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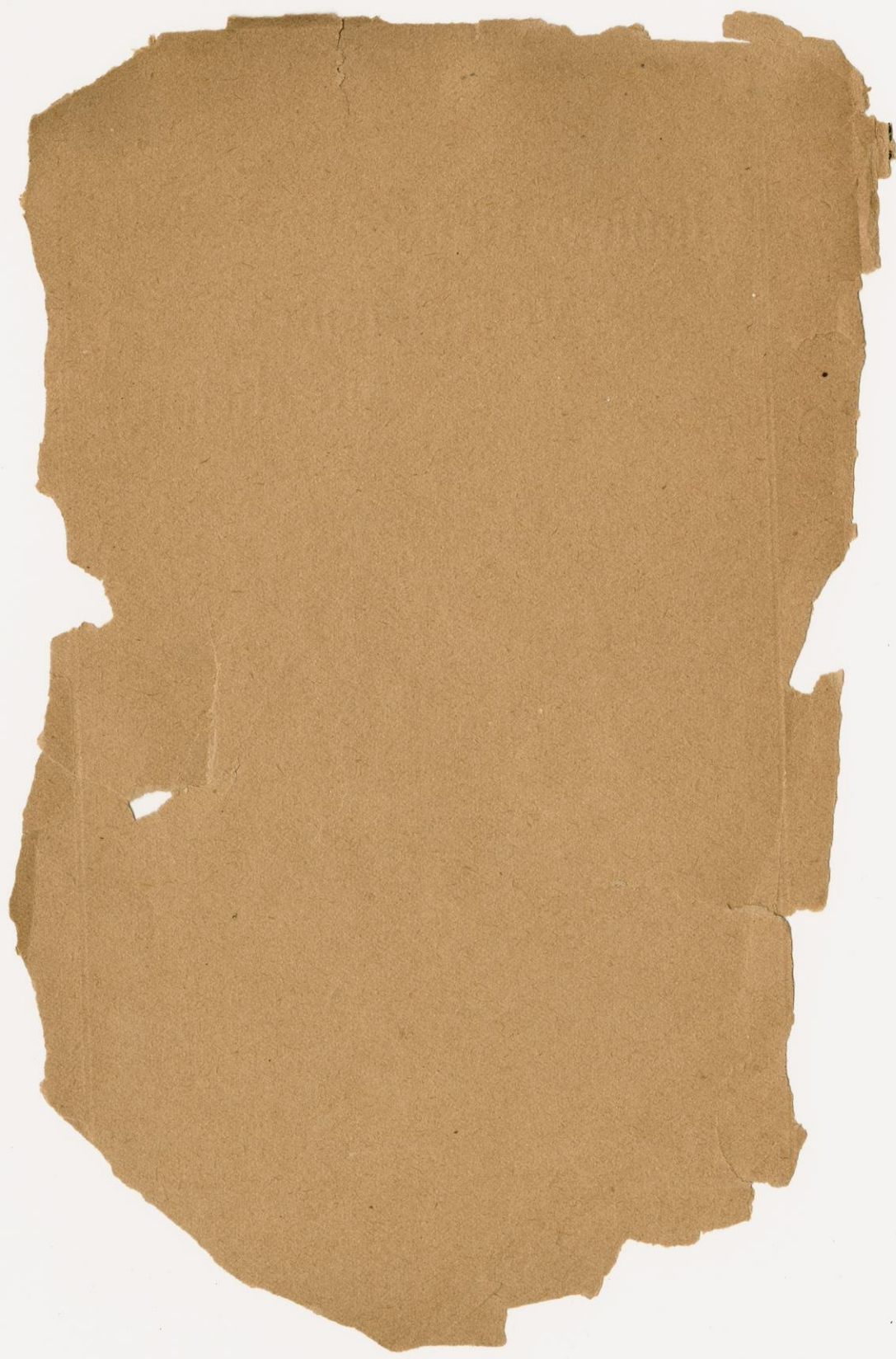
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Pioneer Days
of Evansville
and Vicinity



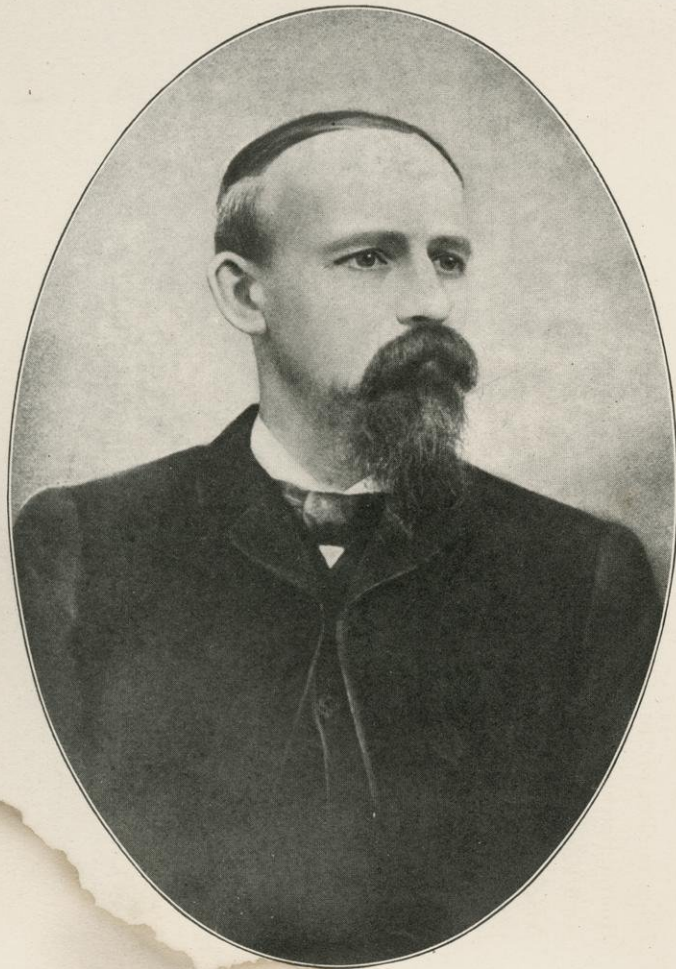
Robert Antes



Pioneer Days of Evansville and Vicinity.

By
BYRON CAMPBELL

EVANSVILLE, WISCONSIN
R. M. ANTES
1915



Byron Campbell



Frances Libby Campbell

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Pioneer Days In Evansville and Vicinity

CHAPTER I

First Settlers Arrive in June, 1839

This is from memory and what I gathered from early settlers. In the month of June, 1839, a party of eight or ten men started from La Porte, Ind., with a view to making themselves homes in the west. After traveling five days they reached Janesville, thence following the road leading from Janesville to Madison to a point three miles east of what is now Evansville. Later this point was known as the "Ball Tavern." There they left the Janesville and Madison road and started west to where Evansville is now, their's being the first wagon track to this place. They crossed Allens Creek and went two miles west to a spring on the farm I now own, where the first furrow was plowed in the town of Union. The following are the names of five of the men: Hiram Griffith, Boyd Phelps, Steven Jones, Erastus Quivey and John Griffith.

They selected farms in the immediate vicinity. Boyd Phelps and Steven Jones were Methodist preachers. They were followed by Charles McMellen, John Rhinehart, Samuel Lewis and others, all of whom were married and accompanied by their families. Mrs. McMellen is said to

have been the first white woman to come. A party of young men came about that time, among whom were Allen McMichael, Alanson Smith, Captain Turner, John Parmer and James and Charles Empey. These settlers all spent the winter of 1839 and '40 in what was afterwards known as the village of Union. The first settlers' cabin in this part of the country was built in the fall of 1839, by Charles McMellen near Union. One by one other cabins were built. Fish and game were abundant, also deer, wolves and raccoons, prairie chickens and partridge.

Some time during the winter a large number of the Winnebagoes with their chief, Little Thunder, made a visit to the settlement and camped near Butts Corners. Their visit was friendly; they seemed merely curious and did not molest the people or their property in any way. After making their visit they broke camp and moved on, no one knew where.

The first religious service was held in the log cabin of Erastus Quivey, in a room 16 by 18 feet, and all of the neighborhood was present. The room was full to overflowing. Dr. Quivey, then a youth, with some of the other



First School House in Evansville, Built of Logs in 1842

young men were compelled to sit on the woodpile. After closing with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the congregation was dismissed, but all stayed to dinner.

In the spring of 1840 there were many new settlers, among them were Rev. John Griffith, Ira Jones, Jacob West, John T. Baker, Willis Hazeltine, Levi Leonard, David Johnson, Daniel Johnson, John Cook, John Adams, Washington Higday, Hamilton Higday and John Sale.

In 1840 a special meeting was called to see about building a school house. Erastus Quivey, Ira Jones, John Griffith, Hiram Griffith, Boyd Phelps, Steven Jones and John T. Baker responded to the call, and it was decided to build it on land now owned by John Higday, on the north side of the Janesville and Sugar river road. The date of the raising was settled and each man promised to furnish his quota of logs. Upon the appointed day the builders and material and tools were on the spot and the work was nearly finished. The roof was put on another day. It was made from white oak shakes cut from the neighboring timber. Miss Mary Jane True, from the east side of Rock river, taught the first term of school. In 1841 and 1842 came many more settlers, the names of some of them were: Ebenezer Temple, Peter Aller, James Towne, Eli Root and Amos Kirkpatrick. In the meantime another schoolhouse had been built in Union. In the fall of 1842 it was thought best to build one at the grove, and another raising was appointed. This time the same men were active in the building that had built the first structure. It was just north of where the Bank of Evansville now stands.

Evansville was first called "The Grove" because west and north of the corners was a beautiful grove of tim-

ber, coming down to where the Central House now stands. Levi Leonard was the first teacher. The children came from miles around, there being many more settlers now. A sister-in-law of John T. Baker, a widow with five daughters, had moved in, all of school age. Levi Leonard had been hired for nine months to teach in the schoolhouse on the Higday place, but consented to finish out the time in the new schoolhouse. He received as salary, fourteen dollars a month and boarded around. As the new building was to be used for church as well as school purposes it was a little more elaborate than attempted before. The completion was delayed and the school-master was asked if he would lend a hand to hurry up matters. He told them he would provided the time spent thus could be applied on his contract. So the building was finished and Elder Keyes and Elder Ash taught Sundays, and Levi Leonard taught during the week.

The winter of 1842 and 1843 was an exceptionally hard one. Mr. Leonard says snow two feet deep was on the ground until April first. His school numbered twenty-five to forty, some coming from Green county. The wife of George Lawrence the builder had been a missionary among the Indians and had brought with her a young squaw, a Pattowattomi, who attended school that winter. Her teacher found her a very dull pupil.

This region in its natural state was about half timber and half prairie, but the stumps are all gone from the timber farms and groves have been planted on the prairie, and only imagination can picture the country in its unmolested state.

Amos Kirkpatrick built the first house in this place in 1840. It was a double log house and was located on the south side of Main street, op-

posite Mill street. He owned one quarter section of land here, running west to what is now Madison street. A real estate firm, by the name of Steenberger & Allen, owned the quarter section lying west of Madison street and south of Main street. This was soon sold to Lewis Spencer. The quarter section lying north of Main street and west of Madison street was owned by Henry Spencer, also a piece of land east of Madison street.

The year 1842 was memorable as the one in which the town organization took place, April 5, at the home of Charles McMillan. Hiram Griffith was chairman and Isaac Andrews was clerk. The township in those days had wider borders than now as it reached as far as Rock river, included part of the township of Fulton, part of Magnolia and the township of Porter. The first board of officials were:

Supervisors—Ira Jones, David R. Bent, Allen Miner.

Clerk—John T. Baker.

Assessors—John W. Sale, David R. Bent, David Johnson.

Commissioners of Highways—William Webb, Isaac Andrews, Washington Higday.

School Commissioners—Isaac Andrews, Levi Leonard, Lemuel Warren.

Treasurer—John Griffith.

Collectors—Adam W. Uline, Hamilton Higday.

Fence Viewers—Ira Jones, Allen Miner, David R. Bent.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—Joseph Osborne.

Overseer of Roads—Charles McMillan.

In those days they held the town meetings at the Ball Tavern, some three miles east of this place, on

land now owned by Mr. Griffith. The tavern was on the north side of the road and the barn on the opposite side. Town meetings were quite a holiday at that time, most every one came from far and near. The young men would play games, baseball, pitch quoits and wrestle. This particular day was wet and rainy, so the crowd went into the barn to wrestle. The rule was to form a ring, then the man that got thrown would call a man from the crowd to take his place. After some little time the man who got thrown called for Jessie Aller. Mr. Aller tried to beg off, but they all shouted for Mr. Aller. He told them that he never wrestled and did not know anything about the game, but the more he objected, the more the crowd called for him. Finally he saw it was no use and stepped into the ring. Now Mr. Aller was a large, powerful man and the man he was to wrestle with was a small man. Mr. Aller stepped up to the man and took him by the coat collar with one hand and with the other took him by the seat of his pants, lifted him off the floor and held him out at arm's length and walked with him to the back door and threw him out onto the manure pile to the great delight of the crowd. They did not insist on Mr. Aller wrestling any more.

I will relate a few incidents of those early days. Elder Phelps was one of the first preachers here, in fact he preached the first sermon preached in the town of Union. He owned the land where our cemetery now is and south to the highway. He lived on the southwest corner of his land. Mr. Jacob West lived about forty rods south and a little to the east, near where Hayward's slaughter house now stands, near a large spring.

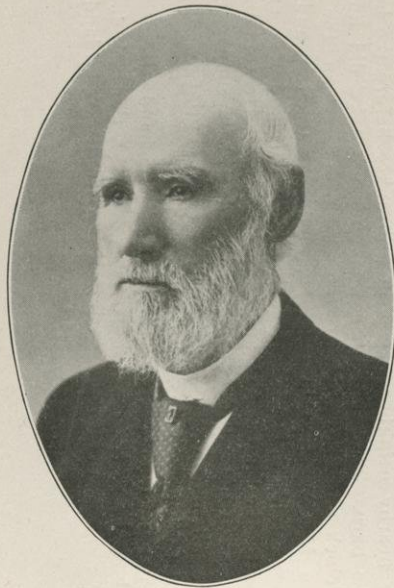
Experience of Elder Phelps Entering Land

A Mr. Potter lived on the farm joining on the east, now owned by Mr. Reese. Elder Phelps wanted to enter the forty on the opposite side of the road west of his on what is now East Main street, now lined with beautiful homes. It was an unwritten law that if they knew that one of their neighbors wanted to enter a certain piece of land they would not bother him, and if anyone did, that man had better move. This was in the month of June and Elder Phelps had invited the neighbors to come that afternoon to help him raise a log barn. Now that forenoon Mr. West was at work on his land over the fence from where two of the Potter boys were at work, and as both parties came near the fence they stopped to visit a few minutes. Mr. West asked the boys where their father was as he did not see him anywhere. They said he had gone to Milwaukee. He asked them what he had gone for and they said they did not know.

Mr. West thought in a moment that he had gone to enter the forty away from Elder Phelps. He could not see as he could do anything about it. That afternoon the nearby neighbors came and raised the barn. They got through about 5 o'clock and all went in to supper. Then Mr. West told what the Potter boys told him, and that he thought Potter had gone to enter this forty away from Elder Phelps. They were all up in arms about it. They said to Elder Phelps, "You must go and get the land." He said, "I don't see how I can because I have not got the money, and then,

he has got one day the start of me." Now it was about seventy-five miles and Mr. Potter would stay over night somewhere on the way. Ira Jones said, "There is a lady at my house, who has the money, and I will go home and get it and you get ready and make a start and by riding all night you can get there before he can." The elder said he would make the trial. He was used to riding horseback and when Mr. Jones came with the money he mounted his horse and started on his all night ride. The elder had preached quite a number of times twenty-five miles toward Milwaukee and was well acquainted with the brethren there. When he got there about ten in the evening, he stopped at a brother's house, and told the man his errand and said he could not make it unless he could have a fresh horse, as his could not go the whole distance. The brother said, "Come to the stable and I will fix you out," and he led out a good horse, and when they had changed the saddle and bridle, the brother told him to ride into Milwaukee by morning as he would guarantee the horse to do the work, and the next morning he was in Milwaukee before the land office was open. But he did not have to visit long, and when the doors were opened he walked in and asked if such a piece of land was entered, and they said "No." He told them he wanted it and paid the money and got his deed. Mr. Potter soon after moved away.

