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Sketches of Wisconsin Pioneer Women

. . . Compiled by . . .

FLORENCE CHAMBERS DEXHEIMER

State Historian of the
Daughters of the American Revolution
in Wisconsin

PRESS OF
W. D. HOARD & SONS CO.
FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

MRS. GEORGE W. DEXHEIMER
State Historian

PREFACE

Pioneer Sketches is the result of an effort by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wisconsin, to preserve, as far as possible the story of those sturdy mothers of pioneer days who gave of their best to their community and state, and by so doing left not alone a legacy we may enjoy but an obligation for us to carry on—to stand for those principles of right living, careful judgment, and loving consideration for others, which was characteristic of all their lives.

As State Historian I have endeavored to give the idea and gather in the material, but have made no attempt to rewrite or change any of the papers. They are yours, given to you by the loyal hands that wrote the stories, some not used to writing but the story is there and full of interest.

F. C. D.

* * *

This book is dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wisconsin as a token of appreciation for their willing co-operation in the work for our State, especially to those who contributed the papers, and the Regents who by their continual efforts made this book possible.

My one regret is that every chapter is not represented.

From Eastern home was seen the shining vision
The wonderous vision of the state to be—
"Thou art the one", each listener heard whispered,
"Shalt help unveil the new land, wild and free".
So westward as the guiding star directed,
Were journeys from the hills or plains, or sea.

O happy folk, who saw the waving prairies,
Green billow underneath June's azure skies,
And gaze with wonder at majestic forests
Where, in the future dome and spire should arise.
Who felt good mother earth grow warm with welcome,
And with each other learned to sympathize.

Ay, learned to share anothers grief or gladness,
To give from much or halve the scanty hoard;
To make the cabin's walls grow wide as mansions,
To welcome friends or strangers at the board
To break the sod for schoolhouse or for planting,
To raise a simple structure to the Lord.

They labored with a thoughtful, steadfast purpose
In serving plow or scythe, or loom or wheel,
They joined in quilting bees, and husking frolics,
And danced the plain old fashioned country reel;
They offered useful gifts at feasts or weddings,
They nursed the sick and helped with herbs to heal.

With broader thought New England's austere bearing
Grew gentle as around the wide hearth stone
They gave an orphaned child the warmest corner,
And held a "bound" boy, even as their own;
With hope they looked upon each life beginning,
In silent sorrow left their dead alone.

Their lives were hard—yes, very hard but joyous,
'Twas theirs to know the flush of nature's morn
To feel the peace of winter nights enfolding,
To greet each day with courage newly born;
Still theirs to gaze beyond at glowing sunset,
And find the beauty that could souls adorn.

Brave men and women—pioneers heroic;
We see times clock turn back its score of years,
And sound their hour of spirit sacrificial;
Of faith that showed the way and knew no fears;
So, on the altar lay we now a tribute;
Our heart's best love, of closest kin to tears.

—MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK.
John Bell Chapter.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. PECK

Author—Mrs. Marcia B. Ferguson
Milwaukee

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Peck was born about 1838 in Windsor, Vermont. When three years of age her father moved to Palmyra, Wisconsin. There she spent her girlhood and at seventeen went to Milwaukee to attend the Female Seminary (now Milwaukee Downer College) under Miss Mary Mortimer, who was then the President. Her marriage to James Sidney Peck June 29, 1870 of Milwaukee followed her graduation. The wedding being performed in Palmyra. Mrs. Peck always took a prominent part in religious, educational and social work in the city. For many years a communicant of St. Pauls Episcopal church, she was active in church and benevolent work and did a great deal for young men coming to Milwaukee as strangers.

She, with the help of Julia Ward Howe and others, started the first woman's club in Milwaukee, October 9, 1876. Later the same club was formed into the first Woman's Stock Companies in the country, building the Athenaeum in which the Woman's Club have always held their meetings. Mrs. Peck held the Presidency in both organizations. In 1892 Mrs. Peck was appointed State Regent for Wisconsin by the National Board D. A. R.

Though she entered the field with great enthusiasm, the work lagged at first, it being almost impossible to induce people to take the trouble to look up their claims, but she worked heroically—wrote hundreds of letters, and though defeat stared her in the face—the word "fail"

was not in Mrs. Peck's vocabulary and she finally succeeded in getting members enough in Milwaukee to form a Chapter which was organized February 14, 1893. She gave to the state ten years of bountiful service. She was a member of the Mayflower descendents and founded the Society and was its first Governor. Also a charter member of the Colonial Dames in Wisconsin. She founded the Consumers League in Wisconsin with the help of Mrs. Nathan of New York and was instrumental in securing Saturday's afternoon closing for the department stores in summer.

She was an active member of the Mission Band, a Charitable organization. She was instrumental in starting Mrs. Sheldon's History Class—was secretary and treasurer of the Industrial School for girls at different times. Was made chairman of the Biannual of Womans Clubs held in Milwaukee. Wrote without dictation 2500 letters and personally raised $2,000.00 from business men for that Convention. Three trips to Europe gave her a glimpse of other countries, and during the last, she wrote and published a book called "Travels in the Far East."

With her incessant public duties, entertainments were frequent, and an open house for all friends. She was extraordinarily business like—had a wonderful memory and no one ever appealed to her in vain.

On July 17, 1909, Ellen M. Hayes Peck passed on, alone and instantly.

Her kind and generous disposition making her universally beloved and being tactful to an unusual degree, every organization to which she belonged felt that it had met with an irreparable loss.

MRS. EDWARD, MARCIA B. FERGUSON
Historian of the Milwaukee Chapter for many years.

SARAH JANET WOOD BALDERSTON

Author—Grace Balderston Daly
Wisconsin Rapids

In a little brown house, on top of the hill, at the corner of Third and Vine Sts. lived "Grandma".

It seems quite fitting that she occupy a place among the pioneer women of Wisconsin—having lived for more than seventy years in this same little house.

Sarah Janet Wood was born in Seneca Falls, New York, June 24, 1834. Her mother was Hester Jane Kirtland, descended from Robert Chapman, born 1616 in Hull, England, who came to Boston in 1635.

Her father was Joseph Wood, who's ancestor, Daniel Wood lived in Boxford, Massachusetts in 1630, and was also of English descent.

When a wee little girl, Sarah Janet came with her people to Fort Hill, Illinois, Chicago then being a mere trading post. Her family lived some years on the Illinois farm, where in 1843 the mother died.

Joseph Wood, the father, was a born pioneer, and in 1846 he came ajourneying into the wilds of Wisconsin, and finding the pine lands good, he built a home, and for him Wood County was named.

Three times he made the long journey with teams, from Illinois to Grand Rapids with the little daughter, before she would stay in the Indian country. A new mother, Matilda Compton, and small brothers coming during these years, helped to make life less lonely for the little girl Janet.

My mother often told us that on one of these journeys her father brought one wagon filled with pinks, lilac and honeysuckle bushes, "York State" roses, and "pineys", Lombardy poplars and Balm of Gilead, packed by the capable hands of her step-mother, thus starting these shrubs and trees in this section of the country.

Mother told us many interesting tales of the early days. She says there is no question about whom the law-abiding feared most in those days—the red men or the river men.

The Indians were very numerous and very peaceful, but the river men were inveterate fighters and worse drinkers.

She often told us that the coming of the stage was always an event. One day it brought Thomas Scott with two barrels of merchandise. On the corner where the Wood Co. National Bank now stands, Thomas emptied the barrels, put boards across them, spread out his merchandise and went into business.

The same Thomas Scott who later became a moneyed man in Wisconsin and who founded our T. B. Scott Public Library. In those days this was Portage County, Plover being the county seat, and many a night the young people drove to Plover, sixteen miles, (horse power—not motor) to dances.

Dances and candy pulls, sleigh rides and the Ladies' Aid Society furnished entertainment for these peaceful people, and the lumber-jacks furnished the thrills.

When Sarah Janet Wood was nineteen, she was wooed and won by William Balderston from Baltimore, Maryland.

The courtship was a stormy one, and on February 12, 1853, the lovers eloped. The would-be bride went down to the "Wisconsin House", operated by George A. Neeves and his good wife Mary, to meet the other members of the bridal party. The groom had a team and sleigh ready nearby, but as the wedding party crossed the road, the irate father saw them and then trouble began.

The bridesmaid ran madly up "Pumpkin Hill", pursued by the bride's father. By the time he discovered his mistake, his daughter, in the arms of the best man, was carried over a creek, and minus one slipper, was taken down Third Street, then an Indian trail, to a mill boarding house, operated by friends.

Here the wedding party once more gathering, the bride was loaned some shoes, and after hours of driving, they reached New Buffalo, Sauk County, Wisconsin. There in the early morning they routed the Justice of the Peace out of bed, and standing by the kitchen stove the marriage vows were taken.

July 3rd the same year, 1853, mother moved into her home on what is now known as Third Street, the only other building on the street being the mill boarding house.

Pine trees, raspberry and black berry bushes filled the country round about. Father named the street High Street in memory of one in Baltimore, tho it was commonly known as "Quality Row" until a few years ago.

Gradually "the neighbors" came to the south end of town, the Sampsons, the Neeves and the Scotts' the Butterfields and the Rowes, the Wheelans, Whitneys, Purdys and Smiths. The Kromers and Fritzsingers, the Witters and Webbs, the Lunts and the Woodworths, the Naylors and Moshers, the Wordens and Comptons, the Berniers, the Sweeneys, the Robert Grace family; and a little later, the Emmons, La Breche, Belanger, Bezoir, Bell Farrish and Lyon families, the Warrens, and La Vignes, each to help make history, and all to lend a helping hand.

Trained nurses were unknown in those days, and countless are the bed-sides where these pioneer women have served.

"Auntie" Sampson, Nancy Smith, "Auntie Lem" Kromer and Janet Balderston were famous nurses in those days, and scores of Grand Rapids children were given their first bath by these willing faithful hands. Many a tooth has Grandma Balderston pulled by the good old method of tying a stout string to the offending member and giving an equally stout pull. And the ears she has pierced for "stylish" little lassies.

Mother told us her first telephone was a piece of red flannel hung on the front of the house to signal Mrs. Henry Jackson, who lived on the west bank of the Wisconsin river. This meant "I'm coming over", and there being no bridge, the row-boat journey began.

Mother saw the Indian trails become paved streets, the one story shanties grow into brick and stone structures, the ferry replaced by the toll-bridge, that by the by the steel bridge—and then the concrete—the ox-cart give place to the horse, and to see the horse fast losing his place for the automobile.

My mother was a constant reader, her mind being exceptionally keen, and her interest in politics and all present day happenings was quite remarkable.

She lived through four wars. The man who became her husband served in the Mexican war; she was one of the women who helped make the flag presented to Captain John Compton's Company serving in the Civil War. Then came our war with Spain. And her only grandson served over-seas in the World War.

Eight children were born to my mother, three of whom are living. Our house was always open, a stopping place for all our school friends, boys and girls. For the grandchildren and their school-mates.

Mother was a true exponent of the word "neighbor", her willing hands always doing and giving, her cooky-jar always open to children's hands.

She was a member of Ah-dah-wa-gam Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution.

Possessed of a wonderful memory—she was always —even to the end, a source of inspiration to those who came in contact with her.

On February 2, 1924, she slipped quietly away to the "far country". And on the 5th of February the "Neighborhood Grandma" was carried forth from the little house she entered as a bride nearly seventy-one years before.

Carried by the sons of pioneers—whose fathers and mothers helped make Wisconsin history.

"She hath done what she could."

Written by her daughter, Grace Balderston Daly, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

MARY ANN OLCOTT

Librairian

Author—Georgia A. West, Oshkosh

Mary Ann Olcott was born in 1837 in Moriah, Essex County, New York, and is therefore 86 years old. Her mother's people belonged to the industrial class of New Englanders. Her father, descended from revolutionary ancestors, was engaged in the lumbering business. When Miss Olcott was seven years of age, her parents moved to Wisconsin. They started in a steamboat at Port Henry, a little town near their home, on Lake Champlain, went down through Lake George and connecting rivers to the Hudson, through the Erie Canal to Buffalo, stopping off at Rochester to visit her mother's people. From Buffalo they came by packet through the lakes to Milwaukee. Here they stayed about three years when they moved to Oshkosh, the family traveling on the Green Bay stage, their household goods going by team. In Oshkosh, a village of about 800, about 1847, Mr. Olcott bought the Winnebago Tavern, one of the two public houses in the town at the time. About 1850, Mr. Olcott sold out and moved his family to his father's farm three miles from the small settlement of Oshkosh. The seven years spent on the farm Miss Olcott always speaks of as seven wasted years. While living in town she attended the only school in town at the time which was a little log schoolhouse. When Mr. Raymond opened a private school during the early 50's before there was a public high school, Miss Olcott boarded in town and entered the school. She paid one dollar a week for her board and room. Later on Miss Russell opened a private school for girls and Miss Olcott finished her education there. She taught a few months but did not enjoy the work so gave it up. The family moved into town again in 1857 and Miss Olcott is still living in the house her father built at that time at 151 High Street.

In 1870 and 1871 Miss Olcott assisted her sister in managing a library which had been started by a stock company two years previously. It had run out of funds and the books had been moved to a room in the office of Judge Cleveland which he had offered free of rent. How to keep the library open without funds was a problem but in 1872 Miss Olcott took entire charge of the library and in various ways she kept it going raising a little money through monthly fees and book rentals till in 1875 it was burned with the whole business section of Oshkosh. Everyone was lamenting the library when it was found Miss Olcott through her wonderful foresightedness had insured the books for $1200 the previous year.

Miss Olcott invested the whole sum in books and opened the library at her home. She maintained it there for three months, then moved it first to one store building then another, till she was finally allowed to place it in a room in the post office building. Here it remained till 1891 during which period Miss Olcott paid the rent from revenues received from book rentals, bought coal, wood, and gas and was her own janitor. Miss Olcott mothered the library as she would a child, it seemed her one ambition to keep the library open and to keep improving it. She served the public faithfully, was supposed to receive a monthly salary of $10 but for four years of that time she did not receive anything. When she was obliged to move from the post office building Miss Olcott packed the books and stored them for five years. In 1896 she was given a space in the City Hall and opened a free library which she maintained till 1900. Miss Olcott was the sole librarian from 1872 till 1900, twenty-eight years. Then as the result of her efforts a library building was built. She had persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Harris, well-to-do people of Oshkosh, to bequeath their property to the city for a library. This they were willing to do as their daughter who had recently died had taken so much pleasure in Miss Olcott's library. The $75,000 which they left was to be increased by an equal

amount from the city. This was done and Miss Olcott had the great pleasure of seeing her beloved books housed in a magnificent building. The library was put in charge of a Library Board and Miss Olcott made reference librarian on a salary. This position she held till her health failed.

In 1895 Miss Olcott helped form a club called the Old School Girls. All those were elegible who attended the first elementary schools and the high school previous to 1862. Miss Olcott was elected first president. They met once a year regularly reading the minutes of each previous meeting, containing always the names of those present. They were often entertained between times by different members of the club and spent many happy hours together reminiscing of old school days together. There were originally 31 members but the number has been gradually reduced through death to ten. One of the first by-laws enacted by the club was to appoint August 2 of each year a memorial day on which flowers should be placed on the graves of the departed ones.

Miss Olcott had been asked many times to sit for a portrait to hang in the library but always modestly refused. The Old School Girls finally took it upon themselves to have it done without her knowledge. Mr. L. Merton Gruenhagen who had recently returned to Oshkosh after having attained success in Europe as a portrait painter was asked to paint her portrait unbeknown to her. This he did and also made a frame for it of solid wood hand-carved in a simple modest design. On May 13, 1908 a formal presentation of the portrait was made by the Old School Girls to the library board. All the Old School Girls were present and it was a very happy occasion for all.

Miss Olcott's life was the library. The evidence of the success of the library is evidence of the success of her life.

BETHANIA CRANDALL DUNLAP

Elkhorn, Wisconsin

Author—Mrs. Ruth Wales Isham

Bethania, seventh of nine children of Richard Crandall and Abigail Crane (descendant of Jonathan Crane, Revolutionary soldier) was born at Burdette, Tompkins County, New York, December 28, 1829; she was educated at Courtlandville public school and academy and taught in the village. Later she attended the normal school at Albany from which she was graduated with honor in 1849.

She came to Walworth County, Wisconsin in 1852. She then received a certificate from Hon. Charles M. Baker which admitted her to Wisconsin teachership and taught in Beloit, Wisconsin.

December 21, 1853 she married Charles Dunlap, then a resident of North Geneva and their children were born and raised to maturity there. Her marriage and motherhood did not withdraw her wholly from keenly intelligent interest in general reading, special study and the progress of history-making events; nor did these matters of the great world beyond her threshold make her a whit less the helpful wife and careful mother. She neither sought nor found literary eminence, but she was often an unknown contributor on such topics of general interest as well befit the pen of a clearly-seeing, kindly-judging, womanly woman—and on such topics as "Inconsistencies, Enjoyment of Life, The Old Kitchen and its Influence, Weeds and Work While You Work", are found among her subjects. For many years she wrote for the Rural New Yorker.

She, like the sturdy pioneers worked industriously and lived plainly, but they were no more averse to amusements than their descendants are at this day. One particular enjoyment was the Donation parties which were held during the winter. Every one went regardless

of his individual opinions. It was often noticed with smiles that as many as eight babies were asleep on the same bed. They had little money to give but of the necessities of life they gave with lavish generosity.

A trip to town to purchase dry goods and other supplies, made in a lumber wagon with a grasshopper seat, as it was called, freshened the toilers on the farm. The County Fair was a boom not only to the farmers, bound to a rut in his methods, but to the busy farmer's wife it brought a needed and healthful change.

The work of these enduring spirits opened the way for churches, schools and other desirable and important helps to society.

As accessible markets were opened near their homes, some of the openhanded generosity of the old times changed to more careful attention to the yearly revenue. The foot peddler who carried his stock tied up in a couple of bandanna handkerchiefs was no longer entertained over night free of cost, that the familly might look over his supply of needles, pins, thread, and other necessities, buying carefully of him what they needed.

The free off-hand speech of casual acquaintances who saw in each other warm friends has changed to more conventional greetings.

Cultivation has done much to change the face of the country, as well as to increase the fortunes of the tillers of the soil. The rolling prairie and the adjacent woodland is as beautiful as ever to the practical eye, perhaps more so, but the lovely wild flowers have disappeared. The cattle that grazed over the pastures, together with the plow and the drag have left hardly a vestige of the painted-cup, the dainty fringed gentian, cardinal flower and the lady slipper which have given place to the weeds of scientific farming.

The fiftieth anniversary of Mrs. Dunlap's wedding finds many changes that time has wrought; the children have each found his own station in the busy walks of life; the neighbors in that pioneer life on the farm have

long since scattered, many lie buried in the old cèmetery on the hill and of the Yankee colony which entered the land and settled these fertile prairies scarcely one remains.

September 24, 1904 her death came after a trying illness.

Of her it was written "To know her casually was to confide at once in her perfect integrity and her entire freedom from conventional falsehood and hollowness. The graciousness of her face and manner was the true reflection of a heart that knew neither deceit nor unkindness."

CHARLOTTE OWISCONSIN VAN CLEVE

Author—Helen M. Purdy
Portage, Wisconsin

In looking backward over the records of the early history of the State of Wisconsin, then a territory, the name of Mrs. Van Cleve seems to stand out more prominently than any of the pioneer women, although there were many brave women who gave the best years of their lives to the upbuilding of the state.

Mrs. Charlotte Owisconsin Van Cleve was born at Fort Crawford, July 1, 1819, and was the daughter of Major Clark. She was born one hour after they arrived at the Fort. It had been a long tedious journey from the east, and the Major had orders to remain at Fort Crawford sometime to rest before proceeding still further into the territory.

Her father, Lieutenant afterwards Major Nathan Clark, had orders to proceed to the head water of the Mississippi there to establish a fort to be called Fort Snelling. It was a long tedious journey from the east, part way by stage and part way by water. All were glad to reach Fort Crawford with orders to rest awhile. Just one hour after arriving at the fort, Mrs. Charlotte Owisconsin Van Cleve was born and was the first white

child to be born in the state. The officers of the fort welcomed the little stranger and were the ones who bestowed the name of Owisconsin on the newcomer. She was called the daughter of the regiment. Some years later her father was ordered to Fort Winnebago, leaving the daughter in school at St. Louis. Later she came to the fort, arriving just at sunset and the flag was being lowered. A fine looking soldier was lowering the flag. Enquiring of her father who the fine looking soldier was, she was told it was Lieutenant Van Cleve. Two years later she became his wife and enjoyed a long happy wedded life.

Lieutenant Van Cleve was a gallant officer in the Civil war, became a Colonel of the 2nd Minnesota and retired with the rank of Major General. Their home for many years was at Minneapolis, yet she always looked back to Wisconsin as her early home.

Her life was devoted to good works. She was a teacher, author and philanthropist. Her noble deeds have been a blessing to every community where her lot had been cast. She was married to Lieutenant Van Cleve March 22, 1836 at Fort Winnebago.

In 1897 Mrs. Van Cleve visited Portage by invitation of the ladies and was taken to the spot where Fort Winnebago once stood and drank from the same well which so many years before furnished water for the fort, and which is still in use. She was disappointed to find the old fort had entirely disappeared, even the flag staff was missing where she first saw the young officer who became her husband two years later. One of her books "Three Score Years and Ten" tells of the arrival at Fort Winnebago where kind friends gave them a hearty welcome and where she spent several happy years. The last years of her life were spent with her son at Minneapolis. I have not been able to learn the date of her death. Her father, Major Nathan Clark died at Fort Winnebago, was buried in the cemetery there and afterwards taken to Connecticut.

JANE JENNINGS

Author—Nettie Jennings Monroe

Jane Jennings was the daughter of John and Ann MacIntyre Jennings, and the third child of a family of twelve children. They lived on a farm about two miles from the village of Monroe, Wisconsin.

Jane's mother often said "Jane was once a little girl but never a child". She never romped and played as the other children did.

At the age of five Jane assumed responsibilities and duties in caring for the children younger than herself, she was her mother's constant helper. She was the leader of the family.

At the age of sixteen she taught in country schools, she was a great reader and constantly improving herself; she never read cheap literature, the best to be had was her choice and in this way perfected her own English which was faultless.

Courage, charity and self-sacrifice were her greatest characteristics with innate refinement that gave her retiring nature a manner which appeared unresponsive and cold. It was difficult to understand why her thoughts were always for others and never for herself.

In 1864 there were thousands of wounded and sick soldiers lying in Armory Square hospital, Washington, D. C., one of these soldiers was her brother, Dudley. Jane made up her mind that her brother and other wounded soldiers needed her help in nursing them, she had had experience in nursing members of her family.

Her preparations were few, she put her wearing apparel in an old valise and started for Washington. It meant something in those days to take such a trip and especially by one who had not been a hundred miles from home.

She took sufficient lunch to last her to Washington,

her trip was in a day coach and she was two days and two nights on the train. She landed safely (she always did) and after finding a room to deposit her valise, she started for the hospital, she found it, presented herself to Miss Dorothy Dix, who was head nurse. Miss Dix heard her story, then asked her how old she was, Jane told her. Miss Dix shook her head and said "We do not take any one under thirty years of age." Jane was disappointed but not discouraged. Miss Dix asked her if her mother approved of her coming. Jane told her she did, her mother prepared her lunch.

Jane's splendid courage never deserted her, she sought her brother and talked it over. He told her Dr. Bliss was in charge of all the army hospitals in Washington.

Jane found Dr. Bliss, she told him her story. He was greatly impressed with this serious and determined young woman, who was tall and so slender she almost looked frail. Dr. Bliss told her he would give her a chance to nurse the soldiers in tents; there were many of them from the over-crowded hospitals. She began as an assistant nurse; in two weeks she was placed in charge of a number of tents directing others. For over a year she gave her entire time to the soldiers (without compensation) until all tents were vacated by soldiers going home and being removed to main building. Dr. and Mrs. Bliss became her life-long friends.

She was given a position in the United States Treasury; she did not remain here long on account of her health, which had been over-taxed by her constant nursing. She took up journalism; her first letters were published in the Janesville (Wis.) Gazette, then the Milwaukee Sentinel, Chicago Tribune, Inter-Ocean, Springfield, (Mass.) Republican, Boston Transcript, New York Times, New York Tribune and New York Independent. The latter two papers she wrote for for many years, the Independent until a few weeks before her last illness.

In 1872 she bought a home in the town of Monroe and moved the family into it. This was a very comfort-

able home and beautifully located. She retained this home for any of the family as long as she lived.

She made several trips abroad, traveled in Austria, Belgium, France, England, Scotland and Ireland. She spent a winter in Italy, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, our American Consul at that time. During all her travels she wrote for New York papers; her graphic descriptions of scenery, folk-lore, environments, etc. were exceedingly interesting. She also visited Alaska, and much interested in the development there.

Later she went to Hawaii, where she was much disappointed in being unable to visit Father Damien, who was in charge of the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. The conditions for landing on the Island at that time were uncertain and dangerous; women were not permitted to take the risk.

In 1898 she joined Clara Barton in Cuba, and again devoted her time to nursing soldiers lying in hospitals at Sandiago. She remained here until a ship load of convalescent soldiers were sent to New York; the boat was over crowded. Miss Jennings was the only woman nurse on the vessel. When they were well out at sea an operation was performed on one of the soldiers. She was present and assisted at the operation; she insisted upon this soldier being given her state room, saying "A cot will do for me; put it anywhere, this man must be made comfortable." She gave him constant care; she saw him placed in an ambulance in New York to be taken to a hospital. Again she declined compensation for her services as a nurse to soldiers.

About four years later, she was passing the Ebbit Hotel one day when a big bronzed and healthy fellow came dashing after her and called her by name. She turned and looked at him. He said, "Miss Jennings don't you remember me, you saved my life." She could not recall ever having seen him before. He laughed and said, "Do you remember the man on the Seneca, the one that was operated on and you gave him your state-room —They took about a gallon of pus out of my lungs at that time—I'm the man."

She never lost interest in her state or her home town. She was interested in every project that had an uplift to it. She was interested in the schools, and served on the school board, she was called to Madison a number of times when the legislature was in session for consultation on educational matters. She believed in the practical education that would lead to useful development and not the theoretical kind; she believed in community interest for all the children and their education. Her great sympathy was always with the poor and downtrodden and believed 99 per cent of unfortunates were victims of circumstances.

She believed the Red Cross was one of the greatest blessings given to humanity; she also believed that Clara Barton was the founder of the Red Cross in America. She and Miss Barton were devoted friends for many years. She taught and demonstrated First Aid to all ages from ten years to thirty years.

In 1910 she published two books, one the "Blue and the Gray," the other "Abraham Lincoln, the Greatest American." The latter named book was from the depths of her heart, she cherished the memory of Lincoln with great devotion; she thought him one destined by God to do a great mission, he was her ideal of an American.

Jane Jennings was always a busy woman. She looked upon idleness as a sin, industry a virtue, work a blessing that all might share. Reading was recreation for her, and especially newspapers. She believed a good newspaper was a great educator, and every home should have one for the family to read, it kept them in touch with the topics of the day. She never lost interest in government affairs, she was 100 per cent pure American.

The beginning of her last illness was in Monroe, July 7, 1915. One of her sisters came from Washington and remained with her until October, when she had sufficiently recovered to make the trip to Washington, here she was given every attention and comfort to be had. She died December 30, 1917. She is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Monroe, Wisconsin.

MRS. ARTHUR M. JANES

Author—Jennie Janes

Antigo

It is with a feeling of deep appreciation of the honor the D. A. R. Chapter of Antigo have extended to me in asking for my personal history for the national D. A. R. publication "Pioneer Sketches of Wisconsin Women," that I write these lines.

My father, Christopher Hill, was born in the state of New York in 1835, and my mother, Rachel Rice, was born of English parents in a village near Quebec, Canada, in 1838. Both having come to the village of Winneconne, Wisconsin with their parents, they met and were married in 1856.

I was born on January 31, 1860.

The first memory I have of my father was his return from the Civil War. Like most men who gave themselves to their country at that time, he had to make a new start in life and with his family came to Northern Wisconsin, settling on land near Clintonville, where he made a home and for a few years was quite a successful farmer and lumber operator.

Most people of northern Wisconsin are quite familiar with the old military road. It was constructed during the Civil War for military purposes, but it proved to be the gateway to the wonderful pine and hardwood forests of that section of the state and especially of Langlade County. It seems that a great part of this road was built over old Indian trails and is known among tourists of the present day as the Indian Trail.

During the early 70's, after the pine forests of central Wisconsin had become depleted, the large lumber companies turned their attention to the great tracts of timber lands north of the Menominee Indian Reservation. This reservation was something over twenty miles across and as no white people were allowed to live within its

borders, the only hotel accommodations were two or three stopping places, as they were called, kept by Indians. As may be imagined, they were very inadequate for the great number of men who had to drive over the Military road, through the reservation to reach the lumber camps.

It was in midwinter of 1874 that my father, hearing of the extreme need of hotel accommodations for the lumbermen on the Military Road, purchased land just north of the Indian Reservation, and built what was known as The Log Cabins. As it was twenty-seven miles from a lumber yard the cabins were almost literally hewn from the forest. There were a few loads of lumber hauled from Shawano, used for flooring, doors and window frames, but the roofs were covered with what were called shakes. They were made by hand, split from cedar logs. These were replaced the following year by shingles and the cabins were made very comfortable and cozy in the interiors, but during the seven or eight years the place was our home, with the exception of adding more buildings, the cabins remained the same.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that a clean, wholesome place where the food was good and plentiful was immensely appreciated by the lumbermen. Many would drive far into the night to reach The Log Cabins.

In recalling those days I can still hear the sounds of quiet summer evenings. The rumble of a heavily loaded wagon far down the road—the murmer of the river over the distant rapids—the hooting of owls across the river—the plaintive notes of a whippoorwill in a nearby tree.

The first summer we were there some of the lumber operators brought their families or friends with them and after visiting their camps would be our guests while enjoying the hunting and fishing. They were just as enthusiastic those days over the Northern Wisconsin climate, and out door sports of the woods as people are at the present time, and after the first summer we were never without a fishing party or two, sometimes the cabins being filled to their capacity.

There was one party that stands out vividly in my memory. It was composed of four ministers, each one from a different state. Of all the people we entertained I think they were the most appreciative. I can clearly remember the wonderful catch of speckled trout they made, and how proud they were of their skill as fishermen. But what has been the most happy memory of their visit, was the little service they held in our dining room, the Sunday they were with us. There were just those four ministers and our family, including three or four of our help. The lesson, one of them read, was the sixth chapter of St. Matthew. It has always been one of my favorite chapters since that time.

I think I am safe in saying this was one of the first religious services held in the Langlade County, long before it was a county, and that "The Log Cabins" was the first summer resort of Northern Wisconsin.

In recalling those days I am reminded of how bountifully nature had provided for the early settlers. People could have lived and planned a well balanced diet from the wild game and fruits of the plains and forests. Only for the Indians we would have reaped little benefit from these provisions of nature, but they were glad to trade for the supplies father kept in a well filled storehouse. We had only to order venison, partridge, trout or other wild meats or fish to have them promptly delivered.

During the berry season it was nothing unusual to see a caravan of Indian ponies drive into our yard, each burdened with a box on either side of blueberries or blackberries. They also brought us in their seasons cranberries, wild plums and grapes.

In the spring of the year we purchased maple sugar from them. They made their sugar like the brown sugar of commerce today, in a granulated form and we melted and cleaned it for syrup. We not only used it ourselves but sent hundreds of pounds to friends and others of the cities who ordered through us. They sold it in containers made of birch bark and in any size from five to fifty pounds. The Indians called these containers moocoks.

In following the old Military Road, now called County Trunk Line "A," tourists pass Rice Lake. In those early days the Indians gathered the wild rice and through some process of their own invention, they prepared it for table use. We learned to use it and it came to be one of the favorite dishes on our table. The wild rice was in its natural state, with the valuable mineral food elements unchanged.

I could mention the occasional finding of a bee tree from which we gathered many pounds of honey and other wild foods, that space will not allow me to describe.

The wilderness was our flower garden. From the first trailing Arbutus of spring to the last Goldenrod of autumn, we gathered wild flowers for our table. I have never since seen some of the flowers we found there.

It was on February 13, 1879 that I was married to Arthur Martin Janes, who had become manager of The Log Cabins since my father had been engaged in the lumber business. In March of 1882 we moved to Antigo, Langlade County, Wisconsin, then in its infancy, where we have since lived.

I have heard the statement that women's lives are divided into three periods—the first twenty years to prepare for her life work, the second twenty to the rearing of her family and the remainder of her life to doing for others. It proved to be the rule of my life, as my nine children were born within a period of twenty-two years.

We have been so blessed in our children. Through their varied occupations and interests, life is so broad and full that we have no time to think of growing old.

I remember a conversation I took part in some years ago when the subject under discussion was our ideas of what heaven would be. Some one quoted a noted Bishop as saying it was just a continuation of our life in this world with none of its sadness and suffering. I remember saying at that time, and still can say, that I could wish for no greater happiness than to keep on watching and doing for my loved ones, and lending a helping hand to whomsoever needed help.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent
Beloit

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born September 28, 1839, in Churchville, New York. Her parents were Josiah Flint Willard and Mrs. Mary Thompson Hill Willard. Her brother, Oliver, was five years her senior.

In 1842 they removed to Oberlin where her sister, Mary was born. In April, 1846, the family started for the West, reaching Janesville May 20th and settling in June at Forest Home, four miles from Janesville.

In 1848 Mr. Willard was a member of the legislature at Madison. The mother taught the children in the bright warm kitchen by the light of the candles she made with her own hands. In 1853 a school house was built. There the children went to school until in 1857, Frances and Mary attended the Milwaukee Seminary where Mrs. Willard's sister, Sarah Hill, was teacher. In 1858, Frances and Mary attended the Evanston College for ladies. Frances taught the home school during the summer. The two sisters returned to the Evanston school in 1859. Frances so overburdened herself with study at this time that she fell asleep with her head buried in Butler's "Analogy." She was appointed valedictorian of her class. Because of her illness, she received her diploma in bed.

