came to Sauk Co. Spring of 1854.

Sarah A. McCoy, born Jan. 22, 1815, came to Sauk Co. April, 1854.

Amos Cottingham, born in England, Dec. 14, 1838, came to Sauk Co. Oct., 1851.

Elizabeth Hill, born Sept. 17, 1832, came to Sauk Co. July 7, 1844.

Wm. Bell, born in England, Sept. 13, 1812, came to Sank Co. March, 1857.

W. E. Bell, born in England, Oct. 20, 1854, came to Sauk Co. March 31, 1857.

Geo. Bell, born in Wisconsin, Nov. 22, 1856, came to Sauk Co. March 31, 1857.

A. C. Harris, born Nov. 4, 1827, came to Sauk Co. Oct., 1854.

John Dickey, born in Scotland, Nov. 1, 1827, came to Sauk Co. Sept. 11, 1855.

Mrs. Mary Strathern, wife of John Dickey, born in Scotland, Sept. 17, 1827, came to Sauk Co. Sept. 11, 1855.

J. M. Haines, born Feb. 16, 1824, came to Sank Co. 1854.

Frederick Baringer, born Nov. 4, 1827, came to Sauk Co. April 10, 1855.

Mrs. Clarina King, born June 22, 1822, came to Sauk Co. Aug. 2, 1843.

E. Walbridge, born Oct. 29, 1822, came to Sauk Co. April, 1858.

Philip Cheek, Jr., born in England, May 11, 1841, came to Sauk Co. May, 1856.

Mrs. M. Bennett, born Feb. 28, 1834, came to Sauk Co. April 3, 1854.

A. L. Slye, born May 23, 1825, came to Sauk Co. 1856.

J. T. Lunn, born in N. Y. May 22, 1842, came to Sauk Co. 1857.

Sarah Nettle, born Feb. 5, 1812, came to Sauk Co. Sept. 1852.

Freeman N. Baringer, born in Williamstown, Oswego Co. N. Y. Sept 15, 1825, came to Sauk Co, Sept., 1848.

R. G. Carpenter.

Joel Hunter, born in N. Y., June 4, 1821, came to Sauk Co., June, 1847.

O. S. Ward, born in N. Y., Sept. 27, 1828, came to Sauk Co. the last of May, 1847.

Mrs. E. C. Layman, born in Durham, Green Co., N. Y., May 18, 1821, came to Sauk Co. Oct., 1857.

O. W. Spaulding, born in Vt., May 7, 1815, came to Sauk Co. June, 1848.

O. W. Pietzsch, born in Germany, July 13, 1844, came to Sauk Co. in the fall of 1858.

Albert M. Petteys, born in Ohio, Feb. 25, 1843, came to Sauk Co. May 11, 1856.

Making twenty-seven new members. Total 304.

There have been five Photographs added to the Album; in all, twenty-five.

MUSEUM.

Five flint Indian arrow points, by Wm. H. Canfield.

One flint Indian spear point six inches long, by Wm. H. Canfield.

One piece of ancient pottery, by Wm. H. Canfield.

One book, "The True Christian's Love of the Unseen Christ," published in Boston, 1730, by N. Peck.

A tax roll of Bristol, Conn., of 1832, a neat, orderly MSS., by N. Peck.

A flint spear point 7 inches long, by N. Peck.

A family bible 138 years old, by J. M. Haines.

A piece of Bee Comb Coral, by N. Peck.

A piece of Iron pyrites, (I am not quite sure about its lithology,) by N. Peck.

A box over 100 years old that belonged to Mrs. Parker, who was born in the early part of the eighteenth century. She was the great grand-mother of Mrs. Chapman, who is now 73 years old; by S. M. Burt.

A book, miscellaneous collection of original pieces, published at Springfield, Mass., 1686, 303 years old; by S. M. Burt.

A book, "The Experienced Christian Magazine," published at New York, 1796, by S. M. Burt.

A glass vial marked "London, 1755," by S. M. Burt.

A glass flask carried as a canteen or medicine bottle by John Searle in the French and Indian war of 1754 to 1763, by S. M. Burt.

Also a tobacco box carried by the same person.

A buffalo horn recently brought from the plains, by Geo. W. Bloom.

An Indian bow, arrow and quiver, brought from the plains, by Geo. W. Bloom.

A butcher's steel for sharpening knives, used in the Revolutionary War and in the war of 1812, by Adam Brenizer, Senior, of Penn.

Six specimens of singular natural formed rocks of sand stone, and of flint and ironshot sand stone. One he calls a bird's nest, one a duck, one a pickle dish. Also an Indian axe, by C. W. Gulliford.

A pewter plate 120 years old, by Mrs. Sarah Blake.

The above articles were exhibited on the Secretary's table by the speaker's stand.

We saw at our visit to the old log cabin, deer horns on the roof at the gable end. An old fashioned long pendulum clock was put up on the outside near the door, keeping good time. It has been in the Hackett family 49 years. The old lady, Mrs. Dency Hackett, now 72 years old last July, sat in front of the door spinning flax on her little foot wheel that her husband's mother brought from New Jersey. It is 75 years old. A squirrel cage sat on the edge of the roof.

At the right of the door stood a monument of Washington about half size, of iron, sent here by Col. S. V. R. Ableman, with his kind regards, saying that it would not be long before he would be on the "other side of the river." God bless the old Colonel, who is now unable to leave his house. He has been one of the whole souled pioneers.

On the north-east corner of the cabin hung the huge bear trap of Dad Kingsley. Beside it stood a large, awkward dung-fork forged out by the first blacksmith at Madison. Here is Dad Kingsley's very old grind stone that he manufactured out of a sand rock from the neighboring bluff. It is 2½ feet in diameter, and had awkward wooden hangings. An old fish spear lay on the corner of the house. We now enter the cabin and notice a box full of native tobacco, with pipes in it, which seems to say to every body that uses the weed, "help yourself." On a shelf lay a jack knife used by Mrs. Dency Hackett 40 years; also a tea chest 52 years old; a pair of spectacles used 56 years. Next a towel woven by Sally Haines, mother of J. M. Haines, 40 years ago. A milk pitcher, Mrs. Timothy Hackett's, 43 years old. A sugar bowl, 65 years old, Mrs. J. M. Haines'. A necktie worn by our first president. (Query: who and when? W. H. C.)

A pair of yarn slippers 45 years old, Mrs. Annie Powell's.

A part of a huge elk horn; a neck sash 60 years, Mrs. Annie Powell's.

A deer-horn-backed office chair, B. Carpenter's.

We were so busy that we did not go into the cabin until towards night and there may have been articles exhibited and taken away, for the people were nearly half gone when we were there. There were articles that had been before exhibited and described at other old settlers' meetings, still they were of interest, especially the old planters' mill of Wm. Johnson, that ground the first corn in Sauk County and southwestern Wisconsin.

Before closing this report I must take the liberty to relate a couple of anecdotes of him who claimed to be the first white settler of Sauk county.

THE FIRST LAW SUIT IN THE BARABOO PRECINCT.

We hope that it will not offend our neighbor, Archibald Barker, to repeat the story of the first law suit and duel fought in the Baraboo precinct as related by D. C. Barry. Barry says that Capt. Finley and Barker were continually having trouble which culminated in a law-suit before him. After hearing their jangling until he got tired of it, he proposed that as the Captain was a Southern man (a Tennessean) that he and Barker fight it out and not bother him; that he had a couple of pistols recently made out of a gun barrel by Hosey King that would make good duelling pistols. The Captain said that he was agreed. Barry gave Barker a knowing wink, and he consented, except he would not take one of those long pistols, he wanted his old shot gun. The Captain's back was up so high that he consented to that, provided the distance should not be too long. It was arranged that they place their backs together and march to certain stakes set up for the purpose, then at the given word, wheel and fire. It was understood between the seconds, Levi Moore and D. C. Barry, that the weapons should be loaded with powder only. As agreed, they marched to the stakes and at the word "wheel and fire", Barker quickly wheeled and halloed out, "You are a dead man," and blazed away with both barrels of his old shot gun. Capt.

F. never even raised his pistol, but exclaimed Oh !! and for a moment thought he was hit. In a little while he saw the joke and the matter was all settled satisfactorily over a bottle of whisky. Thus ended one of the first law suits, if not the first, in the Baraboo precinct.

It would seem that our neighbor Barker was in his young days quite a duelist, for in a private circle at the present old settlers' meeting he related another dueling anecdote running thus: In 1840 a man who was a stranger came into the settlement and was about Wallace Rowen's. It was whispered about that he had recently been an inmate of the Auburn, (N. Y.) State Prison. Barker, among others, repeated the story. The stranger was much enraged and challenged Barker to a duel. Barker said that after dinner he would fight him. Dinner over they agreed to go to the island with seconds and fight a pistol duel. Barker politely invited him into the boat and pushed it off shore. Giving it a skillful career, he threw his antagonist into the river, completely immersing him. As soon as the stranger straightened up on his feet all dripping, Barker raised his paddle and said, "You miserable scallawag (or using language a little rougher than I care here to repeat) draw that boat to shore and bail it out or I will split you down." (Intimating that he, the stranger, had tipped the boat over.) It took the duel all out of him and he summarily left the settlement.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Charles Hirschinger was elected president; Wm. H. Canfield, secretary; Enos Kimball, treasurer.

It was moved and carried that the meeting of 1880 be again in North Freedom. The people of this town requested it. Carried.

Motion to adjourn *sine die* carried.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.

[APPENDIX A.]

Annual Address by Hon. Nelson Wheeler.

Mr. President and Members of the Old Settlers' Association of the Grand Old County of Sauk:

A kind and watchful Providence has permitted us to meet upon this beautiful day to warm up our old friendships, rekindle our old loves and inspirations, revive our old recollections, stimulate our old hopes, recuperate our wasted energies, bury our dislikes, smother our prejudices, and in harmony with that glorious pioneer spirit which has made Sauk county blossom like the rose, exchange with emotions of profound gratitude the most heartfelt congratulations.

At the time that I received your kind invitation to address you upon this occasion, I had perfected my arrangements for the purpose of enabling me to go to the Devil's Lake to speak upon the Fourth; and I assure you that I have been for some time past disturbed by the unpleasant thought, that I should sooner or later land somewhere in that vicinity, and I never fancied the landing. Your invitation thrilled my heart with unspeakable joy and satisfaction at the time I received it, rendering its rejection impossible, a compliance with your wishes agreeable, and a determination to be present not at all improbable.

Permit me to state to you that I am present myself. I came from Chippewa, in the cold and icy North. I left without consulting the Indians as to the propriety of the trip, hoping that melancholy results of my absence from their midst they would soon outgrow.

I came on the cars, for the iron horse

has followed the great pilot of pioneer civilization into the red man's hunting grounds. I managed in some way, I hardly know how, to get into a first class passenger car, where I rode a considerable distance before the eagle-eyed conductor discovered me; and when he did, he suddenly approached me and said something about cattle car, which I was too much of a gentleman at the time to understand. I stuck to my seat until the train reached North Freedom, where it stopped; and I got off with but little difficulty and as quietly as possible, in order to escape the annoyance of too enthusiastic a public reception, bringing with me a little speech written by myself and which no other man would have the folly to attempt to read; and I assure you that it possesses at least the merit of brevity, for I do not wish to annoy you too long at once, for should I speak any great length of time I might say some foolish thing, difficult to explain away, which you would be sorry to hear and anxious to forget.

Now, fellow citizens,—I mean the old and oldest citizens of Sauk County, the young and youngest citizens of Sauk County,—and all those who rejoice in the fact that they came to Sauk County to live and regret that they were foolish enough to have left it, and who are anxious to get back; I mean those who came to Sauk County in the freshness of youth and whose heads are white with the frost of age; I mean those who were fortunate enough to have been born here, prudent enough to have remained here and plucky enough, if need be, to die here:

You look happy and contented to-day. You feel full as well as the Prodigal Son did when he returned to his father's house, and a great deal better than he did when he was away. You feel as though the surviving members of a happy family had come home to have a glorious old visit, a real, genuine old-time frolic, a heart-felt reunion.

The Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County! Those words are full of gentle pathos, poetry, music, hope and good cheer, although they tell us in soft and eloquent tones that human life is short, and in expressive silence point to the tombs which mark the resting place of Sauk County departed heroes.

Fellow citizens, why have you met? For what purpose have you assembled? What is the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County for? For what purpose was it created? and by whom? and what benefits if any are expected to flow from its organization! Is it a political organization, instituted for the purpose of giving ambitious and reckless politicians an opportunity to meet once a year to wrangle, compare swindles, sear one another's consciences, exchange lies, cultivate slander, deceive the people and disgrace themselves? Or is it a religious association, called into being for the purpose of giving noisy theologians an opportunity to discuss the quality of the grass of which Nebuchadnezzar was so fond? Is it a medical association to be run in the interest of physicians, undertakers, and grave-stone peddlers? Or is it a legal association, organized for the purpose of giving a dear people a chance to get some law and a little justice near home, and without money and without price, if I am not mistaken? No, fellow citizens; I understand the association is eminently social in its grand designs, born of

friendship and good will. The Old Settler's of Sauk County, without distinction of party or sex, a few years ago made up their minds an organization of some kind was needed; they felt as though the little band of brothers and sisters, gradually passing away, required a more formal union; they felt the need of more mutual protection, encouragement, and the want of a more concentrated human sympathy, in order to enable them to present to the world in a more tangible form their deep and undying regard for each other; an opportunity to strengthen and cement their friendship, quicken the recollections of thrilling scenes almost forgotten; an opportunity to clothe with fresh interest old reminiscences, old hardships, privations and dangers, lengthen their lives by recuperating their energies and increase their happiness by brushing away the blues.

And I can think of nothing better calculated to bring about some of the beneficial results to which I have thus faintly alluded than the Old Settlers' Association. Nothing better calculated to smooth the rough paths of human life, lighten its burden, extract from its disappointment the withering sting of misery, subdue its fears, silence its murmurings, and in order to urge men on to the discharge of higher and holier duties, charm their visions with the soft and mellow light of human nature elevated and man redeemed.

Fellow Citizens, who is it that usually settles new countries? It is an old and true saying that fools never leave the door-yard. The lazy and shiftless stay with their father and mother, eating up their substance, with hardly energy enough to dress themselves; languishing upon fashionable lounges, or grassy lawns; dreaming of a life of rest and a

heaven of ease; surrounded with all of the comforts which genteel stupidity and utter worthlessness could desire. Again I ask you who is it that settles the great wilderness of life? Who is it that leaves the foreign land to escape starvation, and with perchance his little family crosses the briny ocean, and imbued with that spirit of determination and indomitable pluck unknown to luxury, but born of human misery, rushes into the trackless forests, scattering broadcast the seeds of civilization, and with strong hands and brave heart builds in all the grandeur of its harmonious proportions the enduring structure of a well ordered, useful and happy human life? Who is it, I ask, that leaves the crowded eastern cities, whose industries are paralyzed, employment contingent and idleness sometimes inevitable, rather than endure the pain of incurable poverty and the anguish of undying destitution? It is the young, ambitious and enterprising; it is those restless spirits who have severed the cramping shackles of eastern foggism, shaken off old, silly, superstitious, the black mantle of intolerance, the sickening odor of puritanic bigotry, and have ceased to worship at the cold shrines of a dead, valueless civilization; whose energies, faculties and powers need more room for action and development, who want fair play; who do not believe that human life is a mystery, which no one has a right to fathom, or a conundrum, designed to puzzle guessing Yankees, but who do believe that it is a grand and sublime reality, worthy of all study, and that every man should play well his part in life's great battle. They believe that when God placed man upon the earth, He did not say to him, "Go to sleep and rest until Gabriel's horn shall wake you up"; but He said, "Man, go to work;

cultivate the earth and elevate yourself". In order to cultivate the earth, it must be settled. If men desire the regeneration of the world, they can not accomplish it by staying on Plymouth Rock—they must leave the rock and stir around. If New Englanders desire the civilization of the continent, they will in order to succeed have to leave New England. Civilization is easy to carry, but hard to send.

Fellow citizens, the spirit of progression and civilization never sleeps. It traversed the rock bound shores of New England and whispered in the ears of her hardy sons, those thrilling words, "Young men go west", and the inevitable Yankee buckled on his knapsack and went. It tells the people everywhere that the earth is large enough to accommodate the entire human family, for the present at least, if they are properly distributed; that crowding is unnecessary and unhealthy; and the people who understand these great truths, some of them at least, are wise enough to act in harmony with them, and the balance will reap the consequences of their ignorance and folly. Why do men go to new countries to live? There are a great many reasons which operating in harmony frequently induce men to settle in new countries. They generally go stimulated by the hope of bettering their condition, pecuniary and otherwise; for the emigrant is usually poor. Sometimes the heartless sneers of a wealthy neighbor make the poor man discontented and miserable. Sometimes the cold and cruel slights of the aristocratic annoy and chafe the proud spirit of the unfortunate poor. Sometimes blind devotion to wealth and the base social ostracism of the poor, render life a curse. Sometimes men tire of and get disgusted with the criminal eccentricities of fash-

ionable life and pant for something substantial, thirst for something useful, long for something decent; sicken of brainless affectation and fashionable dissimulation, get enough of costly egotism and a poverty-stricken hypocrisy, and actually become tainted with the charming essence of meanness, besmeared with the oil of swell-headediveness, filled with the sap of greenhornativeness, which usually ultimates in general distressedness. Some go into new countries to get rid of debilitating effects of sickly sentimentality, the legitimate offspring of a decaying civilization. Some go to get more intellectual and physical freedom, to shake off unwholesome restraint. Some go in pursuit of fame and worldly glory. Some go to achieve a more manly and womanly independence, to develop a purer and more reliable individuality. Some go to strengthen their bodies, expand their minds and purify their hearts. Others are urged on by the love of adventure. Others are attracted by the strange fascination, varied experiences and occasional dangers incident to pioneer life, and a few out of idle curiosity, follow the car of empire to the ragged edge of border civilization.

The major part of the old settlers of Sank county were poor and plucky, coming as they did from the different states of our great Union, and some from foreign lands. And when they met each other in Sank county for the first time, what do you think they did? I will tell you some things which I think they didn't. They did not stand and gaze at one another and examine each other's clothes from head to foot; did not bow until their bodies described a horizontal plane, then straighten up and simper, pucker and strut. They did not try to look pretty, talk soft or appear interesting. They did not ask for

recommendations or send East for class introductions. No, they in God's plane, the plane of human equality, human fraternity and human duty. They met like men, not like mice. They met in person, not by proxy. They shook hands. It was not the clammy shake of formality and indifference. It was not the chilling shake of a disgusting hypocrisy nor the vain and senseless shake of aristocratic incivility, but an honest and vigorous shake of honest hands. It was the shake of respectable manhood. It was the shake of a generous and hearty welcome. It was humanity's shake. It meant friendship and betokened good cheer; and when they held each other by the hand perchance the tears glistening in their eyes coursed down their cheeks. Not the deadly eye of the basilisk, or treacherous cheek of the deceiver, but the frank and honest eyes, beaming with love and human sympathy, and the rugged cheeks of the sturdy pioneer. They separated and went to work like men who had business on the earth and meant to do it. They did not come here to dream life away, or spend it in worthless inactivity. They did not come to visit, to stay to tea and return; they came to live and to fasten upon their little house-tops the bright and fadeless banner of a young and vigorous civilization, to float forever in the soft and balmy breezes of human progression.

Venerable Settlers of the County of Sauk, you struggled hard from year to year, you did not sleep on beds of down, but frequently slept with your weary heads resting upon earth's broad bosom, with no candle to light you to bed but the little star twinkling in the golden firmament of heaven; with no music but the tornado blast, and no

companionable but the wild beasts, or the gloomy solitude of the forest.

You laid the foundations of a civilization, the widespread effect and far-reaching result of which will live when nations shall have ceased to breathe, and be felt until the weary pendulum in the great and musty clock of time shall have ceased to swing. You encountered hardships and endured many privations; you faced dangers, seen and unseen; you have seen the majestic forests fall and on its ruins waved the golden harvests; you saw in solemn grandeur rise those beautiful churches, colleges and school-houses, whose lofty spires glistening in the sunbeams, point away from earth to God. You came here, many of you, even before railroads were born. You were happy because you were free; you fainted not, because your courage never faltered; you murmured not, for your patience was ample; you turned not back, because the bright star of hope illumined. You succeeded because the meaning of fail you could not understand. You had a rigorous climate to contend with, and some of the land was poor. You did not go from poverty to wealth in a single bound, but you kept the wolf from the door. You had your amusements, you had your dances, and some of you can dance yet; dances in which persons of common sense could participate; in which muscle as well as mind joined; dances that people enjoyed and which promoted health and comfort; dances where the contemptible question, "Is he rich or cultivated?" was never asked or thought of. You were not embarrassed at those dances with broadcloth, gold rings or kid gloves. You were not annoyed with the fragrance of musk, the rustle of silk, the monkey grimaces of fops or the nonsense of flirts, but you danced

as you worked, with a hearty good will, with elasticity and vigor, with life and animation, and not with the sluggishness of genteel stupidity. You came together like the happy children of a large and prosperous family for comfort and sociality. A hearty longing for the sweets of social intercourse brought you together. You did not go in fashion's glittering garb. You did not mean to pick one another's pockets, laugh at one another's clothes, sneer at one another's deformities, traduce one another's characters, magnify one another's vices, boast of each other's virtues, or ridicule each other's misfortunes. You came together to dance, and visit, and counsel with each other. A common desire the same as a common danger draws men together. Your amusements were few, but they were innocent, natural and beneficial. You mingled your sympathies, chastened your thoughts, purified your desires, blended your emotions, shared each other's joys, brightened each other's hopes, assuaged each other's griefs, and threw around each other the strong and confiding arms of a warm and enduring friendship; and those arms of protection have not, we trust, as yet been withdrawn. The friendships that were formed then are fresh and vigorous now. The friendships formed in those primitive days were healthy and pure, untaunted with shining alloy of policy or weakened by the paralyzing touch of a vacillating expediency. They were born of human peril, tested in the furnace of human agony, strengthened by the invigorating influences of a common danger, guarded by the sleepless vigils of a common hardship, cemented with the soft and mellow influences of human forbearance, and resting upon the broad and solid foundation of human fraternity. Such friendships were worth something. Such

friendships meant something. There was nothing uncertain about them, nothing equivocal or formal about them. The modus operandi of their formation, poor humaaity cannot explain, any more than we can understand the mysterious action of the human brain or keep pace with the lightning-like rapidity of its operations. We witness the results, we feel the effects, and there our investigations cease, and the light of our discovery goes out. By dint of perseverance and industry, you surrounded yourself with the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. You had pride, the pride of respectability and common sense. You did not learn the aristocratic art of putting on airs those days as easily as it is acquired now-a-days. You could talk without lispng, laugh without fainting and work without groaning. Schools were not as plenty then as now. There were many in which the rough rudiments of a common school education were taught. Latin, Greek, French and music were wofully neglected, but you endured the terrible privations like martyrs, for you knew that any well regulated family can live longer on pork and beans than on Latin nouns, French verbs and B flat. What was taught was practical, sensible and beneficial. You taught your children simplicity and honesty, frankness and industry. They grew up to be useful members of society. Some of them are staying with their parents and rejoice with us to-day. Some of them went to the front in the late war, struggled manfully for the Union and nobly died upon the battle field of glory. Some of them, imbued with the same spirit which glowed in the bosom of their anecestors, are now struggling on the frontier of the western civilization. Some of them fell at home in manhood's prime and are now

sleeping beneath the clods of the valley.

You have aided in the construction of railroads and other public improvements and in the development of the rich and varied resources of the county of Sauk, until to-day she is regarded as one of the best counties in the state, standing high in the scale of moral and intellectual worth, high agriculturally, mechanically and scientifically. A county of wealth, with a promising future, with a record made by her gallant sons in the late war, as brilliant as the most ardent patriot could desire.

Old Settlers of Sauk county! Some of them have passed away, and in the soil which gently presses their sleeping dust may be found blooming, in the freshness of the eternal spring, laden with the fragrance of youth, the beautiful flowers of peace, hope and happiness. Some of them still live, whose iron frames for almost half a century have withstood, like the giant oak upon the mountain, and with insolent defiance, the palsyng touch of the decaying hand of age. And yet those hardy sires will soon pass from our midst. Their strong and vigorous frames are beginning to quiver in the arms of relentless Time; their raven locks are whitening beneath the blasting frosts of years; their dark and flashing eyes are growing dim; their once strong and elastic limbs are beginning to tremble and grow uncertain; and their manly forms beginning to droop, for death never loses a victim and human life is short.

You have doubtless your unpleasant reflections and gloomy regrets. You have without doubt made mistakes, and no human being ever lived without blundering; and when a man ceases to err, he ceases to be human, and soon becomes unfit for earth, for Adam's Fall

has bothered us all. The soothing philosophy of resignation you learned early. The follies of modern times you resisted until submission became inevitable. Fashion reared her senseless and empty head and drove from the shining throne of primitive simplicity, the charming queen of common-sense. You stood manfully at your posts, although I fear that the manly and life-giving spirit which pervaded your souls in the olden times, in its transmission to your descendants, has in some instances become somewhat diluted.

And now, my dear friends, permit me to suggest in closing, that if there are any old settlers who still cherish in their hearts old grudges against each other, let me say to them in all kindness, smother your grudges and upon their black and grimy ruins plant the roses of

eternal friendship. Watch them with eagle eye of sleepless constancy, water them with your tears, and if need be nourish them with your blood, and let them bloom and blossom and shed their fragrance from year to year, until human sympathy and human love shall have abandoned the human heart for ever.

And now, Old Settlers, farewell! Let us return to our respective homes, better and happier for having met to-day, and let us earnestly pray that each and every year, for many years yet to come, we shall be permitted to meet each other around the glorious altar of a common friendship, and bask in the sunlight of a common sympathy, in pursuit of a common destiny, animated by a common hope, and sustained by the strong and tireless arm of human philanthropy.

EVENING MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSO-
CIATION, JUNE 23, 1880.

Singing by the North Freedom Glee Club—"Auld Lang Syne."

Address by the President, Mr. Hirschinger:

Old Settlers of Sauk County, Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have met again to celebrate the annual reunion of the Old Settlers of Sauk county. When we look at that log fire, we remember the time when the first settlers came to clear up their farms. In 1847 this town was a wilderness; in June a few settlers came here. There were no roads, no bridges, no churches, no school houses. We had to go down to Freeport, Ill., to mill, and if we could not get our own grist it was agreed we should bring home our neighbor's.

* * * * *

I lived in Wisconsin a good many years before I ever saw a stove-pipe hat. We were at work near the school house one day, when a gentleman came along who had on kid gloves and a fine hat. He told the children he was going to preach to them.

Our town has now 1332 inhabitants and is keeping pace with other towns in wealth, population and intelligence.

Singing by North Freedom Glee Club—"Cousin Jeremiah."

Mr. Hanger was called for and related an ice story. [Reported last year.]

Mr. Warren Cochran was called for and responded as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—My theme will be developed to-morrow; but as I sat here I had one thought, and that was, how necessary for each one to speak distinctly. I shall be interested to hear every anecdote, as I have been a long time resident of Sauk county.

Thirty three years ago I first set my foot on its soil; I came down through Webster's Prairie. At that time there was not a finished building there. I had a hard time to get anything to feed my horse, but finally succeeded in finding some wheat bran; this I got from Marvin Blake. He lived in a little shanty on the prairie. I preached my first sermon in it. Mrs. Blake's utensils filled about half the space, and my audience filled up about half what was left. The lady has often

spoken of it as being my first sanctuary, which her husband had desecrated by putting in shanghai.

* * * * *

You have heard a good deal about the road over the bluffs. It was fearful in those days. Brother Wells was going to ride over with me once. We had not gone far before he said: I can go a foot. He got out accordingly and I had considerable exercise in my attempts to keep the buggy balanced. We drove down under the bluff and stopped at Mr. G's. They welcomed us very kindly and invited us to stay all night. They gave us a very humble candle; it looked as if it was made of tallow. We had to climb up into a sort of loft; we could not stand up, and the bed was pretty close to the shingles. I said: Brother Wells, how are we going to get into bed? I believe the usual way is to go to bed and then lie down, but I guess we will have to lie down and then go to bed. This we did, and we were held down by the shingles.

I will say in conclusion that I hope to meet you all to-morrow, and if Providence favors us we will have a grand, good time.

Mr. Canfield:

Friends and Neighbors:—I do not like to get up in this formal way; I should have liked it much better if we had left the stand and gathered around the log heap. I have an anecdote that came to my mind, and I will make a few words in this way. In 42-43 they were making a government survey. I was engaged to help them, but before I went into camp a very heavy snow fell; it was about eighteen inches. John Crawford came from camp to my house; we tried to persuade him to stay, but he insisted on going back that night. He lost his way; night overtook him; he kept going forward, however; often hallooed. Jimmy Bell, who was in camp, said: I hear John. They all listened but could make out nothing; they would not believe Jimmy had heard him, but he was so impressed with the fact that he had, he insisted on starting out to look for him. As good luck would have it they found him, but he was nearly exhausted; was holding on to a little tree just ready to fall down. They built a fire there and then went back to camp and got some food and medicine. It was the means of saving Mr. Crawford's life, and he says he shall always hold Mr. Bell in grateful remembrance.

I think I shall have to relate you another story. One evening Mrs. Lydia Clark came into our house in a highly excited state. She said that a bear had caught one of her hogs. I fixed up a gun and went back with her. I found where the bear had killed the hog on the creek bottom, and had dragged it up the bank and was not in sight. I walked along on the trail up the bank when I came in sight of my game not more than six rods off. He stood over his hog that he had been making his meal out of, and would look at me and my

dog seemingly very defiant. It seemed to me that we were in almost shaking hand distance. I raised my rifle to shoot but dare not for I trembled like an aspen leaf. I had a severe attack of "buck fever." I had sense enough not to fire until the nerves became quiet, which they did in a moment or two. I then drew a "bead" on his ear and "let off." I thought I had killed him. I put a new charge into my rifle very quick. I fancied from his looks that he was just fixed in a position to spring upon me. I was then within ten feet of him, and spring he did. I believe I never before in my life was so frightened. I gave him a nervous shot and he lay kicking about among the leaves. My first shot went through the brain and he had not begun to make his death spasms until I had got up very near him.

Mr. Gulliford was called for and responded by relating some of his early experiences in this country.

Mrs. Seeley:—We came here in 1850 in the spring. We had friends in Baraboo and I wanted to go down; brother Locke was going so I asked to ride along. We started about seven o'clock in the morning. You know how they have to urge oxen, and how much haw, whoa, gee buck, and all that sort of thing it takes to get them along. We got within five miles of Baraboo that day. The next day was Sunday and Mr. Locke went yelling along; so we got into town when the people were going to church. On Tuesday we started for home. I got tired of that kind of riding and set out on foot and reached home first.

I want to tell you about our meetings. They were not Baptist meetings, nor Methodist, nor Presbyterian; but they were our meetings. We held them in the shanty that Austin and I called home. It was 12x16. I lit that church myself with two candles. We had no organ, and would not have known what to do with it had we owned one. The preacher—bless his soul—he preached for nothing and boarded himself. I enjoyed those meetings just as well as I do now, that we have six churches and six church organs and six choirs.

REPORT OF MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLER'S ASSOCIATION, JUNE 24, 1880.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Song—"We Meet Again,"—by the North Freedom Glee Club.

Prayer by the Rev. S. P. Kezerta:

We come before Thee this day, oh God, our Heavenly Father, in order to thank Thee that our lives are spared, and that we are permitted to assemble to renew old acquaintance, and that as old settlers and young settlers we are one—as citizens, as neighbors, as friends. We thank Thee for this goodly land that Thou hast given us; for the preservation of our lives; and we pray that we may so live here that we shall have life eternal. May we see that it is fit for us to humble our hearts before Thee, thanking Thee for the gifts we have received at Thy hands. Let us this day confess His name; resolve He that is our ever present help. Grant that we may find that Christ is sufficient for all trial, that his way leadeth to all truth and right, and that we may be called among His children. When we enjoy this goodly land let us invoke Thy spirit that we may find, through Jesus Christ, that we are not only a favored people, but a redeemed people. Let Thy favor abide with us that we may realize that Thou art the guider and preserver of life; and when we are done with earth grant that we may receive eternal life through Christ, our blessed Redeemer. Amen.

Song.—"The Pioneer Band,"—By Mr. J. Hawes, of Baraboo; dedicated to the early settlers of Sauk County, June 23, 1880.

Tune.—"John Brown."

Come raise a song of greeting to the Pioneer Band,
Who left their homes with gladsome hearts to seek a western land;
To fell the stalwart forest, and privations to withstand
As they went marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! As they went marching on.

Not as the shouting warriors come, with devastating tread,
Mid scenes of blood and carnage, were our valiant heroes led;

But with hopeful hearts, and brawny hands, they fought for daily bread,

As they went marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, etc.

How oft around their camp fires would their hearts instinctive fly,
To each dear home of childhood when the years passed sweetly by,
And the thoughts of distant loved ones would draw from each heart a sigh,

As they went marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, etc.

We meet to welcome here to-day and pay respect to those
Who toiled to conquer nature in her wild and stern repose,
Whose labor made the wilderness to blossom like the rose,

As they went marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, etc.

Write their names in song and story, with the victories they won.
Be cherished in our heart of hearts the deeds that they have done;
And may their honored memory descend from sire to son,

As they go marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, etc.

Address of Welcome, by Dr. Chas. Cowles, of Baraboo:

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—I believe this is the seventh time I have been permitted to stand before you and welcome you on this joyful occasion. Each succeeding time my heart swells larger and larger, till I can hardly find words to express my gratification. This morning I greet you with a full heart. I welcome you to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." May it be a feast of reason you will long remember with thrilling hearts.

Only three, since our last meeting, have been swept away—Col. Vittum, Mr. Mackey and Mr. Carver. On their names I will not dwell. Their memorials have been given in the papers far more fully than I could give them. They have gone from us never to return.

* * * * *

While I greet you, I would also greet our brother Rev. Warren Cochran, who has lived and toiled among us in past years. I would remember to you his sacrifices; his earnestness in the cause of liberty and temperance; his sons who lie buried—his dearest gift upon his country's altar. The man who has united our sons and daughters; the man who has stood beside the graves of our friends and children and announced the resurrection and the life "in tones almost divine." * * * * *

Music by the band.

Mr. Johnson was introduced and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am not used to speaking to an audience like this, and can not now for my voice will not allow me; but this is old uncle Bill. All I can say is I am glad to meet you. There are many here that seem almost like my own children. I am ninety years old and was sick all last winter. I am thankful, if I never see another meeting of old friends, that I have seen this. I could tell a good many anecdotes and stories, but am not able; I want to say that I respect you all, and that it is one of the best things that ever happened for friends to meet together and encourage each other, through, I may say, this weary world; though I do not know as I found it so, for I have made it as easy as possible. There are a great many that I don't remember any more; but I am glad to see you.

Song—"Father is Growing Old, Dave."—By Mr. Burt.

Mr. H. Hubbard was introduced and spoke a few words in regard to the early settlement of Reedsburg and Baraboo.

Dr. Cowles rose and gave some reminiscences: I remember when I came into the county that the roads were intolerable. We generally waded the streams. The mud used to be as deep as they tell about in Ohio. A man came along and saw a hat lying in the mud; he took a pole and lifted it up and found there was a head under it, which cried out, "don't be alarmed, there is a good horse under me."

Once when I was fording, having got out into the middle of the stream, as ill-luck would have it, the straps broke and my horse walked off and left me there. I had to get out, it was cold as Greenland, and get my horse to pull things out.

Then the camping out—a man that doesn't know anything about camping out doesn't know anything about high life. Those were first-rate days. I love to look back to those good old times. Men that were young then and full of vigor, their locks are now silvered over. I remember Uncle Bill, how smart and vigorous,—“I am smart yet!” Mr. Johnson cried out. I beg your pardon, I know you are. These men were down on the prairie grubbing out their farms; now it blossoms like the rose. So it is in all this county.

There was only one school house in the county then, the old log school house; it has been pulled down; I do not know the man that did it, but I wish somebody would pull him down. It should have been preserved to help to make the struggle and progress of civilization in the days in which we live.

Men must have iron nerves and constitutions to settle new countries. I don't think there is as much regular back bone as there was then. These arts of life have a tendency to deteriorate man physically and mentally. Notwithstanding all this there is no county that has a better population, more intelligent, more liberal, more social.

"I love her rocks and rills;
Her woods and templed hills."

My heart goes out for her interests. I expect to live here and die here, and be buried with those who have gone before.

Reminiscences of Mrs. Austin Seeley:

I have been urged to tell a story, so I will tell you how we built Reedsburg. We came here thirty years ago next fall, and had our city all laid out—on paper. We had to come over the bluffs, and when we got to Baraboo they said, "Now stay here." Well, most all of them did, and we wished we had lots of times.

Well, it was a grand old city, built of solid blocks—of lots. Uncle ——— said the way to build a city is to raise citizens—build it yourself. He offered lots to the children that should be born. I went down to Baraboo and got a child; but it would not do, nothing short of a real, live, kicking, squalling baby would be accepted. Well, we had been there two years before a child was born. They gave it a lot. The week after that there was another, and the week after that another, till in the course of a year nearly every family had invested in real estate. I want to say that our city grew, and those children have staid by us and make the very best citizens.

Song.

Story.—Related by Dr. Blachly, of Baraboo:

I want to speak because I heard a man say once, "Self praise is the best, because you can have it when you want it." I thought I would tell a doctor story, you know doctor stories are always true. You know, too, when a man is from Ohio you expect to hear something from him. There was a doctor in Ohio who was good at doctoring children. It was quite a fashion then to steam patients. He was called to see a child, and he did not know what was the matter, so he thought he would steam her and then throw cold water over her. When he thought she had steamed long enough, he went to pour on the water; but, behold, the child was dead!—smothered. His doctoring was like the one Mr. Cochran told about last night. He said, "A man called to see a sick woman, did not know what ailed her, but said, 'I'll give her something to throw her into fits and I'm death on fits.'"

Music by the band.

Mr. Hirschinger introduced Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, aged 80 and '86, an old couple, who had lived together 62 years, 30 in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Hackett arose and spoke in regard to the journey she had made to Utah and back. She stated that she was obliged to travel 330 miles in heavy wagons, both on her journey to and from Utah.

Mr. Terrell Thomas spoke on financial matters, especially of the system of internal improvements. He spoke especially of Ohio as a leading state in that particular.

The association then adjourned till two o'clock.

AFTERNOON.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Secretary's report was read by Mr. Canfield.

The President made a brief address in regard to money matters, and was followed by Mr. Woodman, who recommended that the young settlers be given a chance to contribute. On the suggestion of the President a motion was made and carried declaring Mr. Woodman an honorary member.

Song.—By Mr. J. Hawes.—“New John Brown.”

Notes from Mr. Cochran's Address:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am glad of an opportunity to express to the early settlers of Sauk County my gratification, that, in view of the honor bestowed upon me, is only equaled by the pleasure I feel in seeing your faces.

Thirty-three years ago next October I came to Sauk County, and with the exception of nine years I have been here continually. No spot on earth, for obvious reasons, is so dear to me. More than a generation has passed away. It has seen abroad three devastating wars—the Franco-Prussian, the Turko-Russian, and the Afghanistan; and it has seen civilization rise and degenerate. Turning from the Old World to our own, we see the terrible destruction and devastation of our Civil war. We see, too, slavery, that greatest of all evils, expunged from our Constitution. Liberty has made more rapid growth than ever before, from the seed sown in those dark days. Our most sanguine expectations have been realized. Enemies who met us with the bitterest opposition shake hands with us to-day and say, “I always knew you were right.”

Death, too, has been among you. I can count at least fifty that have passed away; but the result of their labor remains. We see wealth, population, growth, fruit that has sprung up from this commingling of a large Plymouth Rock element with the various nations of Europe. We see retiring forests, costly railroads, and, grandest of all, our public schools—these have far surpassed expectation.

As regards this association, I know that your combined resources have been called on both financially and mentally; some make speeches like old senators, and some like green ones, like myself; but they are valuable as testimony from your lips of the trials you have borne together, and the friendships cemented, out of which comes the Old Settler's Association of Sauk County. It will keep alive friendships and hand them down to a new generation. The events of these days are recorded. I have preached freedom and have been ridiculed—called an abolitionist, a hot-head, and many other bitter names. Now many pro-slavery men say, “I was always as much an anti-slavery man as you were,” but our children shall rise up and by

the light of history shall say, "He was a traitor to our country, but you were her friend."

I wish to call your attention to permanent friendships, and their growth from virtue. That old Roman was right when he penned these words: "Friendship lies at the foundation of all that is good." Men have endorsed it in all ages. Its opposite brings crime, bloodshed, treachery. The laws of friendship forbid us to make much of faults, but command us to make much of virtues; to magnify the noble, make less the ignoble. There is no height more soul inspiring than that of contented civilization graced by light and love, undivorced and undivorceable twin sisters.

Now my friends it is seldom good to change law; the same is true in regard to friendship. It should know no change except increase. It should grow broader, deeper, higher, through the eternal years of God. True friends are confidential. They say things to each other they would not say to the world; hence it sometimes happens, when something comes up to separate old friends, one goes abroad abusing confidence and injuring the other. The most terrible enemies are those who have once been friends. In the language of Paul, "Yea, mine familiar friend has lifted up his heel against me." Hence I say, once a friend always a friend.

Notice some of the things which strengthen friendship. The first is virtue, in the good old Bible sense—a person strong for truth. Virtue must lie at the foundation of all friendship. There is a wonderful uniformity in men. Men never have, never can, respect vice. They may be vicious toward each other, but after all they condemn vice. One who is trying to benefit mankind ought not to be discouraged, even if he stands alone. Men are bound to respect virtue.

I come into Baraboo now, a man meets me, shakes hands with me, and invites me to dinner; he used to be my enemy, but he says, "You blistered us terribly; but I know now you were right. If two vicious persons are friendly, and one reforms and becomes virtuous, he may still love the other, but he can not love his vices. Confidential acquaintance, being the basis of true friendship, is therefore one of the sacred ties of domestic bliss. Nothing in the world cements friendships like mutual toil and suffering. If my lot was to be cast with those who are poor and struggling for daily bread, I would go to a new country. I should find there that my neighbor would divide his loaf with me, yea, were it needful, would give me the whole.

In order to perpetuate friendships you must strike down deep where humanity is. Classes and issues bring distinctions, but men must go down deeper than that. You must learn to love your neighbor no matter what his condition or color, unless he is blue with whisky; even then you must remember that he was a human being before he was a devil. The Lord died for human beings. Behind the curtain

of woe and shame may be a tempted, struggling brother; hence, my friends, strike your friendships deep down to the basis of humanity.

David Crockett said, two rules I leave you when I am dead. Be sure you are right, then go ahead. You will be obliged to leave certain pleasures behind if you wish to be a friend to man to lead him to a higher, nobler civilization. Blister the man till he has taken off the habiliments of sin, then take him by the hand. Then he will say to you, "You were always right." The worst enemy I have I can take by the hand; before he was a ruffian he was a little innocent creature in his mother's arms, by the grace of God worth saving.

True friendship is the soil on which everything valuable grows. It must always be regarded as the foundation of every social good. This is the indred order of humanity. Suppress friendship and you have a hell on earth, wrangles spring up, quarrels disturb the community and destroy the good influences of the churches and schools. Loss of friendship has wrought revolutions most destructive to the human family. Out of peace with God flows personal peace, out of this grows neighborhood peace, out of this grows national peace. Where all are united much can be done. I believe to-day without any doubt that all nations on the earth can not destroy the American nation unless she destroys herself.

We old settlers have rather pre-occupied the day, but I want to say to the young settlers that fights do not all consist in swimming rivers and shooting bears. You will not know anything about frontier life unless you go farther west; but you have got to front life. You are on the frontier of your life; you have got to meet it; you have got the contest to go through. We have got past the simple days when men could live plain and cheap. Your mother could make a dress good enough to wear to church out of six yards of calico. It did not take more than six garments to fit out a woman in those days. They knew and attended to their own business. They did not run after the god of fashion. Young man, before you get married think of this, consider it well. It costs more to run a fashionable woman than it does to run a Corliss engine. Young man, do you think you are a man of back bone? Your wife may take that out of you! You have got to bow down to fashion. I have tried to make way against it, but I have worked out, got to the end of my stock of patience, then endured. Bear your burden then patiently, it may have at least this effect: it may become a means of grace whereby you may work out your own salvation.

Young gentlemen, right over against you stand these young ladies. To them I say, the young young men of these days know everything. They hardly get to be sixteen before they know everything. They have wonderful foresight but dreadful poor hindsight. They know, among other useful things, how to make butter, bread and pies, how

to set a table, etc.; so you must have on a good stock of patience when he comes into the kitchen and explains these little matters. Young gentlemen and ladies, either keep out of matrimony or make up your minds to endure many things; so that you can say, when you consider the whole matter: We have got out together, we have done pretty well.

In conclusion I will say, I shall meet this congregation no more. God knows I wish you all the highest prosperity. When storms are all over, rain, flood, winds, all passed, may your friendships endure eternally because founded upon a rock.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The proceedings of last year were printed as news matter in the Baraboo Republic and afterwards made up into pamphlet form, and a thousand copies struck off. I folded, bound and mailed a copy to each member of the association. The remainder I have laid one side for future use.

After these proceedings were printed it left us in debt \$33.35. After consulting with the officers we concluded to send out a circular asking the members to send in their past dues to the Secretary, that the debt might be liquidated. The following members responded: Robt. Hawkins, 50 cents; T. J. Morgans, \$1; Spencer Fish, 50 cents; Joseph Lunn, 50 cents; Moses Young, 50 cents; John D. Sanford, \$1.50; E. O. Bunnell, of Blue Springs, Neb., \$1; Isaac Gibbs, \$2; J. P. Dangerfield, \$1; Daniel Prunyn, \$1; John Thilke, 50 cents. Several have handed me their dues within a day or two of this meeting. If the members would be punctual in paying their dues, we should have enough money to meet all the requirements of the association. The Secretary believes that the officers of the association do not wish to make the payment of our annual fees burdensome to any one. If it is not convenient to pay them, *do not* pay them.

DEATHS.

In looking over the list of members we notice that Z. T. Carver, of Reedsburg, died in July; D. S. Vittum, of Baraboo, April 10th; Joseph Mackey, of Reedsburg. We now number over 300, hence the death rate stood this year 1 to 100.

We have added to the photograph album seven portraits, viz.: Mrs. Rosaline Peck, of Baraboo; N. W. Wheeler, Esq., of Chippewa Falls; Mrs. N. W. Wheeler, *nee* Victoria Peck, of Chippewa Falls; Mr. Victor E. Peck, of Milwaukee; Mr. J. F. Sanford, of La Valle; Mr. Wm. S. Grubb, of Baraboo; Mr. Wm. Bell, of Baraboo.

The Secretary is sorry to say that he did not make a very perfect list of antique articles on exhibition this year. Of articles not exhibited at other meetings we notice:

The iron spear, part of an Indian war club plowed up near Briggsville, Marquette county.

A woman's rolling pin 115 years old, by F. F. Farwell, from his great grand mother.

A camp fork made by Hiram Bowles when but eight years of age, in New Hampshire, in 1816.

A bayonet that had been hung upon the limb of a tree which had grown over it so as to imbed it completely; *i. e.*, the timber had grown over it; brought by Fabry.

A shot gun that had been used in the revolutionary war by the Indians; obtained by Jacob Hackett, grandtather of Frank Hackett.

A coverlid 75 years old owned by Dency Hackett.

A home made shawl 70 years old, by Mrs. Dency Hackett.

A bed spread 100 years old brought from Wales, by Phoebe McCoy, mother of A. R. McCoy.

A cream pitcher over 75 years old, owned by Alice McCoy.

A child's cup 32 years old, by Mrs. A. R. McCoy.

A child's tea saucer, 32 years old, by Mrs. A. R. McCoy.

We visited the old cabin to make a list of articles too late (the same fault as last year) when a large share of them had been taken away. There were many curiosities and relics that had been taken away.

The old Virginia broad track and broad tire wagon that the Babb family moved into the country with in 1846, was brought on to the ground by J. W. Baker.

The Wm. Johnson planter mill was on the ground, and many other relics that had at other meetings been brought in and noticed.

BUSINESS MEETING.

Wm. S. Grubb, of Baraboo, was elected President; W. H. Canfield re-elected Secretary; and Enos Kimball, re-elected Treasurer.

It was decided to again hold the meeting at North Freedom.

FINANCES.

After our annual meeting in 1879 and the printing of the proceedings, it left us in debt \$33.35.

RECEIPTS.

Retrnrs from circular sent out (names of respondents reported at the meeting).....	\$7 00
From Mrs. N. W. Wheeler.....	1 00
“ J. P. Dangerfield.....	1 00
“ Daniel Prun.....	1 00
“ Wm. H. Canfield.....	50
“ R. R. Remington.....	50
“ Annual dues of members at the meeting.....	32 00
“ New members.....	12 00
“ Nou members.....	12 83
“ Lemonade stand.....	19 22
“ Citizens of North Freedom.....	7 50
“ “ “ to pay band.....	12 73

\$107 28

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Spirit Lake Band.....	\$24 73
“ Rev. W. Cochran, expenses	12 00
“ Miss Ida Remington, reporter.....	5 00
“ Postage stamps.....	3 50
“ Republic Office. Dec. 17, 1879	7 00
“ “ “ March 16, 1880.....	1 50
“ “ “ June 25, 1880, balance of old debt.....	27 10
“ Wm. H. Canfield, for services.....	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$90 83

At this moment the Secretary is not able to state when the proceedings will be printed. When the new board shall have met it will then be settled. They were reported by a stenographer and are full and complete and are ready for printing.

The Secretary takes pleasure in speaking of the liberality and hospitality of the citizens of North Freedom in carrying through the festival. First, they paid half the expenses of the brass band, \$12.74; second, they at the preliminary meeting subscribed \$16.50. Total \$29.23. A part of this last sum was used to pay tavern bills, drawing of water and getting ice, etc., paying a residue of about \$7.50 into the Old Settlers' treasury.

Mr. J. B. Ashley, the tavern keeper, charged only enough to cover first cost, about a half bill, and then threw off a part of that.

The Secretary, on behalf of the Old Settlers, tenders their heartfelt thanks to the people of North Freedom for their kindness at this festival.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.

THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF SAUK CO.

The Meet Again—A Most Successful Session—The Speeches.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. S. J. Seymour, and the exercises of the day were opened by music by the North Freedom Brass Band who together with the Reedsburg Glee Club furnished the musical part of the day's entertainment.

The oldest old settlers were then called for, and quite a number came forward and were seated on the speaker's stand.

The Rev. Mr. A. Locke, one of the early settlers, offered the following prayer;

We desire O God, our heavenly father, to come before Thee, in the depth of humility and thank Thee for the preservation of our unprofitable lives to this time, and we thank Thee that we have the pleasure of again meeting in this beautiful grove and beholding each others faces. We remember that it is in Thee that we live, and move, and have our being; all blessings flow from thy beautiful hand, and while we are assembled to-day, may we greet each other once more, looking forward, O Lord, to the time when we shall meet all those who have gone before us and greet them around Thy throne. Help us to lead good lives; hear us for all we are in duty bound to pray for, and at last save us in Thy kingdom. These mercies and favors we would ask in the name of our Redeemer. Amen.

The president, Mr. S. J. Seymour, read an address contrasting the present and past in regard to facilities for production, transportation, travel, and communication.

SPEECH OF S. J. SEYMOUR.

Old Settlers.—Once more we meet in this beautiful grove, to have our annual

greeting, our annual reunion, our annual pioneer festival holiday. This is not an ecclesiastical holiday, nor created by statute; but it is our own holiday, the one which *we old settlers* of Sauk County have appointed, and which we to-day, devote to the laudable and satisfactory purpose of greeting and greeting old friends, old settlers, some of whom perhaps we have not seen, or even heard of since our last annual pioneer holiday, and we expect that this annual festival is a *permanent institution* and will continue to be celebrated from year to year, until the *last old settler* shall have passed away, and probably for generations afterwards.

We come feeling that it is good to be here; that we may enjoy ourselves, and to some extent, at least, *live over* some of the most interesting portions of our lives, our pioneer days. Some of our old settlers came from Europe, some from New England, some from the Middle States, some from other Western States, and some from the Southern States; but *all* came, *not* for the sole purpose of settling and making prosperous a *new country*, but we came to *better our condition*. A very large portion, and I think I may in truth say, that the most of us came with but very little of this world's goods, and little or no money; but with *strong hands* and willing minds, all determined to do our little mite towards making good, comfortable homes for our families, and in so doing have, to a certain extent, accomplished one of the objects most dear to an American heart. And while *we have* been making our homes what we have, we have been developing the resources of Sauk County, and making, rough though she is, *one of the most*

prosperous and beautiful counties of the state.

While we are considering these things we would not forget what has been done in other parts of our country.

Those portions of our state that were already settled, when the first pioneers came to this county have grown populous, rich and prosperous, and will compare very favorably with an equal amount of territory in the eastern or middle states.

Other counties north and west of us in this state have been reclaimed from the occupancy of the Indians and wild beasts, and been made the homes of hundreds and thousands of American freemen.

While this has been going on around us and we have been quietly plodding along in our daily routine of work to get a living and make more profitable, attractive and comfortable our homes in Sauk County, vast events have been transpiring in other parts of our common county, east territories west of us. The "Great American Desert," has laid down in our old geographies, has disappeared, and to a great extent been peopled and transformed into rich and prosperous states and territories. The vast mineral resources of California, Oregon and the Rocky Mountain Territory have been discovered; and have yielded their millions and millions of dollars worth of gold and silver, and other metals that have to that extent increased the wealth of the world.

Three rail roads to the Pacific Coast have been built, furnishing rail road communication and traffic across the continent.

Thousands and thousands of miles of railroads have been built, traversing the different states and territories in all directions, furnishing rapid communication with all parts of the country.

The telegraph has been put to practical use and telegraphic communication has been opened with all parts of the land. The telephone has been invented, enabling people to talk with each other who are at considerable distances apart.

And Oh! what an amount of history has been made during the pioneer life of these old settlers.

The greatest rebellion ever known in history has been inaugurated against our government and persisted in by those engaged in it, till they had lost hundreds of thousands of human lives and untold millions of dollars in the destruction of property; and causing the government and the loyal people who sustained it a loss in men, material and money still greater than their own. Sauk County did her full share in furnishing men to sustain the government.

But, thanks to the brave men who rallied to the support of the best government the world has ever seen, the rebellion was crushed after a terrible four years struggle; and our free institutions placed upon a surer and firmer basis than ever before; no part of the fabric of our government now resting on the corner stone of human slavery.

While these events have been transpiring, others of great importance in the development of our country's resources and carrying forward the material improvement and prosperity of the people, have been equally significant, resulting in a more general diffusion of the conveniences and comforts of life among the masses of the people, while the general and rapid interchange of products of the different parts of our common country with each other is being carried on, by means of our railroad and water transportation facilities. Inventors are busy producing various kinds of machinery, by means of which those who labor upon farms or in manufacturing establishments can accomplish more work in a given time, and with less manual effort than was necessary when *we old settlers* commenced the battle of life in Sauk County thirty or forty years ago. We then, to break our land, hitched two, three, or four yoke of oxen to the long, beamed, heavy breaking plow, and while one man, with his long fish pole whip, drove the oxen, another held and managed the plow, and they could

break from one to three acres per day, the amount depending largely on the condition of the land and the strength and smartness of the team.

Now, to do about the same amount of work, we can hitch our team of two heavy horses, or three lighter ones to our sulky plow and with one man to mount in the seat and drive the team, the machine does the work.

The improvement in harrows and cultivators has been equally marked. Our implements for harvesting our crops have received equal attention from inventive genius.

Then our hay was cut with the scythe, wielded by our own strong arms, at the rate of one to two acres per day. Now we cut from five to ten acres in the same time, with team and mower, while we sit on the seat and drive, and again the machine does the work.

Our hay was then all raked by hand, while now, a horse attached to a wheel rake and guided by a boy will rake as much in an hour as two men could rake in half a day. Our grain was then all cut with a cradle, and raked and bound by hand, at the rate of two to three acres per day, while now the self-binding reaper, propelled by the power of three or four horses, and one man to drive will cut and bind three or four times as much in a day.

At the same time that these improvements in cheapening the cost of producing agricultural commodities have been made, equal and steady advance has been made in lessening the cost and increasing the facilities for producing articles of manufacture necessary for our comfort and convenience, and Sauk County has kept pace with the rest of the country in this respect.

While we old settlers have been permitted to witness, and to some extent at least, enjoy the benefits of these achievements, we have at times, and more frequent, been called upon to drop our tears over the graves of those of our number who have been called to pass the great river, and are now on the other shore awaiting our arrival there.

And, it is hoped, that we may so live during the remainder of our allotted time here, that when the great Harvest-er, Death, calls us to join them there, the bounds of Sauk County, will be, at least, a little better for our having lived in it.

Dr. Cowles welcomed the old settlers as follows;

Ladies and Gentlemen:—As I came upon the ground this morning, a friend took me by the hand and said to me, "I am glad to see you on earth again," to which my heart responded, amen. I must say to you that never before in my life have I met a crowd like this, with such heart felt joy and such overflowing greeting as I do you this morning under the shade of these trees. I welcome you with all my heart, and I trust that while we are here together to-day, these greetings will recall to our minds pleasant memories never to be effaced.

There are ties that bind hearts together, ties that are wrought in adversity, in affliction, in sorrow. These kind of ties bind our hearts together in a manner that nothing can break here upon earth. As we look about us, we see many heads frosted for the grave, reminding us of the autumn time and the leaves that fall, and thus meeting we greet each other with that tenderness of affection, that heartfelt regard that becomes us as old settlers of Sauk County.

It is not proper for me, after what has been read before you, to descant upon the history of the past; but I see here veterans representing that time. For instance, the Hon. Moses M. Strong. Of Wm. H. Clark, it was said he was the lion of Sauk, but Moses M. Strong is the Cromwell of Wisconsin demochracy, a regular old ironside. We greet him to-day, we welcome him, and feel proud that we can call upon persons so far distant to gather with us. Then too, here is our friend Nelson Wheeler, whose countenance, you know, is "child-like and bland." He would

extract a smile from the very face of death

In conclusion let me say once more, welcome, thrice welcome to this pleasant gathering, and may we feel so great a regard for it, that it shall be perpetuated to the end of time.

The Hon. Moses M. Strong was introduced by the president and made the following address:

Citizens of Sauk County;—I fear that the announcement which I understand has been made in the newspapers of my intended presence on this occasion, and especially the unauthorized but very complimentary remarks of the gentlemen who welcomed us on this occasion, may have been greatly misleading, that may have induced you to expect of me what you will not hear, and not hearing, may create, I am sorry to believe, no little degree of disappointment. This leads me to explain the circumstances of my being here.

My excellent friend, Mr. Wheeler, met me by accident at Madison last Friday after my return from a journey to the north of the state, and urged me very strongly to be here on this occasion. I did not promise him that I would, because I did not know in what condition I should find my business and domestic affairs on my return. A day or two afterwards Mr. Wheeler having repeated that conversation to your secretary, I received from him a very flattering, complimentary and pressing invitation to come here and address the old settlers. I replied that I would come, but as for the address, my other engagements would deny the opportunity for making any preparation, and that he was not at liberty to announce that I would make a speech, but that he might say that I would indulge in such impromptu remarks as the occasion might seem to call for and that is all you have a right to expect, and if your expectations exceed this, you are doomed to disappointment.

It is good, I know it is good for me, it must be good for all of you to assemble on occasions like this. They are of interest for the opportunities they furnish our old friends of meeting each other

and grasping in hand of friendship again those whom they have not met, perhaps for a year. They are interesting also for the opportunities they furnish of receiving information of the history and reminiscences of by gone times, which are rapidly passing from the memory of man into obscurity and oblivion. They are profitable for various other reasons; it is an old saying that all play and no work is a very bad thing, and it is a very good thing for you farmers especially, and sons of toil, that you should occasionally take a day for recuperation, as opportunities like this give you a chance of doing. But you will expect something more than mere homilies like this. I ought to be able to give you some instruction, I ought to be able to remind you of some things which the early pioneers once knew, and which the younger ones might learn of the history of the past.

Your county is bounded on the south by the Wisconsin River which forms a portion of the great highway of nature between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, a highway which has no parallel in the topography of the United States. The Wabash and the Maumee are near together, and there are no other streams that flow into the very near to those that flow into the Great Lakes, but there are none that furnish so good a highway as the Portage, Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. That route was known and utilized nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. It was frequently traveled by the traders and still more often by the Indians themselves.

The Sauk race of Indians were located near the mouth of Fox River, where is now the City of Green Bay. They remained there until nearly the middle of the seventeenth century, until about 1746 when they were driven away, and ascending the Fox river and descending the Wisconsin, they located upon that beautiful tract of land, where now stand the twin villages of Prairie du Sac and Sauk City. They were the first settlers of Sauk County (Mr Strong forgot the mound builders W. H. C.) and it seems a very appropri-

ate name for the first tribe that settled there. I have said it was about 1746 that they first came there. About twenty years later Johnathan Carver, whose name has become historical consequent upon what was delineated upon the early maps of Wisconsin as the Carver Tract, set out upon an exploring expedition, and he found at what is now Prairie du Sac the Sauk tribe of Indians. Permit me to read to you the account he gave of what he then found. He says he there found the largest and best built Indian town he ever saw. It contained about ninety houses, each large enough for several families, built of hewn plank, before the doors were placed sheds in which the inhabitants sat when the weather permitted. It appeared more like a civilized town than the abode of savages.

Perhaps this account is somewhat overdrawn, as it is entirely different from what we know of the aborigines of this territory.

But it did not long continue. One of the oldest settlers of Green Bay, Angus Greeno who gave his personal narrative to Mr. Draber, states that in 1795 less than thirty years after Carver was there, he visited the same spot and that there was no vestige of a house remaining, so that the Sauk tribe did not probably occupy the territory longer than thirty years. Be it longer or shorter, it is a well known historical fact that they did occupy this portion of the county and it is probably the only portion of what constitutes Sauk County that was occupied by any human being, civilized or savage, except the Mound Builders. Nor did settlements immediately ensue. There were in the state but two or three points where there were any considerable settlements. One was at Green Bay, one at Prairie du Chien, and there were a few settlers at Portage who were engaged in transporting men, wagons, provisions, and so forth from one side to the other; with these exceptions there were no settlements in Wisconsin until about sixty years ago. From sixty to sixty-five years ago the lead mines first

became settled and still later settlements were made in the eastern portion of the state. It was from 1836 to 1840 that the first settlements that became permanent were made in Sauk County. I have inquired of some few of the old settlers but cannot give you information as to who was the first settler. Though the information seems to point to James Albion, it is sufficient to know that three or four years previous to 1840 quite a number did settle upon that beautiful prairie. (The summer of 1839 was the first summer that the civilized white man occupied that prairie. W. H. C.) On the 11th of January, 1840, an act was passed to establish the County of Sauk and describe its limits. In 1842 Richland county was established. Its boundaries were also fixed by law. The creation of Richland county cut off four towns from Sauk on the West, leaving Woodland still attached to Sauk county although surrounded by four other counties. This is the formation of the boundaries of your county so that since 1842, they have remained as they at present exist. But in the delineation on the map of what were to be boundaries did not make a county in any such sense as the Supreme Court have decided to constitute a county which is organized with the machinery for carrying on its judicial and civil affairs; so that it never in reality became a county until as late as 1844, when an act was passed to organize the County of Sauk, which provided that the first election should be held on the 2nd of March, 1844. By the same act three commissioners were appointed to locate the county seat. They located it, according to my present impression upon Sauk Prairie, at any rate it continued there until 1846 when it was located by the vote of the people. The result was that the county seat was located at Adams. Do any of you wish to know where Adams was? I can tell you that Adams was Baraboo. When I first went to your county to practice, I practiced at Adams, the county seat. After Adams was made the county seat, it was 730 days before

the court house was so far finished some running water and conclude I that it could be used, and an act was had struck Babbs' Creek. I followed it passed in 1848 for holding court on the through marsh and quagmire until near new court house in the town of Adams, ly night, finally I had some cow milk now city of Baraboo. You must in and following their sound came out by judge me, my friends, in these matters Mr. Harris's down by the Wisconsin of history. I have been engaged for river about six or eight miles from the last ten or twelve years in trying to where I started, then I concluded I had write up the history of the Territory of better take the boy's advice and take Wisconsin and the years that preceded the bad road rather than attempt to the territory, and it is human nature to make one for myself.

It was not long after this county was settled that efforts were made to improve the roads. On the 13th of January, 1840, an act was passed appointing John Mann and D. B. Crocker and others to lay out a road from Sauk Prairie to Whitney's Mills, and the next year these men not having all acted, Cyrus Leland and Ebenezzer Buck were added. Soon after commissioners were appointed to lay out a road from Madison to Baraboo, known as Rowen's Rapids, that being at the time the only point on the Baraboo river known to the Wisconsin State. I have detained you for the purpose of showing you the efforts the early settlers made to create and establish roads in your county. But I can not detain you by relating many other events, but in a general way I may say that the results of their labor have been exceedingly gratifying. We see the wilderness which has not become a cultivated field, but a thousand cultivated fields all over this county. Where we first crossed here with the trail barely cut out is now found the home of industry. Cultivated fields with abundance of crops take the place of the sturdy forest trees.

Roads are one of the most important things in the early settlement of any country, and there is no place where they were more important than across these Baraboo Hills.

I recollect the first time I came over on the way I met a boy. Said I, "There are two roads leading over to Adams, which is the best one, which would you advise me to take?" He said, "They fork out here about two miles above, when you get there you will see the forks. You can take whichever you please, and whichever you do take, you will wish before you get there, you had taken the other," and so I did.

Speaking of my experience in roads reminds me of a little incident. I was a good deal of an explorer in those days and had frequent occasion to go through up to the pinery, and think that was the object of my journey at the time the boy gave me the advice about the roads. The next time I thought I would bear the boy and map out a road for myself. I started out and came down to Helena, got across the river and struck the dividing ridge that divides Bear Creek from Honey Creek. It was a misty, moist, drizzly day, no one to be seen, and when I got to the summit I was completely at a loss where to go. I was anxious to strike Babbs' Creek and go across there to the pinery. I expected to find a section line or section corner and I traveled on and on, and finally struck

It should be the glory of the early pioneers that they have done something for the good of this country. What glory is it to the Sauk Indians that they were the first settlers of Sauk Co.? They left no memory of their work but a few broken sticks and a few crumbling rocks. But is it not a glory to the white pioneer that they have made the wilderness blossom as the rose, that they have converted forests into cultivated fields, and have contributed largely to the

hardest of this great thoroughfare through their county?

The pioneers may take to themselves this gratification, pride and glory, and it is enough gratification, pride and glory to justify their annual assembling together to rejoice over the work of their early days. But their work is not ended, and so far as their work on earth is concerned, it will never be ended until the last drop of blood shall cease to permeate the human system. So long as people exist, it is God's will that people shall work, and God's will we cannot taboo, we must work or starve, and those coming after us have this destiny before them, and thousands will reap the benefit of the good which has preceded them, and the glory of continuing that which was so well begun. "Oh friends permit me to say that the work of life is not all confined to life. It is not all of life to live nor of death to die." It should be our aim to so live that we may be better prepared to meet that destiny which is so certain, and with many of us so soon to be the fate of all. Let us then continue our labors, not solely with reference to our temporal welfare, but let us so live on earth in reference to the great hereafter as to make that preparation for it which is necessary, and if we live here as we should wish to live hereafter, we have performed our whole duty, and when we are called upon to go that "undiscovered country from whose home no traveler returns," may we have the full consciousness that our work is not only done but well done.

Immediately after, Mr. Strong addressed the old settlers who had been in the county for thirty years previous to the present meeting, assembled near the speaker's stand, and a photograph of the group was taken.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting being called to order by the president, announcement was made that a special picture would be taken including those who were old settlers in Sauk County twenty years previous to date.

Mr. Jeffes who settled here some forty years back related some of his early experience in transportation at a time when roads, boats and ferries were not in a very fine condition for the purposes they are intended to serve. Mr. Jeffes also read a list of sixteen names of persons still living who were at Babcock vicinity at the time of his arrival.

Uncle Billy Jobuson was called and arose and spoke a few words in reference to early times, as one illustration of how our pioneers labored under difficulties and discouragement, he spoke of his house having burned down and said, "When I put my hand to anything I went through with it; when my house burned, I went into the pinery, sawed lumber and run it to Sauk. I was boss of the raft myself. Mr. Waterbury said to me, "In five years you woud know you were burned out." I tell you, that was a good word of encouragement and a good word goes a good ways sometimes."

Mr. Johnson gave his age as nearly 93.

Mr. Seymour gave some reminiscence of his experience as mail contractor. They had a post-office in Delona and carried the mail to Dalton and Babcock. He had one-half the proceeds of the office for pay and his only means of locomotion was an ox team and sled. He finally sub-let the contract to a man who had a horse, and suspected the latter made money. Enquiries if he were a star router, from some one in the crowd, to which Mr. Seymour replied that he believed their salary run from \$2.85 to \$3.00 per quarter.

Mr. Grott of Ironton said, "I have been in Wisconsin thirty-five years. I landed with my little family in Milwaukee, expecting to find a home somewhere in Wisconsin. I had seen several letters from Madison, praising the prairie country, and consulted with my wife before I started proposing to come she said, "we are poor and it will cost too much. I will go with you and we

will take our little family and I will not wish to say anything upon this occasion; I am at this time physically very weak, intellectually very scarce. My speech yesterday called for such an out-hold my own. (Mr. Grott's circum-ly of nonsense that I an almost entire-ly out, and have not had time to recu-competency judging from appearances perate sufficiently to give you what you W. H. C.) When we got into the Mil really desire and what I can ordinarily wankee woods the slush came up into furnish.

There was one thing said this morn- ing to which I took exceptions at the our wagon box, and the corduroy roads. I landed here and took a farm from a time. A physician said I could extract a man here present-day, Carl Barry smile from the very face of death, and When I got to Baraboo I enquired for I am inclined to think I can, as I have Reedsburg and the Baraboo people made some of the doctor's patients laughed at me. What is now the man laugh after they had been under his street of Reed-burg was then a frog-care a week.

Another reason why I do not feel called upon to make a speech is that I have been the means—the humble means—of inviting him out here to make a speech. I knew that his name was a familiar word,—that the people who don't know the name of Moses M. Stroug, don't know so much, but that it is the duty of their parents to keep them inside the door yard.

I do not want to relate any of my early history,—I didn't come here as early as some, because I didn't get driven away as early. I could have come here earlier but my parents were young and I did not like to leave them in an unprotected state. I came into the territory of Wisconsin unannounced. No-body knew I was about to come. I was as young as I could be under the circumstances. I live here, and I propose to stay here, and I give you advice to live as long as you can as I never talked with an old settler who had passed away but that regretted his untimely departure.

Mr. Wheeler being called upon responded.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I did not expect to be called upon to make a speech to this intelligent assembly to-day, and I am perhaps not in as good condition to make a remarkable speech to you on this occasion as some other men are at some other time. I was called upon unexpectedly to make a speech to the old pioneers of the state in the city of Madison. My subject was "The Fun of the Olden Time," a subject about which I know perhaps less than any man in the state, a subject more distasteful to me than any other subject the most ingenious man in the state could have selected. I will at any time say anything and do almost anything to benefit the race, and I respond upon all the honor a lawyer has, and ed with a promptness and sweetness who wants more, or needs less, that that surprised the audience and tickled just as long as the president or any other individual calls on me for a speech I

I have made two or three remarkable speeches here before; it is wonderful to me, it is pleasing to you, it is surprising to all, that my life, partly unprofitable and partly profitable, has been spared to make another of these interesting speeches to you, and I pledge to you upon all the honor a lawyer has, and ed with a promptness and sweetness who wants more, or needs less, that that surprised the audience and tickled just as long as the president or any other individual calls on me for a speech I

shall respond and now I bid you farewell. I am perfectly willing to give you a reasonable amount, but I want you to understand that jewels are scarce and jewelers not always at leisure.

D. C. Barry, of Obrian Co., Iowa, and first settler of Reedsburg was called upon and responded as follows;

"I cannot make a speech but would say I was very much pleased to meet with many of my old neighbors, and came from Iowa here almost on purpose to attend this meeting. I do not expect to meet with you at my advanced age (75) perhaps ever again. I should be very glad to have you call on me. I bid you a good bye, and as long as I live shall most kindly remember my old Sauk county friends.

The following letter was received by W. H. Canfield, Secretary of the Old Settlers Association, from R. P. Clement, of San Francisco, Cal., which was not received in time to be read before the Old Settlers at the annual meeting:

I received, this morning, a copy of the proceedings of the last annual meeting of "the Old Settlers Association" of Sauk county, and have just finished reading it. Nearly thirty two years have passed since I left your grand old state, and that gem of her territory Sauk county, and that wonderfully charming and attractive town of Baraboo. During the many years since, I have seen many places, celebrated for romantic and beautiful scenery yet I remember no place which has impressed me as being more charming or attractive than your beautiful lake, so inappropriately named, and its immediate surroundings and the towns of Baraboo and Sauk are remembered as particularly attractive and picturesque, and Madison, I consider the most beautiful of all beautiful cities. It is possible that some of the impressions I have of the places are, to some extent, due to my youthfulness and inexperience when they were made, rather than to the extraordinary merits of the places, but I hope otherwise.

It is wonderful what flood of recollections are revived by reading the names appearing in your pamphlet, and its

remembrances mentioned. I never read a report of one of your meetings without feeling that I have, somehow, been disloyal to old Sauk county in never having returned even to make her a visit during all the long years since 1853.

I would so much like to see again the places and faces which were so dear to me in my early years. I am reminded that many of these dear faces are no longer with you, and that they are not again to be seen except in memory. My early and greatly esteemed friend, C. C. Remington, is now of this number. He may have had faults but he had so many noble and generous qualities; was so honest, sincere and talented that, to me, it would seem like rank injustice to remember that he was not altogether perfect. I fancy that Miss Ella Remington, who reported your proceedings, must be his daughter. Col. Alban, whose memoir appears in your pamphlet was also an early friend of mine, and I concur in what is said of him.

Do you remember James E. Freeman, a surveyor, who in early times surveyed some townships of Baraboo lands? We often talk of Baraboo, and early times then. He is no longer young, but is, as always, a man of sterling character.

I notice that your society is to hold its next annual meeting on the 18th of this month. I will bear you in mind on that day and may there be none of your members missing on that occasion and may you all be joyous and happy is the wish of,

Yours Truly,
R. P. CLEMENT.

On the eve of the 17th the President, S. J. Seymour, called the meeting to order and an hour was spent in telling hunting and fishing stories.

Wm. H. Canfield tells a fish story and Pigeon story.

Dr. Blacksley tells an Ohio Pigeon and Mosquito story.

Mr. Seymour tells a Pompey Hill story.

Mr. Hauger tells a Longs Peak story. A hunt with an Irishman.

Mr. Jeffries tells a fish story. Sets hooks for Cat, on what is now called the

Dean farm. His fish weighed 100 pounds, Sturgeon.

Mr. Seymour tells his Mammoth Cave story in Kentucky.

Dr. Blachley says that in Ohio black snakes will run straight up a tree, and he would like to know how it was done.

Hanger tells a black snake story.

Tuttle saw a rattle snake swim across Devil's Lake and killed him just as he struck the shore. It was very large and swam like a cork on the water. In cutting off the rattles the wind discharged from the inflated body and it assumed its usual size.

Carpenter tells a snake charming story.

Canfield tells a snake charming story.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

We had means in the treasury sufficient to put into pamphlet form the proceedings of last year leaving not one cent. The society has no debts. There are 322 names upon our record books. There are as far as I have kept track about fifty among the dead. During the coming year I wish to perfect the list of our beloved deceased friends. I would say to those present that I wish you to give me the full name of your deceased friend that was a member of our society, with the birth and death day, place of nativity, when they came to Sauk county, and what their occupation has been here, and such other sketches as you may wish to have put into print and kept with the archives of this society; also to hand or send to the secretary a photograph of the person. It is very much to be hoped that at this festival there will be means enough to accomplish this object. There cannot be over 200 or 250 live resident members. The society was organized in the winter of 1872 in the parlor of Robert Baxter's hotel (Prairie du Sac) by about a dozen prominent citizens of Baraboo, with an equal number from Prairie du Sac. We have had 13, with this, of good solid visiting festivals. With all pleasure there is mixed some pain. We feel called upon to mention one of these pains. It was years ago that Mr. Hawes, reporting for the Baraboo Republic,

makes Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Sumpter, to say that on his first visit to Baraboo, while in conversation with Mrs. Rosaline Peck he asked her what tribe she belonged to, he supposing that from her appearance she was a squaw. This, as every one knows by the looks of Mrs. Peck, was all wrong, as her features or complexion bear no resemblance of a squaw. Mr. Johnson says his remarks were of a family of Southern people who were dark complected and resided at the Rapids at that time. We are happy to state that that report did not get into the annals of our society, but was published in the Baraboo Republic. We hope that paper will apologize for its blunder.

W. H. C.

DUES PAID, 1885.

Archie Christie	\$1.00	W. S. Smith	50
John Munroe	50	John Dickey and wife	1.00
S. J. Seymour and wife	1.00	Joseph Green	50
A. Lock	50	W. J. Gemmill	50
Dr. Cowles	50	Samuel Emery	50
A. R. McCoy & wife	1.00	P. Pratt	1.00
F. J. Groat	50	Wm. Johnson	50
Chas. Hirschinger	50	Mrs. J. W. Wood	50
Mathew Hill	50	J. W. Bloom	50
A. Weidmann	50	E. Buck	50
V. Ayers (Needs)	50	N. W. Wheeler	1.00
Wm. Brown	50	B. S. Jeffries	50
A. C. Harris	50	Mrs. B. A. Waddle	50
Mrs. A. C. Harris	50	Amos Cottingham	50
P. J. Grubb	50	Frank Hackett	50
R. G. Carpenter	50	Wm. Christie	50
H. W. Young and wife	2.00	Joseph Johnson	50
J. D. Sanford	50		\$29.00
James Cowles	50	Cash from lemonade stand	\$10.00
J. Kellogg	50		\$39.00
Lancel Gullford	50		
O. B. Hubbard	50		
Wm. S. Grubb	1.00	Wm. H. Canfield	50
J. P. Dangerfield	50	bill for printing postage and services	\$19.00
Philip Babb and wife	1.00	Miss Ida Reinington, for reporting	\$5.00
C. W. Gullerford	50		\$24.00
J. C. Lamb	50		
A. Barker	50		
E. Eiram	50		
Mrs. B. Barker	50		

NEW MEMBERS.

S. F. Amy, born Feb. 6, 1827, Bars tau, Shelby Co., L. C.; came to Sauk June, 1856. Paid 50 cents.

Samuel Briscoe, born March 23, 1843, Chester, Eng.; came to Sauk March, 1856. Paid 50c.

Thomas Gillespie, born Jan. 15, 1821, and Martha Gillespie, his wife, born March, 1824, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., came to Sauk October, 1854. Paid \$1.

Joseph Green, of Reedsburg.

Wm. Sprout, born March 12, 1822, Monroe Co., Ohio; came to Sauk Sept., 1848. Paid 50c.

GENERAL COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Drawing lumber, making seats and taking back	\$1.00
Two teamsters at \$1.50	3.00
Nails and other sundries	50
Band	10.00
Ground	15.00
Frank Hackett for labor	1.00
Use of lumber	1.00
Drawing water	2.50
	<hr/>
	\$37.00

CONTRACT

Sale ground privilege for lemonade stand \$17.00
 Balance paid to O. S. A. from proceeds
 of grounds..... 10.00

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Mr. T. M. Warren was elected president; Mr. Chas. Hirschinger elected treasurer. Next meeting to be held at North Freedom.

W. H. CANFIELD, Secy.

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION,
OF
SAUK COUNTY, WISCONSIN,
HELD AT
NORTH FREEDOM, WIS.,
JUNE 21-22, 1882.

EVENING MEETING, June 21.

ABOUT THE CAMP-FIRE.

The place selected for the meeting was the same as last year, to-wit: John Hackett's grove at North Freedom. As we arrived upon the ground, June 21, we noticed that there were ample preparations made for a large gathering. The log-heap already to be lighted. As the evening grew on, there assembled quite a large concourse of people, to enjoy the free-and-easy anecdotes about the camp-fire.

President Ellinwood called the meeting to order, in the following words:

Ladies and Gentlemen :—It would accommodate us very much if you would take the seats in front of the stand. Will you get seated and come to order as soon as possible so that we can go on with the program? We will now listen to a song by Philip Check :

Ladies and Gentlemen and Old Settlers :—I am glad that we have been permitted to meet here in this grove once more, and I hope we may all enjoy ourselves. I did not expect to be called on to sing for you, but I will do the best I can. The only thing that I lack is “cheek,” but I sing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” I want all to join in the chorus that can. I know some of you are good singers.

Then followed the song—tune of “John Brown.”

President—Uncle Billy Johnson is now called for. Be as quiet as possible, for he cannot speak very loud.

Uncle Billy Johnson spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen :—I did not expect to be called upon to speak to you this evening, and I am not prepared to say much, but I will give you my experience on coming into this county. [This anecdote was related at a picnic meeting and is already in print, therefore I omit it here.] That summer broke some land for myself and some for my neighbors, who had no plow. The plow that turned the first furrow in Sauk county stands by my house now. I used to bring in provisions for our neighborhood. I used to go as far as the river and then drive my cattle across and then put my wagon in my boat and take it across, and the same way when I came back. After awhile we got a ferry a little above upper town, and then I used to go up there.

I did not think I would talk so long when I got up, and I will not say any more.

President—Dr. Blachly is called for.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—I did not think of being called on to speak to you this evening. I am a mere boy I suppose to Uncle Billy, although I am nearly 80 years old. When a man gets to be 30 or 90 years old, he is getting along in years. [Dr. Blachly's remarks same as last year, and, therefore, are omitted here.]

President—Let us have a song. Who will sing for us? John O'Neal is called for.

Song by John O'Neal.

President—Mr. Canfield is called for.

Ladies and Gentlemen :—I am glad that I have been allowed to meet with so many of you on this, the "Old Settlers' Visiting Day." I have been here for about forty years and great changes have come over this country since I came. I received no instructions as to what I should say but I suppose that a story is wanted. I do not know that I can tell you anything new. I will tell of some little incidents that happened when I was surveying the State road from Portage to La Crosse, in '44. Our company consisted of Mr. Wood, D. C. Barry, Mr. J. Van Olstein J. W. Babb, Stephen Inman, Souls, Hostetter and myself. After we had been out a few days some of the camp had a few words and a squabble. By that we lost our team and some of the company. Now we had to carry our camping outfit on our backs and work all day. Our camp-fires used to bring up a spirit of story-telling. One night, as we were all sleeping soundly, a deer passed along within ten feet of the camp, walked leisurely by us, as we could tell by its tracks in the light snow that fell during the night. It was a habit of mine to leave my compass at night where I stopped work. One night I left my work as usual and went to the camp and next morning when I went back my compass was on the ground and one sight was bent to an angle of about thirty-five degrees. Otherwise everything was all right. There were pony tracks about the place. Undoubtedly the Indians had been meddling with it.

Another little instance occurred, while I was prospecting, which caused some laughter at the time.

Mr. Babb had an old horse that he called, "John the Baptist." One day he went out with his horse to prospect and was gone all day. Along toward evening, I was wandering around to see what I could see and I heard Babb a-coming, and I stepped behind a tree. There was a little

narrow creek with a high bank at this place. His old horse, John, refused to jump across. Mr. Babb coaxed and talked until finally John gave a jump and his fore feet landed on the other side all right, but his hind feet were in the water and there he stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees and Babb slid off into the mud and water. I do not like to repeat an oath, but I will this time. All Babb said, I believe, was, "You damned old Methodist."

President—We will now listen to a few remarks from Mr. Charles Hirschinger.

Mr. President and Old Settlers:—I did not expect to be called upon this evening to speak to you. I shall not say much for if I do I will be telling you what I intend to say to-morrow. Dr. Blachly has told you that he was "a mere boy as compared with Uncle Billy" and I wonder what I would be as compared with the Doctor. The land that my father bought after he came to this county was near where I live now. I shall tell you of an instance that happened soon after we settled here. We had a dog that used to hunt a great deal, and one day this dog came home with his hair full of porcupine quills. You will see the connection of this to my story after awhile. I asked the boys what they were and they told me. They also told me that the porcupine could throw them twenty or thirty feet. Well, one day I went with my father to work on the land. I worked until about 3 o'clock, picking up brush, when it began to get warm and the mosquitoes began to bother and I began to grab first this way, and then that, and kept them off the best that I could. By and by, my father came around, and he asked me what was the matter, and I told him that the mosquitoes bit so hard and that it was so warm I wanted to go home. He did not want me to and so he got a brush for me to keep the mosquitoes off with. I staid awhile and then started home. He was afraid I would get lost for it was one and a half miles home and all the guide I had was our path through the pea vines and nettles. Well, I started out and everything went well until I got to the nettle patch and when I was about half way through I saw a big snake lying in my path. I did not have courage to take a club and

go for him, and so I went around him through the nettles, and when I came out I was very well nettled up, you can imagine. I went on and soon I saw an object in the path directly before me and went up and got a club and tried to scare it and very soon it began to bristle up and I concluded it was a porcupine. The boys told me that they could throw their quills about twenty or thirty feet and I began to think I had better skip and I did skip. But there I was—lost in those pine creek bottoms. After awhile, I found my way home. Soon after I passed the snake there was a man came along and he saw it and got a club and went after it; after he had pounded it awhile, the snake began to spit sand, and the man did not know what to make of it. Came to find out, there had been another man along and killed and stuffed the snake with sand. This is about my first experience in this county, so I will not occupy more of your time.

Some one called for Jim Cowles. He did not respond.

President—John Hanger is called for. Let him be prompt. There is no time to waste.

Ladies and Gentlemen :—I did not come prepared with any story to tell you but I guess I will have to tell you my buffalo story. When I was coming back across the plains I had two companions and we had to make our living out of what game we could shoot. One day one of the boys was out all day and did not get anything, so I concluded to try my luck and see what I could get; so I started up and went two or three miles and I came to a creek or spring, rather, and there I concluded to stop. I sat down and waited, and, by and by, a great, big buffalo came along with a head bigger than a bushel basket. I had heard it said that you could not shoot them in the head, for they were too shaggy. I thought I would try it, so I drew up my rifle and shot, then I thought my time had come, but the old fellow started off over the hill. Then I thought I would follow after him, and I did. Just as I came up over the hill I saw another, off some distance, and I crept up to shoot at

him and there he stood. I did not dare to move for fear he would come at me. It began to grow dark and soon the wolves began to howl, but I dare not move for fear the buffalo would go for me. Finally the buffalo started off and I started for the camp as fast as my legs could carry me. That was the last of my hunting that day.

President—Mr. Cheek will now favor us with a story or a song.

Mr. Cheek then gave his first year's experience at farming. [Reported last year.]

President—Will some one favor us with a song? Mr. Dickey is called for.

Mr. Dickey sang a Scotch song.

President—Mr. Canfield will make a few remarks. He told the story of Jacob Firsching, when a small boy out hunting partridges, found a nest of six or seven brasskettles, in a cave. Probably they had been Indian sugar kettles. The neighbors shared in the valuable find.

President—I think we all begin to feel the need of rest. We do not want to tire you out this evening so we will adjourn till to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING, June 22.

— 10:30 o'clock. —

President—The assembly will please come to order. We will now listen to music by the Reedsburg Fife and Drum Corps.

Music by Fife and Drum Corps.

President—On account of this little shower we will have a recess of five minutes. It is not going to last long. Let everyone keep as dry as they can.

President—The assembly will please come to order. We will listen to music by the Fife and Drum Corps.

President—Prayer by Elder Locke. [Prayer not repeated.]

President—We will now listen to the "Opening Glee," by the Burt Family.

President—The address of welcome by Charles Hirschinger.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Old Settlers:—I was not conscious of the fact that this duty would fall upon me until a few moments ago. I have just been drafted into service, for this properly belongs to Dr. Cowles, and he being absent, they have called on me. This is my first year at this, and I have not as yet got the lesson very well learned. I first desire to thank the people of North Freedom for their efforts in behalf of the Old Settlers. You have worked hard in fitting up this grove and making such preparations for the comfort of those who have assembled here to-day. And now, in behalf of the people of North Freedom and the Old Settlers, I wish to say that all who have come here, old or young, are perfectly welcome. I do not know as it is necessary to say so for the people of North Freedom, for you can see it in their faces. We are glad to see so many present, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather at about the time to start. The Old Settlers are not so easily scared by these little summer showers. A little water will not hurt us, and it will do our crops good. It will make us feel better to think that our crops are growing, and we will go home feeling the better for having had a short shower. I think it is not necessary in giving an address of welcome to use very many words. Now, once again, to all who are here, I say, enjoy yourselves, and feel that you are perfectly welcome to this grove and the company of the Old Settlers

President—Uncle Billy Johnson, an old settler, 93 years of age, is present. Mr. Hirschinger will now help him to the stand and introduce him to you, Mr. Johnson.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall try and speak a few words to the ladies and children, for I do not care for the men. I love and admire the young folke, and I would like to say that most of them that are here to-day have been born and brought up since I came into Sauk Prairie. Let them take care of themselves and follow the example of some of these old men and they will live to see a good old age. When a mother has a young baby she is proud of it, and likes to show it to every one. So am I to Mr. Hirschinger. I am like a child to him, and he delights in showing me to you. I am not ashamed of it, but I am proud of it, to think that I have been spared so many years and allowed to come before you. It is not strange that my faculties should not be so strong at my advanced age, for this is my second childhood. Now, what I have said has been said much as a child would say it, and I hope you will take it so.

President—Song by Baraboo Quartette—"Our Gallant Company."

President—"Our Roll of the Dead," by William Grubb.

Mr. President and Dear Friends of the Old Settlers Association of Sauk County:—There is an old and well-established rule of this Association which forbids the shirking of an imposed obligation, and I shall not assume the responsibility of breaking it, and, therefore, am glad to respond to the commands of our worthy President. In my opening salutatory, I purposely avoided the formal, though usual and proper form of introductory, and have substituted the more impressive and equally appropriate words, "dear friends," and have done so feelingly and advisedly, for, if after so many gatherings we are not, in a measure, dearer to one another, it is time we were moving in that direction.

This is our tenth anniversary, and as many times have we met together, each time in God's great tabernacle, beneath its canopy of green leaves and blue skies, and securing to these many assemblings, brought about in the spirit of good will and good fellowship, is it not in

the natural and proper order of things that we should feel a regardful love drawing us nearer and nearer to each other.

There are many things that combine to make the typical and happy community, among which I may mention, beautiful and attractive natural surroundings, a unity of material interests and the strong bonds of social and family relationship. We have all these in their plenitude, and, besides these, powerful yet mysterious ties that bind the living to the departed. I know of no better illustration of this subject than what we have read of the veteran who, aged and infirm, sitting beside the fire and dreaming, and in his dreams fights his battles over again. Then, again, the straggling army columns wearied and dusty from the long march pass in slow review before him. Again, he sits beside the bivouac fire and as old-time foes rise up, the soldier extends his hand in familiar greeting. He dreams on and these familiar scenes fade from his view, and strange shadow-forms are gathering around him. What is this that now stirs his inmost soul with such deep emotion? It is the re-union. The roll of honor is being called, and as old times and dear names fall upon his ear, the tender cords of memory, already alluded to, their utmost tension overbear the old soldier, and he awakens, to find it but a dream. It was a dream, but as long ago as the earth endures, and powerful sentiments arise to sway the hearts of men, none will be more lasting than those springing from the efforts to connect the earthly with the heavenly and the unknown. And we, too, have the same powerful factor to cement and connect, in fraternal bonds, this association. At each recurring anniversary our secretary will have read our sacred roll of the dead, and as each year rolls by new names will be added, until the sorrowful pages shall outnumber those remaining. Thus will it go on until the last page, and the last line is reached and then, unless some friendly human hand shall rise up, then there will be none such to write down the name of the last old settler, but the recording angel will gladly seize the pen and performing the kindly act, and folding up the book will hand it to the Great Judge. Let us trust that, as he reviews at the last day the names recorded therein, he will not pass judgment accord-

ing to the record and merit, but in the spirit of thattmercy and tenderness we feel towards each other this day.

