

PAST MADE PRESENT

The First Fifty Years OF THE First Presbyterian Church and Congregation OF BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

COMPRISING ALSO A VARIETY OF EXPERIENCES IN OR CONNECTED WITH THE
LIVES OF ITS MEMBERS DURING TIMES OF PEACE AND
OF WAR; TOGETHER WITH

A HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIANISM

In our State up to the Year 1900.

In Two Parts—Amplly Illustrated.

PART I. Presbyterians of Beloit, Wis.
PART II.—Presbyterianism in the State and Synod of Wisconsin.

FOR SALE BY
THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, 37 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO
AND BY FOSTER AND THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE AND
THE AUTHOR, IN BELOIT, WIS.

KF 5370



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by

WILLIAM FISKE BROWN.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

PAST MADE PRESENT

*An Illustrated History of Sixty
Years in Beloit and Wisconsin.*

Errors.

- Page 35, for "Turtle, now Main," read "now State."
Page 52, for "October 20," read "22nd."
Page 109, for "June 3d," read "11th."
Page 133, for "possing" read "passing."
Page 149, for "mind mill" read "wind mill," and in line 8, after the word "rude," insert "self-regulating."
Page 152, for "1646," read "1846."
Page 153, for "Aaron A. Lindsey," read "Aaron L. Lindsley."
Page 158, for "1660," read "1665," and for "1699," read "1669"
Page 160, for "Mr. Satterlee," read "Mrs."
Page 170, for "July 1st, read "June 1st."
Page 174, for "Collego," read "College."
Page 177, for "by," read "beside."
Page 184, for "two and a half years," read "four years," and for "church," read "society."
Page 185, line 5, for "church," read "society."
Page 271, for "Hudebras," read "Hudibras."
Page 272. Note, for "latest years," read "year."



A. Lddy

To the memory of Rev. Alfred Eddy, and of Catharine H., his wife, and to the Eddy family, because of our friendship during the past fifty years and especially because Rev. Mr. Eddy came from Chicago to Beloit and greatly comforted my dear mother during the last week of her earthly life, this book is dedicated by the author and editor.

WILLIAM FISKE BROWN.



“ Heaven seems very near to me ; my hair is white, eyes dim, heart worn. I long to be there, not chiefly because I am tired, but because I want to get rid of sin, to be pure and right and holy. I want to see the Savior highest of all. It will be wonderful and blessed. And then I want to see those I have loved here. We will have a blessed meeting up there of those who have grown to us in the years that are gone.”

A. EDDY.

Extract from a private letter, by permission.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED EDDY, born in Williamson, N. Y., March 1st, 1815; died on March 5th, 1883, at Niles, Michigan. Forty-eight years he had been in the Christian ministry, laboring through all those years with earnest zeal for his Master's cause. Life to him was a reality, its great responsibilities were ever present to his mind, and his daily walk, as those who best knew him can well testify, was as true to truth as is the needle to the pole.

At an early age he consecrated his life to the service of the Christian church, and the souls won to his Master in the different pastorates in which he ministered, are eloquent witnesses of his faithful service.

A man of great sympathy, his hand was always ready to aid, and his heart was easily touched with a feeling for the infirmities and sorrows of his fellow-men.



ALFRED D. EDDY.

His mirthfulness and genial humor were ever present, lighting up even the dark, dreary days of his last painful illness, and evidencing to those about him that he had no dread of death, but that it was simply the portal to his Father's Mansion, where he would be at rest from pain.

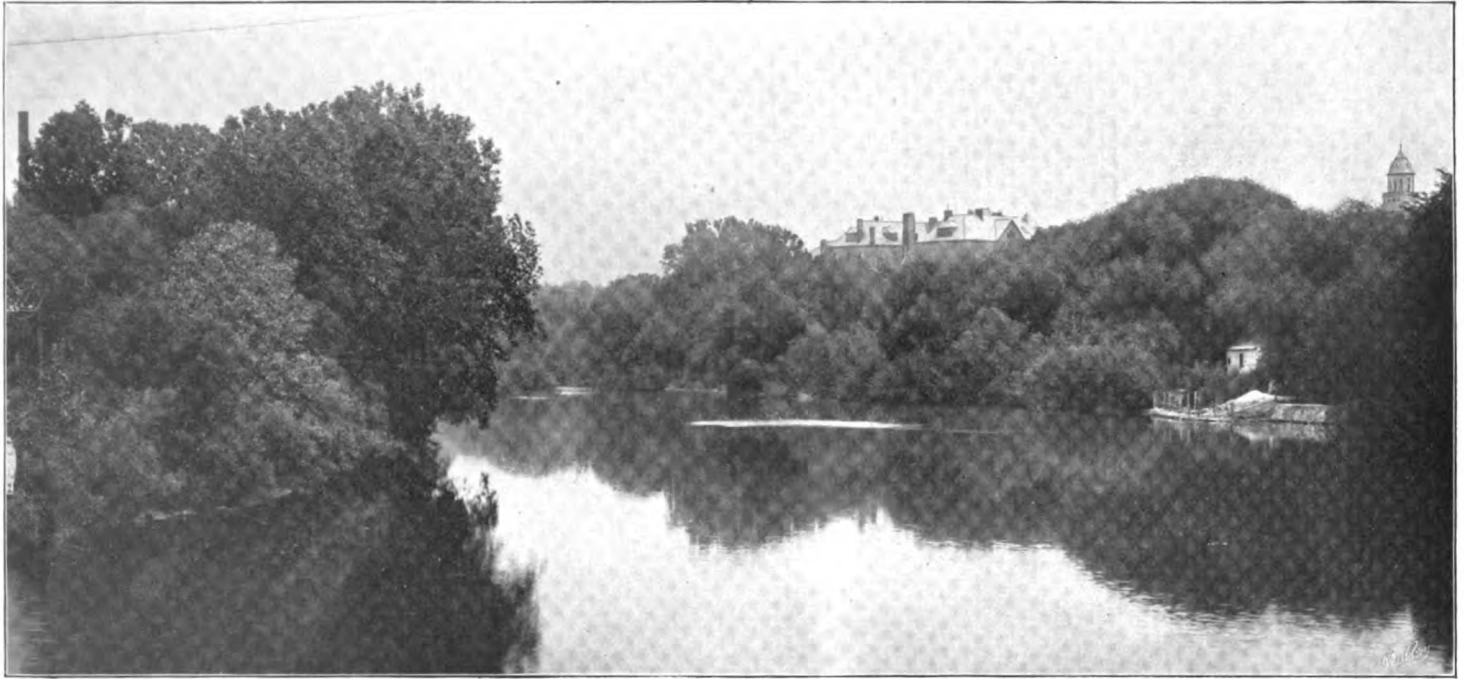
To the writer, who, a few days before his demise, asked him whether he had any fear of death, he earnestly replied: "Oh, no! Oh, no! aside from leaving your mother and you, my children, it would be bliss."

His faith was complete, was perfect and, literally, all fear was cast out.

To his wife and children, to whom he was nearest and dearest, the loss is irreparable. A loving husband and father, and to his children a more than father,—an intimate friend and companion, from youth to manhood and womanhood, life seems dark without his sympathy in their joy and sorrow. But we would not call him back to a life of pain. Content are we in the belief that he is with his God, and on that great day when the dead shall rise, we shall again see him.

CHICAGO, April 19th, 1883.

A. D. EDDY.



ROCK RIVER, BELOIT, WIS. LOOKING NORTH-EAST FROM THE CENTRAL BRIDGE, JUNE, 1900.

Introductory Note.

Pliny says that the historian, Varro, having inserted in his volumes the portraits of seven hundred individuals, was thus the inventor of a benefit to his fellow men.* The president of the Pan Presbyterian Council, which met at Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1899, urged delegates to form *illustrated* histories of their churches, presbyteries, and synods. This the writer had already begun to do for the Beloit church, not in order to benefit those represented so much as to make a more living record for the reader.

The work as first planned was nearly all completed and printed by the Fall of 1899. Fuller investigation led to the belief that a more thorough illustrated history of Presbyterianism in Wisconsin would be of interest and value, and that the best time to get the facts and faces was now. And as the two parts were not meant to be bound separately, Part I was therefore kept unbound, awaiting the completion of Part II. The amount of time and labor which that part will yet require, however, makes it necessary to bind Part I and a portion of Part II without further delay as Volume I. (Much valuable material and many illustrations have already been gathered for Volume II.)

The writer having been born and brought up in Beloit, and having kept in touch with it, has personally known the twelve successive ministers of the First Presbyterian Church, and indeed the whole progress of church and town from almost the very beginnings. Of a thirty years public ministry twenty-eight have been spent in Wisconsin, including, since his thirteen years pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Janesville, one year of service (1894-1895) as the Synodical Missionary for this State. He has written, therefore, from original as well as secondary sources of information, and has aimed to produce a record which might be interesting but should be accurate and manifestly reliable. Place is given to the experiences of our young people so that the work may be of more interest to them.

The writer desires to especially acknowledge here the encouragement and material aid in the production of Part I, which he has received from Hon. William B. Strong.

The photogravures and other illustrations of Beloit scenery are from original negatives, several of which were taken expressly for this book by Herman P. Dailey. The steel engraving frontispiece, made in New York, is a very natural likeness of Mr. Eddy.

The author has sought to introduce only such pictures and portraits as really illustrate the text, and has tried to place each where it would best serve that object. The expense of this feature of the work has been large, and the difficulty of carrying it out does not need to be stated. If, however, to the reader the Past of our church is thus in some measure made Present, and if by this means also our Present when it becomes Past shall more clearly live in the minds of those who come after us, the chief object of this work will have been gained.

Beloit, Wis., August, A. D. 1900.

W. F. B.

* Natural History. Book XXXV. Chapter 2.

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In the group of the Beloit College Nine and substitutes of 1898, the names, read from left to right, are—

Upper row, Frank H. Meadows, 1900, Assistant Manager; M. T. Adkins, p.; E. A. Kinsley 1b.; Dr. Charles M. Hollister, Physical Instructor; E. S. Merrill; E. B. Brown c.f.; R. L. Blewitt r.f. and p.; Louis R. Moore), 1898, Manager.

Lower row, Beaumont s.s.; C. Jacobson; Robt. Brown 3b.; W. H. McMaster, c. and captain; Fred. J. Jeffris, 2b.; Faris, 1.f.; M. Strothers; Boy "Mascot."



UPPER BROAD STREET, БЕЛОIT, WIS., LOOKING WEST.

Chicago Photo-Gravure Co.



INTERIOR FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



.....1849.....
.....

.....1899.....
.....

SEMI-CENTENNIAL

—OF THE—

First Presbyterian Church

OF BELOIT, WISCONSIN

REV. T. T. CRESWELL, Pastor

AT THE CHURCH, CORNER OF BROAD AND PLEASANT STREETS

MARCH 19TH, 20TH AND 21ST

A. D., 1899

21

Programme of Exercises.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday Morning, March 19th, A. D. 1899.

THE PASTOR presides.

- 10:30. HISTORICAL DISCOURSE,
Given at request of the Session by WILLIAM F. BROWN, D. D.
Text: "God requireth that which is past."

At Noon.

- SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES,
"Old Times in the School,"
By the first Superintendent, DR. ELIJAH N. CLARK
"The Later Sunday School," SUPT. JOHN E. HOUSTON

Sunday Afternoon.

- 3:00. COMMUNION SERVICE. (With some letters from former ministers.)

Sunday Evening.

- 7:30. ADDRESSES. Subject: "Young People and the Church."
1. What the Young People Used to Do and Do Without,
DR. E. N. CLARK, BEMAN CLARK
2. The C. E. Society, ELDER L. WALDO THOMPSON
3. What the Young People Hope to Do, CHAUNCEY W. WATT

NOTE: The regular choir, Miss Minnie Jacobs, organist; Ernest P. Kepple, basso; Miss Lillian Wherry, soprano; Miss Fanny E. Thompson, alto, and J. Frank Thomas, tenor, will be assisted on Monday evening by Wm. R. Wheeler, tenor of the First Cong. choir; Miss Pearne Peake, soprano, from the M. E. Church, and Miss Amy Peavey, alto, instructor in vocal music for the Beloit public schools.

The Baptist Ladies Quartette, who have kindly consented to sing on Tuesday evening, are Miss Cora Pollock, first soprano; Miss Myrtle Miller, second soprano; Miss Ethel Morris, first alto; Miss Minnie C. Pierce, second alto.

Monday Evening.

DR. ERNEST HELM to preside.

7:30. ORGAN VOLUNTARY, MISS MINNIE JACOBS
INVOCATION, HYMN.

ADDRESSES in regard to the First Presbyterian Church.

1. Early Recollections,
By a charter member of the society, DAVID MERRILL
2. The Eldership of Those Former Times, JOHN E. HOUSTON
MUSIC, DOUBLE QUARTETTE.
3. Thirty years in the First Presbyterian Choir, AUGUSTUS R. PECK
MUSIC, SOLO.
4. The Building and Its Changes, the Bell and the New Organ,
DR. E. N. CLARK, DR. H. B. JOHNSON
CLOSING HYMN.

Tuesday Evening.

At the Church.

HON. ANSON P. WATERMAN to preside.

5:30-7:00. SUPPER, BY THE LADIES.

7:00. ORGAN PRELUDE, By PROF. WERDER
MUSIC, VOCAL SOLO.
GOUNOD'S "ANGELUS," By MASTER BENJ. WARREN BROWN

BRIEF ADDRESSES.

1. Words of Welcome, By the pastor, REV. T. T. CRESWELL
 2. Greetings of a Stepfather,
GEO. R. LEAVITT, D. D., Congregational
 3. Linda Vista, REV. CHARLES D. MERRILL, former pastor
MUSIC, LADIES' QUARTETTE.
 4. The Women of the Church,
REV. PROF. LOUIS E. HOLDEN, of Beloit College
 5. Presbyterianism East and West,
PROF. GUY A. TAWNEY, of Beloit College
MUSIC, VOCAL SOLO, By MISS AMY PRAVEY.
 6. Remarks, PRES. E. D. EATON
 7. Presentation of Portraits of Former Pastors,
W. F. BROWN, D. D.
 8. Anecdotes of Early Pastors, By REV. WM. F. BROWN
and ELDERS E. N. CLARK, A. P. WATERMAN, J. E. HOUSTON
MUSIC, VIOLIN SOLO, MR. CLAUDE HANNA.
 9. Congratulations of a Brother-in-law,
REV. EDWARD H. PENCE, Janesville
 10. Reading Letters from Former Ministers, with a Look Forward,
By the pastor, REV. T. T. CRESWELL
- CLOSING HYMN AND BENEDICTION, By the Pastor
- ORGAN POSTLUDE, PROF WERDER

The organization of the First Presbyterian Society of Beloit was begun at the residence of Benjamin Brown (now 328 and 330 State street), March 9, 1849, and completed informally, March, 19th.

The First Presbyterian Church of Beloit was organized at the Race Street School House (now No. 439 St. Paul avenue), March 21, 1849, with forty-six members.

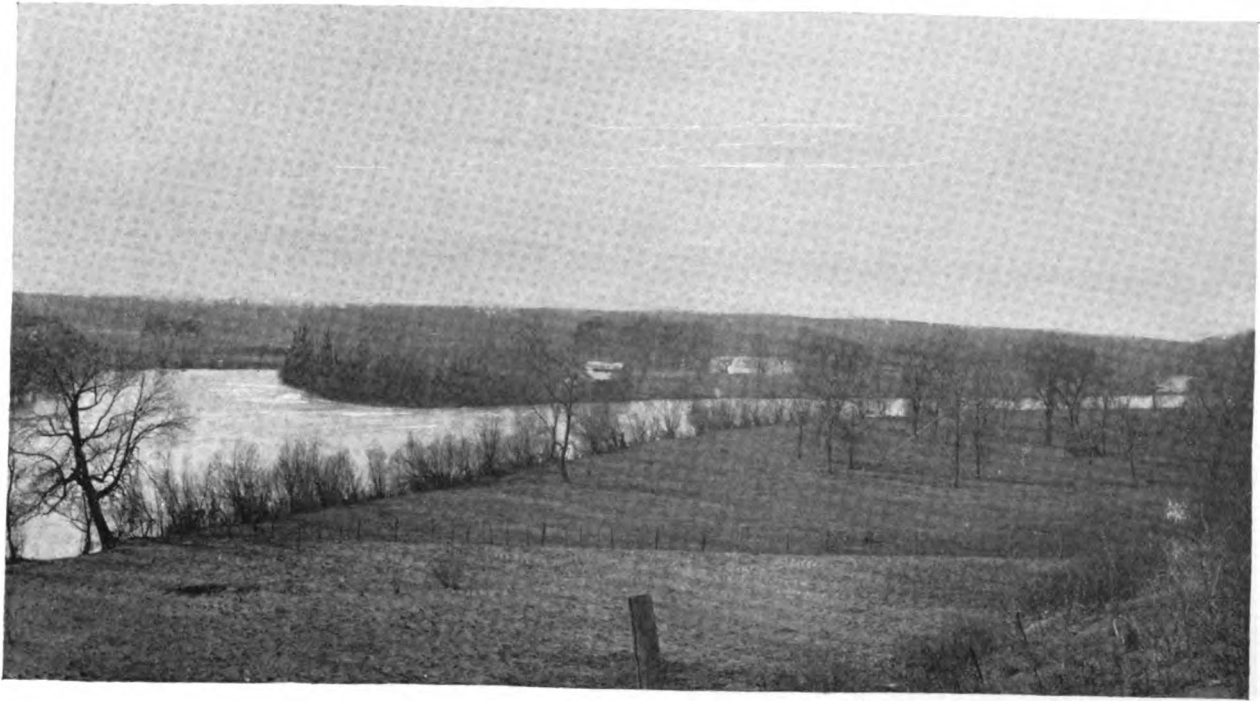
The original church building, erected at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, was dedicated July 23, 1850, with a sermon by Rev. A. L. Chapin, President-Elect of Beloit College.

This church has called and welcomed twelve pastors, or pastors-elect.

The total number of members received in fifty years is 1,131. Of these fourteen have become ministers, and the church has now four candidates for the ministry.

The present revised roll of membership is two hundred and eighty.

During the past church year sixty-five new members were added, thirty-six of them on profession of faith.



BONY'S ISLAND, ROCK RIVER, LOOKING S. E.



THE MOUTH OF TURTLE CREEK, ROCK RIVER, LOOKING N. E.



Church Records and Old Family Bible, 1849.

After the usual opening exercises the pastor, Rev. T. T. Creswell, stated that he would read the Scripture lesson from the old Bible used by the church at its original service. It was the family Bible of the late Benjamin Brown, at whose house services were first held. Mr. Creswell also spoke of the presence on the platform of three charter members—David Merrill, Dr. E. N. Clark and Beman Clark.

THE HISTORICAL DISCOURSE, given Sunday morning, March 19, 1899.

Eccles. III : 15. "God requireth that which is past."

Ps. XLVIII : 12, 13. "Walk about Zion; mark ye well her bulwarks, that ye may tell it to the generation following."

These two passages indicate the general character and the specific purpose of this discourse. God requires our past and has himself a complete record of it. The final judgment will be based on what men have done. In now recalling and recording the past experience of this church, therefore, we act in harmony with God's general plan that the past shall be remembered. We ourselves also require that which is past, for some remembrance of the past is necessary to real life and right life, both in the present and in the future. This moment is but a point; the next has not yet come. We have extended conscious life only because we remember the past and from it anticipate the future.

We need also the help which natural memory and that later form of it, the art which preserves all arts, give. The teachings of past experience are trustworthy. Time tells the truth, and it is a shame and loss to humanity that much of what is called history does not. We should prize every true record of the past both for warning and also for guidance. It is like a mariner's chart on which are noted rocks and shoals where vessels have been wrecked, and also the safe channels, which brave hearts have found. Or it is like the maps of our western country, made from the records and surveys of explorers. Where those early adventurers sought their way slowly amid uncertainties and dangers, we may now go forward swiftly, intelligently and in safety.

We require the past also not only for enjoyment of the present, but quite as much for encouragement to face the future. What has been done or endured can be again. How the remembrance of what our forefathers did to give us freedom has inspired all to bravely defend that gift and transmit it unimpaired not only to our children, but even now to the oppressed in Cuba and to the Hawaiians and Philipines.

So in the church of Christ and within the limits of the life of this church, it is equally true that for our best present usefulness and in order to full hope for the future both God and man require us to have in mind that which is past. As a proper duty and still more as a privilege, therefore, let us this morning go around about our Beloit Zion in a procession of thoughts. As the Psalmist literally enjoins we will "set our hearts to her bulwarks that we may tell it to the generation following."

Successive Stages of Advance .

Our successive stages of advance shall be four: .

First, the circumstances which preceded and produced this church.

Second, its organization and first building.

Third, a prompt progress through the successive pastorates, giving most attention to the earlier men.

Fourth, and last, a general glance at the church record with group sketch of the twelve pastors, and conclusion for the children.

As the way is rather long I want you to remember these four road marks, so that just when you are getting tired out and hungry you may know that we are near the tavern.

March back first to the times and circumstances which immediately preceded and also produced this organization.

The early history of this church is so closely interwoven with that of the community that a complete account of either must include much that is common to both, because the pioneers of this church were also pioneers of the settlement.

The Vermonter, Stephen Mack, who in 1821 started a trading post on Rock river, four miles south of the Turtle, was undoubtedly familiar with the whole region. The first recorded visit of white men to this locality, however, was that made by soldiers of the Black Hawk war under General Atkinson, including Private Abraham Lincoln, June 30, 1832.* On that day they marched through this Turtle village, then deserted by its Indian inhabitants and camped during the afternoon on the prairie about two miles north. The Indian scout whom the soldiers saw when they started on the next morning, openly watching them from a high bluff on the west side of the river was very probably standing on the brow of Big Hill.

The next white man's visit occurred July 19, 1835, when William Holmes, Jr., and John Inman, prospectors who had lost their ponies, walked south across the prairie to the mouth of Turtle creek, and found here a solitary wilderness. They left the same day, and by July 23d had returned to Milwaukee, which had then only two white families. In the same month of July, 1835, soon after their departure, a French Canadian squatter, Joseph Thibault (pronounced Teebo) came here, and his log cabin was our first building. At this cabin, as they passed through the place on March 9, 1836,

the family of Judge William Holmes, including two women and two girls, stopped a few minutes to warm up. That was the first recorded visit of white women. The youngest girl, Catherine Holmes, born August, 1819, now Mrs. Volney Atwood of Janesville, Wisconsin, says she remembers well the dirt floor of Thibault's cabin and its big fire place, built of sticks plastered over, with a large log burning in it. The Frenchman's two Indian wives took their children and went out of doors, giving up the whole cabin to their visitors. Thus the history of Beloit virtually begins with an act of hospitality.

The Pioneer Member Arrives.



ROBERT PRUDDEN CRANE.

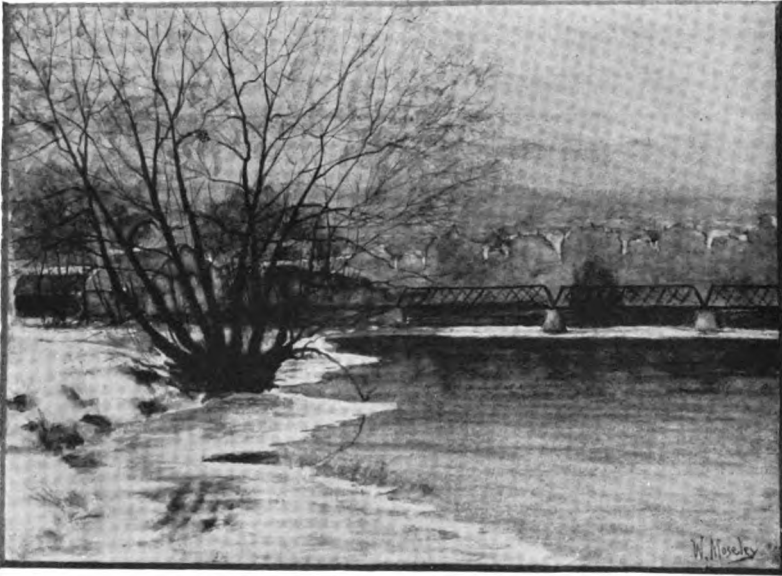
The first of our original members to reach this locality was Robert P. Crane. February 27, 1837, he and Otis P. Bicknell started from Chicago and in six days walked to Rockford, which then had a saw-mill, one board shanty, two log houses and a couple of two story frame buildings in process of erection. After a few days' rest, on March 9th they walked the nineteen miles up Rock River to this locality and a French half-breed ferried them over the swollen Turtle creek in his canoe. Here they were cordially welcomed by the only white family, that of Caleb Blodgett. The Black Hawk war of 1832 had revealed

the natural beauty of this region. Mr. Blodgett, coming here in December, 1836, with his large family and son-in-law, John Hackett, had bought for \$200 the rights of squatter Thibault (Teebo). So in a general way he had located on the east bank of Rock river, as he estimated, about seven thousand acres of land. Indians and their squaws, he said, helped him roll up the logs for his house, which was built double, with two rooms, and stood on the bank of the river at the rear of the former A. P. Waterman hardware store, at present The Frederick Hardware Co., No. 322 State street.

Thibault's log cabin, sixteen feet by twelve, was near the bank of Turtle creek at the south end and west side of Turtle street, now State. Mr.

*Wis. Hist. Collections, Vol. XIV., p. 128

†My father, Benjamin Brown, several times pointed out to me the locality, having himself seen the signs of that camp in 1841.



The site of Blodgett's cabin was at the extreme left of this view. Rock River, looking South-West towards the N. W. R. R. bridge.

Crane, who kept a diary of those earliest times, says that a grove of heavy timber covered the lower grounds, now the business part of the city, while on the higher were burr oak openings. There were no miasmatic swamps along our beautiful spring-fed Rock river and this whole region, my father often declared, was a natural Indian's paradise. He said to me once, "I don't wonder that Black Hawk fought for it; if I had been an Indian I would have laid my bones here rather than leave it."

The New England Company Invests.

Although these lands were surveyed in 1836, the government did not place them on the market until 1838. Those who came before that date were called Squatters. Mr. Blodgett had dug a race leading from Turtle creek east of the village along under the bluff and down what is yet called South Race street, and had set up the frame of a saw mill before the arrival of Dr. White, March 13, 1837. The next day White, as agent for the New England Emigrating Company, bought for \$2,500 a one-third interest in Mr. Blodgett's squatter claim, excepting the saw mill. Of this farm land when duly entered at the government rate of \$1.25 per acre, a tract one mile square adjoining and north of the state line, was reserved for a village and called at first "Turtle," and also "New Albany." Messrs. Crane and Bicknell promptly bought the little 12x16 cabin of Thibault, who soon removed with his two Indian wives and his family to Lake Koshkonong. The village had then one other house, also of logs, which stood on the bank of Rock river near the present location of the east side paper mill. This was occupied by another of our pioneer families, that of Captain Thomas Crosby,

who after a wagon journey of considerable hardship across Michigan and around the south end of Lake Michigan, arrived August 9, 1837. They were accompanied by Mrs Crane. Because of the sandy roads and exhausted condition of their horses, all the women had to frequently get out and walk, sometimes in rain and darkness. So Mrs. Crane trudged many a weary mile after the wagon, carrying her babe in her arms. That infant son is now a state Senator, the Hon. Ellery B. Crane of Worcester, Mass. Such exposure and hardship was the apparent cause of his mother's death at the early age of thirty three. Sketch. "Near the tavern." (shown later), although imaginary, was suggested by her experience.



MRS ALMIRA BICKNELL CRANE.

Thomas and Mrs. Crosby conducted during its first year the New England Company's boarding establishment in a new

frame building (S. E. corner of Turtle and Race), which later was called Bicknell's tavern. Mr. Crosby then entered land about five miles east,

became a successful farmer and lived to the age of eighty seven.

He was one of our Trustees. His name was represented in the Wisconsin legislature of 1875, and for nine years in the Chairmanship of Rock County's Board of Supervisors by his son, George H., and is still represented on our church roll by his daughter, Cornelia.



WM. JACK.

In the same year, 1837, through Chicago, which then had less than six hundred inhabitants, he says, came farmer William Jack, who is now living in this city a member of our church. Feb. 18, 1847, he married Miss Phoebe Jane Tiffany who also became a member. Mrs. Jack celebrated her golden wedding in 1897 and died at Beloit, Dec. 28, 1889.

In 1837 also came Charles M. Messer, surveyor, the father of Elder Fred Messer and Bradford Colley with his widowed sister, Mrs. Ann Jane Atwood (yet living here, aged eighty-eight), skilled nurse of all the pioneer babies, and Alfred L. Field, leading merchant, who became later a member of the Westminster Society, West Bridge street. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mears (who with their son Lucian were afterwards for several years members of our church), arrived April 13, 1837, just in time to see the first boards made in Blodgett's saw mill. With some of those boards R. P. Crane promptly built himself a shanty at the N. E. corner of Turtle and Race streets, and there the first public religious service in the village was held on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1837.

In 1838 arrived Samuel B. Cooper and family; also in May with his family, John P. Houston, the father of our elder. He framed the Goodhue Flouring Mill, built on the



MRS. JACK.

race next west of the Blodgett saw mill. It was afterwards bought and carried on by his son George as the Houston Mill and stood directly south of the Russell residence, which is now 317 South Bridge street.



A. L. FIELD.

then called the foot of School street. That bridge was built by the Beloit Bridge Co., Selvy Kidder, A. L. Field, C. F. H. Goodhue, Horace White, D. J. Bundy and others, in the summer of 1842, as a toll bridge. Soon afterwards, however (about 1845), this corporation gave it to the village on condition that it should be permanently maintained at public expense as a free bridge.

Mr. Houston framed the first bridge over Turtle creek. also our first R. R. bridge (North-western) across Rock River (completed Dec. 22, 1854), and in both cases was publicly commended for the thoroughness of his work.

The First Bridge, 1842, a Toll Bridge.

J. P. Houston also helped frame our first wagon bridge across Rock river. A trestle structure, placed where the bridge is now, which was



MRS. SAMUEL COOPER.

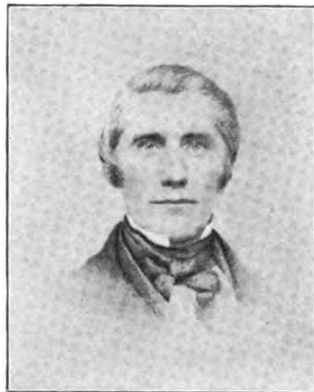


JOHN P. HOUSTON.

farmer, from New York, who located about a mile north of Beloit on the River road. In his large family, besides himself and wife, Francis Chapin, there were three other of our charter members, his son Jesse and two daughters, Frances B. and Sarah M. Burchard. There were also Mary, Harriet, Louisa (now Mrs. H. D. Converse), John and Horatio C. Burchard. The last four and Jesse are now living in Freeport, Illinois.

Both parents died in Beloit and are buried here. That family was well supplied with books, which were a great attraction to reading friends in those days of no public

Rice Dearborn from Vermont reached Beloit in 1839, married Miss Lucena Cheney about 1841 and died on his farm south of the city in Dec. 1866. His wife and daughters became members of our church and because of his very kind nature Rev. Mr. Eddy used to call him the deacon out of the church. In May 1839, John C. Burr, a tinner and hardware dealer settled here. His mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Burr, was a charter member. Then from their native place, Framingham, Mass., in Oct. 1840, came Benjamin Brown, an enterprising merchant with his wife and daughter, Lucy. Also in the same year arrived Horatio Burchard,



RICE DEARBORN.



MRS. RICE DEARBORN.

library. Mr. Burchard, like his special friend, Benjamin Brown, was both an earnest christian and also a man of strong anti-slavery principles. His son Horatio C., while living at Beloit, prepared himself for Hamilton College where he graduated (at the age of twenty-four) in 1850 and then took up the profession of law. After removing to Freeport he became a member of the Illinois Legislature, 1862-65, and was in the U. S. Congress from 1869 to 1879. He was then appointed Director of the U. S. Mint, an office to which his distinguished services in the interest of safe currency gave a new degree of honor.

In 1840 also came Charles Peck, builder,

and family. and in 1841, from Michigan, David Merrill, music teacher, the father of Rev. C. D. Merrill.

Five of the names thus far given, Crane, Brown, Burchard, Peck and Merrill, are to be found on our church register of elders.

Naming the Village.

The early villagers, disliking Caleb Blodgett's name for the settlement, New Albany, as too fast and the Indian name, Turtle, as too slow, held a public meeting at the Beloit House in the fall of 1838 for the purpose of choosing something better. After many



MRS. BENJ. BROWN.
1810-1869.

names had been proposed and voted

down, a committee of three was appointed to consult and report some final name. R. P. Crane's account, published in our Beloit Journal Feb. 1878, gives as that committee, Col. Johnson, Caleb Blodgett and Mr. Allen. L. G. Fisher Esq. of Chicago, in a letter published by the Beloit Journal March 28, 1878, says that the committee chosen were Major Charles Johnson, Horace Hobart and himself. William Jack who attended that meeting and is now living in Beloit, states that Mr. L. G. Fisher

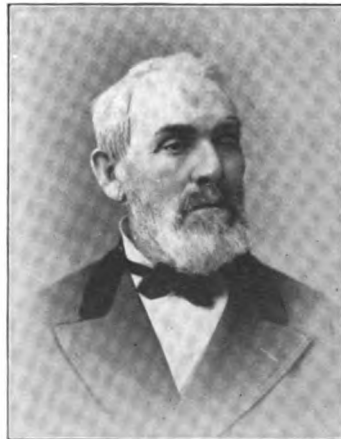
was certainly a member of that committee. † Fisher adds that when this committee had retired to a shanty near by, one member proposed drawing letters of the alphabet by lot. Major Johnson suggested Ballote as a supposed French word, meaning handsome.

As many of the early settlers had pleasant remembrances of Detroit Mr. Fisher proposed that they have a name sounding like that and spoke the words, Balloit, Beloit. The latter name was approved in committee, reported to the settlers by Major Johnson and unanimously adopted.

By an act of the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature December 7th, 1836, Rock County had already been formed. It took that name from the Big Rock on the north side of Rock River at Monterey (South Janesville), which marked a fording place and was an old indian land mark.



BENJAMIN BROWN.
1803-1890.



L. G. FISHER, ESQ.

†NOTE. Possibly there may have been two committees appointed by different portions of the assembled settlers

W. F. B.

A Congregational Church Formed.

After Rev. William Adams of Pecatonica, now Rockton (where he started a church in March 1838), had preached in this settlement every

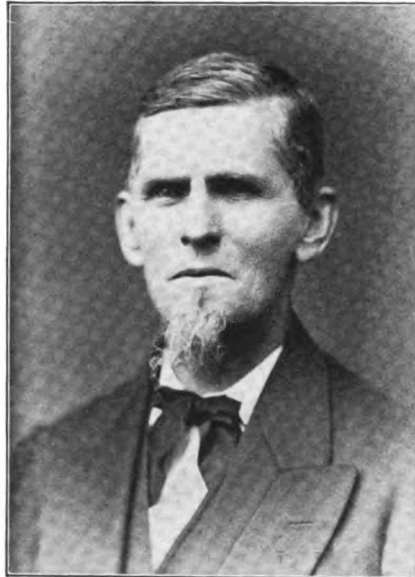


HON. HORATIO C. BURCHARD, M. C.



FRANCIS B. BURCHARD.

other Sunday for fourteen months, he organized in Caleb Blodgett's house Dec. 30, 1838, a Congregational church of twenty-four members. These included all our pioneers. (That house faced School street and stood at the N. E. corner of School and Turtle, now Main. Mr. Adams was the father of Wm. W. Adams, D. D., your pastor.)



JOHN BURCHARD.

private houses until the fall of 1839 when, by voluntary subscription, a wooden school house was built, in which were held nearly all public meetings whether religious or political, until churches were erected. It stood a little north of the northeast corner of School and Prospect streets until it was removed about 1853 to make room for the brick building which now occupies that location.

Meetings were conducted in
 There in 1842, amid many jeers from other voters, Benjamin Brown voted the first anti-slavery ticket offered in Beloit and was

followed by Deacon H. Burchard and Mr. Tuttle. (Father having written all three tickets.) So was started here a little branch of that Liberty party which under its later name of Republican finally accomplished the downfall of slavery.

There was one other earlier school building, private property, named after a favorite teacher, the Aunt Jane Moore school house, which stood on Race street and was the place where our church was afterwards organized.

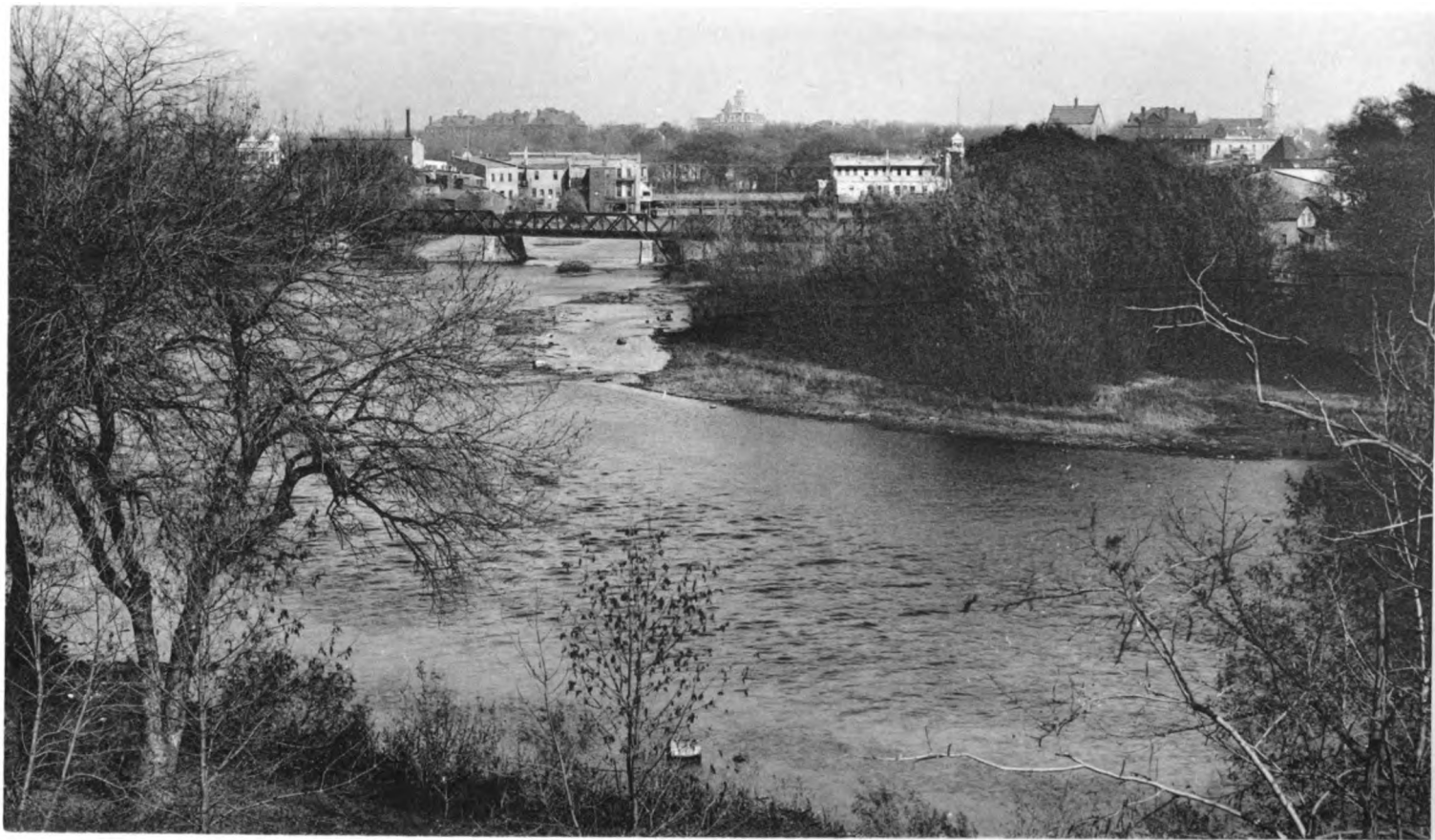


CHARLES PECK.

Arriving in October, 1840, Benj. Brown and family roomed and boarded first in Alfred Field's house at the west end, south side of Race street, and soon afterwards in that of Methodist Rev. Stephen Adams, a house which stood where the gas tank is now. During their first night in this village the howling of prairie wolves on the bluffs just across the river almost prevented sleep. My father's little store, kept 1840 to 1847, was on the east side of Turtle street, about where George Rosenberg is located (321 State), and between the Adams house and that store front he had for two or three years an almost direct and uninterrupted path through the brush. Later he removed his family to what is now 549 Broad street, where the writer was born in 1845.

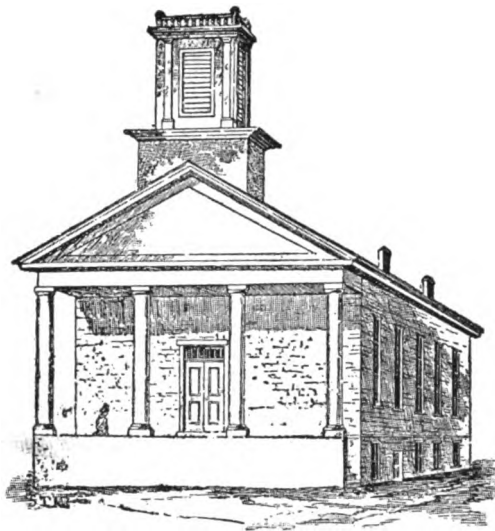
In 1842 Mr. John Hackett began the erection of a substantial stone house on the west side where the High School building now stands. The basement of that house was occupied during the Winter of 1842-43 by our Charles Peck with his wife and four children. By an existing contract dated December 15, 1842, Mr. Peck agreed to finish and complete the house by May 1st, 1843, and did so, making this the first house built on that side of the river.

In September, 1840, when Rev. Mr. Adams ended his labors and Rev. Dexter Clary came, the First Congregational church numbered about sixty members and included in its society all those who have been mentioned.



ROCK RIVER, ABOVE THE LOWER BRIDGE, БЕЛОIT, WIS., LOOKING NORTH EAST.

Chicago Photo-Gravure Co.



THE FIRST STONE CHURCH.



REV. DEXTER CLARY, D.D.



MRS. SARAH M. CLARY, 1807-1899.

In 1842-'43 they unitedly built the first stone church on the northwest corner of Broad and Prospect streets at an estimated cost of about \$4000. In accordance with the convention arrangement of 1840, formed to save home mission funds, Congregationalists and Presbyterians were united in this church and it was blessed



HON. S. T. MERRILL.

with early revivals. (My father owned two pews in it. There, in 1843, he first joined the church, and there his infant son was baptized by Mr. Clary, their first pastor, in 1845.)

*Hon. S. T. Merrill says that this church when completed in 1843 "was the most stately and grand house for christian worship then in the

territory of Wisconsin." It undoubtedly had more influence than any other instrumentality in locating the college in Beloit. In its two spacious basement rooms the Beloit Seminary, chartered in 1837, found a home till the Summer of 1849, when it was merged into the college as its preparatory department. That school in the church basement was first taught by a Mr. Loss, and afterwards by Sereno T. Merrill, who there in 1847 instructed the first Freshman class of Beloit College. During later years some of us Presbyterian boys and girls spoke our first pieces there.

The register of the Seminary for the last year of its existence contains the names of 129 male and 67 female students of whom there are now living in Beloit, Geo. A. Houston, Richard Burdge, John E. Houston, Mrs. T. B. Bailey, Mrs. Z. Martin, Mrs. Wm. B. Strong, widow Clara L. Newcomb and widow Sarah Rogers.

†In 1844 Benjamin Brown bought, for a suburban home, lots 5 and 6, Block 59, on Turtle street, then largely occupied with dwelling houses. There in 1845 he built his brick house, which the Beloit Journal described as a "beautiful residence, the most delightful location in the village." Its front facing east at the foot of School street, now 328 and 330 State, was conspicuous because of four tall white Corinthian columns; its doors were ever open to all traveling ministers and other guests of the church, and there also our Presbyterian Society was first formed. After the house was destroyed by fire, February 5, 1871, that locality, then an established business center, was solidly built up with a continuous frontage of stores.

In 1844, the dam on Rock River having been recently made, the first Chairman of our Society, Augustine J. Battin, erected the first building for machinery on the west side of the river and with his son-in-law, N. B. Gaston, who has just celebrated his 89th birthday, started the scale factory which is still conducted there. During the same year, 1844, another charter member, David Merrill, built upon his farm on the west side a stone house which is now to be found on the North-west corner of E and Third streets.



ELIJAH GRIDLEY STRONG, D. JAN. 1859.
SARAH ASHLEY PARTRIDGE, D. JUNE 1865.

burned down on the morning of April 6th, 1854, our Mr. A. J. Battin re-

**Beloit Free Press*, January 23, 1897.

†NOTE.—See Kelson's plat of 1838, first map of Beloit, on page 43.



NOS. 328 AND 330 STATE STREET ARE AT THE LEFT.

BENJ. BROWN'S BLOCKS, BELOIT, WIS., TORNADO RUIN, 1883.



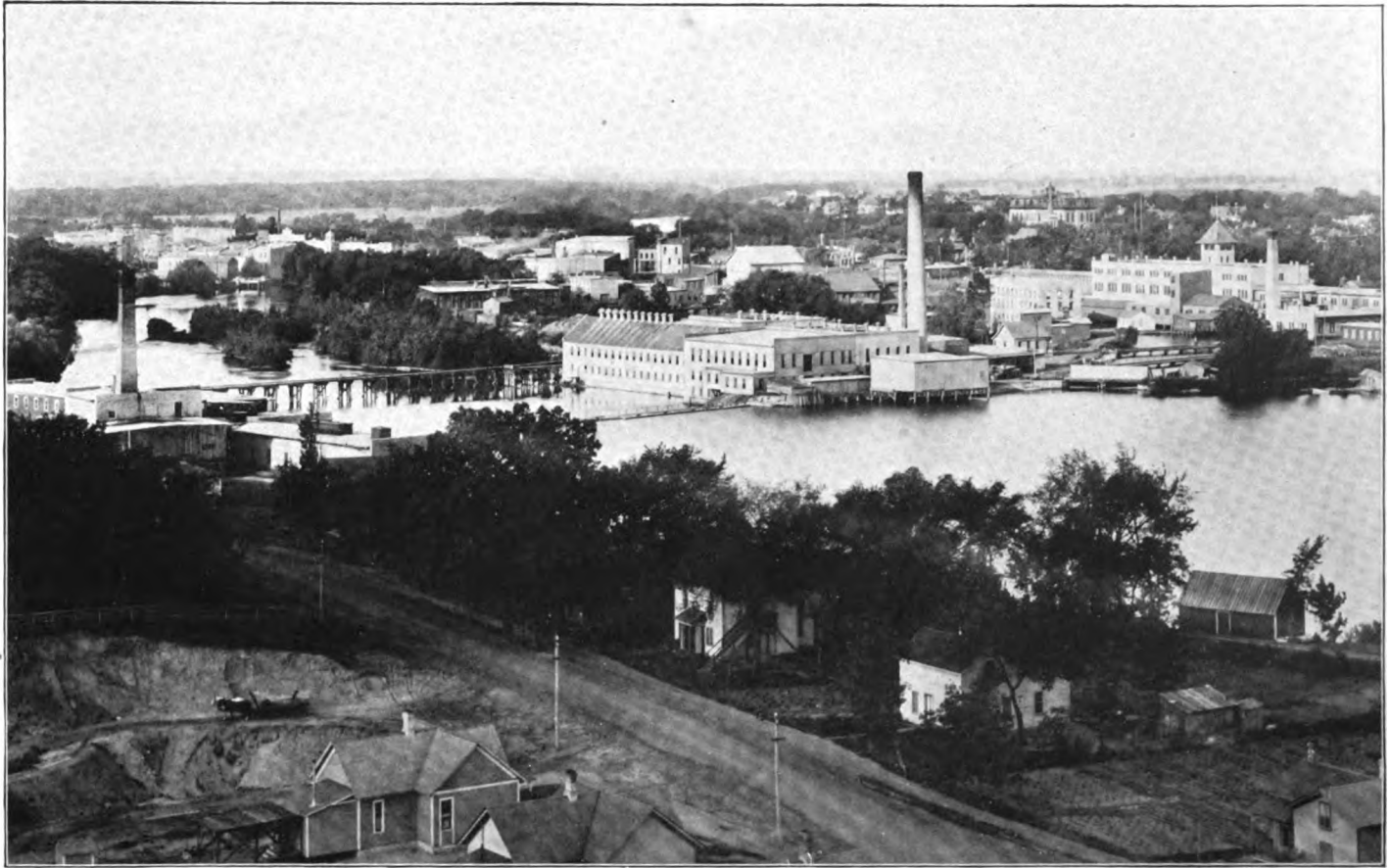
JAMES WOODWARD STRONG, D.D. I. L. D.,
Prest. Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

formed was the beginning of our Beloit Fire Department. Just across the street east from Murray's corner, stood Bicknell's tavern, afterward the Beloit house, where, beginning with September, 1849, Frink & Co.'s four-horse stages drew up every day, and while that exciting spectacle remained new my one great ambition was, to some time grow up and be a stage driver for the Beloit House. Temperance workers should remember that in June, 1851, Mr. E. G. Strong of Montpelier, Vt., (father of Dr. H. P. and Gen. Wm. B. Strong, a daughter, Mrs. Rolfe, and President

newed his youthful experiences as a New York city fireman, and with a little garden-engine saved Mr. A. B. Carpenter's house, which stood very near the store on the south. It was a narrow escape for Mrs. Carpenter, who was ill, and also for her very young infant daughter, Addie, now Mrs. Charles B. Salmon. I remember seeing Mr. Battin standing at the very edge of the fallen, blazing store with nozzle in hand directing the tiny stream of water upon Mr. Murray's safe, which lay in the midst of the fire, until, by that means and by a bucket brigade he organized, the flames were subdued. The little fire company which he then



HENRY PARTRIDGE STRONG, M.D.

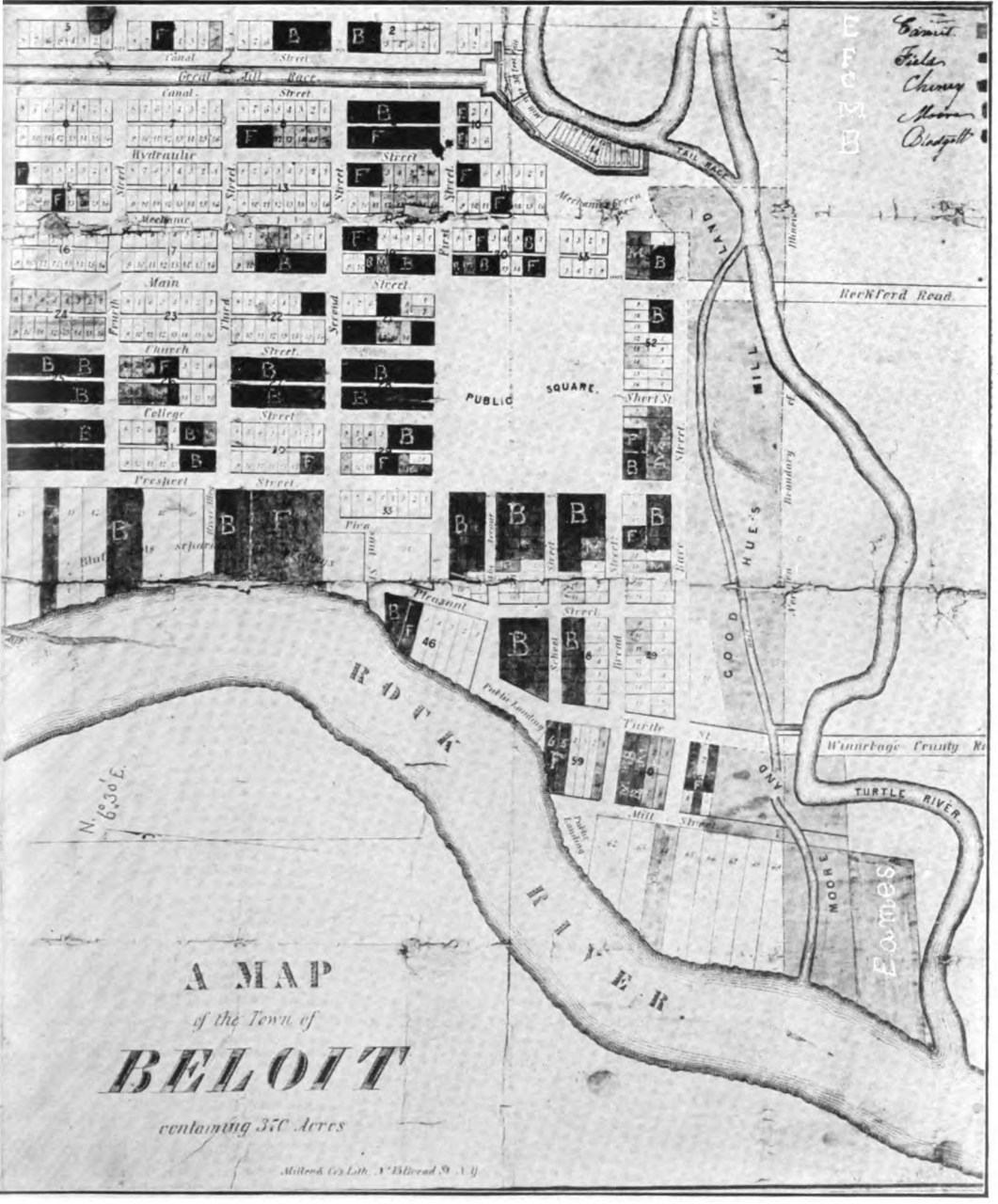


LOOKING SOUTH-WEST ACROSS THE DAM FROM THE TOP OF THE WATER TOWER, BELOIT, WIS.

James Strong) reopened that hotel as a Temperance House. Mr. and Mrs. Strong both died in Beloit and are buried here. James W. Strong was married in the Presbyterian church, Beloit, September 3, 1861, to Miss Mary Davenport, the daughter of one of our elders. The record of these sons however, belongs properly to the larger history of our city. Dr. H. P. Strong, who married Miss Sarah Clary, became prominent in the public educational interests of Beloit, and his name, since his death, has been given to our East side public school. William B. Strong, who was fourteen when his parents came here, began in youth as a railroad telegraph operator, grew to be General Western Agent of the Northwestern Railroad, served in succession the Burlington and the Michigan Central, and in 1881 became President of the Atchison and Santa Fe Line, and brought under his management about 8000 miles of road. He married Miss Abbie J. Moore, who was born at Beloit, December 18, 1838, in a temporary shanty on what is now Public Avenue. She was the first girl born here to any family of the New England Company. In his later years Mr. Strong has come back to this home of his youth, bringing here the wealth, public spirit, honorable character and ability, which, when rightly combined, make the leading citizen.



WILLIAM B. STRONG.



*The lithograph map here given represents Kelsou's survey of 1838, the first plat of the village. Dr. White seems to have had the lots laid out by Mr. Kelsou, an eastern surveyor, who did not settle here. On this map the lots belonging to the five men whose names are given, are designated by different colors which the photograph does not separate. I have therefore indicated the different holdings by the initial letter of each man's name. Kelsou's notes were obtained and used by Mr. Charles Messer. The original of this map belongs to Mrs. Azuba L. Carr of Beloit, the daughter of Israel Cheney, one of those whose names are given upon it. The canal was to have been started about three miles north-east, on Turtle Creek, at the Hart farm. *Possibly that survey was made in 1837. W. F. B.

Early Events and Scenes in Beloit.

During those earlier years the triangular lot, where Parker's Block (now Strong's) and the Postoffice Block stand, was the south-west corner of the public landing. Most of it also was a rough deep gulley, through which poured all the drainage of School Street. The north-east corner of Benjamin Brown's lot was about where the middle of East Bridge Street is now, between Bort's corner and Emerson's drug store. After the bridge had been given to the village, in order to have a straight approach to it from School Street, the Trustees of Beloit, by a mutual arrangement dated March 14, 1846, cut off the north-east corner of Mr. Brown's lot and gave him in exchange a warrantee deed of that triangular portion of the public landing which was between East Bridge Street and his north line. (See the old Kelsou plat, given on page 43). He promptly filled up the unsightly spot with about a thousand loads of gravel, (brought from that hill in the Public Square over which extended East School Street, an elevation which has since been all carted away,) and built on that south side of East Bridge Street several small wooden buildings. One of them was for a post-office, and the Beloit Journal of January 15, 1852, proudly says, "Neighbor Bastian has removed the post-office to a new building near the bridge, built for the purpose by Mr. Brown. We now have as good a post office as there is in the State, if not the best." But a Mr. Gardner, whom my father had sternly rebuked for his wrong doing, sought some way to injure him. He learned that R. P. Crane, who first entered this tract, had never conveyed the public landings to the village. Its Trustees therefore had no title, apparently, and their deed to Mr. Brown being worthless made his title void. Gardner for fifty dollars obtained a quit-claim from Crane, and thus, having a shadow of title, with the able assistance of Matt. H. Carpenter, Esq., gained the land. (Reported in 2 Wis., 153). Mr. Brown having given value and received none, had then a clear case of recourse upon the Trustees of Beloit, but for some reason did not claim his rights.

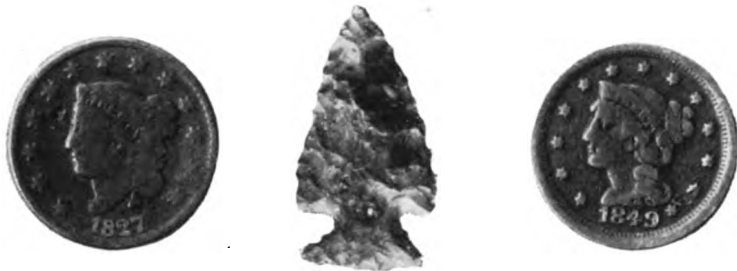
Another early case of public interest, that of Paul Dillingham against L. G. Fisher, which involved the title to the whole village, and which Mr. Fisher bravely defended and won, is reported in 5 Wis., 475.

These events occurred somewhat before my time. But I well remember the public landing opposite our yard on the north. It was an open space situated where King's block and the buildings north of it now are. There the rafts tied up, and there we used to see Indian men and boys shoot their blunt-headed arrows at a mark. The Winnebago or Turtle Indians dearly loved this spot, the home of their ancestors as the many totem mounds show, and often paid us friendly (almost too friendly) visits, with their squaws, babies, young bucks, children, dogs and all. Blanketed, painted and befeathered, they were not quite so stolid as they looked.

Put up a big copper cent and they would shoot all around it. But let any one set up a three-cent piece, or better still a bright dime, and whack! some one would hit it the first shot.

†Three or four rods south of our home on State Street was the house of Capt. Alex. Gordon, and south of that in my childhood there seems to have been on the west side of that street an open pasture ground about all the way to Rice Dearborn's bakery, at what is now 210 State Street.

‡NOTE.—MR. Gordon's house was moved at an early date to where it still stands as the main part of No. 925 School Street. That was the home of George Stocking.



NOTE.—The jasper arrow-head pictured above, exact size, was picked up by me on the bank of Rock River, at the rear of Brown's South Block, in 1882. The Cent of 1849 also belongs to the writer. That of 1827 was loaned by Lewis C. Martin.

R. P. Crane's house was at the north-east corner of Turtle and Race streets, and A. J. Battin's house, yard and peach trees were at the north-east corner of Turtle and Broad streets where the McKey block now stands. At the south-east corner of School and Turtle was the house of John Hackett, our first postmaster.

The College and Early Census.



OLD MIDDLE COLLEGE, THE FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING.

The Presbyterian and Congregational conventions of 1845 had located a college at this place, the town promising a site and seven thousand dollars. June 24, 1847, the corner stone was laid. The four brick walls of old Middle College were promptly put up, but for lack of funds had to be left some time without a roof. Money was very scarce, there was little specie and the currency was "Wildcat." The staples were cord wood at \$2 or less per cord, wheat at 25c. to 40c. per bu., and bass wood lumber at \$10 per m. Then the citizens, including all our pioneers, made a noble rally, Middle *College was duly roofed and thus other conditional subscriptions were secured.

The census of Beloit, taken by James W. Strong and published Dec. 6, 1848, shows a population of 1,678 persons, about equally divided as to sex, half of whom were under twenty years of age, and there were 271 dwelling houses.

II.

Formation of a Presbyterian Society.

Such were some of the personal and material foundations on which this church was first built.

March 9th, 1849, after previous prayer and conference in the same place Feb. 28th, seventeen men and a boy (Jesse Burchard), all connected with the First Congregational church or society, met at the house of Benjamin Brown. T. L. Wright was chairman, with David Merrill, secretary.

Those present then decided to form themselves into a new Evangelical Society. March 19th they adopted a constitution and name, the First Presbyterian Society of Beloit, and elected their first officers: A. J. Battin, chairman; R. P. Crane, clerk; and three trustees, John P. Houston, Chester Clark and O. A. Smith. They also voted that not less than two-thirds of the trustees of this society shall be members of the Presbyterian Church.

At about the same time and by substantially the same persons was first formed this church.

Our first session book, kept in the neat hand-writing of A. J. Battin, tells us that fourteen men, having gathered at Andrew Battin's store, Feb. 26, 1849, after prayer and conference, adjourned to meet at the dwelling house of Benjamin Brown, at 2 p. m. of Wednesday, Feb. 28. At that time and place, T. L. Wright, chairman; David Merrill, secretary; Mr. T. L. Wright, Mr. A. J. Battin and Mr. Benjamin Brown were made a committee to arrange for a proper organization of the First Presbyterian church of Beloit. Articles of Faith were also adopted and three elders elected, viz., Asahel Clark, M. D., Horatio Burchard and J. M. Daniels. It was also voted that the annual church meeting should be held on the first Monday in January.

The reasons which led these members of the First Congregational Church to desire a different organization were various. Some like Mr. Daniels and Mr. Culbert were originally Presbyterians; others, influenced by a recent church trial before the whole congregation, which had lasted seven weeks (one day each week), preferred to try the Presbyterian method of discipline; and still others acted from personal feeling. The leaders of that enterprise however were influenced by a deeper motive, which was, their earnest sympathy with the despised but growing Abolition movement. Hon. Horatio C. Burchard, of Freeport, writes me that this was the motive which actuated his father, and I know that this was what principally led my father Benjamin Brown, Mr. A. J. Battin, and probably Mr. T. L. Wright to take that step. In those years very good people honestly and radically differed on the slavery question. Officers of the First Church would not allow its discussion in their building. Our fathers on the contrary considered this as almost the paramount moral question of the age. That conviction, with the lesser motives suggested, sufficiently explains their action.

*NOTE.—Three committees were appointed to secure subscriptions, one representing the college, one the farmers and one the business men of the village. Benj. Brown was chairman of this third committee which raised by far the largest amount.

The First Presbyterian Church Organized.

The List of those who, March 3, 11 and 18, asked and received letters of dismission from the First Congregational Church, comprised 48 names, 17 married men and their wives, one other married woman, eight young men and five young women. Two of these names, Mrs. Ann M. Culbert and Mrs. Agnes Merrill, do not appear on the recorded list of charter members received March 21st, because their reception was unavoidably delayed until April 29.

This First Presbyterian Church of Beloit was officially organized in the Aunt Jane Moore school house on Race Street, which, though built over for a residence, still remains at its original location (now 439 St. Paul Avenue). At the meeting held there Wednesday, March 21, 1849, Rev. Lewis H. Loss of Rockford, presided and conducted the formal organization. On account of his sudden indisposition, the sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. Jackson J. Bushnell of Beloit College. Rev. L. Benedict of Rockton, and Rev. Dexter Clary, pastor of the First Congregational Church, assisted in this opening service. The church was then duly organized and its three elders elect were ordained.



J. J. BUSHNELL.

The recorded list of charter members received March 21, 1849, is as follows :

THE CHARTER MEMBERS.

Augustine J. and Mrs. Amelia E. Battin, T. L. and Mrs. Catherine B. Wright, R. P. and Mrs. Almira Crane, John P. and Mrs. Eunice Houston,



A. J. BATTIN.



MRS. AMELIA E. BATTIN.



MR. AND MRS. A. D. CULBERT.

Horatio and Mrs. Frances Burchard, Benjamin and Mrs. Lucy Ann Brown, Charles and Mrs. Teressa Peck, Samuel B. and Mrs. Amanda Cooper, A. D. Culbert, David Merrill, John M. Daniels, Miss Frances B. Burchard, Mrs. Sarah M. Burchard, Mrs. Elizabeth Burr, Benjamin Clark, Fred Lathrop, Andrew B. Battin, Jesse Burchard, (son of Horatio), Asahel Clark, M. D., Mrs. Caroline C. Clark, Chester and Mrs. Lucretia Clark, Charles and Mrs. Harriet N. Moore, Beman Clark, (son of Asahel), Miss Louisa Burchard, George H. Stocking, Lyman Johnson, E. N. Clark, M. D., and Mrs. Sarah A. Clark, O. A. and Mrs. Emma Smith, Henry and Mrs. Louisa Mears, John Fisher, Jr. and Mrs. Jane Fisher, Miss Harriet Burchard.—46.

Of the Charter members only 3 remain with us, David Merrill, aged 86; Dr. Elijah N. Clark, aged 82 and Beman Clark.

First Communion Service and Call of a Pastor.

On Saturday afternoon, April 28, 1849, the first preparatory service was held in that Race street school house with all the elders present and Rev. L. H. Loss as moderator of session. Five adults were admitted by letter and two adults and three young people on confession of faith. The last were



ORANGE A. SMITH.



MRS. EMMA SMITH.



JESSE BURCHARD.

year, made for his last year \$700. Mr. Eddy accepted the call and began his labors here July 29, 1849. His father's farm in New York State near Palmyra adjoined that of the Clarks.

At Bellona, N. Y., also Aug. 29, 1844, Mr. Eddy had married Mr. A. J. Battin's daughter, Ann Eliza, to Mr. N. B. Gaston. In coming here therefore he renewed several early and dear associations of friendship. And during all his ministry Mr. Eddy was very earnest in promoting among his church members the spirit of Christian charity and affection.



LOUISA BURCHARD.
MRS. H. D. CONVERSE.

Lucy Ann Brown, (daughter of Benjamin), Julia S. Peck, Mrs. Twist and Augustus R. Peck, who is still a member here. He sang in the earlier choir for 30 years, and will tell us about it.

The adults were Mrs. Ann M. Culbert and Mrs. Agnes F. Merrill (wife of David,) from First Congregation Church, Jacob and Mrs. Lydia Banta, Zilpah Clark and Joseph L. and Mrs Sarah M. Jewett.

The first Communion service of this church was held in that same school house on Sunday, April 29, 1849, and those 10 persons were publicly received.

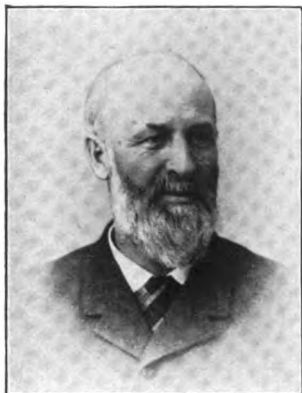
Next month (May 29), the church approved a previous action of the society by which Rev. Alfred Eddy of Bellona, Yates county, N. Y., was elected pastor, with a salary of \$500 per



MISS HARRIET BURCHARD.

The First Church Building.

The next important event in our history was this church building. At a meeting of the Society, April 9th, 1849, the Trustees were instructed to get a site and April 30th they secured from Mr. Hill this lot at the S. E. corner of Broad and Pleasant streets, four rods by eight, for \$400. At another meeting held July 16th, 1849, Mr. T. L. Wright advised their not beginning to build until they had the whole amount needed to finish. Mr. Brown opposed that view and said that in such a growing community seventeen Yankees and a boy could do anything they chose.



BEMAN CLARK.

Mr. Wright at once exclaimed. "If Benjamin Brown can build a church without a dollar, I move that he be chief builder." The motion was duly put and carried unanimously. Mr. Brown replied, "Gentlemen, I accept the position. Will you nominate an assistant builder?"

The record decorously says that 'Benjamin Brown was made Superintendent of the work, (Chairman of the Building Committee) and that A. J. Battin and T. L. Wright were associated with him on that committee. The very next day, July 17th, 1849, they began work. They examined several designs and combined two for the front, making the ground plan (46x70) forty-six feet by seventy feet. Admiration for the Greek architecture, then prevalent in the Eastern states, settled

their choice on that pleasing front, which with its large Ionic columns and tall, graceful steeple was in its day, universally admired.

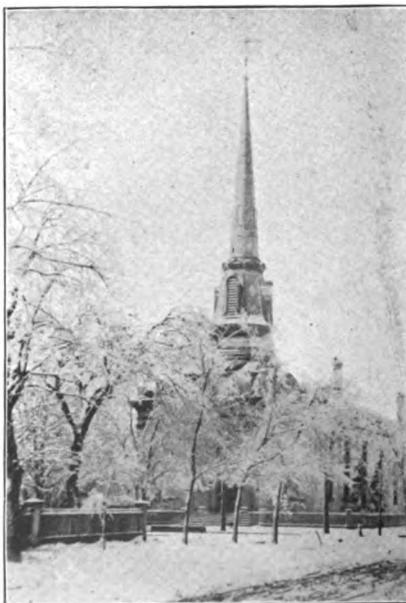
In an old account book of my father's occur several suggestive entries.

"July 20, 1849, helped finish up the last eleven dollars due for church lot."

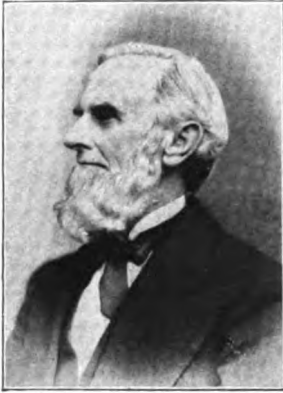
Sept. 19, 1849, Cr. by 32 sticks of timber (478 ft. at 5c per foot) to apply on my subscription for church, \$23.90." Three miles away he found and bought with his own gold a pile of seasoned square timber, which he personally helped haul to the lot, and which was enough for all the framing except the upper part of the steeple. Some of those sticks, fourteen inches square, are under our feet to-day and just as sound as ever.

The stone walls, twenty inches thick, were plastered on the outside with a cement which lasted better than similar material seems to nowadays, and that smooth surface, marked off in large blocks, was painted to represent light-colored, variegated marble. It was beautiful but not Presbyterian. Our rock is not a sham rock. True Presbyterianism does not peel off.

The papers called our church edifice a handsome structure, an ornament to the town and a credit to the practical builder, Mr. Quig-



THE FIRST BUILDING, 1850.



T. L. WRIGHT.

will soon make an official demand on our Government for indemnity on account of the Cuban invasion and the amount will be large." Still another, dated St. Louis, June 4, reported all our California gold seekers as having left on the first for the plains. Notwithstanding this foreign threat and the absence of so many good citizens, however, we went right on with the building, which cost (according to R. P. Crane) about \$10,000, and dedicated it July 23rd, 1850, substantially free of debt. The Trustees then were T. L. Wright, A. Clark and O. A. Smith.