In the autumn the family removed to Evanston. After her graduation Frances taught continuously until 1868. This year she and her friend, Miss Kate Jackson made an extended tour of the world. Miss Willard climbed the Pyramids of Egypt, and far above the others on an eminence she said: "Let us have plain living and high thinking."

Returning to Evanston in 1870 she became Preceptress of her Alma Mater. In 1873 she became the Dean of Women of the Woman's College of Northwestern

University and Professor of Aesthetics in the College of Liberal Arts. At the same time, the writer entered Northwestern University as a student and was thus privileged to be under her tutelage that year.

Always a leader, when a child at play or young miss at school; as a teacher she was queen of her domain. Her language was as flowers; her presence, magnetic and sympathetic. She entertained us with picturesque humor.

Francis Murphy, a contemporary said of her: "Frances Willard is the fairest rose in the garden."

She was democratic. She deplored snobbishness. She retired from the university at the close of the school year. When we expressed our regret that she had left us she replied, "I am only in a larger school of girls." There could be no bounds set for her that had such inimitable mental power, such unwavering purpose. Her amiability, her originality, her talent for organization, and her silver-tongued oratory rendered her a leader and won for her sincere devotion.

Offered the principalship of a fashionable school for women and the presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U., she chose the thorny path of the reformer and, renouncing beauty that she loved, she assumed the leadership of the women of America in the temperance crusade by accepting the presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U. in March, 1874.

The torch of duty always flamed aloft before her, luring her on to accomplish great things for moral uplift. October, 1874 she became corresponding secretary of the Illinois W. C. T. U. and president of the National Union in 1879.

From 1874 she traveled ceaselessly, recrossing the Atlantic many times, pausing only for brief intervals of rest at the home of her co-worker, Lady Somerset, of England, or at her own "Rest Cottage" in Evanston.

After repeated efforts, her dream at last came true when she organized the World's W. C. T. U. in 1883. She was made its President. Miss Anna Gordon, now president of the World's W. C. T. U. was for twenty-two years her constant companion and private secretary.

Miss Willard was an idealist; a composite of many generations of Puritan ancestry; the full fruitage of an ancient bloom. As she sat in the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher turned to her and said: "Queen in all but name, and she cannot vote!" Like Washington: "No people can claim; no country can appropriate her."

Late in the year 1897, she visited her birthplace in Churchville, New York; next, Oberlin. Afterwards she and her constant companion, Miss Gordon, came to Janesville. Forest Home was revisited. Miss Willard said, of the many rivers she had seen none seemed to her so grand as Rock River with the childhood associations that clustered around it. "Bright as the brightest sunshine, the light of memory streams around the old-fashioned homestead where I dreamed my dream of dreams."

"This home, more than any other," said Miss Gordon, "had been inwrought into the life of Miss Willard. The seed sown in her young mind had been the cause of her outgoing."

January, 1898, Miss Willard gave her last public address in the Congregational Church of Janesville. Here she could again look into the kindly faces of her friends and school-mates, and bid them good-bye.

September 28, 1921, the Willard schoolhouse was dedicated to her with imposing exercises. This is the property of the Rock County W. C. T. U. and is to be preserved as a shrine for her friends. The surrey which was a gift to Miss Willard from an Ohio friend is to be kept in the Madison Historical Rooms.

Early in 1898, after Miss Willard had revisited "Rest Cottage" and Chicago, she and her party went to New York City as guests of the Hotel Empire previous to sailing for England. After two weeks in the city, she was seized with illness and passed away February 17, 1898. Her remains lie in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago.

LOUISE K. THIERS, Kenosha Chapter
Oldest Real Daughter of the American Revolution, age 110 yrs.

Many memorials have been dedicated to her memory. None more attest the recognition of a grateful republic, than her statue in the Hall of Fame at Washington. She alone of all American women has been so honored.

Since her family were Wisconsin pioneers and thirteen of her most formative years were spent in this state, it is fitting that she, who was the master idealist and reformer, should be included in the group of women who have aided in the development of the state.

Notes—Since the writing of the above sketch, another statue of Miss Willard was unveiled in New York City. It is one more memorial of her who walked humbly and suffered nobly.

The home of her birthplace has been made a part of a church in Churchville, New York.

LOUISE K. THIERS

Author—Flora B. Dexter
Kenosha

The subject of this interesting sketch was born in Whitesboro, New York, on October 2, 1814, the daughter of Seth Capron, who, when a boy in his teens, enlisted in Washington's army.

Under the command of Lafayette he fought through the campaign at Newport, and served under Washington at West Point, where he was given command of his commander's barge. When Washington left West Point to bid farewell to his soldiers, Seth Capron was the last man to take his hand.

Lafayette's friendship for the young soldier grew out of an incident at Newport in 1780, when a bullet intended for Lafayette narrowly missed Capron.

"One of my earliest recollections," said Madam Thiers, is the departure of my father for West Point to meet General Lafayette when he returned to America for a visit. I rcall very clearly the preparations for the trip, and knew, even though I was a little girl that my father was going to meet the French General, who had been his friend since the Siege of Newport."

She also remembers the opening of the Erie Canal, and recalls how wonderful it was to travel four miles an hour.

She rode on the first steam railway from Schenectady to Albany, and recalls how the train was let down with a stationery engine because the road was so steep. She has seen Halley's comet twice. The first time was in Baltimore in 1835, and she remembers how loud the negroes prayed, believing that the world had surely come to an end.

Many incidents are related by Madam Thiers of her early life in Southport, Wisconsin (now Kenosha), where she came with her husband, David S. Thiers, whom she married in New York City on April 6, 1847. In this pioneer city they reared their family of four children, sharing in the meanwhile with their new neighbors and friends the many privations and hardships incident to life in the middle west in the late forties.

She tells of the tallow dip and the open fires for cooking, and, in this connection, volunteers the opinion that "conservation" is not new, for she often saved time, energy and fuel by preparing the food for a week—roasts, beans, pies, bread, all in one baking.

This remarkable woman rejoices at the advent of the prohibition movement, and has approved and worked

for womans' emancipation, showing her interest and enthusiasm by voting regularly as the elections occur.

Her interest in the late war was shown in her patriotic efforts to provide as many comfortable garments as her feeble hands could make for our boys in France. Her knitting was beautifully done and could have been offered as a sample for the younger to follow. She adopted as her Godson a French soldier, Marcel Joy, who had been deeply stirred by reading of her interest in the war, and the one hundred pairs of socks she had knitted for the French babies.

The Thiers family are of French ancestry, and gave to France one of her presidents.

Madam Thiers has reached the age of 108 years, and enjoys life as evidenced by her intense interest in current events. She is a member of the household of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Quarles, 434 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Madam Thiers has the distinction of being the oldest Real Daughter of the American Revolution, and her birthday is always observed by the Milwaukee Chapter, their tribute taking the form of a rose for each year of her life.

As to the secret of her long life, this is what she says:

1 "I attribute my long life and good health to a light diet, careful eating."

2. "Keeping alive my interest in life and daily event."

3. "Being happy myself and doing what I can to make others happy."

Submitted by Kenosha Chapter D. A. R.

BETSEY ROBINSON MEAD

Author—Mrs. E. W. Eastman
Plymouth

Betsey Robinson Mead was born in Kent, Putnam County, New York, May 23, 1811.

She was the youngest child of Peter Robinson, who though but sixteen years of age when the Revolutionary War broke out soon joined the Continental Army. He was under Benedict Arnold at West Point just before that General committed treason and was one of the soldiers whom Arnold tried to starve, becoming so weak from lack of food that he was unable to walk. He was also with Washington at Valley Forge.

Betsey Robinson married Major Mead when very young. In the spring of 1850 they started from their home going to Poughkeepsie, New York, from there by boat to Albany, there by Canal to Buffalo and by lake steamer to Wisconsin, landing at Sheboygan, June 9, 1850. Walking or riding over Indian trails was the only way of getting from place to place in the interior of Sheboygan County.

The Mead family moved to the town of Lyndon. Mr. Mead owned the first horse in the town and at one time rode horse-back to Milwaukee to buy Indian land of Solomon Juneau. On this land was often as many as 300 wigwams pitched, and even after Mr. Mead owned the property they sometimes came back and stayed a few days. As the years passed four sons and three daughters were given to them. They became prominent citizens.

Betsey Robinson Mead although ninety two years old might be said to have died while she was still young in body and mind with a step as elastic as one fifty years younger. She was highly esteemed as one of the kindest and most agreeable of persons always ready to do a

kindness. Betsey Robinson Mead was not only one of Wisconsin's pioneers; she was also a real Daughter of the American Revolution, being a member of Fort Atkinson Chapter at the time of her death, October 8, 1903. She is buried in the Lyndon cemetery adjoining the Baptist church but a short distance from where a little over fifty-three years before she had spent her first day in the county which was to be so long her home. Her monument has the brass tablet placed there by the National Society of the American Revolution.

* * * *

The Fort Atkinson Chapter was delighted when Betsy Robinson Mead joined its Chapter. It was an honor sought by all the Chapters to have Real Daughters join their organization. Of course at the time these splendid women joined our ranks there was no chapter organization in the home town.

The marker mentioned is a national marker but was placed there by the Fort Atkinson Chapter, as a tribute of fellowship and appreciation.

Florence Dexheimer.

ELIZABETH ASHBY MANVILLE

Author—Mrs. Jessica B. Fessenden
Sheboygan

Elizabeth Ashby Manville, the first white child born in the town of Sheboygan, was one of the real pioneer women of Wisconsin and the following sketch covers but very inadequately and briefly the many interesting phases of her long and varied life:

Mrs. Manville was born on the old Ashby homestead near what is now the city of Sheboygan, on January 16, 1843, and was summoned home on January 27, 1924, after eighty-one years of activity. Mr. William Ashby, the father of Mrs. Manville, came from Rome, New York, to Wisconsin in 1836 and became identified with the lumbering interests about Sheboygan. Elizabeth Ashby's early

education was secured in the spare one room log cabin school house near where she was born; however, her parents were very progressive and their daughter was sent to Springfield, Illinois, to complete her education. Upon returning from Springfield, Mrs. Manville instructed the children in the same log cabin which she had earlier attended, afterward teaching school in the village of Sheboygan. In 1867 she became the wife of Fayette Manville, a photographer, who not only maintained a fine studio at Sheboygan but one at Algoma, Kewaynee, and Sturgeon Bay as well. Mr. Manville died in 1907 and of the two children of their union, Fred survives, residing now in the city of Sheboygan.

Mrs. Manville's recollections of her earlier days were most vivid and her reminisences given at various pubilc gatherings were always much appreciated and enjoyed. She was fond of recalling her experiences with the native Indians, as they often came to the Ashby home to trade beadwork and furs and to beg food. Their transactions were always peaceable, the only disagreeable feature of the intercourse bring the acrid odors exaled by them.

It was Mrs. Manville's privilege to see the present city of Sheboygan (with a population of 32,000) grow from the few settlers' huts and Indian lodges of her childhood—a most wonderful and unique experience in any life. As she grew to girlhood, she beheld the shipping industry on Lake Michigan unfold before her wondering eyes—destined to make Sheboygan the lake port it is today. Even in those far off pioneer times amusements were not lacking to lighten the toil of wearisome days, as Mrs. Manville has told the writer of attending her first real ball at the age of eight years, and her splendid memory clearly visualized the pleasure of hearing Mark Brainard, famous story teller, H. N. Ross, elocutionist and character interpreter, and others of her girlhood day.

Two great tragedies of early times were often retold in her later years—the sinking of the Lady Elgin and the burning of the Steamer Phoenix—the latter in 1847.

Although only four years old at this time, the circumstances of this catastrophe were such as to forever impress themselves on the childish mind. The Phoenix burned but a short distance from the port of Sheboygan and many of the survivors were brought into the settlement. One of these, an immigrant girl, was taken into the Ashby home and remained for several months. Food and shelter were furnished the poor unfortunates who had been passengers on this ill-fated boat and they were assisted in every way possible—the Ashby family being most active in this rescue work.

Mrs. Manville was a faithful communicant of the Episcopal church for almost sixty years and was closely identified with the work of the parish during her entire life.

Like many of the pioneer stock, Mrs. Manville was of pure Yankee descent. She traced her ancestors beyond the Revolutionary period and was a direct descendant of General Stark, leader of the "Green Mountain Boys." She was for years a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and even up to within a very short time before her death was a faithful attendant of the meetings and contributed much to the success of the local Chapter by her genial personality, charm of manner, and ready wit.

Elizabeth Ashby Manville was of a most lovable character and included both old and young among her many friends. Her many fine qualities, combined with the interest always aroused by her recollections of the pioneer history of Sheboygan County, made her an outstanding personality and her death a real loss to the community.

PIONEER WOMEN
RACINE

Mrs. Milligan was the daughter of John and Sarah Knapp, and sister of Gilbert Knapp, the first settler in Racine. She was married in New York to James Milligan, of Saratoga Springs. After her husband's death in

1825 she accepted her brother's invitation to make her home in Port Gilbert, (present Racine) and she and her three young daughters arrived here August 4, 1835.

Mrs. Milligan lived in Racine until 1874, when she moved to Shawano, Wisconsin, where she died June 10, 1877, aged 85 years and 6 months. She was one of the first members of the first Baptist church in Racine, and retained her membership here until she died.

The other three ladies were the daughters of Mrs. Milligan, who came with her to Racine in 1835. Mrs. Sprague was twice married, her first husband being a Mr. Parsons.

Miss Helen Milligan was born in New York, May 17, 1829, and died three or four years ago at the Protestant Home for the aged, at Milwaukee.

Caroline Milligan Knapp was the wife of Robert Knapp, son of Gilbert Knapp. Robert Knapp was for many years an official of the Racine and Mississippi railroad, during which time they lived in Racine; for a time in what is now the McNitt house in Main street, between Seventh and Eighth, and later for many years in a house directly back of it on Wisconsin Street. They had two sons, Robert and Gilbert.

Mrs. Sarah Milligan (Grandma Milligan) was known to all Shawano; (when I went there as a bride) as "Grandma". We had no trained nurses in that day, and though too feeble to do much, never was there a serious case of illness in which her advice was not given. Cane in hand she was on the street each morning—interested in everything that happened—ready with a helpful word for every emergency, or a comforting one if the occasion was sorrow.

She possessed a keen sense of humor. I remember when one of her relatives was expecting a visit from her betrothed, and Grandma Milligan thought she was giving too many directions about his reception—the manner with which she stood in the doorway—spreading her skirts, and saying, "Here comes the great Mogul."

I watched with Grandma Milligan the last night of her life. Helen, her unmarried daughter had been an invalid for years when young, but had then been well for fifteen years, and at this time had a millinery store, but to her mother she was ever young and needing care. On this her last evening on earth—our good pastor called and I heard him ask, "Shall I pray with you dear friend?" Her answer told better than any words of mind can tell, the unselfishness that had characterized her whole life—"If you will", she said faintly—"but don't mind about me—pray for poor little Helen, for I don't know who will care for her when I am gone." Helen was fifty-six.

CORDELIA AVERY TRUAX

Author—Emily S. Prechtel

Eau Claire

Cordelia Avery was born in Allegheny County, New York, March 22, 1830. She married Peter Truax September 23, 1852 and lived on a farm near her home for two years. Having a relative in Southern Wisconsin they decided to come out here.

They sold the farm, packed what they needed and could be taken with them and started in what she called a "breaking team." Oxen were used with it.

They drove to Buffalo where they took a boat which brought them to Sheboygan.

They rented a wheat farm of one hundred acres in Big Foot Prairie. Having a good crop the first year they sold it at the market in Kenosha. That fall they decided to come north. In the spring of 1855 they loaded their household goods in a wagon, also a crate of chickens, and tied a three year old colt to the back, and with a fine horse team were ready to start. Mrs. Truax's brother was with them so he drove the two ox-team hitched to another wagon containing chains, ox plows, and other equipment for breaking land. He also had a

cow tied behind his wagon. They liked the appearance of this country so selected the land now called Truax Prairie which consisted of eighty acres.

In these early days Eau Claire was called Clear Water. There was one family here, people by the name of Reed. Mrs. Truax stayed two weeks with these people until the men were able to build a shack on their land. She did not see another woman for three months. It was some time before other settlers came and her nearest neighbor was two miles away.

She tells a story of how frightened she was one day when she saw a man coming through the woods. When he was near enough he called to her and told her not to be afraid as he was her nearest neighbor.

They had a number of Indian scares, but nothing serious near them. There were many wolves which would howl near the cabin at night, also an occasional visit from a bear. Those early days were days of hard work for both of them.

Mrs. Truax has many interesting things to tell of pioneer days. Their first winter was very severe, with heavy snows. The second season they added a granary to store the grain and built a house and later added eight acres more to the land.

Then other settlers began coming and they held the first school in the granary of a neighbor. With the arrival of a Mr. Kidder they had church services and Mr. Kidder did the preaching.

During the Civil War the women organized to roll bandages and made lint, also knit socks for the soldiers and cared for the soldiers' families in their midst.

Later Mr. Truax began buying timber which eventually became an extensive lumbering business.

Much more could be written of the pioneer days but I must tell something of the Mrs. Truax of today. She is a dainty, bright and happy old lady with eyes that twinkle and a laugh as spontaneous as a young girl. I had the pleasure of spending the most delightful hour

with her this past week, and the only request she made was not to flatter her when I wrote this little sketch, so I can't say half what I think about her.

During these years a fortune was accumulated by these pioneers. Mr. Truax died March 18, 1909. The past fifteen years Mrs. Truax has given thousands of dollars to various organizations, and has the great privilege of knowing the joy and pleasure it is giving to others. She is a member of the First Congregational Church where her greatest interest lies and which has received large gifts from her, also the Endeavor Academy near Portage, Northfield Academy and College at Ashland. Every Protestant church in this community has received a substantial gift as well as the Luther Hospital and Young Men's Christian Association. Her gifts range from one thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars at one time. Mrs. Truax will be ninety-four years old March, 1924.

Mrs. Truax died ten days after she gave the interview for this paper.

MRS. JOHN F. JOHNSTON

Author—Her son, W. H. Johnston
Appleton

Mrs. John F. Johnston, pioneer, and first white woman to arrive and settle in Appleton, Wisconsin, was born June 7, 1826, at Jay, Essex County, New York; daughter of Isaac and Martha Finch.

Her father was one of the prominent men of that section, a state senator and member of congress. She came west to visit her sister, Mrs. O. P. Clinton, at Menasha, Wisconsin, where she met and married John F. Johnston, March 26, 1846, at Neenah, Wisconsin, in the old council chamber, by the Rev. O. P. Clinton. It

had been intended to perform the marriage ceremony under the famous old council tree, it being the first marriag to occur in Neenah but a storm came up and the wedding party was compelled to adjourn to the old council chamber. Governor Doty, the few whites living in that vicinity and a number of friendly Indians were present at the ceremony.

In July, 1848, Mr. Johnston came down the river in his canoe, landing near where the Lake Street bridge now stands, selected a site and began clearing a place for a home. There was a trail to Duck Creek which with the help of a few Indians made it possible to haul the lumber with an ox team for the erection of the first house in Appleton (more properly called a shanty). It was located on what is now called Johnston Street, between Morrison and Durkee.

Mr. Johnston left his wife and infant son at Menasha with her sister, with the understanding that she would remain there until he had completed their cottage and came for her. She became tired of waiting and learning that a barge, or roughly constructed boat was being loaded with furniture to be taken down the river for their cottage she decided to surprise her husband, and, with her baby, embarked on the boat. It landed near what was later called Pierce Park, where a road had been cut to the river. An ox cart was there waiting; she and her infant son were loaded in the cart with the furniture. All went well until they were climbing one of the hills, when the contents of the cart were dumped on the ground. Mrs. Johnston refused to ride any farther and waited until her husband came for her. His first words were, "Why did you come, Nettie? Our house is not ready; the roof is only partly on." She said, "I wanted to be with you." In cooking their first meal they held an umbrella over the stove to keep things dry.

That was the entrance of the first white woman to what is now the beautiful and prosperous city of Appleton. This cabin was the nucleus around which gathered the old settlers. It was the bright spot in the dense

forest that gave rest and hope. None were turned away from their door; if the wayfarer could recompense, it was well, if not, it was all the same. Their cabin was hotel, hospital and post office, church and Sunday school room. Elder Sampson arrived October 8th and as soon as Mrs. Johnston learned he was a minister, she arranged for religious services.

She was largely instrumental in organizing the Methodist church in Appleton and was very active in church and temperance work, considering it her duty, as well as pleasure to call on all new settlers and help them in every way possible.

The Indians were frequent visitors, and generally friendly, and it was not surprising to find some of them lying on the floor when she got up in the morning.

After her husband's death, which occurred August 18, 1893, she continued to live in her home on Morrison and Atlantic Streets for several years and then went to Ishpeming, Michigan to live with her son, W. H. Johnston, until her death at the age of 81 years. Her remains were taken to Appleton and buried beside those of her husband.

Mrs. Johnston was a devout christian from early girlhood. Later when Appleton had grown to be quite a village and even after its incorporation as a city, she continued her custom of calling on all strangers, no matter to what denomination they belonged.

IMOGENE ST. JOHN McCAFFERTY

Author—Mrs. McCafferty, Columbus
Janesville Chapter

Revised by Mrs. Frances Grant

Daughter of the first white settler in Janesville.

The following narrative was written by Mrs. Mc-

Cafferty at the request of the Janesville Chapter D. A. R., and wasread at the dedication of a boulder, placed by the Chapter on the graves of Mrs. McCafferty's parents, the first white settlers in the Rock River Valley in Wisconsin Territory.

Mrs. McCafferty died in Columbus, Wisconsin, in her ninety-fourth year, retaining her mental vigor till the last.

A remarkable personality, one whose life had been full of vicissitudes, but whose courage never failed and who kept a clear, serene outlook upon life to the end, and was sincerely mourned by all who knew her.

"In compliance with your request I trust you will take into consideration that these are the memories of a child of seven years of age and written in her eighty-ninth year. The errors I hope you will overlook.

"In the spring of 1835 the two Holmes brothers and a Mr. Folmer, all young men—in a spirit of adventure and to explore the new territory (not then surveyed) came to Wisconsin, reaching the Rock River Valley and the river that gave it its name, explored the surrounding country, no doubt hunting and fishing as game was so plentiful. Being delighted with the country and its possibilities, concluded to build a cabin and make a claim. The cabin was located in the shadow of the immense ledge or rocks, since named Monterey, in sight of the big rock very much revered by the Indians. Many legends and superstitions were held by them. A description of the cabin may be of interest. It was built of logs sixteen feet square, (no lumber nearer than Milwaukee and no roads), shake roof, split from logs and weighted with poles to hold them in place. The door (facing east) was made from split logs and hung on immense wooden hinges. There was a window with four panes of glass. For warmth and cooking there was a huge stone fire place. The floor was nature's own soil. For sleeping, bunks were constructed by boring holes in the logs and inserting poles for the frame to rest on. The bunks were in two tiers and on both sides of the cabin. Nine

persons wintered in the cabin. We were the first family to occupy it. Our family consisted of my father, Samuel W. St. John, mother, two brothers, Levi and Griffin, and myself, Imogene G., the only daughter, and the young men.

In 1835, October 5, our long journey ended and we took possession of the little cabin. (Later I will give our personal history and a sketch of our journey.) In Chicago, then a small village, my father met the Holmes boys who were there for supplies. They gave such glowing accounts of the country he decided to return with them. So, mounting one of his fine, large, black horses who brought us all the way from Vermont, he journeyed into Wisconsin and made his claim in the Rock River Valley. Some weeks later he concluded to return, via Milwaukee, then a village of a few families, where he could take a boat for Chicago. At the close of the first day out he staked his horse, took his blanket and camped under a large oak tree and went supperless to sleep as well as he could with wolves howling in the distance. He had hoped to find some inhabitants on the journey, but did not. The next morning found his horse so lame that he had to leave him. So he hung his saddle and blanket high in a tree and completed the journey on foot with his compass for a guide, reaching Milwaukee that night, and on to Chicago by boat where we were awaiting his return.

After making the necessary preparations for the journey to the new country, we started through Illinois, traveling mostly over prairies with no roads. As there were no bridges, we had to ford all the streams we encountered. Some days we would travel without finding water. The first day our oxen suffered terribly, and when they did scent water they broke into a run and could not be restrained until they reached the stream. I shall never forget my own sufferings as well. My father had not dreamed but what water would be plentiful. After that day's experience we were provided with water.

The first inhabitant we found was just as we entered Wisconsin, near where the city of Beloit is now situated. A small cabin without a window, occupied by a Frenchman who had married a Winnebago squaw. He was afterward murdered by his squaw and son. They were then living on Lake Koshkonong and they sank his body in the lake, as she wanted to go west with the Indian tribes, which he opposed.

We were one week journeying from Chicago to our destination. After our arrival, father went to look for his horse but failed in finding him. The saddle and bridle were in the tree; the ground was bare for rods around the tree where the horse had foraged, and possibly strayed away and the Indians appropriated him.

My father's claim was on the east side of Rock River which took in a large grove. He gave it the name of Black Hawk Grove. Black Hawk had camped near there with his army during his war. We had their tent poles for firewood and they were fine.

One incident—without giving it any thought, father built his cabin right over the old Indian trail. One day we were surprised to see a band of Indians coming single file across the prairie, bringing up at our door. They seemed to be much angered that their trail had been blocked by a white man. The trail was worn about six inches deep.

The winter of 1835 was an exceptional one. Very mild with not over two inches of snow at any one time. Our stock, which consisted of a cow, one horse, two yoke of oxen, without shelter, foraged their living. We did not lose but one and that was appropriated by the Indians for their own use. The stock wintered in fair condition.

I wish to tell you of my mother. She was thirty-six years of age, had a grand constitution, fine mental qualities and a brave spirit with superior capabilities—an irreparable loss to her young children. January 15, 1836, my brother was born. I leave to your imagination the

conditions—not a white woman within 36 miles, only my father to attend her. Still she survived, and the baby also. He was the first white child born in the Rock River Valley. They named him Seth Benoni St. John. He is still living in Michigan, too feeble to visit me.

That winter was a terrible experience for mother, moving as we did into the damp, new cabin, she was taken with pneumonia, effects from which she did not recover, and steadily failed until death released her June 15. One week before she died she requested father to saddle the horse for a ride, father guiding the horse and supporting her. She wished to go on the bluff, where she selected the place she wished to be laid, and advising father what to do when she was no more. These painful memories were deeply impressed upon my mind, the day of her death being the most vivid. The day was beautiful, and mother seemed to feel unusually comfortable that morning. After dinner, Lucinda and Kate Holmes came over to offer their assistance and comfort. They bathed her and changed her clothes. She seemed so grateful for their kindness and expressed a wish to sit up. She was very cheerful. An hour passed, then when she asked to be helped to her bed, her breathing became labored. She asked the girls to call father; that the end was near, bade us all good-bye, took her feeble little babe in her arms, caressed it, motioned to have it taken away, then closed her eyes and it was the end of a noble life.

It was a heart-breaking day for us, and a sad funeral. There was not one foot of lumber this side of Milwaukee. The wagon boxes were converted into a coffin in which she was laid. The funeral was attended by the five families. There was no minister then. A prayer was read, a hymn sung, and an elderly gentleman, (I think it was Mr. Lawrence) made a few remarks, and they laid her to rest in her chosen spot on the bluffs. She was the first to give up her life, a sacrifice to the hardships of a new country.

In early March 1836, our provisions were nearly exhausted. It was breaking up of spring and father felt

the immediate necessity of procuring more. With no roads and swollen streams it seemed a formidable undertaking. Taking two teams—one a yoke of oxen, the other of one ox and our family horse (mate to ox having been killed by Indians) he started for Ottawa, Illinois, 100 miles south. It was a perilous journey. In fording streams he came near losing his entire loads. As it was, he lost three barrels of flour from their being water soaked. These he gave to the Indians later. After two long weary weeks we welcomed them home, my elder brother being sick at the time.

Many times our cabin would be filled with Indians but they never harmed us. They seemed fond of my mother, and would pat her shoulder and say, "Nish-e-shin-che-mo-ko-man," meaning a good squaw. One very old chief used to come often from Lake Koshkonong. Mother always gave him food. The day after her burial he came to our cabin, unconscious of her death. When told, he sat for a long time tapping his foot on the floor while tears coursed down his cheeks. (It is said that Indians never weep; it seems they do.) He soon departed and never came again. I remember once an Indian brought us a wild duck. Mother stuffed and roasted it for supper. We were at the table when an unwelcome visitor appeared at the window. A huge wolf peered in, startling us and disturbing our feast. Wild animals seemed to have little fear of man. Often deer would come in the daytime and drink from a small stream running near our door.

One more incident. On our journey to our new home in Wisconsin, we crossed the then called "Squaw Prairie," we passed by the burial place of Chief Big Thunder. (I think a prominent Sioux Indian.) Previous to his death he had prophesied that there was to be a big battle fought there and that he might witness it, ordered that his body should be placed in a log pen. Father hearing this, was curious to visit it. He got out of his wagon and peered through the cracks. There sat the chief with his war implements around him. A big rattlesnake was coiled in his lap. Some years later fa-

ther looked in upon him. He was still in sitting posture, but headless; his head had fallen into his lap. Many years later, we looked in vain for the burial place of the old chief. Civilization had obliterated it.

As I write, so many memories crowd into my mind I hardly know which to record. But as my manuscript is quite long, will put a period here.

MRS. CORDELIA A. P. HARVEY

Author—Mrs. William McKinney
Fond du Lac

Among the women whom the Civil War brought to the front as leaders, such as Dorothea Dix, and Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Cordelia A. Perrine Harvey from Wisconsin deserves a place. In some respects she was a National figure, one of the great army nurses whose work was not limited by state lines.

The early life of this remarkable woman did not differ from that of other Wisconsin women of her day, who spent their lives in small towns, busy with the daily routine. She lived for many years in Kenosha, where her father's family, the Perrines were prominent in the decade of the forties. There she taught school, and there she was married to a school teacher, Louis P. Harvey. They removed to Madison in 1859, when Mr. Harvey's election as Secretary of State made his presence in Madison necessary. Mr. Harvey was a person of strong personality and in 1861 the people of Wisconsin elected him Governor. From the day of the firing on Fort Sumpter both he and his wife showed a deep interest in the Civil War.

In the busy days which followed the first call for troops, Mrs. Harvey entered with enthusiasm into the work for soldiers and their families.

In the spring of 1862 Gov. Harvey went South in order to learn whether the sick and wounded Wisconsin

prisoners were well cared for. He stopped at Cairo, Mound City, and Paducah, also at Pittsburg Landing. From there he went to Savannah and as he was about to pass from one boat to another, his foot slipped, and he fell in the water and was drowned before help could be secured.

While this tragic event was taking place, his wife totally ignorant of the shocking incident was busily engaged in collecting money for the relief of soldiers' families.

She was not a woman to spend her life in mourning, however, and when the intensity of her grief had somewhat lessened, she began to ask herself what her duties in life were to be. A settled conviction possessed her that her duty in life was to finish the work which he had left undone She soon began to inquire where and how she could be most helpful to Wisconsin soldiers. In 1862 Governor Salomon appointed her Sanitary Agent at St. Louis, and for four years she rendered acceptable service in the Southland for Wisconsin soldiers.

Her tact was unusual therefore she succeeded in accomplishing things which other people failed.

Her motherly heart and sympathetic figure caused the men to call her the Wisconsin Angel.

She began by visiting hospitals, in order that she might find out where improvements were most needed. Afterwards Mrs. Harvey proceeded to Cape Girardean where hospitals were being improvised for the immediate use of the sick and dying—then being brought in. She visited day by day every sufferer's cot—taking with her all the hope and comfort she could find in her heart to give them.

In 1863 Mrs. Harvey went to Memphis from which place she sent a letter to the Governor of our state urging

him to establish a hospital at that place. After visiting Memphis Mrs. Harvey inspected hospitals at Corinth, Jackson and La Grange. About April 1st she was overcome by the Miasma and was obliged to return north where she recovered her health.

On her return trip south she visited Washington and obtained from Abraham Lincoln permission to establish a hospital in Wisconsin for convalescing soldiers.

Although Mrs. Harvey was the Sanitary Agent for Wisconsin she paid little regard for the state lines and her work may be truly regarded as National.

When she returned from the south in 1865 she brought with her six or seven orphans of the War, whom she had found there, not inquiring on which side their fathers fought. Soon after this she established a Soldiers Orphans Home in Madison which was in existence until 1874, when the state feeling the need for retrenchment, closed the institution.

* * * *

Mrs. Harvey at one time lived in Fort Atkinson and taught a class in the Congregational Sunday School. She is still remembered by some of her scholars as a little woman with a sweet face hid under a small bonnet with a long widow's veil; a loving personality, quick, keen and jolly.

This information obtained from Millie C. Brandel.

Mr. G. H. Pounder, Fort Atkinson soldier in the Civil War, relates this experience. He with a number of other men were ordered to Missouri to fill up the depleted ranks of the Wisconsin Company, and were sent by mistake to Mississippi. They tried and tried to get back but all efforts failed until they wrote to Mrs. Harvey. In a very short time Mrs. Harvey was able to do what the Generals had not succeeded in getting done. She had the rank of Colonel given her by President Lincoln.

Florence Dexheimer.

MRS. JARIUS CASSIUS FAIRCHILDS

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Sally Blair was from New England with the blending of Scotch and Irish blood that has produced so many strong and noble characters in our American History. She was born in Blandford, Massachusetts, June 11, 1802, but when she was a young girl her father, James Blair, moved to Mantua, Ohio, and there she was married to Jarius Cassius Fairchild, a native of New York, with English ancestry, and a man of sterling worth and great force of character. He is still remembered as one of the strong forceful men in early history of Wisconsin where he served for four years as the first state treasurer.