President—We will now listen to a few words from Mrs. Seeley, of Reedsburg.

Friends:—I have a right to make an apology as well as the rest. I cannot stand up here and try to say something to you, when I have nothing to say. The President asked me to talk to you only a few minutes, and, consequently, I have nothing prepared to say to you. This shower we had this morning reminded me of our shanties, when we first came into this country. My! How they used to leak. The best of them did not afford more shelter than this platform. The driest place was the driest corner with an umbrella over you.

President—We will now hear a few remarks from Mr. Seymour, of Dellona.

Mr. President and Old Settlers:—I am astonished to think that I should be called upon to speak to you to-day. My business is to work; and, therefore, you must not be disappointed if I do not say much. I entered the village of Baraboo 33 years ago. I had been up to Mineral Point to enter my land, and just getting back, when I met a man over here at the foot of the bluff looking for his horses. He told me that I might ride one of his horses into Baraboo, if I could ride without any bridle or saddle. Then it puzzled me how I was going to make a bridle. I thought it over, and the next morning I got up real early and went out in the woods and got a hickory stick and peeled nearly all the bark off, then I took one piece for a bit, and made the bark into reins. Then I went back and asked the landlord if I could have a little hay, and he wanted to know what I wanted of straw, and I told him I wanted to make a saddle, and I did make a saddle; and in this way I made my triumphal entry into Baraboo.

President—Song by Baraboo Quartette.

President—Hon. D. B. Hulburt will now address you.

Mr. President and Friends:—This is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of attending an annual meeting of the old settlers of Sauk county. I hardly knew whether to come here or not, as I was unfamiliar with the programme—did not know what modern password or voucher might be in use here; but having a distinct recollection of the old settler's *grip*, I took the chances of making my way through on that alone, and Mr. President, I suppose, at these meetings it is not regarded as egotistical, but expected that each one will relate something pertaining to his own experience; first impressions and trials, mental and physical, as a pioneer, and of his especial locality. I will commence at the beginning. The first thing that especially attracted my attention after landing in Milwaukee as being different from anything I had witnessed in the Eastern states, was the anxiety everywhere manifested by those who had preceded us, to induce newcomers to settle in *their* locality. This was especially true of those who aspired to be the founders of a new town or village. We were collared by several of those aspirants soon after landing from the boat. The amount of argument, facts and figures that each would use in favor of his own locality seemed almost exhaustless. This, to my mind, accounted for the wonderful and miraculous stories of the beauties and advantages of the West that found their way back to the East from those who had preceded us. It was an exemplification of the adage, "misery loves company." Loganville, our present home, was no exception to this general rule. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the founder of that village, but he collared us, and explained that it was but little over two hundred miles from Chicago—still less from Milwaukee; the Mississippi on the west furnished ample facilities for steamboat navigation; it was on a direct line between the lead mines of the South (then an important interest in the State); and the best pine forests in the north, to say nothing of the copper mines of Lake Superior. It was next to impossible to go from one important point to another in the State without striking Loganville on the route. All

lines crossed each other there like the diagonals and bisecting lines of a parallelogram or great hollow square. It was conceded that Madison, Portage and some other places might become competing points; but they were too remote to seriously affect our retail trade. If ever a shadow came upon his face it would be when some one would ask how far it was from Sheldon's Mill or Sheldonville, as it was sometimes called, which latter village was at that time another small saw-mill, about two miles farther down the same stream. We, of course, settled at Loganville. Not that we took in all that its founder hoped. We were not looking for cities. We had left many of them behind us; had passed many while on our way here. We were like the rest of you, seeking a home we could call our own. Our pioneer experience in most respects was not unlike that of all pioneers in a new country. About the only real hardships we had to overcome was the fact that the sun did not rise in the right place. There were no such sun-rises and sunsets here as the old home knew. In the old home in western New York, on the eastern shore of Lake Erie, the sun rose in the east and set in the west as our spelling-book said it did, and nearly on a line with the spectator; and as the setting sun dipped its disk in the waters of the far distant west, the reflections and refractions upon the rolling waves or rippling waters exhibited all the beauty and grandeur of a sunset at sea. It would then, by some legerdemain of the controlling power, appear in the east relit for the services of another day; but here everything was out of gear. The sun rose in the south and set in the north. My wife, however, claimed I was mistaken in this—that my theory would locate our old home at the North pole; but for several years she was exceedingly frank in admitting that the points of the compass were the only thing that had not been completely tipped topsy-turvy by our coming West; but we were here like the mule at the foot of the hill, and being too proud to show the white-feather in writing home, we invariably spoke, if not in glowing terms, of our new home, at least in approving terms; but to us our own letters often sounded like the effusions of the school-boy while attempting to write upon the beauties of nature, as he dilated upon the howling of

the gaunt and hungry wolf, of the thrilling harmony and melodious notes of the screech-owl.

But, Mr. President, we have learned to love the West, Western ways and Western people. We are satisfied with Sauk county. She is not only rich in that which pertains to material wealth, but she is rich in picturesque and variegated scenery. She has within her borders scenery that, were it in Switzerland, would be visited and dilated upon by travelers and pleasure-seekers from every part of the civilized globe. We love the old pioneer spirit. The old pioneer spirit was to strike for the open sea, while that of modern times is to gather in shoals near the shore; or, to speak more accurately, the old pioneer spirit was to strike for open, unoccupied fields and build for themselves. That of modern times seems to be to gather along our railroad lines, cracklog, and grind the hand-organ for the pennies.

President—Music by Drum Corps.

Music by the Drum Corps.

President—We will now adjourn for two hours. All those wishing to buy their dinner on the grounds can get the tickets at the stand

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, June 22.

President—The meeting will please come to order. We will now listen to music by the Drum Corps.

Music by the Drum Corps.

President—We now listen to Judge Barlow.

Mr. President, Old Settlers, and Ladies and Gentlemen.—I was not notified by your worthy president that I would be expected to speak to you to-day until a few hours ago.

I have been in this State for forty-two years, but this is my first attendance at one of these meetings. Dickens says: "The oldest time is the best time, and to-day is the best time." I agree with him that to-day is the oldest time and the best time; and let us enjoy it the best that we can. I came to this State in 1840, and at that time there was not a foot of rail west of Buffalo, and only one in New York, and that went through Batavia. The first piece of railroad that I saw in this State was a piece of the Northwestern, away this side of Chicago. In those days, all messages had to be sent by a messenger on horseback. After one horse was tired out he was left and a fresh one taken. At the time of Daniel Webster's death it took eight days for a messenger to carry the news to his brother: Now, by the aid of our quick mode of communication and transportation, we can gather around our friends on very short notice. At the time of my mother's last sickness all her children were allowed to gather around her sick-bed. One came all the way from Connecticut in three days to attend the death-bed of our beloved mother. And such is the progress in every sphere of life. When I came into this State newspapers were a rarity, and after they were read by one neighbor they were sent to the next; and so one paper did service for a great many households, but now the man that has any less than half a dozen on his table is styled out of fashion. Many persons here to-day can well remember how their pocket-books were drawn upon for money to pay the postage on letters from dear ones at home. It was not customary in those days, as it is now, to pay the postage in advance. Then it cost twenty-five cents to carry a letter, but now three cents—and near in the future, two cents will carry a letter to any part of the United States. It does one good to look at the past and compare it with the present; then we know how to appreciate the conveniences we have now. In all the latest progress we see only the blessings that come to us at the present. We should not envy the inventor; for by his ingenuity and skill he earns his daily sustenance. To

be sure, the railroad corporations draw heavily upon us, but what would we do without them. The present generation would be helpless without them. Our crops would decrease to almost nothing in value, as compared with the price at the present time. We should be grateful for the good they have done. I can remember one instance in which a farmer hired a neighbor to haul his grain to Kenosha, and paid him eighteen cents for hauling. When the neighbor came back the farmer found that his wheat would only bring fifteen cents in the market, that is per bushel, and the farmer owed his neighbor three cents more per bushel for hauling than his wheat came to in the market. Another instance runs through my mind, in which a farmer took some "pink-ey" wheat to market (not the pink eye we have now), and could not get but a shilling a bushel for it, and so he backed his wagon up to the harbor and throw his wheat into the water; then the authorities arrested him. The farmer lost his wheat, and had to pay the fine besides.

I am using more than my allotted time. I am now getting to that age where probably I shall never change my residence, and I hope that I may be allowed to meet with you many more times in the future. If I should meet with you again, I will try and be better prepared to do my duty, and to do justice to the Old Settlers.

President—Song by Mr. Hawes, entitled "The Owl."

Song by Mr. Hawes—"The Owl,"

President—N. W. Wheeler will now address you.

To the Old Settlers of Sauk County :—To those not quite as old; to those still younger, than those who came here, sometime after they did; to those who went away and were glad to get back; to those who have just arrived, and to those on the way; to those who contemplate coming here in the near future; to those who want to come but cannot get here; to those who are living in heathen lands, who have no idea of ever coming here, and have not energy enough to make the

attempt; and to all of those who are with us in body and spirit in this beautiful grove to-day, I am going to make a few remarks. The fact that I cannot speak loud enough to be heard by every well-disposed citizen on the earth's surface makes me feel sad; yet I find consolation in the fact that frequently the sensible listener likes that part of a speech the best, of which he hears the least. So, a delicate man with a feeble voice has no right to complain. I will speak as loud as I can, though not as long as I can, and should there be any good people in our State who shall not be able to hear my soothing voice on this interesting occasion, it will be their misfortune, and not my fault; and they must ever bear in mind that precious truth that what we hear annoys and disturbs us, not that which is unheard. Three years ago with very little urging, I made a speech to you in the same place where I am inclined to think that I shall make a few remarks to-day. I did not expect that I should ever be called upon to speak to you again. I fondly believed at that time that I said enough to you which you heard, to last you as long as you should live, if treasured up in good and honest hearts. I had no idea that you would get out so quick.

I meant to have told you in the spirit of kindness, that it is just as dangerous to overload the mind with rich mental food, difficult of digestion, as it is to crowd the stomach of a confirmed dyspeptic; but I neglected to warn you, and the consequences, though sad, are not as serious as might have been reasonably anticipated. It may be I was mistaken about the character of that speech. I may have fallen in love with the author, and in my blindness lost sight of the imperfections of the effort, or the ideas advanced may have been so small and insignificant, and the language used to convey them so high-sounding and frothy, and the manner of the speaker egotistical and airy, and the audience so disgusted and weary, and the children so hungry and dreary, that the people with one accord came to the conclusion, that the speech as a failure was a sublime success; and, although such a decision would humiliate your speaker, yet his candor, which never forsakes him, compels him to say that it would not be the first time in the history of our county that the audience exhibited more good sense than the weak, lame man who attempted to instruct them; yet the three years that have passed since that speech was made have been years of almost unexampled

prosperity to the people of our county; how much of it is due to me for that speech, it would not be modest for me to say. I hope that my friends will see to it that my rights are properly protected and not allow some officious intermeddler to steal my hard-earned laurels and carry them away, for I have none to spare, and good ones are hard to get. What has brought this vast assemblage together to-day? What do they mean? What do they want? What do they need? What do they expect to hear from the various speakers who are to address them to-day? What did they bring with them, and what do they expect to take away? Where did they all come from, and where are they going? Now, my dear friends, I have the opportunity, which I shall improve of making a few suggestions, homely and blunt, but in the spirit of fairness, and in the interest of our common humanity, I hope the people brought with them good, warm, bonest hearts, good intentions, good health, good appetites, all the fire and pluck of youth, the bloom of health, born of energetic action, and not the sickly pallor of aristocratic idleness. I hope their hearts are full of the religion of hope, the law of love and the charity of mercy. This is no place to bring malice. No market here for back-biting. No conveniences for quarreling. No accommodations for petty thieves or politicians. No standing-room for snarlers or fault-finders. No beds for envy or intolerance. No lounges for swindlers. No altars for hypocrites, whose loud and empty prayers annoy the people and pollute the air—nothing more. The old man, tottering under the weight of almost a century and trembling upon the banks of that river whose well-defined shores mark with terrible accuracy the inflexible boundaries of human life, is with us to-day; the prattle of the helpless infant sweetens the music of the birds, and the songs of our maidens mingling with the fragrance of the flowers of the forest are floating on the balmy breezes of this beautiful day in June; and the old women, not ladies—for women are older than ladies—armed with pluck and good sense, enough to last almost another century, are, thank heaven, with us, not only in the spirit, but in the body, to-day. Give us more of the bluntness of old-fashioned honesty, and less of the sickening polish of modern rascality. The old settlers had hearts as

well as heads. This, I fear, is degenerating into a brain age, in which many a shriveled heart is bleeding in the relentless jaws of avarice; for a man all brain and no heart is a walking human pestilence, a curse to humanity and a disgrace to the race. The old settlers understood and practiced heartfelt devotion, and were strangers to showy and expensive prayer. It was as hard to get an Old Settler into office, in the olden time, as it is to get a modern trickster out. The old settlers seemed to comprehend the great problem of life, and stood up like men and women, and bravely met the responsibilities and perils of the hour, and did not waste their time in hunting up conveniences for shirking. They boldly marched up the rugged mountains of human progress bearing the beautiful banner of a grander civilization, and have lived long enough to see the once howling wilderness blossom as the rose. One by one they pass beyond the range of human vision, almost as unnoticed as the modest snow-flake which gently falls into the mighty ocean. The life of the old settler is the history of our country. His toils and struggles were the toils and struggles for liberty and human rights; their tears and sorrows were the groans and wails of the downtrodden and oppressed, and their heroic deeds shall live as long as humanity has a friend, virtue a champion, equality a defender, charity and mercy a follower, hypocrisy a despiser, deception a detester, swindlers an exposor, and treason a denouncer. Now, farewell, let us go to our respective homes with lighter hearts and unabated courage, and do all we can to help each other bear, with ease and comfort, the burdens of life. Say to each other all the pleasant things we can think of, and forget all the mean things we ever heard, for a good hearty laugh is the great preserver of health, and tears and grief cloud the mind and weaken the body. Be kind to one another, for anger dwells in the bosom of fools, and for heaven's sake, let it stay there, and we will pay the rent.

After Mr. Wheeler's remarks, the Secretary read a sketch of the life

and character of Joseph Lester, an early pioneer of Sauk county, as follows :

NARRATIVE OF JOSEPH LESTER,

AN OLD PIONEER OF SAUK COUNTY.

BY W. H. CANFIELD.

I received a card, May 6, 1882, from Mrs. Lucy Woodward, of Mendota, Dane county, Wisconsin, second daughter of the deceased, informing us of the death of her father, which occurred at his residence, a Taylor, Jackson county, Wisconsin, April 21st, 1882, of bilious malarial fever, after an illness of only about a week.

We were deeply saddened by the news. It was only one year ago that we met him in Baraboo. He felt that Sauk county was his old home and wished to belong to its Old Settlers' Association, and said: "By and by it will receive at least a small donation from him." I listed his name with the pioneers, with his post-office address.

Joseph Lester was a warm-hearted, large-souled, intellectual, companionable, honest, man, which irresistibly drew men to him as warm friends, and at least made all men respect him.

His social, liberal and intellectual characteristics were so prominent that the accumulation of property was always made secondary. His wife and children first, his reading next, his friends next, his hand in his pocket for some good cause—the making of money last.

The short narrative we thought to put on paper of him, can be no better arranged than to give the substance of letters we have received, answering questions asked":

Mrs. Woodward writes: "I much regret I had not secured more particulars of our dear father's life before he died. I can answer some of your questions.

- 1.—His father's name was John Lester ; his mother's, Hannah.
- 2.—Nottingham, England, was his home.
- 3.—He had four sisters ; no brothers.
- 4.—He was 21 or 22 years old when he came to America.
- 5.—He was a cabinetmaker.
- 6.—His first home in America was, I think, at Stevens Point, Wis.
- 7.—I cannot remember in what year he settled in Sauk City. It must have been 28 or 29 years ago, I was then three or four years old.
- 8.—He was in the cabinet business with Wm. Baker, an Englishman.
- 9.—He lived there some years and finally bought a farm in Wilson Creek Valley, town of Troy, Sauk county, Wisconsin, and after building and improving it into a pleasant home he traded it for lots in Spring Green. Here he built a good house and engaged in the selling of furniture and manufacturing of wagons.

The war now broke out, and being always extremely interested in the affairs of his country, the idea of enlisting took possession of his mind. He joined the company made up at Spring Green—the 6th Wis. Battery or Light Artillery. He went as artificer and served three years, and was honorably discharged at Madison in September, 1865.

He was engaged in all the battles that the Battery was :—Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and many others that I cannot recollect. He was never wounded, and his escapes seemed miraculous.

Upon his return home he found his family widely scattered. Our mother having contracted the measles, died three months after he enlisted.

October 26, 1863, he married again, and gathered his family together; rented a small house for a few months in Prairie du Sac, and in the following spring, bought a farm of Marcus Lyman, in Columbia county, Wisconsin, and lived there two or three years. He sold this and bought property in Mazomanie, Dane county, Wisconsin. Here he kept hotel for four or five years ; disposing of this, he bought 175 acres of land in Jackson county, Wisconsin. He settled in the village of Taylor, in this county. Here he put up a large building, comprising hotel, dry goods

store, and town hall. He also held at different times the office of justice of the peace, town clerk, and assessor.

At Taylor he built up a good business, and at his death was in comfortable circumstances.

10.—His first marriage occurred July 19th, 1847, at Sauk City, to Miss Charlotte Lyman; seven children were born: Elizabeth, April 14, 1848, near Stevens Point; Lucy, December 4, 1849, at West Point; Clara, November 13, 1851, at Sauk City; Maria, October 31, 1851, at Sauk City; Ella, July 7, 1855, at Wilson Creek; Frances, November 14, 1858; Hannah, March, 27, 1862.

Mother died at Spring Green, February 8, 1863. His second marriage occurred Oct. 26, 1864, to Miss Mary Thomas. She has been a loving and devoted wife to him. His religious opinions leaned toward the Episcopalians, as he was brought up in their form of worship. He was well read, ready in speech and an easy writer. He was always a source of pride to us, children, for he was superior in mind and manners to most men; and a more kind or indulgent father never lived. He was of a cheerful disposition, and a benevolent heart. At Wilson Creek he taught the school during the winters. * * * *

While in the army he wrote many articles for newspapers. Father has left a record unstained by deceit or dishonesty. He was too liberal for his own benefit. He has two sisters in Nottingham, England, to mourn his loss—Miss Elizabeth Lester and Mrs. Robert Manby. He had always corresponded promptly with them, and great attachment existed between them:

The above letter is that of a loving child soon after her father's death; hence, we might expect warm-hearted language. We do not think it is in the least an overdrawn picture.

Mrs. Lester, his widow, writes me:

"* * * *. Mr. Lester and myself were married at West Point, Columbia county, Wis., Oct. 26, 1864, by Rev. Daniel Miller. After our marriage we lived three years at West Point, on a farm. Then moved to Mazomanie and kept hotel, for three years. Then moved to Necedah and engaged in the furniture business, for about two years and a half.

Disposing of business and property there, we came to Taylor, Jackson county, in 1874, and opened a hardware store, and keeping a hotel. Later, Mr. Lester's youngest daughter, Hannah, married Mr. Arthur Allison, of this place. Mr. Allison sold his farm and went into partnership with Mr. Lester in a general store of dry goods, hardware and groceries. We also kept the hotel. We had no children. He was chairman of the town board one year, and has been Justice of the Peace ever since he came to this place. He was a man of upright and honorable dealing and opinions. He was a Republican when he went into the army, and when Grant came up for President the second time he left the party and ever after voted the Democratic ticket. He never belonged to any church, but was a good christian man, who made many friends, and the longer they knew him the more they thought of him. He was attacked with rheumatism, April 13; malarial fever set in, and he lived but eight days. His left lung troubled him ever since he was in the army, and it entirely gave away before his death. He was buried on the 23d. A large concourse of sorrowing friends assembled to pay their last respects to one universally honored and beloved."

President.—Rev. Locke has a few words to say :

Friends and Old Settlers:—I wish to say just a few words to the young folks. All of us have seen and heard "Uncle Billy" Johnson today, and I would advise you, one and all, to follow his example. If the world had more Uncle Billy's it would be so much the better.

President—We will now listen to a few more words from Mr. Hurlbut.

Mr. President and Old Settlers:—I wish to say a few words to the boys. I think all classes should be remembered. Uncle Billy spoke to the ladies and I will speak to the boys. I would advise the young men to take the best-looking girl that they can find for a wife, and start out

for a new life. Be a pioneer. I advise you to take any of these girls, for any of them are good enough for you.

Motion to hold meeting next year in same place. Carried.

President—Who will you have for your next President ?

D. B. Hurlbut was nominated and elected.

President—Who will you have for your next Secretary ?

W. H. Canfield nominated and elected.

President—Who will you have for your next Treasurer ?

Euos Kimball was nominated and elected.

It was motioned that this society purchase five or ten acres of land in Freedom for a permanent place of meetings of this Association, and that the President appoint a committee to report at the next meeting of this subject.

President—I will appoint, as a committee to see about purchasing land for Old Settlers: D. K. Noyes, Charles Hirschinger, A. C. Fish; and let them appoint two more.

This committee will report at next meeting.

A vote of thanks was tendered the people of North Freedom for their unfeigned kindness, in every way.

A motion to adjourn was carried.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF TREASURER AND SECRETARY.

DUES PAID BY OLD MEMBERS.

O. H. Perry.....	\$.50
Charles Hirschinger.....	.50
O. W. Spaulding.....	.50
A. R. McCoy and wife.....	1.00
James Cowles.....	.50
S. J. Seymour for last year and this.....	1.00
William Brown.....	.50
George W. Bloom.....	.50
Roswell Johnson.....	.50
Edwin Andrus.....	.50
A. Lock.....	.50
A. Barker.....	.50
Elm King and wife.....	1.00
Mrs. U. S. King.....	.50
Samuel Emery.....	.50
Geo. Gatwinke.....	.50
A. Christie.....	.50
R. M. Andrus.....	.50
R. R. Remington.....	.50
W. H. Young.....	.50
Wallace Porter.....	.50
A. Lazert.....	.50
Nelson Wheeler and wife.....	1.00
J. K. Noyes.....	.50
I. C. Fish.....	.50
Erwin Thomas for two years.....	1.00
Jacob Hirschinger.....	.50
Dennis Bishop.....	.50
Wm. Christie.....	.50
John Kellogg.....	.50
William S. Grubb and wife*.....	1.00
W. Keith and wife.....	1.00
William Johnson.....	.50
Frank Brown.....	.50
B. Sanford.....	.50
B. Hubbard.....	.50
Mathan Miles.....	1.00
W. Weidman.....	.50
H. Babb and wife.....	1.00
C. Lamb.....	.50

* William S. Grubb paid the orator of the day last year \$10 out of his own pocket. I do not comprehend that fact until after our financial matters were printed. I take pleasure to amend the omission. Mr. Grubb and his wife have always taken a warm interest in the Society.

Mr. Dockham.....	\$.56
Nelson W. Morely.....	.50
Mathew Hill.....	.50
T. M. Baringer.....	.50
Philip Cheek, Sen.....	.50
J. Dickie, Jr.....	.50
J. M. Haines.....	.50
A. P. Ellinwood.....	.50
A. L. Slye.....	.50
J. J. Jopp and wife.....	1.00
Harvey Lippett.....	.50
John Munroe.....	.50
D. Farnam.....	.50
J. Dickie, Sr., and wife.....	1.00
A. T. Case.....	.50
William Stanley.....	.50
A. Briggs.....	.50
Philip Cheek, Jr.....	.50
G. G. Golmar.....	.50
Volney Ayers.....	.50
R. G. Carpenter.....	.50
T. Byrum.....	.50
E. W. Bridge.....	.50
*J. P. Dangerfield.....	.50
*Dr. Cowles.....	.50
*William Powers.....	1.00

Those marked with a * handed their contribution to the Secretary after the meeting had adjourned.



...NAMES OF NEW MEMBERS, AND DUES RECEIVED.

NAMES.	DATE OF BIRTH AND WHERE.	DATE OF SETTLEMENT IN SAUK COUNTY.	MONEY PAID.
Amyntus Briggs.....	Sept. 26, 1802..... Fairfield Franklin Co., Vt.	February 15, 1855.....	\$. 50
S. S. Barlow.....	Aug. 17, 1818..... Balston Spa, Saratoga Co., N.Y.	May, 1854.....	.50
Electa Root.....	July 7, 1820..... Penner, Madison Co., N.Y.	April, 1856.....	.50
Ann Hawkins.....	Feb. 7, 1839..... England.	October 26, 1855.....	1.00
Jedidah Hubbard.....	March 16, 1819..... Genesee Co., N. Y.	February 6, 1855.....	.50
Lydia Young (wife of W. H. Young).....	Sept. 14, 1845..... Portage Co., Wis.	—, —.....	.50
D. D. Hubbard.....	Dec. 8, 1826..... Portland, Chautauque Co., N. Y.	April 1857.....	.50
O. L. Glacier.....	Sept. 8, 1834..... Leverett, Franklin Co., Mass.	November 17, 1854.....	.50
Wm. H. Barenger.....	July 17, 1819..... Oswego Co., N. Y.	June, 1850.....	.50
J. B. Dancin.....	June 8, 1840..... Bennington, Wyoming Co., N. Y.	May 10, 1857.....	.50
A. F. Smith.....	May 21, 1832..... Augusta, Oneida Co., N. Y.	Spring, 1852.....	.50
T. W. Elgin.....	June 18, 1819..... Franklin Co., Va.	May, 1853.....	.50
F. C. Hunt.....	Jan. 27, 1810..... Bradford, Penn.	August 1854.....	.50
Frank Hackett.....	July 24, 1810..... Boone Co., Ill.	March, 1848.....	.50

STATEMENT OF FINANCES OF OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION
OF SAUK COUNTY, JUNE 23D, 1882.

On hand from last year.....	\$ 55
Received from Old and New Members.....	47
From Lemonade Stand.....	33
Total.....	\$135

DISBURSEMENTS.

Postage on Circulars, etc.....	\$ 8
Printers' Bill.....	26
Music.....	25
Dinner for Musicians.....	1
*Reporter.....	6
Use of Grove.....	15
Paid to Secretary for Services.....	10
For Putting Grounds in Order, etc.....	6
Total.....	\$91

Balance on hand, June 23d, 1882.....\$43 84

*The proceedings of the last meeting were reported by Mr. Newell Case.

ENOS KIMBALL,

Treasurer

W. H. CANFIELD,

Secretary.

The Old Settlers Enjoy Themselves Once
Again.

CAMP FIRE.

We are now all gathered here together, as old settlers, and I find we old settlers like to tell stories, the same as always. We will get to work to tell you some stories, and give you the very best we have got. We have got lots of stories. We will call upon our worthy secretary, Mr. Canfield. I don't care what it is—something about olden times—but then he can tell something.

It seems a little bad that I should be the ice breaker. I am willing to answer. It is a story of my wife. She was not a jester but generally what she did say was to the point and in the right place. Years ago I made a great hobby of having an abundance of fresh air. I was so airy that it sometimes provoked her. Upon a time we were camping out with an "A" tent and there came up a terrific thunder shower, it broke trees and made things reel generally. Our tent was about to blow down. I sprang to one end and grasped the post, Mrs. C. did likewise at the other end. We kept it up by dint of muscle. Right in the midst of the heaviest of the storm she says "Well I hope you have got air enough once."

Mr. Groat said: "I am glad to meet with you on an occasion like this. My experience costs something of early pioneer life of Sauk county. My mind runs back to when I came into this county in the prime of life and looking forward with great anticipations of making a fortune. I came into this country poor, and thank the good Lord I made a good living. In the time of 1848 when I first set my foot on the soil of Sauk county, I went to what is Mack's prairie, now called Merrimac. Whom did I find at the other shore? They had no railroad then, not a foot of railroad. You had to cross the river on a ferry boat. I met old Mr. Walter P. Flanders. He wanted to know if I wanted some land, I told him I had come over the river to look at the country. Then he wanted to know where I was going to locate. I told him I didn't know. That place put me in mind of the place where I am now located—the place called Iron-ton. So he came up to that place, when they got located; then he wanted to know

where the village of Iron-ton was. I told him we was in the village of Iron-ton. He wanted to know where our iron works was and I told him there was nothing but a blacksmith shop. Baraboo now is a nice place and so is Reedsburg.

John Hanger said: My story is about "running the river." When we first came to the county I went up to run the Wisconsin river. There was a man that wanted some man to work there at Big Bull Falls so I looked at the place and said I would go, so he took me down where the ice was. When I got there he handed me an ax, so I worked away for a long time cutting around a piece of ice. At once it gave way and I fell into the water and came near being drawn under by the swift current. At last I reached up and managed to get hold of ice on the falls and after various contortions I got my chin onto where my hands were and hallowed for help, but none came. How to get my chilled body up was a question. But after a while I managed by twisting and turning to balance over, crying for help all the while, and got out. In the scrape I lost my ax. At length the man came and wanted to know where my ax was. When I told him he was mad, but he managed to get it. He wanted me to go to work again. I told him I had enough of that kind of work. I sought other employment.

Mrs. Moulton said: I will tell you a little of my early pioneer experience. I came to this country with my husband and two children. After we got here we had no house to live in so we lived in a wagon for a while. I remember how we came over the bluffs from Sauk. Every few minutes our wagon would go down to the hub in the mud. I had to drive the team while my husband drove the cattle. After we were here awhile my husband and myself went to work to build us a house. He was first carpenter and I was second. We set four stakes and put on a few boards over where our bed was to help keep off the rain. Next day he went five miles and got another load of lumber, and we kept building. The house was 14 by 12 feet, our first house in Wisconsin. When we came to look for our stove we found we had none, so my husband had to go back to Dubuque after it, it had been left there. We shipped our goods as far as Dubuque and from there they

were taken across the country by wagon. Our house had just one room in which was our dining room, bed room and parlor. I kept boarders for some time and we all had a jolly time together.

Mr. Volney Moore said: I will say this that my parents came to Wisconsin in 1837, my father came and then the children came. We went to Milwaukee and had to go out into the woods twelve miles with an ox team. My father came part way to meet us. I will cut my story short. I thank the good Lord for being here to-night. I lived in Wisconsin all my life but about two years, and I am glad I am here to-night, it may perhaps be the last time because we are all getting old, at least some of us, and I thank you all for this privilege of meeting with you.

JUNE 20.

June 20 was a big day for the old settlers of Sauk county. At 10:30 A. M. the president, Chas. Hirschinger, called the meeting to order, and after a few remarks made by him, the North Freedom band favored them with a selection. Then the exercises proceeded with music from the North Freedom quartette, followed by a prayer from Rev. Groat, of Ironton, and music by the North Freedom band. Mr. John Smith then rendered a solo, after which the secretary's report was read, as follows:

SECRETARY'S REMARKS.

It has been my privilege to keep the secretary's book. The members of the old settlers' association are passing away—first Roswell Johnson, who lived on Sauk prairie. You all know what a sad end hemet with. I also have the death of many other old settlers—George Dunlap, who died in California. His obituary showed that he had many warm friends in California. The next I have is E. P. Spencer. You all remember Spencer; he was one of our earliest settlers; I made a trip east last year and intended to call upon Mr. E. P. Spencer. In going on my trip for some reason I ran by him; he had regretted that he could not be at our old settlers' meetings of late. The next—Phillip Check, Sr.—died at his daughter's home in Rhode Island. Mr. C. Thakum died recently; he was a kind and loving father, as well as a good

neighbor. R. G. Carpenter, Joel Harper and wife died last December in Dakota. I hope next year, if I live, I shall be able to send you all a full report of these proceedings. Old lady Peck, the first white woman in the Baraboo valley, is very feeble, so she cannot leave her bed.

The day pleasant; the congregation large; speaking excellent. The feeling of fraternity was never stronger; the exchange of greetings was hearty. The propriety of a dancing floor upon the ground has always been discussed and we have no remarks to make upon that. But those two gambling concerns that were licensed were criticised by many—a step beyond what Ringling's circus would allow upon their grounds. The aged should be looked up to as patterns of morality. We trust that it will not again occur.

OLD MEMBERS' ANNUAL FEES.

Geo. Willard and wife.....	\$1.00
Putnam Foster.....	.50
Mrs. A. R. McCoy.....	.50
John Donaghey and wife.....	1.00
Mrs. Ebernezer Dowley.....	.50
Wm. Christie.....	.50
Phillip Babb.....	.50
A. Weidman.....	.50
O. G. Watkins.....	.50
J. J. Hunter.....	.50
F. J. Groat.....	.50
Wm. Stantey.....	.50
O. L. Glazier.....	.50
Mrs. Levi Cahoon.....	.50
S. J. Seymour and wife.....	1.00
E. Walbridge.....	.50
Frank McClure.....	.50
Geo. Morg.....	.50
Mrs. Abby G. Ryan.....	.50
Geo. Townsend.....	.50
J. A. Deckham.....	.50
John Dickie and wife.....	1.00
Mrs. Mathew Hall.....	.50
Frank Hackett.....	.50
O. B. Hubbard.....	.50
Samuel Wordman.....	.25
	<hr/>
	14.75
Chas. Hirschinger and wife.....	1.00
W. H. Canfield.....	.50
	<hr/>
	16.25

The two last have paid since the meeting.

NEW NAMES OF MEMBERSHIP.

James I. Wheeler, P. O. Baraboo, born Feb. 14, 1829. Moved into Sauk spring of 1855.

Will L. Hawkins, Loganville,
born June, 30, 1871, in Sauk..... 50c
Joseph H. Whitney, born in Ash-
burnham, Worcester Co., Mass., Nov.
21st, 1834. Came to Sauk Co. Sept.,
1869.

The next on the program was the treasurer's report: I simply have to say that I have received nothing and paid out nothing, so my balance is nothing.

Next was the election of officers, as follows: Chas. Hirschinger, president; W. H. Canfield, secretary; John Hall, treasurer, for the coming year.

Mr. Gunnison, of North Freedom, was the next to speak an address of welcome: "Mr. president, pioneers of Sauk county, ladies and gentlemen: This is the 23rd anniversary of the Old Settlers' association of Sauk county, and it is with great pleasure that I stand here before you, and may you all enjoy this meeting, and may the good Lord bless you. The farms and farm houses are quite different now than they were in the early day. The blessing to you old settlers and welcome from the people of the village of North Freedom, and the town of North Freedom, will come to this beautiful grove. The Baraboo river still runs along its winding way in the county of Sauk. We have good churches and good schools. I will not take up any more time, thanking you all." This is but a brief synopsis of the address

Mr. Frank R. Bentley, of Baraboo made a few pleasing remarks about the coming generation, after which dinner was served on the grounds by ladies of the Methodist church.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 1:30 the president called the meeting to order and the North Freedom band rendered music. The Reedsburg female quartette was called upon to sing, after which Mr. Wyse, of Reedsburg, addressed the people:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am here today, but there are two things why I cannot make a very long speech: one is, I was out to the circus last night—went to please the children,—the other is, I got too full of good dinner down here. I did not know as I could get here, but I am here just the same. I came to Sauk county in 1850; it has always been my home, only about two years when I was down south fighting. I never cared to live in any other place

but Sauk county. When I first came here we didn't see our fine fields, nice houses or railroads. I came here with my mother, father and brother. For the first three months we lived in a grove something like this; then we went to work to build us a house. I was very busy helping; but one day I was building, helping, and I saw three big rattlesnakes, and I was glad to get away and not help any more. I don't suppose there are many rattlesnakes in this county now. You may go to your state fair and see whole Sauk county. I can remember when it would take three or four days to get a sack of flour home from town, and now you can go from our state to another in one day. You will find on record that men from Sauk county were the first to leave their homes when called to go and fight. Men from Baraboo and Sauk were the first men who stepped forward and fought the battles. So from beginning to the end of N. S. you will find Sauk county represented. You old settlers, keep up your old meetings, your old gatherings. I know how it is when I meet my old comrades; there is no hand shake so pleasing as the shake of an old comrade. Today I had promised to be in Michigan where my old comrades were holding their reunion, but I had promised to be here, so I am here, but my thoughts are with my old comrades." This is only a synopsis of Mr. W's. line address.

Music by the Reedsburg male quartette was followed by an address made by Rev. Schoville, of Reedsburg. "Mr. president, old settlers, young people and children, to you greeting: As I look into your faces it makes me think of the Irishman that went to the hotel to get his dinner. They passed around the bill of fare and he could not read, so when the waiter came to get his order he put his finger on the first one, so when his order came it was soup. After he had finished that he put his finger on the next, and when that came it was soup, and by the time he got through with his dinner he was full of soup. So that is the case with me. I am so full of good soup, I am almost lost what to say, but I did not come to talk on politics, but I do not know what else to talk about. We are all here today to enjoy this occasion; but for a few moments, perhaps, it would not be out of place to talk a little on politics. But this land is an Eden to the foreign



lands. They are like Adam—they want a partner, so they come over into this country to enjoy their life. We ought not to allow the foreigners over here; we ought to send them back, if by no other way, by force of arms. All the old scums they can find over there the people will send over to our country. They come over here and take the lead and our American people can stand back and let them go ahead. I don't think it is right, and I wish I had the Prince of Wales here this minute. We don't want any parochial schools and we won't have any if we can prevent them. In the year 1848 I came with my parents to this pleasant state. I am unable just at present to give the exact date when I first settled—it was near Green Bay. I thank you for your kind attention." This is but a short synopsis.

Then Jack Warburton, of Milwaukee, gave a short and interesting speech: "Ladies and gentlemen: I have listened to the speech of our brother, Rev. Schoville, and I want to say on behalf of our Englishmen that I have lived in the city of Milwaukee for a number of years and in the state of Wisconsin for twenty-six years. When I came to America I had been on a drunk, and that is how I happen to be here, and the Prince of Wales didn't send me either. I did not like the remark our brother made about the scums all coming over here: that is not so. I came over and I am not one of that kind. I like America and I am going to stay. Will God bless the man that will stand up for his country. I will not take up any more of your time." This is but a brief synopsis.

After the meeting the secretary felt constrained to criticise the Rev. Schoville's foreign emigration fancies.

Charitable criticism is sometimes profitable. The real native Americans are the N. A. Indians. It is now occupied by civilized and christianized foreigners (?). They established a republican democratic form of government on the broad and true principle that all men were created equal and invited all mankind to breathe our free air and make homes in our broad country. What a godsend to the old world

it has been to their over crowded areas. Ship load after ship load of the "slum and scums" have been pouring into this country for two or three hundred years and yet they come. Schoville so slangs them as "slums and scums." I was pained almost beyond endurance to listen to such vulgar untruthful language coming out of the mouth of any man. My brother a slum--too vulgar a word to find a place in Webstr's dictionary. "Drive back such ship loads." "if need be by force of arms" says our devine, into their over crowded area to eke out a starvation existence. Shame be to a man that tries to teach the old settlers of Sauk county such kind of christianity. Do you find such teachings in the Bible? God bless them, let them come. If you at the point of the bayonet wish to drive anyone back let it be the sickly, squeamish, overbearing, society loving, wealthy persons, that want ten acres to swing their coat tails on when the "scum" is made happy on one acre. Brains lie with the "scums" every time. A ship load of European mendicants is a hundred times more valuable to America than ten ship loads of society, moneyed, superfine aristocracy. Of this class America is cursed to-day. The "scums" at once settles down upon his acre and is frugal, hard working and happy, and in a short time has two acres. He likes his religion and at once has his school room and his preacher teaches christianity as he sees it. To say that he is opposed to secular education is another great big falsehood.

Next on the program was singing by the Reedsburg female quartette.

Next Capt. Whitney, of Baraboo, gave a poem very appropriate for the day, following which there was music by the Reedsburg male quartette.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in hand-shaking among the old settlers.

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec.

EVENING MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION,
JUNE 11, 1884.

The evening was pleasant and balmy. There was a large gathering. The log heap was fired and the ed with light seemed to warm up the hearts of the audience so that the stiffness and bashfulness that has marked some like occasions seemed to be forgotten and we at once got into the spirit of telling stories and new country incidents.

President Hulbut called on Father Check, a four score pioneer, to open the session by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." He then made a few remarks.

W. H. Canfield told the circumstances of the first time he camped out, and Mr. Judevine, of Freedom, a bear story—how he got a "drive" on the boys, instead of the boys on him. Mr. Gibson, of Westfield, told a bear story also.

S. J. Seymour, of Dellona, related an untrue bear story because it turned out to be a black hog, but in the fright he got he fell and broke his compass (he was returning from a surveying trip) up very badly, besides wounding his face quite severely; going into a house with his face and vest covered with blood frightened the woman into hysterics. She was quieted by his telling her what kind of bears they were that made him so bloody. One was a black hog and the other the bare ground.

W. H. Canfield told how the State Road Commissioner, Mr. Vanalstines, got frightened at a wild cat which he met as he was traveling through the bushes.

Prof. Jas. D. Butler entertained us for a half hour with thrilling incidents. He delivered the 4th of July address to the Barabooobians 25 years ago, he said. He gave a very interesting description of the National Park on the Yellowstone river—a bear story very near the geyser "Old Faithful."

F. J. Groat, of Ironton, told a bear story; R. G. Carpenter, of Freedom, a fish story—gets eight barrels; John Hanger, a deer story—a very large buck. After he shot him down he jumped up and chased him several times about a tree and finally ran off. This was only the first point of interest. There were many other points of extreme interest in the story, and John Hanger was by common consent voted the best story teller on the grounds.

We now, at 9:30, adjourned to 10 o'clock to-morrow.

This was one of the pleasantest evening sessions ever held by this association.

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec.

W. H. Canfield told how the State

REPORT OF MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLER'S ASSOCIATION, JUNE 12, 1884.

Called to order by the President.

Music by the Narrows Prairie Fife and Drum Corps, followed by a prayer by Rev. John Seaman.

Father Cheek was then called upon for a song, and responded with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's famous battle hymn.

Address of welcome by Chas. Hirschinger:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I did not suppose that after delivering the address of welcome twice, I should be called upon to do it the third time; but it falls to my lot to welcome the people to the same old grove we have met in for several years. As we look around it seems as though everything was in our favor; a bright day, a beautiful grove and quite a gathering of people that are here to celebrate with us; some, to be sure, lonelier than myself, which troubles me a little, but perhaps that will stop when other speakers come upon the stand.

The old settlers have come here to greet each other and shake hands. We meet here old veterans and old pioneers. We love to see their faces; it does us good, and these meetings have had the effect of cementing our hearts closer together than the old settlers of Sauk county have ever stood before. I see to-day better feelings than there ever have been before, which have been brought about by these meetings. We

have had the pleasure of meeting some of our old pioneers. Uncle Billy Johnson, I am sorry to say, is not here and am informed he is out of the state. His health, I learn, is better. I wish he were here, though he might perhaps sell me as he did two years ago.

I am simply to say to you, welcome, in the name of the old settlers of Sauk county, and that is all there is to this address. But what constitutes the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk county? Those who have resided here twenty years—no, that is wrong—those who have resided here twenty years should come up and join the association, which can easily be done by sending in your name and giving 50 cents. They have got me into another bad place besides this; they want me to get the 50 cents, and you are going to be just as welcome to come up here and shake hands and pass in your checks as you are to be on the grounds.

As for the people of North Freedom I will say that in their preparation of the roads for the occasion and their care that the grove should be nice and clean, we can see as soon as we get here that they wished the old settlers to come.

Music by the fife and drum corps, followed by the Secretary's report.

Mr. Canfield then read a brief memoir of the Barry family, together with an invitation to the golden wedding of Don

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Carlos Barry tendered to the Old Settlers Association.

Music by the fife and drum corps, followed by the introduction of Prof. Butler, of Madison.

[NOTE.—Our reporter, Miss Ida Remington, was so located in the A. M. session that she lost words and sometimes sentences, hence Prof. Butler's A. M. address is not quite verbatim. In the P. M. she made no complaint of not hearing.]

Pioneers of Sauk County:—

I see nothing here to find fault with except the lack of seats, which reminds me of a story. I once went to a monastery where it was customary to have service at 1 o'clock in the morning. The assembly room was provided with one seat less than there were monks and he who came last was obliged to take a lantern and look in the faces of the brethren until he caught one asleep, when he handed him his lantern and took his seat. No monk was anxious to come in behind, and no monk desired to be caught napping.

I note that among the old settlers there are many Germans. I was in Germany before any Germans entered Sauk county, and have been there since more than once, and expect to be there again before the snow flies. I met there the great German poet Arndt. I met him in his old age at Bobu, and am to day reminded of his poem, *Wo ist der Deutscher Fatuland*.

I blame your secretary for bringing me here, for bringing forward some one who knows comparatively nothing of Sauk county matters. It is like contrasting white and black, ignorance and learning. I am only a substitute—substitute for W. H. Canfield. He should

have stood here having both hands, and full of local knowledge, should have opened at least his little finger for our edification; but he was bent on setting off his knowledge by an exposure of my ignorance, so he has managed to thrust me into his place. So here I stand that you may contrast me, who knows nothing, with him who knows everything of Sauk county matters. In days of the rebellion and of drafts you despised him who put forward a substitute:

Yet who'll my claim to thanks dispute
As an unflinching substitute?
For of all heroes new and old
Where can be found a chief more bold
Than he, who on this speaker's block,
As gazing stock and laughing stock,
The gauntlet for his brother runs,
And braves the blows that brother shuns?
Who'll then my claim to thanks dispute
As W. H. Canfield's substitute?
A villain once of blackest guilt,
His brother's blood had basely spilt,
Impelled by fiendish thirst for gold,
In fair Vermont in days of old;
Suspected, seized and put to trial,
Convict too clearly for denial;
The rascal stood upon the scaffold,
Yet justice of her dues was balked,
The murderer's lawyer found a flaw,
Some jot or tittle, form of law;
A subtlety not worth a word,
Unheeded when the case was heard;
And so had from the judge gained leave
For a new trial by reprieve;
Then murmurs rose from all the crowd,
Whispers at first, but soon more loud;
"No longer shall he live" they cried,
"By whose cursed hand his brother died;
His guilt is clear; to-day unbind him,
To-morrow who'll know where to find him?
Who'll trace him through law's trackless maze?
Who'll guard his dungeon, nights and days?"
"Yeomen," 'twas said, here come from far,
Risen before the morning star,
O'er hill and dale, through mud and rain,
And sacrificing hay and grain,
You've hastened to behold this hour
A spectacle unseen before.
Lose not your day, let not yon sun
Descend, till he see justice done;
Nor let us quit this village green
Till we our hanging scrape have seen.
Then rose the shouts both thick and fast,
To hang the culprit in hot haste;
Till perched upon a neighboring stump,
Huge Ethan Allen with a thump
Of Club Hercules on an oak,
Enforced attention while he spoke:

"Friends, give this guilty rascal law,
 And if her lawyers find a flaw
 Therein, why, let him live like Cain,
 By conscience he'll each day be stann.
 Nor fear that hanging scrape to miss;
 In which you hope to taste such bliss;
 For, if the wretch deprived to-day,
 Escape you through the law's delay,
 Or slyly slips its meshes through,
 I, Ethan Allen, ever true,
 Who ne'er have disappointed you;
 I'll stand the rascal's substitute,
 Jack Ketch shall bind me like a brute
 And hang me high on gallows tree.
 As a rare show for you to see."
 To-day in Allen's shoes I stand,
 For W. H. Canfield flees the land,
 Yet shall not you as critics lack
 A victim now to sew and hack.

While Canfield then at large may roam,
 To execution, lo! I come!
 Who'll then my claim to thanks dispute
 As W. H. Canfield's substitute?

I love friend Canfield or I would never have appeared to day as his substitute. I am reminded of the story of Napoleon, who, being with his army crossing a dangerous stream, stationed himself in the centre and gave orders to his soldiers to swim in radii from his horse. Some of them struck land directly and the whole party were saved. We consider Canfield to stand at the hub, sending us out as explorers in every direction, and some of us must find land. Let him figure as Napoleon did and we will be content to be the spokes, and may yet be the Columbuses of some America that the old Columbus never discovered. (Showing a copper hoe found by Geo. W. Bloom, dug up in his garden at North Freedom.) Here is something suggestive of what time is able to turn to account. We have various specimens, some from Sank Co. This is more modern, this is a casting; but there are vast numbers that are not castings. A good many of you have found them and your wives have thrown them out at house-cleaning time or sold them to tin peddlers. They should be preserved in our

collection at Madisen. You have no idea how things apparently worthless become valuable when looked at through the light of wider knowledge. The weeds of one county become the valued flowers of another. The mulla despised at home is known in China as the American velvet plant. In San Francisco in conversation with a Chinese merchant, I found that the only thing he had ever heard about Wisconsin was that quantities of ginseng came from here. I had a little lump in my pocket and was able by presenting it, to greatly increase my respectability in his eyes. It is greatly esteemed by the Chinese as a medicine, and is far safer than the greater number of medications you put down your throats. I merely allude to these things to illustrate how things despised, when you look at them through more enlightened eyes, in the light of history and learning become invaluable.

I will come down to more recent things. We will talk of the marvelous march during the last hundred years from the Atlantic coast ever westward, westward. You will find in regard to all your investigations that the first conclusion is, that it is something which should have been done a little while ago. The best man to ask about it has just passed into another world.

Sank Co. has about three fifths of the population of Dane, but that county is seven years older. I am glad to see your progress and hope you will always keep on becoming better and better. I made a little inquiry in regard to your paupers. In my young days I used to wish to secure an asylum for my old age, and from what I have learned of your paupers institution, think it might suit me. \$1.26 they say is the weekly cost

for board, and you do not seem to have many paupers. You have 30,000 people in Sauk county and but 40 paupers, and ten of this number are either idiots or insane, so you have only about one pauper in every thousand inhabitants; one-third of these are of foreign birth and two thirds native Americans.

I am told you are badly off for a jail. If it is worth while to keep one, it is worth while to keep a good one. It is a significant fact that of the 107 who have been confined there at times, 89 were confirmed drunkards.

How is it in regard to saloons? You have fifty six yielding a revenue of \$4600. The Mormons in many respects are much to be blamed, but they were certain to exact high licenses, and the men who paid \$3000 for a license spent \$3000 more in watching others. That is the kind of law we want, one which will execute itself. When I was in the Sandwich Islands they paid \$5000 for the monopoly of opium and spent more than \$5000 more to see that no one interfered with their rights. I like a law that will execute itself. I went into a library in Rome where on the door is this inscription: "Whoever takes a book out of this door is by this very act excommunicated." That law executes itself. Make the license so high that few people will pay for it and the sellers will be stimulated to watch over their rights. Let the saloons be few and far between, and you will not have eighty confirmed drunkards to put into your jails.

How about the schools? I hear a good report. You have known enough to get a good superintendent and to keep him in office. Foster the schools, foster the churches and the village libraries. There is nothing so suitable as an auxiliary to

a good school as a free library. Let the libraries be maintained as the schools are, by taxation.

Sauk county, how does it stand? As I read the census 14th in population in the state, and your record for productions, as shown by the agricultural reports, is in even better ratio. You have had a boom here on hops and perhaps on other things, but the boom I want to see here is on sugar. Two dollars on an average for every man, woman and child, goes abroad for sugar. In other regions they are producing beet sugar, which has been sold in market as low as two cents per pound. Some of you may be inclined to stimulate Sauk county in regard to the production of tobacco. I never use tobacco, I discourage it to the utmost of my power; but if you will use it, make it for yourselves. But I will not detain you as long as I otherwise would as I propose to say something to you this afternoon. You have much to be thankful together for and much to labor for to hand down to posterity.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Music by the fife and drum corps.

Dr. Cowles was called and responded as follows:

Fellow Citizens:

If you do not want to hear me why you can talk among yourselves, and if I do not interest you sufficiently go on making some outside bargains and do the best you can at that.

I am very glad to meet you again on this 12th anniversary of this association, on ten of which I have addressed you. Last year I was absent, owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the year previous, sickness, or rather an indisposition, prevented my attendance, as I

never have been really sick, but did not feel able to come and so stayed at home.

I congratulate you upon the enterprise that has secured to you so living, so lovely and so learned an orator as you have listened to this morning. Let me say, though no word of mine can add one single gem to the crown of honor that encircles his brow, that it is a credit to Sank county that it reaches out and brings people in here that can benefit us not only now but hereafter.

I want to say further, and it is proper I should say it, that one evening last week I felt in a somewhat pensive mood and went up north of our town and visited the grave-yard. There is a place for contemplation, a place to call to mind the memory of those who have gone before, and as I went around among those graves and read the names of loved ones gone, I came at last to that of John Starks. Do you remember John Starks? If so, would come upon you the memory of the past, the memory of blood, the memory of struggle, the memory of those who have purchased the privileges we enjoy to day; those who stood between us and the cannon's mouth, and how many Rachels are mourning to day because they are not. Let me say, whatever we do, let us never forget the memory of those who have laid down their lives for us.

Now let me say that there will be several speakers here and this is but a mere clap trap speech. You will have the witty orator, who always gets in a nice, beautiful laugh, one so associated with mirth that you can scarcely hear his name mentioned without a broad grin; but aside from this laughter and frivolity it is good to be sober and thoughtful, and I was glad to hear from the Pro-

fessor this morning summary of things we should consider of moment, and we should go home with the firm resolve to act in the line he suggested.

As I looked over the audience this morning I noticed many whose locks, now white, were as black as the raven's wing when I first knew them, among them Prof. Butler, and we look forward from this to the greater change to come, when like autumn leaves we fall, and others shall occupy our places.

It is fitting that under these circumstances such impressions should be made that the rising generation may take our places with honor and keep up these associations as long as we shall exist as a country.

I came in here 38 years ago, when there were but 380 persons in the county. I was the first regular physician in the county and have been here among you from that date. I have been with you in your joy, and have closed the eyes of many—perhaps too many—I cannot say. (Laughter.) I thank the Professor for his suggestion about eating more ginseng and taking less ipecac, and think if the advice were followed it would be for the health of the community. From the depths of my heart I welcome you, and as the years roll by the time will be not far distant when I shall assemble with you no more, when these young persons, that little girl that I see standing there, will take our places. Let me say that I congratulate our friend Canfield upon getting up this interest and perpetuating it with so much enterprise and fidelity.

For the future, whatever calamities may befall us, be thankful that as long as we are in the line of duty, as long as we stand for the right, as long as we have

a clear conscience towards God, the thunders may roll and the lightning crash but we can say from a full heart, "It is well."

Dr. Blackley being called, responded briefly and said he thought it well for one doctor to follow another. He spoke chiefly of the temperance work and its results in the town of North Freedom.

Hon. Mr. Grabb next addressed the Association as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

No doubt after listening to this morning's address home talent will shine with diminished luster; but I take it that the old settlers have no jealousy in their composition and are ready to pick up talent and appropriate it, and I think it will be proper to consider these eloquent gentlemen as members from this time on.

Mr. President, if I have read mythology aright the displeasure of the gods is manifested by the elements, by the thunder, the lightning and the tempest. If so, the bright sunshine and the balmy air evince their approbation on this, our twelfth anniversary.

Through the kindness of the people of North Freedom we are enabled to meet once more in this beautiful wood beside the soft flowing Baraboo. The mellow soil still bears the imprint of the footsteps of those who were with us yesterday but have since passed away.

We have met in the old way, as a great family gathering, with nothing to dim the happiness everywhere around us, except perhaps the thought of those who have passed to the mysterious shores, let us hope to a preferment beside which earthly blessings, however plenteous, bear no comparison.

I congratulate the people of Sauk county that they have these gatherings,

and I congratulate the people of the United States that there are at least 500 counties that foster these associations.

I think that the mystical fountain of youth exists not in the everglades of Florida but in some nook in the hills about us, and I think that the old settlers must have quaffed its waters, for I see before me an assemblage of young people. If you do not agree with me I mention as an example Uncle Billy Johnson, who has gone west out in Montana or Dakota looking land, and I see Hanger hanging around here afraid Uncle Billy will come back with a bigger yarn than he can tell. He told me he had contracted to beat old Creeley, who lived 142 years.

There was a great deal of fire, too, in these old pioneer women. They had twice the grit of the men, but we never hear anything about it because the men wrote the history. I am going to write a history of the pioneer women.

(From the crowd) Don't forget mother Garrison.

No, I won't forget her or any of the pioneer women.

I said that in looking over this assemblage I saw the fire of youthful vigor burning brighter and brighter. Everything around us betokens life, not death; even the trees are clothed not in the garments of expiring autumn but of blooming summer; but the blasts of winter will come to sweep this verdure to destruction, and the time will come when the records in the hands of our life secretary will signify that those enrolled therein have cast off the robes of mortality. But when this organization shall be dissolved, let us hope that we shall pass on to a reunion in everlasting life.

Prof. Butler next took the stand.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is hard, my friends, to be tried the second time for the same offence for which I stood before you this morning.

I was pleased with the allusion of my friend Dr. Cowles to the men who took their lives in their hands to preserve the government for us. Their memory is set like jewels in a golden frame. Let us honor, too, those who came back maimed, having shown their courage and devotion to country by being ready to die for it.

I was pleased with the allusion to the pioneer women. That is a thing I always talk of when I speak of the pilgrim fathers. Those 18 wives that came with them were a convincing proof to the Indians that the settlers would be peaceable and friendly. They were their salvation. History,—it is said by some writers that the etymology of the word is history. It will be largely her story in the future.

I want to say a word to you in regard to the Historical Association of the state of Wisconsin. You all know that the state has spent \$100,000 for a setting for this jewel. In the centennial year they took an account of the historical societies, and at that time there were 68, and in that noble list I am proud to proclaim that the Historical Society of the State of Wisconsin stood third. I think it stands as high at present. Its bound volumes are more than 50,000, and its pamphlets 50,000 more, and these are often more difficult to get than the bound volumes. The society has published nine octavo volumes of these collections, and it has issued five octavo volumes of its indexes.

I wish to urge upon every person here

to gather up scrupulously every little incident of history, every little memento, and put them in this state repository where they will do the most good. Let it be like the sun that the whole world resorts to for light.

I think upon occasions of this sort it is best to look back and look around. 121 years ago this region where we are came into the possession of the English speaking race. The French war, from 1754 to 1763, was a struggle for supremacy and the main result was to put the French out. It was not the object of the English government to settle the territory west of the Alleghanies, and it was made a felony to survey any lands beyond that line, the idea of the English government being that colonies beyond the Alleghanies would not be profitable to them and that colonies were made only for the government.

If you look at the life of Dr. Franklin you will see that for ten years before the Revolutionary war he was sent over by great land companies who wished to settle west of the Alleghanies, to argue with the government and show that it might be possible to have some profitable intercourse with such colonies. The English government said, go to Florida. They replied that it was too hot. Go to Nova Scotia—it was too cold. Like the present generation they wanted to *go west*. Part of the cause of the war of the Revolution was to get leave to *go west*, and they got it.

25 years ago last Fourth of July I came to Baraboo in the stage and stopped at the house of my friend Col. Noyes. We had a Fourth of July oration. They had an anvil or two which served for cannon and we had a delightful celebration, and spent the afternoon

at Devil's Lake. The next day we went down the Baraboo Bluffs to Sauk and went up to see Peter Kale and had a talk with him about his place.

It has been my happiness, and I have been in Africa, Europe and Asia, to find myself at home, and I always mean to find myself at home, and I never had that feeling more keenly than after going to the furthest of the Sandwich Islands, Hawaii, to visit the greatest active volcano in the world. I was lost. The horse did not seem to know where to go. Presently I heard the hoofs of a horse in the distance. A man drew near. I called out to him, "Good day, sir," and he answered me good day. "Ha, you speak English to,"—"you are a Yankee." "Well," said I, "I am from Wisconsin." "I was never there. I am from Vermont. My name is Richardson, Charles Edward, from Rutland and Marblehead. "Did you have a sister? Did she use to visit in Vermont at an uncle Daniel's?" "Yes." "Why, she was a sweet heart of mine when I was thirteen years old." "It is one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

We do not know as much as we should about the French. It is 211 years ago since Father Marquette passed through Wisconsin. When they returned they came up the Illinois river and so by Chicago, and ever after that the aim of the French was to possess the Mississippi Valley. We have been too regardless of the memory of the French. I am persuaded that some mementoes of them have been found and suffered to perish.

I wonder if any man among you ever found a cross like this with two bars. This cross is of silver. It was found in 1856 near Roscobel and was sent to me

to investigate. I showed it to two Catholic Bishops of Madison but they could not explain the matter. When in Milwaukee I showed it to Hess. He said it was an Archbishop's cross, and said that he would correspond concerning it. He learned from the Archbishop of Santa Fe that he had a similar cross in his possession, and that the priests had given them to their converts. I hold that that cross is a proof of Spanish possession.

We find in the State of Wisconsin fragments of pottery. I have never seen in this state but one perfect article. Judge Remington had that at Baraboo. He promised it to me some time ago for the Historical Society, but I never have been able as yet to get it. It is peculiarly interesting in being unique; owing to the frosts here in this section, these specimens are generally found broken. In Missouri specimens of this pottery are quite common. It is most desirable to have specimens of all these things in the Historical Society. I am only a volunteer talker on this subject, but I have had a love for the thing and endeavor to promote it. In the neighborhood of New London a little depository of seven copper tools of seven different varieties, one of the kind I showed you, have recently been discovered. I have talked to you, and some will perhaps think that I should have had a written manuscript; but if I had you would not have been able to stand it. Further, I am reminded of a minister who asked a little boy about one of his sermons, and the lad replied that the minister could not remember the sermon himself, since he had seen him read it, and inquired if the minister could not remember it one hour how he should be expected

to remember it days after he had heard it.

I join with my friend Grubb in saying that this is a good climate, and I wish to all the members of this association the old age of the grape; it must wrinkle but may it only sweeten into the raisin.

Mr. Cheek being again called on for a song said: "I am reminded of the old adage, "A bird that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing." Prof. Butler said he was a substitute for Mr. Canfield, and I feel that I am substituted for the musical talent of Reedsburg, North Freedom and Baraboo." He responded accordingly with the Star Spangled Banner.

Mr. Burrows being called, answered, that Prof. Butler having been Mr. Canfield's substitute in the morning, was his in the afternoon. Mr. Burrows being repeatedly called, came to the stand and addressed the audience.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Prof. Butler's remarks were addressed to the Pioneers of Sauk Co. I am a gray-headed old pioneer of Sauk Co. myself, and was formerly a resident of Sauk City, and made up my mind I would be with you to day. Yesterday I was four hundred miles from here in the central part of Minn., but traveled and arrived here for the express purpose of talking over old times with my old friends. I find with the exception of Dr. McKennan, but one representative of Lower Sauk. I am glad to learn that since last year so few of the pioneers have taken that long journey from whence no traveler returns, and that our ranks remain about as they were a year ago, and hope that one year hence every man of you will be alive and in good health, but my gray hairs and

your gray hairs are sure signs and indexes that we ere long must cross the river to the other side of Jordan, but while you live here you have reason to be glad that you reside in so good and so pleasant a place as Sauk Co. Once I made the remark that I would rather live in Sauk Co. than have the best thousand acre prairie farm in Minn. or Dakota, and since then I have traveled over Wisconsin, up the Northern Pacific to the extreme Pacific Coast, and can repeat here that I would rather have a home in one of the pockets of Honey Creek than the best 10,000 acres of land that lies between St. Paul and the Rocky Mts.

I wish to say another thing, that I am glad to see so many of the old soldiers here to-day. I am glad to see so many representatives of Company A. and the 6th Regiment. I am glad to see old Col. Noyes who became disabled at Antietam.

I have been mixing up in politics and was in Chicago last week trying to make a president, and an old soldier invited me to go with him and see the great panoramic picture of Gettysburg, and I want to say right here that it is one of the most wonderful pictures I ever saw. Where the battle raged hottest, where musket shot fell thick as hail, there right in the midst of the battle stood the famous iron brigade to which Co. A. belonged, and there was the favorite son of Wisconsin, the hero, the warrior, Gen. Fairchild, who laid down his arm right there upon that field as a memento to his country of the love he bore it. And now let me in conclusion, express a hope that health, peace and happiness may be your fortune, and that again I may have the pleasure of meeting you in this beautiful grove.

Song, In this New Country, by Miss Hall.

Mr. Wheeler was called and responded as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has been the custom in this section of country, a custom that I don't really enjoy, but perhaps you may appreciate, that at all these public gatherings, after they have listened to all the best speakers in the country, after they have gone into the capital city of the state to secure one of the most learned men in this country, after they have called upon Senator Burrows, a gentleman also residing in the city of Madison, after they have called upon all the best speakers, just for the purpose of closing the scene, the same as they introduce a monkey at the close of the caravan, I have to be called upon for the express purpose of talking like a fool to interest the audience, for the purpose of saying some thing silly, of making up some interesting faces to take their minds off from some thing more substantial. I hope there will a time come in the future, when there may be some stray man who started out with some conveniences for thought, who would call upon me with the intelligent idea that perhaps possibly under such an inspiration I might say something from which a little common sense could be extracted. I do not think it hardly fair after you have been listening to good speeches—after my friend Burrows has talked pathetically about his gray hair and your gray hair—I know he did it on purpose to call attention to his beautiful hair, where you couldn't find a gray thread with a search warrant.

Our friend, who stands as a substitute for Mr. Canfield, says he had a sweetheart at 13 years of age. Our friend says he came from Vermont, and it is generally understood that the men from

Vermont went into the sweetheart business at an early age; but it is hardly fair just because we have a better county, finer birds, and brighter women, that they should come down here and try to make themselves members. I believe in the spirit of adoption, but I say let us take them on probation. He went on and praised up our poor house. We know men who never go to the poor house unless they are obliged to. There is something in the poor house that brings them in contact with a society that indicates a lack—something in the poor house that brings them in contact with men not very well supplied with money; something that indicates a lack of the pluck the average citizen has possession of—for it is pluck that makes a man live years after he has breathed his last. I don't want our poor house should be made so attractive that citizens should come in from other counties for the purpose of making homes.

Our friend, Dr. Cowles, says that he went up to the grave yard not long ago in a pensive mood. I say this more in anger than in sorrow. When a physician says he visits the grave yard within three miles of where he has practiced and reads on the tombstones the names of his patients, I tell you there is something about it to make a man feel worried. The other doctor said it was proper for one doctor to follow another; but it is not always necessary—the first doctor generally finishes the work; but where it is necessary another usually comes in and finishes up the scene.

My friends, you will see that I am afflicted with a disease called rheumatism. It is an intellectual disease, which is the reason that so few of your citizens suffer from it as severely as I do.

When a young man I entered upon the practice of law but did not rush into any business for a long time, so I went to work on the roads. We made roads to the city of Baraboo, and from that time to this her citizens have manifested a disposition to have roads. We dignified labor.

I don't know that I have anything in particular to say further unless it is in regard to my friend Grubb. He gets up here on the stand and indicates that he did not come prepared to speak, when I know that he has been preparing for five years, and he says he doesn't wish to be called honorable—a man who has been in the legislature where none but giants can get in, and none but giants can keep out. In regard to the ladies, you know there has been considerable written about the kind of rights they want to make them all right, and Mr. Grubb is going to write a history of the ladies. When that history comes out how every man will wish he was a lady. He says further that he hopes our ranks will continue full. I tell you any old settler who has been here for 35 years has no business to die. It uses a man up; it injures his appearance; he is no longer of any use to himself or any profit to his family. Do as old Methuselah did; by the way, did you ever reflect on what a glorious time Methuselah had attending centennials. Then when there shall not be a living man or woman in Spain, when the rest of the world has passed away, the old settlers of Sank county will come up here to North Freedom annually for at least 150 centuries, and then will make some arrangements about future meetings.

MISS IDA REMINGTON, Sten. Reporter.

Memoir of the late Enos Kimball, of

North Freedom, who died April 7, 1884, aged 64:

Mr. Kimball was the second son of Joseph and Hannah Kimball, whose family consisted of eight sons and six daughters. Enos was born April 1st, 1820 in Francis Town, N. H. At the age of sixteen the family moved to Waitsfield, Vt. When he became of age he hired out for one year to Col. S. Skinner, a farmer. When his time of service here was up, he went to Franklinsville, McHenry Co., Ill. In about one month after his brother Daniel followed. The rest of the family came in the Spring of 1836. In the Spring of 1841 he came via Mineral Point, crossing the Wisconsin river at Harasztha, now called Sank City. When he got to the Wisconsin river at evening, he was obliged to wait until morning before he could get ferried over. Going back a half mile to a house for lodging, he had for a bed fellow an Indian: for bed clothes a deer skin; for bed, the hearth or fl or before an open fireplace. He was so cold that he had to replenish the fire several times during the night. But the night passed, and the next day he arrived at the rapids on the Baraboo river. He was pleased with the country here, and in a short time selected a squatter's claim, on what became sections 21, 22 and 26, on what is now known as Webster's Prairie. He made arrangements with Mr. Valentin B. Hill to go into the Baraboo Pinery the next winter to cut logs and put them into the river to run down to Rowen & Draper's mill at the rapids, for sawing. He then went back to Illinois and bought teams for pinery business. He now was taken with a bilious intermittent fever and lung trouble. For six weeks he was

very sick. After this illness his lungs were always weak. He hired Alfred Joslin to take his team and fixtures to Baraboo. In March, 1845, he came on and took possession of his claim, he taking the north part. For several years his time was divided between the farm and the logging business. In the spring of 1857 John Wilson (a Quaker family) rented Hill & Kimball's farm; Nov. 21, 1858, Enos married Grace, the tenth child and sixth daughter of Mr. Wilson. The consequence was that the old people had to evacuate for the new couple. In the spring of 1868 he sold this beautiful farm for \$5,500 (three forties). He intended to move to Michigan but circumstances prevented, and in the winter of 1868--9 lived with Alexander Crawford, at Lyons. The Crawfords and Kimballs became very warm friends. The next spring he went into partnership with Geo. W. Bloom in erecting and operating a steam saw mill on the old Dad Kingsley place (so called), now in the village plat of North Freedom. He purchased this Kingsley place and often remarked, "here I intend to stay as long as I live." He erected substantial buildings upon it--house, barn and spring house--where he lived fourteen years, keeping everything in the best of order and extending his improvements. April 1st he was attacked with a severe chill; on the 7th he died; on the 8th was buried. There were a great many people at the funeral. There were four sisters and three brothers here. Mrs. V. B. Hill was with him through a part of his illness. She heard of his illness and came a long distance to see him and help take care of him. Mrs. Hill is 69 years old, with a good sound mind and

body. Elder Kezerta preached the funeral discourse.

The neighbors this day sorrowfully performed the last rites, and placed in the North Freedom cemetery he who was a true man in the highest and strictest sense of the term. Many words of eulogy might be used, but they seem powerless when the hearts of all are so full of tender regard. We are happy to add that Mrs. Kimball and Ralph E., a son of eight years, are left in comfortable circumstances.

W. H. C.

THE SECOND WHITE WOMAN IN THE BARABOO VALLEY.

We had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Valentia B. Hill one night soon after Mr. Enos Kimball's funeral. We seemed to live over the years of 1833-44-45-46 &c. Her son was the first white child born in the Baraboo valley; in her house was preached the first sermon; she was the first Christian convert. Her house was a home for bachelors. Enos Kimball, R. T. Tinkham, Silas J. Liscomb, Osgood Joslyn and Melceger Thacker were some of the number. Her house was a church, a ball room, a tavern, a town hall.

Osgood Joslyn married a sister of Enos Kimball. He spent an hour in my house soon after Mr. Kimball's funeral. His tongue not tied as to old times, he said: "I never was in a place in my life where I enjoyed myself better than here in 1844 and '45. It seemed more home-like than where I have lived for more than 30 years. Everyone seemed to try to help another. Such warm-hearted people I never before or since have met."

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Southerland (Iowa) Courier.

On the 17th day of June, 1884, Mr. D. C. Barry, a young man of 22, and Miss Eliza Spoor, a lass of 17 summers, were

united in marriage at Rochester, New York. Soon after they moved to Cook county, Ill., near Chicago, where they resided until near the year 1840, when they removed to Wisconsin. About thirteen or fourteen years ago they took up their residence in O'Brien county, Iowa, and have been numbered among the thrifty tillers of the soil in the banner county of the State ever since.

Last Tuesday about one hundred and fifty of their friends in this vicinity gathered at their home in Grant township to celebrate with them the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day. It is pronounced by all who were there as being one of the happiest occasions of their lives. Elder Higbee conducted the ceremonies, after which the happy couple and their guests seated themselves around the tables fairly groaning under the weight of a well prepared feast and did justice to the bountiful repast prepared for the occasion. Congratulations, warm and hearty, were extended, and all joined in wishing their host and hostess many more years of married life. Many presents were given the aged couple by their many friends.

STEVENS POINT, Wis.,
April 8th, 1884.

M. Canfield:

We have at last succeeded in getting the memoir of our father and mother ready for you. Will send you a picture of our father soon. Will have to have one copied. We have no picture of our mother.

LUCINDA RAYMOND.

Later.

Mrs. Raymond has sent us for the "old settlers album" a photograph of her father. It is a good picture of him.

W. H. C.

THE FIRST WHITE FAMILY IN SANK CO.

Col. James S. Alban was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, Oct. 30th, 1809. His father, William Alban, was a native of Winchester, Va. Although portions of Jefferson county had been settled as early as the latter part of the 18th century, yet, owing to its ruggedness and the heavy growth of timber which

covered its surface, its improvement was so slow, that at the time the subject of this sketch first saw the light, the country was almost entirely in its primitive state. It was pioneer life from the beginning, and the surroundings were well calculated to develop those qualities of personal courage and self-reliance which, throughout his life, marked the character of James S. Alban.

At the age of eight years he removed with his father to Stark county, Ohio, then an unbroken wilderness, and like Jefferson county, covered with a heavy forest growth. Here he grew to manhood. As a matter of course, the educational facilities were extremely limited, and the mere rudiments of an English education were all that the boy was able to obtain. He possessed however, a mind of extraordinary strength with a retentive memory; was an extensive reader, and by these means in the course of his life, his mind became a storehouse of knowledge, which his strong common sense and sound judgment enabled him to utilize in whatever position he was called upon to fill. At the age of twenty three he was married to Miss Amanda Harris, daughter of Stephen Harris, of Stark county, and with her, in the year 1836, started for the great west. Their first stopping place was near Chicago, where they remained during the winter of 1836-7, and in the following spring set their faces toward Wisconsin. They stopped for a short time at Blue Mounds, in Dane county, staying at the house of Ebenezer Brigham, a gentleman well and favorably known among the early settlers of the territory. The next move was to the Wisconsin river, at a point on its left bank, opposite what is now Sank City. Here they remained a few

months, watching the negotiations then pending between the United States and the Winnebagō tribe of Indians, until the extinguishment of the Indian title and the transfer to the government of that now rich and populous section of which Sauk county forms a part. At the first notice of the consummation of the treaty, the unwearied and hopeful pilgrims again moved forward and took up a squatter's claim on the other side of the river, where for a short time they were monarchs of all they surveyed. Here they remained several years, cultivating the soil and living the quiet, peaceful life that comes from agricultural pursuits.

After the death of his wife, which occurred October 5th, 1843, Mr. Alban removed to Plover, in Portage county and commenced the practice of law. He soon attained success and prominence in his profession, and was among the ablest and most trusted members of the bar in his judicial circuit. He was called to many positions of honor and trust, all of which he filled with signal ability and with the hearty approval of his constituents. When the Rebellion broke out he received a commission as Col. of the 18th Wis. Infantry; and on the 6th of April, 1862, at the battle of Shiloh, he gave his life for the country he had so truly loved and faithfully served. The entire life of Col. Alban was essentially that of a pioneer. He was a man of strong will, perfect integrity, firm convictions and the courage to maintain them. His hospitality was unbounded. He was generous to a fault, and all these qualities combined with his native powers of mind, commanded respect and gave him success and made him a man of mark wherever he pitched his tent. His wife was in all respects a fitting help-

mate for him. Born and reared under like influences with those which surrounded her husband, she developed all the characteristics which make the true woman, wife and mother. In early life she became a christian, and exhibited throughout her life the beauty of true christian character. A few years after their removal to Sauk county she passed away, sincerely mourned by all who knew her. Her children all survive her and cherish the sweetest memories of the mother who was so tender and true and who belonged to that class of whom it may be truly said, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou exceedest them all."

OFFICERS ELECTED.

President, S. J. Seymour, of Dellona; Treasurer, Chas. Hirschinger, and W. H. Canfield was elected Secretary for life, provided he would serve. It was decided to hold the next meeting at North Freedom. Meeting adjourned.

The following is a list of the old settlers that have paid their dues for 1884:

Philip Cheek, sr.	50	Wm Grubb & wife	1 00
S. J. Seymour	50	Chas Hirschinger	50
J. P. Danerfield	50	S. F. Smith	25
Geo. W. Bloom	50	Jno Dickie & wife	1 00
E. Walbridge	50	A. T. Case	50
Wm Christie	50	John Munroe	50
J. C. Lamb	50	Mrs R. C. Chapman	50
A. Weidman	50	Mrs Fanny F. Wood	50
Dr. Chas. Cowles	1 50	N. H. Briggs	50
R. M. Andrus	50	F. N. Barringer	50
Chas Keith & wife	1 00	Geo. R. Burrows	50
John Kelloug	50	D. K. Naves	50
G. W. Gallford	50	Fred K. Baringer	50
Phillip Babh	50	John Sanford	50
Wm Brown	50	E. Langdon	50
A. C. McCoy & wife	50	A. P. Ellinwood	50
E. Blakeslee	1 00	Willie A. Cochran	50
D. B. Hurlbut	50	Frank Hatchell	50
Sarnuel Emery	50	M. Hirschinger	50
A. Barker	50	Wm Stanley	50
D. Bishop	50	Mrs B. R. Remington	50
T. Britum	50		

NEW MEMBERS—1884

O. P. McClure, Reedsburg, born Aug. 1, 1809.

Settled in Sauk Co. Feb. 28, 1862. Paid \$0.50.

F. J. Grant, Ironton, born July 13, 1822; settled April 1849. Paid \$0.50.

J. L. Green, Reedsburg, born July 18, 1827; settled Dec. 1848. Paid \$0.50.

James Turner, Baraboo, born July 29, 1827; settled in Spring of 1850. Paid \$0.50.

J. J. Gattuyer, Baraboo, born April 18, 1821; settled June, 1855. Paid \$0.50.

P. J. Grubb, Ableman, born Feb. 12, 1812; settled in the Spring of 1855. Paid \$0.50.

W. S. Smith, Baraboo, born Dec. 3, 1827; settled Oct. 7, 1863. Paid \$0.50.

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF SAUK COUNTY

Held at Baraboo, in the Court House Square, June 19 & 20, '89.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk Co. began in the Park at Baraboo on the evening of June 19, 1889.

Instead of making a picturesque group around the usual "camp fire," its members gathered under the roof of the new pavilion and related their bear stories and incidents of pioneer life by electric light and "Electric" music.

These meetings are quite informal and are usually greatly enjoyed by the veterans. Possibly the surroundings of city life were not conducive to liberty of speech, as there did not seem to be quite the freedom in story telling as in former years.

"Father" Cheek favored the audience with a song, entitled "The Old Man Died." This was well rendered for a man of his years.

Mr. Groat, of Ironton, was called for and made a few remarks about land sharks, and after music by the band told a bear story.

Mr. Wm. H. Canfield related a wolf story.

Pres. D. K. Noyes told some incidents of his early life in Baraboo as a lawyer and land agent.

Geo. Willard then related the "Circuit Court Bear Story:"

When the county seat was located at Prairie du Sac in 1844, Judge Erwin presiding, the jury, of which Mr. Willard was a member, was trying a case of a man charged with robbing a dead man. In the midst of the session some one cried from the outside that there were three bears crossing the Wisconsin river. A general stampede ensued, and the court room was immediately vacated by judge, jury, people and prisoner, all leav-

ing without the formality of adjournment. The mother bear was caught in the water and her throat cut. The cubs, who were still on the island, ran for protection to Mr. Geo. Delaplaine of Madison. (We are told they always do this.) This frightened Mr. Delaplaine, who ran for his life, and the cubs after him, the judge, meantime, watching the exciting scene from the bank of the river and laughing heartily at the fright of Mr. D. and the cubs running after him. The cubs were finally caught and killed, and after dinner the court resumed its session, the prisoner taking his place at the bar. During the sitting of this court there were seven bears killed in the vicinity of the Sauk villages.

Edward Marsh then read a new country poem which was popular at "hushings" and other gatherings:

The New Country.

The wilderness was our abode
Some forty years ago,
And for our meat we used to eat
We shot the buck and doe,
For fish we used the hook and line
And pounded corn to make it fine;
On Johnny cake our ladies dined
In this new-country.

Our path was through the winding wood,
Where oft the savage trod;
It was not wide or scarce a guide,
Though all the one we had;
Our houses were of logs of wood,
Rolled up in squares and daubed with mud;
If the bark was tight, the roof was good,
In this new country.

With axes good we chopped our wood.
For well we all knew how;
We cleared our farms for rye and wheat,
For strangers and ourselves to eat;
From the maple tree we drew our sweet
In this new country.

Of deer skin we made moccasins
 To wear upon our feet,
 And checkered shirts we thought no harm
 Good company to keep;
 And if we wished to take a ride
 On winter's day or winter's night,
 The oxen drew our ladies' sleigh
 In this new country.

The savage oft-times made us fear
 That there was danger nigh;
 The shaggy bear was often there,
 The pig was in the sty.
 The rattle-snake our children feared,
 Oft-times the fearful mother cried,
 "Some beast of prey will take my child,"
 In this new country.

The little thorns had apples on,
 When mandrakes they were gone;
 And sour grapes we used to eat
 When frosty nights came on,
 For butternuts boys climbed the trees,
 For winter-greens our girls did stray,
 And sassafrass our ladies' tea
 In this new country.

We lived in social harmony,
 We drank the purling stream;
 The doctor, priest or lawyer there
 Was scarcely to be seen;
 Our health, it needed no repair,
 No pious man forgot his prayer,
 And who could fee a lawyer where
 'Tis a new country?

PRESENT TIMES, OR OLD COUNTRY.

If a man is up, lift him higher;
 His soul's for sale, and who's the buyer?
 But if he's down, give him a thrust;
 Trample the pauper into the dust;
 Presumptuous poverty is quite appalling;
 Knock him down and kick him for falling;
 For it's dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
 And empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

Join the church and never forsake her;
 Learn to abuse and eant your Maker;
 Be a hypocrite, knave and fool;
 But don't be poor, remember the rule;
 For it's dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
 An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

Mr. Seymour then related some amusing facts of pioneer life when postage was high and one's finances low.

The president spoke of having last winter met Col. Sumner of San Francisco, formerly of Baraboo. The colonel is in his ninetieth year, and remarkably well and active for a man of his age.

After music, which had been frequently and acceptably rendered during the

evening, the meeting adjourned to meet on the following day at 10 A. M.

The morning was at first rainy, but a goodly number gathered, and at the appointed time the meeting was called to order by the president.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Kezerta. Music.

The secretary's report was then made, in which he showed the primary object of the association to be "Friendship and Sociability among its members," also the necessity of financial encouragement to aid in publications. Programs, he said, had been sent to all old settlers whose addresses had been obtained. Letters had been received from several. One from Mrs. James Taylor, now of Madison, who expected to be present. Also one from E. P. Spencer of Geneva, O. Mr. Spencer came to Baraboo when a young man and was register of deeds of this county. He married his wife here and left B. in 1857 (?) and has had little communication with his old friends since. He was much esteemed for his genial social qualities, and many old settlers will be pleased to know of him and his whereabouts.

Our old friend and townsman Col. Sumner, now of San Francisco, Cal., sends through Col. Noyes greetings and congratulations to our association.

The secretary read letters from Gov. Hoard and Hon. Geo. Burroughs regretting their inability to accept an invitation to be present at this meeting.

Death has claimed some of our number since we met before, one year ago: Mrs. Mary Hatch, who died at Lyons Jan. 24; Mrs. Jane Remington, also of Lyons, March 29; Mr. T. Byrum, about the middle of January, and others perhaps, whose names he had not received. He made an earnest appeal for new members and for the old ones to remember their annual dues.

He acknowledged the receipt of two old newspapers, one from Mrs. Emma A. Potter, "The Sauk Co. Standard," published at Baraboo by Waggoner and Clark in 1851. Mr. Waggoner has

recently died in Switzerland. This paper contains among other things of interest the speech of Kossuth at his reception in New York. Among items of local interest the addition of 75 new buildings for that year, 1851. A fine new union school house built at the expense of nearly \$2500. The daily attendance of scholars at this school was 170. Beside this there were two select schools—one taught by Miss Train, now Mrs. Maria Remington—the other by the Misses Clark. Baraboo was then only four or five years old but was already talking of a *plank road* to the Wisconsin river and a road west to Prairie La Crosse on the Mississippi and east to Milwaukee and had visions of its water-power being fully improved. The names of R. P. Clement, J. F. Sanford, N. Updegraff, Soper & Tipping, B. L. Purdy, also Drs. Cowles, Mills, D. L. Alexander and H. Wheeler, the law firm of Remington & Shepard, W. H. Clarke, J. H. Pratt, A. Williams Clarke, Geo. Clarke, are all familiar names to us old settlers.

In behalf of the O. S. A. the secretary returned thanks to Mrs. Potter for this interesting document, and also to Mrs. Herbert Huntington for a copy of the "Ulster Co. Gazette," published at Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y., Jan. 4, 1800. This paper is also a valuable and interesting acquisition to our collection. The heavy leaded lines indicate the notice of the death of "Washington the Great, the Father of his Country, and the Friend of Man," who was "consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp."

The albums containing the photographs of the old settlers were in constant demand and a source of interest to all. Several new ones were contributed, among them those of E. P. Spencer, A. F. Abbott, and a family group representing four generations of the Ezra Wyman family.

The secretary spoke of the felling of the grand white oak tree on the farm of J. W. Wood on Skillet Creek. It

measured one hundred feet in total height and sixteen feet six inches in girth at the butt end. It was not less than two hundred and seventy-five years old.

Among the curiosities a piece of bark of the *Sequoia gigantea* was exhibited, although not a native of Sauk county. It represented one of the big trees of Calaveras Co., Cal., and must have celebrated many centennials.

A stone knife used by the Indians for dressing animal skins was donated by Mr. Watkios.

A fire shovel, a decanter and a small splint bottom chair were exhibited by Mrs. Evelyn Hunt. These were in use by a former generation.

He was glad to see the familiar face of Mrs. Rosaline Peck, who, though feeble, was able to meet with them again.

Uncle Wm. Johnson will, if his life is spared, on Sep. 2d celebrate his one hundredth birthday.

Dr. Kezerta made a few remarks in his own happy style. He was glad to see and meet old settlers—glad to see their faces. Some thought the old times were hard times. He thought they were good times. Then we were satisfied with less. Now everything is for money and business—not much time for amusements. Many are passing away. Uncle Billy Johnson will probably never meet with us again. I see the young are well represented. Let us older ones set them the best of examples in righteousness and honor. We have schools and churches. No need to steal corn for the preachers. Let us live godly and righteous lives.

The secretary made a few "combative" remarks, which were replied to by Dr. K. Music.

Adjourned to 2 P. M.

The crowd, which had been increasing since the morning, had by this time assumed a regular Fourth of July appearance and now partook themselves to the important business of dinner, some in hospitable homes or hotels, and many from their well-filled lunch baskets. Friend with friend exchanged greetings,

and the hearty hand-shake told of friendships warm and unchanging. The sky was still clouded, but the fear of rain had passed, and old and young sauntered about the beautiful park and gave themselves to the enjoyment of the hour.

At the tap of the drum the crowd drew near the pavilion, and after music the president announced that owing to rain in the early morning the program had been changed. He said they would listen to music by the band.

Judge Barker was then called for to make the Address of Welcome. He did not respond, and the motion was made that a committee of one be appointed to find Judge Barker.

The president then gave his address, which was listened to with interest.

Music by the band.

In absence of Judge Barker Chas. Hirschinger volunteered a few remarks. He welcomed the old settlers and the new ones in fitting words and was in no such danger as the man he heard of at Sparta who ran out of words. He spoke of the early days when there was a strife in Baraboo— which side of the river should draw the most people—liquor for the thirsty on one side—food for the hungry on the other—drunk drew them this side. In 1844 Baraboo blocked up a little school house, and here they educated their children. The walls were pretty rough. You remember how the desks used to be all around the sides, and the hard wood benches in front of them. So the teachers walked around in the middle of the floor and looked at the children's backs. The village was laid out and first called Adams, in 1847, afterwards Baraboo. It took the people some time to get used to the name Baraboo. But I must be brief. The colonel told us about the war—how the soldiers fought and died—how they conquered. You were touched by his talk. I am not going to be so serious. In 1845 an organization was established in Baraboo called a Temperance Meeting. We concluded drink was not the thing for Baraboo. The

temperance women with more pluck than the men marched forth and demanded that the liquor should be delivered to them, and through strategy and force actually spilled it upon the ground. (Great pity!) One old bachelor, when those fearless women presented themselves at his place of business, bade them "come in," and they captured his entire stock of liquors, a barrel of hard cider, and turned it on the ground. They got rid of all except one corner. The sheriff interfered, and some of the women had free rides to Sauk. In those days there were few voters. Now Baraboo has over five thousand inhabitants. Look at its fine business blocks; its good court house instead of a little frame one; its stone jail; it is at good one, I have been there. Look at its banks, its water-power, electric lights, its gas, manufactured all over town.

The president then announced that Judge Barker had arrived, but he would introduce instead Mr. A. F. Abbott who had something to say to them.

Mr. Abbott said that it used to be customary at old time gatherings to either tell a story or sing a song. He had his choice and would sing a song. The song was well received by his audience and Mr. A. was heartily applauded. The following is the song:

The Old Settler's Dream.

(Air—"Yillikins and his Dinah.")

It happened, one day, in this spring month, of
 June,
 When the wild birds were singing, most
 sweetly, in tune,
 That an Old Settler, seated, was taking his
 rest
 While the sun shed his glories far down in
 the west.
 As he gazed on his fields, on his grass and his
 grain,
 His mind wandered back to the old times,
 again,
 And he dwelt, with delight, on the pleasure
 in store,
 When all the Old Settlers would greet him
 once more.

Lulled by the soft shadows slow stealing along
 He felt, on his sight, many old visions
 throng—
 Ideas, unsubstantial, did reality seem,
 Till, in sleep he was lost, and fell into a dream.

In his dream he beheld, with the gleam of light,

The place where he camped, at the coming of night,—

Saw the Old Prairie Schooner, with its canvas o'er spread,

And the gleam of the camp fire, and the stars over head.

He saw, just as many of us may have seen,
How the bright prairie smiled, in its mantle of green,

The woods, whose cool shadows enrapture the heart,

And the bright scenes of Nature, more pleasing than Art.

Then he plowed his first furrow, in new prairie soil,—

Then reaped a rich harvest,—reward of his toil;

O'er a pasture, unbounded, his cattle could roam,

But his hopes and his pleasures all centered in home.

Then the meadow lark sang, with a heart full of glee,

And the quail plainly told what the weather would be;

Then the prairie hens cackled, in groups, on the ground,

And the male bird, proud strutting, gave his deep booming sound.