The sale of pews, at auction, held on Saturday, July 20, amounted to \$4,500, with quite a number of pews still to be disposed of.

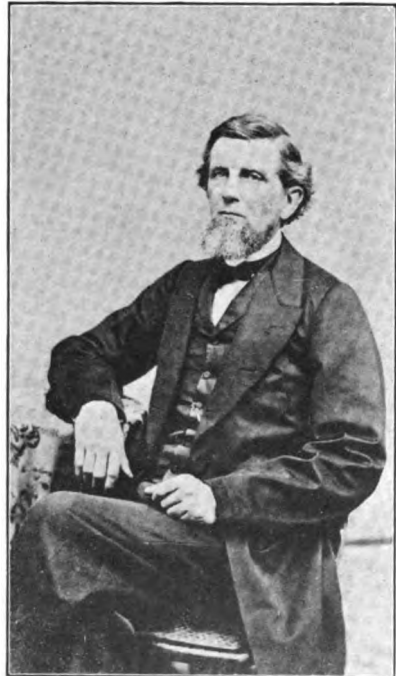
Dedication and Inauguration.

At the dedication of the new building, Tuesday, July 23d, singers from the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational choirs joined with ours and led by Mr. Nelson Gilbert, (Congregational) rendered an impressive service of song.

The sermon was given by Rev. A. L. Chapin, instead of the Rev. Robert Patterson, of Chicago, who had been expected. Rev. Dexter Clary read the Scripture, Rev. Aratus Kent, of Galena, offered the Dedicatory prayer and the pastor, Rev. Alfred Eddy pronounced the Benediction.

ley. There were then in Beloit three other commodious churches, the Congregational, the Methodist, dedicated the year before, and the Baptist, also a neat Episcopal church, and another small structure on Race street where catholics met once a month. One of those poor, hard-working Catholics gave my father ten pounds of nails for our church. They were not forgotten. The first Catholic church on School street burned down Dec. 22d 1884. On the same day Benjamin Brown met Father Ward and said to him, "I'm sorry for you. I am sorry twenty dollars worth," and gave him a twenty dollar gold piece. It was the interest on those nails.

A New York dispatch, published here in June, 1850, reads thus, "The Spanish minister



PREST. A. L. CHAPIN, 1866.



GEORGE H. STOCKING.

the Turtle,) which was named after him, Bony's Island. (See illustration, page 25). He was drowned that Fall while crossing to the Island, when drunk and Mr. Eddy revealed his own catholic spirit by preaching a funeral sermon for him in this church.

Weddings and Donations.

The first marriage ceremony by Mr. Eddy, reported in the public press was that of October 20, 1850, which united Mr.

*NOTE. That island is now owned and has been for twenty years by Hon. Clinton Babbitt. Mr. Babbitt says that pioneer Bradford Colley claimed to have seen at an early day several indian tepees or frames for wigwams, still standing where Mr. Babbitt's home is located on the west bank of the Turtle (about half a mile N. E. of the college.) and Mr. Colley told him that they were left by some of Black Hawk's indians, who called that place, Hemdoka, "the camp on the bluff." Hence the name of that farm.

The next day, July 24th, 'that elegant church,' as L. G. Fisher, Esq., styled it, was opened for the exercises of Beloit College Commencement. In the morning, after a procession from the College, Rev. Aaron L. Chapin was there duly inducted to the office of President by Rev. A. Kent and gave his inaugural discourse. There also in the afternoon, after another procession, the college classes, which then comprised only eight students, four Freshmen and four Juniors enjoyed their commencement.

A Public Character.

*In that early day Beloit had a notorious drunkard, Paul Bona Field called Bony Field, who lived on that island in Rock river (just below the mouth of



MRS. GEO. H. STOCKING.



MR. AND MRS. HELM.

George H. Stocking and Miss Louise J. Gordon, both of Beloit.

In fact, however, Mr. Eddy's first wedding in Beloit was the marriage of Woodhull Helm and Mary A. Clark, (only sister of Dr. Elijah N.) at the Race St. school house, Sunday morning Oct. 14, 1849. Immediately after the opening exercises of morning service, the bride and groom, who were sitting in front, rose in their places and, before all the audience learned what was

going on, were duly united. Mr. Eddy then gave out his text, "Thy Maker is thy husband," and preached an appropriate sermon.

That was the era of donation parties. They were advertised in the papers and the public were respectfully solicited to attend afternoon and evening.

About that time also was recorded this suggestive conversation between two children:

Jimmie, what does donation mean?

I know. Do means the cake, and nation means the people. They carry cake to the minister's house and the people go there and eat it.

Well they did. Our parsonage was a little white house next to and east of the church. It was a handy place to stop at between the morning and afternoon services. The older members surely remember some of those donation visits paid to Mr. Eddy and family as very delightful occasions—to us. the minister's children had each a pocketbook for such events, to which we children of the church contributed from our private bank accounts according to personal preference. Our mug banks on the mantel were willingly drawn on for them, but they were all such charming children that it was difficult to choose between them.

Mrs. Eddy herself, well deserved an extended version of the parable of the good Samaritan, as the Samaritan's wife. One dark summer evening (please keep it dark), a little boy carrying a pail of milk was running home down Broad street when right in front of the minister's gate, he fell over a jagged stump, scraped his face and hands, spilled the milk, and got instead a full measure of sand. With strong crying and in much despair he went into the parsonage. Mrs. Eddy bound up his wounds and washed out his pail, pouring in not wine and oil, but a new supply of milk, and sent him on his way rejoicing. This account is not on the church record, but I personally know this to be a fact.



MRS. EDDY AS THE GOOD SAMARITAN'S WIFE.

The noble devotion of the church women and of the young people is not even touched upon here because it will be presented by others. That also was something not on the official record, but continually and everywhere under it.

The Church Audience Room and Prayer Meeting Room.

The pulpit of the new church was at the south end of the audience room, then shorter than now, and the choir gallery extended across the north or front end. That part behind the gallery was a narrow upper room and there, or in the vestibule below we used to have our prayer meetings. Those meetings have never been forgotten. Even in distant California, as a letter from the absent members reveals, that upper room was remembered, and some of us remember it still, for associations like those of the Apostolic meeting place of Acts I : 13, 14.

The audience room had four rows of pews with a middle aisle and side aisles and drop seats along the wall each side. For information about the deep-toned church bell, whose voice has sounded all these years, we must depend on the man who collected the cost of it, Dr. E. N. Clark.

President Chapin's first baccalaureate sermon was preached here July 6, 1851, and he then reported three seniors, four sophomores and ten freshmen. The commencement exercises of that first graduating class began with Professor Squier's inaugural address in this house on the morning of July 17, 1851, but the afternoon exercises were held in the open air at the college grounds. On that occasion other students besides the seniors took part, and one of our boys, George A. Houston, spoke as a representative of the Archaean society.

In April, 1852, this church was first enrolled in the Presbytery of Belvidere (N. S). July 30, of that year, the church adopted and sent off a very tender and earnest letter to its absent members, the gold seekers, directed care of Dr. E. N. Clark, Nevada City, California. Both that and their reply are on record and are both models. (A fac simile reproduction of this record is given later.)

The Old Melodeon.

November 16, 1854, it is recorded that \$50 a year was voted to Miss Fairbanks for presiding at the melodeon. Presiding was the right word. A good deal of it was required. That old melodeon once had an experience which even Mr. Peck does not know about. It then stood in the middle of the old gallery with its back toward the audience room, so that George Stocking and Jennie Kendall or Sarah Watson perhaps, could sing off from the book that the player used and yet be facing the people. The bell rope when swinging loose, hung down rather near the melodeon front. One Thursday evening, while ringing for meeting, the young sexton did not notice that the rope as pulled down had coiled around the pedals of the melodeon. When the ponderous bell swung back that melodeon was suddenly jerked up in the air about six feet and as suddenly dashed down again wrong side up. But the melodeons of those days were evidently built to stand all such simple tests as that, for when this instrument was promptly set on its feet it proved to be uninjured with the exception of a broken pedal stick which was easily mended.

I tried to find that melodeon and have it here on the platform, but they tell me that it has simply disappeared, gone where the good melodeons go—burnt up.

Early Discipline in the Church.

In those early days our church order was also tested by several cases of discipline and stood the test equally well. With no break in its harmony two persons were duly expelled, one for habitual drunkenness, and another for avowed infidelity. In a third case, by the action which session took, the offending brother was completely reclaimed.

My father having been in earlier life a school teacher, believed in discipline and the meetings of session for those early cases were nearly all held at his house.

III.

Characteristics of the Successive Pastors.

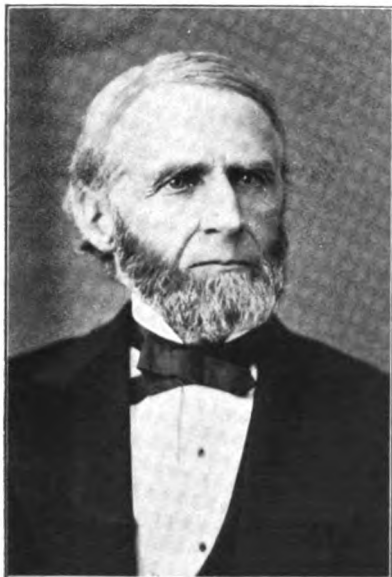
Rev. Alfred Eddy left us in June, 1855, for Bloomington, Ill., where he organized a new church and built it up to a membership of over two hundred. When the war broke out he served in the 4th Illinois Cavalry as chaplain until obliged to resign from physical disability. In 1863 he was called to Olivet Presbyterian Church, Chicago, which he served successfully three years and then organized the Ninth Presbyterian Church of that city. Beginning with seventeen members he left them in 1871 with 250, became pastor of a large Presbyterian church at Niles, Michigan, and preached there up to a few weeks before his death in 1883. On one Sunday in March 1876, after special meetings conducted by an evangelist, Dr. Graves, one hundred and ten persons united with his church on profession and four by letter. He was licensed to preach in 1835 and was ordained by the Presbytery of Geneva at Bellona, N. Y. in 1840. Although not a college bred man, as all your subsequent ministers have been, he was well educated in the truest sense of that word. He had read widely, understood human nature and was a man of superior tact. Mr. Eddy had a social nature, manly physical presence, an unusually rich, deep voice and a most hearty laugh when among friends. He was a very regular smoker in his study but did not smoke in public. Outside of the pulpit, but never in it, he was humorous, jovial and often witty. He carried about him to the sick and to the well an atmosphere of cheerfulness and of bright Christian hope. He was also a natural orator, on demand for the Fourth of July and other public occasions. In the pulpit his sermons, generally written with care and always interesting, were characterized by rhetorical beauty of expression, depth of feeling, a climactic progress of thought, and almost invariably by an impressive ending. His voice would sometimes startle you by its power and oftener would move you to tears by its pathos.

Indeed, Deacon B. C. Sewall almost invariably wept. No matter what the text or topic, from the wells of Brother Sewall's eyes Mr. Eddy's sermons always drew brine. The ungodly called Deacon S. the Town Crier, a title which in later years descended legitimately to good Father Cowles.

Both as a preacher, a pastor and as a man among men, Rev. Alfred Eddy deserved and received the strong affection of this people. His life-size portrait (which was unveiled the next Tuesday evening and now hangs where he used to stand) is presented to this church by his children.

A Scholarly Minister.

According to a record of Dec. 1, 1855, Rev. L. Hawes had then become our minister. He came to us from Waukesha, Wis., where he had been a professor in Carroll College. Rev. Lowman (or Luman) P. Hawes was a native of Kentucky and was pastor for several years of a Presbyterian church at Huntingdon, Pa. He was a tall, thin, dark complexioned man, who preached very scholarly sermons. But he suffered much from ill health, remained with us not quite a year and has since died. One of his sermons is still remembered, from the text, "And Terah died at Haran." It was a warning against any delay in the choice of right life.



CHARLES P. BUSH, D. D.

At a meeting held Jan. 19, 1857, and moderated by Rev. Dr. H. N. Brinsmade (the Congregational pastor), Rev. Charles P. Bush was called to this pastorate at a salary of \$1,000 per year, and remained until Sep. 27, 1859. That year, 1859, was one of almost constant revival, and was the banner year in the spiritual growth of this church. It witnessed an accession of eighty-six members, twenty-six by letter and sixty on confession of faith.

Dr. Bush subsequently became a secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and one of his daughters, Miss Carrie, is now a missionary among the Armenians, at Hharpoot.

Mr. Bush was small physically, but a man of fine talents and acquirements; a courteous, spiritual, cultivated gentleman, whom we were sorry to lose.

(A graduate of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., in 1840, he was ordained by the Presbytery of New York, Nov. 15, 1841. His death at Albany, N. Y., Feb. 22d, 1880 was almost a translation. In Dr. Smart's pulpit on that Sunday Mr. Bush preached with great earnestness from the text, I. Cor. XVI. 19, "The Churches of Asia salute you." It was a foreign Missionary sermon and friends say that he spoke as one inspired. About half an hour afterwards, like a soldier suddenly stricken at his post or rather like a workman called in from the harvest field, he was called home).

After the departure of Mr. Bush came the 'Dark age' in our church history; yet, like the same age in general history, it was a period of training and preparation for larger growth.

Several very influential members had already left to form the Westminster church and our society labored under financial difficulties. At this crisis, President A. L. Chapin and Professor J. J. Blaisdell of Beloit college, offered to supply the pulpit alternately for one year without pay. That



PRESIDENT AARON L. CHAPIN, D.D., LL.D., BELOIT COLLEGE.

gratuitous, but superior service they gave and the thanks of the church for it are recorded, not only on the church book, but also in all our hearts. Their noble example stimulated one young man of the church to also give his service gratuitously for two years but in the humbler capacity of sexton. We congratulate ourselves on having in our present Eldership the worthy successor of Prof. Blaisdell in Beloit College, Prof. Guy A. Tawney.

January 4, 1859, the trustees heroically resolved, "Hereafter the expenses of this society shall be kept within its income."

Rev. William Adams, son of the Rev. Mr. Adams who first preached regularly in our village became your minister for two years, Jan. 1, 1861 to 1863, and got his wife here, formerly Miss Augusta Cooper, a daughter of our charter members, Samuel B. and Amanda Cooper. He had a slight twist on his Roman nose, but no twist in his clear practical mind. The great public excitement of those war times proved unfavorable to our church growth, and for the year 1862-63 we received only one new member.

Wm. W. Adams, D. D., has since become a noted writer on metaphysical subjects and is now the honored pastor of the Congregational church at Fall River, Bristol Co., Mass. (Page 63.)

The next pastor, Rev. David Edwards Beach, D.D., came December 7, 1863, and served until the spring of 1865. (See page 63.)

In his family he represented the fourth successive generation of ministers. Born at Stephentown, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1833, he united with the church at Homer, Ohio, when he was twelve years old. One of his eyes having been permanently injured he for a time tried clerking in a store but the student



PROF. J. J. BLAISDELL, BELOIT COLLEGE.

instinct in him was too strong to be denied. Though physically frail and unable to use his eyes in the evening he completed the Marietta College course in 1859 with the Second Honor of his class.

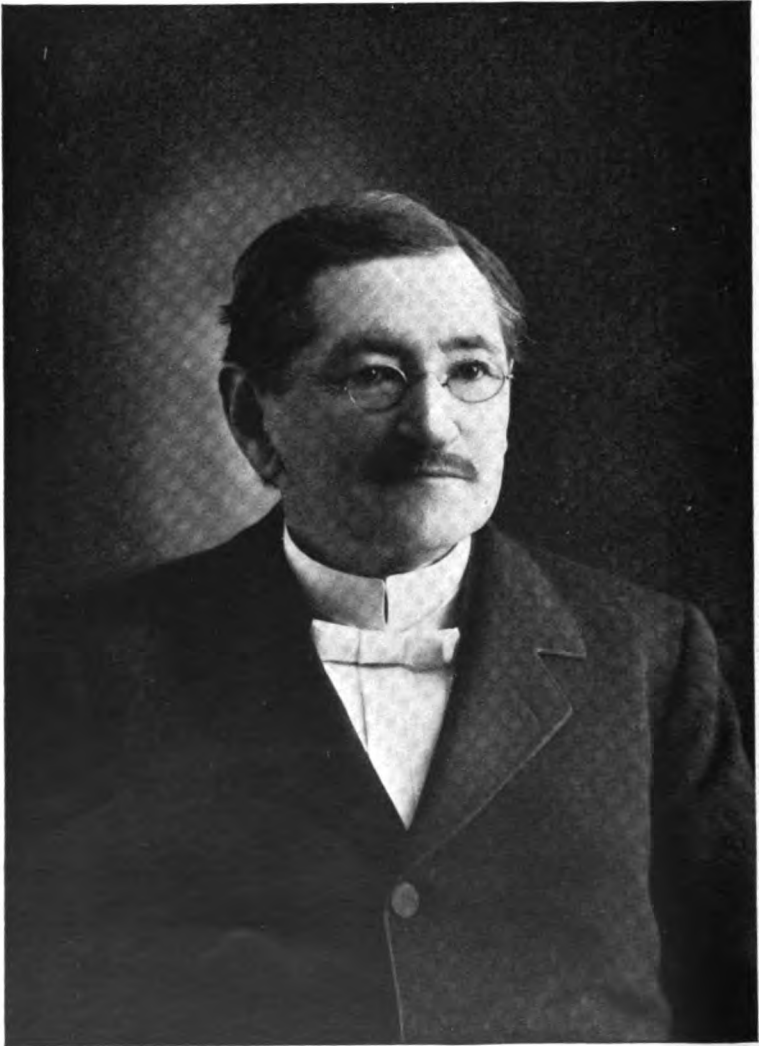
Graduating from Lane Seminary, (1863) he married at Cincinnati, April 12, 1864, Miss Alice Allen, daughter of Dr. D. Howe Allen, then Professor of Theology at Lane. Our Beloit Church was his first pastorate.

He usually spoke without notes but evidently not without rich and ample preparation. I remember especially his Preparatory Lectures and Communion addresses.

Becoming convinced that the union of the two Presbyterian Churches in Beloit, (Old School and New School) would be helped by his resignation, he resigned without having any other field in view but was soon called to Granville, O., where he labored very successfully, four years.

Like his mother Mr. Beach was of a most unselfish disposition and conscientiously industrious. He was pre-eminently a spiritual teacher and his style of expression was clear, beautiful and strong. (The volume of his sermons, published by the Alumni of Marietta in 1890 shows this.)

Preaching was the passion of his soul but his frail body could not endure the nervous strain required so in 1869 he became professor of Christian



WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D.

Evidences and Moral Philosophy at Marietta College, Ohio. That place he nobly filled until his death July 24, 1888.

The degree of D.D., was given him by Wabash College in 1885.

He left a wife and three sons, one of whom, being pastor of a Congregational Church at Ashland, Wis., makes in that family a fifth ministerial generation.

The Reunion.

The year, 1865, witnessed not only the reunion of the nation, but also the happy reunion of this church and Westminster.

The Westminster society had been formed in November, 1858. January 5, 1859, the Westminster Presbyterian Church was organized "for the moral and religious interests and local convenience of the west side of the river." Their lot and building was at the south-west corner of Bluff and Bridge streets. They were served in succession by two scholarly preachers. Rev. Joshua Phelps, D.D., and Rev. Robert Beer, and were connected with Milwaukee Presbytery. At a meeting of that body, held June 29, 1865, by mutual arrangement, they were officially united with this church and brought to it 73 members. The united church itself also came under the care of Milwaukee Presbytery and the property of Westminster was used to build a session room on the south end of this edifice. William Alexander, D.D., who had been serving us for some time as stated supply and had greatly helped towards this union was chosen pastor, Oct. 2, 1865, and our church entered on a new stage of life.

Lord Chesterfield once wrote that a true gentleman would never move faster than a dignified walk. According to that rule, Dr. Alexander was certainly a gentleman. The question once raised as to how a gentleman could maintain that character in the presence of an angry bull, or even that extreme circumstance had it actually occurred, would not, as I judge, have troubled Mr. Alexander. He would simply have taken the bull by the horns, would settle with him and then walk on. Mr. Alexander was a large man, both physically and mentally, spiritually and theologically and even his way of walking and talking was solid. His mind was intensely logical and his sermons were scriptural and full of strong thought, positively and strongly put. He spoke that which he did know and never apologized for the Bible or any part of it. 1866-67, was another revival season and brought us an accession of 75, 51 on profession and 24 by letter. At the end of 1867, the church was reported as substantially out of debt. In the fall of 1869, when Mr. Alexander left, one-third was added to the length of the church at the south end and the stained glass windows were put in, all at an expense of about \$3,400.

Dr. Alexander is now professor of church history in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, located at San Anselmo, California.

For his long and faithful work in that seminary, including at different times all their departments of teaching except Hebrew, the Trustees have granted him a year's vacation, salary continued, for rest and travel in Europe with his equally esteemed wife. It is vocation that makes vacation.

*Rev. Alexander G. Wilson, D.D., was your stated supply for one year, July, 1870-71. His sermons were all rich in thought. He is now pastor of the

Presbyterian Church of Tekamah, Nebraska. (For his likeness see page 63.)

He is also the Professor of Apologetics and Missions in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Omaha, Nebraska.

At the close of summer after Dr. Wilson's departure, the church, not being ready to call a pastor, engaged as Stated Supply Rev. Henry M. Whitney, Professor of Rhetoric in Beloit College. At this critical period of our church life his pulpit service which extended from September 1st, 1871, to June 1st, 1872, was especially helpful in maintaining and building up the congregation.



The Longest Pastorate.

In November, 1872, began your longest pastorate, that of Rev. John McLean,

PROF. HENRY M. WHITNEY,
BELOIT COLLEGE, 1871.



REV. JOHN MCLEAN, D.D.

which continued until 1884. He was a thoroughly Scotch Presbyterian, a good scholar, intensely conscientious, and a man of very positive convictions. He was a quite unequal preacher, sometimes, at the regular session, showing little thought or power and then at other times rising to heights of real eloquence. Like Apollos, he was mighty in the Scriptures, but his personal nature was more like that of Peter. He had the missionary spirit and his warm and generous heart made him an earnest pastor. He was a thorough scholar and during the absence of Prof. Blaisdell for a term took his classes in Mental and Moral Philosophy at Beloit College; he gave acceptable service also on the College Board of Trustees.

He was a reformer also, especially devoted to temperance work and other ethical activities outside his regular church field. During the later years of his term we had to sell the parsonage, (bought long before, and but partly paid for). Various other unfavorable circumstances led to the church's decline, but when Mr. McLean departed September, 1884, he left behind him many warm friends. In the last G. A. minutes he is recorded as Rev. John McLean, D.D., stated supply of a Presbyterian church at Del Norte, Colorado.

In his time, (1879), the pulpit was moved forward eight feet and a larger choir platform built behind it at that south end of the room, and

*Mr. and Mrs. Alexander visited Beloit for a few days in July, 1899 on their way to Scotland.

Dr. Alexander also preached in this pulpit of his earlier life. Though sixty-eight years of age he made it plain that 'his natural force is not abated and that his bow abides in strength.'



reflectors were placed in the ceiling. After the tornado of 1883 tore off our steeple, it was rebuilt, (as shown by the cut later), only far enough to cover the bell.

A Soldier Preacher.

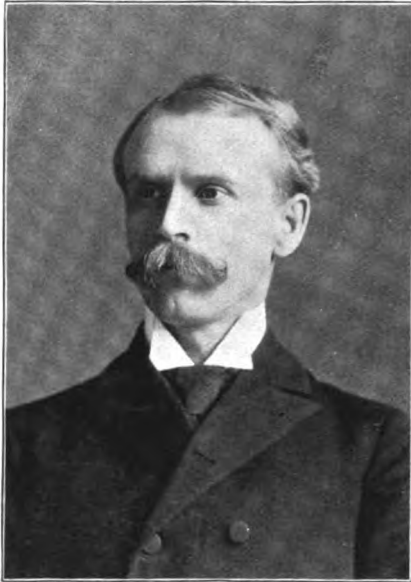
Rev. A. Wesley Bill, (see page 63) a former captain of volunteers in the army, was your pastor elect from April, 1885 to 1887, and took the field when this church was in a depressed condition. His superior sermons with the efficient aid of his companion, built up the congregation and renewed the church's active life. A second parsonage was bought and partly paid for. Then the new Westminster church in Milwaukee took him from us for a still more successful work there. He is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Fond du lac, Wisconsin.

Rev. Thomas E. Barr, the next pastor, was called in June, 1887, almost from the seminary, installed Sept. 30, and served nearly three years. Laboring under the great difficulty of stuttering speech, he yet by his strong will power and natural genius as an orator, wonderfully mastered the difficulty and always interested his audiences. As he himself once remarked to me about that thorn in the flesh, 'It is good for us to have something to fight.' His was a specially logical method of thought and he invariably spoke without manuscript. His manner on the platform was easy and his cultivated voice, pleasing and often thrilling in its tones. Having the eagerness of youth for visible progress, he planned and carried through the extension of this building on the east and that extensive remodeling of the interior which is represented by its present condition. The whole cost of that work, about \$8,000, together with all other debts of this church we have now just finally and fully paid.

During that building over period, Mr. Barr conducted Sabbath services in the opera house.

Rev. C. D. Merrill's Ministry.

The scholarly and efficient ministry of Rev. Charles D. Merrill is too recent and well known to require any extended comment. It covered nearly six years from November 1890, and his record shows an average reception for that period of about 25 new members each year. His labors, well supplemented by those of his wife, served to solidify the church. Coming here from California, and having traveled also in Europe, England, Egypt and Syria, Mr. Merrill had a special furnishing and his carefully written morning sermons were frequently enriched with allusions and illustrations, which only such an experience could supply. His deep, steady voice and naturally quiet manner of delivery, gave at times to strangers the impression of a lack of enterprise or earnestness. To his regular hearers and especially to near friends, however, his earnestness has always been apparent. It was like the deeper current of our Rock river, which shows few ripples on the surface, but flows on with power beneath. Being the son of a charter member, and of Beloit, and of Beloit college, he was also thus approved as a prophet, not without honor even in his own country, and in his own house. (For his portrait see page 63.)



REV. T. T. CRESWELL, 1896.

The Present Pastor.

Rev. Thaddeus T. Creswell, a young minister of Minneapolis, Minn., having been unanimously called, came and began his labors here Sept. 27, 1896. He was duly installed as pastor Nov. 17, 1896. During these last two and a half years there have been added to the church 144 members, 79 by letter and 65 on confession, and there has been a net gain in membership of just 100.

This last has been one of the four banner years of the church for new converts. In 1857, Mr. Bush received 60. In 1866, Dr. Alexander welcomed 51. In 1873, Mr. McLean had 23, and during this last church year there have come on confession 36.

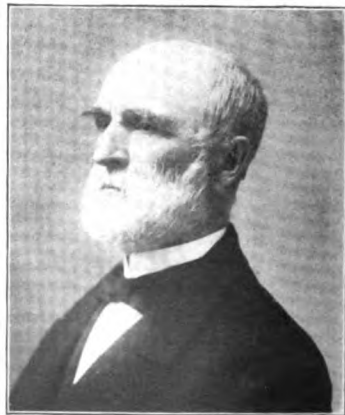
The pastor's unusual freedom from paper and pulpit, his clear voice and familiar, vivacious manner of talking from the platform, together with evangelistic aptness and great kindness in personal intercourse, are traits obvious to all of you. How a man of his Zacchaeus stature got so good a wife is a mystery which we may well pass by in view of the fact. That they may both be granted many useful and happy years here is the wish doubtless of all.

Of other ministers who occasionally supplied our Presbyterian pulpit in the earlier days, we especially remember

Mr. Merrill left this field Nov. 1, 1896, on account of ill health and to accept that more extended work which he still continues, the position of treasurer and agent for the Wisconsin Children's Aid society. During his term the new pipe organ costing \$2,800, was built and, largely through the untiring devotion of Professor Holden, was paid for.

The new church parlors, chapel and session room were also afterward added at a cost of about \$2000 more.

This brings us to the record of the present pastorate, a few facts from which will speak for themselves.



PROF. JOS. EMERSON, D.D., LL.D.

Professors Joseph Emerson and William Porter, of Beloit College. On one occasion during my youth, the former, having reached the church to conduct Sunday morning service, found that his carefully written sermon had been left at home. He was rushed into a carriage and up to his house and back again in time for a noble discourse worth waiting for. Indeed all his sermons were characterized by intellectual and spiritual fullness. Or, as one put it, when you had a sermon from Professor Emerson you got not only good roast beef but also the whole menu.



PROF. WM. PORTER, D.D.

and spiritual, elevating thought, and somehow, to me, always made heaven seem near. When either of these men preached I used to think of that saying, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Professor Porter, a genuinely humble great man among us but slight in form, had usually the air of apologizing for ever occupying a pulpit or professor's chair, or even presuming to live among robust people. I once congratulated him upon having accomplished so much work on so slender a constitution, and he quickly replied, "You might as well say, on no constitution at all." If that is the fact then he must have had some remarkable by-laws, for his very efficient service in our college and community has acceptably continued for now almost half a century. His quiet sermons were full of the Bible,

IV.

The distinctive work of the Sabbath School, of the Young People and of the Ladies will be presented by others. Those unselfish services are not on the church record so much as under it.

The office and service of Usher deserves at least a passing notice. Of our first usher, Beman Clark, it is said that his beaming



R. C. HECOX,
'96-'98.

smile and cordial grasp of the hand made every stranger who attended once want to come again. This office has been filled by some of our best men and, under J. E. Houston as head usher has become very helpful to the church. We especially miss from that office the two young men who after several years of acceptable service left us in 1898 because of their graduation from college.



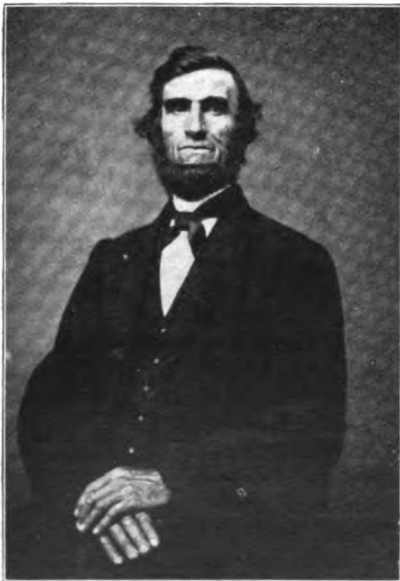
F. B. MCCUSKEY,
'96-'98.

Had Elder John A. Holmes lived a little longer he might have given you in orderly array our half century of Benevolences. It may be as well that we cannot have them presented with any fullness here. This church has always believed in the missionary work, Home and Foreign, and has been loyal to all the Presbyterian Boards of Benevolence. Our hearts and hands have been open also to the American Board, the American Tract Society, the Bible Society, and other good causes outside our own church. Then further, besides distinctively Presbyterian schools like Carroll College and Poynette Academy, we have given liberally to Beloit College during all this half century.

In those earlier days children used to do without butter or sugar in order to earn missionary money. Similar, though larger and more hidden forms of self sacrifice are not unknown here still for like good objects.

"Not what we get but what we give
Makes worth our living the life we live."

So this church has from the very beginning believed in benevolence and practiced it.



CHESTER CLARK.

Another matter of course with our New England pioneers was the practice of prayer. Besides daily family prayer and the regular Thursday evening meetings, of which the first in the month was devoted to Missions and called the Monthly Concert, there was every week a Mothers' Prayer Meeting, and also for some time a Children's or Youths' meeting. This last used to be held at some private house, usually that of one of the Clarks. Several of those children who regularly attended it are now officers or valued members of the church.

The whole number of members enrolled by this church during the past fifty years, including probably a few duplicates, is 1,131. The present record shows 320 names, but a careful revision for absentees makes the active membership 280.

Fourteen Members Enter Ministry.

Of that 1,131, fourteen young men have entered the ministry. They are, in order of time: Lyman Johnson, Charles Kimball, Francis W. Case, Lucian D. Mears, John D. McCord, William F. Brown, A. M. May, Rollin Adams, Thomas J. Lamont, Hugh Lamont, Charles D. Merrill, Louis E. Holden, who is also the Knapp Professor of Oratory in Beloit College, James Benson and Arthur A. Amy. The church has now under its care also four candi-

dates for the ministry : Albert Dennis Burns and Chauncey W. Watt, Seniors at Beloit College, Herbert Ashby Whitlock, Sophomore, and Joseph Pipal in the Academy.

The first named minister, Lyman Johnson, who as a mason of the earliest days, helped Chester Clark make those cobblestone houses which are no longer built, after serving in the regular ministry became a general evangelist, and then editor of a religious paper called "The Stumblingstone." This he still edits at Toledo, Ohio.

Lucian D. Mears, born on his father's farm two miles up the river, March 29th, 1838, the first boy born in this settlement, united with our Presbyterian church April 5, 1857. The family having changed their membership to the old First Church he became a Congregational minister for a time assistant treasurer of Beloit College, and died a few years since.

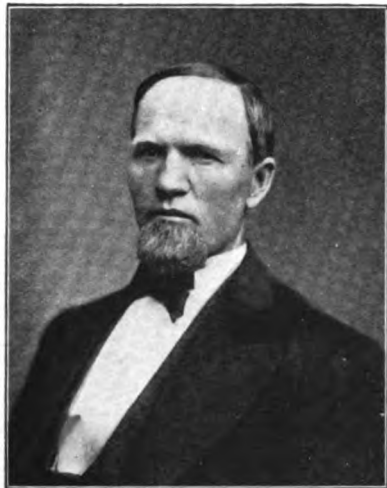


RUFUS CLARK.

Brother Holden and myself take especial pride in the fact that we have each in our day filled the office in this church, and therefore both now belong to its noble army of, *martyrs*, or rather, sextons.

(Later note. July 27th, 1899, Prof. Louis E. Holden was elected President of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio. He is the tenth college president furnished by Old Beloit, and the seventeenth or eighteenth, including all the presidents we have sent out.)

Of the present church roll, fifteen members have had connection with this church forty years or more. They are the three charter members, David Merrill, E. N. Clark, M. D., and Beman Clark. April 29, 1849, Augustus R. Peck. 1850, Rufus Clark (died April 11, 1899). 1851, Miss Nancy Houston



HENRY PENTLAND, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES FOR 21 YEARS.

now Mrs. T. B. Bailey, and Miss Caroline Clark, now Mrs Joy. Also Geo A. Houston and John E. Houston. 1857, Mrs. Lucena Dearborn, Elijah Harlan Clark, and Nelson A. Clark, Miss Cornelia A. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs Anson P. Waterman.

The last is a name which has especially honored this church and which this church delights to honor. Two other names, of not quite so many years on the record, which should be noted, are those of Mr. and Mrs. Henry

Pentland. Mr. Pentland has been president of our Board of Trustees for twenty-one years and is still in service. His first wife, a most devoted worker in our church, died May 25, 1894.



MRS. A. P. WATERMAN.

Elder Waterman has been a member of our Session, re-elected term after term, for almost thirty-four years, and during most of that time has served also as Treasurer of the church. It is not too much to say that, at various critical times the continued progress if not the very existence of our church has been largely due to his wise councils and his personal devotion and generosity.

(NOTE.—Anson P. Waterman was born at South Ballston, Saratoga county, New York, January 15, 1819, of David and Phoebe Hollister Waterman. Both parents were devoted christians. His father, a farmer, served in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, of English descent, was a Lieut. Col. in the revolutionary war, commissioned by Gov. George Clinton, of N. Y., June 16, 1778.

The boy, Anson, attended public school until he was twelve, worked in a store five years, clerked in a hardware store at Schenectady, N. Y. until 1840 and then had a hardware business of his own at Phelps, Ontario Co., N. Y., until his removal to Beloit, Wis., in 1854. December 31, 1840, he married Miss Jennie A. Hubbell. Their children are Belle (Mrs. B. D. Lee), and Annie (Mrs. C. E. Whitman), both of St. Louis, and Jennie S., wife of C. S. Gregory, Beloit.

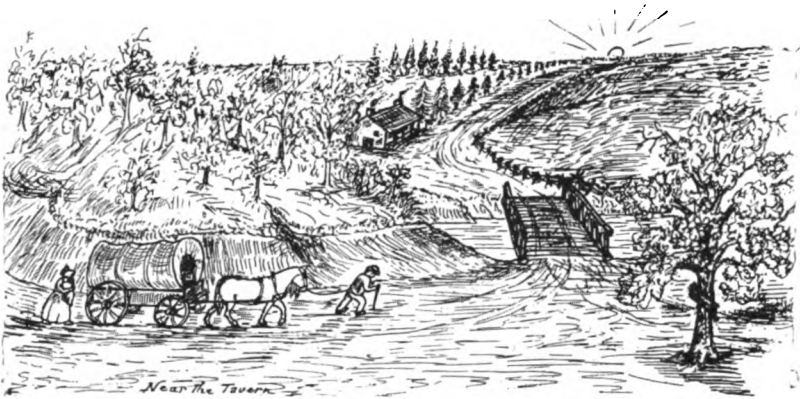
Mr. Waterman continued the hardware business here, with John B. Gordon partner after 1866, until 1880. His interest in a heavy hardware business at St. Louis, kept him in that city most of the time from 1876 to 1889, when he came back to Beloit to stay. He was the second mayor of our city, Republican, two years, 1857 and 1858. For more than twenty years he served on our Board of Education. He is one of the original members of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Milwaukee, organized in 1861, and a trustee also from the beginning.

Of Beloit College he has been a trustee since 1856, was treasurer from 1869 until he left Beloit in 1877, and on his return in 1889 was again elected and still serves as assistant treasurer.)

His earnest religious feeling, staunch Calvinistic faith, and constant liberality have made him, both in the Westminster Presbyterian church and also in this a most valued member. We all hope that Mr. and Mrs. Waterman may be allowed to celebrate in good health, next year, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.



HON. ANSON P. WATERMAN.



Notice finally this. God has required for the first half century of the Acts of your church life and you have called to your pulpit just twelve different ministers. And in many respects they were like the twelve apostles, (without Judas).

Eddy was manly, social Andrew ; Hawes, solemn like Thomas ; Bush was a Nathaniel ; Adams, the practical Phillip ; Beach, more of a Matthias ; Alexander answers to the dignified James, president of that first council which made church history. Wilson was a counterpart of the retiring and honored Jude. McLean of course was Peter, and Mr. Bill that James who had something to do with a sword. Barr was Simon the Zealot ; Merrill, the treasurer and writer Matthew ; and the last and youngest is perhaps most like John.

Children and young people of our church, and all of you who make up the generation following, let the record of this past half century be remembered by you all. Many of you will see much of the next half century, and some doubtless will witness its close. God requires of us this past in order that he may receive from you and others something better. Soon the farmers around Beloit will be sowing spring grain. May these memories of past years sink into your and other hearts like good seed into rich ground, so that growing up, they shall produce here for the Master in the next half century, a much larger and nobler harvest than that of our past.



A CHILD'S SAMPLER. 1820.



SOME OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL WHO MAY ATTEND THE CENTENNIAL OF THIS CHURCH.

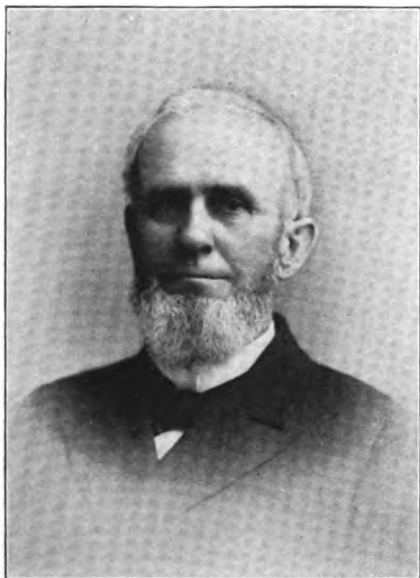
The Sunday School.

INTERESTING ADDRESSES BY DR. E. N. CLARK, FIRST SUPT., AND J. E. HOUSTON, PRESENT SUPT.

The Sunday School convened immediately after the morning service and there was a fair attendance.

Introducing Dr. Clark, Mr. Houston said it was seldom that a Sunday School was permitted to have their first superintendent with them at the fiftieth anniversary, but the Beloit Sunday School not only had him with them to-day but had him there every Sunday.

Old Times in the Sunday School, by Dr. Elijah N. Clark.



ELIJAH N. CLARK, M. D.

This subject was given me because I am old, but when I first knew anything about Sunday Schools I was young. It was more than seventy-five years ago at Amherst, Mass., in plain sight of where the college buildings now stand. We used to call the place Meeting-house Hill. In our school then, held at noon as this is, we were to learn by heart a certain or rather uncertain number of verses, just as we pleased, and the one who learned most was the best fellow. I do not remember that we ever had any explanation of the lesson given. One might learn a hymn and it answered just as well.

In due time our family moved from Amherst away off out West. Where was that? Central New York. When father and brother Rufus went first in the spring

to get a place ready, it took them a week to make the journey. The family came in the fall by lumber wagons to Albany, and thence by the Erie Canal to Palmyra. Our farm was six or eight miles away in the town of Marion, where there was no church building and most of the houses were made of logs. Every Sunday, however, we had church meeting in some school-house, taking turns with the Baptists and Methodists.

In process of time churches were built, and each church had a place of its own. Previous to this, Sabbath Schools were undenominational, or of all united, and were held in the several district school houses. I don't remember that the superintendent asked any questions or made any application of the lesson.

Our Sunday School began to have Sunday School books, which were



FOR THE S. S. GROUP.

when our Presbyterian church was organized in 1849, the first superintendent of the Sunday School was your humble servant,

ELIJAH N. CLARK, (now aged 82 years)

ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL OF OLD TIMES; A SUPPLEMENTARY PAPER BY
MRS. O. P. SMITH, (HATTIE CLARK, DAUGHTER OF DR. E. N. CLARK.)

In the year 1852 my father went to California, and was gone two and a half years, becoming the Sunday School superintendent again on his return. This was his position at the time of the re-union in 1865, and Mr. A. P. Waterman was Sunday School secretary and treasurer. In 1872 Mr. Austin was elected Sunday School superintendent to serve until Jan. 1, 1873, with David Merrill, assistant superintendent. After a few months Dr. E. N. Clark was induced to resume his old position and was re-elected superintendent year after year, until 1889, about forty years from the time he began that service here. He then thought it best to have a change, and Mr. John E. Houston was elected. The successive superintendents since have been Mr. Kummel, David Throne, Mr. Hurst (Y. M. C. A. Secretary), C. A. Armstrong, James Benson (now pastor of Arcadia Avenue Presbyterian church, Peoria, Ill.), Waldo Thompson, with instructor Geo. P. Bacon of Beloit College Academy as assistant, (now studying in Germany); and the present officers, Elder John E. Houston, superintendent, and Prof. Guy A. Tawney of Beloit College, assistant.

For seven years past our faithful secretary and treasurer has been Mr. Oscar Foster.

The very efficient principal of the Primary department, long continued and still in loving service is Mrs. Eunice B. Key.

My remembrance of Sunday School study is that we had Lesson Leaves with fifteen to twenty verses in each lesson. My sister Matie (Mrs. Messer) and myself never thought of having Sunday morning



HATTIE CLARK.
(MRS. O. P. SMITH.)



OSCAR FOSTER, S. S. SECRETARY.
1892-1899.

dawn without our having learned those verses. Mother required us to learn all of them. In our Sunday School class each girl recited the verses she had committed. No questions were asked or explanations given. Father, as superintendent, would ask the subject and Golden Text, and other questions calculated to bring out the lesson, sometimes requesting a class or one scholar to give the point most noticed. Dr. Clark's one hobby was to have the scholars memorize the Books of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. Once while visiting his old pastor Rev. Alfred Eddy, in Chicago, after morning prayers he spoke of the custom of learning the Books. Mr. Eddy called

it nonsense, saying that without ever having learned them he would have no trouble in finding any one the Dr. might mention. "Well," said father, "find the Book of Hezekiah." Mr. E. looked for it in vain, and even his good wife's assistance did not enable him to find it. After that experience he thought that the learning of those books was not a bad plan.

As to the value of learning the Catechism, one of the older Sunday School scholars, who was not a church member, in arguing for the Bible, says that he often got the better of an opponent by knowing his Catechism.

When Mr. Houston was first superintendent he had a very pleasing and instructive blackboard exercise with large pictures of the lesson scenes and characters. He also brought out the lesson by questioning the school, a practice which he still continues.

As to raising money for special objects I remember only two efforts. The first was to help build that missionary ship, the Morning Star. By contributing ten cents you got a printed certificate bearing your name and saying that you owned one share in that ship. I wish I could see a piece of paper now that would produce again the feelings which that little certificate did.

When the new stained glass windows were put into the church building, the Sunday School was asked to pay for one of them, about \$80.



MRS. EUNICE B. KEY,
PRINCIPAL OF PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.



**THE OLDEST SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR, BENJAMIN BROWN, ESQ.,
AGED 85 YEARS, 1888.**

We were given cards and collected from friends five or ten cent contributions, happy if any one gave us a quarter. In collecting a little over three dollars my card became almost worn out with so much thumbing.

Once in a while we had Sunday School missionary concerts, and Mrs. Hutchison used to train us girls of about twelve years old in dialogues on missions. She was a good and faithful teacher, and the same might be said of many others.

In old times also we were given summer picnics and winter Christmas trees, loaded with presents. On my father's silver wedding anniversary, one Saturday evening, August 17th, 1867, a large delegation from the Sun-School, led by Mr. J. E. Houston, suddenly invaded the house, and through their leader presented father and mother with a silver water pitcher and server.

The first celebration of Children's Day that I remember occurred about ten years ago. Mrs. Geo. Stocking had arranged a large basket of beautiful flowers, and at the close of the exercises my daughter Sadie, five years old, was to present these flowers in the name of the school to Mr. Benjamin Brown (then aged 86 years), one of the charter members of the church, and a regular attendant of the Sunday School, who often called himself our oldest Sunday School scholar. She did so and he was pleased to give her a dollar. Then *she* was pleased. Mr. Brown loved the school, and was a liberal friend. To many of the scholars he gave little Bibles or Testaments, which they still keep. We never had an entertainment or needed money for anything but what he gave heartily and liberally. And many times I have heard him say, "If that is not enough, come again."

One lovely summer sabbath after Sunday School, during Mr. Benjamin Brown's last illness (in 1890), all the scholars marched up to his rooms at Mr. Houston's house, south-east corner of Broad and Prospect streets, and sang under his windows several familiar Sabbath School songs. Then we went on further to the home of Harry Key, who had been near death's door several weeks, and sang for him also. It was a slight service on our part, but much appreciated by them both. Mr. Brown (the father of Rev. Wm. F. Brown) died July 15th, 1890, aged 87 years.

The Sunday School, with its present efficient officers and teachers, is making steady and satisfactory growth. Many of its scholars have joined the church, and they form a part of almost every accession to its membership.

Our school is also noticeable for the large proportion of adult members. As Mr. Houston remarked the Sunday School superintendent of fifty years ago was not only present on that Fiftieth Anniversary Sunday, but he is in the school, as teacher or scholar, every Sunday. We shall not be satisfied until we have made our Sunday School mean, the whole church studying the Bible together.

Mrs. Ed. Watson sang a pleasing solo and was tendered a vote of thanks by the school.

Mr. J. E. Houston, the present superintendent, then made a short address, in which he told of being a pupil under Dr. Clark years before, and corroborated the story of reciting the Books of the Bible in unison. He told of the successors to Dr. Clark, and traced the school down to his predecessor Mr. Waldo Thompson, whose work was eulogized. Mr. Houston admini-

stered a gentle rebuke to the grown people who came to church Sunday morning and hurried away home as soon as dismissed, leaving the Sunday School to take care of itself. He thought all church members who could should stay and help in the school. He reported the present roll as numbering 205, with an average attendance of 111.

Mr. Houston went on into the future, and anticipated the coming fifty years in the Sunday School, and the one hundredth anniversary, fifty years hence. He spoke of the young men who would probably take part in those exercises, and Rev. Creswell interrupted him to say that he would only be 82 years old then, and would preach that sermon. Mr. Houston called for all who desired Mr. Creswell to preach the one hundredth anniversary sermon of the church to raise their hands, and it was unanimous.

After declaring Rev. Mr. Creswell elected pastor of the church for the next fifty years the School closed with the Lord's prayer in chorus.

Communion Service and Letters.

At three o'clock an impressive Communion Service was held in the church, conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Prof. L. E. Holden and W. F. Brown, D.D. Communicants from all the churches were invited and were in attendance. Several letters for the occasion from former pastors were read by the pastor. Rev. A. W. Bill wrote from Fond du Lac, Wis.: "What good news you send me of the Lord's work in Beloit, as seen in the faithful First Presbyterian Church. How different now from the time when I was there, 1885-87. Then the church was weak and somewhat discouraged but steadfast, and during those two years thirty-two were received into the membership. My heart rejoices warmly with you. May divine blessings continue to rest upon you, and may scores of precious souls be brought into the fold. To all who may remember me there I send a heart-felt greeting, in which Mrs. Bill joins."

Rev. T. E. Barr wrote from Kalamazoo, Michigan: "It is a strange world. We do not plan our way save in part. But to-day I am glad for what has been and for what is. The analogies of nature are the keys of knowledge. Cause and effect rule universally. Love is supreme. Jesus Christ is the supreme teacher of truth and the incarnate expression of Infinite Love. The God who arches the heavens with the Bow of Promise and provides for his creatures, broods over the heart of man in benediction. Let us banish every suggestion of fear and stand in the consciousness of an Infinite Love which our faults may cloud, but which is never dimmed or changed."

Rev. Dr. William Alexander of California, wrote: "Dear Brethren: When our Savior instituted the solemn rite which you observe he meant that it should be a bond of union to all his people until he should come again. * * * Let me remind you that the Lord's Supper is a commemorative ordinance, but it is much more. In this ordinance Christ is present, not corporally but spiritually; and Christ and all the benefits of his atoning sacrifice are received by the faith of the recipient. There is an actual communication of grace to the soul of the worthy receiver. * * * And let not any faithful soul be discouraged from coming by a sense of unworthiness. Of course we are all unworthy. The Lord's table is not for the worthy (in this moral sense) but for those who feel their unworthiness. Come then humbly

trusting in the forgiving love and grace of your Redeemer. That you may all realize in your own experience the benefits of communing with the Lord, is the earnest prayer of your former pastor and brother in Christ Jesus, William Alexander."

The pastor, Rev. T. T. Creswell, gave the following address :

This is our crowning service. It is the crowning service of all christians, for it is the only memorial service. It is the only service appointed directly by Jesus Christ. I think of baptism as a ceremony, and this as a ceremony not alone, but a service. Jesus Christ appointed it. The very fact that He did appoint it points to His divinity. No man has ever been great enough to appoint a memorial service for himself that has not in the eyes of the world seemed presumptuous; but Jesus Christ, without causing the slightest suspicion of presumption to rest upon Him, said, "This do in remembrance of me." There was something in His words, in His manner of life, in His divine manifestation, in the performance of miracles, that so lifted Him above all mankind, that He could and did say "observe this memorial service." It is what we would naturally expect of a God, and of God only.

It is a crowning service, also, because it appeals to our deepest and holiest emotions. The depth of emotion in a sense at least, depends upon the worth of the object. The universal law of a human love for a human being is that of disappointment. The affections flow freely for a time, then discover faults, and sins, and imperfections, which stay and limit the outgoing love. But with Jesus Christ as the supreme object of our love, there is no limitation in His character. There are no imperfections, no sins, no faults, that hinder the deepest and purest love in being bestowed upon Him. Every character is seen to better advantage sometimes than others. Nowhere is the character of Jesus Christ, great and good as it is, seen to such advantage as upon the cross, with that sweet forgiving spirit. This service is a crowning one, because a memorial to the greatest character, that lets us see that character at its sublimest moment, thus touching the deepest affection of our hearts.

It is a crowning service also because it points to His crowning act for humanity. When He said "It is finished," it meant not alone that the physical agony was nearing a close, the mental suffering past, but it meant the atonement was complete, the propitiation had been offered. I think I can hear the words in Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." And in John, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The blood of this Lamb had been shed to cleanse all humanity.

It is a crowning act, likewise, because here we receive our greatest spiritual uplift. If we come thoughtlessly we shall receive no more benefit than we would in simply receiving the bread and the wine at any time. But here "By faith we feed upon Him," and nowhere else can we so certainly expect to find Him as in this service. He has said "Lo I am with you always," and "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I." But in a special sense we must feel that as He said, "This do in remembrance of me," when we literally observe that command, He himself will be present; we may indeed feed upon Him; we may go from this table as Longfellow

said concerning the children of the Lord's table, "With heaven on our faces and in our hearts."

All the members of Session being in their places, Elders E. N. Clark, M. D., A. P. Waterman, H. B. Johnson, M. D., John E. Houston, Ernest Helm, M. D., Prof. Guy A. Tawney and L. Waldo Thompson, the sacrament was duly administered and the services concluded with the Benediction.

Sunday Evening, March 19, A. D. 1899.

The interesting evening service was attended by a large audience. Rev. Mr. Creswell opened the program with a Scripture reading, "Cast your bread



L. WALDO THOMPSON.

upon the waters," and Mr. Kepple sang a solo. Dr. E. N. Clark gave a talk on "What the young people used to do and do without." Dr. Clark told of the early church which he attended at his home in Amherst, Mass., about seventy-five years ago, and related how the pews were boxed up, and told of the galleries where the little folks were stored, and how men with long sticks guarded them and gave them "a pelt over the head when they misbehaved." There were no stoves in the churches in those days, the churchmen being warmed by religious fervor. There were good schools, and he attended one at Geneva, N. Y., and graduated at that Medical

College. The Doctor told how he went through Amherst College, "in the front door and out the rear."

When the family came West it took one month to make the trip, which can now be made in two days; there were few evidences of civilization in this locality at that time. It was the custom then to have the children learn Scripture lessons, sometimes whole chapters, when the parents were away from home. The Doctor said it kept the young people out of mischief. Dr. Clark mentioned one thing which might be copied with advantage to-day—a nursery in the church, so that the mothers may attend the Sunday services.

The next address was on the Christian Endeavor Society, by one of its members, now a member of our Session, L. Waldo Thompson, son of the late Elder A. Thompson, M. D.

A Chicago minister who had two mission charges, one on the North

side and one on the West side, was one Sunday making the announcements of the Children's Day exercises to take place the following week. His solemn pulpit voice gave utterance as follows: "The Children's Day exercises will be held at three o'clock in the chapel in the north end, and at the same hour in the west end. The baptism of children will be administered at both ends."

Dr. Clark has spoken of one end of this congregation which I think should properly be assigned as the head end, and I am to speak briefly of the other end. Surely the Christian Endeavor Society will be proud of a place in the fifty-year records of this church, even if it be the foot end.

As truly as the head end has been baptized and blessed I may say this Society has received and is giving blessings. The larger number of the members of our beloved church will probably remember the time when we organized the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian Church, of Beloit, Wisconsin. It was hardly nine years ago. Rev. Barr preferred that we should not join the national movement, and we had been a "Young People's Circle" only until October 5th, 1890. That was the year we were without a pastor, just before Mr. Merrill came to us, and the young people thought that a closer organization was needed to keep them together.

The original Christian Endeavor Society numbered thirteen charter members, and as proof that there is nothing superstitious or unlucky in the number we proudly lay before you the records of these eight and one-half years. We have steadily grown in numbers, in interest and in influence. From a modest thirteen we have increased to seventy-six in number, and the work done has kept pace with the increased attendance.

As the past history is all I am to speak on I have been searching the records, and many interesting facts have been recalled to mind. There have always been more young men members than ladies, and as if to equalize this state of affairs, I find that four of the charter members married, and that each union was blessed with a girl. The parsonage too has lately added to our relief.

Our society has been represented at District, State and National conventions, and through its delegates has been shown the wider influence of world-encircling organization for "Christ and the Church." The frequent socials have promoted the interests of the members and their friends in the work of the church, and many, many times has our society assisted in the church services. Let me ask what has helped Mr. Creswell more in his Sunday evening service than the mere attendance of from twenty to forty Endeavorers seated together and well in front? And what has attracted more young people into our regular church services than the hearty handshake and pleasant word of the Christian Endeavorers? And let me give our pastor's own testimony as to the deep spiritual uplift of the regular young people's meetings. He said to me, "Many times I have come home from an afternoon service in the country so tired and worn out that I felt unable to preach the evening sermon, and after being in the Y. P. S. C. E. service for thirty minutes I have been refreshed to that extent that my heart has gone out as it could not have done before."

He also says that the remarks in the meetings are not extemporaneous, but that they show careful forethought and research, and many times the best thoughts of the best scholars are brought into the services.

The Endeavor Society is not alone a help to the morning and evening services of the church, but it is of great assistance in the Sunday School. The young people's class is one of the largest and best in the school, and the Society furnish substitute teachers when they are required. I am happy to be able to say that it is no uncommon thing to have every Sunday School teacher present, and I believe that the regular attendance of every teacher is one of the greatest helps to our fast-growing school.

The Young People's meetings are held regularly at 6:30 every Sunday evening, and a business meeting is held once a month or at the call of the president. The regular consecration meeting is held the last Sunday of each month, and the roll call of members is so long and the attendance so regular that the time is not long enough to go through the entire roll. The officers of the Society are, a president, vice-president, secretary and a treasurer, and are elected for a term of six months, in April and October. It has been the policy of the Society for all officers to hold office for a single term, but the records show that the original secretary held the office for six years, and a copy of the records of November 1st, 1896, is as follows: "A motion was made and unanimously carried to render Miss Hayford a vote of thanks for her noble and painstaking work as secretary these many years."

The Devotional, Lookout, Social, Missionary and Floral Committees attend to their respective lines of duty, and give frequent reports of work done. The Society's finances have been ably cared for, and the records of May 12th, 1898, show that the young people enjoyed a banquet, while the cash outlay was but 65 cents. The more enduring side of their financial abilities is shown by the new furnace which was put in when the Society was but a year old; in the hymn books we have placed at the disposal of the church services, in the liberal subscription toward building the new chapel, and the present effort to place a magnificent piano in it. The wide influence of the Society can hardly be believed if one had not access to the records. Former members are now filling professors' chairs in Beloit College, University of Chicago and University of Nebraska. We have had a number graduate from Yale. We have members as far west as San Francisco, as far east as Boston, as far north as Dakota, and as far south as Texas, and we have had members across the ocean. Quite a number of former Endeavorers are now filling pulpits regularly. We were well represented in the Spanish war, and are still represented in the regular army. A large percentage of our present church membership are or have been members of our Endeavor Society, and a much larger proportion of our future church members will be recruited from the Christian Endeavor camp.

The angel of death has dealt very kindly with us, and so far as I can learn there has been but one loss among our members, and who of us would have been more ready to go, or more willing to have gone than our sunny-hearted Bessie Clark? May her memory never depart; may she still repeat with us our benediction: "The Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from another."

L. WALDO THOMPSON.

What the Young People Hope to Do.

The history of the Christian Endeavor movement ought to make us feel that God is leader of our host. He has commissioned us, the youth of the land, to take up the burden of responsibility when our fathers shall have laid it down. We hope to meet this obligation by loyal service to Christ, by supporting our pastor in his efforts to bring souls into the Kingdom, by faithful attendance at our Endeavor prayer meetings and all the regular Sunday and mid-week services of our church, by our labors in the Sunday School, and by pure, noble, Christian lives before our fellow men.

We recognize that the present call of duty for us is a call to thus prepare for the higher and greater duties of the future. With our faces ever toward that future our attitude should always be one of hope, trust, faith. Those who have large faith may hope to accomplish large results. We all believe that this is the attitude of the young people of our church.

CHAUNCEY W. WATT.

Monday Evening, March 20, A. D. 1899.

At the meeting in the church on Monday evening Elder E. C. Helm presided. The regular choir, Miss Lillian Wherry, soprano; Miss Fanny Thompson, alto; E. C. Kepple, base, and Mr. Thomas, tenor; assisted by Miss Peavey, alto; Miss Pearne Peake, Methodist, soprano, and William R. Wheeler, a leading tenor of the First Congregational choir, gave a superior service of song.



ERNEST C. HELM, M. D.
ELDER, 1892-1899.

Dr. Helm remarked: "On the platform to-night are seated three of the charter members, all who are left to us. From two of them you will hear this evening, but the third, L. Beman Clark, as diffident as he is good, cannot be induced to speak. Nearly fifty years ago, though only a boy then, he helped erect this building and was its first sexton and usher. The first speaker, one who needs no introduction to this audience, is David Merrill."

Early Recollections by the Only Surviving Charter Member of the Society.

The first settlers were mostly New England Congregationalists, who maintained their fidelity to their church, schools, morals and politics. The agreement made in 1840 by the first settlers of the territory was that the Congregationalists and Presbyterians would unite in church organization, in places where one strong church would be better than two weak ones, drawing aid from one missionary society. (See Appendix. Stephen Peet.)

The First Congregational Church was strong and the few Presbyterians joined and for several years all went smoothly and prosperously under the beloved pastor, Dexter Clary. He was an earnest, logical, scriptural, half extempore speaker—that is the heads of discourse written, illustrations and

argument extempore. About 1847 some stubborn cases of church discipline occurred that called the entire church together to settle, which was con-



DAVID MERRILL.
ELDER, '64-65 and 1872-1879.

tinued for several sessions and became very tedious, and some began to inquire if there were not a less expensive and more efficient way for church discipline. A. D. Culbert and John M. Daniels, who were Presbyterians, showed a more excellent way by the Presbyterian polity of having the elders try cases and report to the congregation. Many became convinced that the Presbyterian method was the best, and after talking up the matter held a meeting in Benjamin Brown's brick house, where the Brown block now stands, for consultation. At the first meeting there was no action but to prepare a regular call for a meeting to prepare a petition to the legislature for a charter for the First Presbyterian Society of Beloit. The meeting was called, and B. Brown, H. Burchard, J. M. Daniels, A. J.

Battin, D. Merrill, A. D. Culbert, Charles Peck, Henry Mears, T. L. Wright, Dr. A. Clark, Chester Clark, J. P. Houston, met and organized by electing a chairman and D. Merrill secretary. Action was soon taken to organize the church and it becomes a matter of record. Mr. Burchard and family had soured on Mr. Clary because he said in a temperance meeting in the school house at the corner of School and Prospect streets, led by Hughes of England, that Brother Burchard went to the bar at the Beloit House kept by Bicknell, and called for a glass of brandy. Mr. Burchard explained that it was a medicine he had used many years for a certain complaint; by this rebuke however, his zeal was stimulated to have a new church and pastor. He had a large family of boys and girls, who felt keenly that cut at the temperance meeting and were earnest for another church.



MRS. DAVID MERRILL.

I had conducted the music in the First Cong. Church from 1842 to

the organization of the Presbyterian Church, with a choir varying from 25 to 40, loyal and harmonious. I had then charge of the music in the Presbyterian Church from the organization to a year and a half after meetings were first held in the Aunt Jane Moore school house on Race street, that is, until the church was built. The choir varied from twelve to twenty without instruments save bass viol, until the church was built. We then had an organ played by Mr. Fassett. As I call to mind those events I find all the charter members of the society excepting myself, have passed their last mile-post and gone to rest. A few names, on the church roll at its organization, can respond to the call. Among them I recall Dr. E. N. and Beman Clark. As the young live in the future, so the aged live in the past, and I was deeply impressed with that thought on receiving news a few days ago of the death of a sister-in-law in Massachusetts, 88 years old—the last of a family of eleven children, while I alone remain of her husband's and my father's family of thirteen children of which I was the seventh. Five boys and one girl older, and five boys and one girl younger than myself. Of the two families, of twenty-four children, a mysterious Providence has enabled me to see them all drop out, one by one, while I stand waiting the summons.

DAVID MERRILL (Aged 86 years.)



JOHN E. HOUSTON.
ELDER, 1881-1899.

Grandfather Clark. While a boy he used to bring his slate to grandfather's house and with my mother and her seven brothers gathered around the long table, work out his sums. Mother always called him her eighth brother.

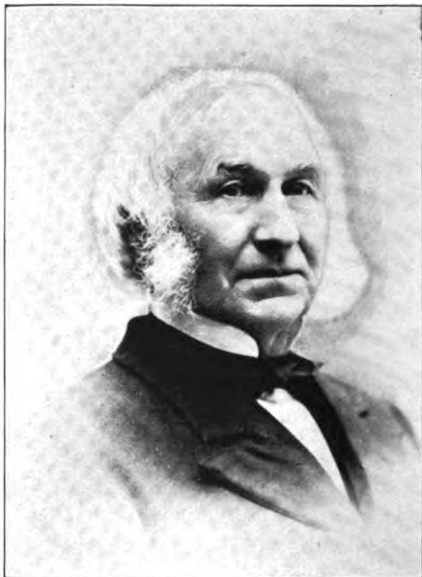
We will now hear from that worthy Elder, John E. Houston."

The Old Time Eldership.

"Of the band of stalwart men, twenty-five in number, who comprised

the charter members of this church, seventeen at least were amply qualified for the office of Ruling Elder. The eight whom we exclude were principally deficient in age only. So when three were chosen it need not be mentioned they were choice material. "And the lot fell upon" Horatio Burchard, an austere man and dignified—one of our oldest members, having three sons and four daughters, grown to manhood and womanhood; among the first to pass from our band to the home on high. Lived for a time on Race street, on Pleasant and Prospect streets, on lot now occupied by the African M. E. Church. Afterward, about the time of building the church he removed to his farm, the Fenton place, a mile and a half north on the River road.

With bated breath, and gently, lovingly, reverently, would we speak the second name on the list—Dr. Asahel Clark. Elegant in personality, quiet and reserved in manner, uncompromising in character, the perfect gentleman, the sincere friend, always kind to all, the 'true Elder,' his memory is commemorated by the window at the North side of the pulpit; only the crown should be in place of the cross, for surely the crown is his. The 'Beloved Physician,' we rejoice in his memory. He died Oct. 13, 1888.



ASAHIEL CLARK, M. D.
ELDER, 1849-1863; 1867-'68.



AARON WATSON.
ELDER, 1851-1861.



AARON DAVENPORT.
ELDER, 1859-1862.

John M. Daniels, a good man, a mechanic, honest and true but of less impressive characteristics. He lived corner of Race and Prospect streets.

These three comprised the first board of elders. In 1850 John Fisher was chosen to the Eldership—merchant, located between Broad and Race streets on Turtle street, on the West side of the street about where John Martin's store is now (216 State street). A good business man, excellent church man, carried his religion into his business and practiced business methods in church matters. We respect his memory.

Also in 1850 Charles Peck, father of our Brother A. R. Peck. Faithful and honest, true and modest; a good mechanic and farmer. A specimen of his architectural skill is evidenced by our first beautiful spire which was built by himself, and Elder R. P. Crane. (See pages 36 and 105.)

Dr. S. Pearl Lathrop was added to the Eldership in 1851. Professor in Beloit College. His presence in church and session gave us great encouragement and confidence. A grand young man—strong in faith and vigorous in mind. But God took him soon from us, having for him a higher mission. Mrs Lathrop still lives with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. H. Wheeler, in Chicago.

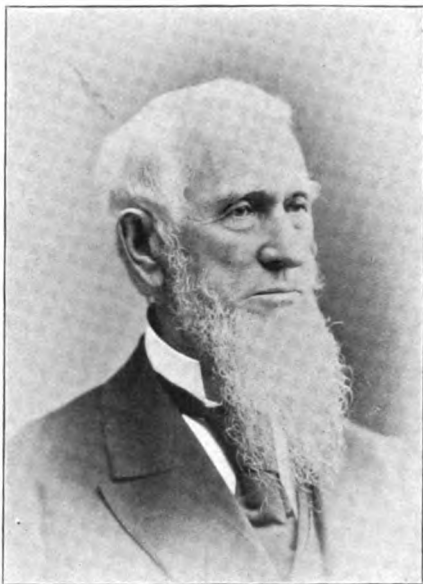
Also in 1851, Deacon Jos. Wadsworth was added to the Eldership; 1851-1870. A faithful old christian, eloquent in prayer. He was on very familiar terms with his God. The history of our prayer meeting would be very incomplete without mention of his part in it.

Aaron Watson also exalted to Eldership in 1851, served 1851-1861. One of the best men on earth. God's faithful servant. We all respected, honored and loved Deacon Watson. Five

sons and three daughters. Mr. E. S. Watson of this city is the youngest son, and Mrs. Rev. S. P. Wilder of Delavan, Wis., second daughter.

With Deacon Watson we will for convenience and to save time classify Elder Harvey Graves, 1856, and Aaron Davenport, 1859. Kindred spirits, and physically alike; tall, slender, bent by years and toil, all farmers, intellectual, grand men, the impress of whose lives will long live in this church, and the remembrance of whom is a benediction. God's own royalty. We exult in their memory.

(Mr. Aaron Davenport was born in Williamstown, Vt. Oct. 24th, 1806, and died May 20th, 1888, at Racine, Wis. Mrs. Harriet E. Davenport was



BENJAMIN BROWN. 1803-1890.
ELDER, 1855-1861.

born at West Lebanon, N. H., March 17th, 1809, and died at Racine, Wis. Jan. 27th, 1886. They came to Beloit from Milan, Ohio in 1856.)

Augustine J. Battin, 1852-1861 Deacon Battin. Impulsive, imperative, frank, jovial, happy old friend, "grand old gentleman," stamped on every feature and action. (See page 47.)



ELDER E. S. PADGETT.
DIED 1867.

And his twin spirit, Benjamin Brown, 1855-1861. Were ever two more congenial souls joined in church work and council—such personalities, in size, form and dignified bearing, stately, magnificent men. God's stamp of royalty on him. Note them walk the street, arm in arm, a pair of jolly jokers with all their dignity. When joined by their pastor and warm personal friend, Rev. Alfred Eddy, the trio is complete, a sight to banish despondency. (See page 78.)

Of Mr. Brown personally we desire to say that his liberality was commendable. In business he was methodical and accurate, often to such an extent as to render him unpopular with some; but we know of his benefactions somewhat. They were made with such heartiness that they carried a double blessing with them. He was church treasurer two years, 1850, 1851, and may properly be called the builder of our first church.

Benjamin Young, 1861. E. S. Padgett, 1865. Twins again. Gentlemen in fact, courtly in bearing, saintly in their lives—mentioned by one as the "beloved disciples," and we now think of them leaning on Jesus' bosom and asking questions so confidingly, and with the two we would also class our honored Elder Otis Manchester, 1865. The pure-hearted, sincere, modest, saintly friend and brother. All of them careful business men, merchants here, saints in the presence of God.



ELDER WILLIAM COCHRAN.
SERVED 1860-1869.

And what shall we more say? For the time would fail us to tell of Elders Woodward, Humphrey, Hobart, Baldwin, Adams, Cochran, Collins, Crane and Harvey, who through faith subdued kingdom (of error), wrought righteousness, even obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight that they might obtain a better resurrection. Happy are we at this jubilee season for the vital connection joining us with this glori-

fied band. Like the strong cable that connects the ship and priceless cargo with the anchor safely cast, our fathers, Elders A. P. Waterman, and Dr. E. N. Clark, are still with us. And we would here publicly honor these grand men who, at this time, seemingly have come down to us from a former generation. We exult in you, our fathers; no word of calumny assails your clean records. Respected, beloved by all who know you; forgive us if we ever seemingly or in fact fail to render the honor so richly your due. We do prize your wise and safe counsels, wayward tho' we sometimes seem. All honor to our living Senior Elders.