Mr. Fairchild took his bride to Franklin Mills, now Kent, Ohio, where he was in business and there four children were born to them. One daughter, Sarah, and three sons, Lucius, Cassius and Charles, who all served with distinction in the Civil War—Lucius and Cassius in the Army and Charles in the Navy. Another child, a son, died in infancy. The family moved next to Cleveland, then in July, 1843, Mr. Fairchild brought his family West to Wisconsin where his brother-in-law was a successful merchant—Frank Blair in Milwaukee. They drove out from Milwaukee with a team arriving in Madison just at sunset on a July afternoon. The entire family seems to have been impressed with the great beauty of their future home, as they drove into town through what is now Wingra Park.

The Fairchild's first house was a small frame affair on the corner of Main and Pinkney Streets, and later they moved to the corner of Doty and Carroll Streets. During these years Mrs. Fairchild offered as did everyone who could, hospitality to the members of the legislature, as the hotels were inadequate for the needs of the crowds during the sessions. In 1847 the Fairchilds moved into

the house on Monona Ave., which is still occupied by their descendants. Mr. Fairchild bought a brick yard which was not being used and had the bricks made for his house which he built as nearly as he and his wife could remember like their house in Cleveland.

Mrs. Fairchild was devoted to her home and took great pride in her garden in which she grew all sorts of vegetables and flowers. It is told of her that she would get up early and wearing rough clothes join the gardener at his work for some hours, but would always come in in time to don her usual neat dress and cap and pour the coffee at the family breakfast. Her house was always a gathering place for young and old when her sons were grown and out in the world they never failed to come home and visit as often as possible. The eldest son, Lucius brought his young wife home to live and she has said of her mother-in-law that she could never have had a better friend or a more considerate one during the years they lived under the same roof.

Mrs. Fairchild lived to see her husband the first mayor of Madison; first Treasurer of State; and her son Lucius, clerk of Circuit Court, Colonel of the 2nd Wisconsin infantry during the Civil War, Secretary of State in Wisconsin, and finally Governor of Wisconsin. It was during the time that he was governor that Mrs. Fairchild died on October 21, 1866.

MRS. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Frances Bull was born in Detroit, Michigan, on November 14, 1846. Her ancestry was English. Her father died when she was very young, leaving his widow with six small chldren, and n about two years the mother married Elisha Smith Lee, a New Yorker who was practicing law in Washington, D. C. Judge Lee was a wid-

ower with several children and in time another child, Charles S. Lee was added to the family. After the death of their parents the Lee and Bull children lived together, the older sisters looking after the younger ones. During the war Frances Bull often visited the hospitals along with her sisters to bring cheer to the wounded. Girls grew up early in those days and by the time she was fifteen or sixteen Frances knew a good many of the officers, and she and her sisters were invited to dine at officers' mess. On April 27, 1864, she married Colonel Lucius Fairchild of the 2nd Wisconsin Infantry. Colonel Fairchild had served with distinction, losing his left arm at Gettysburg. In 1863 he was commissioned Brigadier General but gave this up to become Secretary of State of Wisconsin, so Mrs. Fairchild was plunged immediately after her marriage into a political life.

In September, 1865, Colonel Fairchild was nominated by acclaimation as candidate for Governor of Wisconsin and was elected. He served three terms. During this time Mrs. Fairchild helped her husband as few women could. There was no Governor's mansion and so they lived in the family homestead on Monona Avenue where Mrs. Fairchild had come as a bride and where she still lives. She always welcomed her husband's friends and with her tact and charm made the shyest legislator feel at home. Many a knotty question was decided at through Monona. During the session Mrs. Fairchild held a reception every week, which as the house was not large, a few of the members came each time. These receptions were held early so that the men could get back for the evening sessions in the capitol.

While Mrs. Fairchild never desired power for herself, there was one time when she had on her own initiative to act as Governor of Wisconsin. It was during the Chicago fire when the governor and all the state officers were in Chicago in conference to see what could be done to help. The women of Madison were gathering clothes and supplies to send down to the fire victims as soon as the orders should arrive at the city hall. Late one night word came in from Peshtigo in northern Wis-

consin that that part of the State was all on fire, and would the governor please send help. Such a message could not be ignored and so, as there was no officer in town to authorize a plan, Mrs. Fairchild gave the orders herself. Knowing that the entire country was rushing to the aid of Chicago, she gathered the clothes and supplies from the City Hall and ordering a special train, sent them to the little northern town where they were so much needed. The act was characteristic of her; to see what to do and to do it, but never to seek any power or conspicuous place for herself.

In 1872, after he had served as governor for six years, General Fairchild was offered the post consul at Liverpool then one of the most important consulates, and in December of that year General and Mrs. Fairchild and their two young daughters set sail for England. They spent six years in Liverpool where they made friends and learned to love England. Their third daughter was born there. In 1878 General Fairchild was promoted to Consul General at Paris. Here Mrs. Fairchild again was a great success, her charm and tact and beauty gathering about her still more friends. The next move came in 1880 when General Fairchild was sent to Spain as the American minister. He filled this post for two years, but part of that time Mrs. Fairchild spent in Germany in order that her daughters might perfect themselves in German as they had in French. In 1882 Gen. and Mrs. Fairchild decided that the time had come for them to return to their own country in order that their children would not be entirely weaned from America, and so they came back to the old homestead in Madison. Here Mrs. Fairchild has lived ever since.

Gen. Fairchild died on May 23, 1896 and since that time Mrs. Fairchild has carried on alone; keeping the house the center of the best type of social and intellectual life; entertaining many of her husband's friends and

countless numbers of her own. She always does her bit with dignity and courage, and feels a keen and real interest in any movement which stands for the betterment of the community. She feels an active interest in all matters in the church, womens' clubs, and charities of the city.

In the memorial of General Fairchild sent out by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of Which General Fairchild was a Commander in Chief it says:

"In April, 1864, General Fairchild united in marriage with Frances Bull of Washington, whose acquaintance he had formed while in military service. A lady of rarest social accomplishments and most winning manners; she is especially gifted to assist him and bear a wife's part in the social duties incident to his public life. She accompanied him in his foreign service and wherever their household was set up there was the radiance of a happy home, and a hospitality charming to all and to the American abroad a delightful reminder of the ideal home of his native land. All the thousands who shared it remember the occasion among their happiest memories. Of his home in Madison and of her the center of its gladsome light and love, President Adams of the University of Wisconsin has truthfully and gracefully said, Who that has ever shared the hospitality of that fireside can fail to remember the freedom, the heartiness and the charm that has made captives of us all. How then can our hearts fail to bow down in respectful sympathy to her whose gracious presence has ever left its impress of taste, radiance and happiness in every nook and corner of that beautiful home by the beautiful lake, and whose highest praise is that she has ever been worthy of the companionship of her noble and beloved husband."

MRS. ANGELINE COE HILLYER

Author—Jessie W. Scott
Waupun

Mrs. Angeline Coe Hillyer was a factor in the upbuilding of the social and religious life of the pioneers in the early days of the settlement of the village of Waupun.

Of Revolutionary stock, she had the courage of her convictions, and was easily a leader.

Always opposed to strong drink and liquors, she instituted temperance meetings held every other Sunday in the different meeting houses, where a program of music and readings was given and the Temperance Pledge circulated for every one to sign. She arranged programs for the prisoners at the State Prison, trying in this way to while away their weary hours, also a Flower Day, when every convict received a Nosegay.

Of charitable disposition, her carriage was seen before many a poor settler's home, with gifts of substantial nature for the dwellers therein.

JANE POWERS WALKER

Author—Mrs. Jessie Scott
Waupun

Coming to Wisconsin with an ox team, in 1849, Jane Powers Walker, with her husband and six children, found the country in its primitiveness.

They took up land from the Government, chopped down the forests, grubbed out the stumps to raise a little

grain and vegetables. The mother managed the household, spun yarn to knit the supply of socks and mittens, carded wool for the blankets, and homespun clothing, pieced quilts, covered lambs wool for comforts, and made all garments by hand, and much by candlelight. Candles were dipped, strings of apples were prepared for drying, currants and corn dried, and quantities of meat salted, and smoked, feathers were saved and made into big beds for comfort, also corn husks were dried and used in ticks for mattresses.

In this hospitable home, many preachers and strangers were entertained, at times the house resembled an inn, for the visitors. The pastimes of the period consisted largely of arguments on religion, going to "pound" or "donation" parties and a lodge to which all farmers belonged, called the "Grange."

Sunday meetings and prayer meeting were often held in this home to which all were welcome.

Mrs. Walker was a woman of strong religious temperment, and great benevolence. Always interested in political events, she kept up on topics of the day, and lived to the grand old age of ninety-six years. Being an Original Daughter, she became a member of the society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and was presented with a gold spoon by the National Chapter. Her grave is marked by the insignia of the Chapter.

* * * *

Jane Powers Walker joined the Fort Atkinson Chapter two years after it was organized, and before Waupun had a chapter. She visited the Fort Atkinson Chapter when she was 92 years old and we listened to her stories of those early long ago days. Her eyes shown and her face glowed with enthusiasm as she told in easy flowing language of her early experiences.

Mrs. Walker was very clever with her needle and presented the Fort Atkinson Chapter with afine piece of hand work, which the Chapter had framed. She also embroidered a piece which she sent to President Roosevelt. At the age of 95 her sight began to fail and she died at 96.

FLORENCE C. DEXHEIMER.

MRS. MARY WARREN

Author—Jessie W. Scott

Waupun

Another woman of strong personality, was Mrs. Mary Warren of Fox Lake. Having the qualities of leadership, she had the gift of drawing people together and interesting them in good works.

She did a great deal for the temperance movement, going about speaking to the settlers in school houses and homes.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Author—M. P. Wheeler, Co. "G", 29th Wisconsin Volunteers

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

Contributed by the Waterloo Chapter

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own;
Sing , and the hills will answer,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe;
Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you loose them all;
There are none to decline your nestar'd wine
But you must drinks life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by,
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die!
There is no room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train,
But only one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow isles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born November 5, 1850, in the village of Johnstown, Rock County, Wisconsin, (not in Johnstown Center as sometimes stated.) Her parents were Marcus H. Wheeler, and Sarah Pratt Wheeler, with three older children they had followed, "Grandsir Pratt" from Vermont in 1849.

In the spring of 1852 the Wheeler family settled in Dane County, Wisconsin and in 1853 were at home on Section 2, town ofWestport, where Ella grew up, in the home where she made her reputation as a writer of appealing poetry, until her marriage in 1884, when she went to Connecticut; from which state her Grandfather Wheeler had migrated to Vermont years before.

Her education was acquired in a district school, now named Ella Wheeler Wilcox School, except one short term at Wisconsin University, which was as she saw it a "waste of time."

Riding horseback, dancing, visiting girl friends, dreaming great dreams and being kind, was better than trying to master mathematics, of which she had a "holy horror."

Recently the old Wheeler home was accidently burned.

With a Great Grandfather Pratt seven years in the Revolutionary War, and his wife Elizabeth Currier of French blood; a Grandmother named Connor; a Mother, who, like most of her aunts and cousins, was addicted to the habit of composing verses, Ella had the inherited tendency; a regular family study of Shakespeare, Byron, Burns and modern poets all year round, 1849-50 doubtless added a prenatal influence, which formed the character of her ambition.

Our mother inherited a poetic strain, a talent for versification. I recall several rhyming parodies, sarcastic verses and sentimental compositions or additions to songs of those days. One sang was of a lovelorn girl, who constantly asked "Are we almost there." She was returning home after a fruitless search for health. As

the song was written, it ended thus: "The quick pulse stopped! She was almost there!" It lacked a few lines when sung to a certain tune and mother added these: "And they laid her where the flowers would spring, which oft she had sought in their early bloom; where wild birds carol and sweetly sing, a requiem o'er her lowly tomb." . . . These lines were quite as metrical, quiet as poetical as the song itself.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote verses which appealed to the public and never one verse strained or ungramatical, as she states in her memoirs, her first check paid for a dress to wear to a wedding, in March 1869. Her financial returns were not of importance until after 1880, though she was known and loved by thousands of readers. She wrote for the same reason that a bird sings. It was what she was made for. Her marriage was a love match, 1884. The death of Mr. Wilcox overwhelmed her, until satisfied that she had received messages from him. Then she resumed literary work, and other activities; including war work in France up to Armistice Day.

A malignant growth in one breast caused her death, October 30, 1919, at her home in Short Beach, Conn.

"The art of being kind" was her religion, and she lived it every day of her life.

In the years between 1865 and 1875, a strong prohibition wave was sweeping over Wisconsin. Good Tempar Lodges became numerous. T. D. Kanouse was our strong man with S. D. Hastings, H. W. Giles, Thurlow Brown and Emma Brown all in the work A lodge met in the Plackett school house, five miles west of us, and the Wheelers were among the charter members. Many of Ella Wheeler's earlier verses were in support of total abstinence and in opposition to booze, its makers, and its venders. Fifty-six of these were published in a volume entitled "Drops of Water." Her volume entitled "Shells" contained 119 poems—more than 175 poems and the author not 23 years old. It is surprising that in no one of those early poems have I ever noticed a crudity of

composition, disregard of rythme, or straining for rythme. With her to the making of books there was no end, until she collapsed. It is doubtful if anyone knows the names of all her published poems. They were a great multitude a d everyone found ardent admirers—and critics. The world is better because Ella Wheeler Wilcox lived.

This biography was written by the brother of Ella Wh eler Wilcox, M. P. Wheeler, Company "G," 29th Wisconsin Volunteers, Windsor, Wisconsin.

MRS. MARY BAKER CAMERON

Author—Lillian H. Van Auken

LaCrosse

Mary Baker Cameron came to La Crosse in the year of 1857, a bride of a year, having been married on February 21, 1856 to Angus Cameron at Urbana, Steuben County, N. Y., and they both entered heart and soul into the activities of this rapidly growing village. She came of Revolutionary stock, her father, William Baker, was the son of Judge Samuel Baker, a soldier, who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War and who settled in Urbana in 1790. Her mother was of Dutch descent and a cousin of President Martin Van Buren. Her Colonial ancestor who entitled her to become a Colonial Dame was Thomas Topping, who was a member of the first council of the first governor of the colony of New York and was an assistant of the General Court of Connecticut in 1678 and 1684. She belonged to the Colonial Dames of New York and was made the first Vice-President of the Colonial Dames of Wisconsin.

Mr. Cameron attended the Wesley Academy at Lima, N. Y., also the Genesee Academy. He was admitted to the Bar in Buffalo and practised law in Rochester, N. Y., thus he was fully prepared for the honors which the State of Wisconsin bestowed upon him and which were graciously shared by Mrs. Cameron. Mr.

Cameron served two terms as State Senator, namely the years of 1863 and 1864 and the years of 1871 and 1872. He was a delegate at large to the National Republican Convention at Baltimore in 1864. He was a member of the Wisconsin State Assembly during the years of 1865, 1866 and 1867 and Speaker of the House during the latter year. He was one of the Regents of the Wisconsin State University from 1866 to 1875. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1875 and was re-elected to fill out the unexpired term of Matthew H. Carpenter, thus serving ten years in the U. S. Senate. Senator Angus Cameron's name will go down in history as one of the distinguished men of the State of Wisconsin.

During all these years, Mrs. Cameron spent in public life, she made many friends and she possessed a "Roosevelt ian" memory for recalling names and faces. As the popular wife of Senator Cameron in his home State as well as at the Capitol at Washington, D. C., together with the independent name she made for herself as the first Regent and Founder of the La Crosse Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as being the first National Vice-President General elected from the state of Wisconsin by Continental Congress held at Washington in 1898, also her appointment as the first Vice-President of the Colonial Dames for the State of Wisconsin will cause her name to go down in the history of the State as one of her favorite and famous women.

Six years after the memorable vote cast by the Sons of the American Revolution excluding women the right of becoming members of this newly-formed patriotic society thus causing the daughter descendants of the Revolutionary soldiers to band themselves together and form a separate organization, the D. A. R. spirit reached La Crosse, through the untiring zeal of Mrs. Angus Cameron. Her enthusiasm led her to give sevral prliminary social functions. She gave a reception to a large number of ladies she deemed eligible, at the same time urging them to search their family records so that they could become charter members of the La Crosse Chapter

and pointing out the necessity of preserving for posterity those principles their forefathers had fought for. She fully realized in those days the lack of reverence maintained for the flag and to instill greater patriotism presented each departing guest with one. This was followed by an elaborate colonial costume party given on February 14, 1896. Historical tableaux, minuet dancing and a colonial repast were the features of the evening. Her earnest efforts were successful and the La Crosse Chapter of the D. A. R. was organized under the direction of Mrs. James S. Peck of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on December 11, 1896—the national number being 291.

I can not paint in words the beautiful picture Mary Baker Cameron has imprinted on the memory of the sons and daughters of the early settlers of La Crosse. Her personality, great charm, her regal beauty can never be forgotten, but greater still was her humaneness. On her yearly home-comings, she did not wait for others to bow down but her greeting was given with a spontaneity to rich and poor alike and with it came a feeling of being lifted a step higher. She was rich in spiritual gifts.

To quote the master novelist, W. D. Howells, who says, "It is the unplanted goodness that saves—the seed of righteousness treasured from generation to generation and carefully tended by disciplined fathers and mothers in the hearts where they have dropped it. The flower of this implanted goodness is what we call civilization;" and surely it was always Mrs. Cameron's aim to raise the standard.

In a rose garden, there is always one of greater fragrance and beauty than the rest. Nature's leadership—a similie befitting Mrs. Cameron. Someone has said, "God gave us memory that we might have roses in December, surely Mary Baker Cameron is one of the roses."

Written by Lillian H. Van Auken, 1923.

PIONEER MOTHERS—1854 TO 1860

Superior

Author—John A. Barden

It is difficult to single out any particular pioneer mother, or group of mothers, that came to Superior as early as, from 1854 to 1860.

After these dates, conditions were fairly comfortable, depending on the adaptability, keeness and industry of the individual. These mothers all left comfortable homes and surroundings to face the discomforts of real pioneering, coming from Maine, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Illinois and other eastern states, but largely from Kentucky. The majority of the original promoters and proprietors of Superior were Kentuckians who early recognized the possibilities of a city at the head of lake navigation.

Too much cannot be said of these early Pioneer Mothers. It meant the utmost self sacrifice, from any view point. Many of them, however, reared large and sturdy families—a credit to any community.

Superior's climate was healthy, churches and schools were established immediately, and self reliance and industry was developed automatically. The very first Pioneer Mother and a martyr to pioneering, was Mrs. Ed. Rogers from Michigan, who gave her life in the birth of a daughter, in April, 1854. Her body and that of the babe who later died, is buried on Wisconsin Point, Superior.

Mrs. James M. Bennett, a native of Ohio and the wife of a prominent storekeeper, was Superior's earliest "Fairy Godmother." She was prompt in extending aid to, and visiting the poor and sick. Her noble deeds have been spoken of by every early settler.

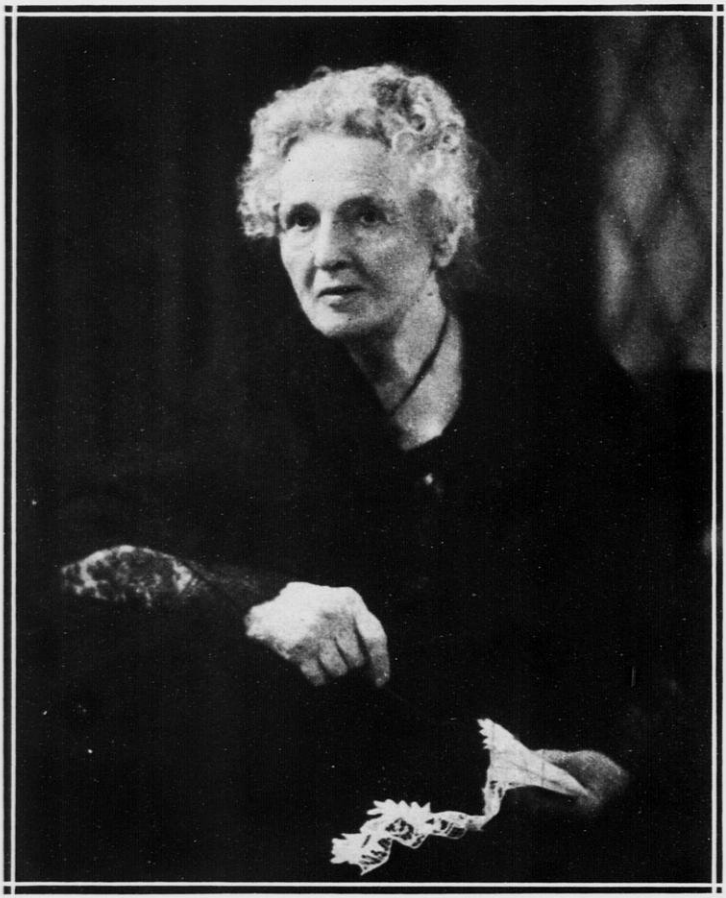
In the line of education Mrs. John M. Newton, Mrs. Washington Ashton and Mrs. A. C. Brown and Mrs. William Mann were among the earliest teachers.

In a religious way, it is difficult to single out any particular leaders, because of the different creeds and walks of life. The Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Methodists, perhaps covered the field in order named, but the best of feeling and co-operation prevailed. Reviewing Superior's population, while of all classes and beliefs, they were a God-fearing, law abiding and tolerant people, owing largely to the broadminded Pioneer Mother.

Owing to space we can mention only a few Mothers of this earliest period: Mrs. Bennett, Shaw, Barnett, Higgins, Merritt, Coborn, Schutte, Gates, Edwards, Anderson, Clark, Bardon, Bradshaw, Ashton, Roy, Garrity, Lenroot, Bischoff, Wheelock, Peyton, Dopp, Brown, Calverly, Le Fave, Cadotte, Morrison, Neill, Morisset, Smith, Pugh, Bertrand, St. John, Newton, Soderlund, and Palmer. There are many others and equally worthy.

In conclusion, we are unable to honor enough, the Pioneer Mothers. Mine was conscientiously religious; one who believed strictly in obeying the laws of the land, one who observed the Holy Days and National Holidays; was firm yet most loving—tolerant and fair minded. Urged industry with a sprinkling of diversion, was cheerful and hopeful, even perhaps under adverse circumstances, and always saw that kid-chums had a generous snack of anything on hand. I am certain all the other mothers were equally regarded.

God Bless the memory of our Pioneer Mothers.



MRS. VAN VALKENBURG
Oshkosh, Wis.

Susanna Alden Richards Van Valkenburg

Author—Gene Sturtevant
Oshkosh

Susanna Alden Richards Van Valkenburg was born in 1838 and an outline of her long and useful life follows: She is a descendant in a direct line from the first settlers of the colonies, whose illustratious names star the story of America. The history of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, tells us that Samuel Allen and his wife came to this country from Bridgewater, Somerset County, England, in 1620, being the first Allen family to locate on this continent, at Braintree, Massachusetts.

Patriotism and love of country were bred in the soul and flesh of the first settlers of America, and Mrs. Van Valkenburg has nobly fulfilled the traditions of the Allen and Alden families from which she sprung. The story of her Revolutionary ancestry and some of the incidents of her life cannot be more fittingly related than in her own words.

"Solon Richards, my father, was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, October 11, 1776, and married Susanna Alden Allen, the daughter of Jacob Allen, the 3rd. The latter was the son of a Revolutionary patriot, Jacob Allen, the 2nd., and followed his father to war when he was but eleven years old. He was sent home to his mother, but immediately ran away again and returned to camp. His father, who was a captain, permitted him to remain, and he served his father as orderly, until he, Captain Jacob Allen, was killed at the battle of Burgoyne, September 19, 1777. The son served his country until the close of the war. In the year 1784 he married my grandmother, Susanna Alden, a descendant of John Alden, whom Longfellow immortalized in his "Courtship of Miles Standish." The story was held as one of special interest in my mother's family, long before the poet tossed it from his glowing pen.

I was born in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, February 1, 1838. We were a family of eight children, all boys but seven. I was the youngest and was given my mother's name. We grew up with the usual advantages of the children of that day, and I taught my first school when I was seventeen years old. In 1855 our family came to Wisconsin, locating on a farm in Marquette County, and I taught in the schools of that county until my marriage in 1860 to Henry Van Valkenburg of Waushara County.

In 1862 he enlisted in the Heavy Artillery, stationed at Alexandria, Virginia. Knowing of the great need, the following year I offered my services free to the Government, to nurse the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Alexandria. In May, 1864, large numbers of soldiers, sick, wounded and in desperate need of remedies, nourishment and care, were brought to Alexandria. Delicacies were difficult to obtain, but I, by soliciting from the men of my husband's battery and from patriotic citizens, secured broth and lemonade, and several times a day, assisted by four boys in blue, who carried the big camp boilers for me, visited nearly every hospital in the town, dispensing the needed and refreshing beverages. After something over a year of strenuous work and nursing, I finally succumbed to the effect of untimely hours and the poison of Potomac swamps and contracted typhoid fever. When able, I was taken to my home in Wisconsin, where I slowly recovered. In 1871, my husband and I located in Oshkosh, where I have since lived.

The Biographical Album of Citizens and Soldiers of Wisconsin has this to say of Mrs. Van Valkenburg: "Large in person, strong in intellect, indomitable in courage and cheerfulness, she is, altogether, such a woman as were those who made their memory sweet to the suffering in the bitter hour of national trial. With those who warded off the disasters of a terrible internal struggle, the names of Mother Bickerdike, Cornelia Harvey and Susanna Alden Van Valkenburg are on the pages of history."

As a result of her experience in the civil war, Mrs. Van Valkenburg has been identified with patriotic societies. She has filled important offices in the Women's Relief Corps, and has been honored by patriotic organizations of both men and women. The recently organized local Camp of the Daughters of Civil War Veterans has conferred upon her the title of "Mother." She is a member of Oshkosh Chapter National Society Daughters of the American Revolution.

The story of Mrs. Van Valkenburg would be incomplete without mention of an art, which in her has reached perfection. From her earliest childhood, a clever needle woman, she had achieved marvelous skill in lace making. She has no peer in America and probably no equal in the skill, with which she creates her needle point lace. Wrought with finest needle and thread procurable, her work has aroused the admiration of the lace experts of this country. She rarely sells her lace, but on one occasion, tempted by the persuasions of the purchaser, she parted with a bertha of exquisite design, the price received, being fully as large, as would have been paid for a piece of imported lace of similar beauty. Her patterns are original and her clever fingers weave ferns, flowers and butterflies on backgrounds of wondrous fineness.

Shortly after the World War, her attention having been drawn to the dire straits of the lacemakers of Belgium and the efforts of the Belgium Queen to better their condition, she conceived the idea of presenting the Queen with a collar and cuffs of her handiwork. The presentation was arranged through the Belgium consul, and a gracious acknowledgement of the gift was received. Feeling then, that it was but fitting that the first lady of America should be likewise remembered, she designed a collar to be presented to Mrs. Warren G. Harding, which she sent the following letter, at the time when Mrs. Harding was ill:

"My Dear Mrs. Harding:

Please accept these flowers grown under the guidance of deft fingers, needle and thread, especially for you. They are sent in the same spirit as the real flowers and letters of condolence you have received from all over the land. Accompanying them is a fervent prayer for your perfect recovery.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) S. A. Van Valkenburg."

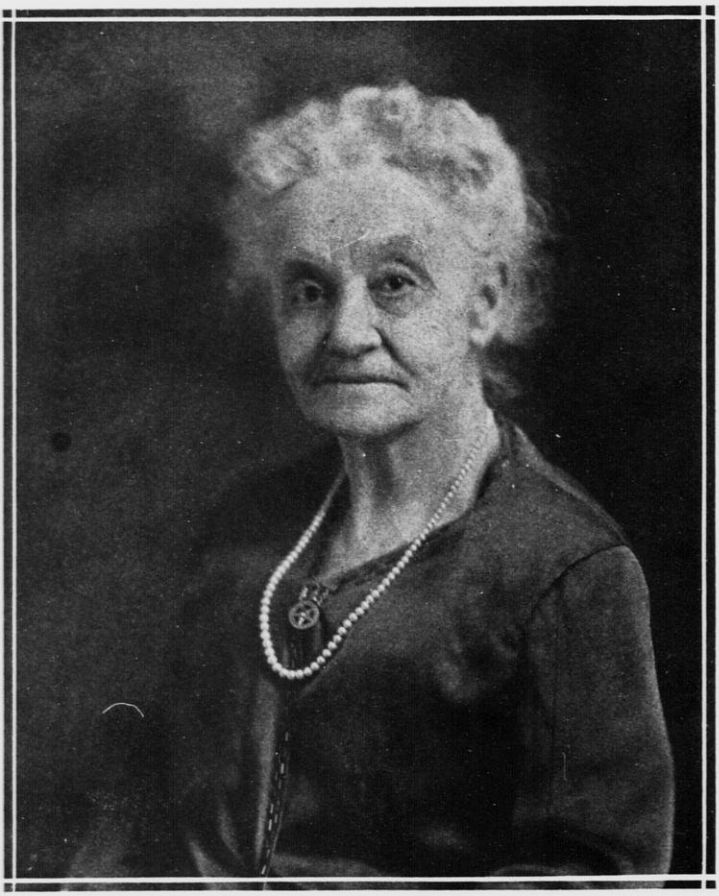
The letter of acceptance in reply, conveyed Mrs. Harding's appreciation for the generous thought and the prayers for her recovery.

May Peterson, the opera singer, a former Oshkosh girl, known to Mrs. Van Valkenburg from her childhood, is also the recipient of a bit of rare lace.

During the World War, to assist in raising funds, Mrs. Van Valkenburg exhibited her laces for a fee, which netted quite a sum to the American Red Cross. At that time, she was nearly eighty years old, but was just as ready to give her strength and service as in the days of 1863 and 1864.

An interesting piece in her collection is a lace portrait of George Washington, about the size of a cabinet photograph. She says of this, "I wrought this picture to satisfy myself that I could make a recognizable face in lace stitches, and I find that my friends, even the little ones, of whom I have many, quickly recognize the Father of our country." A moving picture producing company has filmed Mrs. Van Valkenburg, showing her at work on the lace; and the pictures are life-like and interesting.

Widowed since 1901, and left childless by the death of an only daughter, which occurred in 1879, she has spent her life in good works. Long before organized "welfare work" was thought of, Mrs. Van Valkenburg's heart and home were open to the unfortunate, and many a woman who has lived a happy and useful life, is grateful to Mrs. Van Valkenburg, whose home sheltered her and whose influence guided her in her girlhood.



MRS. SUSAN McFARLAND
Adawagham Chapter D. A. R., Wisconsin Rapids

A member of the Methodist Episcopal church, she carries her religion into her daily life. Always broadly charitable, ready to help with service or money when the need arose, she is beloved by a large circle of friends, and through her services to her country, her name is written on the pages of American history.

SUSAN BENDER McFARLAND

Author—Mabel Gottschalk
Wisconsin Rapids

Among the pioneer women of Wisconsin Rapids is numbered Susan Bender McFarland, a descendant of John Cook who served as Lieutenant and Quarter Master in a Rhode Island regiment in the Revolutionary war and Thankful Trip Cook. She was born in Sullivan, New York, September 15, 1852, a daughter of Abraham and Permelia Cook Bender who moved with their family westward in the spring of 1855. At a Buffalo hotel the father had to stay awake all night to save himself from being robbed. They stopped for a time at Marengo, Illinois, then in the fall of same year moved with two covered wagons, one drawn by a fine team of horses and one by a pair of oxen. At Portage the horses were sold for a heifer, a cow, two oxen and three hundred dollars and the trip resumed by ox team to Plainfield. The family arrived with plenty of money, but Mrs. McFarland related experiences when it was of little value as at times food and clothing could not be procured. Neighbors had to be saving with what they had for fear of running short before another harvest.

At one time Mrs. McFarland's father had to journey to Portage for flour and the mother ground corn meal with a coffee mill to make bread for the family and when the father returned, though late at night, she made biscuits and awakened the children to enjoy the feast.

The Bender family were devout Methodists and every Sunday drove six miles to the nearest church in a lumber wagon drawn by oxen. The children were educated in a pioneer school house built of slabs, furnished with slab benches. As soon as the road was built through to Centralia, now Wisconsin Rapids, Mr. Bender did some of his trading there, bringing his daughter Susan with him on many trips; Susan often remained for an extended visit at the home of her sister Jane, the wife of P. J. Johnson, who owned and operated a sawmill eight miles north of Centralia. It was on one of these visits that she met Rufus McFarland who was buying shingles and lumber to transport by raft to St. Louis and other southern cities.

Susan Bender and Rufus McFarland commonly known as Centralia's Poet Laureate were married February 1, 1874, at the home of the bride's brother, B. F. Bender, in Centralia, by Rev. Jesse Cole, pastor of the M. E. Church. They boarded for a time but moved into their new home before the doors were hung or windows placed. The home still stands and is one of the landmarks of the city, located just south of the Lowell School, but has been remodeled into a comfortable and modern dwelling.

When first built the land around it was used as camping ground by the Indians, who often kept up their whooping and savage yells the whole night through. The house was surrounded by a dense woods, filled with bears, wolves and other wild animals.

Mrs. McFarland was one of the few women who rode the rapids of the Wisconsin River on a raft; her husband being a pioneer riverman. Besides lumbering he later became interested in real estate and the cultivation of cranberries.

Having attended the Cook Family Reunion in New York in 1906, Mrs. McFarland kept urging that a Wisconsin Branch be formed with the result that in 1921 such organization was perfected.

For many years as a practical nurse she ministered to the ills of many friends and neighbors and through-

out her lifetime in Wisconsin Rapids took an active part in social and religious activities.

Having lived in or near Wisconsin Rapids for sixty eight years Mrs. McFarland became very well known and took a prominent part in all Old Settlers' activities; for nearly forty years was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also belonged to and worked faithfully in the Ladies Aid Society, the Missionary Society, the Rainbow Chapter No. 87, O. E. S., holding all the important offices, and of the Adawagam Chapter D. A. R., of which she served as Chaplain.

In the spring of 1922 following attacks of tonsillitis and neuritis, Mrs. McFarland's heart became affected and though competent physicians tried to cure, dropsy set in and she was called suddenly to the World Beyond, January 2, 1924. She had lived as she wished fairly active to the end. Her husband's death occurred July 3, 1912.