Of times, in the fields he would follow the plow,

And, at eve, help the housewife, by milking the cow,—

His boys, and his girls, growing taller, each day.

And all glad to help him, in making the hay.

Then he slept sound at night, and rose up with the sun,

With courage, each morning, a new task begun,—

The day seemed too short, for the work he had planned,

For subduing the soil, and for fencing the land.

Then his neighbors seemed near, though they lived far away,

Their log cabin's smoke gave him pleasure each day;

And he knew, by experience, quite often, indeed,

They were ready to help him, whenever in need.

There were logging bees, raising bees, and bees, now and then,

For reaping the grain—bees for women and men,

And sometimes the fiddler would flourish his bow,

While we danced with more pleasure than people now know.

No waltzes, no galops, nor schottische they danced,

No new-fangled figures, now lately advanced,
But the old country dances—the jigs and the reels,

Gave enjoyment to all, and put life in their heels.

From the creeks and the rivers, then swarming with fish,

Their tables were furnished with maoor a dish,
In the winter they hunted the bear and the deer,

Whose skins bro't them cash, and whose flesh furnished cheer.

No bells, loudly tolling, rang out on the air,
No richly dressed people to church did repair,

But the calm Sabbath mornings were pure and serene,

Right welcome were they, to the weary, I ween.

Young men didn't walk with a gold headed cane,

Nor carry a gold watch, attached to a chain.
No eye glass he needed, a sweet lass to view,

For his love was respectful, and honest, and true.

(Now, young men of fashion, we see every day,
Who don't like to work, and are too fond of play,

In one night they will waste, upon cards, dice and beer,

More dimes than their parents once saved in a year.)

Then the Old Settlers' wives were the anchor and stay,

Were helpful and hopeful, in every dark day;
They cheered and encouraged, in every distress,

And to them we're indebted, for all our success.

When she wanted to go, on a trip to the town,
She would sometimes put on her best calico gown,

Then, with oxen and wagon, she would journey away,

Well pleased as she is, with her carriage, to-day.

With the eggs she had saved, and the butter she made,

She sometimes would drive a most wonderful trade;

Clothes for the next baby, some of this and of that,

Sometimes, for her husband, she would buy a straw hat.

Some needles and thread, and some buttons she'd buy,

And a jack knife for Johnny she could not deny,

And when she'd provided for table and shelf,
She had nothing to buy what she needed herself.

Then our girls fresh and lovely, were simple in style,

Not skilled in coquetting— not brim full of guile,

Her hair hung in ringlets, and gave her a grace,
And she seldom wore gew-gaws, or jewels, or lace.

What more he'd have dreamed, I am sure I
 can't tell,
 He was roused from his dream by an infantile yell,
 Saving, close to his ear, "Grandpa, it is late,
 And the supper is ready, and mother can't wait."

* * * * *
 What a change in surroundings, we recognize here,
 Since the Old Settler's meeting we witnessed, last year,
 The grove at North Freedom, with its tall oaks so green,
 Was more grand and more free, than the city, I ween.

There the big bon-fire blazed, with a furnace-like blast,
 And the big trees around us, their dark shadows cast,
 While John Hauger related a story, well spread,
 That made every hair stand up straight on my head.

Now, the folks in North Freedom, drink cold water clear,
 There are some here in Baraboo, much prefer beer;
 So be social, be cheerful, in friendship unite
 But don't soar so high up as Gildaroy's kite.

In the Old Settler's Album, now growing apace,
 You'll see many a strong lined and resolute face;
 To secure wealth and freedom, Sauk County, they chose,
 And they caressed the wild landscape to bloom like the rose
 To the Old Settler's wives, with their hearts good and true,
 Our love and respect in full measure, are due,
 Their clear sense of duty no fate could destroy,
 They had tears for our sorrows, and smiles for our joys.

There were some who met with us, both women and men,
 Who, with the Old Settlers will ne'er meet again;
 They lie, with hands folded, above each calm bier,
 In the graves where their children have laid them to rest.

When our armies were mustered, our Union to save,
 The men of Sauk County were loyal and brave;
 Some perished in prison, some died in the fray,
 And some are still living among us to-day
 We honor those men, who, for freedom and right,
 Stood forth in the conflict, and fought the good fight,
 May our country prove grateful, for services done,
 And reward her old soldiers for victories won

For the great tree of Liberty flourishes now
 And our proud eagle perches upon the top bough;
 I don't want to bluster, I don't need to brag,

but we've hardly got room for the stars on our flag.

And now I have come to the end of my song,
 Some, no doubt, are thinking, I've made it too long,
 If you deem it too lengthy, I beg leave to state,
 "There's a big piece for manners, still left on the plate"

Music—"Down Upon the Swanee River."

The secretary then read a poem entitled

The River Baraboo.

In the early settlement of the Baraboo valley a Scotchman settled here who gave vent to his enthusiasm for this wild Indian country in some poetic lays. A Yankee, who was a neighbor and less enthusiastic, replies in a few rough and unpoetic strains.

Yankee.
 Baraboo! Baraboo!! It's a name that will break any jaw in an Englishman's head.
 Where did it come from!!
 And what does it mean?

Scotchman.
 It's a river as ancient as any that's mentioned in history old or new—
 Has flowed since the morn
 On which rivers were born,
 Long before it was called Baraboo.

Y.
 Ah! beautiful stream, good luck to thee,
 Thou hast flowed so long
 Neath the elm, the vine and the thorn;
 Not burdened with that awkward name.

S.
 Moses said when Eden was made,
 Before briars and thistles grew,
 And the Euphrates began to flow,
 As like-wise did the Baraboo,

Y.
 Yes, it flowed, and that quietly too;
 Was not daunted, spanned, bridged, boomed,
 And filled with saw dust, and slabs, and eels,
 And mud after showers from the fields.

S.
 There were likewise told many stories of old,
 How Cain his brother he slew,
 And of Noah's trip in his gopherwood ship,
 But said nought of the Baraboo.

Y.
 Perhaps—very likely—we feel quite sure—
 He'd have spoken of the beautiful river,
 And the people about it that were to live
 Had it that name not been given.

S.
 Among all the lays of modern days—
 And they're not a few—
 There's not one of all the long list
 Says aught of the Baraboo.

Y.
 The reason to be given is simple and plain:
 There's no poetry in this awkward name;
 Should poets swarm like a hive of bees,
 Their subject would not the Baraboo be.

S.
 In poetic rage, from oblivion's page
 I will bring all its beauties to view,
 Sooth obdurate youth in the time to come
 Shall slag of the Baraboo,

Y.
If that should be really so, we mean,
I will be a song queerly chosen,
As smooth as a corduroy road,
Which would surely a poet enrage.

S.
Its hills and its dales, its woods and its vales
Their glad songs shall echo through;
From cavern to tree their burden shall be
The beautiful Baraboo.

Y.
Ha! Ha! The music will be like a charivari
band
In a clear, frosty night
The strains of Bar! Bar! and Boo! Boo!
Will be as melodious as an owl's Hoo! Hoo!

S.
This country is good for water and wood,
Though a place rather bad to get to;
But the road's worse away, so must people
stay
When they're once at Baraboo.

Y.
Like a self setting rat trap, to be sure,
Ye're to be enchambered sleek and fast;
Then ye could nibble at your water and wood
And fatten on it and all that ye could.

S.
Ye people that roam in the search of a home,
One word of advice unto you:
Look well ere you leap, and just take a peep
At the lands on the Baraboo.

Y.
One thing most about that odd door
That lets folks in and turns none out:
'e'd better beware how ye handle a latch
And see that its yourself it doesn't catch.

S.
For here you will find hard of every kind,
From the rocky bluff to the slough;
With prairies and hills, well watered with
rills,
On the banks of the Baraboo.

Y.
Says M. J. Maxwell, I can sell you good
land, good grass,
Good water, good timber and some stone
(I guess),
For which I hope you long, happy days
And that you may feel abundantly
blessed.

S.
We likewise have game of most every name,
With bears and badgers a few,
And many a dish of excellent fish
Are caught in the Baraboo.

Y.
From these game facts once was given the
river
A pleasanter, prettier name, the "Belle
Chasse";
The river for a fine and beautiful chase
Where were taken the bear, badger and
excellent fish.

S.
And our people say ere many more days
Twill gladden our hearts to view
A fine county seat, so handsome and neat,
On the banks of the Baraboo.

Wanted for, fought for and realized at last,
Since wauld in my a year's gone past;
Who's the number for courts, cuts, shops
and all that?
The wisdout bird cries out, Who? Who?

Mr. Holden was then introduced and said that it was customary with merchants and trades people to once a year take account of stock. Might it not be well for us as individuals to do the same morally on such a day as this? Are we better and wiser than we were a year ago? The inheritance of bad habits is ours. Drinking is the natural result of evil habits of older settlers. We must break down these habits. It is a tremendous job we have on our hands to-day. Our children have to overcome all these things. In earlier days your doors were open to hospitality. The rights of hospitality were cheerfully observed. You came here from eastern homes, leaving your old and decrepit behind. Now your sons go to Dakota and leave you here. You are getting old. Look at it fairly and honestly. Take care of yourselves. Mr. Holden spoke of our political life, said we must do better for the sake of our children. Sauk county is one of the richest counties in the state. Its great variety of occupation and resources adds much to your life and happiness. Our sons go off to Iowa and they ought to stay here. Let us cultivate a wider sympathy man with man, woman with woman, family with family. Let us bring up our children in the way they should go, and peace and prosperity will settle down on the face of the whole earth. There are great ills, but there is also much room for hope.

Mr. Seely was then called for but not responding, "Father Cheek" sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," tune John Brown, the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

Music by the band.

A committee was appointed to take up a collection for the band.

Music.

Col. Wyse of Reedsburg was called for but was not present.

Music.

The election of officers then ensued. President D. K. Noyes, Treasurer John Dickie and Secretary Wm. H. Canfield were unanimously re-elected. The

secretary thought his friends had gone back on a previous motion, which had elected him for life.

The chair will appoint a committee to decide when and where the next meeting will be.

The officers of the association tender to the citizens of Baraboo their thanks for the interest manifested in this annual gathering of Old Settlers, for the use of the park and also for their liberal subscriptions. The Electric band will also accept our sincere thanks for the music they so generously gave us on this occasion. The meeting then adjourned.

Account of money received by the treasurer of Old Settlers' Association for the year 1888 and 1889 :

By balance from last year.....	\$ 1.49
June 14th, old settlers' dues by W. H. Canfield.....	22.75
June 20th, 1889, by balance from G. A. R. by James Blachly.....	14.30
Total.....	\$28.54
Paid out:	
June 19, 1888, Canfield postage.....	\$ 3.35
June 19, 1888, clerk's fees.....	10.00
June 19, 1888, G. W. Bloom's order..	3.50
Bessemer Times, printing.....	1.75
May 20, 1889, W. H. Canfield.....	5.00
Total.....	\$23.50
June 21, 1889, balance in hand.....	\$14.64

JOHN DICKIE, Treasurer

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE MEETING OF JUNE 20, 1889.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

June 20th, annual dues paid in by old members:	
N. H. Briggs.....	50
E. Walbridge.....	50
Geo. Willard.....	1 00
A. C. Harris and wife.....	1 00
Chas. Hirschinger.....	50
Phil. Check, Sr.....	50
A. R. McCoy and wife.....	1 00
B. J. and Mary A. Seymour.....	1 00

Rosl. Johnson.....	50
A. T. Case.....	50
A. Lazert.....	50
A. W. Foster.....	50
O. B. Hubbard.....	50
O. W. Spaulding.....	50
F. J. Groat.....	50
Wm. Brewster.....	50
A. Barker.....	50
H. M. Hill.....	50
G. W. Bloom.....	50
Wm. Christie.....	50
J. C. Lamb.....	50
Thos. Gillespie and wife.....	1 50
E. Langdon.....	50
F. M. Warren.....	1 00
O. Watkins.....	1 00
Levi Moore.....	50
P. Pratt.....	50
J. D. Sanford.....	50
Frank.....	50
R. T. Tinkham.....	50
John Blake.....	50
D. K. Noyes.....	50
Total.....	\$20.00

NEW MEMBERS.

W. W. Rathburn.....	\$ 1 00
J. F. Sneathen, Hon. Mem.....	50
B. S. Barney.....	50
Total.....	\$22.00
May 20, borrowed of the treasurer.....	\$ 5.00
Amount brought over.....	\$27.00
NOTE. The citizens of Baraboo per Donovan very generously subscribed for the necessary expenses of the meeting, paying all bills including printing and advertising.	
The amount subscribed.....	\$52.00
The amount disbursed.....	52.00
Paid in to Sec. of O. S. A.....	\$10.00
	\$10.00
	\$37.00

MONEY PAID OUT.

For stamps, envelopes and assistant secretary.....	\$ 6.00
Sec. fee.....	10.00
	\$16.00
	\$16.00
	\$21.00
In the hand of the treas. from 1888.....	14.94
Now in the treasury.....	\$35.94
Wm. H. CANFIELD, Secretary.	

Address delivered by President D. K. Noyes at the seventeenth meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk county, held at Baraboo, June 19 and 20, 1889.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens and my very dear friends, the Old Settlers of this our Sauk County:

I am happy to meet so many of you here to-day. Many changes have transpired since we met in nature's beautiful grove a little way up the valley one year ago. Some of our number have removed to other places in our country. Some have gone over the river, never to return; we will not forget them here to-day. The secretary will give us their names later. We see change, my dear friends, in every step as we move along the journeyings in this wonderful life we live here on earth. What changes we have seen since some of us settled in this great and grand commonwealth of Wisconsin!

In 1844, September 1st, I left my native hearth up in the Green Mountain state and came to the territory of Wisconsin, landing at Milwaukee on the 17th day of September of that year. That was a great change for me. There were no railroads in the United States at that time west of Buffalo. Everything was new and changing. Milwaukee was then a city of 8000. Note the change now; a city of 200,000. Changes must be made; the prairie had to be turned over into fields to raise bread, and the northern pines must be cut and sawed into lumber for building houses for our families and barns for our cows and horses. Our venerable gray beards here to-day will tell you we had plenty of work and seemingly small pay. We did not live on turkey dinners and oyster suppers. Also our immense mines of ore had to be opened up. Coming from old, staid New England, all was a change to me. I soon learned that swarther and sharper men had preceded me in the change of locating in a new territory. They were naturally sharp, or the change into this new, fruitful country made them in a true sense good at changing, for they were very soon able to get what little change I had out of my pocket into theirs. The principal settlements at that time were along the lake shore and in the lead mines about Mineral Point and Dodgeville. I early visited the lead mines at Mineral Point and Dodgeville, where I saw different social life than any I had ever seen; business life was also different. All money in the mines was specie. Murders and homicides were quite frequent in those days, especially in the mines.

In my rambles over the prairies and openings that same fall of '44 at Hickox Mill on

Mill creek in Iowa county, I met Mr. Cyrus Hill, a Vermonter, who had settled on Sauk prairie. On his invitation I rode home with him on a load of flour. That was my first visit in Sauk county. We crossed the Wisconsin river at Upper Sauk on a flat scow boat poled across, and with some difficulty, for the ice was running, and it was quite late in that cold November evening. I put in a few days on the prairie and then for the first time met the old settler. "Uncle Billy Johnson," the hooovers at the foot of the bluffs and some of the Waterburys. I looked and wondered what was on the other side of the high ridge of bluffs at the north. Being a Yankee, I had the inherent right to ask questions, so I made the inquiry: "What is there on the other side of those bluffs?" I received for answer that "there is a river over there called the Baraboo; there will be some lumbering done there, but it is a country that will never be settled." I came near believing that I was near the north-west end of the universe. I taught a school a few months in Dodgeville, read law for a time in the office of Moses M. Strong and Chauncey Abbott at Mineral Point, worked a short time for my old friend Ruggles on Mill Creek. (He said I was a good hand, particularly in hunting coons, if Mrs. Ruggles carried the lantern.) I split rails at 50 cents per hundred and couldn't split a hundred a day; couldn't get much money, for the good reason that there was none to get. May 13th, 1846, war was declared by our government against Mexico. I had been mining or prospecting, by sinking sucker holes for lead on the prairie about Dodgeville, in company with my old friend General Amasa Cobb, whom many of you very well know, as he ably represented us in congress a number of years and is now chief justice of the state of Nebraska. Neither Cobb nor I had anything. We raised not a cent in the mines, and as a last desperate conclusion we decided to enlist in the army and go down into Mexico and be shot to death by Mexican Greasers. But as luck would have it we didn't get killed, for I didn't go. Our company raised in the mines was not accepted, Wisconsin being a territory. Judge Cobb went in an Illinois regiment and was not killed by the Greasers.

In the fall of '46 I changed location, left the mines and went to Beloit on "Walker's line." I had no "chases." There I entered the office of Noggle & Spaulding, a student. Judge Noggle was a member of the first constitutional convention, which met in Madison that year on the 5th day of October and adjourned on the 16th of December, having framed a constitution which was submitted

to a vote of the people of the territory on the first Tuesday in April, 1847, and was rejected. Our old friend Major Clarke was the member of this convention from Sauk and received the sobriquet of the "Lion of Sauk." Another convention was assembled at Madison on the 15th of December, 1847, framed a constitution, which was submitted to a vote of the people on the second Monday in March following and adopted. Sauk county had no member in this last convention. So we became a state in 1848, and we have been loyal ever since. I was admitted to the bar as a young lawyer before Chief Justice Dunn at Mineral point in March 1848, the committee on my examination being Hons. Chancey M. Abbott, C. C. Washburn and Benj. C. Eastman. All of them became highly honorable men, holding prominent positions. All of them have changed this life for one on the other side. They were pioneers, old settlers in this, then a wild rough territory. We remember them all in realms of a blissful immortality to-day.

I came here to Baraboo to reside in June, 1847, put up a shingle, "Law and Land Agency," but there was nobody coming in to buy land that season. Judge Remington and I dealt out some law, perhaps more law than justice, and more law than pay. There was no money. Rafts, slabs and verbal orders were a lawful tender. We could try any sort of case in our learned justice's courts, arson as easy as burglary, or assault with intent to kill a yoke of oxen. All criminals we cleared, or they cleared out themselves. We had pretty good times. There were a number of royal good fellows trying to live here. Some succeeded. Our old friend, the head and front of this old old settlers' association and ever the untiring secretary, was up here on Skillet creek, in the woods, as happy as a lord to all appearance. He lived up in the woods so long that he pays no more attention to the hooting of an owl than the crowing of the rooster in the morning. We went through that summer and the following winter of '47 and '48 without much trouble, lived on salt barrel pork raised in the east, freighted here from Milwaukee by horse and ox teams, and bread and Orleans molasses. Occasionally we would get venison, and toward spring our good accommodating landlord, Lynn Clark, Esq., killed his cow for beef. We lived nicely for a few days. Early in the spring of '48 settlers came in fast and I had all I could do in hunting and entering lands for them. In June of that year I went back to my native place and was married on the 1st of that month in Shelsea, Vt., returning here in July, and here we have lived

without being divorced ever since. We have raised a family, and they have all left the old nest, and we are back again where we started—alone in the old house. My dear old friends, such is life, and we must accept the inevitable. For many of us our time is well nigh spent, but I hope and believe that this country, our home, is a little better for our having lived in it.

Some writer has said that the first settlers give the character to that place in after years. I believe that there is much in that. The early settlers of this county were generally intelligent and honest people, and I believe that the inhabitants of Sauk county are ahead of the average of counties in the state for intelligence, honesty and morals. As a community we have a county pride, a state pride, a national pride, we glory in all our achievements, whether it be in agriculture, the arts and sciences, or in arms.

Great changes have transpired in our county, state and nation since many of us have lived. To be sure many mighty rivers and mountains, seemingly, remain the same as they were fifty years ago. Pike's Peak, Gray's Peak, Mount Shasta and other lofty heights of the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas remain about as they did when the noble "path finder" crossed over them and took possession of an empire in the name of his government, planting the grandest flag that waves on land or sea on the shore of the great Pacific Ocean. I visited the city of Monterey the past winter and was on the identical spot where that American flag was first raised and possession of the coast taken in the name of the United States. Monterey was the first capital of the great state of California. Here General Fremont was elected the first U. S. senator from California in 1850. The Mississippi and Hudson rivers wind their way to old Ocean now as then, and loud toned Niagara, fit organ for this western world, sends forth her everlasting pean. Maps of nations have been wonderfully changed since many of us here to-day can remember. Every war in Europe brings a change, yet Mont Blanc with her white capped summit towers in all her magnificent splendor, as at the time when the first Napoleon with his mighty invincible army of invasion crossed the towering Alps. But my thought is now more particularly on the changes that have been made on the maps of our own country. The limits of the original thirteen states were 407,000 square miles; western claims costed to the General Government, northwest Territory, 129,000 square miles, Louisiana, purchased of Napoleon, the French Government, in 1803, for \$15,000,000, 1,172,000

square miles.

Florida purchased of Spain in 1819, for \$5,000,000, 60,000 square miles.

Texas, annexed in 1845, 376,000 square miles.

New Mexico and California, ceded by Mexico in 1848, 546,000 square miles.

Gadsden purchased of Mexico in 1848, 46,000 square miles.

Alaska, purchased of Russia in 1867, for \$7,200,000, 573,600 square miles, making in all a total of 3,600,000 square miles. Thus we see a change on our country's map very great--407,000 square miles when we became a nation and 3,600,000 square miles now. But the greatest event of ancient or modern times remains yet to be mentioned. I would feel that I had not done my duty if I did not on this, old settlers,' day before these venerable friends, make a passing remark on the stirring scenes of 1861-1865, times that awakened every lover of his country's freedom to action, throughout the civilized world. I have a vivid and personally painful recollection of those years, for I went South and got my foot in it. There were many who went out with us who might have been old settlers with us here to-day, but they went down amid the roar of cannon and clash of arms. Thousands never returned. They yielded up their lives that the nation might live. I say it boldly and without a blush, that the Union soldier in his coat of blue saved the life of the Republic in its unity. Who were they who responded to the call "To arms!" when their country called in its great and dire necessity, when the nation was in danger of being swept under by the great flood and maelstrom of wild, fratricidal war and who came not back to home and friends? They were our fathers, husbands, brothers and friends. They died that the Republic might have a higher, grander and nobler life and destiny. I will mention a few names of those we knew well, some of whom carried their arms very near, and walked elbow to elbow with us, but they cannot be with us to-day, for they are sleeping that sleep that knows no waking. Sleep on, "Sainted Dead," until that resurrection morn when you will rise to a higher and grander life. I name Lt. Elisha L. Walbridge, whom many of us knew so well, and whose integrity was never a doubt. Capt. John Starks, a young man of much promise, who never shirked any duty or disobeyed a military order. Wm. Clyde Gurlew, Black and a great many others. I will mention one other by name. Lieutenant Howard H. Pruyn, who was ever at the post of duty, whose grand career of a brilliant soldier life went down and out, forever, on the bloody field of the Wilderness in

1864. I am happy to say to his friends and comrades, that his remains have been removed from that rough and hurried soldier burial place on the field to the Nat'l cemetery near Fredericksburg, Va. Lt. Howard Pruyn was our Marshal Ney.

Hon. Jas. S. Alban, Col. of the 18th Wis. Vol. Inf., an early settler of our county, was killed on the bloody field of Shiloh. Judge C. C. Remington, Joseph Mackey, N. W. Wheeler, Charles Armstrong and Dr. Chas. Cowles and others are not with us; they have gone a little before us. We remember them to-day. I leave these contemplations with you, hoping you may all meet again next year.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY JUDGE C. C. REMINGTON
AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING
HELD AT PRAIRIE DU SAC,
JUNE 19, '73.

We have assembled for the second time, in kindly remembrance of the time when we lived in Sauk county when Wisconsin was a territory, and may it be well with us all that we have so assembled, and may we do the same for many a year to come. Wisconsin became a state 25 years ago. I had been here a little over a year, and so barely ring into your circle. I might perhaps be excused for taking advantage of this my border position in our border settlement, and indulge in general praise of the old settlers, especially as I played so small a part among you in point of time and fact. It will be as well, however, on the whole, to leave it for those who come after to sound the trumpet of our praise, although perhaps at the risk of having the trumpet left out entirely. Modestly claiming, nevertheless, that we of that time were at least an average lot of mortals, in morals, sense and enterprise, as witness the survivors, our humble selves, now present. And now, my more recent friend and comer, before you pass judgment to the contrary, remember the truth there may be in the saying, "Death loves a shining mark;" and it may be, that the best of the old settlers have gone before. Some of them certainly have, and settled with older settlers yet, in the land that knows no time nor age, but only eternity and worth.

This would be a very appropriate occasion to speak of those old settlers who have passed away. I have neither time nor data to do the subject justice, and will pass it by with alluding to Mrs. Crawford, who was with us a year ago, and who died very recently. She was my landlady the first year I spent here, and taught me the lesson there might be other women in the world as good as my mother. She was the best example of domestic benevolence I ever knew.

Twenty-five years ago! That is a long time. Measured by events it is longer still. No one can pass through that time and remain the same. What we learn and experience becomes a part of ourselves. Thus we change from time to time for the better or the worse, but never standing still.

In the forenoon of life, at 25, the world seems to lie before us. We are with the rising sun and may hope for anything. The question is what will we be and do. In the afternoon, at 50, we are with the sun as it goes down. The question then becomes what are we and what have we done? We have attained what we may reasonably expect. We have our harvest, whether golden or not. The twenty-five years we have just passed seems to have equalled in events, in science, and improvements any hundred years that ever preceded it. To destroy nearly all our railroads, telegraphs, and the greater part of the labor-saving machinery now in operation, is to put us back to twenty-five years ago. Then the old world looked upon our "American Republic" as an experiment ready to fail on slight provocation. To-day the world sees our government no longer an experiment, but an established fact, tried in the fiery furnace of a civil war without parallel—a war in which civilization, virtue and liberty triumphed over barbarism, vice and slavery. This war seems to have settled the practicability of "a government of the people, for the people, by the people," not only for us, but for all. The light of our candle has reached the most exclusive isles of the sea. Japan sends her young men and nobles to learn in the schools of America. There is not time to-day to name all the blessings, state and national and individual, that have come to the doors of our homes while we have lived in Wisconsin as a state. It was a good place to come to in the olden time. It is a better place to stay in now. It used to be said of the Baraboo Valley, that people stayed there because they could not get away, on account of poverty, in part, and in part on account of the difficulty of the

roads. Since then not a few have wandered from the valley of the Boy, through many states and territories, and returned here to live. And now, my young adventurous friends, don't let the splendid success of the old settlers of Sauk entice you to the far off wilderness. Sauk county is "a great county," and if not the "best county in the state," it is a good one. It is about the best place for you that you can find, or at least you can make it so. It is not over half settled yet. Do you like a fruit country? We are on the northern limit of the apple, pear, and fruit country, and that is the best latitude for fruit. Go but a little way south, and our winter apples become ripe in the fall and will not keep. The farther you go south from here, on the gulf, the more damage there is done by the frosts. Our clear, cold winters are more pleasant, and better in every respect, than the southern open wet ones. If you go to the Pacific coast, you must choose between the endless droughts of California and the equally protracted rains and damps of Oregon. Travel, if you have the inclination and the means; but first of all get an education. Get what you can of it in Sauk county. She ought to furnish all the facilities in that line you require. Then settle down patiently to work, in your own native country. There is not only room for you here, but there is need of you. And as soon as your savings or annual income will warrant, gather about you a numerous family. Such is the divine injunction, minus the qualification. There is more of good, practical hard sense in it, perceptible to the naked, unregenerate eye, than there is in many of the holy precepts. At all events that is the way the old settlers did, or tried to do. There is no monument that can compare with a numerous family of well raised children. Go in, my young friend, and win. Remember as you go that Sauk county has a healthy climate.

When I first came here, Judge Irwin had a court in the school house in Prairie

du Sac. The county seat was there. The two Sauk villages could not agree about the location, and rather than let the upper town keep it the lower town voted it to Baraboo. That was an unlucky quarrel for Sauk,—as we called this prairie part of our county—a foolish quarrel. It was just like all other quarrels in that respect. Wisdom must depart to make room for a quarrel. Had the county buildings been located at the point half way between the two towns they would have grown together long ago. Baraboo was the lucky "third candidate" that time. This was before my time. Baraboo contracted considerable of an obligation to the lower town in this affair. She was not allowed to forget it, and she didn't want to. The two villages often afterwards sent up double delegations to county conventions. The lower town set seemed to have regularly on their side. At all events they were admitted to the exclusion of their neighbors. At one time the upper town got its revenge by also sending a double delegation to the Portage Senatorial District Convention. This senate district at that time comprised what is now the counties of Columbia, Sauk, Juneau, Adams, Marquette, Wood, Portage and Marathon. The result of it all was, that out of the quarrel of the double delegation grew such dissatisfaction that the opposition candidate, Col. Jas. S. Allan, then of the pinery, was elected. Although he was one of our earliest settlers, he was not the candidate of either of the other pugacious factions. Had the Sauk county delegation united on one man from Sauk he would have been nominated and elected. Since then these two enterprising villages have built one more bridge across the Wisconsin than they need to, had the first one been built by an umpire with power of location and power to enforce an equal contribution from the said towns. That would have gone a good way toward drawing the two towns together. They seem to have hit upon the right plan at last: a depot where the court house and bridge ought to have been. That, we

has been agreed upon. All that is lacking is the consent of the third party, the railroad. May that consent not be long withheld.

We have nothing to brag of in the way of peace and harmony on our side of the bluff. The Baraboo valley was the last to settle. The farms were newer, and it fell more under the sway of the claim laws than Sauk prairie did. When the early settler came, he could not buy his farm if he had the money. The land was not in market. When it did come in market, he had in many cases spent his money, and he held his farm by claim—a neighbor institution not known or respected at the land-office.

Shortly after my arrival, or at least within a year or so thereafter, I was gravely informed by a very intelligent, honest and conscientious man, in a confidential way, that he had begun to entertain serious doubts as to whether it was right to kill a man for jumping a claim. Such a thing as a man's buying against the claim law the home 40 on which a poor man lived and worked did not occur. It would not have been a safe investment for any man. Such was the first tenure under which the soil was occupied. We had our rival towns, Baraboo, known as Brown Town, and Lyons. The village of Baraboo was then merely one 40 acre tract, extending but a few rods south of the river. The quarter section on which the county-seat was located was north and west of Baraboo. It was bought by the early settler, Prescott Brigham, of the government for the county. The county had no money in those days. County orders were fifty cents on the dollar, and heavy barter at that. The reason this quarter section had not been bought up before was, it had been claimed for the benefit of the school district. The county seat and post office was Adams. Baraboo was not a name of high esteem among the citizens. Its oddity, or ugliness, triumphed, or the good sense of the people came to it at last. At any rate, the name prevails, and it rests in the

hearts of our people. Lyons has napped away her day on the rapids, and is contentedly nestling under the spreading wings of her old rival, not a little proud of being taken for a part of the same town. Indeed, Baraboo has done amazingly well in improving upon the strength of the push the lower town gave her. What say you? Let us give Upper Sank equal credit, for the lower town could not have quarrelled without the upper town to help her in the muss. Besides all that, the lower town wanted the county-seat just as much as either of the three. She had sense enough to see that there was no sight for her between the other two, and so made choice of what was deemed the lesser evil, and Baraboo was chosen. Another town has done remarkably well since Wisconsin was a territory. That is Babb's Ford. With that spirit for novelty and restlessness most unaccountable, the name has been changed to Reedsburg. Although Reedsburg had a member in the legislature all winter long, I don't know as he did anything toward getting the name changed back. The member was not to blame. There were a good many laws to alter. You know our laws don't keep much longer than eggs without turning, and the turning of eggs and the making of laws is very much the same kind of business. Anybody that can do one can the other. The talent required for either is to know enough to count twelve, and repeat. But as this is chiefly an old settlers' arrangement, let us return to the subject, or rather turn to it.

I am not going to undertake any record of events that fell under my observation in this country under territorial times, for several reasons: 1st, I did not observe anything worthy of note. I have seen rafts of lumber run over the Baraboo rapids. I clerked it for Mr. H. Canfield at the first sale of lots in Adams (now Baraboo). He died at the plow long ago. He was a good man, full of schemes. He was my first patron and earliest friend. He helped me when I most needed it. But for him my board

bill would have accumulated on my hands, and this acknowledgement is all I can do towards squaring the account. I might report to you the trial of some men in a justice court held in the log school house (the only building on the county-seat), Squire Garrison presiding. The offense charged was burglary and arson. Col. D. K. Noyes and I were counsel for the defendants. There was a jury trial. After several adjournments and delays, the jury became aware of the nature of the proceedings and wisely concluded that a higher court alone had jurisdiction. They refused to attend court any more, and the defendants escaped punishment. They had only been trying to enforce the claim laws. But it is not worth while to go into such things. A second reason is, that if there was anything worthy of note it would not be worth while to attempt to impale it now, for we have our Josephus contemporary historian, yea, social histographer and geographer. We are sketched and mapped out with outlines and in lines by—well, you all know him. But for him, many noble sayings and doings, and some of our highways and byways, might now be "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking." By the aid of his maps and diagrams of the ancients and moderns, and sketches and certificates of the same, we may reasonably hope for all the immortal fame in this world that we are in any wise justly entitled to. More than that would be a sin not worth committing. So, on that head, we may rest in quiet, easy indifference that all is well, or as well as can be.

It is said "distance lends enchantment to the view," and that "blessings brighten as they take their departure." It may be the case in regard to the territorial times; But if we could now, with our present experience of high taxes and hard times as the normal condition, vote on the question of whether we would let the general government pay all the expenses of our legislature, the salaries of all our principal officers from governor down to clerks of courts. I think we

would let them do it, at the expense even of trading off our present respectable delegation of eight in congress for one delegate who could talk but not vote. Or, in other words, if Wisconsin was now a territory, and all the inhabitants thereof knew as much as they do now of the costs and troubles of a state government, she would remain a territory for some time to come, and we would be much better off than we are now. It is true we would not have as many GREAT MEN, of greatness measured by official position; but then the common run of us, who do the voting and paying of taxes, would have an easier time of it than we do now, and be just as well governed at that. And more than all that, there are not half enough of paying offices now to supply the demand, and there is many a poor man who has rendered valuable aid to his party who comes before the public calling for charitable look with pitying eye upon his needy and worthy condition, whom that same public reluctantly turn away, because the race of needy applicants for office is too numerous for the offices that are at the disposal of the people. We might as well be under a territorial form of government as any other, for these fellows, for they will multiply faster than the places they desire to fill. Query: Can there not be some kind of civil-service reform arrangement inaugurated, or some suitable provision made whereby poor and needy and worthless office-seekers can have a better show for getting into office? Some of you old settlers think you had a hard time keeping them out; but let me assure you they have had a much harder time trying to get in. Our United States judges, after having a certain period of good old age, are allowed to retire from office and have their salaries continued. And now allow me to suggest, as a measure in behalf of poor and needy, but worthless, office-seekers, that they be allowed to retire and board at the county poor house half of the time free of charge, provided it did not call for the buying of over two or three more poor farms.

The territorial government we had, all in all, was better than the government we have now. The truth is, we are governed too much, and on quite too extravagant a scale for a people's government. It will be corrected. Some day the people will wake up to the humbuggery of continually making and unmaking laws. The Wisconsin legislature is a comic congress, modeled on the house of lords and house of commons of England. Our senate is a plaything house of lords, and the assembly is for the house of commons. One is a representative of the aristocracy originally, and the other is supposed to represent the people. The English house of commons is a more democratic legislative body in style than there is in America. Each of our legislative houses has to have a post-office, postmasters, deputies and assistant attaches too numerous to mention. A man who has been in the habit of feeding his dogs and doing his own chores, like you and me, or peddling out small parcels of tea and soap, sugar snuff, to his customers, like some of you, becomes a member of assembly, and is at once transformed into one of the foremost men of the earth. No wonder he expects to do things on a big scale. He will vote nearly all the printing jobs that the printers ask him to. He has so much dignity and importance that he can not go to the splendid marble post office of the United States, just on one corner of the public square, and call for his mail like a common man. He must put on style, and be waited on—have his mail brought to him at the public expense. When he was a common man he used to take one newspaper, perhaps not that. Now that he is a member, he subscribes for 30 or less, at the expense of the state, under the plea that he should be well posted. So he is provided duly with a great many newspapers, all having the same items of news in them. This may be so that a member, by reading the same thing over and over, may at length get something beat into his head. Or it may be that it is to keep him from getting confused with a multiplicity of sub-

jects. The member, if he is not too lazy, spends a great portion of his time in mailing these papers to certain favored ones of his constituency, whom he deems too poor or too stingy to get a supply of papers in any other way, and whom the member deems vain enough to be tickled by the compliment. The state pays the postage, and the state pays the boy who rolls the papers in the envelope for the member and he directs it for nothing. There is another thing that every member has to have that was unknown in territorial times. That is a Blue Book—or the blue look, for it is the same old thing reprinted, with an addition of present members and a diagram of the assembly room and senate chamber with the name of the member on the seat he occupies. You can see that it is a thing each member has to have in his family; and knowing this the printers take the advantage of him, or rather the state, and several thousands of dollars are judiciously expended in this way. The state has one substantial advantage out of it all. What time the member expends on the blue books and newspapers is not employed in other mischief, or more harmful making and unmaking of laws.

We cannot go back into a territorial form of government. Uncle Sam is too smart to allow us to do that. But we can renovate and go back on the present foolish, extravagant and aristocratic state of things. We ought to have our senate and house of representatives abolished, together with all their extravagant nonsense. In the place of them we ought to have one legislative body, that should have a room provided for it, lighted and warmed, with benches for seats, with no desks, cupboards or post-offices. Each member should buy all his stationery, pay his postage, buy his newspapers, or go without; and if he wants a book, picture, or diagram, showing that he is a member, let him pay for getting it up. He should have no power to spend the money of the state for his own benefit. Pass few laws and these on great deliberation. Then look after the business

of the governmental machinery in the same proportion, and the cost of being governed will be lessened by three fourths, and we will be governed four times as well as we are now. We will come to that I trust before long. It will not all be done at a jump. We must grow to it. The humbug of our two houses of legislation, and their peculiar style, ought to be understood and ridiculed. It is a wonder that it has not broken down of its own inherent comicality. Nothing but vanity sustains it. That weak side of human nature cannot sustain the imposition a great while longer, one would think. At all events it is worth something to a man to know that he lived here before the farce began; and as long as he lives let him hope that he may live here till it ends, if it ends in any kind of decent season.

Wisconsin is not worse than her neighbors in these respects. I claim for our country that she is better governed than any other, and with all this I claim that our country can improve, should improve and will improve. Perfection is not attainable, it can only be approached, and that approach should be commenced at once and pursued constantly.

"Well, how shall I help to right the things that are going wrong?
And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace?
The day of work is short, and the night of sleep is long,
And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song;
To sow in my neighbor's field, or to seek the golden fleece;
Or sit with my hands in my lap and wish that sin would cease."

One thing is certain, there is a good God, and he was here before us, and will remain here to look after matters when we are gone. We can see in America, as it now is, that the settlement of a new country by the gathering together therein of people from all quarters, is the last and one of the greatest of divinely appointed agencies in the development of the human family. By such gatherings of peoples old ideas and developments of thought are broken in upon and new ones are generated; and so necessarily

new countries have their place in the van of improvement and reform.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY JUDGE E. W. YOUNG AT
THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING HELD
AT NORTH FREEDOM, JUNE 23,
1886

In Old Japan, once a year, the jolly party meet together to talk over old times, relate adventures and have a luxuriant supper. They then proceed to business, which is to arrange all the marriages of the coming year. They have a great many skeins of red and white silk, which are the threads of fate of those to be married. The white threads are the men, the red are the women. At first they select the threads very carefully and tie a great many pairs or couples nearly together so that the matches are perfect. All such marriages of threads make happy marriages among human beings. But by and by they get tired and lazy, and, instead of tying knots carefully, they hurry up the work and then jumble them carelessly and finally toss and tangle all the rest. This is the reason why so many marriages are unhappy. This work done they begin to frolic like big boys. Ben-ten plays the guitar and Bishamon lies down on the floor, resting on his elbow, to hear it. Hotie drinks wine out of a shallow cup as wide as a dinner plate. Others begin to wrestle, and when one gets his man down he pounds his head with an empty gourd. Others of the party begin to eat fish. When this fun is over, by pairs they begin to play checkers, and the others look on and bet on the game, except a few fat fellows who are asleep. Finally they get ashamed of themselves for gambling, and after a few days the party breaks up and each one goes to his regular business again. This was the way the old settlers in Japan did it many centuries ago. It

was a sort of religious festival with them, and they were very punctilious in the observance of it. They commemorated the past, provided for the future and went in for a good time generally, but compared with the style and manner of doing such things to-day, we think they came pretty near making a botch of it. The custom of having Old Settlers' meetings and thereat a gay and festive time, is not a new one. It may not always take that particular name, nor is it limited to that precise class of persons who first entered and erected their tents and cabins in a new country. Its name varies according to the event designed to commemorate. The anniversary of the birth of Christ, the founding of the Christian religion, was instituted by the staid and sober christian fathers with good cheer and great hilarity. The yule log, decked with garlands, rolled and hauled into the big open fire place, surrounded by frolicsome and dancing boys and girls, began the feast, followed by the regulation plum pudding, roast boar's head, vension and pastry and all the dainties of the season, with butts of ale and maltsey, and rout and wassail. All were participants, the old, the young of every degree. The Thanksgiving festival of later date, established and handed down to us by our forefathers and borrowed by them from ancient heathen observances, is another of the same class. On that day is a reunion of the family now grown up and scattered. Then the aged parents, with glad hearts and open arms, receive, at the old hearth stone and under the ancient roof-tree, the boys and girls of their earlier years. The boys, now men, bearded and whiskered, and, way be, growing bald and hoary like the sire. The girls, now dignified and staid matrons, with anxious care for a younger growth, now clinging to their knees. It is a time of feasting, and as they gather around the festive board, the thoughts of all go back to the early years of the family. They tell again the oft told tale of the early times, when the fire upon the hearth was first lighted and the new

family altar first erected, of the sayings and doings of the little ones, the witticisms of one, the oddities of another, the heroic deeds and blunders and mishaps of another. The past is lived over again. The old fields, the pastures, the bush, the brake, the trout stream, brook or pond, where they went fishing; the pool where they went swimming; the hill where they went sliding down; the old lane to the school house and to the church, all are revisited and talked about. And, too, never to be forgotten, with subdued voice and gentle step they visit the little inclosure, from the public gaze and intrusion secluded, where lies one of their former number, the brightest, smartest and loveliest of them all. Annually, as these reunions occur, the heart of the parent and child is gladdened, filial and fraternal love lit up anew, and though when the hour of separation comes the bosom will swell, the voice stick in the throat and the tear stand in the eye, there remains in the hearts of the good old parents who stay and of the younger who go, the blessed plant of family affection re-watered, re-invigorated and renewed in growth by deeper root and broader foliage.

Asin to this are the class days among the students of our higher schools; the alumni gatherings of college graduates, wherest their struggles up the hill of learning are reviewed, and the good old times of student days recalled, old miffs and tiffs of boyhood days forgotten and the mantle of brotherly love thrown around and over every name in the class catalogue, making all as members of one common family. Then, too, comes the soldiers' reunion, the annual meeting of the so called boys in blue around their camp fire. They repeat their experience of the camp, the march, the bivouac, the skirmish, the earnest fight, the victory or defeat, the hospital, the prison and return home, tattered, begrimed, maimed, halt, shattered and unstrung. With zeal they enumerate the heroic deed of a comrade, their own serious exploits, or the ludicrous events that

checked their arduous service. And sadly and lovingly they speak of a mesquite under the sod. They live over again the long and tedious struggle, recalling in vivid pictures those days and months and years replete with stern, stubborn, ever present, living facts of resistance. *No further shalt thou go*, was the prohibitory command. A sturdy, wily, skillful foe, confronting, screamed it. The elements, with heat, and cold, storms of wind, rain, hail and snow reechoed it. Impeding forests, marsh, stream and mountain repeated it. Wounds, disease, fatigue, scant rations and scantier clothing renewed the warning. Notwithstanding the prohibition they flattered not, and despite all opposing forces, they went on and through and returned to tell to one another the incidents. From out these bitter trials, hardships and sufferings, often beyond the measure of human endurance, they pluck the blessed fruit of happiness in knowing they achieved safety, security and the perpetuity of a home, a country, and a nation. As Desdemona loved the Moor for the dangers he had undergone, and he loved her that she did listen to his story; so, when the annual campfires are lighted, and the army boy repeats the story of his soldier life, with the civilian love the soldier for the dangers and sufferings he endured—the soldier love the civilian that he listens in sympathy and admiration to his tale, and soldier the soldier that he was a sharer, participator and actor in the strife.

Not least in the enjoyment of the hour, and in its resultant effects, is the Old Settlers' festival. Old Settlers of Sauk county, we can hardly say of you, "You have come down to us from a former generation," for compared with the history of other countries, or with other sections of our own country, it is but as that day since the first white man built his hut within the borders of the county; and yet, when we see what it has come to be, what it is to-day from yesterday's beginnings, the wonderful changes would have required centuries to effect like

results in the old world. It hardly seems credible that within so short a period as when many of you now before me were in the prime and vigor of manhood, Sauk county lay in the wild uncultivated state of nature; its prairies unbroken and untrdden; its forests silent and pathless, save the trail of the Indian. From different homes, one by one, with no preconcert of action, self-reliant, trusting in the future, in a strong will, with courage that cannot be too much admired, you drove the first stake, built the little cabin and fixed your home. In ancient times such undertakings were made with great preparations, great circumstance and parade. A colony was raised, composed of all the essential elements of an organized society. Like the equipment and mobilization of an army for active service, they were provided with means for subsistence, protection and mutual support. Whole families, neighbors and communities were embraced in its catalogue, each with its flocks, herds, implements and utensils, and with *hares and penates* of the household, ready to start off anew in the new home. Helping, comforting, sustaining one another, they experienced little of the privations, loneliness, hardships and roughness you can well remember in your early settlement here. Around you was silence unbroken. On the prairie no smoke from a neighbor's chimney to greet and gladden you in the morning, and not a ray of the flickering candle from his window in the evening to flash you a good-night, and bespeak you companionship and aid in extremities during the darkness or on the morrow. For companions, the brave, plucky young wife, and, perhaps, some toddling wee ones within the cabin, and the patient, plodding ox without. There lay before you the broad field as nature made and kept it, its boundaries measured by miles, and not by chains, and within it the new farm and home staked out, to be subdued and cultivated. To you who pitched your home in the timber must have been the

loneliness of the night. With no sign of human habitation, no highway nor path-way for the world without to travel on by your door, the silent sentinels of the forest your only neighbors, and voices of its denizens the only answers to your spoken words, you felled the first tree and let the sun-light in upon your future farm of abundance and luxury. Without doors was work! work!! work!!! Man and oxen made a new farm on the nation's domain, but by patient, steady work. To subdue the ground, plant, sow, dress and keep it, is no garden of Eden pastime, but work that wrings sweat from the brow. Was it a holiday to the little wife within the door? Fresh from the old homestead where long established rule and system, and many hands to help, had made the ordinary routine of housekeeping, with its numerous conveniences and contrivances for lightening labor, a simple kind of play work that would almost go itself, the heroic little woman assumed this new undertaking. Will she fail? Nay. When the strong husband shows signs of faltering she strengthens his flagging spirits, and with equal step and firm resolve she cheers him on, bearing even with him her end of the yoke. House work to do, though all the house be parlor, chamber, kitchen and scullery, all in one. With little to do with, no conveniences, no labor saving contrivances, instead of running itself, said work must be done by main strength of muscle and will. She cares for house and children, and then helps the good man in the field. Such the woman who is a help-meat. Such the wife and mother to bear and bring up heroes. Thus the beginning.

After a while came a neighbor. The sound of his ax as he hewed away at his new home, the song, whistle and haw and gee of the new comer, as he drove his team all day, made music that did the soul good like a medicine. And so, one after another, came neighbor after neighbor, and neighborly love and kindness were interchanged—mutual help, encouragement and comfort were current

as the air. Step by step—improvements came. Acre by acre extended the field in the forest. Acre by acre came the prairie farm under till and culture. The house was made larger, more commodious, and conveniences and comforts added. Burns were built, fences stretched around, orchards planted, roads and bridges were constructed. There were stalls and cattle in the stall; a school house, and children many going to it; a meeting house with glittering spire, and a smiling, cheerful faced band of worshipers wending its way thither. What but a little while ago was no man's land, and had never known the rule of law, is now owned by many and becomes subject to the laws of property. *Mine and thine* are strictly defined, and divisions into towns and districts follow, with home rule and regulations. No longer a pioneer settlement, but a municipality with a government by its people and for its people. To go back a little: In those earlier days lies our chief interest, when all was new and you were yet in the primitive struggle. In those days bounteous nature and a generous soil quickly responded to the tickling of the plow and hoe, and of the substantial and necessities for the support of animal life there was a surfeit. But man cannot live by bread alone. The life is more than meat, and the rounded existence of man requires more than the farm and the dairy can produce. In all your abundance of wheat and corn and curds and cream, there was a lack and a hunger for something else. You would exchange some of your full store for such comforts and delicacies as the soil would not yield, and for the wherewithal to satisfy the intellectual cravings, but to the market where such exchange could be effected the way was long and tedious. Hardly can we to-day appreciate the self-denial and endurance you were compelled to practice. None but you can go back and take up thread by thread, and stitch by stitch, the warp and woof of the web you spun and wove. Cold, leaden hued at times,

were your skies. Days of disengagement, adverse fortune, when strength wiled and the heart grew faint, when sickness came stalking about your cabin, no physician near, and death, who wants no highway nor beaten path, could not be kept back by bolt or bar, nor yet by earnest prayer. But according as the day, so was your strength. Patience, perseverance and endurance carried you through, and all the hardships, deprivations and harrowing experiences that at the time seemed to cut ineffaceable furrows in your history, are relegated to the past and looked at from the distance that lends enchantment. With pleasure rather than pain you review the whole period and take delight in repeating the checkered story to one another at these annual reunions, and it you do not feel proud of the history, we who followed you years after, who came to reap some of the fruits of your sowing and planting, can with unfeigned words laud your heroism, and with deep emotion thank you for opening the way and with cordial greetings bidding us enter. Had you not come first, few of us who followed would be here to-day.

I rejoice with you at the happy retrospect and congratulate you that you can carry about with you the happy consciousness of being the leaders in the founding of homes for more than thirty thousand people. A people whose homes are as fixed and permanent, whose various businesses and occupations are as stable and prosperous, and whose future is as promising and hopeful as that of any people in the world. Do you fully appreciate and realize the wonderful changes that have taken place within this country since you became its first settlers? It seems in contemplation like a fairy conjuration, some marvelous transformation by Aladdin's lamp or the trick of the necromancer. The picture is always new and refreshing, and before we go let us take one more hasty glance at it. In imagination lift yourselves to some overlooking Pisgah and take a survey of South county. The time just be-

fore your advent. There lay the broad expanse, more than a half million acres, prairie, opening, woodland, lake, marsh and mountain. The Wisconsin river more than half encircling it; other rivers, creeks and streams with innumerable branches intersecting it. All unbroken, unused, as nature planted and nursed it. A beautiful panorama of her adorning.

Shut your eyes and open them. Lo! here a smoke curls up, yonder another and there another. They come from the huts of the settler. It is by some river or stream he begins his home. A little clearing appears, a few furrows are plowed, the first disturbance of the soil since the last grand cataclysm or revolution. Shut your eyes and open again. The little field is broadened. Others have been opened near and many can be counted from north to south along the water courses. Lines, straight, curved and crooked, stretch and wind across the prairie and forest and around hill and marsh, seeking the fords from one settlement to another. A way of communication is opened. Shut and open again. The beginning of homes are too many to count. They dot the whole landscape over. Where before was but one, you see a cluster. Villages are starting out. Fields widen into farms and farm joins farm. The crooked paths become straight and broad highways and bridges span the streams and rivers. The primitive hut stands yet, but in front of it is the more pretentious house. Barns and out-buildings give the air of the old home-stead. Flocks and herds graze the meadows and hill-sides. School houses nestle by the wayside. Churches lift tall spires, and busy men with team, cart and plow are following their occupation.

Again look. Villages on either hand—a city. Railroads glint across with long trains of merchandise. Factories set up a hum; the smoke of the furnace makes a dense cloud. The highways are busy with travelers. Instead of the ox team with the lumber wagon, there speed fleet horses with gaily mounted

business and light, elastic buggy. The stage wagons, carrying the mail and express, traverse from border to border. Ornamentation decks the home and its surroundings, and evidence of thrift, prosperity and culture abounds on every hand. The picture is hastily and imperfectly drawn. It would bear elaboration if time would permit. But for further illustration review the last census of statistics of the county, made in 1885.

Of wheat, 20,815 acres, 348,428 bu.; corn, 29,078 acres, 1,012,816 bu.; oats, 23,257 acres, 1,214,580 bu.; barley, 6,307 acres, 121,092 bu.; rye, 5,291 acres, 67,497 bu.; potatoes, 3,491 acres, 258,430 bu.; root crops, 71 acres, 22,964 bu.; apples, 1,121 acres, 34,430 bu.; clover seed, 822 bu.; timothy, 306 bu.; hops, 37,093 lbs.; tobacco, 26,052 lbs.; hay, 41,391 tons; butter, 684,253 lbs.; cheese, 241,071 lbs. At the average market value, worth \$2,000,000. Horses in value, \$1,000,000; neat cattle in value, \$800,000; mules and asses in value, \$15,000; sheep and lambs in value, \$80,000; swine in value, \$130,000. At the average market value, worth more than \$2,000,000. Other personal property, \$4,000,000; land aside from village and city lots, \$16,000,000. Making in the aggregate, \$24,000,000.

We say nothing of the other millions of wealth locked up and hidden away from the eyes of the assessor, of which imagination must supply the amount. With this cursory review as the outcome of *your* humble beginnings, do ye not well to rejoice? To have your stated times and set days when as *old settlers* you meet, sit down together and talk over all these things; to fan anew the flame of neighborly love kindled on the altar of pure friendship at a time when friend and neighbor, weighed in the balance, was of more value than shekels of silver and gold? You take the hand and look in the eye of such a neighbor and friend, almost as one who helped you found a kingdom, and, after the years that have set their marks and written their history all over you, almost as one who is about to join you in the entrance to that other kingdom where the beginning shall not be as the former. No forests to be felled and cleared; no prairies to be broken and subdued, where

the rough places are already made smooth; the flowers never fade, and the tree of life yields its fruit in all seasons, and we have a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. You have accomplished your work, and rounded out in full the measure of your appointed labors, and richly deserve our plaudits. Well done! Enter now into the joy of your labors. Throw care aside and aching toil, and leave to those who come reaping and garnering of your bounty to bear the burdens incident to the harvest.

Hold fast to the custom you have instituted of commemorating those historic days; mark its annual return by a bright stone in the calendar; enjoin upon your children and your children's children to continue its observance, and to hand down the traditions of the fathers, till in later days the festival shall come to be regarded as sacred, as the *Forefathers' Day of Sauk County*.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF SAUK COUNTY

Held at Prairie du Sac, June 24 and 25, 1890.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk Co. was held in a beautiful oak grove at Prairie du Sac, June 24 and 25, 1890.

On the evening of the 24th a goodly number met with the old settlers at the usual camp fire, to listen to their jokes and anecdotes of old times.

The meeting opened about eight o'clock with music by the Prairie du Sac band.

Mr. Wm. H. Canfield arose and announced that their president, D. K. Noyes, on account of illness was prevented from meeting with the old friends this year.

Music.

Mr. M. Willis was elected president pro tem.

Maj. Cerwith called for Mr. Owen to tell his coon story, but as he was not present volunteered to tell it himself.

He said Mr. Owen in his younger days started out one evening to call on a lady friend. He was accompanied by his dog, and on the way they discovered a coon. The dog, of course, was ready for battle, and as there was no tree near into which the coon could make its escape it proceeded to climb Mr. Owen. The gentleman did not enjoy this part of the play and tried to shake the creature off, but it clung with the pertinacity of life and seemed determined to occupy the top of his head as its safest position, and he was obliged to throw himself upon the ground in order to be rid of it.

Music.

Mr. R. Johnson, son of "Uncle Billy," was called for and responded with a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Wm. McCreedy told of two narrow escapes from death that he has

had, once on a battle field and again in a mill. Then finished with an amusing story of a Welch sailor out in Washington, who delighted in telling of his wonderful fights with tigers in the jungles of India, but forgot all about his past bravery when he found himself unpleasantly near an American grizzly.

Music by the band.

Mr. Waterbury spoke of the hard times he had during his early life in Wisconsin, when provision was high and money scarce. He thinks the settlers in Dakota will never have just the same hardships to bear, because they have railroads, which Wisconsin did not have.

Meeting closed at 9:30 with music by the band.

Next day at 10 A. M., a large crowd of old settlers and their friends formed in line at the Briggs House and headed by the band proceeded to the grove.

The meeting was opened with appropriate remarks by Mr. Willis.

Prayer.

Music by the Glee Club.

The secretary's report was then called for. He spoke of the first old settlers' meeting, which was also held at Prairie du Sac.

A letter was read from Mr. D. K. Noyes regretting his inability to be present and speaking of the old settlers that have passed away since last year.

The secretary then read two private letters from Mr. Leland, an old pioneer, who died but a few weeks ago. One of these letters stated that he gave Sauk county its name.

A letter had been received from the Hon. G. B. Burrows of Madison. He, Burrows, had expected to be present at this meeting but is now in Europe.

Mr. Lyman Clark, an old settler at Paraboo, wished to be remembered to the old friends.

Mr. Seymour of DeLona also sent his best wishes.

The secretary gave as the main objects of these meetings sociability among its members and the gathering of historical items.

Music by the Glee Club.

Mr. Edward Tabor then related a story of a great Indian scare that the people in the southern part of the county had a good many years ago, when the war-whoop was still to be heard among the hills of Wisconsin. [James Taylor told a story at our first O. S. meeting, held in Uncle Bill Johnson's grove, of the Sauk prairie Indian scare. Taylor started out with his horse to alarm the neighbors coming to Edward Tabor's, who was so alarmed that he begged a ride on the horse's back behind Taylor, which was agreed to. Tabor now rehearses the story and adds that three others also begged the privilege of riding, so the horse's back from mane to tail was filled with scared men, besides a dozen hanging to his tail, making a breakneck speed for their point of rendezvous at Prairie du Sac. The scare was a fact and the place of rendezvous a fact, and we guess that the above story is somewhat fictitious. W. H. C.]

Judge Quimby spoke of the inconveniences that the early settlers had to contend with, but he does not think they should be looked upon as martyrs, for he believes they enjoyed themselves better then than now.

Mr. Willis followed with a few remarks about old times.

Maj. Cerwich read a long list of names of old settlers that he had known since 1848, now all deceased.

Mr. Oertel is the oldest settler of this county now living.

Mr. Canfield then drove up with his old horse "Pedro" and told of his long and faithful service. Mr. C. has estimated that Pedro has drawn him 20,000 miles. He is 32 years old; an old old settler.

Adjourned till 1:30.

The friends had arranged for a basket picnic and now proceeded to gather around the tables and in little groups here and there under the trees. Hearty laughter and the chatter of merry voices in all directions bespoke the good cheer which prevailed.

At the appointed time the tap of the drum called them to the stand again.

Music.

Mr. Orson Thomas of Cassells prairie was called for and spoke of the good reputation of the old settlers of this county.

Mr. Chas. Payne compared the frugality of the boy of fifty years ago with that of the average boy of to-day. His boyhood was in Vermont, where he was taught to work and frugality was the order of the times. He was married in in home spun clothes. His boys now only know about machinery in doing farm work—they hardly know how to mow out a fence corner now. He never had from his parents \$5.00 for spending money before he was 21. His boys want \$5.00 every little while.

Music by the band.

Rev. Mr. Bickford then gave the address of welcome. Mentioned the past history and the future hopes of Sauk county, its schools, the cultured brain and moral character of its people, the productive soil etc.

Mr. Bickford replied to Mr. Payne that the sterile hills of Vermont were good for raising men but are as poor garden patches compared with the west. His boys and him-self can dress in broad-cloth, have plenty of money, can use machinery instead of doing hand work and have silk dresses and broad-cloth suits to get married in.

Music.

Mr. Abbott read an original poem.

Music by the Glee Club.

Now followed remarks from Mr. Willis concerning the present time with its reapers and binders and the old time when they had few conveniences for harvesting. He showed a sickle which somewhat resembled those used years ago for cutting grain.

Mr. Hackett said he thought our county had the most hospitable people in the world.

Mr. Wm. H. Canfield told about a trip with an exploring party into the interior of the county in early times.

Music by the Glee Club.

Mr. Alexander Stuart was called for and though on account of sickness hardly able to stand, responded with good will and told about coming to this county with but one dollar in his pocket.

Music by the band.

Mr. Loekman spoke of the first meeting of the old settlers.

Mr. McCready traced the career of several well known old pioneers and described some interesting points that he had visited in the far west.

Music.

Mr. Willis gave a pleasing sketch of a trip to California by way of New Mexico.

Music.

Election of officers. Mr. Frank Hackett of North Freedom was elected president for the ensuing year; Wm. H. Canfield, secretary; John Dickie, Jr., treasurer; Wm. Christie and Geo. W. Bloom, standing committee. The treasurer was not present, and no report was read.

CASH ACCOUNT.

Dues received, Old Members:

Frank Hackett.....	\$.50
Mrs. A. Perry.....		.50
H. M. Hill.....		.50
Mr. Clarinda King.....		.50
Eli King.....		.50
Mrs. A. Ortel, present and back dues.....	5.00	
D. J. Farnum50
N. H. Briggs.....		.50
Roswell Johnson.....		.50
Merriah Willis.....		.50

New Members:

Wm. S. McCready.....		.50
Paul Lachmund, born Sept. 26, 1845, settled in Sauk Co. Oct. 1, 1857.....		.50

Total.....\$10.50

Paid for reporting proceedings.....	\$	2.00
Fees for secretary.....		7.50
Total.....	\$	10.50

Prairie du Sac and Sumpter people paid all other expenses attendant on the occasion.

There is much credit due Roswell Johnson for the holding of this annual meeting at Prairie du Sac. He spent a good deal of time and expense from the first conception of it (which we think was largely his) to its finale. Merriah Willis was another of the burden bearers of the occasion, and a very pleasant president pro tem.

Silas W. Corwith is too fleshy and his health too poor to use much muscle, but his fertile brain and carefully worded sentences did much for the occasion. Further we may not particularize. The entire town of Prairie du Sac kept the "hatch string" on the outside of the door, and we had truly a pleasant meeting. Had the heavy rain of the previous night and extreme sultry weather been otherwise, the meeting would have been a very large one. However, it was very well up in numbers. The adjoining towns of Sumpter, Merrimac and Honey Creek were well represented. From Freedom there were Frank Hackett, Mrs. O. Gray and son of the treasurer, John Dickie. From Troy we noticed Wm. McCready, Geo. McCready and wife. From Spring Green the vivacious, jolly Alex. Stuart, age and a nervous disease are telling on him, still by effort he gave us a speech relating his recollections of his advent into Sauk county. We regret that his and other reminiscences given on this occasion could not have been stenographically reported, they were so full of new county scenes. Baraboo; Levi Cahoon, Lyman Messenger, Samuel Slantz and family, Delton; Mr. Vanderveer. From Springfield, Dane Co., Geo. Reynolds, Roxbury, Wm. Reynolds. Lodi, Louis Edensheim. West Point, Columbia Co., Mr. A. F. Abbott, our poet, Edward Smith and wife, Wm. Ryder and wife, Miss Henry, Mr. Drew, Mr. Montross and wife, Mr. Stevens and wife, formerly of Baraboo, James Latham and family, Mary More. The next day we called up on some residents: J. Deinger, the taxidermist. Edward Lindstrom affected below the knee; Mr. Lueters; Mrs. J. S. Tripp, daughter of the late Isaac Waterbury, a great sufferer a year or more with rheumatism; she has to be carefully looked after.

Wm. H. CANFIELD, Secretary.

[LIVIS writes, expressly for the Sank County Old Settlers Association and recited at their annual meeting held at Prairie du Sac, June 25, 1890, by the author, A. F. Abbott, of West Point, Columbia Co., Wis.]

The census man has put me down as of defective mind,
A little deaf, sometimes quite lame, and also partly blind;
Therefore, my verses hobble too—you know it has been said,
"The stream that from a fountain flows can't rise above its head."
Imagination, too, grows dull, when we attain old age,
And fancy, like a captured bird, must flutter in its cage.

I hope you'll bear these facts in mind, and when you scan my rhyme
You'll say, "We see the man is old and long since past his prime."

The excuses I have offered I have felt were needed now;
"It is always best to brush the teats before you milk the cow;"
And I hope this cow won't run away, nor switch an ugly tail,
Nor kick me flat upon my back, and overturn my pail.

We love to hear old settlers' yarns, which they sometimes relate,
Because they always speak the truth, and don't exaggerate;
For you'll find, if you examine close, they never magnify!
They're id like young George Washington—they cannot tell a lie.
I've noticed they are careful too, when they are inclined to boast,
For they've read of Ananias, how he yielded up the ghost.

I need not tell you, my old friends, that I feel justly proud
To speak in your behalf good words before this waiting crowd;
For, next to those who fought and died our Union to maintain,
The worthiest honors in our gift to you should appertain.
You left your early childhood homes, and, hoping for the best,
Some of you crossed the ocean wide and settled in the West.
You bravely bore exposure in a new and untried land,
And paved the way for building up a nation new and grand!

Yes! when I look upon your forms, now bowing down with age,
I see that many of you soon must close your pilgrimage,
And, to prove they're not ungrateful for the services you have done,
These people have assembled here to give their benison.
That is why so many people left their shops and farms to-day;
That is why they have assembled here, clad in their robes of gray;
That is why the throbbing music pulsates on the passing breeze,
With the sound of neighing horses, hitched all around among the trees.
See! the people still come pouring in, from all the country round,
And the streets are so farfully crowded, till no more can be found,
That is no independence day—no cannon loudly near—

But it is for our old pioneers, who meet to-day once more.

Some of them still stand up erect, and ease and crutch defy,
While others walk with faltering steps and on some arm rely.

Are these the young and hardy men who, many years ago,
First settled in Sank county and began to reap and sow?
Are these the men whose cabins then were built of rough hewn logs,
Who made the prairies wave with grain and drained the swampy bogs?
Who fenced in Belts and builded roads, and organized our towns?
Such men we honor here to-day—well worthy laurel crowns.

Each act of hard and patient toil these pioneers displayed
The women of those early days to share were not afraid;
They freely gave their utmost aid to win a home and farm
And cleared their lonely frontier life by every hopeful charm.
We view with warm and grateful hearts their trials and success
And hope the sunset of their lives may close with joy and peace.

Ye gay and winsome lasses, clad in your bright array,
How would you bear the toilsome life found here in former day?
Could you card wool and spin the yarn and wear the home made cloth?
To ask of you such work to do perhaps would make you wroth!
More—could you in the harvest field bind up the heavy sheaves,
And toil beneath the sultry sun from early morn till eve?

Could you churn butter, milk the cows and make the green sage cheese?
Nay! you would hardly undertake employments such as these.
Yet, some there are—let me be just—who do not quite disdain
To drive the reaper in the field and cut the golden grain;
Such girls are worth their weight in gold!
Young man, just take the hint,
Make haste and wed her, treat her well, and love her without stint.
She'll be a helpmate good and true, and crown your life with joy;
She'll prove a treasure rich in love, which time cannot destroy.

Ye young and middle-aged, whom I to-day address,
I wish a pleasing duty, now, upon you to impress:
Let all your acts be kindly toward your parents in old age;
Let their last years be peaceful, they will soon pass off the stage.
If aze is over-cautious, youth is often quite too rash,
And with the wealth they never earned in life, they cut a dash.
To you on the plain and simple ways of our old pioneers,
They never suffered hungry wants and therefore have no fears,
The hardships and privations of an early frontier life,
When a others lived in terror of the Indian's scolding yell,
You never can imagine, nor can I dare quite express,

For rude experience only knows what others only guess.

When I turn back some fifty years I well recall to mind
How books, that are so plenty now, were very hard to find.
We had "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" too,
The Bible and the Hymn Book, which we read through and through.
While "Alonzo and Melissa" caused tender hearts to ache,
While "The Children of the Abbey," as a romance "took the cake,"
Some of us, who were fortunate, read that once noted book,
"A History of the Voyages of the Famous Captain Cook."
And our New England Almanac we never can forget,
In which we learned that when it rained the weather would be wet!

The old New England primer, with its catechism true,
We children had to study till we all the answers knew.
It also gave a brief account of how John Rogers died—
Burnt at the stake, in Smithfield, with his fond wife near his side,
Who followed her dear husband, with heavy grief oppressed,
With nine small children at her side and one still at her breast.
"In Adam's fall we sinned all," I learned in that same book
(That saying may seem slightly wrong, when at the facts we look);
How Moses was the meekest man, but he grew mad at length,
And Samson was the strongest man, killed by his own great strength.

We were taught in our geographies that on the Norway coast
There was a wondrous whirlpool, much too powerful for most,
For boats and ships and mighty whales, within its limits found,
Were whirled about in currents strong and in its vortex drowned.
Quite a number of our Western States, which now on maps appear
Were included in the "Desert," from all vegetation clear,
And the awful Straits of Scylla filled the sailors' hearts with dread;
But of these marvels, once so great, there now is nothing said.

Once over all our Western States, where white man never trod,
Wild Nature, with her carpets rich, bespread the prairie sod;
Strewed her bright flowers profusely here, to blush and bloom unseen,
Bedecked her broad and level plains with hues of heaven's blue;
Here herds of antelope roved and cropped the herbage sweet,
While ages after ages rolled in solitude complete,
Except that savage Indian tribes here lived and loved and fought,
Of whom no history now remains—they were but now are not.
Then came the hardy pioneer, whose oxen bore the yoke
And made him till the land, which never had been tilled before,
Nature grew tame, threw off wild ways, and spread with liberal hands

The beauties of unnumbered charms o'er all our western lands.

Our pioneers were noted for their earnest, steadfast will,
And for earnest perseverance, that mischance could never chill,
Right onward toward the wished-for goal they moved with steady pace.
It is the tortoise, not the hare, that oftenest wins the race.

Where once stood hovels, thatched with straw, which now have disappeared,
Have large and well constructed barns on that same ground been reared;
The small log house, built up in haste, with shakes to form the roof,
Gave shelter from the winter's cold, though often not rain proof;
Four panes of glass, and sometimes less let in the light of day;
But how we've grand bay windows that will frighten tramps away.
In a pen of rails, thick lined with straw, we stored our new threshed grain,
Which, when 'twas sold in Madison, brought us but little gain.
Our prospects oftentimes looked dark, and we felt nearly beat
When we got only thirty cents for our plump, heavy wheat.
If we owed a note or mortgage then, we had to be content
To pay, by way of interest, some twenty-five per cent.

In eighteen hundred fifty-one occurred the "Reedsburg War,"
In which the victory was gained by her competitor;
For Baraboo, which won the fight, was made the county seat,
And Reedsburg, being quite outflanked, sustained a great defeat.
Reedsburg at one time got so mad, and with disgust so crammed,
She vowed all rats and logs she'd keep and Baraboo be damned!

Some of the farmers here to-day remember our great crops,
And how in eighteen sixty-three you bet your pile on hops.
Then you drove horses of fine blood, with harness silver-gilt,
Had carriages that glittered bright, to your own order built;
Had credit without limit, for you held the winning card,
And men would point to you and say, "He owns a big hop yard!"
Then you smoked twenty cent cigars and smashed your old clay pipe,
And, when you ran in debt, you'd say, "I'll pay when hops are ripe."
'Twas said some men grew odd and strange—had "hops upon the brain,"
And hardly knew what others said, or answered back again.
One of these men, the story goes, when asked "Where are you bound?"
Made answer, in an absent way, "For fifty cents a pound."

Among our early pioneers who from New England came
Were the Tabor's, and the Keysars, and others I could name;
The Perkinses and Hainses and the Waterburys too,
The Williams, the Grows and Hills, and others whom I know;
Hance K. in Berkshire county, in the famous old "Bay State,"

Gave us our landlord, N. H. Briggs, who on you all will wait.

He'll fill you full, up to your chin, none can go hungry there; you have doubts, just try him once, then you won't goise more.

You all know O. B. Hubbard, who came here from Old Vermont.

That man, I'll bet my boots to-day, will never come to want.)

He landed on Sauk Prairie in eighteen forty-five,

And when old settlers congregate you'll find him still alive.

Besides those from New England who were early settlers here, there were many from the Empire State among our pioneers:

Old Uncle Billy Johnson, whom we gladly still retain,

And Philo W. Carpenter, and bluff old Charley Payne.

The Keystone State contributed both Earnest and Devine,

And Mether, on the prairie, all good farmers I suppose.

I'll add, as worthy mention here, the Steeds, the Gibbs and Shell.

While Jameson and the Quiggles helped your numbers then to swell,

And hundreds more old settlers yet may still on Sauk be found

Whom I'd be glad to mention, but you see I've run aground.

These settled on Sauk Prairie, where they made a noble stand,

But now, it seems, that German folks will soon own all the land.

I happened several years ago to be in Lower Sauk,

Where I met a German gentlemen, with whom I had a talk.

Said he, "Mine friends, I tells you, dot you vill soon found out!

Dot der Sherman vill own all dis state and country round about!"

I asked him to explain to me how he could prove that true.

Said he, "Mine friends, yust stop a while, und I'll explain to you:

Der Yankee voman haf ven child, or two, und sometimes drei;

To haf a number more as dot she ufer vill agier;

But every Sherman voman, where'er she is found,

Vonts twelve or feefteen children, all she can reach around!

I'd-d you now, you may belief, I don't exaggerate,

But every squander Sherman mens vill own all der Batcher State!"

Let Germans marry Yankee girls, and so they'll win a prize;

Let Yankees marry Yankee men, 'twill tend to encrease;

For in such a healthy climate all should heed docters' commant,

To "begethin" and to "multiply" and "re-plement" all the land.

Of our lawyers and our doctors I have here no mention made,

Not our judges, or merchants, who win the money made.

Let the doctors give me bigger pills than I should like to take.

And since ministers of different sects can by no means agree,

To make allusions to them here would never do for me.

Some of them think all men will dwell in yonder blessed abode,

While others think most men are bound to take the road.

But merchants all are of one mind—what 'tis I need not tell:

They want small prices when they buy—big prices when they sell.

When this fair Western region stood in all its grandeur wild,

The red man hunted for his food, and Nature on him stalled,

Could he forsode the wondrous change a century has wrought,

A World's Fair where his wigwam stood, and all his race forgot?

When first from Roxbury's wooded bluffs, Haraszthy looked on Sauk,

He had a vision of delight that gave his soul a shock.

He stood and cried, "Eureka! Italia! Italia!"

He'd found the land for which he sought from distant regions far;

But most of those who with him came are numbered with the dead.

That splendid land which he beheld is that on which we tread.

Yes! 'tis a fair and fertile land, and happy should they be

Who own broad acres of the soil, from all incumbrance free.

You old and hardy pioneers, just let me say to you,

"Remember Canfield, your old friend, who came in forty-two,

Who made a dry goods box his house six weeks without ado

And took up land on Skillet Creek, three miles from Daraboo.

He will give his time and talents,—he would rather work than play—

And he has always been found with you on your reunion day.

Where are those brave gallant sons who should be here to-day?

With banners spread and sounding drums, you saw them march away;

They went to fight in Freedom's cause, their hearts beat high and warm;

They rushed where dangers round them raged, a death devouring storm!

They died! but dying seized the prize they strove so hard to gain.

They gave their lives for liberty, which we must now maintain.

Sad parents, of your sons bereaved, your flowing tears repress;

As they died in their country's cause, their memory we bless.

Often Memorial Day returns we'll deck their graves with flowers;

For weep for them as kindred slain; we'll mourn for them as ours.

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THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF SAUK COUNTY

Held at North Freedom, June 23 and 24, 1891.

The "Old Settlers' of Sauk County" 19th Reunion just in the past was pronounced by many as the largest and best meeting they have ever held. But this is not true. It was a large and pleasant meeting; the speaking seemed unusually good; but there was one unpleasant feature about it, viz.: the young people's dancing floor was so near the speakers' stand that the calling off of dancing figures was unpleasantly plain and annoyed the speakers. The mistake will be remedied in the future. The following report is from the assistant secretary, Miss Jennie Tinkham:

According to the program the Old Settlers convened on the evening of June 23 in the Petteys grove. Quite a large crowd collected, and about 9 o'clock the log heap was lighted, and its glow soon fired the enthusiasm of the Old Settlers, and their minds went back to the '40's, when log heaps were an every day occurrence. Mr. Canfield opened with a short talk and on being seated called upon Mr. Hubbard, who responded with brief remarks. John Hanger, who always tells very marvelous tales, was called for and responded with one of his most thrilling snake stories. Mr. Canfield told them they need not believe all of Mr. Hanger's yarns but must believe every word of this story, and he proceeded to tell a snake story that was about as incredible as the preceding had been. Mrs. Seeley was called for but spoke only a few minutes. At 10 o'clock adjourned.

June 24, the meeting was called to order by the president about 11 o'clock. Music by N. Freedom Band, followed by prayer by Rev. S. P. Kezert. As the meeting was held at Prairie du Sac last year, and the secretary had neglected to

send to the members the pamphlet of printed proceedings, he said he would read the full report, commenting as necessary. It was moved and seconded that the report be accepted. Carried.

Music by the band.

Chas. Hirschinger expressed his surprise on finding himself on the program for an address of welcome, but as he had either owned the town or the town had owned him at the age of ten and all Old Settlers were friends bound by a common tie, Freedom must allow him to welcome all again to their town, for he had belonged to the town if he didn't now. He said many had heretofore expressed a desire to hold the meeting elsewhere, and accordingly two years ago we met in the park at Baraboo, but there was grumbling because we trampled on the grass, and there was no word of welcome by the mayor. Last year it was held at Prairie du Sac, and I know nothing about it. We had thought that Hackett's grove was the best grove, but this is good, and the owner is an Old Settler, and we are always welcome on their grounds. In fact, we feel the welcome, and more than ever when we see that the good people have even sent out teams to meet us. We wonder if we shall be permitted to meet another year. There have been many changes in the past year. La grippe has claimed many for its victims, Uncle Billy Johnson has passed away, and very many others that first met together at these meetings. Mr. Farnum here was one of my neighbors in those early times, though living 10 miles away. We used to get up early on Sunday morning and go across lots through the woods and brush for a visit. N. Freedom has done much for our en-

tainment, and the grounds are free, now we must make our conduct such that we will be received again next year and hear an address of welcome by the chairman of the town.

Mr. Canfield was reminded by Mr. H's remarks of that first O. S. meeting, which was held at Uncle Billy's, and how he succeeded in producing the first report while the cannoeers were yet sleeping at the early dawn of day. He threw a board upon another board with such force that it made a noise quite similar to that of a gun. The fatted calf had been killed, and that morning a half score of Barabooans, who had stayed the night with him, partook of it. Uncle Bill had been a wide-awake man in his day. We had brought the Baraboo cannon over here the day before the meeting.

In the president's address he eulogized the O. S. gatherings as grand and noble but not altogether to his mind. He thought they could be made productive of great good by teaching the young of the trials and hardships endured by the pioneers. He thought that Old Settlers should run it and not the young settlers and that it should be made such that all might indorse all proceedings, all might be on a common level, and all enjoy it as though it were their last meeting. He then exhorted the young to respect the veterans and especially the mothers, paying them a glowing tribute.

The band then furnished some more of their excellent music.

It being about 10 minutes to the dinner hour, Dr. Kezerta was called upon to fill that time, which he did in his able manner. He was glad to have them all there, glad to see so many young people who would some time be Old Settlers somewhere, though the regions were getting scarce that were to be newly settled. He wanted to encourage all to good words and works—the old to so live as to be patterns to the young, and some time there will yet be a land of Eden, and the rumshop shall be known no more.

Elder Snodgrass then made an an-

nouncement regarding the dinner which was furnished on the grounds by the M. E. society. He said he went in on a half fare ticket but added that there was more joy over one man that pays his way than over ninety-and-nine that deadbeat their way.

Music again by the band, and all dispersed for dinner.

The afternoon session opened at 1:45 with another piece by the band, after which Miss X. Kester, of Reedsburg, gave a very fine recitation.

Mr. Snodgrass, the orator of the day, then delivered his speech with his own inimitable eloquence.

Music by the band.

Mrs. Seeley then took the stand to say a word in praise of Reedsburg, of which she had been a resident for more than 40 years. She said they raised more babies there to the acre than in any other place in the county; that it was growing and was a city and fully alive. But it was to the soldiers she wished to speak, for no one had spoken of them. Then she recalled the army scenes, the joy of receiving letters from home, which was shared by all the comrades, also that of the home friends upon receiving news from the boys in the army, which was too often turned to grief by sad news of killed and wounded in battle. These letters were never private, but on hearing of one being received people would come for miles to hear the news.

Judge Huntington, of Green Bay, being present, was called upon. He spoke of not being prepared with a speech but was always prepared to speak a word for the O. S., for though not a very old settler himself he had never found an old one who was not an honorable man. Sauk county had furnished its full quota of brave men to quell the rebellion, at the head of whom was Uncle Alex Crawford. The mountains of Greece have given the Greeks their sturdy characters, so the rugged nature of Sauk from narrows to narrows has bred strong, patriotic citizens.

Music.

Mr. Briggs was called upon to speak for Prairie du Sac. He made a good speech, judging from the one remark which we were able to catch. He is a thorough temperance man, and though he keeps a hotel, not a drop of liquor can be obtained there.

At the completion of his remarks music was heard in the background, and the Reedsburg band was found to be present and was invited to the platform. The down train was four hours behind, but still the Reedsburg delegation and band came.

Senator Burrows was then introduced and spoke in behalf of Lower Sauk in his spirited and enthusiastic manner. His reference to his late European tour was full of interest, and his praise of his old Sauk City neighbors was very high. He thought Mrs. Seeley, who had made the declaration that Reedsburg produced more babies to the acre than any other part of Sauk county, was entirely mistaken, for Sauk City could certainly beat Reedsburg on babies and handsome women and good men.

Music by the Reedsburg band.

Stacy Jones, of Baraboo, recited a piece portraying the Yankee in fine style.

Mr. Frank Hackett read an original poem entitled "Which Road Will You Take?"

S. J. Seymour responded to a call and made a short but interesting speech, mainly in regard to early life in Wisconsin.

Mr. Gunnison then read an appropriate poem by Mrs. Edna G. Hawley, of Michigan.

The president offered a few remarks in regard to dancing being allowed upon the grounds, and was followed by Mr. C. Hirschinger on the same subject. The latter then made the motion that if dancing were allowed on the grounds hereafter it must be farther removed from the speakers' stand or discontinued during the exercises. This motion was seconded and after further discussion by the above named gentlemen was put and carried.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Frank Hackett, president; Wm. H. Canfield, secretary; Jno. Dickee, Jr., treasurer; Wm. H. Canfield, G. W. Bloom, Chas. Hirschinger, executive committee.

Annual dues paid in:

Wm. Grubb and wife paid to the Sect. at Baraboo a few days prior to the meeting.....	\$1.00
O. W. Spaulding.....	.50
N. H. Briggs.....	.50
S. J. Seymour.....	1.00
F. J. Groat.....	1.00
D. J. Farnum.....	.50
A. Weidman.....	1.00
O. C. Blanchard.....	.50
P. Pratt.....	.50
Jas. Cowles.....	.50
Philip Babb.....	.50
Erastus Langdon.....	.50
A. W. Foster.....	.50
C. Keith and wife.....	1.00
Wm. Christie.....	.50
G. W. Bloom.....	.50
A. R. McCoy and wife.....	1.00
A. C. Harris.....	.50
Mrs. Elizabeth Hill.....	.50
Mrs. Levi Cahoon.....	.50
C. Hirschinger.....	.50
Sen. Burrows (honorary member)....	.50
O. B. Hubbard.....	.50
Roswell Johnson.....	.50
Geo. Moog.....	1.00
Frank Hackett.....	.50

16.50

New members:

Frank Forby of Freedom, born Sept. 18, 1816, moved into Sauk Co. fall of 1854.....	.50
J. A. Dockham of Baraboo, born Sept. 30, 1830, at Sandwich, N. H., came to Sauk Co. in Sept. 1854.....	.50
Mrs. Annie E. Peck Burt of Baraboo, born Oct. 22, 1835, at Steuben, N. Y., came to Sauk Co. July 6, 1856.....	.50
Frederick Filber of Baraboo, born in Germany Oct. 11, 1801, came to Sauk Co. 1850.....	.50

Seneca Whitney of Baraboo, born
 Jan. 24, 1811. His wife, Mrs.
 Charlotte Whitney, born Sept.
 18, 1811. Came to Sauk Co.
 May 16, 1852..... 1.00

19.50

Senator Burrows referred to a portion of Elder Snodgrass's speech relative to the broad inviting acres of our country and that the $\frac{1}{2}$ million annual influx of foreign population could find a resting place and a home for many—many—many years to come without any crowding. In his recent European tour he had noticed that their large farms measured about five acres. He told an intelligent farmer if he would come to America Uncle Sam would make him a present of 160 acres of new rich virgin soil. The man looked at him in such a manner as to mutely say that is fiction. He had seen women yoked in with animals in preparing manual labor;—had noticed women carrying mortar and bricks to the very top of an 8 story building. Their R. R. cars were small and poor, a common box car of ours would put to shame their common coach car, and our vestibule train would be such a palace as has not yet appeared on their railroads.

The Oration.

A brief synopsis of Mr. Snodgrass's remarks:—I was born in Madison Co., (not Posey Co.,) Ind., but settled in Wisconsin at the age of two years, getting my living whether I earned it or not. I worked on a farm until 21 years old. Some people think Methodist preachers know nothing about farming, and some brethren down our way say they never knew one to have a garden, but they ought to see mine now. I have 100 hills of beans, 200 hills of corn and other things in proportion, only I didn't plant any watermelons because there are too many Methodists around there. But it is of the progress and character of our country that I wish to speak. The

people of the Eastern states used to think they could tell big yarns, but after stretching the truth all that they thought consistent the Westerner easily covered it without a lie. There are two parallel forces always at work, one contending for the old way, the other reaching out to the new, but the tendency to cohesion is overcome the world over, and the U. S. are no exception. The remotest parts are filling, and to day we have the wealthiest nation on earth. Although first in creation it was the last in development and was thereby reserved as the temple of civilization. For 5000 years genius has opposed the diurnal motions of the earth and there has been a steady migration, resulting in advanced civilization. Whenever transplanting occurs improvement is the result, therefore America is a favored land. In this world there is always a strife for something better, and although nations have risen and fallen, armies fought and died, workers lived and wrought seemingly in vain and students toiled on without solving their problem, still they have not lived in vain but their efforts and influence are pushing the world still farther toward the dawn—farther from barbarism toward civilization. The greatest progress has been made in the 19th century. When this man at my side (Mr. Filber, who is over 90) was 7 years old Fulton invented the first steamboat, in his 20th year the first iron plow was used, at 30 the first R. R. passenger cars and at 40 the first telegram was sent. At the beginning of the century everything was done by hand, now almost everything is done by machinery. In 1847 it took Dr. Atkinson 8 months to travel from Maine to Oregon, and a message that in 1815 would require 3 days to reach its destination forwarded at utmost speed, now spans the same distance in as many minutes. There were 280,000 African slaves at the beginning of the century, and now slavery is destroyed. Our manufacturing at that time was insignificant, while now it rivals that of England, the greatest manufactur-

ing country of the globe. Progress in the West has been most rapid, 10 years beyond the Mississippi equaling 50 years east of it. Placing Texas, our largest state, on Europe it would stretch from London to Warsaw. From Dakota could be made a half-dozen countries like Greece. Were our 60,000,000 people all placed in Texas it would be no more crowded than Germany, placed in Dakota no denser than England and Wales, and Texas could sustain this vast number and still raise its cotton and as many cattle as are raised in New York. Our entire country could sustain 20 times the population it now does. We used to hear a great deal about the Great American Desert, first in one place, then removed to another as civilization advanced, until now we hear little of it. Our wealth exceeds that of Great Britain by \$30,000,000. Greek scenery had a vast influence on the character of its citizens, so must American when everything is on so much grander scale. When Chief Justice Chase visited Patrick Henry's birth-place and breathed the pure atmosphere and looked at the mountain scenery he is said to have exclaimed, "No wonder a Patrick Henry was born here!" In America all are equal before the law. The wisdom of the people governs, and democratic ideas are fundamental. Religious freedom, though sometimes a seeming weakness, is really a blessing, for religion flourishes best when separate from the state. Free education is the foundation of American government. The next time I speak to you I shall try to confine my remarks more to the history of Sauk Co.

Mr. Burrows came to the stand with the reminder that we are all growing old. He found his strength failing him and was reminded of it that day by weariness occasioned by having to walk from the depot to the grove. He came to represent Lower Sauk, and in reply to Mrs. Seeley's remarks would say that his town could discount Reedsburg on the number of beautiful women as well as on babies, colts, calves and beer. He said he always came to the O. S. A. with notes

in his pocket like the old Vermont singing master, and it was his aim to be at each and every meeting, but owing to absence, sickness and various reasons he had not been present since 1836. Some appropriate verses he had clipped from a paper and wished to read. He then referred to his foreign trip and feelingly spoke of our old flag, telling how a year ago on July 4th he was in a city containing a thousand hotels but not one floated the stars and stripes until he had one made and flung to the breeze. The last meeting he attended Dr. McKenna was with him, and little he dreamed he would so soon pass away. Nels Wheeler also used to enliven the occasion with his wit and drollery. From the Baraboo Republic, which he had taken many years, he had kept a record of the deaths of the old settlers and would read it. His friendship for the German was as strong as ever, but while in Germany the degradation of the women was noticeable in comparison with free America. (Mr. B's visits to our meetings are very gratifying. We wish we could have had a stenographic report of the many good and instructive words spoken.)

Which Road Would you Take?

(To the Old Settlers of Sauk Co. by Frank Hackett.)

If you could go back to the fork of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the
load,

Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to
abide:

Back of the sorrow and back of the care,
Back to the place where the future was fair:
If you were there now a decision to make,
Oh! pilgrim of sorrow, which road would
you take?

Then after you'd trodden the other long
track,

Suppose that again to the forks you went
back,

After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare.
That the road you first traveled with sigh
and unrest,

Though dreary and rough, was most gra-
ciously blest,

With balm for each bruise and a charm for
each ache,

Oh! pilgrim of sorrow, which road would
you take?

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF SAUK COUNTY

Held at North Freedom, June 26 and 27, 1895.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County was held near the village of North Freedom in John Hackett's grove. A cool pleasant day. It was a large coming together of the people of the Baraboo valley and the interchange of friendly greetings was cordial and all things pleasant. Not any of our meetings of former years have been more so. There was but one gaming, catch-penny plant upon the ground, viz: Throwing balls at a mark for a consideration. The speaking, the anecdotes, and the songs were ample for the occasion, except we missed the music of the well-trained North Freedom brass band, that has heretofore cheered and led our services. It was generally acknowledged that it was a serious mistake in not employing them on this occasion.

EVENING CAMP FIRE SESSION OF JUNE
26, 1895.

Old Settlers' meeting held June 26th, 1895, in Hackett's grove, in the village of North Freedom.

At eight o'clock Camp Fire lit.

Mr. Hirschinger, the president of the association, said: It is always customary for the oldest settler to tell the first story. Mr. Canfield introduced.