We would also here mention our other father not actively associated with us at this time, past Elder Rufus Clark, at this present time lingering between our church here and the new Jerusalem, the perfect church on high (died April 11th, 1899); and David Merrill (David the sweet musician), the only living original member of our society, and one of the remaining charter members of our church, present to-night. We honor you our beloved fathers.

We would pause for a moment here to honor the memory of our beloved brothers recently removed from us.

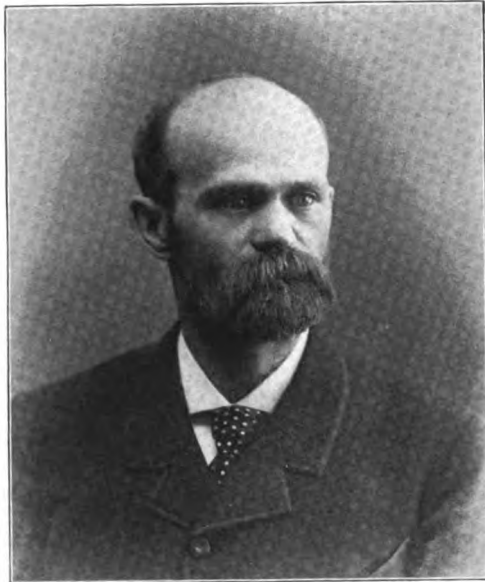
In minutes of Session under date of Oct 21, 1889 appears the following :

"With humble submission to the dispensation of God's holy providence, the Session records the death of one of its members, Elder Fred Messer, who departed this life on Friday, the 4th inst., in the 40th year of his age. We feel constrained to record his marked integrity and consistency in church labors, permeated throughout with courageous faith rare in one so young."

Fred. Messer, born in our midst, the busy man, day and night he worked to advance the interests of the Beloit Iron Works, at the head of which he stood, and still the records witness his faithfulness to his church.

Though his arduous labors were wearing his life out—always faithful, true and loyal. We honor thy memory.

Similar resolutions were spread on record under date of July 5, 1896, relative to the decease of our dearly beloved brother Dr. Albert Thompson, which occurred June 30, 1896. True, constant, conscientious christian. Always ready with hopeful, cheering words in time of discouragement and



ELDER FRED. MESSER.
1882-1889. D. OCT. 4.

despondency; ready to strengthen the weak or warn the erring. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord. "Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." His words the last night of intense physical suffering. But his spirit was exultant. Oh, glorious man, we love your memory.

Sunday, October 22nd, 1898, the last Sessional record is made by our revered brother, Elder John A. Holmes, our wise counsellor—he was taken to his heavenly home. His faithful work as clerk of Session and church, since July 12th, 1879, is shown by over 175 pages of record, carefully kept. He was our legal adviser in church matters always keeping us in "order." We respect his memory.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Throne of God."

JOHN E. HOUSTON.

Supplementary Paper on the Eldership.

S. Pearl Lathrop, the son of a hard working farmer, was born in Shel-



PROF. S. PEARL LATHROP, M. D.

bourne, Vermont, Sept. 20, 1816; received the degree of M. D. in 1843; became professor of chemistry and natural science in Beloit College, 1849, and of the same department at the University of Wisconsin in the Spring of 1854, and died of typhoid fever on Christmas day of that year at Madison, Wis. Beginning practice as a physician, he soon found that his special natural gifts were those of a teacher. His own college, Middlebury, Vt., called him to fill for awhile the place left vacant by the death of the distinguished professor, Charles B. Adams. He also served on the geological survey of his state and then for

several years was principal of the Female Seminary at Middlebury, Vt.

Coming to the village of Beloit in 1849, he and his wife, Martha H., joined our Presbyterian church April 6, 1850. He was elected Elder for one year January 6th, 1851, and on January 5th, 1852, was re-elected for three years more.

In Beloit College he was both teacher of natural science and at the same time head of the Normal department. During the last two years of his life he was also associate editor of the Wisconsin and Iowa Farmer, and at the time of his death was President of the Rock County Agricultural Society. His valuable collections of minerals and plants are in the cabinet of Beloit College.

From earliest childhood Mr. Lathrop had been taught by his parents

industry, sound morality and pure religion, and his life bore corresponding fruit.

To Rev. Mr. Eddy and the many friends in Beloit he was a brother, greatly beloved, and during his short five weeks' illness the fervent prayers of this church were offered for him, almost without ceasing.

In a letter to Mrs. L. dated Dec. 11th, 1854, Dr. Eddy describes how fervently at the church prayer meeting in their upper room Dr. Asahel Clark, Deacon Taylor, Benj. Brown, John Fisher and others prayed for the recovery of Brother Lathrop as one endeared to them, and added: "Tell him that we all love him and shall not cease to pray for him."

Rev. Alfred Eddy preached his funeral sermon at Madison Dec. 27th, 1854, but the remains were brought to Beloit and buried here. The funeral sermon then given by Prest. A. L. Chapin was published in the Wisconsin Farmer for February, 1855.

Besides his wife he left three children, Nellie and John, who have since died, and Mary, Mrs. Wm. H. Wheeler, of 296, 66th Place, South Chicago, with whom Mrs. Lathrop now makes her home.

Albert Thompson, M. D., was born at Alden, N. Y., May 11th, 1840, and united with the Presbyterian church of Lawrence, Ill., July 3d, 1858. He was an Elder and the Clerk of Session in that church from Dec. 1862, until May, 1886, when he graduated from Bennett Medical College and took permanent residence at Beloit, Wisconsin.

June 5th, 1861, he married Miss Lydia A. Dutton. In the First Presbyterian church of Beloit, where his family are yet members, he served as Elder from 1890 until his death, June 30th, 1896.

His oldest daughter, Nora, Mrs. Marcus E. Hoard, died February 18, 1897. Besides his wife,

one of our active missionary workers, he has left us three sons and a daughter, L. Waldo, recently our S. S. Supt., now church treasurer and a member of Session; Elmer, Ira F., a medical student, and Miss Fannie Elida, the alto member of our quartette, church choir.

John Anderson Holmes was the great grandson of Elder Abraham Holmes, who came from N. Ireland to Londonderry, Rockingham county, New Hampshire, in 1719, and was born at that place March 9th, 1819. He



ELDER ALBERT THOMPSON, M. D.



ELDER JOHN A. HOLMES

In 1854 Mr. Holmes was one of the supervisors of Londonderry, and in 1855 tax collector there. At Fisherville, where he conducted a hardware business and built a block of stores, he was alderman and assessor and, from 1872 to 1873, was a member of the N. H. House of Representatives. Coming to Beloit in 1874 he was soon made city and deputy county surveyor. His work in that direction, as well as in the many other forms of his service to society, was noticeable for accuracy and reliability. He was frequently called on to administer estates and be the guardian of children (twenty-four in all) and towards the end of his life wrote, "I am not conscious that I have ever defrauded any one or lost a dollar belonging to others."

On the organization of the Beloit Savings Bank in 1881 Mr. Holmes was made its secretary and treasurer and himself provided the desk which constituted its first office furniture and is still preserved. In times of business depression his thorough, well-known honesty proved a solid bulwark for that institution, which he served eleven years, and where now the amount of deposits has reached the sum of about one and a half million dollars. Deposits now are \$431,000.

John A. Holmes was an honest man, a modest, faithful Christian, and during all his life a very useful citizen. After only two days illness, in his eightieth year, he quietly and peacefully passed away.

Wm. H. Beach, who left our Session on his removal to Milwaukee in 1894, was born in Seneca Falls, Seneca County, N. Y. Oct. 8th, 1835, and educated at that town and at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., class of 1860. He was principal of the High School at Dubuque, Iowa from 1867 to 1875, when he came to Beloit, Sept. 1st, and occupied the same position

received his education at Blanchard Academy, Pembroke, N. H., and during youth practiced farming and surveying. In 1844 he married Miss Deborah Rolfe of the town of Concord, N. H., lived at Fisherville in that town from 1861, to 1874 and then moved to Beloit, Wis. With his wife he was received into our church Jan. 2d, 1875. He became a member of the Session in 1878, its clerk in 1879, and continued in that office until his death here Nov. 9th, 1898. He was also for seven years treasurer of this church.

His wife having died April 6th, 1882, and childless, he married in Feb. 1883, Miss Clara E. Sleeper of Boston, Mass. She also died at Beloit (Jan. 3d, 1896) leaving him three children, Sarah, John and George.

here for nine years. From 1884 to 1891 he was principal of the High School and superintendent of schools for the city of Madison, Wis., and in the latter year became head of the department of history and civics at the High School in Milwaukee, Wis. This position he still occupies in the East Side High School of which, for several different periods, he has been the acting principal. He was first elected an Elder in 1866 by the Presbyterian church at Seneca Falls, N. Y. Dec. 26th, 1867, he married Miss Sarah M. Peterson of Canoga, N. Y. He has served as Elder of the First Presbyterian church of Dubuque, Iowa, 1868-1872, and the Second church of that city 1872-1877; the First Presbyterian church of Beloit, Wis., 1877-1884, Madison, Wis., 1884-1892, and this church again, 1892-1894. He was elected an Elder at Calvary church, Milwaukee, 1895, but declined and in 1898 was made an Elder of Immanuel Presbyterian, Milwaukee, his present church home. In 1879 he was president of the Wis. Teachers' Association.

While in Beloit Mr. Beach was for some years interested in the Frederick Hardware Co., then Frederick & Beach. He also bought a fine farm, a mile east of Beloit, where he still spends his vacations.

Of Elder John E. Houston himself, a member of our Session since January, 1881, it seems fitting to record here a characteristic service which shows also our church character. (He is not dead yet, but that is no fault of his for, as our leading undertaker during the past twenty-five years, he has exposed himself to all kinds of weather and people.)

At the close of Mr. McLean's pastorate in 1884, the church had a floating debt of twelve hundred dollars, nine hundred of which was the pastor's claim for arrearages of salary. Troubled by this unfavorable situation Mr. Houston wrote a subscription paper and started to raise the \$900 himself putting down one hundred. Within a week he had the names of E. N. Clark, J. W. Abbott, Benjamin Brown and David Miller pledged for a hundred dollars each. David Merrill and Prof. W. H. Beach for fifty each and enough other gifts to nearly make up the sum required. Elated by his success he was telling Mrs. O. P. Smith about it when she remarked, "Why not keep on and raise all the church debt. Do it and put me down for a hundred dollars." So he started out again and, within about ten days from the beginning of his effort, had the whole twelve hundred dollars in hand or secured.



PRINCIPAL WM. H. BEACH.

**List of Elders of the First Presbyterian Church of Beloit, Wis.,
With their Years of Service.**

*Horatio C. Burchard	1849-50	David Merrill	1864-65
*John M. Daniels	1849-52	“ “	1872-79
*Asahel Clark, M. D.	1849-63	*R. P. Crane	1864-65
“ “ “	1867-68	*Ebenezer S. Padgett	1865-67
*Charles Peck	1850-53	*A. M. Adams	1865-78
*John Fisher	1850-52	*David Harvey	1865-68
*Henry T. Woodward	1851-52	*Otis Manchester	1865-77
*Joseph Wadsworth	1851-72	Anson P. Waterman	1865-99
*Aaron Watson	1851-61	*Benjamin Young	1865-72
†Prof. S. Pearl Lathrop, M. D.	1851-54	*Harvey Graves	1865-78
*Stephen O. Humphrey	1852-60	Charles Wheeler	1872-73
*Augustine J. Battin	1852-61	‡John A. Holmes	1878-96
*Henry Mears	1853-56	Wm. H. Beach	1877-84
“ “	1859-63	“ “ “	1892-94
*Benjamin Brown	1855-61	H. B. Johnson, M. D.	1877-82
*Harvey Graves	1856-59	“ “ “	1885-99
*Archimides Baldwin	1856-59	John E. Houston	1881-99
*Aaron Davenport	1859-62	‡Fred Messer	1882-89
*Rufus Clark	1859-60	‖Albert Thompson, M. D.	1890-96
*William Cochran	1860-69	David Throne	1892-95
*Gilbert E. Collins	1863-65	Ernest C. Helm, M. D.	1892-99
Elijah N. Clark, M. D.	1861-64	Edward W. Robinson	1895-99
“ “ “ “	1873-99	Prof. Guy A. Tawney	1898-
*J. C. Hobart	1862-65	L. Waldo Thompson	1899-

*Died. †Died Dec. 25. ‡Died Nov. 9. §Died Oct. 4. ‖Died June 30.

(NOTE.—Of the first Elder, Horatio C. Burchard, or of his wife, there is no portrait in existence. He was born November 14th, 1792, and died at Beloit, Wis., Nov. 17th, 1850. His grandson, Edward L. Burchard, son of Hon. Horatio C. Burchard, of Freeport, Ills., graduated at Beloit College in 1891. Elder A. J. Battin died April 29th, 1883, aged 85. Aaron Watson, 1861. Gilbert E. Collins was my Bible class teacher, and, like Dr. Thompson, a good Bible scholar. He removed from Beloit to Milwaukee. Elder E. W. Robinson, who was also Clerk of the Society, a valued member and officer of this church, removed with his family, in February 1899, to Citronelle, south-west Alabama. Elder Charles Wheeler is now living at McPherson, Kansas. Elder David Throne, for many years as now the efficient County Superintendent of Schools for Rock County, Wisconsin, has recently returned to our city from Afton. As he married a grand-daughter of David Merrill, his two children, baptized in this church, make a fourth generation within its bounds.)



Presbyterian Church Choir, Beloit, Wis., 1865.

Miss Jennie Watson.

James Watson.
Wiley Shepard

Mrs. and Mr. L. Mason.

Mr. George Stocking

George Bascom.

Miss Sarah Watson
Miss Jennie Kendall

Miss Ellen Thayer.

The Presbyterian Church Choir.

For forty years, said Dr. Helm, the pulpit was at the south end of the building, with the seats facing south, and the choir loft for most of that time at the north end. One of my earliest recollections is of the singing in which my two cousins, Hattie Clark, alto (Mrs. O. P. Smith), and Matie Clark, soprano (Mrs. Fred Messer), used to take a prominent part. What interested me most however was the fact that, while during the singing all the rest faced the minister, Dr. E. N. Clark and Mr. Benjamin Brown always turned around and faced the choir, "to show them proper respect." Grand old men were they both. Mr. Brown is now facing the heavenly music and Dr. Clark is still with us and facing the music as faithfully as he did fifty years ago. We will now have a history of our choir presented by one who was for thirty years a member and also a chorister of it, Augustus R. Peck.



MISS MATIE CLARK.
(MRS. FRED MESSER.)

Writing up the musical history of this church from its beginning to the time I withdrew from the choir, about forty years, has been rather a difficult task. It was an institution of the church that never kept any record of its doings, and but little can be found concerning it in the church or society books. Therefore I will have to depend on the memory of those that have been connected with the choir for my information of its beginnings. The first choir numbered twelve or fifteen members, when the church worshiped in the little school house on Race street around the corner. I have been unable to get an account of the first organization and can only mention the names of those that remain with us: Mr. David Merrill, Dr. E. N. Clark, and Deacon Hanaford and wife and O. A. Smith. When this building was completed the singers' gallery as it was called at that time, but in after years more appropriately named choir loft, when compared with the location of the singers of the present day, was built out beyond that front partition and over some of the pews. Back of that was a small upper room called Session Room, used for prayer meetings. In a few years the congregation had increased so



AUGUSTUS R. PECK.

there were not seats enough; this partition was then taken out and the room behind it was given up to the choir, thereby making the first pews more desirable sittings. Up to this time it had been customary for the congregation to rise at the singing of each hymn, and turn around and face the music, but now an order was given out that the congregation should remain



A. W. HANAFORD.

seated while the first hymn was sung, and rise during the singing of the other two, but not turn around and look at the singers any more. All accepted the new arrangement except Mr. Benjamin Brown and Dr. E. N. Clark; although foremost in every good move and work of the church, they seemed to be so attracted by our good looks as well as music that they ever afterwards kept up the custom of turning around and looking at us during the singing. Another term of years passed and a new arrangement in the churches was inaugurated, and this church to keep up with the times followed the example of others. The pulpit platform was extended further into the room, and back of the pulpit a place was partitioned off for the choir, and we were brought down from our loftiness and stowed away in there. Quite a high front was built up between the choir and minister, but some thought it not high enough so a sliding narrow curtain was put up on top of that. During sermon time this was closed, and by sitting up straight we could see the minister's head if he was not as short as our present pastor; we were completely hid from the gaze of the audience, and those that felt inclined to do so could have a nice social time during sermon. I would give much for one of those old hymnals with Lon Aldrich's pencil sketches on the fly leaf. He played the flute and was a natural artist also. He once sketched the back of Dr. Bushnell's head—all we could see of the good man.

For a few weeks we had a fine orchestra of the best musicians in the place. They, with the singing, made very attractive music; but that choir soon went all to pieces and left the chorister alone, who sang as a precentor until he could get together a choir again. Not having a musical committee as now, the responsibility all devolved upon the chorister to procure singers and organist. When the next move was made I was absent so cannot describe it. Every Saturday night the janitor would ring the bell and light up for



MRS. A. W. HANAFORD.



MR. SAM FASSETT AND CHILDREN.

help us at different times. Finally the melodeon, having gone, gave place to a small Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ. Then we thought we had reached the height of perfection for an instrument; we began to call the person who played it an organist, and some of them played such lovely interludes that we used to have one for every verse of the hymn. In about three years our little organ was exchanged for a larger, and that for a still larger one. Finally I and the cabinet disappeared from the choir entirely.

Mr. David Merrill was the first chorister and continued in that service until after the dedication of this building; after that, for two years or more, the choir was led by many different ones. I can call to mind the names of O. A. Smlth and his

choir meeting. At first the hymn and tune books were separate, requiring the chorister to select tunes for the hymns, which made it very essential to make preparations the evening before the Sabbath. As there were no organs here at that early time the first instrument was a small melodeon which occupied about as much room and looked as much like a sewing machine as anything. Soon after occupying the church that was set aside for a piano cased melodeon. On the Saturday evening after its encounter with the bell rope, which Mr. Brown described, I remember singing beside it and noticed that one of the pedal sticks was in splints, like a fractured bone. There was also a double bass viol brought in, next a violin. Then the bass viola would be set aside for a trombone, and we had flutes and cornets to



MRS. S. M. FASSETT.

brother Herman, Mr. Henry Gaston, Mr. Sam. Fassett, Mr. Streeter, Mr. Geo. Stiles, who played the bass viol, Mr. Leavitt Olds. Then Mr. Thurston came and was leader three years. He was followed by Mr. Bennet who led a short time and gave place to Mr. Thayer who led two years. When he left the charge fell to Mr. George Stocking. He was leader about fifteen years, until his death in 1875. He was highly esteemed as a chorister, and his death was greatly lamented by the whole community. Rev. Dr. Eddy, who had promised to attend his silver wedding that year, came to Beloit and instead preached his funeral sermon. At this time some of our most prominent singers had gone. Mr. J. B. Dow and wife who had given us their very valuable services for over a year had accepted a call from the Second Congregational church to take charge of their choir. Others had left the place until we numbered but few. The first rehearsal night after Mr. Stocking's death when I came in there were a sad few assembled there. With Dr. Clark they had been considering the choice of a leader, and the Dr. informed me that they had decided that Mr. Stocking's mantle should rest on my shoulders. I did not feel competent for the task but would try and fill the place until they could do better. I held the place twelve years, re-



J. B. DOW, ESQ



MRS. J. B. DOW.

signing twice, and was released a few weeks each time, although not leaving the choir until my final resignation occurred, giving up the charge to Dr. Thompson after having been connected with the choir from 1855 to 1887.

Mr. A. O. Winchester was the first one to play the first small melodian; Miss Harriet Clark came next. She was followed by Mrs. Fassett, Lucy Ann Brown, Miss Spaulding, Miss Fairbanks, Miss Ann Olds, Miss Lucy Linell, Jennie Kendall, George Bascom, Henry Hobart, Minnie Helm, Lucy Helm, Lucy Conde, Mattie Brainerd, Miss Kate Wheaton, Mr. Nordall, Miss Belden (Mrs. Charles Rau), Mr. Simmons, Miss Heiney (Mrs. Perkins) and the two Richardson brothers. The violinists were Edgar Gaston, Z. T. Hulett, Mr. Humphrey. Double bass viol, Geo. Stiles, O. A. Smith, Leavitt Olds, two Fairbanks brothers. Trombone, A. B. Winn. Flutists, Charles Gault, Alonzo Aldrich. French horn, Dr. H. P. Carey. Under Mr. Fassett's charge the choir gave a concert, before 1855, which I think was the first choir concert given in the place. Also another under Mr. Stocking's leadership, assisted by Mrs. F. W. Oakley of Madison who had form-

erly been one of our choir as Cynthia Gordon, Mr. S. C. Enos, then a prominent tenor from the Baptist choir, and Mr. Frank Fenton as flutist, were soloists. This latter concert was given in March 1875, the year in which Mr. Stocking died. The proceeds were used in purchasing wooden arm



MRS. F. W. OAKLEY.

chairs for the choir and a seat for the organist. Those are the chairs that have been used by the choir ever since. It seems like meeting old friends as I look at them here. Long may they remain here as a memorial to Mr. Stocking.

At the dedication of the church Mr.



MRS. I. W. THAYER.

Gilbert with his choir, (Mrs. I. W. Thayer, alto) from the Congregational church, and the Methodist and Baptist choirs were asked in to assist ours, and with a number of instruments made a choir of about seventy-five. Of those who sang on that occasion, there are now living in and near the city Mr. David Merrill, Dr. Clark, Dea. and Mrs. Hanaford, of the old Presbyterian choir, and Mrs. Calista L. Bennett of the Baptist choir, who, by invitation, sang the principal soprano solo. Dea. Hanaford and wife remained with us until the Westminster Presbyterian church separated from this, and went with that church as they lived on the west side, and with their daughter, Salina, helped form a choir for that society.

Salina Hanaford commenced singing in our choir when but six years of age—she would stand on the seat beside her mother and look over the book with her, and help her

few weeks. The society showed their kind appreciation of Mr. Stocking's and my own services by giving to us and to Misses Hattie and Matie Clark each nice presents, and also by a vote of thanks recorded on the church books. Another of our early singers was Nelson Rood.

I would make special mention of Mr. David Merrill, the first chorister, as a musical pioneer in the place, having taught the first singing school in



MRS. CALISTA L. BENNETT
1850.

out on the soprano. Mr. Stocking was with the choir from its organization (excepting two years in California) until his death which occurred in August, 1875. From the time that Mr. Stocking took charge of the choir and while I remained in it both the leaders and choir sang gratuitously except on two or three occasions when we went outside of our church and congregation for help a

the town. The winter of 1841 and '42, when I was a boy, he drove around on a singing school circuit, Whitewater being his home at that time. He taught two nights a week in Beloit. I never learned whether he gave other places on his circuit so many lessons a week or not. His visits here were doubtless not altogether of a mercenary nature, for he found a young lady in his class, Agnes Fonda by name, for whom he seemed to have a fondness, as she afterwards became Mrs. David Merrill. Then he became a citizen of Beloit and our former pastor, C. D. Merrill, was their youngest son. Mr. Fassett who led the choir soon after they occupied the church, was a remarkably fine tenor singer, and Mrs. Fassett, formerly Miss Strong, as soprano, had but few equals at that time. They went from here to Chicago. Of the families that have furnished the most singers for the choir, the Watsons take the lead, having furnished eight, Sarah, Jennie, Nellie, three girls and five boys (James sang tenor, the four parts in one family. Jennie is now the wife of Rev. S. P. Wilder, Delavan, Wis.) Although at first they lived three miles east of town they were always in their places promptly every Sabbath unless sickness or Turtle Creek's floods kept them at home. Most of the time from its first organization until I ceased to be a member of the choir the Clarks were represented in it. Dr. E. N. Clark at first, and three of his daughters afterwards. They lived across the State line south. Although coming from another State and having to pass through dangerous places, they were always on hand at Saturday night rehearsals, and Sunday morning and evening services. There have been three Harriet Clarks in the choir, Dr. Asahel Clark's Harriet, Harriet Clark Moore and Hattie Clark, daughter of Dr. E. N. The Brainards were another singing family, and six of them have done service in the choir. The Hagadorns furnished four members. Aunt Jane Moore was a sister of Dr. White's wife and owned the building on Race street and rented the building to us for use on Sunday as our church.



SALINA HANAFORD.



HON. JAMES T. WATSON,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

George Stocking was a harness maker, very much respected by the whole community and highly esteemed by all in our church (see p. 52). He was for several years one of our deacons. He was born at Middleton, Conn., in 1824, and died at his home, 925 School street, Beloit, Wis., August 10th,

AUGUSTUS R. PECK.

NOTE. Mr. David Merrill writes that his service as chorister began with the organization of the church and ended soon after the dedication of the new building in 1850. Having moved onto a farm five miles out, he resigned and Mr. O. A. Smith, he thinks, then took charge of the choir. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still living in South Chicago. (Their portraits are on page 48.)

1875. On the last Saturday evening of his life while the family stood around his bed expecting him to soon pass away, the church bell rang for choir meeting. That familiar sound, almost too far and faint for the rest to hear, Mr. Stocking at once noticed and with an effort he feebly said: "For twenty years I have answered the call of that bell." He could always be depended on.



MISS SARAH WATSON.
(MRS. SEWARD.)

Mrs. Stocking, born in Maine, Dec. 26th, 1827. Was married to George H. Stocking at Beloit, Wis., Oct. 22d, 1850 (not Oct. 20, as given on page 52), and died here May 28th, 1896. Their son Charles still lives here.

Young Mr. Sam. Fassett was a tinner in the employ of A. P. Waterman and married soon after he began leading our choir in 1850. Their children appear with them in the two illustrations given.

At Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Fassett became prominent as photographers and the latter also as an artist. They took portraits of all the national celebrities and had, it is said, the largest collection of such photographs then in the United States.

Removing subsequently to Washington, D. C. At that national center also they were recognized as proficient in their art. I am told, by her friend, O. A. Smith, that Mrs. Fassett spent three years in painting a large historical group of the Electoral Commission, every figure in which was a portrait from life; that the painting was finally sold to the U. S. Government and hangs somewhere in the Capitol building. I have not myself seen it.

January 4th, 1898, Mrs. Fassett suddenly fell while walking on a street in Washington and died at once of heart disease. She had a pleasing face and was as she seemed, a very amiable lady, much loved by many friends.

Of those persons besides the chorister who make up the choir group of 1865, the three Watsons, James, Sarah and Jennie are living; the latter is the wife of Sedgwick P. Wilder, D. D., a Congregational pastor at Delavan, Wis.; Sarah, Mrs. Samuel H. Seward, married a lawyer, an army veteran, who is also county clerk, and her residence is Putnam, Windham County, Connecticut, and James is at St. Louis, Mo., with his son, George E. Watson, who is secretary of the St. Louis Hardwood and Lumber Manufacturer's Exchange. Jennie Kendall became Mrs. Judge Loomis of Rockville, Conn., and has since died. She was an excellent organist and a clear-voiced singer. George Bascom, my college classmate, is a Congregational clergyman and undoubtedly plays the organ still, at Hankinson, N. Dakota. The rest are living so far as known by the writer, locality unknown.



MISS NELLIE WATSON.
(MRS. F. W. ROBINSON.)



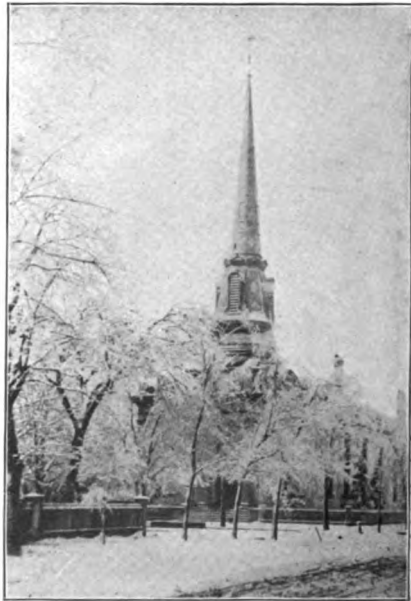
H. B. JOHNSON, M.D.

and discussed at different meetings of the Society, but none were decided upon until the meeting the 6th of June, 1889, when it was "resolved, that the church should be remodeled and repaired according to the plans proposed." We then proceeded to select a Building Committee of the three Trustees, and four additional members, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Pentland and myself as Trustees, and Fred Messer, J. E. Houston, O. P. Smith and J. Hunter Smith as associates. This Committee began work by removing the central portion of the east wall for the purpose of constructing the recess now occupied by the pulpit and organ, early in July, 1889, having then only about \$2400 of subscriptions in sight. As the Society had ordered the auditorium and floor changed to its present shape, the recess built on the east side, the projecting portion of the gallery cut off to enable the wall to be carried up straight as at present, and new seats of the pattern now before us, and the doors changed from the middle of the room to the sides, it was very evident that the amount of money we should receive from the subscriptions would require very close figuring to enable us to go on with the work. The seats alone cost us about \$800, and nothing had been said by the Society about building a tower, or rebuilding the spire which had been broken by the tornado. At this time

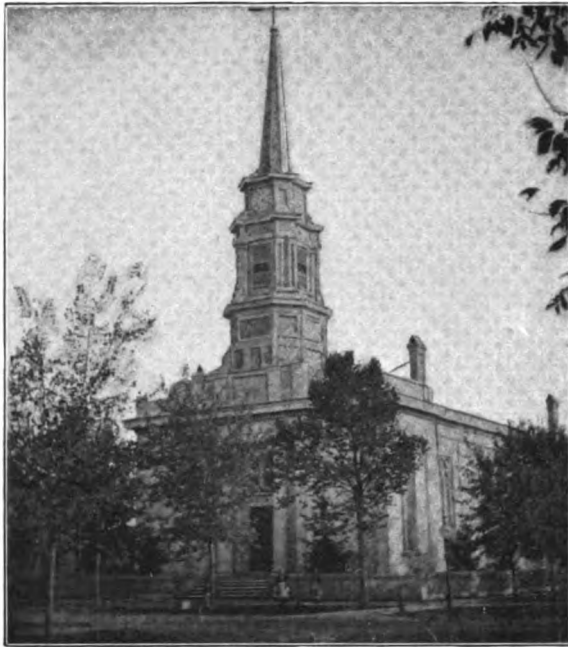
After the double quartette choir had given us the musical rendition of Kipling's noble "Recessional," there was read a paper on

The Successive Church Buildings,

by H. B. Johnson, M.D. The first building erected as the "First Presbyterian Church" of this city was completed and occupied in the year 1850. It was 46 feet wide and 70 feet long. In 1859 an extension was added, making it about 95 feet long, which was its size when the Building Committee of 1889 were instructed by a large majority of this Society to remodel it to conform to its present appearance. Several different plans had been proposed



FIRST STEEPLE, 1850.



THE CLOCK STEEPLE, BUILT IN 1858.

the Rev. Thos. E. Barr, to whom we are largely indebted for the improvements in this audience room, came to the assistance of the Committee by procuring additional subscribers, increasing the total to about \$3,100.00, and enabling us to add to the changes already ordered the completion of the tower and the front wall. During the building of the recess we often found ourselves under great obligations to James Hunter Smith for advice in planning and also furnishing gratuitously materials for its construction. We had already selected Mr. Swanson on the recommendation of Mr. J. H. Smith and Mr. Wm. Wheeler, as our builder, and to a large extent our architect, and he proved a very competent man for the work. The tower is not the choice of the Committee, but after much deliberation and planning it was decided to build as we did, as costing less than to rebuild the spire, which would have needed much more in labor and expense to make it sufficiently strong to resist the storms which had already blown off the two preceding spires.

As the work of reconstruction proceeded nearly to its completion, Mr. Barr found that the workmen of the Iron Works would contribute a fair amount toward a window in honor of their former employer, Mr. Fred. Messer, who died during the progress of this work. And the window in the north end is the result of his efforts. The Committee and the Session both realized the great loss they had sustained in Mr. Messer's death, as much as did the workmen under him. At the same time Dr. Clark and his friends and the friends of Mrs. Allen had contributed memorial windows,



AFTER THE TORNADO, 1883.

the former dedicated to his brother, Dr. Asahel Clark, and the latter to Mrs. Allen, a member of this church at the time of her death, and both were placed in a recess on either side of the organ. It is my recollection that the church was ready for occupation by the congregation about the first of November of that year, 1889.

On the 7th of April, 1890, the Society records show that the building as remodeled was accepted by them and the committee discharged. It remains but to say that when the plans for the church were accepted they contemplated in the future the extension of some 45 or 50 feet of the west wall back to the sidewalk, with seats in the recess thus made, and with a gallery in that space, or possibly extending on three sides of the building. As the 450 seats we have are somewhat rapidly filling, and through the Divine blessing we are receiving a good many into church relations, it would seem that the changes made have been fairly acceptable to the church, and were made in the line of true progress with one exception, the recess in the east wall ought to have been at least sixteen feet deep, both in the judgment of the Building Committee and also that of Mr. Keyt of Rockford, who very kindly had looked over the building and plans with us, and said that we needed that amount of room on the platform; but we were wholly unable to obtain any concession from the owners of the adjacent land, and consequently had to make it but eleven feet deep. It is very evident that we need more space on this platform, but at present cannot secure it.

H. B. JOHNSON.

The Church Bell.

According to the Associations of many centuries of christian life, the new church without a bell in 1850 seemed incomplete. It was a building



STEEPLE REBUILT AFTER TORNADO.

key of F sharp, and hangings." The price was 32 cents per pound besides the hangings. The old faded letters are before me. August 16, 1855, they write, crediting the Doctor with a New York draft for \$250, received on account, and giving directions about hanging the bell, saying that during all the first year the tone would improve, only the bell must be *well rung*. Sept. 19th they acknowledged receipt of \$200 more on account, and Dec. 22d, credit the remaining \$46 00 due and paid as balancing the account.

NOTE.—For other information about the first building see pages 49 and 50. A view of the present interior is given on page 20.

The first steeple was seriously injured by a wind storm in 1858, and rebuilt by carpenter Hunt I think, in connection with the extension of 1859. This second steeple shows a clock face on each side, but no clock was ever placed there. This was the steeple destroyed by that tornado of June 3d, 1883, which de-

without a voice of its own to invite people. In fact the absence of a bell appeared to indicate that only those were desired who carried watches, and that the general public were not wanted. But a bell of good tone seems to say, "Whosoever will may come." Come! Come!

These or similar thoughts led the Sunday School Superintendent, Dr. Elijah N. Clark, in 1855, to wish for a bell and try to get one. Only one man objected, all the rest willingly contributed, and July 3d, 1855, he was enabled to order it of that still existing and well known bell firm, A. Meneely's Sons, of West Troy, N. Y. July 18th, 1855, they wrote: "Dear Sir—We have this day forwarded bell of 1550 lbs.,



PRESENT BUILDING, 1899

molished the railroad bridge, Brown's blocks and the east side paper mill, and tore off also the Baptist and the Congregational church steeples. The view of our building, which shows the bell uncovered, was taken only a day or two after that sudden storm. In that same year we built enough steeple to enclose and protect the bell, and that condition continued until the changes of 1889, which Dr. Johnson has described.

During Mr. Alexander's pastorate were made the stained glass windows, most of which are still in position. We should remember the several emblematic devices there pictured, one in the circular upper sash of each window, the Lamb, the Dove, the Anchor, the all-seeing Eye, an open Bible, the Shield of Faith, Alpha and Omega, the Cup and Bread, and Noah's Dove with a branch. I do not know that they have yet suggested a series of window sermons.

The large memorial window at north end of the auditorium reads, "In memory of Fred. Messer. From Beloit Iron Workers." The one north of the pulpit is inscribed, "In memory of Dr. Asahel Clark. A true Elder." The inscription on the window south of the pulpit recess is, "In memory of Mary A. Allen. Born May 7th, 1815. Died July 19, 1882."

The Organ.

In regard to the new pipe organ with its polished oak case and pure tone, Dr. Helm remarked, "Our present church organ, of which we are justly proud, was largely the outcome of a sermon. There had been some talk of purchasing a second-hand pipe organ. One bright Sabbath morning when the church was full an innocent and confiding audience were startled out of their wonted repose by a sermon on church music and the organ from our pastor, Rev. Charles D. Merrill. It was truly an organ sermon, and no one who heard it doubted that we would have a fine organ as soon as it could be built. Under the energetic guidance of Prof. L. E. Holden and George P. Bacon, the people took hold with a united will, and the organ, costing with motor \$3,000, was soon in place and paid for."

New Church Parlors and Session Room.

These were added at the south end of the church in the latter part of 1896. The report of the Building Committee, presented January 21st, 1897, says, (condensed) :

"Your Committee were directed to make a new Chapel with parlors and kitchen, at a cost of not over \$2,000. We engaged architect C. W. Bradley, of Rockford, Ill., to draw plans and specifications for two per cent. on contract price. After competitive bids by five firms, ranging from \$2950 to \$1946, we let the work to Mr. A. L. Dearhammer, who completed it to our satisfaction for \$1945.75.

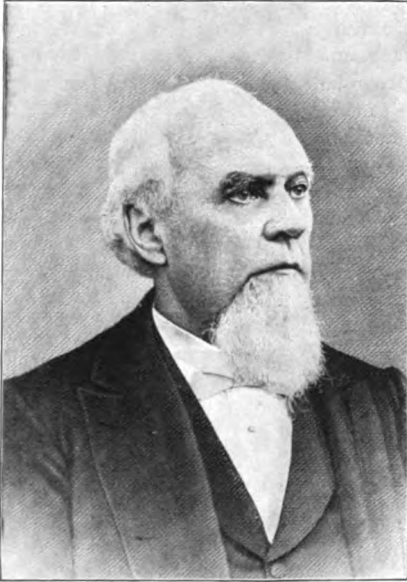
"Respectfully submitted,

"L. WALDO THOMPSON, Chairman.

"Louis E. Holden, E. R. Robinson, A. P. Waterman, Wm. F. Brown,
Mrs. John Foster, Mrs. Matie Messer, Committee."

The Anniversary Banquet and Addresses.

BY appointment, Hon. A. P. Waterman presided on Tuesday evening, March 21st. The exercises began with a banquet in the church parlors and session room. That flower crowned feast, shared by about two hundred guests, was provided by the ladies under the



ANSON P. WATERMAN.

direction of a committee consisting of Mrs. L. Porter Cole, Mrs. P. B. Yates, Mrs. L. D. Forbes, Mrs. L. E. Holden, Mrs. G. E. Kendall, Mrs. Geo. Ackley, Mrs. C. S. Gregory and Mrs. Fred Messer.

on sweet Angelus," sung by Mrs. Bennett's grandson (who is also a grandson of the late Benjamin Brown), Master Benjamin Warren Brown.

Having enjoyed together the rich material supper, all passed into the adjoining auditorium, where a large audience had already gathered for the mental and social feast.

Following the song, which was given with a clear soprano tone, came these

WORDS OF WELCOME, BY THE PASTOR.

After Prof. Werder's impressive organ prelude the Chairman remarked :

When this building was dedicated in 1850, singers from other choirs assisted our own. The principal solo on that occasion was given by a member of the Baptist choir, Mrs. Almon Bennett, who is still living here. For our first musical number we will now have a solo, "Ring

Some one said to me he regretted that it would be necessary for us to leave the supper tables in order to reassemble in the main auditorium, because that would result in the toasts being reduced to a series of set speeches, without the flavor of the banquet. There is no question but that any speech rightly flavored with banquet viands has its



MRS. L. PORTER COLE.
PRES. LADIES AID SOCIETY.

enjoyment greatly enhanced. This is so even if the imagination can hardly discern the flavor. If you will kindly stretch your imagination so that you will hardly discern the absence of this flavor, we may be able to get into that comfortable after-dinner feeling so necessary to the right appreciation of after-dinner speeches.



MRS. ALMON BENNETT.

The Committee have requested me to make you feel at home—a most absurd position for me to occupy, even though pastor of the church. Before I forget, let me say that we have named our new daughter. This is an event worthy to be mentioned among the notable happenings of this 50th anniversary, we think. We shall call her "Gladys Fletcher Creswell." If she had been born with the full power of intelligent utterance of speech, and if she had looked up in my face and said, "Father, I hope that you will make yourself at home," I should not only have thought her precocious, but very presumptuous. I have no feeling of precocity, but I do have some feelings of presumption. With my short sojourn among you, for me to say to Mr. David Merrill, Dr. E. N. Clark, Mr. Beman Clark, Mr. A. P. Waterman, Mr. J. E. Houston and many others, who have for years borne the burden of the work of this church, Feel at home, is the very height of presumption. It is like a young bride marrying an old widower with a large family, and saying at the very first meal that she sits down to, "I hope you will all feel at home." The threadbare adage "I am at home and I wish you were," has to be changed to-night. "You are all at home and I hope to be."

The Chairman happily introduced the pastor of the First Congregational church, Dr. George R. Leavitt, who responded with

THE GREETINGS OF A STEPFATHER.

Your old mother and I rejoice to be with you this evening. We knew how it would seem, a party of just our own folks. My heart is very warm toward this church. When I came to Beloit my welcome was scarcely more cordial from my own people than from you. When you set up housekeeping by yourselves your old mother church was a young mother and I was about the same age as she, born in the same year. And such occasions as this make me realize anew



GEORGE R. LEAVITT, D. D.
PASTOR, 1ST CONG. CHURCH.

how venerable both are getting to be. At the parsonage we once had a literary servant who asked my dear wife if she remembered that fine quotation from Ruskin, beginning "Antiquity, where art thou?" She was quite advanced herself. And afterward, whenever we missed her we would call

in subdued tones. "Antiquity, where art thou?" It seems to me as though someone were now calling to your old step father and your mother, "Antiquities, where are you?" I feel a good deal as I felt at one time in my Cleveland parish when a good aged Methodist explained why he and his wife wished to unite with the Congregational church. After going about from church to church he found himself saying on Sunday mornings, "Polly, let's go and hear the old man."

Well, if we are antiquities we are pretty lively ones and feel wonderfully at home here. We often buy Presbyterian *cake for our parsonage.

On this fiftieth birthday we congratulate you, my dear step-daughter, and you also my dear step-son, who have now a daughter of your own. We congratulate you and your church on having paid off all debt and indeed on all your noble history of fifty years. Upper Broad is a distinguished street but there's a good deal to be said for Lower Broad while you are on this historic corner. Your church is the glory of Broad street.



EDWARD D. EATON, D. D., LL. D.
PRESIDENT OF BELOIT COLLEGE.

How much we have in common. Under the standard of a common Lord and Savior, in common consecration we began together; in outward separation we have still been together. Your hopes have been our hopes, your trials our trials, your burdens our burdens and your problems our problems. During all this half century those things, common to both and to all true churches of our Lord, and especially the common ministry of the Holy Spirit, have been your power as they have been ours.

These are the greetings of a step-father and they are also fraternal greetings. Jesus seems to me to stand again among us and to say: "One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Yes, my

dear step children we are all brethren in the one household of faith.

God bless you every one, pastor and family and people, the old and the young, and Dr. E. N. Clark, who is both. May the new fifty years to which you now pass fulfill the brightest auspices of your fruitful present. Come up and bring your choir and help us dedicate our new organ, and we will have another good time.

The president of our college, invited to be present, had not expected to be in the city at this date, but being in the audience he was noticed by the chairman, who remarked:

During the pastorate of Dr. Alexander one of the Congregational students was, I believe, a very regular attendant on our Sunday morning ser-

*Explained by the paper on the Ladies' Guild.

vices and seemed to profit by the doctor's logical sermons. I see that same young man here this evening, am confident that he feels friendly to us and will therefore ask him, President Edward D. Eaton of Beloit College, for a few remarks. Amid encouraging applause the President came to the platform and spoke briefly but cordially to this effect :

President Eaton brought the greetings and congratulations of Beloit College whose life, he said, synchronizes so nearly with that of this church. He pointed out how close have been the relations between our church and the college ever since the earliest days of both. He also suggested that the college's estimate of the value of Presbyterian staunchness is indicated by the fact that one elder of the church, Mr. Waterman, has for many years handled the funds of the college; that another, Prof. Tawney, gives shape to the students' thinking along the lines of Philosophy, and to yet another of this church, Prof. Holden, is entrusted the training of the college in the expression of thought by public speech. In these vital functions, he concluded, the life of this church is proving itself also the life of the college.

In regard to the next response on the programme given as LINDA VISTA, the Chairman remarked that he didn't know whether it meant a near view or a distant view or something else, but was confident that the speaker, their former pastor, would make it plain.

†Rev. Charles D. Merrill then said :

On the slopes of the California mountains, a league from the sea shore, just below fog line, just above frost line, on the small table lands called Mesas, which represent the richest soil and finest view of mountain, valley and sea, the old Spanish padres built their missions over a century ago and there sat down to worship and to dream. The Mesa is the ideal view point for all the valley before and below you and for the near grandeur of the great mountains that loom behind and above you. It is a place of clear air, clear water and rich gardens. No spot on earth has more charm or gives more of the "blessedness of nature" in gentle, glorious vision of sky and land and sea. On such a mesa, in a former parish, we used to celebrate on a March day the birthday feast of three families of friends, whose natal days were three consecutive days of that month, one friend a military leader, one a legislator, one a pastor. Knee deep amid flowers, inspired with the crystal air and warm, wine-like sunshine, we looked down over the valley where we had lived and toiled and it was a distant and dreamy delight. We saw the streams of water flowing among gardens and fields, giving them life, and we thanked God for his goodness in the past; we looked up to the great purple mountains above and thanked Him for royal hopes of the future. It was a day of God on the mesa, that vantage point of gentle, charming vision, which the Spanish call Linda Vista.

On this March day in the history of this church, this birthday, we stand at such a view point, looking backward with delight and forward and upward with hope. I see in this avenue of fifty years ago five streams of power whereon the light shines and flashes, revealing their course through the irrigated garden of this church where you have wrought. These are the steady streams of devoted money, of constant prayer, of unwavering steadfastness, devoted loyalty to fellow Christians, and undying consecration to Christ.

†His portrait is on page 63, in the group of six ministers.

The speaker here gave particular proofs of each of these influences on the past of this church and especially as he experienced them during his own pastorate, and closed by saying, "These are streams that make glad the city of God, the holy place of the Tabernacles of the Most High. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so may the Lord be round about this people henceforth and forever."

After a delightful interlude of song by the Ladies' Quartette, Mr. Waterman remarked in regard to the next topic that on such a subject even a professor of elocution might be expected to become enthusiastic, and introduced Prof. L. E. Holden, who thus responded to the toast :

The Women of the First Presbyterian Church of Beloit.



PROF. LOUIS E. HOLDEN,
Now Pres. Wooster University, O.

was Robert Burns for example, who with his song exalted woman to the skies, but at thirty-six the nervous strain was too great for him, and the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken. This subject is too much for a man, and those who heard the lecture by Rev. Mrs. Anna Shaw a few weeks ago, should know enough not to attempt it. I was there. I felt a supreme satisfaction that the women were at last getting their deserts. I have been watching the newspapers for a month to see whether Mrs. Shaw was likely to live through it. If she does, it is no sign that a man can.

My task is especially hard because I have to deal with the highest type of woman, the Marys and Marthas of the church. My connection with this society reaches over a period of seventeen years, during

"When Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Women merit some attention."

It is with great risk of my future independence that I attempt to respond to this toast. If I say too much the men will boycott me, and if I don't say enough the women will toast me to a turn.

You will please remember at the outset, that I positively refused to inflict myself upon this goodly audience this evening, for I had nothing against you. But when this toast was proposed I saw before me a chance for sudden immortality, translation so to speak, for all who have ever attempted to do women justice died in the attempt. There



MRS. LUCY ANN BROWN,
Wife of Benjamin. Died Sept. 1, 1860.

which time I have held such high office in the church as to be competent to judge as to who does the work connected with the organization. Men are great posers; they would die under half the load the women have borne for this enterprise.

We have all listened with interest to the history of the organization of this church, but some of us have wondered whether there was not omitted the most important fact of its history, viz: its birth. If this church was born of men, it is the only thing they ever gave birth to worth the mentioning.

As I listened to what my dear old friend Benjamin Brown did in the early days, it made me want to know Mrs. Brown. When I heard last night the words of David Merrill, I wondered whether Mary Lyon and Mrs. David Merrill were not really the founders of this church. If the women were not really the true mothers of this church, they have taken most excellent care of their adopted child. Tell me what sexton of this church from Melchizedeck down to the famous Burns ever like these women appealed to the men for nothing more than a broom and an oil-can? Let the man stand up who has given a single moment of his life in these fifty years to the cleansing of the house of God. Who stirred us up to paint the seats and wainscoting in the old chapel? Mrs. Andrew C. Hutchison,

who, busy with her family cares, yet with a heart big enough to take in the whole church, came down with paint and brushes and assisted in the work herself. Who fired our hearts to put a new roof on the chapel? This same young mother in Israel, Mrs. Hutchison. Shall we ever forget her spiritual fervor? Who undertook the great work of replastering the old church and painting it? The first Mrs. Pentland, and though it proved a poor job, it was not Mrs. Pentland's fault, but the fault of the men who did the work. Shall we ever forget her earnest energetic work in this church, ready at a moment's notice to render service to this church of the most arduous kind.

Time would fail me to begin to tell you, how for the last seventeen years the women have urged the men on as far as they could get them, and when they balked went on themselves, carrying the kingdom of heaven as by storm. Why, my dear brothers, you know that you actually would not have been up in time for church more than half the Sundays, only that your good wives made it compulsory. As it is, very few of you would be out to church at all, unless you were proud of your wives and were willing that they should enjoy good society at least part of their time.

Let the man stand up who would faithfully and patiently for three years clerk it in a bakery shop on Saturday afternoons, gathering



MRS. ANDREW C. HUTCHISON.
(Mary Dearborn). D. Aug. 14, 1898.



MRS. H. PENTLAND.
Died May 25th, 1894.

a few dollars each week to buy a carpet for this church, yet the women have done that. What man in the church has ever given thought enough to the service to see that there was a bunch of flowers or a living growing plant before the pulpit on the Sabbath. The women have searched and found them somewhere, even in the dead of winter.

Who have called on the sick, the poor, the despondent, the heart-broken, the erring in this community? Is there a man in the church who knows whether there is a struggling family among us? Who attend the prayer-meeting in large numbers? Is there a man in the church who can talk intelligently five minutes on the subject of missions, yet the women can tell you about the Lord's work from Africa to Alaska. These are a few suggestions as to the value of the noble band of Presbyterian women, from Mrs. Benj. Brown and Mrs David Merrill and Mrs. Dr. Asahel Clark to Mrs. Creswell.



MRS. ASAHEL CLARK.
Died at Beaver Dam, Wis., 1875.

NOTE.—Three supplementary papers on the woman's side of our history, prepared later, are properly inserted here. They present the Ladies' Aid Society, our Woman's Missionary Society, and the Ladies' Guild.

Some of our girls of those earlier days, seeking a fuller education than Beloit then offered them, attended the Female Seminary at Fox Lake, Wis. While boarding themselves there they had a working group picture taken, just for fun. The writer inserts it here to show in present and future days how our girls of that time prized an education and worked for it.



WORKING GROUP. THE MISSES CLARK.



MRS. CATHARINE EDDY. DIED OCT. 20, 1893.

Recollections of the Ladies' Aid Society.

BY MRS. JOHN FOSTER.

WE have been celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of our church organization and have enjoyed much the account of those identified with its early history. The question comes, were there no Eves in those days to share in its privations and glory? "When all the morning stars sang together and the Presbyterian sons shouted for joy?" Yes, every

Adam had an Eve, not made from one little rib but from the whole side. Grand women, who said, "We want a church. We will rock and mend, brew and bake, and lay the corner stone all straight; while you the bills may pay, the bell may ring and honors take."

One did not hear, perhaps, the rustle of silken skirts or the address of "Madame President," but side by side they stood, each with her David, Benjamin, Aaron or Elijah, and the dear old bell as it rings sounds a sweet requiem for those noble faithful members of our first Presbyterian Aid Society. There were Mrs. Battin, Mrs. Clark, its first directors, and Mrs. David Merrill, Mrs. Benjamin Brown and "aunt" Lucretia and Jemima Clark, and the many others of that first year, who patiently worked, stitching, by hand, those shirts (warranted to fit),



MRS. JOHN FOSTER.
(MARCIA DEARBORN.)

with which to adorn their husbands and sweethearts.

Among the faithful was Mrs. McElhenny, whom all the elements combined could not keep from her post of love on Sabbath morning. I see her now in her quaint costume of quaker hue, ploughing through the snow on a winter Sunday morning.

Many years ago, two little girls dressed in scarlet merino, with gift in hand, were hurrying

across the street, when a lady accosted them, saying, "Where are you going little children?" The reply was, to Mr. Eddy's to the donation party. I read a story once of a donation party given Saturday night and on Sabbath morning the church members were horrified to see as they passed the parson-



MRS. CHESTER CLARK.
AUNT LUCRETIA.



MRS. RUFUS CLARK.
AUNT JEMIMA.



MRS. ELIJAH N. CLARK.

flash. She had two especial cronies, Cynthia Gordon and Nellie Brown, (daughter of Benjamin), but was kind to all. Mr. Eddy was the biggest child among them, playing "Ring Around the Rosy," and then marrying all the little sweethearts "by the point of his jack-knife." Last of all, see and taste the supper, with its ever-present and welcome guest, Methodist "Johnny Williams," who had scented the Presbyterian good things from afar. He would take off his stove-pipe hat, carefully deposit his white gloves within, and then give us his favorite temperance song, which ran, "Cold water, cold water is my song." Poor Johnny! You were one of Belloit's first temperance orators, your principles were carved in the rock, and no bad boy could ever erase them. As the Scotch say, you were one of "God's innocents." (Note by W. F. B. And had some head also. Street boys used to plague him. One day they formed a plan to have him say the Lord's prayer, and then while his eyes were closed someone was to fill his mouth with salt. They offered him ten cents for the service, which he accepted, insisting however on being paid in advance. Having received the coin he began to repeat the prayer with his eyes open. "Johnny," remarked the leader, "you ought to

age, a little biscuit stuck upon every picket of the front fence, and to hear a mysterious chuckle among the bushes that sounded like the voice of the parson's wife. The dear minister resigned next morning, telling his congregation he was unable to stand another donation. Well, I did not see any biscuit on the fence, but never forgot the joy of that my first party. There was beautiful Mrs. Eddy, with the charm and fascination which no words of mine could describe. I can see her now, ever busy with her household cares, entertaining all, old and young alike. Unselfish in her devotion to family and to every one. Dear Alice, the eldest of the children, would sometimes boast of her proud ancestry until teasing Horace across the street would taunt her with being of a "mixed race," to see her bright eyes



JOHNNY WILLIAMS.



MISS ALICE EDDY, 1854.

among others were to be seen Mrs. Stocking and Tattershall, the latter ordering the youngsters to set the tables in true metropolitan style, all chatting and laughing in their happy work.

Then there were the socials in the country, at Mr. Peck's, Burchard's, Watson's, Parish's, Fairbank's and Jack's, which Nancy and Tom, John and Lucretia, George and Louise, and other couples, now so happily married, will remember. Each time we were laying by a few dollars while also the bond of fellowship was broadened and deepened for the church and all it represented.



NELLIE BROWN, 1853.
(MRS. E. W. PORTER, d. 1865.)

We have still with us our first bride, Mary Clark Helm, and with her the years have dealt very gently; but many of the faithful of those early days have gone home. A few are even now lingering, almost on the edge of "Jordan's bank," "only waiting for the boatman." God has not forgotten these; in due time He will bring them safe on Canaan's side.

shut your eyes when you pray." "Ah," replied Johnny, "but the good book says that we must watch as well as pray.")

Then there were other meetings, where Mrs. Watson, Cooper, Fairbanks, Cochran, Davenport, Parish, and the Misses Cornelia Crosby, Nancy Houston and Carrie Clark were busy upholstering cushions and making carpets, often repairing to Wood's Hall or their near neighbors Mrs. Dearborn's or Houston's, for lunch. The latter place, next door south of the church, was a sort of Mecca for all Presbyterians, where for years fire and water were always patiently and willingly supplied.

Then the grand suppers at Hanchett's and Murray's halls, where



MRS. A. DAVENPORT.
1809-1886.



MISS CYNTHIA GORDON.



ALLEN PARISH.
Died Jan. 4, 1871.

To our beloved Mr. Alexander, in 1865, I think, we are indebted for our first constitution, drawn up in parliamentary style. This was revised and much improved in 1885 by our efficient pastor's wife, Mrs. Bill.

Among those who have served as officers I find the names of Mrs. Pentland,



MRS. PARISH.

Stocking, Waterman, Bailey, Johnson, Cole, Messer, Miller, Abbott and Foster, and many others who represented the eight committees. These have all served from one to eleven years each.

We would not forget some who I know are still with us in thought, the faithful sisters Sarah and Jennie Watson, whose sweet voices so unselfishly given, hallowed that old gallery for all time.

Our willing sexton, Jacob Hadden, ever ready night and day to respond to every call, has his counterpart in the present incumbent, Dennis Burns.

There are others who have left the old church never to return, having joined the "church on high," but their memory is always dear. There was the first Mrs. Pentland, eight years our president, working, toiling, sweeping even the "cobwebs out of the sky," if necessary for our comfort. Mrs. Stocking, ever faithful friend, night and day, in sickness or death, ever



THE EDDY FAMILY ABOUT 1855.
Alfred Delavan.

FROM A DAGUERRHOTYPE.
Katy.
Cora.

Ida.

found watching. Mrs. Hutchison, one of the "little girls" of the old donation party, who opened wide her heart and door to all the dear ones in the old church she loved. I think of them there, in the "Home above," waiting for the "ladies to come in the afternoon, and gentlemen expected to tea."

What has the society accomplished? Much, in every way. It has helped build chapels, church parlors, buy organs, repair churches, buy carpets, and encourage the poor "weaker" brethren, when they felt a little too weak and poor to carry their share of the burden; while often at our simple suppers, heart and hand have met, all for the glory of God.

As we listened to the address given in our behalf by Professor Holden, we all felt sure no one would

doubt his assertion that the women had been character builders. Who but a woman could have trained him to so reverence women as was shown in his praise of our own? Who taught him that smile and grip of the hand,



MRS. WILLIAM COCHRAN.

which always opens the stoutest pocket book? Who but the ladies of the Presbyterian Church could so beautifully have rounded and polished him?

We accept your thanks, Beloit College, and will lend him to you awhile, but you must return him to us with brothers Bacon and Tawney. We shall hope soon to welcome into our ranks a Mrs. Bacon and, if we live long enough, a Mrs. Tawney.

I cannot now speak of the many faithful, efficient workers who are still with us; but we all know them. Some there are whose hearts and homes have ever been opened wide for every call. Year after year we have seen them as they toiled up life's hillside. Let me only mention Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, and Dr. and Mrs. Clark, the first two,



MRS. J. P. HOUSTON.



MRS. AARON WATSON.

hand in hand; the other gently leaning on the partner of his later years. They have almost reached the summit with mind still bright, but not quite the elastic step of youth. Sometimes we imagine we can catch a glimpse of the crown that seems to encircle each dear head. May their twilight hours be lengthened in the land which the Lord gives them.

These are a few fragmentary legends and memories of the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church which is growing, and we hope ever will increase in numbers and usefulness for efficient work.

*MRS. JOHN FOSTER.

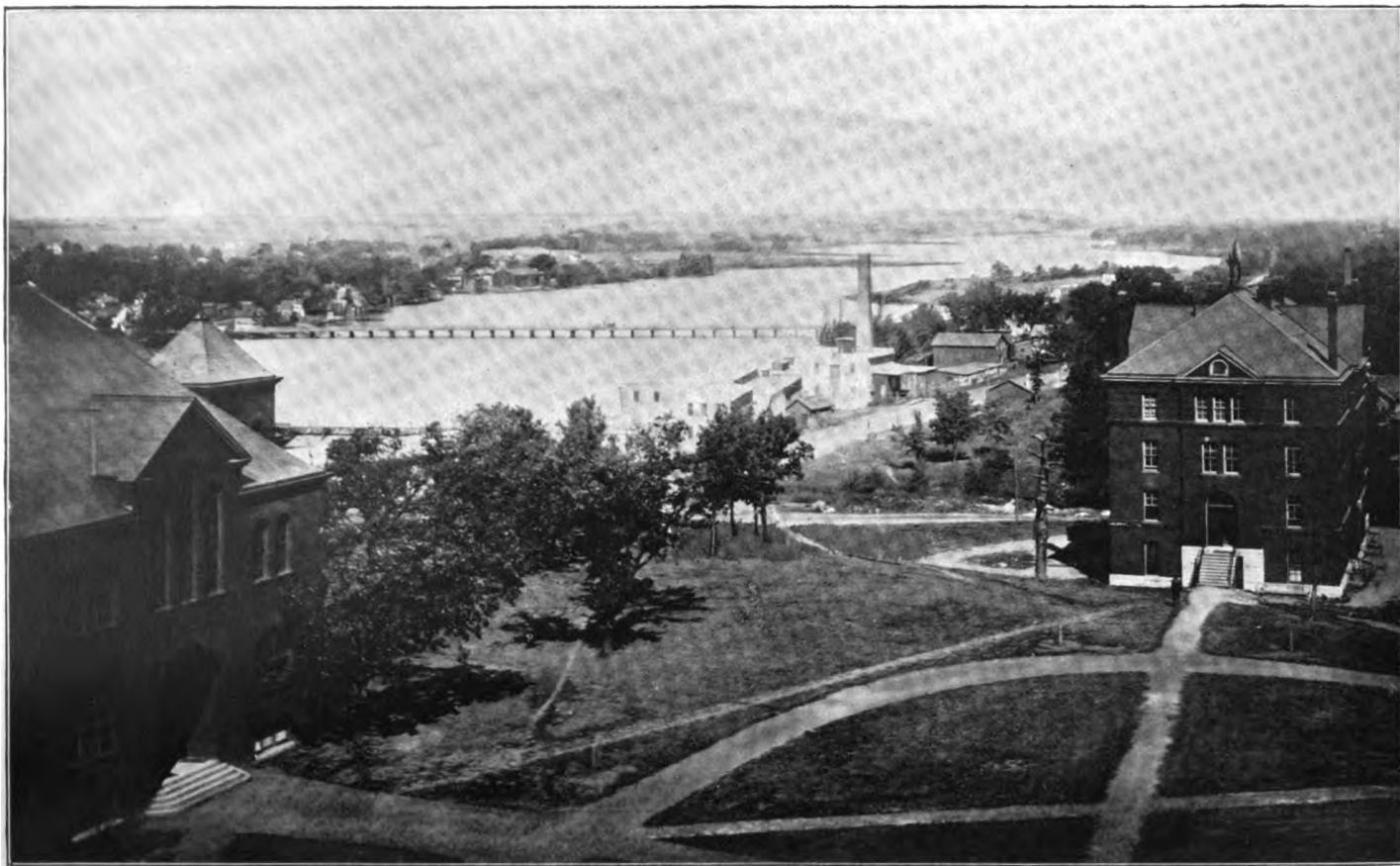


MRS. H. B. JOHNSON,
Prest. Ladies' Aid Society, '93-'96.



MRS. A. P. WATERMAN.

*NOTE BY W. F. B.—The shoe factory of John Foster, Esq., employing about two hundred operatives, which ranks as one of the best four factories in the United States for quality of work, has the honor just now of being engaged to make the shoes of Mrs. President William McKinley.



LOOKING NORTH UP ROCK RIVER FROM THE TOP OF MIDDLE COLLEGE, БЕЛОIT, WISCONSIN.

The Ladies' Guild.

BY MRS. P. B. YATES.



URING the summer of 1896, the need of a new carpet for the church was keenly felt. Some agitation of the matter ensuing, resulted in Mrs. Henry Pentland asking all women interested to meet at her home and discuss the subject. At this meeting which took place in early July, it was decided that each woman start independently in any business her talents or tastes might lead her to choose, and the proceeds should be devoted to getting the new carpet. One woman undertook to do darning and patching; another to press and clean pants; another to bake cookies, etc. Mrs. Pentland was elected general manager, and the society was called "The Ladies' Guild."

After some time, as most of the ladies seemed to have a culinary bent, it was decided to have a weekly sale of home made cookery, to be held Saturday afternoons. Mr. Gregory generously offered the use of his office on School street as the place of sale. The plan was to pay each woman the cost of the materials used and turn the profits into the treasury.

Mrs. Pentland was sales-lady in chief the first year, doing a generous share of the baking, being manager, treasurer and book-keeper besides. No wonder she tired out, and at the annual meeting held in July of 1897, she retired from office, the ladies giving her a hearty vote of thanks.

It was then decided to elect three directors who should take charge of the business. Mrs. Porter B. Yates, Mrs. L. D. Forbes and Mrs. C. S. Gregory were elected. Mrs. Key offered to take charge of the sales if she be permitted to conduct a small matter of personal business at the same time. Her offer was accepted. Thus matters ran on until the next annual meeting, when Mrs. Key felt she could no longer sell. The three directors were re-elected and divided the work among themselves as follows: Mrs. Gregory was to find women to take charge of the sales, Mrs. Forbes to attend to the advertising and supplies, wrapping paper, bags, etc., and Mrs. Yates to keep the books, take charge of the money and pay off the ladies who baked.

Another year rolled around and found the society pretty well tired out, and in August of 1898, a meeting was called and it was decided to give the work up. The ladies who regularly baked were:

Mrs. George Ackley.
Mrs. Herbert D. Bishop.
Mrs. L. D. Forbes.
Mrs. H. B. Johnson.
Mrs. Mary L. Messer.
Mrs. A. Thompson.
Mrs. Porter B. Yates.

Mrs. James W. Abbott.
Mrs. L. Porter Cole.
Mrs. C. S. Gregory.
Mrs. Isadore Kendall.
Mrs. C. D. Merrill.
Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson
Mrs. T. T. Creswell.

Now as to what was accomplished. In the summer of 1897 the church was thoroughly cleaned and a new carpet bought and put down. The old carpet was cleaned and made over for the chapel. The vestibule was papered, painted, and new matting bought. The expense of all this was about \$300, and besides this the ladies paid \$128 toward the building fund of the chapel.

FLORENCE ARGALL YATES.

The Woman's Missionary Society.

MRS. L. E. HOLDEN, SECRETARY.



THIS organization, known as the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Beloit, Wis., dates from the year 1874. In an old account book kept by the first church treasurer is the following entry: "1850. Church contribution to Foreign Missions, Sept. 6th, \$4.06, Oct. 28th, \$5.00." This indicates a monthly offering and evidently records that which was regularly given at the Monthly Concert the first Thursday evening of each month. At this prayer meeting our pioneer women, including Mrs. Eddy,



MRS. A. EDDY.



MRS. L. E. HOLDEN.
Secretary, 1895-1899.

were all in the habit of contributing to Missions, and the habit was continued. Finally this society was formed by about a dozen of our ladies, after their usual Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting, February 18, 1874, as an auxilliary to the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest. Its first and very efficient president, Mrs. Anna Williams, filled that office nine years and gave the society an impetus which is still felt. This society combines the interests of both Home and Foreign Missions under one set of officers, the secretary being also treasurer. Its meetings have been held monthly with much regularity, usually at some private house, for the study of the work carried on by our missionaries whether at home or abroad. All late news and items of interest concerning the several fields are

brought before the society by the different members appointed, thus keeping all in close touch with those who are our substitutes in missionary service. At certain times the society gives a Missionary Tea, to which gentlemen friends are invited. A specially full and interesting program is provided and we then usually receive some masculine contributions as a return for the supper.



MRS. ANNA WILLIAMS.
First President, 1874-1883.



MISS M. K. BROWN.
First Sec. and Treas. 1874.

In 1875, by our contributions we made Rev. John McLean a life member of the National F. M. Society. In 1876 a Young People's Missionary Society, and also a Sunday School Mission Band were organized, but their records seem to have disappeared with themselves.



MRS. A. W. BILL.
President 1886.



MRS. THOS. E. BARR.
President 1888.



MRS. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.
1865-1869.



MRS. CHARLES D. MERRILL.
President 1894.



MRS. T. T. CRESWELL.
President 1898.

**SOME OF OUR MINISTERS' WIVES WHO WERE PRESIDENTS OF THE
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

Our offerings, quite unequal in amount for different years, have been given not only to Home and Foreign Missions, but also to the Freedmen. The largest annual contribution was that of 1878—\$172.72. Our largest membership was 32, in 1882. For the last ten years it has averaged about twenty. The meetings have been well maintained by a "faithful few," who consider that the work broadens their own lives besides being a duty to those on the field.

The successive presidents have been :

Mrs. Anna Williams, 1874-1883.

Mrs. Wm. H. Beach, 1883-1884 and 1892
1893.

Mrs. M. Lilly, 1885.

Mrs. A. W. Bill, 1886.

Miss Kate Billings, 1887.



MISS KATE BILLINGS.
(Mrs. Bird) President 1887.

those of the young people and the Sunday School to Missions during the past twenty-four years have been, by the Society, to Foreign, \$784, Home Missions, \$527; amount, \$1,311. By the Young People and Sunday School, Foreign, \$495, Home Missions, \$101; amount, \$596. We have also during that time sent Home Mission boxes valued at \$462. During the past year our society gave to Foreign Missions \$22, and to Home Missions \$36.



MRS. WM. H. BEACH,
President 1883-'84, 1892-'93.

Mrs. T. E. Barr, 1888.

Mrs. M. L. Messer, 1889-1892.

Mrs. C. D. Merrill, 1894.

Mrs. Wm. F. Brown, 1895-1898.

Mrs. T. T. Creswell, 1898-1899.

The secretaries :

Miss M. K. Brown, 1874.

Mrs. L. B. Clark, 1875.

Miss Lucy Conde, 1876.

Mrs. W. H. Beach, 1877-1882.

Mrs. M. L. Messer, 1882-1885.

Mrs. C. Gregory and Miss Bailey, 1885.

Mrs. A. W. Bill, 1886.

Mrs. O. P. Smith, 1887-1895.

Mrs. L. E. Holden, 1895-1899.

The contributions of our society with



MRS. WM. F. BROWN.
President 1895-1898.

NOTE.—The programme of Tuesday evening, March 21st, is here resumed, the speaker being Professor Guy A. Tawney of Beloit College, subject—

Presbyterianism East and West.



PROF. GUY A. TAWNEY,
of Beloit College.

My friends, this is an historical occasion, and naturally belongs in the hands of those men of the church who have served her much longer than Mr. Creswell, Prof. Holden or myself. We young men had the fear, very naturally, that we should have no part in it. I was myself reminded of a boy who came home hatless, crying and covered with dirt, and who, upon being asked by his father whether he had been in a fight, replied that he had had a fight but that he was not "in it." Not wishing to find ourselves in any such predicament, we three persuaded the programme committee to put us on. Prof. Holden got them to let him speak upon "The Women," and Mr.

Creswell was put down to speak on "Words of Welcome"—that yarn about naming his new baby, which he told us. They gave me for a topic, "Presbyterianism East and West."

I was glad to be permitted to speak on something, and this topic would have been as welcome as any other, but, really, there is no official Presbyterianism on the west side. I am told that there was some at one time, way back in the sixties; but that was long since translated or moved over to this spot. I was anticipating an easy time, considering the fact that one-half of my theme pertained to a church gone to glory, where the historian is not expected to follow it; but our honored Toast-Master has just interpreted the theme to mean Presbyterianism in the eastern part of America as compared with Presbyterianism in the western part; and that reminds me of an Irish lad whose mother called to him, "Mick! Mick! stop scratching your head!" The lad roared back, "I won't, marm, they commenced on me first!" So I do not propose stopping here.