Mrs. McFarland was the mother of five children, the first three dying in early childhood, the fourth is Mabel, the wife of A. F. Gottschalk, a prominent merchant and real estate man of Wisconsin Rapids. The fifth child is Robert Ernest, who makes his home with his wife in Chicago, and Newark, New Jersey, where he is employed by the Western Electric Company.

There are also three grand children, Robert, Edith and Jerry Gottschalk.

In pioneer days Mrs. McFarland endured many hardships but endured them all with fortitude and cheerful spirits, looking forward to better times in the future, which she had the happiness to see and has effectively done her own part of the work which has developed the community where she lived into what it is today. The dearest memories and interests in her life were centered in the city and county in which she lived. The memory of Mrs. McFarland as an ideal woman highly respected and greatly beloved will live long in the community.

ANNA MOODY FLACK

Author—Ruth B. Eames

Elkhorn

Mrs. Anna Moody Flack was born at South Hadly, Massachusetts, July 30, 1830. She was the seventh of ten children of Spencer Moody and Wealthy Montague. Her ancestry was of the early pioneer New England sort. She began teaching school at Northfield at the early age of fifteen years. Later she entered and duly graduated from the famous Holyoke Seminary.

After a few years teaching at Eaton School, New Haven, Connecticut, she came to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. In 1859 she organized and took charge of the Seminary at that place. In the first four years fifty pupils were enrolled. Soon having outgrown the original quarters, a stock company was formed, and with the proceeds built a $7,000 structure which still stands on the original site. At times the number of pupils reached 150.

From Lake Geneva Seminary she was called into other educational fields. At the time when the University of Wisconsin inaugurated the idea of co-education in that institution, Miss Moody took the first young ladies to Madison and helped them to enter the school as students.

She was called to teach in the 2nd Wisconsin state normal school at Whitewater in 1868 as principal of the preparatory department and later to Platteville Normal, and at Madison, but lastly to the 3rd state normal at Oshkosh where she occupied the position of preceptress for a number of years.

She was married at Lake Geneva, January 26, 1882, to David Lytle Flack. She died October 1, 1909 after sixteen years of widowhood.

Her gracious personality, her wholesome influence and broadly-wise instruction to those students fortunate enough to come within the range of her helpfulness is

a rich legacy which they prize beyond any thing else. Very often has the writer heard former pupils of her's, now old men and women, speak of the sterling worth of the influence and instruction received by them from Miss Moody. She was progressive along all sane lines of education and uplift and never lost her sympathy for and interest in the welfare of home, church, and society. She left the indelible impression of her high ideals and character on the lives of many of our citizens and the institutions of learning in this state. Such a woman, in sympathetic touch with all goodness and kindness could not be arrogant or unwomanly. To have known her but slightly was pleasant and profitable, to have known her well was a benediction.

In August of the year 1903, the former pupils of Miss Moody held a reunion at Lake Geneva; the pupils of other days who gathered from many states numbered over 200. Among them were many men and women who have attained prominence in life.

She was not a member of the D. A. R. organization, but embodied so much of the wholesome, commonsense American pioneer spirit that she deserves a place in the archives of the history of American pioneer women.

MARGARET C. LOW

Author—Helen M. Purdy
Portage

In writing of the pioneer women of Wisconsin, I feel that Mrs. Margaret C. Low should have a place in the early history.

She was the wife of Captain Gideon Low who was in command at Fort Winnebago in 1831. She was born at Carliele, Pennsylvania, the 17th of March, 1793; was married to Captain Low August 10th, 1815. Nearly all

her married life was spent in the far west where she encountered many hardships as well as narrow escapes from death, but with it all had many pleasant experiences.

She was a very courageous woman, always facing danger in a quick but decided manner. At one time when stationed at Fort Edwards on the Mississippi river she probably saved the lives of Captain Low and Major Larned. The troops had not been paid for two years and were getting restless. When Major Larned arrive at the fort with money to pay the troops at Fort Snelling, the soldiers could not understand why they could not be paid. Major Larned could not do this, without orders from Washington, which in those days meant weeks, and must proceed to Fort Snelling. Captain Low had gone to the village and in his absence, Mrs. Low sent a servant with milk to the officers quarters. The man returned saying the sentry would not let him pass the gate. Mrs. Low said she would see if he would allow her to pass. The sentry said she could pass. This she did not wish to do as she saw the Captain approaching, at the same time the soldier raised his gun and Mrs. Low called to her husband to look out, the man was going to fire. The Captain knocked the man down, ordered the drummer to call the roll and found that eight or ten of the men had attempted to start a mutiny, thinking by so doing they could rob Major Larned of the money. The guns were taken away from the men and they were cast in the guard house. So ended the mutiny. Mrs. Low was given the honor of saving the lives of her husband and Major Larned.

In 1832 most of the troops at the Fort were ordered to Lake Koshkonong to assist in the "Black Hawk" war. Captain Low was in command. At one time a large party of Winnebago Indians rode up to the fort and asked to enter, saying they were friendly Indians. This request was refused and soon they rode away. It was thought had they been allowed to enter and found so few men garrisoning the fort they would have massacred

all. Here again Mrs. Low showed her courage by cheering the timid ones.

Mrs. Low was a great lover of horseback riding and would ride forty miles a day beside her husband, as well as many rides over the hills where now the city of Portage is.

Mrs. Kenzie, Mrs. Van Cleve and many others were friends of Mrs. Low.

Mrs. Low traveled from Fort Snelling to Green Bay by way of the Mississippi, Wisconsin and Fox Rivers in keel-boats. The Indians propelled the boats by long poles and would average about five miles an hour.

In crossing Lake Pipen at an early day, a severe storm arose and great fear was felt for their safety. Mrs. Low put her two little girls to bed, thinking if the boat went down they would be asleep, she sitting by their side. However, the boat weathered the storm and they arrived safely at Fort Snelling.

Captain Low resigned from the army in 1840 and died at the Indian Agency at Fort Winnebago, May 8, 1850.

Mrs. Low spent the last years of her life at her daughter's at Mineral Point, dying at the age of ninety. So passed another of the early pioneer women of the west.

MISS MARY MORTIMER

Author—Mrs. Ellen B. Burnham
Milwaukee

The subject of this sketch was born near Bath, England, December 2, 1816. When a small child, her parents removed to America and lived for two years in the city of New York. They then took up their residence in

the interior of the state. At the age of twelve years, she was left an orphan. In spite of many obstacles, she succeeded in acquiring a finished education and taught successfully in eastern schools. The name of Miss Mary Mortimer became known as an educator and in the year 1849 two members of the Ladies' Educational Association, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Miss Catherine Beecher, using their personal influence, prevailed upon Miss Mortimer to go to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to assist in the work of conducting a college, recently established for the better and higher education of women, and the spring of 1850 found her located in that city.

The trials, disappointments and discouragements which were encountered and nobly struggled against in this undertaking could only be appreciated by her pupils and associate teachers of those early days and by the noble and far-seeing men and women residents of the city, who gave to this little band of women both moral and financial support.

The ultimate success of those strenuous efforts may be realized as one looks back through the annuals of the institution, which in its earliest infancy, bore the name of Milwaukee Female Seminary, and which has evolved step by step through various changes and under various names until it has emerged as that splendid institution of learning of which all Wisconsin is justly proud—Milwaukee Downer College.

Miss Mortimer remained with the college, then located on Milwaukee Street until the spring of 1857. Later we read of her as head of a Seminary at Baraboo, Wisconsin, where she remained for several years. In 1866, as president, she again joined the forces of the Milwaukee institution and remained until the year 1874, when, through failing health, she severed her connection with the college and was succeeded by Prof. Farrar, of Vassar.

Through the sunset of her life, in her quiet surburban home, Miss Mortimer was still busy. She commenced a post graduate course in instruction for women and in

addition to her literary pursuits, she was interested in charitable and religious work. She was elected First Vice-President of the Wisconsin Industrial School for Girls. She was also Vice-President of the Women's Synodical Missionary Society for the Synod of Wisconsin, to the success of which she greatly contributed by her pen and personal influence.

This noble life came to a close July 14, 1877. In 1878 a library was established in the college by the Alumnae, as a memorial to Miss Mortimer, and in the same year a mural tablet was placed upon its walls in her memory.

ELIZA CHAPPEL PORTER

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent
Beloit

French Huguenots from Des Chappelles. Joshua Chappell married Bathesba Brewster, descendant of Elder William Brewster, leader of the Pilgrim band.

Eliza Chappell was born at Geneseo, Franklin County, New York, November 5, 1807. From early childhood she was of a deeply religious nature having within her veins the blood of Huguenot and Pilgrim.

When sixteen years of age, she taught the neighboring school in Geneseo, New York. During her teaching she was surrounded by M. E. influence but did not accept this form of Christian Faith. Later she accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Stuart to Mackinaw as teacher to their family of children.

June 17, 1832, she first met Mr. Jeremiah Porter on Mackinaw Island. Miss Chappell first came to Chicago from Mackinaw, June, 1833. She associated with others in teaching in the first Normal School in Chicago. She

and Mr. Porter conducted the first religious service near Fort Dearborn. Some of her ardorous work compelled long rides on horseback as she had now returned to Mackinaw. Miss Chappell returned to Chicago again August 26, 1834. Mr. Jeremiah Porter, as a Home Missionary had arrived at Fort Dearborn, May 12, 1833.

On June 1 the first church edifice was built and in January, 1834 was dedicated. Later this building became a school room for Miss Chappell.

June 15, 1835, she and the Reverend Jeremiah Porter were married at Rochester, N. Y., by Rev. Edwards of the first Presbyterian Church.

July 3, this year, they returned to their missionary work in Chicago. Early in 1840 they became missionaries at Green Bay. They now had two children.

For eighteen years the Porters were missionaries in this community. The Civil War had now begun after twenty-five years of their wedded life had passed. Two sons enlisted and Mr. and Mrs. Porter entered upon the work of the N. W. Sanitary Commission as soon as it was organized. Mrs. Porter remained one of the field agents of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission until its work was finished.

It was organized October, 1861. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke became agents in the field in 1862. They worked in the hospitals, distributing supplies, attended the sick and sacrificing sleep, lived in the atmosphere of suffering. They were wet, cold, hungry, slept on ward beds, dressed in rude clothing, ate coarse food. Much of the time they labored together. Meantime, Lucy Ann Warner Hayward, born in Cornwall, Vermont, cared for Mrs. Bickerdyke's boys while she was in the army. At Nashville, a Diet Kitchen was established. This was ably managed by Mrs. Withermeyer, while the Christian Commission paid the expenses.

Mrs. Porter established what eventually became the Freedman's Bureau.

In this connection, allow the writer to include in the war service the work of Miss Pamela Hand who was one of the first to be employed by the Freedman's Bureau as teacher. She was less than twenty years of age at that time. Mrs. Porter, on horseback, visited almost daily their crowded camp at Fort Pickering.

During her stay here, her daughter managed to visit the camp at the Fort, which now had been rendered comfortable.

Mrs. Porter rode her horse to Shilo, distributing texts and delicate food to sick soldiers. Corinth, Vicksburg, and Chattenooga, Savannah and Cairo were visited, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. Bickerdyke.

Once while Mrs. Porter was ministering to a wounded soldier, her own son rushed in and said, "Mother, I am all right," and darted away.

While these terrors were going on in camp, Mrs. Susan Ross and Mrs. Bushnell of Beloit and their loyal band of women, were preparing huge barrels of food, even sending barrels of pickled potatoes to the soldiers who were suffering with scurvy. Mrs. Porter made one visit to Chicago. Great preparations were made for her safety and letters of commendation were sent.

In October, she witnessed the marriage of her second son, Edward W. Porter, to Ellen H. Brown of Beloit, daughter of the pioneer Benj. Brown, sister of Wm. F. Brown.

In the last year of the war, the youngest son was also now in the service.

In 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Porter saw their son Henry ordained. In 1879, all the family gathered to witness in Beloit his marriage to Elizabeth Chapin.

In a suburb of Austin, Texas, Mason Town, Porter Chappell as a memorial to the Porters was dedicated to the colored people July 1855.

At Santa Barbara, New Year, 1888, Mrs. Porter entered into rest. Her remains were interred in Rosehill Cemetery, January 17, 1888, by the authority of the Women's Missionary Board of the Interior.

Elizabeth Chapin Porter (Mrs. Henry Porter) is now a resident of San Diego, California.

Her son, Lucius Porter and Lillian Dudley Porter have for many years been missionaries to China. At present all of this family and Madam Porter are spending their vacation in Beloit and other cities.

MRS. ADELINE HILL RIDDLE

Author—Mrs. Frances Riddle Cooke
Appleton

Mrs. Adeline Riddle was one of Wisconsin's pioneer women. She was born at Charlemont, Massachusetts, June 25, 1820. Her mother Annis Avery Hill, daughter of Johnathan Avery, a soldier of the Revolution, was born at Eufield, Connecticut, April 13, 1796, and therefore lived under the administration of every president of the United States until her death in 1886.

On her twentieth birthday Adeline Hill was married at Charlemont, Massachusetts, to Thomas Morris Riddle of Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory and started at once on her wedding journey to her new home in the far West. Mrs. Riddle lived in Wisconsin eight years before the territory was admitted as a state. Her husband, however, had located there five years previously, coming from Massachusetts to try his fortunes in the new country. He had walked the greater part of the way from

Ann Harbor, Michigan and all the way from Chicago to Milwaukee, the journey from Chicago to Milwaukee being especially slow and tedious, consuming six days as they were often obliged to cut their way through dense underbrush and fallen timber. Five years later, when Mr. Riddle returned with his bride, the mode of travel was much improved and they were able to ride a large part of the way in an ox-cart over a corduroy road.

On reaching Milwaukee in 1835 Mr. Riddle for a time assisted his brother-in-law Deacon Daniel Brown, by doing carpenter work. Together they erected the first frame house in the county and to Mrs. Samuel Brown, the sister, belongs the credit of having baked the first loaf of bread, baked by a white woman within the present limits of the metropolis.

Mr. Riddle soon pushed on to the home of the only white settler known to live west of Milwaukee Village, a Mr. Woodward, and took up government land near Mr. Woodward's claim. Here he built a two room cabin, to which he brought his bride in 1840.

Naturally a home maker and aided by her modest wedding outfit and the wedding gifts of her girlhood friends, she soon transformed the bare cabin into an attractive and homelike spot, to which many a weary traveller turned, when overtaken by nightfall, in his journey through the forests. Here the itinerant preacher always found a warm welcome and free hospitality. Travellers halted their prairie schooners at their home —for in the lingo of those days, the Riddles "kept tavern". Having almost no conveniences, life became strenuous for the young housewife. But, although burdened with the care of a large family and carrying on the dities of a pioneer, Mrs. Riddle was never too busy or too tired to take an active interest in social and community work, and many a little sewing circle or reading club owed its existence to her leadership.

The Indians and wild beasts were all about them but these pioneer women would make their way to each other's houses for sociability and study. Having abund-

ant opportunity to observe the native flowers and birds, these ambitious women classified, made her bariums, and studied the use of the different medicinal herbs, so that their knowledge became of considerable value in that region where doctors were almost unknown.

A work, near to the hearts of both Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, was that of the church and they helped to establish and maintain services in the log school house or in different homes until churches could be built.

They both lived to see their home town, Wauwatosa, become a beautiful village, with schools and churches. Mr. Riddle was for many years postmaster. After his death in 1869, Mrs. Riddle moved to Appleton, Wisconsin, where she later married the Rev. Joseph Rork and died in 1909. She was buried in the family plot at Wauwatosa.

Of her five children, but one survives, the writer of this sketch, Frances Riddle Cooke, of Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

CATHERINE ANN HOLMES ATWOOD

Author—Miss Abbie Atwood
Janesville

Mrs. Volney Atwood, whose maiden name was Catherine Ann Holmes, was born in Newark, Ohio, August 10, 1819. She was educated at Marion, Ohio, where her father was judge of the county court.

With her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. William Holmes, her sister, Lucinda, and brothers, John and George, she started at the age of sixteen for Wisconsin early in the year of 1836.

Three brothers, William, Thomas and Joshua, had gone to Milwaukee the summer before. There they heard such glowing accounts of the Rock River Valley

and prairies from those who had been over the ground during the Black Hawk war, that they decided to see this wonderful place. They went on horseback along the Indian trails to the banks of the Rock River opposite the Big Rock at Janesville. Here they camped with no one for miles around, and nothing to break the night's stillness but the howling of the wolves.

The Holmes boys were so deeply impressed with this spot that they decided to persuade their family to come and take a claim here. They built a log cabin just across the river from the "Big Rock" in which William stayed while Thomas and Joshua went back to Ohio to interest their folks. It was agreed that the family would start for Wisconsin early in the spring. Previous to their starting the boys took six loads of household goods, furniture and a row boat to Wisconsin.

The Holmes boys shared their log cabin that winter with the St. John family, who came in November.

During the winter Judge Holmes and family came from Ohio to La Porte, Indiana. The first of March the party of nine passed through Chicago. They had three two-horse wagons, one yoke of oxen, two saddle horses, six cows, some calves, pigs, and fowls.

Friends tried to persuade them to remain in Chicago, but the Holmes brothers felt that the Rock River Valley was a much more inviting place that Chicago, which was swampy and low, with mud in the streets, knee deep. They stopped over night three times between Chicago and their destination at the only houses on their route. They travelled mostly over prairies and had to ford all the streams as there were no bridges. They stopped at the present site of Beloit to get warm in the cabin of Teabo, the Frenchman and his three squaw wives. He was the only white person there in the midst of a camp of Winnebago Indians.

The last day of the journey was cold and raw. The snow was falling so heavily that the party lost the trail

after they left Beloit. While the men were searching for the trail they kept blowing their fog horns in order to keep in touch with one another.

William Holmes, who was waiting and watching daily for them, heard these horns. He fastened a lantern to a long pole, climbed upon the roof of his cabin, and all evening held it aloft and waved it whenever he heard the horns. At 9 o'clock March 9, 1836, the party reached the cabin travelling through snow eighteen inches deep.

Nineteen people stayed in this log cabin of one room 18 by 20 feet for five days. For the next six months the Holmes family lived in a cabin built by William, on the bluff where the railroad crosses Rock River at Monterey.

That summer Judge Holmes built the first frame house, the logs being sawed with a whipsaw, on the opposite side of the river, east of the Big Rock, at what is now the corner of S. High and Wilson Ave. His claim ran west to the rapids beyond the Big Rock. He named this section Rockport.

The Holmes boys went to Chicago at least once a month. In this way they brought the windows, doors, and material needed for the new frame house when they were bringing supplies. Flour was $21 a barrel and all other groceries accordingly.

Mrs. Atwood loved to talk to her grandchildren and friends of this pioneer life. She never enlarged upon the hardships and vicissitudes which we know a frontier life subjected one to, but was always ready to tell interesting tales of those days. She would talk of her wonderful flower garden—the wide expanse of prairie covered with beautiful flowers of many kinds. To her the river was fascinating. She liked to watch the teams and wagons ford the river just above the Big Rock. Later her father established a ferry at this point. One can imagine her great excitement, when in June a steamboat from the Mississippi came up the river. All the settlers were given a ride. In 1839 another steamboat went up as far as Jefferson.

Mrs. Holmes taught her daughters to be kind and polite to the Indians at all times. A large fog horn hung over the door so that a signal of distress could at any time be given to the men if hostile Indians should approach. But it never had to be used in their home. Many times those in the house have looked up to find an Indian's face staring at them through the window. The door was never kept locked in the day time for this angered the Indians. They did not want to be shut out.

Mrs. Atwood's grandchildren would beg her again and again to tell the story of the Indian who helped himself. They could easily imagine her amazement when one day shortly after her mother had baked several delicious pumpkin and berry pies, a big ugly Indian chief walked into their house, went straight to the pantry and helped himself to the fresh pies. She watched him devour first one pie then another and another until all were gone. He came from the pantry, gave a satisfied grunt and left the house. She looked at her mother in horror but Mrs. Holmes smiled and said it was much better to keep his friendship than to save the pies. This old chief was very fond of both Mrs. St. John and Mrs. Holmes. He called them "the good squaws."

Mrs. Atwood's jolly laugh pleased her grandchildren when she told them that for quite a while she was the belle of the Rock River Valley for miles around, and why, because she was the only young lady here. Her sister had married and gone to Michigan to live.

Volney Atwood came here in 1837. His older brothers—bankers in St. Albans, Vermont—sent him to make a survey of this western country in interest of their bank. He went first to Missouri, then came up to Chicago and Milwaukee. He came with a surveying party

to the Rock River Valley. Here he decided to remain. There were five houses here when he came.

Mr. Janes established a ferry across the river where the Milwaukee Street bridge is now built. A post office was established at this point and the town named Janesville. From then on the town grew rapidly.

The first public school was opened in 1840.

In 1844 the Episcopal Church was formed with six communicants one of which was Catherine Ann Holmes.

In 1843 the population was thirty-three hundred and thirty-three.

In 1843 Catherine Ann Holmes was married to Volney Atwood. Their homestead is the red brick house at the corner of Franklin and Dodge Streets, across from the post office.

MIRIAM CARPENTER EASTMAN

Author—Mrs. E. W. Eastman
Plymouth

Miriam Carpenter Eastman was born in Sandy Creek, New York, February 16, 1822, daughter of Asa and Louisa Wood Carpenter, married Enos Eastman in Sandy Creek, New York, January 11, 1844.

In 1849 Miram Carpenter Eastman and family moved to Wisconsin, Mr. Eastman purchasing 160 acres of land for which he paid $700.00. They moved into a log house the same site on which later they erected a beautiful home. More land was added to the homestead year by year. Mrs. Eastman was a true pioneer; her home was always filled by those less fortunate than herself. Mrs. Eastman was a devout member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman lived together over 50 years, her death occurring January 16, 1914.

PIONEER WOMEN OF SUPERIOR

Author—H. May Bertrand

Superior

Among the pioneer women who came to Northern Wisconsin the names of these three stand out as examples of the true pioneer spirit: Mrs. I. W. Gates, Mrs. J. F. Smith and Mrs. R.G. Coburn.

Coming to the Northern Wilderness in 1856 from homes of comfort and the luxuries of life, they bravely carried their share of the burdens of a wild region and made for themselves a place in the heart of the community.

Coming to Superior with their husbands who were prominent business men they shared in entertaining many noted men of history.

When Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Steward made their trip to the northern boundary of Canada and the United States one of these women entertained them in her home.

These women were charter members of one of the Churches, organizing the first Missionary Society and the circulating library, as well as looking after the cares of their households.

Mrs. Gates' home was on a farm in a log cabin which was replaced by a handsome house in town, here she cared for her seven small children.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Coburn lived in town, both had five small children to care for.

Mrs. Gates was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Mrs. Coburn in New York and Mrs. Smith in Indiana.

They were close friends and shared their joys and sorrows together for fifty years. Their lives were lives of service and no one could come within the radiance of their smiling graciousness without being better for the acquaintance.

MRS. ARABELLA LOCKE

Author—Georgia A. West
Oshkosh

Mrs. Arabelle Locke is one hundred and five years old and came to this state in 1851. She was born in Westfield, Connecticut one of fourteen children. Her parents were Oliver E. and Marcia Manning, the latter being one of eighteen children. Mr. and Mrs. Manning both lived to be over ninety.

When Mrs. Locke was two years of age, her parents started with horses to move to New York intending to take up government land. The weather being very stormy they stopped at Chester, Massachusetts for one year, then moved to Berlin, Van Ranselier County, New York, where her father secured a small piece of land. He soon gave it up, however, and worked at shoemaking, going from house to house making shoes for the families. Mrs. Locke's parents remained in New York till 1853 when they went to Milwaukee by water, then with horses to Oak Center and finally to Omro, Winnebago County.

Mrs. Locke at the age of fourteen returned to Massachusetts and worked in a cotton factory. When she was seventeen she married Mr. Arnold Locke at New Lebanon, New York, just over the boundary of Massachusetts. She continued, however, to work for several years weaving cotton cloth. In 1844 she and her husband came to Illinois through the Great Lakes and in 1851 came by team to Wisconsin. They settled near Omro and in 1869 bought the farm on which Mrs. Locke still resides. Mr. Locke died in 1891. In 1885 they had celebrated their golden wedding with a family reunion.

Mrs. Locke joined the Baptist Church eighty-five years ago when she was twenty years old. Although she has cataracts on both eyes, she reads her bible, the Christian Herald and the daily newspaper. She keeps well posted on current events and took an active interest

in the World War, expressing great joy at the outcome of the war, the downfall of liquor and equal suffrage for all. She took great delight in voting for President Harding. She has lived during the lives of every president but Washington. Mrs. Locke is one of the last survivors of the pioneer women who helped their husbands make farms of a wilderness. She worked hard during her life making a home and raising a family. She lived not only long but well.

FRANCES J. MORRILL

Author—Mrs. Lewis M. Alexander
Wisconsin Rapids

Frances J. Morrill was born in the little New England town of Canaan, in the month of May, in the year 1829. Here she lived her early school-girl years, among the Green Mountains of Vermont. Her parents, Levi and Serena Morrill, were thrifty New England stock of English ancestry.

In tracing her D. A. R. history, it was found very difficult at a certain point to keep the line. Upon closer investigation, the cause was found to be a strain of Quaker blood, they not believing in war. The line weakened, but was picked up again through one "backslider", who strengthened the line considerably.

Her father owned and operated a sawmill, which was considered in those days a mill of much importance. The family consisted of four sons and one daughter.

In her early days the newspaper was quite different from that of today—being full of beautiful ideals and thoughts from the pen of the early poets of her day—Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and others. She was naturally very fond of reading, being passionately fond

of poetry. She insisted upon having a fine education, and though not endowed with luxuries, her brain was fertile, retentive and determined. She finished her local schools in Canaan and then graduated from Bethlehem College in New Hampshire. Later she taught in the same college, with much success, judging from an old newspaper clipping from the "College News", published in 1858, which reads: "Fannie Morrill, our splendid teacher, who has given such great satisfaction, has, against our wishes decided to leave us and go West."

Many stories have been told of the hardships endured, going back and forth from school during the cold, severe New England winters, the snow so deep that even the horses finally gave way to walking and wading one's self, if one cared to reach the goal of the seminary.

The older brother, George, who had gained an M. D., decided he must go West to make his fortune, and he did so, finally starting to practice medicine in Sauk, Wisconsin. Her father, being interested in water-powers and mills, heard of the vastness of the same in Wisconsin and so bade farewell to his home in Vermont and with the family joined the son in Wisconsin. .Frances, the daughter, was at this time 29 years of age, when she found her way to Centralia, on the Wisconsin River. In moving to Wisconsin, she did not forget to bring her dearest possessions,—her books and her melodeon. She first spent some time at French Town—now Port Edwards—in 1859. She then went to Centralia, where she found a home in one of the old families there, and spent three years teaching in the district school. .Quoting from a paper she read at the time the new school-house was opened in Port Edwards in the year 1915, she says: "I hope you will pardon me for digressing in a personal way. I would like to tell you of my old melodeon, now in my daughter's home in Port Edwards, formerly French Town, which I used in teaching music in Centralia and Grand Rapids, and which discoursed sweet music 60 years ago in Vermont. I still hear the strains of melody,

which was a solace to me in the olden times, when great forests, rushing torrents and Indian camps were the lot of the pioneers of more than fifty years ago."

Her teaching and being "school ma'am" carried with it a good deal of importance in those days. Coming from the "East" and "bringing her own melodeon, playing it and finding it the first one in town", was prestige in itself. The stories she told of early schools and teaching were many: the log school-house, none too warm; the plain, straight benches for seats with no backs, all good enough for the tall ones, but the poor little short ones had to put up with their legs dangling. She often spoke of her scholars of the olden days, and often mentioned the handsome "Little boy with big brown eyes," who was a special pet with all the rest, and never could she forget the early days when little Frank Garrison was the baby of the school and many were the requests to "let us take care of him today."

Her length of time to board and room in each home or family was regulated according to the size of the family, and the coming after school for the school ma'am to take her home, with horse and sleigh, robes and sleigh-bells, made a wonderful memory picture to her, as she often related it when telling of early days, and added, "How things have changed!"

About this time it was necessary to have a district school in French Town, now Port Edwards. Frances Morrill had met John Edwards, Jr., who had found his way to Wisconsin from California where he had been one of the many "Forty-Niners", and contrary to the quotation,

> "East is East and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet,"

the two young people, one from the East and one from the West, did meet in French Town, when each first called it home. John Edwards was the school treasurer, and gave her her first salary certificate for teaching in the district school in French Town. He liked music, so

the little melodeon came along also, and it was witness to many hours of social time, and now, telling us no more, stays in the hall of the old home that was built 57 years ago by Mr. Edwards for himself and bride, Frances Morrill. It has now risen to the glory of being real "antique", and though "windless", still has the "perfect lines."

Frances Morrill Edwards' first home in French Town was in a little cottage, and as the town was a crude village, the comforts were not many. No complaints were made, however, and her one great shadow during those early years was the fear of Indians, which were not the peaceful, picturesque creatures of today. One day she returned from a neighbor's to find a big Chief sitting in her only rocking-chair, rocking and grunting to his heart's content. Another time one of the braves demanded one of her babies to take to his wigwam, and great was her horror while she demonstrated and convinced him that it couldn't be done. Her heart was filled with fear when her husband gathered a band of the workingmen and went away, leaving her home for days while he had to watch and report the movements of the Indians.

One great event of those early days was the stage going through to New Lisbon each day and passing through French Town. Being the possessor of a fine horse and loving to drive, she frequently drove to New Lisbon to visit her brother, Dr. George Morrill, each time filled with fear of the Indians. She related how one time near Necedah, she was sure Indians were near, and she crawled down in the bottom of the carriage and crouched low, out of sight, tying the reins to the whip, while faithful "old Dick" trotted along, perfectly oblivious to the heart-throbs in the bottom of the buggy, and brought her safely home. These Indians are not to be confused with the Reservation Indians, who come annually to gather cranberries from our nearby marshes, but were the real nomadic tribes, moving from place to place

and existing by fishing and hunting. These come no more. Like our noble forests, they have passed away forever. Like the music of the great rapids, and the cataracts of the river, they sing no more, because industry has harnessed their music into units of power.

Great interest was taken in the new saw-mill, built in 1854 on the bank of the Wisconsin River, in front of the present Frank Brazeau home in Port Edwards, this being the second mill built on the Wisconsin River and the third in the State. The great diversion of an afternoon was to go and see the rafts of lumber being built and watching them drop off from their frame down into the river, to start on their long water journey to the Mississippi River. This was a thrilling sight and one that would be much sought after nowadays, could it be obtained. And there was the joy in the springtime of overseeing the making of the great kettles of soft soap, which was really the "spring opening", to be sure, and a great row of them was to be seen, all along the line of the street.

Here in the little village of French Town, now called Port Edwards, (in honor of John Edwards, Sr., who was the early settler and owned much of the town and the timberlands about the section) her little family of four children were born, three daughters and a son. Only one child lived, Mrs. Lewis M. Alexander, who now owns the original home built in 1867 as her summer home.

Mrs. Edwards moved to Milwaukee with her daughter later to live, and she wrote two books of poems, "Almond Blossoms" and "Reminiscences", when over 75 years of age. In 1898, she moved to DeFuniak Springs, Florida, to live there three years, then changing her residence to St. Petersburg, Florida, where she built a home.

During all these years she was a deep lover of reading and study, and finished the Chautauqua (New York) course and then later the Post-Graduate Chautauqua course, being presented with a diploma and having the honor of walking through the Golden Gate at Chautauqua, New York, after finishing her post-graduate work, at the age of 81 years.

Mrs. Edwards spent 21 winters in St. Petersburg, during which time she helped build the M. E. Church, which she was very fond of and aided in many other good works.

She suffered from the results of a fall in 1921, at her daughter's home at Port Edwards, and after three months at the Hinsdale Sanitarium in Illinois, died November 30, 1921, at the age of ninety-three years.

ASENATH DUNLAP McKAIG

Member of Milwaukee Chapter

Author—Mrs. Ruth Wales Isham, Elkhorn

One hundred and seventeen years have passed away since the close of the Revolutionary war—nearly time enough for three generations to have come and gone. To the younger people of the day, the Revolution seems almost as ancient as the wars of the Greeks and Romans, yet today, January first, 1901, there are a few people living whose fathers were among the heroes of that war.

Asenath Dunlap was born in Ovid, Seneca county, New York, Dec. 12, 1811.

John Dunlap, who came to America, was born in Tyrone county, Ireland, in 1718. Robert, his son, was born in 1757. He married three times. Asenath was a daughter of the second wife; John, son of the first wife came west and was one of the early settlers of Geneva in 1839.

Robert Dunlap fought in the Revolution and three of his sons served in the war of 1812. Asenath Dunlap came with her half-brother to Wisconsin in 1839. In 1840 she married Thomas McKaig, a member of the government surveying party. Mr. McKaig platted the village of Geneva in 1837. Mrs. McKaig states that she can

clearly remember hearing her father talk with the neighbors about his service in the war but does not recall his mentioning what regiment he was in or any battles in which he fought.

With her husband she began housekeeping on the farm near Duck Lake, Geneva township, where the major part of her life was spent. She, like other poineer women, spun, wove and knit, furnishing to the family those comforts which at that time they were unable to secure. With these and other home duties she gave time to her church and also kept in touch with the affairs of the day.

Not long ago the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution presented Mrs. McKaig with a souvenir spoon which she highly prized.

March 25, 1906 Mrs. McKaig passed away. Almost to the last she possessed good health and strong vitality. She read a great deal and kept informed on the various topics of the day. Her memory of recent occurrences, as well as those of her earlier life, is remarkable.

MRS. JOHN H. KENZIE

Author—Helen M. Purdy

Portage

Her husband was an Indian agent at Fort Winnebago for several years, coming there in 1830.

Mrs. Kenzie was a delicate, eastern woman, yet the hardships of the west had no fears for her. She would go wherever her husband went, wherever duty called.

She made a name for herself at Fort Winnebago as well as later at Chicago where she wrote Wau-Bun, a history of her early western life. When planning to accompany her husband to the far west, she was told many stories of the hardships she would be obliged to endure, yet such stories weighed but little with her.