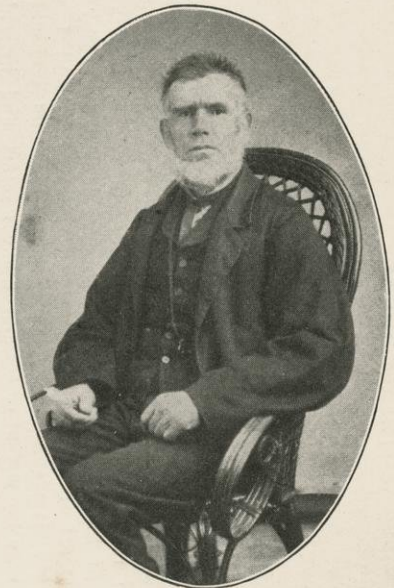
My sister's husband, John Rhinehart, came from La Porte, Ind., in the spring of 1840, and took up land about



Levi Leonard
First School Teacher in
Evansville



John Rhinehart and Wife
Charter Members of the Methodist Church



Jacob West
Charter Member of the Methodist
Church and its First Class
Leader

one mile east of the Ball Tavern. He broke a few acres, planted some corn and potatoes, partly finished a log house, then he went back to Indiana. That fall he returned with his family to this new home. There were no doors, windows or floor in the house. Blankets were hung up at the openings. This had to do until they could do better. One evening a team drove up with two men and a woman and inquired how far it was to a tavern. Being told they asked if they could stay over night. My sister told them they could and would be welcome to such accommodations as they had. She saw that the woman was very reluctant to stop, but the man said their team was tired, it was late and some little distance to a stopping place and the woman finally consented. It was evident she did not like the looks of the surroundings. My sister told me what she had for supper. The following is the menu: Roast potatoes, venison steak, old fashioned salaratus biscuits, good fresh butter, coffee with plenty of cream and wild plum sauce. When they sat down to the table there was a great change in the woman's countenance. She became very sociable and spent a pleasant evening.

My sister also told me how they went to church one Sunday morning. Mr. Rhinehart took two wheels and made a cart, placed on it a dry goods box, hitched a yoke of oxen to it, then both got in and drove to church.

In 1844 a Mr. Taggart was living on land just southwest of the present city limits. One evening a party came to stop over night. They were made welcome. George Taggart, the son, was out milking. His mother came out where he was and said: "George, we have company for to-night, and there is no meat in the house, what will we do for breakfast?" He said: "Mother, never

mind; I will attend to that." She went to the house, satisfied it seems. She had great confidence in George. The next morning just as soon as he could see he got up, took his rifle and started out for some kind of game. He had not gone far when he came to a little patch of timber of a few acres where Claude Snashall's farm buildings now stand. As he was walking around this little grove of trees and bushes a doe and fawn jumped up just a little way off, he drew his gun to his shoulder, fired and killed the fawn. He carried it home, dressed it, and they had plenty of meat for breakfast.

My parents came from Vermont, the Green Mountain state. They came all the way to Wisconsin by teams. They left Vermont about the year 1834. They stopped at La Porte about four years. There I was born, February 24, 1838. In July of that year my parents moved from there to Rock Prairie, Wis. It was then a wilderness, just a few log houses around the edge of the timber. The few settlers that were there at that time thought that there would be quite a large part of Rock Prairie that never would be settled, as it was so far from wood and water. Now that same land is worth one hundred dollars per acre, and over. Our house was made of logs, with a fireplace. Mother did the cooking over that fire as we had no stove. There was an iron crane hung over the fire, with hooks on it to hang the kettles on. Father dug a well; had to dig one hundred feet to water. They drew the water up with a bucket and windlass. That was a hard way to get water, especially to water stock. In 1844 father moved to the town of Porter. At that time there were only four or five log houses in Evansville. There was plenty of game. When I first went to school it was in a log



First House in Evansville, Built by Amos Kilpatrick

building of one room. Our seats, or benches were made of slabs taken from saw logs, one side being flat, with holes bored through them and legs driven in from the round side.

Our teams at that time were mostly oxen, and for breaking up the soil they used from five to six yoke of cattle. That would be quite a sight now. For lights we used home-made tallow candles. I think the young people enjoyed themselves as well then as they do now. We did not have so many fine things, but we enjoyed what we had. I think the old fashioned writing and spelling schools were good. Talk about spelling, I think we could have picked one scholar from any of the schools in this neighborhood that could have spelled down a regiment of the high school scholars of today.

I remember the first threshing machine I ever saw. It was a primitive affair, just a cylinder and tread power. The man that owned it had two horses and worked one at a time in the tread. He would change them every fifteen minutes. The men with ferks threw the straw back and would shovel the grain and chaff in a pile. Then we had a fanning mill, one man would turn the crank and one would shovel in the grain and chaff. That was the way we cleaned the grain.

In 1854 my father bought the saw-mill and gristmill and I learned to run the sawmill. It was an old upright saw and I sawed the timber for the Free Baptist church that stands in this place today. When they got the church completed, the day they hung the bell in the tower it was rung considerably. That night when everything was quiet, and the good folks gone to rest, the bell began to ring like a fire bell. Everyone hurried to the church to see what the trouble was, they looked all around

and in the church but found nothing wrong, so after a little time they all went home, then in about one hour the bell began to ring again, worse than ever, and everyone came running to see what the trouble could be. They began to search again and this time they sent a man up in the belfry and he found the trouble. The boys had tied a long cord to the clapper and put it out through the lattice to the outside and had it reach some little distance from the church into a clump of bushes, where they could ring it at their leisure. There was no more ringing the bell that night.

Henry G. Spencer was a Wisconsin pioneer. He came from Springfield, Vt., locating on Rock Prairie, a few miles east of Johnstown, in the year 1837, buying land from the government. After living there a few years he sold out and came to what is now Evansville in 1844. Mr. Spencer built the first frame house in Evansville in 1845. In 1855 he built the first hotel and named it the Spencer House. The first landlord was a Mr. Grannis. The house was dedicated in December of the same year by a grand ball. The music was furnished by Tolles and Waite. Tolles played the fiddle and waite played the clarinet. Mr. Grannis made preparations, to accommodate from fifty to sixty couple, but instead of that number there came about one hundred and sixty couples, filling the house full to overflowing. Everything went all right until about 12 o'clock. Mr. Tolles was a friend of mine, and what happened I will relate as he told it to me. About 12 o'clock he saw that trouble was brewing and as he was quite a favorite with the young people and as he did not want any trouble. He went to some of the leading ones and asked them what the trouble was. They said that about

one-half had been to supper and the landlord said they had eaten everything up and he could not feed any more. They had come there and paid their money and they would not leave until they had something to eat. He told them to wait a few minutes and he would see what could be done. He went down to the office and asked Mr. Grannis what the trouble was. He said there were so many more than they had expected, or had provided for, and they had eaten everything up and he did not know what to do. Mr. Tolles said: "Let me tell you something. These people have got to be fed or they will tear the house down. Now you get busy. You have plenty of potatoes, salt pork flour, milk, butter, cream and coffee. Now you go into the kitchen and give everyone of your help one dollar each and if it is needed send in more help, and tell them these people must be fed. Give them plenty of warm biscuits and coffee and I will attend to the rest." Mr. Tolles went back to the ball-room and rapped on his fiddle for order. He said: "Gentlemen we have a much larger number here than we expected. They have eaten the cakes and knickknacks, but we will give you just as good a supper as we can prepare and plenty of it, and in thirty minutes I will call so many numbers, and when they are through eating, I will call as many more, until you are all fed. We will play for you to dance until the last couple go down to supper." They gave him three cheers and in thirty minutes called for the number they could seat at the tables and they played until all went to supper. They danced until 4 o'clock in the morning. He said as far as he knew, everyone went away satisfied.

High prices of living seems to be the prevailing topic at the present, and I hear a great many say that

labor has not advanced in proportion to other things. Let us make a little comparison—take the years from 1840 to 1860 the wage for a good farm hand was from ten to twelve dollars per month, harvest wages from 75 cents to one dollar per day; school teachers' wages were from twelve to fifteen dollars, perhaps some got twenty dollars per month. Lady teachers received \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week, which would be from six to eight dollars per month, and board around the district. Girls doing housework would get from one to two dollars per week. I know of one lady that did sewing for the neighbors for 25 cents per day. How was that for wages? Some say it did not cost as much to live then as now. Let's see, I will quote a few prices: Brown sugar cost 10 cents per pound, tea 50 to 75 cents, flour \$2.00 per hundred, calico cloth 10 to 12 cents per yard and that was the dress mostly worn by the ladies. Cotton cloth cost from 10 to 12 cents per yard, a daily paper 5 cents per copy, beef steak from 8 to 10 cents per pound, ribs 5 cents per pound. A suit of clothes then would cost nearly double what they do now.

What are the prevailing prices today? Farm hands, \$35 per month, harvest hands from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, school teachers from \$50 to \$100 per month. Girls doing housework get from \$3 to \$5 per week. Sugar is 5 cents per pound, tea 25 to 50 cents per pound, flour \$3.00 per hundred, calico cloth 6 cents per yard, daily papers 2 cents a copy, beefsteak 20 cents per pound, roast 16 cents, ribs 10 cents. Way back there in the '40's farmers would hitch a pair of oxen to a lumber wagon and drive to town; the whole outfit would be worth perhaps \$50 or \$60. Now the farmer of today steps into his \$1,500

automobile and drives to town. Quite a difference.

I knew a young man who worked for my father a year for \$10 per month, and saved enough money to buy 80 acres of land from Uncle Sam

at ten shillings per acre. He died a few years ago in Janesville a wealthy man. How many young men of to-day would save anything from \$10 per month? It would hardly keep them in cigars and ice cream.

CHAPTER III

Railroad Built Through Evansville

The railroad came to Evansville in 1864—what a change in railroads since then. At that time there was only one passenger train a day. It left here about 9 o'clock a. m., and came back in the evening. The engine burned wood; the baggageman would pile wood enough beside the track to last twenty-four hours. With the early building of railroads in this country how little the people realized what they would accomplish, and what a power they would become in the land. What great improvements and innovations the railroads have made. They have kept pace with the times. The Boston Courier of June 27, 1827, writes as follows: "The project of a railroad to Albany is impracticable, as everyone knows who knows the simplest rule of arithmetic; the expense would be little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts and which if practicable every person of common sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon."

The last of March, 1861, was pleasant; no snow on the ground and but very little frost nights, if any. At this time there was a family living just over the brow of the big hill on the Madison road about one mile

north on the east side of the road. On the west side there were hundreds of acres of unimproved land, timber and brush clear to the Commons. Nearly dark of March 31, word came to the village that a little boy three years old was lost in the woods and the parents wanted help to find him. Word passed quickly from house to house and everyone that could responded to the call for help. The professor at the seminary came with a goodly number of students, and we all met in front of the Central House all armed with lanterns, as it was then quite dark. We then repaired to the home. The mother said the child had been playing out doors and when she called for him and he did not answer she became frightened; after hunting every place she could think he might be she thought he must be lost in the woods. We then formed in line a few feet apart and marched north parallel with the road until we came to a fence on the north; then turned and marched south until we came in line where we started. We then halted and held a consultation. It was then about 11 o'clock. To my surprise and astonishment they decided to adjourn until the next morning at 9 o'clock; this was Saturday night.

I wanted them to continue the search until morning or until the child was found, but the crowd started for home and I very reluctantly followed as I could not very well keep up the search alone.

The next morning we met according to agreement and some one suggested that we take a northeasterly course and be off. We began our march nearly due north, for by this time or soon after the woods were lined with searchers. They came from Union, Butts Corners and Jug Prairie. We had only gone about sixty rods when the news reached us by special courier that the child had been found, having wandered over two miles from home. The party from Butts Corners, climbing over the fence to enter the woods, heard the child groan, and looking, found him lying on the ground beside the fence on some leaves. He was unconscious. Taking him in their arms, they carried him to the nearest house and sent for Dr. Quivey, who came and after working over him for a few minutes, the little fellow spoke and the first word he said was "tater." The doctor said: "He is hungry; he wants something to eat, then he will be all right," and in a little while he was. I believe he is living today.

In 1852, when a boy, I attended the Rock county fair, held at the city of Janesville. The admission was 50 cents; that seemed quite a sum, as in those days it was harder to get 50 cents than it is now, but they had large crowds just the same. There were not many attractions to amuse people; they had the big pumpkin,

the big steer, and horse racing. I remember at one of the fairs held in those days there was horseback riding by the ladies. The track was one mile and they were to run their horses once around, and the best rider was to get for a prize a nice side-saddle and bridle. As I remember there were seven ladies who took part; when the final start was given they got off in fine shape. When about half way around the track one of the ladies fell from her horse. The others made the run in good time. Now the judges, in goodness of heart and sympathy for the lady that fell from her horse, awarded her the prize. I always thought that a strange decision. If, when she fell she had been in a fair way to have earned the prize and some unforeseen accident had happened to cause her to fall, I think it would have been right perhaps to have let them run again.

But with the large attendance and the price of admission the fairs were not a success financially and after running considerably in debt they were finally given up and the grounds sold to private parties, and for some years Rock county was without a fair. In 1898 nine young men of Evansville got together and voted to have a Rock county fair. They elected officers and deposited ten dollars each with their treasurer. With this small amount they went to work and held a fair that year and it was a success; with very little help it has been a success ever since, self-sustaining as I think every fair ought to be and would be if properly managed.

Stage Coaching in Early Wisconsin Days

Traveling before the days of railroads was done by stages. The first tavern in Janesville was built by a Mr. Stevens. He was the first tavern-keeper and the house was called by his name. It was also called the stagehouse. Four-horse stages left Janesville for Madison and Madison for Janesville every morning, arriving at their destination the same evening. The distance traveled was forty miles. As the business grew, more stages were added. This stage line was owned by Frink & Walker. The stages leaving Janesville came west diagonally over the prairie, striking what is now the main road one mile east of Leyden. Later the road was changed so the drivers went out of Janesville four miles north. Here Justin Dayton built a tavern called the Dayton House or the Rock River House.

Leyden was the first stop to change the mail; the tavern here was built by Ben McMellen in 1841. The next stop was at Warren's to change the mail. This is where Lew Fellows now lives. John Winston opened a tavern in 1843, one-half mile west, on the farm now owned by William Stevens. The postoffice was moved from Warren's to this place.

The next stop was the Ball Tavern, so called because of the sign that hung from the limb of an oak tree at the corner of the house, a round wooden ball about as large as a man's head. This tavern was built by a Mr. Osborn. From there the road ran diagonally to Union. Evansville was not on the map at that time. About one mile before coming into Union

there was a long house, built and kept by Charles McMullen, on the farm now owned by Chris Jorgenson; this was not a postoffice.

At the village of Union the tavern was built by a Mr. Prentice in 1844 and kept by him for some time, but later by Dan Pond. Union was a lively burg in those days. Just think of four coaches loaded with passengers stopping here for dinner, and as this was the half-way house they changed horses here. These coaches ran on a schedule time, and as promptly as express trains do now.

One day a nicely dressed young man alighted from the stage. He inquired if this was Union. On being told that it was he seemed somewhat surprised. It seemed that some real estate agent in the east had sold him quite a number of city lots in Union, representing it to be quite a large place. After looking around a little the young man took the first stage back home, a wiser if not a better man.

I think one of the first and oldest drivers was Nay Smith, who lived in Union. Then there was Martin Saxie, Warren Briggs, Ed Lovejoy, Joshua Nichols and Tommy Lee, who drove four white horses. He was a good driver, but a hard one, and it was a bad day when he did not come in on time. When the drivers came within about one hundred rods of any post-office, the driver would blow his horn to let people know they were coming, and for them to clear the way.

After leaving Union the first stop was Rutland. The Rutland house was built and kept by Albert Water-

man and was one of the early taverns along the line. There was one tavern that kept a few groceries on one side of the room; in those days all taverns sold whisky. One day a man came in and asked if they had any crackers. Being told that they had he called for a pound. When they were put up he asked if he could change them for a drink of whiskey, as he had changed his mind. They said: "Yes, that would be all right." He drank the whiskey and started out. On being asked to pay for the whiskey he said he had traded the crackers for it; then the storekeeper wanted the pay for the crackers and the man said: "Why, you have the crackers."

After leaving Rutland the next stop was Rome Corners, later known as Oregon. The first tavern there was kept by C. P. Mosley and was built by him in 1843. From Rome Corners the stages went by way of Oak Hall, later by Lake View. The tavern at Oak Hall was built by William Quivey in 1843 and kept by him in connection with the postoffice. The next stop was Madison.

The first couple married in the town of Union was Peter Aller and Eleanor Temple, March 28, 1841. In 1848 Union was quite a little village, consisting of five general stores, one hotel or tavern as they were called in those days, jewelry shop, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, postoffice and boarding house. Union at that time was prosperous enough to support a brass band and an orchestra. P. T. Barnum showed there at one time. He had Tom Thumb as one of his attractions; his big elephant was called Hannibal.

My folks used to go there to trade. Prices were somewhat different than now. Eggs were four cents a dozen and butter five cents a pound; at those prices it took four dozen eggs to buy one yard of calico, now you

can buy four yards of calico for one dozen eggs. Most other things were in proportion.

The first minister was Elder Murphy. The first church building was erected in 1851, and dedicated in the spring of 1852.

I think one of the merchants in Union came as near being a miser as any one I ever saw. One day two farmers met in front of his store. One owed the other two dollars and handed him a five dollar bill. The other could not change it so he said he would go inside and get Smith to change it for him, and stepping inside, he asked to have the bill changed so he could pay his neighbor two dollars. The merchant said: "You will have to buy something." He had to buy five cents worth of candy in order to get the bill changed. Here is another of his schemes: At that time we had silver quarters in circulation; they had two posts or pillars on them and when they got somewhat worn they passed for twenty cents. This man would condemn all he could of them. In the evening before closing his store he would take out all those he had condemned during the day and place them on a shovel and hold it over the fire. When heated these pillars would rise, and the next day he could pass the coins for twenty-five cents.