They have wealth back there in the East, behind the organ, although I never got any of it while there. I do not know whether the Presbyterian church of Beloit ever got any of it; but the Presbyterian church of Wisconsin owes a great debt of gratitude to the eastern church for their manifestations of christian philanthropy, among other things; and the eastern church owes a debt of gratitude to Wisconsin for a great opportunity. I was thinking a moment ago of how it would feel to be an elder in some of the eastern churches in which I have had the privilege of worshipping. In coming to church, I should probably look up at the front of the building, and, if its condition were like our own, I should say to myself, "Elder T., you just walk your face down to elder Waldo Thompson's office to-morrow and request him to refront the church at *our* expense." In the eastern church, I

suppose, he would do as requested without asking *me* for any of the pay. As it is, I look up at the church front, think about it in one hemisphere of my brain, then in the other hemisphere, and then mentally kneel down and pray—but perhaps that is just as well. Perhaps the prayer is worth as much to you, to the world and to me as a handsome church building would be.

Character, my friends, makes a church, just as it makes a nation and a home. I have wandered in and out of magnificent cathedrals along the banks of the Rhine, the Rhone and the Seine; I have listened to world-renowned scholars, and to men whose names will live long in the annals of the church for their eloquence; I have heard soft music reverberate among the sculptured columns of splendid aisles—

“ Music that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews between walls of shadowy granite
In a gleaming pass,
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eye-lids upon tired eyes,”

but I have never worshiped in a house of God where worship seemed more natural or prayer more suitable to the spirit and associations of the place than in this little church of ours here in Beloit. I do not know of a church that can make a greater boast of wealth in that which makes a church great, than would be represented by this platform to-night, if the speaker were not here. I would rather lift my heart and voice in prayer and praise to God here beside these men with “hearts made sore by many wars, and eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars,” than be a stranger in the grandest cathedral that mortal imagination ever conceived or mortal hands erected. But I am wandering from my theme.

I was about to say a moment ago, that it seems to be a law of growth everywhere, that physical or material development goes before intellectual. If this be true, we ought to find more push and shove and get-there-Eli in the church of the West than in the church of the East. We ought to find a greater interest in the material aspects of the church-life here than there. This reminds me of an incident which occurred (?) in Mr. Creswell's former pastorate, which illustrates the point I have in mind, and with which I will close. Mr. Creswell once overlooked an announcement preparatory to communion service on the following Sunday, until the close of the service. After the benediction he said, “All those who have babies to be baptized will please to present them next sabbath.” This might happen to any parson, and often does happen, but one of Mr. Creswell's elders who was a little hard of hearing, was at the time interested in a new church hymn book which sold at seventy-five cents. Hearing the word “babies” spoken, he mistook it for the word “books” and naturally supposed that the pastor was very thoughtfully endeavoring to assist him in his sales. So he rose hurriedly and said, “All you who haven't any, by calling on me can get as many as you want at seventy-five cents apiece.”

G. A. TAWNEY.

After a vocal solo by Miss Peavey the writer presented to the church framed photographs, which he had obtained, of all the former pastors except-

ing Mr. Hawes. These portraits had been hung around the audience room and are meant to adorn the church parlors. The large black framed, india ink portrait of Rev. A. Eddy, was the gift of his children, Mrs. Alice A. Potter of Bridgton, N. J., Mrs. Edward L. Hamilton of Niles, Mich., and Mrs. Lucius G. Fisher, Mrs. Charles S. Cleaver, Alfred D. Eddy, Esq., and Miss Frances Eddy, all of Chicago, Ill. That frame had been hung under the clock at the south end of the room, where the pulpit used to be, and had been kept veiled until this moment. The cover being now suddenly removed that noble likeness of Dr. Eddy in his venerable age was received at first with a hush of attention, and then with subdued applause.

Anecdotes of early pastors being next in order, Mr. Waterman remarked: When Dr. Alexander was one day calling on a pioneer member who had not attended Sabbath service for some time, and asked the reason for his absence, the brother replied to the effect that he found it quite as profitable on Sunday to read his Bible at home. Mr. Alexander commended the reading but added, "Have you yet come to that place in the Bible where it says, 'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is'?"

The chairman then called for the writer who said, "When the First Congregational Church was at supper last December, celebrating its sixtieth anniversary, Dr. Leavitt enthusiastically remarked that heaven must be Congregational because 'there the congregations ne'er break up,' or words to that effect. Whereupon I whispered in my wife's ear, what I will now make bold to say aloud, that, according to Paul, heaven is the General Assembly of the first born. Our Congregational friends will surely excuse this in Paul because he, you know, was a Presbyterian."

As to anecdotes, let me confine myself to our first pastor. Mr. Eddy and my father were very congenial friends; each was a good story teller, and both were rather unconventional. One Saturday afternoon he was in my father's store, where among the company of men was a rather stiff stranger from the east. Several witty stories had quite thawed out the new comer who entered into the social encounter with much freedom. Mr. Eddy, who was sitting on the edge of the counter, having made his point and joined in the general laughter, sprang to the floor with the remark, "I must go home now and finish my sermon for to-morrow." The face of the stranger at once lengthened and in a horrified tone of voice he exclaimed, "Are you a minister?" Then all the rest had another laugh.

In those early days President Chapin was considered rather stiff and not disposed to notice everybody. Really, however, he was at heart a very genial man. As he has since told me, he was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia, and that with his ever present burden of college anxieties, sometimes rendered him absent minded so that he did not always see whom he was passing.

One morning Mr. Eddy, walking up Broad street, noticed Mr. Chapin on the other side coming down and showing no signs of seeing him. Whereupon, just for a joke as they were passing, he called out across the street, "Hallo! Mr. President!" "Oh," said Mr. Chapin, "what is it?" "Only wanted to say good morning." Then came the Eddy laugh and the

Chapin smile. Among all our public men we have never had a richer laugh than Mr. Eddy's or a sweeter smile than that of President Chapin.

Once during my youth while visiting at Mr. Eddy's on Ellis avenue and 38th street, S. Chicago, (and the street cars went through some two miles of open country and hazel brush then before getting there), I was talking with him about the pastor's service and salary and remarked that when a minister made an agreement with a people he was expected to throw in his wife for nothing. Glancing at Mrs. Eddy, who was no light weight, Mr. Eddy with a smile and a shrug as though trying to shoulder a heavy load, retorted, "No, William, ministers don't throw their wives, anywhere. They can't."

During his last few weeks illness at Niles, Michigan, Mr. Eddy required a nurse. The young man engaged for the service went into his room for an hour or two and on coming out remarked, "That man isn't going to die; he jokes." That was Mr. Eddy, sustained by the comfort wherewith he had so often comforted others. For him, hopeful, cheerful, full of faith, death had no terrors.

An exquisite violin solo was given by Mr. Hanna, after which Rev. Edward H. Pence, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Janesville, Wis., responded to the sentiment assigned him in a witty speech, which he does not permit us to record.



REV. JOHN MC LEAN, D. D.

These portions of letters from former pastors were then read by Rev. Mr. Creswell:

From Dr. Alexander, San Anselmo, California: "It is impossible for me to say in a letter all that I feel in connection with that dear old church. I have been called to serve in more important positions, but I often refer to my pastorate in Beloit as the happiest of my life. I had the best session there that I ever had or ever knew. My preaching was plain, positive and scriptural. One lady, not of our church, said to me, 'You preach as if you never had a doubt.' 'Well, madam,' I replied, 'whatever doubts I may have experienced the pulpit is the last place that I would go to in order to give them an airing.' I never entered the pulpit without a message as I believed from God, and I gave it without hesitation or doubt. Before I left the church had been completely

renovated, walls frescoed, mullions put in the windows, and the old glass replaced with stained glass and new carpets laid. It was then a fine audience room and very easy to speak in. The lecture room was added in my time and was a great convenience."

For Rev. John McLean, now at Del Norte, Colorado, his wife writes, March 16, 1899: "Mr. McLean has been anxious to answer your letter but is unable to do so. For eight months he has been very sick. He has been working at Del Norte five years and a half without a vacation, part of the time doing double work. He asks you to tell the people of the Beloit Presbyterian church that his love for them grows with the growing years, and that with joy and gladness he shares with them in the celebration of their jubilee."

Rev. Thomas E. Barr, Kalamazoo, Michigan, says: "The years of our life at Beloit were the happiest of all my public work. I was a callow theologian, full of ambition and the positiveness of inexperience. Fortunately the old church was dominated by men and women who are natural heirs of salvation, and of such stuff aside from their christianity, that they adorn the faith. I reverence their sterling manhood and womanhood, and every year prize more and more the memory and influence of their lives. Sometimes we did not agree, but we were getting things done. If I could be with you Sunday and put out my hand to good Dr. Clark, and Dr. Johnson, my knight without fear and without reproach, and Mr. Waterman for whose church attendance I could set my watch, and Mr. Houston and Oliver Smith and Mr. Abbott and Dr. Helm and my honest friend Cham. Ingersoll, and Oscar Thompson my chum, and the throng of friends—I think that we would stand together under the memorial of sainted Fred. Messer and sing the Doxology with one voice and heart."

TEKAMAH, NEB., March 17, 1899.

To the Pastor, Elders and Members of the

First Presbyterian Church of Beloit, Wis.:

My Dear Brethren:—I cheerfully comply with the request of Dr. Brown and your pastor to send you a greeting on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of your church. My pastorate was brief, and my pathway has not led me to visit your city since my removal, so I expect that not many among you will have any clear memory of me. My words will come like those of a stranger.

If you are half a century old now, I was your pastor during the year of your majority. In a young man's life that is always an interesting period. He is then girding himself for his life-work, and rejoicing in his newly-found freedom and conscious manhood. Something of the same spirit entered into your church life at that period. It was the time of the reunion of the dissevered branches of our beloved Zion, when in the spirit of conciliation and fraternity, of charity and loyalty to the truth, the Presbyterian church was girding herself for the larger work at home and abroad which lay before her, and which she has during the years since in some measure accomplished. You had wisely anticipated that reunion, and had brought together the two Presbyterian churches of the east and west sides of the river, and they were harmoniously worshipping in the sanctuary of the First Church, when I went among you in 1870.

At the time I preached to you I thought my ministry was not very fruitful. On looking over my register, however, I observe that there were eight baptisms, fourteen members received, ten funerals and twelve marriages. The children of Mrs. Kendall, of Mr. and Mrs. William Austin, and of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Clark, whom I baptized, are if living, now in the the vigor of mature life. I trust that they are walking in the footsteps of the faithful parents who dedicated them to God, with full confidence in that old covenant, which on God's part has never been broken. And the parents of that day! God bless them all! As the shadows of the lengthening years fall upon them may the light that lies beyond life's horizon cheer their way.

The Church Session of 1870-'71 consisted of Messrs. Wadsworth, Otis Manchester, Harvey Graves and A. P. Waterman. The first three have long since gone to their reward. To the survivor, Mr. Waterman, I wish to send my most cordial greetings, and to express my grateful remembrance of his constant and uniform kindness to myself and family, and of his helpfulness in the work of the church. May the Master's presence abide with him in the years to come, and may he realize the blessings promised to those who are planted in the house of the Lord, and bring forth fruit in old age.

In the early months of my ministry a young theological student came home from the Seminary for a vacation. He was the son of the church, in whom all were interested, and who in his occasional pulpit ministrations showed himself able to instruct and interest the people. That early promise was a prophecy of the fruitful ministry and of the high standing which your Dr. W. F. Brown has achieved and now holds in the estimation of the church at large. May his bow long abide in strength.

During the religious interest of 1871 another young man of your congregation, then in his High School course, came to talk with the pastor about personal religion. I do not know whether he dates his conversion from that time; but I rejoice in his career, and that he was for many years the honored pastor of your church—the Rev. Charles D. Merrill.

I thank God for all that has been done for the cause of Christ by your church in its half century, and I pray that the next half century may be even more fruitful.

Perhaps a few words of family history may be of interest to the older portion of the congregation. Possibly you will remember that the children of the Manse were two in number; four more were given us afterwards, three boys and one girl. One has slept these many years in the cemetery at Streator, Ill. Of the two in Beloit, the daughter has been a teacher in New York for some years, and the curly-headed boy a missionary in India for nearly five years, where he was joined by a younger brother, a physician, three years ago. The youngest boy is in the First Regiment of Nebraska Volunteers at Manila; and the youngest daughter a member of the Junior class at Lake Forest University. Their mother and I abide alone as at the beginning of our partnership in life, and, blessed with fair health and the presence of the Lord we love, endeavor to carry on the work He has given us. Fifty years in the life of a man means that his working days will soon be past. "The night cometh." But fifty years in the life of a church ought to be celebrated by a renewal of energy, by a strengthening of resolution to be faithful to the christian life, and by a redoubling of effort to carry the

gospel, in all its fullness and love, to all the families in the community within reach of its influence. May such be your purpose and resolution. And may the line of those faithful to the truth in the days gone by be perpetuated through you and your children; and may the divine blessing attend your celebration.

Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER G. WILSON.

The pastor, Rev. T. T. Creswell, read the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, that we tender our hearty thanks to the committee on decorations, Prof. F. E. Converse and Mrs. P. B. Yates for its tasty pulpit decorations.

2. To the special committee on music, Mrs. F. E. Converse and all who so kindly assisted by responding to her request.

3. To the committee on arrangements, Dr. W. F. Brown, A. P. Waterman and Dr. E. N. Clark. Special mention should be made of the chairman, Dr. Brown, who by untiring zeal and consummate planning has contributed so much to the enjoyment of the entire occasion. We shall never look at the beautiful portraits without thinking of you, doctor, nor shall we soon forget your masterly historical address.



REV. T. T. CRESWELL, 1899.

4. To that portion of the church who have been content to sit in silence during all of its sessions and yet have provided such a delightful, bountiful repast—the ladies of the church.

5. To the local press of the city for their exceptionally full reports of our celebration.

Mr. Creswell then gave these closing remarks, called

A Glance Forward.

I have been thinking the last few minutes of calling attention to a mistake which may cast a gloom over this audience. All are thinking that the time of our meeting to-night corresponds with the time of the meeting of the organization of our church. That could not well have occupied over two hours. If that be so this time does not correspond to that time. We are not now in the first half century, but in the second half century. Sixty minutes of our second half century have already passed. The history of the first fifty years of this church is a matter of unalterable record. My thoughts

may not accord with the spirit of toasts at a banquet, but they do with the sentiments of my heart. We stand now peering into the uncertain second half century. We have just listened to letters and talks from your grand, good old pastors. Let them continue to speak. I am sure that not one has stepped out from serving you but what he has said: "I see mistakes; I shall never repeat those mistakes. I have had some successes; I shall try and excel those in the future." Let "Excelsior" be our motto for the next half century. Eleven hundred and thirty-one members to receive in the next fifty years is not nearly enough. Our present perception of spiritual things is not sufficient to enable us to stand in the future. This old church building, grand as it is, will not suffice for another fifty years; the glory of the latter house must excel the glory of the former. Our present spiritual power is not sufficient, but our cry is for the double portion of the spirit of Elijah, the Excelsior of Longfellow, spiritualized. I look forward, but I take one glance backward. Three members are present to-night who were present fifty years ago as members, and *only three*. I have no reason to think that the future will deal kindlier than the past. With this idea let us look forward, with a love purified by the thought of possible separation; with affections centered upon the eternal verities; with a purpose firmly fixed to redeem the time, with the old word "Excelsior" ringing in our ears. Our clock on the wall with its predecessors, has like the ancient clock in the stairway, been saying "Forever, never, never, forever." And as this clock ticks on, may it tick out nevermore the mistakes of the past, but forevermore the progress, the triumphs of this church, in the great work of the loved Master, Jesus Christ.

So with a hymn and benediction by the pastor and final organ harmonies, this semi-centennial celebration of our church was duly brought to a close.

II Telepathic Communication.

While sitting in my easy chair last evening, thinking about the next fifty years, and wondering if there could possibly be any greater discoveries than those of recent date, the Roentgen rays, liquid air, and telegraphing through space without wires, and whether telepathy or thought-transference could ever reach into the future, all at once there was a ringing sound in my ears like some new kind of telephone, and to my amazement I found myself listening to the public exercises of the First Presbyterian Church of Beloit, at its Centennial celebration. The strange telepathic communication seemed even to include some measure of sight also.

There was a large well-furnished interior, with an ample stage. A dim form, the chairman was just remarking, "We will now have a song by our friend the esteemed States Attorney, who, after much urging, says he will only try to give us the same solo which he sang at the semi-centennial just fifty years ago." Amid general silence a gray-haired man apparently of about sixty-five years, tall and somewhat stooping in form, ascended the steps, the organ sounded, and in a thin and quavering voice, though still sweet and clear, he began to sing Gounod's "Angelus." As all hushed to listen he could be heard very well. But when he came to the words—

"On such a night in years long perished
I too have sung
Those dear old lays so sweet, so cherished
When life was young.

"Ring on sweet Angelus though thou art shaking
My soul to tears;
Voices long silent now with thee are waking
From out the years."

The memory of dear ones nearly all gone before overpowered the old gentleman, his voice broke with emotion, and as he passed with bowed head from the stage there seemed to be scarcely a dry eye in the whole audience.

Soon the chairman, with an apparent effort commanded himself sufficiently to say: "We will listen now to another esteemed townsman, the head of our largest manufacturing establishment, Hon. L. W. Thompson." An erect, hale old gentleman of eighty years came forward, and with a voice and manner which showed that his natural strength was not abated, remarked: "I am not ashamed to say that while listening to the dear friend who has just favored us I found my eyes among the many that were wet with emotion. Several of our twenty-seven telephone and televid members who are sharing these exercises from their several distant homes, have already wired me that their feelings have been likewise stirred, and that they can scarcely look or listen for emotion. That song brought vividly to my mind the whole experience of fifty years ago. I then spoke for the young people and am now asked to speak for the old." Buzz - whirr—something broke the connection, and then he was evidently continuing: "While approaching the church this morning, suddenly something came to mind which the historian of that early day, Dr.—you have the old book Mr. chairman—oh, yes, Dr. Brown, said. I forget names but I remember his very words. He remarked when describing the walls of the first building, plastered, and painted to represent marble, that it was beautiful but not Presbyterian. Our rock, said he, is not a sham rock 'True Presbyterianism does not peel off.' The old outside walls after peeling once had been re-plastered and painted over to resemble brick, and were peeling again. But to-day, while noting the massive cut stone of this building, and now looking around on this polished oak interior, I feel like saying, 'Our rock is the genuine thing, and our visible Presbyterianism cannot peel off.'" (Applause.)

Another break, and then a strong manly voice was speaking on the subject of church finances. "How strange it seems to hear from our historian that the First Presbyterian Church of Beloit in those earlier days actually labored most of the time under financial difficulties. If I heard correctly, they were really and absolutely out of debt only twice in that first half century. Our present system of supporting the church just as we do the city and state government, seems so much a matter of common sense that it is hard to see why it wasn't thought of sooner. When our biennial assessment of the property of church members was last made, my record as treasurer shows that only one person out of our 783 members made the slightest objection. The trustees' way of reckoning up January 1st what all running expenses will be for the year, enables us by comparing that with the total assessment, to fix at once the per cent. of offering that each member is to give in proportion to his means. When we add the gifts of many who

are not on the assessment rolls you can easily see that our only trouble each year is what to do with the constantly accumulating surplus. At the suggestion, some years since, of friend Creswell (Robert of course, to whom we are indebted for various new ideas) we have now recently been investing that surplus with some special funds in an endowment for the pastor's wife. We hope in time to have a sum the income of which will be a proper salary of itself. In a regular pastoral call and in all salary arrangements the minister's partner is not even mentioned, yet her services are worth quite as much as his, and sometimes worth more. (Applause from the ladies.) We deem it eminently fitting therefore, that the value of those services should be recognized in this practical way. I am happy to say now to the present Lady Bountiful of this church that for the coming year she will receive from this fund a salary of six hundred dollars, (applause) which you all know is still only one-fifth the amount of that we so gladly pay to our esteemed and beloved pastor." (Great applause.)

An undistinguishable sound which followed gradually became intelligible as a report of the Sunday School or Bible College, as the speaker called it, who was saying, "We are glad to report also a very general interest in the several grades of study and practice established under the national system of examination. You are all aware that besides the primary and academic classes we have now a four years course of Bible College study with practice in organized evangelistic and philanthropic efforts. Some may not know, however, that the diplomas given by our National Bible College have Alphabet marks of excellence which are based not only on scholarship but also on teaching ability, personal character and practical gifts. Thus, besides G, for Graduated, F means Fitted for teaching; E, suited to the service as Elder or Evangelist; D, Devoted, can work anywhere; C, Conductor, organizer; B, worthy to be a Bishop or Overseer; while A means a worker of first rank like Gordon, Moody, or that world-wide worker, Joy. You will be glad to learn that, at the recent National Bible College commencement held in Chicago, among the honors then announced (besides Gs) our church had three Es, four Cs, and two Bs. (Calls of, Name! Name!)

In my excitement I missed connection for awhile, and then became aware that the chairman was introducing as the closing speaker, Hon. Robert Creswell, the well-known reformer and our bachelor member of Congress from the new state of Sonora. I couldn't get all but heard him say:

"Gentlemen and ladies: When your valued treasurer, Mr. Denny, was speaking, I thought to myself that if he had been born fifty years sooner perhaps my life, and my father's life might have turned out quite differently. My friend Blazer, the government contractor, who has made a success and a fortune and a big house and family besides— Why wasn't I a contractor. I would have made a good one. (Voice) Which one! (Answer) All four. (Laughter.) My friend, Dick (who is about four years older than myself, ladies), says he remembers (of course the old man remembers) that in the Sunday School of just fifty years ago, the superintendent told the scholars that many of them would probably live to celebrate the church's one-hundredth anniversary. By the way, how many of them are here this afternoon? Just twelve. Well that is enough for a jury. Blazer says my father remarked that he would then be only eighty-three and would preach the

centennial sermon. A vote was put to the school about his giving that ser-

vice and it was unanimously carried. You will hardly expect me to remember anything of that semi-centennial, which occurred when I was only two years old. There, I've given away my age (smiles all around). But speaking by request about my father who was pastor then, I will only say in general that after some years of successful work there he was called to the large city of Flomington, then to Minneapolis, and later to that ten years work in Chicago which killed him. Very early in life I made up my mind that I would never be a minister. But I don't know. Sometimes I think that trying to be an honest Congressman and a reformer is about as bad."



THE KIND VOICE.

Amid a ripple of laughter from the audience the chairman announced: "Our ladies' committee have sent word that you are *near the tavern*, and in fact that supper is ready. As a conclusion, which will express I am sure the feelings of all, we will now be led by Mrs. Gladys Denny in singing together that unchanging grand old Doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

The organist drew out his stops with a rush of sound, which unfortunately broke off my connection. I seemed to pass through a singular and indescribable change, which can only be characterized as much like common waking up, and heard a very familiar, kind voice remark, "That book business has tired you out. You had better get a good long night's rest. Everything will be all right in the morning." And it was

Friends, it will be, all right, in the Morning.

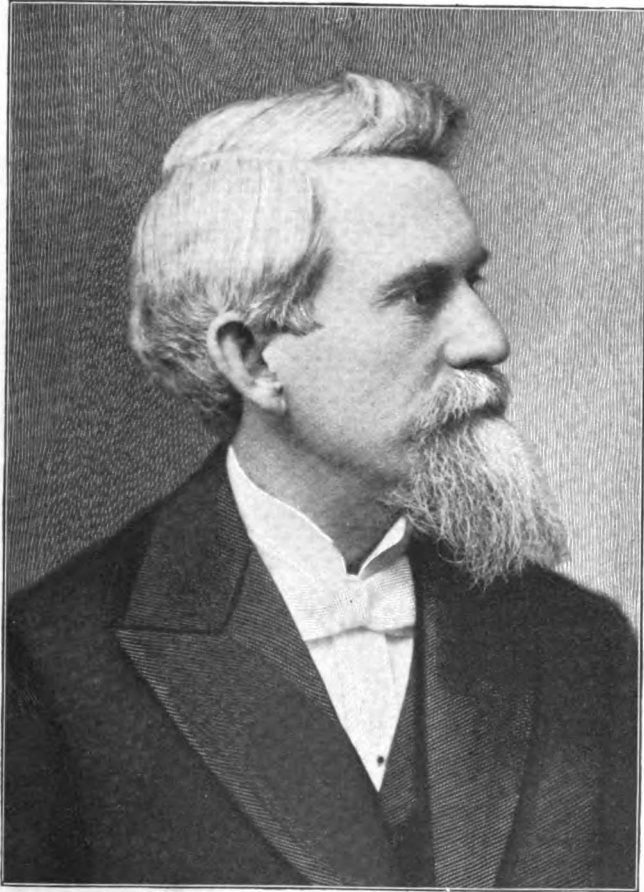
END OF PART I.



Part II.

To give this book a wider range of interest and perhaps more permanent value, the writer adds this Second Part. It links the history of our Beloit church into that of the Presbyterian church of our State. It outlines the War Record, and experience of those in both wars, who were either members of this church or were through their several families, connected at some time with our society. It reveals true life here by showing in the Gypsy Club how several of our boys behaved, who are now church officers, when they were away from church, out of town and removed from the restraints of ordinary social surroundings. And it records (at least in part) an ocean adventure as narrated by one of our pioneer young women, a narrative, which indicates commendable character, reproduces the circumstances of those early days and seems worth preserving.





WILLIAM FISKE BROWN.

Part II.

The Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin.

The History of the Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin, preceding the reunion of 1870, is here outlined in three papers, one of which, prepared by the writer for the Wisconsin Synod of 1887, is more particularly related to the New School Branch ; the second by Rev. T. S. Johnson, of Beaver Dam, Wis., describes the Old School Branch. A third presents more particularly the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention arrangement of 1840, with sketches of several of the pioneers.

I. — NEW SCHOOL.

In the year 1665, a Presbyterian judge, Stevens, patented a plantation on the east shore of Chesapeake Bay, and called it by the Bible name (Gen. xxvi, 22) Rehoboth. "Room for us." There, in the spring of 1683, he planted a little vine brought from the north of Ireland, whither he had recently written, asking the Presbytery of Laggan to send over a minister. "Who knows," he remarked, "how widely this vine may spread. The church is a vine of God's planting, and I have not relinquished my hope of a reply to that letter, my hope of seeing the Presbyterian church in like manner transplanted to these shores." A few days later came our almost pioneer Presbyterian minister in America, Francis Makemie. There at Rehoboth, in the spring of 1683 (when Philadelphia was just being founded, and the Jesuits were settling La Pointe, on Lake Superior), Makemie preached his first sermon, and the Presbyterian vine was duly planted. So now, a thousand miles northwest, and two centuries later, we are allowed to look, with grateful hearts, upon a vigorous branch of that vine, the Synod of Wisconsin, and to know that here also is a Rehoboth, room for us.

My special subject is, The origin and formation of the New School Synod of Wisconsin, and its history up to the time of the Reunion.

The first ecclesiastical body formed in the then Territory of Wisconsin was a Presbytery. It was organized at Milwaukee, Jan. 17, 1839, and was called The Presbytery of Wisconsin. It consisted of Revs. Gilbert Crawford, Lemuel Hall, Moses Ordway, and Cyrus Nichols. Elder Samuel Hinman, of the Presbyterian church of Milwaukee, and Deacon Asa Clarke, of the Congregational church of Prairieville, now Waukesha.

This Presbytery was not connected with any Synod or General Assembly, and in the same year (1839), July 5th, changed its name to the Presbytery of Milwaukee. In October, 1840, the members of this Presbytery, comprising delegates from eight churches (viz : Milwaukee, Green Bay, Geneva, Racine, East Troy, South Prairieville, Platteville and Kenosha), together with delegates from eight Congregational churches, formed what was called the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin. This convention, they said, was not an amalgamation of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, but a cordial union of brethren of both denominations, substantially agreeing in doctrinal belief, and keeping each their own mode of church government. "It is not the design of this body," they write, "to build up one of these denominations to the destruction of the other, but

rather to build up churches of Christ." The convention was closely connected with the American Home Missionary Society, from which nearly all its churches and ministers received aid. Its officers were invariably (so far as I can learn) Congregationalists.

That day of small things, though not to be despised, seemed to require such a union. Up to 1830 this part of our country was occupied by wild Indians and the not wilder animals, their prey. The first minister, Rev. Cutting Marsh, came on the field in 1830, and in 1836 organized the first church in Wisconsin, at Green Bay. When the agent of the American Home Missionary Society (Rev. Stephen Peet) passed over this territory in 1839, he found but three ministers and five or six churches. Very naturally, therefore, most of the New School Presbyterians, who came to this region between 1840 and 1857, became members of the Convention. It is a significant fact, however, that of all those Convention churches, only three or four are now in connection with Presbytery.

Early in the year 1851, the question of a separate organization was agitated, and the Presbytery of Milwaukee was formed. This was not a re-organization of the old Milwaukee Presbytery of 1839, but an entirely new body. It was composed of Rev. Wm. H. Spencer, Eli S. Hunter, D. D., and Rev. M. Steele, the First Presbyterian church of Milwaukee, and a newly organized church at Walker's Point, in that city.

In the autumn of the same year (1851) the Presbyterian churches of Columbus and Berlin, and three ministers, C. E. Rosenkrans, J. B. Preston, and Cutting Marsh, were formed into another Presbytery, called Fox River. These two Presbyteries were officially connected with the Synod of Peoria, Illinois. Within five years the number of ministers and churches in the latter Presbytery had so increased that its widely extended bounds were divided, and the Synod of Peoria, meeting in Chicago, Oct. 9, 1856, constituted therefrom the new Presbytery of Columbus. This was composed of Rev. Sidney H. Barteau, from Milwaukee Presbytery and from the Presbytery of Fox River, the First and Second Presbyterian churches of Columbus, the Presbyterian churches of Cottage Grove and Lowville, and Revs. John G. Kanouse and C. E. Rosenkrans, the latter being Stated Clerk.

Such was the limited material out of which, in the following year, the New School Synod of Wisconsin was formed, as follows:

At a meeting of our General Assembly, held in Cleveland, Ohio, during the spring of 1857 (see Assembly Minutes for 1857, p. 383), on the request of Peoria Synod, it was voted that the Presbyteries of Milwaukee, Fox River and Columbus, then attached to the Synod of Peoria, should be formed into a new Synod, to be called the Synod of Wisconsin; that they hold their first meeting in Columbus, Wis., on the third Thursday of October, 1857, the oldest minister present to preside until a Moderator should be chosen. In that same year (August, 1857) the New School Presbytery of Superior was formed by Revs. L. H. Wheeler of Odanah, C. B. Stevens of Marquette, and William A. McCorkle, now living in Michigan, but this Presbytery did not become a part of our Synod until the year 1866.

(N. B.—Rev. J. Irwin Smith, of Galesville, Wis., who was present at that organization, is my authority for saying that the name of the New School Presbytery was Superior, while the Old School Presbytery, formed at the same time, was called Lake Superior.)

It is of interest to notice that the Rev. L. H. Wheeler above mentioned came to Wisconsin in 1842, and labored at LaPointe. This town, situated on Madeline (or Magdalene) Island, Lake Superior, near Bayfield, Wis., was founded in the same year with Philadelphia. Thence, in 1845, Father Wheeler came to the Odanah Indian mission on Bad river, north Wisconsin. While living there, in order to relieve his family from the labor of bringing water up out of the deep ravine where it flowed, he invented and made a rude pumping windmill, which did the work desired. And that windmill was the origin of this great mindmill industry of the Northwest, which his sons and others have developed at Beloit, Wis., until now its manufactures are being sent out over almost all the civilized world.*

In accordance with the direction of General Assembly, before stated, Rev. C. E. Rosenkrans and Rev. Robert Osswald, of the Presbytery of Columbus, and Rev. Petel Zonne (Holland), of the Presbytery of Milwaukee, met in the village of Columbus, Thursday evening, Oct. 15, 1857, for the purpose of constituting the Synod of Wisconsin. There not being a quorum present, they adjourned, to meet the next day at 11 A. M.

Friday morning, Oct. 16, a quorum having assembled, the oldest minister present, Rev. G. W. Elliott, called them to order and constituted the Synod with prayer. The following persons were then enrolled as members:

Presbytery of Milwaukee—Present: Revs. G. W. Elliott, S. G. Spees, John Kidd, W. A. Niles, Peter Zonne, Mead Holmes, Elder J. A. Hall
Absent: Revs. Charles Wiley, D. D., †Silas Hawley, H. T. Lathrop, I. C. Holmes.

Presbytery of Fox River—Present: Rev. J. B. Preston, Elder Nathaniel Baker. Absent: Revs. Cutting Marsh, James Conley, Lorrain Rood, Geo. Turner, T. B. Reid.

Presbytery of Columbus—Present: Revs. William Lusk, C. E. Rosenkrans, Sidney H. Barteau, Robert Osswald, John D. Strong, B. G. Riley, ‡Hiram Gregg, Elders D. J. Evans, B. L. Brier, Milton Jennings. Absent: Revs. John G. Kanouse, Alvah G. Dunning.

The Moderator chosen was Rev. G. W. Elliott; their Temporary Clerk, who was also made Stated Clerk, was W. A. Niles.

The Synod voted to ordinarily continue its sessions over the Sabbath, and fixed upon the second Thursday of October as the time and Baraboo as the place of next meeting. In the evening they listened to a sermon by Rev. John Kidd, from Titus I. 1, last clause: "The truth which is after godliness."

During the next day they promptly placed themselves on record in regard to Christian Education, Home and Foreign Missions, Publication, Temperance, and other sorms of practical benevolence; *e. g.*, they took under their care Baraboo Female Seminary. A special committee on the relations of the American Home Missionary Society to our branch of the church, re-

*NOTE.—The Wheelers, with Charles B. Salmon, Secretary, and S. T. Merrill, President, formed the Eclipse Windmill Co., Beloit, Wis. This was succeeded by the Williams Engine Co., which became the Williams Engine and Clutch Works; and all is now merged in the great establishment of Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Beloit, Wis., G. W. Sparks, Agent, which employs about nine hundred men.

‡Died at Beaver Dam, Wis., Nov. 2, 1888.

‡NOTE 2.—Brother Riley, then a member of the Synod of Genesee, was received that morning by Columbus Presbytery, and so enrolled here.

ported that of the A. H. M. general agents employed in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota Territory, only one, according to the record, was connected with our church. Our General Assembly was asked to "inquire whether the A. H. M. executive committee is so comprised as to secure a just and equal administration of the affairs of the Society, and whether it may not be time to adopt a more truly representative principle in the appointment of A. H. M. general agents and home and missionary secretaries." This was one of the steps toward our own great Board of Home Missions. During the evening session Rev. S. H. Barteau, exploring missionary, gave an account of his work.

In voting that it should be continued, Synod emphasized the value of all true missionary labor.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18, they celebrated together the Lord's Supper. On Monday the Committee on Minutes of General Assembly report the following, which is adopted: "Resolved that this Synod express its satisfaction with the action of the last General Assembly upon the subject of slavery, and its gratitude to God therefor."

The Committee on Narrative (Rev. S. H. Barteau, Rev. John Kidd and Elder M. Jennings) also report: "With fervent gratitude to God we take our place as a Synod of the church of Jesus Christ, and enter upon the accomplishment of the great work devolved upon us. In the name of the Lord do we set up our banner. The grain of mustard seed planted in our soil has sprung up and begins to shoot forth its branches. The foundations of a glorious spiritual edifice have been laid, and our hope is that in due time the building in all its sublime proportions will be completed and filled with the presence and power of God."

Revivals are reported at Milwaukee and Cottage Grove. Yet as a contrast the Narrative mentions the "prevalence in our territory of intemperance, profaneness, Sabbath desecration, and violence sometimes resulting in murder," and concludes: "Many entire counties within our limits are without either a minister or a church of a Calvinistic faith. God grant that in all our bounds there may speedily be a revival of a pure missionary spirit: then how soon will the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose!"

The Committee on Home Missions also report: "We regret that the American Home Missionary Society apparently ignores the existence of the Presbyterian church in this State by appointing both its agents from the Convention. Nevertheless, we recommend that Synod urge our ministers and churches not to let this error of the Society hinder their hearty and earnest co-operation with it, hoping, as we do, that the executive committee, upon being reminded of our existence, will suitably modify their policy with regard to us."

At a session of Synod, held in Cottage Grove church, September, 1861, the standing rule was adopted that Synod meet annually on the third Thursday of September, at 10 o'clock A. M. There was also adopted a recommendation to "encourage pious and promising young men to prepare for the Gospel ministry, and so far as possible, to pledge pecuniary aid." They requested our Home Mission Committee to appoint Daniel Clark, of Lyons, Iowa, our Synodical missionary, and defined that office as follows: "He is to labor under the direction of Synod and make a full report to them annually. He is expected to look after our vacant, feeble or endangered

churches, and to labor as opportunity may serve to extend the interests of our Zion."

At Pardeeville, September 16, 1864, the Synod's Home Mission Committee reported that Rev. B. G. Riley had been appointed Synodical missionary, and that his labors began Sept. 1st inst. How faithfully for many years that man of God went back and forth across our State and magnified that office by his fidelity, is known to you all.



REV. BENJAMIN GILBERT RILEY.
1810—1884.

At the same meeting Rev. B. G. Riley was chosen Stated Clerk and Treasurer of Synod.

The roll of Stated Clerks from the beginning was: Wm. A. Niles, 1857 to 1860; Sidney H. Barteau, 1860 to 1864; B. G. Riley, 1864 to Reunion, and then Stated Clerk in the new Synod.

At the session of Synod which was held in the New School Presbyterian Church of Neenah, Sept. 21, 1865, the Committee on Narrative reported: "The Synod of Wisconsin comprises thirty-two ministers and twenty-nine churches. Of these twenty-one have pastors, or stated supplies, and eight are vacant. Received during the year: on examination, 115; by letter, 75; whole number of members, 1,509; total contribution to Home

Missions, \$385.00; to foreign missions, \$548.00; to publication, \$52.00."

At the close of the great civil war they also record this honorable testimony: "Our returned soldiers, instead of being a blight and a curse on account of the corruptions of the camp, generally welcome the quiet routine of private life, and show themselves improved by the discipline of the army. Many of them we find in our churches and our Sabbath-Schools."

By action of the General Assembly of 1866, there was added to this Synod the Presbytery of Lake Superior (or "Superior"), consisting of six ministers and five churches, with 117 members.

In the meantime, some four years earlier, steps had been taken towards a union of the Old and the New School churches in this region, as follows: *At a meeting of Chippewa Presbytery (Old School), held in Rochester, Minn., July, 1862, a paper was received by them from the New School Presbytery of Winona, Minn., proposing reunion. (Chippewa Presbytery was at that time, 1860 to 1870, in official connection with the Synod of St Paul.) Rev. David C. Lyon and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Chippewa, were made a Committee of Conference on this matter, and as a result the two Presbyteries, Chippewa (Old School) and Winona (New School) convened during April, 1863, in the same place, Winona. The outcome was a joint memorial, sent to both the Old School and the New School Assembly, to this desired end.

At a meeting of the New School Synod in Milwaukee, Sept. 21, 1867, a

*This account of the beginnings of Reunion in Chippewa, etc., is from a record by J. Irwin Smith, Galesville, 1887.

Committee on Reunion reported, earnestly recommending approval of our General Assembly action, favoring union. Then during the session held in the Second Presbyterian Church of Neenah, Oct. 12, 1869, Revs. H. Eddy and B. G. Riley, with Elder S. C. West (who is still living in Milwaukee), were appointed a standing committee to confer with a similar committee from the Old School Synod, to arrange for a series of ratification meetings after the Reunion. So, when that union of the Old and the New School Presbyterian churches had been duly established by our General Assembly, the first union Synod of Wisconsin met in the North Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee, July 12, 1870, with the venerable Dr. Buchanan for Moderator. The honorable record of this Synod shows that here we have indeed found room and have, in some worthy measure, filled it.

Names of New School Presbyterian ministers who came to Wisconsin on or before 1862, and their fields of labor, specifying those that left before that date, from a history by Rev. Dexter Clary, Beloit, 1861, and corrected from other sources: Cutting Marsh, 1830. Moses Ordway, 1836. *C. E. Rosenkrans, 1842-1861, Columbus. Wm. Drummond, 1846, Portland and Waterloo. J. G. Kanouse, 1846, Cottage Grove and Sun Prairie. *Alfred Eddy, 1849-1856, Beloit. W. A. Niles, 1850-1859, Beaver Dam and Watertown. John B. Preston, 1850, Omro. *W. H. Spencer, 1850-1856, Milwaukee. H. T. Lathrop, 1850, Palmyra. M. Steele, 1851-1852, Walker's Point, Milwaukee. *S. H. Ashmun, 1851, Rural. *J. N. Lewis, 1851, Caledonia. Sidney H. Barteau, 1852, Pardeeville and Wyocena. J. C. Holmes, 1852, Maple Grove. C. R. French, 1852-1857, Barton and vicinity. *G. W. Elliott, 1853, Milwaukee city missionary. Mead Holmes, 1854, S. S. mission-ary. P. Kanouse, 1854-1856, Cottage Grove. J. Conly, 1855, Ashippun and Stone Bank. Alvah G. Dunning, 1855, Arlington. John Kidd, 1855-1857, Walker's Point, Milwaukee. Lorrain Rood, 1856-1859 Omro. S. G. Spees, 1856-1859, Milwaukee. Charles Wiley, D. D., 1856-1857, Milwaukee. Robert Oswald, 1856-1857, Columbus (German). *John D. Strong, 1856-1859, Lowville. *B. G. Riley, 1857, Lodi and vicinity. S. Uhlfelder, 1857-1859, Logansville. C. Hall, 1857, Colporteur. *W. Lusk, 1857-1859, Reedsburg. Hiram Gregg, 1857-1859, Baraboo. J. S. Lord, 1857, Barton and Scott. E. F. Waldo, 1857, Jefferson. T. Williston, 1858, Reedsburg and Logansville. W. Bridgeman, 1859-1860, Waupaca and Plover. J. H. Dillingham, 1860, Manitowoc. C. F. Halsey, 1858, Wausau and vicinity. Silas Hawley, 1857, Fond du Lac. George Turner, 1854-1859, Stevens Point. P. S. Van Nest, 1861. W. M. Adams, 1861-1864, Beloit. C. Ven de Ven, Milwaukee (Holland). P. Zonne, Holland church, Sheboygan county.

Of these 44 New School ministers, 24 were remaining in the State in 1862. As far as known the source of supply was: Connecticut, 1; Massachusetts, 3; New Jersey, 3; New York 9; Scotland 1; Ireland, 1; Holland, 2.

Of Old School Presbyterian ministers there were then in the State 39, representing 49 churches and about two thousand members.

NOTE.—Rev. Stephen Peet and the First Presbyterian church of Green Bay were received into Milwaukee Presbytery July 5th, 1839. Another Congregational minister, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, his successor at Green Bay, also joined that Presbytery, Oct. 6th, 1840.

II.—OLD SCHOOL.



REV. THOMAS S. JOHNSON.

Presented to the Synod of Wisconsin by Rev. T. S. Johnson, at Neenah, Wis., Oct. 13, 1887.

The history of the Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin is brief but full of interest to those who now enjoy the comfortable possession of the means of grace in this large commonwealth.

When the new garden-land of Wisconsin was opened up to the enterprise and industry of the resolute men and brave women who left their eastern homes and emigrated to the new territory, the Presbyterian Church followed with ministers and missionaries wherever a settlement was made. Churches were organized wherever it was practicable, and stated services were appointed, and mission stations were established as centers of christian effort. The first Presbyterian church was formed by Rev. Moses Ordway and Cutting Marsh, 1836, at Green Bay. These places were very widely separated and were so distant from the neighboring Synods and Presbyteries that it was considered expedient to form a new Presbytery, and in the rising city of Milwaukee on Jan. 17, 1839, the first organization called "The Presbytery of Wisconsin" was effected. At this meeting there were four ministers present and one elder, viz: Revs. Moses Ordway, Gilbert Crawford, Lemuel Hall, Cyrus Nichols and Elder Samuel Hinman. Deacon Asa Clark of the Congregational Church, Prairieville, was also present at this meeting. As there were several Congregational churches and mission stations in the territory, arrangements were made whereby Congregational churches might become connected with the Presbytery, and at the meeting at Troy, in Walworth county, Oct. 9, 1840, a plan of union was adopted whereby the two denominations could work in the missionary service of the territory, and the name was changed from the Presbytery of Wisconsin to the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin. For various reasons the union was not satisfactory to the majority of the Presbyterian churches, and it seemed best to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, then in session at Philadelphia, May, 1846, to erect a regular Presbytery, called the Presbytery of Wisconsin. The first meeting was appointed to be held at Prairieville (now Waukesha), July 18th, 1846. This Presbytery consisted of the following ministers and churches, viz: Revs. Silas Pratt, M. A. Fox, Thamas Frazer, Aaron A. Lindsey, and the churches of Prairieville, Lynn and Hebron and Neepersink. The Rev. J. B. Plumsted was received from the Presbytery of Lake., and the Rev. Daniel Smith from the Beloit convention of the Congregational Church. The whole Presbytery was organized into a committee for missionary work. They were to seek out fields of labor, and preach and organize churches, and to use their best efforts to advance the cause of religion in the territory. The succeeding meetings of the Presbytery at Lynn,

Woodstock, Waukesha and Clawson Prairie, were marked with the earnest zeal of faithful men of God, who were eager to supply the pioneers of Wisconsin with the Word of Life, and to lay the foundation of sound doctrines and godliness for the generations to come.

The rapid increase of the State in population and the encouraging prospects of the church, gave the Presbytery of Wisconsin, then attached to the Synod of Illinois, the courage to apply for the organization of the Synod of Wisconsin. The application was granted and the first meeting of the Synod was held at Fort Winnebago, Oct. 1, 1851. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Savage was Moderator, and Rev. A. L. Lindsley, Clerk. The Synod was divided into the Presbytery of Dane, the Presbytery of Milwaukee and the Presbytery of Winnebago. The Presbytery of Dane consisted of the following ministers: Revs. Joseph Adams, Eben Blachley, William Cargen, M. D., Matthew Fox, Thomas Frazer, H. B. Gardiner, D. C. Lyon, F. A. Pratt, John W. Stirling, James M. Smith, and the churches of Dane, Richland City, Cambridge, Verona, Decatur, Madison, Fulton, Mineral Point, Greenfield, Grand Spring. The Presbytery of Milwaukee consisted of the following ministers: Revs. John A. Savage, D. D., Aaron L. Lindsley, Daniel Smith, Cyrus Nichols, John M. Buchanan, Noah Cressey, Richard K. Todd, Harvey Chapin, J. B. Plumstead, Lucius J. Root, George F. Goodhue, William Brobston, and the churches of Port Washington, Richmond, Mount Pleasant, North Church, Milwaukee, Waukesha, Salem, Lynn and Hebron Neepersink, Marengo, Wilmington, Grafton. The Presbytery of Winnebago consisted of the following ministers: Samuel Robertson, Elias S. Peck, T. A. Ammerman, Henry M. Robertson, who was its first Stated Clerk, Bradley Phillips, William W. McNair, John Brittain, and the churches of Winneconne, Bloomfield, Waukon, Neenah, Burnett and Horicon, Dodge Center, Fort Winnebago, Depere and Wycocena.

The entire force of the Old School Presbyterian Synod of Wisconsin at the time of its organization was 29 ministers, 30 churches, 807 members, 958 families in congregation. Efforts were begun for christian education, and Carroll College, chartered in 1846, and carried on till September, 1850, as a preparatory school, was strengthened and a large stone building erected. Dr. J. A. Savage was elected President and college classes were formed. Soon after the Presbyterian Academy at Portage was started with Rev. John Brittain and afterwards the Rev. Baker Johnson as principals. The building of railroads and the internal improvements of the State made it necessary to employ Synodical missionaries to visit new towns and settlements and procure ministers. The Rev. D. C. Lyon and Stuart Mitchell were so employed and great good accomplished by their labors.

In 1857 the New School Synod of Wisconsin was formed, which in 1859 had 29 ministers, 34 churches, and 1,384 communicants. In this Synod there were the Presbyteries of Milwaukee, Fox River, and Columbus, with the Rev. B. G. Riley, William Niles, Cutting Marsh, S. G. Spees, John B. Preston, Hiram Gregg, Jacob Patch, T. Ashmun, all earnest men of God and faithful in every good work. At the time of the reunion of the New and Old School Presbyterian churches, in November, 1869, and exactly thirty years after the organization of the first Presbytery of Wisconsin, in 1839, the Synod of Wisconsin consisted of the Presbyteries of Milwaukee, Wisconsin River, Winnebago, Lake Superior and Chippewa, with a total of

59 ministers, 100 churches, 6,300 communicants, and 7,000 in the Sunday-schools.

During these thirty years the population of Wisconsin had increased from 30,000 to 1,054,670. The country was fertile, easily tilled and well watered, and the lines of steamboats from Buffalo and other lake ports were crowded with emigrants from the eastern states and foreign countries. Few sections of the West were peopled with the rapidity of southern and eastern Wisconsin, or were settled with a better class of industrious and thrifty people. Wagon roads, rivers and canals were too slow means of transportation, and gradually the railroad systems extended over the State. Villages and cities were built, and the work of the Presbyterian church was to gather the people of God in these centers of influence and organize them into churches for effective work, so that the whole community might enjoy the light of the Gospel of the Son of God. It was a great work which devolved upon the Presbyterian church of Wisconsin, and with the small force of ministers, and with the intense excitement of worldly interests, and the diversions of the civil war, the poverty of the members, and the prevalence of strong feeling in politics, it is wonderful that they succeeded as well as they did in laying a good foundation for the Church of God in almost every city and village in the State. Of the early missionaries who toiled and struggled amid the perils and the discomforts of pioneer times, we speak with reverence of the faithful Elias S. Peck, Moses Ordway, and W. W. McNair, Robertson, father and son, Dr. John M. Buchanan, John Brittain and William Reed, who early fell at their posts of duty, Bros. Gardner and Baker Johnson, Jesse Edwards and Stuart Mitchell, D. C. Lyon, R. Frame, G. T. Todd and Jacob Patch, Father Kanouse and B. G. Riley—*heroes—men of God—all of them self-sacrificing, earnest and true*. Some of them have been permitted to remain and witness the result of their labor, but most of them have been called in from their work and are now the honored residents of a better world.

Their lives and their work for the Lord has made this holy ground. We cannot speak all their names or recount their valiant service; but no more earnest, loving labor for the church of our God was ever rendered than that which was so cheerfully and gladly given by these heroes of the early days of the Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin.

NOTE BY W. F. B.—In May 1851, our General Assembly constituted the Presbytery of Dane, embracing the western portion of Wisconsin. This Presbytery was duly organized at Fulton, Wis., June 24th, 1851. Oct. 9th, 1856, the Synod of Peoria formed a portion of this field into the Presbytery of Columbus, which held its first meeting at Columbus, Oct. 28th, 1856. By the Synod of Wisconsin and by another division of this territory the Presbytery of Wisconsin River was constituted and first met at Madison, Aug. 30th, 1870. Then in Oct., 1884, our Synod made still another change in the names and boundaries of Presbyteries. Wisconsin River was called Madison Presbytery, and the churches of Beloit First and Janesville First were taken from Milwaukee Presbytery and added to Madison. This Presbytery, to which Beloit First now belongs, includes all the Presbyterian churches in the ten counties, Columbus, Dane, Rock, Green, LaFayette, Iowa, Sauk, Richland, Crawford and Grant.)

NOTE 1.—The writer of this sketch, Rev. T. S. Johnson, is a worthy son of the Rev. Baker Johnson, mentioned above, who was principal of Portage Academy, and a most useful pioneer preacher.

NOTE 2.—Benjamin Gilbert Riley was born at Middlefield, Otsego Co., N. Y., Aug. 7th, 1810. A graduate of Williams College in 1834, he spent one year at Andover, another year as principal of Oxford select school, and graduated from Union Theological Seminary, New York city in 1839. August 31st of that year he married in New York Miss Anna Farrell of Detroit, Mich. Taking first a Congregational church at Hartwick, N. Y., and then serving at Livonia, Livingston Co., 1843–1855, he afterwards became principal of Genesee Model School, Lima, N. Y., for a year, when ill health led him to resign. In September, 1857, he came to Lodi, Wisconsin, was pastor of that Presbyterian church six years, and then was appointed New School Synodical Missionary for Wisconsin, and served thirteen years, 1864 to July 1877. After that long and arduous work he still preached at various places, especially in Waunakee, Wis., one of the many churches he had founded. His death occurred at Prairie du Sac, Sauk Co., Wis., Sept. 11th, 1884, and his remains were buried at Lodi, Wis. He left a daughter, Laura E., and two sons, Edward F. Riley, now secretary Board of Regents, Wisconsin University, and Charles P. Riley, M. D., of Baraboo, Wis.

NOTE 3.—The successive Presbyterian Synodical Missionaries for Wisconsin have been D. C. Lyon and Stuart Mitchell, B. G. Riley, J. W. Sanderson of Janesville, W. D. Thomas of La Crosse, W. F. Brown of Beloit, and the present S. M., Lowell C. Smith of Oshkosh.

The Synod of Wisconsin, 1870–1895,

INCLUDING THE PRESBYTERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR IN NORTH MICHIGAN.

(From the S. M. report for 1895, and tabulated records.)

	Ministers	Churches	Members	S. S. Members	Church Expendt'g	Home Missions	Foreign Missions
1870	83	88	5,098	5,761	\$ 66,270		
1890	124	156	11,745	15,968	143,375	\$5,850	\$5,904

WISCONSIN, WITHOUT LAKE SUPERIOR PRESBYTERY IN N. MICHIGAN.

1890	111	137	10,318	13,456	\$121,676	\$4,915	\$5,103
1895	145	159	13,960	18,515	183,543	8,782	6,880

The progress made by the Presbyterian church in Wisconsin during the quarter century following the Reunion is outlined in the above table.

Our State is still a Home Missionary field, not only because of its size, 320 miles long by 250 wide, and 380 miles from north-west to south-east, but because of the fact that Wisconsin has and uses five of the original sources of supply. Mining ore, quarrying, lumbering, fisheries and farming, have brought to our State many unskilled laborers of various nationalities, with foreign tongues and prejudices. As Germans, Irish, Danes, French, Scandinavians, Finlanders, Cornishmen, Bohemians, Swiss, Welshmen, they came, but they are here as Americans, and some of them make the best of christians and Presbyterians. Their children also render the field still more

hopeful. Through a single church in north Wisconsin (at Wausau), by its missions and Sunday schools, about a thousand children are being thus taught.

Another feature of our Home Mission field results from the uncertain fortunes of mining and lumbering. At times these cause quite sudden changes in the population and prosperity of the towns depending on those industries, and of course our Home Mission churches are affected.

Making farms among the forests of north Wisconsin is different from farming on our rich prairies. It means pioneer work and some privation. We have in charge also the Indians at Odanah and at Stockbridge, a bit of Foreign Missions here at home.

Most of these hard workers are at present poor. They want christian teaching, but need help in order to get it.

Then too ours is still a rapidly growing State. During the last five years the population of Wisconsin has increased 245,000, or $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and is now 1,931,000, (that is, in 1895).

For these our Presbyterian church has done and is doing the share of christian service barely indicated above. Originally our Synod included the northern peninsula of Michigan, but in 1891 that field was transferred to the Synod of Michigan. Within our State from 1890-1895, while the general population increased $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the number of our Presbyterian churches increased 16 per cent., ministers 30 per cent., church members 35 per cent., and Sunday school membership $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. During the same period also our general expenditures increased 50 per cent., contributions to Home Missions 78 per cent., and to Foreign Missions 32 per cent.

For several years efforts to advance have been hindered by the heavy indebtedness of our Boards of Benevolence, especially the great burden on the Home Mission Board. It is an honorable historical fact, therefore, that in this year 1899 every Benevolent Board of our Presbyterian church in the United States has been enabled to report that it is out of debt.

The Wisconsin Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of 1840, and its Pioneers at Green Bay.

As our Beloit Presbyterians were all connected at first with this Convention, which also vitally influenced the character of our city, that early Wisconsin church arrangement and its founders may fitly be noticed here.

The Jesuit mission on the present site of Ashland, Wis., in 1660, and the Xavier mission established by Allouez at De Pere, 1699, both ended long before the close of French occupancy in 1761. The first Protestant church within the bounds of our State was that of the Christian Stockbridge Indians, who, led by John Metoxen, came from New York to the Fox river (at Statesburg, now S. Kaukauna, 40 miles south-west of Green Bay), in 1822. Their missionary (from July, 1827), Rev. Jesse Miner, having died, March 22d, 1829, was succeeded by *Rev. Cutting Marsh, who reached Green Bay April 30th, 1830, and served them for the next eighteen years. In 1832 Dr. Richard Satterlee and his wife, Presbyterian members of the little church at Mackinaw, came to Green Bay, earnest christians both.

During the summer of 1834, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a young home missionary, who was then stationed at the military post called Chicago, visited Green Bay, held a preaching service and baptized three children of Lieut. R. B. Marcy. One of these (says Davidson) afterwards became the wife of Major General Geo. B. McClellan.

Early in 1836, by request of certain Presbyterian church members in Green Bay, Rev. Cutting Marsh came and organized there, Saturday evening, January 9th, the First Presbyterian Church of Green Bay, with twelve members, whose names are recorded. The leaders in the movement seem to have been Dr. Richard S. Satterlee (military surgeon at Fort Howard, 1832-1837), with Mary his wife, and William Mitchell and Sophia his wife. Two of the twelve were elected elders and a strict creed was adopted with a covenant. The next day, Sunday afternoon, January 10th, (as Mrs. Satterlee remembered and stated in 1876), public services were conducted by Mr. Marsh in the military hospital at Fort Howard, and the two elders were duly ordained. The church also engaged Mr. Marsh to come and preach there every sixth Sabbath, and to conduct a communion service once in twelve weeks. The Journals of Cutting Marsh are preserved at the rooms of the State Historical Society, Madison, Wis. In that for 1836 is the entry, "May 1836 (1st Sab.) The Pres. church had its season of Communion. I pr. fr. 1 Cor. 11:23. The meeting was held at the Fort. In the P. M. I preached at Navarino," (the village across the river.)

Mr. Marsh seems to have served that First Church as arranged until October, 1836. According to their record book, on the 28th of that month, (literal transcript) "the church was convened by request; and the Rev. Moses Ordway being in the place, church agreed to invite him to stop as stated supply for the present." Ordway was a New School Presbyterian. He agreed to stay but not permanently (remaining in fact only about six months) and would take besides his living only what they might choose to give him. Moses Ordway thus became the first resident Protestant minister

*Unnamed Wisconsin, Davidson, pp. 115, 116. 205.



Cutting Marsh.

1800—1873.

in Green Bay, and first also in the State excepting the missionaries to the Indians, (and possibly Rev. David Lowrey, who in 1834 organized a Cumberland Presbyterian church at Prairie du Chien, and was for a while its minister.)

Mr. Ordway at once (Nov. 4) started a weekly Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. He seems to have also promptly re-formed or reorganized the church by strengthening the original creed and covenant, and cutting down the roll to nine members, and soon after by even trying and dismissing one of the first elders. (His private journal, now in the hands of Rev. T. S. Johnson, of Beaver Dam, Wis., says, pp. 56 and 57, "I found 60 who had been professors somewhere before. Bro. Cutting Marsh had been there and looked up a few. We finally found nine out of the sixty who were willing to be formed into a Presbyterian church, and before the meeting-house was finished this was done. Brother Marsh and myself formed the church, the first Home Missionary Church in the Territory, November, 1836." That was Ordway's remembrance of it when he wrote up this journal apparently in after years. The account of the original organization (as having occurred January 9th, etc.) given above, *was copied exactly from the record book of the church, (in which the records up to August 7th, 1837, are in Mr. Ordway's own handwriting), and in 1876 was confirmed as correct by one of the surviving charter members, Mr. Satterlee.

A newly built store (north side of Walnut Street, midway between Washington and Adams) was secured and fitted up for a meeting-house, and there, beginning the latter part of November, were held three services each Sabbath. His first public discourse, he says, "was on the subject of the carnal mind being at enmity against God," as illustrated by the daily conduct of the people of Green Bay.

†"In person Mr. Ordway was a rather short, thick set man, with light complexion and keen eye. In character and office he was a John the Baptist. Eccentric, blunt, rigid energetic, outspoken, and also a man of much original power, he made a deep impression, and at the same time awakened many enmities. On being asked on one occasion at an evening meeting to lead in prayer, his gruff answer was, "No, I wont." Intense in his devotion to his own church, he used very free expressions about other churches. A Methodist clergyman who was introduced to him, remarked that he hoped they might work together in harmony. Ordway replied, "A sheep and an ox cannot pull together."

"He was a great man," says one, "to throw fire into shavings." And another wrote, "He hunted up the hidden church members as with a fire-brand." Men would go to hear him and swear when they went away, and yet go again. Not popular with the public, he was sustained by the church because they believed that he was doing a good work." His preaching was positive, pungent and offensive to many, but it was blessed with genuine revivals. The result of his six months' service in Green Bay was the addition to this church of nine members on profession of faith and thirty by letter. The testimony of one of the survivors of his preaching is that he in-

*God's Providence for Forty Years. Rev. Wm. Crawford, Green Bay, 1876, p. 7. Also letter. Oct. 2, 1899.

†Pamphlet of Wm. Crawford, 1876, p. 8.



MOSES ORDWAY.
1778—1870.

fused a tonic element into the church which kept it braced up for years. The members were a unit after his departure.

Ordway's journal says, "At this time I had a call to go to Milwaukee to form a church, and as we had already received a line from Stephen Peet, from Buffalo, a professed Presbyterian of the right stamp, * * * about the middle of February, 1837, I took Bro. Cutting Marsh, we mounted our ponies and started, and after sleeping two or three nights in the snow we arrived safe at Milwaukee."

After Rev. Mr. Ordway had gone the church held public services every Sunday, with a sermon read by the post surgeon, Dr. Satterlee. August 4, Rev. Cutting Marsh conducted a communion service and received ten new members by letter.

Oct. 3d, 1837, Rev. Stephen Peet having just arrived by boat preached to them in the evening from Romans 8:9. Very few were present, but the church requested him by all means to come "among these Macedonians." He left by boat next day for Buffalo, promptly returned during the same month with his wife and five children, and was their minister two years. He was not installed pastor, probably because Wisconsin had then no Presbytery, and the only other Presbyterian ministers in the Territory at that time, excepting possibly Aratus Kent and a Mr. Bonham near Prairie du Chien, were Moses Ordway with Gilbert Crawford at Milwaukee, and Cyrus Nichols at Racine. Peet seems to have corresponded with some of them about it, for Rev. Mr. Crawford wrote Dec. 18th, 1837, to excuse the Milwaukee brethren, saying, "to attend installation would keep us nearly eight days on the road going and coming."

Energetic and persevering, by January 1838, Mr. Peet had his people working for a new building. Among the subscribers were John Jacob Astor of New York, \$300, and Washington Irving, \$50. Green Bay was an important post of the early fur trade which Astor carried on, and part of the town was called by his name, Astor.

*The new Presbyterian meeting house measured 54 by 36 feet, had 50 pews calculated to seat three hundred, (people sat closer then), and the contract price with extras was \$2,600.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 8th, 1838, the new Presbyterian meeting house was opened for public worship, and Rev. Cutting Marsh preached from II Cor. 5:7. Sabbath morning, the 9th, his journal reads, "A steam-boat came in, but no ministers came. In the A. M. I preached from Luke 20; 34-46. In the P. M. (afternoon) the house was dedicated, and brother Peet preached the dedicatory sermon from Isaiah, 33; 20. Rev. Mr. Nichols of the Methodist church made the first prayer, and myself the dedicatory prayer. The thought of what that place so little time since was, the greatness of the change. the history of the Presbyterian church from its commencement, which was formed only two years ago last Feb. * * * seemed for the time to overwhelm me." * * * "In the eve. I preached from II Kings, 5; 10-12, Naaman."

The Stockbridge mission school, (a log house), built in 1828, where Cutting Marsh preached, was the first Protestant church building in the Territory. The M. E. church of Green Bay, also, was dedicated a little ear-

*Rev. Wm. Crawford's pamphlet, 1876, p. 11. Peet's Hist., p. 122.



Stephen Peet.

1797—1855.

lier than Peet's church. But this was the first Presbyterian house of worship completed in Wisconsin excepting that small temporary home of the First Presbyterian church of Milwaukee, (costing *\$619.91), which was dedicated in July, 1837.

In October, 1838, J. J. Astor of New York, gave and sent to the new church a bell of 696 lbs., and in the P. S. of his letter to William Mitchell wrote, "You will please settle the account of freight and expenses." In 1846 Astor, then the richest man in the United States, with others deeded to that Presbyterian Society their church lot, and wrote to his agent at Green Bay, "You charge in your account 87 cents for recording deed from the Presbyterian church of lots 7 and 8 in block 27, which the church ought to pay. Please collect it."

In the winter following that dedication the earnest labors of Rev. Mr. Peet, temporarily assisted by Mr. Marsh, were blessed with a (for them) great revival, which resulted finally in forty additions to their church, nineteen on conversion and twenty-one by letter. Among others helpfully influenced was the minister's own little boy (now the Rev. Stephen D. Peet, editor of the Antiquarian Magazine, Chicago), who then received, he tells me, the permanent religious impression of his life.

During the summer of 1839, June 10 to July 11, Mr. Peet made a Wisconsin tour of 575 miles on horseback, finding at Beloit a population of 1250 and a church of thirty members, (see page 35) In his published report of that journey he said, †"Ten ministers are wanted for Wisconsin immediately. Send us good ministers. Send them now."

Another significant utterance of his has been preserved in a letter written August 5th, 1839 (from Green Bay) to a gentleman in Southport, now Kenosha. He says, "When I came to this region (Green Bay) I had in view to build up an institution of learning, and thought this might be a good place. But the country around is not sufficiently settled." This is the earliest recorded expression known to the writer, of that definite purpose in the mind of Rev. Stephen Peet, which resulted finally in Beloit College, 1847, and Chicago Theological Seminary, 1855. This purpose also, as well as family interests, probably explains the change by which, Oct. 1st, 1839, he began serving that First Presbyterian church in Milwaukee, which had been organized April 13th, 1837, by Ordway and Marsh.

The Green Bay church maintained its public services during the next six months without a minister, having each Sunday a sermon read by an earnest young layman named D. Butler. Then, Jeremiah Porter's one sermon (from Zech., 9:12) preached there six years before being still vividly remembered, the church sent to him at Farmington, Illinois, a call which was accepted. The wearisome carriage ride over muddy roads to Chicago, the voyage by steamer to Mackinaw and then by Schooner to Green Bay, including two weeks of tedious delays waiting for boats, occupied seven weeks and four days. June 12th, 1840, he arrived with his wife, little

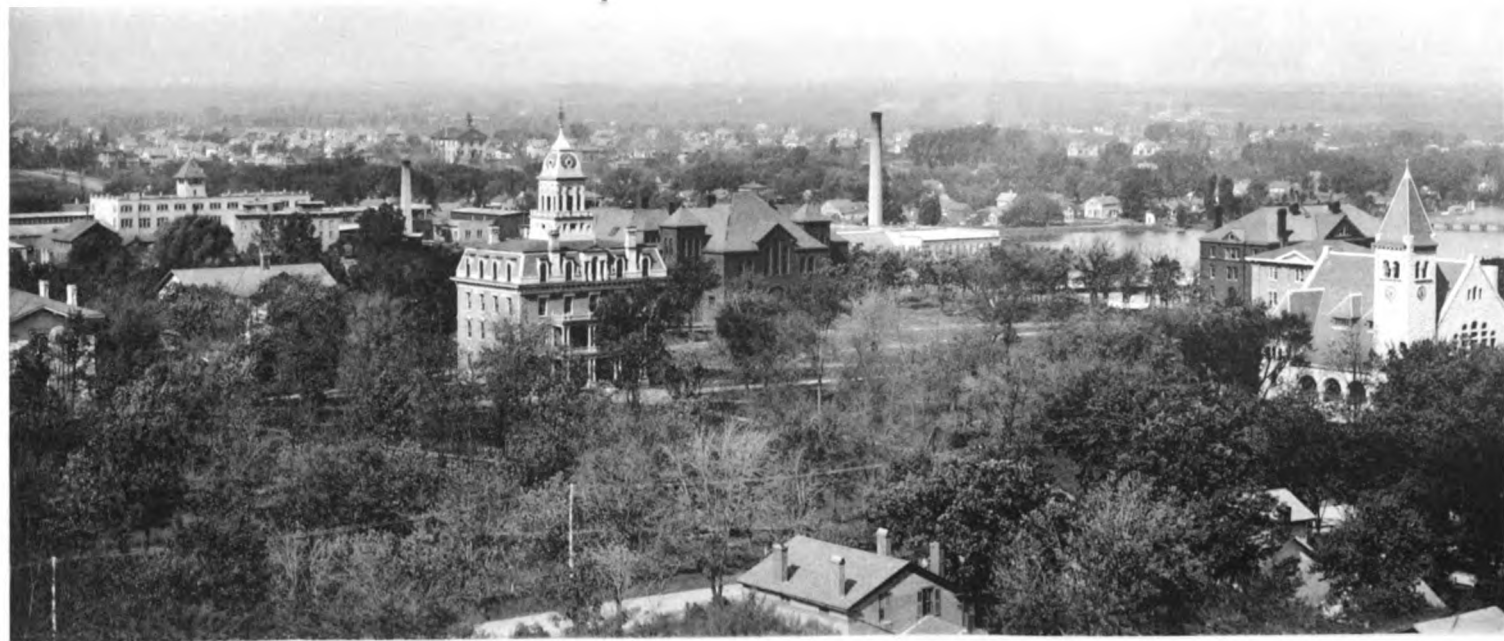
*See Unnamed Wis., Davidson, p. 218. Green Bay, Wis., Democrat, Saturday, Sept 2d, 1838, on file at State Historical Society Rooms, Madison, Wis.

†Wm. Crawford, 1876, p. 12, also 15.

‡Memorial by Prof. Joseph Emerson, Beloit College Monthly, July, 1870, p. 235.

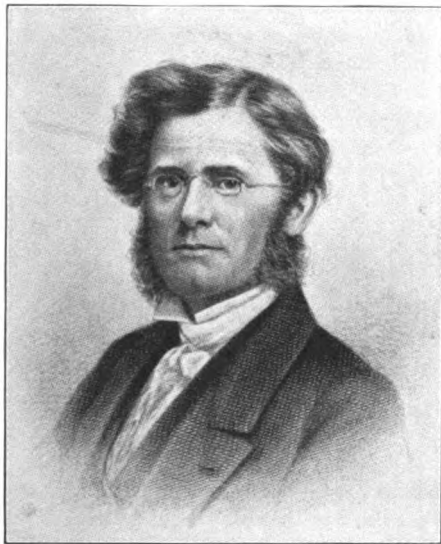
§The Home Missionary for September, 1839.

¶Pamphlet of Wm. Crawford, 1876, p. 15.



Chicago Photo-Gravure Co.