Remarks by Mr. W. H. Canfield: Of course I cannot refuse, and ought not to refuse to tell the first story: I have done it for a good many years. I have been thinking all day of something to tell, but I don't think of anything new now.

A new country is always full of "green-horn" experiences. One "green-horn" experience I had was when I

moved into the woods and put up a log house: I built a chimney, and stayed all winter in that house, and the chimney smoked. I built that chimney over three times before I got the chimney so that it would draw. That winter I must have shed a pint of smoky tears—more or less—but we survived. At last I made a very fine one, which in after years was a source of great pleasure.

I don't think of anything else that would be particularly interesting; I want to hear someone else talk.

Mr. Hirschinger said: Mr. Canfield was a kind and generous man; when we came to Wisconsin he gave us permission to move into his house.

Mr. Frank Hackett: I don't see any story in this for me to-night, but I am here and will start out with a story. I killed a bear and I did not kill him, but I came near it. The facts in the case are these: When we were building a railway up there a bear came across the land, and there were quite a number of hands with me; they called me to come and shoot the bear; they kept me running until I was nearly out of breath; I had a gun, and went across through the brush, and there sat the bear, and was ready to take me in his arms: I did not care about that kind of a hug; I shot and the bear went over; the fact is the bear went across the bluff and got away. That bear cost me a good lot of "run," and I did not get him either.

Remarks by James Waddle: I am the oldest settler in this town; I went through a good deal: I had an old hunter that went with me; his name

was Davis: he was a good hunter: we went out one morning and thought we would kill a bear before night: we went up to a big tree and a bear lay beside it; I said, "I will shoot, I am the oldest man." There was a young cub there and we shot him right in the side of the head.

When my father came to this country he had only three shillings in his pockets. Now, what can you do with three shillings? We had to root like pigs: we had to lay in shanties: that we can prove: you don't know anything about it: we were all wet: we lived through it: folks said we would get sick, but we did not.

Song by Mr. Jim Waddle—"Brandy Jin." (2nd) "Rain on the Roof."

Remarks by Mr. W. H. Canfield: What I have in my mind I have told before: I will tell about one green-horn experience I had while surveying a state road from Portage to La Crosse. J. W. Babb could sing all night and tell stories. I will tell of a little incident which occurred on the road. Babb attempted to cross a ditch with his horse: the country was new and we had to pitch our tents and examine the country to see the best place to locate a road from Portage to La Crosse. Babb always rode on his old horse, "John." In his young days he was almost a Methodist preacher: afterwards he became quite an apostate. I saw him coming on old John, he called him "John the Baptist." Babb wanted his horse to cross a ditch; the horse questioned his ability to jump across: finally he ordered John on, and he got his fore feet over, but the hind feet went into the ditch. Babb went into the bottom of it. The first thing he said was "You mean old Methodist."

Remarks by Mr. Lueth: Ladies and Gentlemen—I am not a public speaker: I must admit that I never went to any English school. What I know of the English language I have learned my-

self. My father went away from the old country in 1850, in the summer time: I don't know exactly the month: we landed in Milwaukee the 8th day of October, 1850: I was then eleven years old. Of course I was not confirmed: I went to Milwaukee to school, I went with old Mrs. Ringling, she was there. I lived in Milwaukee three years, then moved west between Columbus and Lowell: it was all wilderness: I worked for Mr. Manning in Columbus for twenty years: then I started to go west, I thought I would go to Pike's Peak: we got along on the Santa Fe road and one after another our party backed out, and I was left alone, so I backed out too: I went to New Orleans and stayed there about three months: I went to St. Louis and stayed there some weeks and then went back to Wisconsin. In 1858 thought I would go back to Mr. Manning and he was very glad to see me; I went south again: started for St. Louis and I could not get any work: I was a miller by trade: I started for New Orleans: in New Orleans in 1858 they had the fever the worst of any year, and folks said it was bad for me to go there: I did not get the fever: in the spring I went to Fort Leavenworth: I used to drive a team from Fort Leavenworth to Salt Lake City. I hired out for forty-five cents a day: in 1859 we again came and passed by where the Indians had killed thirty-six people, their bones were lying there: men and animals; if the white people would use the Indians well they would use the white people well. In 1861 I went back to Wisconsin and got married. Some people think we have hard times, but we have no such times as we had then. My father was hired for fifty to seventy-five cents a day in the harvest field, and that was big pay. Was it cash? Yes, we will pay you cash, but it was all in store bills. I have seen some hard times and I have seen some good ones. We should always be thankful for what the good

JUNE 27, 1895.

Lord has done for us, and for everything we receive.

Remarks by Mr. Chas. Hirschinger: There are some old settlers who are not able to be here with you to-night: they have been called from this land of trial and hard times. There will be less at our next meeting, until there are only a few left to tell the story.

When this meeting started I was entitled to be called an old settler: when I came to this country and to that house built with a chimney I was about 10 years old; only a lad. Now I will tell you how we got here: in 1846 we traveled down the Ohio and up the Mississippi; we got along all right; we had to stop a day; we went to Freeport, Ill., then we started for Wisconsin. When we were at Cincinnati whisky sold for 25c a gallon; we brought a 46-gallon barrel along. In the spring of 1847 we started for Wisconsin. I was driving cattle and we did not find any water. Every place we stopped we would find they were sick; it got along about two o'clock in the afternoon and I fell in the road; they put me into a wagon box.

I will tell you about the first licking I got in Wisconsin. One morning I started for school: the school teacher's name was Peter La Pete: he was a Frenchman; he did not make much of a school teacher; everyone called this man Peterly. When I went to school that day my mother told me to be very polite: when I got to the school house I went up to the teacher and said: "Good Morning, Mr. Peterly." And I got a good threshing for it.

Remarks by Mr. Canfield:—Told a bear story.

Music by Baraboo Drum Corp.

Prayer by Rev. Bushnell, of Baraboo.

Music by the band.

Address of welcome by Mr. Frank Hackett, of North Freedom:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Old Settlers:—It is with pleasure this morning that I undertake to make a few remarks in regard to welcoming you to this grove. It was not until last night that I knew that I would have any part to perform in this meeting. I welcome each and every one to-day on an equal basis. I feel glad in my heart to have this privilege to stand before you and say, "Welcome to you old-settlers."

As we look around we realize the fact that many who were with us last year are not with us now. They have gone to the country from which no traveler returns. We are fast traveling on. We all want to know the best way to travel, and have the very best time we can. If we had a little more kindness we would not have this difficulty of quarrelling and lawing. We would not need any lawyers or justices to settle these matters. We will have to go one by one and meet the old settlers on the other side of the river, and we will meet them there and have the best time we ever had. I believe it because Christ, the master, is at the head. I tell you all are going to be there, every one of us. So you had better square yourself because you will have to be there. I welcome you to this grove and hope you and everyone will enjoy yourselves, and that all will not regret having come here. I like to see the same principle instilled in the young settlers that is among the old settlers.

As I look around I see a number of the old settlers of the village who are not here to-day. One of whom I will mention is "Uncle Billy Sproul." I present this as a token of respect; it is a cane that the old gentleman used to



have, and he gave it to me as a token of respect; he wanted me by his side: he said he might die when I was not by him. I am going to bring it to the old settlers' meeting as long as I live, and give it to my boys and tell them to bring it to the old settlers' meeting when I am gone. When you went to Uncle Billy's house you always got everything you wanted; could enjoy yourself and have a good time.

Music by the band.

Remarks by Mr. Chas. Hirschinger: Now friends it is not an easy task for me to reply in behalf of the old settlers this morning. When I look around I find that the old familiar faces that used to meet us here from time to time, from year to year, are no more; they are not in our midst. I was well acquainted with them, and as my thoughts follow them along I find that some are buried down in the grave yard at Sumpter. Yes, there are a half dozen resting places scattered over the county, which they once inhabited. They are gone never to meet with us again. I remember when we used to be ten miles apart, and as Mr. Hackett said, when you got to an old settler's house you were welcome. You could stay all night whether they had a bed or not. But there are only a few left, and these few may not stay much longer. It may be that you will have old settlers' meeting in this grove forever, but they will not be all pioneers. A few more years will thin our ranks. In the first place I will say that we old settlers like to come to North Freedom because we are welcome, and second, because it is about the oldest place in Sauk county. [First settlement of white people was at the Sauk towns: 2nd, at Baraboo; 3rd, at Reedsburg; 4th, at North Freedom.—W. H. C.]

Now I want to say that we propose to do the business work this morning, and about 11:30 we will have a right good preacher here. About 1:30 we are go-

ing to have a better one, and then we are going to elect officers.

The ladies of the Grand Army have made a quilt, we are going to hang it up; the proceeds are to be used to buy a monument to the old soldiers to be placed in the North Freedom cemetery.

Remarks by Mr. Canfield. Read secretary's report. Read a letter from Mr. Purdy, of Nebraska:

FAIRBURY, FEB., June 23rd, 1895.

W. H. CANFIELD, ESQ., Secretary of O. S. A. of Sauk county, Wis.:

VERY DEAR FRIEND—It is with feelings of high esteem for your kindness in extending to the undersigned an invitation (as per card) to attend the O. S. Association of Sauk county, Wisconsin, at Hackett's grove on the 26th and 27 inst., myself and wife thank you most heartily for the same, and at the same time express our regrets that circumstances do not favor our coming to Baraboo at this time. It is an occasion that would give us great pleasure in mixing with and enjoying the society of old acquaintances. Inasmuch as we cannot be with you (at the suggestion of our better half) we send you our photos, lately taken, with our ages marked on back of same at the time they were taken. It will give us much satisfaction to have them placed in the Old Settlers' Album with the sanction of the association, and to be notified that it is done. We love Baraboo and Sauk county and its people and especially the old settlers thereof. The many kindnesses of friends we have experienced, the many favors we have received, the many pleasant social scenes and intercourses we have enjoyed there, and then—the loved ones of our family that are now laid in the silent grave in our own pretty lot in the beautiful Baraboo cemetery, all form many chords of affection that we cannot ignore but will remain with us while we live. We wish to be remembered to the Association as an organization that has a

soft place in our hearts, and especially to those O. S.'s of 1846 to 1869 and '70 that are alive and with you. The history of those years are full of interest to us and we would enjoy a reference to the events of that period with old Baraboo friends once more with much pleasure. With kind regards to yourself and family,

I am very truly,

BENJ. L. PURDY, O. S. of Sauk Co.

P. S.—The photos are sent in a separate package with this mail. You may consider the residence your property also the court house, unless the society would want it to go with our photos. Please let me know that all come safe to your hands.

Truly,

B. L. PURDY.

Report of treasurer read.

Music by the band.

Election of officers:—Chas. Hirschinger, president; W. H. Canfield, secretary; John Hall, treasurer; executive committee—Mr. Gunnison, John Donaghey, John Dickie.

Mrs. Rosaline Peck, 86 years old, present. Probably her last meeting with the old pioneers. She has been bed-ridden for 3 or 4 years and for the last year has failed quite fast. The first white woman to settle at Madison and at Baraboo.

About two weeks ago the secretary and Mrs. Peck and Mrs. N. W. Wheeler had a call from Mrs. Raymond, of Stevens Point, Wis. She is a daughter of James S. Albin, whose family was the first white family to settle on the west side of the Wisconsin river, north of Prairie du Chien. She desired very much to meet with us this year. She wished to be remembered.

Mr. Canfield presented an old mortar used in 1721.

Mrs. Peck in her carriage (which stood near the speaking rostrum) was saluted by the band playing an air and at the same time marching single file

around the carriage several times. Also, that fine artist of Merrimac, S. D. Coates, took a negative of the carriage and Mrs. Peck, taking in many of the old settlers. A proof can be seen at the Democrat office. He has made a good picture. Price, 50c.

Song by James L. Bonham, of Baraboo.

Address by James' L. Bonham: If I have not anything to say it is Mr. Hirschinger's fault. He told me that I was to talk from 11:30 until dinner time. Now I think dinner time is when a man is hungry. My wife says I am always hungry. If so it must be dinner time, and know that most of you would rather eat dinner than hear me talk.

I never had the pleasure of attending an old settlers' meeting before. What to say and how to say it has been a very serious question with me. I asked Mr. Hirschinger what to say, and he said "say anything—talk about anything."

However ancient I may appear I am not an old settler, but I am here by right of representation, as the son of an old settler of the southern part of the county, where my father came and made a home for his family and reared his children, and where he lived until the day of his death. They tell me that I was born in Sauk county. I am here by right of representation.

Mr. Bonham spoke of the many social evils we have to face. The saloon destroys over eighty thousand young men annually, and sends them to a drunkard's grave. Spoke complimentary of foreign emigration, and thought if it could be done, restrictions might be put upon it: of the great wealth which is constantly flowing into the hands of the privileged class.

He spoke of the great inventions and improvements of the 19th century, and said that to the 19th century all time pays tribute. Mr. Bonham's address was a very excellent one and we are sorry our reporter did not get more of it.

Song by Glazier Jubilee Singers (a traveling African band.

12 o'clock.—Meeting adjourned.

1 o'clock.—Music by the band.

A quilt auctioned off. On this quilt appears the names of about 250 of the best men of the state—of Reedsburg, Baraboo and other places. Among others are Gen. Fairchild and wife. Quilt sold to James Sproul for \$8.25. Proceeds goes to the fund to build a monument to soldiers of the army to put down the rebellion.

Address by Rev. Bushnell: I think I am about as well fitted to deliver this address as the Irishman who attempted to make a 4th of July address, and his commencement was:

"All hail to the American eagle,
To the American eagle all hail,
But don't cease the proud bird to enveigle,
Or pry salt on its beautiful tail."

He did not get very far with his address because he had only been from the old sod a little while, and did not understand very much of this country.

We live in an age of progress, the world moves and we move with it. So far as I can learn by strict inquiry I discover that the settling of Sauk county is covered by a period of half a century. He spoke of a number of old settlers who had died within the last

year. Spoke of the distance that the old settlers had to go in order to get the necessary material to make bread for their families; sixty miles being the shortest distance, and Dodgeville the nearest place, and thirty-five and forty cents being the highest price paid for wheat. He said the postage on letters

was five cents, and it was optional whether you prepaid or not, and some people did not prepay. He spoke of a young lady whose lover had come to the west, and one day he went to the post-office and found a letter awaiting him, and he had to go around and get five cents before he could get the let-

ter. He said we could get such sweet letters for two cents a piece and postage prepaid at that.

Speech by John F. Doherty:—Sentiment and reason.

Remarks by Mr. Seymour: I cannot help thinking of the postage on the letters in those early times. Instead of being five cents it was ten cents. One day there was a letter in the post-office for me: I had no money, and I could not get it. It was there six weeks before I got ten cents, but you can imagine my surprise when I got the letter to find a twenty dollar bill in it, and that twenty dollars was sent from the state of New York a year before that time. My sister collected twenty dollars for me and sent it to me. She wrote me that she sent it by Tom Collins, that he was coming to Wisconsin; I wrote back and asked her where Tom Collins was. I was in the Baraboo valley, and where Tom Collins was I did not know as there were several places in Wisconsin. In the course of six months she wrote that Tom Collins was in Oshkosh. He sent it to me. He said that my sister had given it to him, and he lent it to his brother and could not get it until it came back from the proceeds of the mill.

Remarks by Mr. I. W. Morley.

Music by the band.

Song by all: "Auld Lang Syne."

Remarks by Mr. W. H. Canfield: He said that a record should always be kept of the old settlers' meetings, (what was rubbish for one generation was history for the next) and published in a pamphlet yearly for the members.

Song—"America."

Song by Rev. Bushnell. Mr. B. made pertinent, pointed remarks but our young reporter failed to get them.

Remarks by Mr. Mike Hirschinger: Spoke of his early settlement.

Song by Rev. Bushnell (Scotch song).

Song—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Adjourned.

OLD MEMBERS WHO PAID THEIR ANNUAL DUES.

Wm. S. Grubb and wife	\$ 1 00
A. W. Foster	50
E. Walbridge	50
Michael Hirschinger	50
S. J. Seymour and wife	1 00
O. G. Watkins	50
Mrs. Rosaline Peck and Mrs. N. Wheeler	10 00
A. Weidman	50
Willis Hawkins	50
S. J. Amy	50
O. L. Glazier	50
Fred Filber	50
(Fred Filber is 94 years old, and healthy and quite active.)		
Charles Hirschinger	50
O. B. Hubbard (not present)	sent.	50
W. J. Gemmell	50
F. N. McClure	50
John Don'ghey	50
Frank Hackett	50
John Hall	50
Geo. W. Bloom	5 00
(This was for an old bill of lumber against the society.)		
W. H. Canfield	50
(Deducted from fees.)		

NEW MEMBERS.

Elihu Wilson, came to Sauk Co. fall of 1850, born in Lyeuming Co., Penn.	50
Wm. Toole, came to Sauk Co. March 10, 1850, came from R. I.	50
S. M. Haskins, came to Sauk Co. May 2, 1850, born in New York	50
James Draper, born in England	..	50
S. D. Coats, came to Sauk Co. fall of 1860, born in Freedona, N. Y.	50
Charles Premo, came to Sauk Co. Sept, 1850, born in Upper Can.	50
Thomas Premo, came to Sauk Co. Dec., 1850	50
Imla Kellogg, came to Sauk Co. Dec., 1850, Stuben Co., N. Y.	50

\$24,50

The secretary paid for cards of invitation	\$2 00
Printing the same	1 00
Stenographic reporter for 1895	...	5 00
Indebtedness to Democrat office for former years (see bill)	7 15
Annual fees for 1895	10 00

\$25 15

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.

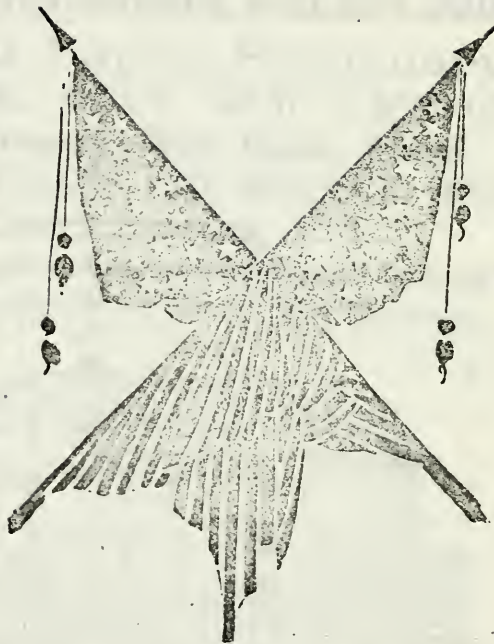


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RESTAURANT

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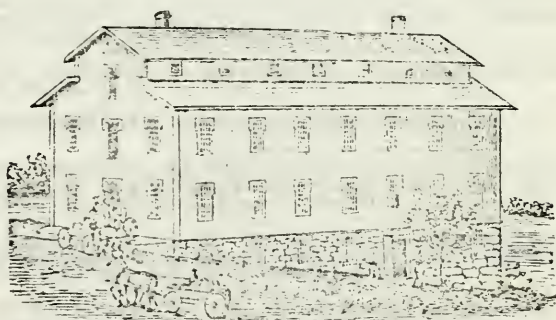
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Call and Try my Zenith Soda Fountain.



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M. C. WAITE, Agent.

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BACON, HUMPHREY & CO., Manufacturers of
Woolen Cloths, Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, &c. A full stock always on hand
to exchange for Wool, at reasonable rates. Particular attention given to Custom
Work and Roll Carding. Baraboo, Wis.

EXCHANGE HOTEL. Corner of Water and East Streets, Baraboo, Wis. This
House has been neatly furnished, and no pains will be spared to make my
guests comfortable. Charges Reasonable. A. J. MOORE, Proprietor.

H. S. DES ANGES, M. D. Office at his Residence, corner of Oak and Sixth
Streets, Baraboo, Wis.

M. M. DAVIS, M. D. Office 2d door east of Dr. Mills' Drug Store, Baraboo,
Wis.

D. R. S. P. KEZERTA, Resident Dentist, Baraboo, Wis. Office over Mills' Drug
Store.

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SAUK COUNTY NURSERY. CHARLES HIRSINGER, Freedom. Post-office address
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elry, Silver and Plated Ware. Baraboo, Wisconsin. Watches, Clocks and
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Pressed Ware. In the Maynard Building, South side of Public Square. Tin,
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G. H. HALL. Baraboo, Wis. Has on hand at all times a good assortment of Gen-
eral Merchandise. Oak street, East side of Public Square.

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J. HAWES. Fashionable Boot and Shoe-Maker, for Ladies and Gentlemen desir-
ing work in the latest style, and warranted to suit.

This card is to correct an error in giving a wrong initial, on another page. w. h. c

S. K. ELLSWORTH. Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable. Baraboo, Wis.

This card is to correct an error in giving a wrong initial on a former page. w. h. c.

REEDSBURG ADVERTISEMENTS—Continued.

The Reedsburg Free Press,

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REEDSBURG, SAUK COUNTY, WISCONSIN.

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In connection with our Furniture Shop we have established a Paint Shop, and are prepared to do all kinds of House, Sign and Carriage Painting, Paper Hanging, Graining, Glazing, Wall-Papering and Porcelain Finish for Parlors, &c. Farmers, now is the time to have your Buggies, Wagons and Sleighs repainted. Mixed Paints for Sale. Paints and all other materials furnished if desired. Having had a long experience in the business, we pledge ourselves to give entire satisfaction to all who may patronize us, as we have permanently located in Reedsburg. We wish to notify the Ladies that we have one of the best Paper Hangers in the State. In conclusion we announce as our motto, "Live and Let Live."

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Glass, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Varnishes,

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Dr. Hall, Physician and Surgeon. Office 2d door east of Dr. Mills' Drug Store, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

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N. W. Wheeler, attorney-at-law, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

C. C. Remington, attorney-at-law, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

W. M. Clark, Attorney-at-law, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

M. C. Wate, insurance agent and court commissioner, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

M. Mould, photographer, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Lang & Camp, dealers in dry goods, drugs, groceries, crockery, etc., Baraboo, Wisconsin.

C. A. Sumner, dealer in dry goods, groceries, etc., Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Livery, sale and boarding stable. E. K. Ellsworth, Proprietor, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

For first-class work, go to Junge's barber shop, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

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P. Kennelly, blacksmith. Corner of Bridge and Water streets, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Baraboo Iron Works.
Iron & Brass Foundry & Machine Shop.
WOOD TURNING AND SAWING.

Manufacturer and dealer in iron and brass castings, and will furnish steam engines, water-wheels, mill-gearing, shafting, leather and rubber belting, iron and wood working machinery, wrought and cast-iron vices, bellows and anvils, machinist and blacksmiths tools, etc., etc.

W. E. KITTRIDGE, Proprietor.

WM. Butler, merchant tailor, cloths, cassimers, trimmings, etc., Baraboo, Wisconsin.

H. H. Webster, blacksmith. All kinds of work in the line, promptly attended to. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

James Dykins, maker and repairer of wagons, buggies, sleighs, etc., Baraboo, Wisconsin.

T. Thompson, carpenter and builder, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

J. & J. Draper, dealers in all kinds of fresh and salt meat and sausage, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

M. Herschinger, feed store, dealer in all kinds of produce, cattle, and all kinds of stock. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

A. Andrews, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. Cash paid for hides and pelts. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Stephen Horfstetter, saloon on Oak street, near Post-office, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

WM. Power, merchant tailor. Cloths, cassimers, trimmings, etc., Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Charles Pfannstiehl, baker, confectioner, grocer and restaurant. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

C. Hawes, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker. For Ladies and Gentlemen Desiring work in the latest style, and warranted to suit. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Baraboo City wholesale and retail Brewery. Geo. Bender, Proprietor.

Baraboo wholesale and retail Brewery. G. Roland, Proprietor.

Lake House, by H. B. Sheldon. East end of Devil's Lake.

WM. Brown, attorney-at-law, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

N. W. Wheeler, attorney-at-law, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

The Baraboo Republic,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT

Baraboo, Sauk County, Wisconsin.

WM. HILL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS—\$2.00 per year. The Official Paper of
Sauk County. Established in 1853.

AVERY & GREEN,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Two Doors west of Sauk County Bank,

BARABOO, : : : WISCONSIN.

J. W. ELLIOTT, Harnessmaker,

SADDLES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN FOR SALE.

HARNESSES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

A full supply of all kinds of *HARNESS FURNITURE* always on hand. Whips that *CAN BE BEAT* without injury, we always have a good supply of. Old Stand, North Side of the Public Square. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Baraboo Valley Nursery—A. G. Tuttle, Proprietor.
Trees and Vines adapted to the climate of the Northwest, at Wholesale and Retail.

The Baraboo Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet Ware, Bedsteads, Wood Seat Chairs, Lounges, Cribs, Table and Stand Legs, Baraboo, Wisconsin.
M. J. DROWN, President and Manager. A. A. AVERY, Secretary.

Island Woolen Manufacturing Company, Baraboo, Wisconsin, manufacturers of the Best all Wool, Hard Twist, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, Yarns, &c., &c. All kinds of Custom-Work done at Short Notice.

Baraboo Flouring and Custom Mills. R. H. Strong, Proprietor.

Claude, Canfield and Thompson, Architects, Civil Engineers and Surveyors. Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Andrews & Thatcher, manufacturers of Agricultural Implements, Plows, Wagons and Buggies, Cultivators, &c., &c. Also do a General Repairing Business. Plows and Plow Repairing a Specialty. All Work Warranted.
W. W. ANDREWS. J. THATCHER

MINNIWAUKEN HOUSE, Devil's Lake—S. Hartley, Proprietor.

BARABOO ADVERTISEMENTS—(concluded.)

STAFFORD, DROWN & CO.,

HEAD-QUARTERS STORE,

BARABOO, : : : WISCONSIN,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS CAPS,

CLOTHS, CLOTHING, YANKEE NOTIONS,

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

All kinds of Farm Produce taken in exchange for
Goods at Market Rates.

TRAIN & LONGLEY,

SELL

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

CAPS, CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, NOTIONS.

And buy Farm Produce at Reasonable Rates.

BARABOO, : : : WISCONSIN.

THOMAS, CLAUDE & THOMAS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HUBS, SPOKES, SAWED FELLOES,

Wagon Gearing, &c.,

Capacity, fifty sets Wagon wood-work complete per diem of ten hours.

BARABOO, : : : WISCONSIN.

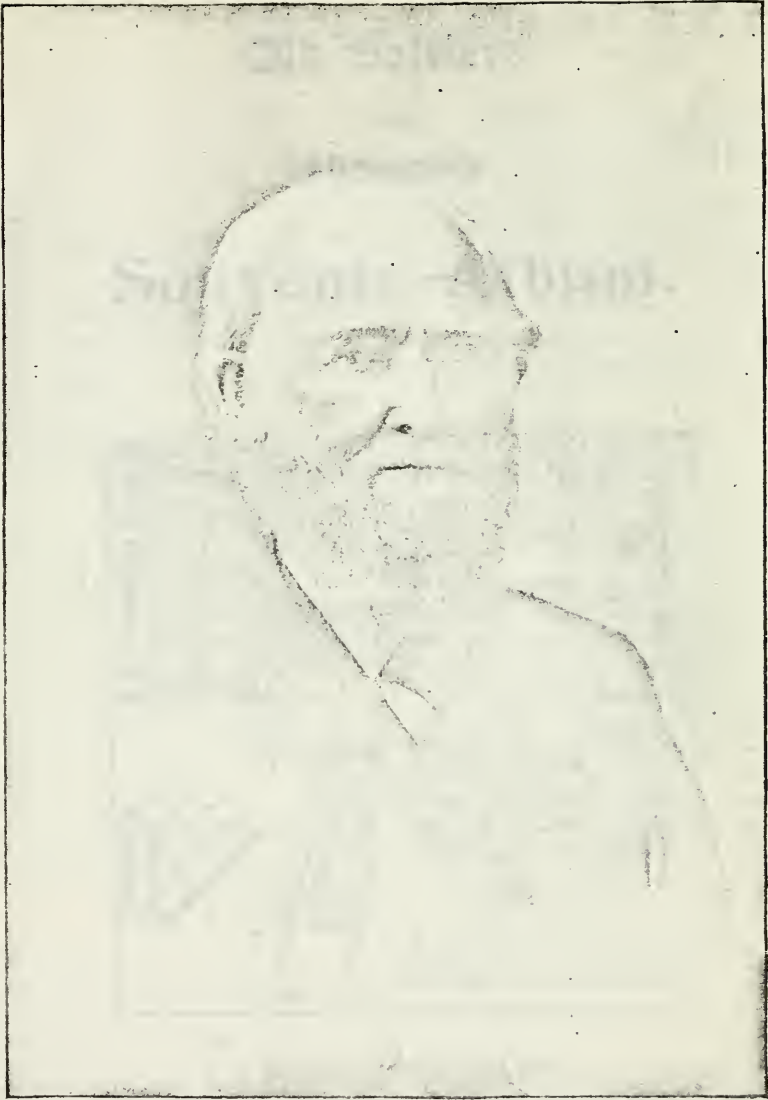
**T. Donneley, Blacksmith, New Haven or King's
Corners, Sauk County, Wisconsin.**

MERRIMACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

**G. W. Calkins, Physician and Surgeon, Merri-
mack, Wisconsin.**

**Parfrey's Gristmill, 3½ miles north of Merri-
mack. Custom Work done with care. ROBERT PARFREY.**

S. K. Hovey, Shoemaker, Merrimack.



W. H. CANFIELD
AT EIGHTY.

Old Settlers'

Illustrated

Souvenir Album.



EXPLANATION OF CUT.

James and John drawing in a back log. Joe going after a load of wood with Buck and Broad. ENLARGED FIRE PLACE shows papa tending baby and my ma getting breakfast. Wm. has been out with a gun and has brought in some game.

INTRODUCTION.

The secretary of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County, with the approval of the president and treasurer has commenced a canvass of its members and friends to collect material and money for perfecting a book—a handsome souvenir, being largely an illustrated, biographical old settlers' album. We hope the friends of the Association will readily and liberally respond to the call.

We will put into our souvenir a half-tone and half-column portrait for 75 cents a cut; a column cut \$1.50. No single cut received for less than 15c per square inch. Letter press \$1 per page. These are catalogue prices. We can, if a book is bought after its completion, deduct 50 per cent of the money that has been put in, and perhaps more according to circumstances. Old settlers, give the Society a "boost." Our type is new and we print on enameled paper. Binding blue cloth, silver or gold trimmed.

FRANK HACKETT, President,

JOHN S. HALL, Treasurer,

W. H. CANFIELD, Secretary.

LIFE.

"What is Life" and from whence has it sprung? First, let us trace it from the rock record. In the Paleozoic age, soon after water was upon the earth, vegetation of a low order is printed in the rock. Naturalists have made six distinct species of the flora of the earth. Geology records them by imprints in

rock sarcophagus in the respective epoch of time. The TREE is the consummating plant. From vegetation all life exists. The carnivora animals live on herbiferous animals, and they life upon vegetation. Vegetation removed from the earth, and all life would soon be extinct. Animal life is recorded in the rocks by their imprints there made. Naturalists have made six classes of them culminating in MAN.

Geologists make six classes of rocks forming the earth's crust. Moses Penituke divides the earth's creative week into six periods of time. Four parallels may be noticed: First—Earth making; Second—Vegetation; Third—Animals; Fourth—Mosaic week. There are two lines of thought entertained by good, honest, hard-thinking men for the beginning, growth and consummation. First—Heat, light, moisture, magnetism and chemical combinations have produced life in a low form and that has been developed in long ages and by circumstances to MAN. Second—Another class of sound-minded men believe that each of these six periods were created by an omniscient mind and that development goes no further than in species. As a carnivorous animal the wolf never has, or never will be changed into a herbivorous, as a sheep; from the fact of the one organism is adapted to herbs; the other to flesh. The two lines of belief may be summed up in two words: DEVELOPMENT. CREATION.

An Old Settler Dead.

North Freedom, Oct. 28, 1899.

IN MEMORY OF ROSELINE PECK.

In behalf of the Old Settlers Association of Sauk Co. Wis., we, the officers of the above named association would say that in the death of Mrs. Peck, we have lost an honored member and a true worker for the O. S. Asso. There were but very few who took a grater interest and enjoyed themselves better than she did.

And while we bow in humble submission to powers that be, we fully realize that we too will have to pay the last debt and meet her at the resurrection morning—that glorious reunion.

Be it therefore resolved that we extend to the bereaved family our deepest and profound sympathy in this the greatest loss they have ever sustained, for who is there that can fill the place of mother? not one.

Be it further resolved, that this resolution be published in the min-

utes of the O. S. Asso. record and that a copy of the same be sent to each of the following papers for publication: viz. Baraboo, Republic, Baraboo News, and Sauk Co. Democrat.

Mrs. Peck, about 1890 had a partial paralytic affection, growing gradually worse until her death in years of bed life. Her two children Victor living in Madison, and Victoria at Baraboo, cared for her as far as affection for a mother could suggest. Victor desired her, and for a while she was cared for there. For the last term of years Victoria has cared for her. Everything that human ingenuity could devise was done to ameliate her suffering and for her pleasure. A log house was built for her in Hickory Park. She at times was taken to their old frame house to live for weeks. No person or an institution could do more to alleviate life's ills than her two children did for her.

FRANK HACKETT, Prest.

W. H. CANFIELD, Sec'y.



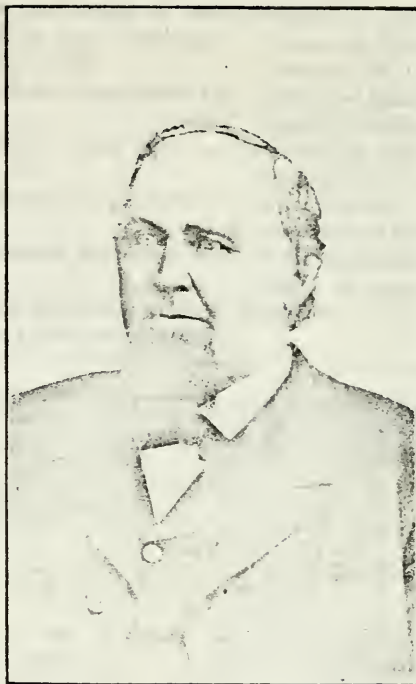
MRS. ROSALINE PECK.

Mrs. Rosaline Peck must ever stand first among the old settlers of Madison and of the Baraboo valley. Her genealogy has in the annals of Madison, Wisconsin and Baraboo histories been faithfully sketched; therefore, we take pleasure in presenting her portrait; also give a brief notice of her bed-ridden condition. She is 92 years old this month February, 1899. She has been bed-ridden for 11 years and has been cared for most of the time by her daughter, Mrs. N. W. Wheeler, of Baraboo. During this long illness she has not had a bed sore and has been very tenderly cared for by this faithful daughter.



MRS. N. W. WHEELER.

Mrs. N. W. Wheeler stands, like her mother, first in the biographical annals of the history of Wisconsin. We shall not attempt to make a tracing of it now. The old settlers will ever be pleased to see her portrait in the Old Settlers' Souvenir Album of Sauk county. The city has grown to spread over her property, giving her an abundance of "filthy lucre." She has a fine residence that she occupies during the winter. She has laid out a park. On it she has erected a fine pavilion and log house with a fire-place. In this log house she spends her summers and says that she enjoys it.



N. W. WHEELER.

N. W. Wheeler, husband of Victoria Wisconsin Peck, has been biographically traced in "Outline Sketches of Sauk County," Vol. 2; also in his hu-

orist volume "Old Thunderbolt in Justice Court." Hence, we give his well-known phiz. The reader or leaf fumbler will say, "Well, here is Nels." He died July 12, 1886.

THE CITIZENSHIP OF AN "OLD SETTLER."

A. J. Turner, of Portage City, published a very pleasant article in the Portage Register in January, 1899, under the above title. It is replete with historic data. He recapitulates on page 5, and I copy this:

If our Old Settler had lived at Portage (Baraboo) in the year 1512, he would have been under the jurisdiction of Spain from 1512 to 1634—122 years.
 France, 1634 to 1762—128 years.
 Great Britain, 1763 to 1783—20 years.
 Both Great Britain and the United

States jurisdiction being disputed 13 years.

United States, 1796 to 1898, 102 years.
 While in Spain, if a subject of Spain at all, he would have been in the province of Pascua, Florida, and while in France he would have been in the colony of New France. While a subject of Great Britain, as that power claimed, he would have been first in the Province of Quebec and then in the district of Hesse, Province of Quebec, and a little later, Hesse, Upper Canada.
 When he became a citizen of the United States, as was claimed, he was a citizen of:

Massachusetts from 1783 until that state relinquished her claim to the United States and of the Northwest Territory from 1787 to 1800.

Territory of Indiana, from 1800 to 1809.

Territory of Illinois, from 1809 to 1818.

Territory of Michigan, from 1818 to 1836.

Territory of Wisconsin, from 1836 to 1848.

State of Wisconsin, from 1848 to 1898.

And when he was a resident of these

territories he would have had citizenship in the following counties:

County of Wayne, from 1796 to 1809.

County of St. Clair, from 1809 to 1812.

County of Madison, from 1812 to 1818.

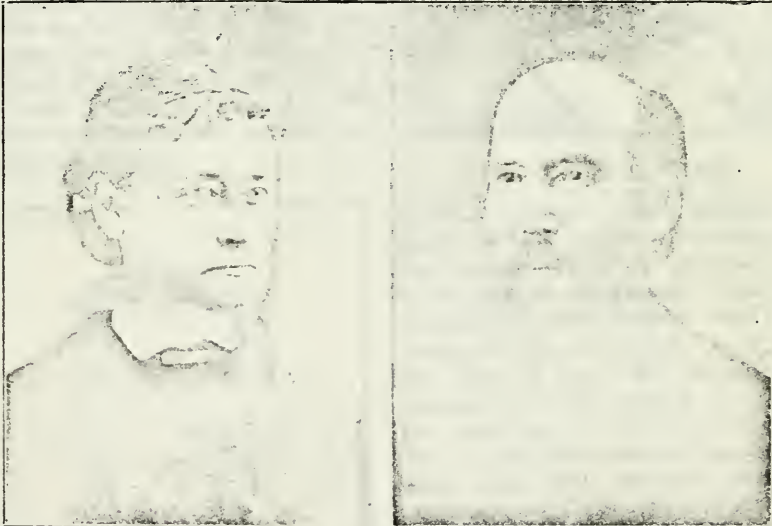
County of either Brown or Crawford, from 1818 to 1829."

Sauk County set off from Crawford County in 1839.

Attached to Dane County.

Fully organized, 1846.

Lived in towns of Brooklyn and Baraboo.



MR. AND MRS. JAMES SHACKLEY.

James Shackley, of Lyons, was born in the city of Portland, Maine, living with his mother until her decease—about five years. His father was a sea captain. James was placed under guardianship with Father Everett, a most excellent man, and here stayed until he was 22 years old, when he went for himself. First, he went into the pine woods, and afterward onto the river as raftsmen. For about two years he worked at lumbering; then emi-

grated to Beloit, Wis. He was attacked with a malady known as "love fever," and was cured of it by making a proposition of fidelity to Miss Behettable Hall. On April 6, 1854, a preacher pronounced the twain one. Thereafter, he speedily recovered in part; but another set is known as "honey moon." That had its run after which he became strong and healthy; if he wished, he could do two days' work in one. That he did many times in his

farm work on Narrows Prairie, Sauk county, where he farmed for eight years. They then moved to Baraboo and engaged in the Baraboo Manufacturing Company's employ, staying with them until their building was burned. This broke up the company. In June, 1864, he enlisted as a volunteer soldier in the union army. He was discharged in July, 1865, with impaired health. He now leads a quiet life in his comfortable home, on a pension in part. Himself and wife are social, which brings to them much company. They have had four children—Mary Udora, born Aug. 7, 1855; Evaline A., born Sept. 21, 1857; Harriet, born Nov. 15, 1859; Phoebe, born March 30, 1863. Mary U. died Aug. 7, 1863, and Evaline A. Jan. 4, 1886. Harriet and Phoebe are married and live in town Baraboo.



MRS. EDWARD MARSH.



EDWARD N. MARSH.

Edward N. Marsh has quite a complete sketch in the Biographical Album of Wisconsin Grand Army of the Republic. Therefore, brevity in this

sketch is excusable. Still his long residence in Sauk county, with so active a life, claims brief notice. He was born in the town of La Fayette, Onondaga county, New York, June 16, 1833. His father, Joshua, was born in Nova Scotia, Aug. 5, 1779. His father was English; his mother Scotch. Mr. Marsh was married to Elizabeth Parmeter Nov. 1, 1807, and lived in Nova Scotia until about 1832, when he moved to Onondaga Co., N. Y. In 1843 he went to Lake county, Ill.; thence to Fox Lake. His mother died in the winter of 1845; his father in 1863, aged 84 years, at Baraboo, Wis. Edward N. went east for a few years, and then returned to Illinois in 1849; thence to Baraboo, where he was employed by his brother-in-law, Nathan Paddock, in the lumber business. He went to Illinois in the spring of 1853. Returning to Baraboo he worked in the saw mill of Paddock, Metcalf & Waterman. In September, 1855, he married Mary A. Blake, who came with her parents from Devonshire, England, in 1849.

Mary A. was eleven years of age when they crossed "the great water." She attended school in the log school house in the village of Adams, now the city of Baraboo. Ruba Cowles was teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh have two children—Effie May, born October, 1858, and Mabel A., born in 1875. Effie married T. W. Greenlief, of Milwaukee; Mabel, Charles Dutcher, of Baraboo. Mr. Marsh enlisted in the army of the rebellion in the three months' call of 1861. Re-enlisted in the cavalry in 1862, Co. 3, Wis. His health failed. Discharged in '64. E. N. Marsh has been in the hotel business much. He built the Minnewaukan House at Devil's Lake in 1865, and occupied it for a while. He rebuilt the old Updegraff Hotel at Baraboo. He erected the Swiss cottage at Elkhart Lake. In 1871 he went to South Park, Colorado, and engaged in the hotel

business. Returning to Baraboo in 1881, he went to Dakota the same year, where he located a tree and soldiers' claim of 320 acres, built a house on it and raised cattle. Five years later he returned to Baraboo in consequence of the ill health of Mrs. Parks, his wife's mother. His health improved and he went into the real estate business in 1890. He made improvements at Mirror Lake, Wis., in 1897 and '98. "A rolling stone usually gathers no moss." Exceptions: That fabled stone rolled up hill to the north end of Broadway on Eighth avenue, Baraboo, and turned into a fine, modern-styled residence, where dwells E. N. Marsh, who loves to invite friend or foe to sup with him. Ed. has made many flops in business. May his last one come right side up "on the other green shore."



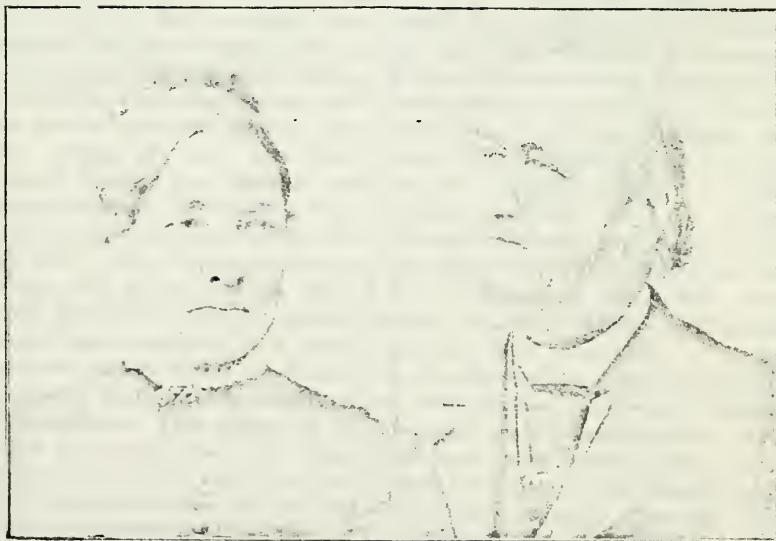
GEORGE J. PADDOCK.

This family back to the third generation settled at Three River Point, where the outlet of Oneida lake emp-

ties into the Seneca river, Onondaga Co., N. Y.,—a very heavy timbered tract of low wild land. Daniel, a son of Grandfather Paddock, and his young family

immigrated west, coming to Baraboo in 1847, then a new and wild country. The George J. of our sketch was born at the New York homestead May 17, 1842, and with his parents came to Baraboo in 1847, and located on congress land, section 31, T 11 N, R 6 E, in the town of Brooklyn (now Baraboo). Here they opened a rich farm of interval land. George J.'s mother was a Van Loon girl. He lived on the homestead until the death of his parents. His father, Daniel, died Aug. 1, 1871; his mother, Jane V. Paddock, died Nov. 15, 1898. The Daniel Paddock farm was sold in October, 1892, to Ed. Watson. Geo. J. and family moved into the city of Baraboo, having bought the Robert Wool place. He was married October 10, 1867, to Miss. Welthy Force.

She was born in Dane Co., Wis., March 13, 1850. This union has given them three young men, now all firemen on the C. & N. W. R. R. They are Ed. D., Willy J. and Earnest G. Paddock. The two youngest sons are married. The subject of our sketch enlisted in 1861 in the war of the rebellion, Co. A, 19th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, and served until discharged in September, 1865. He has a pension of \$16 per month. In religion, Geo. J. belongs to a people who claim to be undenominational and term themselves the "Church of God." They claim to be perfectly sanctified and so teach. I have heard him speak good words, especially on a certain funeral occasion. He is a conscientious and pleasant man.



MR. AND MRS. EPHRAIM WOOD YOUNG.

E. W. Young, son of James Young from Scotland to America and made and Lucy Wool, was born Oct. 7, 1821, his home in what was then termed the in Bingham, Maine, and died in Baraboo, Wisconsin, March 25, 1892. His "eastern country," afterwards Maine. His grandfather, Enoch, married Abigail Baxter, a descendent of Richard Great-grandfather Young emigrated

Baxter, the noted divine and author. Her mother, Dorcas Tillotson, descended from Arch Bishop Tillotson, of Canterbury. An ancestor on his mother's side, Ephraim Wood, was a captain in the revolutionary war. His grandfather, Ephraim Wood, had better opportunities for education than many in those early days always holding some office of trust, noted for integrity, it became a saying, "as honest as old Deacon Wood." When a young man he, with a brother, went to take up a section of land on what was then a wilderness on the Kennebec river. There being no roads, they started on foot up the river, hoping to reach an Indian camp ahead, but before they could do it, the brother gave out and froze to death. On a large and well-conducted farm he passed his early boyhood—working, going to the village school, studying at night, so eager was he to learn. His was a happy home of peace and plenty; his mother a woman of remarkable vigor, energy and ability and utterly unselfish, looking well to the ways of her household. A musical family, the mother and children all more or less singers, playing on instruments of various kinds with no little skill. Also, liberal as to religious views and much genuine piety. Wool and flax home grown, spinning wheel and loom, supplied in a large measure the comforts and necessities of a numerous and growing family of fourteen children. The eldest, if an education he would have, he must strike out and earn the money to procure it. At a very early age he had committed to memory a large part of the New Testament. At sixteen he taught his first school, and from that on he persevered until, with undaunted courage, he accomplished his great object and heart's desire. He graduated from Harvard College with honor in the class of 1848, being ninth in a

class of 60. His oration was, "Alexander Von Humboldt." The president, Edward Everett, said of him: "Ephraim Wood Young has sustained a distinguished rank as a scholar and has in all respects borne an exemplary character." James Lovering, professor of mathematics in Harvard College, said: "He distinguished himself in his department." After leaving the university he studied in the French language, hydraulic engineering and the higher mathematics—poetry of mathematics. After graduating he went to Lowell, Mass., and taught a grammar school there three months and was promoted to the high school as professor of natural science, remaining several years in that position, and studying law he was admitted to practice in all the courts of the state. He married Harriet Norton, of Lowell. Two children were born to them. The daughter died in infancy; the son was killed in a runaway. Seized with the western fever and refusing several fine business offers, he left with his family for Wisconsin, and made the mistake of opening his office in a small town in the country, instead of in Chicago. Closing it, his next move was to buy and settle on a farm in Prairie du Sac, on the Wisconsin river—260 acres, wood, water, rolling and prairie land—all most desirable. A happy family occupied the house of two rooms, as "old settlers" cheerfully meeting great and small inconveniences. Even hardships were, lightly passed over. There was a pleasant excitement in the life of a new country—altogether new. At length a new, substantial, roomy house was built on an eminence commanding a view for miles of the most beautiful of prairies and in the distance the far away Blue Mounds. Son of a farmer, he loved the business of raising everything and anything—fruits, grains, cattle, horses and hogs.

hops and sorghum—in all he found pleasure; but best of all, he liked to open new land, to fell trees and grub, it was to him a pastime. As years passed, finding himself in no better circumstances financially, he concluded to sell out and resume the practice of law. For fourteen or fifteen years he attended the assembly sessions in Madison, then annual, being a member one year; then holding a clerkship a few years, and later was chief clerk seven or eight years. He was trustee of the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Insane from 1860 to 1874, and a member of the commission to locate the northern hospital for the insane. A republican in politics and the nominee of his party in 1873 for secretary of state and shared the fate of his associates in the defeat of that year. His term of office as probate judge in Baraboo commenced in January, 1882. He was twice re-elected and had served but little more than half of his third term at his decease. At different times he was urged to become a candidate for congress, but as often declined.

Upon removing to Baraboo, he built again a house on a hill. A location as fine, or finer than the one left—scenery different, more varied, and beautiful. For several years he was a member of the city board of education, and also of the board of trustees of the Free Congregational church. His last illness was severe and short, he passing away in a moment—without warning. A noble man gone—conscientious, kind and generous, faithful in the discharge of duties, public and private, he was universally loved and respected. The immense gathering at his funeral attested the general esteem in which he was regarded. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, on Sunday, March 25th. The Masonic fraternity, in large numbers from adjoining towns in regalia, formed the escort. Members of the county bar, county officials and ex-county officials were in attendance in a body, besides a large number of other friends who could not find room in the church. Thus closes the life of a good man.

MARVIN HARRIS.

of the village of Lyons, an old settler who raised a family here, was born at Laverne, Vermont, April 11, 1820. When he was about 28 years old, he engaged himself, as a hunter, to a taxidermist in whose employ he was for about a year collecting specimens of natural history. His hunting ground was in the back woods in the northern part of the state of New York. On one occasion, while hunting a panther, it went into a barnyard. A boy got a gun and shot it. At 34 years of age he married Mary L. Douglas, of Colchester, Vermont. In two years thereafter, they moved to Ticonderoga, N. Y., near the ruins of the old British fort



MRS. MARVIN HARRIS.

that was taken during the revolutionary war by Col. Ethan Allen, by surprise in the night. The British commander, being waked up, asked the sentinel by what authority the demand came, to which Allen sent back word: "By the continental congress and the great Jehovah." He surrendered. Mrs. Harris was born June 14, 1834. Mr. and Mrs. Harris came to Briggsville in 18—, where they lived until March, 1863, when they moved to Baraboo, where Mr. Harris worked for the Baraboo Manufacturing Co. until the

building burned. He died May 21, 1883. Mr. Harris was a mild, pleasant and honest man—a great reader and fond of his violin for entertainment. Was an expert at fishing. He was of English descent; his wife French. The children: Ira, born March 4, 1855; Asa, Oct. 1, 1856; Nathan, June 14, 1860; John, May 6, 1866; Lucy, September 21, 1872, and died Feb. 27, 1873; Mary, born Nov. 24, 1870; James, Feb. 14, 1875.



MR. AND MRS. ALFRED B. CASE.

A. B. Case was born at Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., June 6, 1834. From there he came to Baraboo in 1855, and settled on a farm in the town of Freedom, now Excelsior, on Sec. 25, T 12 N, R 5 E. He was married to Miss Lucy Kipp, of Freedom, Oct. 4, 1857. They made his farm their home until 1891, when the farm was leased. He

purchased the Crawford place on the east side of the village of Lyons, building upon it a fine residence in which they reside at the present time. They have three children: Clara E., now wife of A. E. Britton; Margaret E., wife of Wm. M. Gunnison, and Fred S.

THE BARABOO VALLEY.

Its archean status, its ancient and present topography has called forth much scientific research. Owen, Percival, Daniels, Hall, Eaton and Lapham have studied its characteristic lithology. Our state corps of geologists with Chamberlin at the head have surveyed and recorded much of this wonderful valley. A young man named John Curtis was sent from Washington a few years ago to collect specimens in our Archean district and report their locality and lithology. It has been my good fortune to have been with most of these scientists and others not named for the past 40 years. I would shrink from the task of taking up the pen upon this great subject so fully and ably studied by the men I have named were it not my hope to weave the thread they have spun into a web.

When water was introduced onto the thin crust of our globe of fire, the highly heated aqueous must have been highly charged with silica. As it cooled, it crystalized in organized bodies we call "grains of sand." These were deposited upon the granitic floor and became solidified into "sand rock," called in some places "old red sand stone." Here it is called "Potsdam sand stone" for its lithology agrees with the sand rock of Potsdam, N. Y. A throw of nature then occurred that metamorphised the sand rock into a glassy mineral termed quartzite, and raised it up—upheaved it—several hundred feet above the surrounding country. The heat must have been intense to have metamorphised miles of sand rock (about 200) and raised it up so high

above the surrounding country. Its area is about 20 by 10 miles. The "upheaval" has been greatest on the outer edge of this area, leaving a great basin with a glass-like rim like an earthen oblong milk pan. In the heating, cooling and upheaval this rim is cracked or canyoned, and in four places entirely parted asunder. In one of these partings the Baraboo river enters the basin; in another Narrows Creek walks in; in another their waters discharge. A dam here of 75 feet in height would make a lake of this glassy or quartzite basin at the present time. The fourth opening through the rim contains Devil's Lake. Why this upheaval should be in this shape is one of God's own secrets to me. But what a rich piece of work is here done for man. The soil—all of it—is rich. The quartzite makes the best of macadam roads. There are some Potsdam sand stone cliffs and ridges within the basin that makes the finest building stone. It is solid and can be worked into large or small blocks. The basin rim and all is well timbered. Our scenery in the many canyons and these four openings attracts hither thousands of scenery loving people. We can modestly say that thousands of this class of people annually visit the Baraboo valley. The chief scenic points are now dotted with cottages wherein to spend the heated season.

In another writing I shall attempt to give other pertinent reasons why our valley has rightfully called forth so much scientific study. Happy should a man be who has a home in the Baraboo valley.

ANCESTRAL SKETCH OF THE NORTON FAMILY.

Continued from page 11.

Mr. Canfield's taste for the antique was gratified lately by calling at the home of Mrs. E. W. Young a home until recently the receptacle of many

Curios and Heirlooms of "ye olden time" of the Norton family. Grandmother's diaries and letters, brocade gowns and wonderful petticoats, high-

heeled slippers and ornaments of paste, delf ware and wooden, quaint pieces of silver, spoons (the bowls half worn), tankard and pepper box marked J. N., etc. "These things," Mr. Canfield said, "I did not see"—they being distributed among the different branches of the family—but, he continued, "I sat in the 150-year-old chair and looked into the face of the 200-year-old clock, which has come down along the Norton generations—a clock always reliable,—never known to be "discontented" when now and then supplied with a drop or two of oil.

Brought from England by our ancestor, Rev. John Norton in 1635, who after preaching in Plymouth a short time, settled in Ipswich, Mass., until the death of John Cotton, minister of the North Church of Boston, whom he succeeded as third minister of that church. At his decease all eyes were turned to him as the proper successor of that great man. Mr. Cotton had a great regard for Mr. Norton and had a dream that he would be his successor and that he would come to Boston riding a white horse, which, history says, he actually did.

"Mr. Norton being now in 1653 transplanted into the garden which the Lord had in Boston did then bring forth much of that fruit whereby the Heavenly Father was glorified. He wrote, he prayed, he preached and maintained a care of all the churches and did much for the peace of the whole country."

"He wrote the life of Mr. Cotton and numerous books of a high order of merit. He was called Master of Sentences. His answer to Appolonious is supposed to be the first latin book written in this country."

His treatise against the Quakers greatly exasperated them, showing a spirit not consistent with the graces of his character. They said when he

died, which was suddenly that it was a just judgment of God for his persecution of them.

A pamphlet he wrote defending the course of the general court was so much appreciated that he was presented with large grants of land—the one in Boston, known then as the Winthrop Green, running to the water's edge, embracing State, Devonshire, Milk and other streets. Upon it stands the Old South Church.

Upon the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Norton and Governor Simon Broadstreet were sent to England as agents of the colony with an address to his Majesty soliciting the continuance of their privileges. He rendered other services, but the one of greatest importance was his agency at White Hall in procuring further privileges from the King for the colony.

He died suddenly April 5, 1663, of apoplexy after the morning service and while preparing for the afternoon. He had been the minister of the North church ten years and was greatly respected and beloved. His loss was greatly bewailed and it was a saying that "his grave was moistened with the tears of his parishioners." We, his descendants regret his severity to the Quakers, but are thankful there is no record of his countenancing that horrible, most horrible of all delusions—witchcraft.

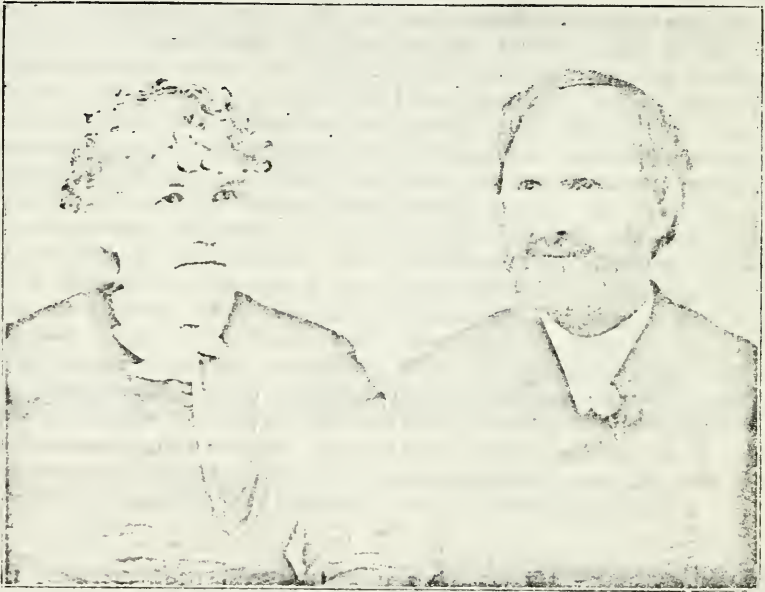
Our ancestors—Nortons and Holbrooks, staunch Puritans and patriots—at a very early date settled in that portion of New England in and around Boston, then at a town with few inhabitants. When the British held possession there was a time of scarcity of food; it could hardly be had for love or money. I have heard my mother tell of her great-grandmother going out in the morning with money in her pocket to buy food for her family and getting

home at noon with only a bit of meat and a cup of rice.

My mother's great grandfather took up a large grant of land, in what is now called the town of Wymouth, a few miles from Boston. When a child her father took up his residence in Boston in a house near the old state house. He carried two cows; one soon became sick and was returned to the farm. The cows pastured on the common, the intricacies of the streets were less formidable than now. She would soon

learn to find the way to the back yard of the home where various enticing succulents awaited her return.

Boston then was a small city comparatively. People, generally, were more piously disposed—keeping the Sabbath day more strictly, attending church and taking with them the children, whose early training and severe discipline made it possible for the youngsters to endure the two hours-long sermon with a patience most commendable, not to say heroic.



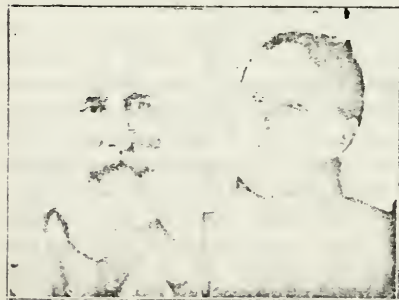
MR. AND MRS. HENRY RYAN.

Henry Ryan was born Aug. 1, 1818, in the town of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, and lived with his parents until 20 years of age, when he had a slight falling out with his father because of his making him "gigger boss," i. e. to give daily drams of whisky two or three a day to his workmen. His father was a large contractor in masonry. Henry had espoused the temperance

cause and utterly refused to be "gigger boss" longer. His father was imperative and so was Henry, which led to a separation. Henry went to his brother-in-law, Samuel Alexander's, at Constance, N. Y., and was employed in lumbering for about five years. Here, he learned the turner's trade. He visited his old home and stayed two or three years. He then got a position as

a turner in Chinango Co., N. Y. While there one Miss Abigail Garlay captured his heart, soul and body so that Elder ——— pronounced them one Nov. 26, 1845. Now commenced a new life business. Forming a company with Joseph Myrick, he engaged in the furniture business. In six or seven years they filled the country with their goods. From here he went to Richburg, Alleghany county, N. Y., and opened up a furniture business, employing P. S. Hollenbeck, who was a fine finisher and had been a piano maker. Here he stayed three years, having a prosperous business. He sold out to one of his workmen. He then formed a company with P. S. Hollenbeck and removing to Portage City, Wis., in October, 1853, where they had a successful trade. They decided to enlarge their business, making necessary arrangements with Paddock, Metcalf & Waterman, the upper dam saw-mill company on the Baraboo river, Ryan & Hollenbeck putting up a lean-to, to accomodate their machinery. They soon commenced a heavy business in furniture making, employing about thirty hands. They purchased a quarter section of heavy timber land, the same place where the Henry Ryan homestead now is, and worked much of it up into household furniture.

In the meantime they kept a finishing and sale room at Portage. Mr. Hollenbeck taking charge of it and Mr. Ryan attending to the manufacturing. Their goods in the "knock-down" condition had a wide area of territory mapped out to them. The transit was made on wagons before railroad times. The Upper Mill Co. changed hands, the new proprietors not giving favorable water rights resulted in forming a stock company, which secured privileges on the Moore Clement saw mill site, near the present Baraboo woolen mill. This stock company put up a large building and completely equipping it, ran an extensive business until it was burned. Mr. Ryan now turned his whole attention to farming, which nearly always yielded him fair profits. Mrs. Ryan speaks of Mr. Hollenbeck as one of the best of men—pleasant, affable and strictly honest. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan had four children. At this date Jan. 7, 1899, they are all living. George R., born July 31, 1848, at Smithville Flats; Charles H., Portage City, Aug. 26, 1854; Abba M., Baraboo, May 31, 1865; Willis T., Baraboo, July 1, 1867. Mr. Ryan's ancestry were Irish; Mrs. Ryan's English-Scotch-German. Both were members of the M. E. church. Mr. Ryan died Nov. 20, 1898. Willis possesses the homestead.



PETER P. CALHOON AND WIFE.

Peter P. Calhoun was born in town Byron, Wayne Co., N. Y., July 4, 1833. He lived with his parents until ten years of age and then worked as a farm hand until 1849. Since this date he has been engaged as a carpenter. He was married Jan. 10, 1857, to Miss Catharine Sine at Litchfield, Mich. On Jan. 15, he left Michigan, arriving at Baraboo the 17th. It was a winter of deep snow. He has followed his trade ever since. They have had four children, one living at the present time in town Baraboo, Mrs. Isadore L.

Cowles. She was born June 16, 1860, Michigan when she was four years old, where her parents now live. Mrs. Catherine Sine Calhoon was born in Shugarloaf town, Luzerne county, Aug. 18, 1834. Her parents immigrated to

in the same town as her husband's people lived in, i. e. Homer Calhoon Co. Mrs. C. is of German extraction; Mr. C. is of Scotch descent.



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. PADDOCK.

George W. Paddock was born in Phoenix, Oswego, Co., New York, in the first house built in the village, March 30, 1818. He lived with his parents there and across the Oswego river until soon after his mother's death, which was July 11th, 1835. The 10th of September following, the family emigrated to Milwaukee, Wis., where George made his home until 1836. He was married at Milwaukee, Sept. 10, 1845, to Miss N. C. Marsh, a Nova Scotia girl. The Marsh family came from Nova Scotia to Lysander, Onondaga county, where George W. first be-

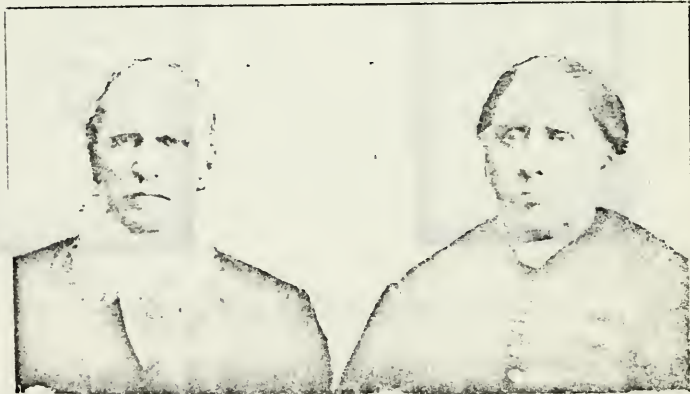
came acquainted with Miss Marsh. From Milwaukee he went to Illinois the year before he was married, where he bought land and lived on it seven years. In September, 1852, he came to Baraboo and worked for the lumber firm of Paddock, Waterman, Metcalf & Co., and other firms on the same site until 1880, when he engaged in making brick. Mrs. Paddock died April 29, 1885, of consumption. She passed away in the arms of her husband. Mr. Paddock is in fair health at the present time. His son, John, is carrying on the brick business.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BERKLEY.

John Berkley, of the village of Lyons, was born at Wurtemberg, Germany, Feb. 11, 1830. He left the "fatherland" in 1849, coming to New York City. In 1851 he came to Sauk county. On Nov. 5, 1854, he was married to Johana M. Harshiem. She was born Sept. 15, 1834. They have lived in town Baraboo for 40 years. Six children

were born to them: Martha J., Sept. 4, 1855; she died May 1, 1872; William E., born April 23, 1858; John A. Lincoln, March 3, 1861; Geo. C. Franklin, Sept. 1, 1865; Frederick Elias, Oct. 8, 1867; Wilbur Otto, Aug. 25, 1870. These five boys are living at present in Sauk county.



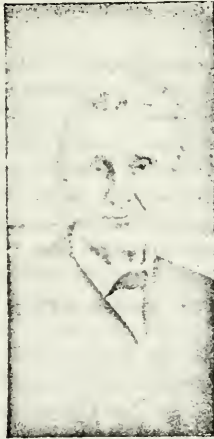
MR. AND MRS. SENECA WHITNEY.

Mr. Seneca Whitney was born in Warwick, Mass., Jan. 24th 1811. He was married to Charlotte Lucca at Hebron, New York, April 5th, 1834. She was born in Chester, N. Y., Sept. 8th, 1811. They moved to Vermont the same year. In May, 1852, they, with

their family, started for Baraboo, Wisconsin. Upon arriving at Milwaukee he purchased a yoke of oxen, paying \$100 for the same; they also bought a wagon and their household goods. When loaded up and ready for starting the load weighed twenty-eight hundred

pounds. It took them just two weeks to complete the journey. They were obliged to go to Kilbourn to get across the Wisconsin river, as they could not ferry at Portage. They landed in Baraboo May 14, 1862. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney lived in Manchester one year and then bought a farm on the west Sauk road, three miles from Baraboo, where they resided many years. Afterward they bought property in Lyons, where they lived until 1890, when, on account of the poor health of himself and wife, they went to live with their daughter, Mrs. Sarah A. Spahr, at North Free-

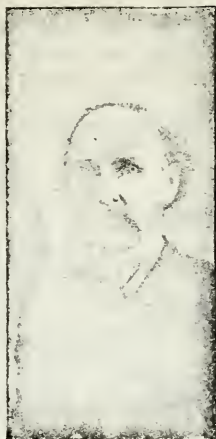
dom, where they both resided until Mr. Whitney's death, which occurred on the 13th day of May, 1894. He had reached the advanced age of 83 years, 3 months and 20 days. His wife survived him one year and three months, her death occurring on the 6th day of Aug. 1895. She was aged 83 years, eleven months and two days. Four daughters survived them, Harriett E., wife of the late Johnathan Miles; Sarah A., wife of A. J. Spahr; Delilah A., wife of C. C. Allen; and Charlotte A., wife of Y. Harsiem.



MR. AND MRS. GALEN E. JACOBS.

Galen E. Jacobs was born in Canada, April 25, 1817. He moved with his parents to Middlebury, Genesee Co., N. Y., when a small boy. Was married to Martha A. Wadsworth who was born in Alexander, Genesee Co., April 29, 1820, March 13, 1841. They moved to Erie Co., Pa., the same year, and resided there for 15 years. They then emigrated to the far West, settling in Honey Creek, Sauk Co., Wis., where

he lived until 1889. They then moved to North Freedom, where he died Sept. 25, 1894. There were born to them eight children, all of whom were born in Erie county, Pa. Marion, born May 3, 1842; Calista, born June 23, 1843, and died Feb. 11, 1858; Wealthy, born Apr. 10, 1845; Jerusha, Dec. 10, 1847; Julius, Aug. 21, 1849; Gustavus C., Oct. 10, 1850; Rowena, March 26, 1853; Rodney W., March 4, 1855, and died Oct. 8, 1898.



MR. AND MRS. R. B. CARPENTER.

R. B. Carpenter, of the town of Freedom, Sauk Co., Wis., was born in Alleghany, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1839, and came with his parents to Wisconsin in 1843. They selected Albion, Dane county, for their home, where they lived for 12 years. His father was a jeweler by trade, and being naturally mechanical, he turned himself into a blacksmith and wagon maker. He built a mill. In 1855, they exchanged their home for one in Richland county. The subject of this sketch was here married to Miss Sarah Stafford, Nov. 14, 1857. Her family came from Chinago Co., N. Y. Mr. Carpenter enlisted in September, 1861, in the 6th Battery, Wis. volun-

teers. Was discharged Oct. 10, 1864. He moved to North Freedom, Sauk Co., in the fall of '66, where he still resides. They have had five children—one boy and four girls. Eva, born Jan. 19, 1860, married Henry Bower; Walter S., born Sept. 15, 1868, married Anna Jacobs; Laura E., born March 2, 1871, married Eugene Bonnell; Jennie, born March 31, 1873, married Solomon Herrington, died, July 18, 1897; Minnie, born June 18, 1877, married William Voss. These children are now living as his neighbors. Mr. Carpenter is a colt breaker and horse trainer, and is a genius in his business and successful.

MR. AND MRS. TRUMAN M. NEWELL.

T. M. Newell was born in the town of La Fayette, Onondago Co., N. Y., Oct. 16, 1838. He came with his parents to Rock county, Wis., in May, 1846; thence to Baraboo, in April, 1848, and settled on a farm in town Fairfield, where he grew to manhood. An incident occurred in his boyhood the first year of the pioneer life that remains fresh in Truman's memory. One

night the wolves set up a hideous howling which seemed close to the door. Their faithful dog dashed through the blanket that hung in the door, making a woeful hole in it. He stopped at once that hideous howling. Their house was made of logs with a slab roof; a door cut out and a blanket hung up as a door for a while. At the age of 22, Truman enlisted in the union army,

September, 1861, for three years, and served his time out. He then came home and soon after was married to Miss Clarie M. Morrell, May 30, 1865.



She was born in La Fayette, Onondaga Co., N. Y., and came with her parents, Henry and Flora Morrell, about 1854, and shared with them the pleasures and hardships of a new country farmer's life. After marriage the same was continued (for her husband was also a farmer). She was called to her eternal home Dec. 9, 1898. Mr. and Mrs. Newell had lived in their new and

pleasant home in Lyons for five years. There were five children born to them: Geary, born Jan. 14, 1866; a daughter, Larena M., born April 28, 1868, and died when five months old; Clarence, born May 5, 1870; Milo, May 17, 1874; Willard H., May 16, 1879. The boys have grown to manhood. Mr. Newell is known as a thorough, hard-working farmer. He is now taking life more easy on a pension. Both Mr. and Mrs. Newell's ancestry were English. Mr. Newell's Sauk county homestead was near the Indian chief Yellow Thunder's farm. He often noticed their burying ground; also another large one on the highland overlooking the Wisconsin river, extending on it 80 or 100 rods of more ancient tribes. Also mound builder's tumulus effigys. This pleasant locality early attracted our white race. The land is fertile, well timbered and watered. First, mound builders; second, Sioux; third, Menominees; fourth, Chippewas; fifth, Winnebago; sixth, European white race have in turn made this locality their home.

NOTE—A few more words relative to Henry Ryan. Some relatives have thought that our narrative of H. R. seems to show that his father was given to alcoholic intemperance. The facts I learn is that he was not. I am glad that I am called upon to clear up that point. I wish to inform our present generation that it sixty or seventy years ago no employer of a squad of men could get along without a "giger boss" (an idiom used on public contracts for a boy with his tin pail and one-half gill cup, dealing its contents to the employes from two to four times a day). I was at one time "giger boss." Employes on the Erie canal and railroads in central New York would throw down their pick or shovel if they were shortened one "giger" a day, besides many of them kept a keg of whisky in their homes for the women and children. When the keg became empty and was

newly filled they would say "a new mileh cow had come in." Notwithstanding all of this I do not believe drunkenness was as common as at our present day. It was polite then to treat guests to cider, wine or whisky. Our parents all kept it in their houses. When a man starts out on a line of good principles in early life and has the COURAGE to maintain them, he will make a success of life as with Mr. Ryan. His PRINCIPLES were of greater value to him than father, mother, brother or sister. So in his secular affairs. His temperance principles are engraved into every member of his family. I make no apology relative to his leaving his father at seventeen, instead of twenty years of age, for the reasons that have been given. To him that will open his eyes to valuable points of character he has something to learn in the narrative of H. Ryan.



JAMES CHAUNCY LAMB.

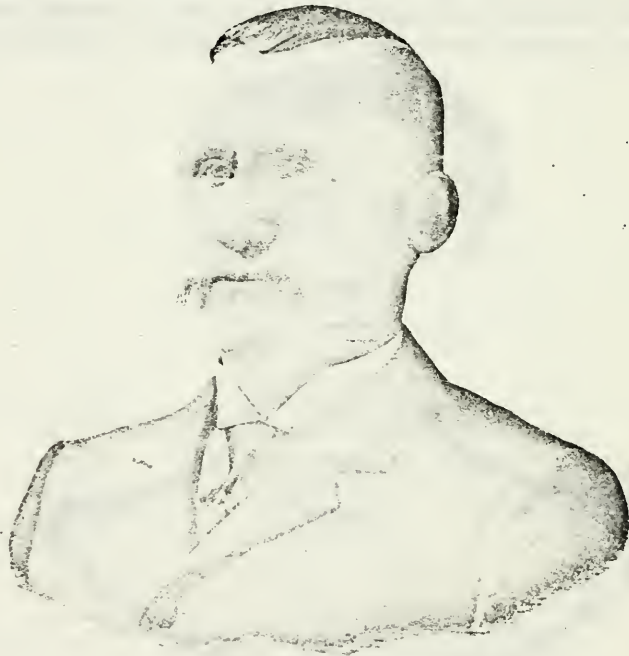
James Chauncy Lamb was born at Montpelier, Vt., July 18th, 1814; emigrated to Ohio with his parents in 1840. He married Abbie M. Petseys March 19, 1843. Three children were born to them—George, Sarah M. and Mary E. Mr. Lamb came to Sauk county April 1st, 1857, and bought a farm on section 29, town 11, range 5

east. George enlisted in the U. S. service February 24th, 1861, and died at Madison March 24th, 1864. Sarah M. married John Rooney May 24th, 1869, and now lives in the city of Baraboo. Mary E. married Daniel W. Seeley October 3, 1880, and now lives in a pleasant home in North Freedom. Four children were born to them—Edua, James, Lottie and Daniel. Maxham. John Rooney was born in Ireland

August 15, 1844, and came with his parents to the U. S. in 1847. He came to Wisconsin in 1855, and to Sauk county in 1857. He enlisted in Co. K, Twenty-third Wis. Volunteers, August 9, 1862, and was discharged June 27, 1865. Mr. Rooney married Sarah M. Lamb May 24, 1869, and located on a farm in the town of Freedom the same year. One son and one daughter was born to them—Edward J. and Alice M., now Mrs. E. J. Curry. Mr. and Mrs. Rooney came to the city of Baraboo in 1885 and

built their present home. The son is on the old farm in Freedom. He has two children—Sylvan and Arthur. The daughter lives in the village of Lyons and has one child—Rolla M.

Abbie M. Lamb died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rooney, in the city of Baraboo February 18th, 1887. James C. Lamb died at the same place September 12th, 1889. The subject of this sketch was a man of strict integrity and held many positions of trust in the state of Ohio as well as in this state.



C. W. WADDELL.

More than one hundred years ago, in the beginning of the American Revolution, a young man by the name of James Waddell, left his native home among the hills of fair Scotland to fight for the principles of freedom and liberty as expressed in that glorious document, the declaration of American independence. That man was the great-grandfather

of Charles W., whose portrait adorns this page. After that long and bloody war closed, young Waddell preferred to stay in the country for which he fought, and consequently settled down to enjoy the pleasures of domestic happiness in one of the fertile valleys of Virginia. In the year 1800 a son was born to increase the happiness of that

Virginian home, and was given the name of his father James Waddell. In 1814, the father saw fit to change his location, and, packing all of his belongings, including a wife and several small children, started northwest across the Ohio river, located in Gallia Co., Ohio, where he died after reaching a good old age. Several of his children settled near the old homestead, and to-day in this same county you will not go very far amiss if you call every urchin you meet by the name of Waddell. But this son who was named after his father, after choosing a wife to share all the hardships as well as the joys of

as Chicago. James Waddell at this time was the father of quite a family, and as he was looking for a good location, it was suggested that they stop here; but the father said, "No, this is a poor place to locate, it is nothing but a swamp and frog pond," and he pushed on, finally locating in Freeport, Ill. After his family had nearly all grown up he went farther north, and settled among the hills of Wisconsin, a little southwest of what is now the city of Baraboo. It was when traveling from the state of Ohio, while stopping at a small town in Indiana that Henry Waddell, known to nearly every one around



MRS. C. W. WADDELL.

what at that time was called western life, started father west and located in Michigan City, where he lived until about 1839. He again started west, traveling around the end of southern Lake Michigan and passing through a little village of several hundred inhabitants, better known at the present time

Baraboo, was born. Like his father before him, James Waddell was the possessor of a large family, all of whom are living, with the exception of Joseph, who went south many years ago, and George, who enlisted in the war of the rebellion and was brought home sick and died soon after. Although the

father of a large family and obliged to work for their support, he found time to study the Bible and preach the gospel of Christ, and many old settlers can remember when he occupied the pulpit in the old log church and pleaded with them to cease from sin. He died soon after the close of the war and was buried in the old graveyard about two miles southeast of North Freedom. Henry Waddell, one of his sons, has spent nearly all of his life around Baraboo, following the occupation of farming and spending his winters in the lumbering business. In 1857, he was married to Miss Selena C. Harseim, a German girl of about eighteen summers, by whom he had a large family, the members of which are all living at the present time. Charles W., who was their third child, was born at the breaking out of the rebellion, and after receiving a limited education, settled down to farm life, making hay being his chief occupation. In 1884, he was married to Miss Eva C. Bair, whose photo is here given. On account of ill health caused by an injury received, he was obliged to change his occupation, but long before this his mind was directed to the many evils surrounding the youth everywhere, and he determined to do something to warn them of the many dangers by which they were surrounded. He accordingly began in 1895 or '96 to write a book

on the subject of "Social Purity," and after many changes and rechanges, he has placed before the public this year, 1899, a book on the above subject, which although a small book of only one hundred pages, is destined to fill an important place in the education of the rising generation. The book is composed of eighteen chapters treating on different lines, some of which are as follows: Purity of Thought, Bad Books, Evil Associations, Proper Time to Educate, Slang, The Errors of Courtship, The Uses and Abuses of Love, Evils of the Saloon, Social Purity Taught in the Schools, The Black Sheep, The White Slave. This book covers much ground and it needs but a glance at its contents to convince the most skeptical of its great moral worth. If such a book had been read years ago by the youth, the influence would be plainly visible around us to-day. I understand that Charles W., the author, spent quite a while during the past winter in the city of Chicago, gathering information to assist in his plan of work. He is at present traveling through the country giving lectures on this subject and selling the book. Although the book has been published only about six weeks, nearly fifty thousand pages of purity literature are in the hands of the reading public. No library is complete without one of these messengers of good.

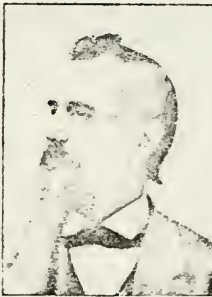
**THE UNDERSIGNED ARE MEMBERS OF
THE "BARABOO CLAYANTS, ASSO-
CIATION."**

Harvey Canfield, Solomon Shaffer, D. Vanalstine, Nathaniel Smith, Ralph Cowles, John L. Hall, Wm. Umbarger, Henry Lewis, Wm. Beall, Andrew Garrison, Hiram Mason, Roderick Hill, Andrew Washburn, Job Barstow Jr., Nathan Dennissons, Nelson Andrew, Hiram Webster, J. T. Clements, George Willard, Andrew

Poulson, Moses Nulph, Chester Matson, E. G. Willard, Peter McCoy, Wm. M. Smith, A. Chapman, Neil McGinty, Jas. Christie, B. L. Purdy, Alex. Crawford, Dr. C. Cowles, Luther Peck, Abram Umbargers, Jas. Lewis, Levi Griswold, Job Barstow, Wm. Hill, Sam. Shaw, A. F. Washburn, Marvin Blake, J. H. Jackson, Chauncey Brown, Enoch Andrews, Jas. Lamar, W. B. Clement, John C. Medes, Edward Johnson, Daniel Nulph, Wm. H. Canfield, Erastus Gilson, Jas. Waddle, H. P. Vanvalkenburg, John Johns.

JOSEPH P. DREW.

Joseph P. Drew was born in Philadelphia June 30th, 1835. The latter part of his boyhood and early manhood was spent in the adjoining county of Delaware. There he served his time at the wool assorting business, and followed the same until he was twenty-six years of age, when he left civic to enter military life. At the call for the first 75,000 volunteers, he enrolled himself in the First company of three years' men furnished by Delaware county, which was afterwards mustered into the U. S. service as Company F, First Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, he being Second sergeant. Prior to the battle of Mechanicsville the Second lieutenant was discharged by reason of a court martial, and immediately after



the battle the First lieutenant resigned, leaving Drew, then First sergeant, second in command. Afterwards when the captain was absent from the company, he commanded the same for several months, until he was commissioned First lieutenant. Shortly afterwards, the captain being promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment, Drew took his place as captain. He was with his command in most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from Dranesville to North Anna river. At the expiration of his term of service he returned home and after a few weeks of relaxation he was married to Ann Eliza

Spear, the minister officiating being the same one that baptized him twenty-nine years previous. After marriage the couple went to Vermont, where the relatives of Mrs. Drew were then living, and settled in village of Proctorsville. During a residence of seven years in that place they occupied one house, and there within sight of the Green Mountains, their three children—David A., Ellen J. and Aurilla B.—were born. In 1871 they concluded to try their fortune in the West, selecting Wisconsin as their future home, and arrived in this state August 1st, settling in Dunn county. In 1877 they removed to Baraboo, where, with the exception of eight years spent in Appleton, they have resided ever since. In 1880, they lost their younger daughter, Aurilla B., by



death. The other children still live. David A. is a post-graduate of Lawrence University, and a Fellow of the University of Chicago, and for the past two years has been engaged in astronomical work at the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona.

Captain Drew comes of old New England stock, his ancestors being among the early settlers of Plymouth colony. His grandfather served in the continental army during the whole of the Revolutionary war and his father, Samuel A. Drew, served on one of the U. S. war vessels during the war of 1812. His mother, Aurilla B. Drew, was born in

Providence, Rhode Island, and her ancestors were among those who followed the fortunes of Roger Williams. She died in Philadelphia, aged 87, at the home of one of her eleven children.

Ann Eliza Drew was born in Franklin, New Jersey, October 3rd, 1833. She was the only living representative of her father, Peter Spear, he dying when she was three years old. He was a farmer and carried on blacksmithing. Her ancestors were among the early emigrants from Holland, who settled in New York and in Essex county, New Jersey, when that section was in posses-

sion of the Dutch. She was a direct descendant of Aneke Jans, of whom so much has been written in connection with the Trinity Church property. Her grandfather was captain of a company, formed in the vicinity of Newark, that served during the most of the Revolutionary war. Her half brother, J. B. Lawton, was killed in the battle of South Mountain, and many of his kindred were represented in the late civil war. She died in Baraboo February 6th, 1897, aged 64. She was a faithful wife, a devoted painstaking mother, an exemplary citizen.



MR. AND MRS. ELIHU WILSON.

Elihu Wilson, of Baraboo, Sauk county, Wis., was born in Lycoming

county, Pa., July 2nd, 1831. The family came to Wisconsin in 1851. In 1853 he went to Illinois and remained two years. While here he married Miss Sarah Kimball, and in 1855 he changed his residence to Juneau county, Wis., where he lived on a farm for twelve years. They then moved to Webster's prairie in town Delton, Sauk county. They came to the city of Baraboo in 1897. While here for a short time they bought and went onto a farm, but a few months later they returned to their city home.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Kimball Wilson was born January 17, 1831, in New Hampshire. Her parents moved to Vermont and from there to Illinois. She died September 24, 1889. Six children were born to them, namely: Amelia M., born October 14, 1855; Frank L., June 18, 1857; Walter N., Jan. 25, 1859, and died August 30, 1863; Carrie S., Nov. 8, 1865; Frederick E., Oct. 7, 1871; Grace L., August 2, 1873. Mr. Wilson's parents were orthodox Quakers. He says that no people care for the poor as well as do the Quakers.

HOME.

How honored—"Home Sweet Home." How sacred. Around it how cluster our affections. Common law holds it to be "OUR CASTLE," in which we are allowed to protect even to the TAKING OF LIFE. Our territory of Wis. invited subjects to settle upon the newly acquired lands of the Winnebago Indians in 1832, and passed laws protecting bona fide settlers in a home of 320 acres of land as yet not subdivided into sections but was into townships. Many persons siezed upon this invited privilege to plant the SACRED hearth of family inheritance from United States. In 1845 and 1846 the land was subdivided into sections. In 1848, our territory put on pants and became a state. Pre-emption laws were made and restricted the "squatter" to 160 acres. Some pre-emptors thought to oust the "squatters" of these newly made and beloved homes which had absorbed their scanty purse in buildings and improvements. Cupidity and meanness actuated some bypeds to make the trial, and in every case they were dealt with in a summary manner. The "Old Settlers (squatters) had formed themselves into an association of defense. 1846, Claim Club formed. In every case but one, the scabby-hearted apology for man had an event in his life to remember when he thought to supplant a "squatter." One thought to take my home. In my absence he had put up the body of a log house and was fitting on the rafters. Our club was notified, and at this place that P. M. we had a picnic and that house went up in smoke, and the byped did well to leave before the "squatters" arrived. This was one out of the three or four similar ones about the Baraboo Rapids. The following are the names of our Claim Club, who had the courage to defend our homes and I believe that these names are recorded "on the other green shore."

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The following note left for me to read, (I being absent) explains what transpired at our home.

BARABOO, Wis., April 14, 1898.—In behalf of our dear old friend and fellow citizen, we, a few of the North Freedomites with a few of your immediate neighbors, met here this evening to celebrate your 80th birthday. The only feature of this gathering that was unpleasant was your honorable self being absent, and we therefore, as a token of our love and respect, present you with this arm chair, hoping that you may take some comfort by its use through the remainder of your days and years which we hope may be many, and we herewith sign our names:

Frank Hackett and sister, Julia, P. H. Gunnison, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Colborn, P. H. Crossman, T. M. Newell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Odell, Mrs. Lyon, Grace Crossman, Maggie Schramm, Martie Schramm, L. Zuch, August Zuch. R. R. Remington was intending to be present.

I was 6 days old 80 years ago this Friday evening and this day I finished surveying out seven timbered forties on the high bluff beside the Devil's Nose, beautiful timber among the rocky surface. I noticed two great sand rock boulders, 10 to 12 feet in diameter, rounded up like smaller ones. Their weight is from 50 to 100 tons and were brought here by glacial forces. They are seemingly just outside of the mariane kittle hills. Can some student of geology give probable reasons for the surface down through glacial clay to quartzite in place being so full of detached sharp angled fragmental blocks from 4 inches in diameter to 4 feet and more?

Relative to that cane easy rocking chair. It is an ornament to the house and when I get to be between 90 and 100 years old, I may then more fully appreciate its value. The kind regard that prompted getting it for me is worth more than a wagon load of chairs. Many thanks to friends and neighbors. WM. H. CANFIELD.

BARABOO VALLEY.

In the infancy of the Baraboo valley, there is proof abundant, by well boring for water in our past drouthy seasons, to show that the bottom of this vale was from 250 to 300 feet below the present river bed. The upheaval was of a different character from other vales in the great Mississippi drainage. The filling up of this valley to its present level has been largely done since the American continent has been lifted up out of ocean's bed, for it was after the growth of gigantic vegetation and gigantic animals. In digging Moore & Clement's mill pit, near where the Baraboo Woolen Mill now stands, bones of a gigantic animal were exhumed. A femur bone lay on the mill-wright's work bench for a while. In the marrow chamber, I could run my three fingers in. The bones generally fell to pieces as they were exposed to the air. This was in the glacial drift. Following the heated period of world making, where the coal beds were stored away and oil chambered and gas retorted and stored. Following this economic provision for man comes a reign of ice terror. Animal and vegetable down to somewhere about 35 degrees of north latitude had to perish, and animals fled towards the equator. Mountains of ice that had for ages been accumulating around the poles of the earth, broke away from their mooring, traveling south at a rate presumably from two to ten feet a day, planing down hills, excavating pond holes and great lake beds. At the present day the hairy elephant is found in these ice flows and the carcass is so well preserved that dogs eat of the flesh. A musk ox skull was taken from the bottom of a well 20 or 30 feet deep in Honey Creek Valley, on the Grotophorst farm. A lobe of the great moving flow of ice, called the ancient Green Bay glacier, did evidently some deep

plowing in Lake Michigan, Green Bay, Lake Winnebago and Fox Lake, also many small ones, and cut down hills. It climbed to the top of the upheaved quartzite basin rim of the Baraboo bluffs and dug out pond holes and framed rounded knols. The front of the ice flow had become so reduced by southern heat, it did not travel over that high peak, east of where the lake is. It split the flow so that that branch on the south side poured into the deep valley its debris and the branch upon the north side the same, until the valley was filled to the height we now find it, leaving on the lee side of that cliff hill that had split it, an unfilled space. That filled with water, made a small lake that has been given the misnomer Devil's Lake. The ice king, so destructive to life, both vegetable and animal, left for future man what Mrs. Frank Avery, deceased, in her poem fitly writes:

"What perverse genii ruled thy christening right,

That thou art known by such misfitting name,
Fair child of nature in thy heart a light
Refulgent glows, pure as auroral flame.

The evil name subjects malignant hate,
But all thy ways are full of pleasantness.

The heavens thy clear face irradiate,
The hills stretch out their arms to thy caress.