How the world has moved! Less than a century ago railroads and the telegraph were deemed impossibilities. Alexander Wells, an old citizen of Wellsville, Ohio, has a copy of an interesting and novel document issued by the school board of the town of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828. The question of steam railroads was in its incipient stage and a club of young men had been formed for the purpose of discussing the points at issue. They desired the use of the schoolhouse for purposes of debate. This was looked

upon by the members of the board as an innovation bordering on sacrilege, as indicated by the document in the possession of Mr. Wells. It reads as follows: "You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper question in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, he would clearly have foretold it through his holy prophets.

It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell." Such sentiments possibly reflected the feeling to some extent in the days of 80 years ago, but they sound strange at the present time when the device of Satan is daily carrying people over the land at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour. The world has progressed somewhat since 1828.

Our first cemetery was back of the old church, which stood where the Economy store now stands, and ran south to what is now Church street.

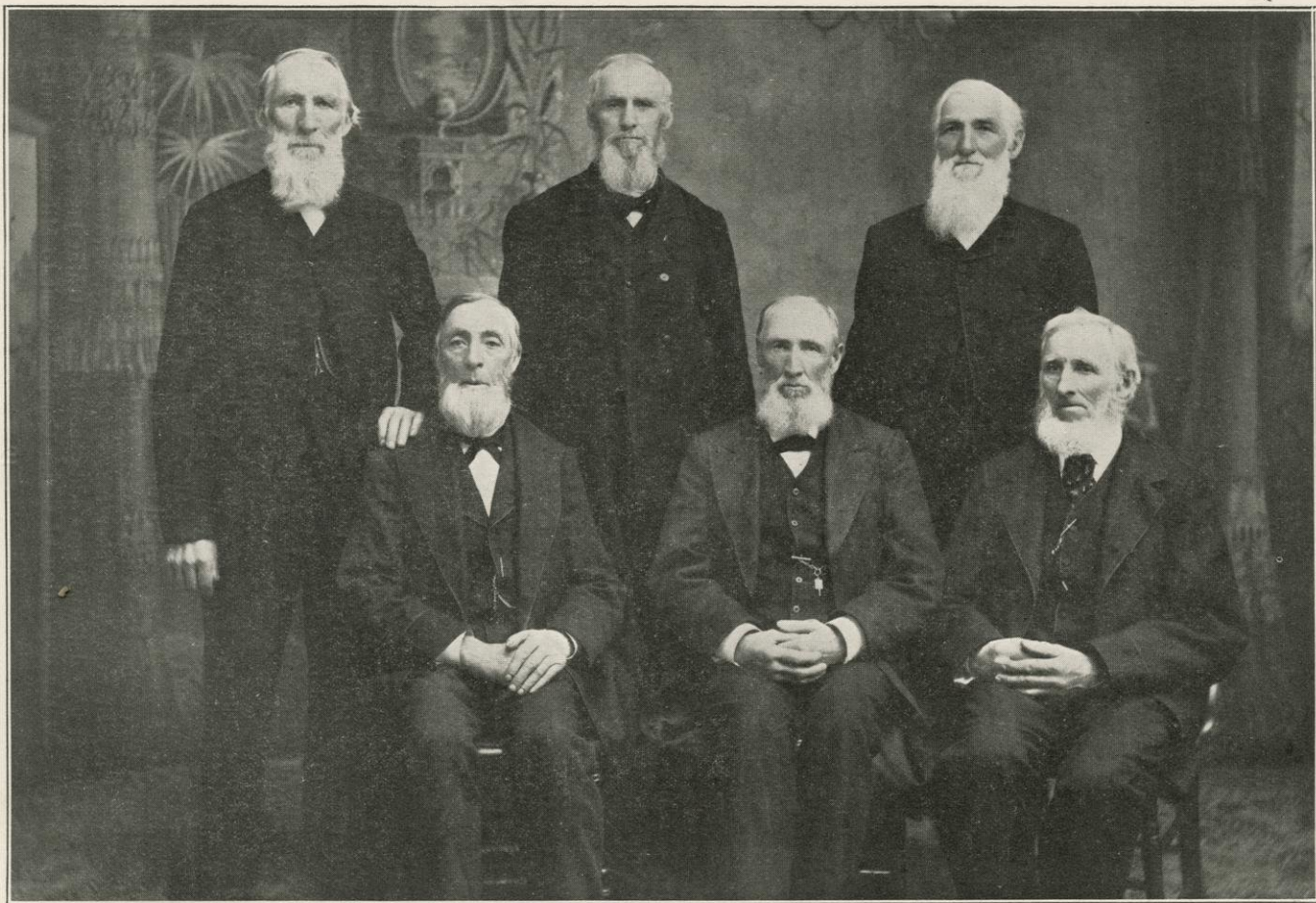
CHAPTER V

From "The Old Settler's Series," Published in The Badger

Some twenty years ago we had a weekly paper printed here called the Badger. It published a series of letters called the "Old Settlers' Series." I will quote from some of them:

By George F. Spencer: "I was born in 1822, August 17, in Springfield, Vt. I was the youngest of seven boys. My education was gotten by going to school three months each winter and the same length of time in the summer. There I studied the common branches only. When I was fifteen years old I attended the Springfield academy three terms. That is all the education I had except what I got from books and the reading of one paper, The New York Tribune, Horace Greeley's paper, which was law and gospel to us all. Till the age of seventeen I worked on the farm with my father. Then I apprenticed myself to a shoemaker for three years at fifty dollars a year and my board. At the expiration of that

time I hired out to him for six months for fifty dollars. Some time later I wanted to come west and visit my brothers, Henry and Lewis. In time I landed at Racine; from there I came by stage to Janesville, and from there to Union, inquired the way to the Grove and started out. The two first people I met were Dr. Quivey and my brother, Lewis. As the latter knew nothing of my coming, he was very much surprised to meet me on the road. I was married, November 22, 1849 to Miss Elizabeth Campbell, at her father's home in a log house on the farm now owned by Elliot Barnard. George M. Lawrence of Janesville performed the ceremony. Mr. Nelson Winston and Miss Louise Warren stood up with us. My house was finished but not furnished; I could not get even a chair this side of Milwaukee. Stoves and dishes could be gotten at Janesville. Father Campbell went to Milwaukee and got



Spencer Brothers, Pioneer Settlers—Top row, Lewis, Geo. F., and Henry G. Spencer. Bottom row, Fletcher, J. H., and Hiram Spencer

us some furniture and in two weeks we went to keeping house. People nowadays think we did not have much amusement, but in the winter of 1851 and 1852 we had singing school, taught by J. C. Ide which filled the schoolhouse. I had never seen a melodeon or organ until this time. Our master had an instrument made on the same principle as a meleodeon which he held on his lap and pumped with one arm."

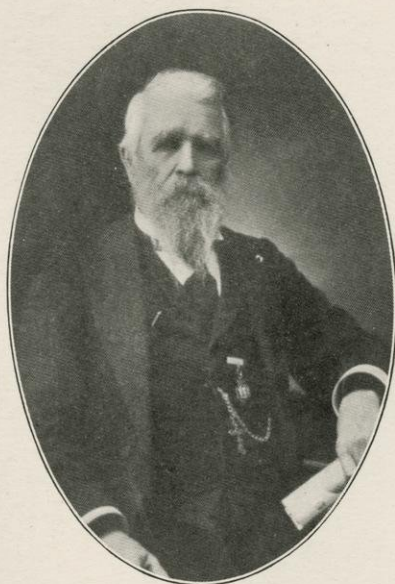
By M. A. Hubbard: "I was born in Woodbury, Litchfield county, Connecticut and lived there until I was twelve years old. I then went to Windham, New York, in 1836. On the twenty-fourth of May I went to Tully, New York, and on the fifteenth day of September, 1836, I married Jed Hubbard of Windham at Otisco. We were rather a youthful couple; Mr. Hubbard wanted six months of being twenty-one and I was four years and two months younger. We took our bridal tour in a stage from Tully, New York to Syracuse and then went on board the steamship Michigan and landed at Cleveland, Ohio, November 1. We went to Mr. Hubbard's brother's home four miles south of Cleveland. This brother had cleared twenty acres of heavy timber land and built a log house. Mr. Hubbard bought a team and wagon and went to drawing wood to Cleveland. The plan was for us to board for twelve shillings a week at his brother's, I boarded one week and then I thought I was not helping to get a home, so I said to my sister-in-law: "Will you let me help you to work around the house for my board?" She said she would gladly do so. We stayed there three months, then we moved into a log house 14 x 16 having two windows, a fire-place, a little pantry and, what many did not have, a mantle shelf over the fire-place. Our furniture was not very elaborate, we had a

table, bedstead, bed and six chairs. Mr. Hubbard would bring me from time to time some things to furnish our house and when he brought me home a pair of brass candlesticks I put them on the mantle shelf and they looked so nice I was that proud I really felt above my neighbors.

In 1840 Mr. Hubbard came to Union, Wis., and stopped all night with Boyd Phelps, and the next day he located some land on Jug Prairie. He then returned to Ohio and in 1845 we started with our team and covered wagon and three children for our future home. We stopped every Sunday and rested ourselves and team; lived in our wagon, cooked our meals by the road side. When we neared Sandusky, Ohio, we saw cars for the first time. When we got to Rock river we crossed on Humes' bridge and camped on the banks for the night. Next day we reached our destination. We now had a home of our own. My husband was very homesick the first year, but I never had a homesick day in my life. We had just money enough left to buy a cow and a little change for postage, which cost twenty-five cents a letter. In the spring we had a call from our old pastor in Ohio, Rev. Mathew Fox. He came from near Madison to preach at the log schoolhouse at Union. He come to stay with us all night. I began to be anxious where he should sleep, as we had but one bedstead. The chambers were so low that I could not put up a bedstead if I had had one, which I had not, but made beds on the floor. I told him he could sleep with Mr. Hubbard, and I would go upstairs with the boys. He said to me: "I unite man and wife; I do not part them." Mr. Fox came down in the morning saying he had had a good rest, as it was so pleasant to look through the holes in the shake roof



C. M. Smith, M. D.
Pioneer Physician



J. M. Evans, M. D.
First Physician in Evans-
ville, 1846



William Quivey, M. D.
Pioneer Physician

and see the stars and meditate. We went to church with him in the morning. He had a horse with him and wanted me to ride, but I told him I could not and would walk. Then he said: "I will walk too, for I will not be so ungallant to a lady as to ride while she is walking," so he led his horse and walked all the way. We saw hard times, but always had enough to live on. Our papers we missed ever so much, and as soon as we were able we sent for the New York Tribune. Maria Quivey taught our first school in her father's house; it stood where Mr. Dixon's house now stands."

By Dr. J. M. Evans: "I was born in Rutland county, Vermont, February 18, 1819. When I was fifteen years old my mother died; when I was nineteen I came west as far as La Porte, Indiana. My journey from Vermont to La Potre was made by stage coach. It took two weeks to make the journey. I decided to be a carpenter and served three year's apprenticeship; then I gave up carpentry and began the study of medicine under Dr. Meeker of La Porte. When the medical school was founded in the city I became one of its students and was a member of its first graduating class of 1846. Later I went on horseback from La Porte to Chicago. On the lake near the mouth of the river I got stuck in the mud and had to get off my horse in order to get the animal out. A man that owned the land came along and offered to trade me that quarter section of land for my horse, but I would not trade. From there I came here to the Grove. For about two years I boarded with the family of Henry Spencer and had my office upstairs. My practice was mostly riding in the country. Those were good old days; everyone was a friend to everyone else. We had many priva-

tions and hardships, but we helped one another. In 1854 I was married to Miss Emma Clement of La Porte."

By J. M. Bennett: "I was born in Schoharie county, New York, December 8, 1824. I was raised on a farm until I was seventeen. I left home in the spring and traveled on foot eighty-miles. One morning I saw a man trimming apple trees. I asked him if he wanted to hire a school teacher; he said yes, and came and looked me over. He happened to be one of the trustees. We called on one of the other trustees and he seemed not so well impressed with me; he asked me my price and I said: "Sixteen dollars a month and board around." He made many excuses; said they wanted an experienced teacher, as the school was large and hard to manage. I argued that there must be a first time. They finally hired me and I stayed with them three years, teaching four terms a year. In the spring of 1845 I came west. I went by the Erie canal to Buffalo and around the lakes to Milwaukee. I walked from Milwaukee to John Winston's, six miles east of Evansville.

After looking around a few days, Nelson Winston and I went to Milwaukee to enter a quarter section each of land. He carried gold and I carried paper money. We walked all the way; I blistered my feet. When I came to pay the government I found they would take nothing but gold and silver. I had to pay two per cent exchange, and found that I was seventy-five cents short. What to do I did not know. Nelson Winston had just about money enough to get home with, but he proposed to loan me the seventy-five cents and take his chance, and I got my land. I had ten cents left. I started for Racine on foot. This was through a heavy timber country,

settled by Germans from Racine. About four miles west I struck a farmer and hired out to work for \$11 a month. Here I worked about one-half a month. I was anxious to get back to the Winston's. I worked for Mr. Winston a month or more, till time to engage a school for the winter. I engaged the school in Union village. This was considered quite an important point on the stage route between Janesville and Madison, Union being half way between the two towns. At this place there was not a frame house in the village. My wages that winter were \$15 a month and board around. Of course I had a jolly good time, plenty to eat of the substantials, a good appetite and a hearty welcome. As is the case in a new country, money was scarce. Our money consisted of state bank paper of very uncertain value, some British gold and French and Spanish silver; very seldom we saw any American gold or silver. Farmers settled on government land, built houses, improved their farms, raised wheat to pay for the land at \$1.25 an acre, and woe to the man who dared to jump a claim. Cows were worth from \$10 to \$15 a head; a first rate yoke of oxen were worth \$40 to \$50; dressed pork was often as low as \$1.50 a hundred; butter six to ten cents a pound; eggs five to eight cents a dozen. We all looked forward to better times. There were no railroads; everything for market was hauled to Milwaukee, and goods hauled back by team. Teamsters could get at a hotel, supper, breakfast, lodging, horses to hay and whiskey thrown in, for sixty-two and one-half cents, and tavern keeping was the best business going. For many years farmers did their work with oxen, including hauling grain to Milwaukee; we even went to meeting

with them, chained the oxen up to a burr oak tree during service. We did not mind roughing it then; I have been to Milwaukee with oxen, gone seven days, lying under the wagon every night and not get a meal of victuals except what we cooked ourselves."

Christmas eve in 1858 there was to be a dance and supper at the Spencer house. The tickets were \$2 each. I wanted to go but did not have the \$2. The only way I had to obtain a ticket was to cut and haul a cord of oak wood, which I did and secured my ticket. I have sold a good many cords of wood since for more money, but I never got so much enjoyment out of any cord of wood I ever sold as I did from the sale of this one.

Every place seems to have its champion liar and story-teller; when Union was a thriving little village it certainly had one. Peter Aller related to me an incident that happened in Union one Monday morning. Two men started for Stoughton; about one mile out they saw Charles Sabin coming on foot, walking fast. One said: "Here comes Charley now. What lie will he have to tell this morning?" When nearly opposite they said: "Good morning, Charley; why are you in such a hurry?" He said: "A Mr. so and so (naming the man) is dead and I am going to town after some things for the family." "My, we did not know that he was sick." Charles said: "He was not sick but a little while and died last night." They were both astonished and started on. One of them said to the other: "Hadn't we better drive over to the house and see if we can do something for the family?" They agreed to that; it was about one mile out of their way. When they arrived at the house they saw the woman on

the porch washing. This looked strange, but one got out and went to the house and said: "Good morning." and asked where her husband was.

She replied: "He is out in the field plowing." He walked back to the buggy and they continued their way to Stoughton.

CHAPTER VI

Early Days in Cooksville

In 1842 the land on the west side of Main street of the village was entered from the government by John Cook, one of its early settlers, who gave it the name of Cooksville. The east side of Main street was entered by Daniel Webster, a senator from Massachusetts. Among its first settlers were John Cook and his brother Daniel, Allen Hoxie, Charles Howard, John Fisher, Marian Wells, Natham Porter, J. P. Van Vleck, Thomas Morgan, Earl Woodbury, G. E. Newman, John Shepard and John Chambers. In 1842 Cook built a sawmill and sold it in 1844 to John Shepard, who began the erection of a gristmill, which was completed in 1847. The first store was opened in 1845 by John Chambers.

Daniel Johnson, Harrison Stevens, Isaac Andrews, George Savage, Edward and James Gilley, Joseph Porter and Alex Richardson were some of the early settlers to take up farms in the immediate vicinity, all of whom were honest, sturdy, hard working pioneers. With such men as these the wilderness soon gave way. What a blessing if we had such men as these in our legislative halls today.

The itinerant Methodist preacher often came among the people in advance of other sects, holding services in log schoolhouses and in the cabins of the settlers. They were

not graduates from Yale, but good and true men, earnest in their work. Farmers brought their families to meeting in lumber wagons drawn by oxen; women came plainly dressed, many wearing sunbonnets in summer. I don't think too much praise can be given those noble pioneer women. The preacher generally remained a few days, holding meetings at different places, and went away well laden with supplies for his family. Sometimes he was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony; the groom did not often have ready money and on one occasion he tendered the preacher a few bundles of home-made oak shingles, which were readily accepted. A neighbor who had made a claim, built a cabin, made a few improvements and was waiting until he could get the money to buy the land, got word that parties were going to buy the land out from under him. He started for Janesville on foot, called on Mr. Lawrence and told him of the circumstances. Mr. Lawrence kindly loaned him \$100 for one year at the rate of fifty per cent interest. The man walked to Milwaukee and entered the land.