LOOKING NORTH-WEST FROM THE STEEPLE OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BELOIT, WIS.



Orville Peter.

1859.

James, two years old, and a sick infant boy who died the next week. Promptly, however, on Sunday, June 14th, 1840, Mr. Porter began that fruitful pastorate, which lasted just eighteen years.

Jeremiah Porter's installation, January 4th, 1841, brings us to the "Convention," for which those four pioneers, Marsh, Ordway, Peet and himself had prepared the way, and of which the last three were an important part. That church occasion deserves especial notice also as being the first regular installation of a pastor within the bounds of Wisconsin.

Rev. Stephen Peet of Milwaukee, Rev. Moses Ordway, then of South Prairieville, and Rev. O. F. Curtis of Prairieville (named after 1847 Waukesha), having come up through the snowy wilderness for that service, called on Cutting Marsh at Stockbridge, and after a day or two he joined them at Green Bay. The new Presbyterian and Congregational Convention held a special meeting there on Saturday, January 2d. On Sunday about fifty persons united in a solemn communion service, and on Monday came the installation. Rev. Moses Ordway presided as Moderator; Rev. S. Peet preached, Rev. Cutting Marsh offered the prayer, Rev. O. F. Curtis gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Mr. Ordway that to the people. The Stockbridge Indian deacon, Metoxen, Wm. Mitchell of Green Bay, and Robert Love of Milwaukee, attended as delegates. Nearly all the visitors stayed about two weeks, there was preaching daily and a revival followed, which brought twenty-three into the church that year on profession of faith. Rev. Mr. Ordway spent most of that fortnight helping *Rev. Mr. Marsh at Stockbridge in a series of meetings, the result of which was sixteen conversions, and two young men led to seek the ministry. The church arrangement which bore such fruit is worthy of notice.

†On the 17th of January, 1839, Revds. Gilbert Crawford, Lemuel Hall, Moses Ordway and Cyrus Nichols, with Elder Samuel Hinman from the Presbyterian church of Milwaukee, and Deacon Asa Clarke from the Congregational church of Prairieville (Waukesha) formed at Milwaukee the Presbytery of Wisconsin. This first Protestant ecclesiastical organization within our State adopted as Presbytery the Constitution, Confession of Faith and Discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, but was never connected with Synod or General Assembly.

The second meeting, appointed for Racine, July 4th, 1839, was thence adjourned to meet next day at Milwaukee, and during the meeting (July 5th) in Milwaukee, the name was changed to that of "The Presbytery of Milwaukee." Rev. Stephen Peet of Green Bay, then united with the body, and the churches of Green Bay, Geneva and East Troy were received, the two latter being represented by delegates. (At a subsequent meeting a delegate from the Green Bay church was in attendance.)

At the fifth meeting of Presbytery, a special, held at Troy, Wis., Oct. 6, 1840, Rev. Jeremiah Porter of Green Bay, Rev. Solomon Chaffee and the churches of Mineral Point and Platteville were received.

Mr. Peet writes: "A union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists was contemplated from the first movement towards an ecclesiastical organization in Wisconsin." He himself is said to have been the originator of

*MSS. address of Rev. J. E. Chapin of Neenah, on file, Historical Society, Madison, Wis. Crawford, 1876, p. 18.

†Peet's church history. 1852. pp. 2 and 3, 10, 22.

that Plan of Union, and was unquestionably its most active defender and promoter.

As the Stated Clerk of Milwaukee Presbytery, Mr. Peet issued a circular (Aug. 8, 1840) describing the proposed Union, giving all the articles adopted by Presbytery with reference to it, and inviting Congregational delegates to attend the meeting of Presbytery at Troy, Wis., Oct. 6.

The Congregationalists were about to form a separate organization, and Peet, Porter, Ordway and others thought it would be far better for the cause of Christ in this new Territory to combine the limited strength of both denominations in one practical form of church life.

Rev. Jeremiah Porter, who traveled five days on horseback with his delegate from Green Bay, to attend that gathering, wrote soon after that the object of the meeting was to see if these two denominations could cause the prayer of the Savior to be answered so far as related to us, "that they all may be one." "Many of us," he says, "deemed it highly important that, while laying foundations in this region so lately redeemed from the heathen, there should be no divisions among us."

The essence of the plan was in this first article: "Churches belonging to this Convention may adopt either the Presbyterian or Congregational mode of government, and shall each be represented at the meetings of the Convention by one delegate."

The proposed organization was to fill the place of a Presbytery for the Presbyterian churches, and that of an Association for the Congregational churches, and it sought to make the streams of the social and benevolent efforts of both classes flow in one common channel. On the second day of the meeting at Troy, Wis. (Oct. 7, 1840), after full mutual deliberation and a season of solemn prayer together, the Presbytery of Milwaukee and the Congregational Association, convened at the same time and place, merged their several organizations into a new ecclesiastical body which was called "The Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin." *Describing the occasion, Mr. Porter wrote to the Secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society (published in the Home Missionary for January, 1841), "God seemed evidently in that place by his spirit, moving upon the hearts of his ministers and members and drawing them together as kindred drops mingle into one."

The secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society said, "We rejoice that so early in the religious history of Wisconsin measures have been taken which it is believed will prevent much of the waste of moral power that has afflicted some portions of the country where no such provision exists" The General Association of New Hampshire (Congregational) wrote, "We have no doubt that such a union as you have formed will promote peace and good will. We hail with joy the union in Wisconsin of those churches holding the great principles set forth in the Westminster Assembly, and differing only in church government."

The charter members of this Convention were:

Rev. David A. Sherman, East Troy, (Congregational).

Rev. Lemuel Hall, Geneva, (Congregational).

Rev. Moses Ordway, South Prairieville, (Presbyterian).

*S Peet, History Wisconsin Churches pp. 26, 27, 29.

Rev. Stephen Peet, Milwaukee, (Presbyterian).
Rev. Jeremiah Porter, Green Bay, (Presbyterian).
Rev. Cyrus Nichols, Spring Prairie, (Presbyterian).
Rev. Otis F. Curtis, Prairieville, (Congregational).
Rev. J. U. Parsons, W. C., (Congregational).
Rev. Solomon Chaffee, Platteville, (Presbyterian).

The eight Presbyterian churches which joined it were those of Milwaukee, Racine, Green Bay, Geneva, Whitewater, East Troy, South Prairieville and Platteville.

In his Wisconsin church history, 1851 (p. 31), Rev. Mr. Peet wrote that in this union the idea of separate organizations was abandoned and the Convention was regarded by all concerned as a *permanent arrangement*. Rev. Cutting Marsh* did not join because he believed that our Wisconsin mission fields needed rather the Presbyterian order. He also feared that this arrangement would stimulate (as it apparently did) the formation of Old School Presbyterian churches; whereas he himself, though a Congregationalist, preferred the New School Presbyterian church, and afterwards united with it. The Convention Narrative for 1845 declares, "The principles of the Convention are permanently established. * * * Congregationalists and Presbyterians are here emphatically one denomination, and it is hoped ever will form but one great, united brotherhood within our bounds."

This hope was not realized for several reasons.

1. Besides the Territory's rapid growth in population and wealth, which made many communities self supporting and able to afford the luxury of a separate denominational church life, three other causes gradually changed the character of the Convention.

2. Its methods of procedure being naturally Congregational, the officers were almost invariably chosen from those of that denominational experience.

3. Good men, also, who did not seriously differ as to the *evil* of intemperance or of slavery, did honestly differ as to what should be done about it. Abolitionists were regarded by many as firebrands.

3. Then the desire and fact of re-union between the severed parts of the Presbyterian body (accomplished at Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 12th, 1869), led New School Presbyterians to withdraw from the Convention until it finally became as it remains a purely Congregational body.

The plan, however was apparently a wise one for early Wisconsin. We may criticise it from a denominational standpoint, yet as President A. L. †Chapin wrote in 1887, "the arrangement did good service in its day, giving unity and efficiency to the founding of churches, and saving our State from the rivalries and jealousies which have marred the peace of other states in the early stages of their religious development." Certainly the spirit and the avowed object of its earnest founders would be worthy of praise in any State and at any time.

*As his daughter, Miss Sarah Marsh of Chicago, informs me.

†Our Church Work, Madison, Wis., April 15th, 1887.

Supplementary Record

(Inserted here rather than in the Appendix, for convenience of reference.)

Rev Cutting Marsh (born at Danville, Vt., July 20th, 1800, graduated from Dartmouth in 1826, and from Andover in 1829), intended to go as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. He came to the Stockbridge Indians expecting to stay but one year, and served them in fact eighteen. Oct. 31, 1837, he welcomed to Green Bay Rev. Stephen Peet, and two days after (Nov. 2d) was married by him to Miss Eunice Osmer. She was born at



*MRS. CUTTING MARSH.

Whiteston, near Buffalo, N. Y. In 1824 she came to Mackinaw and taught twelve years in the indian mission boarding school of Rev. William Ferry. She had experienced also some of the great missionary's "perils in the sea," having been wrecked in the first steamer launched on lake Erie, named "Walk in the Water."

Miss O. was an active member of the church at Mackinaw, and coming to Green Bay in 1836 had promptly joined the Presbyterian church there. She became a true missionary's wife, helpful to many and died at Waupaca, Wis., in 1855.

In 1848 a part of the Stockbridge Indians moved to a reservation at Keshena about twenty miles from Shawano, Wis., and eventually came under the care of the Presby-

terian Missionary Boards. In 1865, accompanied by the Presbyterian minister of Shawano, Rev. W. E. Morgan I visited them and preached in the evening to a well-behaved audience of indians, squaws, papposes and dogs. There was good singing of Moody's hymns, and the spirit manifested by all the adults was reverent. One elder gave their number as 55 families, comprising about three hundred individuals, each of whom draws from the government six dollars a year. Their log cabins are said to be all very comfortable in winter, but after evening service the writer willingly walked 3½ miles by lantern light in order to reach a comparatively new one. As a rule when an indian cabin burns down a good many hundred lives are lost.

In the government school house near the old church building a primary school was being taught by a capable catholic young lady, and the young indian boys and girls in attendance seemed as bright as the average of school children anywhere. Those two days experience gave me a new appreciation of and respect for the eighteen years' indian mission work of Cutting Marsh. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh moved to Green Bay and lived there three years, Mr. M. serving the A. H. M. Society as a home missionary evangelist. And after his removal in 1851 to Waupaca, Wis., where he had organized a church

*From an old daguerrecotype, which is responsible for the many spots.

and bought some land, he continued that itinerant missionary service for many years. As Rev. J. E. Chapin says, he did for central and north-east Wisconsin just such invaluable foundation work as Mr. Peet did for southern Wisconsin. In 1851 also he helped form Fox River Presbytery, and thereafter continued in that connection.

Cutting Marsh was a tall, gaunt, angular man, earnest and kind, a devoted humble minister. During a conversation shortly before his death at Waupaca in 1873, he said to his daughter, "It seems as though I was less than the least of all Christ's children. I dare mention nothing that I have done."

REV. MOSES ORDWAY,

PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY IN WISCONSIN, 1836-1870.

BY REV. T. S. JOHNSON, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

Rev. Moses Ordway was born December 27th, 1788, in Haverill, Mass. He worked his way through Middlebury College and graduated in 1819. He studied theology with Rev. Moses Sawyer, Henniker, N. H., and Rev. John M. Whiton of Antrim, N. H. He was licensed by the Hillsborough Association in April, 1822, and ordained as an evangelist by St. Lawrence Presbytery in 1824. He labored for twelve years in Newton, N. Y., and in October 1836, came to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and organized the Presbyterian church there, where he labored with great success for several months. In 1837, in company with the Rev. Cutting Marsh, of the Stockbridge Mission, he organized the First Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee (April 13, 1837), and did extensive missionary work at Waukesha and other settlements in southern Wisconsin. He came to Beaver Dam, Wis., in 1843, and formed the First Presbyterian Church, July 1, 1843. He preached to this church three years, and engaged in a general missionary work until 1855, when he moved to Rockford, Illinois, with his family. From Rockford he went out to Poplar Grove, Durand and various settlements, to hold revival meetings and to organize the work. He was appointed Synodical Missionary of the Peoria Synod, and in 1862 returned to Beaver Dam. There he labored as a Presbyterian missionary for one year, and then settled down in his comfortable home at the age of 75, to do good as he had opportunity, and preach as his strength would allow. On a missionary tour to Cambria, Wis., he was suddenly called to his eternal home, Jan. 24, 1870. He was buried in Forest Home Cemetery in Milwaukee, where his only son, Hon. David S. Ordway, resides. He was an earnest man of God, and a fearless preacher of the gospel of our Lord.

STEPHEN PEET*

Was born in 1797, at Sandgate, Vermont. His parents moved the next year to Lee, Massachusetts, where at the age of 16 he united with the church. In the course of the following year the family removed to Ohio, and his father died. Though now at the age of 17 almost entirely dependent upon his own earnings, he resolved to obtain a liberal education for the ministry.

His preparation for College was completed at Norfolk, Connecticut, un-

*Republished by permission, with slight corrections, from the Memorial by Prof. Joseph Emerson in the Beloit College Monthly, of July, 1870.

der the guidance of Rev. Ralph Emerson, then pastor there, and afterward professor in Andover Theological Seminary, whose remains now rest with those of his early pupil and constant friend in the cemetery at Beloit.

Mr. Peet entered Yale College in 1819, and graduated with honor in 1823. He studied theology in part with Mr. Emerson at Norfolk, and in part at Princeton, New Haven, and Auburn Theological Seminaries, and was ordained as pastor at Euclid, Ohio, February 22, 1826.

On the first of the next May he was united in marriage to Mrs. Martha Denison Sherman, who died at the home of her son Joseph Barr Peet, in Beloit, November 13th, 1877.

He remained in Euclid seven years, and his influence was felt throughout the region, in revivals of religion and in various christian efforts. It is stated that one sermon at Hudson was the means of numerous conversions, including five prominent lawyers. President Storrs remarked that he never witnessed such effects from a single discourse.

Always alert to see and energetic to do the work that was needed, he left his church in 1833 to organize and operate labors for the sailors and boatmen on the western waters; four years were spent in this cause.

In October, 1837, he came to Green Bay as pastor of the only Presbyterian church then existing within the present limits of Wisconsin. In two years of labor here he saw a house of worship erected and heard the tones of the first church bell in Wisconsin, and had the satisfaction of receiving large accessions to his church on profession of faith. His journal of a tour in June, 1839, presents an interesting view of Wisconsin as it then was. The journey commenced on horseback in the morning of the 10th of June, and the first incident after entering the woods was to find in the road a rattlesnake four feet in length. The omen, however, was changed for good—as such omens are—by bruising the serpent's head. Passing through a lonely country, with houses far between and occasional groups of men laying out roads, he came on the second day to the settlement of the Stockbridge Indians beside Lake Winnebago, and on the third to Fond du Lac, where he found nine or ten families.

The next day he "rode eighteen miles without seeing a house," reached Frankfort on Fox Lake in the afternoon, and preached the first sermon in the country. Thirty miles more, "twenty-three without a house," brought him on June 14th to Fort Winnebago, now Portage; then on, "across a rolling prairie twenty miles long, without a tree or bush or stone to be seen," for *forty miles* beneath a hot summer's sun, he arrived Saturday night, June 15th, at Madison, the "beautiful capitol of the Territory, population 250"

Three days of journey and labor through Aztalan, Fort Atkinson and Whitewater, bring him to East Troy, "sick and unable to travel or preach." After three days of rest with beloved friends, he goes to Prairie du Lac, "Milton" and Janesville, which was then but a small village.

In Beloit, which he reached on June 25th, were a "population of two hundred and fifty, and a church of thirty members; mills, three stores, two taverns and several frame buildings." Rockton was then called Pecatonica, and was a small place with a mill and a store.

Through Delavan, where was "no church;" Elkhorn, Geneva, Burlington, Kenosha, then known as Southport, having a population of 300, and

three churches. He came on July 3d to Racine, a village of two hundred and fifty, and on the 5th to Milwaukee, where was a "church of about thirty members." Leaving Milwaukee on the 7th, he passed through Prairieville (Waukesha) to Watertown; thence to Fox Lake—"thirty miles by trail, without house or company;" then to Brothertown and Stockbridge, reaching his home at Green Bay July 11th, at half-past nine o'clock in the evening. "Heard the bell about two miles distant; first sound of the kind for nearly five weeks!"

If the tones of that evening bell filled the weary heart with rest and dreams of home, the report of his journey, which went back to the land of christian homes, had much to do with the realizing of those dreams of future, which always filled his mind and inspired his life. In this report he laid out the map of the country, and named *ten* places for which he wanted *ten good men, and the men came*. That was always his way, and a secret of his efficiency; his zeal led to study, and his study to a practical point. These three—zeal, thought, work—heart, mind, hand—make and rule history. It is so in large things and in small. In every frontier church to which Mr. Peet's instinct for new work brought him, there arose a house of God. And now he was brought into a new region. The results were seen, not only in that church and church bell at Green Bay, but in those ten missionaries for Wisconsin; then in the Wisconsin Convention of churches; then in Beloit College and in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

In the autumn of 1839 he took charge of the First Presbyterian church in Milwaukee, where he labored faithfully and successfully until June, 1841, when he was appointed general agent of the American Home Missionary Society, for Wisconsin. Of his labors in this capacity, Rev. Dr. J. J. Miter said: "He taxed his energies to the utmost, and with pre-eminent success. He visited all parts of the Territory from the lake to the Mississippi, and from its southern boundary to the farthest settlement on the north, through all kinds of weather, and beyond the endurance of horse-flesh; while horse after horse broke down, he bore up under the fatigue, and accomplished his noble ends."

"In the ecclesiastical arrangement of the State, he must be regarded as the originator and most able defender of that *Plan of Union* which secured such harmony and efficient co-operation between the early Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Wisconsin; the plan itself is a noble monument of the catholic spirit of our deceased brother, and its benign workings reflect his wisdom in so nearly adjusting its several parts."

Seven years of labor in organizing the churches and the ecclesiastical system of the State, prepared the way for the next great work of his life—the establishment of a christian college for the region. His study and work brought out very distinctly the peculiar gifts by which the man had been prepared for them: First, with an eye single to the end, and yet vigilant of the conditions and the means, he studied the map of the country, and the inflowing tide of settlement.

A homogeneous population of New England sympathies was spreading over the region between lake Michigan and the Mississippi river. These people always form around the school-house and the church, "therefore a college must be thought upon."

And these men thought upon a college, and Mr. Peet as a representative man among them, thought with them, with a mind simply intent like others upon the end.

On the State line, and midway from lake to river, lay a beautiful village, in which the sympathies which were to form the college were already prevalent; and when Mr. Peet unrolled his map, showing, as was said at the time, that "Beloit was just eighty miles from everywhere," he had only anticipated the conclusion of all.

So in all his life, the explanation of his apparent leadership was the same; it was no power of self will or main force of urging by which he bent men to his own way. He simply had his heart full of the general sympathy and ready to do the best thing, and so he found the right way as the needle finds the pole, or as the single eye is full of light.

In the foundation of the College as in everything else, he gathered the sympathies of good men in their natural forces for their right object. He was instrumental in securing the subscription by the citizens of Beloit which accompanied the first proposition for the location here; then, in obtaining the donation of the "Williams Professorship" from a generous eastern friend and relative of his family, and of the morally grand subscription of \$10,000, principally from the self-denying home missionaries of the region, which forms such a precious apostolic foundation for all the superstructure of the College.

The Board of Trustees of the College, in resolutions adopted respecting the death of Mr. Peet, thus express their appreciation of this part of his work:

"We record our conviction that to the sagacity and wise christian perseverance of our departed brother, is this College, under God, pre-eminently indebted for its existence and the success of its early history, and in his removal we mourn the loss of a judicious counsellor and efficient helper, and of a personal friend."

In the fall of 1850, after two or three years of effort had given the College a position which appeared to ensure its permanence, he was prostrated with what seemed to be his last sickness. His physicians had despaired of his life, he had arranged his affairs and given directions for his funeral. It seemed that he had done a man's work in this world and was ready for his discharge. But at this point he desired to be left alone; *he prayed*, and after that he told his friends that "the Lord had still more work for him to do," and he recovered, so that we have yet other labors to record.

His next field of effort was Batavia, Illinois, where in connection with the charge of the Congregational church, he projected and conducted to success a plan for an academical institution.

One crowning member of the system of christian and educational instrumentalities still remained to be supplied. The last crowning work of his life was the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Here again the man and the work illustrate each the other. There was the same study of the field, in its breadth, its capacity, its wants and its centre, the same faculty of combining old thoughts with new ones in the plan, and veteran devotions with young enthusiasm in the execution.

In a few months after his mind began to gather and organize the ele-

ments which were preparing for such an enterprise in the northwest, the plan was matured, the board of trust appointed, and subscriptions secured to the amount of about \$50,000.

On the 14th of March, 1855, he reached Chicago on his return from a journey to the East, which had been full of incessant labor and intense thought in behalf of the work he had to do.

On the same day he sent out a call for a meeting of the Directors of the Seminary on the 27th, "to organize under the charter, elect professors, and do whatever business may be necessary.

On the night of the 15th he was attacked with chills and fever, which resulted in inflammation of the lungs, and on Wednesday morning the 21st, at three o'clock, "he breathed his life away as gently as a child goes to sleep."

His family and his associates in his new labor, accompanied the remains to Beloit, where, on Friday, the funeral services were attended in the old Congregational church—now no more—by very many, who within those same walls had taken counsel with him on the great matters, and especially in the conventions which matured the plan of the College.

In the procession from the church was a long line of those who were enjoying in the Collego the fruits of his labors. Those remains rest in the cemetery on the same hill with the College. But the procession of those who perpetuate his work still moves on. Class by class of the College takes its place in it; and with them class by class of the Seminary.

Churches are there which he planted in the wilderness, and the whole christian culture of the northwest continues the usefulness of the man who in simple, practical earnestness laid here the foundation of many generations. The Board of Directors of the Seminary met in accordance with this call and passed resolutions of sorrow for him who had called them, and in approbation of the design to rear a monument to his memory.

That monument erected by many now marks his resting-place, and testifies to a sincere regard with which his memory is cherished throughout the region, where *Living Institutions* are, after all, his truest memorial.

(NOTE.—The only children now living are Harriet (Mrs. A. H. Gray), Rev. Stephen Denison Peet, of Chicago, and Emerson William Peet, Esq., of St. Paul, Minn.)

JEREMIAH PORTER

Is a name too dear to many to be left without some fuller notice both of the man himself and of his wife.

The son of Dr. William Porter and Mrs. Charlotte Porter (a puritan mother), he was born at Hadley, Mass., in 1804. took the college course at Williams, and graduated at Princeton Seminary. Mr. Porter was promptly ordained and commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society and sent to Fort Brady, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. On his way thither in November, 1831, he passed through Mackinaw, and there first met at the house of Mr. Stuart the frail little teacher, Miss Eliza Chappell, whose well marked bible, held in her hand seems to have especially attracted his attention.

From Mackinaw he had to go in a birch bark canoe manned by French voyagers, who took three days for the journey to the "Soo," camping each night on the desolate shore.

Soon after he arrived on the field and began his work there was a revival, and nearly all the officers with many soldiers united in forming a church of thirty members.



REV. JEREMIAH PORTER, D.D.
1884.

When that detachment was ordered to Fort Dearborn he went with them, by their urgent request, and landed at Chicago, Monday, May 13th, 1833. On Sunday, May 19th, in the carpenter's shop of the Fort, a suggestive surrounding, Mr. Porter preached of Christ, the first sermon given in Chicago. The next month it was arranged that he should preach in the village, and later the First Presbyterian Church, organized by him, erected a small church building, which was dedicated in January, 1834.

In the fall of 1832 Miss Chappell had been obliged by failing health to leave her school at Mackinaw and go East, but she returned in the spring of 1833 and met at Mackinaw a Methodist missionary, Mr. Clarke, on his way to Green Bay, Wisconsin. (How those Methodists do get ahead of us.)

July 30th she arrived at Chicago to see about opening a school, and Mr. Porter told her there was not much chance for one. However, in September, 1833, her private school was opened in a log house, just outside the military reservation, and she taught there until the First Presbyterian church was built when she got the use of that.

In the revival there of 1834-35, Miss Chappell worked so earnestly as to become completely prostrated. Then, if not earlier, Mr. Porter saw the diamond within his reach, secured the promise of it and became rich for life.

In May 1835, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, as delegate of the Ottawa Presbytery, attended the Presbyterian General Assembly at Pittsburg, Pa., and on his return the wedding occurred at Rochester, N. Y. (June 15th, 1835).

In December, 1837, Mrs. Porter's thirtieth year, they moved to Farmington, Illinois, where in 1838 was born the son James who is now living in Chicago. The call thence to Green Bay, Wis., has been already noted, and the eighteen years' family life there is described in Miss Porter's book, to which the reader is referred.*

*Eliza Chappell Porter, by her daughter Mary Porter; Fleming H. Revell Co. Chicago, 1892. A beautiful record of a noble life.



MRS. ELIZA C. PORTER, 1884.
Act. 77.

From 1858 to 1861 Rev. Mr. Porter had charge of a mission church in Chicago, (Edwards Chapel, corner Harrison and Halsted). Then came the war. Mr. P. had always been a strong anti-slavery man, and had several times at Green Bay and elsewhere helped fugitive slaves. His oldest son enlisted. He himself was commissioned Chaplain of the First Illinois Light Artillery. Mrs. Porter became a field Agent of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and with the now equally famous Mrs. Bickerdyke, *served through the war.*

During its last year, as will be seen in our war record, their youngest son also served among the hundred days men.



CHAPLAIN PORTER.
1872.

In October, 1864, she was able to be present at the marriage here in Beloit, of her son Edwards W. to the writer's sister, Ellen H. Brown.

In the autumn of 1866 Mr. Porter became pastor of the Congregational church at Prairie du Chien, and in February, 1868, their daughter Mary went as a missionary to China. In the fall of that year they moved to Brownsville, Texas, where he preached and she taught school. There in July, 1870, Mr. Porter was commissioned as Post Chaplain in the regular army, an official position which he held until honorably retired in 1882.

In 1872 they saw their youngest son, Henry, ordained at Beloit, Wis., as another missionary to China. During that year Chaplain Porter was stationed at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and about 1875 at Fort Russell, Wyoming Territory. Unable to bear the malarial southern climate or the exposure of the northern post, Mrs. Porter spent most of two winters at the house of a cousin, Judge E. S. Williams, in Chicago, and in the always open home of another cousin, Prof. Wm. Porter, at Beloit. In April, 1879, all the family gathered here for Henry's marriage to a daughter of President A. L. Chapin, of Beloit College, after which the missionary children returned to China, and Mr. and Mrs. Porter to Fort Russell. But illness obliged the latter couple to leave soon for the more genial climate of California, and then finally to live with their son Edwards at Detroit, Mich. Their winters they now usually spent at Austin, Texas, and there they worked among the colored people. In one of the suburbs called Masontown stands a visible memorial of their love for that race, a little building, dedicated in July 1855 as Porter Chapel.

June 15th of that year, at Winder Street, Detroit, they celebrated their Golden Wedding. Later Mrs. Porter went for her health to Santa Barbara, California, and there in the early New Year morning of 1888, entered into rest. The remains were received and cared for by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior at Chicago, and the interment January 17th, 1888, was at Rose Hill Cemetery.

Rev. Jeremiah Porter spent life's declining days here in Beloit, tenderly cared for by the missionary daughter. His very presence was a benediction and that pure white hair over such a lovely spirit was a crown of glory. He died here in his 90th year and was buried by his wife.



THE LAST PICTURE, TAKEN 1869.
JEREMIAH PORTER, D.D., SON HENRY AND GRANDSON LUCIUS CHAPIN.

DANIEL TOLL CONDE.

Another Beloit name which may be mentioned here, is that of Daniel Toll Conde, D.D., H. R., ex-missionary and an honorably retired member of our Madison Presbytery. He was born at Charlton, near Saratoga, N. Y., Feb. 3d, 1807, and died at Beloit, Wis., March 8th, 1897.

Mr. Conde was the great-grandson of Adam Conde, a French Huguenot Calvinist, who fled in the latter part of the seventeenth century to Holland, came thence to America, and was High Constable of Albany, N. Y., in 1724. Mr. Conde's mother, Hester Toll, was from Holland, and like his father Albert, was a most devoted christian.

After graduating from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and Auburn Seminary, Daniel married in 1836, Andelusia Lee, was ordained by the Presbytery of Buffalo as a missionary of the American Board, and with three other ordained ministers and twenty-eight lay workers, sailed from Boston Dec. 14th, 1836, for the then heathen Sandwich Islands. On the four months' voyage half the vessel's crew, including two of the officers, became converted.

In that year (1836) began the great revival on those islands which lasted continuously through 1838, and brought into their churches, during the two years of 1839-'41, 20,297 native christians. The three or four native church-

es on the island of Maui, where specially Mr. Conde lived and labored, between 1836 and 1856, received 4,740 new members.



D. T. CONDE, D.D., H. R.

His wife having died on the island of Maui, Mar. 30th, 1855, in 1857 Mr. Conde brought his family to the United States and made Beloit, Wis., his place of residence in 1863. April 26th, 1864, he married for his second wife (who survives him), Mrs. Hannah H. Williams, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Mr. Conde was of a singularly reticent disposition, and while he attended our church few persons were welcomed behind the barrier of reserve which his nature or habit had set up. The writer seems to have been one of those few, and remembers various earnest talks with him which revealed a most conscientious and devoted spirit. At his residence here on Park Avenue he quietly passed away in his ninety-first year.

STEPHEN R. RIGGS.

One other missionary who should be especially remembered by us was the pioneer indian missionary, our Beloit townsman of recent years, Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., LL.D. His father, Stephen Riggs, was for many years an Elder in the Presbyterian church of Steubenville, O., where this son was born. His mother, Anna Baird, was a pupil of Mary Lyon.

As a child Stephen was taught the Shorter Catechism, and in his later years wrote, "All through my life this summary of christian doctrine has been to me of incalculable advantage. If I were a boy again I* would learn the Shorter Catechism."

Although associated here in Be-

*Mary and I, 1880, p. 4.



S. R. RIGGS, D.D., LL.D.

loit with the Congregational church, of which his second wife is a devoted member, he was originally ordained a Presbyterian minister (by Chillicothe Presbytery in the fall of 1836), and during his thirty-three years missionary labor up to 1870, as well as later, was in connection with Presbytery.

At the first meeting of the Synod of Minnesota after the Reunion, in 1870, Rev. Stephen R. Riggs was elected their moderator. His life and labors however, rose high above any denominational bounds and have secured to his memory the lasting respect and affection of all who knew him.

That life is well described in two books of his, "The Gospel Among the Dakotahs," published at Boston in 1869, and "Mary and I," written here at Beloit, and published by W. G. Holmes at Chicago, in 1880. His greater published works were a Dakotah grammar and dictionary of about fifteen thousand words, and as the crown of his life, a translation of the whole Bible into the Dakotah language. (Begun by Dr. T. S. Williamson, 1837.) For an account of this most fruitful missionary service the reader is referred to the books mentioned.

(It may be said however in passing, that when the division of mission fields between the Congregational and Presbyterian Boards was made, after the Reunion of 1870, Mr. Riggs preferred to remain connected with his old field and with the American Board. He came to Beloit in 1865, and his wife Mary died here March 22d, 1869. On his way back from attending the General Assembly at Detroit in 1872, he married a former teacher of the Hazelwood mission, Miss Anna Baker Ackley, who still remains with us. Doctor Riggs died at Beloit, and is buried here. The massive block of Sioux Falls Dakota sandstone which marks his grave bears this simple inscription, "Stephen Return Riggs, born Mar. 23, 1812; died Aug. 24, 1883. Missionary to the Dakotah Indians.")

The next illustration will help make present to our minds some of that past, one of his experiences of "perils by the heathen." It is half of a stereoscopic view, taken by one of that company who were then escaping for their lives.

In 1854 Mr. Riggs left his first field, Lac qui Parle in extreme western Minnesota, for a station further down the Minnesota river valley at Hazelwood, about eighty miles north-west of the present city of Mankato. When the sudden uprising of pagan indians began with a massacre at Acton, Minn., on Sunday, August 17th, 1862, the news reached Hazelwood Monday evening. About an hour after midnight all at the mission, including women and children, a newly married couple, visitors, and a young eastern artist named Ebell, who happened also to be visiting them, fled to an island in the Minnesota river. Tuesday afternoon they were joined by a Mr. Orr, who had been shot and stabbed that morning, yet had managed to escape and find them. By Tuesday night they had safely crossed Hawk Creek, eight miles down the valley, and all day Wednesday they pushed on eastward over the prairie towards Glencoe. Thursday morning, after an all-night's rain, found them all cold, wet through and entirely out of cooked food. That noon, (Aug. 21st), after wading several swamps, they came to a clump of trees, which afforded wood enough for a fire, and camped down on the wet prairie (probably about ten miles north of Beaver Falls) for the rest of the day. One of the cows was killed and pieces of the meat were toasted on sticks held over the fire. Dough was made of flour, water and salt mixed in a bag.

This was moulded on a box into thin cakes, the size of a hand, and placed on forked sticks over the fire (as Martha Riggs, now Mrs. Morris soon after wrote), "to bake if possible and to be smoked most certainly."

During that Thursday afternoon the artist above mentioned, Adrian J. Ebell, of New Haven, Conn., took the picture here given.



THE RIGGS COMPANY FLEEING FROM INDIAN MASSACRE IN 1862.

before he had come up to the mission at Hazelwood for the purpose of taking stereoscopic views, and in the sudden flight had managed to bring away with him the essential part of his apparatus. In this view Mrs. Riggs and her daughter Anna, now the wife of Horace E. Warner, (Special Examiner, Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.) are seated in the middle foreground, with Thomas L.

Riggs lying down just behind them. In the left background the head of Mr. Riggs is seen immediately below the figure of the girl who is standing before a wagon wheel. He is one of half a dozen seated together on the ground and in the act of eating.

The whole company were nearer to being massacred that day than they knew at the time. A large party of hostiles had already started on their track and were only turned off it by the influence of the prominent indian, Peter Big Fire, a special friend of Mr. Riggs.

When the party had resumed their wearying journey eastward on Saturday morning, four of the men left them to go to New Ulm, and in less than an hour afterward, as was learned later, were killed by the Sioux.

Sunday, August 24th, the company being in reasonable safety, separated, and on Monday the 25th the Riggs family, with the bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilson Moore, and Mr. Ebell, reached Henderson on the Minnesota river, about forty miles south-west of St. Paul.

This was the war time in a double sense, and brings me by natural sequence to the next topic of this book.

Our War Record.

(INCLUDING ALL KNOWN TO THE WRITER, WHO SERVED IN EITHER WAR, AND WERE IN ANY WAY CONNECTED WITH THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OR CONGREGATION, BELOIT, WIS.)

I. IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Our first pastor, Rev. Alfred Eddy, was appointed Chaplain of the 4th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, by Gov. Richard Yates, Oct. 31st, 1861, to rank as Captain of Cavalry from Sept. 16th, 1861. He served about two years until illness obliged him to resign.

Rev. A. Wesley Bill (see page 63) enlisted as a private in Co. C, 66th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Sept. 20th, 1861. He served as a private until Sept. 1st, 1864, and was then made regimental Hospital Steward. July 4th, 1865, he received commission as 1st Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon. He was at Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth, served in the Atlanta campaign, Sherman's march to the sea, and was honorably discharged July 13th, 1865.

Prof. J. J. Blaisdell was Chaplain of the 40th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry.

Prof. H. M. Whitney (see page 62) served some time in the Christian Commission, and then was in the United States army about one year, coming out of it as a Serjeant Major.

Elder W. H. Beach (see p. 95) enlisted May 1861, in Co. B, 1st New York Cavalry, and became Lieutenant and Adjutant of the regiment. He was in the battles of Mechanicsville, White Oak Bridge, White Oak Swamp, Antietam, Winchester under Milroy, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Winchester under Crook, Morefield, Martinsburgh, Va., under Crook, Winchester and also Fisher's Hill under Sheridan, Front Royal, Mount Jackson, and in some forty skirmishes in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. He was discharged at the close of the war, July 7th, 1865.

Our pioneer Elder, R. P. Crane, (see p. 29) enlisted to serve as an army carpenter when about fifty five years of age, (he was born at Colebrook, N. H., April 7th, 1807) and was stationed at Nashville, Tenn.

Elder H. B. Johnson, M. D. (see p. 106) was Surgeon of the 115th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, commissioned July, 1862, and resigned at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability, March 1st, 1865.

Elder Edward W. Robinson was in Co. E, 10th New York Volunteers.

OTHER VOLUNTEERS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

Adams, D. A. (son of Deacon Adams) enlisted in Co. F, 16th Wisconsin Infantry, and became Quartermaster Sergeant on Gen. Logan's staff.

Adams, Rollin N. (see p. 68), was of Co. B, 22d Wisconsin Infantry.

Brown, Wm. F. (the writer), served in Co. B, 40th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry of 1864, among the Hundred Days men.

Clark, William, was a Captain in Co. B, 1st Wisconsin Infantry.

NOTE.—In the preceding article no special mention has been given of that noble Presbyterian missionary to the Indians, Rev. L. H. Wheeler, or of his wife. For a full account of them, with excellent portraits, the reader is referred to Davidson's Unnamed Wisconsin, pp. 165-173 and 229-274.



BELOIT, WIS., IN WAR TIME. VIEW S.-W. DOWN ROCK RIVER FROM MIDDLE COLLEGE.

Cochran, Martin Luther (son of Elder Wm. Cochran, p. 90), enlisted early in the war in Capt. Alexander Gordon's company (K, 7th Wisconsin, Iron Brigade) Volunteer Infantry.



MARTIN LUTHER COCHRAN.

He was a corporal at the second Bull Run battle (Gaines Mills) under Pope, was shot and left on the field, and the body was never found. Cochran, William Avery (son of Elder Cochran), Co. B, 40th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, the Hundred Days men of 1864. He has served one term in our State legislature, and has been for many years, as now, principal of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Delavan, Wis. Cooper, Charles J., enlisted 1862, in Co. I, 22d Wisconsin, and was transferred from the company to be Hospital Steward under Surgeon Geo. W. Bicknell, also from Beloit. At the battle of Brentwood Station, Tenn., near Nashville, in 1863, part of his 22d regiment was captured, and about twenty days later he and others at Franklin Station were captured and sent to Libby prison, Richmond, Va. After only two days experience of prison life he was exchanged and returning north was in a hospital at St. Louis sick, and soon discharged as unfit for active duty. He worked for Edward Burchard at Lake Forest, Ills., six months. Then in the fall of 1864 Mr. Cooper re-enlisted (in the 40th Missouri) and served with that regiment until the close of the war. He was in A. J. Smith's army corps, was at the capture of the Spanish fort at Mobile, and then came north to Montgomery, Ala. He is living at Moline, Ills., engaged with his younger brother, Herbert.

Cooper, Herbert W., Co. B, 40th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry (Hundred Days men 1864). In later years he married the daughter of Judge Mills of Beloit, and is now a manufacturer of saddlery hardware, Moline, Ills.

Gammon, E. M., was a musician of the 5th Regiment Maine Volunteer Infantry from June 24th, 1861, to August 9th, 1862. He re-enlisted in the 30th Maine Infantry, July 23d, 1863, and was mustered out Aug. 20, 1865.

Holliday, Moffat, served among the Hundred Days men, 40th Wis.

Hunt, Henry, was in Co. I, 22d Wisconsin Infantry.

Leonard, Horace Josiah, connected formerly with our Presbyterian church, but now with the First Congregational, Beloit, was born in St. Johnsville, N. Y., Nov. 7th, 1839. He enlisted in Co. L, 1st Iowa Cavalry, June 13th, 1861, and served until mustered out April 1st, 1866, having never been wounded or sent to the hospital, or even to the guard-house. His four years and nine and a half months was the longest term of army service given by any man from this city of Beloit. He was in the battles of Prairie Grove, Pea Ridge, Little Rock, Ark., Bayou Metoe and Jenkins Ferry, Ark., and Lexington, Missouri, and is said to have been under fire forty days in suc-

cession. In 1866 he began here with his father the manufacturing of gloves and mittens, a business which he still continues.

May, A. M. (see p. 68) was in Co. B, 40th Wis. Vol. Infantry, 1864.

Merrill, John (son of Elder David) 40th Wis. 1864, Hundred Days men.

Merrill, Stewart (also son of Elder David Merrill) served in the 12th Wisconsin Battery of Artillery, and through the war.

McAlpin, John Alexander, enlisted March 12th, 1862, and was placed in Philips Battery of Artillery (Mulligan's Brigade), which was sent to Harpers Ferry and captured by Stonewall Jackson. Paroled and returned to Chicago, he joined another battery, which went on the Morgan raid. Later, being with the 9th Corps, Burnside's command, he was in the battles of Blue Springs, Bull's Gap, Knoxville and Rodgersville, at which last engagement his company in two hours lost their guns and thirty-seven men. Having escaped that danger he was placed with another battery, marched with Sherman to the sea, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war, June 26th, 1865.

Oakley, Frank W., a nephew of our A. P. Waterman, after enlisting in April, 1861, for three months and serving that term, re-enlisted for three years. In July, 1861, with his friend David Shirrell he helped raise a company, recruited mainly in Beloit, which, as Co. K, 7th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, became a part of the "Iron Brigade." Of this company K, Alexander Gordon, captain, Mr. Oakley was made 1st Lieutenant. Very early in the war, while standing up to encourage his men, brave captain Gordon was killed by a sharp-shooter. August 23d, 1862, Frank Oakley was wounded at Rappahannock Station, Va. losing his right arm. He was soon promoted to the rank of captain,



CAPTAIN FRANK W. OAKLEY.

and later was made Assistant Quartermaster. He was afterwards ordered to Paris, Kentucky, and had charge of that important Q. M. department. He received also the brevet title of Major, and served until the close of the war.

Just after enlistment, Sept. 17th, 1861, Mr. Oakley married Miss Cynthia Gordon of Beloit (see p. 121), a sister of Alexander. When the war closed and Major Oakley had returned to Beloit, he became a member of the First Presbyterian church. In 1866 Major Oakley was elected City Treasurer of Beloit, and served also about two and a half years as our Postmaster. In 1870 he was appointed United States Marshal, and served sixteen years. When Cleveland was elected, Marshal Oakley was retired for four years, but served one year in place of the Marshal, who died. He was then appointed and served for four years more, making in all 21 years of service as United States Marshal. In 1897 Mr. Oakley was made Clerk of the United States

Court for Wisconsin, a life office, which he still holds. When his residence was transferred to Madison, Wis., he and his very efficient wife (see p. 103) became and still remain members of the Presbyterian church of that city, now called Christ Presbyterian. Maj. Oakley's face (which would be a fortune for a confidence man), is a true index of that sterling character which deserves the public and private confidence that he has through all these years both received and honored.



HON. F. W. OAKLEY.

Richards, J. V., served with Co. E, 31st Volunteer Infantry, July 10th, 1862, to May 23d, 1865. He was a Sergeant and was wounded.

Ross, James E., enlisted at the age of twenty-five in Co. B, 22d Wisconsin Infantry, and was captured and saw the inside of Libby Prison in February, 1863. Paroled and sent to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was afterwards exchanged and transferred to a company in Fighting Joe Hooker's 20th army corps. Having been wounded at Dallas, Georgia, he never returned to the regiment. When fully recovered he passed the examination for officers, was made 1st Lieutenant 123d U. S. colored infantry and served through the war until Sept. 30th, 1865.

Shirrell, David, a member of the First Presbyterian church of Beloit, Wis., was elected 2d Lieutenant of Co. K, 7th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, and was sworn into the U. S. service by Capt. Gordon, Aug. 20th, 1861. The company left Beloit for camp at Madison, Wis., August 29th, 1861. The 7th Regiment was officially placed in service Sept. 2d, 1861, and was assigned to the famous Iron Brigade of the army of the Potomac. 2d Lieut. Shirrell was later made 1st Lieutenant of Co. E, 7th Wisconsin, participated in many battles, and continued in the service until regularly discharged, Sept. 29th, 1864. Returning to Beloit after the war closed, and having married Miss Hattie Jackson of this city, (who survives him), Lieut. Shirrell in 1865 took up his residence in Buffalo, N. Y. That was his home for twenty seven years of active business and christian work until, after a long illness, he died there Oct. 13th, 1892, in his 57th year, and was buried at "Forest Lawn."



LIEUT. DAVID SHIRRELL.

Smith, Austin E., enlisted for the war in Co. B, 22d Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, Aug. 15th, 1862, and was mustered out in June 1865.

Smith, Oliver, served in Co. I, of the same regiment.

Spencer, Alexander, seems also to have been in that 22d Regiment. He died in the service.



MAJOR JAMES T. WATSON.

Watson, James T., who used to sing in our choir, heard during several years the sharper tones of shot and shell. Enlisting as a private early in the war he soon became a Lieutenant, and for bravery and efficiency was promoted to be Major. He lives at present in St. Louis. His long continued and recently severe illness has prevented the writer's receiving an expected outline of his honorable military service, which continued through the war. (See pp. 98, 104, 105.)

Watson, Simeon, another son of Elder Aaron Watson, was in Co. B, 40th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, one of the Hundred Days men, and is now a store keeper in the new territory of Oklahoma.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.—Alfred D. Eddy, Esq., only son of our first pastor (see In Memoriam page at the beginning of this book), served among the Hundred Days men of 1864, in an Illinois regiment.

In regard to another of those before mentioned, the G. A. R. Past Department Commander for Wisconsin, Col. J. A. Watrous, when visiting the East Division High School, Milwaukee, some seven or eight years ago, told the pupils the following story, which one of those who heard it has recently repeated to me :

During the battle at Winchester, Va., under Sheridan, Sept. 19th, 1864, Gen. Averill, commanding the cavalry, was very anxious to capture two of the enemy's guns, which were so placed as to do us much damage. He called for volunteers for that hazardous service and at once enough men offered themselves and a young lieutenant. At first the General said, "You can't do it, boys." He let them go, however, with orders to dismount, leave a few men to guard their horses, and work their way up as near to the guns as possible before charging. They did so and then that little band, led by the young lieutenant, dashed across an intervening field and won the coveted prize. A reinforcement of cavalry promptly following secured what they had gained and covered their return to their horses and to the cheers of their comrades. "And that young lieutenant," said Watrous, "was your instructor, Wm. H. Beach." (See p. 95.) The girls clapped their hands and the boys all shouted, Hurrah! Hurrah! Beach! Speech! But what his speech was, or whether he gave one, this pupil did not distinctly remember. If my remembrance is correct our Mr. Beach, though a capable speaker, was not much of a fighter—with his mouth.

The One Hundred Days Men of 1864.

I. GOING OUT.

(For the benefit of a younger generation this article, prepared from old letters and my diary of that time, is added as a sketch of the romance of war.)



A HUNDRED DAYS MAN.
Co. B, 40th Wis. Vol Inf., 1864.

The late Spanish or Cuban war enlisted a few of our young men and awakened in our state some popular interest. But the young people of to day have not felt and indeed cannot fully know that burning excitement which overflowed all our hearts in 1864. Then the very existence of this nation was in danger. There was a high war fever and even the children had it.

Between the years 1861 and 1864 many loyal volunteers had gone to the front from our town and from the college here at Beloit, while we younger boys had been kept at home and at our books until 1864.

Early in that year, however, came the call for several regiments to serve for one hundred days and mainly on garrison or picket duty. They would set free and send to the front just as many of Grant's veterans and thus would render good service. To this *romance of war* even the parents of an only son could not object. College authorities approved. Our beloved Prof. Blaisdell enlisted as chaplain and a

prominent citizen, Alfred L. Field, served as quartermaster of the 40th.

Besides the enthusiastic meetings down town, we had student gatherings, speeches and war songs in the college chapel, now art room, 2d story, and amid rousing cheers one and another declared it his purpose to enlist.

When Henry D. Porter† took that stand, it was suggested that he was too short for the U. S. requirement. At once a committee was appointed to take him out and measure him. Whether that committee stretched Henry or the truth or both or neither is immaterial. They promptly reported that he was exactly at the limit, five feet. (Tremendous cheering.) It should be added that he



ALFRED L. FIELD, Q.M.

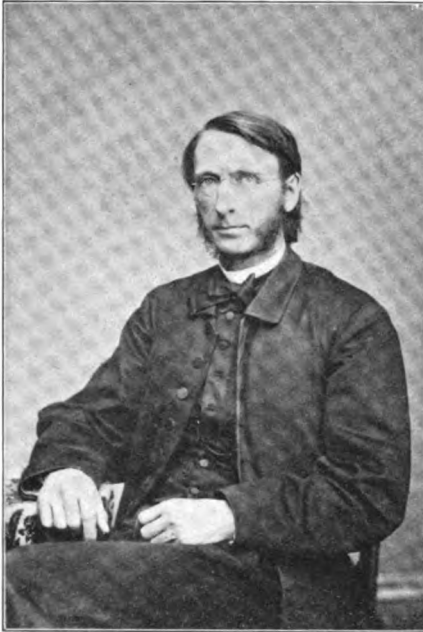
†Now a missionary in China, Henry D. Porter, M. D. and D. D. His portrait is given in the group with his father, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, D. D., on page 177.

was never sick, always ready for duty and did good service from the beginning to the end of his term.

Besides many of us town boys, thirty-one from the college classes (about half the whole number) and twenty-five preps enlisted in the 40th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, called the Students' Regiment.

After several days drilling on the college campus, May 18th, with flags and cheers, we took the cars for Camp Randall (now the Wisconsin University athletic field) at Madison. A ruddy young Norwegian sitting in a car seat near me said in a rather weak voice that his name was George Travis from Illinois. To our great surprise he was arrested and sent off that same evening, because the United States army does not enlist women. May 19, 1864. Last night we had our first camp supper, consisting of bread and

coffee without milk or sugar, and then drew blankets and bunks for the night. My bed was a bare board and I slept soundly on it. May 20. Went to Madison University and from the top of the main building sketched our camp. The barracks look like cattle sheds on a fair ground. May 24. Larry Foote and Moffat Halliday are playing cards at my elbow and they slap the table so energetically that it roughens my writing. To that usual army game, however, the 40th adds chess and checkers, with many superior players. Yesterday we signed enlistment papers in triplicate. At our physical examination to-day, when the surgeon came to *W. H. Fitch he gave him a playful poke and said: "A man with your chest can go anywhere." Our college boys all passed. June 1. A dozen of us were furnished with

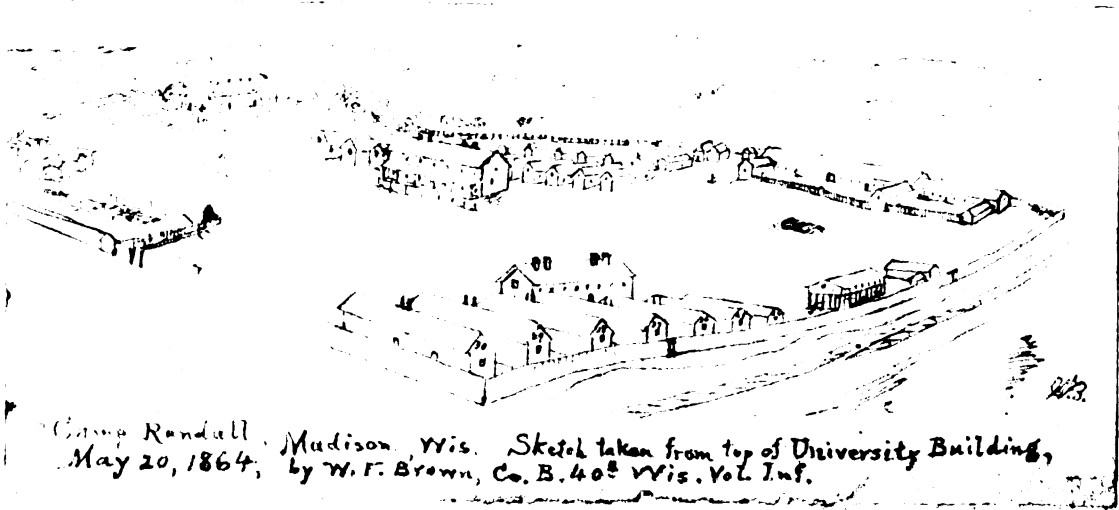


CHAPLAIN J. J. BLAISDELL. 1864.

muskets and bayonets and stationed at the prison where there are thirty prisoners, mostly deserters. We stood guard all night and found it chilly.

Sunday, June 5th. Chaplain Blaisdell conducted divine service in the open air behind the captain's quarters on the hill, and a choir of Beloit boys sang. June 7. This afternoon seven companies were sworn in. Our Co. B. was disposed of second. A lieutenant of the regulars, standing by Colonel Ray, called off our names and unless he stopped us, each answering, "Here," marched down the front and formed in a line to the right. Four men from Beloit were refused. The oath was duly administered to the rest and we marched back to our barracks regular soldiers of the U. S. Hurrah!

*Now a prominent physician of Rockford, Ill.



Camp Randall, Madison, Wis. Sketch taken from top of University Building,
May 20, 1864, by W. F. Brown, Co. B. 40th Wis. Vol. Inf.

June 8. We have to roll out for roll call at 5 a. m., take two hours' drill in the morning, two more in the afternoon and often two hours' battalion drill after supper. This afternoon I was sent with *W. A. Cochran and three others to the hospital and we were set to pounding clothes in a barrel. Two hours of that work and one of carrying wood has saved us, however, from twenty-four hours' guard duty, in this rain. Soldiering begins to lose some of its romance. We have to obey orders. June 11th. To-day clothing and guns were issued. Each man got a woolen blanket, \$3.25; rubber blanket, \$2.48; dress coat, \$7.00; pants, \$2.50; shoes, \$2.05; woolen shirt, \$1.53; drawers, 90c.; stockings, 32c.; knapsack, \$1.85; haversack, 33c., and canteen 41c. Amount in greenbacks, \$22.62. The cap will be a dollar more. The whole allowance per man was \$23.90.

Sunday, June 12th. This hot afternoon we went on parade in full accoutrements, with knapsacks packed. It was decidedly tiresome.

June 14. Called up at half past four a. m. We received rations for three days, hard tack, dried meat and cheese. At 8 a. m. we strapped on our knapsacks, marched to the cars and at last were 'off to the war.' Milton Junction saluted us with flags and the firing of cannon. At Clinton Junction were friends and dear ones from Beloit, kisses, flowers, cheers and more cannon. At Harvard a young lady filled my canteen with coffee. More girls and flowers. Hurrah! Reaching the old N. W. depot, Chicago, about midnight, we marched the longest way around to the Soldiers Rest on Michigan avenue, and stacked arms in the street. At 2 a. m., Mr. E. W. Porter, a Beloit graduate, furnished cigars for Co. B, and Mr. Clinton Babbitt gave us hungry fellows a feast. It was hot coffee, bread and butter and pie plant sauce, sponge cake and a dish of strawberries for each man. After speeches and cheers we marched to the cars and at 4 a. m., June 15, started south. Our progress was attended by enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty. At every city flags were displayed and guns fired while young and old wished us Godspeed. All kinds of food, fruit and vegetables, including cabbages, were offered us. Old women waved their aprons and young ladies their handkerchiefs. Springfield was one continuous wave, and it was Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! all the way to Alton.

II. IN CAMP AND COMING BACK.

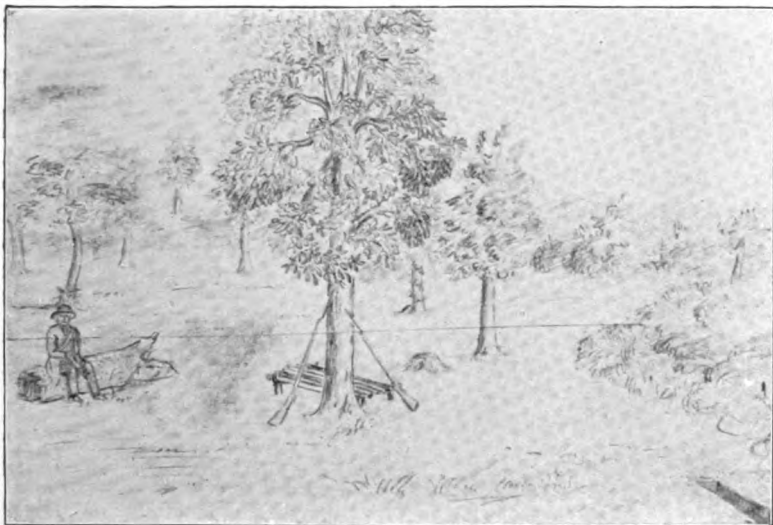
From Alton we steamed down the Mississippi and reached Memphis Sunday morning, June 19; temperature, 125 degrees, F. At 11 a. m., having strapped on knapsacks and shouldered arms, we marched through deep dust a long way 'round to a camp ground about two miles from the city limits. In woolen clothes and carrying about sixty pounds each, all found it hot indeed, but got there. †Jack Lewis even carried F.'s gun along with his own. On arriving, parched with thirst, early in the evening several of us hunted up an old deserted well, buckled straps together and let down a canteen through weeds and broken curb to the cool water twenty feet below. When it was drawn up gurgling full and put to our dusty lips, then we learned the real meaning of the word Nectar. That first night all slept on the ground without covering.

"Camp Ray, June 20, 1864. Our mess consists of ten Beloit College

*Son of Elder William Cochran. †Now a leading physician in Dubuque, Iowa.

boys : Lyman Winslow, of '65; Fitch, Lewis, *Newhall, Fred Curtis and Brown, of '66; Porter and Smith, of '67; A. W. Kimball and F. Bicknell. We must do our own cooking for awhile, and all take turns. As chief of mess I have drawn a piece of pork, alias 'sow belly,' $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints coffee, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ peck of potatoes, $\frac{2}{3}$ pint of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ bar of soap and 20 of the six-inch square crackers, called hardtack.

21st. After the usual drill we made of rubber blankets, etc., a mess tent and put up the sign, "Eagle Mess. No Smoking Aloud." For to-day's rations we have $1\frac{2}{3}$ pints of coffee and the same of sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ pint of vinegar and as much molasses, one quart of rice, one quart of beans, $\frac{1}{4}$ bar of soap, one candle, twenty hardtack, and sow belly sufficient. Fitch, Kimball and I are the first cooks." During the night came a thunder-storm and a small river under our blankets. Good-natured Kimball and others turned out amid the downpour in the airiest possible costume and scraped a shallow trench about the tent. Next day several of us were sent to the city with a



GRIDIRON PICKET STATION, 1864.
W. H. Shumaker at the left.

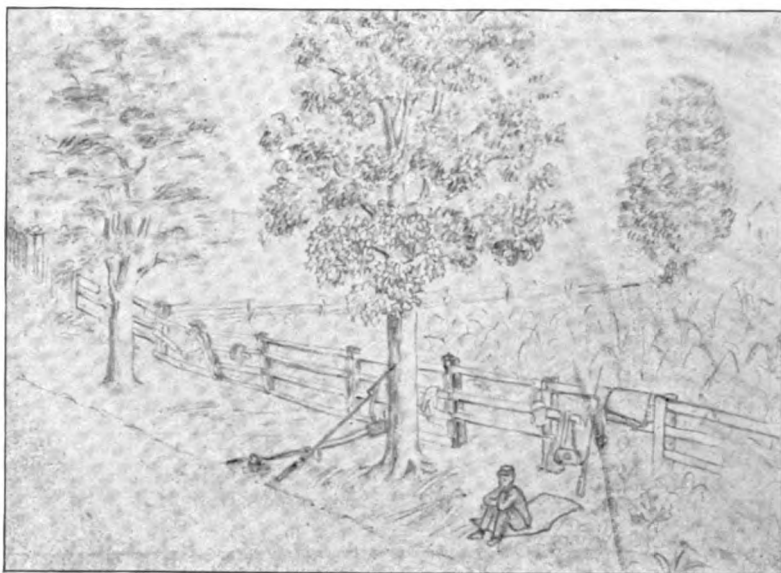
NOTE.—At Gridiron Picket Station the ground was low and very wet and muddy. Those before us had therefore made a kind of gridiron of poles, which were each about two inches in diameter and six feet long, the whole being set up some two feet from the ground. That was what we slept on and we were glad to get it to keep us out of the mud.

commissary wagon which we loaded with hay bales and the new tents. Managed to get three lemons, 25 cents, one-half pound white sugar, 15 cents, and a lump of ice, so our mess had a treat.

June 24. Sixty having volunteered for picket duty, we took thirty cartridges apiece, with three days' rations of hardtack, marched a mile or two from camp, and were then distributed in stations about thirty rods apart, three men at a station. We stand guard day and night until relieved,

*E. G. Newhall, a member of our church, later M. D. and Mayor of Galena. He died in 1888.

each man taking his turn of two hours on guard and four off. It was said that those whose property we were guarding would not give or even sell us anything. Feeling ill, I tried the matronly colored cook of the nearest secesh mansion, and with kind words and a dime got a refreshing cup of tea. That evening Corporal F. went on the same errand. Reported that he marched up to the front piazza where the Atkins family were sitting, asked for a drink of water and they merely pointed him to the well. Said he saw unhealthy symptoms of their unchaining a savage-looking dog, so he left. In the still night during my guard from eleven till one, Comrade *Shumaker went over towards that same house jayhawking. Pretty soon there was a loud woof! woof! and S., rushing back empty-handed, with that dog after him, jumped the fence just barely in time. Early next morning visited that house again and made for the cook a small pencil-sketch of her little bare-legged grandson. After that nothing was too good and they gave me the



ON PICKET DUTY, JULY 2D, 1864. NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN.
(Our guns were not quite as long as one of these seems to be.)

best the house afforded for breakfast. A colored lad called out, "Your relief's just done gone by," so I hurried back to my station convinced that those negroes were loyal. Sunday morning Chaplain Blaisdell preaches. We also have excellent evening prayer meetings, and what some prize far more now, a company cook.

July 1. Our rations for two days' picket service are a loaf of bread each, with a little sugar and coffee. On this picket one of us convinced a secesh cow that it was milking time and filled a tin cup. For this, his only act of foraging, he has since most sincerely repented not. We had to sleep on the ground if at all and be waked by falling rain. My sketch of that post

*He died the next August.

shows Corporal Eben Kendall sitting disconsolately on the wet roadside with his feet in a ditch. The romance of war has vanished. Southern heat is steady and stifling. The standing guard alone one still hot night suggested these lines, to a familiar tune* :

I.

Oh, well do I remember my old Beloit home,
The bird-house on the ridge-pole, where birds would always come;
Rock River bright behind it, the busy street before,
The vine-clad wall, those columns tall, the rose beside the door.
Long years a call was sounded, of danger, through the land.
Our fears proved not unfounded and many an earnest band
Marched off to aid their country, with these among them then,
So here are we in Tennessee, remembering home again.

CHORUS.

Loud praise in song that dear Wisconsin home,
Though late and long a soldier you may roam.
Low sing the song a sad and tender strain,
For here to-day, far, far away, we think of home again.

II.

Yet home's not in the old house or in the garden neat,
Not bounded by the river nor by the bustling street,
But in the hearts of loved ones I find it, full of joy,
Who, distant, still think oft of Will, the absent soldier boy.
To-night on post of danger a sentinel I stand,
To watch 'gainst hostile ranger and guard this little band
Of comrades, silent, slumbering. The stars above me wane
As comes the day and, far away, I think of home again.

CHORUS.

Our chief *danger*, of course, was from short rations. The ditto hostile *ranger* was usually the southern mosquito, whose poisonous stab drew more northern blood than southern bayonets did.

"Sunday, July 10, occurred the first camp funeral. It was of a Mr. Small, Co. F. Before night army mules tramped through the yellow clay of his grave. Those hoof tracks were new in a double sense.

"Monday we went sixty miles east from Memphis on train guard to La Grange. Last week three Iowa soldiers were shot at by guerillas on this road. We lay at full length on the roof of our freight car, both sides of the ridge, with our guns leveled across it ready to fire either side. (After a train or two had been fired on, each freight sent out was provided with certain prominent copperhead citizens of Memphis, who were obliged to ride on the tops of the cars with the boys. Usually there was one such guest for each car. We let our man have a prominent place so that of any attentions bestowed upon us he would be sure to get his share. Deacon Oliver J. Stiles doubtless remembers several of those guests.)

"La Grange, Tennessee, must have been a beautiful town before both armies battered it. Now, however, the churches are in ruins and used for stables, many fine houses have been burned or blown up, most of the inhabitants are gone, and the scene is one of desolation."

These letters, received from a boyhood playmate of Beloit about that time, explain themselves. He was in a battery company :

*"Little Nell of Narragansett Bay."

" CAMP NEAR CLARKSVILLE, TENN., July 18th, '64.

FRIEND W.—At the battle of Rodgersville last November we lost our guns. In that East Tennessee campaign under Burnside we suffered for the want of something to eat. For months we did not see even a hard cracker. We had to kill a beef and fry the meat on sticks and eat it without salt as that article is very scarce in those parts. We had ear corn dealt out to us, two ears to each man for a day's ration. Out of the fourteen boys who left Beloit and went into this battery there are only two of us left.

THE SAME, August 6th, 1864.

FRIEND W.—In one battle we fought all day and got nothing but dent corn to eat. After leaving Knoxville last summer and fall we lived on just what we could pick up. But it is all for the best country that the sun ever shone on. I thank God that I am permitted to fight for it and enjoy health.

I have a cousin in your regiment, Co. I, 40th Wis., Oscar Bishop. We here are expecting an attack every day from the old Johnson command, eleven miles distant. We will give them just as warm a reception as we can. In our last engagement we were badly whipped: we must expect to get the worst of it once in a while.

Occasionally we have a guerilla fight but it doesn't amount to much, only it is certain death to fall into their hands. One of our own boys got caught and was shot with three more out of the 83d Illinois.

Our captain told us last night that in less than six weeks we would all be before Atlanta, Ga., but I hardly think we will leave this winter."

He did, though, went all the way around with Sherman and is living in Beloit to-day.

The heat, which rose to 132 degrees, and some special exposure, brought me to the hospital sick with fever. A box came from Beloit and on waking one morning I found under my head a white pillow marked with the name of my mother. One must be sick in the army to appreciate such comforts. August 6, Sergeant Sherrill died and Bushnell August 10. and W. H. Shumaker, in the next cot to mine, August 13. Sunday, August 21st, we sick boys were waked by the boom of cannon. What's that! "Forrest has attacked Memphis with his cavalry and artillery and our boys have gone ont." One invalid managed to dress, found that his gun seemed to weigh several hundred pounds, so started without it towards the firing. The 40th regiment was at the extreme front and under fire about three-quarters of an hour. A shell burst in a stump behind Co. B, and one of its fragments slightly wounded a lieutenant, Harson Northrup, doing no other damage. Forrest retreated, our boys marched back and some of them found that invalid on the road, they say, and brought him in.

On board the hospital steamer, Silver Wave, Sept. 9, 1864. "We left Camp Ray and Memphis yesterday and started north. Our boat is crowded with more than two thousand invalid soldiers. A few miles below Ft. Pillow we stopped to bury a boy of the 39th who died last night. At Cairo we buried four more. Lying on the bare upper-deck back of the smoke pipes, sick with fever, partly protected by my blanket from dew and falling cinders, what a joy it gives me at night to see that we are pointed towards the north star and are actually going home."

September 14. At Alton, Ill. we convalescents were packed in freight

cars, as many as could lie in each, stretched crosswise on the hard floor. At every bang of the rough cars our fevered heads felt ready to split. Water was scarce on the way and welcome scarcer. We reached Chicago (where someone stole my canteen) on the evening of the 15th, when our term expired, were kept at Camp Randall, Madison, several days and then duly discharged. The boys of the 40th came home, some all the stronger, one to die on the day he reached home, and many to feel the ill effects of that summer for several years, but most of them no doubt better and wiser for their hundred days' service.

In The War With Spain, 1898.

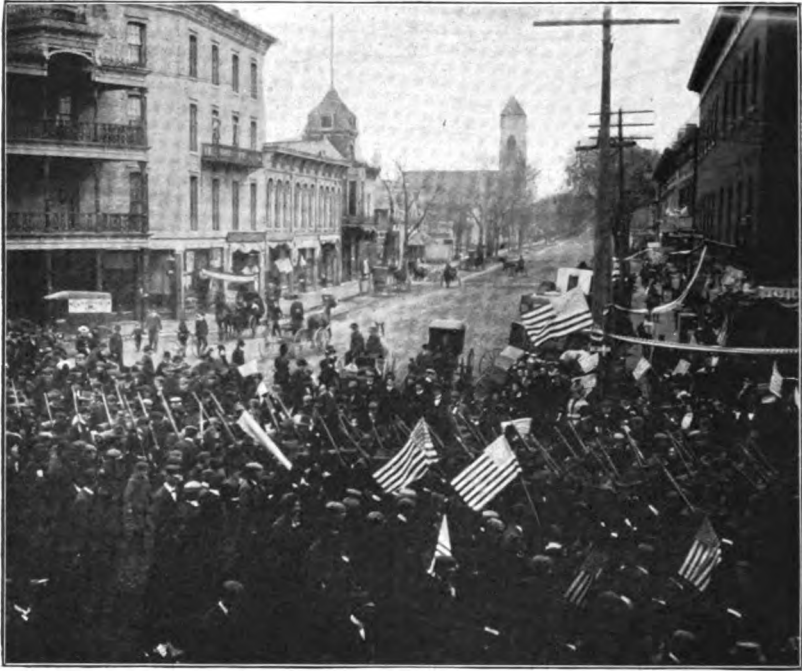
Our church was represented by eleven volunteers, ten of them young men and the other a veteran of the civil war, Burritt W. Peck (see p. 124).

Their previous experiences of camp life had been mostly confined to such healthful surroundings as are depicted in the illustration given below. In fact, the young fellow there holding a gun was afterwards one of those who tried the military camping at Jacksonville, Florida.

Going almost directly from the pure air and clear streams of Wisconsin to the somewhat malarial situation of that camp, our northern boys could hardly be expected to escape the natural effects of the change and did not. Perhaps some also were careless as to diet and drink. The fact, however, that out of the one hundred and five members of Co. E, nine died of illness and in each case from typhoid fever—such a fact is manifestly a sign of avoidable conditions.

When our boys left Beloit under orders as United States soldiers for two years, great enthusiasm was shown. Most of them, being in Co. E, 1st Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, were sent promptly to the south and stationed at Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, Florida. There this well drilled regiment soon became a favorite with General Fitz Hugh Lee and was expected to go under his command to Cuba. When the war was virtually





Co. F Volunteers Going to Cuban, Spanish War, May, 1898. Looking East, Corner of State and School Streets, Beloit, Wis.

ended Governor Schofield of Wisconsin, urged by many citizens, succeeded in having the 1st sent home early in the fall.

During that summer, especially the latter part, the Y. M. C. A. work was conducted in various tents belonging to the society, with encouraging results. Many of the soldiers became christians and many more were there permanently helped to better life.

The Y. M. C. A. state secretary for Wisconsin, Mr. Anderson, went down and took hold of the work with others. One of the Beloit boys, a member of our church, was detailed as assistant to the regimental secretary and reports that the interest in those christian services was rapidly increasing. Just before the regiment started north a better association tent had been set up and their plans for large results of good were beginning to be realized. This was a somewhat new element in military life.