She was to become a resident of that land which to her had been a land of romance since childhood. When standing by her teacher's knee and spelling the long name Mich-i-li-mack-i-nac, had charms for her. It meant a land of many lakes, boundless prairies, and vast forests. Now she was to see all this. It was to be her home. Many were the thrilling experiences encountered on that eventful journey. They were fortunate in being able to take a steamer at Buffalo and have more of the comforts than in the ordinary way of traveling by schooner. From Green Bay they were obliged to travel by small keel-boats, propelled by Indians by means of long poles. It was a long, tiresome trip, yet Mrs. Kenzie never complained and showed the true pioneer spirit.

The last two days were very tiresome, so many windings of the river, but at last the white walls of the fort were seen in the distance, looking down from a rising ground upon the vast expanse of low land and winding river. All were anxious to arrive at their journey's end after the long tiresome trip. In that they were disappointed. The river made so many turns it was two hours before making a landing.

Their welcome was very warm by Major and Mrs. Twiggs, particularly by Mrs. Twiggs, as she was the only woman at the fort and had looked forward with great pleasure to having a companion. They remained a week with Major and Mrs. Twiggs; their goods then arrived and soon were nicely settled at the Agency. Many were the pleasant experiences they had. The Agency became the center of social life of the fort. They had many calls from the principal chiefs, all decked out in their bright blankets and feathers, calling Mrs. Kenzie their "new mother".

Mrs. Kenzie tells of her trip to Chicago with her husband on horseback. No roads in those days for them to follow. Bridle paths through dense forests; fording streams; riding across treacherous marshes; braving storms and partaking of Indian diet in their lodges when their provisions gave out.

All this and many other experiences of the true pioneer life were hers, which she tells of in after years when surrounded by the comforts of her Chicago home.

Mrs. Kenzie was married in 1827, came west with her husband in 1830, returned to Chicago in 1834 where they took up their permanent residence. It was at Chicago that she wrote Wau-Bun, her early history, not realizing at that time what a prominent part it would have in after years, in the history of the massacre of Fort Dearborn in 1812. Her mother-in-law, from a boat, was an eye witness to part of the massacre.

Mrs. Kenzie died in Chicago in 1870 after a long, eventful life.

I trust she may find a place among the pioneer women as she surely was a wonderful woman.

MRS. LEWIS N. WOOD

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Naomi Dunn Davis, born in Shiloh, New Jersey, September 8, 1800, was married to Lewis N. Wood of Cumberland County, New Jersey, in 1821. They went to Madison County, New York where they lived until 1824, moving to Waterville, Oneida County in 1832. Here Mr. Wood conducted the Academy and studied medicine, graduating from the Geneva Medical College in 1837. His wife, a beautiful and intelligent woman, was a most efficient helpmeet and the wise mother of the eight children born to them. Upon completing his course in medicine, Dr. Wood went at once to Chicago. His wife and children went to New Jersey to visit their relatives before taking the journey to that far distant town which then contained about three thousand inhabitants, on the

outpost of civilization among the Indians and the pioneers of the frontier. Dr. Wood travelled to his new home via Buffalo, where he took a sailing vessel going by way of the Great Lakes to Chicago. When Mrs. Wood took her family they went by boat from New York City to Albany, then by canal boat to Buffalo and thence by sail boat by the same route the head of the family had taken. The boat on which Dr. Wood expected his family to embark was burned enroute and all the passengers lost. He learned of the tragedy and suffered the agony of believing all his family had perished until the vessel arrived on which they had taken passage. The canal boat from Albany was so slow in its journey that they missed the ill-fated vessel and so there was a joyful reunion in the new home.

They found Chicago a rude pioneer town and the young doctor concluded it was not a suitable place with its changing population in which to rear his children and he bought three hundred sixty acres of land in Walworth County, where they all went in 1839. In that region he practiced his profession and gave some service to the State after its admission to the Union as a member of the legislature. He was successful in the practice of his profession and was in advance of his time for he was a constant student with a philosophical mind. He had received a fine education and Mrs. Wood had also enjoyed unusual advantages. Their home, though a pioneer one, was one of culture, study and much reading. Mrs. Wood was a handsome woman of great physical endurance, endowed with courage and fortitude. While her husband practiced his profession, she managed the big farm efficiently, trained the sons and daughters in ways of unselfishness, industry and studiousness, and shielded her husband in his arduous work. She secured tutors for the children and when they grew older they went away to school and college. Dr. Wood's office adjoined the house and his wife and daughters rendered assistance in emergencies. Several young men studied medicine there and one of them married the daughter Clarissa. Another daughter married John B. Crawford of Baraboo, Wis-

consin, who had been a partner of Dr. Wood's son, J. W. Wood in California, whither the young men had gone in 1849, with thousands of others who went in search of the Eldorado. Mrs. Wood lost her daughter, Naomi, to Mr. Crawford, when he came to Walworth to visit his former partner on their return from California in 1852.

The family of Dr. and Mrs. Wood scattered as all families have a way of doing and after living for so long the strenuous life of a "Doctor of the Old School", the Doctor's health began to fail and he retired from practice. They moved to Baraboo, where their daughter, Naomi was living and there passed their remaining years. Dr. Wood died in 1868, aged 69 years, and Mrs. Wood lived fourteen years without the companion of her youth and active life.

Though deprived of her husband's society so long she was brave, beautiful and interesting to the last. She was one of the pioneer women of Wisconsin who helped materially and spiritually in making Wisconsin the wonderful community that it was for so many years. She was a descendant of the original Sharpless family that settled in Philadelphia and Chester County, Pennsylvania and went with her daughter, Naomi D. Crawford to attend the two hundreth anniversary of their settlement in America, celebrated in Chester County, Pennsylvania in 1882. Naomi Davis Wood was a queenly woman fitted by nature to fill any position of whatever responsibility or prominence.

MRS. JOHN B. CRAWFORD

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Naomi Davis Wood, with her husband, John B. Crawford, established their home in Baraboo, Wisconsin, in 1853, and became influential citizens, contributing muchly to the high character of that town. John B. Crawford's mother, Hannah Barnes, was the daughter of John

Barnes and wife, of New York, who served in the war of 1812 and whose ancestors served in the Revolutionary war also. She and her husband, Colonel Alexander Crawford came from the east and settled in Baraboo, in 1844. Alexander Crawford was the son of Joseph Crawford who served in the Revolutionary War and his wife, Margaret Shankland, who endured terrible endurances at the time of the massacre of Cherry Valley. Her father was Robert Shankland, who also rendered service in the cause of liberty. Thus John B. Crawford and his wife, Naomi, had in their blood feelings of patriotism, as well as principles of high honor and integrity. Their mothers, Hannah Barnes Crawford and Naomi Davis Wood were noble examples of brave, capable, refined Christian women doing their full share in making early Wisconsin so fine. Other elements have since those days come in with their alien influences which the descendants of these early patriots must strenuously battle against to preserve our great institutions and our federal Constitution.

Like her mother Naomi Wood Crawford conducted her home with efficiency. She had six children, one dying in infancy with scarlet fever. Two daughters passed away in early womanhood, but the eldest daughter and the two sons lived to bear their part in mature active life. Mrs. Crawford was a woman of unusual beauty, sparkling wit, and extraordinary good sense; an ornament to society, a spiritual force in her circle and the idol of her children and friends. She and her husband moved to Sumner, Washington, where he died early in 1893. The lovely daughter Mary passed away in November of that year and the two bereavements broke her frail strength. She and her son, Lewis, returned to Wisconsin and in June, 1895, Naomi Wood Crawford slipped away from this world at the age of sixty-seven years. Thus the world lost a lovely personality enshrined in a body of unusual grace and charm.

She left her sons, J. C. Crawford and Lewis A. Crawford and daughter Alice C. Bailey to cherish her memory and to emulate her virtues.

ALICE BAILY GORST

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Alice A. Crawford was the oldest child of John B. and Naomi Wood Crawford of Baraboo, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford had established their home in Baraboo in 1853 and from this source constantly flowed influences making for the better and higher things. One of the fine institutions of the town was the Baraboo Female Seminary, under the leadership of Miss Mary Mortimer, which flourished until the end of the Civil War. Miss Mortimer later became President of Milwaukee College. Mr. Crawford was one of the trustees of this seminary and there daughter Alice received her early education.

After graduating from the Baraboo High School in 1872, Alice entered the Sophomore class at the University of Wisconsin and was graduated in 1875. There she met William H. Baily of Iowa, an honor graduate of the class of 1873. His ancestors in several lines rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary and Colonial Wars.

After teaching in the Baraboo High School, Alice A. Crawford was married to William H. Bailey in 1878. They established their home in Spirit Lake, Iowa, where Mr. Baily had begun the practice of law, having been graduated from the Iowa Law School of Iowa University in 1875. Here they remained until 1884, exerting with great enthusiasm all their influence for the best things and forces in that pioneer community. In 1884 they moved to Des Moines, Iowa where Mr. Baily soon took his place as a leading attorney of that city and the state.

Mrs. Baily was a charter member of the Abigail Adams Chapter of the D. A. R., and was admitted to the National Society as member 3345; this chapter was organized early in the history of the D. A. R. movement. Alice Crawford Baily served two terms as Regent of the

Chapter and was in Washington to attend the Continental Congress D. A. R., in 1898 and when war was declared with Spain her chapter presented a Regimental flag to the Fifty-first Iowa Regiment when it started to the Philippines. Not all the boys came back but the flag returned with those who survived their service there. Mrs. Baily served the Des Moines Woman's Clubs as President in 1902-03 and was President of the Iowa Federation of Woman's Clubs from 1901 to 1903, having previously been Recording Secretary and Corresponding Secretary. In 1904-05 she filled the position of Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Iowa World's Fair, Commission for the Exposition held in St. Louis in 1904.

Mr. Baily, an ideal husband and citizen died suddenly in 1910 and the life of his wife was woefully changed but her only child, Robert W. Baily, was a wonderful comfort and substaining force through this sorrow. He was graduated from the Mechanical Engineering Department of Wisconsin University in 1907 and took his Master's Degree of M. E. in 1910.

In 1911 Mrs. Baily went abroad and was in Europe nine months, traveling from Algiers to the North Cape. In 1913 she again visited Europe.

In 1916 Mrs. Baily and her son went to Chicago to live as he was in business there. Mrs. Baily was married to Dr. Charles Gorst of Madison, Wisconsin in 1917. Mrs. Gorst transferred her membership from the Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines, Iowa to the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R. She was elected Vice-Regent in 1922 and 1923, and was chosen Regent of John Bell Chapter in 1924. She is Chairman of the Standing Committee on State Institutions in the Wisconsin Federation of Woman's Clubs. She is Chairman of the History Department of the Madison Woman's Club and is Chairman of the Missionary Department of the Wowan's Society of Christ Presbyterian Church, Madison. Altogether Mrs. Gorst is a busy woman and is very happy to be of service to her fellow citizens.

SKETCH OF MRS. JOHN GORST

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Prudence Copley was born in Leeds, England, in the year 1831 and attended the schools of her native city until 1844 when she came to Wisconsin with her parents, James and Mary Copley, who had become members of the English Emigration Society.

Robert Gorst of Liverpool was Secretary and Treasurer of the above society, and by lectures, charts, explanations, and so forth, throughout England, secured a membership of one thousand persons who came to Wisconsin between 1840 and 1850 and settled on farms between Lodi and Mineral Point in the Counties of Columbia, Dane and Iowa.

This settlement, known as the English Colony, whose business affairs were controlled by Robert Gorst of Gorstville, which he established in the northwest portion of the township of Black Earth, Dane County, upon his arrival from Liverpool in the year 1845.

Prudence lived with her parents at Gorstville until November, 1852, when she was married to John Gorst, a son of Robert Gorst, the Secretary and Treasurer of the society.

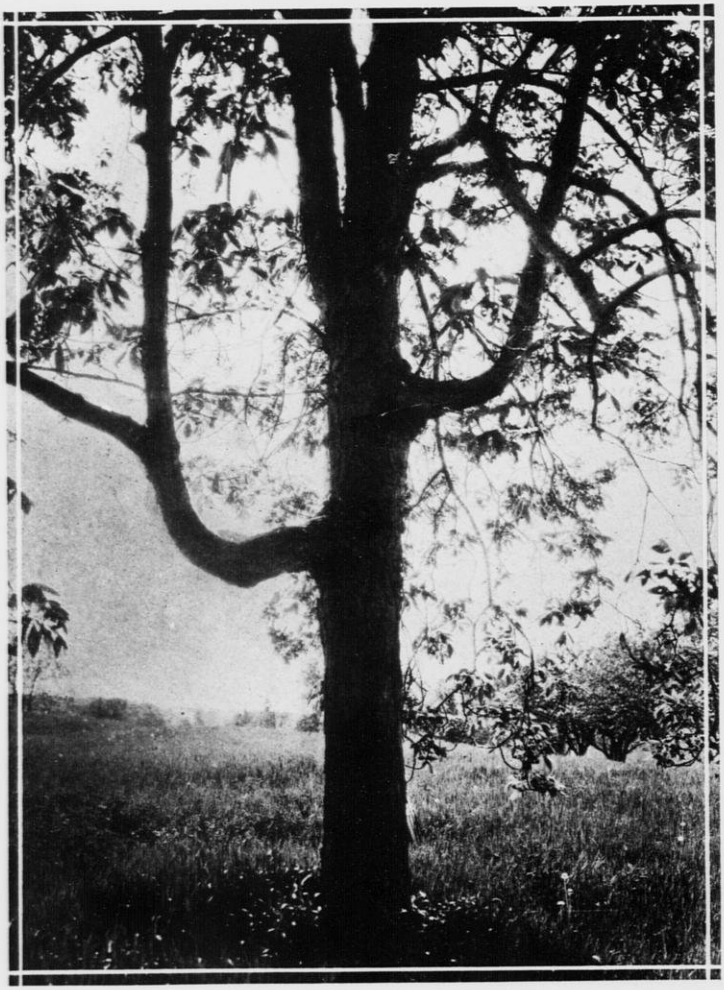
After their marriage they went to their own house on their own farm, located in Gorstville, and there established their home as pioneers where part of the population was composed of bears, wolves and Indians. The country around Gorstville developed rapidly and a Primitive Methodist Church was built a mile away on one side and a Methodist Episcopal Church a mile away on the other side of John Gorst's farm. One held services in the morning and the other in the afternoon. John and Prudence were young, strong and generous; they asked people to dinner on Sunday who wished to attend both churches and soon their home became known as the

"Halfway House" and they as Uncle John and Aunt Prudence. People learned to know that they would be welcome to a meal or a night's lodging if they could just get to the house. Ministers, peddlers, strangers, friends and neighbors came at will, and for fifty-two years John and Prudence Gorst fed and housed such persons and never charged anyone a cent.

Gradually eight children came to this home to share the joys and sorrows and to increase the burdens of the household. But Mrs. John Gorst was a woman of vigor, health, energy, endurance, patience and ability. She spun her own yarn, knitted socks, stockings and mittens and made the clothing for a family of ten, besides all the work of the home which comes to a wife and mother. Her spinning wheel, sewing machine and knitting were always waiting for any time she could give them. She was efficient at all times in her own household, but she always found time and a way to help a neighbor in need.

Frequently she led singing in the churches and taught in the Sunday School. She was one of the typical wives, mothers and homemakers who carried the burdens of pioneer days and helped to develop and build the great State of Wisconsin.

She did everything she could for her eight children who all lived to be men and women and have families of their own. One son became a prominent Methodist minister and presiding elder of Omaha, Nebraska, another a leading physician in Wisconsin and all reflected credit and honor on the mother who gave so heroically to their upbringing and development of character. She survived her husband ten years and at the ripe age of 83 years she passed to her reward, having lived a life of noble, unselfish, and efficient service.



Trail Tree found in Mercer's Addition to the City of Madison. Used to direct the Indian trails by the bending of the four branches.

SERAPHINA POTTER

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

"Forward" is the watchword for Wisconsin, and exemplifies the spirit which actuated the men and women of the East when they left the regions of their birth, the homes of their childhood, and bade adieu to many loved friends and relatives to struggle for existence in an undeveloped country where the settlers all must break the way for the early paths of progress, and where schools and churches were almost unknown.

To such conditions in 1848, came a young girl, Seraphina Potter, little more than a child when arriving in Dane County with her father's family, but of fitting character to bear her share of responsibilities of the pioneer life.

From a comfortable, well furnished home in New York to a log cabin in the wilderness, a cabin sparsely furnished by reason of the difficulty of transportation of household goods was a passage requiring courage and great adaptability to circumstance if reasonable happiness and successful results were to be attained.

Summers brought scorching suns to bedroom lofts, but also brought a hundred varieties of wild flowers to spangle prairies and forests; and winters gave opportunity for an exchange of visits with distant neighbors—the cold which prevented outdoor work encouraging sociability.

People had parties and "good times",—they must have been "good times", for the participants enjoyed them. Refreshments were conspicuous by their simplicity; whatever else might be lacking, welcome and fire were always warm.

Six years went by without much alteration in the life of Seraphina Potter. Then a young physician, Charles Rollin Head, found favor in her eyes, and so a new home was founded in Albion, and a wider circle of duties and interests appeared.

Even in these days with the assistance of telephone and automobile and with myriads of minor conveniences the responsibilities of a country doctor's wife are not light ones. What they were in primitive conditions when the practitioner was truly "all things to all men" and women and children—can only be known to those who endured and rose to their demands. The preparation of long delayed meals, the care or entertainment of half-sick patients who must wait at "the house-office" for the return of its owner, the soothing of terrified messengers who bore the intelligence of illness or accident, the impressment of the rare passer-by to post 'the black bridge' or the Smith's shop with 'a hurry call' notice, played their part in the weekly round of tasks in Mrs. Head's pathway.

Church, too, had its requirements cheerefully fulfilled—and education must be advanced. Just as true as that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church is the thought that by the sacrifices of our pioneers was paved the road leading from the log school house to the stately institution of learning. The well known history of Albion Academy is a large part of the story of the life of Mrs. Head. During its forty years of active existence, and in accord with her husband who was continuously the president of its board of trustees she ministered to its instructors and students with such wisdom and affection that its graduates, among whom are men of every calling in life still delight to do her honor.

Two years ago the late Senator Knute Nelson memoralized her birthday by a gift of a brooch set with diamonds and pearls. A beautiful offering gladly received; but dearer to her was the message of affection and good wishes written by the 'poor boy' whe read in her library.

A life worth living. A rich life, too. For special peace and privilege come to one who bore the heat and

burden of the day—a peace and privilege best expressed in Mrs. Head's own words, as she watched an aeroplane.

"I arrived in Wisconsin the day of the State's birth. Oxen were in general use then, but I saw them give place to horses, steam cars and steamboats, followed as did the telegraph and the sewing machine, farm machinery, velocipedes, bicycles, telephones, automobiles and electric cars appeared, and now the flying cars of the air.

"Oh, I have had wonderful experiences and though I have had sorrows and anxieties in the loss of many dear to me, still, as my life has been, and with all of its lessons reckoned, I would not have one day changed."

Mrs. Elizabeth Yates Atkinson Richmond
Author—Edith Richmond Galpin
Appleton

Elizabeth Yates Atkinson was born in Liverpool, in 1830. At an early age her parents brought her, after a voyage of a month; to Montreal, where she received her education.

While she was still a young girl, her father felt the urge of the far West—Wisconsin—and made his home in the southern part of this state. The isolated life, and sharing the care of a little invalid sister had much influence upon her and helped develop the tendency to verse making she had always.

At the age of twenty she married Norman Richmond of Milwaukee, and there began writing, under the name of Aelizabeth, for various publications of the day.

They removed to Appleton, where the Richmond Brothers built the first papermill in the Fox River Valley.

Those days of pioneer life were full of self-sacrifice and devotion and exquisite friendships.

Living for some years on a bluff overlooking the river, which the children crossed, by boat in summer and on the ice in winter to attend school, was a trial.

Tales of The Western Land is her only published book.

LOUISE B. BELDING MARSTON

Author—Mrs. Alice Waters Jones
Appleton

Louise B. Belding was born June 4, 1829 at Hardwick, Vermont. She married Joseph H. Marston, at Neenah, Wisconsin, September 1854. Her death occurred in Appleton, Wisconsin, March 28, 1892.

Two fine sons blessed this union. For many years the Marston family has been closely identified with the business and public interests of the city of Appleton.

A great-granddaughter, Miss Louise Marston, resides here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Marston, (Frances Ballard.)

Written by Mrs. Alice Waters Jones, (79466) Historian, Appleton Chapter D. A. R., Appleton, Wisconsin, February, 1924.

HANNAH MUDGE MARBLE

Author—Mrs. Hannah Stevens Baker
Appleton

Hannah Mudge Marble was born in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, in 1799. Her father, Stephen Mudge, had been a soldier in the Revolution, when young. The family "went West" to New York State when she was a child.

She married Ephraim Marble, whose parents had immigrated from Vermont.

In 1826 their daughter, Rachel Cevilla was born in Adams Center, Jefferson County, New York. When she was about six years old they went into the "Black River" country, near Alexandria Bay and made a home for themselves in the wilderness.

Rachel Sevilla Marble married Charles Stevens, whose family was of the same New England stock. In the fall of 1853 the two families consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Marble and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, with their three children, left New York State for Wisconsin coming directly to Appleton, of which they had already heard through copies of the "Appleton Crescent" sent to them by relatives there.

Mrs. Marble died in 1883 in Appleton and her daughter, Mrs. Stevens, died in 1889, in Appleton.

Two daughters of Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Hannah Stevens Baker and Mrs. Aimee Stevens Priest, both born in Jefferson County, New York, are still living here.

IDA CLINE BARTLETT

Author—Gene Sturtevant
Oshkosh

BORN 1849

The annals of Oshkosh Chapter National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, would be incomplete, indeed, without special mention of a member to whom the chapter loves to render homage in appreciation of her long service as an officer. Chaplain for many years, in fact during the greater part of the time since its organization, the quiet, uplifting and spiritual influence of Ida Cline Bartlett has always been felt.

While perhaps, not a pioneer of Wisconsin, in the strictest meaning of the word, the subject of this sketch has been a resident of this city and state since 1884.

Mrs. Bartlett came of parents whose ancestors were among America's earliest settlers. Her mother being a descendant, in the eighth generation, of Peregrine White, who became distinguished at a very early age. He was born on November 20, 1620, in the cabin of the Mayflower, as she lay at anchor in Cape Cod Harbor, while preparations for landing were pending. His name was derived from the peregrinations of the family, "Peregrine signifying a pilgrim in a strange land." He was the grandson of Bishop John White of England, and a son of William White; his mother being Susannah Fuller, a sister of Samuel Fuller, who also came in the Mayflower.

The paternal line of Mrs. Bartlett runs back to settlers who came from Holland to settle in the Mohawk valley. Her father, John Milton Cline, was a physician of note in Jefferson County, New York.

Ida Cline Bartlett was born in the town of Clayton, New York, on August 20, 1849. Her childhood days were spent in the place of her birth and her education was completed at Hungerford Institute, located in Adams, New York, a rare feature of a school, in those days, being, that it was a co-educational institution of learning.

Her marriage to Albert Bartlett, a young business man of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, occurred on October 7, 1884. She was not the first of her family to marry a Bartlett, as her grandmother on her maternal side also married a man of that name. Shortly after the wedding, Mr. Bartlett brought his bride to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, taking up their residence in the home on Jackson Drive, in which Mrs. Bartlett still lives. Her husband passed away some sixteen years ago. Her name is among the older residences of the city, having been erected before 1861, in which year it was purchased by the father of Albert Bartlett.

Mrs. Bartlett is a member of Plymouth Congregational Church. She has been a member and studied for many years with the Clio Class, one of the oldest study

clubs of Oshkosh. About twenty-six years ago, she assisted in promoting and was one of the founders of the Oshkosh City Missionary Society. At its organization she was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and still holds these offices, having given twenty-six years of interrupted service. When the need arose, some years ago, she was instrumental in founding the Oshkosh Girls Club, a philanthropic society, which has for its object the care and welfare of girls. She is a staunch and loyal member of Oshkosh Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

She is among the quiet home loving and home making women, whose influence toward the higher things of life manifests itself through various channels and strengthens the moral fiber of the community in which they live.

MARY JANE JACKMAN LAPPIN

Author—Mrs. Mary Doty
Janesville

Mary Jane Jackman, daughter of Timothy and Esther Cooper Jackman, was born in Houseville, Lew County, New York, June 12, 1827. Fourteen years later her mother died and she was left to do the housework and care for four brothers. In 1842 her father, Timothy Jackman, was married to Miss Marcia M. Smith and the next year moved with his family to Wisconsin, locating at Janesville. He purchased the old Stage House Hotel which he operated for a time, but finding the work too hard for his wife and daughter, sold it and purchased a little house at the corner of North Bluff and North First Street. It was in this house on November 2, 1847, that Mary Jane Jackman was united in marriage to Thomas Lappin, who arrived in Janesville in December, 1838, which at that period of time was almost an unbroken wilderness. Mr. Lappin was the pioneer merchant of

the town and used to walk to Chicago and Milwaukee to buy his goods. Their wedding trip consisted of driving a horse and buggy across country to Milwaukee, the first stop being Johnstown. (Looking at it from this day it may seem to have been a tiresome wedding trip, of more than one hundred and forty miles in a buggy). For some time Mr. and Mrs. Lappin lived in the little red brick farm house about a mile north of the city on the River Road.

Mrs. Lappin was one of the founders of Christ Episcopal Church and a daughter of the American Revolution. She was one of the pioneers who had to do with the building of the city and the impress of her life dates back to the town which she found on the banks of the river when she came to it as a young girl with her parents. No eulogy can add to such a life. The city is better because she walked its streets and mingled in its homes for three quarters of a century.

There were born to Mrs. Lappin four daughters, three of whom, Mrs. Edwin F. Carpenter, Mrs. Henry A. Doty and Mrs. Charles S. Putnam are still living.

Mrs. Lappin died September 25, 1914.

Dated May 14, 1924.

CLARA WINTERS EVERETT

Author—Georgia A. West
Oshkosh

Mrs. Everett was one of the pioneer teachers in Winnebago County. She was born in 1837 in Woodstock, Illinois, where she received her early education in the district school. When she was fourteen, the family moved to Wisconsin and settled on a farm in the town of Utica. Mr. and Mrs. Winters were pioneer farmers of Wisconsin working hard to clear their land. There were no fences in those days and one farmer, a neighbor of theirs, relates how the three little girls of Mr. Winters,

one of which was Clara Winters, were obliged to hunt for their cows every morning. One day they were so cold he called them into his house and told them to stay there and get warm and he would find the cows.

At the age of fifteen, Clara Winters became a teacher in the rural school near their home and earned money to educate herself. The family moved to Oshkosh so she and her sisters could attend High School. After finishing the High School, she attended Rockford College, at that time a Seminary. She graduated in 1865 and secured a position as teacher in the high school at Oshkosh. In 1869 she married John Everett, Principal of the High School. Her father had died and she and her sister, Hannah Winters, were supporting their mother, an invalid sister and an aunt so Mrs. Everett continued to teach. In 1873 Mr. Everett died leaving Mrs. Everett with two small children. A few years later, on the death of the younger sister, Hannah Winters, had to give up teaching to take charge of the home so Mrs. Everett became the sole support of the family.

Mrs. Everett was an excellent teacher. She was considered the finest latin teacher in the states and when she wished to resign after teaching forty years the school board persuaded her to teach half of each day. This she did for five years more. Finally in 1910, after teaching forty-five years in the High School, she resigned completely. She died in the fall of 1913.

Clara Winters Everett was a very faithful teacher and helped to build up a first class High School. She was a favorite with the students as well as with the teachers. Every morning she entered upon her school work with such energy and goodwill it was radiated to those about her. She was an inspiration to the students to work and make something of themselves. The school increased in number from less than one hundred in 1865 to 800 in 1910, and owes to Mrs. Everett much of its increasing excellence.

MRS. SARAH ATWATER WARD

Author—Georgia A. West
Oshkosh

Sarah Atwater Ward was born in Genoa, Cayuga County, New York, September 4, 1821. She was the thirteenth of fifteen children, eleven boys and four girls. Nine of them lived to be over seventy, Mrs. Ward being eighty-nine when she died. Mrs. Ward's forefathers came over in the Mayflower and she was a real daughter of the Revolution. Her father, John Atwater, was a student at Yale when the Revolutionary War broke out. He left school and enlisted. He was in New York when it was captured by the British and carried dispatches from La Fayette to Washington the night before General Washington made his celebrated "crossing the Delaware". John Atwater's father, Mrs. Ward's grandfather also fought through the whole war.

Mrs. Ward's father taught her to read when she was four years old. She was always a serious-minded child and when fifteen years old wrote a poem which was often recited. She was in Newark, New Jersey when the first steamship "British Queen" came from England to America. In 1844 she was married to Alfred Ward at Genoa, New York and the same year they came to Wisconsin. In 1849 they settled in Oshkosh where in 1908 Mr. Ward died. Mrs. Ward traded at the first general store in Oshkosh, situated close to the river on Main Street.

In 1850 she attended the first Episcopal service held in Oshkosh, Bishop Kemper officiating. She assisted in her home with the spinning and weaving of all the clothes and baked in the large brick ovens of the early day.

Mrs. Ward spent the last nine years of her life in the Old Ladies' Home. She was a great favorite of the D. A. R. and was always invited to attend their special

meetings. She had a splendid memory so that she could entertain by reciting poetry or telling stories of olden times. Her only surviving relative is a great-gandson She was buried in Rienzi Cemetery, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

MRS. RHODA McKOON SPENCER

Author—Flora Spencer Wolters
Appleton

Miss Rhoda McKoon was married April 23, 1840, to Elihu Spencer, in the town of Butler, Wayne County, New York.

Rhoda Spencer traced her ancestry to Roger Williams, the first settler of Rhode Island, and to Martin Luther, the German Reformer, she being of the seventh generation from the former and the thirteenth from the latter.

In the fall of 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, with their three children, emigrated to Wisconsin, settling in what is now Waukesha County, and in 1853, removing to Appleton and locating near Appleton Junction.

Six children were born, of whom two are living: Hulda, who married A. F. Bounds, they having two children, Florence and Hattie, and Flora, who married B. C. Wolter. They have two children living, Mabel and Robert.

Mrs. Spencer's father, the Rev. William McKoon, belonged to the old time Circuit Rider class and consequently his family were reared in a strictly religious atmosphere, as well as one of great frugality. This environment developed a strength of character which proved a great asset to her in her pioneer life in a new country. She was given to hospitality, and no poor wayfarer was ever turned away from her door empty-handed. Those old pioneers had a wonderful capacity for enlarging their

accommodations to entertain strangers, one time a man and his wife were living temporarily in a part of our house, when the man's sister with a family of ten, one a cripple, came on from the east to locate here in Appleton. My mother opened her house to them and they remained with us for three weeks before they could get located in a home of their own, and from the acquaintance thus started, they became life-long friends.

My recollection of her was a happy habit she had of singing about her work, seeming to gather strength and courage from the grand old hymns of Wesley and Watts. I can think of no more appropriate description of her than King Solomon's description of a Virtuous Woman, found in Proverbs 31:10-31.

Written by Flora Spencer Wolters, from Appleton Chapter D. A. R., Appleton, Wisconsin.

HELEN BAILEY BOSTWICK

Author—Miss Mary Bostwick
Janesville

Helen Bailey Bostwick was the first white girl born in Janesville. She was the daughter of William and Mary Bailey and was born at Janesville, Wisconsin, June 24, 1837. Her father, W. H. H. Bailey, was born in New Hampshire, and in 1814 he moved to Danville, Vermont. He was united in marriage in 1835 to Miss Mary Dixon, a sister of John P. Dixon, a well known and prominent early settler of Janesville.

Soon after their marriage, in October, 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey came to Janesville, where he joined his brother-in-law, Mr. Dixon, who had preceded him the previous spring. The two families located on claims near the river in what is now the southeastern portion of the city of Janesville.

Mr. Bailey was the first register of deeds and also the first clerk of the Board of County Supervisors. In

1842, Mr. Bailey joined Thomas Lappin and Charles Stevens in building the first bridge across Rock River at Janesville. He was associated with A. Hyatt Smith in building the first dam across Rock River at Janesville, in the winter of 1844-45. In 1848 he was one of the incorporators of the Madison & Beloit Railway Company, the first railway company incorporated in the state.

Helen Bailey was born in a log house on what is known as the Burr Robbins farm in Spring Brook. Her parents later built a residence on Main Street. She looks back through the eighty-seven years of her life recalling the story told by the young mother of how the Indians peered through the doors and windows to catch a glimpse of the white papoose. They would never come inside of the white man's house. They just looked in. But they were always friendly.

This was five years after the Black Hawk War. Black Hawk's grove, just outside of the present city limits of Janesville, was the home of the red men. In those days the nearest trading center was Galena, Illinois, the distance having to be travelled by road. Parties of Indians were often met, but they were seldom hostile if treated right. Many Indian trinkets were brought home to the Bailey children by their father, whom the Indians numbered among their friends.

When Helen Bailey was seven years old, she went to Vermont with her parents to visit her father's brother. While there, the cholera broke out and they were forced to stay for some time. Helen Bailey was educated at a private school in Hanover, New Hampshire, the seat of Dartmouth College in 1860, she returned to Janesville with her parents, and was married to Robert Matteson Bostwick on the 12th day of February, 1863. Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick were the parents of seven children, two of whom are dead. John P. died at the age of fourteen, and Morris M. at the age of thirty-three. .The members of the family still living are Mrs. A. E. Bingham, Charles

B. Bostwick, Mrs. A. W. Mayhew, Mark Bostwick, and Mary L. Bostwick. Mr. Bostwick died July 23, 1913. He was a resident of Janesville for sixty-six years, and for fifty years of that time was identified with the mercantile business of the city.

ANNA WEALTHY MOODY FLACK

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent

Beloit

Anna Moody was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, July 30, 1830; married January 26, 1882 to David L. Flack at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Died at Elkhorn, October 1, 1909, after sixteen years of widowhood and two years of failing health.