Cooksville at one time was a thriving little village, doing quite a business. They felt confident of a railroad; it was surveyed and a little

work done, but for some reason it was never completed although the name, the Rock River Valley railroad, still lingers in memory.

Joshua Webb was one of the early settlers of the town of Porter. Grandpa Webb, as he was familiarly called, was a kindly old gentleman,

with his white locks and stooped form. I shall always remember him, I suppose because he would often times stop and talk with me, a mere boy, just as though I had been an older person. It is well to be kind to the boys; they will remember it.

Settlement of Magnolia

Magnolia was first settled in 1840. The pioneers were mostly from New York state, namely: Joseph Prentice, J. W. Parmer, Andrew Cotter, William Frockler, Edward Basy and Stanford Hammond. Later came W. B. Howard, H. E. Barrett, William Huyke and Charles Dunbar. The village was located in the fall of 1843, Joseph Prentice building the first store, where he kept general merchandise. Mr. Cotter platted a part of his land for building purposes. A postoffice was established in 1848 and George Mackenzie was appointed postmaster. Rev. Jameson was the first preacher and pastor of the Presbyterian church.

The hotel or tavern was built by George Mackenzie in 1841, the build-

ing now used for a general store kept by Robert Acheson, who by his genial disposition and obliging ways, is doing a fine business.

I have a dance ticket that I will copy here, given in the early days. Perhaps there are some early settlers who will recognize some if not all the names. "Christmas ball to be held at the Dunbar House in Magnolia on Thursday evening, December 24, 1857. Committee of arrangements: David Van Wart, Porter; S. Conch, Footville; Henry Millsbaugh, Evansville; Joseph Baker, Austin Bowen, Albany; James Howard, Magnolia. Room managers: Frank Clifford, Charles Clifford, Sidney Smith, J. S. Warn. Music by Hallock's band, Janesville.

The Old Mill

The old mill by the stream has been written about in verse and prose. Evansville has got the old mill by the stream, but she has long been silent. In 1847 Erastus Quivey built the dam and a sawmill. It doesn't look now as if there ever was any use for a sawmill, but at that time there was considerable timber to be sawed. In 1848 Mr. Quivey built the gristmill. There was at that time water enough to run both mills the greater part of the year, but as

the supply of logs began to fail the sawmill went out of use and was torn down. The first waterwheel used in the gristmill was what they called an overshot wheel; the flume carrying the water from the race passed over and fell into the buckets that surrounded the wheel and thus caused the wheel to turn around, furnishing the power to run the machinery.

After a time the owners thought they could save power by taking the

wheel out and putting in what they called a breast-wheel. This was about twelve feet in diameter and also had buckets around the outside; the water struck about midway or breast of the wheel. These were the first wheels used in milling; in after years they put in more improved wheels. The mill in its day had many owners, and of all of these, I think there were only two that made any money out of it. One was Harvey Prentice, who bought it cheap and sold it for a good price; he made his money in buying and selling. The other was Fred Wolf, who was a practical miller; he rented it for a few years. I think he made it pay, but as the springs began to dry up the water failed until it did not pay to run the mill. I remember when the water got so low that they would have to stop and let the water rise before they could finish grinding a grist.

It was about this time that a boy came with a grist; he asked the miller if he could grind it so that he could take it home with him. The miller told him he thought he could, so the boy went out and whiled away the time as best he could until he thought it about time for his grist to be ground. He went in and asked if it was ready and was told that it was not. The boy went out again and waited some time and went in and asked if it was ready and was

told that it was not. He went out the third time and waited until he thought it was about time he was going home, so he went in and asked the miller if the grist was ground. On being told it was not the boy was somewhat out of patience and said to the miller: "I can eat it as fast as you can grind it." The miller said: "How long could you stand it?" The boy answered: "Until I starved to death."

The village of Evansville was incorporated as a village by a special act of the legislature, which was passed by them February 28, 1867. On the 19 of March, 1867, the electors of the village met at Mayer's hall for the purpose of organizing under the above act. Jacob West, Daniel Huckins and William B. Winston were judges of the election, and David L. Mills clerk. One hundred and thirty-six votes were cast. Daniel Johnson president; J. M. Bennett, Lathrop York, Elijah Robinson and Henry Millspaugh trustees; George Plaisted, street commissioner; Nelson Winston, treasurer; D. L. Mills, clerk. Held first meeting, March 22, 1867 in the office of Jacob West. Incorporated as a city, June 15, 1896. J. M. Evans, mayor; L. T. Pullen, treasurer; W. R. Phillips, clerk; supervisors, Caleb Snashall, C. M. Tuttle, S. J. Baker, Byron Campbell, Joshua Frantz, F. L. Hubbard.

Why Lake Leota was Lost

In the summer of 1847 Erastus Quivey built the dam which formed a pond, later named Lake Leota. This was a beautiful sheet of water covering about forty acres of land. Mr. Quivey, before building the dam, secured a lease of the land he wanted to flow. This lease was to continue

in force as long as the property was used for milling purposes. In after years the mill ceased to be profitable and was abandoned. This flowed land then reverted back to the original owners or their heirs. About thirty-five acres came into the possession of one person and about five

acres to another. It was then reported that the city was to lose Lake Leota. The party owning the thirty-five acres went to the mayor and council and pleaded with them to save Lake Leota, telling them the ice crop would pay the interest on the money if they had to hire it. He also told them of the pleasure and benefits to be derived from skating, boating, bathing and fishing, and the possibility of completing the park. He said he would deed to the city all of the land they cared to fow, including dam that would cost at least \$3,000 to build, if the city would pay him \$800. Nothing was ever done. The party owning the five acres wanted the use of his land, so cut the dam, thus destroying Lake Leota. Nearly every year since then the restoration of Lake Leota has been agitated. At that time it would have cost but a few hundred dollars to retain the lake for all time; now it will cost thousands to restore it.

A friend of mine related to me a circumstance that happened to him when a young man. He was clerking in a dry goods store in the east; his employer was a thorough-going business man and a strict church member. During business hours he was always at his desk; nothing escaped his watchful eye. Always when a sale was not made he always

wanted to know the reason. One evening a neatly dressed lady came in and as he was the nearest clerk he came forward to wait upon her. She wished to look at some shells; they were very commonly worn at that time. They had a large stock on hand and ranged in price from \$8 to \$12. He showed her a \$12 shell; she asked if he had something a little more expensive. He thought a moment, then brought out another one and told her she could have that one for \$15. She seemed to like that one better, but said she wanted something more expensive. He said: "I think we have a \$24 shell that will suit you," saying there were but a few that cared to buy one so expensive. He found one of a special design, saying: "This is the only one in stock of this kind." She said that would do and paid for it and went out. He carried the money and laid it on the desk beside his employer, saying: "I have sold a shell." He said: "We have no \$24 shells." The young man replied: "I had to sell that priced one or I could not make a sale." It was Saturday night. The merchant thought a moment, then handed the young man \$6, saying: "Take this and put it into the contribution box tomorrow. Go to our church."

Mining of Lead in and Around Mineral Point

Beauchord, a French-Canadian, visited the city of Mineral Point in 1818, and found Indians digging lead there. The first smelter was built by Jerome Dodge between Mineral Point and Dodgeville in 1827. The lead was first marketed in Galena. Later there were smelting works built at Mineral Point. A large portion of this lead was hauled to Milwaukee by ox

teams. The route was to Dodgeville, from there to Madison, Oak Hall, Rutland, Union, Ball Tavern, crossed the Rock River at Union Bridge. This was a toll bridge at one time. From there to Johnstown, then to East Troy and to Milwaukee.

In the early days there was quite a quantity of lead mined in and around Exeter, Green county. These

mines were called New Diggings, later Sugar River mines. Exeter was the first settled town in Green county. The Indians first found lead there. The first white settler was William Deviesse in 1812. In 1829 he built a smelting furnace. Another of the early settlers was Pierce Bradley. The first tavern was built by Brainerd Blodgett in 1840; it was built of lgs. The first postoffice was established in 1841. Thomas Summers was the first postmaster. The first ore smelted here was marketed at Galena and sold for \$60 per ton, but soon dropped to a low figure. Later most of this lead was hauled to Milwaukee by ox teams, from three to four yoke to a wagon. They carried from three to five tons to a wagon. They seldom stopped at taverns; when they did they generally occupied the school

section. This was a large room used for dancing and other purposes, the floor being their bed. They had regular camping places where there was plenty of grass and water for their cattle. The drivers cooked their meals over their camp-fires and slept in or under their wagons. I have seen as many as twelve or fifteen of these wagons in one string. What little pride these drivers had, if any, was to have a good whip. The stalk would be about five feet long, with a heavy lash. They would strive to see who would crack their whip the loudest. Sometimes the one at the head of the line would start the ball rolling by cracking his whip, then the next driver would take it up and it would go all along the line to see who would crack his whip the loudest.

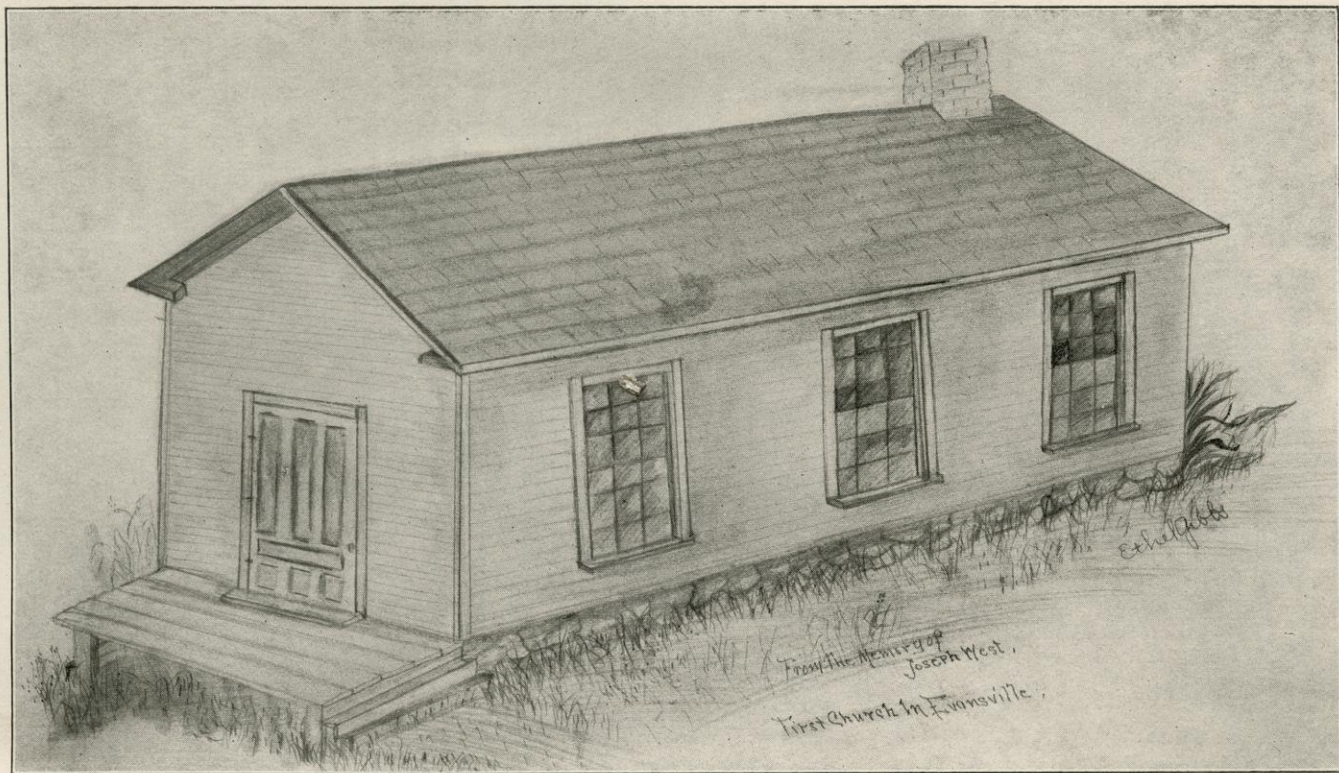
CHAPTER VII

From the Pen of Mrs. Flora J. R. West

I will now quote from the pen of Mrs. Flora J. R. West. "Several aged ministers among us in those days, who were on the retired list, should not be forgotten in this record. Father Griffith, who was an aged man, preached occasionally in the old church as a supply. Though well advanced in years he still possessed much ability and evidently having been in his prime a useful minister of the gospel. He always wore a handkerchief thrown loosely over his head while preaching and his loud ahem when clearing his throat startled many a youngster into attention, for at least a moment. Rev. C. C. Mason, an English preacher,

whose monument now stands in the northwest corner of our cemetery, was a most eloquent preacher as he leaned upon his crutch and the tears rolled down his cheeks most eloquent words fell from his lips fresh as the dew.

Rev. C. F. Comfort, my father, for a time suspended from active work on account of ill health, occasionally preached from the pulpit. His trumpet had no uncertain sound for the gospel, for anti-slavery, and for temperance. The latter cause bore the impress of his early labors here for years after he passed away. The leaf from the past brings to mind very many whose names are sweet



First Church in Evansville, Built in 1846

memories in the hearts of some who are here today; nearly all have passed away. Those early pioneers, the forefathers and foremothers of Methodism builded more and better than they knew when they erected that little plain church and organized a society. The great last day only will reveal how many at the altar gave their hearts to God, and their hands to the church. Their influence still lives in our community, not only in the lives and characters of their descendants, but also in the moral tone of the village. To that they imparted a sturdiness for the right and a determination to exclude wrong, especially the evil of intemperance, which has been a marked feature of our place.

The old church well served the times, with its stiff lead colored seats, its bare walls and floor, its four interior posts, its two story pulpit, its one big stove, its many paned windows with the plain white curtains. It is no more. The lights of other days, the tallow candles, have gone out; the memorizing of scripture verses, often whole chapters for Sunday school lessons have gone out; the old time singing led by Father West, for years the superintendent of the Sunday school, has gone out; the attendance of the brethren at the weekly prayer meetings has mostly gone out. The Sunday class meeting of young, old and middle-aged people, except for the old people, has mostly gone out; the amens in the southeast corner of the old church and Brother John Rhinehart's shout of salvation have gone out. Much of the demonstration of the spirit's power has gone out, yet not in all things spiritual or temporal are the old days better than the new. Many a gray-haired father and mother, besides some old bachelors and maids, gray too in our midst, can recall the

time when the first church, the old Methodist meeting-house was first erected. How proud they were of it and it seemed to them quite a pretentious building compared to the log cabins and the log schoolhouse near by. For the church was a frame building and painted white on the outside. The greater number of those who were accustomed to assemble in the plain old meeting-house are here no more; some are gone to other lands and some to the land from which no traveler returns.

The children of those days are the men and women descending the down-grade of their life journey towards the sunset tide. The old church has been merged and swallowed up in a business block on Main street where the Economy store now stands; while it was yet a church, however, it was used as the beginning of our seminary school, while the seminary building was being erected. We remember the old high backed seats painted lead color, the four enormous posts through the center, the one big stove. The girls used to occupy the seats in the northwest corner, while the boys were sure to get into the opposite corner, the northeast. Many were the sly glances and smiles exchanged, even during services, causing sad breaks in the memories of the text or sermon. Many a donation party was given here, causing heart flutterings and other flutterings among the young beaux and girls. Married pairs now old and staid were here joined in marriage when they were young and hopeful. Funeral rites for others; at the same altar have been spoken, baptismal vows, and the life beyond only will reveal how many have here started in a new life of service for the Master. We had no carpeted floors in that old church and not many cushioned seats. The

lights were the old dim lights of other days before the earth had been made to give of her stores of petroleum, nor had electricity obeyed the wishes of man to light his night time indoors and out. There was no sweet-toned organ, no decorated walls and ceiling, no stained glass in the windows, no towering steeple outside, but there were men and women with kindly feeling and Christian sympathy, pioneers of the time, who had seen hard times together and who together rejoiced that they had a place of worship, larger and better than the little log schoolhouse across the street. They enjoyed that church and made it ring with amens, and

Brother John Rhinehart's shout of one word, "salvation." It was the church to all in the vicinity, regardless of creed, for there was no other here. The old days are gone and with them most of the men and women who were living at that time. Better and broader are our opportunities for good; our chances for information greater, and with these have we not an added responsibility in life with all its different phases. We enjoy as necessities now those things which in the old meeting-house were unattainable luxuries. When the Master calls for the talent he lent us will he find we have laid it away unused and unimproved.

CHAPTER VII

An Early Day Methodist Camp Meeting

In the summer of 1847 the Methodists held a camp-meeting in a fine grove of timber, on land owned by Austin Beebe, now owned by Dr. Ware, near John Higday's. On two sides of the camp were rows of tents for families that came to stay through the meetings, which generally lasted about ten days. At one end was the altar and the seats in the center. The other end was the entrance and at each of the four corners inside the tents were four posts set in the ground and about four feet high. Timbers were laid across; on top of these then about eight inches of turf and dirt. Then on top of these wood fires were built in the evenings and that served to light the grounds.