Besides that beautiful lake the ice king made a dam of the Baraboo river, 300 feet high and two miles broad, making a lake whose shore circumscribed the foot hills of the quartzite basin and more, viz: the WHOLE Baraboo valley, making a fall of 200 or 300 feet, 50 feet as it now stands. Erosion, (for we can conjecture no other cause) has filled this glacial-made lake, with a blue and yellow clay, argillous muddy material and in places gravel. (In gravel they get abundant water.) The warm period of gigantic vegetation must have participated in the production of the filling up process. Geologists claim a pre glacial movement shown by its stria markings at

the upper side of the Lower Narrows. If so, it played not any conspicuous part in the Baraboo Valley make up. It may have produced a lake that set back a few miles. If this is added as a distinctive feature of our valley it makes three. The two main ones, viz: The 20 by 10 mile quartzite upheaval with its basin rim and the moraine of the ancient Green Bay glacier. It has made a great field for scientific study. A field for summer pleasure seekers. A valley unlike any other in the great Mississippi basin. Time will develop it into a rich agricultural valley of the northern Mississippi basin. I can readily count up ten water powers. The PRAIRIES OUTSIDE of the moraine kettle hills are significant proof-telling monuments to that once great ice flow that scooped out valleys and lakes, rounded up hills, and with its engraving tools wrote its own history by its stria furrows on mother earth's solid rock floor. He who will can easily read it as plain as the sun at noon day. PRAIRIES are made by a fine impalpable rock powder made by friction of the glacial movement and deposited outside of the kettle hills, moraine. He who cultivates prairie soil knows by his blackened legs after his day's work what prairie soil is and how different it is from timbered soils. Often about prairies, heavy timber as elm, maple linn, ironwood, oak, hickory etc., grow up to a certain line and no farther as though it were water. These trees drop their seed upon the prairie soil. It may sprout but the grasses rob it of its nourishment and the young sprouts die. How

plainly it shows that it is the quality in soils that makes the prairies. We have soils congenial to the growth of elm, another to oak, to maple, to butternut, to pine, to hemlock, to firs, to marshes, etc. Climate also has to do with classes of vegetation. There are tropical plants, temperate zone plants, and arctic plants. The Ederwald, a delicate little white bloomer plant that flourishes only at the snow line of Alpine and other mountains. Water also has its aqueous family of plants. Let us commence a journey a few miles south of Madison on the Green Bay glacier moraine and travel towards the west and north keeping on the "Kettle Hill" moraine. Notice on your left small prairies or larger ones; and on your right marshes, ponds, and lakes, including the four lakes at Madison, Silver, Fox, Winnebago and Green lakes; a pond at Portage, Leach creek, marsh and pond; and a line of marshes extending nearly to the Wisconsin river. North of the Wisconsin are the heavy marshes in which the Fox river has its source. On your left is Superior prairie, Cassell prairie, Sauk prairie, Webster prairie and Dell prairie. On the right, the glacier scooped out earth and left it as a moraine and the sediment, deposited a little in advance of the "Kettle Hills," formed prairies. Hence the large marshes, ponds and lakes are on the right of the "Kettle Hills" and the prairies on the left. All this is written by the hand of God as plain to read as the A B C's in a book.

P. C. ELLIOTT.

P. C. Elliott, of North Freedom, was born in Pittsylvania, V. A., February 4, 1724. His father, Philip, and mother, Elizabeth, were English and farmers. P. C. was put to work to learn the

tailor's trade at the age of fourteen. He served three years as an apprentice and then went to Franklin Co., V. A. Here he married Miss Mary Ann English, sister of T. T. English, on April 16, 1844. He lived there ten years and

then left for the far West with P. A. Bassett, leaving the last day of March and arriving at Baraboo April 14, 1854. The first year he worked at his trade with Chas. Armstrong at Baraboo. He then went to the town of Freedom, buying a piece of land from Timothy Hackett; 56 acres in all with a shanty on it 12x14 with no floor, and roof of shakes. The next year he bought a quarter sec-

tion of James Newman adjoining his first purchase. Mr. Elliott is the father of eleven children, five of whom are now living. They are William T., born February 27, 1846; Nancy E., May 28, 1847; John E., Dec. 19, 1848; Jefferson Erving, October 20, 1852. Mr. Elliott has under cultivation 120 acres which he rents. He lives in North Freedom and for a term of years was postmaster.



A. G. TUTTLE.

A. G. Tuttle's family occupies a page in our quarto history of the town of Baraboo, Wisconsin, and we believe

their genealogy is quite fully traced there. Mr. Tuttle's enterprise in the fruits of Wisconsin does not seem to decline with increasing years. Past his four-score years, his physical and mental condition is but little impaired.

Last week, April 14, 1899, I visited Simonds. In looking over his fine orchard, he pointed out a seedling apple tree producing fruit that is of prodigious size and a long keeper. Mr. Tuttle has purchased the product of this tree for a short term of years for \$50.00. The tree is trimmed as close as can be of scions for this spring's grafting. He gives it the name of Tuttle's Winter. Mr. Tuttle has received more state and county fair fruit premiums than any competitor in the state. We hope that he may live to be one hundred and twenty years old, and that he may, in the hereafter, eat of the fruit from the tree that bears twelve kinds of fruit in the new earth. The New Russian was first introduced by Mr. T.

OLD PIONEER DEAD.

WEST BARABOO, Wis., May 13.

Editor Democrat:—

As an obituary of the late S. D. Slentz and as one who has known him many years, I attempt to write this sketch in behalf of the Old Settlers' Association of which he was an honored member. He was a man of sterling character, strictly honest with his associates. His religion was to do unto others as he

would like to be done by. He was a man of push and integrity, and of good habits; a kind and indulgent husband and father. By his hard toil and upright life he accumulated a nice little fortune which he has left to his family. I believe under the broad mantle of charity we, who remain, ought to overlook and pass by any imperfections he might have had, and only remember and cherish those qualities that were

good. Although he never united with any church, he told me that he believed in a God that created the heavens and earth and all things therein; that He was a God of love and mercy to the human family and would reward every person according to their works. This thought I could not object to with my understanding of divine writ. He read in the book of all books, the bible, that every man is to be resurrected from the dead and rewarded according to their works. Rev. 20 chap., 12 and 13 verses; also Math. 16 chap. and 27 verse, Romans, chap. 2, verse 6; Psalms. 62 chap., 12 verse. We find in St. John, 14 chap., 2 verse—In my Father's house are many mansions. Also in 1st Cor., 15 chap., 41 verse. Now who knows but our deceased friend and neighbor will come under the above laws and

receive a reward according to his works. One would hardly think it by the remarks made by Rev. Finger, of Baraboo, who conducted the funeral services.

Deceased passed away Monday afternoon, May 8, 1899, at his home, 5 miles west of Baraboo, aged 74 years. He located on the old homestead in 1844 and resided there until 1853, when he went to California, remaining there about 15 years. He returned to the old home where he remained until the end. Funeral services were conducted at his old home May 10, 1899, at one o'clock P. M. He leaves a loving wife, and three sons to mourn his loss, and a host of friends to sympathize with them.

Written by request by

FRANK HACKETT.

R. H. DOUGLAS.

Mr. R. H. Douglas was a man who was pleasant to meet, especially in his pleasant home. While a student in his brother's medical office he occasionally went out with old country Scotch parties on moose hunts—their women accompanying, dressed somewhat like the men to endure the cold and snow. The moose usually "yarded" during the long winters near the extreme limit of vegetation. By correct management they were easily captured. His moose stories were to me always interesting. Mr. Douglas was a naturalist and became a fine taxidermist. The late Charles Deininger, of Sauk City, learned of him to mount specimens neatly and equaled his instructor in a short time. Mr. Deininger, having acquired a competency, retired from business and devoted much of his time with gun and dog in obtaining specimens and mounting them, until the numbers ran up into the hundreds. He willed them to the Baraboo high school.

These early pioneers have left us their works. I do not mean U.S. except in a small way. Future generations will reap the harvest. The nine daughters of Mr. Douglas have, I believe, all been school teachers.

Mrs. Douglas has kindly given us some genealogical notes.

W. H. C.

Richard Haswell Douglas was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, October 12th, 1815, being the youngest son of a family of twelve children. He was the son of the Rev. George Douglas, a Wesleyan minister of sixty years' service. Being a minister's son he was educated in Yorkshire, England, at a school founded for sons of ministers. He came to Quebec when fourteen years of age and studied medicine and surgery under his brother, Dr. James Douglas, for seven years. Later he went to Ontario, where, on May 25th, 1846, he was married to the writer, E. Louisa Fearman. We came to Wisconsin in 1855 and settled in the

town of Franklin where we resided until 1887 when we moved to Spring Green.

Mr. Douglas died after a short illness Dec. 27th. 1896. He filled many places of trust in his life.

During his long residence in the town of Franklin and also in the early pioneer days, his knowledge of medicine and surgery was often employed in the relief of the sick and maimed. For eighteen years he was secretary and treasurer of the Franklin Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was ever ready to aid in any movement that would advance the interests of his town, or in any worthy cause. Five children were born to us in Ontario and five here, namely: Mrs. T. J. Cooper, Centralia, Wis.; Wm. Crisp, who died in Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. A. L. Young, Griswold, Iowa; Mrs. Wm. Cronk, South Superior, Wis.; Mrs. A. H. Walster, Marble Rock, Iowa; Mrs. G. W. McCready, Black Hawk, Wis.; Mrs. H.

D. Henry, Kempton, N. D.; Malcolm H. Douglas, Abbotsford, Wis.; Mrs. A. C. Woodruff, Iowa, and Donald M., who died in Franklin. I am still living in Spring Green.

I was born in Beeches, county of Suffolk, England, Nov. 2nd, 1823; came to Canada with my parents in May, 1833. We were on the ocean six weeks, which was said to be a good passage in those days. We came by the way of New York, where we remained six weeks on account of my mother's illness. Then we ascended the Hudson river, went through Erie canal and crossed Lake Ontario to Port Dalhousie, thence to Hamilton by team. What a change in methods of travel since that day. My brother, W. F. W. Fearman, and his sons are conducting a large packing establishment there. To the best of recollection I have never met another family with our name either here or in Canada.

Mrs. R. H. Douglas.

THE OLD SETTLERS MEET

Old Time Stories Enjoyed by the
Early Pioneers of Sauk
County.

THE MEETING A SUCCESS

[From the Baraboo Republic].

The annual meeting of the Old Settlers of Sauk County is a success. The first session was held Wednesday afternoon at Hickory Park, and was

called to order at 3 o'clock by President Hackett. After a prayer by Rev. Hargrave, music by the Italian orchestra and a song by the Columbian Quartet, the address of welcome was made. In the absence of Mayor Avery Judge Bonham was authorized to welcome the old settlers, which he did in a very pleasant way, making all feel that they were welcome guests of the city. Attorney E. F. Dithmar responded in behalf of the old settlers. The next on the program was a reading by Miss Mattie Irish, who gave "Roderick Lee," the first settler of the Rockies. There were about three hundred present at this session.

In the evening the meeting was called to order a little after 8 o'clock. This meeting was the usual camp fire and the time when the old settlers do

the talking. They are not expected to speak upon anything but that which pertains to the pioneer days. Stories relating to the days gone by are always permissible. After music by the Columbian Quartet, the Italian orchestra and the Drum Corps, Col. D. K. Noyes was the first one called upon. Mr. Noyes said he came into the state, or rather territory, 55 years ago and landed in Baraboo three years later. He gave a lengthy talk on the struggles of the pioneer; the hardships and the fellowship. Financially he was at the lowest round of the ladder. He had but five cents when he arrived at the little hamlet, and it was not long before he lost that—then he commenced even with the world in Baraboo. A letter came to the post office and the postmaster trusted him six months for the postage.

Hon. Chas. Hirschinger was the next speaker. He said at the last meeting when he told one of his favorite stories he heard a voice in the audience say "that's a lie." Said he did not like being addressed so bluntly and at this meeting if anyone did not believe some of his utterances he would take it as a favor if they would whistle. It is needless to say there was some whistling by a number of his best friends just for fun as Mr. Hirschinger progressed in his story of pioneer years.

Secretary W. H. Canfield usually is limited to his official capacity only—that of reading the annual report. This time he was permitted to tell the only bear story, and that is the one in which he and the bear were principal actors. G. G. Armstrong also responded to the call and told a few old fashioned stories that were amus-

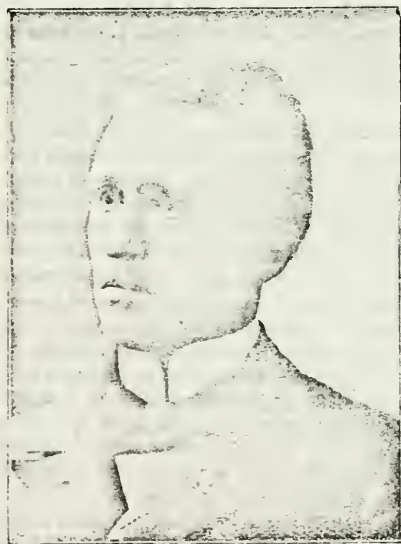
ing. At the close of the program the young people were pleased with the announcement that dancing in the pavilion was the next in order.

The program was resumed at 10:30 Thursday, a. m. On account of the weather being cool the attendance was not so large. President Hackett, in announcing the program, said he had visited several of the old settlers who were sick and unable to be present, and that they sent their best regards to the others. They appreciated the short visit because they felt that they were not forgotten. This reminded Mr. Hackett that the old settlers should care for each other in such times of need. Robert Dickie, of North Freedom, was the first speaker introduced. He spoke of Sauk county of sixty years ago. His address was short but full of enthusiasm. After music by the orchestra E. O. Holden was called upon to speak from an old settler's standpoint. After proclaiming his right to belong to the pioneers he told of some of the necessities of life. One of his points was whether the children of the old settlers appreciated the gift of their parents, and whether they would be as thrifty and leave behind them as good a condition of affairs, according to the times and circumstances. His talk was full of good, sound doctrine. An old settlers' dinner was served at noon.

The program of the Old Settlers' meeting was continued Thursday afternoon. There was a large crowd present and the weather was just right. After music by the orchestra Goldie Nash gave a reading, "The Irishman and the Owl." She was obliged to respond. Miss Mayme

Hengen gave a reading with a German dialect, which was also enjoyable. She also responded. The Columbian Quartet was present and gave several selections during the afternoon.

District Attorney F. R. Bentley was the speaker of the afternoon. He said that progress has ever been the watchword of the herald of civilization, and gave a comprehensive and retrospective history of events of the world showing the advance of civilization, leading up to the time when the seeds for a better condition of humanity were being transplanted in the United States. In all our wars that same spirit of right and the betterment of humanity has been shown.



ATTORNEY F. R. BENTLEY.

speech was full of thought and showed that he had a knowledge of many of the difficulties with which the old settlers had to contend in forming this commonwealth for their

posterity. During the history of our country when brave men were needed to defend the nation's honor the same loyal patriotism characteristic of the true American has ever been manifest. Mr. Bentley closed with these words:

"My friends, I cannot close this address to you and feel satisfied, if I did not in a few feeble words pay tribute to him who, in humble life, without pretentious thought, with no other purpose than to live a life of honor and duty, came into our fair state and county, and with his sturdy manhood knowing not fatigue, enduring hardships, and oftentimes privations, cleared fair earth of its forests, tilled the soil, built cities, fostered enterprises and paved the way for us who have followed, to a brighter, but not more glorious, existence. His days are nearly passed, his eye grows dim, his step begins to falter, but his heart still beats with the fires of patriotism and devotion. To him much do we owe that never can we repay, the most we can do is to honor him while he remains among us.

"America has had her warriors, her honored statesmen, her sweetest poets, her great inventors, each in their turn have had and still have their due honor and attention and we love to recall them and their deeds to our memory. Yet there is still another to whom they all must bow. Let us honor the warrior by our monuments, and upon the pedestal place his statue embellished by the arms of war; place on him the stripes and epaulets of valor; place in his hand the unsheathed sword, ready at his country's call to strike a foe and save a nation's honor. Honor the statesman by erecting for him a statue, place on him the toga,

crown his head with laurels, and in his hand the scroll of fame.

"Erect another for the poet, and inscribe on it the nation's loudest praises. Make still another for our inventors; place in his hand the lightning shaft, and let there radiate from his feet the electric wires of science to speak to the world the greatness of our achievements.

"Place all these statues upon the pedestal of progress and then erect another; on his head place no crown of victory, no epaulets of soldiery, no toga of the statesman, no power of the inventor, but crown his head with the coon-skin cap, his body with the buckskin jacket, and on his feet place the Indian moccasin, place in one hand the woodsman axe, in his other the trusty rifle, and over his shoulder the powder horn and bullet pouch. Thus arrayed, place then this statue upon that pedestal in the forerank of all the others, and then let the nation in its gratitude and homage with the pen of destiny, inscribe on this two simple words, "The Pioneer."

"And, when the history of our own fair state shall have been fully written, when we pause long enough in our career of progress and advancement to give honor to those to whom honor is due, let us erect upon this pedestal monuments for our own noble sons and daughters. Erect for our honored warrior a statue placed there by the hands of a loving people, write if you please on this statue the names of Lucius Fairchild, Edward S. Bragg, R. M. Strong and H. T. Harnden, and then the word, legion, which will stand for the thousands of Wisconsin's sons, who fought and died in the common ranks, a glorious death. Erect for our statesman and write over this the name of Matthew Carpenter, Benj. F. Hopkins and Jeremiah E. Rusk. Pay homage to our poets and our inventors, and then along with these in all their grandeur and in the van of their achievements I want the grateful people of this commonwealth to place another without which that industrious group would be incomplete.

"Erect for him who endured the hardest toil, practiced the closest economy, suffered privations and disaster enough to break the stoutest heart; who now bowed down with many toils and many years, his hair turned to the whiteness of the snow, his body bent by ceaseless burden, has cleared the wilderness, established government, built factories, maintained our honor, and transmitted to us our present prosperity; build well that monument, bare his head and let the shaggy locks of fortitude and strength speak of his worth; let his brow and breast beat firmly against the elements of nature, his feet firmly planted upon the rock of integrity; his one hand firmly grasping the handle of the plow, and let the other be extended in friendly greeting to grasp the hands of the countless thousands of the honest sons of toil who shall gather there to pay their tributes to their benefactor. And now one more I would have and then I am done: by the side of this statue, draped in the queenly robes of womanhood, in all her glory and her virtue with her gray locks smoothed back from that wrinkled forehead, I would place a statue to her, who, thro' all the toil and suffering endured with him the hardships, shared with him the pain and burdens, trod the path of duty and thro' it all has come to enjoy life's blessings, knowing well that she hath done her part, and given to her sons and daughters to cherish in sweet memory the thoughts of home and mother. And then above these statues, written in letters of gold, so that succeeding generations may read, and reading honor, inscribe these words, "The Old Settlers."

At the close the annual election of officers took place. The following was the result: Frank Hackett, president; W. H. Canfield, secretary; Col. D. K. Nores, treasurer. The place of holding the next meeting was not decided upon, but it has been suggested that it be held at Leland.

SANK COUNTY POOR HOUSE AND INSANE ASYLUM.

May 1st, 1899. I had business that called me to Loganville which I finished and then drove to the Poor House and Insane Asylum and stayed the night there. I noticed an appearance of cleanliness and learned from the superintendent, Wm. Andrus, and wife, the matron, many stories of the insane. There is no confinement to rooms. In the evening a gentleman came into the office and visited a little. After he left I learned that he had been at Mendota, was confined to a room or cell, and was violent and hard to manage. He had been a practicing physician. I learned that all degrees from perfect idiocy to sane were kept here. A former neighbor of mine whom I had not seen for 25 or 30 years recognized me. He could not speak except by signs. I became convinced by this visit of the wisdom of the poor farm purchase. In the evening I had the superintendent give me what items he could with the aid of the record book relative to the management and usefulness of the institution. The first purchase of land was made in 1871. Buildings were erected in 1872. On March 19, 1873, 7 poor were admitted and during that month 17. To the present time 532 have been admitted. The number of resident poor at this time is 39. The first building was of brick, 30x40 feet, two stories high and a basement. Later an addition built of brick, 26x40 feet, two stories and basement was attached to the south side.

For the insane a wooden one story building was used for a few years but the accommodations were so poor that the county board transferred them to Dane county by order of the board of charity and correction. The building was entirely remodeled in 1893 and made into a two story structure and is now occupied by the male poor.

The resident buildings that were on

the farm when it was purchased are moved back and used as a laundry. The fine large carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, barn, silo, carriage house, hog house, hen house, ice house, smoke house, ash house and cattle sheds are in good repair with good plank walks aggregating about 1,000 feet in length. There are some buildings in contemplation this season.

This institution is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Reedsburg, 5 miles from Ableman and 15 miles from Baraboo. Between the buildings and public highway are grounds artistically laid out in lawns ornamental trees, shrubs, rockery, and two croquet grounds. This plat has been filled three or four feet deep on the south side and then nicely graded. The drive ways are macadamized. Mrs. Andrus, the matron, has charge of the flower culture and designed a large bed. North of the graded ground and driveways is the garden, containing vegetables, small fruit and a few fruit trees.

The present insane asylum is 40x110 feet, of brick and two stories high with a basement. The basement is largely taken up as a power room and for machinery. Two 30 horse power boilers, dynamo, pumps, etc., are located here. In the upper story of the new addition is a saloon for Sunday services and in winter dancing once in two weeks. The insane are fond of games. Visitors are shown through the buildings on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. On Saturdays and Mondays the buildings are renovated and Sundays religious services are held. Hours for rising, eating and retiring are fixed both for the insane and the poor.

A part of the present structure for the insane was erected in 1886. It is of brick, 40x60 feet, two stories high and has a basement. Five admissions are recorded for the first day of January, 1887, and on the 28th day of the same

month 55 inmates filled the building beyond its capacity, it having capacity for but fifty. In 1893 there were 67 inmates. In 1893 a system of waterworks and sewers was put in. In 1894 the building was doubled in size. The average number of insane inmates is about 100. The liquid part of the sewerage was taken on the farm. Some of it got into the creek which made the inhabitants down the creek complain. The superintendent then took common drain tiling and laid two branches of it 18 inches deep through the farm where the sewerage wasted itself without reaching the creek and wonderfully enriched the soil. The total insane up to this date has been 192. When a person is legally declared insane the state pays \$1.50 per week for his support. The counties having asylums draw this amount on their own insane and \$1.50 per week for boarders from other counties and an addition of \$1.50 per week and clothing bill from the counties to which such insane persons belong. This source of revenue together with the products of the farm have been more than sufficient to support both the insane asylum and the poor house. In the years 1897 and 1898 the receipts exceeded the expenditures by about \$2,000 each year. There are at present seven counties represented in the association.

There has been added to the original farm 200 acres, 160 of which is timbered and is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the buildings. The above statements are taken from the county record books of these institutions. It must be a source of much joy to every right minded person to know that any and every needy, unfortunate citizen whether weak minded, insane or accidentally poor has a home of refuge that indeed is a place of wealth and comfort to its subjects. This is the noble part of benevolence through government. But when government assists capital to gain greater wealth by any means it is no longer a government

“of the people, for the people and by the people” and should be reformed by the people. If a crown is desired it will culminate in one of thorns.

I spent only an evening and a morning in collecting the items above noted and went home with a resolution to pay this humane institution another visit at my earliest opportunity. Therefore, Sunday, seven days later, I made it a second visit, hoping to be in time for the Sunday service which is from 2 to 3 o'clock P. M. It consists of singing and the reading of a sermon by the matron. Dr. Carl Kordenat was phoned to make a visit. His wife came with him. He pulled a couple of teeth and visited some patients. He is a lively jolly German whose humor would make a sick man well. Toward evening I took a walk down the lane west to the lower spring by the creek, passing nicely cultivated fields on either side. The old spring gave signs in 1898 of being unable to furnish an adequate supply of water for the buildings. A room 4x14 feet, the walls of masonry resting on bed rock encloses the spring. The water is kept two feet deep, an escape pipe allowing the surplus to escape and a valve at the outer end prevents the creek water from flowing into the spring when the creek is high. The water is forced by a 14-foot windmill from the spring to a reservoir on the hill 72 feet above the ground at the buildings. On the hill was a small marshy plat of ground. A deep ditch was dug across it which struck much water. Above the ditch where the main spring seemed to be a well seven feet in diameter was sunk striking a copious flow of water which is conducted to the reservoir. The reservoir is 14x26 feet and the water is made to stand six feet deep in it making 600 barrels surplus besides a constant supply of all that is needed. From the reservoir a four inch pipe is laid six feet deep $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile to the buildings, leaded water tight. Last



winter these pipes did not freeze up in the least whereas most of the water works in the state did more or less. On the hill by the reservoir are about five acres of cleared field with heavy timber on three sides of it. In it is an orchard of 150 apple trees just coming into bearing, a blackberry plantation of two very large canes in a hill standing six or seven feet high and most of them alive, whereas most of the blackberries throughout this region are winter killed. Down by the creek among the many improvements this year an artificial pond of about an acre was made with the water about six feet deep, for getting ice to fill the ice house. Most people in the neighborhood get their summer's supply of ice here. All these improvements the labor of the poor and the insane has made with the exception of five days work.

Frank Hess, a beloved little Swiss, died of consumption the day I was here. He had the disposition of a hermit. In the edge of the woods on the hill near the spring he had a log cabin about 8x10, where he spent some of his time while taking care of the fruit grounds in warm weather. He was industrious but wanted to be alone. The young doctors made a post mortem examination and found a very large heart and a diseased lung.

The next day (Monday) I spent in making a survey and plat of the grounds and buildings and stayed another night. Tuesday I went through the buildings and at 11 o'clock, A. M., started for home. Mr. Andrus, I understand, is a carpenter by trade and judging from the appearance of things, he is also a plumber and a universal mechanic. He has been in charge with his wife as matron since 1891. There may be a more capable person for the place but our county board has not found him. It should be the task of no person to laud a brother or a friend in a public

position for his work stands for criticism by a scrutinizing public. The hired help in the institution have been there long and render good service.

EMPLOYEES AT ASYLUM.

No. 1. Minnie Bender. Born in Baraboo Township, Dec. 14, 1877: was employed at County Farm nearly three years in Poor House.

No. 2. Lewis A. Bender. Born in town of Baraboo May 21, 1872. Has been employed as farm hand and engineer for more than four years.

No. 3. Elsie Leigh. Parents reside at Prairie du Sac. Cook and night attendant a little more than one year.

No. 4. Mrs. L. A. Bender. Born in town of Reedsburg, March 16, 1872. Has been attendant in asylum over four years. Still employed.

No. 5. Wm. Andrus. Born Oct. 21, 1840, at Avon, Loraine Co., O. Married on March 26, 1864, in Dellona, Wis. Has been superintendent since Dec. 21, 1891.

No. 6. Amelia Dorow. Born in Germany Oct. 23, 1878. Came to America quite young. Has been employed as laundress five years.

No. 7. Robt. Andrus. Born at Reedsburg May 2, 1877. Farm hand one year, attendant two years.

No. 8. Mrs. Wm. Andrus. Born at North Ridgeville, O., July 22, 1844. Has been matron since Dec. 21, 1891.

No. 9. Edwin Martin. Born in town of Lavallo Nov. 3, 1870. Has been attendant at asylum three years. Still employed.

No. 10. Ella Reynolds. Born July 16, 1871, at Lime Ridge, Wis. Worked in poor house one year and in asylum three years. Died July 15th, 1898. Buried at Lime Ridge.

No. 11. Anna Krohn. Born in Westfield, Sauk county, Dec. 25, 1877. Cook in asylum which position she has held since 1894.

Mr. and Mrs. Bender were married April 15, 1896, at the County Farm.

They have one child, Agnes, born June 10, 1898.

The parents of the superintendent and matron migrated from New England to northern Ohio, settling a few miles west of Cleveland while it was yet a wilderness. The superintendent came to Wisconsin with his parents who set-

tled in the town of Reedsburg in 1854. The journey was made with teams and occupied thirty days, arriving in Baraboo Nov. 15th.

The matron came to Wisconsin in 1863, taught school in town of Dellona and was married March 26th, 1864.

EDWIN ANDRUS.

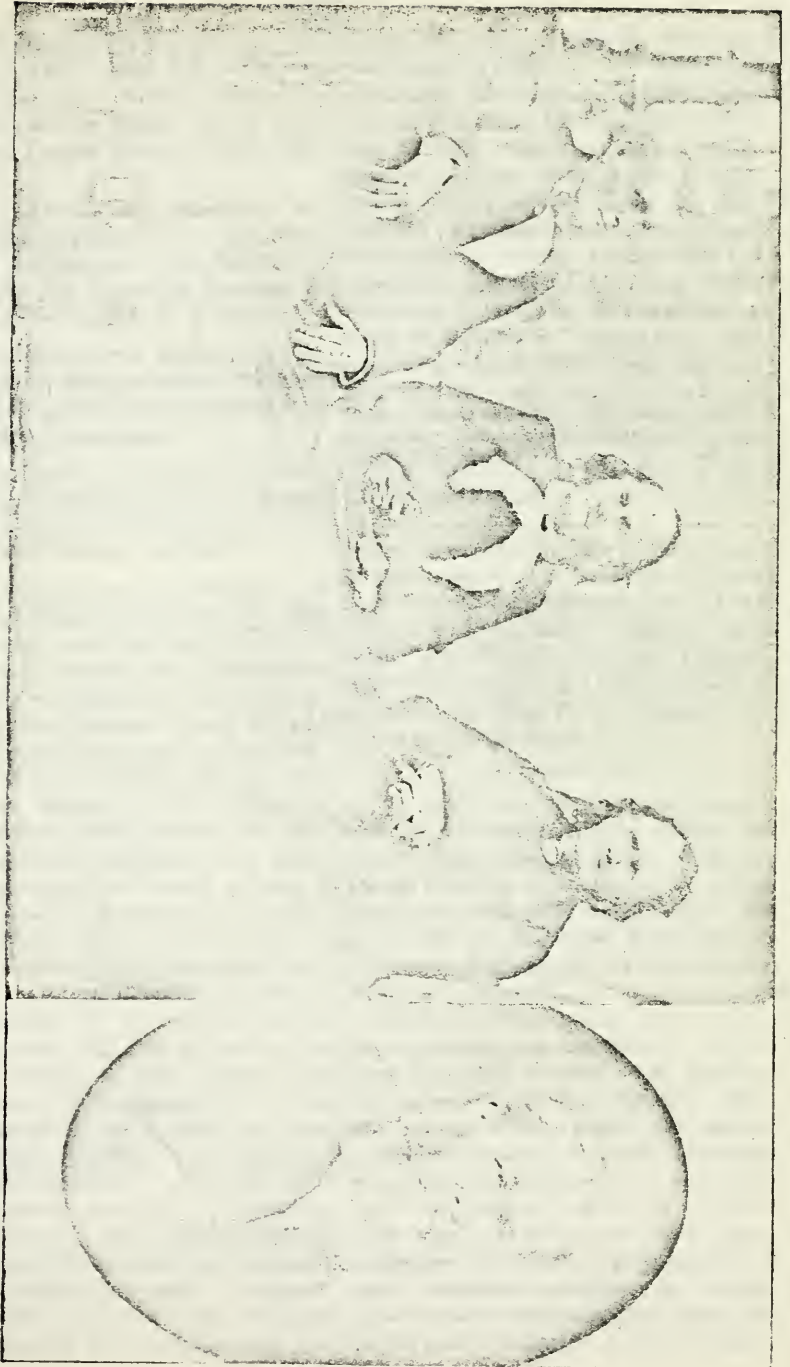
Edwin Andrus was born February 24th, 1806, at Glastonburg, Conn. He was left an orphan at an early age and was bound out. To escape the cruelty of his guardian he ran away, going into the state of New York. Little is known of his early history, but at the age of 18 years he was running a saw mill in Sullivan county, New York. He married Susannah Gillett, the daughter of his employer, on the 20th of November, 1824. Soon after his marriage he moved to Ohio, settling in a dense forest eighteen miles west of what is now the city of Cleveland. The soil was very fertile but was covered by an enormous growth of timber which was of little value. It was also nearly always covered with water for the country was of such a dead level that the water did not know which way to run, and thus a great deal of work was required to drain the land. Six children were born to him here. What a condition of things! He often used to tell of his threshing wheat on shares with a flail, taking his share eight miles on a horse to mill and on returning for his flour to find the mill and his grist washed away by a freshet. Let such a thing happen to-day and there would be an addition to the number in the already crowded poor house. But our ancestors were made of sterner stuff. His knowledge of milling stood him at hand for he obtained work in a saw mill thus keeping the wolf from the door.

After twelve years of married life his wife died. On Nov. 25th, 1837, he

married Mrs. Macena Cahoon, daughter of Joseph Moore. By this marriage he had five children, Ransom M., now living in Baraboo; William, superintendent of county farm and asylum; Amelia, wife of F. M. McClure, Reedsburg; Adelaide, wife of O. B. Titus, Reedsburg; and Rosetta, wife of Henry Sorge, of Reedsburg, died Feb. 18, 1881.

He continued running saw mill and farming ten years when he sold his farm for \$1,000. He received his pay in five-franc gold pieces. Though but little more than six years old I can well remember holding the bag which contained the gold in my hands and noting its weight. It was a great lot of money for those days. With this money he purchased one hundred acres of wild land on the south shore of Lake Erie. Here he built a fine home, his chief income being from potash, made by burning the timber and leaching the ashes. At the end of seven years his health being impaired and the old pioneer spirit becoming dominant, he again set his face towards the setting sun and became a citizen of the town of Reedsburg, Wis., Dec. 1, 1854. Here he owned a farm of 280 acres and here he spent the remainder of his days. All who knew him accord him the best of encomiums. He was a good citizen. He died at the home of F. M. McClure, April 14, 1883, and was buried in the Narrows Prairie cemetery.

Two of the children of Edwin Andrus by his first marriage died in infancy. The eldest, Edwin Lewis Andrus, was born in Manakating, N. Y., Feb. 11,



LEVI MOORE.

MRS. TIRZA MOORE CALIION.

MRS. NASENA MOORE ANDRUS.

EDWIN ANDRUS.

1827. He married Catharine Burrell, of Elyria, Ohio, June 8th, 1852. In early life he was a school teacher. He was a carpenter by trade, also a fruit grower at South Haven, Mich. He died.....

John G. Andrus was born July 16, 1828, at Mamakating, N. Y. On Nov. 19, '849, he married Julia Smith, of Avon, Ohio, and located at Baraboo in 1856, where he died Sept. 18, 1863.

Chas. S. Andrus was born at Avon, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1830; married Mary J. Martin, of Baraboo, Sept. 23, 1860; died June 6, 1867, at Baraboo.

Emily S. Andrus was born at Avon, Ohio, Dec. 1, 1832; married Hon. Frank

Avery, of Baraboo, May 31, 1859, and died April 28, 1895.

Macena, wife of Edwin Andrus, was born at Willsboro, Essex county, N. Y., July 22, 1810. Her parents came from Massachussettes. Her father, Joseph Moore, was a soldier under the immediate command of Gen. George Washington. When a child she accompanied her parents to Avon, Ohio.

On Dec. 1, 1831, she was married to Jesse S. Cahoon at Avon, Ohio. She was left a widow with three children Feb. 28, 1836. She became the wife of Edwin Andrus, Nov. 25, 1837. After his death she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. F. M. McClure, where she died May 20, 1896, and was buried beside her husband.

MRS. TIRZA CAHOON.

Tirza Cahoon was a daughter of Joseph and Hannah Miller Moore. She was born on March 12, 1802, at Granville, Mass. Her life was a varied one. Her father enlisted in the Revolutionary army when sixteen years of age and served during the war. He participated in Shay's rebellion and for this reason and others he left Massachussetts. He was liberal in his religious beliefs and after fighting in the army for liberty he did not want to pay a priest tax nor be restricted in his religious beliefs. He eventually was ostracized under the blue laws as a heretic and an infidel. He moved to Willsborough, N. Y., where he remained until 1822 or 23, when he took his family to Ohio, which was then very sparsely settled. Tirza taught one of the first schools in Avon in that state. In 1828 she was married to Wilber Cahoon. In 1838 Mr. and Mrs. Cahoon moved to Hancock county, Illinois. Mrs. Cahoon returned to Ohio soon after, while her husband went to California to make a fortune. He died there in 1853. Mrs. Cahoon went to Iowa in 1856, to Minnesota the

following year, and came to Wisconsin in 1865. She died at Baraboo on June 6, 1893. Like her brother, Capt. Levi Moore, and her sister, Massena, her ruling passion was to help her friends. She left two children, Levi Cahoon, of Baraboo, and Mrs. H. C. Nesbitt, of Couer de Alene, Idaho.

The troubles of Joseph Moore in regard to religious matters, referred to above, brings to mind the experience of Ebenzer Childs, a member of the early Wisconsin territorial legislature. An account of his departure from Massachussettes is given in the Wisconsin Historical Reports.

He owned a fine young horse upon which a church tax was levied. He refused to pay the tax and on a Monday the horse was to be taken and sold. The Sunday before, when the family had gone to church, he made a bundle of his clothing, saddled his colt, fastened the bundle behind the saddle, made a low bow to his old home and started for New York. He followed by-roads whenever possible. He finally came out on a main road and found he had to pass a church. A tall Yankee

bade him "halt," for he was traveling on the Sabbath day. "I cannot," said Childs. The Yankee attempted to seize the colt but he was not quick enough. Enraged by his failure, he ran back and stripped the harness off a horse, mounted it and gave chase. "The New England Sabbath was seriously broken on that occasion," says

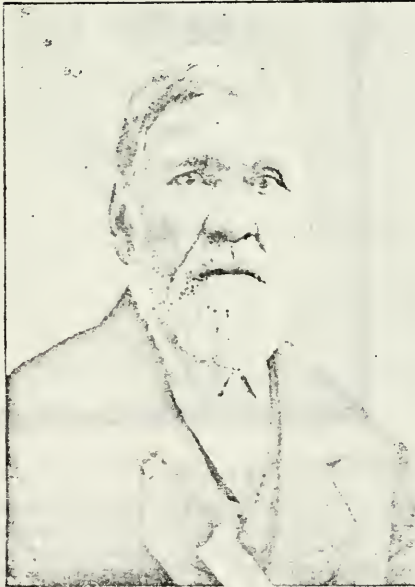
Childs. The New York state line was finally reached and the pious Yankee retraced his steps. "I made him a polite bow and bade Massachusetts an eternal farewell."

All ecclesiastical statutes are a biblical error, undemocratic and ever have been a curse to humanity.—W. H. C.

CAPTAIN LEVI MOORE.

On pages 10-11 of the Historical Sketch of the Town of Baraboo, (quarto page), is a portrait and pen sketch of the Captain in 1891. At the present time, July, 1899, he is confined to his room with a cancer which started on his upper lip and has spread as cancers

do. He is now 91 years old, and his physique were it not for the "enemy's grip," is that of a centenarian. His remaining days must be few. The Captain will be held in affectionate and kindly remembrance by the pioneers of Sauk county. He was once president of the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk County. W. H. C.



MIC. AND MRS. OTIS G. WATKINS.

I was born in Springfield, Windsor county, Vermont, Dec. 31, 1817, and worked on my father's farm until I was twenty-one years of age. I then left

home to work for myself. On April 6, 1847, I married Louisa Ayers at Barre, Vermont. I owned a farm of 100 acres which I had bought of my father.

near the old homestead, and lived on it until 1849, when I sold out. On May 20th, 1850, I started with my wife and two little boys for Wisconsin. We stopped at Monsequonigo, Wis., until after harvest, when I bought an ox team and wagon and we came to Baraboo in August, 1850. I bought 80 acres of land in Fairfield. Was justice of the peace two years during the war of the '60's which saved me from the army. I was also town treasurer two years. We sold out and came to Baraboo and

have lived here ever since. We have been blessed with four sons and four daughters, six of whom are married and have homes of their own. George married Ida Barnes, Fairfield, Wis.; Albert married Mary Camp, Baraboo; Orick married Ella Burdick, Baraboo; Olon lives at home; Eliva Ann married Isaac Schulz, Baraboo; Eldora married Oren Getchel, Fairfield; Viola married Henry C. Douglas, Wonewoc; Emma lives at home.



MR. AND MRS. CHRISTIAN ROSER.

Christian Roser, of the town of Freedom, was born October 6th, 1802, in Bavaria, Germany. He was brought up on a farm. He married Katharine Greiner and their children were born to them—Katharine, who died when nine years of age; Christian, Gottlieb and Henry. His wife having died he married again in 1847. Two children, Frederick and Leonard, were born to them in Germany and accompanied them to America. They landed in America May 4th, 1855, and came

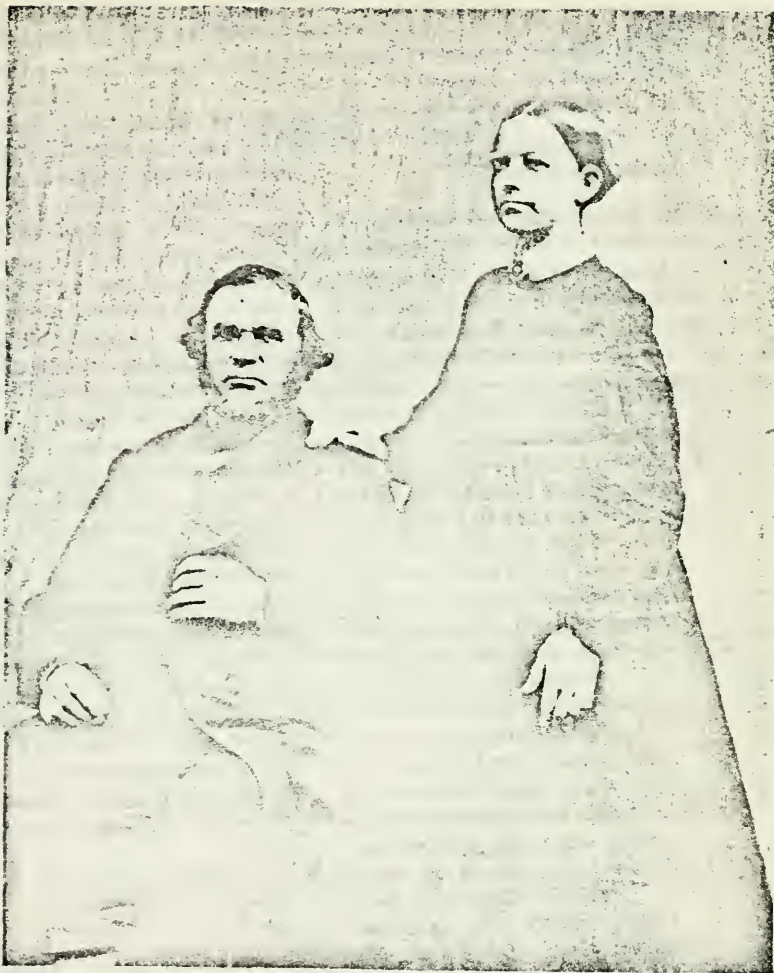
directly to Sauk county, to old Mr. Phillip Nippert's, with whose son, Louis, they were acquainted in Germany. The country was heavily timbered when they came here, but they took the American ax and felled the big trees, and made rail fences and stone fences, and cleared the fields. Now their children live in good houses, drive good horses and ride in carriages, the result of steady industry. Three children were born to them here—John, Louis and Samuel.

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MR. AND MRS. HUGH EDWARDS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Anglesea, North Wales, on April 12, 1813. His parents were Edward and Catharine Edwards. His early life was spent in his native country. In 1845 he came to this county and resided in the vicinity of Racine about three years. He came to Sauk county in 1848 and divided his time between this county and Racine during the following years until 1853, when he got married and settled down in Fairfield, this county, where he spent the remainder of his life. His wife's maiden name

was Miss Gwen Roberts. She was born in New York state, on May 14, 1835. Her parents were Hugh and Gwen Roberts, who settled in New York in the early thirties, coming from Merionethshire, Wales. They resided there a number of years and then came to Caledonia, Columbia county. Hugh and Gwen Edwards were married in 1854. Seven children were born to them, one of whom died in 1862, aged six years and six months. Mrs. Edwards died on Jan. 7, 1870.

LETTERS FROM WM. STEVENSON.

New Hampton, Mo., June 25, 1899.
Mr. W. H. Canfield.

Sir—Seeing your name in the Baraboo News as Secretary of the Old Settlers' Association, I make bold to write you a few lines to let you know that I, Wm. Stevenson, a Scotchman by birth, was one of the early settlers on the Baraboo river and I have always had a kindly feeling for that river since. I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, although I must have seen you several times, but you may not remember me. I owned a farm at the Narrows which I sold to M. Wilkeson. I married a daughter of Nathn Dennison, of that neighborhood. I bought a farm in Caledonia and lived there until the war was over, when I moved to Gentry county, Mo., where I still reside. My wife died three years ago, leaving a family of four boys and two girls. They are all well and doing well. Three of the boys and one of the girls are married, and have homes and families of their own. The other two live on the old homestead, are raising hogs by the score and poultry by the hundreds and are taking care of their old father who is very frail.

Yours respectfully,
Wm. Stevenson.

W. H. Canfield.

Dear Sir: I received your kind letter and in answer acknowledge myself the author of the rhyme I wrote for you fifty years ago. I enclose another one which I wrote about the same time and had a few copies printed to send to Scotland. One copy being left I send it to you. I have written a great many such articles both in prose and in rhyme, though few of them are in print now.

I was 84 years of age last December, 28 years of age when I came to America and 38 when I married. Now I feel

as though in a few more days, or it may be hours, I too must join the great majority. I am ready, waiting, content to go when called and have no fears of the beyond. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
William Stevenson.

Following is the poem a copy of which was enclosed in the above letter:

My native land! My native land!
Where many a lordling's slave
Toils far from free Columbia's strand,
Beyond the Atlantic's wave,
But I have crossed the raging main,
Rinks of the free to swell,
And I have no wish to greet again,
The land where tyrants dwell,
Land of my fathers', though the sea
Rolls deep and wide between,
I very often think of thee,
And what thou might have been,
While recollection brings to view,
The scenes of my young days,
Where I was taught to guide the plow,
Or herd upon thy braes,
My eye all tearless views the spot,
My heart no pang sustains,
When fancy pictures out the cot
We toddled 'round when weans,
I see the thatched roof where we dwelt,
And want to dwell me main,
Where every shower was seen and felt,
And every blast laid bare,
O, Scotland, glad was I to leave
Thy shores where tyrants reign,
To seek a land where none should grieve
Nor have I sought in vain,
For now proud tyrants prosper well,
Old Scotland's glens among:
Her cowardly sons their birthright sell,
While priestly power grows strong,
O, but my throbbing heart doth swell,
Yea, wild my passion raves,
To see the land I loved so well,
Become a land of slaves,
Even yet I love my native land
With all a Scotchman's pride,
But priestcraft, lords and Monarchy
Are things I can't abide.

THE OLD SETTLERS.

**Secretary's Report of the Annual Meeting
Held June 14 and 15, 1899.**

The anxiety and worry of the officers of the Old Settlers' Association, who had the management of the annual meeting on Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, is now a thing of the past. The weather was cold and forbidding and the morning of each day was rainy. The weather was quite pleasant the latter part of Wednesday afternoon and a goodly number were present. Frank M. Kern and wife, of Sparta, were present. (See letter).

Sparta, Wis., June 9, 1899.

Mr. Wm. Canfield,

Baraboo, Wis.

Dear Sir:—Having seen an account of your meeting of old settlers I have made up my mind to attend with my wife. She was born on Sauk Prairie July, 1842. Her parents came there in 1840. I came there in 1845 with my parents. My father's name was Charles Kern and my wife's father's was Zenas Harrington.

Respectfully,

Frank M. Kern.

(Mrs. Harrington was at my house at the birth of our first. My-my, what a time of taking her home. Ox team, lumber wagon, snow a foot deep, eight miles over the rocky Baraboo mountain. One wheel up, the other down; humpity-bump. Holding on to the wagon box to keep inside. Couldn't walk, the snow was too deep; and it was whoa, haw, gee, buck, go where you have a mind to. We got there that night. The poor patient oxen earned their fodder that day. The next day I got home somehow.—W. H. C.)

About 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the Joe Derosa & Son's string band opened the exercises with music.

Meeting called to order by the president.

Invocation by Rev. Hargrave.

Song by Columbian Quartette. The quartette was recalled.

Address of welcome, delivered by Jas. L. Bonham for Mayor Frank Avery.

Response by E. F. Dithmar.

Music by the band.

Oration, "Robert Lee, the First Settler of the Rockies," by Mattie Irish.

Adjourned for dinner.

Thursday was cold and chilly with rain threatening.

Music by the band opened the exercises at 10 A. M.

Prayer by Rev. Hargrave in which was pictured how great, indeed, is our indebtedness to God and our humane forefathers.

Mr. Robt. Dickie, of North Freedom, delivered an address worthy of being heard and printed.

E. O. Holden, in response to calls, drew a vivid picture comparing society, past and present.

Miss Hengen dramatized Money Musk.

Columbian Quartette sang a song and was recalled.

An election of officers was held and Frank Hackett was chosen president. D. K. Noyes, treasurer; and W. H. Canfield, secretary.

In the early morning the president visited John Terry, who is 97 years of age; Capt. Levi Moore and P. P. Pratt. He enjoyed his calls and they his visits.

W. H. C.

Old Settlers' Financial Report

JUNE 18.—Old Settlers' Association in account with Wm. H. Canfield as reported by him at the meeting of the old settlers in Mrs. V. W. Wheeler's Hickory Park.

Money received for past dues and donated:

Mrs. V. W. Wheeler, \$10; Paul Lachmund, \$2; J. Sprowl, D. K. Noyes, P. P. Pratt, Mrs. Susan Teal and Wm.

H. Canfield, 50c each, amounting to \$14.50.

Money paid out: To the Republic for posters, 75c; postals, 50c; secretary's fees, \$10; for Mr. and Mrs. Kern's dinner, 50c; reporter's fee, \$1; paid to treasurer, \$1.75; total \$14.50.

Received of E. Walbridge, June 20, 50c and paid same to the treasurer.

The two days of the picnic were so unfavorable that there was a deficit. A subscription paper was drawn up and circulated, those subscribing 50c or more being entitled to membership in the Old Settlers' Association of Sauk county. Following are those who subscribed \$1 each:

P. Cheek, H. Marriott, E. S. Erswell, H. Koppke, H. M. Acott, Chas. Wild, E. G. Marriott, J. L. Bonbrun, W. H. Prentice, E. F. Dithmar, E. H. Hueb- ing, W. T. Kelsey, S. A. Collins; Reed-

burg, F. R. Bentley, Wm. A. Warren, Henry Mould, Dr. C. P. Riley, F. A. Philbrick, T. W. English, T. Clava- datscher, H. M. Johnston and Edwin E. Nichols, amounting to \$22.

The following subscribed 50c each:

P. Sprecher, F. E. Brewer, Geo. Mertens, J. Hoppe, J. B. Norton, Carolinã Norton, J. Dickie, J. Dodd, Kam- rath & Schmidt and A. F. Fisher, amounting to \$5.

Others contributed 25c apiece, amounting to \$6.50.

Amount collected on subscription, \$33.50.

All-in-all, the 28th annual reunion of the Old Settlers was a profitable and pleasant occasion. In behalf of the association the secretary takes pleasure in expressing thanks to those who kindly assisted in the program and to our citizens for their liberality.

WM. H. CANFIELD, Sec.



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP CHEEK.

Philip Cheek was born in Silverton, Somersetshire, England, May 11, 1841; came to Newark, New Jersey, in '52 and to this county in '56 with his

parents, Philip and Hannah Cheek, who settled on a farm in the town of Excelsior. On May 10, '61 he enlisted as a private in Co. A, 6th Wis. Vol.

Inf., being discharged on December 8, '62, on account of wounds received at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62. In November '63 he was appointed deputy provost marshal for the third congressional district of Wisconsin, and served until May, '65, when he returned to the farm, and in October, 1870, was appointed by Judge Alva Stewart clerk of the circuit court for the unexpired term, and was elected to succeed himself three times. During his term of office he studied law and was admitted to the bar in September, 1876. Mr. Cheek was district attorney five years and served the state as insurance commissioner four years. He is one of the most prominent G. A. R. men of that order; was commander of Joe Hooker post three years; assistant inspector-general on the commander-in-chief's staff in '82; assistant adjutant-general '85-'86, and was department commander of Wisconsin in '93-94, and has done more real hustling for the good of the order than any other man in the state of Wisconsin. For several years Mr. Cheek has been special agent, superintendent of agencies and adjuster for the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., for Wisconsin and Upper Michigan. He is a member of the A. O. U. W. and Masonic fraternities; he is a republican in politics and an aggressive party worker. Mr. Cheek was married July 23, 1861, to Miss Katherine Faller. They have two children living, Arthur P. and Mrs. Henry C. Black. Mr. and Mrs. Cheek reside on Cheek's Hill, in one of the handsome and most picturesque homes in the city.

The following article is taken from the Baraboo Republic of April 14, 1880:

* * * During the prevalence of the first heavy thunder storm of the season, early this morning, at about four o'clock, the residence of Philip Cheek Jr., on the high hill in the north part of town, was struck by a thunderbolt. Mr. Cheek's eldest son, Robert, fifteen years of age, was instantly killed by the stroke. The clothing of the bed in which he lay was set on fire, and the chimney was torn, a part of the bricks falling on another bed in the opposite corner of the same room where Mr. Cheek's two other children were sleeping, and breaking down their bedstead. Their escape was wonderful. In the bed room below, where Mr. and Mrs. Cheek were sleeping, the plastering was torn down directly at their heads, and the lower corner of the room torn out. Indeed, every portion of the house was more or less torn, and it is almost miraculous that all the inmates were not killed and the house destroyed. But the other children, in the same room with Robert, do not seem to have felt the shock at all.

Robert Cheek was an admirable and estimable boy, a dutiful son and promising scholar, in whom his parents' hopes largely centered. The blow to their feelings can only be compared in suddenness and weight to that of the death dealing lightning-itself. The entire community is stirred to the depths of its tender and sympathetic heart by their great affliction.

U. S. SURVEYORS IN BARABOO.

The United States government agrees to make a topographical map of any state that makes a geological survey. Wisconsin has made such a survey and United States engineers are

now making the topographical survey and collecting data. When returning from Portage City on Aug. 10, I met S. E. Granke, leveler, and C. B. Zarn, rodman, who were running a level from a bench mark at Portage to a bench mark at the north east corner of

the court house in the city of Baraboo. A previous level had made the mark at Baraboo 889.081 feet above sea level, the present level makes it 890 feet above sea level. A bench mark is a starting point adopted by surveyors

from which to take measurements. The accuracy of the measurements made by the engineers from the bench mark at Portage to the one at Baraboo is truly remarkable. The variation is less than one inch.—W. H. C.

DURWARDS.

On page six of "Wild and Romantic Scenery of Sauk County," I copied B. I. Durward's poem on page 127 of his book of poetry entitled, "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin," descriptive of his home at the Glen, in which he gives his home the name of "St. Mary's of the Pines." On a page of photographs in a sketch of Greenfield is a small portrait of him, taken in his younger days and a genealogical sketch of the Durward family is given on pages eight and nine.

On page nine of a volume of poems dedicated to Aubrey DeVere he gives a description of his former home, Milwaukee.

"City of Ladies fair, fairer and fairest!
City of palaces and spires and towers,
Which on thy hills and plains like jewel-
flowers

Upon a bosom of a bride, thou bearest!
City of Men endowed with ample power
Of love and wisdom, courage, strength
and art.

Whosee their duty in true honest charts
When the sun shines, or when the tem-
pest lowers!

Thy sea-like lake and many a fertile land
Pour their vast riches in thy lap,—and
free

And magic-like thy boundaries expand
Into futurity! In pensive mood
How many cherished memories of thee
Light up the dimness of my solitude!"

(His new home by the rill where
speckled trout sport, he lives in, Pines,
firs and trembling aspens—his orches-
tra, melodious rich and sweet, sing to
his four score years a prettier song,

think we, than the dashing wave-gong
of lake billows, and the bustle of her
commerce.—W. H. C.)

This volume was published in 1880 and
contains 107 pages.

One son came to his death a number
of years ago by eating of the root of
the wild parsnip which he mistook for
some other plant.

Wilfred Durward, the youngest son,
but one, who lives in Michigan
makes his home with his aged father
and mother. He has a photograph
gallery and is always as busy as a bee.
He is a poet of rare merit, also. His
ninety page volume, entitled "Mother
and Others," is on sale at Mould &
Buckley's. On page 77 of this volume
begins a poem of fourteen divisions
from which we print several extracts.

MOTHER: A POEM.

Dedication: To that uncounted, count-
less throng—earth's mothers:
First to my own, and then to all others.

I.

THE RECORD.

Forty years it stands to-day:
Forty years beloved! nor hated
Smallest fraction of the way
Night or storm! O! never-sated
Hungered, yearning, heart-relief,
Vestal flame, unmatched, unmated,
Light the sight less can perceive,
Bit of heaven to earth translated,
Woman's might and woman's weakness,
Woman's pride, and lowly meekness,
Jealous, tho' unselfish wholly,
—Often scourged far worse than folly,
Universal, of all stations,
Free of Tongues, Creeds, Races,
Nations.

Simple—just itself—none other—
The devotion of a Mother!

II.

III.

IV.

V.

MAMMA'S NAUGHTY BOYS.

He knows the taste of Mamma's love,
And any tricks he'll foil:

He does not a'oes take, or salts,

Rhubarb, or castor oil.

He'd tied her tail: she scratched him
some—

(Better'n Tom—she bit his thumb.)

But bravely to her side he slid,

To hear what naughty Tommy did:—

“Within the oven immured the e it,

The kitten in the churn:

“Monstrus!” saith Papa, “what is that?”

Each face showed much concern,

“Was that roast dead?” (this to the
cook)

Here Tommy slunk away,

And pussy from the fire they took,

Her nine lives saved that day.”

“Now Mamma's boy would not do that,

And singe the pretty pussy e it

Until her fur would smell?”

“O! no,” quoth Johnny cheerfully,

“I'll put her in the well!”

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Fullest heart wins faltering tongue:

Weakly, brokenly, I've sung,

Commonplace, poor words I've spoken

Of my own; of hers, slight token:

Yet will not, may not disguise

Miracle, nor show surprise

If pure gold to mother's eyes,

What were vanity of speech,

Craft's conceited utmost reach,

Waking dream, or nightly round,

Sounds, that sounding, only sound,

Or allusion, rhyme, mismated:

When in language of her heart,

With its higher, holier art,

Read as wondrously translated?—

Mother's sons! as friends and brothers

Harken! love that love of mothers,

Shame not lads to take it all—

Honor thine as thou; beholden:

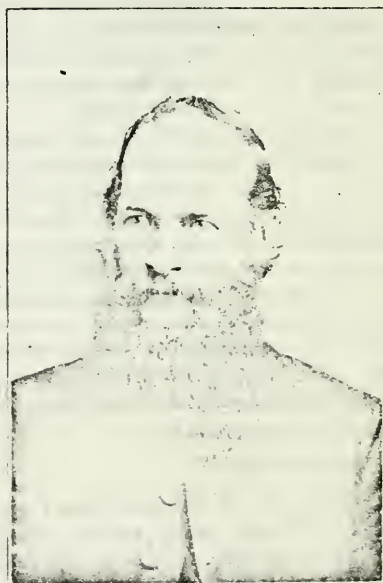
But—be all deceit above:

Ask thyself a question small—

Could'st thou, would'st thou have thy
love

Passed for gold, nor make it golden?

—THE GLEN, March 14, 1860.



REV. JOHN DURWARD.

Rev. John Durward is the pastor of St. Joseph's church in Baraboo and is held in the greatest respect and esteem by his parishioners. He has held this position for twelve years.

The Durward family of father, mother



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and sons are companionable, hospitable and Christian people, to whom public ecomium is distasteful. They estimate men as copper, silver or gold—copper, those who drift carelessly along; silver, those who at least swim and try to rise; gold, those who stem the current and make circumstances. Their work with pen and pencil makes humanity happier. Rev. Durward like the other members of the family, has contributed to literature. He has published a book of poems entitled, "Sonnets of Holy Land." The pilgrimage to Palestine, which this book commemorates, was made in 1889 and was participated in by one hundred persons. The book contains fifty-four pages and is nicely illustrated. The dedication is as follows:

DEDICATION.

To the Members of the First American Pilgrimage to Palestine.

I did not wish the anniversary of the Holy Week we spent together in the Holy City to pass without at least a small harvest of fruit, as an incentive, alike, and an earnest. The history of our Pilgrimage has yet to be written. These sonnets, composed in the localities, are a few of the thoughts those

spots awakened, crystallized into verse. They are here laid at your feet by

THE AUTHOR.

Baraboo, Wis. Feb. 22, 1890.

The following sonnet is on page forty in the volume:

THE WAILING PLACE.

The moaning sea against a rocky shore:
Such art thou, Israel, in thy awful woe.
With palm and forehead pressed forevermore

Upon those blocks that raised thy
temple's glory:

Or swaying palsied grey hairs to and fro,
And giving to the winds thy anguished
story:

"Oh for our Palace walls in desolation—
Temple and bucklered tower now over-
thrown:

Oh for the perished glories of our nation,
Oh for our priesthood fat and lazy grown,
Oh for our Kings and Pontiffs gone astray
We sit alone and weep." Oh restless
sea!

Return, return, Jerusalem, and stay
The sobbing of thy mournful litany.

Jerusalem, April 12.

(George Tenny in a lecture remarked:
"As I sat and saw the Jewish pilgrims
at the Wailing Place it moved my
heart almost to tears."—W. H. C.)

SNAKES.

Baraboo, Aug. 3, 1890.

Mr. Canfield.

Dear Sir, You wanted to know about that snake story. It is as follows: I was mowing brush and weeds about eight rods south east of the house when I heard a snake rattle and before I could step back he sprang and his fangs caught in a leg of my trousers. I made about three jumps before he let go. The boys came running up and Paul threw a stone and hit the snake on the head, killing him. He had six rattles and a button. Bert has his skin and four others. One of them has

eleven rattles and measures five feet and two inches in length. You will find something in the Republic about it.

Yours respectfully,

A. B. ELLIS.

St. Patrick has not, as yet, banished all the snakes from America. Fifty years ago the large yellow snakes of the bluffs and rocks were quite plenty. (Mr. Ellis himself lives among the rocks and bluffs). The dark Mesauger was also plentiful and most to be dreaded. The large yellow usually gives an honorable warning with his rattle and then retreats. I experienced an exception to this rule. I met a

very large one on a clean, open lawn. He saw that he had no hiding place and evidently thought the best show for his life was to meet his enemy. He raised his head and neck about six inches high, and rattling angrily he slowly advanced toward me. I almost shook with nervousness. When he got within reach I struck him with a stick and stunned him. I put my foot on his head and with my knife I cut it off.

Mason Prather was once bitten by a snake. It was several days before he got the poison out of his system and he was very sick. Mrs. Eli King, I think it was, of Sauk Prairie, was bitten and she came near dying from the effects of the poison. Mr. Albert Jamison, of

Sauk Prairie, once killed a large snake that had a mink in it. I once came upon a large yellow rattle snake in the road and about six feet in front of him lay a half grown rabbit dead but still warm. An Indian was with me and he looked the rabbit over but could find no marks on it. Judging from this and the positions of the rabbit and snake it seems that these snakes certainly can charm.

There is an interesting peculiarity about a female snake and her young. When danger threatens them the mother opens wide her mouth and the little ones run down her throat.—
W. H. C.

THE BARABOO VALLEY.

I had contemplated writing three short articles upon our picturesque valley. Two of the articles are placed upon pp. 13, 29 of O. S. A. The first is a short geological thesis of the formation of quartzite. A later theory taught of our quartzite rock formation is that its metamorphism from Potsdam sandstone to its present glass like appearance is that between grains of sand a silicious concretion has filled up the interstices between the grains of sand, thus making a quartzite. This class of theorists acknowledge that there are dikes in the quartzite in which semi-molten silicious rock has been forced up to the surface; hence there must have been intense heat below. The different colors in the quartzite rock can be accounted for by heat producing it, the sandstone being an iron-bearing rock. Perhaps chemical concretions would make similar colorings. Truly there is nothing stationary in nature; science is also fickle. To-day it takes positions that are ignored tomorrow. I shall not notice this point further. This article is to notice the present surface as apparently prepared

for man's occupancy. From the mouth of the Baraboo river six miles in direct line to the lower narrows the river keeps near the east end of the great quartzite bluff on the Wisconsin river. When the Baraboo river has a great flood some of its overflow goes into the Wisconsin river, and where the Wisconsin river is very high its overflow emptied into the Baraboo. From the mouth to the narrows its delta is largely timbered with elm; not much undergrowth. The remaining area is marshes that lay a little higher than the Wisconsin delta; therefore are easily drained into the Baraboo river. It is now improved in many rich and productive farms, especially between the bluff and river. Apple trees do well at the foot of the bluff. The large orchards are a source of much wealth. Cultivated fields are rapidly widening and fine buildings supplanting the old ones. Passing through the lower narrows the cliffy gateway of 400-foot-high bluffs on either side 80 rods wide. The river is now in the wonderful semi-quartzite basin 10x20 miles. An area of about 200 square miles. It is safe to say that there is not ten square

miles of light, sandy soil in it. I cannot think of even one lean mile of sandy soil in the "basin" unfit for cultivation. The rocky bluffs which are rich, but too rocky for cultivation, could not exceed forty square miles and that produces timber. That leaves 150 square miles for agriculture. The river and its branches of bottom land might equal 50 square miles with an alluvial soil from 10 to 200 feet deep; a richer deposit is not in America. The 100 square miles of upland is of a good quality for farming. How much value has it so far yielded to man? First, the mound builders: Their tumuli and effigy mounds are thickly located generally in groups throughout the Baraboo valley. There is upon Charles H. Williams' place, within the corporate limits of the city of Baraboo, sec 4 of sec. 1, T 11 N of R 6 E, an effigy of a bear that is an excavation instead of an embankment. S. A. Lapman, in his "Antiquities of Wisconsin," says that these effigy mounds extend from Illinois north state line 100 miles north, and from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river. Hence southern Wisconsin has the honor of an unwritten history of a mysterious race of man. Their garden beds and tumuli and effigys and numerous groups shows the country once was densely populated by them. Mother Earth nurtured them as it has all animated existence, each according to its wants. The Indian: We have become acquainted with the character and habits of this race of humanity and they have to their sorrow had an unfavorable acquaintance with their intruding white brother. The one as a rule is honest; the other covetous and dishonest. Which is the truthful honest one? Let history speak.

They had their day and enjoyed life until trouble came. It entered in a lamb-like form. Catholic missionaries penetrated the wilds of the West and

the native received him as an angel into his totem. Following the missionary the French trader and trapper obtained their peltry for tobaccos, blankets, beads, etc. The English followed the French, who not only coveted their furs, but their homes also. They swarmed in upon them until by force and purchase they obtained their homes and lands for a small consideration. Alcohol was also a staple. Wars followed. Numbers and superior weapons always conquered. It is only a matter of time that they will be only known by record of history. Mother Earth kindly cared for those children of of her's. Game, small corn and bean patches and wild fruits was their regime. If a fair money value was placed upon their game the sum would be great. Beaver and other furs were a great and profitable staple in early American history and Mackinack a great centre for the fur trade. Beaver dams in Sauk county are upon almost every brook and creek.

The Caucasian, a third race that now occupies this valley, found Mother Earth's welcome to them. Their wants and needs widely differed from their predecessors. Their first citadel was like the two supplanted races on the Moran dam of the valley heretofore described. It was a favored point for man. Here now stands a 6,000 soul city. When he first entered into this quartzite-walled valley to make a home. After the log cabin. A saw mill in 1839. Within three or four years Peck's pinery and Seeley Creek pinery were converted into lumber and shaved shingles. The lumber sold at about \$10 per thousand, or hammered into houses and bars at a low estimate would be \$150,000 in our quartzite basin. Hardwood lumber say an equal sum or perhaps double that \$300,000 for lumber and shingles.

For cord wood, wood at 50c per cord,

Stumpage between lower and upper narrows at time of occupancy could not be estimated less than \$300,000. For hay, honey, ginseng, wild fruit, fish, game, \$100,000; maple sugar, \$300,000, \$1,000,000 would be a low money value that be placed upon the free gifts of mother earth at the time of occupancy by the white race of the 200 square miles lying in this basin under consideration. Old settlers are generally spoken of in a sympathetic way as endurers of many hardships in making their new homes pleasant, convenient, comfortable and ornamental. Are not those speeches of sympathy wrong? Misplaced? Example: A young man 23, and wife 21, settled in Baraboo Valley. Their household effects dumped off in a pile; not a horse or cow or ox. His hands and an ax his only means of support. He had a high priced watch which he sold for a yoke of oxen. He made a cart without a nail or scrap of iron about it. The wheels were made by felling a large white oak and sawing sections off it for wheels and making a hole through them for the axletree and then shaping it to resemble a wheel having a hub. The axletree was of maple. The cart when finished, with a frame placed upon it worked nicely when kept well greased up. Upon it was many a curly maple log, cherry, red elm, and white ash drawn to the saw mill. These kinds of lumber were valuable and had a ready sale. People came from Sauk prairie and from other counties to this Baraboo mill for lumber and shingles. This home market at so early a day gave the settlement money and supplies. In 1845-6 emigrants began to come in faster. The land was soon bought up which broke up free booting, but our land was now paid for and fields made in the new rich soil that gave returns, richly rewarded the labor. Noxious weeds and pestiferous in-

sects or doctors, lawyers and preachers had not put in their appearance as yet. The jolly violin was a panacea that drew away gloom and ill health. These were not hard times. Buildings and fields all new; people most all young. We visited much and the lute string was out for the new comer. No money to let; no lawsuits for entertainment. We had some jolly times in driving "land sharks" out of our neighborhood ("claim jumpers") burning down their cabins, riding them on a rail, &c. Bye and bye foul weeds came—doctors, reverends, esquires, saloons, land agents, banks and bank fakirs, money loaners, "wild cat times," gamblers and hard times. Apostate government, giving chartered privileges to corporations, and taxing high the necessary common commodities for sustenance of life; entering into partnership with distilleries and saloons to support a government that parallels a European monarchy. Formation of trusts. A slave in the year 1900 in the U. S. A. As compared with the times of 1839-50, which is to be pitied?

If our quartzite basin of 200 square miles could rid itself of the noxious weeds, &c., &c., as in 1840 to 1860, we would be a happy people.

Baraboo and its surroundings have been so thoroughly sketched heretofore that but a few words are necessary here. Its citadel is that of two prior races of men. The finest location in the state, Madison excepted. The next business center in passing up the valley is North Freedom—a pleasant location in its improved condition. But the valley for a few miles either way and the Seeley creek valley was in a state of nature hideously awful. It was unusually frosty. Seeley creek bottoms that lay adjacent to the town site swelled out into an area about as broad as long, of about 2½ square miles, almost on a water level and but a little higher than the Baraboo river, timbered with white elm and black ash largely. A tamarack swamp, an open marsh surrounded with a tangle of alder and willow.

WILLIAM H. CANFIELD.

THE HACKETT FAMILY.

Samuel Hackett was born in New Jersey, April 14, 1805, and died in town Freedom, Wis., Feb. 18, 1873; was married in Chincouba, Upper Canada, July 27, 1825, to Dency Terry, of Palmyra, New York. Her descendants were of Scotch origin. Their married life began on a farm in Upper Canada, and they remained there until 1839, then migrated to Boone county, Ill., and from there to Freedom, Wis., where he spent the remainder of his days. He was a good man morally, honest and upright in his dealings with mankind. But a few years before his demise he experienced religion in the church of the Latter Day Saints of which his wife had been all her life a member. He owned at one time the land where now stands the thriving village of North Freedom, and for years before it was platted into village lots it was known as Hackett's Corners, and had justice ruled instead of injustice it yet would have been named for the old pioneer who first broke the soil. His son, John, built the first hotel on the southwest corner, and another son, Timothy, built a store and dwelling on the northeast corner, and son, Parshall, a dwelling on the southeast corner. Samuel had a small family of fifteen children, ten of whom are living to-day, the youngest fifty-four years old and the eldest seventy-two.

Mary was born in Canada, April 14, 1827. Married to Wm. Carpenter, June 4, 1845.

George was born in Canada, Jan. 30, 1829. Married Oct. 26, 1851, to Polly Gile.

Julia A. was born in Canada, Jan. 30, 1829. Married March 15, 1853 to Ogden Gray.

Timothy was born in Canada, March 26, 1831. Married Dec. 15, 1858, to Fannie Moulton.

John was born in Canada, July 30,

1833. Married Oct. 15, 1854, to Elvria Carr, and in 1862 to Mary Martin.

Joel was born in Canada, Aug. 27, 1835. Married Dec. 1861, to Emily Cass.

Hannah E. was born in Canada, May 15, 1837. Married Dec. 31, 1857, to J. F. Gile.

Dency M. was born in Canada, May 13, 1839. Married Oct. 1855, to George W. Gray.

Frank C. was born in Illinois, July 24, 1841. Married Nov. 1859, to P. Wiggins, and in 1867 to Ann Loomis.

William J. was born in Illinois, Jan. 18, 1842. He never was married. Died Oct. 27, 1842.

Parshall was born in Illinois, Nov. 8, 1844. Married May, 1866, to J. Elliott. To Hattie Lamport, Feb. 1872.

Sarah was born in Illinois, June 10, 1846. Died Nov. 1846.

Cornelius was born in Illinois, Oct. 24, 1847. Died March 8, 1848.

Wesley was born in Wisconsin, May 31, 1849. Died July 5, 1850.

Jacob was born in Wisconsin, Jan. 8, 1852. Died Sept. 1855.

P. T. HACKETT.

I was born Nov. 8, 1844, in Boone county, Ill., and came with my parents to Sauk county Wis., in 1848, where my father purchased 160 acres of land now known as "Old Hackett's Homestead." Here I was reared to the age of eighteen years, during which I received some very severe accidents. In my thirteenth year, while walking on a log, I slipped off, catching my foot between the log and the ice and falling sideways I broke my right leg. During the time of six weeks, which I was laid up, is where I learned to knit and sew. After recovering another incident occurred which caused me much pain. While working in the sugar bush Brother Kirch (now known as

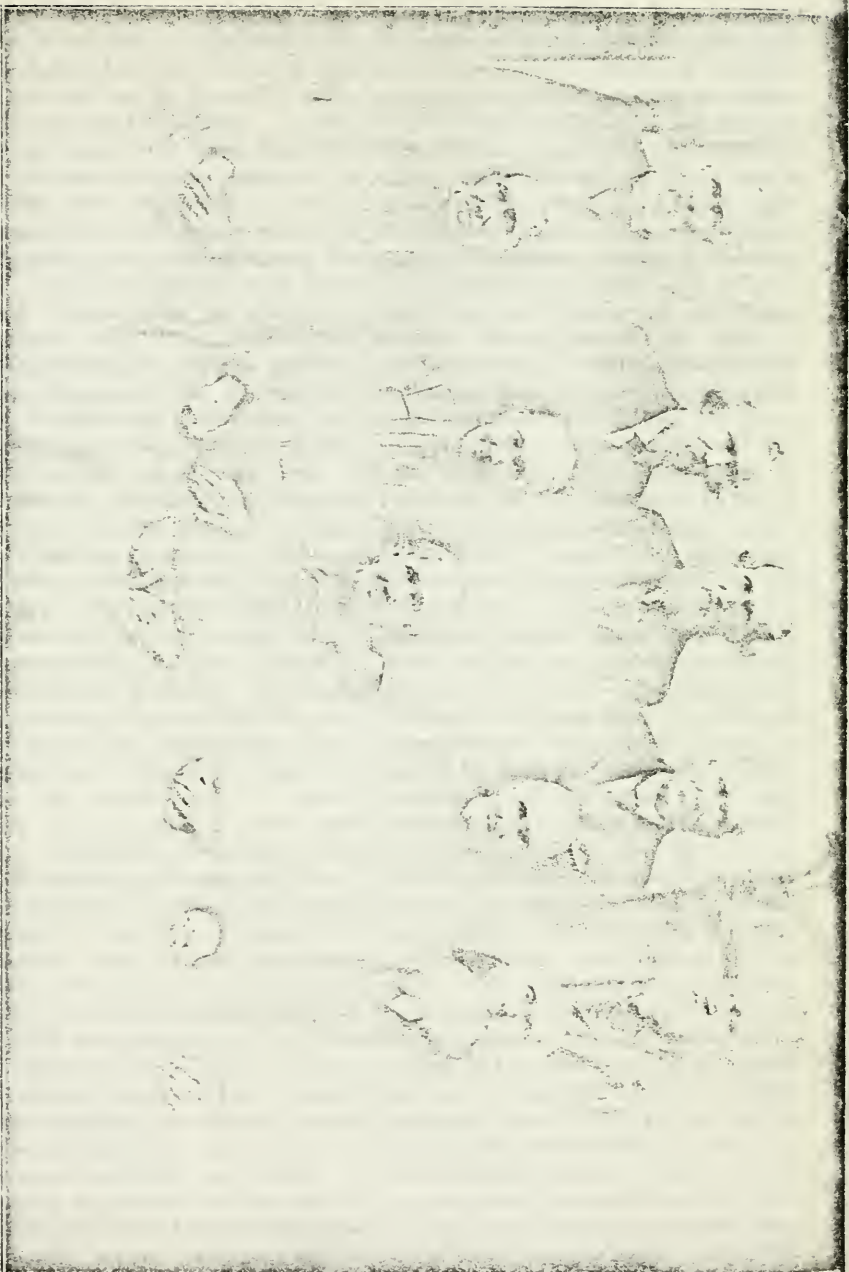
PARSHAL
MRS. GEO. GRAY

FRANK
MRS. HANNAH E. GLE

JOEL
MISS. JULIA GRAY

JOHN
MRS. MARY CARPENTER

TIMOTHY
GEORGE



Frank and Terr. were carrying small sticks to build a fire. After Frank had cut his, I placed my stick on a log and asked him for the ax to cut it with. He says, "no sir, I will cut it." I said, "no," and placed my hand upon the stick. He said, take your hand off or I will cut it off. Right here is where the sand came to the surface in each of us. Do you know which contained the most? I know who got the most hurt. In 1862 I went with my parents to Great Salt Lake City, they having determined to make a visit to that far western country to see my mother's parents, brothers and sisters, who had been absent over twenty years. Fitted up with covered wagon, one yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows, tent, feather beds, tins, stove and father's rheumatism, we left the old home in May and proceeded to Council Bluffs, Iowa. The Missouri river being very high, we had to ford one mile on the low land before we reached the steam-boat to take us across to Omaha, Nebraska. In getting to the boat, I had to wade by the side of the cattle, the water ran in the wagon box, one of the oxen stepped in a hole and mother gave a squeak peculiar to women that I never shall forget. When on the other side of the river, we waited for the formation of a church train that was forming to go to Great Salt Lake City, a distance of 1040 miles. Forty wagons containing families and drawn by oxen moved westward. A more happy and jolly lot of people it never was my lot to meet again than those were. I having a violin with me, many a night we would trip the fantastic toe on the green. After many hardships and fording of dangerous rivers (being no bridges in those days) we arrived at the city of our destination after four long and tiresome months' travel. A more beautiful city and valley I never saw. While in Utah I attended my last term of school,

In 1863, we left Utah for Denver City, Colorado, with the same outfit that carried us to the Pacific coast. Indians were so troublesome on our returning over the Rocky mountains, we had to travel the new road 150 miles farther south. After visiting my sister for a short time in Colorado, we exchanged our cattle for horses and started back across the plains. Father's rheumatism became more chronic and many a time I had to lift him in and out of the wagon. Having assisted my parents safely home and being impressed with the opportunity of money making that presented itself to me in the far west, I immediately returned to Denver City, Col., following various occupations in Colorado and New Mexico. In 1864 I again returned to Wisconsin. On arriving home I never shall forget my aged parents, sitting all alone by the old fire-place, father smoking his pipe and mother knitting. To say we all enjoyed the reunion would be putting it very mild. I considered my wild oats had been pretty well sown and so decided to purchase a tract of land of H. N. Souther and settle down. Deciding to build a house, I cut logs, fastened them together and drove them down the Baraboo river. Here is an incident worthy to narrate. I laid down on the raft and went to sleep but was aroused by a terrible noise. I arose, my raft was running up the river. The woods that had been on the right hand side of the river were on the left hand side, a strange predicament indeed, as I waited to get my logs down the river to the old Lyon's saw-mill. The sequel was the front end of the raft struck an obstruction, causing the raft to swing entirely around while I was asleep and it seemed to me I could taste of something that resembled fish. In 1867 I took up hop culture. In 1868 I was married to Miss Jennie L. Elliot, and unto us was born one daughter,

In 1871 the cruel hand of death called my dear wife to Him above, who knows all things best. In 1872 the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. Co. appointed me station agent at Bloom. That year I married Miss Hattie A. Lamport and had my land platted which is now a part of the village of North Freedom. Having resigned as station agent and disposing of my village property in 1877, I moved to Bloomer, Chippewa county, Wis. Here, in 1879, I was awarded the contract to carry the U. S. mail between Chippewa Falls and Bloomer for a term of four years. It being a daily mail and operating it myself, I found there were some very disagreeable days. Having finished my four year's contract I embarked in the grocery trade in Bloomer. In 1844 the flood dissolved me and the grocery business as well as \$2,000 of capital. The intervening years to 1899 have been nearly a blank, but in conclusion will say that we have reared a family of ten children, four boys and six girls. I have a home in Cook Valley, Wis., where we give our time to the care of the honey bees, poultry and small fruit.

P. T. H

FRANK HACKETT.

I was born in Boon county, Ill., 1840 and came with my parents to Wisconsin in 1848, where I labored with and for them as best I could, with all the disadvantages of early pioneer life, (which were many.) My chances for schooling were like those of my other brothers and sisters. (Not so good as they are at the present time.) We had something like two and one-half miles to walk through warm and cold weather, sometimes alone, then we would all be together. Through the rain and snow, the cold and sleet, which was hard on the eyes and unpleasant on the feet. In the month of Nov. on the 16th, 1861, I enlisted in the U. S., ser-

vice as a private in Co. F, 3rd regiment, Wis., Vol. cavalry but was seriously injured in the back and spine on June 16, 1862. On account of the injury I received I lost the use of the lower part of my body and limbs to that extent that I was unable to move a toe on either foot. The flesh all seemed to leave my body until I was nothing but a helpless skeleton with the skin drawn over the bones. Yes, I was in such a condition that I could not help myself in the least and had it not been for the intervention of divine power of almighty God, with the attention of a kind and loving brother that came all the way from Money Creek, Minn., to Ft. Scott, Kansas. It was my oldest brother, George, who so faithfully administered to my wants and his earnest appeal to those whose care I was under and with the kind care of Comrade C. H. Kester that I reached home once more. They brought me home on a cot in a government train from Ft. Scott to Ft. Leavenworth, from there to St. Joe on steamboat up the Missouri river, thence to Hannibal, crossed the Father of Waters on a boat in the night to Quincy, on to Chicago, and was transferred to another railroad, then to Kilbourn City and from there by bus to the old log house on the banks of the Baraboo river. Perhaps in those days the above named place would be better known as the "Hackett Mission." Well to say I was kindly received and tenderly cared for would be putting it rather mild. It took many a long and tedious day and night of patient watching and laboring, which was done without complaint. Old Dr. Waddell who had charge of my case said I had been raised from the death, for he was sure over half of my body was in that condition. As I began to gain in flesh and strength I also began to meditate on what had happened and how I had been spared or saved from

entering death's door, and of some of the promises I had made to the Great Giver of all that we enjoy. I would think of the great plan of life and salvation and study the bible more closely and talk with those who professed to be communed to preach the Gospel. I found myself in a great dilemma and soon became convinced of the fact that if the bible was true the preachers were wrong for they did not agree to the most essential parts and gifts of the gospel and these signs shall follow those that believe. Right here let me digress a little and take up another thought on another line, that of the domestic part of my life. I shall have but little to say, especially that of an early day when I was young and foolish, and thought that all a young man needed was a wife. Well I got one and she was a failure so far as our getting along together was concerned. She bore me one son, W. J. Hackett, now a stirring insurance man of Eau Claire. On the 10th of Feb. 1867, I was united in marriage to Ann E. Loomis, which has proved very pleasant and prosperous so far as raising a family is concerned, for unto us was born eleven children, ten now living, most of them grown to man and womanhood. Their names are as follows: George W., Joseph F., Samuel J., Joshua T., Mary A., John M., Jacob A., Martha E., Laura E., Jeremiah Arthur and Ethel Mae, four of which have formed homes for themselves. This to your kind reader may seem strange and very imperfect and so it is and I only will say I hope you may be able to do better and keep a good record.

—
MRS. D. M. GRAY.

NORTH FREEDOM, Wis., March 27, 1899. It is fifty years to-day since my father and mother and nine children landed in Baraboo, then a little town of but a few houses, and I think not

more than one or two hundred people, and in the following June my other two sisters came from Illinois. We stopped over night at a hotel down near the river which was kept by a man by the name of Cole. The next day we went to the farm of Archable Barker, which father had rented for the summer until he could build on his own land. In the winter of '48 father came from Illinois to Wisconsin to get him a farm and as it was nearly all government land he had a good chance to select such as he wanted, although the snow was nearly eighteen inches deep at the time he happened to get a piece with a cranberry marsh on and a good hard maple sugar bush on the south side of the Baraboo river near where he wanted to build and it proved to be the only cranberry marsh in this part of the county and he used to feel quite proud of his good luck in choosing the place he did and it was quite a help in providing for the family, as the sugar and berries went very well together. Late the following fall they got the house finished, so we moved in for the winter and father remained there until he died - the 18th of February, 1873 and mother died in December, 1883. There are ten of the children living, all married, seven living near the old home at North Freedom and one sister in Colorado Springs, one brother in Minnesota and one brother in the northern part of the state. This is as I remember it, although I was quite young at that time, and am one of the children.

D. M. G.

—
WM. AND MARY CARPENTER.

William Carpenter married Mary Hackett at Beaver Precinct, Boone Co., Ill., June 4, 1845. To them were born 10 children—6 living to be men and women grown, and 4 dying in infancy.

James A., the eldest, born Sept. 25, 1848.

William T., born Jan. 22, 1852.

Delila E., born Sept. 14, 1854.

Mary A., born June 2, 1861.

Densie J., born Aug. 19, 1865.

Parshall T., born Oct. 24, 1870.

Mary A. died at the age of 19 years.

There are 12 grandchildren, the oldest 22 years and the youngest two years last May.

We left Illinois the 15th day of May, 1849. We moved by team with covered wagon and drove our stock, crossing the Wisconsin river on a flat boat at Sauk. That was the first flat boat I ever saw and I was very much frightened at the idea of crossing. I thought this was a bad looking country. The farther west we came the worse it looked. When we came by Devils Lake over the rocks and hills I said, "turn around and go back; I have seen all I want to of this country." They told me that was nothing, it was not half as bad as I would see, but I found that was a mistake. We settled on the place now owned by Timothy Hackett and lived there about 12 years. We then moved to Houston Co., Minn., and lived there until 1890, and have since lived here in the village of North Freedom. We lived together 51 years and 5 days. William dying June 9, after an illness of only three days. He was a kind and loving husband and indulgent father, and respected by all who knew him.

Written by

MRS. MARY CARPENTER.

TIMOTHY HACKETT.

I left Canada in 1838, at or about the time my father and family did, coming to the "states" and settling in Boone Co., Ill. In 1848 we moved into Sauk Co., Wis. When a young man I well remember the times when we drew wheat to Chicago—160 miles and to Milwaukee—120 miles with an ox team and freighted back with merchan-

dise to Baraboo. When I started for myself I had but my two willing hands to raise enough produce to sustain them. In that matter I have held my own. [And 100 times more. W. H. C.]

At the age of 28 I took to myself a helpmate and we started the new combined life with this motto ever before our vision. "never go any faster than the cover will reach," and it came near being a success financially. I have no complaint to enter only that I have too much to look after. At this time I am situated on the same spot on which I first started life, and by additions to the 80 acres it now numbers 387 acres in one body of as good land as the sun shines on in the county, and south of me a few miles I own two more farms, which come handy for sheep growing. I have two sons living within hearing of the dinner bell and we are living to work for each other's welfare and a little for everyone, that we might be called the happy Hackett family, if surroundings and property make happiness.

[When I see my neighbors weighed down with overburdened cares it arouses my sympathy for them and I try to plan to help them out. I suggest that you give me a warrantee deed for one of those southern farms of yours for a consideration of \$1.00, that will help some; then hunt up the next poorest man in Sauk county you can find and for a consideration of \$5.00 deed him the other. Then deed to each of your sons 40 acres of the homestead and sell 80 acres for spending money \$4,000 or \$5,000. The 227 acres left, divide with the poorest of the Hackett generation. Please think of this proposition. I am quite sure it will help you out and then you will be as happy as a lark.—W. H. C.]

JOHN HACKETT.

I was born in Canada July 30, 1833.

Came with my parents to Boone county, Ill. thence to Freedom, Sauk Co., Wis. I lived with and worked for my parents until I was twenty-one. I want to tell you the start I had when I became of age. On the morning of my twenty-first birthday, when I came down stairs, my father said: Good morning Mr. Hackett, you are twenty-one to-day, and as there are boys enough at home to do the work, I think you had better hunt a job for John Hackett. I started out with all my earthly possessions, a hickory shirt tied up in a red handkerchief and a three-cent peice in my pocket. (I have that money yet). I went down the road past Archie Christie's and he called to me asking where I was going. Looking for a job for John Hackett, I answered. Come in, he said; I went in. He hired me to "cradle" grain and I worked for him until fall work was finished. That same fall I was married to Alvira Carr, Oct. 15, 1854; rented a farm of William Martin and lived there one year and then moved on my own farm, the present site of North Freedom. Just 5 years from the date of our marriage my wife was burned to death. During these years two children were born to us, Marilla Ann and Sarah Elizabeth. In the spring of '60 I conceived an idea of trying my fortune in the gold mines of Colorado. Leaving my children with my parents, I started together with my brother, Joel, and my sister, Hannah, to cross the plains; our teams were not horses, but oxen and cows. Owing to limited space I will only mention one of my many adventures while on this trip. After joining many other wagons, we were called "blue train." Near the Platte river I thought one morning I would try an kill an antelope for a change of meat. Two of us started after game; after a short time they returned to camp and left me alone. I not being used to antelope hunting kept

traveling and finally began to see buffalo signs. I knew the buffalo country was fifteen miles from Willow Islands, where I started from in the morning, and realized in a moment that I was lost. I was hungry, tired and scared. Indians and wolves were plenty and I had no guide but the sun. I ran, and finally, just at sundown, I came out to a stage station on the Platte river, just twenty-five miles from Willow Island, my starting place. In the morning I started down the back track, finding out that no "blue train" had passed there, and came upon the train camped about ten miles from there, waiting for daylight to hunt for my body as they expected I was dead long before that time. You can imagine there was rejoicing when I walked into that camp. We reached our destination after being about two and one-half months on the road; went to mining and worked at that and other things for two years. For nine months of this time I never slept under a roof. I then returned to Wis. On our return trip we were caught in a blizzard. Our horses stampeded and we were left there without food for nearly twenty-four hours. I was married in 1862 to Mary Martin—went into the hop business in '63. For about 11 years followed this and then built a hotel at the corners and lived in it several years. Tiring of this, I have now sold to my son-in-law, A. B. Coughran, who now runs the hotel. I then built a house in my grove, one quarter of a mile from the corners, and am now living in "Hyland Park," where we have many old settlers' annual meetings. (A beautiful grove of tall heavy timber.—W. H. C.) By my second marriage we had four children as follows: Emma L., William Henry, Fanny Alvira and Mamie Dency. Fanny died at the age of one week, and Mamie D. at the age of 22 years. Marilla Rice, my first

daughter, died at the age of 41 years.

JOEL HACKETT.