She was the seventh of ten children of Spencer Moody and Wealthy Montague. Her brother, Austin Moody of Lake Geneva and Duluth was the surviving member of the family. Her ancestors came early to New England and were of that choice seed which God winnowed from four kingdoms for sowing these colonies.

At fifteen she was a teacher at Northfield.

She laid the basis of her higher usefulness by entering and graduating from Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

She taught a few years in Eaton School, New Haven. The lure of the West, the far west of Wisconsin was upon her. Accompanied by her brother, she reached Wisconsin in June, 1858. We will quote her own words in her address at a reunion of her former pupils at Lake Geneva, August 19, 1903: "When I came, it was too late to engage a school for that year. In January of the year following, I was invited to teach a school of eighty young men and women at Genoa, completing the work at the end of the school year.

"September, 1859, I commenced teaching over Beamsley's, with twenty pupils. Some of these went to the war, while the girls formed a knitting circle. The mittens had fingers as well as thumbs.

"In 1863, by invitation, I went to Madison, taking some of my pupils with me. Dismayed at the closing of the Genoa school, my patrons erected a large two story frame building for me, upon a bluff overlooking the town and beautiful Lake Geneva. The school was established and named Lake Geneva Seminary. The school had greatly increased in number, so that I was obliged to have assistants. I have come not to talk but to take you by hand."

The school continued from 1859.

The writer will now give a personal reminiscence.

It is August, 1865, a girl just thirteen is joyously picking hops with a bevy of boys and girls on a large farm in North Geneva. All are striving to fill a box first.

A double-seated "democrat" looms in view, a familiar form appears. The voice says, "Nettie, you must come at once with me, next week, Miss Moody's school session begins and you are to atend her school. Goodbye girls. The thrill of the years has begun. Miss Moody as she appeared was a tall, slender brunette. Her movements were extremely graceful. Her dark eyes sparkled with brilliancy. Her face wore smiles. Her voice was soft and gentle.

I was a little girl lost in a crowd of young men and women and must sit on the front seat. This was a point of advantage to observe all the movements of the teachers.

Mary Allen (Mrs. Hiram Curtis), Frank Allen, (Mrs. Cheever), with her dancing brown curls, and Miss Catherine Lily, were able assistants. Of that school, daytime was not enough, as in my dreams, I would say aloud, "It is so; it must be so; Miss Moody says it's so."

Those were the stirring times of the Civil War period. We sang songs each day.

"Ye Harps of Freedom Wake to Glory".
"Hark, Hark, What Myriads Bid You Rise".
"On Ye Patriots to the Battle".
"The Flag of our Union".

Subsequently, Miss Moody taught in Whitewater Normal and at a reunion of its Alumini, Miss Moody, (Mrs. David L. Flack), Mrs. Ruth Wales————————, who had been under her instruction in both schools were among the 194 guests present. Miss Moody taught eleven years at Oshkosh Normal School and did not retire to the quiet of home life until she had reached an advanced age.

After the lapse of more than fifty years, December 29, 1922, the inspiration she gave is still bearing onward, all former pupils who remain to cherish her memory.

Miss Anna L. Moody was a pioneer instructor in the state of Wisconsin antedating and foreshadowing the organization of Normal school by the state.

Antoinette Cowles, D. A. R. Daughter No. 30546.

Mrs. Frank S. Kent, 635 Park Ave., Beloit, Wisconsin, December 27, 1922.

MARCIA HAMMOND BALDWIN

Author—Mrs. May Rogan

Janesville

Marcia Hammond, daughter of Holmes and Sarah (Marcy) Hammond, was born at Ludlow, Vermont, December 24, 1834.

The ancestors of both her parents were among the earliest settlers of New England.

In the troublous times of the 1630's William Hammond of London, England died. His widow, Elizabeth Penn Hammond, "desiring liberty to worship God according to the dictates of her conscience", left a good estate in London and came to the new world in the ship Griffin, landing at Boston, Massachusetts, September 18, 1634.

She was a sister of Sir William Penn, Admiral of the British Navy, father of William Penn the Quaker.

With her were her four young children. The eldest, Benjamin, (born in 1621), and three younger daughters, Elizabeth, Martha and Rachel. They settled in Boston. Their descendants spread through Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. John, a son of Benjamin, was a select man, a member of the Colonial Legislature, and one of the founders of the first Congregational church in Massachusetts.

Marcia Hammond was seventh in this line of descent from Benjamin. In 1843 Holmes and Sarah Hammond with their three little daughters, Carrie, age 9; Marcia, 7, and Emma 1 year, took the long journey from Vermont to the then Territory of Wisconsin. At that time the journey had ceased to be perilous but it was long and tedious, the only railroad in existence being the first experimental stretch from Albany to Schenectady, N. Y., and not available to the Hammonds. They made the entire trip by boat, coming from their home at Windsor down the Connecticut River to the Erie Canal, and via the Canal to Buffalo. There they took a lake boat and after days of wearisome travel, they landed at Milwaukee.

That was a very important port of 1,700 population, though it was surmised that a goodly number of Indian squatters had been counted. Mr. Hammond brought his household goods, including a set of heavy mahogany furniture, horses, wagons and a new "top buggy" (which with the furniture, were objects of much interest in the log cabins of his neighborhood), also tools and farm implements. At Milwaukee they rested for a few days; bought provisions and then took the trail called a road towards their new home, one of the only two improved farms in what is now Waukesha County, and which had been purchased before leaving Vermont.

The road was so bad and the loads so heavy that it took all day to reach Prairieville, now Waukesha, where they stopped for the night. It was on this trip that Mrs. Hammond appreciated the springs and cushions of the buggy which was tied behind one of the wagons and in which she and the baby rode, though even then the jolts

from the stones, hummocks and pitch holes of that early trail were hard to endure. The little girls and men preferred to walk most of the way through the shady woods and flower-carpeted prairie. Next day by an even less traveled trail they reached their new home southwest of Mukwonago. Here they found themselxes the fortunate possessors of a quite commodious log house of four rooms.

A spring of clear, cold water near the house was hailed with delight. Before long this spring became a source of terror for the children and much anxiety to the parents, as it was a long established resting place for traveling Indians. The time of open hostility was past, but they were still regarded with suspicion and vigilance by the settlers. A much traveled trail crossed the farm past the spring, and in spring and fall large bands passed along it from camp to camp. Often Mrs. Hammond looked up to see their coppery faces pressed against the window panes or a blanketed figure in the doorway. Being a courageous woman she was too wise to show fear, and a gift of doughnuts or bread would generally send the visitors on their way. After a while they were not greatly feared, but were always avoided when possible. The next year Mr. Hammond built a frame house for his family and the log house became a haven for newcomers to that locality, while building their own homes.

The children were taught at home until a small district school was built several years later which they attended. Owing to a dearth of regular teachers, Marcia suddenly found herself at thirteen, appointed to that situation. Pride and consternation were about equally divided in her mind, but she rose to the occasion and taught two terms; many of the pupils being older than herself. When sixteen she was sent to boarding school at the Janesville Academy, living in the home of the Principal, A. C. Spicer. After a year or so there she spent two years at Milton Academy (now Milton College). Her parents moved to Eagle about that time and she was married at that place to A. Webster Baldwin of Milton, October 15, 1856. Mr. Baldwin was a graduate

of the Academy and an attorney, having been admitted to the Rock County Bar in 1855, after studying law with Judge Noggle of Janesville. They lived in Milton and vicinity (four years on a farm) until 1868, when Mr. Baldwin was elected to the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court and they moved to Janesville. Mr. Baldwin held this office until his death in 1885. He was also a prominent and devoted Mason, E. C. of the Janesville Commandery, and an officer of the Wisconsin Grand Commandery Knights Templar, and a Trustee of Milton College at the time of his death.

Mrs. Baldwin was possessed of a keen, analytical mind, a thinker and a reader, always keeping pace with the problems and achievements of the day, and an earnest advocate of all progressive movements.

Being of a retiring disposition she took no part in public activities, but contented herself with creating an ideal home for her family and dispensing and responding to hospitality with the cordial spirit of the early days.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin had three children: Carrie May, now Mrs. Rogan of Oak Park, Illinois, and Emma E., wife of Frank E. Clark of Janesville. A son, Herbert Eugene, died in infancy. Three grandchildren: Maurice James Clark of Janesville; Marcia May Rogan, Oak Park, Illinois, and Marion Rogan Faust of Argyle, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Baldwin was not a member of the D. A. R., but through the Revolutionary service of her ancestors both daughters and granddaughters enjoy that privilege, being a member of the Janesville Chapter.

Marcia Hammond Baldwin's paternal great grandfather served as a private in a Massachusetts regiment, and her maternal grandfather, Prosper Marcy, as a drummer boy. She told of many thrilling experiences in the pioneer days, but few have been recorded or remembered accurately enough for repetition.

She died at her home in Janesville, January 3, 1907, suddenly, of heart trouble in the midst of an active, useful and inspiring life.

MRS. SAMUEL BROWN

Author—Mrs. John B. Burnham
Milwaukee

A Pioneer Woman of Wisconsin

A Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Samuel Brown, a Former Resident of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Clarissa Hoyt Brown was the daughter of Thomas and Susannah Demerritt Hoyt and was born at Tuftonborough, N. H. on the 27th of June, 1813. She remained at Tuftonborough until 1833, when she accompanied her parents to Chicago. There she made the acquaintance of Mr. Brown, to whom she was joined in marriage, February 3, 1834. The newly wedded pair remained at Chicago until the following spring, when, having decided to make their future home in Milwaukee—Mr. Brown having made a claim at Milwaukee in December, 1834—they came to take posession, arriving in March, 1835. On their journey to Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. Brown left Chicago on Monday morning, traveling with an ox team, and reached Walker's Point at sunset, Saturday, and being very firm in the belief that the Sabbath began with sunset on Saturday, they spent Sunday there, although their destination was at Killbourntown. Mrs. Brown was the first white woman to make wheat bread in Milwaukee. She had the honor of being the first Anglo-Saxon woman to make a permanent home in the then embryo city. To the day of her death, she occupied a prominent place among her sister pioneers, as a woman of great worth of character and a model wife and mother.

Mrs. Brown was possessed of a strong mind and a dignity of manner that would win the confidence as well as the respect of all with whom she became associated. She was gentle in manner, true to every correct principle, and, like her honored husband, always a safe counselor. In the promotion of the cause of religion she was prominent, and unless prevented by sickness, would always be

found in her accustomed seat at the church, ready to do her whole duty. Of Puritan ancestry she inherited many of those traits of character for which the early settlers of New England were famed,, notable among which were self-reliance, the moral courage to do what she believed to be right, and an unswerving faith in an over-ruling Providence. She was the acknowledged head of the little band of pioneer women, who shared in the toil and privation incident to the settlement of Milwaukee.
(Extract from historical sketch by James S. Buck, Milwaukee Historian, and information furnished by descendand of Mrs. Brown.)

ANNE ELIZABETH VAN DYKE HARRIS

Author—Mrs. Frank S. Kent
Beloit

Anne Elizabeth Van Dyke Harris was born at Lewisburgh, Pa., May 23, 1831. She was the daughter of Lambert Van Dyke and Anne Dale Chamberlain. They came West, arriving at Freeport, Illinois, July 4, 1843. She joined the National Society of the D. A. R. at Freeport, receiving Certificate No. 6,758, dated December 4, 1894. She was a charter member of the Beloit D. A. R., Beloit, Wisconsin, organized in 1896. January, 1917, she died at Beloit at the age of 86 years.

She was a descendant of Charles Dale, of Scottish origin, and who was a member of troops who were sent by King William from England in 1690 to quell the rebellion in Ireland. Samuel Dale, the grandson of Charles Dale came to America in 1763, and settled in Pennsylvania. In 1769 he married Anne, daughter of Samuel and Ruth Steele Futhy. In 1770, when the call was made for "Minute Men", he raised a company of volunteers for the defense of the country against the Indians. He

resigned his Captain's commission thereof in 1776 for a seat in the State Supreme Executive Council assembled in Philadelphia. The same year he was elected to a seat in the first assembly held under the State Constitution of Pennsylvania, which he retained through the year 1801. His daughter, Elizabeth Dale, married Aaron Chamberlain, a Colonel in the War of 1812, and who is buried at Freeport, Ill. He was a son of Colonel William Chamberlain who enlisted in the Continental Army at the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle. His Colonel's commission bore the date September 9, 1777. He was entrusted with many important commissions, as the yellow, time-stained documents in possession of his descendants testify, some signed by General Washington, some by General Wayne, and some by Governor Livingston of New Jersey. These commissions were executed so successfully that the British commander swore that the head of the Rebel who could plan and execute such daring schemes was worth one hundred pounds to King George and the man who would bring him dead or alive should have the money on the spot. Three of his sons served in the war of 1812, and more than a score of his grandsons and great-grandsons laid down their lives on southern battlefields or died from poison in prison, in defense of the principles he fought so bravely to establish

His son, Aaron Chamberlain, mentioned above, married Elizabeth Dale, daughter of Samuel Dale and Elizabeth Futhey Dale. Their daughter, Annie Dale Chamberlain, born in 1813, married Lambert Van Dyke in 1830 at Lewisburgh, Pa. . One daughter, Anne Elizabeth, (subject of this sketch) was born to them in 1831. In the spring of 1838 this Colonel Aaron Chamberlain came west on horseback to explore the "far off wilderness of Illinois", and to choose a new home. Prior to the Blackhawk War little was known of the "Great West" by people east of the Alleghanies. The western counties of Pennsylvania were "the west" and Ohio was called "the far west". Dr. Van Valzah who accompanied him on this journey bought a tract of land and built the first flour mill near the present village of Cedarville, which later

passed into the hands of John H. Adams, father of our Miss Jane Adams. Aaron Chamberlain purchased, or made his claim, (the land was not yet in market) about two miles north of the village, then, of Freeport. He built what was then considered a fine log cabin, and then made their return journey to Lewisburgh for the purpose of getting rid of their property there and bringing their families west.

Early in the spring of 1840 they again set their faces westward, this time joined by several other families, each family having two well equipped wagons and fine teams. They reached Freeport, August 17, 1840. Freeport, or Winneshiek as it was then called, was, at that time, little more than an Indian village, with perhaps a few dozen white settlers. In 1843 Lambert Van Dyke, his father, John, and family, including the subject of this sketch, set out for the west to join their relatives already settled there. They arrived at Freeport July 4th, 1843, in time to hear the oration being delivered by Thomas J. Turner at this patriotic celebration of the day. As the Galena Gazette announced, in praise of the celebration, "The immense crowd numbered 300 persons". This was the only newspaper in the Northwest outside of Chicago. That Fourth of July was an important day in the history of Freeport for 74 new citizens were added to its population. The journey from Lewisburgh, Pennsylvania to Freeport, Illinois, occupied six weeks of steady driving, covering by actual count 1,469 miles. Not an unpleasant event occurred to mar the enjoyment or the harmony of the trip. Little Anne Elizabeth Van Dyke went with her Grandfather Aaron Chamberlain to live in the log cabin in one of the most beautiful spots in northern Illinois. Here she lived and went to school, walking three miles through the woods each day until cold weather and snow compelled the school to close as there was no way of providing heat. The school was built of rough logs and the room was ten by twelve feet in size, with a bench around the walls for the scholars and accommodated twenty if well crowded. Here also during the summer the first Sunday School in the County was con-

ducted, and about a dozen children attended. The services and lessons were principally in German, and the English scholars learned to read in that language and to sing "Kum Kinder Kume to Suntag Schule". This because the new settlers had not yet had time to get an English preacher. In 1845 a new log school house was built which was an improvement over the first. Through all this time the little girl herself made, or dipped all the candles for all the artificial light they needed, and made them also for many too indolent to do it for themselves. She was present with her father and grandfather at the organization of the First Presbyterian Church at Freeport, and was also present at the Fiftieth anniversary or "Golden Jubilee" of said Church in 1892, and was at that anniversary celebration the only remaining living person who was then present, with one exception, and was also the only one left of the eleven children who organized and attended the first Sunday School of that Church.

In the year 1850 she was married to Samuel B. Harris of Freeport, a descendant of the famous John Harris of Revolutionary fame and who is buried at Harrisburg, Pa., in the State House yard.

Anne Van Dyke Harris and Caroline Harris, (Mrs. William Weirick) became charter members of Beloit D. A. R. in 1896.

HANNAH COLBOURN PRIEST

Author—Lillian B. Rossman
Appleton

Hannah Colbourn was born March 8th, 1811, in Essex County, New York. She married Henry Priest, June 11th, 1830. Their home was in Essex County, New York until 1846. Seven children were born there.

To make a new home, they started on a canal boat going to Buffalo. From there on a Packet boat, to Chi-

cago, where they stopped a few months with relatives near there. Then on, with horse teams to Waukesha, Wisconsin, reaching there some time in 1848. There Albert W. was born. Soon they moved on, stopping a few months at Neenah; then to Appleton, living on land just north of the city for nearly three years, then moving to their permanent home on Front Street, Appleton, where they lived the remainder of their lives.

Four children were born after leaving Essex County, New York, making eleven in all; six girls and five boys. Two of them are living in Appleton, William H., born in Essex County, 1840 and Albert W., born in Waukesha, Wisconsin, in 1848.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Priest were devoted Baptists and, with others of the same faith, wished for a church home. One of them, a Mr. Boyington, owned land just west of the city, on which was good standing timber. He offered to donate enough if the others would cut it. So they had a sort of a "Cutting Bee" and cut down trees and hewed them into timbers of the required size and length. Then, they must be hauled about two and a half miles to the building spot. Not far from where the timber was cut, across the road to be exact, just where the new golf grounds are, lived Mr. Murch. He had a yoke of oxen. He was also a Baptist, and offered the use of the oxen if there was some one to drive them. This part William Priest, a lad of thirteen, could do. So the men made a bob-sleigh, chained the ends of the timbers securely to it, yoked the oxen, and, with the long end dragging along the rough road through the woods, William piloted the oxen, with their load, to where the church was to stand. There he unfastened the chains from the timbers and drove the oxen with the bob-sleigh, back to the Murch farm. One load a day was all that he could carry but finally the work was all done and the building completed, on the corner where the present First Baptist Church now stands and of which it is still a part.

SUSA VILETTA HUMES STURTEVANT

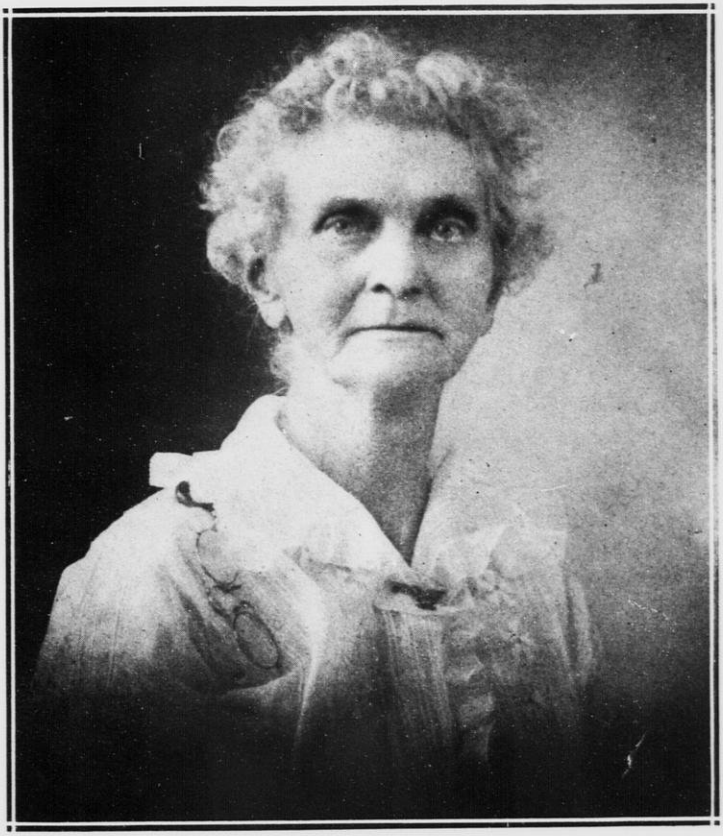
Author—Gene Sturtevant, Oshkosh

Born May 9, 1840.

When requested to prepare a sketch of the life of my mother, Susa Viletta Humes Sturtevant, I accepted the task with delight, but now, as I am about to begin the work, I pause, fearful that through a misguided modesty, I fail in paying her the tribute she deserves and which is due the splendid type of womanhood she is.

Her early years were the pioneer days of Wisconsin. She was a territorial resident. In the thirties her father, Amos Humes, one of those hardy frontiersmen, always in the vanguard of civilization, trapped through eastern and southern Wisconsin, and pleased with natural beauties and advantages of that part of the state which is now Rock County, in the year 1842 brought his family from New York State, making the trip overland in a covered wagon, and built him a log house, in which for sometime he conducted a tavern, near the bank of Rock River, where the bridge now called the Four Mile bridge, north of the city of Janesville, is located. In the early days it was called Humes Bridge. The road that crossed the river here was the main highway from eastern points to the lead region and farther west, and my mother's childhood memories are of covered wagons, great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep belonging to homeseekers who were making their way west to settle in the new country.

At the time the family came to Wisconsin, my mother was two years old, she having been born in Cuba, New York, May 9, 1840, being the fifth child of Amos Humes, granddaughter of Aaron Humes and greatgranddaughter of Robert Humes, both of the two last named having served their country in the war of the Revolution; and of Susan Ann Vreeland, whose ancestors came from Holland to American in 1648. That my mother inherited



MRS. SUSA HUMES STURTEVANT
Oshkosh, Wis., Chapter

strength of character from her sturdy forebears, was exhibited at this early age, when through a misunderstanding between her mother and sisters, each supposing that the others had the baby with them, she was left alone in her cradle, in an otherwise empty house, after the family had actually started on the first lap of the long journey to their new home in Wisconsin. The plan was to spend the night at the home of a relative, in order that an early start might be had the following morning, and when the family had assembled there, lo! the baby was missing. Her father and uncle hurried back to the deserted house, a distance of a mile, with a lantern, and there, quietly sleeping, they found her safe and sound.

In 1848, overcome by the privations and hardships of pioneer life, her mother passed away, and then began the growth of self-reliance in the child, which has been manifest through her mature years.

While she was still a tiny girl, between three and four years old, she had mastered the alphabet, her father being her teacher and the text book used, the family Bible; and later, tenderly watched and guided by an older sister, she was a constant attendant at the primitive "deestrict" school, which was held in a little log school house, where her aptitude and desire for knowledge caused more than one of her teachers to coach her individually, in branches which were not generally included in the curriculum of the country schools of that day. Even in her childhood she showed a literary trend of mind, and encouraged by her devoted sister, took great pride in her school work in English composition. At the age of eleven years, she wrote a poem, which to her chagrin, her teacher considered too good to be original. However, when she was about sixteen years old, another teacher, without the knowledge of my mother, secured publication in a weekly newspaper in Janesville, of a poem, which she had submitted in her school work instead of the usual "composition." The elation of seeing her verses in print, over her name, fired ambition and thereafter her writings found place in newspapers and magazines.

In March, 1862, she came to Oshkosh to reside with her older brother and to attend high school. At the annual exercises which closed the school year, Susa Humes read an original poem, evoked by the Civil war, which touched a patriotic chord in its hearers and which was eagerly sought for publication. From this, her first appearance in an Oshkosh newspaper, for more than sixty years she has been identified with the press. Always with the courage of her convictions, sound as to judgment, broad minded and tolerant, her pen has ever been instrumental in moulding public opinion toward the establishment of civic improvements and progressive measures. A contemporary has written of her thus: "Mrs. Sturtevant is exceedingly clever, intelligent, public-spirited, patriotic and moved always by the noblest motives." In addition to journalistic work, she is the author of many beautiful poems, a limited number of her particular favorites being issued in a small volume entitled "Heart Echoes." Her short stories have found a ready sale, and travel letters descriptive of western Canada and the United States, are worthy of special mention. She was for some years Associate Editor of "The Messenger", published by J. Wythe Coolidge, at Baldwinsville, Mass.

To go back to her girlhood days, while still a student at the high school, with her usual ambition, she presented herself before the first county superintendent of schools of Winnebago county, for teachers' examination, and acquitted herself with flying colors. Teachers being in demand, she was offered a position and taught for several terms in the country schools of Winnebago county. Later she accepted a position in the Punhoqua school in Oshkosh and remained there until her marriage which occurred on December 1, 1864, when she became the wife of John Hadley Sturtevant, a resident of Oshkosh, in which city they have since resided. She is the mother of four children, two of whom survive, Mrs. Ward Gavett of Detroit, Michigan and Emma Eugenia Sturtevant of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Deeply patriotic, during three wars, my mother not only did her "bit" but her best. Two of her brothers were

in the Civil war. —One came safely home, but the other, a mere lad of eighteen years, was the first Wisconsin soldier to fall in the battle; Marion F. Humes, Company F. 2nd Wisconsin Infantry, was killed at the battle of Bull Run. During those bitter days my mother worked with aid societies, making hospital supplies and preparing quantities of lint to be used as dressings, which was made by scraping old linen. She was frequently called upon to sing at flag raising ceremonies, and all through one harvest time she drove the horses on a reaper. During the Spanish-American war she worked with the Oshkosh Chapter D. A. R. in preparing quantities of surgical supplies. And when the World war came, even though her years were many, her busy fingers supplied her full quota of knitted garments and dressings, and her example fired anew the patriotism of her associates.

Ever eager to assist in educational projects, she was an early member of the Study Class, and served as its President for a term. This is the oldest women's club in Oshkosh and the second oldest in Wisconsin and still holds its weekly meetings, which she usually attends. She was a member of a society known as the Mutual Improvement Club, organized by men and women for the study of literature some forty years ago, and which has long since disbanded. She enjoyed for many years membership in the Wisconsin Press Association and served for a term as District Vice President. She has been a member of the Oshkosh Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution almost from its organization. When the movement for organizing departmental women's clubs swept the country, it found a staunch promoter in Susa Humes Sturtevant. She is a charter member and is one of the group of women who organized the Twentieth Century Club of Oshkosh and is still an active member of the organization, and has from its beginning used her influence and her pen to further all public spirited activities emanating from that club, and they would make a chapter by themselves if enumerated. She was identified with the conservatives in the campaign for women suffrage and is a member

of the League of Women Voters. Although not actively engaged in her profession, due to lack of physical strength the past few years, she retains her active membership in the Oshkosh Business Woman's Club. She is a church woman, a member of Trinity Episcopal church. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." My sister says "Many years of my life have been spent away from our mother, but with her dear face always before me. You, who have been with her daily, have been accorded a blessed privilege. That her children love her devotedly is only paying her a part of the reward she so richly deserves. As I look back upon my childhood at home, I can see only a ray of sunlight shining down the years. All that is best in me, I owe to my mother."

Did space permit, how interesting it would be to recount the incidents related by my mother of her early days. The spelling and singing schools she attended, the sleigh rides and the old time dances and parties; the husking bees;—and then, the women's work,—the baking, the preserving, the drying of fruits and corn, the candle dipping and the churning and cheese making. The spinning, the knitting and the sewing, the quilting parties and so on down to modern days, with their clubs and social functions. To appropriate a thought, often expressed by my mother, "It is a wonderful experience to have lived in this age. To have seen the marvelous developments and inventions, from firelight and candles to the glow of electric lights; from the ox cart and covered wagon to railways, automobiles and airships; to know of the magic of radio and of the healing wonders of science. One is thankful just to have lived!"

And so, animated by that indomitable spirit which has upheld her all her days, she faces with sweetness and dignity the sunset of her life, reaping the harvest of rich frindships from those to whom she pays this tribute—

We thank Thee, Lord, for many gifts
By Thee in mercy sent,
For life and love, and every joy
Within our being blent.
We thank Thee for Thy tender care
That guards us and defends,
And most of all, dear Lord, today
We thank Thee for our Friends.

FRANCES HELEN BRACE EMERSON

(Mrs. Prof. Joseph Emerson)

Author—Antoinette Kent, Beloit

Frances Helen Brace was born in Rochester, New York, September 11, 1838. Her father was Harvey Brace, her mother was Hanna Thompson, daughter of Mr. Thompson, the younger brother of Mrs. Joseph Flint Willard. Mrs. Emerson was closely associated with her kinswoman, Frances Elizabeth Willard. Mr. Harvey Brace settled just outside of Janesville on a farm in the town of Center where Mrs. Emerson passed her girlhood days. This was previous to the coming of the Willards —they came in 1846.

When Helen Brace was old enough to leave home she attended school at Philipps Union Seminary, Albion, New York, Baraboo Seminary, and Milwaukee Seminary. Her life was devoted to the study and teaching of Art and Literature. She was a teacher of Art and History in Milwaukee (Downer) College, in Gannet Institute, Boston and Professor of Art and Literature at Wellsley. When she married Professor Emerson in 1884, she brought with her a mind matured by age and experience coupled with classical thought and lofty ideals. She bent all her purpose to the organization of a real Art Hall for

Beloit College. In 1892 she succeeded in its organization. She spared no pains to accomplish this task. She interested men of means to give largely to this cause, men who had great love and loyalty to the College—notably Lucius G. Fisher, an alumnus of the College and son of the pioneer, Lucius Fisher.

As the founder of the Art Department she found the highest expression for her ideals.

The Art Gallery of Beloit College gathered by her care and discrimination bears testimony of her visions for the future.

June 15, 1913, the twenty-first anniversary of its founding was celebrated at the Commencement Exercises. Mrs. Emerson gave an extended address on that day, a detailed account of which may be found in the files of the Free Press of that date, June 16, 1913. It was at that time she mentioned many rare gifts of Art that had recently been given to the College. At this time was unveiled the bust of Dr. Horace White, the advance agent sent out to forward the New England Company in Beloit. He passed away early, a victim of his intense labors in caring for the sick of the new community and to his strenuous labors in its upbuilding. Mrs. Emerson stood for the excellence of classical study in College training.

After her marriage she made Beloit College the beneficiary of the treasures of her mind and heart. Early in the year 1920 she fell, passing away in August, 1920. Her husband had passed on several years previously. She was a person possessed of a calm dignity. To have been able to share the treasures of her mind was a rare privilege.

ABIGAIL WILCOX PERRY

Author—Eva Perry Russell

Appleton

Appleton Chapter D. A. R.

Abigail Wilcox Perry, Grandmother of Eva Perry Russel, was born November 2, 1817, at Milford, Otsego County, New York, where she lived until her marriage January 3rd, 1838 to Seth Jones Perry, also of Milford, New York.

Soon after their marriage the young couple started, with their few earthly possessions, for the western frontier, travelling by canal-boat and the great lakes until they reached Milwaukee.

Later they settled on a farm at East Troy, Wisconsin where they lived a few years. Soon the desire for still more acres possessed them and again they started with their two young children, in the spring of 1848, to the northward, travelling thither in a rude ox-drawn wagon, to a spot in the wilderness, six miles west of where later the city of Appleton was founded.

Here they purchased a section of land, or six hundred and forty acres at ten shillings per acre, which they cleared and built a home where they lived the remainder of their lives.

Abigail Perry was a most devoted wife and a wonderful mother. She was a woman of sterling Christian character and given to genuine hospitality, often befriending the Indian as well as the white settler when any were in need. She was active in establishing Sunday schools among the early settlers and opened her home for Christian services long before a place of worship had been built in the community. She never let her own com-

fort deter her from lending her help to her neighbors in their sickness, or her sympathy in times of their sorrows but gave of her self to the utmost.

She passed from earth's duties April 13, 1885, after a life of great usefulness.

MARY MAGDELENE JUNEAU HUSTING

Author—B. J. Husting
Oshkosh

At the Request of Gene Sturtevant

Mary Magdelene Juneau Husting was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the old Juneau homestead at the corner of Division and Milwaukee streets, March 29, 1841, being the twelfth child in the family of sixteen children born to Solomon Juneau, the first white settler, founder, postmaster and Mayor of Milwaukee, and his wife Josette Vieu Juneau, daughter of Jacques Vieu, who was the agent for John Jacob Astor at the fur-trading post at Green Bay.

The parents of Solomon Juneau, named La Tulipe, came to Canada frome Alsace-Loraine in 1789, changing the family name to Juneau at that time. The author of the Pioneer History of Milwaukee, says of Solomon Juneau: "He was, without exception, the finest looking specimen of his race that I have ever seen. In height over six feet, large frame and straight as an arrow." He was honest, upright and forceful and the trusted friend and counselor of the great body of Indians then living in the territory of Wisconsin.

Her mother, Josette Vieu Juneau, was a daughter of Angelique Vieu, a descendent of Mah-ke-nett, who was a daughter of Ah-ke-na-po-way, a full blooded Menominee Indian; and Joseph Le Roi, a French voyageur, who

built the cabin on the Fox river near De Pere, which is still carefully preserved at Green Bay and is known as the Porlier-Tank cottage. It was erected in 1805. It is reliably stated that Josette was a woman of striking presence and high courage, and that on more than one occasion she saved the lives of the first white settlers of this section, when they were threatened by the Indians.

Solomon Juneau and Josette Vieu were married at Green Bay, in September, 1820, their honeymoon trip being to Milwaukee, by canoe, carrying all their worldly goods with them, where they founded their home. Of their children, Narcisse and Paul earned more than local reputations for ability, both being among the first Wisconsin legislators. Paul Juneau was the first Register of Deeds of Dodge County and the county seat was named in his honor. Both Narcisse and Paul acted as interpreters for their father, the courts at the Government in dealings with the Indians, being well versed in speaking seven different Indian languages, the Pottowattomie, Menominee, Iroquois, Oneida, Chippewa, Stockbridge and Kickapoo.