Our first cemetery was back of the old Methodist church, which stood where the Economy store now stands,

and ran south to what is now Church street.

The first Methodist class was held at the house of Hiram Griffith, on what is now known as the Munger farm. The following composed the first class: Rev. Boyd Phelps, local preacher, Claricy Phelps, Rev. Stephen Jones, Isabel Jones, John Griffith, Belinda Griffith, Jacob West, Margaret West, J. T. Baker, Jemima Baker, Ira Jones, Sarah Jones, Miss Ann Jones, Samuel Lewis, Sarah Lewis, John Rhinehart and Deborah Rhinehart. The first regular circuit preacher here was Rev. James Ash. He lived in Monroe and preached here once in two weeks. Henry Reed was the first presiding elder and held the first quarterly meeting in the fall of 1840 at the home of Jacob West, the first class leader at the Back

river conference. In the fall of 1842 Union was set off from Monroe circuit and attached to Madison mission and Rev. Stephen P. Keys appointed preacher in charge. He went from conference to Madison and finding no place for holding meetings, did not preach or stay but a short time, and not knowing where Union was, he concluded to return home. On his way he chanced to stop at the house of Samuel Lewis at Union and was informed that he was in the promised land which had been attached to Madison mission. He stayed here during the year and did good and effective church work. By mutual agreement between the school district board and the official members of the church the schoolhouse when completed was to be used as a meeting house and was used as such till the summer of 1847.

Rev. S. H. Stocking was presiding elder from the fall of 1842 to the fall of 1843. In the fall of 1843 a minister by the name of Ferris was sent to this circuit, but remained only a short time, his place being filled the remainder of the year by Rev. Boyd Phelps and Father Griffith. Rev. John Sinclair was presiding elder from the fall of 1843 to the fall of 1844. During this year until the fall of 1845 they belonged to the Janesville circuit, which included Mount Zion, Janesville, Union and McLaughlin (now Brooklyn). From the fall of 1844 to 1845 Rev. Lyman Catlin was their preacher, with Rev. S. H. Stocking presiding elder.

In the fall of 1845 Union circuit was first formed and embraced what is now Evansville, Union, Porter and McLaughlin (now Brooklyn), and the following composed the official members of the circuit: Local preachers, Rev. Boyd Phelps, Rev. John Griffith, Rev. Elisha Page, Rev. Amasa Graves. Exhorter, Zimri Campbell.

Stewards, Ira Jones, John Rhinehart, Hiram Griffith, Alanson B. Vaughn, Wilson W. McLaughlin. Class leaders, Jacob West, John Dawson and H. J. Sutherland. At the third quarterly conference of this year, 1845, the building of a meeting house was discussed and a building committee appointed composed of Ira Jones, Hiram Griffith and Thomas Robinson and soon after a subscription was started and the building commenced where the Economy building now stands. This meeting house, 30 by 45 feet in size was built under the charge of Rev. Asa Wood and dedicated in June, 1847 by Henry Summers, presiding elder. Rev. Asa Wood was preacher in charge from 1845 to the fall of 1847 with Rev. Henry Summers presiding elder.

In the fall of 1847 this circuit was attached to Racine district and Rev. Chancey P. Hobart was presiding elder, with Rev. Charles McClure, preacher, both remaining till the fall of 1849, with Rev. Hiram Hersey district preacher the last year. Rev. Henry Summers was presiding elder from the fall of 1849 to the fall of 1852 and Rev. James M. Walker, preacher from 1849 to 1850, with Rev. James Dawson as assistant, he securing his appointment from the elder, also from this charge his first recommendation to conference. In the fall of 1850 Rev. J. M. Walker was returned as preacher in charge with Rev. J. C. Dana as assistant. Rev. J. M. Walker was sent to fill a vacancy at Beloit and Rev. Dana took charge with Brothers Phelps and Griffith as assistants.

In the fall of 1851 Rev. A. P. Allen was sent as preacher and in February, 1852, Rev. George Fellows received his first license to preach and was assistant preacher the balance of the year. In the fall of 1852, Rev. A. P. Allen was appointed pre-

siding elder with Father Callender as preacher, but he never moved his family here and Rev. Daniel Stansbury came and took his place, with Rev. Fred Curtis as assistant. In the fall of 1853 they were attached to Madison district, with Rev. J. Searles as presiding elder till the fall of 1855 and Rev. Daniel Stansbury preacher, with Rev. S. L. Leonard assistant.

In the fall of 1854 James Butler was sent here as preacher with Brother Webster as assistant. In the fall of 1855 this circuit was divided and this part given the name of Evansville station and Porter. Union and Brooklyn formed a circuit; Magnolia and Footville with one or two other points made up another circuit. All these circuits were attached to Janesville district with Rev. W. Wood presiding elder; he served four conference years. In the fall of 1855 Rev. E. P. Beecher, with Rev. John Beam as assistant had charge of this work. In the fall of 1856 Rev. Elisha Robinson was sent here and worked here until the spring of 1858, conference having been changed from fall to spring about this time. For two years the old church was used for the seminary school while their red brick building was in process of erection.

In the spring of 1858 Rev. D. C. Jones came as minister and remained until the fall of 1859. In the spring of 1859 Rev. Daniel Stansbury was appointed presiding elder and worked as such until some time in 1860, when he had a stroke of paralysis, ending his active work, and he was soon after called to his reward. Rev. H. C. Tilton filled the vacancy. From the fall of 1859 for one year, Rev. J. J. Foot was preacher, followed by Rev. James Cooper one year. In the fall of 1860 Rev. H. C. Tilton was sent back as presiding elder, but after a few months went into the

army as chaplain, and Rev. J. H. Jennie took his place as presiding elder, which he filled until 1865.

In the fall of 1861 Rev. R. P. Lawton was sent as preacher for one year. From the fall of 1862 to the fall of 1864, Rev. George Chester labored here. The three years following 1864 to the fall of 1867 were filled by Rev. George De Lamatyer, and under his charge this church was built at a cost of about \$6,000 and dedicated in the fall of 1867 by Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D. As presiding elder we had from the fall of 1865 to the fall of 1868 Rev. C. D. Pillsbury, and Rev. William H. Sampson was preacher in charge from the fall of 1867 to 1869. Rev. S. C. Thomas was presiding elder from the fall of 1868 to the fall of 1872; for two years beginning in the fall of 1869, Rev. E. D. Farnham was our minister followed by three years of service by Rev. J. M. Craig. Rev. P. B. Pease was presiding elder from the fall of 1872 until the fall of 1876. Rev. J. H. Brooks was preacher one year from the fall of 1874, Rev. J. D. Cole from the fall of 1875 to the fall of 1877. Rev. W. P. Stowe served four years as presiding elder, beginning in the fall of 1876. Rev. C. E. Goldthorpe preached for three years ending with the fall of 1880, with Rev. A. J. Mead as presiding elder from the fall of 1880 to the fall of 1883. During these three years Rev. Henry Faville was minister, followed by Rev. Henry Sewell, also here three years, ending his work here in the fall of 1886, at which time Rev. T. L. Wharton came.

Rev. Lugg was presiding elder from 1883 to 1887, a full term of four years. At the session of conference held at Appleton, October, 1887, Rev. Wharton, after one year's service here was removed. Rev. L. N. Wheeler was appointed pastor and

remained two years, when Rev. W. W. Stevens received the appointment. Rev. R. W. Bosworth was appointed presiding elder of this district at the Appleton conference in 1887. Rev. J. S. Davis came in 1893 and remained two years. Rev. Henry White came in 1895 and remained two years; Rev. William Rollins, who came in 1897, remained two years; Rev. Webster Millar came in

1899 and remained three years. Rev. James Churm came in 1902 and remained four years; Rev. T. W. North came in 1906, remaining four years and Rev. Charles E. Coon came in 1910, being pastor at the present time. Presiding elders: F. A. Pease, 1893, five years; W. W. Stevens, 1899, one year; E. S. McChesney, 1901, five years; John Reynolds, 1907, five years; Perry Millar, 1913.

CHAPTER VIII

Many Respond to the Call of Arms

The tap of drum and sound of fife were not long in reaching Rock county when the war broke out. The half-suppressed threatening had been heard with sinking hearts, but when the call came, there was no lack of men who were anxious to march under the stars and stripes wherever they were ordered to go. The farm and profession and college alike yielded their quota. We were all proud of the brave young men that responded to the call.

Following are the names of some of my friends and companions who enlisted:

J. M. Evans.
C. M. Smith.
Joseph Foot.
Daniel Lovejoy.
Aaron Baker.
David Johnson.
Joseph Sale.
Joseph Smith.
S. J. Baker.
Theodore Shurrum.
Wiloby Walker.
William H. Spencer.
John Spencer.

George Peck.
Ansel Libby.
Henry Peck.
Tyler B. Campbell.
A. S. Baker.
James Cook.
Thomas Peck.
Theodore Sutphen.
William F. Williams.
Joseph West.
John West.
Gard Babcock.
John Tullar.

These names were taken from different regiments.

While the thirteenth regiment was in camp on the fair grounds at Janesville the measles broke out and the hospitals were filled to their utmost capacity. Until mid-winter they were kept busy nursing each other and trying to keep from freezing to death in weather twenty degrees below zero and they in tents only. On the 18th of January they were ordered on to Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., to join the Jim Lane expedition, then organizing to check rebel depredations on the southeast border

of Kansas. The soldiers stood in line in snow eighteen inches deep awaiting orders to march. Relatives and friends thronged around them to say the last good-bye before they boarded the cars for Chicago.

Arriving there, they felt for the first time real military glory, as they marched through the city with banners flying. From Chicago south the journey was pleasant in comfortable cars as far as Quincy, and not till the regiment was shipped in vile cattle cars from that point to western Missouri, did they begin to dream what the phrase "fortune of war" meant. The remaining seven miles of their journey to Ft. Leavenworth was made through snow down the frozen Missouri river. Their quarters were in a cheerless market building, where the soldiers, many just convalescing, vainly tried to keep

warm by pacing up and down on the cold brick floor.

The 7th of February saw them commence their march of one hundred and thirty miles to Fort Scott. In this march the mule wagons carrying the baggage could not keep up with the soldiers, and the men were compelled to sleep out at night unprotected. This exposure caused many of the men to have a relapse, bringing on severe chills and fever. Three days of this journey were spent wading through snow and water. Space will not permit me to follow them further.

This regiment did not participate in as many battles as some but it was not their fault; they went where they were ordered. No braver or more patriotic men ever went forth as defenders of their country.

Founding of Evansville Seminary

Evansville seminary was conceived in the brain of the Rev. Asa Wood. In 1846 a congregation worshipped at a Methodist Episcopal church, which stood upon the present site of the Eager block in Evansville. In those days it was called the Grove church, for there was no Evansville, the village of Union being the market town of the country 'round about. Mr. Wood came as an itinerant pastor, filled with the zeal of the pioneer circuit rider, and declared that the only thing that would ever make the little Grove church amount to anything was to start a school. Nothing was done, however, at this time, and some years later Mr. Wood returned, now a superannuated preacher and still full of the seminary scheme.

The result of Mr. Wood's agitation

was finally the holding of a meeting in the Methodist church alluded to above, in June, 1855, where an organization was effected. The first trustees chosen were E. A. Foot of Footville, W. W. McLaughlin of Brooklyn, Henry G. Spencer, William C. Kelley, Ira Jones of Howard, Rev. Asa Wood, D. L. Mills and Nelson Winston. E. A. Foot was elected president of the board, D. L. Mills, secretary and Rev. A. C. Wood financial agent. D. L. Mills gave the land for the site, to be forever dedicated to educational purposes.

Prof. R. O. Kellogg, graduate of Yale, was engaged as principal. He was detained by sickness. School was opened in the Methodist church in November, 1855, by his assistant, Miss Minerva Gilbert. Prof. Kellogg

arrived in time for the winter term of 1856. During the winter and spring term of 1857, Prof. Martin Van Buren Shattuck was principal and he was succeeded in in the fall of 1857 by Prof. George Smith, who remained till the spring of 1860.

The liberal gifts through which the people of Evansville and vicinity established this seminary involved sacrifices unknown at this day. This was a pioneer country without railroads, telegraphs or factories, but there were plenty of rotten state banks with elusive issues of wildcat money. Those were literally hard times, yet the farmers and villagers did not hesitate to put down their names for hundreds of dollars to accomplish the erection of the first building. At one time when all looked dark and hard times incident to the panic of 1857 made it impossible to collect subscriptions to go on with the work. Thomas Robinson and his wife mortgaged all for \$3,000, to lend the trustees without security, for the

property itself could not be encumbered. At last when all was done but the roof, Mr. A. C. Fish, who lived in the outskirts of Evansville, mortgaged his farm for \$300 to buy the shingles. Mr. David L. Mills gave the land, which was a great credit to him as a benefactor.

Evansville seminary property passed into the hands of the Free Methodists in 1879. The school was opened by Prof. J. E. Colman, September 15, 1880, with sixteen students. The enrollment the next fall was seventy-five and by the fall of 1885 it was one hundred and thirty-five. The old building could no longer accommodate so many students; accordingly, in the spring of 1888, the building now used for school purposes was begun. It was completed in the early part of January, 1889. Prof. Colman resigned in 1894. Prof. C. N. Bertels was elected to succeed him the same year. This school has been very successfully conducted since then by the Free Methodists.

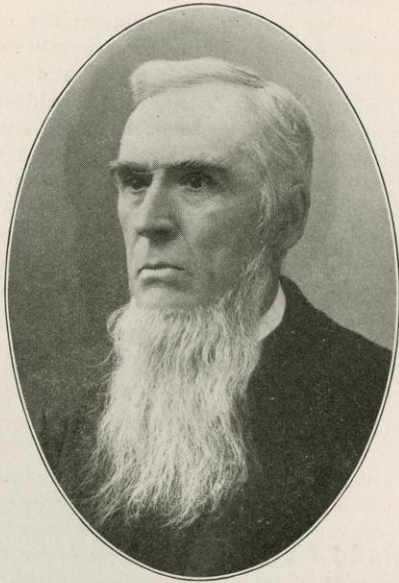
CHAPTER IX

Letters by Levi Knepper and I. A. Hoxie

By Levi Knepper: "I was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, February 21, 1829. I spent all of the years of my early life working on the farm; when I was about twenty years old I started west to seek my fortune. On the first of February I started by stage over the mountains to Ohio. We left Chambersburg on Sunday with a stage crowded with passengers inside and out, intending to travel day and night until our journey's end was reached. We

stopped at way-stations for our meals and change of horses. I had been riding upon the outside and was getting pretty chilly, so when we stopped for supper I snatched a hasty meal and was one of the first to climb in the coach after supper.

"On Thursday we reached Worcester, Ohio, my destination. Here I found a cousin, who was a druggist, owning two stores. The cousin was very anxious for me to remain in Ohio and learn a trade, but as I liked



I. A. Hoxie
Founder of the First
Newspaper, 1866

farming I decided not to take his advice. I hired out to a farmer on trial, but as I did not like the folks I determined to push further west. An Ohio friend of mine was acquainted with the Rugles family living in the town of Beloit, three and one-half miles west of the city. It was not a city then, just a big village or town. So we come to Wisconsin.

"We found no manufacturing then, a gristmill or two being about all in that line. The college building was built at that time and was the only big building in the place. I hired out to work for Rugles for ten dollars a month. Had to hire my washing done and lose all rainy days. I did not like the place very well as I had too many bosses, sometimes three, so I decided to go back east. Benjamin Wilfred was a brother-in-law of Rugles and he was hauling grain to the lakes and expected to take back a new threshing machine. On the way out I rode with him and he finally persuaded me to give up going back home and to hire out to him.

"In 1850 I was married in Beloit to Miss Maria Waters, who in company with her family had moved to Beloit from North Bend, Ohio, in 1847. After our marriage we worked farms in the neighborhood of Beloit for three years. In 1853 we moved to the town of Porter, to work my father-in-law's farm. It was the Henry Sperry farm, now owned by William Dooley. By the time I moved up here they were building frame houses of a poor kind. Ours was cold but small, and by having a fire-place in one end and a stove at the other we managed to keep warm. In 1856 we bought the piece of my old farm lying south of the road; the forty having the buildings on it. From that time until fifteen years ago we lived on that farm, enjoying reasonable health

and prosperity and a liberal portion of work. Farmers now-a-days complain of hard times but I have seen fine dressed pork sold for seventy-five cents and one dollar a hundred and good wheat for twenty cents a bushel. This price did not mean cash either, it meant an order on some merchant for anything he had in his store but money."

By I. A. Hoxey: "Sitting one evening with a neighbor, he related to me the following incident of his early experience in Wisconsin. He said: "In the winter of 1842 I was chosen a delegate by the little village of Cooksville in which I lived to go up to the metropolis of the county on matters relating to town organization, the formation and establishment of boundaries of school districts therein. The distance was a little over twenty miles and as neighbors were often going to that place with teams I readily obtained passage, thinking to attend to my business and return on foot if the meeting should hold late, a thing I had often done, with no fear of attempting it again, but my journey this time was different from what I had ever experienced before.