I was born in Canada, Aug. 27, 1835, and came with my parents to Wisconsin when I was about 7 years old. One little incident happened on the ship, while crossing the lake, that I distinctly remember. The stairway leading from the cabin to main deck was partly covered with brass. I put myself on the investigating committee, as boys of that age usually do, and started down stairs, on a tour of inspection, when I lost my balance and fell, polishing each step with my nose, and when I arrived at the bottom, it presented a most beautiful bronze appearance, but otherwise I was none the worse for the fall. After our arrival in Wisconsin I worked on the farm for my father, until I was 21 years old, and in the spring of '57 I went to Minnesota with my brother George (George is living there as a farmer.—W. H. C.), where I resided for about two years. In the year of '59, in company with my brother, John, and sister, Hannah, I started for Colorado. We made the trip from Money Creek, Minn., to Denver, Colorado, with a covered wagon and two yoke of oxen in 62 days, stopping every Saturday afternoon to rest until Monday morning. After a short stay in Colorado I went about 250 miles into Mexico prospecting for gold, which I failed to find. I again returned to Colorado where I met an old school-mate, Henry Daniels, from Illinois. We had considerable sport hunting elk and I had the good luck to kill three elk; also a number of deer and antelopes. One day while hunting I killed four antelopes with one shot from a little muzzle-loading rifle. This sounds like a "fish story" but nevertheless is true. While in Denver I saw two men hung according to law. One case seemed very sad, as it was a boy only eighteen

years old, who was hung because he murdered a man. When on the scaffold he told the people that it was the influence of liquor that caused him to be hanged. His advice was to never use liquor in any form. This is only an illustration to show one of the evil results of the liquor habit. While on my claim at Cherry Creek I cut hay and hauled it about 100 miles over the mountains to Central City, where I sold it for \$100 per ton, which was none too much for it considering time and risk. The road wound around the mountains and in some places it was just wide enough for a wagon, with a high bank on one side and a precipice about 2,000 feet deep on the other. A short time previous to my traveling on the same road a quartz mill and seven yoke of oxen had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. In the fall of '61 I returned to Baraboo and was married Dec. 28, 1861, to Lucinda Emily Cass. Shortly after our marriage we moved to Minn., where we resided for 15 years, when I was induced to return to North Freedom and buy the old homestead where I lived for 20 years, but now reside on a farm about four miles from Baraboo. Have five children, one son and four daughters. This is submitted to you, kind readers, with due apologies for taxing your time and patience; also to fill up space in the "Old Settlers' Album."

JOEL HACKETT.

The children of my parents now living are ten. Five died. Grandchildren, fifty-nine. Nineteen dead. Great-grandchildren, fifty-nine. Eleven dead and great-great-grandchildren, two are living and two dead.

DENNY M. HACKETT GRAY.

Mrs. D. M. H. G., has not given me a sketch of her family. W. H. C.

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Samuel Hackett from the speech of

old settlers was a conscientious, upright and honest man. There cannot be many single couples for prolificacy that can outnumber these and their generations. They were married in 1825 and had born to them 14 children: ten are now living. Fifty-four grandchildren: thirty-five are now living. Fifty-nine

great-grandchildren: forty-eight are now living. Two great-great-grandchildren.

Frank Hackett is at present president of O. S. A., Sauk Co., Wis., and has been for two or three terms before.
W. H. C.

MRS. ROSALINE WILLARD PECK.

Mrs. Peck died Friday afternoon, October 20, 1899.

Mrs. Peck's children, Victor and Victoria, desired me to make some remarks at the house to neighbors before the burial—a surprise to me. I could not say no to so old and good neighbors, yet I doubted my ability to do it. I desired them to solicit August Runge. Mr. Runge's remarks were appropriate for the occasion. He requested mine printed, if the family so wished. I read the following paper:

It is autumn, the leaves are falling; the forest is stripped of its green summer clothing; the frost king with his chilly grip has changed the green dress for one more beautiful, still of yellow purple, red and green. We look out upon the Baraboo Bluffs so tinted and exclaim, "how beautiful they are." Besides their beauty can we read from them and other organisms of the plant, a utility? Yes, year by year they have and are lying by matter, wood, to cook our food, build our buildings, and many other purposes for man's pleasure and comfort; as that the earth and all things were made for him. What a nice analogy exists between the laws of the plant and an animal. Each are conceived in mystery; are born to the light of day; their babyhood delicate and tender; their youth plump and comely; their age of reproduction is flowery and it is always sad to see so many or so much of the bloom nipped by early frosts and other enemies. Those that escape pass into a golden

age, the most beautiful of all. The tree is loaded with promising fruit. The man from his numbers, a king or queen is coronated; a senator chosen and all places of honor or trust filled. If the tree has been properly trained and cultivated the fruit is good: it is precisely the same with man. At this age with man in his maturing and matured family, he is in the achme of his glory—his happiness. The young man and the young woman have come to an age when a father's respect and kindness and a mother's love are deeply cherished and printed indelibly in memory's storehouse (with some exceptions). In this age man carries the world upon his shoulders, the tree begins to have dead limbs in its top, the sap pours are filling up and are becoming dozy; more limbs are dying. Towards the base is a single green limb. It leads a sickly life for a few years, when without wind or rain or sleet it drops off, and the tree is dead. The dead body of the tree man uses for various purposes. Is not the memory of one of our old neighbors and friends with a life record to future generations, of no purpose? Do we learn from plant life a lesson of a future life? We say yes we do. Thomas Payne, the great exponent of deism, says in his age of reason, p 12. "I believe in one God and no more and hope for happiness beyond this life." On page 52 of the same book he writes: Our ideas, not only of the almightiness of the creator, but of his wisdom and his beneficence become enlarged in proportion as we contemplate the extent

and the structure of the universe. Besides the parallels that exist between plant and animal life, nature furnishes parallels between the mosaic record of the creative week, and nature's rock record of it. Each are and were engraved in the rock. First science divides our earth crust into six classes or divisions, viz:

1. A gaseous cloud moved into space.
2. A rock crust is formed of a conglomerate rock element termed aezioc or primitive.
3. Aezioc, after water has come upon the earth and continents are raised and oceans bedded.
4. Paleozoic, vegetation created and it is divided into six classes. I omit those unfamiliar Latin names. Animal casts—their sarcaphigy are now found in these rocks from the articulate to man. They also number six distinct created classes.

5. Secondary rocks.
6. Territory, or earth's surface rocks. Here we have four parallels.

1. Earth's gaseous state and onward to man, six classes.
2. Vegetations, six classes.
3. Animal life, six classes.
4. Mosaic creative record, six classes.

If Thomas Payne and the infidel world make light of the inspired sacred writings of the bible. To a believer in the inspired word, it must be a comfort

to know that deists and a class of geologists of no superficial thinkers agree as to creation—versus development, of a designer, of a life hereafter. Besides what I have in these parallels endeavored to show. There could be by careful study many more drawn between his word and his works. Of geologists I will mention the name Agasis, Winchell, Moris, of America, who advocates creation limits that development has not or cannot jump over.

Mrs. Rosaline Willard Peck was born February 24, 1808, February 24, 1900, she would have been 91 years old. She was not that kind of a person that floated down the stream of time, running into eddies and brush by its bank. Before she was broken down with disease she paddled her own canoe. At her house the latch string was ever out, being the first white woman settler in Madison and also in Baraboo. Every historian whether quack or professor writing of Wisconsin's Capital City or of the city of Baraboo panegyricized Mrs. Peck. This is right: they could not do less. To all, stranger or friend, she was courteous and kind, easily moved by sympathy she ministered to many an aching heart. She was democratic, eschewing foolish fashions of silks and furbelow. She was simply a woman of good common sense with a correct knowledge of right and wrong and a courage to carry it out. —W. H. C.

THE BARABOO VALLEY.

From the Baraboo Rapids to the Upper Narrows stands, as now improved, first among the best lands for agriculture in our state. At first so hideous looking, now so beautiful, especially that Seeley Creek swamp. It now may be compared to a fine picture set in an ornamental frame as level as a lake, surrounded by well cultivated hills: area, two and one-half square miles. A year ago I was at John Dickie's home,

which is on this plat. He had about forty acres of winter wheat then just ripening. It stood as high as the fence about it. It had not "lodged." The great long waving heads, and wind waves over the field was to me a grand sight. It was the prettiest sight of that kind I ever saw. He afterwards told me how much it yielded. I have lost my memorandum but it was between fifty and sixty bushels to the acre. The village of North Freedom

must of necessity be prosperous, being located in so fine an agricultural district. It has an Elgin creamery, (the Co. is from Elgin Ill., and have their plants over hundreds of miles of territory.) As yet the farmers are satisfied with their returns for their cream or milk. There is a lumber yard and building company with a steam engine shop—Ellis and Gunnison Bros. I think that Ellis has now bought out the brothers.) Two hotels, one at the old Hackett Corners by A. Coughran, and the other between the corners and depot by Edward Trumble, old settlers, the landlady a daughter of Dr. James Waddle, of early times. Both inns are strictly temperance. There is not a beer or whisky saloon in the place, nor never has been. Three blacksmiths, one of them A. M. Pettey, who has a machine shop. I think he also has a cooper shop connected; one by Edward Risto, and one by Geo. Klein. There are three church buildings—Methodist, German Baptist and Lutheran. The M. E. and Baptist support local clergymen. The Modern Woodmen of America have a hall amply large. There is a fine school building

and a fair depot building. On the opposite side of the river, adjoining the village plat, John Hackett has a park in the heavy tall timber. In this grove we have held most of our annual old settlers' meetings. It is a nice place for public meetings and is in about the center of Sauk county. There are two stores—one by Lange & Knauus, dry goods and groceries, and is doing a large business. The other by James Douglas, dry goods, groceries, hardware and tin shop, and is also doing a very large business. James Blachley has a saw mill, stave factory and cooper shop. They have a physician and drug store by Dr. N. F. Wetmore and F. J. Jones. S. A. McCoy sells agricultural tools and has a warehouse. There is a shoemaker and dressmaker, Wm. Randall's new block is now tenanted by H. F. Jones, drugs; Olive Hackett, dressmaker, and post-office. A nice county village, fully equipped for the wants of the district. They have not, as yet, a lawyer or even a puttifogger or saloon, and justices of peace and constables are merely nominal offices.

W. H. C.

DIETETICS.

It may be profitable to us to discuss this subject in detail. A book of many pages could be written and are written upon it. God created life and for a while sustains it by a regime adapted to it. By obedience to that condition he is healthy and lives out his appointed time in all the beauty of the designer. Improper food and other irregularities produce hateful looking objects. A man traveling a road came to a very poor sandy field planted to corn. A boy was killing a few stunted straggling weeds. He accosted the lad thus: "Your corn looks small." "Yes, father planted a small kind." "It looks yellow." Dad planted yellow

corn." "I do not believe you will get a half of a crop." The old man planted it on shares." Our traveler passed on and came into a beautiful valley where there was a corn field by the roadside. A young man sat on his two horse cultivator under an umbrella; among the dark green hills of corn a foot and a half high. He said to him: "You have a fine piece of corn." "Yes." "How much do you expect to get to the acre?" "Last year we got 60 bushels on this same piece of ground." The yellow, stunted corn had improper plant food; the latter its proper food. Animal life by naturalists is classed as "carnivorous" (flesh eating), "herbivorous" (vegetable), "omnivorous"

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FOODS.

	Albuminous	Carbon-iferous	Salts	Total Nutri-tive Value		Albuminous	Carbon-iferous	Salts	Total Nutri-tive Value
Bread.....	8.1	52.6	2.3	63	Skin Milk.....	4	7.2	1.8	12
Wheat Flour.....	10.8	72.5	1.7	85	Pork.....	9.8	48.9	2.5	61
Barley Meal.....	6.3	76.7	2.5	85	Lean Mutton.....	18.3	4.9	4.8	27
Oat Meal.....	12.6	69.4	3.3	85	Lean Beef.....	19.3	3.6	5.1	28
Rye Meal.....	8	75.2	1.8	85	Veal.....	16.5	15.8	4.7	37
Indian Meal.....	11.1	73.2	1.7	86	Poultry.....	21	3.8	1.2	26
Rice.....	6.3	80.2	5.3	97	White Fish.....	18.1	2.9	1	22
Peas.....	23.8	60.8	2.1	86.7	Salmon.....	16.1	5.5	1.4	23
Beans.....	30.8	50.2	3.5	84.5	Entire Egg.....	14	10.5	1.5	26
Lentils.....	25.2	58.6	2.3	86.1	Banana.....	4.8	20.2	1.7	35.8
Arrowroot.....	82	82	Date.....	9	58	6
Potato.....	2.1	23.2	7.2	35	Grape.....	8	14.3	3	15.4
Sweet Potato.....	1.5	27.5	2.6	31.6	Apple.....	12	10.3	4	10.9
Carrot.....	1.3	14.7	1.7	17	Pear.....	12	10.2	3	10.7
Beet.....	1.5	11.3	3.7	16.5	Peach.....	4	7.8	4	8.6
Parsnip.....	1.1	15.9	1	18	Plum.....	12	9.3	6	10.1
Cabbage.....	.9	4.1	.6	5.6	Cherry.....	9	15.3	6	16.8
Turnip.....	1.2	7.2	.6	9	Blackberry.....	5	5.8	4	6.7
Sugar.....	95	95	Gooseberry.....	4	8.9	3	9.6
Treacle.....	77	77	Strawberry.....	3	7.1	4	7.8
New Milk.....	4.1	9.1	.8	14	Raspberry.....	5	6.4	5	7.4
Cream.....	2.7	29.5	1.8	43	Currant.....	4	5	5	5.9

DIGESTIBILITY OF VARIOUS FOODS.

	Hrs.	Min.		Hrs.	Min.
Rice.....	1	00	Mutton, roasted.....	3	15
Sago.....	1	45	Mutton, broiled.....	3	00
Tapioca.....	12	00	Veal, broiled.....	4	00
Barley.....	12	00	Veal, fried.....	4	30
Milk, boiled.....	12	00	Fowls, boiled.....	4	00
Milk, raw.....	12	15	Duck, roasted.....	4	30
Venison, broiled.....	1	35	Butter, melted.....	3	30
Turkey, roasted.....	12	30	Cheese.....	3	30
Turkey, domestic boiled.....	12	25	Soup, marrow bones.....	4	15
Goose, roasted.....	12	30	Soup, beans.....	3	00
Lamb, broiled.....	12	30	Soup, mutton.....	3	30
Eggs, hard boiled.....	3	30	Corn and beans, green.....	3	45
Eggs, soft boiled.....	3	00	Chicken soup, boiled.....	3	00
Eggs, fried.....	3	30	Beans, pod, boiled.....	2	30
Eggs, raw.....	2	00	Bread, wheaten.....	3	30
Eggs, whipped.....	1	30	Bread, corn.....	3	15
Trout, boiled.....	1	30	Apples, sour and mellow, raw.....	2	00
Salmon, salted, broiled.....	4	00	Apples, sweet and mellow, raw.....	1	30
Oysters, raw.....	2	55	Parsnip, boiled.....	2	30
Oysters, stewed.....	3	30	Beet, boiled.....	3	15
Beef, lean, rare roasted.....	3	00	Turnips, flat boiled.....	3	30
Beefsteak, broiled.....	3	00	Potatoes, Irish boiled.....	3	30
Beef, lean, fried.....	4	00	Potatoes, Irish baked.....	2	30
Beef, salted, boiled.....	4	15	Cabbage, raw.....	2	30
Pork, roasted.....	5	15	Cabbage, boiled.....	4	30
Pork, salted, fried.....	4	15			

(both flesh and vegetables. "frugiverous" (fruit.) For each class are given proper food and a construction or nature to assimilate it. Long sharp teeth for the carnivorous, level serrated teeth to the herbiferous, cupped and conical to the frugiverous, with intestinal organism fitted to each class. Naturalists tell us that a carnivorous creature cannot live a month without flesh food or animal fat. The frugiverous regime is fruits. Man's teeth and intestines places him in this latter class, still he is in a degree omniverous: being at the head of animal life with power to control it he can exist on flesh, but it is far better for him not to use it. Flesh is dangerous to eat, especially that of tame or cultivated animals. Any animal, wild or tame, is liable to be diseased when slaughtered. A cultivated animal is made fat before being slaughtered. Fat becomes a disease when induced by high feeding. The creature must be kept from having exercise and fed high: by so doing, in a few days or weeks, it loses a desire to exercise and is in an unnatural condition—diseased. It is the pride of the producer

to see how fat he can make it. Many of the swine are but a bomb-shell of trychena when hung up in the shambles for our city cousins to luxuriate on through the winter. The menu then is buckwheat pancakes, grease and molasses: in the spring measles, scarlet fever and all manner of skin diseases. In the last issue of the Sauk County Democrat a note is made of \$75 worth of swine in the town of Winfield dying of hog cholera, the germs of which had floated down a small creek. A dairy of cows in the town of Merrimac was condemned by state authority as being diseased with tuberculosis. I was boarding a few years ago with a Sauk City widow lady whose husband died with trichina of the brain, a great sufferer. I once visited a slaughter house of a Baraboo butcher and saw an old sow with a litter of pigs on a warm day lying in a pool of rotten, stinking blood. It covered the baby swine, their heads only being exposed. They seemed to be a happy family. If one of those infants could have been fished out and cleaned and baked what a nice toothsome dish.



THE TINKHAM FAMILY.



R. T. TINKHAM AND FAMILY.

In 1845 three Vermont young men—R. T. Tinkham, Silas J. Liscomb and Osgood Josling—came to the Baraboo frontier settlement to look for a home. Liscomb went back to Vermont I think after a year's residence here. O. Josling settled near Burlington, Green Co.,

Wis. R. T. Tinkham settled at Baraboo (see his obituary, also history of town and city of Baraboo, page 20). We now, for O. S. Album, make a tracing of his children and their families to this date—1899.

Geo. Tinkham thinks his father left Vermont before Liscomb and Josling.

ELLEN TINKHAM.

At her mother's death in 1866 Ellen assumed the ladyship of the household being but 16 years of age. See R. T. T. obituary, the last 12 lines. Her brothers and sisters, now having families, still reverence Ellen as a mother. Her father, in his bequest, gave this faithful child a lion's share of his goodly

estate. To this the heirs say, amen. It was interesting to notice that the father generally counseled with Ellen first, and second with the children in his business moves. The daughters have a literary turn of mind and belong to the Chautauqua reading society. The sons are workers and good financiers.



Miss Ellen Tinkham has consented to give the O. S. her portrait to be placed in O. S. Sauk Co. All um. She is sketched in the tracing of her father's family in this album. Her time is now divided between her brothers and sisters and literary clubs that she has for years been active in. Her frequent visits to distant relatives have made her familiar with the northern part of U. S. Query: Should she not give to the hungry student of literature or science a chip or two?



MERRITT TINKHAM AND FAMILY.

1 JOHN C. 2 MERRITT J. 3 RANSOM H. 4 ELLEN 5 REX
6 LEON BUSHNELL 7 IZERO E. KNOWLES

Merritt, the second child, was born Sept. 23, 1852. After his majority for a few years by dint of hard labor for his father and others and saving the proceeds, he took Horace Greeley's advice and "went West."

In reply to solicitation they have sent a short biography to be placed in the old settlers' album. [W. H. C.]

His wife was Izero E. Knowles, daughter of Erastus and Harriett L. Knowles. Her mother's maiden name was Harriett Louise Kipp. Izero was born in the town of Excelsior, Sauk Co., Dec. 25, 1860. Her father, E. H. Knowles enlisted in the first Wisconsin Cavalry and died April 5, 1862. Being the first to die in the regiment, his remains were sent home by his comrades and buried in the Ebenezer burying ground. When Izero was six years old her mother was married a second time, to John C. Lott; after that she lived with her parents in Lyons until she was fifteen years of age; then her parents

immigrated to South Dakota, while she stayed with relatives in Wis., until the following year. She lived with her parents in Dakota until she was married Jan. 29, 1879, to Merritt J. Tinkham. Mr. and Mrs. Tinkham made their home on a homestead, taken by him in the spring of 1876. Here they broke up the prairie and planted trees and built them up a home. Their home was situated in Grand Meadow, Minnehaha county, South Dakota. Here four children were born to them, three boys and one girl. In the fall of 1895 they rented their farm of 480 acres and moved to Sioux Falls, where their children could have the advantage of better schools. July 4, 1897, another child, a boy, was born. Their eldest son desiring to be a farmer, they purchased another farm six miles east of Sioux Falls, and are intending to move out there where their children can still be near enough to enjoy the benefit of the city schools.



GEORGE TINKHAM AND FAMILY.

George Tinkham was born at the old homestead Feb. 4th, 1858, remaining at home until the spring of 1890, then going to South Dakota and remaining there upwards of two years. On returning he married Miss Josephine E. Harrison, of the town of Excelsior, July 12, 1892, immediately settling on the Prothero farm one and one-half miles north of Devil's Lake, remaining there two and one-half years, during which

time, May 17, 1893, their eldest child, Mary E., was born. As a result of the division of his father's estate they moved onto the old homestead Dec. 23, 1894, where their younger children were born. Geo. Everett was born Jan. 22, 1895. The little twins, Mona E. and Myra E., born Oct. 13, 1896. Death entered the home Aug. 2, 1897, separating the little ones by taking Mona E.

MARY S. TINKHAM.

Mary S. Tinkham was born on the old homestead near Lyons, Jan. 3, 1865. On account of the sickness and death of the mother she was cared for and reared by her sister Ellen. Of a naturally home loving disposition and never very strong, she stayed 'neath the home roof until the spring of '88, when she began to teach the young ideas of the off-spring of the Dakota

prairies how to shoot. She followed teaching there and in Wisconsin, until her attention was attracted to a farm in Glenville, whose owner needed assistance. Accordingly she was united in marriage to Sherman S. Pearson, Dec. 13, 1892. Three children now gladden their home—Lee, aged six years; Eunice, three years, and Lloyd not yet one year.



SHERMAN S. PEARSON AND FAMILY.

S. S. Pearson was born in Marquette county, but moved to aforesaid farm when only a small boy. Of a naturally quiet and kindly disposition, he makes firm friends in whatever company

thrown. He spent one year in Ft. Morgan, Colorado, but concluded there is no place like home, so still resides in Wisconsin.

J. N. DOUGLAS AND FAMILY.

J. N. Douglas was born in York state and removed to Wisconsin when he was one year old, with his parents and settled in Bucksye, town of Excelsior, Sauk county. He obtained a district school education, supplemented by a course in Reedsburg and Baraboo high schools. The family afterwards moved to Seeley Creek flats, a section that was made famous by the Bessemer mines. After a season of farming and lumbering, J. N. started in the mercantile business at North Freedom, in 1887, and has succeeded in

building up a large trade. Since Feb. 22, '93, his fortunes have been shared by Jennie Tinkham Douglas, a former resident of Baraboo, and for a number of years a teacher in Sauk county and Dakota schools. Jennie Tinkham was born at Baraboo; educated at Lyons and Baraboo city high school; followed teaching thirteen years and was principal of the North Freedom school two years. Her school here was changed to one for life. Two boys have since come to reside with them—Neo, born April 6, '94, and Verne, February 23, '96.



MRS. J. N. DOUGLAS AND CHILDREN.



J. N. DOUGLAS.

GOVERNMENT.

Republican-Democratic form of government, whether it be for weal or woe, in a large degree emanates from families. If chicnery, rudeness, vulgarity, quibbling, disrespect of parents and old age is allowed at home so will the mass or government be. It may not be well to indulge in too much pessimistic criticism, but shall we not call attention to some facts? On the street, near the P. O., I recently saw three juvenile thefts: first, a ten or twelve year old boy taking some fruit from an outdoor display of a fruit store; second, two little girls came chatting along and each took an apple. I called the vender's attention to it. She came and looked but they were out of sight. She said "that was nothing; they are all the while stealing. I believe every child in the city will steal." I presume she did not believe quite as she spoke. Do policeman do their duty? Again

there was a little boy out selling soap. He called at a door and solicited but the landlady did not want any and shut the door. Young America, before leaving, went up and gave it a kick. A school teacher in the town of Baraboo engaged to teach a school and taught a short time but she was obliged to leave it on account of rudeness. The aged are called old men and old women even by their children, sometimes. They rudely "jump" wagons and sleighs. A few years ago I passed quietly by some sixteen or eighteen-year-old boys lying on the grass by the roadside giving rough innuendoes to me and my "rig." I quietly walked up to their leader and spit in his face and walked quietly away, (forgetting for the moment that it was not a very christian act), and he took it without whipping me. It is a fact that old country children are pleasanter scholars in school and make more rapid advancement than Americans - they get better positions as they grow up than Americans. It is owing to a better home government. Fifty or seventy-five years ago American family government was much bet-

ter than at present. It has become popular to call children "kids," hence their parents must be goats. (This may be all right for our times). School boards should have printed in large letters and framed and hung up in every school room:

BE KIND AND COURTEOUS
TO ALL AND USE
NO TOBACCO IN OR ABOUT
THIS HOUSE.

This motto should be put into every house in America, and perhaps in a process of time we might raise our moral standard to a level of some heathen nations. But as long as America is run by "kids" and "goats," there is little hope and much fear that we may lose the high standard that we have gained among the nations of the world. "Old Settlers" love to cast a look backward, but the forward look is hazy.

An Early Morning Ride to Baraboo.

BY J. W. WOOD.

A pleasant morn, in leafy June,
A song of birds, in sweet attune,
A balmy breeze, from dewey fields,
A clover mead, its fragrance yield;
A brooding haze, restraining heat,
A trusty team, with willing feet;
These all combine, to give a charm
To morning ride from Skillet farm,
While dust lies weighted with the dew,
And pleasure calls to Baraboo.

With cheerful thoughts, and wits at play
We dash along the "King's highway."
We hum a tune (you need not laugh),
It needs but Albee's phonograph,
To make us famous, in a way,
Where few suspect we ever stray,
We mark with pride, on every hand,
The bidding promise of the land;
Two lazy windmills, upwards loom
Above the hill, where pausies bloom.
Here let us pause, and drink our fill,

Of richest beauty, vale and hill,
Behind us, lies the Skillet vale,
Beyond, its green, bold bluffs prevail,
The rifted rocks, in dim outline,
Show where the placid waters shine
Of mis-named lake; for weary men
There find their youth and strength again.

Before us, spreads a fairy scene
Of cultured fields, all clothed in green,
Where forms of fruit, and fruitful farms,
On either side, display their charms,
Adown the hill, we speed once more,
New fields of beauty to explore,
And turn our willing steeds to where
The roundhouse cloud floats high in air.
The distant city, bathed in light,
In beauty breaks upon our sight,
This choicest gem, in all the land,
Lies nestled midst its hills so grand,
Its crowning tower, on northern rim,
Which seems like sentry, armed and grim,
Does not bespeak a fear of foes,
But choicest blessings from it flows.
Again we pause in infest view

To sing a song of Baraboo;

SONG.

Tune, Auld Lang Syne.

Oh Baraboo, sweet Baraboo,

Bright city of my song;

Adown thy vale, thy quiet stream

In beauty glides along.

When grinding earthquakes heaved aloft

Thy rim of quartzite hills,

Wild chaos shaped these pleasing forms

Of rocks, and dales, and rills.

Thy rounded hills, all clothed in green,

Are glinted o'er with homes,

And churches show their glistening spires,

And Learning's halls their domes.

But not thy hills, nor spires, nor domes,

Such tender thoughts can bring,

As mem'ry of the kindly words

Which from thy people spring.

Full five and twenty years have proved

Their loyal hearts so true;

The old friends now, with tain-ned ranks,

Give greeting to the new.

Your "Silent City" on the hill,

Can n'er from me depart,

And voices, silenced in the years,

Still echo in my heart.

So Baraboo, my Baraboo,

While mem'ry powers can thrill,

Glad thoughts of thee, will bring much joy.

'Till breath, and pulse, are still.

Our song is sung, its echoes play,

While down the hill we take our way,

Till now we reach the sandstone gray,

Where Jennings' engine stands at bay.

Next Crouch's derrick, drooping stands,

To aid the strength of human hands.

We mount the hill, which brings in view

The bridge which spans the Baraboo.

Here, shrieking engines, bid, beware!

We cross the track with prudent care.

The lofty bridge, on iron piers,

With show of strength, allays our fears,

And yet, we heed the stern command,

To "walk our team from land to land."

Five dollars fine, the wight must pay,

Who, heedless, dares to disobey,

We reach the mart of busy trade,

Our trip is done, our bow is made.

We are pleased to place in the O. S.

Album the above poem as a memorial

of our late townsman, who is now in

Washington, near Greeley, on the

Pacific coast. Our loss was that of a

scientist, a literary mind, a religionist

and philanthropist.

W. H. C.

FRESH MEATS ARE A COSTLY DIET.

A bachelor street laborer of San Francisco, California, getting the usual price per hour, gave in the Signs of the Times at Oakland, Cal., or the Review and Herald, of Battle Creek, Mich., I disremember which; an account of every article he ate and its price. The room rent, his clothing—taking a magazine and two papers. He ate no meats. Four hours per day would cover all of these enumerated expenses. His regime, as he gave it, looked like high living. Fruits in California are remarkably cheap, flesh as bought of the butcher would purchase of fruit and vegetables four times in nutriment that is contained in it. I know a woman that was brought up by the side and on the mountains of Switzerland. She eats but a little flesh and that is beef or mutton; no chicken, or egg, or

fish, or oyster, drinks no tea, at times a little coffee. She washes clothes three days of the week for families in town, three miles walk a day. Once a week, often after her day's work, goes on foot with the young folks to a prayer meeting one and one-half miles distant, making another three miles; six miles for this day. So much for a vegetarian life. The strongest men in the world for carrying burdens are natives of Central America. They will carry in their Sedan chair, strapped to their back, a heavy man over mountains and dales. Stephens Travels in Central America, speaks of being carried in such a chair for miles. That statement is almost beyond belief. A man could hardly be found in our city or country that could carry a 200 pound man across a street. Their living is very plain and most entirely vegetarian. Our laborers,

especially pinery men, think that they cannot do a good day's work without flesh—I believe it a mistake. In my own family, which is at times quite large, we do not use ten pounds of flesh a year and that is chicken or beef. I will give two anecdotes of Cyrus the Mede, who conquered the Babalonish Empire. "When young he was invited by the Persian emperor to a feast. He asked the privilege of being one of the servants that waited upon the table, saying, "that you Persians have a hard way of getting a living." We Medes live on bread and cress. The children of Medes that were to compose their army were taken from their parents at a young age and brought up by the government rigidly plain. After he was crowned emperor of Media and Persia, he came before the army and addressed them. We have Babylon to conquer. In numbers they are two to our one. Can we do it? His army all cheered and cried out, We Can!!! Yes says Cyrus We Can, for they are already one-half conquered by their voluptuous living, and

added). The world never before saw an army like this for strength and courage. I may not have the language quoted quite correct but the substance is, I trust, correct. The Great City and empire fell in a time of a drunken revelry, and Media-Persia ruled the world. What a temperance lesson is here taught. Yet a woman may be a destroyer of life unwittingly by too much high hygienic cooking that continually induces overeating. That also is intemperance of the worst kind. Cheerfulness, fresh air, not too much or too little clothing, labor, and a good deal of it, especially of the mind, is essential to longevity. Paul, of the Christian's Bible, discusses this subject correctly. 1st Cor. 9-25. Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Strong language is used in Prov. 23-1, 2, 3 and 4. When thou sitteth with a ruler, consider diligently what is set before thee, (2) and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man of appetite, (3), be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meat.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

In looking down my life's journey, I think I can see a greater sin resting upon me for ill treatment of animals intrusted to my care than any other I have ever committed. Recently I spent an evening with friends. Our time was spent in story telling. Mr. A. once had a "balky" horse; it would balk in the harness, under the saddle, and even in leading, with any one but him and his wife; with them he never balked, and seemed to love them. They had a heifer that "come in." Her bag was much caked. He could hardly get his hand on her. She would hook and kick. Mr. A. tied her legs and then could hardly milk her; in fact did not milk her. His wife said: "I can milk Flossy." She had petted and fed her

from a calf. She took a stool and pail and sat down and milked her. Flossy only stepped a little as her bag was somewhat sore. No one could afterwards milk her but Mrs. A. She would take her stool and sit on it and say: "come Flossy," and Flossy would come and take her place to be milked.

One fall nearing winter Mr. — had a sow that had young pigs out in the woods. The sow was ferocious. He could not go near the little pigs on account of the excited mother. Mrs. — said: "I can bring those pigs home." She took a basket and got them, the sow following quietly.

That evening we had many similar stories to tell. I will relate one more that shows that horses have good memories. Mr. — raised a colt, broke

it and kept it a few years and sold it to a friend that lived far from this place. Several years intervened and the friend returned with the horse which had been raised at this place. Mr. — says: "let's see if he will remember his old trick." So Charley was brought to the pasture and the halter slipped off and away he went throwing his heels into the air occasionally until he had reached the opposite side of the pasture and turned around with a snort. Mr. — at the barn cried out with a loud voice: "come Charley," and back he came with a rush and put his head into a window and got some relishes as of yore, thus proving that he had a good memory, and probably the horse had as good a visit at his old home as his master.

One more story and I am done for the present. Mr. —, when a lad, came across a nest of infant skunks. He had heard that if they were well treated

they never gave off any offensive smell so he stroked the little ones and they seemed tame already. So he picked up one of them and took it home stroking it as he went. He put it in a large box and fed it richly which his pet seemed to enjoy very much. One evening he took it in his arms and in his caressing teased it a little to see him raise his flag (tail) over his back. At last with the little stick that he had in his hand he struck a little blow that evidently displeased his pet and that time he did not raise his flag for nothing. He sent a stream of his defense, some of it passing through the candle which ignited and flashed like powder. Some struck on his young master's face and burned like scalding water. This broke the friendship between master and pet and the pet disappeared. The family had all the musk they needed for a long time. W. H. C.

FACTS.

When our globe from its birth and growth was fitted for man God gave to his counter part, a quit claim of ALL with no reverse or respect to persons of animals, vegetables, minerals, coal, oil, electricity. ALL, ALL. Soon SOCIETIES and GOVERNMENTS became a necessity. The first a blessing. The latter in its best form and state a necessary evil. A bad one intolerable. "The palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise. That which secures the greatest blessing to each individual at the least expense, is the preferable one. Necessity requires a delegation of our rights to persons who represent our wills. God's government for over three hundred years was patriarchal and by judges. The government instituted by the North American British colonies, that rebelled and declared themselves to be the United States of North America,

was the nearest akin to God's own jurisprudence of any since the days of Samuel the Seer. It has set kings, emperors, dukes, lords and nearly ALL titles one side and made of the thirteen states a democratic republic. The officers of government our servants instead of our lords. A seven years' war so settled it. The one hundred twenty-five years now elapsed has so prospered the bold strike for human right that the U. S. A. is the most powerful nation in the world. Now it stands upon dangerous ground. Prestige and wealth always demand homage; the poor equal rights. Money demands a crown. Christ was born in a stable and his life and teaching was democracy. He declared money "the root of all evil."

AN ANECDOTE.

An anecdote of how the old settlers



of 1774 settled the question between British oppression and freedom.

"A mass meeting of the people of the American colony had been held to consider what steps should be taken to avert the tyrannical oppression from their mother country. A committee of five was appointed to further consider the question and report to a subsequent meeting their deliberations. That committee consisted of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Thomas Payne. (Able men who were full of the spirit of freedom). At an appointed day they met in the city of Boston. I think it was. The first four had spoken. Mr. Payne then spoke burning words that brought tears from their eyes. When he concluded the four by turns embraced him. Washington broke the silence, and said: "Go and write what you have said and it shall be circulated to every family in America. Benjamin Rush a printer said, I will print it. In a few days a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense" was ready for the press. It was printed and circulated and thousands of copies sold. Soon after this Thomas Jefferson wrote his famous Declaration of Independence. A hideous war followed for seven memorable years. Were there ever in the world's history another five men so SHROUDED WITH GLORY. They laid the foundation of a government so big with human rights. Their dark and doubtful case was won. A new nation born with human individual rights better secured than in man's wisdom the world ever had. Washington its first president, Jefferson its third, Franklin, Minister to France, Benjamin Rush I cannot trace. The second session of congress awarded Payne \$3,000, Pennsylvania \$2,500, New York state a farm worth \$3,000. I am proud to have in my little library

"COMMON SENSE" and Washington's Farewell Address. It should be again circulated to every family in America, that we may not lose sight of the noble principles in it initiated. Washington's Farewell Address should be read and re-read. In our great riches and freedom marks a time in which we may fall. To keep a good thing requires as much wisdom and care as to obtain it.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice is to be made.

I beg you at the same time to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction, that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been an uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a defer-

ence for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you: but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety: and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove of my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I at first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself: and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is to terminate the career of my political life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgement of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me: still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me: and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example to our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not frequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing wishes, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption, of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it. Accus-

toming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning

partly into its own channels, the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated—and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, land and water, will more and more find vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West, derives from the East, supplies requisite to its growth and comfort: and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions, to the weight, influence and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce: but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues,

would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endeavor to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere. Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western: whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield

yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations: they tend to render alien to each other, those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head. They have seen, in the negotiation by the executive and in the unanimous ratification by the senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the general government, and in the Atlantic States, unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi. They have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute: they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former, for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of your own choice uninfluenced and unawed: adopted upon full investi-

gation and mature deliberation: completely free in its principles: in the distribution of its powers uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendments, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish a government, pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberations and actions of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction: to give it an artificial and extraordinary force: to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising minority of the community: and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which

cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government: destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretences. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis, and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil

enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular referencēs to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate, domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party, are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discharge and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the com-

munity with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foment occasional riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country, are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent it bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warning, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominate in the human heart is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this

position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions of the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest prods of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that



national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace; but remembering also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidably wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives; but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes: that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects, (which is always a choice of difficulties,) ought to be a decisive motive for a can-

did construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations: cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct: and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

Hence frequent collisions, obstinate,

envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion, what reason would reject: at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty of nations, has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another, produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducements or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation, of privileges denied to others, which are apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens, who devote themselves to the favorite nation, facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence, in innumerable ways, such attachments

are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils? Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter. Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the

ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation, invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance: when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected: when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation: when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it: for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But

even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences: consulting the natural course of things: diffusing and diversifying by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing, establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate, constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another: that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character: that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good: that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit: to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue: to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism: this hope will be a full recompense for the

solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22nd of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your representatives in both houses of congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me; uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for

observing that conduct, will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error; I am nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views it in the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 17, 1796.



The above portraits are figured on page 32, Souvenir Edition of Baraboo Republic. They also appear in cabinet sizes in the history of the town of Baraboo and a genealogical tracing of each

excepting R. H. Strong. The cut is arranged for the Republic in this form and as they have been our gone-by business men they certainly belong in O. S. A. W. H. C.

ENOS KIMBALL.

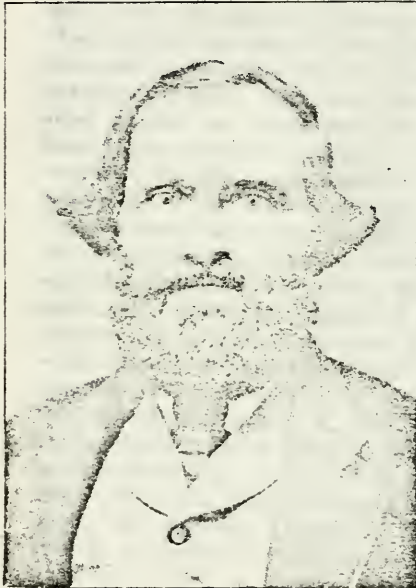
There is a book of genealogy of the family but friends here in the West have not seen it; yet they believe their ancestry to be purely English. Daniel, the oldest of the three brothers, who settled in Wisconsin and now lives at Lyons, says that he learned from his parents that there were three brothers

who came to the United States and that Enos's great-great-grandfather was one of them. Enos's father, Joseph, was born in New Hampshire, Feb. 20, 1779, and Hannah, his mother, at Randolph, Vermont, July 30, 1790. They emigrated to the West in 1845, making their home in Marengo, Ill., where they lived until death-claimed them. Enos's

mother died May 1, 1867, and his father Sept. 3, 1874.

Enos was born April 1, 1820, at ----- and lived with his parents on a farm. He was one of fourteen children. At the age of ----- he decided to look for a home in the West. The pineries in the Baraboo river valley were the magnets that brought him here in 1844. Here fine groves of pine without an owner but Uncle Sam, a long and lank

quarter section of land on Webster's prairie and made some improvements. They divided the quarter into equal parts, Enos taking the north. He added a 40 to it. After a few years John Wilson, a Quaker, and his family moved on the place. In a few years Enos and Grace ----- were united in wedlock Nov. 19, 1858, and the old folks bought a farm a mile farther west. In 1857 they sold their home to Joe Ashley



go-easy personage. Anybody could steal from him. Enos went back home and purchased a pinery outfit. He was taken sick but sent his team on by Alfred Josling and had it worked in the pinery. In the spring his health permitted him to come on and he worked in the pinery a year. Two of his brothers, Daniel and Warren, came later. Daniel now lives at Lyons and is eighty-two years old. Warren lives near Wonewoc.

Enos and Valentine B. Hill entered a

where Newton Morley now lives. They went to her parent's and lived a year, then entered into partnership with Geo. W. Bloom in purchasing a steam saw mill at North Freedom. After about a year the partnership was dissolved, Kimball taking an 80 acre farm of Bloom that laid adjacent to the mill for his share in the mill. Here he lived and made improvements until April 7, 1884, when he died, leaving a wife and one child, Ralph; they lost two other children in infancy.

Enos and Grace were as near faultless as any married couple ever were and their home always a pleasant one. At O. S. meetings their long table full of plates and eatables and barn full of

teams was the rule. A mild, intelligent couple. In 1889 she sold her farm and moved to Morrison, Tenn. Ralph here grew to manhood and Dec. 25 married Loevie Bonner—a genuine Southerner.

BENJAMIN F. MILLS, M. D.

Dr. Mills, one of Baraboo's pioneers and most highly respected citizens, was born in Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1821; was educated at Castleton, Vt., Willoughby University in Ohio, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. He located in Rock county, Wis., in 1846, and came to Baraboo in 1849, and the following year he located permanently here. The doctor has resided on the lots where his pleasant home is now located for almost a half century. In 1855 he established the drug store on the corner of Oak and Third streets, and conducted that business for twenty-five years; in 1869 he started a drug store at Yankton, Dak., and L. M. Purdy took charge of the business as a member of the firm. This is the oldest drug store in either of the Dakotas. He was married at Beloit, Nov. 28, 1848, to Cordelia E. Goddard. She was born Feb. 25, 1826, at York, Livingstone county, N. Y., and died in 1892. Of the five children born of this union, one daughter, Nettie C., now Mrs. D. F. Stickney, of Baraboo, is still



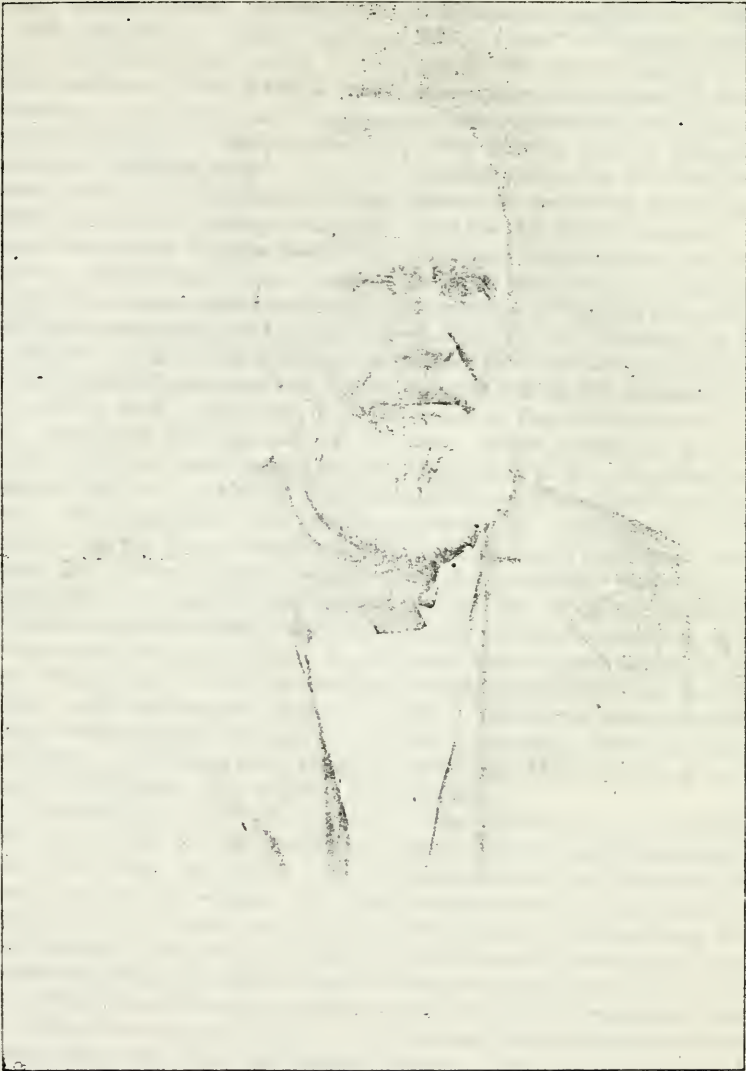
living. On July 16, 1895, Dr. Mills was united in marriage with Mrs. Frances Heyer, of Evansville, Ind. She has one daughter Frances Heyer. Dr. Mills retired from active business a few years since, and is now enjoying a well-earned rest. He is a member of the A., F. & A. M. and highly regarded in this community.

BLACHLY.

Thomas Blachly emigrated from London in 1835 to New England. He came over in the Hopewell under Capt. Babb. He is reputed to be of Welsh origin. The colonial records in New Haven, Conn., furnish us with a good many facts regarding his history and business transactions. He was active in starting a settlement in northern New Jersey. In the old colonial records the name is spelled B-l-a-t-e-h-l-o-y, B-l-a-t-e-h-l-y and B-l-a-s-h-l-y. The New Jersey

family adopted the shortest spelling of the name.

Dr. Miller Blachly, the subject of this sketch, was the seventh in descent from Thomas Blachly. His grandfather, Miller Blachly, married Eleanor Boyd at Headstone, N. J., and had a number of children. He was a soldier of the Revolution. Their place of residence was so near Trenton that they could distinctly hear the roar of the artillery when that battle of the Revolution was fought. His grandmother



DR. BLACHLY.

sat all day under a tree in the yard listening to the boom of the cannon which might make her a widow and her children fatherless.

His father, Miller Blachly, moved to Ohio and married Phebe Bell. His

children were Eben, Miller, Phebe, Eleanor, Annie, Bell and Sarah.

Dr. Miller Blachly, the second child, was born near Niles, Ohio, Aug. 13, 1804; married Mary Satterfield in 1833. He practiced medicine in Niles, Ohio.

eight years; moved to Dane Co., Wis., in 1830; moved to Okee, Columbia Co., in 1853; engaged in lumber business there, but did not enjoy it for it was not his calling and there were so many professional calls that his business would have failed if it had not been for his partner, William Mathers, of New Lisbon, Ohio, his wife's brother-in-law. In 1857 he moved to Baraboo, Sauk Co., to give his children better school opportunities. He built up a large practice and continued to live there until he retired to his farm south of Baraboo on the Skillet. His eyesight failing he moved to North Freedom in 1883, where he lived till 1894. His wife died in 1891. He lived with his son, J. N. Blachly, for one year then with his daughter, Mrs. S. A. McCoy, for two years. His last years were spent in darkness, but the joy of Christ's light illumed his pathway and no words of repining or fault finding ever passed his lips, but songs of praise and scripture texts were often heard from them.

Dr. Blachly was a man of sterling honesty and determined purpose, a strictly temperate man and active in all good works. A Whig in early times, a strong Abolitionist in middle life and Prohibitionist at his death, show the trend of his character. When he lived in Niles, Ohio, it was one of the stations of the Underground R. R. and many a poor black fugitive, on his way to Canada, received help from the doctor and his wife. When Fremont ran for president and Uncle Tom's Cabin was in the hands of the people, then was planted in his family a love for Republican principles and a sympathy for the oppressed that could never be destroyed.

Dr. Blachly was an active member in the Presbyterian church, was an Elder

from 1844 to nearly the close of his life. In Baraboo he taught the "Old Folk's Bible Class" for nearly twenty-five years. He was remarkably well versed in scripture and enjoyed a theological argument as well as a minister.

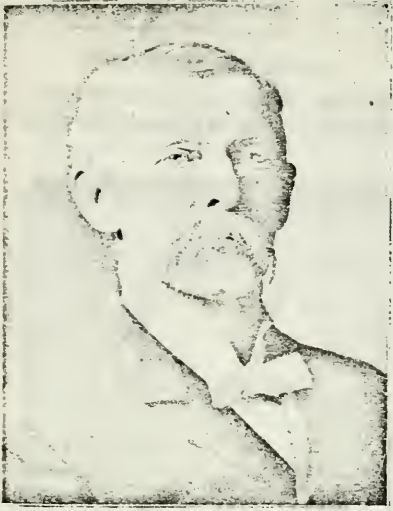
His pioneer life in Wisconsin was fraught with many stirring events. It was never too cold or too stormy to prevent his visiting his patients. At one time with old Jim, the gray horse he brought from Ohio and drove for fourteen years, he started to cross the Wisconsin river at Merrimac on the ice. When part way over he noticed that the channel on the northern side was open. A very sick man was expecting him. What should he do? Just at that time a large cake of ice came floating down and wedging itself in the current formed a bridge over which he might pass; at a word from the doctor old Jim carefully placed one foot on the ice and then the other, gave a spring and landed safely on the floating cake, than traveled across the perilous bridge onto the solid ice at the other side. The doctor saw his patient, but had to return by Prairie du Sac, as the river was full of floating ice in the morning.

The doctor was an enthusiastic old settler and attended the annual gatherings as long as his strength admitted. It was a great pleasure to him and his wife to attend the meetings at North Freedom and to take by the hand the many friends they met there year after year, but now the record is closed and we think "the good, true man hath three friends—himself, his God and the Angel Death."

CORRECTION--Thomas Blatchley emigrated from London in 1635 instead of 1835 as noted in the first paragraph of this sketch.

WILLIAM FALLER.

I am pleased to place in the Old Settlers' album William Faller and his son, Guy. The father of William was among



WILLIAM FALLER.

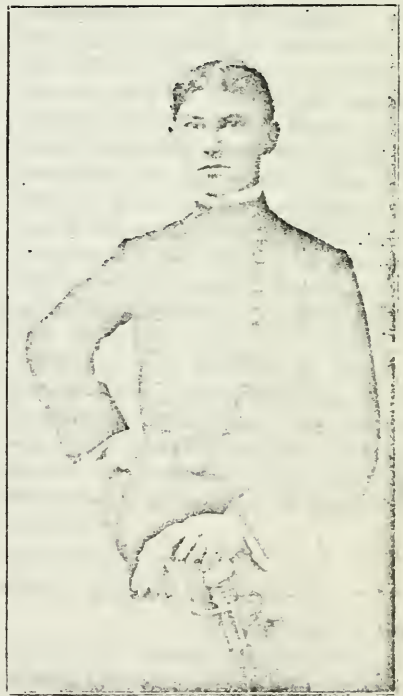
the oldest settlers of the town of Freedom. William Faller, our present register of deeds, in time of peril placed his life and his sons in the scale against slavery, both white and black. That of kings, nobles, dukes, lords and titles. The ancestral father shook the dust of his feet and turned his back upon "fatherland" and planted them upon a free soil, and his descendants are showing their fealty to the cause of freedom. W. H. C.

William Faller, register of deeds of Sauk county, is a native of Pittsburg, Pa., and came to this county with his parents in 1854, who settled in the town of Freedom. In February, '64 he enlisted in Co. L, 3d Wis. Cav., and served until Aug. '65, acting as courier on the frontier for eight months during the latter part of the war. Mr. Faller has been a resident of Baraboo for the past

twenty-five years; was a traveling salesman twelve years previous to accepting the office of register of deeds in '96, to which office he was re-elected in '98. He was married Aug. 31, 1876, to Miss Georgia Lycam, daughter of Oliver W. Lycam, of Brown's Valley, Minn. They have two children, Ensign Guy W. and Maude.

ENSIGN GUY W. FALLER.

Ensign Guy W. Faller, a Baraboo boy who helped to drive the "hoodoo" out of the good ship, Texas, and Cervera's fleet off the seas, is the son of



ENSIGN GUY W. FALLER.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faller. He was born on April 16, 1878, and entered the naval academy at Annapolis, on May 19,

1894, graduating "with credit" on April 4, 1898. Ensign Faller was immediately assigned to the battle-ship Texas and served as assistant engineer through the Spanish-American war. On October 12, '98, Ensign Faller was transferred

to the battle-ship Oregon which sailed from New York on the same date, with the Iowa and other vessels composing the fleet on a three years' cruise. Ensign Faller is the youngest engineer in the United States navy.

MONROE BENTLEY.

Monroe Bentley, senior member of the well-known law firm of Bentley &



MONROE BENTLEY.

Bentley, was born in Binghamton, N. Y., on April 9, 1836. In 1848 he came with his parents from Williamson's

Corners, Wayne county, N. Y., to La Grange county, Indiana. When 14 years of age he was sent to the La Grange Collegiate Institute at Ontario, Indiana, and graduated from there at 18 years of age. He taught school for the next 12 years after coming to Wisconsin in 1855. In 1865 he came to Baraboo. He has always been a teetotaler and has taken a very active part in temperance work in Wisconsin. After arriving in Baraboo he read law in the office of C. C. Remington. He was admitted to the bar in 1878, and has practiced in this city since. He was chairman of the town board two years and justice of the peace ten years. Mr. Bentley is an ardent republican, and one of the enthusiastic supporters of the principles of that party. He was married in 1858 to Susan A. Booth, of Poynette, who died Aug. 27, 1869, leaving four children, Frank R., Charles V., Alice R., now Mrs. J. E. Graf, of Cresco, Iowa; Carrie, now Mrs. C. H. Lambertson, of Baraboo. Mr. Bentley was again married in 1871 to Jennie Jenks, of Baraboo. They have one son, Ernest, an operator on the North-western.

A COMMUNICATION FROM HENRY RICH.

I wrote a few lines to Henry Rich, now of Hotel De Calais, asking him for information of travel, etc. He kindly replied in the following letter, which he did not expect would be a newspaper matter. As it contains matter of general interest I do not think he will be offended if it is given to the public.

W. H. C.

PARIS, Jan. 25, 1900.

Mr. W. H. Canfield, Baraboo, Wis.

Dear Friend:—I received your letter of the 11th inst. some days ago, we are pleased to know you keep so well and hearty; it is given to few to enjoy such a ripe age and we wish you many years of continued health. We have all been quite well since we left Chicago nine

months ago to-day and have enjoyed the old world and its attractions very much. In reply to your question as to the cost of a trip to Switzerland, etc., if you lay out your route and the place you desire to visit you can get the exact cost from Thomas Cook & Son, Chicago. By rail and boat on this side we have found 2nd class very good indeed—good enough. Indeed, 3rd class by rail is not bad and very much less in price. I would suggest you take steamer to Naples direct, then you could visit Pompeii, only half hour from Naples; rail to Rome five hours; rail to Florence five hours; rail to Venice eight hours; Venice to Milan five and one-half hours; Milan to Luzerne, Switzerland, six hours; Luzerne to Paris eleven hours. I suppose if you only wanted to visit, say Luzerne, Switzerland, you could go there from Paris and back to Paris, second class for round trip \$25 and from Luzerne you can get a ticket good for fifteen days for \$8 and travel all over Switzerland on it, or as much as you have time to in fifteen days, and for a small advance you can get your ticket good for thirty days or more and travel in Switzerland to your heart's content, on good railways. It will cost you for board outside of Paris \$1.50 to \$2 a day or even less if you wish; it has averaged us about \$2 a day each. As before stated, you should lay out your route and then you can get exact cost of ticket from Cook & Son, Chicago back to Chicago. Second class on ocean steamers is very good indeed, only the furnishings are not as nice of course as first class, but good enough for you or I. Many respectable people patronize second class. Board in Paris will cost you from \$2 to \$3 a day during exposition; we have arranged during exposition at \$3, at present we pay \$2 a day, room and three meals. Entrance to Exposition 20 cents only. If you come direct to Paris and only want to visit Switzer-

land you best buy a ticket here, to Switzerland and return. \$40 would take you there and back and all over Switzerland besides. Wm. Fuller is agent for Hamburg-American Line and I believe you might get rates to Paris from him. The normal rate by Atlantic Freeport Line, Agency in Chicago: First class, New York to London is \$25; probably it will be higher this year. London to Paris \$7. The fare from Naples to Venice via Rome and Florence \$16, second class; Venice to Paris about \$20, second class. I hope you will give yourself the pleasure of a trip. Baedeker's guide books would be invaluable to you and not very expensive. Italy and Switzerland about \$2.50 each, or you may take mine. It would take more time than we have to spare to give you a slight account even of our travels. Of course we visited Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and London and have yet many countries to visit before we sail for home Aug. 27, via Spain, Northern Africa, Scotland, Ireland and England, if we all keep well. We learn that she, who was May Wood, of Baraboo, daughter of M. Wood, arrives in London to-day. She with her husband have arranged to meet us here in a few days. It has rained nearly every day during December and January here. Paris has 3,000,000 and London 6,000,000 inhabitants. We like London much the best and spent ten weeks there and intend to go again. We are greatly in sympathy with England in her present trouble. Any injury to her is injury to America. We feel that the English people are first class people, as we used to feel rather hard against them. I suppose it was on the course she took in our civil war, but you may be sure she is our best friend among the nations. All the continental nations keep immense standing armies; they are so close to-

gether and so jealous they are liable to get into a fight any time. Rome would be a perfect delight to you in fact there is no place but has its attractions and all are dissimilar. It is very easy to get about. English is spoken at hotels in every country and you would have little difficulty. We will be glad to get back to America and friends, though I must confess to you that this trip has created the desire to come again at

no distant day. The first time it looks like a big undertaking, but really it is not; it is just a daily pleasure from the start, the only wonder is that more people do not avail themselves of a sight of the old world. With many regards in which Mrs. Rich joins, I remain, yours truly.

HENRY RICH.

Care of American Express Co., Paris, until August 27, 1900.

THE BARABOO REPUBLIC.

The Baraboo Republic, editors, proprietors, help and office are here represented. Mr. and Mrs. Powers are

ers and pleasant men to meet. "Long live the Republic."--W. H. C.

The Baraboo Republic, the oldest



J. H. POWERS.



MRS. J. H. POWERS.

as their biographical sketch shows. We all know them. They have eaten their brown bread with the old settlers. The Republic office is now as finely equipped as any local office in the state. They do fine work and have all they can do. The younger members of the firm have shown themselves as honest deal-

newspaper in Sauk county, was established in 1855 by Col. D. K. and Silas Noyes. The Noyes brothers conducted the Republic for a year or so, and since that time the paper has been under the management of men who advocated the sterling republican principles enunciated by its founders. From the first

week of the Republic's existence it has steadily grown in the esteem and confidence of its thousands of readers and patrons. The material of the office has been increased and renewed from time to time to meet the demands of the constantly growing business. To-day the Republic is in its own building. Its presses are driven by water pressure furnished by the Baraboo Water Works, and the office is supplied with the latest type faces, etc. The proprietors and editors, Powers and Hood Brothers, enjoy the satisfaction of having the

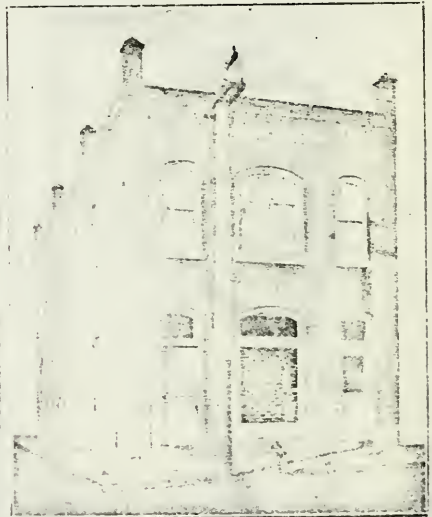
MISS FOWLER.

MISS DU BOIS.

MISS HOLDEN.

MISS JOHNSON.

MISS JOHNSON.



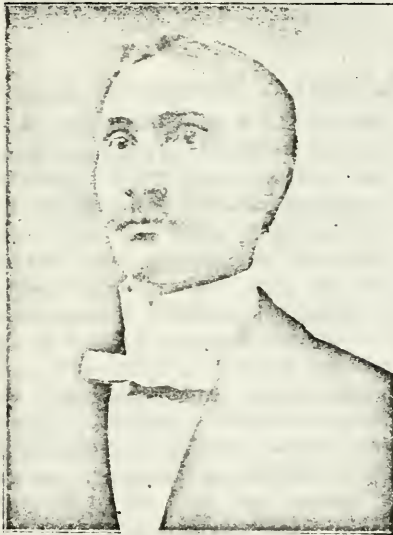
REPUBLIC OFFICE.

best equipped printing and publishing house in Central Wisconsin, Madison excepted. The daily republic was established in March, 1894, and has come to be a household necessity in hundreds of Baraboo homes. The Daily and Weekly Republic are established upon a solid financial basis and the office enjoys a good business. The Republic will continue in the future as in the past--not ashamed of its politics or lacking courage to defend its position upon public affairs. Hoping that this souvenir which we issue in celebrating

the forty-fourth anniversary of the Republic will be satisfactorily received by our hosts of warm friends and well wishers, we extend our thanks to the enterprising citizens of Baraboo who so materially assisted in the work. We shall always be pleased to heartily greet all who may favor us with a business or social call. —Republic souvenir edition.

John H. Powers, son of Peter and Cynthia Cole Powers, was born in the town of Ascot, Compton county,

wounded at the taking of the Heights of Petersburg, Va., the last hard-fought battle in which he took part being the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C. He was discharged from the U. S. service at Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 23, 1865, and a few weeks later from the service of the state of N. H. at Concord. He came to Wisconsin in November, 1865, and arrived at Baraboo Feb. 22, 1866, and engaged at his trade in the Republic office, in which he has spent the greater part of the time since. For two years,



GEO. H. HOOD.



S. J. HOOD.

Province of Quebec, July 28, 1844. He came to the United States in 1859 and entered a printing office near Derby Line, Vt., to learn the trade. In 1862 he went to Manchester, N. H., where he enlisted in the 4th N. H. V. I. Co, D., and was in the service during the remainder of the war of the Rebellion, participating in the battles of Morris Island, S. C., in the sieges of Forts Wagner, Gregg and Sumpter, and in the Virginia campaign of 1861. He was

1869-70, he was connected with the Durand, Wis., Times, and later founded the Trempealeau County Journal at Galesville and the Elroy Union; was for a time part owner of the Reedsburg Free Press. In December, 1879, he became one of the proprietors of the Baraboo Republic, and in 1881 sole owner. In December, 1895, the Hood Brothers became associated with him as partners.

Dec. 27, 1868, John H. Powers was married to Miss Sarah A. Capener, who

was born in Caledonia, Columbia county, May 12, 1852, her parents being George and Harriet Dunn Capener, the former a native of England, and the latter of Pennsylvania, her mother belonging to the Cameron family. Mrs. Powers was educated in the public schools of Baraboo and at the Collegiate Institute. In May, 1867, she entered the Republic office, then owned by Wm. Hill, and learned the art of a compositor, continuing in the work until her marriage. Since then she has spent the greater part of her time in the Republic office, filling at various times the

positions of assistant editor, proof-reader, book-keeper, etc. In the year 1884 she held the office of President of the Woman's Club of Baraboo, one of the first clubs of women organized in Wisconsin. She was secretary of the Woman's Republican Club in 1896 and has held offices in various other societies.

Mr. and Mrs. Powers have one daughter, Blanche, who was born at Durand, Wis., Jan. 4, 1870, and was married March 31, 1892, to A. V. Taylor, an attorney of Salt Lake City, where she now resides.

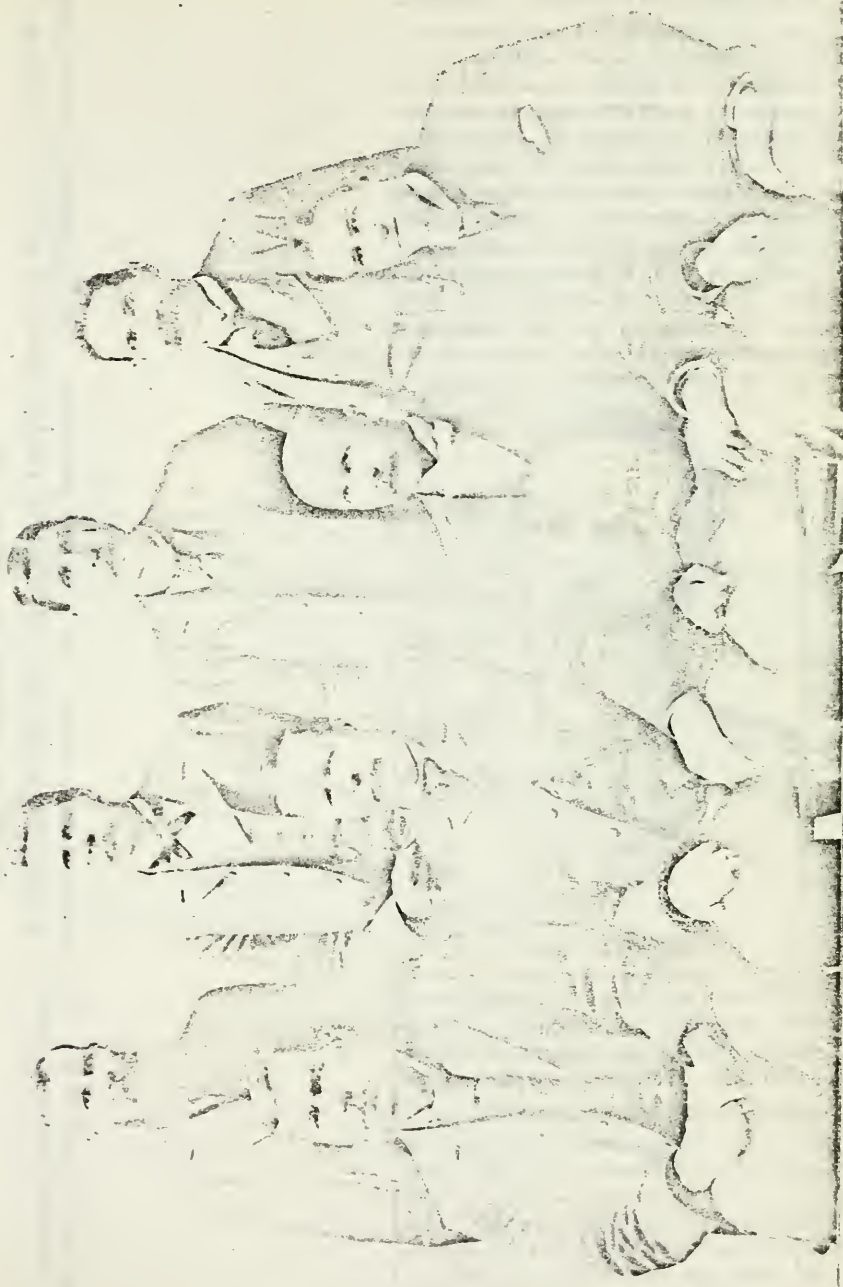
A PRANK OF CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Later president of U. S. A. In the little town of York, Livingston county, New York, lived three families that were closely allied to each other by religious ties. Dr. Long, Deacon Goddard and Elder Arthur were close communion Baptists. Dr. Mills of our sketch married Cordelia E. Goddard. Wm. H. Canfield married Cordelia A. Long. The children of these families were playmates and school mates. Chet was a wild boy. While his father was preaching an abolition sermon the boys had contrived to suspend a big negro doll by the neck and conceal it until the lecture progressed. When the elder was portraying in vivid language the cruelty of Negro slavery the image was let loose from its hiding place and was dangling over the elder's head. A burst of laughter broke forth from the audience that surprised the elder. His language was calculated to bring tears instead of laughter. A peal of laughter from the boys outside was what puzzled the elder more. The audience could not be restrained from laughter and when the elder was apprised of the joke he smiled and said, the Lord had illustrated the devil's work, and went on with his discourse.

EX-COUNTY OFFICIALS.

This group are children of our early pioneers. J. S. Roesler's home is in Sauk City and Prairie du Sac. L. W. Stone who is under-sheriff at the present time, lives at his home in town Sumpter. H. H. Hulbert's home is in Delton and Baraboo. W. T. Kelsey's former home was at Prairie du Sac, but at present is in Baraboo and he is our present county judge. N. G. Blakeslee's home is at fronton. R. D. Evans died December, 1899. His home was at Baraboo. U. Baehler's home is at Honey Creek on his fine old farm. E. F. Dithmar, our present clerk of the court, formerly from Reedsburg, is serving his third term. At present he makes his home in Baraboo. This group have been, and a part of them now are the people's servants. Under old country laws and customs they would be the rulers and the people the subjects - servants - slaves.

(See out on next page.)

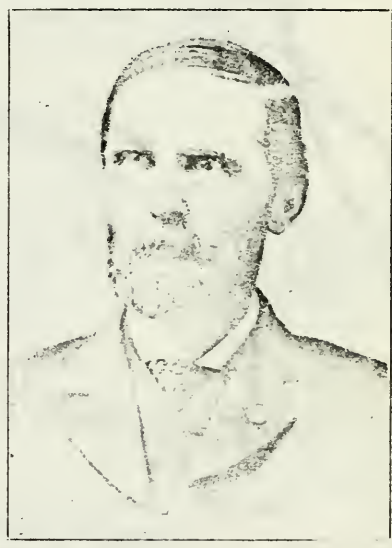


GROUP OF EX-COUNTY OFFICIALS.

J. S. ROESLER, Supt. of Schools. H. H. HUTCHBERT, Sheriff. N. G. BLAKESLEE, Register Deeds. U. BUEHLER, County Clerk.
 L. W. STONE, Treasurer. W. T. KELSEY, County Judge. R. D. EVANS, Dist. Atty. E. F. DITMAR, Clerk of Court.

JOSEPH HOLBROOK WHITNEY.

In canvassing Mr. Whitney and wife for old settlers' matter he made a request that there should be associated with his name NO TITLE OF ANY KIND. This savors of American republican democracy of early days. Here we were considered equals in opportunity. Titles belong to monarchies and kingdoms, where the people are commoners, subjects, slaves to their governors. This is reversed in America. Our governors are our servants. We set



J. H. WHITNEY.

an example to the world that has drawn to us the oppressed of kingdoms who have grown into distinguished men and women. Away with titles!—W. H. C.

Joseph Holbrook Whitney was born in Worcester county, Mass., Nov. 21, 1834. He is a descendent of John Whitney who came from England in 1634. His great-great-grandfather was a soldier in the war of the Revolution. In 1858 he entered the law office of Hon. Henry Chapin in Worcester.

Mass., and was admitted to practice in all the courts of the state in December, 1860. He enlisted for three months in May, 1861, in Co. A, 4th Mass., M. V. M., being the first man to enlist from his home, Ashburnham, Mass. Re-enlisted in Co. G, 21st Mass. Inf. Vols., in July, 1861, for three years, serving as sergeant, sergeant-major and 2nd lieutenant. In 1863 he resigned on account of ill health. In the spring of 1864 he again enlisted as private in the 4th

Mass. conference in 1868. After twelve years of intense activity the burden of the work proved too great and he retired from the work of the ministry in 1881. Mr. Whitney had much to do with building up the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, in Wisconsin, being assistant adjutant general of the department three terms. During this time he wrote many poems for various occasions. He wrote his war ballads for his com-



RESIDENCE OF J. H. WHITNEY.

Mass. Hvy. Art., and was appointed sergeant-major of the regiment, serving until the close of the war. In January, 1864, he married Mrs. Mary L. Whitney, widow of his only brother, Charles M. Whitney, who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862. She died in March, 1877. Mr. Whitney came to Wisconsin in 1868 and to Sauk county in 1869. He studied for the ministry at the Boston University and entered the West Wis-

consin conference in 1868. After twelve years of intense activity the burden of the work proved too great and he retired from the work of the ministry in 1881. Mr. Whitney had much to do with building up the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, in Wisconsin, being assistant adjutant general of the department three terms. During this time he wrote many poems for various occasions. He wrote his war ballads for his comrades. To him the war for the Union was a sacred memory, and the principles for which he fought a part of his very being. His poems were written largely from experience, not primarily for publication or profit. Many of them glow with the most intense devotion to the flag, perpetuating the memory of brave and unselfish deeds, and a religious spirit pervades them all. Some of the earlier ballads were crude and have been revised, and many cast aside.

Many of his later poems show the effect of chastening and breathe a spirit of peace. His last poem, "The Veteran," was delivered at the dedication of the soldiers' Monument at Baraboo in 1897. Mr. Whitney married Mrs. Frances S. Gillespie, who shares with him a pleasant and happy home. Mrs. Whitney was born in Malone, N. Y., August 6, 1839. In October, 1864, she was married to William H. Gillespie. They came West, settling in Dellona in 1864. After a little more than a year her husband died leaving a daughter, now Mrs. Daniel Fullmer, of North Freedom, Wis. In August, 1868, Mrs. Whitney married Rev. James A. Gillespie, a brother of her former husband, of the West Wisconsin conference of the M. E. church. He died in 1873 leaving a daughter, Jennie, who died at the age of eight years. Mrs. Whitney belongs to the order of the Daughters of the American Revolution, three of her ancestors on her mother's side, having served in the war of the Revolution.

EDWARD G. MARRIOTT.

The writer had the pleasure of seeing an old bible while at the home of E. G. Marriott a few days ago. It was printed in London, England, by Robert Parker in the year 1631. The book is a work of art as well as being an old work; it is known among bibliognostes as the wicked bible from the fact that in printing the ten commandments the printer left out the word not in the eighth commandment, making it read, "Thou Shalt Commit Adultery." The printer, when the error was discovered, was arrested and ordered to collect every copy of the bible sold. He collected all but a few that could not be traced to the purchasers. They were all publicly burned in London and the printer sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and as far as is known it

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

J. HOLBROOK WHITNEY

"Not as the world giveth,"
The master yet liveth,
Thy soul from its thralldom to win;
And lovingly greeting
Is gently repeating
His promise of heaven within.

To lives dark and dreary—
The way-worn and weary,
Looking out and beyond for release;
To all who were willing,
His promise fulfilling,
He comes with this heavenly peace.

From the unrest around us,
From the chains that have bound us
So long in the service of sin;
From the fever and fretting,
The striving and getting,
We may turn to this heaven within.

When comforts are flying
And friendships are dying,
And the false overshadow the true;
In the midst of thy praying
The master is saying,
"My peace I give unto you."

When youth with its vigor
Is gone, and the rigor
Of winter seems bitter and cold,
Thy heart may be glowing
With love ever flowing
From fountains that never grow old,
Madison, Wis.

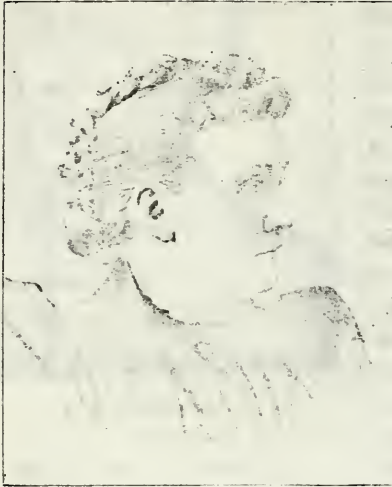
is the only one of its kind in America, as well as being the oldest English version owned by any private individual in America. There is a treasured copy of the same in the British Museum, London.

The progenitor of the Kelley family was from the north of Ireland and of Scotch-Irish descent. Edward, father of Elizabeth, was an old settler of Baraboo, as early as 1849. He died July 28, 1885. Bella, daughter of E. G. Marriott, was married June 2, 1897, to John Wesley Palmer, a druggist at Black River Falls. Hugh Kelley, so well known to Baraboo citizens, is a son of Edward. W. H. C.

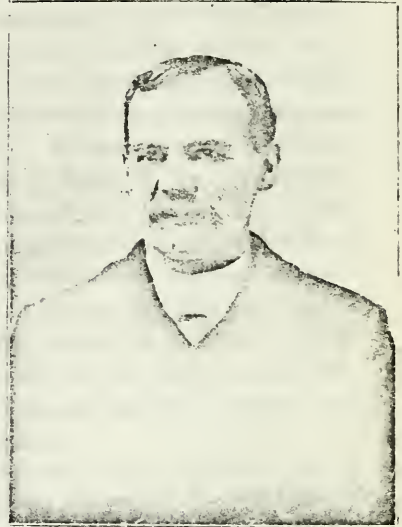
Edward G. Marriott, formerly president of the common council, was born in England in 1850; came to the United States and to

Baraboo in 1869, and went to work at his trade, that of shoemaker, and followed that until 1876, when he engaged in the shoe business which he has since conducted. He carries a fine line of

alderman of the Second ward; has been a member of the library board two years and is a prominent worker in the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of



MRS. E. G. MARRIOTT.



E. G. MARRIOTT.

footwear for men, ladies and children, and his patronage is one of the largest in the county. ~~With~~ ^{owing} to his upright dealings, his wide ~~acquaintance~~ ^{acquaintance} and the superior quality of his goods, Mr. Marriott is serving his third term as

Pythias and Woolmen fraternities. He was married in 1876 to Miss Elizabeth Kelley, and to them three children have been born, Belle, William and Deane. Their residence is at 221 Third street.

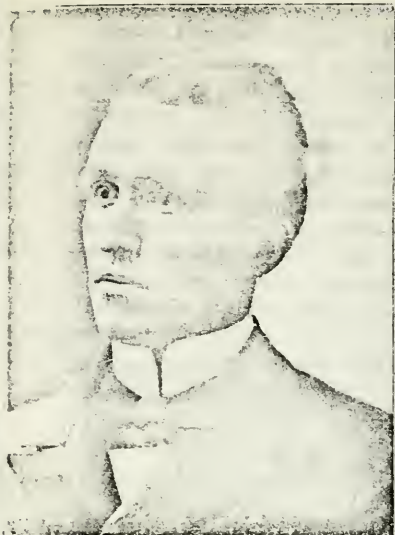
BARABOO YOUNG LAWYERS.

There are four of them, boys of our old settlers, that are making a push for fame.

FRANK ROMINE BENTLEY.

Frank Romine Bentley is the subject of this sketch. He was born in the village now city of Baraboo, August 8, 1869, and has made this place his home, except when he was attending school and while he was at Seattle for three years. He is a fluent and earnest speaker. While yet young in years he

has held important positions in public life. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1892 in the state and federal courts, and in 1898 was admitted to practice before the department of the interior at Washington, D. C. He has ever since his admission been an active practitioner and eminently successful. He is a self-made man; is independent and of strong convictions. He is now serving his second term as public prosecutor, and as such, has by his careful, vigorous and economical conduct given universal satisfaction to the people of



F. R. BENTLEY.

his district. In politics he is an ardent republican and for years has taken the platform in the interests of his party. His easy and fluent speech combined with his practical and logical style of expression carries conviction and gives him success as a public speaker. Perhaps no other young man in the county is so well and favorably known as young Bentley. He was married November 10, 1893, to Emma H. Emerson, daughter of Joseph A. Emerson, La Crosse. She is a native of this state, having been born at Watertown. She is a member of the M. E. church of our city and is an active worker in it. Her husband also belongs to the same organization. They have one daughter, Jessie, aged four years.

WILLIAM M. ALLEN.

William M. Allen is one of the most popular and deservedly successful business men of Baraboo, and his store at 47 Oak street is the headquarters of the railroad boys for everything they need in the line of clothing and furnishing goods. Since *engaging* in business in '93, Mr. Allen has *gained* and enviable reputation for the excellence of the goods he handles and in consequence of his square dealing, has won a large and influential patronage. He carries a heavy and carefully selected stock of ready-made clothing for men, youths and boys, furnishing goods, hats, caps, etc., and you can find at his store all the very latest styles as soon as they come out. Mr. Allen was born in Baraboo, and at the age of seventeen went to railroad, which he followed until '93. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, is popular with everyone and has hosts of warm friends.

poisoning. Deceased was 61 years of age. The funeral was held from his home Friday afternoon.



WILLIAM M. ALLEN.

William Allen Sr. died at his home in the Third Ward Thursday forenoon after a brief illness. While at work in the Northwestern roundhouse about three weeks ago he bruised his ankle and the injury terminated in blood

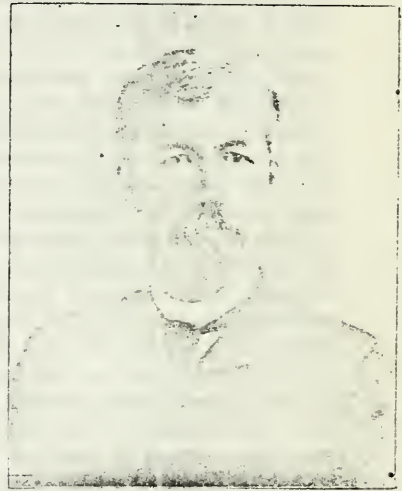
RICHARD BAKER GRIGGS.

Richard Baker Griggs was born at Millburn, Lake county, Illinois, August 30, 1848. He received a common school education and graduated from the Illinois School of Trade in January, 1867. For two years he conducted a grocery business in Waukegan, Illinois. He kept books for J. F. Powell & Co., pump manufacturers and for Wm. Ladd & Son, lumber dealers, also of Waukegan, Illinois, and in the spring

position of cashier of the Baraboo Savings bank in February of the same year, which position he held until January 1, 1893. July 29, 1893, Mr. Griggs was appointed assignee of the Baraboo Savings bank, which position he held until January 29, 1894, when the bank was re-organized and paid to its creditors 100 cents on the dollar of their claims. Upon the organization of the Baraboo Mutual Fire Insurance company October 22, 1895, Mr. Griggs



MRS. R. B. GRIGGS.



R. B. GRIGGS.

of 1873 again engaged in the grocery business at the northeast corner of South Dearborn and 18th streets, Chicago. He came to Baraboo in May, 1874, and June 5th of the same year entered into a co-partnership with H. P. Jones, as Jones & Griggs, to conduct a clothing and furnishing goods business, which partnership was dissolved by mutual consent June 1, 1883. Mr. Griggs continued the clothing business at 110 Third street until the present, taking as a partner his brother John S., in May, 1889, he having accepted the

position of president and was re-elected in 1896 and 1897. January 1898, upon the resignation of James Hull as secretary, Mr. Griggs was elected to the secretaryship, which position he still holds. Politically Mr. Griggs is a third party prohibitionist and has been chairman of the county committee since 1881. He was formerly a republican and was treasurer of the Garfield & Arthur club in 1880. He never held but one public office—was clerk of the village of Baraboo in 1880.

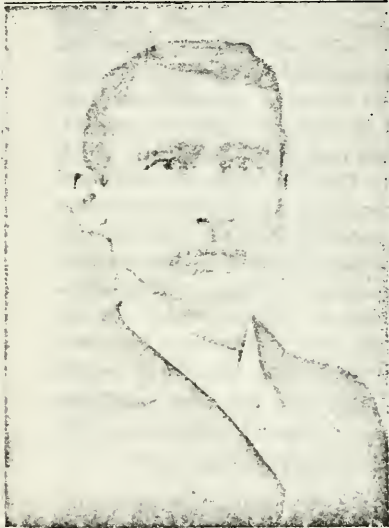
Addie Williams Griggs was born at

North Anson, Somerest county, Maine, April 10, 1856. Her parents were natives of the state of Maine and came west and settled in Baraboo, Sauk county, Wisconsin, in October, 1865. Mrs. Griggs received her education in the schools of Baraboo and on October

11, 1876, was married to R. B. Griggs and has lived in Baraboo continuously since. Outside of her home duties Mrs. Griggs has taken considerable interest in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and woman's club work in general.

W. M. LITTLE.

Wm. Little, father of W. M. Little, was born in Leitnin county, Ireland.



W. M. LITTLE.

April 10, 1827, and came to the U. S. A. in 1844. His wife, Julia A. Mostyn, was born in Limerick county, Ireland.

May 9, 1829, and came with an older sister to this country when a little girl. They were married January 8, 1850. In 1854 they moved to Fulton, Rock Co., Wis., where on February 13, 1856, W. M. Little, subject of this sketch, was born. The family afterward lived at Evansville, Wis. On July 30, 1877, they came to Baraboo, Sauk county, Wis. Here father and son, Wm. and W. M., formed a co-partnership in merchant tailoring. The father died July, 11, 1894, and the son continues the business. He was married September 1, 1880, to Miss Jessie May Irish, eldest child of Rev. J. E. Irish, former pastor of the First M. E. church, of Baraboo. She was born September 17, 1856, at Sextonville, Richland, Co., Wis. They have three children, Lucy A., Jessie May and J. W. Lloyd. The emigrant, Wm. L., was a jolly, whole-soul companionable man such as we love to meet, a thorough prohibitionist and a member of the M. E. church of Baraboo. The son seems to be following in the "foot prints of his predecessors." There is no nation that expresses a more hearty welcome than the Irish.

My Birthday.

April 9, 1900, was my eighty-first birthday. My neighbors, in goodly numbers, paid me an evening social visit in the shape of a surprise party. They had learned that I was averse to receiving presents, as is nowadays customary. They did, however, tender me a much appreciated present—their kindly presence and viands to cheer the inward soul. Their kindness was worth to me more than wreaths of

roses decorating a casket containing a departed lump of clay with myself gone out of it. However, it gives business to undertaker's for costly tinsels and a gorgeous cortege that the poor are burdened with on the top of expensive sickness, which takes bread from the family, and then comes death. The spirit has gone to the God that gave it. Then the undertaker and livery stable man take what they ought not to have. Dead! Oh for wreaths of roses to circulate among the living. W. H. C.

STANLEY.

There is a book of genealogy of this family that is traced back to 1100 in Stafford county, Central, England. The name meaning Stony Meadow. I have a reprint of a few lines from page 19, that we may see how the English language was written in those days.

“Att a Court, holden att Newe Towne. March 3, 1634. Whereas John Stanley dyed intestate, in the way to Newe England, & lefte three children vndisposed of, the youngest whereof is since diseased, haveing also lefte an estate of cxvj, in goods & chattels, &c., it is therefore ordered, with the consent of Thomas Stanley, brother to the said John, diseased, that hee shall haue forthwith the some of lviiij of the sd estate putt into his hands, in consideration whereof, the said Thomas Stanley shall educate & bring vpp John Stanley, sonne of John Stanley, diseased, finding him meate, drinke, & app’ell, till hee shall accomplishe the age of xxi yeares, & att the end of said tearme shall giue vnto the said John Stanley the some of fifty pounds.

JOHN STANLEY.

John Stanley started with his family for New England 1634-1635, but died on the passage leaving three sons who became the American ancestry of this name.

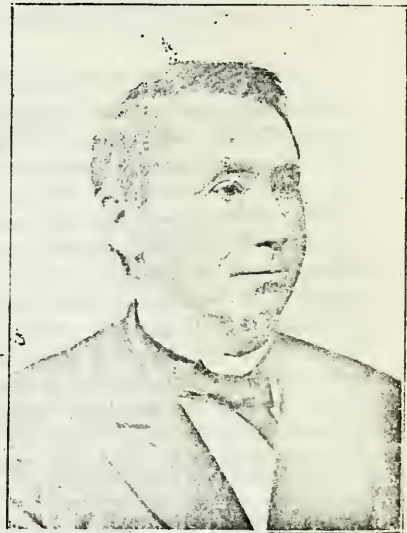
WHITING D. STANLEY.

Whiting D. Stanley is numbered 175 in the U. S. A. and was born in Cheshier, Conn., January 24, 1795. He married in Canandaigua, N. Y., February 11, 1818, a daughter of _____ Castle. In 1847, he, with the younger members of his family immigrated to Wisconsin, purchasing five hundred acres of land mostly from the government, adjoining one hundred mile grove in Dane county, Madison, being their market town. The older

members bought farms adjoining the homestead or near it.

WILLIAM STANLEY.

William Stanley, the subject of this sketch, was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., February 18, 1831, and came to Wisconsin in 1847, living with his parents until he attained his majority. He then went on to a farm of his own. In 1853 he came to Baraboo, Sauk county, Wisconsin, then a small village and entered



WM. STANLEY.

into partnership with his brother Lemuel in the drug business. Five years thereafter he returned to a farm in Vienna, January 15, 1859, and married Louisa Huntington, daughter of Herbert N. Huntington. Shortly after the marriage he entered into partnership with his father-in-law in the mercantile business and the firm was known as Huntington & Stanley. At the death of Mr. Huntington in 1875, E. M. Hoag came in as partner, he having been an assistant at

the store for several years. William Stanley died March 30, 1898, and his obituary speaks many very kind words of him which are all deserved. The mercantile firm is now changed to "The Stanley Company," consisting "H. H. and W. D. Stanley," brothers. Herbert Huntington Stanley was born June 6, 1866, and Whiting Day Stanley was born August 11, 1868; and also one daughter, Mary Grace Stanley Bonham, born July 22, 1874. Her husband is a lawyer at Bara-

goods and with an unabated perseverance they have accomplished much. They are now in a large brick block with a double store packed to the uttermost with choice goods.

H. H. STANLEY.

H. H. Stanley, wife, Ethel Hoadley. They have no children.

W. D. STANLEY.

W. D. Stanley, wife, Flora Lawson. They have two children. William Lawson Stanley was born February 25, 1897, and James Frederick Stanley was born January 10, 1900.



MRS. WM. STANLEY.

boo. Besides these three living children there were four that died before they had attained the age of three years. William Stanley always found time to look after public affairs and had many offices of trust placed upon his shoulders. He has left a pleasant memory behind him. The Stanley Mercantile House has run for forty-seven years and all the way through it has been a financial success. Why? They have been honorable in deal. They have always kept first class

HERBERT N. HUNTINGTON.

Herbert N. Huntington, father of the wife of William Stanley, in a book of their genealogy are numbered as 1517 from SIMON HUNTINGTON, who left England for America in 1640 with a wife and three children. He died on the passage. He was of the Puritans and left England because of religious prosecution. Louisa A. Huntington is numbered as 2639 and the daughter of Herbert H. Huntington. She was born September 10, 1839, in Scriba, N. Y. She was married to William Stanley January 15, 1859. The progenitors of the Huntington's and also the Stanley's died in crossing the ocean. A widow and three children of each were landed on New England shore, from which have grown these generations numbering at least 3,500 each up to the present date. Each left England because of religious prosecution and became Puritans of New England in America, and have incidently wedlocked as in the persons of this sketch and shared the clouds and sunshine from penury to riches, and frequently during the three hundred years nearly have put their lives into the scales to sustain a government "of the people, for the people and by the people." Eschewing titles of rank and teaching that "ALL men are born free and equal with certain inalienable rights." We should love our New England ancestry and excuse their mistakes.

CHARLES WILD.

A house dealing in a large and comprehensive line of goods is that owned and controlled by Charles Wild, furniture dealer and practical undertaker, at 120-122 Third street. Mr. Wild was born in Baraboo on March 21, 1859, and received his education in the public schools. His father, Louis Wild, established this business in 1855, and, twenty years later, on reaching his majority,

shades, curtains, and in the undertaking department, coffins, caskets, shrouds and funeral paraphernalia of all kinds. Mr. Wild is a practical embalmer, and takes full direction of funerals, furnishing hearses, carriages, etc. A half century of square dealing has established a reputation that none can assail, and from its inception this house has enjoyed a large and influential patronage. Mr. Wild is one of the



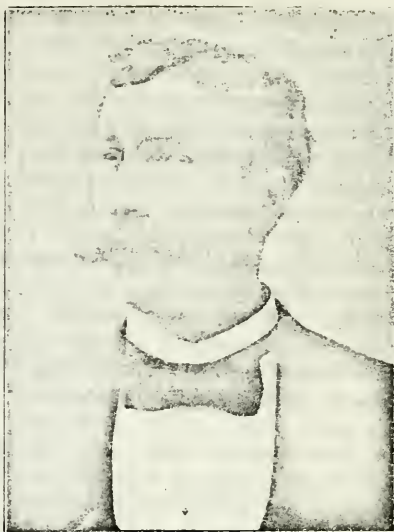
MRS. CHAS. WILD.