Mary Magdelene Juneau attended the Milwaukee public schools until she removed with her parents to Theresa, Dodge county, in 1852, where she resumed her studies under the tutelage of Miss Marie Faber, a then recent arrival from France. Later she taught District School No. 6 in the town of Theresa for three years, and after the death of her mother, November 19, 1855 and the death of her father, November 14, 1856, she made her home with her eldest brother, Narcisse, until her marriage to John Pierre Husting, which occurred on February 16, 1863, at St. Mary's church in Theresa, the Rev. Pinchel officiating. The young couple began housekeeping in Milwaukee, moving to Fond du Lac the following year, where they remained until 1876, when they went to Mayville, Dodge County, where Mrs. Husting resided until her death on April 14, 1924. To them were born seven sons and a daughter, all of whom have been prominent in civic affairs, the most notable perhaps, being

Paul Oscar, who was twice district attorney and twice state senator in Dodge county, and who was the first United States Senator chosen by the direct vote of the people, from Wisconsin. He was accidently killed while duck hunting on Rush Lake, October 21, 1917.

While her greatest concern always, was her family and her home, she was well versed in the leading problems of the day and wrote and spoke French, German and English fluently. In the memorial address of Senator Robert M. La Follette, delivered before the U. S. Senate on the occasion of the death of Senator Paul Husting, he said "The mother of Senator Husting is a woman of that native power and marked individuality so typical of our strong pioneer stock, and from his ancestry on both sides he inherited a fine nature, sterling integrity of character, and a rugged, intrepid courage that would make no compromise with defeat."

Her death came after a brief illness, and her final resting place is between the graves of her two sons, Otto and Paul ,in Graceland cemetery in Mayville.

She was the last of the Solomon Juneau family; at her death the Marquette Woman's League of Milwaukee expressed its sentiments in the following message, "Our heartfelt sympathy in your overwhelming loss. To Milwaukee, she was an outstanding figure, as the last of a noble line, but to us, an organization of a thousand women, she represented the perfect type of motherhood."

The Milwaukee Association of Commerce wired—"Milwaukee founded by Solomon Juneau, learns with deep sense of personal loss, that his sole surviving daughter passed away. It expresses the sentiment of this community in extending to the family sincere sympathy." It is rather an unusual incident when the Board of Commerce of a large city, pauses in its activities, to mark officially, the passing of a woman.

Mrs. Husting was rich in treasured memories, one of the fondest being of the summer spent in the Nation's capital at the home of her son, Senator Husting, in 1916. She was thrice received at the White House by President

and Mrs. Wilson, one occasion being her 75th birthday. Another unusual incident in her life, was the celebration by her children, of the sixtieth anniversary of their parents' marriage. On the occasion of the Solomon Juneau celebration, held in Milwaukee to commemorate the founding of that city, Mrs. Husting was presented, by the Solomon Juneau Centennial Committee, with a beautifully inscribed and framed memorial, done in India ink.

An Appreciation—A Descendant

The hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Solomon Juneau, Milwaukee's first permanent white settler, not only excites admiration and gratitude for the founder of a great American city, but also enlists a renewed interest in his descendants,

In observing this memorable event, in a befitting manner, the attention of an appreciative constituency is especially directed to the most interesting figure among these descendants, the only living child of this intrepid pioneer. The distinction of being that child belongs to you MARIE JUNEAU. The thought that one of Solomon Juneau's own children is still among the living carries with it a high sense of satisfaction.

It also notes the brief span of time, during which a wilderness was transformed into a garden spot and a primitive frontier village into a great modern cosmopolitan city. It emphasises the rapid development that has characterized the metropolis of Wisconsin and lifted it into the ranks as one of the nation's great centers of population.

To you, then, who embody the most sacred ties that exist between an illustrious founder and a contemporaneous constituency, we extend our sincere felicitations and well wishes, and pray the Almighty, who in his wisdom guided the footsteps of the father, also guard and protect the daughter. May the hand of time deal gently with you and the years still allotted to you, be blessed with the peace and contentment to which you are so richly entitled.

To Mrs. Jean Pierre Husting, Mayville, Wis., 1818-1918. From the Solomon Juneau Centennial Committee. Harry R. King, Chairman; Henry Bleyer, Secretary, Alvin P. Kletsch, Joseph C. Grieb, Otto J. Schoeneber, John H. Manschot, John J. Gregory. (Inscribed by William George Bruce).

A final tribute to this mother was paid by one of her sons, who said: "There are thousands, countless beautiful memories of our dear Mother that would grace the story of her life, but they are too precious to print. We think she was the best Mother that ever lived; we are certain there was never a better Mother to any son."

MRS. CORDELIA A. PERRINE HARVEY

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent

Beloit

Early home, Kenosha. Marries Louis P. Harvey in 1845. Moved to Clinton Junction; thence they removed to Shopiere in Rock County. There they remained until 1859, when Mr. Harvey became Secretary of State, necessitating their removal to Madison. His wife on the day of the firing of Fort Sumpter was interested in the soldiers. To each of the Harvey Company she gave a Testament and a Bible. She gave all her time to helping the soldiers.

At Savannah, Tennesee, where he had been caring for sick and wounded soldiers, he was drowned while passing from one boat to another. This event fixed in Mrs. Harvey's mind the purpose to carry on the work he had left undone. Mrs. Harvey had unusual tact and charming manners. Her ministrations were such as to give her the title, "Wisconsin Angel."

In the early fall of 1862 she went to St. Louis as sanitary agent. Here she spent many weeks visiting

hospitals at Benton's Barracks and Fifth Street. Afterwards she proceeded to Cape Giravdeau, ministering to the sick and dying soldiers being brought in from the swamps and the river hospital boats. Day by day she visited every sufferers' cot, bringing to them fresh flowers and hope and comfort. She induced the Western Sanitary Commission to send to her comforts that were suitable to sick and wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Harvey visited Wisconsin where she interested the women and directed their work for the soldiers. In October, she revisited the hospitals. After returning to St. Louis November 1st, the surgeon in charge commended her work so highly to Governor Solomon that General Curtis gave orders that she was to have all needed sanitary articles and all transportation free to visit all general hospitals in his command and all regimental hospitals. Mrs. Harvey bore this document in person to President Lincoln. He sent it to the secretary of State with these words written on the back of the letter: "Admit Mrs. Harvey at once and listened to what she has to say." Secretary Stanton could not then give her an answer. Twenty-four hours later an order was issued establishing convalescent camps, the Harvey Hospitals at Madison, Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien.

Mrs. Harvey was the originator of the establishment of the Wisconsin Soldiers' Orphans Home at Madison in 1866. Mrs. Harvey was superintendent until May, 1867.

Wisconsin Women of the War gives account of many touching events in connection with her work as Army Nurse. She inspected Hospitals in Corinth, Jackson, and LaGrange. In Vicksburg she induced General Grant to have all sick soldiers sent to a northern camp. At Young's Point, near Vicksburg, Mrs. Harvey became ill and returned to Madison until fully recovered.

She again visited the hospitals on the river as far down as New Orleans, making Vicksburg the center of

her field of labor. She also visted Washington and induced Lincoln to establish hospitals in Wisconsin for sick soldiers. Senator Howe drew up a petition at the proposal of Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Eliza Chappell Porter.

(Mrs. Frank S.) Antoinette Cowles, Daughter No. 30546, 635 Park Ave., Beloit, Wisconsin, Dec. 27, 1923.

ROSE C. SWART

Author—Lillian Kimball Stewart
Oshkosh

On a bright October day in 1921 there were gathered in the gymnasium of the State Normal School at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, hundreds of men and women, ranging in age from twenty to fourscore, all of them animated by a feeling of love and loyalty for the institution of which at some time in their lives each had been a part. They were holding a jubilee, celebrating the golden anniversary of the opening of their school.

Among those on the platform sat a woman, serene, vigorous, alert, who had been a teacher in the school for fifty years—Rose C. Swart. The most touching feature of the programme on that day was the presentation to her by the President of the State Board of Normal School Regents of a gold medal, or pin, in recognition of her long and inestimable service. In expressing her appreciation of the tribute Miss Swart revealed in these words the noble spirit in which her life work had been accomplished: "The day's work, multiplied to some ten thousand has always been full of vital interest, rich in good cheer, AND ITS OWN REWARD". She had never sought for honors or for fame. Always she had been content to do her best and to give her best wherever she was placed, knowing well that only a life so lived is truly great, truly successful.

Rose C. Swart was born in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, January 14, 1847. From her father, who was of Dutch

descent, she derived her sturdy, honest intellect, her sense of humor, and her ability to work continuously at a task until it was completed. From her mother, who came of Puritan stock, she derived her common sense, her quick understanding, her love of justice and liberty. After the death of her parents when she was a child of ten, she came to Wisconsin with her older sister, Mary, to live in the home of an aunt at Racine. At the age of fifteen she began her career as a teacher amidst the pioneer conditions then prevailing in Wisconsin. She taught a country school for eight dollars a month and her board. After she had reached the age of twenty she had no further schooling, but all her life she has been a student, purposeful and constant.

In 1871 Miss Swart had become so proficient as a grade teacher in southern Wisconsin, at Janesville and Madison, and had gained so wide a reputation as a woman of unusual power, grasp, and resourcefulness, that she was invited by President Albee to take charge of the primary department in the newly organized state normal school at Oshkosh, at a salary of sixty dollars a month. She found herself then in a most congenial and stimulating atmosphere, and her expanding powers developed rapidly. In a few years she was the head of the department of geography. In a few more years she was assisting the president in the inspection and criticism of work done by practice teachers in the training department. At last she had found her sphere of widest usefulness, and there she continued to serve for more than thirty years.

When Miss Swart entered upon her new line of work, that of training teachers, there was little to aid her in the way of precept and still less in the way of example. She had to devise her own methods, and then adapt them to each individual student who came under her instruction. And she had not only to instruct but to inspire. She overcame all these difficulties because she was a born teacher. Her knowledge of psychology,

her insight into the mental processes of children, her grasp of the essentials of any subject, her patience, her skill, her zeal and her determination enabled her to do remarkable work in the way of fitting young men and women to go forth into the schools of Wisconsin and fulfill the high responsibilities of a teacher. During a quarter of a century every student who graduated from the Oshkosh Normal School came under her influence. She helped them to obtain knowledge, to understand children, and to love teaching. She gave them high ideals; she inspired them to work for those ideals. They went from her into every state in the Union. They exemplified her teaching in thousands of communities. They have come back to the old school from the uttermost parts of the earth, bringing to her their tributes of praise and gratitude. Nor has she lacked formal and public testimonials to her distinguished service. In 1896 the State University conferred upon her the honary degree of Master of Arts. In 1898 the teachers of Wisconsin elected her president of the State Teachers' Association.

Although Miss Swart has been primarily an educator, her life has never run in one groove. She has been actively interested in politics and religion, literature and art, child welfare and woman suffrage. She is a charter member of the Twentieth Century Club of Oshkosh, and has long been a member of the Oshkosh Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. For many years her constant companion was her sister, Mary, Mrs. W. M. DeLong, a woman of rare intellect, who became a minister of the Universalist Church. Her thought, like Miss Swart's was always in advance of her time. Both of them espoused the cause of woman suffrage in the time of Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Swart did notable work for that cause just before the passage of the nineteenth amendment.

To her friends Rose C. Swart is best known as the gracious and hospitable mistress of a delightful home. Severe illness came to her in 1922, which she bore with fortitude and an abiding will to get well. Her health is

now entirely restored, she has retired from teaching, and is spending her declining years in a well earned leisure, sweetened by the satisfaction that a life well spent has brought to her all that should accompany old age—honor, love, a competence, and hosts of friends.

MRS. CYNTHIA FOOTE CONKEY

Author—Mrs. Alice Waters Jones
Appleton

Mrs. Cynthia Foote Conkey, who came so early (1848), with her husband, (Theodore), to their new home in Wisconsin forests, was born at Canton, New York, a daughter of Chauncy and Gula (Bird) Foote. Her mother, Gula Bird, was a daughter of Joseph and Cynthia (Binny) Bird. Joseph Bird, a native of Vermont, served in many bloody battles of the Revolution, was wounded and left under a heap of slain upon the field of Monmouth, his first encounter, at sixteen years of age; but he recovered to rally with the "Green Mountain Boys" for the defeat of Burgoine at Bennington, and lived to a good old age of ninety-three, carrying the British bullet so close to his loyal heart that the surgeons dared not extract it. He sleeps in the shadow of the green hills, he, with others, so bravely defended.

Mrs. Conkey's ancestors, the Binneys, emigrated early from England to Massachusetts, and became the owners of much valuable property in Boston, including what was known as the "Long Wharf."

The children of Cynthia and Theodore Conkey were: Alice Foote Conkey Reid, who died November 21, 1891, in Dublin, Ireland, Edward Talcott Conkey, who died November 18, 1881, Helen Bird Conkey, married (ex-congressman) Lyman Eddy Barnes.

Early in 1861 Theodore Conkey volunteered his services in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion. He was chosen Captain of Company "I", Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and was immediately assigned to active duty on our then western frontier, where, during the ensuing five years he often encountered savages of bronzed and white skins.

Mrs. Conkey shared with her husband, during two summers in Kansas, the perils and privations of war. Under his tutelage she became an expert horsewoman, and, many and thrilling were the experiences she had in the tented field. Undoubtedly she could add much of interest to Mrs. Custer's Boots and Saddles were she so inclined.

(Excerpt from Biographical Record of Fox River Valley Pub. 1895.)

Appleton Chapter D. A. R.

ALICE FOOTE CONKEY

Author—Mrs. Alice Waters Jones
Appleton

Alice Foote Conkey, at the tender age of six weeks, was brought to Appleton by her parents, arriving by canoe boat from Fond du Lac, in July, 1849. Her father, Theodore Conkey was senator from the first district in 1850. Her mother, Cynthia Byrd (Foote) Conkey, was of true Pilgrim stock, her ancestors having crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower.

Mr. and Mrs. Conkey had three children: Alice Foote, Edward (deceased) and Helen Byrd, who was married to Lyman Eddy Barnes, August 18, 1880. Miss Alice, the eldest, grew to womanhood 'midst pioneer Appleton. She was graduated from Lawrence College in 1868, and later from Vassar College, and for two years taught mathematics in Northwestern University. She

was married to Alexander James Reid, January 1875 and passed away December 21, 1891, in Dublin, Ireland, where Mr. Reid had been appointed consul.

When Mrs. Reid's casket was brought back to her childhood home, it was completely enwrapped in a great American flag, placed by sorrowing friends abroad.

Later, Mrs. Reid's poems were done into small white and gold volumes, not for general distribution, but given by a bereaved husband to friends who loved this gifted woman—a woman of rare sweetness of character and strong personality, one who had an instinctive respect for upright dealing, and who was filled with an inner love of truth, justice and honor.

She was indeed "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

MARY ELEANOR JEWELL SAWYER

Author—Gene Sturtevant
Oshkosh

1842—1910

Mary Eleanor Jewell Sawyer was born in Canaan, New York, on July 2, 1842. She was a year old, when her parents, Henry C. and Mary Russell Jewell, came to Wisconsin in 1843. The family located in Marquette County, remaining there until 1848, when they removed to Oshkosh, where Mr. Jewell established himself in business, operating a sawmill, a grist mill, and conducting a general store in that section of the city known as Algoma, called in recent years "West" Algoma.

In 1864, after having completed her education at a school for young ladies in Milwaukee, the marriage of

Mary E. Jewell to Edgar P. Sawyer occurred. For a time the young couple lived at Fond du Lac, subsequently coming to Oshkosh to reside permanently. Two children were born to them, Mrs. Nia Sawyer Chase and Phil H. Sawyer, both of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Mary E. Jewell Sawyer was a woman of rare attainments and intellectual ability. Her literary talent was marked. She was gracious, courteous and sincere. At the time the era of women's clubs dawned, she was among the first to realize the importance of the movement. She was a charter member of the eLisure Hour Club, organized for the study of art in 1886. Later, she was influential in completing the organization, and was a charter member of the Twentieth Century Club, as well as its first president; she was reelected to that office after her first term had expired, and some years later was given a third term. She was also unanimously chosen and elected to the office of president of the Wisconsin State Federation of Women's Clubs. She was the founder and organizing regent of Oshkosh Chapter N. S. D. A. R., and a charter member of the Society of Colonial Dames. She was also a charter member of the Order of the Crown, which is the only Order in America recognized by Queen Alexandria of England, whose members are admitted to her court, without other credentials. The insignia of the Order of the Crown is of rare beauty. A large Greek cross of gold is pendant from a gold crown of exquisite workmanship, swung from a ribbon of pale blue and white. Her eligibility to membership in this society came to her from her great grandmother, Love Hurd, whose descent is direct from Charlemagne and King Alfred.

Notwithstanding her many and varied interests, the home and family of Mary E. Jewell Sawyer always held first place. Her home was her sanctuary, and in its atmosphere the beauty and sweetness of devoted wifehood and motherhood were manifest. Loyalty to her church, her home and her friends was a keynote of her character.

The death of this revered and notable woman cut off a life in its prime. She passed away at the winter residence of the family in Augusta, Georgia, in November, 1910.

In memory of her, her husband, Edgar P. Sawyer, presented to the city of Oshkosh a large tract of land in that section of the city where her girlhood was spent. The old Jewell homestead, of colonial architecture, erected by her father in the early days of Oshkosh, stands near the entrance of the Mary Jewell Sawyer Memorial park, being a part of the city property; a place of unsurpassed natural beauty, whose undulating lawns are bordered by the rippling waters of Lake Butte des Morts—a fitting memorial to the woman whose memory it was dedicated.

MRS. MARY WADHAM HUNT

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent

Beloit

Although the subject of this sketch cannot be considered a Beloit Pioneer yet because of her having lived in real pioneer times in the East and because of her long and interesting life, it is deemed a privilege to place her record along with those of the Wisconsin Pioneers. Through painstaking effort she was enabled to obtain a detailed record of her ancestry in England. One line dated back to 1066. Another to 1610. For service and bravery many of them were knighted and others received "coats of arms" the same as our soldiers received medals and decorations for bravery.

One kinswoman and wife (not ancestors), Mr. and Mrs. (Dorothy) Nichols Wadham became famous because of the founding and endowment of Wadham's College, a part of Oxford University.

In 1663 John Wadham, her paternal ancestor, sailed and landed at Boston, settling at Weathersfield, Massachusetts. His descendants, Jesse Wadham, and wife, (Mary or Polly) Hopkins were the parents of Mary Ann Wadhams. She was born in Goshen, Connecticut, January 22, 1808. In her ninth year, 1811, her parents removed to the Genesseo Valley of Western New York, whither the mother's brothers, Hon. Samuel Hopkins, and John Hopkins had preceded the Wadham family. Samuel, born May 3, 1772, was a graduate of Yale, a lawyer and a judge. His sole capital on starting out were law books given to him by a contemporary. He was also an extensive traveler for that time having spent four years in Europe. He made a 900 mile trip on mule back over the West. He was the inventor of the whole rim for the wagon wheel. He was assigned to highly important legal duties in the organization of the govermental policy.

The Genesseo Valley was far famed for its beauty of woodland and rolling hills. After a tedious journey overland with three covered immigrant wagons the Wadham family reached a heavily wooded bluff by the side of the Genesseo River, at a place named Mount Morris. The mother brought the first side saddle and the first brass kettle to be found here, and the first set of china dishes. This region had long been the abode of the Seneca Indians. Mary was familiar with the Indians and their children were playmates. She knew "Tall Chief" well. Red Jacket, an orator of some distinction, was sometimes a polite and distinguished guest at her father's table. She saw the last sacrifice of a perfectly white dog killed and burned to appease the Great Spirit, Indians circling the fire and dancing. Mrs. Jennison, a white woman, the only survivor of the family after the Wyoming massacre, was captured by the Indians. She married an Indian and lived here. She refused to return to the whites. The Wadhams were surrounded by log houses and wigwams.

"As a little girl", she says, "I distinctly remember many officers of the Revolutionary Army and all the stirring times of 1812; the burning by the British of sev-

eral towns along the lake. I remember the coming of Sullivan's Army that was sent to punish the Indians for massacre in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. In 1823 I crossed the lake from Buffalo to Detroit on the third steamboat, second to cross the lake, ever built. I went as far as Marinac Island. I distinctly remember Commodore Perry's battle against the British and the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. Because of Puritan sentiment at that time, I never saw a Christmas celebration until 1813, when I was allowed to peek in on a celebration by the Episcopalians when I was in school at Litchfield. Thanksgiving was the great home-coming day; but New Years was the high spot of society life. It was the day for 'calls'. Wine was freely served. The last time our family served wine on the occasion, the young people showed so plainly the hilarious effects of the frequent libations that our family decided to use coffee henceforth on 'That Day'."

Because of no school privileges at Mount Morris, Mary Wadhams and her sister were sent to school at Goshen and later at Litchfield, Connecticut. Harriet Beecher and Henry Ward were their playmates. The Misses Pierce school where they attended while living in the Edwards family (Presbyterians) was the second ladies seminary established in the United States.

While at Litchfield she saw the stocks and remains of gallows still standing. Later a school was established at Moscow, a little boom town near by Mount Morris, so the children did not have to be separated from their home. These were years of great hardship for the uncomplaining mother and the sturdy father farmer. He transported loads of wheat by wagons over Indian trails across New York trading it in Connecticut. This journey required weeks for completion. When the canal was completed in 1825 there was a great roar of cannons on Lake Erie's shores as the inhabitants welcomed a swifter mode of travel. Her father lived to the age of 86, her mother, 97. They aided much in developing the resources of the pioneer village and its surroundings. The settlers of the

village were people of culture. Assemblies here were often composed of people from Geneva, Canandaigua, Bath, Bactavia and Buffalo. Her father built the first house in Genesee. This town also had its mystery.

There was a house no one dared to enter. From it, a broad-backed monster, a sea serpent swam out and returned. The old building burned. Nothing was found but rubber burned to a crisp.

October 23, 1807, Mary Wadhams married Dr. Hiram Hunt, a physician of Mount Morris, New York. Overcome by the ardorous dutied of a pioneer physician, he early passed away, October 8, 1853. After numerous changes of residence Mrs. Hunt accompanied her son-in-law, Dr. Fayette Royce and her daughter Catherine, Mrs. Fayette Royce to Beloit, Wisconsin, in 1868. Their home was 635 College Avenue. It is a substantial brick building that has been built for eighty years. It faces Beloit College, directly east of the Carnegie Library. It is now the home of Professor Clarke of the College.

Dr. Royce was an esteemed Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church for 29 years until his demise in 1897. In this home Mrs. Hunt lived for forty years. Besides her daughter she had the companionship of her two granddaughters, Mary and Anne Royce. It was a home of fine literary and musical culture. The profusion of press notices she received in Beloit, the city of her farewell, attest the admiration in which she was held. When 73 years of age, with her little granddaughter, Mary Royce, she revisited the scenes of her youth, making an extended tour of five months' duration. At the age of 82 years she succeeded in compiling an elaborate table of her family genealogy, assisted by Stephen Miles Hopkins. With an unimpared mind she continued an uninterrupted correspondence with her friends almost to the very last of her lifetime. From the Free Press, January 22, 1902, on the occasion of the celebration of her 100th anniversary: "In the family will be a quiet reunion; but in the community at large it will be a matter of great interest and pride."

To the family and friends it is a delight that the woman they love is permitted to enjoy all her mental faculties and seeing and hearing to such a remarkable degree. To sit in the presence of this woman is to have removed the dread of old age, if such ever comes to one, for with a mind as keen and such an excellent memory and such a noble spirit she is able to interest and edify. She has lived through an important epoch and can remember most of the important events of the 19th century.

She was born at a time when many of the Revolutionary soldiers were still living and when the stirring events of that war were subjects of much interest. Her life covered the incidents of five wars. Only two Presidential Administrations preceded her advent. The years one, two, three, four, five and six, are measured off with pleasant reminders on each anniversary. June 6, 1908, four and one-half months' after the celebration of 106 years of life she was relieved from her earthly home.

Her last journey was made to rejoin her husband at Mount Morris. Kind friends received the Funeral Cortege and as the sun was setting low, kind friends consigned her to her last resting place.

She had witnessed the advance of commerce, the advance in the wilderness of the West, and the wonders of science and learning. To converse with her was to review history. Remarkable as it was to have attained such great age was much more remarkable to have been able to span the chasm of more than a century; than 106 years, retaining in perfection one's mental gifts and the enjoyment that is near and dear.

It is noticeable that Mary Wadham was a direct descendant of Noah Wadham and Anne Hulburt, dating back 200 years.

Mary Royce, granddaughter of Mrs. Hunt, now Mrs. Charles Merriman, is the mother of Elizabeth Merriman.

Elizabeth Merriman is now Mrs. Fay Hulburt. Their daughter, born June 20, 1922, is Barbara Elizabeth—the fourth generation of the Wadhams-Hunt family in Beloit,

Wisconsin. Mrs. Mary Royce Merriman is a loyal member of the Beloit Chapter of the Beloit D. A. R.

Of Mrs. Mary Wadham Hunt we may say the industry of her late years, was but the fulfillment of her matchless youthful energy.

SARAH REED COPELAND FIFIELD

Author—Catherine Fifield
Janesville

Sarah Reed Copeland came to Wisconsin from West Bridgewater, Mass., April, 1850. She had just completed her education in a private school in Boston. Came to Wisconsin to keep house for a brother who had taken up land in Jefferson County. The trip was made by boat from Buffalo to Milwaukee, changing boats at Detroit, and took about one week. On arriving in Milwaukee it was learned the stage, which made the trip once a week, had left the day before. A neighbor of her brother's was driving out with a load of goods and offered to take them, so the end of the journey was made in a lumber wagon. I will quote from her letter: "When we first arrived and I saw the house, neither in sight of house or road, it did indeed look desolate and lonely; never before did I so fully feel the privilege and comfort of leaning on Him for support who will not forsake. Have found some very agreeable acquaintances mostly young married women from the east, some of my nearest neighbors are very intelligent, pretty women—have been very kind to me. I feel very grateful for all the attention I have received and think I should rather be a stranger in Wisconsin than in West Bridgewater." In the spring of 1853 she returned to Massachusetts and in October of that year was married to Eldridge G. Fifield and came to Janesville to make her home. She lived until July 1, 1905.

MRS. CHAUNCEY KEELER

Author—Antoinette Cowles Kent

Beloit

Katherine Spaulding was the daughter of Ira Spaulding and Eliza Jane Atwood. She was born December 3, 1837,in Merrimac, New Hampshire. She received her early education both in Merrimac and Nashua. Later she attended Normal school at Reed's Ferry and Francistown Academy. She was accomplished in music also.

She married in Merrimac to Chauncey C. Keeler and shortly thereafter came to Beloit, Wisconsin. She has resided in this city continuously since her marriage, with the exception of six years spent in Janesville.

Mrs. Keeler is a daughter of the Mayflower descendant of Richard Warren. Roger Conant, Governor of Massachusetts Bay was also an ancestor.

It was the pleasure of Mr. Keeler to be one of the committee to welcome Abraham Lincoln when he made his famous speech in Civil War times.

Her only son, who resides in Rockford is Edwin H. Keeler. Mrs. Keeler is the proud grandmother of one grandson and two granddaughters, children of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Keeler. Our subject also has two great-grandchildren, who are grandsons of the above son and daughter-in-law. Her grandson-in-law was of the medical corps but was not permitted to go overseas. Her grandson was first lieutenant and was named for Captaincy.

During the Civil War, Mrs. Keeler was very active in the relief work that was necessary for the soldiers, together with other duties that this noble band of women performed. This included Susan Maria Brown Ross and Mrs. Bushnell. Those were busy days and these ladies were leaders in gifts of time and money.

Mrs. Keeler joined the Beloit Chapter D. A. R. December 6, 1897. She is now 85 years of age, ouroldest surviving member. Until the infirmities of her age pressed upon her, she was active in Church and social affairs. She is a liberal dispenser of bounty.

She is passing the days of her declining years in her beautiful home, tenderly cared for. Her husband has passed on before.

ABIGAIL AUSTIN DOTY

Author—Mrs. Charles Fifield
Janesville

Abigail Austin Doty was one of the pioneer women of Rock County, Wisconsin.

Abigail Austin, daughter of Ira and Permelia Austin, was born at Lee Corners, Ontario County, New York, September 6, 1832. Later the family moved to the town of Canadaigua.

Mrs. Austin died in 1843, leaving Abigail, aged 11, and another daughter, Ann Eliza, aged nine years. A Captain and Mrs. Pratt of the same town, having decided to locate in the West, persuaded Mr. Austin to take his two little girls and to move westward also. They started overland in a covered wagon, stopping at taverns at night and after several weeks of tedious travel, finally reached Janesville, in the Fall of 1843. Their household goods were shipped by boat from Buffalo to Chicago. Mr. Austin and his daughters decided to remain in Janesville, but Captain and Mrs. Pratt continued their journey and located at Whitewater, Wisconsin.

The first winter at Janesville was a trying ordeal for the Austin family. Houses being very scarce they were obliged to be satisfied with the second floor of a small frame dwelling on South Main Street, where the Cullen Apartments now stand. They suffered with the extreme cold of that year—the house being so poorly built that one was able to see the outside light through the cracks between the boards.

Abigail Austin, at the age of eleven years, kept house for her father and sister and with the help and advice of the neighbors, was able to make bread and attend to all the household duties. In the summer, she, with the rest of the village women had to go to the banks of Rock River to do the family washing, as there were no cisterns at that time, and rain barrels were at a premium.

The second winter, Mr. Austin and daughters, together with another family, moved into a new stone house built by Judge Bailey. This house was so very new that the walls were not even plastered but the winter was milder than the preceding one and no discomforts were noticeable unless it might be the fact that two families were living in a six room house. In 1924, this house still stands as originally built—opposite the Court House park on St. Lawrence Avenue—probably the oldest house in Janesville.

At the time of the lynching of Maybury, near the old Court House, the Austin girls were eye witnesses.

Janesville in an early day was very gay—socially, especially during the winter months and many were the bob-rides to Johnstown to attend the dances given weekly at the old Johnstown hostelry.

In 1847 Abigail Austin was married to Ezra Philo Doty, also of Janesville and was a resident of Janesville until her death, January 2, 1916. Mr. Doty died in 1869. Mrs. Doty, left with a family of five young children to bring up, proved herself a most loving and dutiful parent. Of the five children, Edward Philo Doty and Mrs. Charles L. Fifield, of Janesville survive.

JULIA FRANCES MAYERS CORSCOT

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Julia Frances Mayers Corscot, wife of John H. Corscot, daughter of Major Charles George Mayers and Catherine M. Mayers was born in the town of Westport, near what is now the village of Waunakee, May 31, 1850. At an early age the family moved to Madison. During her childhood days she resided on the shores of Lake Monona, and frequently related tales of visits to the Governor Farwell home, an octagonal house located on the bank of Lake Monona, in the 900 Block on Spaight Street. It was in this building, afterwards known as the Harvey Hospital, (named in honor of Governor Harvey who lost his life at Pittsburg Landing during the Civil War) that, as a school girl, she worked in relief work scraping linen for lint to relieve the wounded soldiers in the hospital. It was a great pleasure as a young girl to pay visits to the War Museium in the State Capitol Building and to see Old Abe the Battle Eagle in his cage in the basement. Later when Old Abe died it fell to the lot of her father, Major Chas. G. Mayers, Major and Quartermaster of the 11th Wisconsin Regiment, to prepare and mount this famous War Eagle, (he having learned taxidermy in England as a source of amusement.)

When the lesson of Memorial Day came home so vividly she was active in providing, gathering and arranging flowers for Memorial Day the ladies assembling in the rotund of the State Capitol building on the morning of Memorial Day. Frequently in those early days the Indians, coming either across the lakes by canoe or riding around on ponies, came to her door offering for sale baskets and bead work, and begging for anything and everything that they might see.

Her early education was obtained in the public schools of Madison and later she attended two private schools. During the later years of her life she took an

active interest in the Chautauqua circle work known as the C. L. S. C. and graduated in the course with the class of 1892. Possessed of a fine mind she was deeply interested in educational work. With her father, Major Charles G. Mayers, who was one of the founders of the Madison Literary Society she frequently attended its meetings.

She was the first Librarian of the Madison Institute, the forerunner of the Madison Free Library. It was then housed on the second floor of the City Hall. Here she wrought a powerful influence in the molding of the character of the young people and in inspiring the readers with a desire for the best literature.

On October 2, 1871 she was married to John H. Corscot, for twenty-one years City Clerk, an Alderman in the Common Council in 1865-1866 and Mayor of the City of Madison from 1893 to 1895 inclusive. Taking up her residence in the East End of the city, then sparsely settled, she devoted much of her time to the culture of flowers which she freely gave to her friends and neighbors.

At this time the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society was founded, she and her husband being among the charter members. Exhibits were held in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol Building, premiums being offered, and these were looked to as among the social affairs of that day. Frequently she exhibited flowers and acted as judge at the State and Dane County Fairs. At that time both of these fairs were held on the grounds now known as Camp Randall and used during the Civil War as a rendezvous for soldiers departing for service.

Among her friends and neighbors she ever lent a helping hand. For many years she was an active worker in the Madison Benevolent Society, a charitable organization supported by the voluntary contributions of the citizens. Her home was one where great hospitality of the genuine old fashioned type was dispensed. Because of her genial nature and especial qualifications she was called upon to be the first Presiding Officer of a Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star organized in Madison in

1874. This, however, was disbanded soon after its organization, by the Grand Master, who ordered all Chapters to disband. Again in 1849 when Monona Chapter No. 50, E. S. was formed she was chosen its first Worthy Matron and presided for three and a half years. In 1894-1895 she was a Grand Officer of the Order of the Eastern Star in Wisconsin. On the occasion of the only meeting of the National Education Association ever held in Madison she worked untiringly as a member of the Woman's Entertainment Committee.

She was brought up in the Episcopal Church, being a Sunday School pupil, teacher and later for several years was President of the Ladies Guild of Grace Episcopal Church. Her death occurred March 10, 1908 at her home in Madison.

JULIA ANNE DARST CONOVER

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Julia Anne Darst, daughter of John and Rachel Williams Darst, was born on a farm on Lost Creek near Troy, Ohio. Her father was a German Baptist minister, although his ancestors on the father's side were probably of the French Hugenots, who came into Scotland and later into Ireland. From Ireland the first Darst, Paul by name, came to this country with Lord Baltimore.