The convention held until a late hour, so, hastily doing a few errands and making sundry small purchases, I set out for home. About three miles on my way the road was crossed by another at right angles. It was in the month of February, and the snow, about a foot in depth, lay upon a bed of ice, the result of the previous January thaw. Occasionally the wind had whirled the snow into compact drifts that made walking exceedingly slow and tedious. As I came upon the crossing it was getting quite dusky. I looked each way to see if I could get a glimpse of a team, but none was in sight. Not disheartened at this ill luck, I hurried on as fast

as the snowdrifts and my weary limbs would let me. I had not gone far when cold bleak night shut in and darkness enshrouded the whole ethereal arch of heaven. Around was the open prairie not outlined by timber or broken up by neighboring fences and cultivated fields which made the road more difficult to keep, as everything bore the same contour of loneliness.

"I noticed that the wind that was directly in my back at the road crossing began to tingle my left cheek, but being intent upon getting home, and in my benumbed and weary condition I had scarcely noticed the wind that presently began blowing directly in my face. Hurrying on, sliding over the bare places and anon floundering in deep snow banks, I soon felt the cold piercing wind benumbing my right cheek and then my back. Being somewhat surprised at this change in the wind I looked up and saw myself directly on the road crossing that I had passed more than an hour before. It was then verging upon midnight. I noticed what appeared a bright tinge in the eastern sky and as it could not yet be morning I remembered the waning moon would rise about midnight.

"I sat down to meditate and get my bearings for another attempt to reach home. By a little mathematical calculation, knowing I had a lameness in my left hip, the step on that side was imperceptibly shortened, which by several hours travel caused me to describe a complete circle perhaps a mile or more in diameter. Guarding against this physical defect and with the aid of the pale light of the waning moon on my left. I once more set out upon my journey. Soon a grey leaden streak in the north began to

show an outline of timber that bordered the northern extremity of the prairie and in which was my home. With every advancing step new inspiration seemed to animate my soul and soon I caught the glimmer or pencil ray of light. My wife feeling anxious from my protracted absence, with precaution set a light in the chamber window, a thing that was her wont to do, that it might serve as a beacon to other belated and way-bound travelers. This experience was never repeated, although incidents and marvelous escapes from peril were no uncommon thing in early pioneer life. Only here and there were habitations and scarcely the unbroken soil of prairies showed the habitation of man.

"There were no roads, only a wagon track to mark the way from one settlement to another and if one should be overtaken by night it seemed like the trackless ocean, so broad was the expanse of the treeless and trackless prairie. With the wasting years of my life great changes have been wrought. Palatial habitations have been erected where only sod, floorless cabins existed; well-stocked farms with fine buildings and fruitful orchards are now seen where then not a furrow broke the virgin soil. For fourteen long weary miles from Janesville to Beloit I have often traveled the way on foot with not a habitation or friendly shade tree to invite weary repose. Now there is not an acre of ground that has not been fretted by the plows; not a mile of road but what is bordered with finely cultivated farms and palatial residences. Industry and perseverance combined with capital have made the boundless west to bud and blossom as Sharon's deathless rose."

Letter From the Pine Tree State—1889

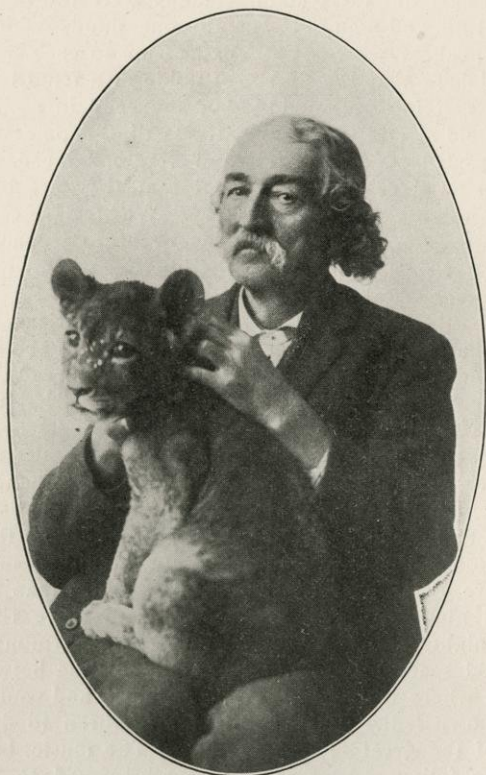
Last week the great temperance camp meeting came off as advertised at the camp grounds. We were away and did not have the privilege of attending. I have learned, however, that it was a big affair. Neal Dow, the great temperance apostle of Maine, 92 years of age, was there and addressed the meeting, and many other distinguished speakers were present. It is claimed here that the first temperance camp meeting ever held in the world was held at Old Orchard and Neal Dow presided. Nearly half a century has elapsed since then and Neal Dow and his mighty works still live.

Since our last letter we have visited Boston, Lowell and several of the suburban cities of the Hub. We spent a week in that vicinity, and of course it was the week of the great Masonic conclave. Very early Tuesday morning we visited the headquarters of the Wisconsin Sir Knights at the New England conservatory. We found several of our Evansville friends at breakfast. After an absence from home of six weeks I assure you we were glad to see them and they seemed glad to see us. Those gallant Knights immediately secured some good seats for us and three lady friends where we could be seated with their own ladies and enjoy a fine view of the great parade which was soon to follow. As I am not a Knight Templar nor even a Mason, I cannot be expected to discourse so intelligently upon the workings of this association as those who have been behind the scenes and know all the ropes. Therefore, I will not attempt a description of regalias, banners, etc., but will refer you to our own noble Knights. Suffice it to say it was the opportunity of a life-time to see a big thing. It was truly the

most interesting as well as the largest and finest in every respect, that we ever beheld. Nearly four hours and a half we watched with the most intense interest that procession of noble Sir Knights as they passed in review before us.

Many were the thoughts that came into our minds which often found expression to each other as this band of noble men from twenty to twenty-five thousand in number paraded the streets of Boston. We saw, believed and were convinced, convinced of the fact that they are brave, loyal and true. We feel sure that whatever may occur to jeopardize in any way the liberties of this nation we can depend upon the Sir Knights to defend our American institutions and the principles of the Christian church. This country already has many secret enemies and so has the church. The time may come when we shall need the strong arm, the unflinching energy of this noble band to support and more firmly establish the civil and religious rights of this great people. Oh, for a million more Sir Knights in this country than we already have.

We were more than delighted to witness the harmony and good fellowship existing between the Knights of the north and south. How good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. The music, banners and symbols all seemed to blend in perfect harmony. "Onward Christian Soldier," "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," "How Firm a Foundation," etc. and many other pieces of music harmonized so sweetly that all were delighted. The banner of the cross and the banner of the nation were so beautifully represented and so nicely enfolded each other that patriotism and piety may well be considered the corner stones upon which this organiza-



Col. Geo. W. Hall
Veteran Showman

tion is founded. I find there is much that is beautiful and true in Masonry that has stood the test of ages and has been handed down from generation to generation by grand and noble men for centuries. I am satisfied in my own mind that these great con-

claves are doing more to harmonize differences and bind together the loyal people north and south, east and west, than anything else that has been done since the civil war. God bless the Knights Templar and speed them on their way. L. T. PULLEN.

CHAPTER X

Col. Geo. W. Hall, Veteran Showman

Col. Geo. W. Hall has the reputation among all show people of being the oldest living showman now in the business. He has accomplished many difficult undertakings, among them chartering a sailing vessel, taking an entire show, elephants and camels and exhibiting them in the islands of the sea, something that no other showman ever attempted. He now resides in Evansville, and this has been his headquarters for the past fifty-five years.

Col. Hall was born in Lowell, Mass., on the fifth day of December, 1837. When but seven years of age he went with his parents to Manchester, New Hampshire. He did not take kindly to books or school and left home at the age of ten years and went to Lawrence, where he found employment as errand boy with a man by the name of Adset, at one dollar per week. He saw a man selling popcorn and this seemed to appeal to him. About this time the city of Boston celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. Horace Greely was the speaker of the day. George was there and his original way of selling popcorn attracted Greely's attention so much that upon reaching New York Mr. Greely gave him quite

a write up. Going into a business place, if they did not seem inclined to buy, George would pour out some popcorn on the counter, saying, "I guess it is my treat," and walk out. The next time he came in sales would be good.

He soon drifted into the show business and traveled thirteen years in the eastern and middle states with the following shows: Jim Myers, Jo Pendleton, Howard Quishing, Dan Rice, Jim Nixon and Dick Sands. He drove team with this show all the way from New York to Chicago by the way of Canada. He came to Wisconsin in 1860 and ran a side show with the Dick Sands' circus one season. Then one season with Jerry Mabie, one season with Vanamburg's show. He continued in the side show business until 1886 when he organized a show of his own. He took this show into the south and remained there about twenty-five years.

January first he chartered a schooner the "Emma Fox," carried his show to the West Indies and South America, showing all the windward islands, the Bahamas, Trinidad and then to the main land, and showed in many cities and towns in the Amazon region. In 1886 he traveled

through old Mexico, showing at many places, including the city of Mexico, and coming out at El Paso. When the Spanish war broke out he was showing in Vera Cruz.

Col Hall has seen many ups and downs, but has always been equal to all the emergencies. He was considered one of the leading side show orators of his day. George Dehaven, the manager of the Great Eastern show, which was owned by Rob Miles, Andrew and Jacob Hait and George Dehaven, paid the colonel \$250 per week one entire season for talking at the door. The colonel has owned a great variety of animals in his time. At one time sacred cattle were a drawing card. I met the colonel one day and asked him how the show business was. He said: "All right; I have got one of those damned sacred cows." At one time he was showing in a small town and was doing the talking at the door, the crowd was a little slow buying tickets. He made the announcement that if any one went into the show and was not perfectly satisfied he would make it satisfactory. That started them buying tickets. Soon one big fellow came out and said: "I am not satisfied." Col. Hall said to him: "Go back in and stay until you are." Ringling Brothers once owned an elephant called "Big Charley." He out-weighed the famous Jumbo, owned by P. T. Barnum, but he had a very bad temper and caused his keepers lots of trouble. Big Charley was captured in Central Africa and belonged to what is known as the ivory producing elephants. He was nine feet high and weighed six tons.

Elephants are very intelligent but treacherous and like many human beings have very strong likes and dislikes. Old Charley belonged to the noted Lockwood group of performing elephants, the first trained ele-

phants to form pyramids in the ring. Ringling bought this troop of performing elephants of Mr. Lockwood and put them in charge of their trainer, Earl Saunders. Charley took a dislike to Saunders and one day knocked him down. Fortunately he fell near a friendly elephant, and before Charley could get to him he rolled under this elephant which kept Charley at bay until Saunders could escape.

Ringlings did not like to take him on the road with the herd for fear he might cause trouble. At the time Col. Hall bought him of Ringlings he carried a thousand pounds of chain. The colonel removed the chains, and taught his daughter Mable, to handle and perform Big Charley. When they were loading the show in New York for Havana, Cuba, he refused to go on board the boat. They sent for Mable and she came and walked up to him and said: "Come Charley," and the big fellow went with her onto the boat without any further trouble. When they arrived in Havana no box car could be found large enough to transport him, so they secured a flat car, put in posts and boarded it up. He was fastened to a ring in the floor of the car and in this way he was carried all through the island of Cuba. Big Charley finally went insane and had to be chloroformed. His hide weighed 1,000 pounds. His tusks were about six feet long and weighed over 200 pounds. His remains were buried on the colonel's home farm.

With the old circus the clown was a leading feature. Dan Rice stood at the head of this profession. He would go from the sublime to the ridiculous and hold the attention of his audience. He composed many of his songs and sang them in the ring. One of his songs that made the greatest hit was composed while in Blue

Eagle jail, Rochester, N. Y. Sands and Rogers had him arrested and thrown into this jail for libel and kept him there over forty days, but the suit never came to trial. This shows they had no cause for action. John Robinson's show engaged him for one season at \$500 per week. Before starting Mr. Robinson offered him 5 per cent of the earnings of the show in addition to his salary, if he would not get drunk. Dan made good as far as Denver, but there he found too many friends. From there to the coast he did not draw a sober breath and they had to let him go. While he was a slave to drink, when not under the influence of liquor no one could give a better, more sincere or more impressive temperance lecture than Dan Price. Dick Bell was a great musical and pantomime comedy clown. Among others were Pete Conklin, Jo Pendleton, Dan Gardner, Tony Paster and Billy Patterson. In old times the expense of running a show was about \$100 per day. Now it is from four to five thousand.

Col. Hall conceived the idea of training a troop of leopards for this work. He hired a Spanish lady, by the name of Dolores Vallecita who had been training animals for Frank Bostock. This lady, with her helper, trained six leopards for the colonel to do the following acts: The rolling globe, the see-saw, the electric wheel, forming pyramids, and pictures, ending the act by playing the chimes while she played the piano. For this act John Robinson offered Colonel Hall \$3,500 which he refused.

One of Col. Hall's many big at-

tractions was Captain Bates and wife. W. W. Coles' show paid this couple \$1,000 per week. Captain Bates was eight feet tall and weighed 550 pounds. Mrs. Bates was eight feet and two inches tall and weighed 480 pounds. This was the tallest married couple ever on exhibition.

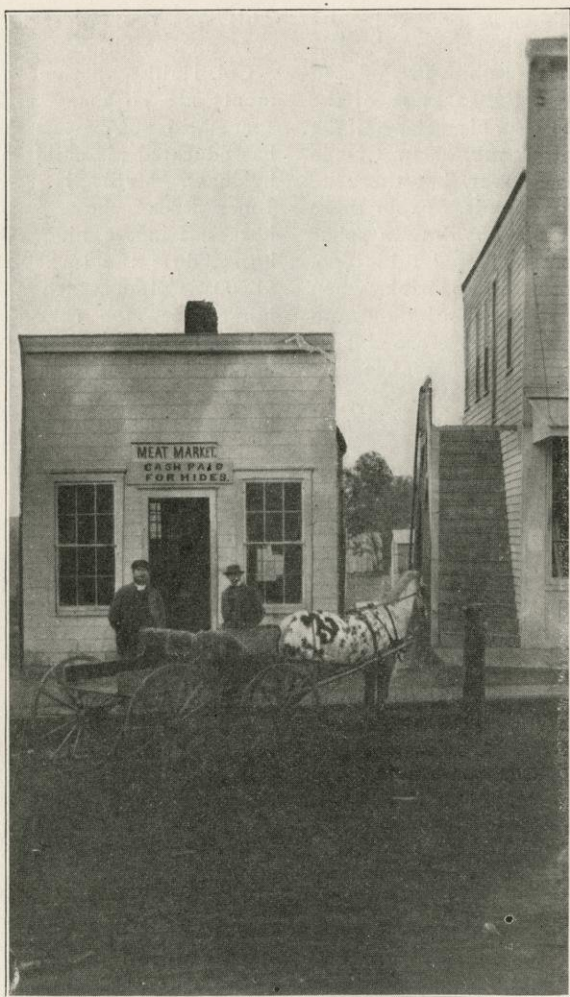
Col. Hall's experiences and achievements are so many and so varied, space will not permit of more. He has educated his children in the show business. Mable is now with the Jones Bros.' show, working three horses, King, a high school dancing horse, does the turkey-trot and cost \$1,500. Colonel, also a high school horse, does the cake-walk and cost \$1,100. Both are Kentucky bred horses. Rob Roy, an Irish hunter, bred in Canada, cost \$1,200. This horse has a hurdle record of seven and a half feet high. His average jumps in the ring are five and a half feet high. Mable owns and rides these horses in all their acts. Mable Hall Campbell is the first woman on either continent to handle elephants, and the only woman that ever handled a male elephant.

There are now four generations in the Hall family and all that are old enough are now in the show business. Col. Hall has earned a good reputation as a pioneer showman. While he has not accumulated a great fortune, he has enough to make him comfortable in his old age. Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. Hall for his success. She thoroughly understands the show business and has taken entire charge of the show many times during Mr. Hall's absence.

The Honest Butcher

The honest butcher we have with us always, When I was a boy and at home on a farm there was a man

by the name of Cook that for many years worked for different butcher firms in Janesville buying and butch-



First Meat Market in Evansville
Owned by Cora M. Campbell

ering for them. He used to buy sheep and cattle of my father and I thought when I grew to be a man I would surely be a butcher and I made good. I always remembered this man Cook and whenever I would go to Janesville I would try to have a visit with him and get him to relate some of his experiences in buying and butchering.

He said one day he was out buying as usual, and coming in late, he put his horse out and got his supper. He went down to the market. The proprietor said: "What luck today?" After telling him, the butcher said: "I got the bargain today, I bought a four-year-old steer. I want you to see him." Getting the lantern as it was quite dark then they went to the barn. After looking the steer over he asked what he paid for him. After being told. Cook said: "This is a stolen steer. You could not have bought him for that money if everything had been all right." The man said: "I don't know anything about that." They walked back to the market.

Later in the evening a man came in and said he had lost a steer, describing this steer, saying he was

afraid he had been stolen, and asked if they had seen or bought any steer of that description. The butcher replied: "I have got several head of cattle in the lot by the slaughter house. You come here in the morning and I will drive down and you can look them over." Soon after they closed the market, went home and to bed.

About twelve o'clock that night someone rapped at Cook's door. He asked who it was. The answer was: "Come down." He dressed and came down. At the door stood his boss, lantern in hand. Cook asked: "What is the trouble you are here at this time of the night?" "I want you to help me take that steer to the slaughter house and butcher him," was the reply. They did so, buried the head and hide, loaded the meat into the wagon and drove to the market, unloaded the meat and returned home. The next morning the owner came to the market, the butcher greeted him friendly and asked him to ride out and look over the cattle that were in the lot. They did and examined the hides on hand and the owner gave up the search. That was the last ever heard of the affair.