But the Wisconsin boys were all glad to get back and the enthusiasm with which they were received at Milwaukee and other home cities, especially here at Beloit, even exceeded that which was shown at their departure.

The volunteers who went from our First Presbyterian church or congregation were :

- *Fred Y. Hart, 2d Lieutenant, Co. E, 1st Wis. Vol. Infantry.
- *John Chamberlain, private, " " " " "
- *†Ira Thompson, " " " " "
- George Robinson, " " " " "

*Church member. †Son of an elder.

*Henry C. Key, private, Co. E, 1st Wis. Vol. Infantry.
(April 28 to June 28, 1898, then transferred to hospital service 2d division
7th Army Corps, and mustered out November 14, 1898.)

Harry M. Adams, private, Co. E, 1st Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry
(April 28 to September 6, then transferred to same hospital service, made
acting hospital steward October 29th and mustered out November 14, 1898).

*†Henry W. Robinson, joined Co. E in June, 1898.

*‡William W. Brown, joined Co. E. in June, 1898 (detailed as assistant
to the regimental Y. M. C. A. secretary).

*Edward E. Holloway, private, Co. D, 7th Illinois Volunteer Infantry,
June 22,-October 20, 1898.

Charles Willard, a former member of our Christian Endeavor Society,
enlisted in Co. A, 1st Texas Volunteer Infantry. He is now (December 15,
1899) a lieutenant in the 33d Texas, which is fighting the Tagals in the
Philippine Islands.

Burritt W. Peck, enlisted in the war of 1898 and is now a carpenter in
the regular army, stationed at Huntsville, Ala. (An older brother of
Augustus R.) See also page 136, ninth line from the bottom.

Co. E reached home September 10th and was duly mustered out here at
Beloit October 19th, 1898. None of the boys from our church or society
died but the list of those in the company who did is here given as a token
of our respect and remembrance.

DIED.

Sergeant Cassia J. Morris, at Milwaukee, Wis., September 11th, 1898,
of typhoid fever. Home, Beloit.

Private Mace Mollestead, at Jacksonville, Fla., August 13th, 1898, of
typhoid fever. Home, Beloit.

Private Clark Osgood, at Jacksonville, Fla., September 8th, 1898, of
typhoid fever. His home was near Afton, Wis.

Private Frank Chipman, at Jacksonville, Fla., September, 1898, of
typhoid fever. Home, Beloit.

Private Jesse Gleason, at Jacksonville, Fla., September 22nd, 1898, of
typhoid fever. He came from Monroe, Wis.

Private Fred Cousins, at Beloit, Wis., September 25th, 1898, of typhoid
fever. Of Beloit.

Private James M. Mowers, at Darien, Wis., Feb. 1st, 1899, of typhoid
fever. From Allen's Grove.

Private Gustav Wolline, drowned himself in Rock river, between
Edgerton and Janesville, in the latter part of September when insane from
typhoid fever. He was found in his uniform, the pockets filled with heavy
stones.

Private Charles Ingleby, at Madison, Wis., January 1st, 1899, from
typhoid fever. Home, Beloit.

"It is sweet and fit to die for one's country," but it is not sweet and fit
for the nation to let its soldiers die from unnecessary and avoidable causes.

*Church member. †Son of an Elder. ‡Son of the writer.



LIEUT. FRED Y. HART.

LIEUT. R. C. MALTPRESS.



**Priv. Mace Mollestad.
(Deceased.)**



**Corp. Chas. E. Ingleby.
(Deceased.)**



LIEUT. WM. H. BEACH.

THE LOG OF THE GYPSY,

WITH SOME PERSONAL
EXPERIENCES OF THE

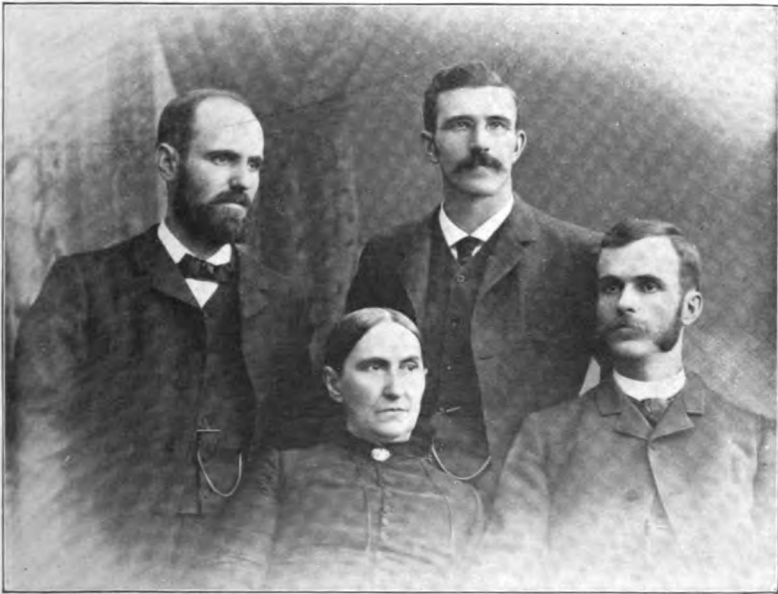
GYPSY CLUB,

SEPT. 3D TO 20TH, 1877.

A CRUISE FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, DOWN THE
WISCONSIN AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLUB.

Second Edition by W. F. B.



Ernest.

Mrs. Mary Helm.

Walter.

Arthur.

(The Gypsy Club was supposed to wholly ignore the opposite sex, who therefore should not read this Log. But we cannot well do without mothers, and the Gypsies are not ashamed of theirs.)

G. C.
GYPSY CLUB.
 1877.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS.

D. WAT. REDFIELD, Captain, Beloit, Wis.
 W. F. BROWN, Chaplain, *et al.*, Beaver Dam, Wis.
 ERNEST C. HELM, Steward and Treasurer, Evanston, Ill.

WILL ABBEY, Cook, Beloit, Wis.	THOS. K. HICKS, Rockford, Ill.
ARTHUR HELM, Beloit, Wis.	WALTER HELM, Evanston, Ill.
ED. PENFIELD, Beloit, Wis.	W. SNOW, JR., Richland City, Wis.
PORT HAVEN, Chicago, Ill.	ED. SEVILLE, Lodi, Wis.

Snap, Camp Guard, *alias* Leo.

BOATS.

“THE GYPSY,” clinker built, sloop-rigged, 26 feet long, 6½ feet beam, capable of carrying two and a half tons.

“THE ROVER,” flat bottomed, ten feet long, three feet beam.

CAMP EQUIPAGE.

One army officers' round tent, ten feet high, sixteen feet across. A camp chest (still in the author's possession) four feet long and two feet high. The whole top casting of a cook stove, with its furniture.

ITINERARY.

(R. B. means Right Bank. L. B. means Left Bank. Wis. R. is Wisconsin river.
 Miss. R. is Mississippi river.)

Stations.	Camps,	Days Journey in Miles.
I.	CAMP CONFUSION, R. B., Wis. R., Merrimac, Wis.	0
II.	CAMP FATIGUE, L. B. Wis. R., opposite Sauk City, Wis.	15
III.	CAMP COMFORT, R. B. Wis. R., two miles north of Helena, Wis.	30
IV.	CAMP SUCCESS, R. B. Wis. R., just below Richland City, Wis.	21
V.	CAMP VICTORY, L. B. Wis. R., ¼ mile below bridge, Muscoda, Wis.	13
VI.	CAMP PLENTY, R. B. Wis. R., 3 miles above Woodman, Wis.	25
VII.	CAMP PROGRESS, L. B. Wis. R., ¼ mile above Bridgeport, Wis.	21
VIII.	CAMP STORM, Island, Miss. R., S.-E. from S. McGregor, Iowa,	10
IX.	CAMP ENJOYMENT, L. B. Miss. R., 6 miles below Cassville, Wis.	36
X.	CAMP PATIENCE, L. B. Miss. R., one mile above Dunleith, Ill.	24
XI.	CAMP FAREWELL, R. B. Miss. R., 2 miles above Savannah, Ill.	53
XII.	Savannah, Ill.	2
	Total,	250

GAIN IN WEIGHT DURING THIS HEALTH TRIP.

Name.	No. of lbs.	Time, Weeks.	Name.	No. of lbs.	Time, Weeks.
Ernest Helm,	2	2½	Arthur Helm,	11	2½
W. Snow, Jr.,	7	2½	Will Abbey,	14	2½
Walter Helm,	8	2½	Wat. Redfield,	14	2
Port. Haven,	10	2½	W. F. Brown,	6	2
Ed. Penfield,	10	2½			

INTRODUCTION.

Scientifically speaking, the origin of the Gypsy and the Gypsy Club dates back to the creation of matter. Our friends, however, will be satisfied with



THE KEEPER.

knowing that "Night, who brings all things," brought this into being last June. On one of those hot summer evenings, Arthur Helm,* night operator on the N. W. R. R., at Beloit, formed the idea of spending his brief autumn vacation with a congenial company in a health trip on the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. Mysterious messages to and from other operatives were flashed back and forth over the line, and, with manifold correspondence and personal consultations, produced in due time this expedition.

A clinker-built boat, carrying two and a half tons, twenty-six feet long, six and a half feet beam, in use one year, was procured and refitted throughout. A deck, bowsprit, jib and main sails and rigging, oars, seats and other improvements, having been added, after satisfactory trial on Rock river, she was shipped by N. W. R. R. to Merrimac, on the Wisconsin river. A large mess chest was made for holding stores, utensils, blankets, *et al.*, and an ample army tent hired. A young man of previous experience in cooking was engaged as cook, and a stove top entire, with necessary furniture, taken along as cooking apparatus. Our rifle, shot guns and revolvers, offered fifty shots without re-loading, and fishing tackle also abounded.

Nine young gentlemen, of different cities, occupations, and ages from 18 to 32, comprised the original company, who divided the expenses of this health trip, and another, besides the cook, was added on the way as a traveling member. Each man was provided with rough woolen clothing, rubber and woolen blankets, and knife, fork and spoon, with tin cup and plate. Significant of the free and roving life intended, the name "Gypsy" was given to boat and club. Our small boat we have called "The Rover."

The whole amount of substance wasted in this riotous living, exclusive of railroad fares, was seven dollars from each man for purchase of boats, and eight dollars apiece for all running expenses. For amount of substance *gained*, see previous page. (It built me over for the next two years.)

The Cruise and the Log of the Gypsy began at Merrimac, Wis., Sept. 3d, and ended at Savannah, Ill., Thursday morning, Sept. 20th.

Our simple narrative of actual experience is given mainly as written and read from day to day in camp or while voyaging, and is published by the Club to help recall in after days the memories of so delightful an expedition. If it should also aid or encourage others, of like limited time and means with ourselves, to enjoy some similar healthful experience, it will have much more than repaid the pleasing labors of its Keeper.

BELoit, Wis., Sept. 22d, 1877.

*Now a prominent physician and surgeon in Beloit.

LOG OF THE GYPSY.

Merrimac, Wis., September 3, 1877. Wind S. W.

"Now then! Heave, oh, heave!" Ed. P. and Port, Tom and Ed. S., gave a final pull, and the Gypsy slid off a dray into the waters of the Wisconsin river. Their meeting, long desired, was accomplished. Although no one threw a ring into the water, as custom was when the Doge of Venice married the Adriatic, yet the ring of a hearty cheer answered as well, and the brightest of days smiled on this union.

By the help of a hand-car Wat. and Art. were rescued from the peculiar dangers of Lodi, where they had grounded on their way from Beloit. Ernest and Walter, who with good grit had walked the last fifteen miles to L., were also taken aboard and kindly allowed to help pump and bump out a martyr's ride to Merrimac. Cook Abbey had already arrived, and for that first night six of the above took the floor of the N. W. R. R. depot and imagined themselves camping out.

Tuesday morning saw every one up at a virtuously early hour. In the character of primitive man all went hunting or fishing to escape starvation and returned at noon successful. Each had killed something, and squirrel, pigeon and rabbits, with pickerel and bass, made up this first bag. Having yet no means of preparing a meal, all took dinner at the hotel as a parting tribute to civilization. "Thank heaven those fellows don't board here," is what the hotel keeper must have said when their meal was ended. The afternoon train brought Ed., Tom and Art., with camp equipage.

(Merrimac is situated on the north side or right bank of the Wisconsin.) The club immediately set up their tent on a high bluff below the village, near the river. A body for the stove top was dug out and first fire kindled. The Gypsy was drawn upon a bar, turned over and spread with a thick coat of asphaltum. A good opportunity of purchasing a smaller boat being improved, we became owners of the Rover. "Supper!" is a cry which always explains itself. At sundown the first meal in camp was enjoyed with that especial gusto which attends all first experiences of pleasure. Club officers were also elected as follows:

Captain—Wat. Redfield.

Cook—Will Abbey.

Steward and Treasurer—Ernest Helm.

Chaplain and Keeper of Log—Wm. F. Brown.

Camp Guard—Snap.

"Let us call this "Camp Confusion," said one, with whom all unanimately agreed.

After a visit in town until nine P. M., the G. C. retired to their blanket couches on the ground within the ample club tent, and were just welcoming "tired nature's sweet restorer," when some very unwelcome faces peered in over the tent



THE STEWARD.

side. Tramps! So the Captain inaugurated his new title by going out with a revolver and standing guard all night.

"Now, Port," says B. collecting his notes, "what did you do Wednesday morning?"

Port—"Struck tent."

B.—"What with?"

Port—"With the club, of course." First joke.



THE CAPTAIN. †

So steep was the bank that our baggage had to be carried along the railroad bridge, lowered to the water's edge with ropes, and thus placed in the boats. The Gypsy was duly rigged and both boats manned. "Push off," was the cheery cry, and at noon, our sails set before a favorable breeze, we started down the river in the track of Marquette, with something of his interest in the voyage.

It was a long afternoon's sail and row, pleasant also, except the driving upon unforeseen shallows. Once we ran on a bar at full speed, with a shock that nearly snapped the mast. In getting off these temperance bars, Wat. and Art. took rather more water externally than they had previously been accustomed to. A great bend in the river helped out our sailing, and at sundown, well satisfied to stop and rest, we drew to the left bank, opposite Sauk City, and went into camp. Preparing stove and fire near the water's edge, we set up tent on a high bluff several rods back from the shore, and after a hearty supper, slept the double sleep of the just and the weary.

Thursday, Sept. 6th was given to rest and the completion of arrangements for progress. Ernest and Walt.* caught a couple of black bass, with one pickerel, and the place caught a name. Camp Fatigue. At early lantern light, Wat. and Art. took the Rover and rowed across the river to get supplies, meet Mr. B., and * * * "Well, Chaplain," said Port, "you know all the rest.

Sitting in the tavern at Sauk that evening, with a heavy valise and head-ache, expecting two spruce young gentlemen, who had left Beloit in black dress coats and white stand-up collars—the door suddenly burst open, and I was immediately attacked and captured by a couple of savage-looking Gypsies. Seizing my baggage, they led me out into the night, a quarter of a mile down stream and then over a wide bar to a small skiff, drawn up on the sand. Across the water shone the light of their camp fire, and motioning me to a seat in the stern of the boat, they quickly rowed up this illuminated path to the farther shore. With singular politeness I was introduced to Camp Fatigue, and the whole band of brigands, as a genuine Gypsy, and in that character allowed to live. At their stove, (which consisted of the top casting placed over a small excavation,) the cook was making hasty pudding. We had twelve quarts of milk, bought of a farmer near, and were soon seated around the literal board, provided each with a pint cup, taking in defiance of Dio Lewis, an evening lunch. Bright star-light, the still

*Now a leading physician in Rockford, Ill. †Ass't manager of the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co., of Phila., Western Department, Chicago, Ill.

night, our flaming camp-fire, the changing shadows and steadily flowing river, outside, (combined with a quart of milk and pudding inside,) made an impression on my memory not soon to be effaced.

The tent had been set up on quite high ground, ten rods from the river. At our sudden entrance, Snap, the guard, tried to give me his too thin autograph. On finding that it was not wanted, however, he at once became friendly. Oh, that all owners of autograph albums would learn the moral

of this! Several tiny tin lamps, such as miners use, were fastened to the center pole, and with a lantern, gave light enough for retiring. The last man was soon rolled up in his blanket. Wrapped in a thick quilt for initiation, and taking a headache and dose of quinine to bed with me, after an hour's wandering I also became lost in the somewhat uneasy slumbers of a cool night.



SNAP, *alias* LEO.

Friday, Sept. 7th. Breeze light, west.

Out of respect for the heavy mist we arose late. Walt and B. went down stream fishing and the former secured a fine black bass. At

the call to breakfast all gathered promptly around our box lid table, to enjoy the following menu of fare :

Fried black bass and salt pork.

Boiled potatoes in their jackets, hot. (The man who leaves the cover off the potato kettle does it at the risk of his life.—G. C. Laws, Chap. 1, § 1. That article, with the eleven commandments was all the law we had.)

Rye bread and butter, hot coffee with milk and sugar, and preserved appetites.

When all were ready, at the usual reminder by Port, "Boys, hats off!" we began this and each succeeding meal with asking God's blessing.

At 10 A. M. tent and general baggage were placed in the Rover under care of Ernest and Ed. Seville, the rest manned the Gypsy and with a "Good bye Camp Fatigue!" we were off. Approaching the quarter mile bridge just below, we whistled for the draw in a variety of keys, but didn't seem to hit the right one, and had to take down our mast. Ran aground twice before reaching the Steamer "Exchange with Oshkosh" fast on a bar. While floating and rowing along between high worn bluffs of limestone, interesting to both artist and geologist, we saved time and appetite by a brief study in bread and butter and cheese. Our fourth stop on a bar to day, caused a scene of more interest to possible spectators than to us. Rowing and poling were tried with vigor but in vain. "Boys," says Cap., "I guess we'll all have to get out here." Off go boots and stockings, pants are rolled up, and overboard we go. "Now then! All together! Heave oh!" The bar gets more and more shallow and ends abruptly at the channel. We are all so absorbed in tugging and pushing over the edge of the bar, that, as the Gypsy suddenly glides off into deep water, one or two inadvertently step from a depth of six inches into one of six feet. With some entirely graceful floundering, however, they catch on the boat, and a warm sun soon removes all circumstantial evidence of a ducking.

While on our way again, Ed. Penfield shoots a hawk, and Arthur, afterwards a pigeon, which we get. Word is passed to look out for a camping place. How is that right bank? "Plenty of dry wood," (Abbey). "Good spot for our tent," (Cap.) "Just the bank for fishing," (B.) "There's game in those woods," (Ed.) "Starboard hard!" cries the pilot, and at six P. M. we draw to shore, (right bank, two miles north of Helena), and make fast. While some go off hunting and fishing, others set up stove and tent. A fire is made and in half an hour Cook has a johnny-cake baking. After a good supper of hot corn-cake and coffee, bread and butter, fried potatoes, fish and pigeon, a detachment accompanied Steward Ernest through the woods to the nearest farm, half a mile northwest, for milk and butter. B. went fishing and soon returned with a seven pound cat-fish. The jack, an iron basket fixed on a pole, fastened upright in the Rover's bow, was newly filled with pine for a light, and some of the boys rowed out with it over the shallows to spear fish. The cry of a coon started Cap., Walt. and Ed. out night-hunting. B. went back to his line and brought in another cat-fish, a little heavier than the first. In due time all were wrapped in their blankets within the tent, where we slept in safety and comfort.

On Saturday morning B. arose before all and made the cook's fire for the first time in four years, too rare an event to be left unnoticed. How seldom is a virtuous action rewarded as this was, with another cat-fish. After a proper fish breakfast, one party went hunting, while Cap., Arthur and B. started with the Rover to get solid and liquid supplies at Helena. Rowing half a mile down stream and leaving our boat at the left bank we plunged through thick brush and swampy land another half mile south,

"Mid tangled juniper, beds of weeds
And fens, where the deadly viper feeds,"

as much as he does in Moore's Dismal Swamp, I am confident.

Climbing a low bluff to the prairie level we tramped along, still south, two slippery miles to Helena, and found it a loafless (but not loaferless) town. Hired a hand-car and man for twenty-five cents and pumped our way by rail two and a half miles to Spring Green. Not a loaf of bread in that place, which had three churches and a new school house! We finally persuaded a store-keeper to bake us a couple of common-sized loaves; he persuaded us (oh, fascination of necessity), to pay him double prices for them. Having pumped back to Helena, we took up our bundles and line of march camp-ward. Salt pork, lard, salt, coffee, sugar, fresh bread and a jug of oil are acceptable supplies in the wilderness; but, when added to gun and accoutrements, and while being carried in arms three miles over slippery sand and through brake, briar and swamp, they become as tiresome—well, as this sentence read aloud. If any one dares hint that it wasn't three miles I'll make it five. The pull up stream proving rather hard for tired arms, we put ashore on the right bank and packed into camp on foot. The hunters' bag comprised four pigeons by Ed. P., one by Walt., a squirrel by Ernest, and a ten-rattled rattlesnake, shot by Port., who cut off and kept the rattles as a trophy. B hung up the snake by the neck and stripped off its beautiful skin by turning it inside out. Carefully cleansed and rubbed with salt, it was *easily cured* (And now hangs in the minister's study, "to point a moral or adorn a tale.")* After a good supper of fish, squirrel, pigeon and pota-

*It adorns this one on page 216, better than the name of "Swedish Charles" would.

toes, bread, butter and coffee, some went out on the river jack-spearing. They struck only a sucker and a couple of sand pike. or anti-evolutionists. This fish has a nose, projecting far beyond the mouth, which is fringed with feelers. The large, four-sided, pyramidal scales on its back and the extension of the back bone forming the upper lobe of the tail, as in the sturgeon, mark its close relationship to the earliest form of fish that ever appeared on our globe. According to the popular form of development theory, this order of fish nearest to a reptile, should have come last in time; as a fact however, the old red sand-stone, that oldest illustrated book, printed before Adam, declares that this ganoid family came first of all. Because, therefore, of its annoying opposition to such a beautiful theory, and in view of its not being fit to eat, we hope all will treat it, as we did, with contempt. Several night lines were set to accommodate any fish who might wish to commit suicide. Expecting rain we had trenced and pinned up our tent on every side, so all retired, confident of comfort.

Sabbath, Sept. 9th, dawned cloudy. Some one, unknown, visited the lines and brought in a couple of self-sacrificed cat-fish. For breakfast we had not only boiled pigeon and the usual accompaniments but something very extra indeed, a delicacy not often seen even at elaborate public banquets or on the most fashionable wedding-breakfast tables. Our limited means allowed us to indulge in only one rib apiece, but each member of the club is now able to boast that he knows how fried rattlesnake tastes. What it would be, swallowed, I cannot testify; but, chewed with the eyes shut, it could not be distinguished from spring chicken. (To this one ecstatic taste may be ascribed that remarkable increase in flesh of which the table of weights testifies. For the benefit of all lean America, the secret is now revealed, from pure benevolence and without hope of reward.)

Our breakfast was sprinkled with drops of rain, which soon became a small shower. However it did not drive us from our purpose of attending church and seeing the—the minister, at Arena. Leaving Cook with E. and W. to keep camp, the rest filled our smaller boat, and started over the Wisconsin for its left bank. After getting aground once and drawing the Rover across a dry bar, we put into a narrow, deep creek and drew ashore. Pushing through brush a short distance to the higher prairie level, we began a steady march by compass directly south-east. From a half scared and wholly tattered Erinite, we learned on inquiry, that our noses were pointed in just the right direction. Advancing across the prairie in military order, upon several other Sabbath breakers, by a left front movement we captured a confirmation of the Irishman's statement, and so kept on our pathless way with confidence. After climbing a ridge we saw a distant steeple, and soon finished our two and a half miles tramp to town. Marching into church, (Congregational, it proved to be), we found ourselves in time to hear the last half of a practical sermon by Rev. Mr. Pinkerton. Subject—"The necessity of *being* right as preliminary to *doing* right." If there are "two things which cannot be concealed," as the immortal Sancho declares, "love and a cough," there is a third, and that is—a preacher. The pastor's son had heard our Chaplain in Beloit, and knew him even with his pants in his boots.

After declining an invitation to dinner, we left behind us that which,

Solomon says, "is better than precious ointment," and marched back to our boat in a slight shower. Recrossing the river in two successive parties, we gathered in the tent, with a feeling of unusual personal sympathy for Esau. When at last the cook's whistle sounded "Dinner!" there was such a rush for the "pottage" as would have made any thoughtful medical beholder groan. Bill of fare, (vocal, not printed) boiled pork and beans with vinegar, potatoes, squash, bread, butter and crackers, tea with milk and sugar, and Dutch cheese. After the fare had been collected, in no one of us could Nature have found that which she is said to abhor.

The parson, we acknowledge, was quite as careful as the rest not to *fish* on Sunday. But, while he was strolling by the river bank after dinner, an evil spirit in the shape of a small frog sprang up before him. Bait was very scarce, the fisherman's instinct asserted itself at once, and he (the minister or the frog?) attempted a capture. The effort proving unsuccessful, however, since Peter himself would doubtless have excused it, we did. Reading, writing, and singing Sankey's hymns in our tent, occupied the afternoon and early evening, and we called the place Camp Comfort. Then, while



THE CHAPLAIN.

one party with the lantern started off through the woods for a new supply of milk, another renewed the fire, in preparation for evening lunch. Soon all were standing around the open stove, watching the delicate process of stirring meal into hot water for hasty pudding. As one held up the lantern while our cook vigorously wielded his ladle, and all faces, turned by a common interest toward the blaze, reflected the flickering light—with shadowy forest for background and framed in darkness, there was formed such a picture as Rembrandt loved to paint.

After lunch, the Club gathered in the tent for Sabbath evening service, and a passing raftsman might have heard "Sweet hour of prayer" sounding across the water. Chaplain B. spoke of David's manly declaration, "Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God, of that which doth cost me nothing," and closed the service and day with prayer.

Monday, Sept. 10th. Ernest awoke early and visited the three set lines. Two of them had respectively a pickerel and a cat-fish. B.'s line did not break the Sabbath by catching any *fish*, but had on it a fifteen pound snapping turtle. Others had caught a couple of black bass and a small pike, and Ed. P. shot a snipe. After a fish breakfast we promptly struck tent, and started the Rover on in advance with our baggage. By nine o'clock the Gypsy and her crew were off, with prospect of a bright day.

Within the first half mile we ran aground and poled off three times. The breeze was light but fair, and our jib helped us along. Passing the railroad bridge at Helena we soon after came to a region of steep pine-covered hills, and at noon rounded a bold bluff with the wind now dead ahead. At this point our dog Snap, either achieved greatness or else had it thrust upon

him, in the shape of a great leap. He had, as often before, jumped overboard, paddled to land, and followed us by running along the bank. On reaching this bluff he climbed as high and as far as he could, but the path soon disappeared at the smooth front of the sandstone cliff. After a moment's hesitation he jumped or rolled down the perpendicular wall nearly forty feet into the river, with a great splash, and swam unhurt to the boat.

At 1 P. M. we caught up with the Rover, drew to the left bank, which was abrupt and sandy, and took lunch of bread and butter and watermelon. This last, I am told, was *given* us by the farmer at Camp Comfort. One mile further on our mast had to be lowered again under the wire rope of a ferry.

Leaving high bluffs on our left at 2.30 P. M., we reached the Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien R. R. bridge. A freight train of thirty-five cars was then passing, and B. learned by the kindergarten system, how to distinguish at sight a coal-burner engine from a wood-burner. The smoke-stack of the former has a slender stem or throat, that of the latter is fuller. Was it, in order to study this object lesson that, right above the bridge we ran aground for the eleventh time to-day? 4 P. M. saw us at Richland City, on the right bank, lowering our mast for the third ferry-rope encountered since morning. Went ashore to procure supplies and mail letters. Just west of the town Pine river enters from the north. A few rods below its mouth we made fast to the bank and camped in woods, near the water. This place was named "Success."

Walt. took the Rover and went up the Pine river trolling. Having caught one pike, he lost his hook in another, of which (with a desire to be accurate) I can only report his opinion that it was as long and large as a root of a big stump. Our hunters, Ed. P. and others, brought in one pigeon and reported game scarce.

On landing at Richland City, we were politely greeted by the son of the principal merchant of the place, whom we invited to call on us in camp. After supper the call was made, and the young man duly charmed and taken in. An invitation to join our club was promptly accepted, and W. Snow, Jr., became our traveling member. As his father's business of getting out and supplying railroad ties has made him very familiar with the river, we congratulate ourselves on having gained a total abstinence pilot, who will be sure to keep us away from the bars.

Tuesday, Sept. 11th. After a cool night's rest came a hot breakfast. Walt. went hunting and brought in a pigeon and a muskrat, which last was basely abandoned. Port. devoted himself to the Gypsy. Others practiced throwing the tomahawk and made it stick in the mark, too. W. S. left all his dear home ties, (worth at least \$14.00 a hundred) and joined us in good time for an early departure.

At 8 A. M. we bade farewell to Camp Success, and with our new member as pilot, rowed down the river to visit a noted cave on its right bank.

On the summit of Bogus bluff, four hundred feet above the river. After bringing our boats to shore, all started for a climb up this steep cliff to an opening in its face near the top, called Bogus cave. Ed. Penfield and Ernest reached the cave first, and our Captain went in farthest of all.

About sixteen years since, some counterfeiters occupied this hiding place as their workshop. A light shining out of the cave's mouth one evening, was seen from the opposite side of the river and led to their discovery. All were duly captured, and left nothing behind them but a bad name. After trying the first entrance we all clambered further E. to a second. In single file with a miner's lamp in front, a lantern for the rear guard, and those between in darkness, we crept and crawled along about ten rods into the interior of the bluff. The passage averaged three feet high and two wide, making several branches and turns. At one place the roof was not over twenty inches above the floor with a steep and muddy descent into thick darkness beyond. It seemed Virgil's "Avernum" without the "*facilis descensus*." By the utmost personal humiliation we passed through, downward and onward, a short distance, to an irregular chamber six feet high and just large enough for all to stand up in. As there was only dripping water, much mud and a very contracted passage beyond, we faced about and returned in reverse order to daylight. Emulating Excelsior, we have now reached the top, to find spread out before us an extensive and beautiful panorama. At the water's edge, far below, our Gypsy seems but a toy boat. The deep channel in shore, where rafts tie up, is very plainly distinguished from the shallows beyond. Down stream, six miles west, is seen the double town of Muscoda, while, far across the river, wooded bluffs bound the southern horizon. The boys are all trying their best to throw a stone from this elevation into the river beneath, but only one, Ed. Seville, has succeeded.

Scrambling down to our boat again we shoved off and soon the familiar cry of the pilot, "Hard a larboard!" and the steersman's response, "Larboard she is" indicated our onward progress. An Irish crane flew up into a tree as we passed along the right bank and was shot from the moving boat by Ernest. A few rods above the bridge, at Muscoda, B., while casting the lead as pilot, dropped overboard a small compass. [This, and the after mysterious disappearance of our prized tomahawk hatchet (kindly made for the club by Mr. Messer, of Beloit), were the only losses of our expedition.] With a sudden whirl, hard a larboard, just a few feet above the Muscoda bridge draw, and a "Give way strong!" we brought up on the left bank and landed for dinner. Leaving the boat guarded, we walked half a mile to the inner town, and to the Smalley House, at whose bar all took a good drink, of ice water, straight. After engaging an artist to take a stereoscopic view of the club, we returned to Abbey's excellent turtle and soup dinner. (Have we since had many better?) About ten minutes were spent in ball practice, and then eight of us marched up town, by previous arrangement, to play (tell it not in Gath) a nine from Muscoda. We had time for only two full innings, with a result in our favor, of seven to three. The following hieroglyphic will reveal to the initiated, our individual measure of guilt and glory:

The G. B. B. C. case. Verdict: Guilty of victory. Sentence: All to be hung in the noose, matrimonial, until they die.

Name.	Position.	O.	R.	Name.	Position.	O.	R.
1. Wat. Redfield,	C.	1	1	5. Tom. Hicks,	2 B.	1	1
2. Ed Seville,	P.	1	1	6. Port Haven,	3 B.	0	1
3. B.	S S. (?)	1	1	7. W. Snow, Jr ,	R. F.	1	0
4. Ed. Penfield,	1 B.	0	2	8. Arthur Helm,	L. F.	1	0

The above legal record of his own *short-comings*, by the "Keeper," is a purely esoteric communication which must not be made exoteric.



THE GYPSY CLUB.

Brown, E. Helm, Abbey, A. Helm, Snow, Penfield, W. Helm.
Haven, Hicks, Seville, Redfield.

Returned to the boat, at 5:30 P. M., we quickly set up our tent on the smooth rock platform of the shore, there. With a piece of charcoal, B. marked the Gypsy's name on her starboard bow. Our artist, J. W. Johnston brought his big gun into position on the roadway above. We all looked as solemn, for a moment, as though about to be executed and the bloodless deed was done. This stereoscopic view was taken, looking N.-W., with the Wisconsin river and distant shore for a background. After posing once more for a large photographic negative (which has proved very satisfactory), we quickly struck tent, loaded and manned our boats, and dropped down the river. Landing on a steep bank, at the left, a quarter of a mile below the bridge, we soon had our camp arranged close to shore and all in order for the night. A new moon was just setting as we gathered for supper about our camp-chest lid. At rest in the still evening, under the bright starlight and brighter auspices of the planets Mars and Jupiter, we named the spot Camp Victory. Although our lamps went out (for lack of oil), yet the door of sleep, friend alike to victors and vanquished, was not shut. Soon the only sounds to be heard were the steady, romantic ripple of the flowing river, and the equally steady but unromantic rumble of the cook's snore.

Wednesday, Sept. 12th. Wind still ahead. For the first time since starting we had no game, and attacked a "Plevna" of salt pork. With its various outworks of boiled potatoes, fried pudding, bread and butter and coffee, it was, however, promptly captured, and we made no prisoners. Nine o'clock saw us off with the lifting fog, and at noon Port Andrew on the right bank was reached. Here we "devoured the land" to the extent of one pound of grapes each, without visible loss of appetite. Shortly after starting on, the disreputable Rover, manned by Cap. and Port, ran up to a bar and had to be fairly dragged off by his mortified guardians.

On our left we pass Prairie du Bai, bounded half a mile inland by a high plateau. Thick woods on both sides of the river, supported by the steep bluffs of its ancient bank, form a succession of beautiful views at every bend.

Under W. S. Jr.'s skillful instruction we have all learned to feather our oars with increased effect; the two boats make a trial of speed, and the Rover's crew are left far astern. In their excitement they lose overboard the chaplain's valise. It was recovered with contents soaked, but, unfortunately, the log-book was not among them. At the Boscobel wagon-road bridge, where the Gypsy had to lower mast, our positions were reversed and the Rover led. See that long flat boat, the DeSoto, aground on our right. She is like her namesake in this, at least, that the river which was her highway and honor, has become her grave. With especial interest, we now enter Dark Schute, a stretch of the river where, for a mile, the banks are within about ten rods of each other, and the confined current has dug out a continuous, deep channel. After scraping over so many shallows, we leave this natural illustration of Eads' jetty system with a wish that our log were more like it in depth and the schute more like our log in continuity.

Two miles further down, at 4 P. M., a camping spot on the right bank was chosen, and we drew to shore for the night. Hunters and fishermen at once sought their prey. B. brought in two rock bass, Ernest a partridge, Art. a pigeon, and Walt. a duck. When Walt. appeared, his aldermanic appearance caused general concern, until from under that real gypsy jacket came three watermelons and a musk melon. His model report.—"Saw a farmhouse with a melon patch before it. Noticed that all the large melons had been picked (a case of experienced observation), but for ten cents bought what was left and found five. One got broken on the way, and we had to eat it to save it." Shortly after the duck was brought in and laid on a stump, Cap. looked at it rather solemnly for a moment, and the following conversation took place :

Cap.—"What's this?"

Walt.—"A duck."

Cap.—"Where did you get him?"

Walt.—"About three-quarters of a mile from here, close to a farmhouse. Went through weeds as high as my head. There were two and I hit this one."

Cap.—"You've shot a tame duck!"

Walt. (hotly and ungrammatically).—"That ain't no tame duck"

Another.—"Walt. has shot a tame bird. Chaplain, what do you think?"

B. (cautiously).—"It looks *somewhat* like a young tame drake."

Walt., indignant, is almost ready to assert that it had a visiting card hung around its neck with "wild duck" printed on it. Indeed, pointing to the blue-tipped primaries and wing coverts, he triumphantly declares them a regular card of introduction, presenting Mr. Blue-winged Teal. As no farmer called for damages, all finally agreed that this duck *must* have been wild. The Rev., whose turn had come to dress game, speedily transformed it into a "Plato's man," and at supper we met on common peaceful ground.

Under bright starlight and an increasing moon, all rowed across to a dry bar near the farther shore and enjoyed a refreshing swim. Later in the evening occurred a melancholic scene, which would have pleased Dr. H. A board covered with melon rinds! Our benevolent W. S., Jr., while stooping over the bank to dip a pail of water, is pelted simultaneously by all but Wat. R. and B. The hot blood of the Snows is up, and turning, he dashes his pail of water over the only two innocent men in the company. Some one having suffered, the difficulty was considered settled and peace pledged in a draught of river water that was not. From the abundance of game and of the genus *Culex*, this was named Camp Plenty.

Captain R. had selected the smoothest spot that he could find for our tent. On retiring, however, every one found his particular resting place very hilly. Had my own been in Lilliput, it might have been called a range of Sierra mountains. A general smoke having driven out mosquitoes, each man fitted himself to the topography of the country under him, and all were quite comfortable until they wished to turn over in the night for a change of position. Then there was a muttered grumbling as of a Lilliputian earthquake, and the air became slightly blue but not with lightning.

Thursday, Sept. 13. For the first time in our cruise, the rising sun revealed no mist, and its light, shining horizontally through low trees, projected charming silhouettes of their foliage on the white, translucent tent side. B's night line produced a small cat fish and a soft-shelled turtle. Port found a drift-log of red cedar from which several cut pieces for souvenirs. Chaplain B. procured one and carved it into a spoon, as shown, which will ever remind him of Camp Plenty, and his life's first experience in picking a *wild* duck. (See p. 216.)

A game breakfast having been fully enjoyed, Wat. and Art. started on in the Rover. At 10 A. M., oars were shipped and we were off. A long hour's row brought us to Boydtown (R. B.), on the bluff, with a fine spring close to shore below. Was it on account of our alarming appearance that two respectable women and a boy left the spring and hurried up the hill as though pirates were after them? The youth had indeed a suggestive jug, but we did not seize it, for when peaceable W. S., Jr., carrying a revolver, caught up with him determined to have milk or blood, he found it only a water jug and at once professed the most kindly intentions.

Shooting under the Mil. & St. P. R. R. bridge at this point we soon reached a high bluff, noticeable for its size and symmetry, and the mouth of Green river, which enters from the south. Its heavily wooded channel, where tall elms lean affectionately toward each other from opposite banks, was worthy of more than a passing glance. On our right were left Wauzeka and the mouth of the Kickapoo river. Two miles further we visited a spot on the left bank called Indian Graves. Here a wooded ravine descends

abruptly to the water, and the high bluff just east shows on its worn summit a gigantic human profile.



SQUAWS, THREE GENERATIONS.

In the fall of 1832, during the Black Hawk war, I am told, a band of Indians were chased down this ravine, where nearly all were killed and buried. Raftsmen have occasionally dug up bones. We found only a few chipped flakes of white quartz and flint. The rock sentinel overhead, looks down on a peaceful valley now, but, to one standing on the spot, a very slight effort of imagination pictures anew that scene, the fierce, painted warriors dodging from tree to tree, the smoke of battle, the wounded and dying, the dead, strewn

*along these slopes like the Autumn leaves on which they fell.

Tom H. kindly volunteered to push us off, and in jumping on board was himself immersed. It was his first dip, and sun and wind soon effaced all its impressions.

Our only dangerous accident occurred to-day. The acting pilot took us a little too near a point from which a large dead tree projected its branches over the channel. Ed. P. was reclining at full length near the mast when it caught six feet of a thick and brittle limb. This broke off immediately over him and fell on our boat with a heavy blow. A sudden, athletic spring, however, had taken his head just a few inches out of the way.

The wind, being strong and dead ahead all the morning, has raised some sea, and the rowing calls for muscle, which is duly displayed. Bluffs are steeper and heavily wooded, and the scenery becomes more varied and beautiful. There is a raft of hoop-poles; yonder, one of red cedar posts, ashore and piled for re-shipment. Those two timbers, lodged across each other on that point, are a couple of Mr. S.'s railroad ties, calmly waiting, like twin Micawbers, for something to turn up.

3 P. M. found us ashore for camp at Wright's Ferry, seeking letters and awaiting the Rover, which had gone up Kickapoo river to Wauzeka for supplies. Here Tom H. and Ed S. decided to take the next train for home, as their vacation was nearly over. There being no postoffice Ed. P. and Ernest

*NOTE.—This story more probably refers to the final destruction of Black Hawk's band at their attempt to cross the Mississippi about two miles S. of the Bad Axe river, although it may describe some other contest. In the year before his death Black Hawk said to some friends, "Rock River was a beautiful country I liked my town, my corn fields and the home of my people. I fought for them." He died Oct. 3d, 1838, aged 71. His portrait is at Madison, Wis. Hist. Soc. art room. (See Wis. Hist. Soc. Collections, Vol XII pp. 262-263.)

started down the railroad track to Bridgeport for our mail, and Walt. went hunting without the finding. Wat. and Art. arriving, reported having seen



WISCONSIN INDIANS MAKING BIRCH BARK CANOES.

a lodge of Indians on the Kickapoo river, which was *not* our reason for at once deciding to move on and camp at B. In consequence, Snap had to leave us, and we bade good-bye to his master and Tom, our genial younger members, with regret. Oh, lovely and too fascinating woman, to you, we fear, may be ascribed this premature breaking of our Gypsy circle. Ed. had indeed promised his father to return in two weeks. If all similar promises are kept as well, his business character and success are assured.*

Leaving the Rover for absentees, we sailed quickly down through Snaggy schute and went into camp "Progress," on the left bank, a quarter of a mile above the road bridge. B. did not *quote* Peter on fishing, but went and returned with a small inexperienced catfish. Supper found all together again. Wat. and Ernest visited Bridgeport and brought back—how welcome letters!

Friday, Sept. 14. Two experienced, early-rising catfish secured B.'s bait, and were served for breakfast. With baggage sent on before, under Ernest and Art., in the Rover, at 9 A. M. the Gypsy resumed her wanderings. Below the bridge sails were set and, with successful tacking and rowing against an unfavorable breeze, we hastened on. Passed four noted shoals, called "The Hen and Chickens." Our boat, which when loaded, draws twelve inches, barely slides over the trying Mississippi bar. A side wind drives the Gypsy upon a shallow, from which her devoted friends quickly lift her into channel. The river's mouth is before us. A strong breeze

*He did succeed, and is now a wealthy citizen of Lodi, Wis., and a prominent member of our Presbyterian Society there.

rushing up the Mississippi raises white-capped waves and crowds our boat towards the north against a low sandy point. Rounding this and immediately hoisting sail, with a new sense of freedom we dash off before the wind up the great Father of Waters. Viewing these bolder bluffs, the larger volume of water and rocking waves, one can imagine something of brave Marquette's exultation, when two centuries ago, in a bark canoe, he led where we have followed, and here discovered the upper Mississippi.

Signaling the Rover, which had gone across to the Iowa shore, we took her in tow. Fish were jumping close to the boat. B. enthusiastically cast a hook on the right side of the ship, but with so much vigor that line and all went overboard. The rudder was now shipped, centre board pushed down, and the main sheet rigged with block and tackle. A passing steamer, "Belle of La Crosse," left rolling waves for us to ride; and, as the Gypsy under full sail bounded lightly over them, we shouted to one another, "Isn't this *glorious?*" Just then the rudder was knocked loose, our boat shipped a small sea, and began veering towards the trough of the waves. "Pass me that steering oar! Quick! Take in mains'l!" The sail was lowered before one could say Nebuchadnezzar, an oar promptly run out astern, and the Gypsy brought bows on to the waves again.

With Captain Wat. steersman, Ed. P. holding the jib lines, and Port pilot, we now kept a straight course for S. McGregor, and at 1 P. M. drew to shore just above the steamboat landing. Having left Ernest on guard, the rest marched up town under a hot sun, looking into shop windows and noticing the well-dressed ladies, with almost as much interest as if we were viewing civilization for the first time. On our way back Chaplain B., cautiously avoiding several mild beer saloons, took our party into the restaurant-half of a regular brandy house, as was afterwards discovered, and all celebrated progress with the oriental sherbet.

At 2 P. M., having decided to camp on an island diagonally across the river, S. E., the Rover was sent in advance, the Gypsy's mast lowered, and Wat. and Walt. pulled her against wind and wave to the spot chosen. We pitched our tent on the bank, facing the river, near a protecting clump of trees, and made all secure for a coming storm. Our peaceful rest after supper was disturbed by a visit from three meddlesome youth in a boat. As their language invited correction. Port and Walt. jumped into the Rover to give chase. It was a long pull, but the enemy were headed off, driven ashore, and through our telescope we witnessed an honorable capture and capitulation. The offenders were released on good behavior, (which was afterwards shown), and our guardians of law and order returned in triumph.

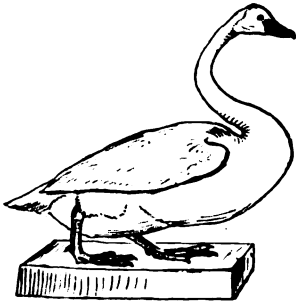
While all were engaged in athletic sports on the beach, great clouds, which had been rolling up over the McGregor bluffs, suddenly broke above us, and caused a rush for shelter. With full thunder and lightning accompaniment, this, our first tempest, charged on the tent, and its artillery discharges of rain beat fiercely against the frail canvas. But we couldn't be taken by storm. In an hour it had passed off, leaving only a good name, "Camp Storm." At midnight heavy rain began again; several dreamed of being afloat, awoke to the inconvenient fact, but endured it most amiably. The Chaplain's huge umbrella, unappreciated before, now did good yoeman's service and kept the preacher and the log, both as *dry* as ever.

In Camp, Saturday, Sept. 15. After an ample fish breakfast, B. circumambulated the entire island without finding one good fishing spot. A company of ducks in a lagoon at the lower end were cautiously approached by Wat., Art. and B. The latter fired at a passing flock and shot a large marsh snipe, which flew up just behind them. Art. knocked over three of the swimmers, but an impassable muddy shore prevented our getting anything. On the whole, we are convinced that nearly all of them were disreputable mud-hens, not fit to eat.

Leaving B. to keep camp, the rest, in the Gypsy, sailed half a mile down stream along the Iowa shore, to visit the well-known "Pictured Rocks." In a little ravine among high bluffs, weather and water have worn the sandstone, revealing its regular bands of almost all the primary colors. Contrasted with a green hillside, steep bluffs above, and the river below, the brightly stained walls and caves produce a pleasing effect.

Towards evening three of the club visited Prairie du Chien in the Rover. After tasting the artesian water, which was flat, some sundries, which were not, and passing inspection by the night watch, we rowed back

down the still river under bright moonlight. Fish were leaping, ducks flying by, a large swan sailed overhead, the light of our camp tent home shone across the water, and we floated in the very poetry of rustication. At night came more rain, and we floated in its prose.



THE WILD SWAN.*

Sabbath, 16th. A small but respectable delegation of three, represented our club at the 1st Congregational Church of McGregor, in the morning, and Chaplain B. was hospitably captured by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cragin. Through the twilight, seven of us rowed

across to evening service, furnishing our own preacher. For that bouquet of Japan lily, tuberose, verbenas, foliage plant, etc., which the ladies sent us, we can only record our thanks.

Monday, 17th. Wind north. 9.30 A. M. saw us off before a favorable breeze, sailing rapidly by the mouth of the Wisconsin and down this greater river. While gliding over shallow places, through the clear water we see continuous little ridges in the sandy bottom, extending at right angles with the current, and forming a succession of broad easy steps down stream. Now comes an abrupt descent to deep water, and our boat seems to shoot off the bar into space.

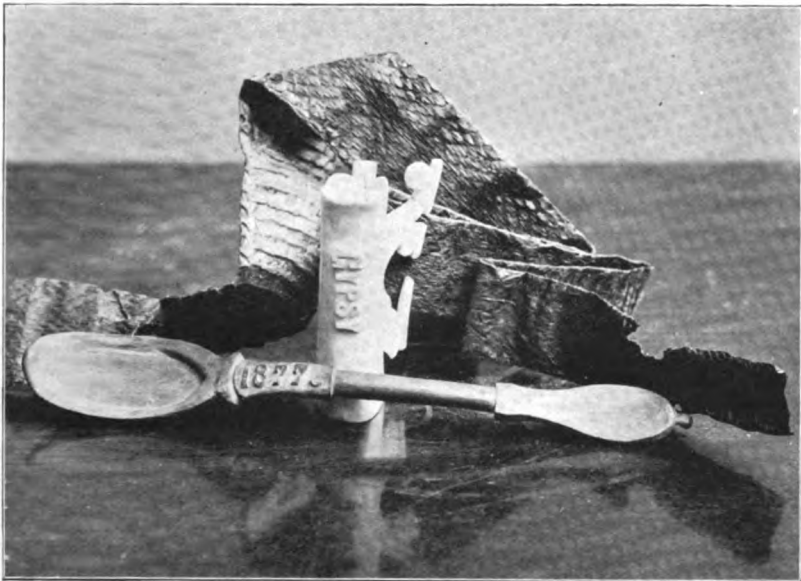
On this, the worst part of the river, our U. S. government has established and maintains regular marks and lights to show the ever-shifting channel. Here, at the right, is station 175, with a lantern; there on the left. No. 178; and again, on the right, No. 179 with its light.

At 11:30, stopped ten minutes alongside of Clayton village to mend our

*NOTE.—The above etching represents a white swan which was shot on Rock river, Wis., about six miles south of Beloit, by H. S. Baker, Dec. 10th, 1895. The height of the bird was 4 feet, 1 inch; length of body, 2 feet, 7 inches; spread of wings, 6 feet, 1 inch; weight 25 pounds. It was mounted at Rockford, Ill. While waiting for a train at Janesville, Wis., I saw it in the Grand Hotel and made this sketch, Jan. 14th, 1896.

broken jib-halyards. Here on the shore, B. picked up a short, hollow section of a bleached bone. (Which, carefully carved and fitted with a shell bottom, is now privately honored as The Gypsy Cup).

Under way again, we pass in fine style the steamer "Minneapolis," also "The Clyde," pushing a barge up stream. Now the Gypsy enters Cassville slough (so called) twelve miles long. Leaving Guttenburg on the right, and Glen Haven on the left, we notice something new to us, a thick and tall willow forest. What is that great black cross, painted on a large white board at our left? It is a channel mark and means, "Cross over to the other



bank." We do so, and find there a similar sign which directs us across again to still another. Following this zig-zag course several miles, with high bluffs on our left, we find the river turned at a right angle toward the east. Soon the channel becomes narrow, bends to the right, and then very sharply to the left, a gigantic capital S. All steamers while in this turn, (like well-regulated boys in a cake-cupboard) are required to keep whistling until they get out. After leaving the S, we were just making a graceful tack in sight of a passing steamer, when the main sheet getting loose, our boom swung out, caught on a wave and the Gypsy suddenly took in four or five barrels of water. She righted immediately, however, and the boat pump, assisted by vigorous bailing, soon relieved us of this extra cargo.

Are those floating scare-crows, Indians? No, only a couple of river tramps in an old scow, under a tattered blanket for a sail, and apparently bound for the bottom.

Passing the stern-wheeler "J. W. Vansant," we rode the high waves in her wake with much exhilaration at a kind of easy, nautical canter.

3 P. M. saw the G. C. lurching on the lee side of a lumber pile at Cassville, thirty miles from McGregor. Six miles further down, after passing station 196 and Buena Vista on our right, at 5:30 P. M., we went into camp on the Wisconsin shore. Our heavy mess-chest is tugged up the high bank, the stove planted and our tent pitched under a fine elm tree near the river. The fishing interest labors under difficulties of low water and marine hard times, for with much coaxing the great Father of Waters affords Ernest only a kitten-fish four inches long. After supper B. gets a couple of five-pound catfish, Art. shoots a fat woodcock, and Abbey a slender snipe, *S. vulgaris*. From abounding drift-wood on the sandy beach our first genuine camp-fire was here built against a huge back-log, and became such a crackling, blazing pyre as the shade of Dido would have approved. In fact, two wet and shivering shades from the lower regions *did* approve it. Our river tramps, an old man and a youth, overturned by the strong breeze (or stronger whiskey), had managed to recover their boat, and, attracted by the cheerful light, now took refuge with us. Just escaped from a watery grave, as they stood steaming and quarreling before our fire, the stout young man carelessly joking and the elder swearing horrible oaths at every trembling sentence—the sadness of a reckless youth, and a wicked, comfortless old age, required no further illustration.

With unanimous approval this was named Camp Enjoyment. Guards were appointed to pay our guests proper attention and keep fire all night, the rest retired to somewhat chilly slumbers.

Tuesday, 18th. Wind N. Our morning meal enjoyed, Wat. tries fishing and gains a two-pound success. Port., to whom the constant neatness of our boat is mainly due, washes the Gypsy. Ed. P. and Art., now skilled professors of camping and voyaging, soon have the tent down and baggage packed in the Rover. "Where are our visitors?" "Gone!" "Where is our tomahawk?" Also gone! In the club photograph, however, it remains, stuck in the mast. (See page 210.)

"All aboard! Cast off!! Pull on that stroke oar!" is shouted. Main-sail and jib are both spread to the light, favorable breeze. "Starboard, two points!" cries the pilot, and we glide smoothly and swiftly on our way. In order to give an equal division of the labor and pleasures of navigating, all occupy in succession each working positions, viz.:

(1) As acting pilot stand on deck before the mast, to watch for snags, find the channel and give directions for steering. (2) Manage the jib lines. (3) Pull bow oar. (4) Hold main sheet and manage the mainsail. (5) Work the boat pump. (6) Steer, with oar or rudder, as the water is shallow or deep. (7) Hold a gun, for passing game. (8) Rest. (9) Pull stroke oar. Much of the time positions 2, 4, 5 and 7 are like ideal government sinecures, affording plenty of enjoyment with nothing to do but to whittle and advise the pilot or captain. When, however, P., as pilot, cries out, "Larboard, seventeen hands and a half?" or, "Starboard, one quart!" (instead of "two pints") we all ignore the inaccuracy and rejoice rather in our legitimate freedom.

Sailing by Waupaton, on our right and alongside the C. D. & Minn. R. R., which here follows the bank, under high, wooded bluffs, at noon we made Spechts Ferry, a town of four buildings and the boat, J. M. McCoy,

3 P. M. found us striking sail in a wider channel, under the bold bluff near Dubuque, called Eagle Point. Against adverse winds and waves, rowing down to the dockyard became almost hard work, but there we made sail again. Slowly beating up into the wind by successive tacks, at 6 P. M. the Gypsy rounded a long point, towards the east and we landed near a quarry, about a mile north of Dunleith. Steward and Art. immediately started after supplies for a famishing crew. Our tent was set up "on a stern and rock-bound coast," abounding only in lime-stone fossils and driftwood. Did our Pilgrim Fathers, after fasting since 8 A. M., ever walk a mile along a rocky shore, vainly fish half an hour in the dusk off a log raft, and then hear an old Dutch fisherman say, "There ain't no fish in this cove?" B. thinks they did not. He did. Art. was long (gone) and time was fleeting. But our mild endurance of delay was embalmed in the name, Camp Patience. And when at 8 P. M. the supplies and supper-time arrived, that patience individually secured its own full reward.

Wednesday, 19th. Wind S. Our last whole day, together, saw us off at 8 A. M. Passing on our left the dangerous sirens and a cave (*not* that of Aeolus), with mast up we swept under the fine Illinois Central R. R. bridge and rowed across to the Iowa shore. Dubuque, with its graceful steeples, solid brick blocks, long stairways, and houses clinging to terraced hillsides, lay before us and was duly visited. (No time for calls, Lewis.)

On our way again, having *smoothed the row-locks* with fresh grapes, at noon of this bright day we made Fever river, in the best of health and good spirits. That peaceful afternoon sky was filled with fleecy clouds, and the smoothly flowing river reflected them so perfectly that we seemed floating between two heavens.

6 P. M. finds the Gypsy at Belleview, a place of 1,500 inhabitants. "It is twenty-five miles to Savannah," says Captain R., "and we want to take the morning train to-morrow. Shall we camp or keep on?" Onward, by all means! The night is still and mild, and a rising moon promises to light our way. After a frugal supper on board, we push off, inconsistently singing, "Pull *for* the shore," and enter upon the new experience of a night voyage. Chaplain B. was kindly favored with a comfortable place in the Rover, towed astern, and the rest kept watch and watch in the Gypsy. Cool night air drove us to our blankets and the steadily flowing river lulled us to sleep. When late at night the first company of four was relieved, if some one did not sing, "Larboard watch! ahoy!" B. must have dreamed it.

Excepting a few brief stops on shoals, all went well until the witching hour of midnight. Captain R. was sitting on deck looking out far ahead through the fairy moonlight for snags and bars, dreamily thinking—he knows what, when suddenly the boat struck an unseen snag and our gallant Captain made a fine leap into the water, after—perhaps he doesn't know what. Was it after reflection? W. R. affects to have had a rather dry plunge on the whole, but the patience with which he quietly turned and turned, like a Persian devotee, before the fire that night, his friends should not mention or his enemies know.

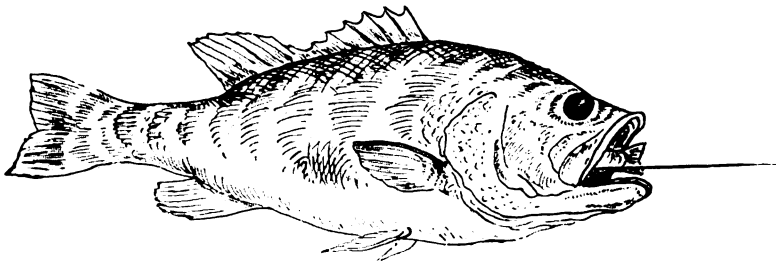
Having learned from passing raftsmen that Savannah was only two miles below, at 2:30 A. M. we drew to the right bank, built a roaring fire and rolled up in our blankets on the sandy shore. Under a starlit sky and with the "never sleeping One" to watch over us, all slept in peace.

Thursday, Sept. 20th, 1877. With the first light of dawn all arose to a meagre toilet and an ample breakfast, our last Gypsy meal. This concluding camp was significantly named "Farewell."

When at 8:30 we launched from shore, the "Silas Wright" was just passing with a large lumber raft. By permission of Capt. Turner and the courteous pilot, J. S. Walker, our Gypsy was fastened on and we leisurely dismantled. "We had already heard about you," said Mr. W. "My raftsmen told me last night that they passed a company of gentlemen coming down. 'Knew them by the way they said 'Thank you, thank you!'" On so slender a reputation we did not attempt to float any farther than opposite the great elevator at Savannah, where we cast off with expressions of mutual good will. Ran the Gypsy and the Rover to shore at a landing near the depot, with more than an hour to spare before our 11:40 A. M. train. By means of three extra men and a couple of dollies, or rollers, the Gypsy was drawn out of the water, up the steep bank and upon the platform. There she lies before me, ready to be shipped with the Rover to Beloit. The cruise of the Gypsy is now ended. "Farewell, lifeless friend. You shall live at least in our memory, and, perhaps, yet again bear us on some equally pleasant voyage."

Without any serious accident, mistake or personal differences, we had finished one of life's most enjoyable experiences, and were now to separate. All took a cool drink out of the Chaplain's completed cup and then—did we form a sentimental circle and chokingly promise undying remembrance? Not at all! When the train arrived we looked in each other's tanned faces with mutual respect, gave a hearty right hand of fellowship, and said as we say to you, kind reader,

"GOOD BYE."



The Journal of a Voyage from New York to California,

WHICH BEGAN FEB. 1st, AND ENDED AT SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 19TH, 1861.

Written on the way by Mrs. J. S. Twist, formerly Miss Julia S. Peck.

(See page 49.)



JULIA S. TWIST.

Friday evening, Feb. 1st. Safe on board the ship *Ariel*. At a quarter before 12 the gong sounded, and above the tumultuous din the stentorian voice of a darkey was heard crying out, "In fifteen minutes, all aboard for San Francisco!" The rope is thrown off. Three cheers arise from the crowd on the pier, and as we sail from port waving hats and handkerchiefs are seen. Farewell, New York, with your dirty streets, insolent porters, miserable beggars and despicable steamboat agents. A home on the broad Atlantic is far preferable to a day's sojourn in your midst.

The passengers are mostly in high glee. Occasionally one retires to a corner of the cabin looking sad and by an audible sigh reveals a troubled heart. At five the gong sounded for supper. A general rush is made for the table. Having had no dinner, all have good appetites. The one who has the most teeth, the largest mouth and the longest arm stands the best chance. Our room contains three berths and I select the upper one, always preferring to live on the top shelf.

Saturday, Feb. 2d, 1861. On awaking this morning found myself hardly able to keep my berth. The boat tosses like a cork on the waves. I climb down and find my companion unable to rise, her children both sick. What a scene in the cabin! The heaving of the ship and of the passengers is extremely sickening. The gong sounds for breakfast. A few gentlemen go reeling towards the dining room. I stood and watched their journey for a moment and then commenced the crooked march myself. The Captain laughs as I enter and says, "I am glad to see one lady out." There are no gluttons now. All eat with indifference. They have as much as they can do to hold on to their seats and their plates, and get their forks into their mouths and not into their eyes. The cabin also has a gloomy aspect, and the stewardess is being hailed from almost every room. One wants a cup of tea, another a bowl of water, yet another the basin, while a fourth cries, "Send the doctor to No. 26, quick!" The cabin maid and myself are continually trotting to the dining saloon for water. Being the only women who can perform this feat we have lively times. As I pass through the cabin one and another asks, "How long have you traveled the seas?" Many a one calls out to me, "Say, stewardess, bring me some water." I step up on deck for a few moments to get some fresh air, and the scene presented is grand. The waves roll high. For one instant you are on the crest, seemingly between the heavens and the sea, gazing into blue depths below; the next you are in the trough, spray dashes at your feet and you catch some of the wave in your hand as it comes foaming angrily towards you. The air

is mild and soft like a Wisconsin April ; the weather very cloudy and rainy. We are now nearing Cape Hatteras, and for the next twenty-four hours must expect a rough sea.

Returning to my patients, I find Mrs. Quince quite sick and suffering also from the blues, and have endeavored to comfort her with the assurance that ocean and stomach will be at rest tomorrow. I am thankful for the ability to wait on her and the children.

Sunday, Feb. 3d, 1861. Passed a restless night on account of its being so rough that I had to hold on with might and main in order to prevent being thrown from my berth. The waves strike our boat with repeated shocks, like the blows of some great giant. Occasionally a wave sweeps the upper deck. In the next stateroom a lady falls from her berth, and I can only hope that she is not injured. Before daylight Mrs. Q. called out in an agonized tone, "Quick, Julia, my child is dying." Springing from my berth I found the little one in spasms, and ran for the doctor, who came and prescribed for the child and relieved it.

In the morning the rain continued but the sea grew calmer. I went to breakfast, as before, the only lady at table. Our bill of fare is inviting, but there are few to enjoy it. The captain says, "I think you are a brave woman, and deserve a premium." My reply was that after paying \$200.00 I could not afford to lose my meals.

The weather is much warmer, and Mrs. Q. is able to sit by the window of our room. Last Sabbath I was riding between huge snow-banks, closely enveloped in a buffalo robe, while today I sit on deck without bonnet or shawl. Two boys are standing near, barefooted, with mops in hand, to dry the deck. This evening the stars are shining like specks of fire on the water.

Monday, Feb. 4th, 1861. This morning, was awakened again by Mrs. Q. Her baby boy was in another fit, but one of short duration. The doctor says he is cutting teeth and that we need not be alarmed.

Again the day is rainy and the sea rough. Most of the passengers are getting out, but they look pale and sick. We were called to the purser's office today to receive our meal tickets. To prevent confusion each seat is numbered. The first bell is for second-cabin passengers, the next for nurses and children, and the third for first-cabin. On the table is found everything in the line of eatables, and there are darkies in abundance to wait on us.

Today straw hats and summer clothes are seen on deck. At noon the sun shone out warm and pleasant. Soon, however, rain descended in torrents and we were obliged to return to the cabin. Thus far we have had strong head winds.

There are seventy passengers in the first-cabin, about twenty of them children. These have all been sick, but judging by the noise today, I think they must be getting better.

Tuesday, Feb. 5th, 1861. There is bright sunshine and a calm sea. Instead of white-capped waves, acres of seaweed float by, and occasionally a gull breaks the monotony of the scene. Men are gathered in little companies, and the subject of discussion is Secession. Apples, oranges and lemons on board are five cents each. The weather grows warmer. Trunks must be opened and thin dresses brought out.

Our boat is not the largest on the line but is a well-built, substantial

side-wheel steamer, and makes good headway, heeding "nor wind nor wave." On the "Ariel's" broad decks I am perfectly at home. I can eat as much as any one, and feel as well as a fish. The sea breeze strengthens me.

Wednesday, Feb. 6th, 1861. Weather still warmer. Passengers all out. Sometimes a flying-fish is seen. Yesterday one visited our deck, was captured, inspected and returned to his native element. It is too warm to stay in our rooms. The decks and the dining tables are crowded, and all have good appetites. Our tables are loaded with soups, whose names would puzzle a lawyer, all kinds of meats, also lobsters, clams, nuts, figs, raisins, apples and oranges. Today a slaver was seen. For the first time land appears in the distance, supposed to be one of the Bahamas. The boat makes no landing until we reach Aspinwall, which will be on Sunday next. One of our passengers, a young lady ill with erysipelas, is hardly expected to live until we get there. I have put on lawn dress and sun-bonnet, the pain and soreness in my lungs is gone entirely, and I am as contented as the proverbial clam.

We have on board a number of Spaniards, rather fine looking men, who sit quietly by themselves smoking cigarettes. Many of our company are Southerners, having their negro servants with them. Notwithstanding that fact, they require many favors of stewardess, Anna. But Miss A., like all of her class, is quite independent and will not run at every call. Mrs. Q. gave her half a dollar, and she waits on the children and on us very kindly.

Thursday, Feb. 7th, 1861. Clear, still and warm as July weather at home. Scarcely a ripple on the water. All are in high glee. Yesterday we passed so near land that, with a glass, houses were seen. We are fourteen hours behind time and may not reach Aspinwall until Monday. Some of the passengers are quite disappointed, but I shall be contented if we are out two weeks longer.

Yesterday we saw some large black fish, probably porpoises. The evening was beautiful, and all on deck seemed to be enjoying themselves. We begin to get acquainted with our fellow passengers. There is an old bachelor, sandy complexion, red hair, coarse features, very polite to the ladies, and trying to be unusually sociable with our colored stewardess. She answers his questions in an off hand way, and by the toss of her head gives him to understand that she has seen fools before. Here comes a person from Massachusetts, an important appearing chap, who condescends for the present to sit on the same bench with a certain lady. He is dressed in black, excepting his blue coat, and is called by us the blue-tailed fly. Presently he will walk aft, where a number of men seem eager to gain the attention of two New York ladies. These give no one the preference, but laugh and chat freely with all.

The door of the Spaniards' room is open and we venture to peep in. They are seated on the floor, while one of their number entertains the company from an instrument like an accordeon, but producing much finer music. They have with them three cages of birds. In the next stateroom are a Jew and Jewess. He is a fine looking man, but she! At the table she noses everything, being suspicious of the presence of pork, eats pudding with knife and fork, and wipes her hands and mouth on the table cloth. Near us sits a portly man from Connecticut, whom we call Fatty. He is uncomfortable in this warm climate, but very pleasant and agreeable.

Here comes one who judged by the lower part of his face would be thought a grizzly bear, by the upper part a sleek otter, out of his proper element.

It is evening now. Come below with me to the dining saloon. There are twenty or thirty, playing cards, some for apples, cider or champagne, and others for the dimes. Ah, here comes the stewardess, saying, "Sit down dar, honey, an' res' yeself." "Yes, Anna, but only for a moment. I left Mrs. Quince on deck and she will not know where to look for me." "Never you mine, chile. Her can 'quire ahfta you." A hand is laid on my shoulder. "Why, Julia, I have been looking in every part of the boat for you. I almost made up my mind that you had jumped overboard." "He! he! Wall I 'clar for't now. Was you scart a'most to death? She was safe enuff with me." So much for Anna's talk. As we go through the cabin to retire, let me merely introduce you to a French lady, Mrs. Richards, who has been to place her son at school in Paris, and is now on her way back to their home at Humbolt Bay. We have on board also a star actress, Mrs. Mowbray, returning from Europe, where she has been to settle the Mowbray estate.

Friday, Feb. 8th, 1861. Very sultry. Calm without but squally within. Last night it was so hot that the children got little rest, and so today they are peevish and cross, very naturally. Our sick girl seems prostrated by the heat, yet better. Have spent the evening on deck, the scene enlivened with plenty of music. About five o'clock we came in sight of Cuba.

As darkness came on the light of a lighthouse was plainly seen but not that part of the coast which is inhabited. We passed St. Domingo this morning and are now literally sailing in the Caribbean sea. A light, favorable breeze sprang up this afternoon and our sails are hoisted for the first time. We have on board a horse which belongs to the Captain of the steamer on the other side (of the isthmus) and is going to San Francisco. His stall is on deck closely covered so that only the horse's head is visible. He is strongly lashed but is a fiery animal, suffers with the heat and has twice broken loose and kicked down his box.

This evening we passed the North Star, homeward bound and exchanged complimentary rockets. Our star, Mrs. Mowbray, is producing a sensation on deck. She is talented, witty, fine looking, a fascinating woman, who by her lively sallies of wit and humor makes sport for us all.

Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1861. To-day our trunks are being taken from our rooms, carried on deck, weighed and checked for crossing the isthmus. For all weight over fifty pounds we must pay ten cents per pound. Many, not knowing this, have brought three or four trunks besides chests, which cost them no small sum. My baggage weighing 75 lbs., I had only \$2.50 to pay. Mrs. Quince's 140 lbs. cost her \$9.00. There is dissatisfaction on all sides, and some have had to pay \$30.00, \$40.00, and \$60.00 extra. It was a swindle from the beginning. We had to deposit two dollars with the purser in order to get a key to our room. Some think we shall not get that back but I am going for mine to-day.

Sunday evening, Feb. 10th, 1861. About two o'clock this afternoon the hills of Panama were seen in the distance. The coast is rugged and rough. But my pen cannot describe the grandeur of the scenery for the mountains reach apparently to the clouds. At 3 P. M. we enter the harbor of Aspinwall. A number of vessels are at anchor there. The town is larger

than I expected and from a distance the buildings look well, but on closer inspection many of these appear dilapidated. As soon as we come to land the natives rush on board, a singular race of beings and very anxious to carry your baggage for you.

We remain here until four o'clock in the morning and then the passengers must all go on shore to some public house. It is said that of every ship's company who stay here over night some are sure to get the fever. But that is usually because they are imprudent about eating fruit or being out at night inhaling the miasma which rises from neighboring swamps.