Julia Darst passed her girlhood and young womanhood in Dayton, Ohio, as it was impossible in those days to obtain an education in the country. On November 28, 1849, she was married to Obadiah M. Conover and came with him to Wisconsin. After a short sojourn in Milwaukee, they removed to Madison where Mr. Conover became a member of the University Faculty, first as tutor, then as professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.

Mrs. Conover became an active and useful influence in the social life of the University and of the little frontier

town which Madison at that time could rightly be called. She was a devoted member of the First Congregational Church of Madison, and an active worker in the Sabbath School and she was greatly beloved by all who knew her.

The children of O. M. Conover and Julia Darst Conover were Edith Williams, born Jan. 2, 1852; Allan Darst, born Sept. 9, 1854; Frederick King, born December 17, 1857; and John Berlew, born December 28, 1861.

Mrs. Conover died March 27, 1863. The poem, "Via Solitaria," written by Professor Conover shortly after her death, was published for the first time in The New York Independent. Twenty years later, through the mistake of a Michigan professor, the poem was again sent to and published by the New York Independent and the authorship attributed to Henry W. Longfellow. The Independent later made a published correction.

EDITH W. CONOVER

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

On January 2, 1852, the students in Professor Conover's classes in the University of Wisconsin had a holiday. Not knowing just what use to make of such unwonted leisure, they betook themselves to the village bookstore where they selected a prayer book and a hymn book. Returning to their rooms in North Hall, they wrote a letter of congratulation to Professor and Mrs. Conover and sent it with the books which were a birthday gift to the infant, whose arrival was the cause of their holiday. This infant was named Edith Williams Conover and she has retained that name unto this present day, August 12, 1924. After graduating from Milwaukee Female College in 1871, she was, until 1882, head of her father's home, and has ever since been so busy attending to things which it seemed to be her duty to care for, that she has had no time to strive for fame.

MRS. CHARLES S. MEARS

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

(Extract from the Wisconsin State Journal, Feb. 9, '22)

"The funeral of Mrs. Harriet Mears, 91, widow of Charles S. Mears, one of the oldest women of Madison, took place here this afternoon. She had lived in this city for 67 years.

"After coming as a young matron in 1865 from New Albany, Ind., where she was born and where she was married at 17 to Charles S. Mears, her home was on the site of the Present Parkway theatre, and there she and her husband had a fine vineyard and orchard. When construction of the city hall—now old and all but ready to be displaced—was begun and their home was threatened to be overshadowed by the great structure, they erected a house on East Gilman Street, and there has been her home since, for more than 64 years. It is next to the executive residence, and since General Rusk's time the Mears family has been closest neighbor of all Wisconsin governors.

"Mrs. Mears possessed a remarkable memory, and was more fully informed respecting social and other affairs of the city for over 60 years than any other person. Newspaper men frequently appealed to her for early data regarding Madison and Madisonians, and never without obtaining generous information, often intimate, welcome; and procurable from no other source.

"As an incident of her early life she was wont to tell, how, in childhood, she went with her father, member of a committee, down the Mississippi in a gay packet and escorted General Zachary Taylor up to Louisville, New Albany and other cities where receptions were being tendered as he progressed toward the national capitol for his inauguration.

"Her keen mind never lost its zest for life. People, politics, books, travel were of unfailing interest to her."

Harriet Anthony Mears was a lineal descendant of Thomas Seabrook, who assisted in establishing American independence while acting in the capacity of major and lieutenant colonel in the first regiment of Monmoth County, New Jersey and whose son, Stephen Seabrook, was aide de camp and dispatch-bearer to General Washington. The battle of Monmonth was fought on Thomas Seabrook's farm.

She was a member of the John Bell Chapter D. A. R., Madison, Wisconsin.

ELEANOR McCONNELL WARD

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Eleanor McConnell Ward, the wife of Dr. Andrew J. Ward, came to Wisconsin to reside in 1850. She was welcomed in Madison by a group of superior, intellectual women. Mrs. Lathrop, the wife of the Chancellor of the University; Mrs. J. C. Fairchild, the mother of three brave sons; Mrs. Edward Isley, later of Milwaukee; Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. L. W. Hoyt; Mrs. O. M. Conover; Mrs. J. W. Sterling; Mrs. Simeon Mills, the real pioneer; and others who composed the refined society of the pioneer city.

Dr. Ward had served two years in the Mexican war in California, and the year before coming to Wisconsin, himself and wife spent months in Washington, D. C., where they were privileged to meet many prominent men and women of that time.

Dr. Ward had a long line of fighting ancestors. Andrew Ward, Governor of Connecticut in 1634, Captain Peter Ward in the Colonial War, Ichabod Ward, his grandfather, a brave patriot of the War of the Revolution. Mrs. Ward's grandfather served in the war of 1812.

Dr. Andrew J. Ward was a member for four years of the Iron Brigade of the Army of the Potomac. As a surgeon he was in charge of Brigade, Division, and Corps hospitals. Mrs. Ward was with her husband at all times when she could be of any assistance. She spent the summer after the Battle of Gettysburg doing all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers in the hospitals there, as she did later at Antietam and other places when she could be of service to her countrymen.

Mrs. Ward was the notable housewife and hostess, with a mind ever at leisure for the contemplation of affairs of State. She was always interesting. Her influence was felt by all who knew her and came in contact with her alert mind. Mrs. Ward's residence was on Carroll Street where the Carnegie Library Building now stands—for eight years, from 1866 to 1910, she lived at 121 Wilson Street West.

MARIA SMITH MILLS

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Maria Smith Mills, wife of Simeon Mills, was born in Sandisfield, Massachusetts, May 21, 1815, and came to Wisconsin in June, 1838.

Mr. Mills had preceded her by a year, and as he was one of the two men who were first on the ground in Madison, she saw the city from it's very beginning.

A log dwelling, which had been erected by Mr. Mills for a store, on the corner of East Main and Webster Streets, appears to have been the first home of the famiiy, and it is probably there that Mrs. Mills experienced the difficulties and privations that she would sometimes refer to in later years.

Mr. Mills built a frame house later, where the Bank of Wisconsin now stands, and an office in the yard; these and a white picket fence around them, are in the

memory of people still living. It was in her first home that she endured, among other discomforts, that of the use of green wood, also such privations as were inevitable from the defective transportation.

She used to tell how, if any article of use or convenience failed, she simply went without it, until the roads—impassible for months at a time—became such as enabled the men to get to Milwaukee. It was not the shortage of money, but of transportation that rendered life so restricted in those years. She was a typical pioneer wife and devoted mother. Of the four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Mills, there is no direct descendant in the third generation. She died in June, 1884.

MRS. J. M. BOWMAN

One of Madison's Prominent Pioneers

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. J. M. Bowman, whose maiden name was Roselah Mariah Smith, was a descendant of Lieutenant Samuel Smith on her father's side, whose son, Capt. Asa Smith, served in the American Revolution.

Lieut. Samuel Smith sailed from Ipswich, England, (Suffolk County), on April 21, 1634. His great grandson, Deacon Aaron Smith, settled in what is now Athol, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1736 and built a fine old home. There Rose, as she was called, was born, August 31, 1834. On January 3, 1854, she married Samuel Hunter Donnel.

In 1855 they came to Madison where the husband was an eminent architect—a member of the firm of Kutzbock & Donnel. The latter were the architects for the second Wisconsin State Capitol, built in 1857-58, and used until replaced by our present Capitol. Upon arriving in Madison the Donnels boarded at the home of David H. Wright, next to our City Library.

In those days the shores of Lake Mendota along Langdon Street were dense woods, where my mother used to go for picnics and hazelnutting.

At this boarding house a lasting friendship was formed with Dr. and Mrs. John Favill, a beloved physician here for many years. They decided to keep house together as there were so few homes. Their house was situated on North Pinckney Street where the Harry S. Manchester store now stands. There she lived for two years and in 1858 moved into her own home, a fine colonial brick house situated at the corner of South Pinckney and East Wilson Streets. Here, before the completion of the Statehouse, her husband, daughter, and only son died within ten months, in 1860-61.

Indians were frequently troublesome at that time, and an uprising occurred near her home.

Mr. Donnel staked out the grounds and buildings for the Mendota State Hospital for the Insane and for Forest Hill Cemetery.

At Camp Randall, during the Civil War, a hospital was established for our soldiers, and my mother spent much time there nursing the sick and making great quantities of special salads, which it was thought would cure scurvey, so prevalent among the soldiers. Her brother, George Waldo Smith, was one of the Burdan's Sharpshooters, so the war was brought home forcibly to her.

My father and mother were devout Presbyterians and church workers, having attended the church here when a room on the second floor of some vacant building was used, (before our church was ever erected.)

In 1864 Mrs. Donnel married John M. Bowman, son of Senator John Bowman, one of the Erie Canal commissioners, who was a graduate of Union College in 1842. Mr. Bowman, who shunned all public offices offered, became acting mayor of Madison during the great Chicago fire in 1871. My mother aided him materially in getting a carload of supplies which he took in person to the stricken city. The daughter of a former resident of Madi-

son who lost everything in that fire appealed to my mother for help and came to our home. She said: "What can I do with the talents I am endowed with to make a living?"

Through my mother's acquaintance with Governor C. C. Washburn she interested him in this young woman. She was sent to Paris to study, aided by E. B. Washburn, brother of Governor Washburn, then Minister to France. My mother was very happy in aiding this young woman of 20 because of the latter's great success. Blanche Roosevelt Tucker, a cousin of President Theodore Roosevelt, and formerly of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, was her name.

She made her debut in Opera at Convent Garden, London, in May, 1876, just two years from the day she landed in Europe. The wedding of the prince of musical artists, Ole Bull, of Norway, to Sarah C., the fair daughter of the Hon. J. G. Thorp, was celebrated by a reception at their residence in 1870. My father and mother attended this, and said it was one of the most beautiful parties ever given in Madison. The J. G. Thorp home, now the executive residence, is situated on the banks of Lake Mendota, on East Gilman Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman were early members of the Madison Literary Society which draws for its speakers from our distinguished University, and she was a charter member of Mrs. Sheldon's Monday Afternoon History Class, composed of Madison's leading women, and a charter member also of the Woman's Club of Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman were very hospitable and gave a great many delightful parties, as clippings in their scrapbook proclaim.

They had four children, one a daughter, Rose, died in infancy. The others, John Henry Bowman, a lawyer, Dr. Frank Favill Bowman, and Mrs. Cornelius A. Harper, together with their families, all reside in Madison.

(Signed) Elizabeth Bowman Harper,

Past Regent of John Bell Chapter, D. A. R. , August, 1924.

ROSELINE WILLARD PECK

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Roseline Willard Peck was born in Middletown, Vermont, February 24, 1808. She came to Blue Mounds in 1836 and thence to Madison in 1837. At Blue Mounds they rented the tavern stand owned by Colonel Brigham and boarded the old Colonel and the hands employed by him.

* * *

MRS. PECK'S ACCOUNT FOLLOWS

"We started from Brighams, at the Blue Mounds, on Thursday afternoon, April 13. I rode an Indian pony. We travelled about seven miles and came to a place where some one had made a claim, and had laid about five rounds of logs toward a cabin. We camped there that night with a tent over us. The next day we pushed on —a more pleasant day I never wish to see. We pitched our tent on a little rise of ground, within three miles of Madison; spread down our beds, and rested very comfortably until nearly 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, when we were awakened by a tremendous wind storm and howling of wolves, and found snow five or six inches deep which continued to fall until we reached Madison."

She with her husband, Eben Peck, were the first settlers of Madison. Their house was located in Block 107, Madison, near the present site of the Capital House on Butler Street. This was the first home established in Madison. They kept the first boarding house where workmen who built the first Capital in Madison boarded, and later known as the Madison Hotel. Here Victor Peck, the first white boy in Madison, came as a one year old boy. In this house his sister, the first white child born in Madison was born. She became the wife of Nelson W. Wheeler of Chippewa Falls, and after his death, was married to A. S. Hawley of Delton, Wisconsin.

"We enjoyed ourselves in various ways just as you do now. There was the regular dancing school twice a week held in the old cabin that first winter. Euchre parties became the fashion. Christmas and New Year's suppers were made lively by the verbal and practical jokes passed around.

"We had turtle soup suppers, also. The turtles were caught by cutting holes through the ice on what was called 'Mud Lake', and brought to us by Abel Rasdall. Mr. Peck sent some of them to a Mineral Point hotel keeper, who informed us that he netted $50 on the sale of the soup. The turtles were frozen solid, and rattled together like stones, and were put in the cellar to thaw out before we could dress them, and, going down in a few days after I found they had thawed out and were crawling around on the bottom of the cellar."

Mrs. Peck's husband who started for California in 1844 was supposed to have been killed by the Indians while crossing the plains.

About 1838 the family removed to Baraboo and there Mrs. Peck spent most of her life, returning to Madison for frequent visits at her son, Victor Peck's home. Her death occurred October 30, 1899 and her remains lie in the Baraboo cemetery.

MRS. WILLIAM VROMAN

(Nee Harriet Field)

Author—Mrs. E. C. Mason, Madison

It was in the spring of 1836 that my embryonic father William Vroman anticipated the voice of Horace Greeley and "went West". It was to him a boyish adventure, encouraged probably by his two brothers who had already gone. His destination was the new Territory of Wisconsin which had just been established, surveyed, platted and opened to the public for sale at $1.25 per acre. He experienced all the vicissitudes by field and flood that

were usual to the times and reached his destination, which was the Madison that was to be. Governor Dodge had been appointed Governor and he had made the village of Belmont the place for the first session of the legislature. The great question to be decided was the location of the Capital of the new Territory. James D. Doty had early in the day explored the country about the four lake district and had early decided the center of that as the ideal location. He accordingly influenced speculators to buy in that locality and although there were sixteen other locations as competitors, Doty's tact, energy and knowledge won out and Madison was declared for by vote after a four week's session. "Thus ended" says a local historian, "one of the most exciting struggles ever experienced in the Territory of Wisconsin". And to think that my father stood around with his hands in his pockets and saw it all. While James Doty is said to be the founder of Madison, he also gave it a name honoring the fourth president. My father returned to his home in eastern New York in the fall and remained there until he was again attacked by the western fever and considering himself old enough to get married, hastened to the banks of that rapidly flowing and tempestuous stream, the Erie Canal, picked up his nineteen year old bride and brought her with him via stage, lake steamer, then stage again, from Milwaukee, landing in Madison on the 4th day of September, 1844. Then with little anxiety and the greatest assurance they assumed the title of "pioneers" and the responsibility of taking care of themselves. The first step towards it being the purchase of land pursuant to their business of farming. They eventually became among the best known residents of the city of Madison and surrounding country. The subject of this sketch will now take her proper place at the head of the column.

Harriet Field was born in Durhamville, N. Y., May 27, 1824. Her mother, ~~Nancy~~ FANNIE Newcomb, descended from a line of Baptist ministers. She married John Field, who dying quite young left her with three sons and two daughters. My mother was the eldest. She married Wm. Vroman and came to Wisconsin in 1844. She was of a

happy vivacious disposition and entered into her new life with great enthusiasm and wholeheartedness. The novelty interested her. She found much to do and in doing, forget herself. Madison shortly became an incorporated village with a population of 600. They were a good class of people, many of them from her own state. "Hospitality" was their watchword and newcomers were treated like old friends. One of their neighbors was a graduate of Hamilton College, in New York, but his family was afraid of thunder storms just the same, and when one threatened they made haste to take shelter, so when they appeared over the brow of the hill, my mother knew without consulting the weather report that a violent storm was imminent. The dreaded Indian by now safely in his reservation, except for a few stragglers. One would appear semi-occasionally walking in unconcerned and asking for pork. "Indian John" was the last of these to disappear. At this time my mother's life was saddened by the death of her mother at the old home. So she induced her young sister, Ellen Field, to come on to Wisconsin and join them at the farm, which she did and was joyfully received. Then things began to move. The farm horses were turned into equestrian steeds. A dancing class was formed, a singing class was organized and led by a man who stammered, but not when he sang. Under his tuition a serenading group was formed to be used when occasion required. It came when my father and his brother took opposite sides in the election for governor. My uncle was a fierce and rabid democrat. My father had gone over to the newly organized republican party. It was a contested election between Mr. Barstow who was on the democratic ticket for re-election and Mr. Bashford on the republican side, which almost resulted in civil war. Finally the courts decided in favor of Bashford, the republican. When the serenaders received the news the next evening they appeared in full force before my uncle's door with many other musical in-

struments besides their voices and their made-up songs. One of these was sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, it begun:

"Old Barstow's dead, that poor old soul, we ne'er shall see him more, etc."

When Wisconsin became a state being better advertised the population increased rapidly and with it new buildings for schools. One in which the beginning of the University was housed. The upper floor being occupied by Miss Matilda Howell (as a school girl). My father joined a newly organized cavalry company called "The Dane County Cavalry Co." These gaily caparisoned gentlemen made annual trips to the farm where they went through with their maneuvers and afterward were treated by the ladies of the company to a sumptuous repast spread on tables under the shade of the wide spreading oaks. There were no women in those days. My mother's sister took a course of study with Miss Howell, after which there was a break into the family circle caused by her marriage to Charles Holt and their removal to Janesville where he founded and was editor for many years of the Janesville Gazette, gaining the title later of "the Veteran Journalist of Wisconsin."

My father being absorbed in business in the nearby city of Madison, and for the advantages the schools offered to the two children, my brother and his little sister, moved his family there. My mother gladly welcomed the change and was happy with her church work, and later when clubs began to be the order of the day, was a member of the Woman's Club from its organization. Various charitable organizations—the D. A. R., and a Grandmother's Club, for she was then a grandmother, was her special protegé. She lived to be over ninety and died at the home of her daughter, full of years and honors and loved by everyone.

HARRIET DEAN STERLING

Contributed by the John Bell Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. Harriet Dean Sterling came to Madison, Wisconsin from Raynham, Massachusetts, in 1849, at which time she was entertained at the historic Fairchild home, then as now, far famed for its hospitality.

Here she met Prof. John N. Sterling, "Father of the University", whom she married in 1851.

Mrs. Sterling was educated at South Bridgewater Normal school and Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts, and taught for a few years at Bridgewater, and Newark, N. J.

Her life in Wisconsin was one of extreme devotion to the interests of the University and its students.

It was she, of whom one of the members of the class of 1873, who was close to the family life of Prof. and Mrs. Sterling, wrote at the time of her death: "My thought in all my remembrance of Mrs. Sterling since those dear University days, is the thought of an impersonated Alma Mater, a fostering, cherishing genius of the University as a whole and of its students, both men and women, individually. She was a mother to the whole great literary commonwealth. . . . The true secret of that blessedly maternal sway which Mrs. Sterling exercised lay deep down in the kindly loving heart, where the spirit of all motherhood had its fount.

Mrs. Sterling was a woman of affairs. Her judgment was excellent and her demeanor always self-controlled calm. In her, there was a power behind the throne whose and wise counsels often went through as an influence into the meetings where only men assembled and the University is the richer by reason of those counsels today.

Senator Wm. F. Vilas of the class of 1858 wrote of her:

"Mrs. Sterling may fairly be called the Mother of the University. She was the first woman in the faculty; for, as help-meet to the dearly beloved Prof. John of the old boys, she was truly of the faculty that governed, and was paid student worship, though not instructing. Always, during all the dark days—and for years but rarely and briefly the sun broke through—the good professor and this excellent woman, his wife, were the strong stays and examples of courage, devotion, serene constancy and good promise."

In the early days of the University, the families of the three professors lived in the old south dormitory, now known as South Hall. They occupied apartments in the three upper stories,respectively. The arrangement was that they should have a dining room in common on the first floor, and that the wives of the professors should take turns in managing the boarding department. As it turned out, however, it all devolved upon Mrs. Sterling and for several years she managed and presided over the community dining room.

The students of those early days, when faculty and students came into such close contact, were dear to her heart and "her sympathy, motherly nature, bright active mind, buoyant spirit and fun-loving disposition won her a warm place in the hearts of the students. One in speaking of her sayings: "I can never forget how much the classes of '63 and '64 adored Mrs. Sterling.' Her whole heart and mind were centered on the University and its students. Young men of scant means were boarded in her family for a meagre sum or were given their meals, and her sympathy and help went out to all in need of them."

Notwithstanding her devotion to the University and the students and the time it demanded of her, she never neglected her family, but was a devoted mother.

She had eight children, five of whom died in infancy, three survive her.

Mrs. Sterling was a staunch Presbyterian, one of the charter members of Christ Presbyterian Church,

Madison, of which she was always a faithful and enthusiastic member. At the time of her death she was one of the vice-presidents of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest. She was interested in all good causes, was an officer in the temperance organization of early days in Madison, was also one of the ladies of the town who established the Woman's Exchange and was an officer in it.

Mrs. Sterling passed away on July 11, 1900, having just passed her 76th birthday. Her happy, cheery disposition showed itself to the last. She was most patient and serene during the year and a half of invalidism induced by a stroke of paralysis that preceded her death.

Almost her last words were: "I am so thankful."

Written by her daughter, Miss Susan A. Sterling.

FRANCES CONKEY FETHERS, 1847-1917

Author—Julia L. Lovejoy

Frances Ella Conkey was born in Antwerp, New York, where she lived until the family moved to Canton in 1865.

She was descended from Elder Wm. Brewster who came over in the Mayflower, and was ruling elder in the church of Plymouth Colony.

Her revolutionary ancester was Jonas Conkey, who served as private several months in 1775 and as Sergant in 1777 when his regiment marched to reinforce General Gates, commander of the northern army.

Her father, Jonas S. Conkey was a beloved physician of Antwerp and Canton. Her mother, Mary Frances Paige Conkey, was a gentle and cultured woman.

Mrs. Fethers attended a young ladies' school at Claverack, New York, until she graduated. There she studied music and later she pursued her musical studies in New York City.

She married Ogden Hoffman Fethers in 1868. Their first home was in Jefferson City, Mo., where their first child, Ella Clark Fethers was born in 1869. They moved to St. Louis, Mo., where this child died in 1871.

They returned to Canton. Here a second daughter, Laura May, was born in 1872. She died in 1877.

The loss of these children was a life long sorrow to Mrs. Fethers. She was essentially a motherly woman and her heart went out to all young people with sympathetic understanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Fethers came to Janesville in 1878 and he engaged in the practice of law. They soon became leaders in the intellectual and social life of the city.

Mrs. Fethers was a valued woman of the Women's History Club, one of the oldest Women's Clubs in the state.

She joined the Janesville Chapter D. A. R. in 1898 and was soon recognized as a woman of broad vision and great executive capacity. She was chosen Chapter Regent in 1901 and served the two terms allowed by their by-laws. Under her efficient and genial leadership the chapter increased rapidly in numbers and influence. Elected State Regent in Oct., 1906, she presided over the State Conferences of 1907-1908 and 1909-1910 with dignity, courtesy and ability. New Chapters were formed in the state and old ones grew in numbers and strength. While State Regent she wrote our beautiful state song, The Star of Wisconsin, composing both the words and the melody.

She gave time, strength and money generously to the work of the D. A. R. and in acknowledgment of her valuable services was made Honary State Regent in 1911. She was several times a delegate to the National Congress of D. A. R. where her tact, kindliness and good judgment were generally recognized.

After the death of Mr. Fethers in 1911 she tried to keep on in the Janesville home, but late in the year she

MRS. CHARLES CATLIN
In a "period" gown worn at a costume party.
Benj. Tallmadge

moved to her girlhood home in Canton, N. Y., and occupied the charming old house which had been her father's.

Her interest in the D. A. R. continued until she passed away in 1917.

Besides being a Daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. Fethers was a member of the Mayflower Society and of the Colonial Dames of America. She was interested in every sort of patriotic work.

As member of the Board of Directors of the Janesville Public Library, she was instrumental in securing the Carnegie donation which largely paid for the present Library building. She encouraged whatever would elevate and Americanize our people.

Her influence was always beneficient and inspiring and her passing brought a great sense of loss, not only to devoted relatives and friends, but to many others who knew and admired her beautiful character and loving and unselfish life.

LAURA ALMIRA WOOD CATLIN

(Mrs. Charles)

The subject of this sketch was born June 25, 1841, at Rouse's Point, New York, the daughter of Benjamin F. and Mary Hammond Wood.

Shortly after their marriage to Mr. Charles Catlin of Hartford Connecticut, she and her husband removed to Milwaukee, which became their permanent home. They at once entered into the activities of St. Paul's Episcopal church and Sunday School.

Upon learning of a number of Protestant families living in a poor section of the city, with no Protestant church convenient, Mr. and Mrs. Catlin instituted Sunday afternoon services there, their musical talents of high order

adding greatly to the interest of the meetings. This work, started in a small way, developed into a regularly constituted mission of St. Paul's church. After a few years, the neighborhood changing materially thru the large influx of foreign-born residents, there was a general exodus of the parishioners to another section of the city. An ample church edifice was erected where a large congregation worships. The Catlin Memorial Parish House of the new Mission, built by Mr. Catlin as a memorial to his wife, is the social center of that community, being equipped for all kinds of indoor social activities of old and young.

Mrs. Catlin's financial and personal participation in most of the noteworthy charitable and other enterprises of Milwaukee made her very name such a power, that her indorsement and support of any new undertaking was equivalent to a guarantee of success. Perhaps the most outstanding instance is the Milwaukee Children's Free Hospital. She, with six other inspired women founded this wonderful institution many years ago, with seven beds in a rented cottage. Today, the Hospital is installed in a magnificient modern, fully equipped building of their own with a capicity of 250 beds. The greater part of this development was under Mrs. Catlin as President, which office she held until the last years of her life.

Vying with the Mission and the Hospital in Mrs. Catlin's affections, was the Milwaukee Home of the Friendless; and those whom this institution helped on their way. Being childless themselves, the combined fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Catlin were bequeathed to these three splendid institutions, with the exceptions of a few minor bequests.

One outcome of the meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Milwaukee, 1900, was the Outdoor Association, with Mrs. Catlin as president. The children's garden work started by this society has become a public activity. Her love for children was further manifested in the establishment by this organization of the first playground in Milwaukee, in the neighborhood

of St. Paul's Mission. The Association maintained this playground until it was taken over by the city—the nucleus of the present extensive system of playgrounds in Milwaukee.

This Association also turned its attention to the improvement of the Milwaukee river front. Some noteable and very noticeable improvements resulted. These led to comprehensive civic plans, which may not materialize for many years; but in view of them, individual planning seemed inadvisable. Public interests having taken over the various lines of civic work started by this society, it ended its career by presenting a silver loving cup to the most artistically decorated building on the river front at the time of the Perry Centennial celebration in 1913. The tour of inspection up the river by the judges on that occasion was made aboard Perry's own historic flagship— the "Niagara".

In the early days of the National Society, United States Daughters of 1812, Mrs. Catlin was appointed State President for Wisconsin by the National President of the Society. From the half dozen members, all residents of Milwaukee, at the time of her appointment, the membership increased until it became state-wide under Mrs. Catlin's leadership. She not only retained the Presidency until her death but was made National Vice President. The silver loving cup was given her by her devoted "Daughters" of Wisconsin, rests in the Milwaukee Public Museum. She was also Charter Member of Colonial Dames, D. A. R., and other patriotic societies.

The broad culture of Mr. and Mrs. Catlin—evidenced by one of the largest private libraries in Milwaukee, was enhanced by extensive travel in this country and abroad, including two trips around the world, of two years' duration each. The varied and valuable collection of interesting objects thus accumulated was bequeathed to the Milwaukee Public Museum and now enriches the exhibits housed there.

The charming old homestead of late colonial design, built by Mrs. Catlin's grandfather, Dr. James Wilson

Wood on the shores of lovely Lake Champlain in which Mrs. Catlin was born, has never passed out of the family. It came into Mrs. Catlin's possession who bequeathed it to a near relative. She brought much of its beautiful furnishings to her western home. Among these treasures was her grandfathers secretary which contained still greater treasures—his journal of his experiences in the war of 1812; and the invaluable journal letters of his brother, Colonel Eleazur Wood of the regular army, who lost his life in that war. But for the success of Col. Wood's work in Ohio, Perry's victory would have counted for naught. Lossing's history, the standard work on the war of 1812, relies solely on Col. Wood's journal for the events covered by that extensive document. Realizing the value of these private papers to the science of history, Mrs. Catlin arranged for their placement in the Historical Library at Madison, where they now are, the property of the State.

Intense love for humanity, such as Mrs. Catlin's, always bespeaks the soul of a poet. Hers found expression, occasionally, in charming verse. Modesty forbade her seeking publication; but in 1909 Mr. Catlin had a small volume of them printed for private distribution among her friends. Would that space permitted giving some of them here.

During the winter of 1913-1914, Mrs. Catlin was stricken with pneumonia. Because of her advanced age, it was feared that she could not recover. But her friends were overjoyed in the early spring to learn of her convalescence. It was Easter time. On that Easter morning, greenhouses and florists' shops were stripped and Mrs. Catlin's home was fairly deluged with flowers. All great souls are simple. To her who never considered she merited so much as a single blossom, this outpouring of love from people in all walks of life was so overpowering it almost caused a relapse. The occasion seemed an echo of her own lines written years before:

"Roses that blush for shame on Easter Morn
At thought of cruel cross and crown of thorn,
Send forth your sweetest incense; let it rise
To Him who ope'd the gates of Paradise.

Pansies, who bid us never more forget
The stone, to seal the Roman guard well set,
Cry out to all with fragrance laden breath,
'Where is thy sting, O grave, thy victory O death?'

Wave thy pure banners heavenward, lillies white;
Bright with thhe pearly tears of sorrowing night
The morning breaks; to all good the news speeds—
"The Lord beloved is risen; yea, risen indeed."

Oh, Christ, who died our sin sick souls to save
E'en through the shadowy portals of the grave,
O'er thorns and stones I'll follow Thee, dear Lord,
So I but rise with Thee—the Truth, the Life, the Word."

Mrs. Catlin rose from that sick bed for a short period of further usefulness; but a second illness two years later, provd fatal and she passed away, February fourth, 1915. But Laura Wood Catlin will live forever in her noble works rendered permanent thru her inspired love for humanity and the beautiful.

(Mrs. Henry L.) Minnie G. Cook, Regent,
Benjamin Tallmadge Chapter,
Milwaukee.

MRS. HELEN WHIPPLE

Author—Lillian Stair Schreiner
(Fort Atkinson Chapter)

The Fort Atkinson Chapter, D. A. R. has been fortunate in adding to its list of "real" daughters, Mrs. Helen M. Whipple of Chicago. She was the daughter of Eliada Brown, who served throughout the Revolutionary war, enlisted at the early age of 15.

Mrs. Whipple was at the time she joined, an exceedingly bright and attractive old lady, past her 80th year. Her early life was passed in Jefferson county,

Wis., but for some years she resided with a son in Chicago. She attended several meetings of the Chicago chapter D. A. R., and had been earnestly importuned by both officers and members to join their society, but having reached an age when it was hard to make new friends she preferred to place her membership in the Fort Atkinson chapter to which many of her friends of an earlier day, both in Fort Atkinson and Jefferson, belonged.

Mrs. Whipple was the youngest of a family of 20 children, her father being in his 69th year when she was born. He was twice married and had nine children by his first wife and eleven by the second.

He was born in East Haddam, Conn., July 30, 1760, and died and was buried in Jefferson, Wis., in January, 1855. His grave is marked by a revolutionary soldier's marker which was placed there by the George Rogers Clark Society, children of the American Revolution of Milwaukee and every year on Memorial Day the grave is decorated with flowers by the Jefferson members of the Fort Atkinson chapter, D. A. R.

At the age of 13 he moved with his parents to Hanover, N. H., and from there he enlisted in the continental army, Capt. Stevens' company, Col. Nicolas' regiment at the age of 15 years and served throughout the war as a private. Giving Mrs. Whipple's own words, "he enlisted as a private soldier and he fought through the desperate struggle in the ranks." It was no easy matter to gain promotion in those days—the maximum of the Declaration of Independence "that all men were born equal" held good and therefore I considered it no reflection upon my father, Eliada Brown, to record the fact that he went through the battles and skirmishes of the revolution as a private."

Mr. Brown took part in a great many skirmishes and was in the battle of Bennington and that of Stillwater and was stationed at West Point in 1779 and was one of Major Arnold's body guard at the time he turned traitor to the American cause.

At a meeting of the Fort Atkinson chapter, Flag Day, June 14th, which was held at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Gannon in Jefferson, Mrs. Whipple was present and related to the members some reminiscences of her father's experiences in the Revolution which he told her himself. She said: "He used to take me on his knee and tell me of the battles and skirmishes he took part in and of the hardships the men had to endure. There was great scarcity of food and he said they often had no shoes to wear even in winter and that they left bloody tracks upon the snow."

At the close of the war Mr. Brown returned to Hanover, was married there and there made his home. When the troops were called for, for the war of 1812, he again enlisted in his country's service and was on his way to join the army at Pittsburg when peace was declared.

In 1837 he joined the great company of pioneers moving westward, and settled with his family at Jefferson on the shores of the beautiful, winding Rock and there he remained until his death.

Mrs. Whipple's life itself has been an interesting one, and all of the early pioneer experiences were hers. She was ten years old when her father settled on the banks of Rock river and their's was the only house within a radius of many miles.

"Our little farm house was the only house in Jefferson," she says. It stood where now stands the Jefferson House, in a thick maple forest. I was the first white girl in Jefferson. I roamed the woods with the Indians whom I really enjoyed, never afraid of them. I could paddle my own canoe up and down Rock river, bait my hook and fish and fire off a gun when the occasion demanded it.

As there were no schools at that time in the country, she was sent to Plainsfield, Ill., where her education, an excellent one for those days, was acquired.

In disposition, Mrs. Whipple was bright and cheery, finding her greatest enjoyment in the domestic life. Her home was made with her children where she busied herself with the household duties and fine needle work, all which she was an expert, many pieces of beautiful embroidery and lace work testifying to her skill in that direction.

The Fort Atkinson chapter deemed it a great honor and pleasure to have counted her as one of its members. The presentation to Mrs. Whipple of the solid gold spoon which is the gift of the National Society D. A. R. to every real daughter, was the occasion of a pleasant little social meeting at the home of Mrs. O. S. Cornish, Fort Atkinson.

INDEX

INDEX