CHAPTER XI

David L. Mills Once an Attorney at Fulton, Wis.

Away back in the forties Fulton was a thriving little village. It had one large gristmill doing a fine business, mostly custom work. In the busy season it was kept running night and day in order to keep up with the work. Farmers came with ox

teams with from ten to twenty and even thirty bushels of wheat to be ground into flour, that they would have enough to last them perhaps six months. They did not buy their flour put up in little paper sacks.

There were several general stores,

a good hotel and everything that goes to make a lively little place. It would be hard to find a prettier site for a village than this. Not being on the line of a railroad it has faded away like many other such places.

The first house was built in 1846 by Manuel Corker; he also built the gristmill. Henry Dickenson was the first merchant. Nelson Coon built the hotel; it was first kept by Philip Devault. It was called the Fulton House. The first schoolhouse was built in 1847, and the first church erected in 1851. The first minister was Rev. Reese; Rev. Sewell preached here at one time.

When Fulton was in its palmy days David L. Mills came there and hung out his shingle, "Attorney-at-Law" and practiced law there for some little time. One of his nearest neighbors was a man and his wife and two small children. This man was a carpenter by trade and worked by the day. The little family was dependent upon his earnings for their support. They seemed to be very happy and were working together to build a home and the future looked bright to them, but soon the husband was stricken down with the fever and after a short sickness passed away. This left the wife and little ones almost destitute, as the husband's sickness and other expenses nearly wiped out their little savings. A few days after the funeral Mr. Mills called at the little home to see if there was

anything he could do for the family. In conversation with the mother, he learned that her folks lived in the east and were well to do people and that she had a brother whose name was Singer. He was the inventor of the Singer sewing machine. It seems that her people had been very much opposed to her marrying the man she loved; their only reason was because he was a poor man. He was a man of a good family, good character, industrious, a young man who was well liked in the community where he lived, but poverty was almost a crime with her folks, and because she married this young man they turned from her, and would not help them in any way. After a time they decided to come west and try their luck in a new country and build for themselves a home, but death changed all. After hearing her story Mr. Mills told her he would see what he could do for her. He went direct to his office and wrote a letter to her brother and told him all about his sister and the trial she had been through, and that she was a brave little woman, and as a brother he ought to come to her aid. He mailed this letter to Mr. Singer. In about ten days the brother came to Fulton, gathered up the little family and carried them back to their childhood home, saying he would see that they were well provided for, as he was abundantly able to do. Mr. Mills came to Evansville, where he resided for many years.

James Gillies as a School Teacher

Way back in the early seventies our worthy citizen, James Gillies, taught school in the vicinity of Cooksville. It is useless to say that he was a successful teacher. One day he asked one of his scholars, a little fellow about six years of age, if he could

tell what a city was. The boy said: "Yes, it is a lot of houses." The teacher then asked him if he ever saw one. He said, "Yes." Then he was asked where he saw a city. His reply was, "Cooksville."

"The members of the ancient order of Free and Accepted Masons had a public installation of the officers of the lodge on New Year's night in the Methodist church. Rev. C. D. Pillsbury, P. E. of the Janesville district gave an interesting and able address, setting forth the advantage of the order to its members and to society, and meeting some of the objections which are brought against it. After the address Dr. J. M. Evans proceeded to install the officers of the lodge. These are:

Master—C. M. Smith.
Senior Warden—Charles Clifford.
Junior Warden—J. R. Whitney.
Secretary—C. Semans.
Treasurer—N. Winston.
Senior and Junior Deacons—C. Tuttle and C. Raymond.

Stewards—W. Hubbard and J. J. Montgomery.

Tiler—H. C. Millspaugh.

The ceremony consisted of a short address to each, setting forth the duties of his office and investing him with its insignia. After the installation the members of the order with their wives and friends proceeded to the opera house and partook of a bountifully prepared supper, after which those who were so inclined went to Harmony hall and engaged in dancing.

In the same issue this notice appears: "Married, January 1, 1866, at the Spencer House in Evansville by Rev. E. Robinson, Mr. Ezra Griffith of Porter and Miss Melissa J. Rutter of Fulton.

CHAPTER XII

Early Days of Albany, Wis.

Albany is a thriving little village situated in Green County, on the banks of Sugar River. It has one of the best water powers in the state. Its business men are alive and up-to-date and look well to the interests of their village.

This place was first called Campbells Ford, the land having been entered by James Campbell and Thomas Stewart. Dr. Nichols was the first settler, he came in 1846, built a log house on what is now block 13. Capt. Erastus Pond arrived with his family the following June and lived in the log cabin with Dr. Nichols until he could build a house. Pond was the

first merchant, also the first postmaster, appointed in 1848.

The first couple married in the village was Daniel Baxter and Chloe Nicholas. The first attorneys were Hiram Brown and J. B. Perry. When these two attorneys were opponents in a case, as they generally were, there was always something doing.

In 1848 Dr. Nichols opened the first hotel, called the Nichols House. Dr. Nichols was the first practicing physician. In 1852 Sampson and Edward Tilly erected a slab building, 14 by 20 feet, with a thatched roof, this was the first wagon shop in the village of Albany. The first blacksmith was

Charles Barton. Prominent among the business men of Albany were the Warren Brothers. I remember Lemuel and Eugene when they lived with their parents on the farm now owned by Lew Fellows in the town of Center. They attended school at the red brick school house near their home, the first school house in District No. 5, built about 1849. The people of the district held a bee, cut and drew the logs together and erected the building. Kistine Higday was the first teacher. The first school teacher in District No. 6 was Susan Taggart in a long house belonging to James Spencer.

The first fatal accident in the village occurred June 1, 1851. On that day William Richardson, a merchant was drowned in the river while attempting to cross in a small boat, he was accompanied by S. A. Pond. In the middle of the stream the current was too strong for them and they were swept over the dam and the boat capsized. Pond was a good swimmer and struck out for the shore; the current was swift and he was carried below the bridge before he could reach shore. Richardson could not swim and was drown, although every possible effort was put forth. His body was not found until June 21, when it was accidentally discovered lodged against some driftwood a few miles below the village.

Robert Thompson a pioneer of Green county was born in Fifeshire, Scotland in June, 1815. When he was ten years old he went to work in a cotton mill. His father had been in good circumstances but in consequence of signing notes for other parties lost the whole of his property and Robert at the age of twelve was entirely dependent upon his own exertions for his livelihood. He continued to work in cotton and silk mills until 1842, when he left his na-

tive land and came to America. He first engaged in a carpet factory at Amsterdam, N. Y., where he remained until 1846, when he came to the territory of Wisconsin and settled in Green county. He had purchased a land warrant from a Mexican soldier which called for 160 acres of land for which he paid \$130. When he arrived in Green county he had \$14 in cash and his land warrant which constituted the sum total of his worldly wealth. He had at this time a wife and five children. He made a dug-out to live in and with the \$14 purchased a cow, which three days later broke into a neighbor's wheat bin and ate so much wheat that she died. He had no money or team with which to improve his land and was obliged to work for his neighbors. He engaged a great part of his time digging wells. The family felt the need of a cow greatly and one morning he started from home promising not to return without one. He took the road leading to Madison and when about three miles from home met a man who was coming after him who wished to employ him to dig a cellar and to take a cow in part payment for it. This seemed providential and he proceeded to the place about three miles from Madison. He was absent from home nine days then returned with a cow and \$4 in money which he had earned by digging the cellar.

He then began building a house for his family. He quarried stone moon light nights, made a wheelborrow in which he wheeled the stone from the quarry to his building spot ten rods distant. He had no hammer but used an old ax instead and a wooden trowel of his own manufacture.

By the time cold weather came on the house was ready for occupancy he having done all the work himself. The house was 18x25 feet and one story in height. The furniture was

home-made except the table which was a dry goods box and also served as a cupboard. The chairs were made of slabs with sticks for legs and the bedsteads were made of poplar poles. By this time his clothes were wearing out particularly his overalls and it was a serious question how to get another pair. He finally killed two dogs, tanned their hides which were made into a pair of overalls.

He continued to work out the greater part of the time at ditching for three years. He then had some stock which he had taken in payment for work and a pair of calves he had bought when he first came here were then large enough to work, so he broke them and commenced to improve his land.

The first wheat that he raised he took to Janesville and there sold it for twenty-five cents per bushel. He worked out a portion of the time for some years until he had seventy-five acres broken after which he devoted his whole time to his farm. In 1876 he sold his farm and moved to Albany where he purchased village property, he could then rest from his labors.

His marriage took place in 1837, his wife was formerly Janet Laury, a native of Scotland. Their children were Agnes, Ann, Janet, Mary J., and Kittie. Mrs. Thompson died in 1872.

Richard Hamer a pioneer of Green county, was born in Glanravn South Wales. He was married May 1, 1845; on the seventh of May the bride and groom started for America. After a voyage of six weeks they landed in Quebec, Canada. They came by steamer to Kenosha, from there by ox team to Green county, where Mr. Hamer pre-empted land. He then erected a log cabin and covered it with hay. The next summer he undertook to cover it with boards, but

having only half enough, a portion of the original hay roof remained on through the winter. A blanket was hung in the doorway which answered the purpose of the more modern and substantial wooden door. He found employment in the neighborhood working for fifty cent per day. Soon they thought to build a better house as theirs had no door, the roof was only half covered, and there was no stove whatever, only a little fire on the ground in one corner; hence the smoke had to find its way out between the logs as best it could. Mr. Hamer did considerable work fencing and digging cellars and wells. He made 11,000 rails in the winter of 1847. He contracted to dig a cellar eighteen by twenty-four feet and six and one-half feet deep for five dollars, which task he completed in four and one-half days. He also worked out, earning nine dollars per month. In this way he was able to get an ox team with which he worked his farm for nearly twenty years.

When visiting Albany it would be a pleasant drive about two miles up the river to Rubin's cave, so called because a man by the name of Rubin Folsom lived there at one time with his only companion, a dog, of whom he was very fond. He came from the state of New York in about 1842. There was nothing remarkable or prepossessing in the make up of this individual that should single him out as more noted than his fellow man; but his eccentricities and peculiar mode of living gave him notoriety, and his success in his chosen pursuit soon made him famous as a daring and sagacious hunter. But little is known of his early history; his ancestors are reputed as highly respectable. He would often do odd jobs around among the farmers in the vicinity of Albany; still it was natural for him to hunt and trap and his hap-



Rubin and His Cave

piest moments seemed to be when he was on the trail with dog and gun. Disappointed hopes and blighted love, it has been thought, led him to lead the life of a recluse, and to become an habitue of the woods and caves, gaining a livelihood in the traffic of furs and scalps of wild beasts. He could not walk any ordinary man.

One morning Rubin dropped into a neighbor's, a friend of his, just a socia call. It seems there was a piece of land joining this man's farm that had not been entered as yet, and he wanted it to go with his. He had been waiting until he could get enough money together to buy it. He told Rubin he had just got enough money to secure the land and was waiting for an opportunity to go to Monroe to enter the land. While they were talking word came that a neighbor was about to start for Monroe to buy this same piece of land. This came as a shock to Rubin's friend. He said: "That is too bad. I wanted that piece of land to go with my little farm. This man knows I want it, and that I was only waiting until I could get the money to buy it. Well, I can't help it. He has a good team of horses, and I have only a pair of oxen. I have lost the land." Rubin sprang to his feet saying: "You have not lost the land. Get me the money and I will get you the land." The man said: "Rubin what can you do? How can you get it?" Rubin said: "Never you mind. Get me the money, I will do the rest." The farmer got the money and handed it to him. Rubin started on foot for Monroe. He took a bee line

across fields, through the woods, waded streams; and he walked into Monroe and bought the land before his rival put in an appearance. Rubin was always true to a friend. You may be assured he was always welcome at that home. Kind and hospitable people gave him shelter and a home when the inclemency of the weather rendered it impracticable for him to follow his chosen pursuit. But when everything was favorable he was off on the trail and the scalps of captured denizens of the forest would do honor to the wigwam of many a brave. He was a man whose sum of usefulness would over balance all the harm he ever did.

On the left bank of Sugar river, to the northwest of the village of Albany, may be found the cave which has become historical as Rubin's cave—a hollow cavern in the solid rock where slept the hero of this tale many a night while around him prowled the wolves. Time whitened his locks as the years went by, and the once elastic step, then enfeebled, bore him to the home which charity has kindly provided for the unfortunates of earth. Years have passed since the veteran hunter passed from earthly scenes; but the incidents of his early exploits are fresh in the memory of the old settlers of Green county. At the present writing Richard Thurman is one of Albany's prosperous stock buyers. He is a good man to sell to because he is a cheerful loser. He always looks on the bright side of things; if there is a rainbow no one sees it quicker than he.

The High Cost of Living

When we think of the high cost of living, read these prices at Dawson City the winter of 1897-'98:

Lard, per pound -----	\$ 2.00
Sugar, per pound -----	1.25
Butter, per pound -----	4.50

Nails -----	4.00	Rubber boats -----	25.00
Coffee -----	2.00	Soap, per bar -----	1.00
Cheese -----	2.00	Whiskey, per quart -----	25.00
Tobacco -----	10.00	Meat, per pound -----	3.20
Evaporated potatoes -----	2.00	Eggs, per dozen -----	18.00
Canned tomatoes -----	3.00	A restaurant served dinner for three men. This was the menu:	
Flour, 50 lb. sacks -----	100.00	Steak \$5.00, canned fruit \$3.50, canned sardines \$1.50, one dozen eggs \$18.00, one quart whiskey \$25.00 Total \$53.00.	
Candels, each -----	1.25		
Wood, per cord -----	75.00		
Drinking water, per pail -----	.50		
Shoe, pair -----	10.00		

CHAPTER XIII

Letter Written by J. K. P. Porter

The present generation of young people can scarcely realize when they look upon the fine fields, pleasant homes, thrifty villages and railroads, when this was one vast expanse of unbroken prairie and oak openings. The well worn trail of the Indian led across the prairies which he had traveled for hundreds of years in single file, to and fro from his hunting and fishing grounds. The old army trail which Geo. Atkinson made when following Black Hawk's band from their camping grounds, on the shore of Lake Koshkonong, could be as plainly followed as the road now before my door. The Indians were overtaken at the "Bad Ax" in northwestern Wisconsin, near the Mississippi river, where a battle was fought and Black Hawk was taken prisoner. A few years after he was taken to Washington with Keokuck, his prophet, and other members of his tribe, that they might see the number and power of their white brothers, and hence the impossibility of making a successful war upon them. They also visited other cities. They came to

Boston and had a reception in Faneuil hall. They gave a war dance on Boston commons, which I attended. The injustice of the laws at that time, in regard to the sale of public lands, bore heavily upon the settler. He would find the choice timber lands adjoining the prairie taken by speculators, for which he would be obliged to pay an exorbitant price, or go back into the oak openings, or settle upon the bare prairie, with no timber to build either house or fence. The speculators that sold their lands early did well; but many who kept their lands a long time did not make good investments. The assessor had but little mercy on the speculator, often assessing his land at a higher valuation than cultivated land adjoining. Also, those who had not trusty agents to look after their land, on coming out to see them would find their fine tracts of timber only a stump prairie. It was considered no crime for the prairie farmer to cut timber on the speculators' land, and if prosecuted it was impossible to convict. This was long before the homestead law was

passed. The homestead law was vetoed by a democratic president, James Buchanan.

To show the grit of some of those early settlers I will relate a few incidents that came under my observation. A neighbor, who had made a claim, built a cabin and made some improvements, learned that Shylock had been in the neighborhood and had taken the number of his land and was going to the land office to enter it. The neighbors started that night on foot for Janesville. The next morning he called upon William H. Lawrence and informed him of his situation. Mr. Lawrence said: "You make out ten notes, of ten dollars each, bearing fifty per cent interest, due in one year and I will guarantee them. I will try and get the money." By ten o'clock the money was raised and the man started on foot for Milwaukee. He walked all night and the next morning was at the land office. When Shylock arrived he found the land entered.

Another case where a young man had made some improvements, intending to pre-empt, but had not complied with the law which required that he should live upon the land, found that Shylock was after him. But he was equal to the occasion. He took a few poles, left them against the limb of a tree, covered them with blankets, took an armful of hay and made a bed, rolled himself in a blanket and went to sleep. An accommodating neighbor passed and saw him sleeping. The next morning he arose, built a fire, made coffee, and a sister brought him some food. Again the neighbor passed and saw him eating breakfast. They started immediately for the land office, driving all night, got his pre-emption papers, the neighbor swearing that he was living upon the land. When Shylock arrived he found himself outwitted.

The early settlers had but little money. They would enter an eighty and claim an eighty adjoining and band together to protect each other in their claims. Occasionally the claim jumper would build a cabin on the claim, I call to mind such a case. The settlers met and agreed to visit their new neighbor in the morning. They came to the number of more than thirty, went into the cabin, walked in and out, smoked and chatted. The jumper was a little nervous at seeing so many of his neighbors present. Soon the cabin was seen to be on fire. They assisted in removing his goods. He concluded that it was not such a neighborhood as he would like to live in and passed on.