The Captain has given me, with a few others, permission to stay on the steamer. We went on shore for a short time to see the curiosities and this town was indeed a sight. The streets are hard and swept clean in the middle but on the sides the filth is beyond description. You see there dead dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, fish and all sorts of carrion. Some of the native ladies are dressed gaudily while others are nearly naked and some entirely so. They stare at you, yell after you as you pass and look frightful in the extreme. There is a fandango to-night and people dance in the street to the music of some instrument which I can't describe. Stores are open, for they depend on the trade from steamers for their support, and linen goods are very cheap. Here we find also an abundance of oranges, limes, bananas, pine apples, cocoanuts and all the tropic fruits. The streets are shaded with coconut trees which are loaded with fruit. Women sit on the street corners rubbing their teeth with little bundles of roots called soap root, an excellent article it is said for cleansing the teeth and making them smooth and white. The foliage is luxuriant and flowers are in full bloom. One lady asked a man who spoke a little English, if they ever had any snow. "Do you mean ice?" "No; something like ice." "No, madam," he replied, "it does not grow here."

Monday evening, Feb. 11th, 1861. On board the steamer Uncle Sam. We left Aspinwall by the railway at 4 A. M. and reached Panama about seven o'clock. After being on the water so long the ride on the cars was much enjoyed by us all, especially when it became light enough to see the country. Most of the way was rough and mountainous, but there is such a variety of timber, shrubbery and flowers that the scenery is beautiful. The coconut trees and the great banana plants are the most curious of all the growths. The lime looked very showy, without leaves, but loaded with bright yellow flowers. Occasionally we passed beautiful country residences. At short intervals along the track are shanties occupied by a race of beings hardly fit to be classed as human. They are nearest to the brute creation of any I have yet seen. Their huts are made by placing posts in the ground and covering these with cocoa leaves. On the hard earth in the centre of each hut is the family fire and all sit around it. When we stopped at Gorgona, the half way station, some of them ran out of their cabins with oranges for sale, the largest I ever saw. The R. R. track winds around between the hills like the course of a snake and we crossed a number of little streams and some as large as Rock river.

At Panama we had to walk about a mile from the cars to the small boat which conveyed us to the ship. It was amusing to see such a company of emigrants, one carrying a child and leading another, many loaded with

satchels, band boxes, bundles, sacks of fruit, chairs, bedding, overcoats and shawls, but all in high glee. "This is romantic," cries one, and another, "This is the overland route," while a third compares our company to the children of Israel in Exodus. The town of Panama is much larger than Aspinwall, being one of the old Spanish towns. Formerly it was an important place but now presents only a mass of old ruinous buildings.

On the Pacific, Tuesday, Feb. 12th, 1861. The weather is very warm, and the sea interspersed with islands is calm. The scenery is beautiful, for while some of the islands are small, others, covered with verdure to the water's edge, rear their lofty heads to the clouds. Some of the passengers seem very busy with their pencils, particularly Mrs. M. She is very talented, writes for two papers and is now preparing an account of her journey, which is to be published in the London News. She has plenty of money and is free with it. She drinks ale every day in English style. Her account of travels in Europe is very interesting, so her society is sought for by all on board. She is quite dresy and her person is adorned with several thousand dollars worth of diamonds. From the fact that I resemble a particular friend of hers she has taken quite a fancy to me, and urges me to call upon her in California. As a rule ship acquaintances should be forgotten when we land.

This boat is much larger and cleaner than the Ariel, but also slower. We shall probably take fifteen days for our journey on this side. The tables are better supplied in some respects than those of the Ariel. Instead of apples we have oranges. Green peas, beans and corn are in abundant supply.

Wednesday, Feb. 13th, 1861. The weather is very pleasant but warm. Our room opens out on deck. We sleep with the door ajar and even then are uncomfortable it is so hot. One poor fellow found a watery grave last night. He was a fireman and was not missed for some time. It is supposed that he fell or walked off the gang-way, as a place was found open contrary to ship rules at night. On my questioning one of the sailors about such events he replied, "We never pay any attention to a man overboard. Its no use, for before we could get to him some shark would have him."

To-day we saw a large school of porpoises, the water seemed alive with them. They were about six feet long, and some would jump out of the water their whole length, turn a full half circle or more and fall back again. They grunt much like a hog and appear to enjoy themselves.

We are sailing near the coast, and there is prospect that the weather will soon be cooler. The water we have to drink is as yellow as old rain water, that which has been standing a long while, and as warm as if it had been heated on the stove. It is kept in an iron tank and rust settles on the bottom of your tumbler. We can have ice (brought from New York or the Russian possessions) at 25 cents per pound. Four of us buy a pound for dinner which answers very well. Between meals we drink as little as we can and put some brandy in that little. Breakfast comes at half-past eight, lunch at noon, and at half-past four we have a meal which cannot be surpassed. This is the fashion, a way of living which does not suit me. Occasionally we drink ale or porter, as the doctor says that is better than so much water. Coming from such a cold climate as ours, if we escape the fever we shall be fortunate.

February 14th, 1861. Awakened about midnight by a confused murmur of voices on deck, I arose and dressed, and on going out found that the shaft of one wheel of our side-wheel steamer was broken. In the morning at daybreak we started on again with the other wheel, but very slowly. Should a gale arise the engine must stop, as our remaining wheel would soon fail us and we would have to depend wholly on our sail.

The "California," which left San Francisco the same day we left New York, passed us yesterday bound for Panama. The "Ariel" is waiting for her passengers, and the "California" will wait for the "Northern Light," which sailed from New York the 11th. Some think we shall stop at Acapulco until the "California" returns, and then be towed by her. If no further accident occurs we expect to reach that port next Monday, the 18th. The captain says we shall go on if possible. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to stay there long, as the place will be hot and sickly. The passengers are gloomy and disconsolate, not knowing what our fate is to be, only that we have narrowly escaped an ocean grave. Had the heavy shaft broken a few inches either way from where it did break we should have been lost, as its thirty tons of metal falling through the bottom of the boat would certainly have sunk us.

They begin to be careful of water and provisions. If we reach Acapulco, Mexico, we can recruit our supply of both, and with good luck may see California within twenty days. We are now making about eight miles an hour, and are considered to be doing as well as could be expected.

Friday, Feb. 15th, 1861. We are jogging slowly along, and the captain says we shall reach San Francisco in two weeks. "Uncle Sam" keenly feels the loss of his limb. By the boat's time table I see that we have made only 169 miles during the last twenty-four hours, seven miles an hour, slow progress. This is the real Pacific; the sea is calm and plenty of fish are seen. We are now in the gulf of Tehautepec, where sailors always expect a blow and rough sea. They are trying to strengthen our remaining wheel as much as possible. Captain says that if we escape a storm here we are safe, and that it will take twenty-four hours to cross the gulf.

Last evening we had quite a concert on the promenade deck. It was both vocal and instrumental, and continued till a late hour. Today we were invited to visit the steerage, cook-room, etc., and found everything very neat and clean. There are a number of Spanish cattle on board for beef. They do not look much like our stock, being quite small, but with broad spreading horns. We have also sheep and hogs. This boat is kept clean. Every morning just before daylight the deck in front of our room is scoured, or holy-stoned as the sailors say, which makes it look very white. The brass door-sills and the wood-work in our rooms are also scoured daily. The Jewess has one of the berths in our room, which contains three berths and a large sofa occupied by Mrs. Q.

Saturday, Feb. 16th, 1861. Still calm and pleasant. Run during the last twenty-four hours, 196 miles, which is considered doing well. That is the distance in a straight line, but we have followed the coast, going about 220 miles.

We are sailing nearer the land here than a steamer has ever ventured before. The water is covered with what looks like saw dust and the sailors

call "whale's feed." Today we have seen our first whales. They do not come very near, but we can distinctly see them in the distance spouting and jumping in the water. The scenery to-day is varied. Sometimes we are sailing so near shore that we have a delightful view of the mountains, and again we strike out to sea and they fade into distance. We have just passed two large volcanoes, which by the aid of a glass could be seen plainly. Some imagined they saw smoke ascending from their summits, but I am inclined to think it was a floating white cloud. Great numbers of birds are following in our wake to-day. By the sailors they are called "boobies," from the fact that when they light on deck they have not sense enough to fly away again. I have known some men like them.

We are looking for a rougher sea soon. The crowd seem for the most part cheerful, although last night our ship started to catch fire, and sprang a leak also, but no great damage was done.

Some of our ladies are distressed because the purser does not notice them so much as he does others. One lady seems anxious to secure the attention of a certain gentleman, and has at last engaged him for a promenade. Another, from the "ould counthry," was asked to take a walk and replied that she wished nothing said to her by gentlemen unless they had serious intentions. Consequently she is left to her own reflections.

Sunday, Feb. 17th, 1861. But few of our number are able to get out this morning on account of sea-sickness. At about dark last evening the wind rose and the sea became a little rough. Timid Mrs. Q. was sure our other wheel would break and we must go down, she having had a presentiment from the first that the steamer Uncle Sam would never reach port. I was not much alarmed, but as she could not sleep, got up and dressed and sat with her gazing out on the wide waste of waters revealed by moonlight. Soon after midnight I persuaded her to retire, promising if the wind rose to get up again. Two hours later she waked me and hastily dressing I went on deck and found her sitting in a chair by the ship's rail, a picture of despair. Her dress was wet with spray, and one side of her face covered with an incrustation of salt. The wind blew a strong gale, though the moon was shining. But she thought of our disabled vessel, of her children, of her distant husband, and her heart failed her. Not until five o'clock did I succeed in quieting her fears so that she laid her head on my shoulder and went to sleep. Finally I persuaded her to lie down on the sofa where she slept until nine. At half-past ten the gong sounded for divine service. A small company assembled on the leeward side of the ship with the Bishop dressed in his white robe. Above the roar of the tempest his voice was heard saying, "Deliver us from perils by land and sea," to which the audience faintly responded, "Good Lord deliver us." As it was difficult for him to be heard he spoke very briefly, and at seven o'clock preached in the steerage.

Our last day's run has been 160 miles. During the night little progress was made. The wind was dead ahead and the Captain stood at the helm until morning. He is said to be the best commander on the route. Whales are plenty and to-day we saw a number quite near.

Monday, Feb. 18th, 1861. It is pleasant to-day. We are making good progress and if nothing hinders will probably reach Acapulco tomorrow. Passengers are busy writing letters to be sent back by the Golden Age, which we shall pass to-night. We hope for no further accident.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th. We were roused about midnight by a hail from the Age. Both steamers stopped, a boat was lowered and our captain went aboard of her, taking our mail. All eagerly watched his return, especially the gentlemen, who wanted to get the California news.

The moon shone brightly and as soon as the returning boat was within hail Gen. Colton called out, "What's the news?" The captain replied, "California has not seceded yet."

About 3 A. M. we entered the harbor of Acapulco, (a port of the province of Michoagan, and about 250 miles south-west of the city of Mexico.)

At daylight I dressed and went on deck to see what was to be seen. The natives are not allowed on board but come alongside in canoes, as we are anchored about half a mile out. They bring oranges, limes, eggs, cocoa-nuts, coral and sea shells. When you wish to buy they throw up a line attached to a basket. Down goes the money and up come your goods. Boats nicely cushioned and covered are ready to carry you ashore for two bits (25 cents). We are taking on coal and provisions for the rest of the voyage, and it is quite amusing to see them bring out the cattle. Sixteen were lashed by the horns to a large canoe, (eight on each side), brought alongside our steamer and then hoisted on board with tackles. The boat will stop here only a few hours so we have gone ashore to view the beauties of the place. That certainly does not mean the native women, who are dressed in a skirt and chemise. Some of the men wear simply a shirt, some only a girdle, and others their birth-day suits,* a race of beings inferior in some respects to those at Aspinwall. They are good swimmers and will dive after a dime in the water, never failing to bring it up in their teeth. One of our men got into a fight with a native and was arrested and placed in irons. The captain went over to the trial and he was released. We have taken in a supply of fruit and a basket of shells.

Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1861. Here we are yet and likely to stay for awhile. The inspector, Mr. Coffee, has examined the boat and found the other shaft cracked. He says it is a miracle that we ever reached this port. We must now wait until the California returns, which will be ten days at least. If we do not succeed in getting upon that we will have to wait ten days longer for the Golden Age. What long faces! At the table all are silent and each seems to have lost his appetite. This afternoon certain passengers prepared fishing apparatus and caught and dragged on board a large shark. The men (not gentlemen) so crowd around the huge fish that a lady is in danger of being crushed if *she* attempts to see it. In response, however, to several cries of "Clear the way for the ladies," a space is cleared and just as we are expecting a good view of the shark a rustle and bustle is heard, the Bishop rushes up, crowds in ahead of us and sees the fish to his complete satisfaction. Then comes our turn and the shark is beheaded and thrown overboard. Today also a large whale came in sight, swimming around the ship.

Thursday, Feb. 21st, 1861. The passengers seem to enjoy themselves, fishing and sailing. Many are imprudent about eating fruit and going out in the hot sun, for which carelessness they may get the fever. Oranges are no longer a treat. Natives brought some this morning just plucked from

*As Sterne would say.

the tree and Mrs. Q. bought a branch with five on it, the largest I ever saw. Here also we find the pomegranate, spoken of in the Bible. Today we sent out the washing at \$2.50 per dozen. Our ice is now gone. The water here is very warm but good. Natives make a porous earthen vessel, called a monkey, which keeps water quite cool. We bought one today for three bits and like it.

Friday, Feb. 22d, 1861. Hot this morning, but cooler after the breeze rises. This is called one of the finest natural harbors in the world. You enter through a narrow pass between high hills and mountains that rise gradually from the coast to the height of three miles. From the ship few buildings can be seen, but on going to the city you find hundreds of huts made of cocoonut leaves and limbs and without doors or windows. Today we employed a guide and have taken a ramble among the Mexicanos. We were led first to the fort. Then we walked about two miles to a plantation where oranges and other kinds of fruit, new and curious, were growing in great abundance, like apples with us in Wisconsin. There also was a kind of public house, a shed covered with cocoa leaves, with clean swept stone floor and seats for visitors. The people appeared friendly and in return for some change brought us a branch of oranges, flowers, and a very pleasant drink called anisette. They also showed us growing pine-apple plants, odd looking to us with their long pointed thick leaves. After resting there an hour, on our way back we met a mule train, loaded with sacks of cocoa going to Mexico. The driver forms his animals into a line by fastening the halter of each mule except the leader to the tail of the mule before him. As we were leaving shore for the ship half a dozen little natives came swimming after our boat crying out, "Catch dimes." We threw a dime, down went the whole crowd, and very soon one of them caught the precious bit.

Several of the passengers are not feeling very well and seem to be much frightened. Well they may be for there are a number of cases of yellow fever on shore. As I raise my eyes from the paper I see plainly the white stone under a cocoa tree over there which covers the remains of our last American consul for this port. He died last summer with the black plague. Out of twenty Americans here then, sixteen fell victims to that disease. Our first mate is lying sick with sore throat, but is getting better. If we ourselves escape the fever it will be strange. We are expecting the California next Tuesday, but whether we shall get a berth in her or not we cannot tell.

Saturday, Feb. 23d, 1861. Time drags heavily with most of us. Yellow fever is raging on shore yet passengers still continue going to the city. We have one case of Panama fever on board, a child three years old. The doctor thinks it may get well.

The weather is very warm, but most of the time there is a pleasant sea breeze. Some of our smart young men have been gambling with the natives and have lost all their money. There are a number of stores here. Calico is two bits per yard, lawn the same excepting linen lawn, which is three bits. Other goods are in proportion.

Sunday, Feb. 24th, 1861. We have service on board as usual at half past ten. A few of our company are going on shore to attend church. The captain and crew early this morning went fishing with a seine and brought back about two bushels of all kinds of fish. The most singular was the porcupine

fish. It was round like a ball and covered all over with spines resembling porcupine quills, each spine sharp pointed and three or four inches long. This kind is said to be poisonous. They caught a number of small fish which are fine eating.

Monday, Feb. 25th, 1861. A very sultry day, and the heat almost intolerable. Last night is said to have been the warmest ever known by Americans living here. We went on shore today, visited the burying ground and made a short call at a house near by. Two little naked girls were swinging in a hammock. The mother was sewing; one of the daughters seemed to be making bread; two boys were pounding corn, while the father was sleeping on the ground. They gave us flowers, coral and shells. We asked the madre how many muchachos she had. She held up both hands, meaning ten. One of the boys tied a rope around his waist, ran up a cocoa tree, and down came a dozen or more of the half ripe nuts. He opened one and gave us the milk to drink. Dogs are great favorites with the natives. I asked one of the boys, who could speak a little English, how many he had. He replied, "Only eleven."

Tomorrow we expect the California, and great excitement prevails. That is a smaller boat than this and probably we shall not all of us be able to get on it. Some think we shall cast lots; others that those first on the ticket list will have the first chance. If we do not secure passage on her we must wait for the Golden Age. Rather than be jammed in with six in a room I shall wait.

Tuesday, Feb. 26th, 1861. All are busy packing trunks and writing letters to be left here. My trunk will not be packed until I am sure of going. As the California runs in connection with the Northern Light, the best boat on the other side, it is more than likely that she will be well loaded.

Wednesday, Feb. 27th, 1861. At seven last evening her signal gun was heard and she slowly entered the harbor. Then began the strapping of trunks and packing of satchels in case the trunks must be left. Promptly our captain with a few others went on board, and minutes seemed hours as we watched for their return. At last they came back with sorrowful countenances. There are three hundred passengers on the California and only four vacant berths. Those holding the first nine tickets can go and the steerage passengers, not including women or children. Names are called off. One man is told that he can go while his wife cannot. Some of the first cabin passengers try to exchange tickets with the steerage passengers. Women beg the captain to let them go but in vain. The mail and the steerage people are taken off first. Soon the last boat is announced as ready, and with feelings of mingled sorrow and joy the chosen few of our number embark. One young lady, a favorite with us all, entreats her brother to wait or else let her stay with us. But his business being urgent he feels obliged to go, and as to leaving her that cannot be. When they left we felt as though we were bidding farewell to old friends.

At 2 o'clock P. M. a signal gun announced the departure of the California, which, groaning with her additional burden passed quite near us. We gave three cheers, which were answered from the deck. Miss C. waved her handkerchief and called out, "I want to come back. This is the dirtiest place I ever saw. There's small-pox and no place to lie down." The men

shouted, "Good bye, Uncle Sam. Hope when we see you again you will have two legs. If we reach San Francisco will meet you at the dock when you enter port." As they passed us another gun was fired and the Uncle Sam replied twice in tones that made the mountains ring. When all was over, however, we retired with sorrowful hearts.

I arose this morning with a nervous headache, caused by the excitement of last night. The captain says, "You are all comfortable here, which you could not have been there, had you gone. They lost six passengers with the small pox."

We must content ourselves another week here and then the Age will come and tow us. This is a pleasant place, but is fast losing its charms for us. We are getting tired of seeing only dark Spanish faces, and long for the society of our own people.

Thursday, Feb. 28th, 1861. Mrs. M-br-y invited us to an outing on shore with her. Taking a basket of provisions and a bottle of wine we started for a cocoa grove about a mile from the steamer. There we sat down to rest in a cabin while natives brought us cocoanuts to eat and the milk of them to drink. Near us was a well said to be three hundred years old. Several native women were washing clothes without any wash-board. For a tub they have a wooden bowl about three feet in diameter and three inches deep. They use cold water and a great deal of soap, and never boil the clothes, yet succeed in making them very white and clean.

Not daring to go on alone we hired three native young men, sixteen to twenty years of age, to go with us. They were gentlemanly and seemed pleased with the idea of escorting Americans. One of them suddenly disappeared in the grove but soon returned riding what he called a burro, an ass, guided by a small cord tied around its lower jaw. The young man rode up to us and sitting as far back as possible invited me to ride. I mounted the donkey in front of him and took hold of its long ears to steady myself.* He held the rein and off we started with half a dozen little boys running behind and lashing the poor animal. The delighted natives laughed, shouted, rolled over on the ground, and in various other ways expressed their enjoyment at the sight. Mrs. Q. and Mrs. M. laughed 'till they cried, and said this last day of February would long be remembered by them. After my riding as long as I wished the young man politely assisted me to dismount and then let four little boys get on the burro and gave them a merry ride. Observing a little path through the bushes we motioned our guides to follow it. They walked along laughing and talking like young gentlemen, but for us it was "No sabe," as the Mexicans say. Emerging from the grove we came to a spring where a large company of women were engaged in washing clothes. They had us sit down on inverted baskets, examined our jewelry, patted our shoulders and seemed really pleased to see us. One old lady was at a loss to know how to express her admiration. Finally she led me by the hand to a large bowl, rolled up my sleeves, washed my hands and arms and wiped them neatly and then thanked me for the privilege. Many of them followed us to the shore and invited us to come again tomorrow. We have learned a few words of their Spanish and can understand many things that they say to us. We returned to the ship for supper,

*At home Mrs. Twist was considered a fearless and skillful horsewoman.

fatigued but pleased with our ramble. After tea we went over to the city. The streets were filled with crowds, sitting on the ground, smoking or gabbling like a flock of geese. At the Eldorado House the Spanish landlord could speak English and gave us an account of his adventures. Many years ago he and his wife came here (as he said) from a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, most of the way on mules. She also talks English, a little, and wears pants and shirt like a man. Says it is more convenient and saves washing. She seems very kind and pleasant, looks neat and clean and is a superior cook.

Friday, March 1st, 1861. Weather very sultry. Going on shore again today we landed at a beach where the waves rolled high so natives had to carry us from the boat to dry land in their arms. The captain has ordered that all fruit must be thrown overboard and talks of forbidding us the shore on account of the fever. Several passengers are sick but not with fever as yet. Mrs. Q. says she must go ashore, she is so delighted with the country and its inhabitants. They are an ignorant people but happy. While returning to the ship today our row boat passed certain rocks which were covered with pelicans. They were quite tame and allowed us to get very near. To see them dive after fish was amusing.

Night before last we were aroused by that sound of civilization, the booming of cannon. The St. Louis arrived with 150 passengers on board, bound for Panama. She left in the morning, and next Wednesday we shall look for the Age.

Saturday, March 2d, 1861. The heat excessive. We are learning Spanish fast. Tried the shore again today and saw the palm and the bread fruit tree. Every day reveals new curiosities. While walking on the beach we found beautiful shells and coral.

Sunday, March 3d, 1861. Many of the ladies and gentlemen have gone on shore to mass. The bells are ringing a merry peal. Acapulco has two churches, built of stone with bars across the windows instead of glass, which is not used. The floors are stone and the roofs of tile. They are very neat inside and the altar is decorated with flowers. It is said that the ancient city of Acapulco was destroyed by an earthquake about forty years ago, excepting only these churches and the fort. Others contradict the statement, but these churches look as though they had been built a century. They are moss grown and owls hoot by night in their belfries.

The fort is built on a point of land jutting out into the harbor. The road leading to it is paved with stone, laid in a cement the receipt for which has been lost. At present they build of stone but little. From coral they make a lime which is used for whitewash.

Monday, March 4th, 1861. Provisions on the steamer being rather stale, Mrs. M. has given us an invitation, gladly accepted, to take dinner at the Eldorado today. The landlord, called Uncle John, took us into a private parlor bounded on one side by a bed-room and on the other by a yard filled with flowers, from which we were separated by a lattice work covered with vines. At one end was a dove cote which from the incessant cooing seemed to contain a hundred at least. We amused ourselves until two o'clock when the lady in pants appeared. We made her understand that we wanted a nice meal, and it was not long before the waiter came in, spread a snow white

cloth and soon called us to dinner. It consisted of broiled chickens, fried potatoes, fried bananas, beef steak and chocolate. Our dessert was pineapple and wine. Everything was very neat, and never was a meal better relished—by us. After sailing about the bay for an hour we returned to the ship at sundown.

Mrs. Q. is very anxious to climb the mountain. Today, for the first time since our coming here, we saw some clouds. It is a beautiful sight to see them floating above the heights. Sometimes they appear to rest on the summit; again they are seen far below it and so thin that through them rocks and trees are visible, as through a gauzy veil. We purpose improving the rest of our time here to the best advantage, and have engaged a guide, Maximo, to be ready with his ponies early in the morning and escort us to the mountains.

Tuesday, March 5th, 1861. We left the steamer at 7 A. M. provided with a basket of provisions and a six shooter. Our guide was dressed in white pants, black sash around his waist, and patent leather shoes. He was also armed but only with a dirk as the natives are not allowed to carry fire arms. When we landed our horses were ready but there was only one side-saddle, which I gave to Mrs. Q. My saddle was a regular Spanish, which has a high pommel and back, different from ours. We were soon on our way, all the horses walking along in a leisurely manner, straight ahead and needing no guidance. Our road led through groves filled with birds of many kinds and affording also snakes and lizards. Occasionally we crossed a small stream, then came to a field of corn, and next to a place where tiles were being made as we make brick. At last, surmounting an eminence we found ourselves near what was formerly the residence of our American consul. It was quite a comfortable house, having a stoop or porch in front. From a dwelling close by a woman came out, shook hands and by various signs invited us to alight, which we did. After we had eaten our lunch she suspended two hammocks under the roof of that porch and, while we reclined in them, sat on the floor between and gently swung us. Our guide lay on the floor and was soon asleep, taking his usual noon siesta, as is customary here.

From this point we have a good view of surrounding country and the harbor and steamer below us, but are not satisfied as it is only half way up the mountain. After resting an hour we bid adieu to the Señora, mount our steeds again and set out for the summit. Then commenced our "tug of war." The path was very narrow and crooked. It required a continual stepping up, like climbing stone stairs. After an hour of this work we came to a small ranche, near which in a ravine was a copious spring of water, shaded by great banana plants like trees. Maximo dismounted and taking the bridles from our horses led them to drink. Without waiting for him to water his own animal, as soon as ours were bridled, we started on in advance but had not gone far when his horse came running up the mountain side like a scared cat, the rider not to be seen. As the colt tried to pass me I caught one rein of his bridle and held him until Maximo came up. He made us understand that the animal escaped from him while he was fixing some part of the harness. It was a colt and a wild one, too. Before the rider was fairly seated in the saddle it started, flew up the ascent and was soon lost to our sight around a turn of the path. In due time we found Maximo standing under a tree on a rocky ledge, waiting for us.

The nearer we approached to the summit the more difficult became our progress. Along the crooked path I closely followed the guide while Mrs. Q. toiled on in the rear. Sometimes, after winding around a cliff of rock and at last reaching its top, I would look down and see her horse creeping along after us a hundred feet directly below. Many times we each had to lie close to our horse's neck, in order to pass under a tree branch which reached across the path. At last we came out of the bushes into a level space where there was quite a settlement of indians and a stone church. Horses and riders being weary after the long climb we promptly dismounted to get a rest. The guide, however, taking one of the indians with him, motioned us to follow on foot, so we started again and he led us by a narrow path to the summit. The scene there spread out before us my pen cannot properly describe. As we seated ourselves on that rocky height the toilsome climb was forgotten, and all previous anticipations were more than realized. Clouds were floating below us and our steamer in the harbor far below them looked like a small sail boat. Mrs. Q. tore her veil in two and with the pieces and a red striped towel we made the flag of our country (near enough in color) red, white and green. This was fastened to a ten foot pole which was then inserted in a crevice of the rocks. The natives were also made to understand that it was to be left in position until we had returned to the steamer. From that wonderful view it was hard to turn away, but soon the lengthening shadows obliged us to regretfully hasten our descent. The walk of the ponies in going down was very slow and sure. No Wisconsin horse could have descended as they all did without a misstep. When we were about half way down the mountain the girth of Mrs. Q.'s saddle broke, an accident which nearly caused her to fall into the abyss below our path. After the shock of that narrow escape she could not be persuaded to ride any further, but preferred to walk the rest of the way. Among many singular trees and shrubs one which particularly attracted my attention was a cactus at least fifty feet high.

Long before we reached the base of the mountain darkness came suddenly upon us. Here there is no *gradual* dawn or sunset. Before you are aware of the time of day the sun drops behind the mountains and it is dark in a few minutes. At seven o'clock we reached the hotel, had tea there, boarded the steamer about nine o'clock and found all hands, including the captain, much troubled on our account. Of the passengers running to meet us one exclaimed, "Are you really alive?" and another, "I thought you were murdered." The captain said he would not have dared to undertake that expedition himself. He had concluded we were not coming back to-night and was intending to fit out a company in the morning and go in search of us.

Wednesday, March 6th, 1861. Feeling weary after yesterday's mountain climbing we took an afternoon sail just to get a refreshing breeze. By the aid of a glass we also saw our flag on the mountain top.

Thursday, March 7th. All being well again, went once more to the grove. While on the mountain we discovered a narrow strait leading from the harbor to the sea, so today explored it and found that it was half a mile long. On the ocean beach we also found many beautiful shells, quite new to us.

Friday, March 8th. As this is our final day here we have visited Massinalia, the cocoa grove, for the last time. Maximo showed us an alligator, a hideous looking animal about eight feet long, which he killed yesterday. After picking a basket of oranges we returned to the steamer and found our trunks all on board a lighter, ready for the Golden Age, which had been signalled at three o'clock. They telegraph the arrival of boats by a flag raised on the mountain side at a point from which vessels that are many miles out may be seen.

About sunset the boat reached us, and if ever three hearty cheers were heard in the harbor of Acapulco they were heard from the decks of the Uncle Sam, as the Age came in. Captain Lapage went on board of her but soon returned with the news that she was heavily loaded and had the small-pox among her passengers. So the trunks have been replaced, as our boat is to be towed. All are well pleased with this arrangement for here we have plenty of room. At 7 P. M. arrived the Cortez, bound for Panama. We leave for San Francisco before daylight tomorrow morning. On account of the novelty of the place, the beautiful scenery and the simplicity of the inhabitants, Mrs. Q. would like to live here, she says. I would not.

Saturday, March 9th, 1861. At 4 A. M. we left Acapulco and are once more at sea. The Age is about her own length in advance, pulling us by two large ropes, which are bound with raw-hide. There is a smaller rope reaching from one boat to the other for a telegraph, by which papers and letters, sealed in a bottle, are sent back and forth. Next week we shall get up a paper to send them. The captain has asked me to contribute an account of my adventures on the mountain.

Sunday, March 10th, 1861. The sea is very calm, and during the last twenty-four hours we have sailed 190 miles. All on board seem quiet and contented. Service on the upper deck. Received a dispatch from the Age today ordering us to furnish two more lines. In case we encounter a gale they will cut loose from us. The captain of the other boat says we tow hard as we draw twenty-one feet of water.

Monday, March 10th, 1861. The weather is growing cool and pleasant. We entered the gulf of California this morning and shall expect a rough sea while passing Cape St. Lucas.

Today the captain called; said he must see my journal tomorrow, and would take no denial; but I guess he will fail. He says they are going to appoint me editress of the proposed paper, which is to be called, "The Age of Brass." I have not yet concluded to accept. Our last day's run was 191 miles.

Tuesday, March 12th, 1861. The sea was never known to be so calm in the gulf before. We are making good headway. Yesterday's run was 194 miles and if prospered we shall reach San Francisco next Tuesday. Two more towing ropes have been attached, making six, so that if some give out enough will remain to ensure our safety. We came in sight of the Cape about 5 o'clock this afternoon with quite a change in the temperature. Woolen shawls and thick dresses are in good demand. Lower California is seen in the distance and all are anxious to view the long looked for promised land. Feel well and in good spirits.

Wednesday, March 13th, 1861. Sea rather rough. Paper issued to-day

which helps to pass the time pleasantly. It contains all the news. Under the head of "Births, Deaths and Marriages," occurs "a singular instance of three berths in one room." Our last day's run was only 167 miles on account of the rough sea and head winds. Large black birds are following the ship and some regard them as omens of death. The weather is getting really cold.

Thursday, March 14th, 1861. Cold and foggy. Last night a whale ship was quite near us but, on account of the dense fog, was hardly discernible. About midnight the Golden Gate passed within a few feet of us and was hailed by our captain who asked with emphasis what they were doing so near. They shouted back that they didn't see us. The captain seemed very much frightened and said he never had so narrow an escape in his life.

Friday, March 15th. Cold and cloudy. Last night a child in the steerage, two and a half years old, died with fever. The half deranged mother begged our kind hearted captain to 'not bury it in the sea,' so he has ordered the carpenter to make a coffin, place the little body in it and lash the box to the wheel house. Our last run was 176 miles.

Saturday, March 16th, 1861. The increasing cold obliges us to keep our rooms most of the time. The captain has an ant-eater and its singular performances to-day have amused us. We are now sailing near land. Run, for the 24 hours, 181 miles.

Sunday, March 17th. Clear and pleasant. Service on deck and to-night in the steerage. Passengers seem uneasy. It is too cold to stay out long at a time. Apparently they are no company for each other and have become tired of reading.

Monday, March 18th. This has been a day of mingled joy and sorrow; joy because we are so near the end of our ocean voyage; sorrow for one of our number whose voyage of life has ended. He was a second class passenger, a French physician, forty years of age, who caught the yellow fever at Acapulco and died this noon. He said he had no money and during his last few hours lay on the floor in great suffering. Our one French lady, Mrs. R., took the kindest care of him. When told this morning that another day would find us in port, he replied, "I shall never see San Francisco." About two hours before the end he called for his trunk, took out clean clothing, shaved and dressed himself, said he felt quite contented and in a short time expired. The body was immediately sewed up in a sail, carried on deck, laid upon two chairs and the flag thrown over it. At sundown we assembled there, a short service was read and prayer offered; then the corpse, weighted at the feet, was thrown overboard and with a splash disappeared. It was a solemn sight.

Tuesday, March 19th, 1861. At last we are safe in San Francisco. This morning all were up and dressed bright and early. What a jolly time! The captain invited a few of us into his cabin to take a glass of champagne with him. When we passed the Golden Gate and came within sight of the city, never was a happier set. All was pleasant confusion. Guns were fired, cheers given and toasts drank. Captain Lapage said he had seldom entered port with a jollier lot of passengers. Great excitement prevailed also on shore as our boat came in, for while we were so comfortably situa-

ted at Acapulco, it was thought here that we must be lost. Mrs. R. tells me she has made inquiries and learned that our poor Frenchman who died was worth a million dollars. And yet he lived on a bit's worth of milk a day.

My sea voyage is now ended and this journal closed. I hope that it will prove in some measure interesting to those who may chance to read it.

NOTE.—The reader's interest in this voyage may be increased by knowing its cause and outcome. Early in January, 1850, Miss Julia S. Peck (see book page 40) married Elias Twist, a young New York farmer who had been several years in Beloit, and was then teaming for the foundry firm of Barker & Love. Mr. Twist, like so many others caught the gold fever, and, hoping to make a fortune for his bride, left our village with Capt. Lewis Clarke's company (April 8, 1850) for California. He crossed the plains in the same wagon with Almon Bennett, Esq. (a Beloit citizen still living here), who had known his family in New York, and still remembers him as a candid, honest, industrious young man.

On reaching California Mr. Twist left the Beloit party, and although a hard worker, experienced the downs rather than the ups of fortune. Several times he made a comfortable amount and then in some new venture lost it and had to begin over again. Meanwhile certain busy bodies at Beloit by slanderous letters alienated him from his wife. Business reverses also hindered him, and so he never came back. During all those years however the young wife was hoping for his return and improving herself in every possible way. She worked on her father's farm, studied French in the village, learned the art of photography, practiced it as a business, and laid up some money. At last, having endured the separation nearly eleven years, she determined to go herself to California and learn her husband's real feelings and situation. Hence the voyage and this journal.

"Did she find him?" you ask. Yes. On reaching San Francisco, by careful inquiries Mrs. Twist soon learned that her husband, though not very prosperous, had during all those years borne an honorable business character and had been true to his wife. She therefore sent him her address in Sacramento, he soon came, all was explained and they lived happily together on a ranche in Tuolumne county until his death several years ago. Since that event Mrs. Twist has been staying in the same county (and still lives), with her only son, who has mining interests there. In a letter dated April 14, 1899, she says that the journal was written, "not for publication but as a pastime on a dull and monotonous voyage." To the author, however, it seems worthy of this place, both as an example of Beloit enterprise, and also as a fair instance of the brilliant English poet's remark, that "truth is always strange, stranger than fiction."

NOTE—Omitted by mistake from the war record, page 191 : A. W. Kimball is now manager of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Milwaukee, Wis., for the State of Illinois, with headquarters at Chicago, Stock Exchange. In his office today I looked around for the old sign of our Eagle Mess about "no smokind aloud," but only saw a fine portrait of Vice-Prest. Willard Merrill, which probably serves just as well. W. F. B.

History of the Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin—Continued.

(See pages 156 and 157.)

The Old White Church.

A SEMI-CENTENNIAL RETROSPECT OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF MILWAUKEE, BY WM. W. WIGHT, ESQ., 1894.

NOTE.—Wm. W. Wight, Esq., is a practising lawyer of about twenty-four years' experience, Librarian of the Milwaukee Law Library Association, Trustee of Milwaukee Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Vice-President of the State Historical Society, for twenty years Secretary and Trustee of Milwaukee College (now Milwaukee Downer), and author of an elaborate genealogical work, also of *Annals of Milwaukee College, 1848-1891*, and of several legal and historical monographs. His valuable paper did not come into my hands until nearly all of the preceding pages had been printed and could not therefore be placed in regular narrative order. In this position, however, it richly supplements the previous general references to Milwaukee Presbyterianism and as corrected up to date will enable readers to more intelligently appreciate several of the personal sketches that follow it.



WM. W. WIGHT, ESQ.

The Calvinists, the Wesleyans and the Catholics all began their labors here in 1835. In June 1835, Methodists, in the log house of Enoch Chase, held services which they continued at stated intervals during that year and in 1836.* At these gatherings, the Rev. Mark Robinson, a Methodist itinerant, occasionally preached.

Probably, however, it is historically correct to say that the first public religious exercises in Milwaukee were conducted early in May 1835,† at the house of Samuel Brown, who became a pioneer member of the First Presbyterian Church, and later of Plymouth Congregational. This was before the arrival of any ministers and there was no other than Mr. Brown to offer prayer. As he soon started

the first Sunday School in Milwaukee and was a sweet singer we may well believe that those Sabbath gatherings in Mr. Brown's home, held at quite a distance from the preaching services of the summer of 1835, were not intermitted.

* Buck's Milwaukee, I., 256, Statement of Enoch Chase.

† Davidson's "Unnamed Wisconsin," p. 213, note 5, and 214, note 5.

Samuel Brown was born in Belchertown, Mass., January 8th, 1804, and died in Milwaukee, Dec. 22d, 1874. His wife Clarissa Hoyt, was born June 27th, 1813. They went first to Chicago, and then by request of Solomon Juneau, came to Milwaukee early in 1835. He was a carpenter and built his first shanty about a mile beyond Juneau's house which stood near the river. (east side, and just north of Wisconsin street.) Mr. Brown's house was near the north-east corner of the block now bounded by Galena, Cherry, Second and Third streets. This title to it, dated October 16, 1835, is said to have been the first Milwaukee lot title, recorded or obtained. (Buck's Milwaukee, I., 72.)

The first Calvinistic preaching in Milwaukee was heard in a very unattractive store building,* called the Pioneer store, which stood on the west side of East Water street, now No. 393, and which was occupied by Allen O. T. Breed, then town clerk. The gatherers in that place on a Sunday in August, 1835, were addressed by the Rev. Abel Lester Barber, afterwards popularly called, "Priest Barber."

This Mr. Barber, our first Milwaukee Presbyterian Minister, was born at Otis, Mass., Dec. 28, 1803, graduated from Amherst College, 1831, and was ordained at West Hartford, Connecticut, September, 25, 1833. On September 11, 1833 he married Elizabeth Woodford of Avon, Conn. They started for Mackinaw, Oct. 15, 1833, and reaching the Island Nov. 11, remained at the mission previously established there by the Northern Missionary Society of New York. In July 1834, on account of impaired health, Mr. Barber moved to the Stockbridge Mission, S. W. of Green Bay as an associate for Rev. Cutting Marsh, who was absent most of the that summer on a foreign missionary tour with Elder Metoxen among the pagan Indians along the Mississippi. In the following winter he preached and gained converts among the soldiers at Fort Winnebago, where in February 1835 a church of eleven members was nominally organized but had no continued life or records. Thence Mr. Barber moved to Milwaukee, probably in July 1835.† Having a commission from the American Home Missionary Society for six months from July 1, 1835, he probably continued preaching until early in January 1836, when he moved upon a claim and tried farming. Afterwards he was an editor in Waukesha and Milwaukee, and finally left the Presbyterians and became a Baptist, taking his belief in perseverance with him, however. When the cholera rained in Kenosha, (1849-50,) he worked among the sick there and even brought one of the little cholera convalescents to his home. That act cost him the lives of two of his own children. But the intention was good and his spirit evidently heroic. He died in Wallingford, Conn., Oct. 7th, 1876.

Early in 1836, (according to Rev. Mr. Davidson) Rev. Jared Fordham Ostrander preached on Sundays in Milwaukee from house to house for six months, and endeavored with a few earnest christians to organize a union church, but without success. In 1838 he moved to Aztalan, Wis., was in the legislature of 1857, moved to Mantorville, Dodge county, Minn., in 1866, and was Judge of Probate there at his death, November 19, 1874. While in Milwaukee, he, like Mr. Barber, preached to the people, who later formed the First Presbyterian Church.

Of the three other persons to whom this church especially owes its existence,‡ the two pioneer missionaries, Cutting Marsh and Moses Ordway have been described in previous pages of this book, (158-162, and 169-170).

The third near spiritual ancestor who should be noticed was John Ogden. Born February 18, 1801, in Union, Essex county, New Jersey, he had been reared in the staunchest principles of our faith. Having come to Milwaukee county, September, 1835, he settled first where the rolling mills now stand, and then in October, 1842, located in Kilbourntown, at No. 216 Spring street. Early in the winter of 1836-37, Mr. Ogden started the project of establish-

*See a view of that street given in Buck's Milwaukee, II, 202, and note, p. 203.

†Unnamed Wisconsin, pp 210 and 215, note 3. Also statement of Miss Marsh.

‡See also Wisconsin Historical Collections, IV, 301.

ing a Presbyterian church in Milwaukee. Those meetings of 1835, held in the Pioneer Store, evidently had not survived the second winter at furthest, and had wrought no abiding impression upon the shifting and generally irreverent population. So in February, 1837, Ogden wrote earnest letters to Mr. Marsh and to Mr. Ordway, who were then at their respective fields of labor among the Stockbridges, and at Green Bay, urging them to come and establish a church at Milwaukee. To this Macedonian cry they promptly responded in person. Down through the Wisconsin woods, finding their way by blazed trees, and guiding their ponies along Indian trails or over pathless snowy wastes, and camping three nights in the snow, on the fourth day, which was about the middle of February, 1837 (see p. 162), these men of God reached their destination.

Ordway and Marsh immediately started a series of public religious gatherings to arouse enthusiasm and focus the scattered efforts of those already interested. As a result two especial meetings with reference to forming a church were held, the first on April 11th, and the second in the old Court House (where the present county building stands), April 13th. At these two gatherings the First Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee was established with a membership of eighteen persons.

NOTE BY W. F. B.—The original records of that church having recently come to hand, the following transcript of the first few pages is given here, rather than in an appendix, as containing a model confession that was adopted by many other of the early churches,* and also as a monument of that first church, which is worthy both of preservation and of prominence.

RECORDS OF THE SESSION AND CHURCH.

April 11th, 1837.

Several professors of religion convened at the Court House in Milwaukee, Milwaukee county, Wisconsin Territory, for the purpose of consulting upon the propriety of forming a church. The Rev. Moses Ordway, of the Rochester Presbytery, being present was chosen Moderator, and the Rev. Cutting Marsh of the Stockbridge Mission was chosen Clerk.

After much deliberation the following resolutions were passed :

- 1st. That it is expedient to form a church in this place.
- 2d. That the government of this church shall be Presbyterian, according to the Confession of Faith of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of these United States.
- 3d. That this church shall be known by the name of The First Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee.

Adjourned to the 13th inst. Closed by prayer.

C. MARSH, Clerk.

April 13th. Met† agreeable to adjournment and opened with prayer, after which the following resolutions were passed :

*Although Marsh was Clerk, the main author of the "Confession" seems to have been Ordway. It is very much like the one adopted previously by the Green Bay Presbyterian Church, whose early records are in the hand-writing of Moses Ordway, their first resident minister. In the many other churches also, which Ordway founded, the recorded Confession of Faith and Covenant are similar to this original.

†This is a literal transcript.

1. That this church be established upon the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.
2. That all members coming from other churches and wishing to unite with this church, be received not only by letter but by examination.
3. That in the choice of elders, both males and females be called upon to vote.
4. That when members are to be admitted to this church, that both the church and session be called upon to vote.
5. That the following be the Articles of Faith and Covenant of this church :

ARTICLE 1. Do you believe there is only one living and true God, infinite in all his attributes, and that this one God exists in three persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, who are infinite and equal in every divine perfection ?

ART. 2. Do you believe in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; that they were given by the inspiration of God; and are the only inflexible rule of faith and practice ?

ART. 3. Do you believe in the total depravity of the human heart ; that in consequence of the fall of Adam all are sinners by nature and at enmity against God ; so that were we left to our own choice, we should never repent or believe, and being thus left our damnation would be just ?

ART. 4. Do you believe that in order to Salvation, the sinner must be born again, and that regeneration is a moral change, produced by the influence of the Holy Spirit ?

ART. 5. Do you believe that God cannot consistently forgive sin without an atonement, and that he has by the death of his son, Jesus Christ, who offered himself a sacrifice for sin, made complete satisfaction to divine Justice, so that salvation is freely offered to all mankind upon the terms of Faith and Repentance ?

ART. 6. Do you believe that faith in Jesus Christ, and Repentance towards God are exclusively the acts of the creature, that all who exercise them will persevere to eternal salvation ?

ART. 7. Do you believe that God, as moral Governor of the Universe has a perfect plan of operation, in which all* possible events are immutably fixed or predestinated according to the counsel of his own will ?

ART. 8. Do you believe, although we are justified by Christ's righteousness, and saved by grace, that the moral law is in full force, and that believers and all others, are under obligation to obey it upon the penalty of eternal death ?

ART. 9. Do you believe that although the Doctrine of Election is true, still that all mankind are free moral agents, and fully responsible for their own souls ?

ART. 10. Do you believe in the divine appointment of the Christian Sabbath, and the sacraments of the New Testament, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and that baptism is to be administered to believers and their households, but that believers only may receive the Lord's Supper ?

ART. 11. Do you believe in the Resurrection of the dead, a final judg-

*They probably meant all *actual* events. W. F. B.

ment, and that Christians will be forever happy in Heaven and that the finally impenitent will be doomed to endless misery in Hell?

COVENANT.

You do now in the presence of God, angels and men, in the most solemn manner, affirm Jehovah to be your God, supreme and everlasting good, engaging that you will pay an evangelical obedience to all his commands, seek his glory, and perform all the christian duties, walk in fellowship with the saints, observing all the institutions and ordinances of religion in Christ's church; and especially you promise to take the Holy Scriptures for your guide and to comply with all their injunctions; such as secret prayer, family worship, reading and praying night and morning in an audible voice; strictly observing the Lord's Supper, a seasonable dedication of children to God in baptism, public worship on the Sabbath and other days appointed by the church, total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and strenuously to avoid all sinful amusements and associating with the wicked. And finally, you covenant to watch over the members of the Christian Church, and especially the members of this church of Christ, and to submit, with christian meekness to its discipline, so long as you are a member of the same, endeavoring in all things to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace and love.

6. Resolved, that a church now be formed of the following individuals, agreeable to the above resolutions: Mr. William P. Proudfit and Mrs. Maria his wife, from the Presbyterian church, Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y.; Mr. James H. Rogers and Mrs. Emily his wife, from Congregational church, Keeseville, N. Y.; Mr. James S. McFadden, Presbyterian church, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Ebenezer H. Marshal, Congregational church, Bradford, N. H.; Mr. Jacob M. Rogers and Mrs. Betsy his wife, Congregational church, Keeseville, N. Y.; Mr. Samuel Brown, Presbyterian church, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Henry W. Venderen, First Presbyterian church, Detroit, M. T.; Mr. John Ogden, Second Presbyterian church, Elizabeth Town, N. J.; Mr. John W. Balch, Presbyterian church, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Mr. Justin P. Fordham and Mrs. Roxaline his wife, Presbyterian church, Renselaerville, N. Y.; Mr. Samuel Hinman and Mrs. Lucy his wife, Presbyterian church, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Miss Ruth P. Fletcher, Miss Mary L. Perry, Congregational church, Rochester, N. Y.

After the formation of the church the following individuals were chosen Elders: Samuel Hinman, Samuel Brown, John Ogden.

7. That there be a stated meeting of this church and Session on every Tuesday at 2 o'clock P. M.

Closed by prayer.

C. MARSH, Clerk.

In the meeting of April 25th, 1837, is the record:

Resolved also, that Elder Samuel Hinman and Wm. R. Longstreet be a committee to present a call to the Rev. Gilbert Crawford, of the Niagara Presbytery to become the pastor of this church. Also that there be a stated weekly prayer meeting of this church to be held on Wednesday evening, *at early candle light*.*

M. ORDWAY, Mod.

At the meeting of May 13th, 1837, it is recorded, Samuel Brown, Justin

*The italics are my own.

P. Fordham and William R. Longstreet were appointed a committee to procure a site and build a convenient temporary house of worship for the Presbyterian church of Milwaukee, and that it be done forthwith.

Closed with prayer.

M. ORDWAY, Mod.

May 16th, 1837, it was resolved, that this church have a Sabbath School under the direction and supervision of this church. Resolved, that Mr. Vanderan be Superintendent of the Sabbath School.

JOHN OGDEN, Moderator.

July 4th, 1837. Resolved, that the teachers have a right to elect their own superintendant officer, provided such person or persons be members of this church. Resolved, that we will collect classes and commence a Sabbath School Sabbath after next. Resolved that Mr. Hinman be a committee to purchase books for the library to the amount of \$10.

July 11th, 1837. Session met this afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Samuel Hinman's. Samuel Brown, foreman of the committee, reported that the house built for the Presbyterian church was completed, and the bill of cost was \$616.91.

Resolved, that we adjourn to meet in two weeks at 2 o'clock, at our house of worship.

Closed by prayer.

JOHN OGDEN, Moderator.

July 22d, 1837. Rev. G. Crawford being present was chosen Moderator.

Sept. 5th, 1837. The ladies determined to have the next female prayer-meeting at Doctor Proudfit's, and afterwards at Mr. Cone's. It was determined to organize the Sabbath School by electing officers on Thursday evening, and a meeting of the teachers was appointed at Mr. J. H. Rogers', at 7 o'clock P. M., for that purpose.

Sept 26th, 1837. Session and church met. Brothers Smith and Hinman added to committee for purpose of furnishing stove, lights, sexton, and such other things as are missing to comfort in house of worship; also side-walk from ferry.

Meetings. 3 discourses on Sabbath. Lecture Monday evening half past 6. Sabbath School Teachers meet and bible class Thurs. Evg. 7 o'clock. Singers Friday Evg.

Sabbath, Nov. 5th, 1837.

Communion this day. Publicly received into the church, John Y. Smith, Anna W. his wife, Lucius A. Donaldson, Miss Alice Smith, Miss Mary K. Field, Mrs. Mary B. Bird, Miss Mary Jane Corbett, Ira Rowe and Miss Lucretia M. Taylor,

Sabbath, Nov. 19th, 1837.

Mr. and Mrs. Weed's daughter, Haunah Palmer, baptised this day.

Rev. Mr. Ordway, after remaining for a short time as stated supply, seems to have gone to Prairieville, now Waukesha.

In July, 1837, as recorded, came Rev. Gilbert Crawford from *Albion, Orleans county, N. Y. He was a short, stoutly built man, lame from some hip difficulty, a very earnest preacher, and lived at the south-west corner of

*Buck's Milwaukee, II, 287, says Lockport, N. Y., and that he returned in the Fall of 1839 to his former charge. Mr. Wight states that Crawford went to LeRoy, N. Y., and died in 1848.

Fifth and Sycamore streets. He was not installed but remained two years, organized churches at Waukesha and Kenosha—both now Congregational—and helped form the Presbytery of Wisconsin (p. 153).

The small chapel, which was ready for religious services upon his arrival, he assisted to dedicate. It was a one-story frame, painted white, situated near the north-west corner of Wells and Second streets, was built by Samuel Brown as chief builder, and cost as stated, \$616.91.* "This little church on the west side was the scene of many triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the words of life from its pulpit and prayer-meeting gave many a lonely young man comfort and strength."†

This humble sanctuary was used until 1840 and then converted into a two story dwelling, which no longer exists. It was the first church building erected in ‡Milwaukee and apparently the first Protestant church (excepting those at the early Indian missions) built in Wisconsin.

The First Church in Milwaukee was also the first Presbyterian church organized in this state, except the church in Green Bay, which is not now under Presbyterian government.

The following copy of the earliest record of this First Church as a legal society explains itself and should be perpetuated :

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the church and congregation stately worshipping in this church will take place on Tuesday, the 12th of December, 1837, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing trustees and doing such other things as are necessary to a legal organization of this religious society, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

This notice was published from the pulpit of the Presbyterian house of worship, corner of Second and Wells streets, in the village of Milwaukee, west side of the river, three successive Sabbaths. Pursuant to the above notice the church and congregation met.

On motion Daniel Brown was appointed to supply the place of an elder to preside at the election.

On motion it was resolved that "this church and congregation have three trustees;" whereupon they proceeded to ballot for the same, and it was found that John Y. Smith, Jas. H. Rogers and Albert Fowler were duly and unanimously elected.

On motion it was resolved that the name and style of this religious body be The First Presbyterian Society of Milwaukee.

We, the undersigned, having presided at an election of trustees this day holden by The First Presbyterian Society of Milwaukee, do hereby certify that John Y. Smith, Jas. H. Rogers and Albert Fowler were duly elected according to the statute, and that a division by lot of said trustees into three classes, according to Sec. 4 of said statute, for the purpose of determining the period of service of each of said trustees resulted as fol-

*In his "Unnamed Wisconsin," Davidson (p. 218) makes the cost \$619.91.

†Chicago Interior, February 5th, 1891.

‡In the Wisconsin Puritan (1866) which in 1867 became a part of the Chicago Advance Rev. Solomon Ashley Dwinell, a pioneer of 1836, gives his remembrances of those days. He says that the chapel stood on lot thirteen, block fifty-six, and was the first painted church building in the Territory. Davidson, p. 223.

lows: That the said John Y. Smith is to serve three years; Albert Fowler, two years, and James Rogers, one year; each from the date hereof.

SAMUEL HINMAN.
DANIEL BROWN.

Dated Milwaukee, 12th of December, 1837.

Monday, Jan. 1st, 1838.

This day having been previously set apart by vote of the church was observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. Services commenced at 11 o'clock A. M. and continued until 3 P. M., after which the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world was held.

January 16th, 1838,† John Y. Smith was elected elder.

Mr. Crawford's successor was Rev. Stephen Peet, who served from Oct. 1, 1839 to June 1, 1841. (See pp. 164 and 170-174.)

At a meeting of the congregation held Feb. 6, 1840, the following action was taken:

Resolved, that a committee be appointed to investigate the statutes of Wisconsin relative to the organization of religious societies; to examine the previous formation of the First Presbyterian Society of Milwaukee and to consider the propriety of a reorganization; and if deemed expedient to draft a constitution and to report at an adjourned meeting; the committee to consist of A. Finch, Jr., Rev. S. Peet and W. P. Proudfit.

This committee, at an adjourned meeting held February 10, 1840, reported fatal defects in the organization of December 12, 1837, in failing to comply with statutory requirements as to the election of trustees. The committee recommended reorganization and presented a constitution. This document was considered section by section and adopted and the following persons selected to serve as trustees until the next annual meeting: Andrew G. Miller, George D. Dousman, Samuel Brown, Edward Vinton, Asahel Finch, Jr., W. P. Proudfit and Harrison Reed.

Among other early members were Daniel Brown and Cordelia, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Jane E. Ogden (who in January, 1855, was dismissed with her husband, John Ogden, to the North Presbyterian church, Mil.), Henry Powers and his wife, Antoinette, and Lucius A. Donaldson (three received in 1837 and dismissed Dec. 17, 1840, to Prairieville Presbyterian church), and Willard B. Johnson who took his letter of Oct. 4, 1851, to Plymouth Congregational, Milwaukee. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Ely and Mrs. Margaret Murray united in 1840.

(Of these early members, Mr. Ogden died at his home, No. 117 Thirteenth street, Milwaukee, January 23, 1891, aged ninety years, and is now

†John Y. Smith and his wife, Anna W., received Aug. 22, 1837, were dismissed Dec. 17, 1840, to the Presbyterian church of Prairieville, Wis. He removed to Madison, Wis., and died May 5, 1874. Mr. Fowler died in Rockford, Ill., April 12, 1883, aged eighty-one years. Mr. Rogers died in Milwaukee, April 30, 1863. George D. Dousman was born at Mackinac, May 28, 1809, and died in Wauwautosa, Wis., March 15, 1879. His wife (Martha A. Chappelle), was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1818, and died at Wauwautosa Feb. 14, 1873. Their children surviving in 1894 were, Henry M., George P., Edward W., Kirby C. and Catherine E. (Mrs. Eugene S. Elliott), Judge A. G. Miller, born Sept. 18, 1801, died Sept. 30, 1874. Dr. Wm. P. Proudfit died in Milwaukee, March 18, 1843. His widow and their son, William H. Proudfit, were residing in 1894 at Jamestown, N. Y.

(1891) represented in Calvary Presbyterian Church by his three sons. Elder Samuel Brown died here Dec. 22, 1874, and his wife, Oct. 3, 1887, and they also are represented by descendants in the last named church. She was the *second American woman to settle in Milwaukee and her life, like her husband's, was full of kind and useful service. Samuel and Lucy Hinman were dismissed Dec. 17, 1839, to the Presbyterian church of Prairieville, now Waukesha. Margaret Murray died Oct. 29, 1890, aged seventy-nine, and is still represented in the membership of Immanuel church by daughters and grandchildren. Mr. Ely died August 2, 1873; Mrs. Eliza Minerva Ely (born Hawley) died October 2, 1891. They are survived in Milwaukee by their daughter, Mrs. Lydia Ely. *Daniel Brown, a carpenter, in 1835-36, built for Solomon Juneau the first board structure in Milwaukee east of the river. It was known as the Cottage Inn and stood where the Pabst building is now located. In later years having moved in 1846 to Sheboygan, Wis., he built the first Congregational church building in that city at the rear of where the Mallman building now stands, on the corner of Center avenue and Seventh street. Mr. Brown was the first deacon in that church and was on the retired list of deacons at the time of his death March 23, 1892. August 22, 1899, Mrs. Cordelia Brown, residing with her adopted daughter, Mrs. L. H. Jones, at 1018 Sixth street, Sheboygan, celebrated in good health her ninety-th birthday. She heard, she says, the first Episcopal sermon delivered in Wisconsin by the Rev. M. Kemper (later a famous bishop), in the year 1835, when he stopped in Milwaukee on his way from Chicago to establish an Episcopal mission at Green Bay.)

About August, 1840, the congregation of the First Presbyterian church, impelled by growing numbers, moved from the little chapel to a hall in the James H. Roger's Block. The official minute of the proposed removal is as follows, under date of August 24, 1840 :

Resolved, that we lease of Jas. H. Rogers the room in his block recently finished off, for the purpose of meeting in the same for worship, etc., on the following terms, viz.: Said Rogers is to lease the room to the society, and for the rent of the same is to have the privilege of renting the slips therein, which are to be set up at auction and sold, under the direction of the trustees, for one year, all the avails of which are to be appropriated for the rent of said room. Adjourned.

A. FINCH, JR., Clerk.

This block stood at the northeast corner of West Water and Spring streets, where now are a restaurant and saloon. In those days the distance between West Water street and the Milwaukee river was less than it now is by about the distance which unsightly wooden buildings at present cover. As a result the river was much wider; it was crossed by a ferry. On Sunday mornings the East Siders starting for service gathered on the hither bank awaiting transportation and were usually conveyed in a large group together.†

*See Buck's Milwaukee I, 66, for a cut of that building, and I, 94, 159, 305. Also the daily paper of Sheboygan, Wis., for August 26, 1899, statement of Mrs. Daniel Brown.

†In 1836 John Y. Smith built his house at the N. E. corner of Biddle and Jackson streets where he lived, and Carpenter Brown seems to have worked on that building, then the only house in that direction.

†Authority of Mrs. William P. Lynde.

The singing in the Hall was by a quartette choir, usually consisting of Miss Elizabeth Chappelle,* Miss Charlotte Van Alstine† and Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Finch, Jr.‡ The latter had connected themselves with the church upon their settlement in Milwaukee, in October, 1839.

While worshiping in the Hall arrangements were slowly making for a new and permanent home on the East side. In the spring of 1841, Hans Crocker vested in George D. Dousman and Charles J. Lynde, in behalf of the church, the title to Lot Six and the South forty feet of Lot Five in Block Eleven in the First (now seventh) Ward, being the land at the north-west corner of Mason and Milwaukee streets.§ The deed was dated April 13, 1841, and was recorded April 17, 1841, in Book H of Deeds, page 67. Another deed of the same date between these same parties of the same property, acknowledged before Asahel Finch, Jr. justice of the peace, was recorded January 26, 1842, in Book I of Deeds, page 33. The consideration mentioned in the earlier recorded deed, was four hundred and fifty dollars. Towards this sum Mr. Finch contributed one hundred dollars by selling his watch|| to Levi Blossom, and like amounts were contributed by the brothers William Pitt Lynde and Charles J. Lynde.

The title found its way to the trustees as follows: Charles J. Lynde was lost on Lake Erie in the wreck of the *Erie*, August 9, 1841; his heirs, Tilly Lynde and wife, and William P. Lynde and wife, and his widow, Mary B. Lynde, quit-claimed the above described property to George D. Dousman, on September 28, 1841, by conveyance recorded January 26, 1842, in Book I of Deeds, page 34. On November 14, 1842, by quit-claim recorded November 15, 1842, in Book J of Deeds, page 124, George D. Dousman and Martha A. Dousman, his wife, conveyed the church site to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, namely, George D. Dousman, William P. Proudfit, James Murray, Edward D. Holton, Alexander Mitchell, Ambrose Ely and John Ogden.¶

The resolution of the Society providing for building on the above described lot, antedated these conveyances and was adopted at a meeting held March 2, 1841, in the following language:

*Miss Chappelle, a sister of Mrs. George D. Dousman, married Benjamin Isaacs, and removed to Oswego, N. Y. Both are dead.

†Miss Van Alstine became Mrs. Nelson Ludington and now (May, 1894) resides in Chicago.

‡Mr. Finch was born in Genoa, Cayuga County, New York, February 14, 1809; His wife was Mary de Forest Bristol, who died July 29, 1855. Mr. Finch preferred the Congregational polity and died in its communion in Milwaukee, April 4, 1883.

§The title to this property reached Mr. Crocker by deed from Solomon Juneau and Josette Juneau, his wife, to Morgan L. Martin, dated August 18, 1837, recorded August 22, 1837; in Book C of Deeds, page 435, and by deed from Morgan L. Martin and Elizabeth Martin, his wife, to Hans Crocker, dated March 23, 1840, recorded April 10, 1840, in Book G of Deeds, page 3.

||This watch is now owned by a member of the Wardner family. Mr. Finch never after owned another watch. This note delights to say of Mr. Finch that he was a generous giver to the building of churches in this city and to the advancement of benevolent work everywhere. Yet he was unostentatious, or rather, reticent, about his gifts, whose full measure will only be disclosed when all secrets are unfolded. See also for gifts by J. H. Rogers, Geo. Reed and William Payne, Buck's Milwaukee, II, 288.

¶James Murray died in Milwaukee June 9, 1863; Edward D. Holton died in Milwaukee April 21, 1892; Alexander Mitchell died in New York April 19, 1887.

Resolved, That we build a meeting house 42 by 60, with a basement story of brick and superstructure of wood with a steeple, and finished according to plans and specifications.

Resolved, That we let the job of building said meeting house to Messrs. Wm. Payne and N. C. Prentiss for the sum of \$3,300, they furnishing all materials for the building and to finish it according to plans and specifications submitted.

While still worshipping in the Hall, the earliest branch shot off from the parent tree. The First Congregational Church in Milwaukee, known now as Plymouth Church, was organized May 20, 1841, and held its earliest meetings in rooms on West Water street, to the north of Rogers block. To this new congregation withdrew the brothers Samuel and Daniel Brown and certain others, whose views on the subject of protracted meetings were not concordant with those of the majority in the parent organization. The Rev. J. J. Miter began his labors with the new body in November, 1841, and continued them nearly fifteen years, until May 7, 1856.*

When Mr. Peet resigned from the First Church, June 1, 1841, the Rev. Cyrus L. Watson, of Rockford, Illinois, became immediately the temporary supply. He was a preacher of no mean ability, but of highly nervous temperament. While his congregation occupied Rogers' block, the tinkle of the cow-bells in the adjoining fields was a vastly disturbing influence to him of a Sunday morning, and on one occasion extorted an impatient ejaculatory prayer for relief, from his lips, in the midst of his sermon.†

During the summer of 1841, the construction of a church building on the new site began. Although Mr. Peet had retired in June of that year, we cannot doubt that his energy and ability as a solicitor secured a portion of the necessary funds. Money and material came, however, with great difficulty in those scant times. Four hundred dollars and his personal labor with the hammer were contributed by Mr. Finch, eight thousand brick by James H. Rogers, forty thousand brick by a non-member, George Reed‡ William Payne, an Englishman of notorious profanity, but with a kindly heart under a rough exterior, learning that the work must stop from inability to pay for the plastering, challenged Mr. Finch, that if the latter would furnish the lath, the speaker would put them on and plaster the basement free of charge. It was so done. The contractor, although having no connection or sympathy with the Society, gave notice that he would complete his contract in any event, trusting to the future for his pay. The frame of the entire building was enclosed and the basement completed in the autumn of 1841. The structure was painted white—a circumstance which gave the church its frequent, endearing name. The basement had but one finished room, bare, unadorned, with movable benches.‡

Services began immediately to be held in this bare room and were continued uninterruptedly until the more ambitious accommodations on the floor

*In October, 1856, he began serving the First Church at Beaver Dam, Wis.

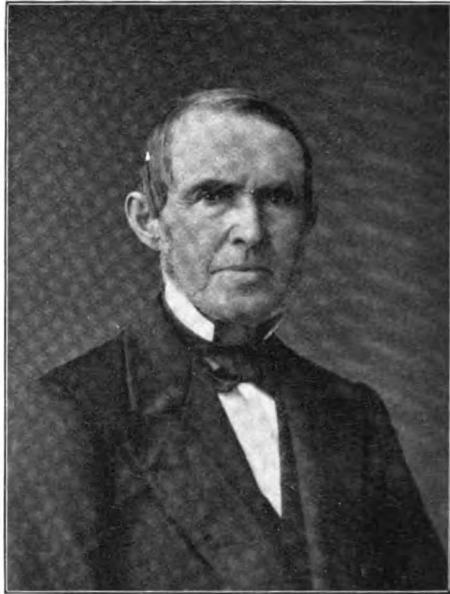
†Authority of Mrs. William P. Lynde.

‡George Reed, a brother of Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, perished in the Newhall House fire, January 10, 1883. Their brother, Harrison Reed, mentioned in this sketch, now lives in Jacksonville, Fla.

‡Authority of Silas Chapman, who taught in this basement, on week days, in 1842.

above were completed. Mr. Watson tided his flock over the period of removal from Rogers' Block to the new basement, and remained until June, 1842.*

From this date until May 1, 1843, the church was without a pastor, without even a temporary supply. It was a period of much depression among the members, but they struggled along with great bravery and intermitted no Sunday or Wednesday services. The Rev. John U. Parsons, a somewhat visionary scholar, a Congregationalist, who later took a belligerent part in the struggle of bleeding Kansas, preached occasionally to the shepherdless flock and not infrequently Silas Chapman and William Pitt Lynde,



JOHN OGDEN.

read sermons and otherwise conducted the services. At this time Dr. William P. Proudfit, Ambrose Ely and Asahel Finch, Jr., were the elders, and Edward D. Holton was superintendent of the Sunday School.

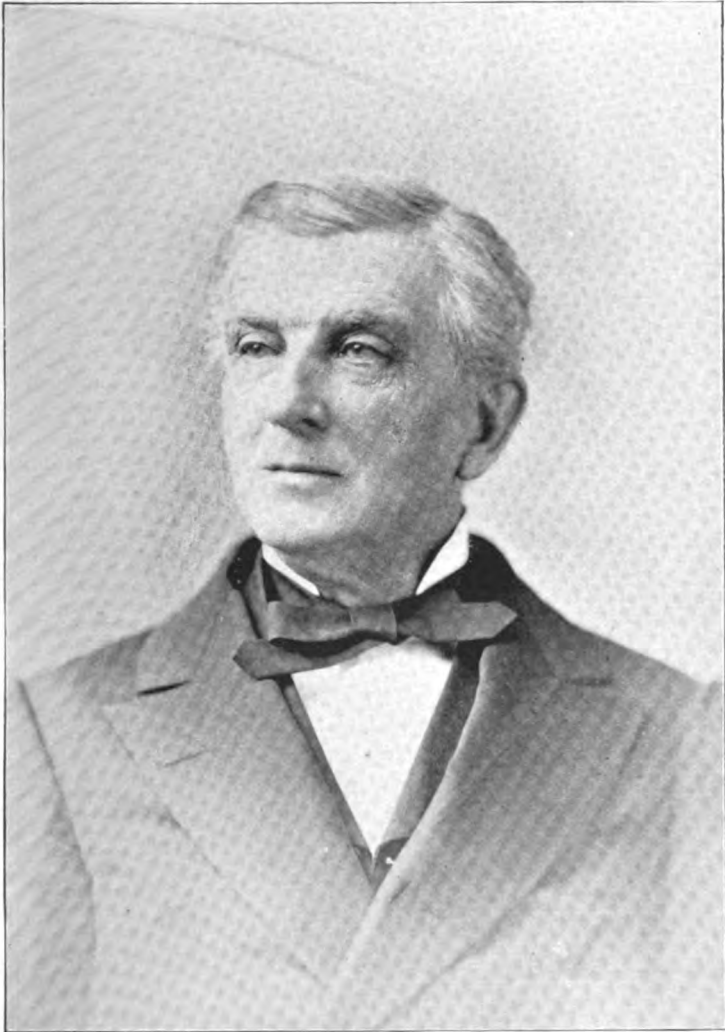
But it must not be supposed that this little people, although greatly depressed, were in decay. Indeed, except in the year 1839, the additions to the church had been constant, although largely by letter. In its second year, 1838, fourteen had united, of whom thirteen were by letter; in 1840, thirty-four had united, of whom twenty-nine were by letter; in 1841, twenty-six had united, of whom eighteen were by letter; in 1842, eleven had united, of whom nine were by letter; in 1843, twenty-five had united, of whom twenty-two were by letter.†

The increase in 1843, as compared with 1842, may be partially ascribable to the added interest arising from the beginning of the pastorate of the Rev. Aaron L. Chapin.