Charles Wild became associated with his father in the business, under the firm name of L. Wild & Son. In 1880, L. Wild retired from the business and since that time Charles Wild has conducted the business alone. His store, one of the largest in this section, contains an immense and carefully selected stock of fine furniture of every description, upholstery and parlor goods, draperies, carpets, rugs, window

most progressive and wide awake business men in this section, and to his popularity and enterprise is largely due the enviable success which he has achieved. Mr. E. L. Thurwachter has personal supervision of the large stock of sewing machines, pianos, organs and musical merchandise. Mr. Wild has ever taken an active part in public affairs and was mayor of the city in '92 and '93; during his administration the

city hall was built and the Ash street and Island Woolen Mill bridges put in; and also the paving of Oak street, which was the first street paving to be done in Baraboo. Mr. Wild was married in Baraboo in 1884 to Miss Rose P. Dunsmoor, of Oswego, N. Y. They have one daughter, Kietha Straldeen. Their home is at 1121 Ash street.

Mr. Charles Wild is a man scrupulously artistic. He, in company with Edward Marsh, laid out a summer resort on Mirror Lake, named "Loch Mirror Park." It is plotted with much taste and with the scenery is a natural picture that a photograph or words cannot do justice. The eye must see it, and the mind have time to drink in its charms. It is here where Charles, wife and daughter spend much of the heated season in their rural summer cottage that is nestled in the vale among the canyoned rocks. It is here where a man's mind, if it so runs, can hold sweet communion with his God.



CHAS. WILD.

OBITUARY—BRISCOE.

Mrs. Briscoe, one of the early settlers of Sauk county, passed away at the home of her son, William E. Briscoe, in the town of Baraboo, Tuesday, April 10th, at 6 o'clock p. m., from physical exhaustion caused by old age.

Priscilla Smith Briscoe was born at Cheshire, England, July 7, 1816, and was married to Henry Briscoe about sixty years ago. They came to America in September, 1843, and settled in New Philadelphia, Ohio, where they lived thirteen years, when they came to this county, where they had relatives living, accompanied by their family of seven children, and settled upon wild forest land in the town of Freedom. Here the family lived several years. Mr. Briscoe found the "hewing" of a farm out of the wilderness up-hill work, especially when he was compelled by circumstances to be away from home working at the trade of shoemaking. None of the family of children being old

enough to render much assistance in the farm work and Mr. Briscoe not having had any training for this kind of manual labor, gave up the effort and moved to Baraboo in the spring of 1859, where they lived until death claimed them. Mr. Briscoe died April 16, 1884.

Much can be said in praise of the womanly virtues of Mrs. Briscoe, who was familiarly and lovingly called by those who knew her, "Grandma." She was a true wife and mother. During the vigor of her womanhood she was an industrious worker and her whole thoughts and efforts were directed to the moral and physical welfare and comfort of her family; she was ever considerate to strangers, and as a neighbor no one could be more kind and obliging. She was a devout Christian and member of the Episcopal church of this city, being dearly beloved by every member of the church, who will miss her motherly presence on this Good Friday, a day on which she was ever present at

the services. A woman who lived the life of the just has passed to her reward. In her old age she was tenderly cared for by her children at the home of Wm. Briscoe.

She leaves a family of eight children: Mrs. Mary Ann Harp, Samuel Briscoe, Mrs. Harriet Johnson, Henry, William E., and Joseph S. of Baraboo, James S. of Idaho Springs, Col., and Charles A. of Harwood, North Dakota. All were present at the last sad rites except James Briscoe, who lives in Idaho Springs.

OBITUARY—NEWSON.

A Baraboo citizen who has long known the deceased, furnishes us the following obituary:

Geo. Newson, who passed from earth to spirit life, April 10th, was born in Mill Bank, Staffordshire, England, August 5, 1810. He came to America in 1849, and to Baraboo soon after. He married Mrs. Margaret J. Emery, a native of Edinburg, Scotland, in 1832—a physician greatly esteemed and loved by patients and friends. Their union was blessed with eight children, of whom only Mrs. Priscilla Buckley and Mrs. Margaret Jane Hitchcock survive them. There are eight grand children and eight great-grand children.

His life and character, illustrating a noble manhood, deserve more than a passing notice. He was by trade a stone mason and in his work combined conscientiousness with skill. In business transactions he was always trustworthy and in family relations loving, devoted and true. He was for a time a temperance lecturer and was awarded a gold medal by the "Teetotal" Society at Stoke upon Trent. His teaching he fully exemplified in his own life, using neither intoxicants nor tobacco. He was a vegetarian, and to his hygienic habits, mainly, his long and healthful life may be attributed. He was elected

a member of the town board in 1879 and 1880. He was urbane, of even temperament and kindly spirit. Meeting him on his walks during recent years, when greeted, his face brightened with light and sweetness, betokening a soul free from bitterness and a conscience without guile. In early life he attended Friends' Meetings but since its organization here he has been connected with the Free Congregational Society.

He has been a free and independent thinker in religious matters since the time when it required more strength of character than it now does to be known as such. About thirty years ago he did the stone mason work of the church, thus literally laying its foundations and contributed his work toward the expenses of building. For a number of years he contributed the janitor work as his share of current expenses—much more at a fair valuation of time than any regular subscription. Until his hearing was too much impaired he was a very regular attendant on church services.

Lest an intimate friendship of about thirty-five years might be thought to bias judgment, an interesting incident shall be related: The Rev. Mr. Horner, when pastor of the First M. E. Church here, was on one occasion preaching in a neighboring town when he portrayed in his life-like style the character of a man he had selected as a model outside his church. Listening intently was a commercial traveler from Rockford, Ill. At the close of the sermon he went to Mr. Horner and said, "I know that man; he is Geo. Newson, of Baraboo," and the speaker assured him that he was right.

If the world was made up of such men as Mr. Newson it would scarcely need any restraining officers. Mrs. N. in her day was Baraboo's hygienic physician and had a fair practice. She seemed a counterpart of her husband.

W. H. C.

CHARLES HIRSCHINGER.

Charles Hirschinger, our well known nurseryman, was born February 26, 1837, at Capatine, Ohio. His parents came from Strassburg, Germany. From Capatine they moved to the Baraboo valley and located on section 8, R. 11, T. 6, in that beautiful belt of heavy tim-

of this sketch at twenty-two years of age married Miss Catharine Lorn. He is now in the fruit nursery business. Work—work—and save—save was the rule of his house. His father died March, 1853. He bought out the heirs of the homestead when he was twenty-one years of age. I love to think of



CHAS. HIRSCHINGER.

ber that skirts the south side of the Baraboo river. The old folks and four children with the American axe felled "die grosse baume" and cleaned the ground of all rubbish excepting stumps of trees. Much then of fine timber now so valuable went into the air as smoke. The ground then yielded its fruits to support humanity. They hungere I not, nor ran into debt for anything; every day was a slow but healthy prosperity. The forest was made to bloom and blossom as the rose. Time goes on apace and the children marry. The subject

that grand old mother who found a kind home with Charles. She was blind for several of her last years. She was born in 1797 and lived to the age of eighty-three years and one week. She died February 28, 1880. Charles always enjoyed the confidence of his townsmen. He was supervisor of his town 21 years, and for 17 years chairman of the board. He has filled the office of justice of the peace for thirty years, and in 1893 was elected a member of the legislature and re-elected in 1895. His farm is now rented for three years and his home

now is in his fine dwelling in the city of Baraboo, nicely furnished, and I noticed a fine library. They have no children. The young lady that is now with them is the seventh child that they have brought up.

Mrs. Catherine Lorn Hirschinger for forty-nine years has been our neighbor

morality and ethical training in general. There are bad women and they are worse than bad men. We copy from a paragraph in the Wisconsin Farmer relative to Mrs. Charles Hirschinger:

"Mrs. Charles Hirschinger, of Baraboo, is an exception to all the rest. She has no children of her own: still



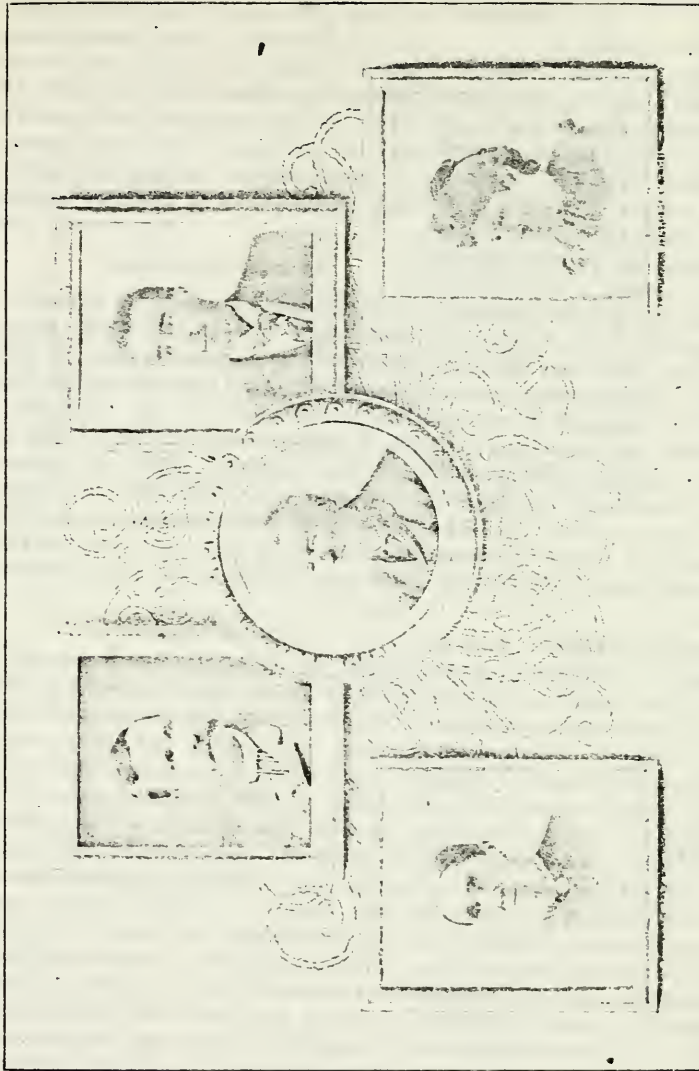
MRS. CHAS. HIRSCHINGER.

and I know her to be a kind-hearted person and can anticipate how A. J. Phillips placed her in his mind on the high standard of womanhood. That was right. But that "she was an exception to all the rest" is wrong. That language knocks out my mother, wife and daughter and other women like the sand of the sea cast without number. Men's business is to make homes, build canals, railroads, etc.; raise and handle animals. Women to have children and to make the home pleasant and to teach them in their youth a high standard of

she has raised some. I, hear, W. H. C.) and seems to be full of deep and motherly interest in their welfare. Kindness is in every feature of her face and when she says be sure and come again, you feel she means it, and when you see her putting up presents for children of the poor, and making provisions for the minister and his family, you realize that she is living for others. Mrs. C. H. was our neighbor for many years and I know the compliment is not a mere flourish of the pen.

A. J. PHILLIPS,

La Crosse Co., Wis.



FREDERICK M. COWLES,
MRS. LULIE COWLES CRAWFORD,

LORIN H. COWLES,
R. G. COWLES,

MRS. R. G. COWLES,
R. G. COWLES,

R. G. COWLES.

<p>(See family genealogical tracing on page 10 of my history of the town of Greenfield, Sauk county, Wisconsin. R. G. Cowles was born in Geneva, Astabuta county, Ohio, October 19, 1826. He came to Baraboo July 7, 1843, with</p>	<p>his father, who died August 10, 1846, and he and his brother entered the land it being in section thirty-three, township twelve, range seven. They bought the claim of Meeazer Thacker, a Turk, a one-half-section, having five</p>
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acres of wheat on it. R. G.'s father was elected county judge, the first in Sauk county. R. G. has lived on it up to the present time, 57 years. In May 17, 1896, his wife, Lucretia A. Crawford Cowles died; she had been a sickly woman for several years. R. G. performed much of the indoor labor. In fact he was and is an excellent cook and housekeeper.

CAROLINE D. THORNE.

Caroline D. Thorne was born in Alexander, Jefferson county, New York, July 22, 1826; she moved to Illinois in 1847 and was married to Samuel Linnell, a widower with six children in Sept. 27, 1848. She moved to Dellona, Sauk county, in 1849, residing there for eighteen years and then moved to Willborn, Columbia county, Wisconsin, in 1866, where she lived until the fall of 1899, and on November 25, 1899 was

married to R. G. Cowles, of Baraboo, Wisconsin.

SAMUEL LINNELL.

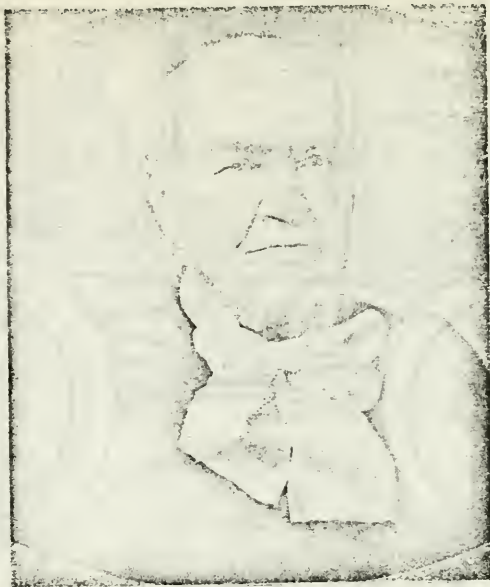
Samuel Linnell was born near Portland, Maine, June 9, 1806; died at his home in Kilbourn, Wisconsin, Nov. 15, 1899, aged eighty-three years and five months. While a boy Mr. Linnell went to N. W., where he lived until about thirty-eight years of age; he then started with his wife and six children overland in a covered sleigh driving through Canada to the western part of Michigan. After living on a farm there for two years he continued his journey westward in a wagon through Chicago to Rockford, Illinois, where he lived four years. In 1856 he came to Dellona, Sauk county, Wisconsin, settling on an uncultivated farm, having made his way from N. W. with his team. He moved to Kilbourn in 1866 and lived there until his death in 1899.

OPPORTUNITY.

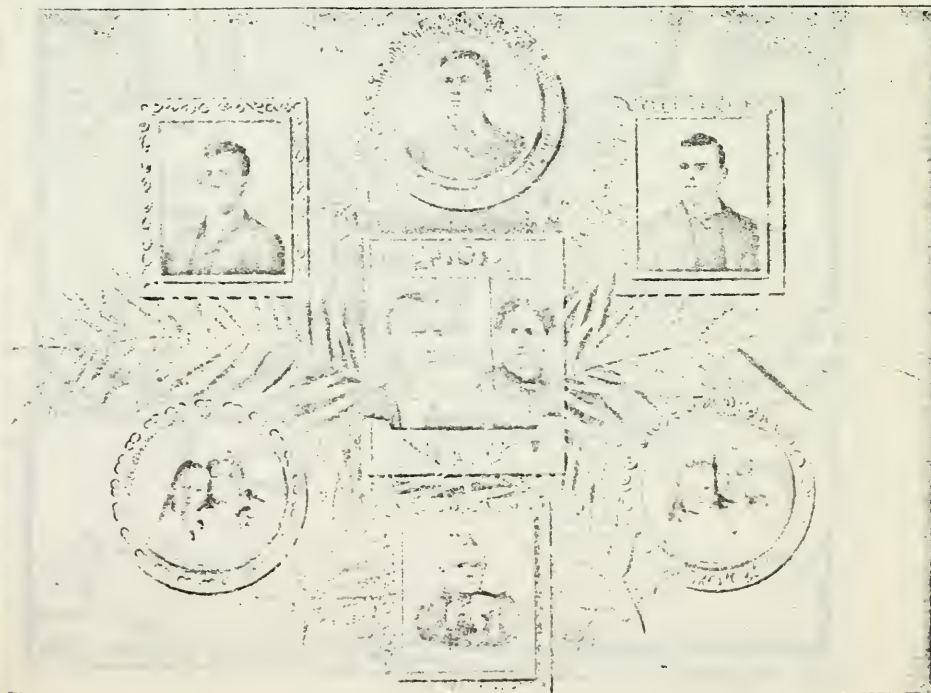
Recently I looked into D. H. Montgomery's School History to get an item that I desired to recall from memory's store house. The style of the author was so interesting that in a few days I had it read through in spare moments. North America seems to have been designed for a free republic. It seems as though there was something mysterious that seized upon the people that touched this land that provoked a spirit of self government. Spanish explorers found in South America a people with a government that the most civilized nations might be proud to imitate, if individual rights and liberty are to be considered—Peru. The Indian tribes, of North America, were imbued with high principles of honor and human rights that cannot be enslaved. Spanish civilization was but plunder and murder for self aggrandizement.

North America, for over 200 years after its discovery until our Revolution-

ary war, was fighting ground for territory for kingdoms of Europe to lay claims to as though they were the very one the world was made for to fill their coffers out of colonial acquisitions. Spain, Germany, Holland, France and England planted colonies and when by conflicts they were established and became prosperous. They then sought for the reward of gain by levying burdensome and grievous taxes at which the colonists denatured and fought by petitions and otherwise until the great English rebellion and Revolution of the combined colonies by seven years of war which made North America the home of the "free and the brave." It was not these English patriots alone in the great Revolutionary seven year war that achieved so great a victory for individual rights. Most of the colonies of different nations here had suffered by burdensome taxation and home oppression. Colonial possessions of nations is for the purpose of gain and



MRS. R. G. COWLES.



GEO. B. M'GLARA AND FAMILY.



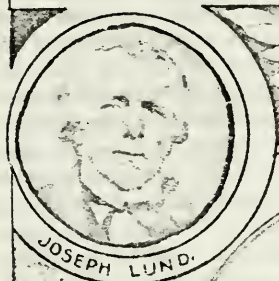
RICHARD DOUGLAS AND WIFE.



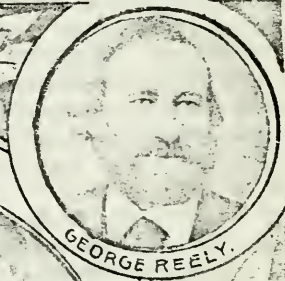
MRS PROTHERO



JONNATHAN HATCH AND WIFE.



JOSEPH LUND.



GEORGE REELY.



EZRY WYMAN'S
FAMILY
FOUR
GENERATIONS



A. LOCKE



L. CLARK.



JAS. W. BABB



MR DWINCHEL



MRS DWINCHEL



MRS ELIZABETH DYER



JOSEPH LESSER.

that must come out of the colonists. But the home government often, and generally is in the end, the loser and justly so. Oppression breeds expensive discontent and wars; besides the expense of fortifying their colonies against other nations. The wars in North America since its discovery to the present time, foreign and intestine, have been about fifty in 300 years. Those of England during the reign of Queen Victoria, the English government, have had about the same number, as I learn from a newspaper article. It is a wild prophesy to make. If the world stands many years longer England will become a third class power. I feel proud to be a citizen of the U. S. A. because of its free speech, free religious consciences, free schools, the public free domain (land) to home born and foreign citizens, and a constitution that is so full of christian principles. We learn from the Bible that God's chosen people of Israel had been so wisely fed and taught for the long period or 2,500 years, from Him the sum of all wisdom, became tired of righteousness and thought to better themselves by having a King. They were warned of God by Samuel the seer of their mistake in the most impressive and solemn manner, but notwithstanding they chose a King and from the day of King Saul to the day of Queen Victoria the professed church of righteousness in the name of God and Christ has been directly engaged in, or linked with one continual scene of bloodshed, of their brother, God of the Bible, "Thou Shalt Not Kill"—a positive command. Christ says, "return good for evil." "if thine enemy hunger give him something to eat etc., etc. Advisory. At whose door lays the butchery of innocent boys whose bodies lying side by side would make a bridge around the earth, from the days of King Saul to Queen Victoria. I hope it is not at the door

of my beloved, so called christian friends Why does any one want a King? Who eats up labor for war and aggrandizement, murdering boys for their whims? Why do men love titles? Why do men try to cheat a brother man when in reality it pays better to help each other? With all the shady side of humanity in America, what a country for opportunity. America should be nicknamed "Opportunity." One of our presidents of this kind of the "Free" was raised in a log house; went to the war of our Revolution at an early age and was taken prisoner by the English. An officer ordered him to black his boots. He refused. The officer struck him with his sword making a large wound in his head. The scar he carried to his death. One has been a canal driver; one a rail splitter, and some more rose from the most humble walks of life to the presidency of our beloved country. In our Old Settlers' album is printed Washington's Farewell Address—"Common Sense," by Thomas Payne, "Declaration of Independence," by Thomas Jefferson. These documents should be studied and deeply impressed upon every American at least.

The last six lines of Montgomery's "Leading Facts of American History" (school edition), read: These facts prove the truth of the motto chosen for this book. (America is another word for opportunity.) They show that America means opportunity. "In closing this brief history can we do better than to ask each one of himself what use do I intend to make of this opportunity? The whole future of the republic for good or ill, for growth or decay, for glory or shame, depends on the way in which we individually answer that question.

To-day, April 30, 1900, I had the pleasure of taking Miss Katharine

Frank to the depot, the commencement of her journey to Father Land, near Hanburg, Germany. This journey there and back with all expenses will cost her about \$200. She has worked

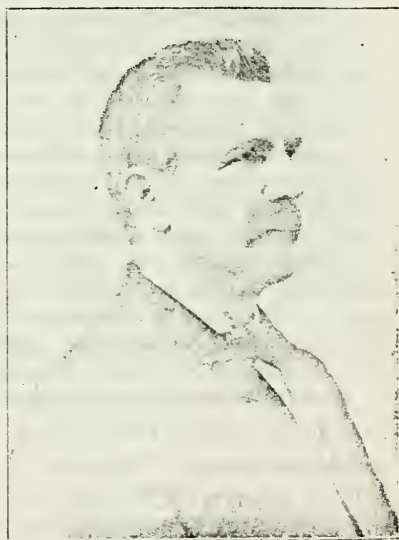
in Dr. English's family at Baraboo for years and John E. Wright's family two years at Washington, D. C. She came to America with a cousin and goes back alone—brave girl. W. H. C.

CHARLES COLEMAN.

Charles Coleman, clerk of the court of Sauk county, Wisconsin, resident at Baraboo, adjutant of G. A. R. post No. 9, (1890), was born December 3, 1844, at Spring Prairie, Walworth county, Wis. His parents, Horace and Juliet (Merrick) Coleman, were natives of the state of New York and came to Wisconsin in 1836, twelve years before the Commonwealth took on the dignity of statehood and in 1848 they moved to Delaware county, New York, whence they returned to Wisconsin in 1854 and located in Sauk county.

Mr. Coleman received a good education and was still a resident under his father's roof when he decided to enter the army, although he was not quite eighteen years old. He enlisted Sept. 20, 1861, in Company E, 12th Wisconsin infantry, his regiment being organized at Camp Randall, Madison, and leaving the state Jan. 11, 1862, under orders to report at Weston, Mo., whither the command went under circumstances which convinced them that the way of the volunteer soldier was anything but pleasant. They went thence to Leavenworth City and expected to join an expedition under General Lane, going to Fort Scott, for that purpose, marching the whole distance and when the project was abandoned marched to Lawrence and thence to Fort Riley, expecting to go to New Mexico. All the marching proved vain as the expedition was abandoned and they marched back to Leavenworth and received orders to go to Tennessee to take part in the activities near Corinth, but when they landed at Columbus, Ky., affairs had changed and the 12th Wisconsin en-

gaged in repairs on the route thither, in scouting and other military duty until ordered to go to Humboldt, Tenn., where four months were passed in guarding the location while Grant was forming his plans for the capture of Vicksburg and in November they started towards Holly Springs, expecting to fight, but Van-Dorn retreated



CHAS. COLEMAN.

and Mr. Coleman was in the various movements with the command during the late fall and until Van Dorn succeeded in scaring Colonel Murphy out of Holly Springs. He was afterwards in railroad duty and in January was in a long march in Mississippi and Tennessee and in February was engaged in guarding the Memphis & Charleston railroad. He was in the fight at Cold-

water, went back to Memphis and thence in May the regiment went to Vicksburg and was on duty in the siege under constant fire until the surrender of the city. Mr. Coleman was in the fight at Jackson and went afterwards to Natchez and Vicksburg where he re-enlisted and after veteran furlough the regiment re-organized at Cairo and joined the army of the Tennessee preparatory to the siege of Atlanta and Mr. Coleman was in the fight at Kennesaw Mountain, Nickajack Creek and other movements at Kennesaw, was in the command of General McPherson, and encountered the risks of war during an entire year. Mr. Coleman was in the action at Bald Hill, in the fight of July 22nd and in the charge six days later, being constantly under fire until the movement of Sherman in the destruction of the railroads, when he was in the action at Jonesboro, and again at Lovejoy's. He was in the marching afterwards and in one of Sherman's columns, went to Savannah, being actively engaged every day in the operations of that campaign which broke in two the backbone of the confederacy. He was in all the service performed by his regiment on the Potomac river, on the Salkahatchie

and at Orangeburg, Cheraw and Fayetteville, witnessing the battle of Bentonville and afterwards marching to Goldsboro, Raleigh, Richmond and Washington and, after the Grand Review, went to Louisville, Ky., to be mustered out July 16, 1865. During the last year of his military service he acted as an Orderly at the headquarters of General O. O. Howard.

After returning to Wisconsin he engaged in farming and in 1878 obtained from the government a commission as Pension Examiner in which office he has since served. He acted ten years as town clerk of Excelsior and has served the same length of time as justice of the peace. In 1888 he was elected clerk of the court, his efficient and faithful work in many official positions recommending him to the place. He is a genial and popular citizen and one who has won a permanent place in the confidence of the community. He was married in Excelsior, Wis., in 1870 to Martha Eaton, a native of the state of New York, and their children are named Gracia and Lillie. Mr. Coleman is a member of the order of Odd Fellows—subordinate lodge and encampment, and he belongs to the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

E. F. DITHMAR.

E. F. Dithmar was born January 31, 1873, at Reedsburg, Sauk county, Wisconsin. His parents came from Germany. His father, R. E. Dithmar, after completing his education came to America in 1865. For a short time he was interested in mining and later opened a drug store in Chicago which he conducted until the great fire of 1871. He then moved to Reedsburg where he was engaged in the same business up to the time of his death. He died August 4, 1873, his widow and two sons, J. T. Dithmar and E. F. Dithmar surviving him. His father,

G. T. Dithmar, a retired theologian, still lives; he is 90 years of age and resides in Marburg, an ancient and interesting city in Germany.

His mother came to America with her parents soon after the Rebellion, and located on a farm near Reedsburg. Her father, Fred Dargel, died at Reedsburg in the summer of 1880, and her mother lived but a few years later.

E. F. Dithmar, the subject of this sketch, received his early training in the public schools at Reedsburg, he also attended the Lutheran parochial school at intervals until he was thirteen years of age. He graduated from the

high school in 1890, and in the fall of the same year he entered the university of Wisconsin. He attended the university four consecutive years and graduated with the class of '94. His



E. F. DITHMAR.

steady school training has prepared him to better meet the duties and responsibilities that may fall to him during his career, and judging from his record his resolves seem to be upward. His home influences were of the best.

and this with his mental training fits him for the highest duties of citizenship. At the age of sixteen he was appointed a messenger in the Wisconsin legislature. In 1894, when but 21 years of age, he was elected clerk of the circuit court of Sauk county on the republican ticket, and was complimented by receiving the largest vote of any candidate on the ballot, and received the same distinction when re-elected in 1896 and 1898. His spare moments were improved by reading law. In April, 1899, he passed the state bar examination at Milwaukee, being one of six that succeeded out of fifty-six applicants. Since his admission he has done considerable legal work outside of his regular duties as clerk of court. He intends to remain in Sauk county and practice his profession. In company with his brother, J. T. Dithmar, district attorney of Juneau county, he visited his grandfather, G. Th. Dithmar in Germany last summer, 1899. He visited many interesting places in Germany, France, and England. He takes an earnest interest in the O. S. A. of Sauk county. At our last reunion at Baraboo he made the address of welcome. We had no money in the treasury to print it but it has been filed with other manuscripts in possession of the secretary.

W. H. C.

THOMPSON M. WARREN.

Thompson M. Warren was born May 10, 1812, at Buckfield, Oxford county, Maine. His father's name was Andrew Warren; his mother's name, Polly Alden Warren; she was of the Miller lineage and patriots of the Revolutionary war. Thompson M. Warren was educated at the Clinton institute, N. Y.; his father being of humble circumstances he left home at the age of seventeen years with only one dollar and fifty cents in his pocket and going

to New York city and engaging in the book trade. In this he remained five years. Thence to Herkimer county, N. Y.; thence to Dixon, Ill.; thence to Mineral Point, Wis., renuniting with his brothers, Marcus and Andrew, in general merchandising. They did here a large and paying business. In 1845, he came to Sauk City, Wis. In the spring of 1846 he bought a farm in Roxbury, Dane county; his sister, Mrs. Winchell, was his housekeeper. He bought an sold land and loaned money.

In those days money could be loaned as high as twenty-five per cent by a little dexterity in evading the law, which made ten per cent the maximum. A little money then would gather to itself four times faster than at the present time. October 23, 1855, Miss Katherine McKennan, of Herkimer county, N. Y., sister of the late Dr. McKennan, of Baraboo, completely spoiled the pleasures of a bachelor life

fitted and enlarged it and changed the name to the Warren House, and it has always been considered the best in the city. The other a dwelling, one-half mile north from the Warren House; the grounds about it were laid out by Charles Sumner very artistically. The widow of T. M. Warren and her daughter, Mrs. Isabella L. Hoyt, now occupy the homestead. Mr. Warren was a very active business man, knowing well



T. M. WARREN.



MRS. T. M. WARREN.

in the subject of this sketch. The union took place at Herkimer, N. Y. They moved to Baraboo, March, 1867 and soon their eyes became fixed on two of the finest pieces of property in the city and in process of time it became their own. On the north-west corner of Fourth and Oak streets was a large rubble stone hotel building of twenty rooms built by Charles Sumner and named the Summer House. After it fell into Mr. Warren's hands he re-

how a dollar made a dollar. His often moves broke the rule of "a rolling stone gathers no moss." It would seem that every roll got mossier. He not only worked with his head but his hands also every day of his life. He took an interest in everything pertaining to society and improvements. He was president of our Sauk County Old Settlers' Association once and always took an interest in the society. They have raised a family of five children:

Marcus A., born May 25, 1857. Home, Baraboo.

Minnie E., now Mrs. Hoggins, born July 4, 1859. Home, Chicago.

Thompson M., deceased, born Feb. 13, 1862. Died March 14, 1898. Home, Baraboo.

Wm. A., born June 10, 1864. Home, Baraboo.

Isabella Warren Hoyt, born May 5, 1867. Home at the homestead, Baraboo.

M. A. Warren married Miss Roena Willott, May 28, 1888. They live in a fine frame residence in block No 19, old plat of Baraboo. He is a leading business man ever ready to enter into enterprises that are beneficial to the place. They have a young family at present, of two children, Anna Lucile and Willott Marcus. Minnie E. has one child, Morey E. Hoggins, Oak Park, Illinois. Thompson M. died. He for the last years of his life was largely growing horses near the Bid Lands, South Dakota. One day there was an oddly dressed cavalier passed our house. I knew by his equipment that he was a "cow boy." It was T. M. Warren Jr., who had rode his pony the whole distance from his horse ranch,

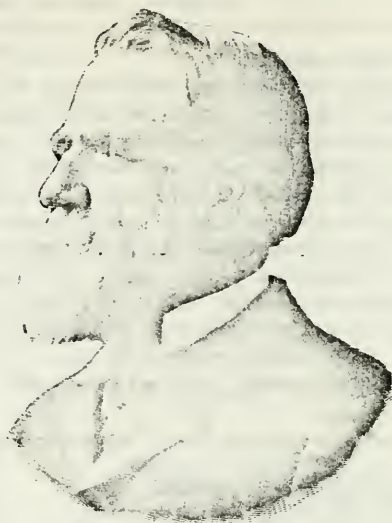
1,500 miles, to Baraboo. I was much pleased to have had this interview with him seated in his "cow boy" outfit in the road so near the end of his journey in sight of his old home. He must have been seated in that saddle for at least forty days. He died a bachelor and was a nice companionable man whom everybody felt pleased to meet. Wm. A. entered into female co-partnership in June, 1897, with Miss Annie Hulst. They now have two children. He has ever been identified with the First National bank of Baraboo. Its cashier. It has been foremost in the manufacturing interest of the city and country ever since its organization in 1887. Isabella was married to L. E. Hoyt, May 28, 1888. They now have two children, Catherine and T. M. W. Mr. Hoyt owns and runs the flouring mill known as the old P. A. Bassett mill. Thompson M. Warren's, the subject of this sketch, health began to fail during the winter of 1892 and in February 26, 1892, he had to bid adieu to this earth's pleasures, cares and troubles. Few men have led a more active life than he; accomplishing much good and but little bad. Not one of us are perfect. "No, Not One."

FRANK AVERY.

Frank Avery, mayor of Baraboo, was born in England and there received his education. In 1853 he came to the United States, located first in Syracuse, N. Y., and three years later coming to Baraboo, where he has since resided. For many years he has engaged in the boot and shoe business, but six years ago went into the real estate and insurance business, having an office at 514 Oak street. He represents such well-known companies as the Aetna, National, Hartford, Phoenix, Brooklyn, North British and Mercantile, Detroit Fire and Marine and many others and his business is large and influential. Mr. Avery has

ever taken an active part in public affairs and has done much to promote the advancement of the city. He was for many years a member of the county board; was trustee of the village many years in the early days; was alderman the first year after the organization of the city, and was one of the promoters of the public library, and for many years president of the library board. In 1887 he was elected to the assembly, and represented his district in the senate in 1889 '91. While in the assembly he was chairman of the committee to investigate the question of convict labor; and while in the senate was a member of the committee on state affairs and chair-

man of the committee on roads and bridges during both sessions. As mayor of the city he has fulfilled to the satisfaction of the whole community. No better man could have been selected



FRANK AVERY.

for the mayorship than he.—From Souvenir Edition Baraboo Republic.

AUGUST LANGENHAN.

August Langenhan, proprietor of the blacksmith shop, Ableman, does a general blacksmithing business. He is the son of Valentine and Mary Langenhan; was born in Saxony, Germany, Nov. 23, 1849; came to the United States in May, 1867; lived in Baltimore, Md., one year, then came to Sauk county, Wis., and settled at Sauk City where he learned his trade. He then worked at different places, at Spring Green, Mazomanie and Wausau. October 1876, he came to Ableman, Wis., and opened the shop where he now does business. He was married in Sauk City, May 1, 1877, to Ida, daughter of Henry and Louisa Schlegelmilch. She was born at that place January 19, 1857. They have

three children. Walter, who is now telegraph operator and station agent for the C. & N. W. Railway Co., was born May 4, 1879. Selma was born March 14, 1881, and is now holding a position as stenographer with James A. Stone, Reedsburg, Wis. H. August, who is learning the druggist trade in Weaver's drug store in Reedsburg, was born March 26, 1883. Mr. Langenhan is republican in politics. He has educated his three children that they may fill almost any position in life. He has a home on the north side of the river that is a suburban little park of fine taste in landscape beauty. The cottage contains a wife of much more than ordinary talent for the artistic. Two of

of the rooms are a museum of curios, minerals and metals. That I might give offense to the hosts by further mention, I will add no more. Friends

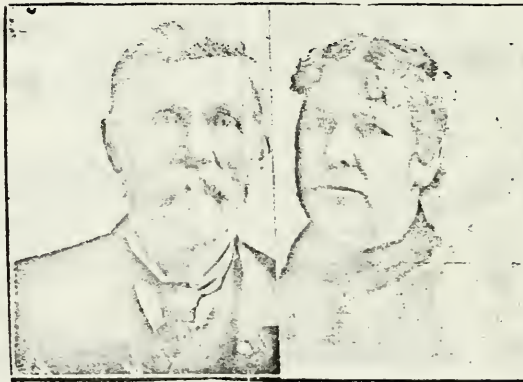
and neighbors call and enjoy a treat. Across the street from Schranke and flouring mill. W. H. C.

HELM.

The portraits of Lewis Helm and wife and a chronology of the family has a place in the town history of Greenfield, published in 1898, by Wm. H. Canfield. Having the cut on hand I am permitted to place it also in the Old Settlers' Album. They are old settlers. (See page—.) They have made a financial success in life and a moral one also. A pleasanter place to make a visit is hard to find. Mrs. Helm is quite a florist. They must be work-

for her mother. She still lives in the cottage, drives her own horse and bakes her own pancakes. If I was a little younger—then what?—W. H. C.

Louis Helm, son of Anton and Anna Helm, was born in Bavaria, Germany, in '40, and in '47 the family came to America and for about ten years lived in and near Watertown, Wis., and then they moved to Greenfield, Sauk county, Wis., where they have lived since. His father died at the age of 71. His mother is living with a daughter (the



LOUIS HELM AND WIFE.

ers to keep all things indoors and out in the order we see it. Since the date of the Town History of Greenfield Mrs. Helm died in 1896, aged 94 years. The youngest daughter was her mother's companion while she lived and she still lives in the cottage on the lawn of the homestead. It is a pleasure to see a family enjoying in so large a degree the fruit of the sweat of their brow. May they live long in good health, is my prayer, and that faithful daughter that so long was a nurse and companion

(youngest of the family) in a small comfortable house about ten rods from Louis's house. She was 94 years old February 2, '96. Her health is apparently good. Louis was married to Miss Emergene L. Palmer in '68. They have two children—a daughter, Lougene, born May 10, '73, and a son, Louis Palmer, born June 22, '78. He has over three hundred acres of land together with outbuildings. From Town History of Greenfield.

JAMES WADDELL.

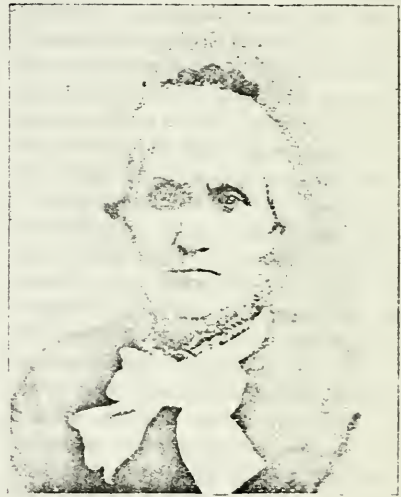
(See page 23 for genealogical tracing.)

I will add that this revolutionary Scotch parent by two marriages had twenty-two children—eleven by each wife. His residence was in the Shenandoah Valley, Va. James Waddell second became acquainted with the Nippert's at Freeport, Ill., and he came to the Baraboo Valley to look for a new home and visit his old neighbors. Wild bees were so plenty that they somewhat

started from our settlement to make a bee line for a camp meeting to be held near the Mississippi river. I warned them against the undertaking. But they started. They had Bear Creek, Pine River and Kickapoo Valleys of heavy timber, bramble, undergrowth and very sharp bluffy country to pass over—they got lost, and were three days without food. At last they treed a porcupine. They had him safe and immediately commenced to build a fire to broil it. The trusty rifle brought him



MR. JAMES WADDELL.



MRS. JAMES WADDELL.

prepossessed him in favor of this locality; hence he chose a part of section 12-11-6 as his future home, and moved on to it the next year, June 14, 1847, there making a farm in the heavy timber. Bee hunting in the fall—(A barrel of honey was no unusual find.) He was a Methodist preacher; a root and cancer Dr. In filling his Sunday appointments he usually took his rifle with him. On one occasion in company with the Presiding Elder James B. Avery and Augustus Ciark (I think)

to the ground and they said it was the sweetest meat they ever ate. When they arrived at the camp ground the meeting was over. Mr. Waddell had seven children. One died in infancy and George died from the effects of soldiering in the war of the Rebellion. James Waddell, the Baraboo pioneer's house was a free tavern of true Virginia hospitality. His wife, Mrs. Betsey Ann Coverston Waddell, was not a really healthy woman. A few of her last years she wasted away with a bronchial

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consumption. For many years they cooked by a large open fireplace. That fireplace and her cheerful countenance made a home attractive alike to all. Her husband died February, 1865, and she April 28 1887. Kind words are not

misplaced upon the principals of this household. It was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen beds on the floor around the old fireplace, of strangers.

MATTHYS.

Nationality, Holland, on the border of France and Holland. The line ran through the house. Peter the subject of this sketch was born May 13, 1817. His mother died when she was quite young and he was brought up in a family. (The name forgotten.) He married Tressie Isabella Derike and they



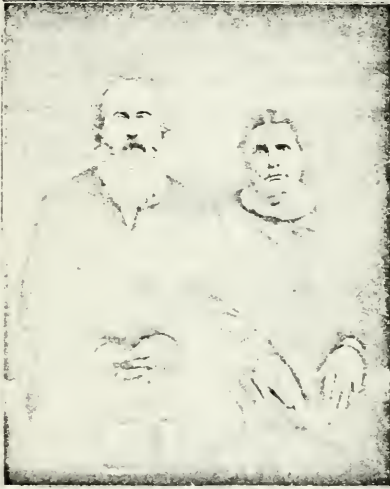
PETER MATTHYS.

decided to emigrate to America. Their pilgrimage ended at Rochester, N. Y. and tarried here a few months or perhaps a year, then pushed on to Milwaukee, Wis., and purchased an acre of land in the city for \$400, (now worth perhaps \$4000). He lived at this place five years. While here he formed the acquaintance of Col. S. V. R. Ableman, a New York Mohawk Hollander. He contracted to go with him to a place he had selected in Sauk county at Upper

Narrows of the Baraboo River and at the mouth of Narrows Creek. The families came together in wagons. Here Ableman laid out a village plat. (I made a survey of it, W. H. C.) This move was in April, 1854. So wild did the country look that the women were timidous for fear of wild animals. Matthys purchased lots and built a house on them and lived here a year or more and worked Ableman's farm, making three years in all. He bought 180 acres of land on the hill from Mikeye Palmer and he has since added to it. He first built a log shanty with a "shake" roof on it and snow would occasionally blow through. In this they lived several years; a good log house was then built. Time has passed on and now in 1900, the place has a fine farm house, a good barn and out buildings, a well of 250 feet deep and a power geared windmill that runs a feed cutter, wood saw and feed grinder. The present owner is the youngest son, David Frank, the youngest of the family, was born Sept. 24, 1866, on the farm. Nov. 28, he married Miss Millie Monthey. They now have three children, Grace, born March 6, 1882; Alice, March 21, 1896; Flora, June 8, 1899. Mrs. David Mathys lived on the old farm in Westfield owned by her father up to the time of his death, which occurred a few years before her marriage to D. Mathys. Her uncle still lives and was a Baptist preacher. Peter Mathys at his death had four children living. His oldest son, Edward, died a few years before his death. The children that survived are David, Mrs. Jerome Benton, Mrs. Laura Tinkham, Mrs. James Farnsworth; Mrs. Laura Tinkham has since died; also Mrs. James Farnsworth.

JOHN P. MITCHELL.

John P. Mitchell was born in Ohio, January 26, 1818. He came to Indiana and married Louise Ennis in 1843 and came to Sauk county where they remained until 1885. They then moved to South Dakota, staying there six years; then came back to North Freedom and resided here until death called him home February 13, 1896.



MR. AND MRS. MITCHELL.

Louisa Ennis Mitchell was born May 5, 1820, in the state of Kentucky. She came to Indiana when young and lived there until she was married in the year 1843; then they came to Sauk county and lived until death called her home at the age of 63 years.

WM. SCHULENBURG.

MICHAEL HANLEY.

There are two brothers Michael and John, or John and Michael that are warmly attached to each other, living in section 19-11-5, southwest corner of Freedom. Michael was born August 24, 1834, in Roscommon, Ireland. He

came to America in June, 1848. The year previous to their immigration the country experienced a famine. One day when he was twelve years old he was sent to a store three Irish miles distant to make a small purchase, he counted on his way thither six persons laying dead and dying, of his personal acquaintances, near the hedges, of hunger. He also met an "out rider" on horseback to clear the road for a landlords carriage of "four in hand." By the road side lay many of the ejected peasantry and on the fine paved road in lordly style the aristocratic landlord could see his ejected tenants dying. The next year, in 1848, Ireland lost one-fourth of its population They spent a year in Connecticut and nine years in Rhode Island as farm laborers, and came to Sauk county, March 4, 1857, where he has resided to the present time. (I think there was another famine in about 1870 to 1875.) In June 1860, he married Miss Mary Kelley a native of Maryland, an Irish girl by whom they had six children. All are now dead. September 4, 1876, she died. Michael again married Miss Bridget Doerty a native of Rhode Island, an Irish girl by whom they have had eight children, Frank, born Oct. 2, 1877; Mark, Oct. 13, 1878; Walter, Nov. 20, 1879; Augustine, April 25, 1881; Mary, Feb. 26, 1883; P. Clarence, Jan. 30, 1885; Albert and Edna, Oct. 23, 1886, twins; Walter died Dec. 16, 1887 and Augustine, September 22, 1882. Mr. H. likes an English man or woman the same as he does any other good man or woman. But as to the English government he has no invective strong enough for it. The two Hanley's each are large and prosperous farmers, and their houses are filled with books and newspapers.

What a productive area is the Seeley Creeek bottom and the hills upon it

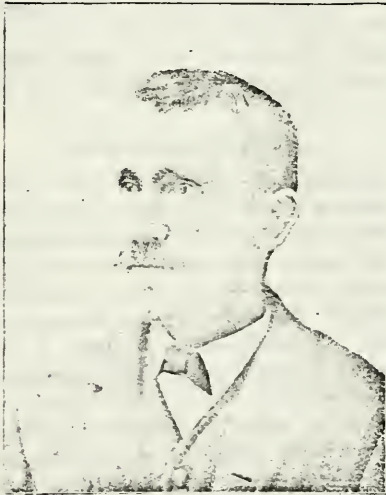
southeast, south and southwest of it. An iron mine on the south side of the bottom land and a gold mine on the hills yielding gold in paying quantities as shown by the buildings and furni-

ture in and out of doors. Foreigners principally have done this work, and what is better they love AMERICA with a greater love than the native born citizens.

HENGSTLER.

Chas. Hengstler at 17 years of age came to America with friends, settling in Lycoming county, Penn., in 1839. He was by trade a wagon maker. September 19, 1844, he married Miss Margaret Waltz, an American girl. They moved to Freedom, Sauk county,

1865. His son, Gottlieb and wife whose portraits are here given, were married October 1, 1871, and they have lived farmer life in this neighborhood. A nice equipment of farm buildings has come to them through their toil. Contentment now with reasonable industry will fill life's cup with "peace and



MR. HENGSTLER.

in May 1854, now Excelsior, where he opened a wagon shop and a farm on section No. 35, T. 12 N., R. 5 E. The wagon shop was a welcome attache to this new country. Here he raised a family of seven children: Gottlieb, born August 29, 1845; Jonathan, Feb. 5, 1847; Sarah, February 7, 1849; Chas., September 12, 1851; Mary, February 14, 1853; William, May 26, 1856; Samuel, Oct. 9, 1862. All are alive to-day, 1900, except Samuel, who died January 23,



MRS. HENGSTLER.

happiness" if rightly conditioned. Mrs. Janet Dickie Hengstler was born August 11, 1851, in Milwaukee, Wis. At four years of age she came with her parents who bought a home on section 10-11-5, in the town of Freedom, where they now reside. They now have a family of five children, Charles F., born October 9, 1872; George, August 1, 1874; John D., April 22, 1881; Eugene, November 10, 1887; Mary, July 2, 1891. John Dickie the pioneer tells some

amusing stories of his "Greenhorn" backwoods life. If that first shanty that they lived in could speak it could relate many amusing incidents, of rain and snow being unwelcome visitors indoors. But a plucky perseverance of

toil overcame all. That rich bottom land built a log house, then a frame house, then a fine barn with other buildings. "All hail" to the jolly Scotchman and to America for his nice home.

ABLEMAN.

Ableman laying at the mouth of Narrows Creek which drains about a township of very rich soil, and this with other areas naturally tributary to it should give it a large trade. It needs some kind of a railroad up the valley to get the trade that naturally belongs to it. It now has three stores, one large, and two small ones; two wagon shops, two blacksmith shops and five saloons; two have a tavern

license. A harness and shoe maker; an agricultural sale room and a stone crusher (Illinois) Steel company's stone quarry besides several private stone quarries and N. W. railroad company's stone quarry; a lumber yard and a cream or butter factory a little out of town. There are large quantities of stone usually shipped from these quarries, but not this year on account of trust combinations of iron and lumber.

Old Settlers' Meeting.

The Old Settlers of the Baraboo Valley met in Hackett's Grove at eight o'clock in the evening, of June 13, 1900. The ground was filled with teams. The brushheap was set on fire which made the grounds look cheerful and visiting had a vigorous commencement. The president called the meeting to order and two or three jocosse reminiscences were related and J. F. Groat, of Iron-ton, gave us his religious experience. New country stories were called for but no one responded, and the president adjourned the meeting until 9:30 A. M. the next day.

JUNE 14.—The Old Settlers of the Baraboo Valley had a large and very pleasant gathering at John Hackett's grove. It was astonishing to witness the turnout of fine carriages that packed this fine grove. One sad sight was to witness the dead trees in it. Our dry, cold winters has for the past two years killed most of the shallow rooted trees. The tap rooted ones are the survivors. The same seems to be

the case with the Sauk County, O. S. A. As far as the secretary had means of knowing there was but one response to the call out of the Baraboo valley, to this, the twenty-eighth annual meeting. That person was Paul Lochman, of Sauk City. Another sad feature of the meeting was the lacking annual membership fees from its many members now living in the Baraboo valley. The president, treasurer and secretary, besides their labor, pay their annual dues. A. C. Harris and wife and Elihu Wilson, John M. True (and Silas J. Seymour, when alive), were generally present and always paid their dues. S. C. Fish paid his membership fees this year. Since the meeting Charles Hirschinger and M. Bentley have paid each 50 cts. F. R. Bentley besides preparing his address and delivering it, paid his annual fees. There was one new member, Albert M. Fisk. There was received in all for fees, \$4.50. There were points made by speakers worthy of preservation of which we have a complete stenographic report

but it must lay in "crow tracks" for want of money to put it into letter press for the public. If non-paying members should be taken from our list it would leave ten or a dozen persons only to bear the burdens, pay the bills and reap the criticisms and "shake the golden bush for religious societies and literary clubs to catch the silver dollars as they fall from it." Wm. Toole responded to a call for remarks. He thought there should be a spirit created for literary work by the association. All right, friend Toole, give us your poetic lines and make more, and that will be a point upwards. Let me here say that for the last forty years I have been a collector and preserver of local items such as you suggest. From the mound builders with accurate surveys of them with hints of their prehistoric works record. Next the Indian; next the white settlers with our civilization. With poems that are poetry indeed. With pioneer reminis-

cence, besides much sense and so nonsense. This volume contains about five hundred pages. Let us not forget the past days when Victoria Peck handed us occasionally her \$5. Levi Moore once or twice handed us \$5 and many others for to support the good cause. Wm. and Samuel Grubb are remembered. I then could give to the members a printed report and after supplying the members I would have an edition run off for myself and pay for it. Thus have I accumulated about one-fourth of the five hundred pages of local literature. Thus have I spent from first to last \$500 or \$600 for home-history and literature and I shall, if my health is spared, this fall put a portion of it out to the public. John Wiggins was elected president for the ensuing year; John Hackett, treasurer and Wm. H. Canfield, secretary.

W. H. CANFIELD

ADAM FEY.

Adam Fey, merchant, Ableman, son of Adam and Anna (Thomas) Fey, was born in Holtzhousan, Prussia, February 10, 1827. He left the country in 1854, coming to Iowa, United States and to Wisconsin in 1855 and located in the town of Troy, Sauk county and farmed from 1855 to 1869. In 1869 he opened a general assortment store in Spring Green. In 1871 he removed his mercantile operation to Ableman; for twenty-nine years, he in company with

L. Goedecke, have run a general assortment store, carrying at present a heavy stock of general assortment goods. On May 5, 1872, at Madison, he was married to Hannah Rueder, daughter of Adolph Rueder. They have but one living child, a young man, who takes his father's place in the store as his father's health is poor. He has been treasurer in the Ableman school district for eighteen years. His son is now clerk of the village of Ableman.

APKER.

The Apker's are of German English descent. The grandfather of Eber, who is an old settler of Baraboo on school section 16-11-6 came from Holland, a young man of 19 or 20 years, the year uncertain, but it was before the American revolution. The grand-

mother was born in England, and the father in Holland. Eber's father, Peter Apker, was born Oct. 12, 1796, at Rallston, Lycoming Co., Pa., a farmer, was married to Charlotte Maieres. They raised a family of 12 children. He died December 5, 1863, at Woodland, Sauk county, Wis. Four

of the boys served in the War of the Rebellion. One was in the Libby prison. He came home a living skeleton. One died at Mobile. Mrs. Maieres Apker born April 25, 1804 at Williams Port Pa., farmers. EBER APKER, born January 18, 1837 at Ballston, Lycoming county, Pa. and lived with his parents until fifteen years of age, then came to Baraboo, Sauk county, with them and after his majority worked out at common labor.

In 1864 he purchased the place he now lives on in section 16-11-6. October 30, 1859, he married Harriet Dennis and moved to Eau Claire, Wis. and farmed it a few years; thence moved back onto the land he had purchased. Here they have lived thirty-six years (now 1900) and raised one boy. If any one has a bad word to say about this family let them speak out. We hear no one speak. The Dennis's lived fourteen years neighbors to Apker.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MOORE.

Old and Highly Respected Citizen Passes Away on Sunday.

After a long illness with cancer Capt. Levi Moore died Sunday afternoon, November 18, at five o'clock at his home on Second avenue.

Levi Moore was born in New York state, Essex county, Dec. 17, 1807, and was the son of Joseph Moore, formerly of Massachusetts, but later of New York state and afterwards of Ohio, who did valiant service in the war of the revolution and whose brave deeds are now to be found in the records of Massachusetts.

Levi, early in life, showed the pioneer spirit, and in the early days of Ohio went onto the lakes as a sailor and served in all the capacities from cabin boy to captain and owner. That business at that time was carried on between Buffalo and the head of Lake Superior.

In 1840 he came to Wisconsin, Sauk county, where he located. Six years after his arrival in the county he married Miss Deborah Stevens. Their children now living are two daughters and a son. Mr. Moore was connected in various ways with the pioneer history of the county.

He developed the first water power on

the Baraboo river where the Island Woolen Mills now stand and his mill turned out the lumber with which much of the early building was done. He also manufactured brick for building purposes at a later period. His last industry was cranberry cultivation, which he followed for many years.

Mr. Moore was given to doing benevolent deeds of which the world knows but little. The needy and suffering never applied to him in vain. He bore his serious affliction of disease with patience and fortitude and was never heard to murmur. His wife and son were his devoted caretakers.

The funeral was held from the house Tuesday afternoon, Rev. H. L. Udell, of the Free Congregational church officiating.

The pall bearers were Wm. Andrus, Levi Cahoon, R. M. Andrus, Anson Case, Theron Case, O. B. Titus, all nephews of the deceased.

Among those from abroad who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cahoon, R. A. Moore, Madison; Mrs. C. H. Williams and daughter, Florence, of Fennimore; R. M. Andrus, and wife, O. B. Titus, Reedsburg.—Sauk County Democrat, Nov. 22, 1900.

A more extended sketch of Captain Moore will be found on another page.

TINKHAM.

The pioneer Tinkham family came to America nine years after the historical "May Flower" landed its precious load of pilgrims. They settled in Massachusetts. Some of them became rich. The other part went into the Vermont Green mountains. They were among our Green Mountain soldiers of the Revolutionary war. The other part

gan. Jacob Tinkham died Nov. 24, 1871, at the age of 73 years. His wife died in Oct. 1882, at the advanced age of 82 years. H. W. Tinkham, father of Henry, the engineer, came to this country with his parents when a boy and lived in and around Baraboo until 1882 with the exception of four years spent in Northwestern Iowa. Mr. Tinkham was of a social disposition and



HENRY TINKHAM AND FAMILY.

were among those who favored home rule—Massachusetts Tories, and Vermont Whigs. Our Sauk county Tinkhams were of the Vermont branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tinkham are descendants of pioneers of Sauk county, their grandparents having settled here about 1846-47. Mr. Tinkham's grandfather, Jacob Tinkham settled in town Excelsior, where he took up government land in section 3-12-5, on which he lived until 1870, when he and his wife went to live with a daughter in Michi-

gan. had a wide acquaintance in this part of the county. In 1882 he moved to Spring Valley Minn., where he lived on a farm up to the time of his death, which occurred July 8, 1900. His wife was born in England but came to America with her parents when seven years of age and settled in Ohio, removing to Delton, Sauk county, about ten years later. She was a home loving woman and was a friend to all in times of need. She is now a resident of Burlington, Skaget county, Washing-

ton. Henry Tinkham was born Sept. 25, 1862, in town of Baraboo and has lived here ever since, except the four years spent with his parents in Northwestern Iowa, when a small boy, and has therefore lived here a greater number of years than either of his ancestors. He is one of ten children, six of whom are still living; two sisters and a brother live in Washington; a brother in Spring Valley, Minn., and a sister in Baraboo. He received a scanty education at the public schools and entered the employ of the C. & N. W. R. y Co. at the age of 18 years and he has continued in their service ever since. For the past sixteen years he has held the responsible position of locomotive engineer. Henry H. Tinkham and Minta H. Brown were married in Baraboo, Sept. 24, 1885. They have two daughters, Laura Louise and Eva Eunice, who are now attending the high school at Baraboo.

Mrs. Tinkham's grandfather, Armor Brown, came to Baraboo with his family when there were few living here. He being a carpenter by trade, many of the oldest buildings still standing

were built by him. He moved to Oshkosh about thirty years ago and is still living at the advanced age of 93 years and is active like mid age. His wife died eight years ago at the age of 80 years. Mrs. Tinkham's father, Bela E. Brown, was one of the first workman in the construction of the Island Woolen mill and when it was complete he entered their service and became a foreman in carding for several years. He died Oct. 31, 1879. Bela Brown's wife came to this county with her parents from Ohio, and she still lives here. Mrs. Henry Tinkham was born March 29, 1866, in Baraboo and is the only girl in a family of seven children, of whom all are living. She has always lived in Baraboo where she has a large circle of friends.

Henry Tinkham's twenty years of railroad life has brought him a wife and two children. Wife at \$100,000; each daughter, \$50,000; three houses in Baraboo; a fruit farm in Washington. In 1878 Henry was my chore boy one winter. Twenty years of steady industry and temperate habits has brought abundance of the comforts of life. W. H. C.

DEATH OF COL. D. K. NOYES.

Another Old and Prominent Citizen of Baraboo Gone.

Col. D. K. Noyes, long postmaster and one of the best known veterans of the state, died Saturday morning. He had long been failing from kidney disease. Two years ago Col. and Mrs. Noyes celebrated their golden wedding. Col. Noyes came to Wisconsin in 1844, first settling in the southern part of the state and with Amasa Cobb, a prominent man in the state at the time, engaged in mining. The next year he removed to Beloit, and read law in the office of Noggle & Spalding and was admitted to the bar in 1847, when he removed to Baraboo and after estab-

lishing a good law practice he went east to his old home and was married. Shortly afterward he returned with his wife to Baraboo where they have resided ever since.

Col. Noyes was born in the town of Tunbridge, Orange county, Vt., Oct. 28, 1820. During his residence in Baraboo he has held many offices of trust. In 1855 he established The Baraboo Republic and edited that paper for two years.

He enlisted in Co. A, Sixth W. V. I., in April, 1861, was commissioned first lieutenant when the company was first organized and was promoted to the captaincy of the same company in the fall of 1861; was in all the engagements his regiment participated in until he

was wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862, when he lost his right foot. In January, 1863, was appointed to the charge of the state recruiting corps, which position he held until July, 1864. In the following winter he again entered the service as a major of the forty-ninth Wisconsin volunteer infantry and served until November, 1865, having been commissioned lieutenant colonel prior to his discharge. He was appointed postmaster of Baraboo in 1867 and held the position for twelve years. He also held the office of treasury agent and served in the assembly, representing Sauk and Adams counties in 1856.

Mrs. Noyes was born at Chelsea, Vt., in 1822, and was graduated from the academy at Lawrence, N. H. Her father was Capt. J. Barnes. Her great-grandfather was Daniel Barnes, a major in the Revolution. She was married at Chelsea. The union has been blessed with four children: Arthur H., now a district judge in

Alaska. Walter and Rolla E. of this city and Mrs. Huntington, deceased wife of Judge Huntington of Green Bay.

Col. Noyes was frequently mentioned for the position of department commander of the G. A. R.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the residence, The Joe Hooker Post, G. A. R., and the Masonic lodge attended in a body. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Van Vranken and Rev. Mr. Cowdrey. The pall bearers were J. S. Worthman, Chas. Coleman, Phil. Cheek, J. B. Ashley, P. H. Keyser and Boyd Blachley. Among those from abroad in attendance at the funeral were Judge and Mrs. Huntington, Miss Laura Huntington, Green Bay; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Noyes and son, Clifford, Willis Morse and E. Bryant, Madison; George Hall, Sparta; Jesse Noyes, Stevens Point.—Sauk County Democrat, Nov. 29, 1900.

ALEX WEIDMAN.

Samuel, father of Alex, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. The mother of Alex was also born in Lancaster county, Penn. Mary Shank Weidman, mother of Mrs. A. Weidman, was born in Washington county, Penn. Her father was born in the same county. Alexander was born August 16, 1833, in Summit county, Ohio. At 16 years of age he came to the town of Westfield and made his home with his sister, Mrs. Waltz, of the same town, working at whatever he could get to do, either in the pineries or on the farm. August 25, 1859, he married Miss Edner McElvane and immediately commenced keeping house on a sixty acre tract of land he had bought on the bluff near his sisters, two and one-half miles west of Ableman. Additions have since been

made so that the acreage now stands at 240—160 under cultivation. In 1886 Mr. Weidman took a pleasure trip to California with his brother, Samuel, who made it for his health, he being afflicted with asthma. He now lives in Reedsburg, health not improved. Mr. Weidman had a family of seven children, Laverne, born August 21, 1860. On January 22, 1878, she married Jesse Graham, and she had four children, Blanche, born Oct. 27, 1879; Fay J., Aug. 19, 1881; Guy, July 19, 1883; Jessie, Sept. 29, 1885. Second, Henry A. was born May 28, 1861, and married Lena Pierce July 3, 1887. They now have five children, Eleanor E., born May 22, 1888; Irene, April, 1890; Ralph A., Nov. 7, 1892; Lola, Dec. 31, 1895; Kenneth, February 25, 1899. Grant was born March 31, 1862, and was mar-

died Oct. 4, 1889 to Belle Flecraft. They have two children—Harvey, born June 12, 1893; Herbert, Aug. 19, 1894. Edna, born Jan. 3, 1862. Died, 1890. John Clifton, born Nov. 21, 1864, unmar-

E., born July 11, 1874. Died May 26, 1883. Alex Weidman served as a soldier in the war of the rebellion. He has always been prompt in meetings of the old soldiers. He died Nov. 15, 1897.



ALEX. WEIDMAN.



MRS. ALEX. WEIDMAN.

ried. He is at home running the farm. Samuel, born Oct. 11, 1871. He graduated from the country school, then the Reedsburg high school, two years study; then from the state university, two years in geological class and is at the present time (1900) under pay in United States Geological corps. Ange

Mrs. Weidman's health at this time (1900) is excellent, she doing her own work. They have a fine farm house and an extra good little barn with other farm buildings. He had a small pension. It was the fat soil and frugal industry that built up this fine home.

SLENTZ.

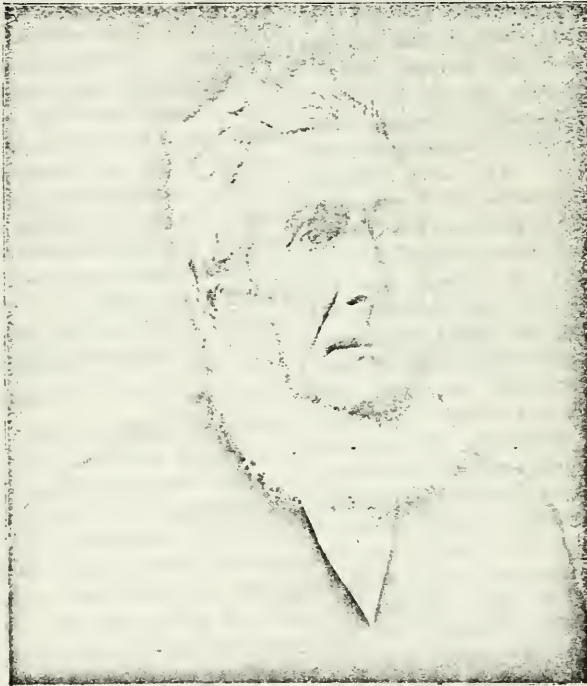
Samuel D. Slentz, the subject of this sketch, was born in Dayton, Green Co., Ohio, in 1825. His early life was spent in Southern Illinois where his father kept a tavern. In the winter of 1845, he came to Wisconsin and laid claim to a section of land lying in sections 5, 6, 7 and 8-11-6. He was in the stock raising business for about thirteen years. He then returned to his old home in Freedom, (now Baraboo) where he spent the remainder of his life attending to

his farm duties. He was married to Minnie Ronshausen, January 18, 1874. Three children survive them. Marion, born Sept. 25, 1875, is a farmer; Samuel D., born April 3, 1877, is attending a law school at Dixon, Ill., and Corwin, born July 14, 1878, is taking a business course at Dixon. He died May 8, 1899, after an illness of about two months. The first and second generations of this pioneer family are dead and the third are widely separated except S. D. Slentz's family.

OLIVER W. SPAULDING.

Oliver W. Spaulding was born in Hartland, Windsor county, Vt., May 7, 1815. He left his native town in 1848, "going west" to an objective point. He entered from United States, south-west quarter section 6-12-5, now of the town of Delton, on which he improved,

Vermont was born Feb. 20, 1819. She died Feb. 20, 1863. Mr. S. married again Mrs. Mary E. Little Nov. 3, 1864, whose maiden name was Mary E. Carver. Mr. Spaulding died Oct. 23, 1892. The first school taught in district No. 6, in the town of Delton, was the first half taught in his house until



OLIVER W. SPAULDING.

adding another 80, making 240 acres. He was married Sept. 7, 1841, to Ruth E. Pike. They had eight children. Henry died Jan. 16, 1880; Annette died March 10, 1859. Charles, Emma, Albert, Harriet, John died February 14, 1885; Frank died Jan. 19, 1862. Mrs. Ruth E. Pike Spaulding a native of

the new school was finished. Mr. S. was once supervisor of the town of New Buffalo when it included his homestead. He has held other town offices. A man of sterling integrity. Neighbors and the public generally will be pleased to see his portrait in O. S. A.

TRAMPS.

The United States of America is a nation of tramps. To begin with it declared "all men free and equal." Christ was a tramp and "had not wherewith to lay his head." It is harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than a camel to pass through the needle's eye." Think of the parable of the "Rich Man and Lazerous." Possibilities in U. S. A. are such that the grasping become very rich which engenders distinction. Combined wealth easily rules the country making quassi slaves of their brother men. They hold our offices and make them lucrative adjuncts to their riches. When will the mass of citizens rise as one man and obtain the helm of state and cut down officials' fees and salaries one-half. I opine then there would be a less struggle for office. Now money buys office and we quassi slaves pay the bill. Reform is needed.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A TRAMP.

In 1890 Gottlieb Schramm had visited an uncle in Iowa thinking to leave a sea faring life and hoping to make a home in the center of America. He found his uncle a drunkard. He could get no work there for farming was done by machinery and winter a dreary waste of time. He started for the sea coast afoot and alone on railroad lines. His money gave out at Wonewoc, Wis., and just before he got to Baraboo his heart almost gave out. He could not speak English. He left the track one day and went into a clump of bushes and prayed to God for work. He had not gone two miles further when Brother Robert Koenig overtook him and they could converse. Koenig told him he could get work for him and took him to his home and in the course of a week he hired out to Charles Waddell, where he worked a year. In this time he learned to speak, read and write the

English language. He was a large, bony, stout man and laziness was not in him. During this year he joined the Seventh Day Advent church and took an active part in it. At this time I was a widower. Schramm got his loving eye on a Swiss girl at Fond du Lac, Miss Margarett Trummer. They were pronounced man and wife July 30, 1892. August 19, 1892, they moved their goods into my house. May 19, 1893, I came home from town one day, and S., with large smiles on his face, opened the bed clothes and there laid by the side of his wife a finely dressed seven-pound live doll. She subsequently received the name of Martha, Oct. 13, 1893, Gottlieb Schramm died of an abscess on the brain. He had been very kind to me, and was much esteemed where known. He was about 35 years of age. His wife had been brought up in the family of Oester, at the foot of the Alps in Switzerland, as a shephardess. She came to America in 1888 with Buchlen, a cousin, who settled in Fond du Lac. She remained in the family until married. For eight and one-fourth years after marriage she was my house-keeper. She was almost a pure vegetarian. Flesh and eggs, fish or oysters she ate not, except a beef soup occasionally. Tea and coffee, spirits and all narcotics she touched not. During the eight and one-fourth years she was scarcely sick a day. She was a great worker, cheerful and fond of company and active in religion. Little Martha is a fine scholar, easy to learn. My daughter and husband Mrs. D. A. Darby and Florence and Cornelia, aged 20 and 14, decided to occupy the old homestead and Mrs. Schramm and Martha to leave for the Pacific coast to dwell with her cousin with whom she came to America. They took the car with a promise to return if their new home should not be as pleasant as



MR. AND MRS. M. SCHRAMM.

the one they left. It is interesting to see foreigners, who have escaped oppression, making their farewell bow to kings, lords, dukes and priests. Then

to see them reaping America's opportunities. "All hail the power of America's name," whose arms are wide open to receive them. W. H. C.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID BOWMAN.

David Bowman was born at Herkimer, Herkimer county, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1820. His parents were of German descent. His great-grandfather was one of three brothers who came from Alsace, Germany, to New York City, (then New Amsterdam) in 1645. He, with his parents moved to Jefferson county, New York, in 1830. On May 8th, 1842, he married Miss Ruth I. Clement. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman came to Wisconsin in 1856, locating at Belton, Sauk county, Wis. In 1859 they removed to the town of Sumpter where they lived until 1894, when they

moved to North Freedom where they lived until their death. Mrs. Bowman was born in the town of Root, Montgomery county, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1823. When she was about seven years of age her parents moved to Jefferson county, New York, where she lived until her marriage. They had three children: Melvin E., dead, and at the time of writing this Wm. H. the oldest, lives at Beardsley, Minn. and Herbert E. the youngest, living at North Freedom, Wis. Mrs. Bowman died at North Freedom April 4th, 1895. Mr. Bowman died at North Freedom, February 25, 1900.



Diagram illustrating the structure of the [illegible]

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HARVEY CANFIELD.

Harvey Canfield, father of Wm. H. Canfield, was born July 4, 1793, at New Milford, Conn. His father's name was Joel C., a survivor of three sons, two died of small-pox in the army of the American Revolution. Joel C. assayed to move into the "far west" coming into the central portion of New York, La Fayette, Onondaga county, 10 miles southwest of the present Syracuse. He had some money and soon



HARVEY CANFIELD.

opened a large farm; he had purchased 500 acres. The timber, except nice lumber timber, was worth but \$5 per M. The rest was cut up into log and brush heaps and drawn together and burned up, and the ashes were collected and sold to the "pot ashery." His family consisted of Ruth Chittendon Canfield, Harvey, Maria, Sarah, Joseph, and Amanda. Joseph and Amanda were born in New York. He and Harvey took a contract on the first construction of the Erie Canal rock excavation at Little Falls on the Mohawk river. They made handsomely out of it, and

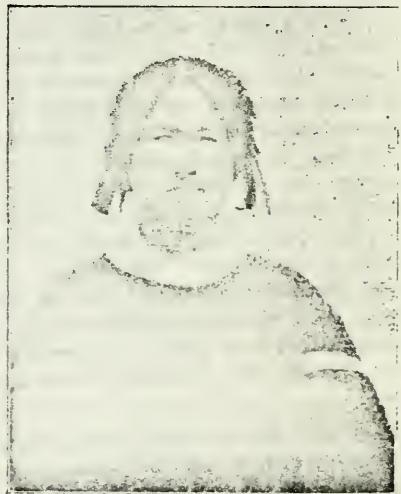
this stimulated Harvey for contracting on public works. With this money he built a brick house on a ninety acre farm his father had given him adjoining the homestead. February 3, 1818, he married Miss Sarah Root, of Canandaigua, N. Y. That evening Roswell Root had another daughter married to Roswell Remington Sr. His son, R. R. Remington, is the well known school teacher of Sauk county, Wis. Roswell Sr. was a pioneer settler of Baraboo Rapids, Sauk county. Harvey C. brought his wife home to La Fayette and commenced housekeeping in his new brick house. It was here Wm. H. C. was born. Public contracting had so stimulated H. C. that farming had lost its charms. His second contract was to excavate a new outlet to Onondaga lake, lowering it about four feet; next building a towing path on the left bank of the Seneca river from the outlet of Onondaga lake to Three River Point. The next move was to sell the farm and move into the village of Salina, N. Y., and enter into the grocery business and the manufacturing of salt. He then bought a farm four miles from Salina and two miles from Liverpool. It was a new heavy timbered place of 100 acres, ten acres cleared. There was a log house, open fireplace, a "stiek chimney" and a log barn. Cutting cordwood for salt boiling made corn fields. His speculative taste took him to North Carolina gold fields, the family remaining on the farm. He bought a mine in a creek bed and worked a year, more or less, not getting much profit, sold it and came home. The purchaser struck the lode making a small fortune out of it. His next move was to take a contract on the Syracuse & Auburn railroad. The firm name was Canfield, Howlett & Brackett. Howlett was the father of Henry Howlett, our Baraboo nursery man. They were three years complet-

ing it. The farm was sold. H. C. took a contract of enlarging the Erie canal from 42 feet wide to 70 feet wide from Syracuse to Geddis one and one-half miles. At another letting he took much mechanical work. The Jordan aqueduct, a seven span truncheled structure, besides seven canal bridges and nine culverts under the canal; one bulk head and two wastewares. Some of this work he had completed; about one-half was under construction. This fall the politics of New York changed from whig to democrat. Public works closed. Some contractors made money by it, others it ruined. H. C. was among the ruined. While he was engaged on the Erie canal he attended a letting for the construction of the Genesee Valley canal and took a contract of excavating and embankment of Sec. 29 (one mile). This Wm. H. Canfield had in charge, but made no money out of it, save winning the heart of a farmer's twin daughter, worth in his mind \$100,000. Nov. 11, 1843, he made W. H. C. a visit and spent the winter here and the next year moved his family here, consisting of father, mother, Mrs. C. C. McGowan, Miss Frank C. and Dick (Richard Fry) a black boy. H. C. had brought up two foster children besides Dick, Lyman Conkey who made a fine reliable business man and Kate Fury. At Baraboo H. C. was once elected school superintendent of the county or town, I disremember, and he was appointed commissioner by the county board to sell village lots at the county seat to build a court house. They sold corner lots for \$10, others for \$7. About the court house square they sold higher. He was plowing in the field Oct. 18, 1861, and fell dead instantly of heart disease. He was buried by the Masonic lodge.

MRS. SARAH ADAMS ROOT CANFIELD.

Mrs. Sarah Adams Root Canfield

was born August 30, 1798 and died Aug. 28, 1864. She was the mother of four children, Wm. Harvey, Newman Roswell, Cornelia Caroline and Francis Amanda. The second one died July 15, 1822, aged 1 year, 2 months, and 22 days. The third one and her husband, Mark Shepard, is now living near Sacramento, Cal. He was associated with C. C. Remington, attorney at law, making the first law firm in the Baraboo Valley. The fourth married Gates Angle, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She



MRS. S. CANFIELD.

died January 28, 1870, aged 38 years, 6 months and 22 days. The first one is to-day, Nov. 15, 1900, writing the biography of his parents. My mother was quite a large woman, generally cheerful and excellent company for young folks. Her father, Roswell Root, a large, bony, big-nosed man, born August 3, 1761, died at the age of 89 years, 1 month and 8 days. Her mother, Hepsabah Gillet, a large woman, born July 15, 1769, died at the age of 54 years, 1 month and 21 days. They settled in township No. 9, five or six miles

Southwest of Canandaigua, N. Y., before it deserved the name of a village. Deacon Root (deacon of the Methodist Church) was a very excellent man, but good men have their trials. He had one great trial, a law suit. An old bachelor lawyer, Stiles, was his name if my memory is correct, a miser, brought a chest for Deacon Root to keep while he went off on a journey. Root consented to take it and it was carried up into the attic. He said there was money in it. When he came back he opened it and said his money was gone. He brought against Root a demand for a large sum of money. It was a two or three-days suit and looked at one time as though Root had perloined it. What a sadness went through his neighborhood. But new evidence on the part of the defendant was adduced that put Root on the "upper shelf." The jury was out but a few minutes and came in and rendered a verdict NOT GUILTY. The people in the court room broke forth with a hurrah for Root. In the court yard he was placed in a chair and carried through the streets of the village on men's shoulders.

Another episode in the Roswell Root's genealogy. This item I obtain from relatives of Abraham Root. His father, Abraham, was one of the pilgrims from England, that settled in Holland, and afterwards came to America in a ship of his own. He was a rich trader. His ships were taken from him during the Revolutionary war. A large tract of land near Utica, N. Y., was promised him as indemnity. The war over, his claims were rejected. That left him a poor man. His son, Roswell, started for the far west, his family consisting of himself, wife, father and one or two children with an ox team and cart. He managed to bring his fathers old sea money chest as a memorial of vanished riches. After they became settled in their new home his fathers claims for war indemnities were placed in the hands of Dudley Marvin for collection. The hotel in which Marvin boarded burned down and Marvin claimed his papers were burned. The Root's became discouraged and gave up their just case as a total loss. They always thought that Marvin did collect the claim.

TERRY.

James and Walter Terry left Ireland, Waterford county, in the fall of 1850. In crossing the ocean the vessel sprang a leak and they by dint of hard labor at the pumps reached a port on the island of St. Thomas. Here they laid all winter repairing. They reached New York in March, 1851. They went to visit an uncle, John Terry at Stamford, Conn., and there got work in a rolling mill. In 1855 uncle John and Walter went West searching a home in Wisconsin. The uncle bought land in Sauk county in what is now the town of Excelsior. Walter went back to Stamford and in 1853 he married Miss Whalan, of New York City, an Irish girl. In 1861 they came west and

bought land in the town of Delton, Sauk county; he also bought land in the town of Baraboo, which his brother James now occupies. They went back to the rolling mill in Stamford and there worked for ten years and again came west and bought sixty acres of land in section 19-12-6 and he added to this 80 acres. This made a home, for he soon brought under cultivation a fine farm, and at this time one of his boys occupies it. He died in August, 1898.

Walter's brother, John, left Ireland in the spring of 1851, coming to St. Johns, New Foundland, and became a sailor in the sealing fur trade and soon raised to second mate of the vessel. In 1865 he left the sea and came to his relatives in Sauk county and bought

land, where he now resides. He now (1900) has a large farm under fine cultivation and good substantial farm buildings. He has five girls and five boys.

Their brother, Patrick, left Ireland in 1851, or perhaps '52, and landed at New York. In 1858 he came to visit his brothers, and after returning he worked on the railroad. In 1868 he came to his brother's and bought 360 acres of land and has made a nice farm of it, now residing on it. He has two boys and one girl living.

James married Miss Eliza Tench, of Stanford, Conn., and came onto the place he bought of Walter and he has made a nice farm of it with nice buildings. He has three children: Mary Josephine, born June 29, 1861, at Stan-

ford, Conn.; Walter P., June 29, 1861; Eliza, July 8, 1863.

The uncle, Old John, as he is called, also has a fine farm and buildings. He had seven children, four of whom are living. He died Sept. 27, 1899, aged 94 years.

Mrs. Brennan, sister of the Terry brothers, came across the ocean with her brother Patrick. They settled in this neighborhood. She had eleven children.

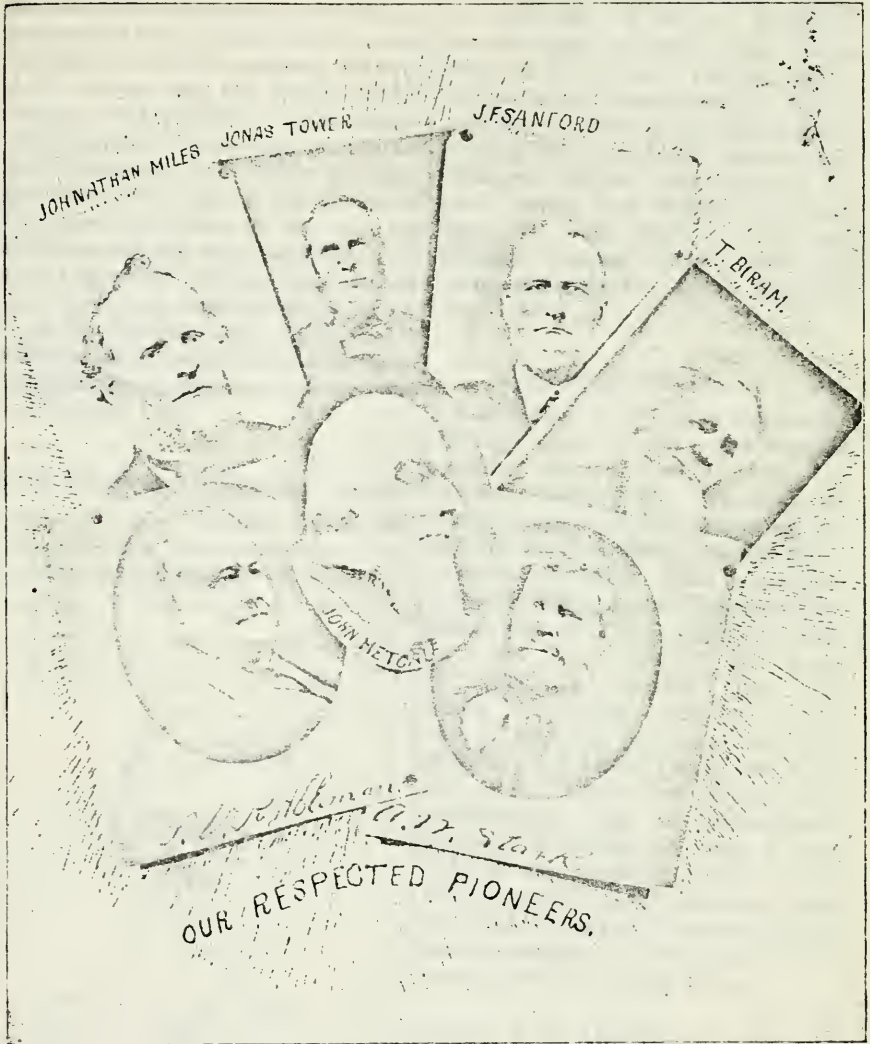
Mrs. Donahoe, a sister of the Terry's, crossed the ocean with her brother, John, and came direct to the Terry settlement and married Donahoe in 1860. They had five children. For the above sketches I am indebted to Walter P., son of James Terry.

WYMAN.

Wyman's, of Irish-English lineage, were very early settlers in America. Solon Fayette Wyman born in Dutchess county, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1814, spent his minority at home. At _____ of age he married Miss Mary Dowd by whom he had two children, Wm. S. and Frederick A. The latter died _____

The mother died _____ Solon again married Miss Mary Woolsey September, 1833, formerly of Onondaga county, N. Y., by whom he had two children, Don and Richard. Solon moved from New York to Sauk county, buying land at government price, \$1.25 per acre, in section 25-11-4, town of Westfield. Here he anchored for life. His moving outfit consisted of a horse and wagon with sundry choice articles for a new country life. Long stories of his one horse moving experiences he has left behind for his children. A shanty was built, the floor of "punch-uous," the roof of "shakes," in which they lived several years. Its history could tell of snow-drifts inside as well as rain-falls. In it Dan, Thomas and Dick were born. Dan now lives on the farm. Dick has a farm near Fayette, Iowa. The beloved old "punchuous" floor, "shake" roof palace, after a dozen,

less or more years was supplanted by a log house of goodly features in which they lived for many years. It burned down April 8, 1894. A frame house took its place. Don, at the age of 24, married Miss Margaret McManus March 16, 1881. They have six living children. Harriet Josephene, born Jan. 19, 1882; Henry F., August 29, 1883; Bernard C., May 31, 1896; Mary E., July 27, 1889; Eve E., Nov. 27, 1891; Donald J., July 8, 1895; Oliver J., Aug. 18, 1897. Bernard C. died Feb. 29, 1894. Mrs. Don Wyman's parents lived at Washington, D. C., near the capitol. Margaret and her playmates have played, when a young girl, "hide and seek" about the government buildings. When she became a young lady her parents made a pleasure trip to Sauk county, Wis., to visit friends, taking Margaret with them. While here Don made a bargain that spoiled the purpose of her returning. The outgrowth of which is the family above described. The Solon Wyman family have just reason to have pride in a relationship that exists between them and the J. A. Lapham family of Milwaukee, the scientist; the C. E. Father of the weather bureau and Chief of the First geological corps. A fine Quaker family.



JONATHAN MILES.

Jonathan Miles was an early pioneer. He was eccentric in character, out-spoken, extreme plainness of dress and firmness in extreme; a rigid temperance man, and with all a pleasant and good neighbor. He worked one winter in a pinery

in Canada. In running the raft out into the St. Lawrence river the foreman refused to pay him according to contract. Miles by law "tied up" the raft and sued for his wages. He built a cabin on it and lived here through the summer season. In the winter he boarded near by and was on it every

day. The owner after a year and three months, made an honorable settlement, paying him for his labor and for a year and three months for holding the raft. J. M. always had the courage to do what he believed to be right without compromises. He was born at Loraine, Jefferson county, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1822. He came to Baraboo in the spring of 1847, and lived part of the time in Freedom, and the rest in the town and city of Baraboo. His last business act was to erect a brick block on lot 3, block 35, Baraboo plat. The rent of which at the present time, 1900, quite comfortably supports his widow. He died July 21, 1883.

MRS. HARRIET WHITNEY MILES.

Mrs. Harriet Whitney Miles was born in Waldin, Caledonia county, Vt., April 23, 1835, and lived with her par-



MRS. HARRIET WHITNEY MILES.

ents who are sketched on page 18, of this album. She was married Jan. 1, 1855, to Johnathan Miles in Baraboo.

They have had three children. Lyman C., born Dec. 8, 1855, at Wonewoc, Juneau county, and at 11 years of age while out in the woods hunting he accidentally shot himself fatally. Murta, born May 15, 1859, in Baraboo, and was married March 20, 1878. She has four children. Eugene and Ernest are alive. Miles and Wilber are dead. Myra M., born Sept. 5, 1861. She married Charles Gibbons and they have one child, Ida, alive. She died Nov. 4, 1885.

TOLIF BIRUM.

Tolif Birum, was born in Konesberg, Norway, April, 9, 1813, and married Caroline Solvert June 17, 1836, and came to America in 1844. He was seven weeks on the ocean with his young wife and four small children. Sophia, Ener, Andrew and Carlos. Born in America. Lucretia, Eliza, Albert, Charlotte Josephene. (now Mrs Geo Hatch) Sarah. In 1847 he entered 160 acres of land in section 12-6, on which he lived until his death, Jan. 17, 1889. At this date, 1900, eight children are alive: Lottie and Enar are dead. There are thirty-seven grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. Caroline, his wife is now living at her daughters, Mrs George Hatch, aged 85 years. She says they first worked and got a yoke of oxen and soon got enough to live on and have never wanted for a good living.

COL. S. V. R. ABLEMAN, GEN. A. W. STARKS.

Col. S. V. R. Ableman and Gen. A. W. Starks were warm friends. They were both large of statue and mind also. They were young men in the same town, Albany, N. Y., and both entered the arena of politics young democratic. Both came to Milwaukee, Wis., about the same time and both

had a military turn of mind and each achieved high military distinction. Neither one have sons to perpetuate their name. Both at an early age settled near the Upper Narrows of the Baraboo river. Their genealogies are thoroughly traced in my 7th sketch of Sauk county, town of Excelsior, page 10-19. It is not pleasant to recall unpleasantness that existed for a time between these old-time friends. That cruel, unchristian, Civil war between the north and the south of the United States of America. One of them took one view of the matter of our national ferment of 1861 and the other an opposite view. A lack of charity engendered bitterness and even worse. But when one of them lay on his bed of final sickness, the other implored forgiveness for the past differences and rendered every act of kindness possible in this trying hour. John Starks, an only son of A. W. S., must ever be remembered by the early residents of the Baraboo Valley. (See p. 18, of 7 sketch of outline sketches of Sauk county) A noble boy of the army of the rebellion.

JONAS TOWER.

In May, 1857, I laid out his village plat of Ironton, Sauk county, Wis. Mr. Tower was obliged to be absent a few weeks. He put the plan of the smelting stock into my hands for execution. The firm then consisted of Jonas Tower, E. M. Tant, John H. Tant, M. Cooper, Charles Keith and — Blackman. After the iron mine was purchased he bought 1,600 acres of heavy oak timbered land and some river bottom and built a saw and flouring mill. He then dammed Tower Creek and built his furnace group of buildings. Mr. Tower was an accurate, mechanical, thorough business man and also a social, pleasant person. Some time in the near future I hope to obtain a genealogical tracing of this most excellent fam-

ily. He had no taste for politics although he served his town as chairman more than once. He said to me many times, if he could but get John F. Smith to come and take an interest in this plant he would be pleased. Smith had been associated with him in the iron business at Mayville or in N. Y., and would have married his daughter, but Tower then opposed the match and the opposition was effectual in their never marrying, either of them. Mr. Tower's will and Mr. Smith's were very just. (See p. 628, History Sauk county.) The above is written from recollection and their may be errors in it.

W. H. C.

J. F. SANFORD.

J. F. Sanford was an active business man and dealer in general merchandise: first in Sauk county July, 1848, at Baraboo, and was the first merchant in Reedsburg, in 1861, and then at La Valle. Here he owned and ran a flouring mill also. He was born July 10, 1811, at New Haven, Conn. He was a roving emigrant to Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Michigan and Illinois. In 1838 he married Ruthana Parker at Dixon Ferry, Ill. She was from Stockhome, Oneida county, N. Y., and was an estimable lady. They had two sons, Frank, and George P., who was an active business man at La Valle, Sauk county, Wis. (See page 792, history Sauk county by Chicago Western History Co.) J. F. S. He became very deaf for many years before his death. He was an honest square dealer and a restless pioneer. At one time while he lived at what is now Rockford, Ill., he wished to mail a letter and he and a man named Garner started for the nearest post-office, Cherry Grove, 45 miles distant and snow being nearly two feet deep, they had to camp two nights and reached the post-office most frozen.

JOHN METCALF.