Another case where a jumper had nearly completed a log cabin, the settlers met and brought long ropes and attached them to the logs. The cabin was soon razed to the ground and the tenderfoot concluded with such help he would not be able to complete his cabin.

The honest pioneer was always welcome and though the cabins were generally well filled, there was always room for one more without money and without price. I came to Wisconsin in 1846 and settled on the farm upon which I now reside. I was born in Charlton, Worcester county, Mass., July 25, 1819 and was married in 1847 to Ann Eliza Bacon, of Puritan ancestry, of Bedford, Mass. My father was a physician and practiced medicine in Boston, where I resided several years, employed as clerk in a store. I trace my ancestry back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullen who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620 and made famous by Longfellow's poem entitled "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

J. K. P. Porter.

Theodore Robinson

(Read before the Woman's Literary club by Mrs. Hattie Boyd.)

Here and there upon the leaflets of our past appear the names of those who have by their talents or genius become illustrious in the world's annals and in some measure illumined our city by the reflection of their brilliant achievements. One of these gifted sons of Evansville it is my privilege to bring to your remembrance this evening. To the artist world Evansville is known and made famous as the village that nurtured the childhood and youth and now guards the mortal dust of Theodore Robinson. To many of you the name recalls from the storehouse of memory pleasant personal reminiscences of the childhood and youth of this gifted artist. Born on June 3, 1852 at Irasburg, Vt., he came with his parents to this place in 1856 at the age of four years. His father was the officiating minister of the M. E. church and resided in the M. E. parsonage on the corner of Main and Third streets. I dimly recall Theodore's appearance at that time as a slender, delicately-formed child with beautiful brown eyes, full and expressive. The almost ethereal transparency of his complexion through which the blue veins could be distinctly traced, producing an effect highly spirituelle.

His artistic faculties were early developed and manifested themselves in numerous sketches—upon all subjects, many of which are still treasured by his early friends. In 1871 he attended an art school in Chicago, afterwards in New York City, where

his work gave promise of unusual talent, and soon after he went to Paris, where he entered the studio of Duran and afterwards of Gerome. In 1878 he returned to New York, where he remained until 1884, when he returned to France. At this time he became interested in the impressionistic movement in art and the friendship and counsels of Monet, the great leader and expounder. That movement seemed to denote the true path in which his genius manifested itself at its best.

In 1892 he returned to New York with the avowed determination of remaining and devoting his talent to studying and delineating the rare beauties of his native land, and here he remained for the few short years that were left to him. From his birth he was a victim of asthma and with a constitution never rugged, it slowly but surely sapped his strength and vitality, and in the prime of manhood in his forty-fourth year, with his life work but just begun, as he deemed it, the frail body succumbed. On April 2, 1896, at the home of a friend in New York City. Theodore Robinson ceased this earthly life. After impressive funeral services which were attended by artist friends, his body was brought to this place and interred in Maple Hill cemetery, April 6, 1896, to rest beside his father and mother.

His 1890 winter landscape was given the Webb prize of \$1,000, and in 1892 he received the Shaw prize for best figure drawing for his painting entitled "In the Sun." It is the picture of a young girl lying at full length

in the sun. One says of it: "The complete abandon, the delight of living in the open air, the relaxation of the youthful body of the young girl as she has thrown herself at full length amidst the meadow grass are all suggested. The color is no less happy, and technically the picture is most direct to its method, the effect of the whole being apparently achieved at ease."

A brother artist and personal friend, Mr. W. H. Low, says of him: "Mr. Robinson's work, following as it did the tenets of a new belief in painting, was nevertheless characterized by a fine sanity which kept him free from the exaggerations of his school. In pursuance of his desire to make his work smack of the soil he had momentarily relegated a rare gift of imagination and decorative quality, and had addressed himself to the reproduction of the simplest subjects, generally of landscapes. Perhaps his rarest quality, one which in any time and in all schools is essentially precious, was the faculty of endowing these simple subjects with a reflection of his own artistic temperament.

"His work, artistic to a degree that made him essentially a painter, had,

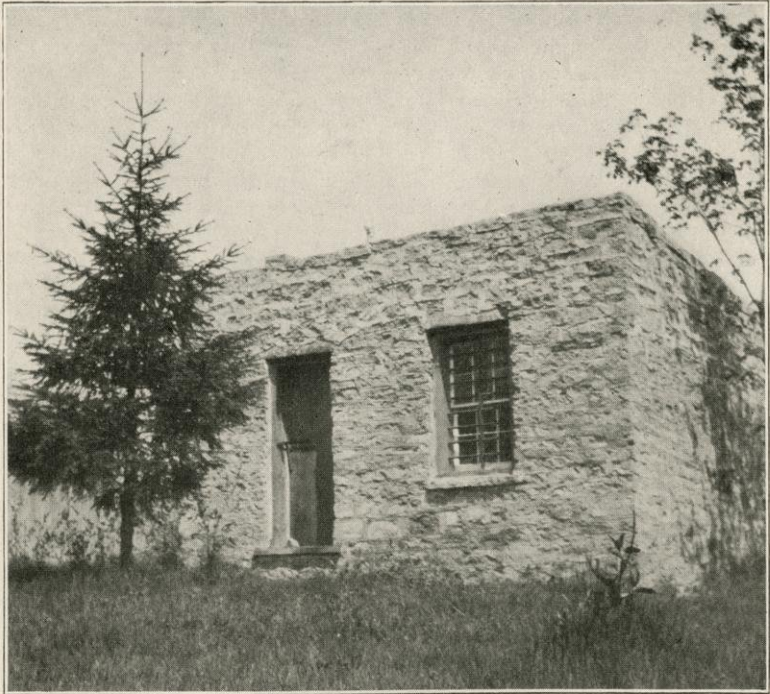
however, all the elements which would have achieved for him a wider popularity, and already many of our collectors who followed his work with interest possess examples of it. The last summer of his life was passed in Vermont and in his return to his native state he felt convinced that he had found the character of landscape best suited to his temperament. Various experimental studies seemed to bear this out and his plans were to return, when early in the following spring his death occurred. Dying before a general recognition of his work was attained, the appreciation of its merits is necessarily confined for the present, but a wider knowledge of it will undoubtedly give Mr. Robinson an honored and important place in art. In his person the most modest and unassuming of men, endowed with a keen sense of quaint humor shining through a life which was a constant battle with physical weakness, treasuring every fitful return of partial strength to make fresh effort in the art he loved, Theodore Robinson leaves to his friends the memory of a man most sincere and lovable, and to the art of his country the legacy of inspired and personal work."

CHAPTER XV

Letter Written by Joseph H. West

I was born January 21, 1842. I came with my parents to Wisconsin in 1842. Father built a log cabin near the marsh, by a large spring inside what is now the city limits on the east side. I first attended school in the log schoolhouse that has been

described. I can remember a few of the teachers who taught there—Miss Duncan, Miss Wells, Mr. Stevens, Lucretia Chapell, and I. M. Rowley. Like all buildings in this country our schoolhouse was a primitive affair, built of hewed logs, with a puncheon



The First Jail

floor and the benches were made by splitting a log through the middle, smoothing off the flat side with a broad ax, and putting in pins for legs. There were no backs to the seats. The only desks for writing were arranged around the room and were made by driving wooden pins in the logs and putting boards on them. We had to stand up to write. Our pens were made by the teacher from goose quills. If it were possible to get it how much a sketch of the schoolhouse and its surroundings would be prized now. Heavy timber was on the west of it down to where the Central House now stands, and south of Main street was a beautiful little prairie.

There are two or three events quite strongly impressed upon my mind that transpired while attending school here. At one time the leader of the boys, Richard Phelps, led us off up the creek to a deserted Indian camp, near where the mill dam is now. We went to get some buck skin string they had left. The bows of their tents were tied together with these strings. Richard was killed a few years later by the accidental discharge of a gun carried by his brother a few rods below the dam. Wolves, deer, prairie chicken and quail were very numerous at that time. My brother James used to trap prairie chickens in great quantities so that we had them to give away. The red men also roamed at will over the country and used to call at our place for something to eat. Mother was always afraid of them, though they never did any harm. We had our garden some ten or fifteen rods from the home. Father used to raise a good patch of water and muskmelons. I have known mother to make molasses out of watermelons and pumpkins. The wolves and foxes used to come and eat the melons, so

father set a steel trap for them and soon had one of the thieves by the foot. It proved to be a good sized fox, but as he had a chain around his neck and appeared quite tame he did not kill it. It proved to be a tame one belonging to one of our neighbors. In a few days he caught a large wolf which he killed.

People in those days had nothing to do with. Think of building a house with nothing in the way of tools but an ax, a saw, hammer and a draw-shave, and no material but the native forest, for there were no saw-mills at that time. There were no nails to put the home together with. The roof was made with shakes and fastened on with a binder pole. People made their own furniture. No sooner had these new pioneers provided comfortable shelter over the heads of their families than they went about erecting a home of worship. The structure was completed largely of oak, even to the lath which was sawed out of burr oak and split with a hatchet. The cost of the building was about \$80 and it was supposed to be the best, if not the only church edifice between Rock river and the Mississippi, in this latitude. The first attempt at choir singing that was made in this society, was on the occasion of this dedication which was an innovation so as to be very distasteful to many of the members. Levi Leonard was one of this choir. To any observant mind it is very evident that this community of today is largely indebted to the influence exerted in the formation of the society by those zealous Christian men and women. That influence has been felt all along down this passed half century and time only can tell when, if ever, it will end. So emigrants seeking homes in the new west saw the church on the hill, standing as a beacon light and for all that constitutes peace, love

and good fellowship. If they were men and women who desired these things they would decide at once to go no further. On the other hand, if they loved rum, rowdiness, rottenness and rogerly, they would pass on the other side. They were not wanted, neither did they want to be here.

So if we have anything to boast of in the way of good morals and religious privileges our neighboring villages and towns we owe it largely to the fact the first settlers of this town were God fearing men and women,

that they were willing and ready to proclaim to the world, "As for me and my house we will serve God." So it shall be urged upon these young men and women of today, who have taken upon themselves the vows of the church, and whose lot it may be to have found for themselves in a new country to carry their religious principles with them and early bear the standard of the cross and thereby not only bless themselves, but be a blessing to the unborn generations that may follow.

CHAPTER XVI

Almeron Eager

Evansville is a small city but I think it has furnished its quota of men and women in the world of art, literature, science inventors, senators, legislators, ministers, doctors, lawyers—in fact nearly all if not all, of the professions have been well represented. Among the many I will only mention one.

Almarian Eager was born, March 14, 1837 in a log cabin at Sangerford, Oneida county, New York, where he spent his boyhood days. His mother died when he was but seven years of age, thus depriving him of a mother's care. His schooling was obtained at the district school. They did not build gymnasiums in those days in order to give the boys exercise. This was obtained by honest toil. At the age of sixteen he left home and came west, his only capital being his rugged manhood. His earliest efforts were crowned with success, even though his capital was but hard labor. He was born with the belief that the

real charity to bestow on the needy is work. He admired energy and thrift. When I first became acquainted with Mr. Eager his business was driving a breaking team of six yoke of oxen, barefooted, sunburned, and I do not think his entire wardrobe cost more than one dollar.

People soon began to recognize his ability as a financier. Later they sent him to the legislature. He was not an orator, but had good common sense, a virtue that many a legislator fails to have. During Mr. Eager's term some suggestions of his were adopted and are still in use. At the time of his death, October 15, 1902, Mr. Eager had accumulated nearly a quarter of a million dollars in a little country town, and this by honesty and fair dealing. He has left to our city a beautiful library as a lasting monument to a noble life.

The settling of any new country with its many hardships and privations is generally credited to the men.

I think the brave and noble pioneer women deserve just as much credit as the men. They suffered the same hardships and privations and did their share of the work without complaining. It was my privilege to know women that walked from six to eight miles to market, which was Union or Albany, carrying two patent pails full of butter and of eggs, which they exchanged for groceries or other articles that were needed in the home, then walk home carrying their purchases, stopping by the road side to eat a cold lunch. What would their daughters or granddaughters think of that? Now, if they want a spool of thread, they order it by phone and expect to have it delivered.

Many years ago Evansville did not have as many doctors as were present a few days ago when the doctors partook of a fine banquet served at what was first named the Spencer House (the name it ought to bear today, because it was built by one of the earliest pioneers, Henry G. Spencer, a man of good principal and sterling quality always standing for what he thought to be right). Wm. Fox lived near Oregon. He was a pioneer doctor and a good one for his time. One day he was called to see a patient who lived near Leyden. He came and found it was the father who was sick. He made a thorough examination, then going into the kitchen where there were a number of the boys, they asked him what he thought of their father. He said: "Your father is going to die. I cannot do anything for him, and it would not be right for me to keep coming and make a large bill for you boys to pay.

All you can do is to take good care of your father and make him as comfortable as possible."

After giving this advice he went away. The next day one of the boys went to a neighbors for an errand. It so happened that one of the family was sick and a young doctor from Janesville was attending the patient. When the boy went in he was asked by one of the family how his father was, as they knew he was sick. The boy said: "Dr. Fox was there yesterday and said father was going to die." The doctor then said to the boy: "I would like to see your father, and if you will get into my buggy I will drive to your house and I will make a friendly call." They did so and the doctor examined the patient and said to him: "I can have you out plowing in six weeks," and told the rest of the family the same. This naturally pleased them and they told him to take the case. In a few days Dr. Fox was in Janesville, as he went there quite often to procure drugs. While there he met one of the boys on the street, stopped and asked him how his father was. The boy said: "Dr. — from Janesville is doctoring him and says he can have him out plowing in six weeks." Dr. Fox said: "Did Dr. — tell your father that?" The boy said he did and said his father was better. Dr. Fox said: "I hope Dr. — is right, but in six weeks you will bury your father"—and they parted. Some four months after Dr. Fox was in Janesville again and met one of the boys and asked him how his father was. The boy said: "Father is dead and buried, and we paid Dr. — seventy-five dollars."

Early Factory Days

How many are there living in Evansville at this time that know there was a factory here as early as 1845. a chair factory and turning lathe run by waterpower.

Wilbur Potter built a small dam about twelve rods above the Main street bridge. This created a small pond, it was not as large as Lake Leota but served for a fishing place for the boys and they spent many hours there trying their luck. The fish they caught was mostly these little shiners, and their hook was a pin bent in shape of a fish hook and the boy that was lucky enough to have a real fish hook was greatly envied.

Just above this little pond in the bend of the creek was a pool which was used by these boys for a swimming place. This was nearly surrounded by timber and underbrush. The factory was a two story building situated about three rods north of Main street and in the center of what is now Railroad street. The life of this factory was only about two years. The early settlers had but little

money to buy with and were deprived of many of the bare necessities of life. The building of Lake Leota dam and the saw and gristmills drove this little industry out of business. The waterwheel that was used in this factory was unearthed when they were excavating for the railroal cut-off in 1886.

A few years later this same factory building was used for another enterprise, the building of threshing machines. Two brother, Phillip and Samuel Cadwalader and Erastus Quivey manufactured these machines at this place. They built quite a number and sold one to a Mr. Moon, another to the Maxon brothers, Sherman and Lorenzo. They threshed for the farmers in this vicinity for several seasons doing good work. Some parts, if not all of the machines were patented. The vibrator certainly was. This patent was finally sold to Altman & Taylor and is in use to this day. For some reason this enterprise did not prove a success.

Fourth of July in Evansville

Just a few days ago a lady now residing in Evansville told me that when she was a girl and lived with her parents a few miles west of here in Green county, one Fourth of July there was to be a celebration in Evansville. The school children of their district school had been promised some mode of conveyance to bring them to this celebration and they were looking forward to the day

with great expectations and childish joy. Their teacher was Oliva Hume. By the way, I remember going to school to her one term when she taught here in Evansville. She was one of the best teachers I ever knew. She died in 1860 and was buried in Maple Hill cemetery.

I have digressed a little but to return to the school the scholars bought the cloth and with the help of their

teacher made a flag for the occasion the morning of the Fourth. This girl's father yoked up a pair of large oxen, they were all white except their ears, one had red and the other black ears. He hitched them to a lumber wagon with a large hayrack on and drove to the schoolhouse where the children with their teacher had assembled, according to previous arrangements. The hayrack was decorated with green boughs. The girls all wore white dresses, blue bonnets and red sashes, making the combina-

tion of red, white and blue. When they were all loaded and with their flag flying they started for Evansville to celebrate the Fourth of July, where they arrived in due time. The lady says this was one of the days of her life. That shows how we enjoyed the few privileges we had in the times we lived.

I as a boy attended that celebration, my greatest trouble was I did not have money enough to buy a bunch of fire-crackers. I have not got over feeling bad about that yet.

At Three Score and Ten

For seven times ten the swift revolving years

Have measured off the span of my allotted time,

But facing mellow skies I drop no tears,

By faith I view a fairer clime.

Yet life is sweet and loving friends are dear,

I would not madly, not madly rush down the western way.

There are so many things left undone here,

I need a longer stay.

The world is full of beauty if our eyes

Are trained to see the artist's deft and practiced touch.

Yes, every flower's a thing to adore, And every leaf tells me so much.

Then eight times ten plus ten the years may go,

On velvet feet if health and strength and a willing mind,

Shall grant me power to finish out my row

Ere night pulls down the blind.

—Unknown.

THE END.