John Metcalf, the center figure of this group of pioneers of the quartzite basin of the Baraboo valley, was a man almost faultless. I never heard a man speak of his moral character but with words of praise. He never had a photo taken of himself, but after death before he was placed in the casket we had one taken of him. He was born at Rhode Island in 1788 and died at Baraboo, Jan. 22, 1864. He was educated in Boston and commenced practicing law in New York City. To regain his health

he went into the pinceries in Pennsylvania. He was about ten years in the Shot Tower at Helena, Wis. He bought a one-half interest in Upper Mills, Baraboo, Wis. The firm name was known as Metcalf, Paddock & Waterman. He brought on a large stock of dry goods and groceries. He resided here seventeen years. He ran down the Wisconsin river the first raft ever run down it. (See page 13 of my Greenfield Town History for full and interesting biography of John Metcalf.) He never married.

WASHINGTON BURREINGTON.

Washington Burrington was born January 18, 1829, in the town of Truxton, Courtland county, N. Y. His parents were of Scotch descent. Resi-

in 1856 he came to Baraboo and bought out Wm. Hoxie's grocery business and remained here several years in company with his brother, Robert A. They moved their grocery building and



W. BURREINGTON.



MRS. W. BURREINGTON.

dence, Cold Ruine, Mass. He left home at 16 years of age and went to Kenosha, Wis., in 1845 and worked on a farm for three years. He then bought 160 acres of land in Dane county, Wis., at government price and opened a farm on it, and

goods up onto the county seat on a lot known afterwards as the Maxwell Corner and ran a grocery and dry goods store for about twenty-five years. Washington's health failing him he went out of business about twenty

years ago. At this date, 1900, his health is fairly good. He was married Aug. 31, 1851, in Dane county, Wis., to Miss Maria Moore. She was of Scotch-Irish descent, born, Oct. 22, 1834, Town Dumfries, U. C. They have had seven children; two died in infancy. Eva, born in Windsor, Dane county, Wis., April 11, 1856, now Mrs. Spencer Kimball, of St. Paul, Minn. Willis A., born Nov. 27, 1857, and was married March 29, 1885. He died at Pierre, South Dakota, Oct. 12, 1899. He had been Dept. state treasurer and auditor for about eight years. Ella, born Feb. 25, 1860, married John R. Hofstatter Sept. 1, 1880. Jennie, born Dec. 3, 1862, married F. E. Brewer March 29, 1881. Frank, born Sept. 28, 1864, married Miss Josephene Aery, Jan. 29, 1893.

Mr. W. B. and brother for a one-fourth of a century ran a double store

at Baraboo. His son and son-in-law occupy the same ground to-day, 1900. One sells groceries and the other dry goods.

It becomes a pleasure to make a special note from an obituary of W. A. Burrington who went to South Dakota in its early days and entered into the mercantile business. During L. L. Taylor's term of office as auditor, W. A. B. accepted a clerkship in that office. Soon after W. W. Taylor's election for state treasurer, he offered W. A. B. a deputyship which he accepted. W. W. T. defaulted. W. A. B. withstood the court ordeal faultless. Kirk Philips continued W. A. B.'s office through both of his terms of office of state treasurer. John Schamber, a successor, decided to make no change of deputyship to that office. What a lesson of honesty the above sketch shows. Boys, take notice.



VIRGIL H. CADY.

Virgil H. Cady was born in town Excelsior, Sauk county, Wis., Dec. 25, 1876. He lived on the farm until eleven years of age when he removed to Baraboo. His parents are old settlers of Sauk county.

The Baraboo News Publishing Co.

A city is judged largely by the quality of its newspapers, and Baraboo measured by that standard, ranks among the first of its class in Wisconsin. In the newspaper development of Baraboo, The Baraboo News Publishing Co. has played an important part. While it is the youngest of the trio of newspaper establishments in the city, it has forged to the front in recent years until to-day it claims a place second to none in the entire Third congressional district.

The News (weekly) was founded by J. F. and G. A. Kartack in 1844. A little later G. A. Kartack retired and left J. F. Kartack the owner. In 1894, H. E. Cole and A. D. Dorsett purchased an interest and the Baraboo News Publishing Co. was formed. In that year The Evening News was given to an expectant public and it has continued to flourish six days in the week ever since. During that period of time Mr. Kartack sold his interest to J. K. Matchett of Pierceton, Ind., who in turn sold his interest to Messrs. Cole & Dorsett, who are now the sole owners, editors and publishers. Two years ago the Baraboo News (German) was started and now numbers a large list of subscribers. The daily, and the two weekly editions show a subscription list of nearly 3,000, and command a large advertising patronage.

A. D. DORSETT.

A. D. Dorsett was born in Schuyler county, Ill., May 2, 1867. His early days were spent on a farm, and he attended country school during the winter months. In 1883 his father retired from the stock raising business and moved to Rushville, where the son had the privilege of attending an excellent high school and from which he graduated in 1886 as the valedictorian of his class.

In the fall of '86 Mr. Dorsett entered the preparatory school of De Pauw university at Greencastle, Ind., and two years later was admitted to the Freshman class. He graduated from the institution in 1892 with the degree of Ph. B.

Mr. Dorsett's newspaper experience began in his early teens, when seated on a plow while the horses rested he wrote items for a county seat paper. During his junior year in college he was exchange editor of one of the college weeklies and during his senior year was editor-in-chief of the paper.



A. D. DORSETT.

At that time he also was president of the Indiana College Press association and chairman of the executive board of the Western College Press association.

After school days were ended, he spent two years in newspaper work in Alton, Iowa, and La Crosse, Wis., and in 1894 became a partner in the publication of the Baraboo Daily and Weekly News.

On May 23, 1894, Mr. Dorsett was united in marriage to Miss Addie Lane Priest, of Greencastle, Ind., with whom

he became acquainted while in college. To them one daughter, Dorothy D., was born June 16, 1897.

H. E. COLE.

H. E. Cole the other member of The Baraboo News Publishing Co. is a



H. E. COLE.

Hoosier by birth but a Badger by adoption. His childhood days were spent amid rural environments in northern

HENRY HARRISON HOWLETT.

Henry Harrison Howlett, our Baraboo nurseryman and farmer, was born at Howlett Hill, Onondaga county, N. Y., Sept. 21st, 1840, and with his mother and her three children moved to Baraboo, Wis., in Jan. 1857, where he has since resided.

Parley Howlett, father of Henry, was born at Bennington, Vt., in 1784, and became one of the pioneers of Onondaga county, N. Y. A "minute man" in the war of 1812 and he was in three engagements against the British. He owned and carried on a large farm; an extensive pork and beef packer, buying the stock and driving them in large droves to his slaughtering and packing houses in Ohio, Indiana and New York. He was a contractor in constructing the Syracuse and Auburn railroad; he

also owned and worked lime stone quarries near Syracuse, N. Y. Indiana but he early in life forsook the farm for the college, entering De Pauw university in 1858. He completed his college course in 1862 and the year following occupied the position of principal of schools in Pierceton, Indiana. During his college days his vacations were spent in doing reportorial work for various newspapers and his inclinations leaning in this direction, he gave up teaching after one year's experience to accept a position upon the staff of The Republican and Leader in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Remaining in La Crosse but little more than a year he came to Baraboo in the spring of 1865 and purchased an interest in The Baraboo News.

The success he has attained in newspaper work is largely due to his untiring energy and genial disposition which made him one of the most popular members of the Delta Upsilon fraternity when in college.

In politics Mr. Cole is a staunch republican. He is also a Knight of Pythias.

May 24, 1899, he was united in marriage with Miss Dorothy F. Matchett, of Pierceton, Indiana.

also owned and worked lime stone quarries near Syracuse, N. Y.

Maria Canfield Howlett, mother of Henry, was born near Syracuse N. Y., March 9, 1806, and after a lingering illness of nine years died at her home near Baraboo, Dec. 5, 1865.

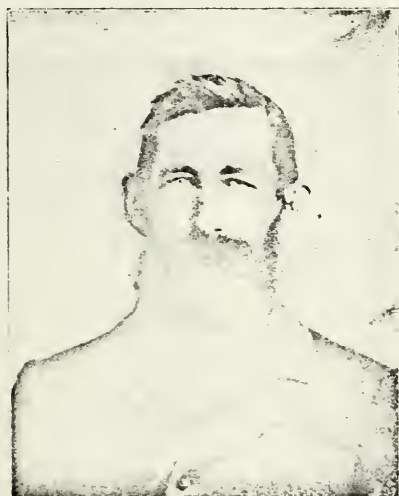
Henry had one elder brother, Harvey C., and one elder sister, Mary E., both recently deceased. Henry was married Nov. 26, 1871, to Miss Josephene L. Strong, who was born in Sauk county, Wis., and with her parents moved to Illinois. She finished her education at the Kansas State university.

Lawrence, a successful school teacher and writer for several leading newspapers, Mrs. Howlett died in May, 1878, leaving one daughter, Josephine M., who was born Dec. 25, 1872.

EDWARD N. TRUMBLE.

My father was born in Connecticut. He was in the war of 1812. My mother was born in Montgomery, N. Y., and was of Holland descent. I was born in Montgomery county N. Y.

In 1845 I came with my parents and settled in Jefferson county, Wis. In 1851 I moved to Lemonweir, Juneau county, Wis., and in 1861 inlisted in



E. N. TRUMBLE.

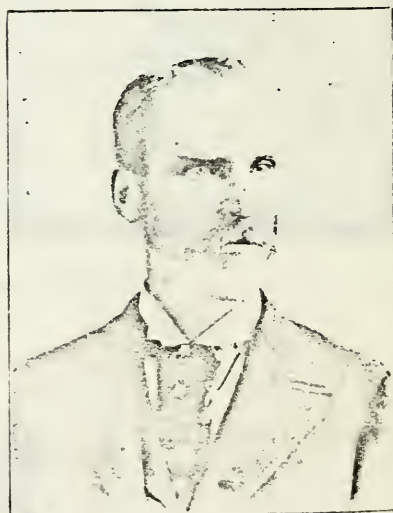
the War of the Rebellion of the U. S. and served until the close of the war. I was a member of Co. F, of 16 Wis. Infantry and Co. K, 6 Wis. Infantry. I came to the town of Freedom in 1866 where I have since resided.

EDWARD N. TRUMBLE.

Mr. Trumble at present is keeping a hotel having built a new addition to it in 1899. It is truly a comfortable place for a weary traveler or one that is not weary and their courtesy to all is not excelled. Their location is opposite to the Methodist church and one block from the depot. May 26, 1867, he was married to Miss Mary, daughter of the pioneer, James Waddell, Freedom's first preacher. She was the first child born in Freedom and an excellent type of her mother. W. H. C.



MRS. E. N. TRUMBLE.



F. A. PHILBRICK.

The leading real estate dealer in Sauk county. Buys, sells and exchanges farms, houses and lots in all parts of the country. Procures loans and money to loan, etc. Office over Bank of Baraboo, Baraboo, Wis.



MR. AND MRS. FRANK BURRINGTON.



FRANK BURREINGTON

Frank Burreington, youngest child of W. Burreington, was born Sept 28th, 1864. He received, besides his Baraboo high school education, a thorough training in Madison, Wis., commercial school, after which he was taken in his father's store as delivery boy, and then clerk. When his father retired from active business in 1883, Frank who at that time had not obtained his majority, went to Chicago to seek his fortune. "You'll be back in two weeks" was the parting salutation he received from his friends. He remained in Chicago upwards of fifteen years, all of which time was spent in the employ of the larger retail dry goods houses. His years of

Chicago life and his experience under some of the most successful Chicago merchants, and his every day opportunities for observing their business methods were invaluable, and especially fitting to him, when in 1889 he returned to his home city and placed his name on the list of Baraboo's merchants. He thus continues the family name in the business history of Baraboo which is familiar to the oldest settler. In 1893, during the World's Fair in Chicago, he was married to Miss Josephine Arey, who was living in Chicago at that time, but who came originally from Quincy, Mass. Mrs. Burreington was born in Quincy, March 24, 1868



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The Best of Dry Goods and Groceries. Palace Grocery,
108 Walnut Street, Baraboo, Wis.

1898

Elmen E. Palmer, Prop.

1901

PRODUCE EXCHANGE. Wholesale Dealer in Grain, Flour, Feed
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Blank Book Manufacturer. Ruling, Perforating, Numbering, etc., etc. Book
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all purposes. M. C. Hacker, Prop., 105 Third
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1885

Graf & Netcher,

1901

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS All Kinds of Planing and Mill
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Proprietor BARABOO CITY BREWERY Fine Bottling Department
Baraboo Wis Telephone 27

George Ruhland,

Brewer and Bottler, Baraboo, Wis Established in 1867

1883

L. E. Hoyt,

1901

BARABOO ROLLER MILLS. The Old P. A Bassett Mill in the City.
Baraboo, Wis.

1882

J. L. Stewart,

1901

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Furniture, Carpets, Wall-paper and Shades, Undertaker and Embalmer
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Boarding, Sale and Livery Stable Open Day and night Corner Oak and
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Horse Shoeing, Steel Tool Work, Wagon Work and General Blacksmithing
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Dealers in Lumber, Windows, Doors. Baraboo, Wis.

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Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, School Supplies,
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Our Specials
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(Donovan's Lovina Cream,
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Briggs Bros.,

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141 Third Avenue, Baraboo, Wis.

H. MARRIOTT.

W. MARRIOTT.

Marriott Bros.,

Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Nails, Barb Wire, Rope, Pumps,
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F. R. Bentley,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Practice in all State and Federal Courts.
Burrington block, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

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Furniture Dealer, Leading Undertaker and Embalmer. Established in 1855.
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BAKERY. All kinds of Bread, Cakes and Pies. Fine Confectionery.
Baraboo, Wis.

ULRICH VON WALD **Von Wald & Co.** H. L. VON WALD

Dry Goods and Shoes, Baraboo, Wis.

G. W. Snyder, D. D. S.

Office corner Third and Oak Streets, Baraboo, Wis.

First National Bank of Baraboo,

Capital \$50,000.

M. A. Warren, President. H. G. Merrill, Vice-President.

Wm. A. Warren, Cashier. Chas. A. Dyke, Assistant Cashier.

Your business is solicited.

Baraboo, Wis.

W. J. Power,

MERCHANT TAILOR. W. J. Power, son of W. P., has continued this shop and added to it since his father's death in 1889.
410 Oak street, Baraboo.

Roser & Hirschinger,

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats, Groceries, Game, Oysters in season. We pay cash for best butter and eggs. "Golden Link" flour a specialty.
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1876

E. G. Marriott,

1901

The Shoeman at the Red Front. Repairing done. Baraboo, Wis.

1878

H. Schoenfeld,

1900

GUNSMITH. Dealer in all kinds of Sporting Goods, Electric Bells, Etc.
129 Third St., Baraboo, Wis.

The Stanley Co.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Groceries. Baraboo, Wis.

1874

J. S. Griggs & Co.,

1900

Dealers in Clothing and Furnishing Goods,
110 Third Street, Baraboo, Wis.

Sauk County Seed Store.

Farm and Garden Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Trees, Etc.

PHILIP H. KEYSER, Baraboo, Wis.

Frank Burrington,

DRY GOODS.

"The kind you want at the price you want."

Baraboo, Wis.

James Dickie,

Manufacturer and dealer in Saddlery and Harness Goods, Trunks and Valises.
126 Fourth Avenue, Baraboo, Wis.

J. S. Briscoe,

Book and Job Printer, Baraboo, Wis.

A Broken Chain.

Sad but true that the silent messenger, death, has entered our ranks and taken a loving sister from our midst, one whom we have associated with for so many years. There were very few, if any, who were acquainted with her but what will recognize that the community has lost a good citizen, one who was ever ready to lend a helping hand in the time of need. Her cheerful, kind and loving disposition has caused those who knew her best to love her most.

Yes, dearest sister, thou hast left us,

And thy loss we deeply feel,

But 'tis God that hath bereft us,

He can all our sorrows heal.

Julia A. Hacket Grey was born in Canada in 1829. She came with her parents to the United States in 1839, settling in Illinois. From there she came to Wisconsin in 1848. She was married to Ogden Grey March 15, 1853. They lived pleasantly and agreeably together until the rebellion of the sixties, when in Oct. 1861, he enlisted in Co. F., Third Wis. Vol. Cavalry with Captain D. S. Vittum and served during the war, after which he came home in a broken down condi-

tion. She was a member of the M. E. church of this place and has had many pleasant times with those of like faith. She always had a word for an old soldier and liked to attend their reunions and gatherings, at which places she enjoyed herself very much.

She leaves three sisters and six brothers, who have nearly all passed the sixtieth milestone, and a host of other relatives and friends who surely will miss "Aunt Julia," as she was familiarly known. She died at her home in the village of North Freedom, Feb. 16, aged 72 years and 17 days. Her departure was a peaceful one. She was buried the following Sunday beside her husband in Oak Hill cemetery. ONE OF THE BROTHERS.

Death of Seth McGilvra.

Seth McGilvra, one of the pioneer residents, passed away at his home near the fair grounds Friday afternoon, death being caused by heart disease and asthma. Deceased was born in York state in 1824, and came to Baraboo in 1854. He was a member of the M. E. church. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the First M. E. church, Dr. Mueller officiating.

1889

James N. Douglas,

1901

NORTH FREEDOM.

Dealer in General Merchandise, Groceries and Hardware. Tin Shop.

August Langenhan,

ABLEMAN.

Blacksmith in country work, wagon work and general repairing. Large and commodious shops. Has run this shop for many years.

C. M. Greenslet,

BARABOO.

Livery, Feed and Boarding Barn. West side of court house square.



ED. L. LUCKOW,

Publisher SAUK COUNTY DEMOCRAT, Baraboo, Wis.
Present Mayor of Baraboo.

SOME RELIGIOUS DEDUCTIONS.

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I am at a loss to know whether I am simple, demented or a religious fanatic to attempt to instruct upon this the greatest subject that is presented to the mind of man.

The present world is swarming with teachers, priests and prophets and sects, especially in this country where the mind is not trammled by laws, seem to luxurate ostensibly in speculations and research. The religions of the world change in a degree like all things else. Some sparks of light seem to have lighted upon my mind showing me beautiful parallels existing between the Mosaic record of creation and physical science of God's creation. Side by side stand the dual records.

First, written by Moses; second, physical science of to-day relative thereto. The first is in Gen. 1st, of the Pentateuch, so nicely agrees with the Second, namely: Science as shown in the rocks and otherwise is what has provoked in connection therewith the tracing the blood of our Saviour from Adam to the Cross. Then by the prophesies to the coming to the earth again to choose His elect. What I ask in the publishing these few pages I shall give, is an unprejudiced reading and thought, and a charitable pointing out errors, if found, that I may have entertained.

Man is an animal and more; he is the consumation of the sum of the great intelligence, an arranger of Universes.

There is a written history of the incomprehensible being that by a large mass of men is thought to be doubtful. It is the burden of these pages to show by nature its truth.

The Pentateuch was written by Moses, (the first five books of the Christian Bible.) There are pertinent reasons for believing that the revelations by Bible authors are from the great Author of all intelligence proven by his works. I find many parallels existing between the Mosaic record of creation and physical science.

RELIGION is primarily a vow to God, held very sacred by the Romans. It is to man an instinct hard to repel. Thomas Payne in his "Age of Reason" holds to a personal God and a future state of existence. There are in natures's works, an abundance of miraculous showings.

MIRACLE is a deviation apparently from a natural course of things. In viewing the different religions of the world, they are indeed, a marvel, of error? no, of righteousness? no, of thought? yes.

As I was meditating, a sparrow came with a dead grass leaf in its bill

and flew into a bush, and in a moment after it went and returned with a horsehair. It there had a nest made; it sang by spells most beautiful carols. In a few days the nest seemed complete and to my eye and mind it was a nice home for the sweet singer. I soon noticed that there were two of them. I have heard that birds choose their mates and marry for the season. Why? Who told them to? Day by day I watched this pair and visited them at their home. One little egg as large as a hazel nut was in it; in a few days there were four eggs, and then the mother bird commenced sitting on them. Why? Instinct. Ah yes.

A chemist may analyze an egg and give you very nearly the constituent parts and make the shell, but he can't put life into it. That is a miracle.

The eggs hatched, and all you will notice is a big head and a wide mouth is thrown open every time the parent comes with food. Who told the parent what kind of food was adapted to the wants of that little shapeless piece of flesh? An instinct miracle. To the great delight of the parents they grew up to be just like them.

Instinct controlled every change made in the growth of these little birds, and how exact every feature of growth was made without mistake. How tenderly and lovingly it was all done, in song and rejoicing.

Ah, yes, birds have praise meetings; there had evidently, been an appointment given out, for they came from all directions into a tree by my window. The seats, (little branchlets of limbs) were nearly all filled. The preacher gave out a hymn, then what a chorus of voices went up. In a few moments all was silent and quiet

again. Some spoke and another hymn was sung, all taking part. It was a long piece—it was quiet again while the benediction was pronounced—then away they all flew.

In doing all this they were obeying the laws of instinct, (God's Laws.) Does not man obey about the same laws? They do prove a designer.

From the egg let us trace as far back as possible.

In the mother sparrow's womb there is a little lump of eggs, as much as she is permitted to lay through life. Who made or what made this arrangement? But there they will lay and never come to the light of day until semen from the male has come in touch with them. It is then they become fertilized to pass upward through its many changes until it has fulfilled its mission, than a retrograde commences and ends in death. To look again a step backward—but where came the unfertilized eggs and the life-giving semen? Our tracing has brought us to CREATION. God gives us his laws of reproduction. "So God CREATED man in his own image. In the image of God created he him. male and female created he them. and gave them the power of reproduction" Mosaic record is minute in genealogy.

Notice the parallel between His word and works.

If the Atheist objects to using the word CREATE, what word will he substitute in its place?

Thomas Payne; the greatest of deists speaks of a great omnipotent mind,—a CREATOR. Those who ignore a CREATOR use expressions such as: by "organic affinity," or by the term "selection of the fittest."

Owen, speaking of Red Grouse and

their origin says: "He knew not how they come, and by a process he knew not what."

It would seem if MAN could make a beginning without a CREATOR he would be happy. Charles Robert Darwin in his origin of species (historic sketch) brings forward thirty scientific authors to disprove CREATION. Their tracing of development in forms of life from a life already begun to other higher forms does not touch the question considered. Are these beginnings accidental, or is matter itself life-giving?

Authors are more numerous than thirty and of high attainments who place their reasoning upon an infinite intelligent CREATOR for a starting point. In either case a beginning is incomprehensible to man's reason. A miracle.

God gave us our life and he alone has a right to take it.

One hundred and twenty years, in the beginning, was given us to enjoy the blessings of life upon this earth—Gen. 6-1, 2, 3.

Inherited and indulged in sin have shortened it to three score and ten—See 90 Psalm 100. Still 120 years is the length of man's life given at Creation and would be to this day if he always had lived a Mosaic regime.

The scale of the Genealogical map which represents the six distinct characteristic periods, from Adam to the Cross that I have had engraved and here given is too small to be at once understood, therefore I have given it in another cut of the first period on a larger scale to be clearly understood. I do earnestly ask my kind reader to make this genealogy a careful study. The checks of either chart represent 100 years.

Nature's plans are mostly upon a dual principle. Notice it in the masterpiece and consummation of God's work—Man.

The eyes are dual, arms, legs, ears, tongue, heart, circulation of the blood. Then there is the night and day, good and bad. The continents are paired; North and South America, Europe and Asia, Africa and Australia. There is the righteous and unrighteous side in Ethics. Sacred history and profane history. The one chronicles the acts of man, the other has to do with the relation of man to his maker, and is called;

RELIGION.

The righteous, Godly people from the beginning for 1,500 years were governed by the heads of families and for this purpose the Lord seemed to have lengthened their lives miraculously long for priests and governors—Adam 930, Seth 912. These 10 lived on each other's time excepting Enoch and Noah. The length of their children's lives are not mentioned, therefore they are 120 years to Gen. 6. 1, 2.

In Genesis, fourth chapter, Cain's family is mentioned, giving the names of the children, but not their birth or death, or length of their lives.

At the close of the Adamic Chronology, the inspired pen records "when men BEGAN to multiply on the face of the earth, his years were 120. For nearly six thousand years we have to look upon the age of Man and can mark the time given to him to live upon the earth as 120 years.

In the BEGINNING it was given at 120 years, later, after the flood the Sacred Volume puts it at 75 years. This does not make God a changeable being.

Man's life should be today 120 years

if he lived according to the Mosaic regime, and had not ancestry to contend with. The shortening of his life lays at the door of his own home. The length of days of ALL creatures were given by their Creator. Man may domesticate them out of their natural time periods, yet their natural time periods remain the same. We are told in Gen. 6-4 there were giants on the earth in those days and they became men of renown.. This language shows that the mass of mankind were not giants.

It looks as though the sons of God had too much to do with those fair daughters of men by marrying and raising ungodly families. But, in 1650 an end was made of their fair daughter's marriages by the flood.

Porter in his book on Bashon of Palestine corroborates the Mosaic record by what he saw on his travels through the land.

The inhabitants of Bashon. today. 1900, is historically very peculiar, are very war-like. Strangers are not allowed to dwell with them or even travel through their country without a permit.

Porter, the author of five years in Damascus, had become familiar with the Arabic language and having formed a favorable acquaintance with their Sheik, got a permit to spend some time with them. He was escorted by six of their officers day by day.

They claim an ancestry and civilization far back of any other nation. Have been conquered by Greece and Rome, and their country occupied long enough for cities to be built and gone to ruin, and now lay in heaps, both of Greek and Roman architecture. Beautiful statuary laying in

deserted piles, while their own temples and dwellings antedate the others, stand as good as when first built, all ready to be occupied as they were at first. They were built of Basaltic rock, four to six feet, cubic blocks laid up without cement. Roofing of Basaltic slabs, nine inches thick, four by ten feet, one end supported on the wall, the other one tier of arches running through the center of the building. They had no ornamental work. The people are of medium stature. They call themselves Refames. They claim to be descendants of a nation of giants.

Porter counted sixty walled cities of these Refames in a territory, thirty by sixty miles, mostly on a plain of very fertile soil. They have no written history. Porter could locate by name most of these ancient cities described in the Bible, agreeing with with the Bible account of them.

This book should be in every man's library. Porter's Bashon, \$1.00.

These cities and these people are proof of the ancient cities and the Bible record of them.

In the second book of Moses is given the Decalogue-Law of God, engraved by himself in leaves of stone (His word and work do agree.) Beside the record in written character of a language, the rocks in their leaves; strata are sepulchers for plants and animals, in their proper creative days entombed in six distinct classes and named by our scientists.

I once found in a stone quarry in Baraboo a very perfect trilobite: the little round eyes the size of a pinhead stood out bold, and no mould in metal could have been made prettier. This rock engraving confirms the Mosaic record; one in written characters, the

other by fossilized remains of creatures correctly made.

Again, this righteous record is written in our hearts. Our instinct tells us that it is all right, not a word or a letter or a "jot or a tittle" of a letter can be added or subtracted from it until the end of time when it shall "all be fulfilled" so says our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Matthew 5th chapter.

The Trilobite above spoken of belongs to the lower Potsdam sand rock, and is one of the earliest living creatures of our globe. Man cannot give him a place in other rocks. God placed him in this lowest of water deposited sand rock all over the world, that was its natural home. "Not one jot or tittle of Jehovah's law that placed him there could change it to another creature, or to another age or ocean bed as its home. The creature was just suited to the condition that the world then was in. The written law of God by Moses cannot in any sense be changed any more than that Trilobite could naturally flourish in our day and be changed to some other creature. i. e. to pass specie limits. All thick hided animals, as hog, rhinoceros, etc. could not become a sheep, There are people and many of them believe that man's beginning began with the Molusk and by delightful transmigrations became a man, having broken through class lines. An oyster, a fish, a frog, a hog, a monkey, a man. By this reasoning a personal God is ignored and the Bible made a dead letter. It is a pleasure to study physical science and notice the harmony existing between it and the Bible. The harmony becomes beautiful with class limits, and creation for each class by the great omnipotent designer. All thinkers

will readily see a creative ladder leading from a beginning to a consummation which is a tree of plant life, and man of animal life, This a finale of life to those who believe in a gradual development from 0 to zero—no not zero for why should not development go right on. But it does not. The designer says to life stop and take a rest. Moses says so and so does all nature. What comes next? A Sabbath of Rest—a memorial of the creative week, says Moses. Nature says rest and death. What next? Moses says reproduction. So says nature. This is written in our hearts. Thomas Paine in his age of reason says "all men believe in a personal God and a future existence and so do I." Both are full of miracles. Both teach of a future state of existence. The essential life principle may be enclosed in a nut shell, an acorn, or enshrined in a minute seed shell, When conditions are favorable to its birth it comes forth and obeys implicitly God's laws. If it is an acorn, a stately oak is grown from it. That in turn fructuates. The life principle is put into every acorn on the tree and then they are released from its parent, it falls and is buried in the bosom of Mother Earth, in time comes forth again. All this teaches of life, death and a resurrection. The Christian Bible teaches of life, death and a resurrection.

Let us further notice parallels that exist between Mosaic records and the process of world making and the remains found in the rocks as classed by scientists.

At first the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Then light was created. Winchel in his geology says

that the earth was once a gaseous cloud, that by aggregation it was formed into a sphere. Here is a line parallel between Moses and Winchel. Moses says light was created upon this day. 2nd day the waters were divided from the waters, a part went into the atmosphere and a part remained upon the earth. Winchel in his sketches of creation has a chapter on the "ordeal of water" in the Ezoic period (The primitive rock-granite.) 3d day, dry land appeared; vegetation and plants created. In reading from Chamber's Cyclopaedia relative to vegetation, the author enumerates 2000 species of the lowest order, yet he has them divided into six, general divisions. That number six with the sacred seven following seems to run all through God's work—a law. It does seem as though there was not room for a doubt that the one is proof of the other.

Plant life in that day or period of time was of giant growth for the carbonic acid gas so filled the atmosphere that it was congenial to the growth of plants, but lunged animals could not survive in it. The plants took the carbon from the atmosphere and the death of their bodies formed our coal beds, which is of such immense value to us in this our day. God seems to have kept it for the 19th and 20th centuries. It is termed the carboniferous age. The atmosphere is now purified of its poisonous property and fitted for lunged land animals and they were created on the fourth fifth and sixth days. Each having its place in the rocks. Now we have come to the consummation. God says to his Son; "Let us make MAN IN OUR OWN IMAGE."

The world was then completed and

passed over into the hand of man. The rocks were divided into six primary divisions. Was it not the work of the I AM? Besides the six divisions of the rocks, the plants come in their order, and those divisions have received names by naturalists just six of them, so with animals, just six of them. So far we have got many parallels of Nature with Mosaic record. Nature requires rest, old fields require it. Machinery lasts longer by rests. Man and animals require it. All nature is full of proofs of the Mosaic record. An opposer asks, "Does not the rock indicate that a date of Earth's beginning would date back thousands and millions of years before the Mosaic record?" Certainly. It matters not to man how long God's period days were. When all was finished, suited to man's wants,—every kernel of sand and drop of water, coal, oil, gas stored away, forests grown, fruits made, He said, "Let us make man in our own image." The sun and the moon were given to him for time pieces. They have run for most six thousand of man's years a deviation of not one minute, and who knows how much longer. We are told in Psalm's that "One thousand of man's days is as one with God." This looks like metaphorical language. It might as well have been ten thousand as one thousand. The changes that the earth has undergone I shall not touch upon here.

RELIGION.

If man were created in the image of God, he necessarily would be religious. The lexigraphy of the word is a vow to God. After Moses,

MENU BRAMAH.

The supposed author of the Veda, the four sacred books of the Hindoos.

viz: Rig, Yajust, Saman, Atharvan, which were considered as directly revealed to Brama. Brama by some is thought to be an imaginary God. The followers of the Veda ran into idol worship although the Veda itself is of high ethical teaching.

BUDDHA.

Buddha of India was born 614 years B. C. Born a prince of most noble ancestry tracing. As he matured his whole mind was religious. He had no taste for royal robes. Riches and distinctions were of no moment to him. He retired from the world of business and wrote books. He married a wife of much beauty and of an old and honorable family. She became absorbed with him in his line of thought. At fifty he commenced to lecture in small villages with much force of argument, striking heavy blows against idol worship which was then nigh universal. His words found their way to the hearts of men. In his day he nearly drove idol worship out of India. He died at eighty years and his works did follow him. His teachings became popular throughout China, Japan, Siam, Anan, Nepal, Ceylon, Thibet and Burmen Empire, having at one time 370,000,000 followers; the highest of any religion in the world.

The San Francisco Examiner of February 4th, 1900, gives a plan that has been laid in Japan to evangelize Buddhism in American, taking San Francisco in California for its initiatory point. Two of their missionaries are at work. They propose to establish schools, asylums etc. Sunday p. m. their largest parlor is well filled; addresses in English and Japanese are spoken. In their school. English and Japanese are taught. They

adopt the American style of dress. I quote a little of what they say with regard to their religion; "Christianity in many respects resembles Buddhism. The Ethics of Christ are truly elevating and reminds us of the noble injunctions of Buddha. We do not however accept the dogmas of Christianity because they stand in contradiction to science and are apt to foster a spirit of intolerance and narrowness." (Here they do err, at least, in part.) Christ's teachings are pure science. He made the physical world and gave it to man. What man finds out of his miraculous work is science. It seems to me that so called foreign Christian missionaries have represented the teaching of Christ aright, considering the practices of their home church. Abroad they ask our missionaries, "Do your countries have a legal established religion of Christianity?" Yes, in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Germany, Spain, etc., they do have. In the United States of America nine tenths of the states do in part and are striving for more political power. The Heathen Chinese or Japanese replies, "We have no force behind our pure Buddhist teaching. No blood has ever stained a Buddhist temple." In either case there is truth enough in the teachings of our ancient sages so that it alone sufficeth for their quiet religious life. India, Japan or China are not expansionists or warlike in character. Christian are warlike, money crazy, land grabbing, colonial nations, and are nipping from China, India and Africa, that are more peaceful in character and not rich in war, pieces of territory that may give footholds for commerce, or any kind of money making. These unsaved

nations are looked upon by the GREAT POWERS as needing better civilization, therefore, they mean to administer medicine that will make them very sick at first to rid them of filthy lucre; then give them bomb shell, grape and canister until they will deed over territory for war expenses. Is this Christ's teaching? Then send missionaries to teach them how Christ loves them and to show them a road to a better land where the streets are paved with gold and the gates one solid diamond each. Would not heaven be good enough where no discord prevailed, with love, peace and good will without gold or diamonds?

I have digressed from my subject, but will return again.

CONFUCIUS.

The great sage and philosopher of China. He devoted his giant mind largely to writing books, which for 2000 years have been received by the Chinese as their bible. He never claimed any divine unction, but simply human deductions. Said to have been born 551 years before Christ. From earliest youth he was sedate and studious. After the death of his mother, at the age of seventeen (his father died when he was three years old), he went into retirement, devoting his whole mind to religious studies and writing. At fifty he was made prime minister of China, but the duties of his office were distastful to him, especially the intrigues of a foreign power. He soon resigned. There are many things that might be written of this great sage that would be interesting. But we will now write no more.

ZOROASTER.

Zoroaster of Persia.

The date of this personage is not exactly known. Some place it at 400 years before Christ, while some think it antedates more. Tradition says a good spirit appeared to his mother, who lived in Bakhara.

CHRIST.

A being supernatural, having existed with his father before our Earth was. The making, arranging, conducting of it, the father put into his hands to fashion and conduct which has been traced on other pages of this pamphlet. After having spent time with his father, presumably, he comes to this earth that he has given to man and takes upon himself humanity—born of a woman, and raised as a child, at the home of a carpenter; was not educated from a human school of acquiring knowledge.

The history of the ancient sages, Bramah, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster were beautiful characters. But they were trained from human schools from the lore of their times. That early training and from the piety of their minds in retirement where they drew from God the fine Ethical lessons that they penned down for the benefit of their brother man. Not so with Christ. He, our maker, could not be taught. He came to teach. When a child he contended with the wise men in the temple at Jerusalem. His ministry was begun with a miracle. Not so with sages. Christ's sermon on the mount (Mathew chapters 5, 6, 7) is pronounced the finest piece of rhetoric ever penned. It could not be otherwise, considering its author.

The greatest scientists can and do unravel many of God's miracles, to our great delight. Still we are in the world of miracles yet. They are in

God's word; they are in God's works. It is a very false idea that science is at variance with Christianity, Darwin and our State University and Buddhists notwithstanding.

MOHAMMED

Mohammed descended from a tribe called Korashites of influence and wealth, the two idols of human ambition.

Mohammed's father died when he was two years old, his mother when he was six. He was then cared for by his grandfather and uncle. The uncle was rich, with whom he served faithfully for sixteen years.

During this time he made extensive travels, and dealt much with Christians and Jews. His uncle died when he was twenty-five years of age. He formed an acquaintance of a widow whose husband had been a rich merchant. He was in her employ three years then married her. She was forty and he thirty. His mind had been much turned to the Christian and Jewish religion. He perceived that they were divided into many sects, as well as his own, Arabic people. Hence he formulated in his mind the audacious idea of becoming a prophet of God.

The accrimination of sects with each other, this shrewd prophet saw that unselfish love out-weighed hatred. Being a man of pleasing address, his love lectures call to him many adherents. His enemies asked of him to prove his apostleship by miracles. In reply he adroitly evaded the challenge.

At the age of thirty-eight he took up his abode in a cave near Mecca. Here he claimed to receive messages from the God of heaven by the angel Gabriel. His wife looked upon it as a

deception, but his solemn affirmation made her fear that he was becoming insane.

A monk who resided in their house became privy to Mohammed's plans and endorsed them, made a convert of his rebellious wife

After two years of retirement he assumed the title, Apostle of God, and for the four following years he made but nine converts. The leading feature of his discourses were that God is a unit and that he was his prophet.

His countrymen largely worshiped three female gods as daughters of God—Allat, Menat and Al-Uzzed.

They looked upon him lower than a ballad singer, and openly called him a liar. For fourteen years he preached and at times his entire audience leaving. His suavity of manners and flattery of the rich began to give him prestige. He was driven from Mecca by the citizens. He took refuge among the rich of the opulent city, Medina, A change of life dawned upon him. In a short time converts come to him like falling flakes of snow.

He returned to his native city Mecca, with ten thousand soldiers and easily placed the city under his dictation. This was more persuasive than his many years of preaching had been. The next ten years of his life exhibited nothing but plunder and bloodshed. He conquered Persia, Tartary, Bokharia, making territory six times larger than all Europe. I will quote a few passages from his bible, the Al-Koran—the sum of his visions in his two years retirement:

Al-Koran, Chapter 2, page 59. "God created the earth, then the seven heavens. The Lord said unto the angel Gabriel, I am going to place a substitute upon the earth. They

said: "Wilt he place there one that will do evil therein and shed blood?,"

God answered: "Verily I know that which ye know not."

He pleads to his adherents as children of Israel, Chapter 61. "Remember when they are delivered from Pharaoh and when Moses gave them the book of the law that God had written with his own hand and asked them if they would keep it. They all said WE WILL, but they did not—they never did. So God ordained a new prophet as an expounder of it made plain by himself. (Mohammed)

Religions—primarily a vow to God, have all been founded in love. How sad, how heart aching, how distressing to read the history, both ancient and modern, and learn of the damnable work that has been made of human life by our brother man. Sawed to pieces, burned at the stake, tortured in every way the devil could invent, piously in the name of Jesus Christ and religion. England is called a Christian nation. That is a LIE of the blackest kind. She has killed off beautiful youth enough to form a bridge of human bodies at three feet apart across all Europe, if not the whole earth. The Buddhists of India and Confucians of China have taken the least life in the name of religion of any nation, and less skilled in war, and as a consequence are the less able to protect themselves against Christian swords and long range guns—civilization.

Has India flourished in art and science more, and subject to famine less under their conquerors, and has been more happy since English occupation than before?

Thousands of gigantic canals, the largest 300 feet (19 rods) wide 6 to 8

feet deep and forty to fifty miles long with smaller laterals. This is one of the largest of those ancient canal reservoirs, but all India was once a complete network of hydraulic engineering for irrigation and navigation.

Those ancient canals, aqueducts, artificial lakes of 30440 square miles in them, their aggregate ponds, baths, etc., lay there asleep, and their people dying with hunger.

At this present time while England's conquerors are out on a spree to civilize the Boers, they don't care anything for money and diamonds, oh no! not a bit.

Four hundred years ago Spain was called the great world's civilizer. They found in South America a highly civilized and rich people, but deficient in the art of war. If there was ever a quorum of devils that could dance a jig in a pool of innocent blood of men, women and children it was the Spanish army that conquered that peaceful, beautiful government of Peru and old Mexico.

They conquered and established colonies on God's beautiful earth to enslave and tread in the mud the poor heathen, as they termed them.

In the trend of time they had a neighbor that lived near one of their down-trodden, poverty-stricken famined dependencies. This neighbor was called Uncle Sam. He had for several years been a spectator to the devilization of that innocent people by Mr. Spain. Uncle Sam with his long legs stepped over the water one day and took Spain by the seat of his breeches and shook him as a dog would a skunk and told him to go home and and never be caught here again.

No words could ever color Spanish

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Faint, illegible text in the right column, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

devilization in her colonies as terrible as it actually was.

Says my neighbor: "What do you think of the William Penn colony civilization that of which is now Pennsylvania in America and he an Englishman." The English government had owed William's father a large amount of money for a long time. When the old gentlemen died, William had the government to deal with. He asked if they would give him a tract of land in America he would prefer it to the money. They gave him what is now Pennsylvania to govern in his own way so long as he did not violate the English law. William took possession of it, but he recognized the fact that the land really belonged to the Indians instead of the English. He called a council of all the Indians and purchased their title satisfactory to them and to him—notice the fruits of this deal of peace and good will between man and men.

In Pennsylvania there has ever been an amicable feeling existing between the Indians, old England and William Penn and citizens that has since occupied the lands of this state.

William Penn's transaction was noble Christian civilization.

This is the only case of the kind that I can think of coming from the English.

When a nation has to put force to make another think, and do as they think in religion or justice it becomes devilization instead of civilization or christianization.

Accumulation of wealth has been the bane of all Christian civilization. Christ born in a manger represented no human wealth. Teaching to return good for evil, is much higher than the sages referred to in this pam-

phlet. They all sprang from families of wealth and influence. With all their goodness and exalted ethics the humble Nazarine is away above in true greatness, even human greatness.

What else is Christianity but to follow the doctrines precepts enunciated by Moses, Christ and the inspired writers of the Bible. How peaceful and kind are all its ethical teachings.—"Love your enemies." "If they are hungry give them to eat." It is true that there are passages in the Sacred writings that I wished were not there. e. g: David coveted Uriah's wife, and got her. Solomon built temples to please his heathen wives. Israel chose to follow Baal and shed blood. For all these things Israel was punished. Let us avoid the bad and choose the good. We can have our choice.

CITIZENSHIP

Man has two duties to fill: 1st. His duty to his maker. 2nd. His duty to his fellow man.

1st. Man makes a bad mistake not to be honest to himself in his relation between himself and his God. Obedience in following God's laws is of the first importance, and if there should be a conflict between His laws and the laws that man should make, we must obey those that relate to our Maker.

2nd. Civil government is instituted by man for his protection against his brother man. That of the U. S. A. is the best ever instituted, Peru of South America excepted. Civil governments that are headed by monarchs, kings, queens, dukes, etc., hold their brother man as subjects—slaves. They hold them in this condition by standing armies.

The greatest enemy of our Repub-

lic is riches—combination of capital, trusts, etc. This is the shady side of a Democratic Republican government. Selfishness and greed is so interwoven into humanity that it seems to require almost superhuman efforts to get rid of it in any measure.

A person that begins to get wealth seems to be abnormally diseased for it, and what legal medicine to administer is a question not so easily determined. Putting heavy taxes on their currency, realty, chattles, may be a regulator. (hang every person that accumulates over a million dollars. How will that do?) I do not know.

Civil government is hard to administer because it comes from short-sighted man. Christ's is easy because it comes from a righteous creator and is perfect. If obeyed happiness follows

HIGHER CRITICISM.

Biblical study and Christianity of our times breaks forth in different forms among the clerical professors. I invited a learned and well-known clergyman whom I respected and loved, to give me a call, which he did. I presented to him for criticism the subject of this pamphlet. He said; "We must read the letter press of the Old Testament with a spiritual understanding and not be led into error by the letter. That the Hebrew language was better understood today than when Moses wrote his sketch of creation—Gen. 1 to 7,, and so with his other writings, Mythology was largely interwoven in it. To illustrate: When I was a young boy we lived on a hill. Our family moved from this place to a level prairie country. Thirty years passed. I went back to visit the old home. That hill that I had got pictured in my youthful mind was in fact but an undulation, hardly large enough to be called a hill. So with the letter press of those times which made mountains mole hills, e. g. those long-lived patriarchs, etc., were presumably mythical.

THIS HIGH CRITICISM CRITICISED.

The reading of the Bible and spiritualizing it out of the letter as our judgment dictates is but fictitious dealing with it. The old Testament is thus converted into mythical riddles. A over of fictitious reading might get

comfort in word picturing: in enlarging mole hills into mountains and visa versa and in reading the sacred record of our creator to do away with a plain. "Thus saith the Lord our God," and substitute our own fancies is but stealing from God.

In Gen. 5, the letter press reads: "Adam lived to be 930 years old and the other patriarchs had a similar longevity. This is what Moses records. Can there be a myth about this statement? Their names, dates of births and deaths, etc are given.

The record of Julius Czar, Queen Victoria or George Washington could not be plainer

There never has been a government on the face of the earth so beautiful. The wisdom of prolonging miraculously the lives of these patriarchs for priests and goveroners of their children was wonderful. We must not forget that there was another side of the genus-homo specie. Cain and his genology were building cities and had fair daughters that captivated the Sons of God. From the birth of Noah to the flood, was a period in which Noah presumably would be the priest and governor. In this 600 year period the long-lived patriarchal contemporary family seemed to have ceased—Noah the sole ruler and priest. But when the Sons of God saw that the daughters of Men were fair, "they married them" and raised giants and men of mighty renown."

Noah was born and preserved with his family to bridge over 600 years of free agency rule, when the Sons of God had so much to do the Daughters of Men. That 600 years must have been the most sinful in the world's epochs of time. Terrible, horrible, devilish.

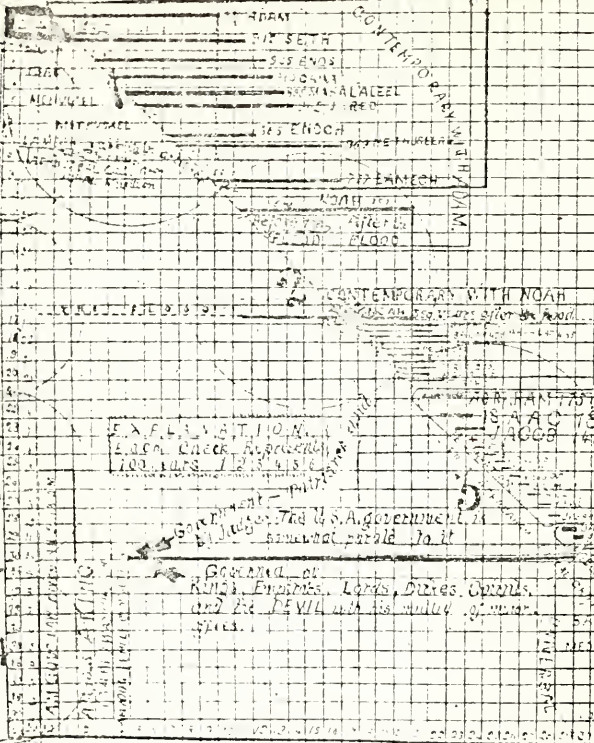
Moses says that God REPENTED that he had made man; hence the destruction.

The righteous patriarch Jared Mathuselah and Lamech lived so nigh to the time of the flood, they must have been cognizant of it as well as Noah. If all of the patriarchal age is mythical it certainly came from a fertile brain. If it is defacto, it shows us the wisdom and beauty of the working of an all-wise Creator.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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1. Sunday | 2. Monday | 3. Tuesday | 4. Wednesday | 5. Thursday | 6. Friday | 7. Saturday | 8. Sunday

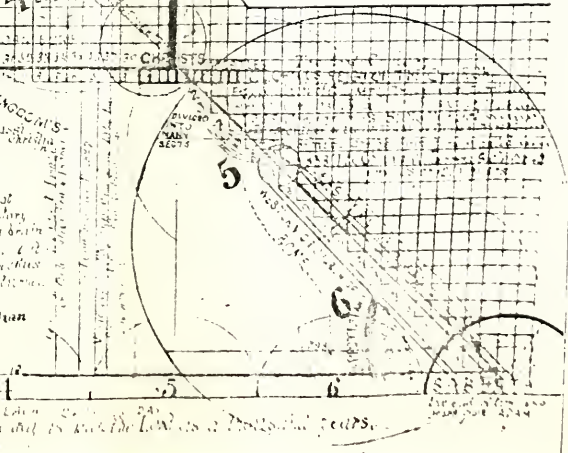
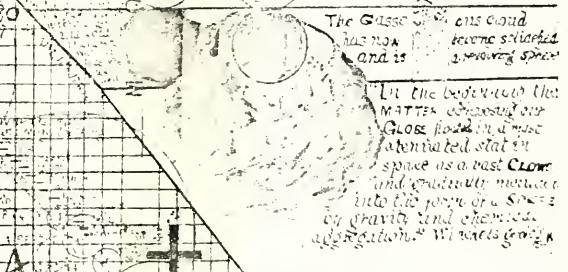
MOSES ACCOUNT OF CREATION



5. In the beginning, man was created on the second of the fourth century, was...
 6. The up to the present time, the conditions...

When the Earth was first created
 GOD SAID
 MAN IN OUR OWN
 IMAGE

7	CONSERVATION OF MAN	7	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE
6	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	6	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE
5	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	5	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE
4	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	4	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE
3	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	3	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE
2	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	2	CONSERVATION OF ALL LIFE	VEGETABLE	ANIMAL LIFE



but upon the first day of the week (the first day) and the day is made known as a Sabbath day.

Mosaic Account of the Surface Creation of our Earth.

There has been Two Creations, Internal—External. Rock Record—Mosaic Record.

1st day LIGHT	2nd WATER	3rd LAND VEGETATION	4th SUN, MOON STARS	5th FISH, REPTILES	6th ANIMALS, MAN
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LAND DIVISIONS OF THE EARTH

EUROPE | ASIA | AFRICA | AUSTRALIA | OCEANICA | AMERICA

THE ROCKY CRUST OF THE EARTH

Gaseous | Azoic | Pal Azoic | Mesozoic | Tertiary | Post Tertiary

PLANT LIFE, of Post Tertiary Alluvium

Thallagens | Acragens | Symnagens | Monocodyledon | Dioclyedon | Trees

LIFE PRINCIPLES may properly be divided into six distinct periods

Conception | Birth, Babyhood | Childhood | Reproducing | Old Age | Death

ANIMAL LIFE

Radiate | Articulate | Mollusca | Birds, Fish | Reptiles
Animals | Man

SENSES

Sight | Smell | Taste | Feeling | Hearing | Mind

EPOCH OF TIME BY EDWARD DARWIN

Radiate | Articulate | Mollusca | Birds, Fish, | Reptiles
Animals | Man

WEEKLY SCALE OF WORKING DAYS

1. Sunday | 2. Monday | 3. Tuesday | 4. Wednesday | 5. Thursday | 6. Friday

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART

I have had this engraving made on a larger scale than the first large engraving to show plainly the evident design of God's righteous dealing with the being made as the crowning piece of His second creation, MAN, under whose dominion He placed all life, animated and inanimated. His first creations only record is in the rocky crust of the earth, in the shape of molds and casts which of to us seems strangely formed figures. We study them and place them in classes and orders as the Almighty mind made them and call it science.

The earth's crust making in a measure, at least ceased. These strange forms of animal life have had their day. The air and water is purified and a new creation spoke into existence to inhabit the surface of the earth, the consummation of which is MAN: And to him there is a righteous and unrighteous side. God, by inspired pens has given us His dealings with the righteous side. Adam was created righteous and a helpmate given him—Eve. The life principle was given to him. To Eve was given to nourish and sustain it. The first reproduction was Cain an unrighteous. The second, Able, a righteous, but was slain by his wicked brother. This child, the progenitor of the unrighteous side of mankind.

Man's age is given at 120 years—Gen 6, 1-3. Adam's age was prolonged to 930 years, I think it was for the purpose of a tribal governor and priest.

Seth the third righteous birth date given and his great length of life evidently for the same purpose. So with Enos, Canan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Matthuselah, Lamech. The chart shows these to be contemporary, of course having a combined wisdom. (This subject is dealt with elsewhere in this pamphlet.

Time measures to us 600 Kalendar years of the world's surface creation to be present time, a second creation made for man. The crust of the earth beneath the surface must have epochs of 1000 kalendar years, and six of the ord's 1000 year days (for we must not be ignorant of this one thing) that THE DAY is with the Lord as a THOUSAND YEARS * * * "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the earth shall pass away." * * * Students of prophesy informs us that there are six lines of prophesy from biblical authors terminating in about this our day.

It would seem, in looking over creation arguments that there are many creations divided into divisions of six; like the Mosaic account, showing universal parallels between HIS WORD and HIS WORKS. There might be more parallels enumerated.

Following these epochs comes a rest epoch, a Sabbath. Much emphasis is placed by the scriptures upon the seventh day rest. Christ in the flesh precept and example taught us a sacred observance of it. A memorial of creation by Himself. This sanctified day is the day after the six days work is completed. THE SEVENTH—SATURDAY.

God has commanded his representative Man to do no work upon that day. nor his household, nor the stranger that might be with him * * * The Bible contains over 150 passages and precepts urging the observance of this sacred day by all men.

CIVIC

CALL
TO ENJOY

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Christ's Religion by Force.

Are not our missionaries Americans? Are they not under the flag wherever they go? Is it not the bounden duty of America to protect them and all her citizens at all costs? Not so. Our missionaries go forth not as Americans, but as Christians. Their only flag is the cross. To demand of the state that it shall protect them by force of arms is to degrade and abuse the missionary motive and to rob missionary efforts of their chief glory.

What a humiliating situation in China with English missionaries under the English flag, German missionaries under the German flag, American missionaries under the American, and so on. If the sublime Porte will but rouse himself and send one of his crazy warships to defend the Mohammedan missionaries in China—if there be any such—our shame will be complete.

The climax of tragic inconsistency is achieved when it is seriously asserted that the American forces should not leave China until assurance is given that the converts of American missionaries shall be protected. In this case the flag not only steals a march on the cross, but practically captures it. "Blood of the martyrs," indeed! A Chinaman converted by an American becomes in some sense an American—an American by brevet! And the "flag" must cover him! A short and easy way of laying heroic foundations for the future church in China.

America occupies a point of great vantage. Church and state are here so clearly separated that it should be easy for American Christians to clear their minds of the fatal confusion between the spiritual principle and the secular arm. It should be easy for us to see that we can better afford to lose many millions of missionary property and many thousands of missionary lives than to take a step which shall lead the people of China to mix up in the idea of force with Christianity, to confound Caesar with Christ. There are some in America that would establish Christianity by force at home.

The Decalogue Ex 20.

FIRST TABLE.

1 Thou shalt have any other God before me.

2 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. Thou shalt bow down thyself to them. * *

3 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain * *

4 Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. * * *

SECOND TABLE.

5 Honor thy father and mother *

6 Thou shalt not kill.

7 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8 Thou shalt not steal.

9 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10 Covetousness.

Its Violation.

1 Mammon is a false god that gnostic christians law with each other for

2. Costly temples adorn with crucifixes, statues and pictures. Our bodies are the temples of God.

3 Long pharisaical prayers are taking his name in vain.

4. Is the first day the seventh? Why do people disobey God's laws by sabbating on the first day of the week? Rest at the beginning of the week's labor is not placed right. It should be when the labor is done.

5. There are cases where children are recreant. Do "Young America" obey their parent; with any degree of decent respect?

6 Nominal christians seem to love war. It is made a science. They kill by machinery. By war they enforce slavery upon a brother. They make war honorably.

7. Nominal christians may be a little above non-professors in this respect. Doubtful!

8 Christians take goods by force in war, which is worse than stealing.

9 They do not stand above their neighbor as witness in court.

10 Nominal christians do covet as much as non-professors. They drive sharp bargains, go to law with a brother. They jump over their profession for gain. They are not above the world in this respect and I may safely say in any other respect.

The precepts of the decalogue are violated by nominal christians of our day. It is no wonder that Deism, Atheism and Pantheism are rampant. The precepts of Christ are all right, says an infidel.

Christ's sermon on the Mount, chapters 5, 6, 7 of Matthew, in text is violated ruthlessly by professed christians. They return evil for evil. They go to law with each other. They swear by law. They "backbite" with good. Their dress is gay and fashionable. They build costly temples to worship

God in. St. John saw none in his heavenly vision. They employ high-salaried preachers, making it a professional pursuit. They strive for riches. They hate their enemies. They make long public prayers. The poor are not esteemed as are the rich. They are no more meek than their wordly brethern. They are poor peace-makers. The marriage vow is no more sacred than non-professors, hence who can wonder at the increase of disbelievers in christianity. If the Decalogue and Christ's sermon on the Mount can be practiced to the letter what a pleasant society would exist.

THE TWO COVENANTS.

How a God of love could make a bad covenant with man who is the consummation and glory of his creative work is a mystery hard to solve. Who can answer the question of when was God born. We learn from his written word that the Son and the Father were one and the world making was given to the Son to execute. All the covenants God made with his counterpart--man were for man's good. His chosen children Israel broke the first bargain and God made a better bargain with them. He never bartered away a good principal. Every "jot and tittle" of the Decalogue was good. Water runs down hill by force of gravity. It never can disobey that law. The rising and setting of the sun is another of his unchangeable laws. His laws in ethics is as unchangeable as the rising and setting sun. Not a moral or a physical law established by God can be abridged or changed in the least.

All of God's covenants were good. The first: the shedding of blood, typifying Christ to come in the flesh, and the offerings by the two first born, Cain and Able in their sacrifices. Here were offered fruit and blood sacrifices. The blood accepted, the fruit rejected. After the flood blood sacrifices was an ordinance established by the priesthood, having the favor of God with his chosen people. At times these ceremonies were had with the spirit left out. At such times the people were told that God had no pleasure in them and their services. In the Ark the Decalogue was placed inside and the laws of ceremonies in a pocket out side, No candid, reflective person, non-professors or professor, but realizes this fact.

Sunday, First day of the week
A BEGINNING. **Saturday,** Seventh day of the week
REST

E. W. Bruce, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, who, I am told, has charge of five conferences, at Lyons, near Baraboo held revival meetings from September 5, to 23. He gave notice that Sunday evening, Sept. 23 would be his last sermon, and his subject would be "The Sabbath." The evening arrived and the church was filled to the utmost. Mr. Bruce is a rhetorical orator; courteous, intelligent. His plan would look as though he wished to give Sabbaterians a lash and then leave—an unchristian cowardly stroke of policy. There is a Sabbaterian organization in about Baraboo of about 35 or 40 members. I noted down the points of his sermon, but I do not think it profitable to spend much time in arguing upon this tender subject. But candid discussion is desirable to be informed. Mr. Bruce is invited to defend his criticised sermon in a public courteous manner. He being a talented man and representing popular opinions, I take pleasure in plac-

ing his deductions in my little religious pamphlet that I am preparing. Another S. D A kept notes of his Sunday evening, Sept 23 discourse

PROPOSITION AND REVIEW

1. He gave the different views held upon this subject by religionists.

1. It was very clearly and fairly given.

2. The 7th day (Saturday) existed before the "Law"—the decalogue was given at Mt. Sini.

2. True in part, but the decalogue principle exist from Adam to the present time, and was first written at Mt. Sini.

3. The principle not the letter is what we are after.

3. All right. The Godhead of all perfection would not arrange letters, words and sentences with the spirit left out. Nonsense.

4. The ten Commandments were given to the Jews only.

4. Certainly. The oracles of God were committed to the Jews His chosen people and all Christians today are Jews by adoption. The Jews reject Christ, but the oracles are yet with the Jews that are not rebellious. Perfection knows no change.

5. The Covenant was given to the Jews only.

5. Yes. For he had chosen them. They were a chosen people.

6. The new Covenant was given at the Cross.

6. All of Christ's preaching was then under the old covenant, for it was before the crucification. The new covenant was of man's make—a gentile make. The laws of ceremonies would be foolish after the type (Christ's) blood was shed upon the Cross. The type was nailed to the Cross.

7. Christ makes but two laws to take the place of ten, that was given at Sini. they were founded on a principle. The first was compulsion, savagry; even to taking of life if they did not keep them.

7. Those two laws were the two tables of the Decalogue. The four first precepts comprehends our duty to God. The remaining six requires our duty to our fellow man. These two tables truly comprehend our whole duties in this life. To God and to man "on these two hangs the whole law and gospel. God is love. Christ is no more loveable than God. It is impuning God's righteous to cast reflection on him as a bad, wicked law-maker. It is death now to a person who wilfully disobeys the Decalogue. eternal death. "Thou shalt not kill."

"No murderer can enter the kingdom of heaven." The ten commandments are really love principles.

"Honor thy father and mother" is not that love?

"Thou shalt not kill; is not that love?"

"Thou shalt not commit adultery: is not that love?"

"Thou shalt not steal; is that not love?"

"Thou shalt not covet; a love principle, is it not?"

The Sabbath rest principle is love.

The Decalogue is all love.

8. The people sat a day (resurrection day) for great rejoicing, festivities, joyful days of worshipping a risen Saviour.

8. Sabbatarians can heartily join in this joy worshipping, for it stands not in the way of Sabbating.

9. The Law was abrigated, both the decalogue and ceremonial all in one batch.

9. This part has been sufficiently noticed. If I read aright we are to be judged by the Law of God and he that throws dirt in the Lord's face and abrigates his benign laws may be glad to seek repentance sometime when it is too late.

10. The stone of the corner was when it was removed from the grave and the women ran to see the saviour.

10. How proper it was in perfect keeping with Bible Sabbasting for Christ to rest in the grave on the Sabbath, and then to rise on the first day of the week to finish his work; in the same order of his creative week.

11. It is claimed by the Seventh Day Adventist that the Catholics changed the day. The Catholics do not claim that they changed the day,

The truth is that the organization was not completed for nearly a hundred years after, the year 321 A. D. when Constantines edict was giver.

11. Mr. Bruce was mistaken in this statement and I aver there is not a well read Catholic, (and most of them are in C'atacism) that will bear him out in that statement. The C'atacism that he read from refute his statements My own "the Catholic Christian instructed" by the most Rev. Dr. Challoner, New York, 1850, is plain as words can make it; that they do claim to have changed the sabbath from the seventh to the first day, Sunday, giving their reason for doing so. A Catholic priest offers \$1000. reward to any protestant to prove from the Bible that the first day of the week, Sunday is the Sabbath, and says it was the Catholic church that changed the day.

Mr. Bruce in his closing remarks noticed that there was about one Sabbath keeper to 5 or 600 or a 1000 Sunday-Sabbatarians. I took this as a compliment. Please allow me to make a statement, viz: Take the Jew, the Seventh Day Baptist and Seventh Day Advantist are nearer in keeping the Commandments of God than a thousand millions of first day Sabbatists. There are more Buddists in the world than all other religionists put together. Why not join them? Or why not join the Catholics? Unpopular christinity requires thought, truth and force of character to keep a standing against popular false teaching.

Well, now my friend Bruce, I have done my duty in reviewing your Sunday sermon. The attack was made and a rebut called for. I had rather not for the quiet of our village you had opened the matter. This is printed and circulated, as a rebut to sophisticaled errors. Thank you for the opportunity for presenting truth as I understand it. What is there bad about the seventh day Advents? They are a new sect of reformers, increasing rapidly. The Bible their only guide. Their hycenic health restoring plants have become popular. They eschew making a gaudy show of religion practices. They profess to keep the commandments of God the best they can which you declare are abrigated. They are non-combatent. I have heard of but one Seventh Day Advent going to war, and he was drafted in the war of U. S rebellion. Refusing to take the gun or sword, he was heavily punished. The government, by the order of the President than put him

as nurse in a hospital. The members drink no whiskey, beer, tea or coffee nor chew or smoke tobacco. If there is anything bad in all this, be sure to ventilate it friend Bruce.

There never has been a time in the world's history when a reform in Christianity is more needed. Most of orthodoxy agree with friend Bruce that God's laws of love are abrogated. They kill by machine guns and call it honorable. They law with each other; have sectarian quarrels. Their priests have "calls" and accept such that pays them best. They vote to license liquor saloons. United States is a drunken Christian nation. Divorces are common. Aristocracy costly temples. They preach Christ and him crucified, and they crucify him daily. The consequences of all this is that Christianity is merged into infidelity. But oh what beauties there is in true Christianity.

The Sabbath.

My deductions are:

1. The Hebrew word means REST.
2. God ended his six periods of time days in framing the crust of the earth. These periods are distinctly marked and are peopled by low order of life largely reptilian, which were in the end destroyed and a cycotic period for a time existed. A SABBATH. I take Agazis, Winchell, Morris and even Darwin, and the Bible in support of this pre-creation.
3. After the conditions of the earth were in a state for a higher order—I take Moses account—literal as given in the first chapter of Geneses. A surface creation fitted to the wants of man; a consummation evidently from the beginning of all things and ending in man made in his own image. Then HE, the great GOD rested and commanded his counter-part MAN to rest on the Seventh day from his works as a memorial of H-I-M a SABBATH. It is senseable to sabbatise when a hard week's work is done and nonsense to Sabbatise before it is commenced.

Again we have another example given for our benefit by God the Son. He preached and wrought miracles for man's spiritual benefit, His own chosen people crucified him on Friday, the Sixth day of the week, He was buried in Joseph's tomb. On the Seventh day, Saturday, he rested there. SABBATH, Sunday, the First day of the week He was again in activity. These are pertinent reasons for Sabbating by command of Jehovah.

PALESTENA==Parallels.

A country chosen, or rather made for a righteous people, the seed of one man Abraham after they had multiplied to about 500,000 souls were miraculously led by Moses to the PROMISED LAND. This multiplication of Abraham's seed was in Goshen, in the rich delta of the river Nile. They preserved their identity rigidly, notwithstanding their servitude, and had increased according to God's promise "as the sand of the sea."

ITS TOPOGRAPHY.

It typifies the world in miniature—a school house to educate his righteous seed in. A mountainous region not rich in soil. Riches he does not give them. ("a rich man can hardly enter the kingdom of heaven") Life is full of ethical mountains and desert plains. It is the souls of men, he wants not their riches. His birthplace was humble. His teachings of a meek and lowly kind.

THE RIVER JORDAN

head channels are in the Lebanon mountains, south end. Most of its branches are dry except in rainy season, but the main river bursts forth from the foot of Mt. Herman. This sacred river typifies the life of man physically and spiritually. The cliff face of the mountains is several hundred feet high above the opening where the river bursts forth, the birthplace of the sacred stream. It first falls into a pool, its cradle. Next wiggles and squeezes about like a playful babe, until it reaches lake Merum. It leaves its swadling clothes here, and puts on the playful clothing of childhood, jumping down between the rocks and flowers until Cinerath or the Sea of Galilee is reached. Here it spreads itself out into a sea full of life. Villas and cities grew upon its coast. Here Christ made his home upon earth; largely he walked upon its surface, and bade the storm cease.

The Jordan's mission is here fulfilled. But we pass on down its Sinuous course of old age—it gets below the general surface of Earth's face.

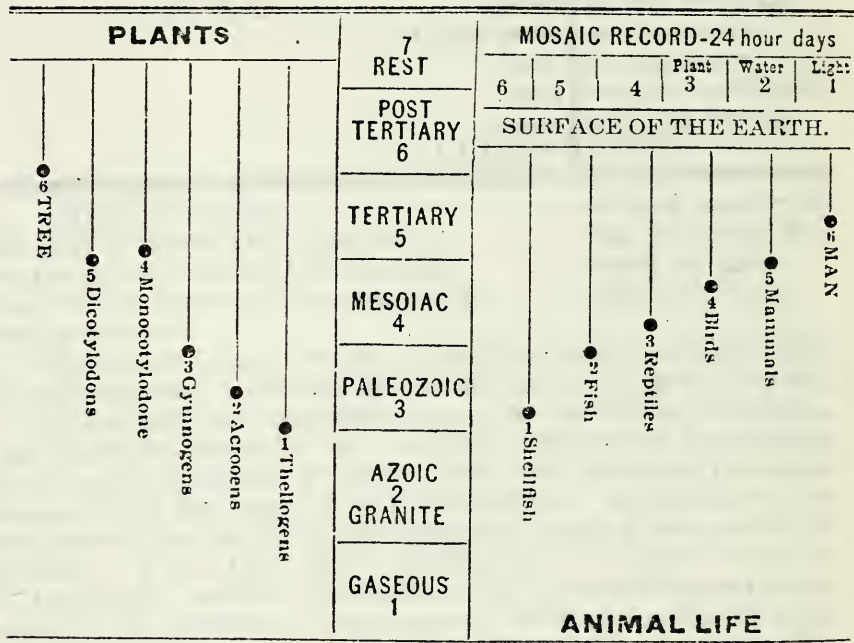
The life-giving principles of its waters at Cinerath has gone to Him who gave it. It is now lowered into its grave 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean surface—a Dead Sea, which has no outlet. A Hell, where the bitter salt becomes crystallized and is no more water.

There is not another river on the face of the globe that can so appropriately be made to fill these six natural conditions of animal life as the Jordan. Why? Because Palestine was God's school house, under the old Covenant, to educate His children in, and the scale of sixes seems to be His general law and this river runs through the center of His school house world as the very life-

blood of it—a sacred river. These beautiful harmonies that exist between God's word and his physical world is strong proof of the truth of His Bible. When we see the truth and understand our weakness is it not wise to obey its wholesome commands which are "JUST and GOOD."

GOD'S LAWS OF SIXES ILLUSTRATED.

A shaft cut through the crust of the earth to the granite.
The Primitive Rock.



CHRIST
 BIRTH
 HIS PREACHING

OLD COVENANT
 CHRIST'S preaching and
 miracles were under the
 old covenant
 keeping the seventh day.
 He rested the seventh
 day in the grave. He
 arose on the first day
 of the week and renewed
 and finished His
 mission on earth and
 ascended to heaven
 CRUCIFIXION

APOSTLES.

NEW COVENANT.

The first 70 years after the cross was the golden age of Christianity. After this it broke up into many conflicting sects.

40 days preaching and finishing His work on earth.
 ASCENSION.

The Apostolic age under the old and new covenants was the only age that Christianity flourished in its great purity.

Christ and his Apostles were Seventh-Day Advents. They kept the seventh day sabbath under both covenants. Christ as He ascended, promised His disciples that He would come again in like manner as He ascended. Hence, all christians should be like our great pattern, Jesus Christ and His Apostles. True, they were unpopular, crucified, boiled in oil, banished, stoned, ridiculed. Our present Seventh-day Advents are ridiculed, imprisoned, worked in chains with criminals, for doing what God, Christ and His Apostles did, commencing work on the first day of the week. God, His Son and His Apostles, were in the Old Sabbatizing scriptures. M. A. N., in the New Covenant. CHANGE THE DAY.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

Jews and Parsees, 15,470,000.	Roman Catholics 225,000,000.
Greek Catholics 84,136,000.	Pagans 227,000,000.
Protestants 114,815,500.	Buddhist 482,600,000.
Brahminical 120,000,000.	Unclassified 150,050,000.
Mohammedans 122,400,000.	

The Festivals of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Q. What are the days which the Church commands to be kept holy?

A. Ist, The Sundays or the Lord's day, which we observe by apostolical tradition, instead of the Sabbath. We have for it the authority of the Catholic Church and apostolical tradition.

Q. Does the scripture any where command the Sunday to be kept for the Sabbath?

A. The scripture commands us to hear the Church, St. Matt. xviii. 17. St. Luke x. 16. and to hold fast the tradition of the Apostles, 2 Thes. ii. 15, but the scripture does not in particular mention the change of the Sabbath. St. John speaks of Lord's day, Rev. i. 10, but he does not tell us what day of the week this was, much less does he tell us that this day was to take place of the Sabbath ordained in the commandments. St. Luke also speaks of the disciples meeting together to break bread on the first day of the week, Acts xx. 7. And St. Paul. 1 Cor. xvi. 2, orders that on the first day of the week the Corinthians should lay by in store what they designed to bestow in charity on the faithful in Judea: but neither one nor the other tells us, that the first day of the week was to be henceforward the day of worship, and the Christian Sabbath: so that truly, **THE BEST AUTHORITY WE HAVE FOR THIS IS THE TESTIMONY AND ORDINANCE OF THE CHURCH.** And therefore, those who pretend to be religious observers of the Sunday, whilst they take no notice of no festivals ordained by the same Church authority, show that they act by humour, and not by reason and religion: since Sundays and holidays all stand upon the same foundation, viz. the ordinance of the Church.

Q. What was the reason why the weekly Sabbath was changed from the Saturday to the Sunday?

A. Because the Lord fully accomplished the work of our redemption by rising from the dead on a Sunday, and by sending down the Holy Ghost on a Sunday: as therefore the work of our redemption was a greater work than that of our creation, the primitive Church thought the day, in which this work was completely finished, was more worthy her religious observation than that in which God rested from the creation, and should be properly called the Lord's day.—Extracts from The Catholic Christian Instructed.

The Priest at Baraboo. Father J. Durward says that E. W. Bruce's declaration relative to the Catholic Church is incorrect, and that Mr. Bruce must have been ignorant of the Catholic Church.

The Christian Church.

(Synopsis of the article, Church, from Wood's Bible Dictionary, 1813. Published for the Methodist Connection in the U. S. A.

OLD TESTAMENT CHURCH—The name originally signified public meeting of persons to consult the common welfare of city or state. It was sometimes given to an unlawful assembly. Acts 19:32, 39, 41. First Cor. 9: 19, 2, 14:32. General Meaning—congregation assembled—Men called of God by the Gospel out of the world of fellowship, obedience and worship of the Lord. From the beginning to the end of the world the Church is continued and is a spiritual, holy, regular and more or less venerable society.

The Old and New Testament Church **AGREE** in essentials, **IN EVERY AGE CHRIST IS THE FOUNDATION AND HEAD.** Salvation of men through Him are the **ENDS** of HER ESTABLISHMENT.

For 2500 years the church seems to have no ordinary governors or officers, but the patriarchs, heads of families were teachers and priests. Gen. 18: 17. Job. :15

For the next 1500 years she was chiefly confined to the Jewish nation, her ceremonial ordinances were exceedingly numerous, and the oracles bestowed on her very extensive

Now the Jews were dispersed into a multitude of places. The great mass would not accept Jesus Christ as the Promised Messiah, hence the gospel was more generally accepted by the Gentiles and continues so to the present time. The Jews rejecting and crucified the Saviour. In order to fulfill the promises the Gentiles were engrafted on the Jewish stock. Hence all true Christians are Jews by promise. Gal. 3: 6, 7, 9, 29.

New Testament Church from the Cross to 66 A. D., Apostolic age was glorious Christianity. Characteristics were diligence, boldness, prudence, were examples in faith, holiness, charity. They surrendered themselves and all that they had, to honor Lord Jesus Christ: denying worldly lusts and living soberly and righteously: would lay down their own lives for their brethren. Truth, honesty, meekness, equity were their characteristics. They did not look to the oracles of men but of God only, and that under whatever circumstances they were placed in. **THE CHURCH WONDERFULLY FLOURISHED.** Such lives provoked jealousy and terrible persecution.

96 A. D., First Nero destroyed a part of Rome, killed Paul and other apostles and burned the bodies of Christians to illuminate his garden with, and John was thrown into a cauldron of oil, but escaped unhurt, and was finally beheaded.

From 92 to 105 Domitian, another monster of cruelty dreadfully persecuted the Church.

About 120 came in an Aryan persecution for nine years and a vast number of Christians were killed.

From 138 to 235 Christian clergy were less bold in spreading the gospel. About this time there was much written against Christianity. These things produced a soul running famine against pure preaching of the gospel.

From 235 to 300 matters grew worse. Purity of Gospel truths gradually decreased. Schism and unions with idolatry were too easily remitted to the church.

From 260 to 302 for a short time more liberty was granted. Then commenced Diocleion's terrible persecutions. In ten years 14000 were chiefly tortured to death: 700000 banished. He seem to have thought that now he had got rid of Christianity. Constantine now comes to the Christian rescue.

In 312 Constantine passed an edict to restore Christinity.

From 323 to the death of Constantine in 333 Christians enjoyed great calm of prosperity. Most of the state offices were held by Christians. He called the council of Nice. In his wars with the heathens, he killed about 150000. They were completely dislodged from the cities, but they largely held the Pagos or villages. Many assumed the Chriatian name who had no cordial regard for religion.

The gospel was spread greatly as far as the Euxine Sea. Now the Arian doctrine came in and the Emperor Constantine was decoyed to favor them not a little and Constantius, his son, who became sole Emperor esposed the Arian cause, and persecuted the orthodox Christains. His cousin Juliansucceeded him, did his utmost to re-establish heathenism and Christians were again persecuted.

In 366 Valens, the Emperor of the East, an Arain, raised a famous persecution of the orthodox and continued it until his death in 375. His successor, Valentihian was more favorable to them. But the terrible schisms of the Arians and one half Arians and Mascedonans, who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, and the continued schisms of the Denotists, together with the hersies of the Phoenicians, who taught that Christ was a mere man and the Holy Gnost no divine person. The Apostitimians taught Christ's flesh consubstantial to the diety, and his divine nature supplies the place of the soul. The Audians taught God to have material body. All these schisms troubled the church.

From 379 to 393 the church had some outward calm. Next were created lordly bishops, arch and sub-deacons, conic signers. They lighted candles, by day in their churches, burned incense in time of prayer and sacraments. They admired celibacy, prayed for departed saints. The priests officiated in robes held sacred. They prayed for the dead and the damned to mitigate

their tortures. Men and women began to live by themselves, thinking to be wholly the Lord's—(Deduced from Wood's Bible Declimatory)

The Apostolic Orthodox Christian church from 66 A. D. where its glorious reign ceased passed through seas of human blood!

"They were cast to wild beasts, beheaded, crucified, burned, drowned, torn to pieces, roasted by gentle fires, holes made in their bodies and melted lead poured in. In Egypt alone, it is said, 130,000 were cut off by violent death and 700,000 banished."—Page 275-7.

From 235 to 300 matters grew worse; the purity of the gospel suffered. For a time Secinees, now Saesar pretended to favor the Christians. But afterwards commenced a persecution. Constantine, his brother-in-law, now a Christain, marched against him in three battles. In the last 100,000 were slain. Sicinus taken and put to death. Christ says; "If thine enemy hunger give him to eat; if he thirst, give him to drink." Constantine says kill him. That is what the United States today says—kill him. Is not Christianity of 1900 bogus. The inhabitants of other countries have become subjects—slaves to the U. S. A.

I have quoted from Wood's Bible Dictionary, Vol. 1, pg. 272 and onward. What a state of wars and cruelty it pictures, to the church and by the church. If sixteen persons can be buried upon onesquare rod it would take an area of the half of Wisconsin of land fit for a cemetery. Among God's people there were no wars until after the exodus, about 3,000 years from Adam. God in his ten Commandments says: THOU SHALT NOT KILL. When his chosen people would be like other nations, the killing commenced. Oh why should not Christians obey God's Commands? They are beauty, love, peace, harmony, prosperity.

How beautiful, how beautiful to live in peace. How damnable; oh how damnable to kill our brother and live in damnable hate.

POLITICAL.

At the first session of congress of the U. S. A., a convention was called for the amendment of the constitution that had been ratified. It assembled September 17, 1787, and its articles were subsequently ratified.

ARTICLE 1. Congress shall make no laws respecting our establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. * * *

These two lines may be compared to gold and diamonds. They bid defiance to kings, monarchs and lords, who are taught to believe that they are born to rule commoners subjects (slaves.) They have ladders for their subjects to go to heaven on. Whereas America puts up no ladders and leaves the person free to negotiate with his maker in his own way. California, and I think one other state are not trammled with any religious law. There is a large and growing religious association constantly lecturing through the country and getting up long petitions to have that article first of the amendments ot

the constitution in part abolished. The American reform association. This amendment has brought from church and state kingdoms, millions of people to the U. S. A., to fully enjoy religious freedom.

OATHS

Are a philosophical error and of course sinful. An Atheist goes into court and swears by God that he will "tell the truth, nothing but the truth, so help me God. He does not believe what he has sworn to, for he believes there is no God" and with consistency could have as well sworn by the devil. Suppose he has sworn to a lie: what is the penalty that God would visit upon him. It would have to be put off until the judgment day. This infidel has spoken to the wind, and ought to be debarred from taking such a false oath. It would be more honorable for him to have affirmed.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS SWEAR?

Oaths should be very carefully made. In the old covenant they were much indulged in and much broken. For such broken pledges they were chastised by God in divers ways. The practices of our courts is a transmittance of heathen custom. Christ's sermon on the Mount says: "Swear not at all."

Civil government should not be connected with ecclesiastical because the civilian in human transaction cannot settle with God for a breach of promise until the judgment day.

We should remember that our above deductions are from Christian authors. Justice demands us to say that very largely where opportunity afforded, retaliated for this persecutions. They did not except in the Apostolic age have any love for their enemies, cruelly retaliated. They seemed to have ignored God's holy and benign laws "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" * *

England and America seem to style themselves the greatest Christian nations in the world. What makes them great Christians? Are they poor in spirit or in purse? Do they "return good for evil?" Does not England boast of her colonies in every part of the globe? Does she not have Lords, Dukes and Knights that enslave the masses? What is a colony but subjects—slaves to an aristocratic few of a home government. Counterwise are they not the most devilish nation on earth!. Yes, Yes, and the U. S. A. cannot boast of her Christianity over much.



AMERICA,

"The land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

Every AMERICAN CITIZEN has

EQUAL AND INALIENABLE RIGHTS.

Besides his civil rights, he is protected in his conscientious views. Art. 1st of the amendments of the constitution of the U. S. says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Our government has wisely entirely separated the religions from the civil matters of state; protecting ALL its citizens even to a minority of ONE in their religious views and practices. At the present time our nation is imperiled by wicked and sinful efforts of organized religious bodies who are very actively engaged in lectures and printed matters to create sentiment against the article in our national constitution that has for the past century given the country quiet and peace and equity. They reason poorly, act unwisely and are neither logical nor wise as we believe. We love the Bible's teaching and endeavor to comply with its requirements, but we should not bridle any one's conscience. Religious bigotry and misguided zeal are man's greatest enemy. The following pages we think are an exegesis of the subject that most any one will be pleased to look over and consider.

We had thought when the preceding page was printed to have bound into the back of our present volume a discussion that occurred before the senate committee of the U. S. at Washington, Dec. 13, 1888, by Alonzo T. Jones upon the "NATIONAL SUNDAY LAW BILL" that was introduced into that body by Senator Blair of New Hampshire and twice read and referred to a committee on education and labor.

Mr. Jones was interrupted in his speech 169 times in 90 minutes: whereas, in the other 18 speeches that preceded his, occupying three hours, there were only 189 questions and counter arguments by all of the members of the committee who were present. The length of the discussion with the many interruptions stenographically reported makes an octavo pamphlet of 191 pp., which is more matter than we care to give, as it is foreign to subjects treated of in "Outline Sketches." This departure may be excused on the ground of the love that an American citizen has for "freedom of conscience, equal rights, freedom of speech and of the press," which has been so fully and freely enjoyed since the adoption of our constitution for over a hundred years.

"CONGRESS SHALL HAVE NO POWER TO LEGISLATE UPON THE SUBJECT OF RELIGION OR TO PROHIBIT THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF." * * (A part of the first article of the amendments of the constitution of the U. S. A.)

The above laconic sentence of but 19 words has made America what it is: "the land of the free and the home of the brave." No potentate, pope, priest, preacher or layman, or even a state of the U. S. can force one unwilling subject to comply in any respect to a religious dogma that his own conscience believes not to be true. Glorious! supremely so!! are these 19 words. They are parallel with the ten commandments of God (Ex. 20). Each are Righteous. The 10 precepts slay the sinner. The "first amendment of the constitution U. S. slays the bigot. The decalogue says "thou shalt not kill." The 19 words puts an estoppel to religious killing via persecutions. A blot has been made upon American freedom by most of the states placing in their constitutions religious articles that exalt some citizens and abridge others in the exercise of their conscientious religious convictions. California has raised freedom's flag as high as the U. S. has by

simply adopting those blessed 19 words as a part of her own constitution.

Jesus Christ taught not compulsion in matters of conscience or religious belief. It was the doctrine of "who so ever will etc." It was advisory; asking, pleading, preaching or prophesying, parabolic, prophetic,

Luke 20:20, And they [the chief priests] watched him, and sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of his words, so that they might deliver him into the power and authority of the governor. They asked, Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto to Cæsar, or no? but he perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, why tempt ye me? Show me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it? They answered and said, Cæsar's. And he said unto them, *Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's.*

To-day the "chief priests" are belaboring congress with immense long petitions and with "craftiness" to entangle congressmen, and work up a vote to crucify the saviour of the U. S. via those immaculate 19 words. The craft is to crucify the 19 words and substitute words that will make the U. S. government a human legally constituted religious government with legislation to follow regulating the penalties. Is there a probability that our fears of the consummation of such an act are groundless? The *National Reform Association* that sprang up 15 or 20 years ago out of the bowels of the reform Presbyterian society has grown to such proportions as to have kindred offsprings and they claim to be in possession of several (7 to 15) million signatures to petitions asking the abolition of those 19 words from the constitutions of the U. S. They have as co-workers and indorsers the Presbyterian, M. E. and Wesleyan Methodists, Catholics, Y. M. C. A. and W. C. T. U. Prohibitionists and probably some other organizations with scholarly and artful men constantly employed in the field as lecturers.

The debate before the U. S. senate committee before referred to was ably conducted and gives the reader opportunity to intelligently weigh the subject upon both sides in the light of reason. The pamphlet, which is a stenographic report, can be had for 25 cents. The advertisement that

follows this article gives the places where they can be procured. We give a little of this debate as a sample.

We can furnish this pamphlet to any person desirous of reading it. From its perusal a person views both sides ably discussed.

ARGUMENT.

Senator Blair.—You have a full hour, Professor. It is now half past one.

Mr. Jones.—There are three particular lines in which I wish to conduct the argument: First, the principles upon which we stand; second, the historical view; and third, the practical aspect of the question.

The principle upon which we stand is that civil government is civil, and has nothing to do in the matter of legislation, with religious observances in any way. The basis of this is found in the words of Jesus Christ in Matt. 22:21. When the Pharisees asked whether it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not, he replied: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto to God the things that are God's."

In this the Saviour certainly separated that which pertains to Cæsar from that which pertains to God. We are not to render to God by Cæsar that which is God's.

Senator Blair.—May not the thing due to Cæsar be due to God also?

Mr. Jones.—No, sir. If that be so, then the Saviour did entangle himself in his talk, the very thing which they wanted him to do. The record says that they sought "how they might entangle him in his talk." Having drawn the distinction which he has, between that which belongs to Cæsar and that which belongs to God, if it be true that the same things belong to both, then he did entangle himself in his talk; and where is the force in his words which command us to render to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar, and to God the things that are God's?

Senator Blair.—Is it not a requirement of God's that we render to Cæsar that which is due to Cæsar?

Mr. Jones.—Yes.

Senator Blair.—If Cæsar is *society*, and the Sabbath is required for the good of society, does not God require us to establish the Sabbath for the good of society? and if

society makes a law accordingly, is it not binding?

Mr. Jones.—It is for the good of society that men be Christians; but it is not in the province of the State to make Christians. For the State to undertake to do so would not be for the benefit of society; it never has been, and it never can be.

Senator Blair.—Do you not confuse this matter? A thing may be required for the good of society, and for that very reason be in accordance with the will and the command of God. God issues his commands for the good of society, does he not? God does not give us commands that have no relation to the good of society.

Mr. Jones.—His commands are for the good of man.

Senator Blair.—Man is society. It is made up of individual men.

Mr. Jones.—But in that which God has issued to man for the good of men he has given those things which pertain solely to man's relationship to God; and he has also given things which pertain to man's relationship to his fellow-men. With those things in which our duty pertains to our fellow-men, civil government can have something to do.

Senator Blair.—Man would obey God in obeying civil society.

Mr. Jones.—I will come to that point. In the things which pertain to our duty to God, with the individual's right of serving God as one's conscience dictates, society has nothing to do; but in the formation of civil society, there are certain rights surrendered to the society by the individual, without which society could not be organized.

Senator Blair.—That is not conceded. When was this doctrine of a compact in society made? It is the philosophy of an infidel.

Mr. Jones.—It is made wherever you find men together.

Senator Blair.—Did you or I ever agree to it? Did it bind us before we were *compos mentis*?

Mr. Jones.—Certainly. Civil government is an ordinance of God.

Senator Blair.—Then it is not necessarily an agreement of man?

Mr. Jones.—Yes, sir, it springs from the people.

Senator Blair.—As to the compact in society that is talked about, it is not conceded that it is a matter of personal and individual agreement. Society exists altogether independent of the volition of those who enter into it. However, I shall not interrupt you further. I only did this because of our private conversation, in which I thought you labored under a fallacy in your fundamental proposition, that would lead all the way through your argument. I suggested that ground and that is all.

Mr. Jones.—I think the statement of the Declaration of Independence is true, that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Senator Blair.—I do not controvert that.

Mr. Jones.—Of all men in the world, Americans ought to be the last to deny the social compact theory of civil government. On board the "Mayflower," before the Pilgrim Fathers ever set foot on these shores; the following was written:—

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant a colony in the northern parts of Virginia; *do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politick* for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts and constitutions, and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the reign of our sovereign, Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth; and of Scotland, the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620."

The next American record is that of the fundamental orders of Connecticut, 1638-39, and reads as follows:

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Allmighty God by

the wise disposition of his diuine prouidence so to order and dispose of things that we, the inhabitants and residents of Windsor, and Hartford, and Wethersfield, are now cohabiting and dwelling in and vpon the river of Conectecotte and the lands thereunto adioyning; and well knowing where a people are gathered together the word of God requires that to mayntayne the peace and vnion of a such people there should be an orderly and decent gouernment established according to God, to order and dispose of the affayres of the people at all seasons, as occasion shall require: *doe therefore associate and conioyne ourselves to be as one publike State or commonwelth; and doe for ourselves and our successors and such as shall adioyne vs att any tyme hereafter, enter into combination and confederation together,* etc.

And, sir, the first Constitution of your United States—1784—in its bill of rights, declares:—

“I. All men are born free and independent; therefore, all government of right originates from the people, *is founded in consent, and instituted for the general good.*”

“III. When men enter into a state of society, they surrender some of their natural rights to that society, in order to insure the protection of others; and without such an equivalent, the surrender is void.

“IV. Among the natural rights, some are in their very nature unalienable, because no equivalent can be received for them. Of this kind are the rights of conscience.”

And in Part 2, of that same Constitution, under the division of the “form of government,” are these words:

“The people inhabiting the territory formerly called the province of New Hampshire, do hereby solemnly and mutually agree with each other to form themselves into a free, sovereign, and independent body politic, or state, by the name of the State of New Hampshire.”

In the Constitution of New Hampshire of 1792, these articles are repeated word for word. They remain there without alteration in a single letter under the ratification of 1852, and also under the ratification of 1877. Consequently, sir, the very State which sends you to this capital is founded upon the very theory which you here deny. This is the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence; it is the doctrine of the Scripture; and therefore we hold it to be eternally true.


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— AND —

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— — — BY A. T. JONES, — — —

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