Mr. Chapin was a native of Connecticut, born in Hartford, Feb. 6, 1817. He graduated from Yale college 1837, and from Union Seminary, N. Y., 1842, was licensed to preach in New York State, and when called to Milwaukee was teaching in a deaf and dumb institute in the city of New York,

*Mr. Watson removed from Milwaukee to northern Ohio and later to Tecumseh, Michigan. Mrs. Jane E. Ogden (now in her ninetieth year, Feb. 25, 1900), tells me that Mr. Ogden's farm was where Bay View is situated. She says that Mr. Ogden with two of his men used to come in, five miles, every morning during that summer to work on the new church, and that when it was done he felt quite proud of it. He helped build the North Presbyterian church also and later owned eight pews in Immanuel church. His family all united with Calvary church.

†Peet's History, p. 134.



PRESIDENT AARON LUCIUS CHAPIN, D.D., L.L.D.

the earliest school for the instruction of these unfortunates. He began to preach in the basement of the White Church May 1, 1843, being then twenty-six years of age.*

Upon his arrival in Milwaukee, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lynde. Being then single, he boarded in a little cottage on Jackson street, directly north of the present St. John's Cathedral. Upon his marriage he built a house on the N. W. corner of Knapp street and Milwaukee street, opposite where the Notre Dame Convent now stands.

Mr. Chapin was a man of rare ability and of great energy, a forceful speaker and of imposing if youthful appearance.† Stimulated by his enthusiasm the people pushed forward the completion of the building. In the *Weekly Sentinel* (there were no daily papers then) of December 2, 1843, occurs this brief item :

The Presbyterians are finishing their house.

The house being finished was sixty feet in length by forty-two feet in width. There was a spire forty feet in height, terminating in a vane. The architect was Nathaniel C. Prentiss, of whom it is known that he had but few attractive traits of character, that he had moved from Rochester, N. Y. to Milwaukee, and from the latter place to St. Paul, where he died. The cost of the edifice when completed, was \$4,700, a goodly proportion of which and of the furnishing resulted from fairs and other entertainments superintended by the ladies. There was a bell put into the spire by mistake supposed to be a gift from Solomon Juneau. Soon, however, they discovered the mistake, removed the bell‡ and it became by purchase the property of St. Peter's Chapel, which then stood on Martin street, between Jefferson and Jackson streets. This bell was the second that came to Milwaukee. It did duty on St. Peter's Chapel for about forty years and now on Calvary cemetery gate it tolls for funeral processions.§

The appearance of the completed First Church to the contemporary eye, may be judged from an article in the *Weekly Sentinel* of Saturday, January 27, 1844 :

The Presbyterian house was dedicated to the service of God on Wednesday afternoon. The building is a very neat and tasty one, and reflects much credit on the society and the village.

The following item in the same paper thus reads :

Rev. Mr. Chapin was ordained as minister of the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening last. (January 24.)

The church thus finished and then devoted to the worship of the Triune God, became for a quarter of a century a great power, an aggressive influence, in this community, and yielded up its existence only when its cramped

*Aug. 23, 1843, at Lenox, Berkshire County, Mass., he married Martha Colton, who died in Beloit, Wis., Dec. 18, 1859, leaving one child, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Henry D. Porter, D. D. August 26, 1861. Prest. Chapin married Fanny L. Coit, of New Lisbon, Conn., who is still living in Beloit, Wis., with their children, Robert C. (a professor in Beloit College), Annie L. and Ellen F. President A. L. Chapin died in Beloit July 22, 1892, and the college is his monument.

†Mrs. Ogden says that when Rev. Mr. Chapin first appeared in the pulpit her husband remarked, "Are they going to have that boy preach here?"

‡Authority of Silas Chapman.

§Milwaukee Sentinel, February 11, 1894.

facilities and the exigencies of encroaching trade forced it to more commodious quarters.

The services of dedication were simple and unostentatious. There were reading of Scriptures and invocation by the Rev. Martin P. Kinney,* and a sermon and dedicatory exercises, including an especially impressive prayer by the pastor-elect, Mr. Chapin.

The exercises upon the ordination and installation of Mr. Chapin were much more extensive and elaborate.

The order of the services was as follows :

Prayer and reading the Scriptures, by the Rev. Martin P. Kinney.

Sermon by the Rev. John J. Miter,† who twenty days before had been installed the pastor of Plymouth Church.

Ordaining prayer by the Rev. Hiram Foote,‡ pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Racine.

Right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Edwin D. Seward,§ of Kenosha.

Charge to the pastor by the Rev. Otis F. Curtis,|| then of Waukesha, later the organizer of the Spring Street Congregational Church.

Charge to the people by the Rev. Stephen Peet.

Concluding prayer by the Rev. Samuel E. Miner,¶ of Waukesha.

Benediction by the pastor.

At both these meetings, afternoon and evening, the auditorium room was crowded with a congregation intensely interested and appreciative. How many now are living who gathered in that church that day it is practically impossible to tell. These persons who still survive were present at the dedication : Mrs. John Ogden, Mrs. William P. Lynde, Mrs. Nelson Ludington, Mrs. Lydia Ely, Mrs. Fanny (Rogers) Bradford, Miss Sarah Phelps, Mr. Silas Chapman.** And two of these, Mrs. Lynde and Mr. Chapman, are present this evening (January 24, 1894).

*Mr. Kinney had been a law student in the offices of Finch & Lynde. He became, in 1841, a Congregational minister, and in 1844 pastor of a church in Whitewater, remaining there eight years ; then pastor of First Congregational church, Janesville, Wis., Oct. 2, 1859, to Oct. 1, 1864, and of Second church, Rockford, Ill., nearly eight years. He died suddenly at Racine, while attending a child's funeral there, March 12, 1871.

†Mr. Miter remained with the Plymouth Congregation until 1856; he died in Beaver Dam aged sixty-five years, May 5, 1875.

‡Mr. Foote died at Rockford, Ill., aged eighty years, January 13, 1899.

§Mr. Seward died at La Clede, Mo., February 25, 1891.

||Mr. Curtis died, aged seventy-five years July 1, 1879.

¶He was living in 1891, in Ridgway, O.

**Silas Chapman died at his residence, 515 Sycamore street, Mil., Dec. 14, 1899, aged 86 years at his last birthday, June 9th. He had lived in Milwaukee since the spring of 1842; taught school in the basement of the old White Church, became a bookseller and then map publisher. Nov. 1, 1839, he married Mrs. Austin, who died Oct. 16, 1880. See *Evening Wisconsin* Dec. 14, 1899. Mr. Chapman was the first elder of the North Presbyterian church (see succeeding page) and continued in that connection during the twenty-one years of Dr. Buchanan's pastorate. When, after his pastor's resignation, the new Immanuel church was formed, Mr. Chapman, for local and personal reasons and after some delay, connected himself with a Congregational body. At the time of his death he was a member of the Pilgrim Congregational church, N. W. corner Grand ave. and 28th street, but his two daughters are members of Calvary Presbyterian church. Mrs. William P. Lynde passed away June 27, 1897. A portrait of her, taken in her prime, will be given in the article on our Woman's Synodical Missionary Society.

The popularity of the new church was evident from the demand for sittings. The pews were sold, not leased. William Allen purchased a pew as soon as the sales began to be made and almost continuously since, to the present time, he or his family have supported this church in this manner. One of the original deeds of these pews is now preserved in the archives of the Old Settlers' Club. It is dated July 29, 1844, and for sixty dollars conveys slip No. 41 to James McNeil, his heirs and assigns forever. The trustees who executed the conveyance were Royal Jennings, P. C. Hale, Josiah Drummond, E. D. Holton, John Ogden, William P. Lynde, Alexander Mitchell and Clarence Shepard.*

There are several items of interest to chronicle concerning the pastorate of Mr. Chapin, which continued until February 1, 1850.

The accretion to the membership during the entire seven years was steady if not large. The following table† shows it :

YEAR.	ADDITIONS BY LETTER.	ON PROFESSION.	TOTAL.
1844.....	28.....	2.....	30
1845.....	14.....	13.....	27
1846.....	43.....	3.....	46
1847.....	22.....	7.....	29
1848.....	25.....	6.....	31
1849.....	13.....	12.....	25
1850.....	24.....	4.....	28

It appears, therefore, that during the first fourteen years of this church's history there were three hundred and sixty additions to the primitive thirteen members. Of these additions sixty-six were on profession. On January 1, 1851, the number of members was one hundred and seventy-five.

In the summer of 1846, occurred an event which can be viewed with complacency now, but which at that time caused great excitement and resulted in the withdrawal from the church of one of its most active members, Edward D. Holton. A lecturer, named Ichabod Codding, was speaking in various parts of the Northwest in opposition to slavery and the slave trade, and Mr. Holton, having requested the use of the First Church for Mr. Codding's address, the trustees met at the office of Anson Eldred, to consider the answer to be given. At this meeting, held August 8, 1846, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, We think it inexpedient to allow the occupation of our church for any meeting whose action is political, or to any party whose organization is political even in part, although the course of such party, or the action of such meeting, may be founded in justice and humanity, and the end they profess to have in view meet with our warmest approval; therefore

Resolved, That we cannot give our consent to the occupation of the First Presbyterian Church by Mr. Codding, as a lecturer, for the object for which we suppose it is requested by the committee.

In 1847, the church building was enlarged by the addition of twenty feet to the length, at a cost of one thousand dollars, and was reopened

*Royal Jennings died December 18, 1872; Philetus C. Hale died in Milwaukee, May 28, 1887; Josiah Drummond went to New York and died, his wife returned to Scotland and died; Mr. Lynde died in Milwaukee, December 18, 1885; Mr. Shepard died on the Atlantic Ocean, September 20, 1892; Mr. William Allen died in Milwaukee, January 20, 1893.

†From Peet's History, p. 134.

November 21, 1847. As thus extended it contained ninety-two slips and had a seating capacity for between five hundred and six hundred persons. The basement was partitioned, thus providing a lecture room thirty-three feet by forty-two feet, and a school room twenty feet by forty-two feet. A bell was purchased at a cost of three hundred dollars.

The officers of the church, with their residences and occupations at the time of this enlargement were :

ELDERS :—John Ogden, No. 50 Spring street, carriage maker; Ambrose Ely, No. 86 Mason street, boot and shoe dealer; James Farr, Jr., No. 105 Oneida street, clerk; Hiram Warner, No. 53 Spring street, soap and candle maker; Ira E. Goodall, Sycamore and Sixth streets, dry goods.

ORGANIST :—Franklin Ripley, Jr., No. 38 Wisconsin street, lawyer.

CHORISTER :—O. S. Putnam, No. 38 Wisconsin street, forwarding merchant.

SEXTON :—E. G. Dunham, No. 281 East Water street, chairmaker.*

The Sunday services were held at 10:30 o'clock and at 2:30 o'clock.

A very noteworthy event, during Mr. Chapin's administration, was the withdrawal of a respectable and influential portion of his congregation to form another Presbyterian church—a church known from its geographical position as the North Presbyterian Church. The new organization took place with a membership of sixteen persons,† January 5, 1849. The Rev. John M. Buchanan, D. D., who had been in the city for some months previous to this date, was installed as pastor at the same time. The first elders of the North Presbyterian Church were Silas Chapman and William Gillespie.‡ This following had at first a small wood building for their audience room, on the northwest corner of Martin and Milwaukee streets, which gave way in 1855 to the present brick structure now occupied by the Welsh Presbyterians. Dr. Buchanan, as he was the first pastor of the North Church, so he was its only pastor. After twenty-one years ministration considerations of health caused his resignation in August, 1870.

On February 1, 1850, the Rev. Mr. Chapin retired from his pastorate to accept the presidency of Beloit College. This was done at the urgent solicitation of the Beloit District Convention, but in opposition to the wishes of a large portion of his congregation.§ His career in his wider field was most successful and amply justified the foresight of those who selected him. He

*Mr. Farr married Mr. Chapin's sister and removed to Chicago; Mr. Warner died in Ripon, April 16, 1857; Mr. Goodall resides in Beloit; Mr. Ripley died in Milwaukee, January 1, 1857; Mr. Putnam removed to California and died; Mr. Dunham is dead.

†Among these were William Mason, William H. Watson, William Gillespie, Robert N. Austin, Silas Chapman and Phoebe F. Chapman, his wife, Mrs. Mary Austin, Mrs. Peter Martineau, Mrs. Charles Hepp and Mrs. Jacob A. Hoover.

‡Mr. Gillespie, a mason and plasterer, living in the neighborhood of Racine street, removed East about 1850. Mr. Chapman, who was born June 9, 1813, connected himself with the First Church in the winter of 1841-2.

§Mrs. Ogden says: "Mr. Chapin was such a fine preacher and gentleman, so genial and well liked by everybody, just the man for the place, that we all felt hurt when he was called away to Beloit."

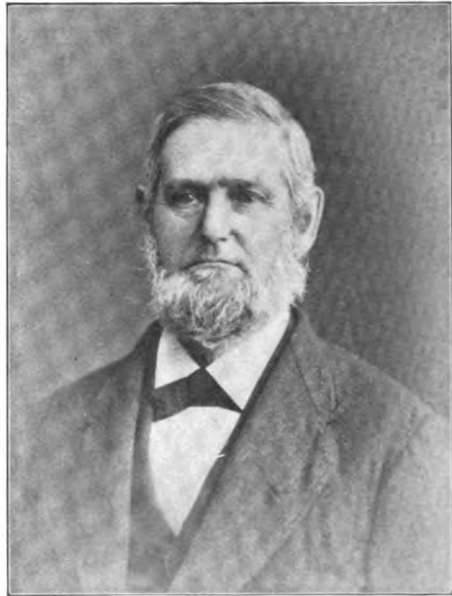


JOHN M. BUCHANAN, D. D.

officiated as president of Beloit College until 1886, and died aged seventy-five years, July 22, 1892.

The pulpit was supplied during the summer of 1850 by the Rev. Nathan C. Chapin, a brother of his predecessor. This Mr. Chapin was born at Hartford, Connecticut, September 20, 1823, graduated at Yale 1844, and died at Minneapolis, Minn., December 11, 1892.

The Rev. William H. Spencer, from the First Presbyterian Church of Utica, New York, became the successor of Mr. Chapin. He began his labors October 20, 1850, was installed May 11, 1851, resigned in 1855, and became connected with Westminster Church, Chicago, in 1860, where he died February 17, 1861.



SILAS CHAPMAN.

Early in Mr. Spencer's incumbency occurred an event the complete comprehension of which requires a retrospect.

When the First Church was established in 1837, there was no Presbytery in Wisconsin—no ecclesiastical body of which it could form with other churches a vital part. Indeed there were not a few Congregationalists among its founders, and an agreement had been made that the polity of the infant congregation should be determined by that of the majority of the members.* An organization called the Presbytery of Wisconsin was established January 17, 1839, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford and five others. These were not all Presbyterians, one delegate represented the Congregational Church of Waukesha.† This Presbytery adopted the Constitution, Confession of Faith and Discipline of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, but was never connected with any Synod or with the General Assembly. Provision was made by which Congregational churches might become connected with the Presbytery. At its first meeting after organization, on July 5, 1839, its name was changed to the Presbytery of Milwaukee. The Congregational influence was strongly felt at this meeting and became more potential at various succeeding conventions. At a special session of the Presbytery, held at Troy, Walworth County, October 6, 1840, eight churches being represented, an organic union was effected with a like number of

*Authority of Mrs. Cordelia Brown, who adds that the voting occurred on a day earlier than had been first fixed, and that some of the Congregationalists had not received notice of the change of time and felt aggrieved that they had had no opportunity to indicate their preference. Elder I. E. Goodall moved to Beloit, Wis., at an early day, and has since been identified with the First Congregational church of this city.

†Peet's History, p. 9.

representatives of Congregational churches.* The joined body was called The Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin. The Presbytery of Milwaukee now disappeared, being merged in this Convention. The articles of Union provided that each church in the convention should preserve its own autonomy, each maintaining its existing form of government or adopting other as it elected. The First Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee was a member of this Convention until June 14, 1842. At that date, this body having become unwieldy, it was divided into three District Conventions—Milwaukee, Beloit and Mineral Point. It was under the rule of the Milwaukee District Convention that the First Church was dedicated fifty years ago—a fact which explains the presence of so many Congregationalists at the ordination of Mr. Chapin.

In 1847, after the Convention had been in existence seven years, certain of the First Church members believing that a church, presbyterial in form, should be loyally and obediently connected with Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly, that is, should be Presbyterian in fact, set about constituting the Presbytery of Milwaukee and starting a new church. This Presbytery affiliated with the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church and it was this body that organized the North Presbyterian Church.

The First Church, however, still continued to recognize the jurisdiction of the District Convention, and doubtless would never have intermitted its allegiance had Mr. Chapin continued his pastorate. But the arrival of Mr. Spencer, an ardent Presbyterian, changed all this. He felt strongly that his little flock should be enfolded in its proper paddock. His influence was very potent. Moreover, not a few of the church were embittered towards the Convention, especially towards the Beloit District Convention, which had encouraged the resignation of Mr. Chapin, and not a few others felt that the union which had theretofore existed, while salutary for the youthful period of the church, had now become quite outgrown.

Therefore, under Mr. Spencer's lead, the First Church left the Convention early in 1851. Three ministers, of whom Mr. Spencer was one, associated as the nucleus of another Presbytery of Milwaukee.† Two churches belonged to this Presbytery at its beginning, one the First Church, the other a recently formed Presbyterian church on the South Side, which, after several mutations, finally became the present Hanover Street Congregational Church. This new Presbytery, it must be noted, attached itself to the New School branch of the Presbyterian Communion. Instead, therefore, of one vigorous Presbytery in Milwaukee, there were two feeble Presbyteries—one direful evidence among many of the disaster flowing from the disruption of the Presbyterian church in 1837.

During Mr. Spencer's term, in 1852, the White Church was once more enlarged. The western end of the edifice was detached sufficiently from the remaining portion to permit the construction of transepts. These were forty feet broad, and made the width of the building at the cross eighty feet. The church was reopened in January, 1853. This improvement cost three thousand dollars. It was the last important betterment ever made of the old

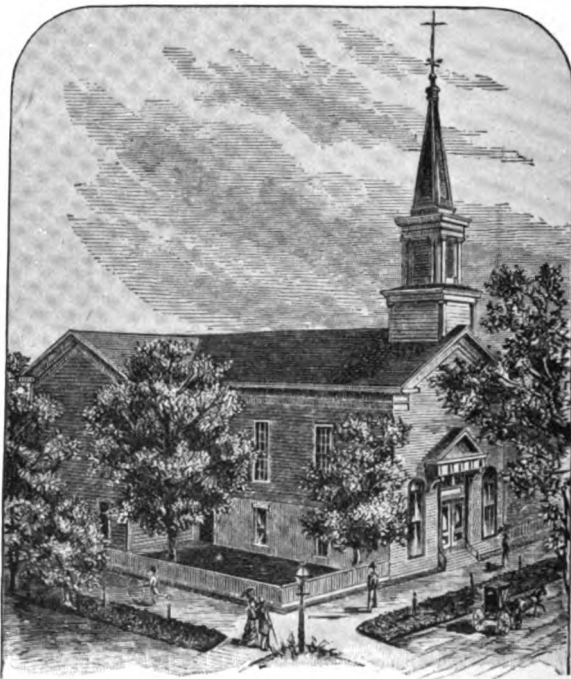
*A graphic account of this union will be found in Jubilee Memorial, 1840-1890, by the Rev. H. A. Miner, p. 5. The union was effected October 7, 1840. See pages 166-168 of this book.

†See page 148.

structure and left it in the condition in which it is now so well and so lovingly remembered.*

After Mr. Spencer's retirement the Rev. A. S. Benson temporarily filled the pulpit, in the summer and fall of 1855. The Rev. Shubael Granby Spees of New York, was called late in the fall of the same year, 1855; he accepted and was installed February 10, 1856, and resigned in May, 1859. He died in Greenville, N. Y., aged sixty-one years, February 28, 1872.†

It is found that in the year after his ministry began, evening services have been substituted for the afternoon hour, the Sunday School gathering at a quarter before three o'clock. Jonathan Ford was then superintendent of the School, and George Tracy his assistant. There were thirty-seven



THE OLD WHITE CHURCH.

teachers and two hundred and seventy five scholars. The membership of the church was about the same number—two hundred and seventy-five persons; that is, it had in about six years made a net increase of one hundred and twenty-five persons. The elders at this period were, Samuel C. West, Anthony Green, Moses Kneeland, James D. Lawrence, Jonathan Ford and J. A. Hall. The deacons were Henry H. West, I. N. Mason and John I. Fairbanks. The trustees were George D. Dousman, D. T. Post, John N.

*Buck's Mil., II, 289, says that the building as thus enlarged was called admiringly the steamboat church, because the transept gave it somewhat the appearance of one of those comfortable floating palaces of the olden time.

†Authority of the Rev. A. V. C. Schenck, D. D., Madison, Wis.

Bonesteel, Levi H. Kellogg, Samuel C. West, George Tracy, Anthony Green, Moses Kneeland and Harvey Curtis.*

The Rev. James Leonard Corning, of Buffalo, New York, assumed charge of the church October 6, 1859, and remained as its pastor until February 19, 1861. Difference of views caused his retirement.† His successor in August of the latter year, was the Rev. Joseph H. Towne, D. D.,‡ a man of profound erudition and great astuteness. He continued with this people until 1865. Dr. Towne resides in Andover, Massachusetts.

During the vacancy in 1866, the pulpit was supplied for a time by the Rev. B. St. J. Page.§

On February 13, 1867, the Rev. Hiram Eddy was installed as pastor of the First Church. During his highly successful, although brief ministry, Calvary Presbyterian Church, on the West Side, was organized in 1869. Another event of transcendent importance—the fusing of the Old and New School branches of the Presbyterian church occurred in Philadelphia the same year, November 12, 1869. One of the many beneficent effects of this reunion was the rebanding of the First and North Churches. The resignation of Dr. Buchanan, in August, 1870, leaving the latter church without a pastor, greatly facilitated attempts at union. And that nothing whatever should impede the progress of a consummation so desirable, Mr. Eddy, of his own motion, resigned the pastorship of the First Church. This was November 10, 1870. To accomplish the merger with the least friction the two bodies agreed to coalesce under a new designation. Their union under the name of Immanuel Presbyterian Church was officially declared on December 5, 1870.

It is most proper here to chronicle that the Rev. Hiram Eddy, D. D., died in Canaan, Conn., November 30, 1893, aged over eighty years, and that the Rev. John M. Buchanan, D. D., died in New York city, January 13, 1894, aged over seventy-five years. It is a pleasing coincidence that these two

*Samuel C. West died in Milwaukee, December 10, 1892; Anthony Green died in Milwaukee, December 16, 1870; Moses Kneeland died in Milwaukee, January 21, 1864; Mr. Ford removed to Kansas City and died there; Mr. Hall removed to Watertown and died; H. H. West died in Milwaukee, January 30, 1893; Mr. Mason died April 25, 1869; Mr. Fairbanks lives in Milwaukee; Mr. Post died in Milwaukee, February 24, 1880; Mr. Bonesteel removed to New York and may now be living in Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Kellogg died in Milwaukee, December 12, 1873; Mr. Lawrence left the city and is believed to be dead; Mr. Curtis resides in Portage; Mr. Tracy has been since 1856 and still is a member of this church.

†Mr. Corning has not been in active pastoral work for many years. He is now Vice Consul at Munich, Germany. In the spring of 1894 he delivered lectures in this country entitled "A Pictorial Parliament of Religions."

‡Dr. Towne was born in Salem, Mass., May 27, 1805, graduated at Yale 1827, and studied law in the office of Pickering & Otis, Boston. His purpose was changed, however, and he turned to theology. His first parish was in Portsmouth, N. H., his second in Boston, where he remained ten years. His pastorate in Milwaukee was about coincident with the period of the civil war. The affection of the throat which made his Milwaukee church his last pastorate, began to trouble him during his residence here. Some years after he left the church he returned to Milwaukee to live. His letter from Andover, dated May 15, 1894, thus closes: "As to my preaching labors I wish they had been better. May God pardon my imperfections and graciously accept his unworthy servant through the merits and advocacy of our great High Priest." He died at Andover, July 30, 1897, aged 91 years.

§The Milwaukee Directory of 1866-7 states that Mr. Page was the pastor of the First Church. This is not correct and his period of supply was doubtless short. The Rev. Benjamin St. John Page was a graduate of Adelbert College, 1834, and died in 1868, aged fifty-three years.



*REV. HIRAM EDDY, D. D.

honored divines, who assisted by their christian gentlemanliness in promoting the peace of Zion in Milwaukee, survived for more than a score of years to see the prosperity which they had aided to create, and died within a few weeks of each other.

The annals of Immanuel Presbyterian Church since December 5, 1870, are matter of modern history.

And now, what of the fate of the old White Church? It was used for the regular religious services of the united church until the new structure on Astor Street was ready for occupancy, at its dedication January 3, 1875. On April 1, 1874, the lot whereon the White Church had stood, on the corner of Mason and Milwaukee streets, was sold with its appurtenances to Alonzo L. Boynton, for twenty-three thousand dollars. The trustees in their contract of sale, retained the use of the auditorium on the main floor until January 1, 1875, and exempted the bell and organ from the transfer.

While the main audience room was still being used for sanctuary purposes, the basement was leased for a short time by Mr. Boynton to the United States for post office purposes. This was from Nov 1, 1874, until April 1, 1875, pending enlargement of the government building. After this last date the basement proper was unused. When the congregation vacated the main floor on January 1, 1875, the front portion thereof was converted by the owner into a place for entertainments and amusements, named Boynton's Hall. The rear portion of the main floor and also of the basement was

*Rev. Hiram Eddy was an elder brother of that eminent clergyman, Rev. Dr. Zachary Eddy, of Detroit, Michigan, and second cousin to Rev. Alfred Eddy, our first pastor at Beloit, Wisconsin.

leased to and used by Sherin Brothers as a carriage repository; and does not this mention recall the long incline punctuated with wooden step-guards which led from the second story rear to the ground?

On May 25, 1881, the site and building were conveyed by Mr. Boynton to Charles L. Colby and Edwin H. Abbot, for \$33,000. For two years longer Boynton's Hall and Sherin Brothers remained as tenants of the old White Church. In 1883 the venerable structure was sold to Joseph Jung, an owner of small houses in the First and Eighteenth Wards. Such portions of the frame as he could utilize for patching his tenements he appropriated for that purpose, the remainder he and the Poles used for firewood.

The bell was sold for \$125 to the Presbyterian church of Baraboo, Wisconsin. Having become cracked, it was in 1888 sent to a foundry in Milwaukee for recasting. Some new metal was added and the bell returned in November, 1888, to the church at Baraboo, where it is now heard. The organ was purchased by Hanover Street Congregational Church, and is still in use there. The cushions and pews were a legacy to Westminster Presbyterian Church. The vane surmounting the spire was presented to Fire Engine Company Number One, on Broadway, and ornamented for a number of years the east tower of its building. When, for purposes of enlargement that tower was demolished, the last vestige of the old White Church knew no longer its accustomed haunts.* Of all those who shared in the joy of building and dedicating it there is left with us only one resident member, Mrs. John Ogden.† (See page 262.)

Mere courtesy requires just a mention of the successors of Doctors Eddy and Buchanan. The Rev. Gideon Parsons Nichols was elected February 22, 1871, installed April 28, 1872, and the pastoral relation was dissolved July 1, 1881. His successor, the Rev. John Newton Freeman, was elected November 7, 1881, installed January 12, 1882, and the pastoral relation was dissolved February 27, 1889. Rev. William Chester, elected October 10, 1889, was installed December 5, 1889, and was released from the pastorate of Immanuel Church, April 6, 1898. Rev. J. Beveridge Lee, his successor, was installed Nov. 20, 1899.

*See Buck's Milwaukee, II, 299, note, for a current story which has been refuted. When the building was dismantled in 1883, Mr. Boynton carefully examined the cornice and the brass sphere below the vane. He states emphatically that Mr. Buck is very much mistaken.

†Mrs. John Ogden (Jane Eliza Gray) was born in the town of Sherburne, Chenango County, New York, December 7th, 1810. This venerable lady, the only resident survivor of that first year's membership of the First Presbyterian church, is now (March, 1900) living with her son, John G. Ogden, at 2606 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee. That pleasant face speaks for itself. Her clear memory of the past, hearty appreciation of the present, and a bright, intelligent way of talking, make the dear old lady very good company even in this her ninetieth year.



MRS. JOHN OGDEN IN 1897.

History of the Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin.

The following outline, slightly corrected, is from the pen of J. M. S., a Philadelphia friend.

The Synodical Sabbath School Missionary of Wisconsin.

REV. JOSEPH BROWN.



REV. JOSEPH BROWN,
Syn. S. S. M. for Wis.

In the southeastern portion of Scotland, partly in the county of Roxborough, and partly in the county of Selkirk, lies a prosperous town on the banks of the Gala and the Tweed, famous for its manufacture of woolen cloths, called Galashiels. There, in 1837, Joseph Brown was born, the youngest of three brothers. His parents belonged to what may well be called the aristocracy of the working class. As a boy he was healthy in body, sprightly in spirit, and full of fun. He began his education in the schools common to the town and period. In his ninth year his parents moved to Selkirk, another town now famous for its manufacture of woolen cloth, six miles from Galashiels.

Selkirk is the County Town of Selkirk County. It overlooks the beautiful scenery formed by the hills and valleys through

which flow the classic streams of the Ettrick and Yarrow. Looking west from the town, a fine view is obtained of the famous battlefield of Philiphaugh, where the Covenanters under Leslie defeated Montrose, and thus gave the final blow to the cause of King Charles in Scotland. Here it was that Sir Walter Scott had his seat as High Sheriff of the County, and here also, in the market place, stands a monument erected to his memory.

In this beautiful town and district Joseph was destined to spend thirty-five years of the prime of his manhood. In Selkirk he resumed and finished his day-school education at the Grammar School of the town, then ably taught by Mr. Walker. When twelve years old he began to work in the woolen mill where his father was employed, his first work being that of a "piecer" to his father. As a young lad he was not only a capable piecer, but was also expert in all the sports common to that period. When about fifteen years of age he developed further a taste for good reading and serious study, and realizing the value of a good education sought to improve by taking advantage of the "winter evening schools." He also became a

member of the "Mechanic's Institute," making good use of the lectures, reading room and library.

He continued to work in the same woolen mill which he entered when a boy, for the long period of twenty-five years. During the first ten years of this time he labored as a common workman. For the last fifteen years he held the position of foreman of the carding and spinning department of that large and successful factory.

At the close of his twenty-fifth year of factory work, he started in business for himself as a mill furnisher, still having his home in Selkirk, but doing business all over the north and south of Scotland, where woolen mills are plentiful. During the years that he was in this business he was blessed with a fair amount of success, not only financially but also in having the friendship of all with whom he did business.

As a citizen Mr. Brown, from his youth up, took an active part in the discussion and progress of those opinions and measures calculated to advance the welfare of the people. He served ten years as a member of the Town Council of Selkirk, of which town he was made a Burgess in 1867. It was during this stage of his career that he was appointed member of a committee to deliver an address to Hon. William E. Gladstone, and was once so associated with Lord Roseberry as to have the honor of dining with him. He was also elected to serve as a member of the Public School Board for three terms of three years each. For twenty years he was President of the Working Men's Medical Society, also for a number of years President of the Selkirk Total Abstinence Society, and for more than twenty years he took an active interest in the Co-operative Society of the town. These positions, though involving much time and labor, were all honorary, and carried no remuneration whatever.

A few words here, as to his connection with the christian church. His parents were members of the West United Presbyterian Church of Selkirk. Brought up under the sacred influences of this church, he became a member of it at the age of sixteen. This was an important and happy event for him, leading him to take an active interest in the church's work, and bringing him into contact with men and women who were, indeed, "the salt of the earth." In connection with this church it was his privilege to listen to some of the most noted preachers of that time, whose able preaching has been to him an unspeakable blessing all through his life. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected and ordained to the sacred office of Elder of that church, which office he held for eighteen years.

Let us take a glimpse of his home environment, as this ever forms an important factor in every man's life. In the year 1857, he was married to Miss Helen Richardson, daughter of James Richardson of Foulshiels, a classic spot on the banks of the Yarrow, near Selkirk, and just opposite Newark Tower, which is said to be one thousand years old. Their start in life was humble, but it was fair and hopeful. Two things were agreed upon by the young couple at the very start; first, they would have a family altar, and second, no one should even taste intoxicating drink in their home. This agreement was kept sacredly from the day of their marriage until on March 1, 1893, the beloved wife and mother fell asleep in Jesus; blessed life and memory.

The fruit of this marriage was a family of one son and two daughters, all of whom are living and grown to manhood and womanhood.

In 1879, John, his only son married, and in the last month of that year the young couple emigrated to America, to push their interests there. We note this, because it was the pivot fact in moving Mr. Brown and his family to America, in the following year. A mother's love for an only son was the human power in a divine hand that occasioned this great change.

In June, 1880, Mr. Brown and family landed in America, and settled in Germantown, Philadelphia. It was a great trial for Mr. Brown to leave Bonnie Scotland, its scenery and friendships giving it a place in his heart which never can be blotted out. Having settled in Germantown, he accepted the position of foreman of the carding and spinning department of the leading mill there. He also connected himself with the First Presbyterian Church of that place, taking an active interest in the Sabbath-school work of that church, for a number of years. During this time he became the author of two small books, one on wool carding, being a collection of a series of articles contributed to the "Textile Record" of Philadelphia. The other entitled "Characteristics of a Good Workman" was the fruit of his observation as a working man given for the benefit of the young.

Both of these books have a large circulation, especially in countries where woolens are manufactured. The Baldwin Locomotive Works ordered two thousand copies of the latter, as soon as it was issued, for distribution among their employes. The years that he and his family spent in Germantown were pleasant and happy, filled with sunny memories and sweet experiences.

It was about this time, 1888, that the Sabbath-school mission work of the Presbyterian Board of Publication was inaugurated. A wealthy Presbyterian in the vicinity of Philadelphia immediately became interested in the movement and generously offered to support a missionary to be stationed in Wisconsin, if the proper man could be found. Mr. Brown was recommended as a man of wide experience in christian work, and well fitted for the position. At first he was reluctant about leaving the East where he had made so many friends, and going to the far West where all were strangers. Yet it seemed that this was the great work for which during all these years. God had been preparing him. The board was of the opinion that he was just the man for the place.

Consequently he was commissioned to the Presbytery of Winnebago, and started to his field of labor on July 5th, 1888, he being the first permanent Presbyterian Sabbath-school missionary in Wisconsin. He has worked faithfully in that field, so that now his name may be said to have become a household word over a large part of our State. His genial manner, large heart, and consistent christian living have won for him and his work hosts of friends, and as a consequence, there is no better friend to-day to this branch of Presbyterian mission work, than the Synod of Wisconsin. He was promoted to the position of Synodical S. S. Missionary for Wisconsin, in November, 1893, which position he now holds.

During the past six years, for a few weeks in the depth of each winter, Mr Brown has visited a large number of our churches in the East, especially in Philadelphia and vicinity, giving graphic word pictures of what the

Sabbath-school mission work really is. This branch of his labors has been signally blessed, as is evidenced by the deepening interest and increasing contributions of churches and Sabbath-schools to this important branch of our church's work.

An Incident in 1890.

The following suggestive incident occurred on a Saturday, in the month of December; the ground was covered with snow to the depth of four inches. At 10 A. M. I stopped at a town called Unity, and from that place started to walk directly east into the country to the Allen settlement, a distance of four miles. As I walked along I met a farmer with a cheerful "Good morning, my friend." He kindly returned the salutation and a conversation was begun. I told him my name and purpose to visit the Allen Sabbath-school and also to hold service. He replied, "I was at the Sabbath-school last Sabbath, and if spared I will be there to-morrow." Then, looking me very earnestly in the face, he said, "Friend, why did not you or some one else come out years ago and start Sabbath-schools in these settlements. My home is three and a half miles farther out than the Allen's settlement, and *I have lived twelve years there destitute of all means of grace, and my 'boys' are growing up and they are not turning out well.*" As he spoke the tears dropped from his cheek. Such grief was to me a sure indication that behind these tears there was a deep cause. For the men of Wisconsin are by no means soft-hearted. Having reached the Allen's settlement I made inquiries as to the "boys" and found that one of them was in Wapun prison, and is there still. On learning this I was better able to grasp the eloquence of his tears. Since then another of his "boys" has come under the meshes of the law, charged with its violation. In this incident stand revealed *conditions similar* that can be counted by *the hundreds all over this State*, and they will *remain* until such time as the Sabbath-school missionary finds them out, and helps men to help themselves by the fourfold means at his disposal, viz: Organization of Sabbath-school, house to house visitation, distribution of Bibles, books, and tracts, frequent revisitation and evangelistic service.

"A Photograph of Sunday-School Mission Work."

SEPTEMBER 18th, 1890.—Rode sixteen miles on the stage over a rough road. Stepped from the stage at Maple Works, Clark County. The time is 3 o'clock P. M. The day is warm and sultry. The clouds are gathering in a threatening manner, indicating the approach of a thunder-storm. Have a walk of nine miles before me in order to reach the interior of the country. *As in my custom*, I make calls at the different families as I pass along, and leave with each some suitable *reading for young and old*. Six miles of my journey was accomplished, when the thunder storm burst in all its fury. Hail and rain came down in torrents. Took shelter in the first house I came to. Waited; darkness came on, the rain continued, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled athwart the sky. What am I to do during the night, as I find I cannot stop where I am, for the good reason there is no suitable accommodation.

I faced the storm and went forward to a house a mile farther on, where I felt sure the inmates would kindly lodge me for the night. In this I was not disappointed. It was a humble home, but I was entertained right royally. The good people had loving hearts, and did their best to make me comfortable. The Lord will reward them for all their kindness to His servant.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, dawned, the rain still falling, and the roads deep in mud and water. I must go forward to Spokeville, five miles distant. The road lay through a forest, and was only partially made, and consequently I found it ankle deep in mud and water. Rolling up my pants, I waded through and at last reached my destination, wet and soiled with mud. But the soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the nineteenth century, must be brave and hardy, as in the days of old. What are *mud* and *water* compared with the experience of christian workers of the past described in Hebrews xi. 37. Having reached Spokeville, I began my work of *house-to-house-visitation*, and found the people desirous of having a Sabbath-school. At present they have no means of grace among them. I arranged to hold a meeting with them on Sabbath afternoon. On Friday and Saturday night held service in another school-house four miles distant.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 21st, held a meeting at 3 o'clock p. m. in Spokeville school-house, which was filled to the door. Had a short service, then an address on the benefits of Sunday-schools as a means of grace for all. At the close a *Sunday-school was organized*, officers elected, lesson papers given and arrangements made to meet the next Sabbath, at 3 p. m. Thus it is that the work is begun, so full of important results to the children and parents. I leave the people, promising them all the aid I can give. The people feel drawn to the missionary, and the missionary to the people. *They are not now strangers, but friends.* All hardships are forgotten in the success that has attended this work for God.

Summary for One Year.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT. 1899.

The workers engaged with the Superintendent in the field during the past year were as follows: Rev. James Baine, in Presbytery of Madison; Mr. Samuel McComb, in the Presbytery of Milwaukee; Mr. Wm. J. Large, who has labored in the Presbytery of La Crosse for ten months; Mr. Alfred Terry, in Chippewa Presbytery for five months; Mr. Samuel A. Martin, in the Presbytery of Winnebago for three months (taking the place of Mr. Clark Mack, who expects to return to this Presbytery March 1st, 1900, and who labored during the first four months of the year; also Mr. Abraham Woodhead, in the Presbytery of Milwaukee for eight months. (Mr. Woodhead has now retired from the work). Mr. Baine and Mr. McComb have been at work the entire year. These statements regarding the duration of the period of labor of each missionary are necessary, in order that the work done may be rightly understood. This faithful corps of workers have gone forth far and near into the "highways and hedges" of Wisconsin, visiting from home to home, preaching the word in schoolhouses and mission

chapels, planting Sabbath Schools, helping and reviving those already organized, distributing tracts and books, and thus sowing the seed.

The table following represents numerically the total amount of work accomplished by each missionary during the year 1899 :

	S. S. Organized.	S. S. Re-Organized	No. Teachers.	No. Scholars.	S. S. Visited.	Families Visited.	Addresses Given.	Pages of Tracts Given.	Volumes Given.	Bibles Given.	Conversions.	S. S. Institutes.	Collections.	Miles Traveled.	Churches Organized
J. Brown.....	3	5	16	100	63	747	296	30855	109	79	26	23	\$ 69.85	20316	
J. Balne.....	17	9	61	603	64	1099	218	19135	127	70	30	10	15.95	6103	1
S. Macomb.....	5	4	18	175	59	1458	188	6932	95	55	7	2		7633	
C. Mack.....	2	1	6	60	41	506	76	5614		15	1		4.75	3360	
A. Woodhead...	1		4	29	27	2718	141	11158		16	12			3014	
A. Terry.....	6	1	12	154	12	792	81	6504	25	74	57	8	30.17	3030	
L. Large.....	9	4	38	252	58	684	106	25906				4	11.13	5330	
S. Martin.....	7	2	13	225	12	33	69	1815				2		1796	1
	50	26	168	1694	336	8336	1175	107919	356	301	140	44	\$134.84	32482	2

Secretary Stanton once told Lincoln that in order to defend the western part of our country we needed gun boats that would run up the smallest creeks. "Yes," remarked the president, "we want some that will run on a light dew."

Financially speaking, our Home and Sabbath School missionaries are just that kind and, according to this record, some of them go well even in thick mud.

History of the Church in Wisconsin by Presbyteries.

*THE PRESBYTERY OF MILWAUKEE.

That Presbytery of Milwaukee which was merged in the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of 1840 has been already described. (Pages 147, 166, 167.)

The second body bearing this name was another New School Presbytery formed early in 1851. (See page 148.)

The third body of the same name was the Old School Presbytery of Milwaukee, which was organized Oct. 1st, 1851, after the O. S. Presbytery of Wisconsin had been made the Synod of Wisconsin. (Described on pages 153 and 154.)

The fourth body bearing the name of the Presbytery of Milwaukee was that of the Re-united Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin, and was formed July 15, 1870, by the Synod which then met in Milwaukee. It consisted of the churches of Beloit, Brodhead, Barton, Cato, Cambridge, Delafield, Grafton, Janesville, Jefferson, the First, North, Calvary, and First and Second Holland of Milwaukee, Manitowoc, Ottawa, Oostburg, Port Washington, Richfield, Waukesha, West Granville and Stone Bank.

By an Enabling Act of Synod the boundaries of this Presbytery were modified in 1884; the Janesville church, a church at Lima, Beloit First and German, were transferred to Madison Presbytery; Juneau, Horicon, Alto Holland, Beaver Dam First and Beaver Dam Assembly, were received, and also Wheatland. Meanwhile Port Washington and Jefferson ceased to exist, and other changes and additions have made the roll of churches in the Presbytery of Milwaukee as it appears in the records of the General Assembly, 1899.

The history of the Presbytery of Milwaukee thus far presented has been a matter of dates covering several periods of its existence, but something more should be said of the men who laid the foundations of this goodly structure, and to whom, those of us who enjoy the manifold blessings of a sound Presbyterian polity and faith, are so much indebted. In these peaceful days of material prosperity, these times of rapid communication, we cannot fully appreciate the obstacles they encountered and overcame, the hardships they endured, and the sacrifices they willingly made to establish the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ during the early days of our church in Wisconsin. Could the roll of honor be called, we would hear many a name, forgotten indeed of men, but kept in everlasting remembrance in the kingdom above. Nor is Milwaukee Presbytery without its christian heroes who fought against the greatest odds, against the indifference, the poverty, the opposition of those whose welfare they sought to promote; they searched out the stranger, they gathered the scattered families into churches, the children into Sabbath-schools; they spent days in the saddle and nights in solitary dwellings; they "endured hardness" in the service of the Lord, and we rejoice in the fruits of their labors.

Very early they saw the importance of a higher christian education, and could the inner history of Carroll College be spread open, we would award

*From a sketch prepared in 1888 by Elder Robert Menzies, Rev. Jacob Post, D.D., and Rev. Samuel W. Chidester, a committee of Presbytery; sketch amended and brought down to date.

its founders a memorial of our profoundest gratitude for the part they took and the sacrifices they made—that it might exist. The history of our Presbytery would not be complete did it not contain some reference to the Rev. Dr. John A. Savage, who to establish this school, in spite of coldness and indifference, in spite of jealousy and open opposition, fought on; sometimes single-handed and alone, always cheerful, always hopeful, always the christian gentleman, until the Master he loved so well, and whom he delighted to serve, called him to come up higher. Time would fail to tell of many others deserving honorable mention who labored not only in "word and doctrine," in preaching and teaching, both in Sabbath and week day schools, but with their *hands*; they labored in helping to build churches, they cut timber, they hauled stone, they burned lime, whatever their hands found to do they did it with their might. Some of them were called to give up the fight and enter upon their rest; some were called to other fields, some were driven away by failing health, and one who went through just such experiences in 1846, writes in 1858: "I was driven out by malaria; the disease summered and wintered with me. For about two years it shot at me like an Indian in ambush. I preached with the *chill* on, I preached with the *fever* on, so I imitated one of the Hudebras heroes.

'He that fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day.'

He is still fighting "another day" for the cause of christian education on the Pacific Slope. In the Presbytery of Milwaukee, during all its history, there has not been wanting a host of earnest, faithful, intelligent ruling Elders, who have held up the hands and encouraged the hearts of the teaching elder, who by wise council, by hearty co-operation in church and school work, by generous gifts, by hospitable welcome to their hearths and homes, have done their share in planting and sustaining the Presbyterian church in our bounds. And this brief history must not close without mention of "honorable women not a few," whose help and encouragement has been *essential*, and who, not once or twice, when feeble churches have been deserted by both Pastor and Elder, have refused to give up the service of God's house, have kept alive an interest in the Sunday school and the prayer meeting, who have been frequently by far the largest proportion of the attendants at the Sabbath services, and by whose faithful devotion the church itself has been saved from utter extinction.

In order that still more in detail the story of this Presbytery may be told, there is presented a succinct history of the individual churches now upon its roll, and they are named in the order of their organization without reference to the time of their becoming part of this body.

The history of the First Presbyterian Church we have already considered (pp. 239-261).

THE NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The North Presbyterian Church, also previously mentioned, was organized with sixteen members on January 5, 1849, by a committee of the Presbytery of Wisconsin (O. S.), consisting of Revs. D. C. Lyon, A. L. Lindsey and J. M. Buchanan. William Gillespie and Silas Chapman were chosen and ordained as elders.

The first and only pastor of this church was Rev. J. M. Buchanan. The

exact date of his call and installment is not on record, but it was doubtless soon after the organization of the church. Not only were his ability and fidelity recognized by his church and in the community, but his influence also was widely felt throughout the whole young and growing state.

For more than twenty-one years he served the North church with conspicuous success, and diligently promoted various causes of christian benevolence, especially that of christian education.

*Dr. Buchanan's chief strength was in the pulpit. His sermons were intellectual masterpieces, which brought into and held in his audience lawyers, doctors, leading business men, many of the strong minds of the city. Such a pastorate, for its length, harmony and fruitfulness, would be notable in any region, but was much more remarkable in the Northwest. The catalogue† of that church for 1857, which contains 175 names of members, locates the pastor at 462 Marshall Street, and gives as his Session, Elders Wm. L. Candee, 544 Cass Street, Silas Chapman, 652 Milwaukee Street, Philetus C. Hale, 454 Jefferson Street, Wm. P. Lynde, Vliet Street, and John Ogden, 230 Spring Street, with one Deacon, Charles Jarratt, 200 Galena St.

In August, 1870, Dr. Buchanan resigned on account of his health, which required a change of climate. My first Synod, as a young licentiate, was that first Reunion Synod of July 12th, 1870, held in Milwaukee, at which Dr. Buchanan was elected Moderator. His venerable appearance on that occasion is vividly remembered, and also the dignity and urbanity with which he presided.

(NOTE.—His latest years of life was spent with a son, Rev. Walter D. Buchanan, D.D., who is now pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York. In that city Dr. J. M. Buchanan passed away, January 13th, 1894, in his seventy-sixth year.)

In the fall of 1870, the North Presbyterian Church and the old First Church decided to unite in a new organization, called Immanuel, (to be described later), and with that union in December 1870, the North Presbyterian church record ends.

1843. THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BEAVER DAM. C 9.‡

(This spot was so designated on the United States township survey because of the many beaver dams found there and from a noticeably large one at the outlet of the lake.)

In 1840 the first settler at this site, Thomas Mackie, built a log cabin near the famous spring which still bears his name. In the winter of 1840-41 Wisconsin's pioneer Presbyterian minister, Rev. Moses Ordway (see p. 161) passed over the ground, noticed the unused water-power and decided to locate there. In 1841 came Joseph Goetschius, Thomas Mackie, Morris Firman and Jacob Brower, with their families, and in 1842 were added the families of Abram Ackerman and Henry Stultz. During a visit to the new settlement that summer, Ordway preached in the cabin of Mr. Mackie, the first sermon spoken in the place. The same fall, 1842, Mr. Ordway purchased of David Drake the water-power and a saw mill, which Mr. D. had

*According to John Johnston, Esq.

†The only one found by the writer. The records of the North Church seem to have been lost.

‡The letter and number, given with each church name, locate it on the map.

built at the outlet of this nine mile lake, the preceding summer. During that winter of 1842-43 he also held religious meetings in the settlement and prepared the way for an organization. To Mr. Ordway therefore, as Dr. Miter once publicly remarked,* the city is mainly indebted for the improvement of its water-power as well as for the founding of its first christian church.

June 1st, 1843, in the cabin of Mr. Mackie, the First Presbyterian Church of Beaver Dam was organized with these eight members. Thos. Mackie and Ann his wife, with Hannah Maria Goetschius, his married daughter, Rufus Lounsbury and Mary Ann his wife, Julia A. Arms, Lucy Ordway and Lucy Finch. They adopted a sound Calvinistic creed and a solemn covenant.

In April, 1844, was built their first house of worship. Father Mackie went to the woods, cut the logs and hauled them to the spot selected. On a certain Monday or Tuesday the assembled settlers began their work, the timber was hewed, the frame raised and covered, a floor laid, windows put in, temporary seats made, and the building was ready for use and was used the next Sunday. Mr. Ordway furnished all the materials except the timber for the frame and four pounds of nails which last were presented by a pioneer Catholic neighbor, John Mannahan.

That first building stood on the east side of Spring Street † directly on the town line and nearly in front of the Loomis brick building. Here Mr. Ordway preached for two years without pay excepting as follows: he had offered Mr. Stultz, the village Vulcan, eighteen cents for the setting of a horse shoe. That gentleman, however, refused to receive the money, saying, "I'll throw it in for preaching." At the end of that two years the church had only twenty members, but the tree was well-rooted and growing.

In the fall of 1845 Mr. Ordway was succeeded by Rev. Alexander Montgomery, who received during his five years of service here, ninety-four new members, sixty-three by letter and thirty-one on profession of faith.

Within that first small building, in November, 1846, the Madison Convention, which had just been set off from Beloit (Sept. 17), completed its organization and held its first meeting. During the next year this society erected its second house of worship at a cost of eight hundred dollars. It was dedicated in 1847 and honored in the autumn of 1849 by the presence of the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin. It stood on the lot next adjoining and west from the larger building which was afterwards erected and in the cut given both houses are shown.

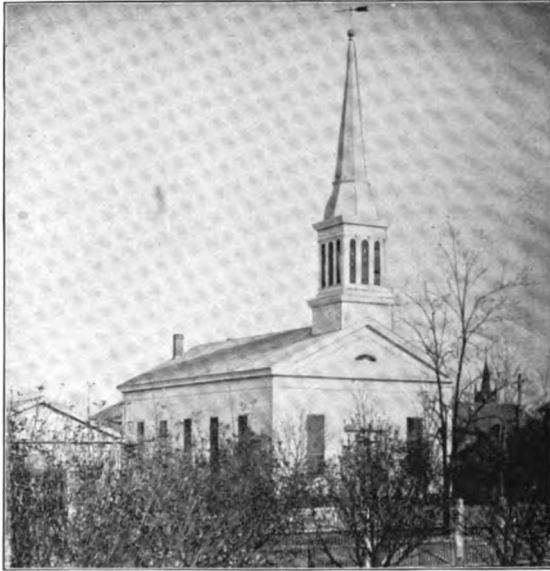
Mr. Montgomery was an earnest and impressive preacher. He retired from the church in June 1850, and died in 1857, at his residence about a mile south of Beloit, Wisconsin. His successor, Rev. William A Niles, a young man of winning manners and eloquent speech, received during his three years ministry (ending in June 1853), seventeen new members on profession and eighteen by letter. He also brought about the erection of the third building, which was dedicated January 7, 1852, and was then the largest and most costly sanctuary in the interior of the State. (In the accom-

*In a historical discourse, preached June 7, 1868, which supplies most of the facts here presented in regard to the early days of this church. The writer also quotes from a historical discourse of his own given from the same pulpit in 1876.

†In 1847 it was bought by Christopher Bogert and moved to the north-west corner of Spring and Third streets. Thence after a few years it was moved again, this time across the river and placed on the north side of Madison Street, the third house east of the upper bridge. It was still there in 1876, and the writer does not know of any further change.

panying cut of it the low building at the left is the second church building.)

In November 1853 Rev. Reuben Smith took charge and was installed by a Council in December, the first regularly installed pastor. For more than twenty-five years he had been an honored minister in Saratoga county, New York, was an able defender of church doctrines, and was also a man of revival and missionary spirit. His pastorate of not quite three years (ending in



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BEAVER DAM, WIS., 1852-1888.

August, 1856), added to the church fifty-three members, eight on profession and forty-nine by letter. This was the memorable era of rapid increase in population and of land speculation and of magnificent cities and fortunes on paper. Rev. Mr. Smith continued his residence in Beaver Dam, died at a ripe old age, and his remains were placed in the cemetery beside those of his devoted wife, who had been loved by all.

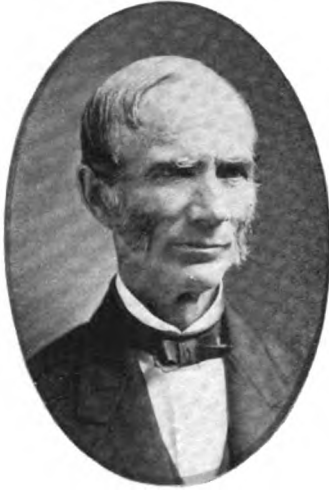
*Rev. J. J. Miter of Milwaukee, began to serve this church as Stated Supply in October, 1856, and was installed as pastor by the Madison Convention, July 20, 1864. "A long probation," he called it. His noted pastorate however continued through nearly nineteen years, and ended only with his death while in active service, May 5, 1875.

During the latter half of his term this church, which had been connected with the Convention, came into regular relations with Milwaukee Presbytery, of which its pastor also became a member.

Dr. Miter's rugged features were habitually lit up with a genial smile, which was the true index of that charitable, kindly nature that won for him the love of all he met. And among his many friends perhaps no one was more practically devoted to the church and to him than his parishioner

*Buck's Milwaukee, Vol. II, p. 298.

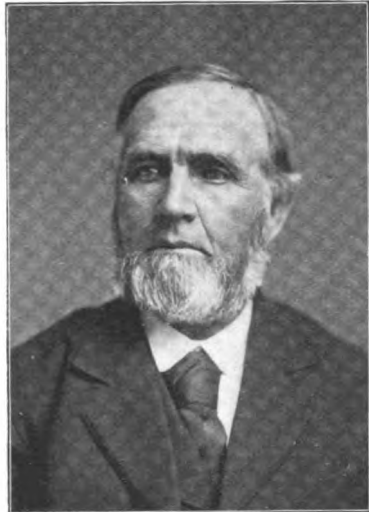
(though not a church officer) Moses Stevens—a kind friend also to his successor.



REV. J. J. MITER, D.D.

bears the impress of his influence. After he had died, universally lamented, a prominent member of his large congregation remarked, "I pity the man that comes here to take Dr. Miter's place." And the man who did come publicly replied, "No one should try to take it. Let that place in your hearts be kept for the man who with nineteen years of faithful labor has made it; and let the new man make a place of his own."

The writer's service as Stated Supply of this pulpit (called from Maywood, Ill.) began July 1st, 1875. The church membership, lessened by many removals and deaths, was then only 103 resident and 13 non-resident; but the regular Sunday morning congregation, gathered by Dr. Miter, was noted both for its size and also for the high average quality, mental and moral, of its members. Among them, besides many others, were States Attorney *A. Scott Sloan, *Judge Edward Elwell, *Judge Lander, *Banker J. J. Williams, Hon. E. C. McFetridge, *Charles W. Whinfield, *S. P. K. Lewis, Calvin E. Lewis, *Mr. Chandler, Hon. C. M. Hambright (now of Racine), George Congdon, Editor Thomas Hughes, George E. Redfield, with their families, and *Dr. Asahel Clark, formerly of Beloit First. Also *Mrs. Miter, Mrs. N.



MOSES STEVENS, Died May 6, 1882.

*Deceased.

A. Helm, and of "other honorable women not a few," and a noble band of young people.

The choir service, too, was of superior quality, and among the most efficient members the names of Mrs. Geo. Congdon, Mrs. Silas Hawley, Miss Charra Daniels (now Mrs. McClure), soprano, and organist E. C. Pratt, Esq., who is still in service, will long be remembered.

June 2, 1876, eleven new members having been added, the writer received a regular call to the pastorate signed by 224 names. While appreciating this honor, their generous presents and other kindnesses, he thought it best however to remain only as pastor elect, by permission of Presbytery, and after three years left this field in excellent condition for his successor, Rev. George F. Hunting, formerly of Kilbourn. Dr. Hunting, a talented speaker, served them acceptably for the three years from October, 1878, until November, 1881, when he accepted a call to the large Presbyterian church at Kalamazoo, Michigan. After various temporary supplies, Rev. Daniel E. Bierce came to this pastorate in March, 1883, but resigned in October, 1884.

The Synod of 1884 took this church from Wisconsin River and made it a part of Milwaukee Presbytery.

Rev. Edward K. Strong, an excellent young minister, began his pastorate here May 10, 1885, and closed it October 30, 1887. From November, 1887, until July 1, 1888, the pulpit was ably filled by Prof. E. H. Merrill of Ripon College, and during this time plans were matured for a new building. During the summer of 1888 the old building was taken down and a new edifice of modern plan erected in its place at a cost of about \$14,000, which is all paid. It was dedicated Jan. 6, 1889. In the meantime, Oct. 1, 1888, a new pastor had come, Rev. Allan Bell, formerly of Manitoba, who rendered good service until Nov. 29, 1891, and then accepted a call to Winona, Minn. The next pastor, Robert K. Wharton of Lapier, exceeded the usual average of three years by serving from Feb. 5, 1892, until Oct. 1, 1896.

Various ministers filled the pulpit temporarily during the next winter, and Rev. Wm. J. Palm, of Nevada, became the regular Stated Supply for the year May 9, 1897-1898. Rev. Wm. B. Gantz, the present pastor, coming directly after graduation from McCormick Seminary, Chicago, began his pastorate May 15, 1898. The membership of the church was then 92, and that of the Sabbath School 130. In May, 1899, the church was 100 and the Sunday School 163.

(NOTE ON THE CHOIR SERVICE.—In the earlier years, before 1860, leading singers were Thomas Mackie and Elders Warren and Coe, with Mr. Genung organist for a long time, Miss Celia Flanders, now Mrs. George B. Congdon, Mrs. Frank Botsford, now of Janesville, Wis., and Miss Fannie Dearborn, 1856-'58. Dr. J. M. Hitchcock and Elder L. Witherell and his daughter Maria Witherell served faithfully from 1860 until death. Myron Hawley, now of La Crosse, was organist for many years beginning in 1860. Names of later trained singers are Gerrit and Mary Hawley, Mrs. Silas Hawley, Mary Johnston, Jennie Mayne, Charra Daniels, Mrs. E. L. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Horton, Misses Clara C. Nicklaus and Gertrude Lewis, and the present choir (March, 1900) Frank Stacy, the pastor and his wife, Mrs. W. D. McKinstry and H. J. Hughes. Mrs. George B. Congdon, who retired only about a year ago, has served with rare ability and fidelity for over thirty years. This choir has always sought to sing with the spirit and understanding and has ever been a power for good.)



VIEW UP ROCK RIVER FROM BIG HILL, FACING NORTH-EAST.

Chicago Photo-Gravure Co.

Appendix, Part I.

P R E F A C E .

Part I, excepting the Appendix and Indexes, was completed and printed last year, but was kept unbound, awaiting the completion of the Second Part. A thorough preparation of Part II (still unfinished), requires so much time, however, that it seems best to issue Part I without further delay in a volume by itself. The arrangement of forms obliges the binder to include also a portion of Part II, which, however, presents facts and illustrations that concern our own city as well as the state.

W. F. B.



NEW ENGLAND PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.

C. H. BOUGHTON.



REV. ALFRED EDDY.
Bloomington, Ill., 1860.

Appendix, Part I.

The Puritan Ancestry of our Pioneers.

One fact, which moulded the beginnings of our church in Beloit and stamped itself on the whole settlement was the Puritan training of our pioneers. The first settlers here were not, as in so many other new places, careless adventurers or dissatisfied wanderers from more civilized communities. They were New England people, who brought with them and manifested at the very start that love of church, school and orderly life which was their inheritance from the Puritans and which has given to our city its distinctive character.

Almost all of the New England company and their associates, who founded Beloit, especially those who formed and remained the First Congregational church and society, were of Pilgrim or Puritan stock; and the same may be said of those who founded the First Presbyterian church and society.

Of the many Beloit family histories, warranting this assertion, only four will be cited here as Presbyterian examples, the authorities for which are on record and the nearest at hand.

Rev. Alfred Eddy's Puritan Ancestry.

In 1630, Oct. 29, O. S. arrived at Plymouth, Mass., the *Handmaid, just eighty days from London, bringing among her sixty passengers Samuel Eddy, a son of Rev. Wm. Eddy of Cranbrook, Kent County, England. Samuel was the fifth of eleven children, all of whom bore Bible names, the sign of Puritanism.

†In 1651, at Plymouth, his wife, Elizabeth, was fined ten shillings (afterwards remitted) for wringing out clothes on the Lord's Day. May 1st, 1660, she was summoned to court and admonished for walking from Plymouth to Boston on Sunday to visit a sick friend.

Samuel died in 1685. His fourth son was Obediah, born 1645, died 1722, a constable, surveyor, selectman. This Obediah's third child, Samuel, born 1675, died 1752, lived in Middleboro, Mass., and was a man of large frame and remarkable physical strength. February 3, 1702, he married Melatiah Pratt (born 1674, died 1769). Their first son was a third Samuel (born 1710, died November 3, 1746), who in 1733 married Lydia Alden, the daughter of John and Hannah (White) Alden and great grand-daughter of John Alden, the Pilgrim. Their fifth child (a fourth Samuel, born January 23, 1742, died in 1821), an orderly sergeant in the Revolutionary army and a learned and religious man, was buried at Eddy Ridge, N. Y. (In a letter written from Williamson, N. Y., 1819, in his 77th year, to his cousin, Captain Joshua Eddy of Middleboro, Mass., he says: "I should be very glad of an interview with you and to recognize (recall) the dangers, the difficulties

*The Pilgrim Republic, by John A. Goodwin, p. 340. Boston, Ticknor & Co., 1888.

†Genealogy Eddy Family, J. S. Cushing, printer, Boston, Mass., 1881.

and the privations that we have endured together at Saratoga, at White Marsh, at Valley Forge and at Monmouth, which appear now like a dream." This Samuel's first son, David (born at Middleboro, Mass., March 3d, 1774, died at Eddy Ridge, N. Y. June 9th, 1840), married May 25, 1806, Deborah Shaw (died 1847). Their fourth son was Alfred, the subject of this sketch (born Williamson, N. Y., March 1st, 1815; died Niles, Mich. March 5, 1883). September 17, 1839, he married Catharine H. Wilcox at Holley, N. Y. Their first children, Catharine J. and Jane Josephine, died during infancy. The names of the other children are given on page 133. Alice Augusta married William E. Potter, Esq. May 27th, 1869; Alfred Delavan (now a lawyer of Chicago) was married October 7th, 1869, to Miss Caroline Hunter Silvey of Chicago; Catharine Louisa was married April 20th, 1871, to Lucius G. Fisher of Chicago, son of the L. G. Fisher, Esq., mentioned on page 34 as having suggested the name "Beloit." Ida Adelaide married Charles S. Cleaver May 3, 1870. Cora Virginia was married at Niles, Mich., to Edward L. Hamilton, Esq., October 19th, 1883.

NOTE. Lucius G. Fisher, elected a trustee of Beloit College June, 1900, is the president of the Union Bag and Paper Company of Chicago. Hon. E. L. Hamilton is a member of Congress, Fourth Michigan District.

The armorial shield of the ancestral Eddy family in England, had on it three old men's heads, couped at the shoulders; the crest was a cross crosslet and dagger placed saltier wise, with the motto, "Crux mihi grata quies." Only those who were in the holy wars were entitled to have the cross in their armorial bearings. Evidently, therefore, some early ancestor, having fought the infidel heathen and devoted his sword to the cross, had found in the latter that "acceptable rest" which the motto records. (See page 7.)

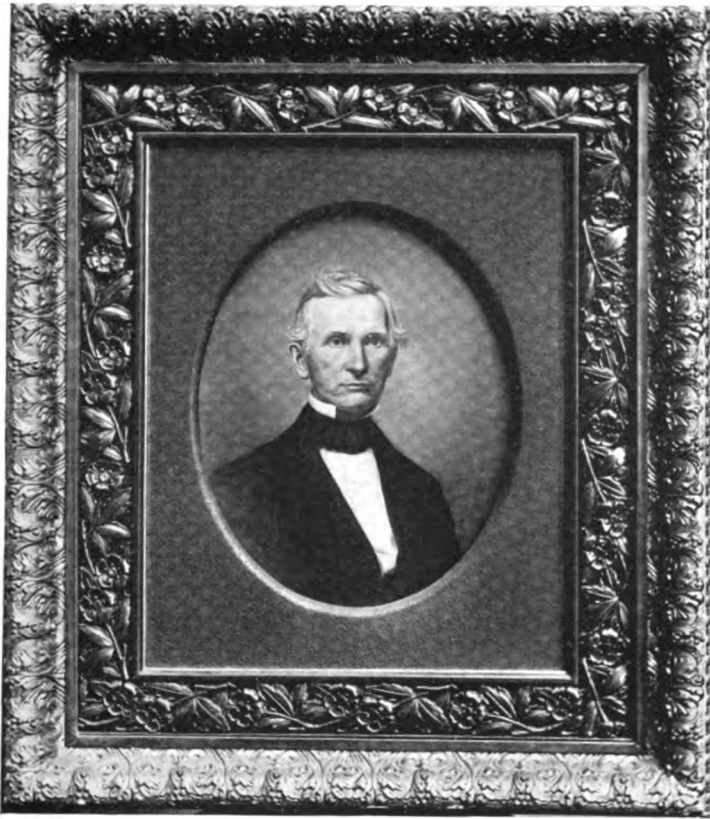
The Puritan and Revolutionary Ancestry of Benjamin and Lucy H. Brown.

The Browns of England were nearly all Separatists, or Puritans, and endured much persecution. Many of them practically exemplified the motto of their ancient progenitor, Christopher of Tolethorpe, A. D. 1480, "Apprendre a mourir," which we may read, "Learn how to die."

The greatest exodus of Puritans from the Old World to the New occurred between 1620 and 1640, notably in 1634.

John Brown (son of a John Browne), baptized at Hawkedon, Suffolk County, England, October 11, 1601, arrived at Boston in the Lion, September 16, 1632, settled at Watertown (West Boston), and died in 1636. He was probably an uncle of the John Brown (1631-1697) who married Hester Makepeace, of Boston, April 24, 1655, lived at Cambridge, Falmouth and Watertown, and left eleven children. The ninth of these was Joseph Brown (1679-1766), a cordwainer and a Selectman of Weston, Mass., who November 15, 1699, married Ruhamah Wellington (1680-1772), of Lexington, Mass., and their married life lasted sixty-seven years. In May 1713, both joined the Lexington church, of which he became a deacon. Of their nine children the eighth was William (1723-1793) (baptized April 28, 1723), the paternal grandfather of Benjamin.

March 5, 1746, William married Elizabeth Conant, of Concord, N. H. (1726-1810), and they had twelve children. During the French and Indian



BENJAMIN BROWN, 1853.

Born at Framingham, Mass., June 8, 1803.

Died at Beloit, Wis., July 15, 1890.

war the troop of his brother, Capt. Josiah Brown, was ordered out on an alarm in the Connecticut valley September 23 to October 27, 1747, and this William was in it. In that same year he unconsciously provided for the first blood shed in the Revolutionary War by purchasing a slave, called Crispus Attucks, born of Indian father and negro mother. In the Boston Gazette of October 2, 1750, is this advertisement: "Ran away from his master, William Brown, of Framingham, on the 30th of September last, a mulatto fellow about twenty-seven years of age, named Crispus, six feet two inches high, etc. Ten pounds reward will be paid for his return." Crispus Attucks was not returned but worked about the wharves of Boston, and was known as a powerful, turbulent fellow. March 5, 1770, he headed the street mob which opposed eight British soldiers under Captain Preston. Attucks cried out, "They dare not fire," and seizing one of the soldiers threw him down. The man immediately jumped up and shot Attucks dead. Then at Preston's command the other soldiers fired and two more of the



MRS. LUCY ANN BROWN. 1855.

Born at Framingham, Mass., Nov. 20, 1808.

Died at Beloit, Wis., September 1, 1869.

people were killed. This was the "Boston Massacre," so called. A monument, which bears a bas relief of Attucks, in dark granite (erected in recent years by the New England Anti-Slavery Society), now stands on Boston Common.

November 12, 1746, William Brown bought for two hundred pounds the outlet of Cochituate Lake, in Framingham, Mass., together with a farm of fifty acres, and built there a grist mill and one of the earliest fulling mills. In 1752, representing the Second Church of Framingham, he is called Deacon, which was henceforth his common title.

As chairman of the Framingham Committee of Correspondence in 1772 (and again in 1775) he helped to state the rights of the colonists, and his report to the similar Boston committee was: "It appears our absolute duty to defend our dear privileges, purchased with so much blood and treasure." He was one of the Selectmen of the town when, August 30, 1774, they voted "to purchase five barrels of powder and four or five hundred weight

of bullets or lead, to be added to the town stock.' He was a member of the First Provincial Congress, which at Concord, Mass., October 26, 1774, provided for enlisting companies of Minute Men, and a member, with Joseph Haven, of the Second Provincial Congress, meeting at Cambridge, Mass., in February, 1775, was also elected annually as Framingham's representative to the General Court of Massachusetts, from 1777 to 1785, and died at Framingham in 1793. (His second child, Roger, was the grandfather of Lucy Ann Brown.)

His tenth child, Ebenezer (1767-1818), married in 1788 Keziah Nixon (1768-1836), daughter of Capt. John Nixon, and their eighth child, born at Framingham, Mass., June 8, 1803, was Benjamin, who in 1840 came to Beloit. (Vol. I, p. 34.) His mother trained up her children to a strict keeping of the Sabbath from sundown of Saturday to the sunset of Sunday. Often on a hot Sunday afternoon in summer little Benjamin was given Watt's Hymns and Pilgrim's Progress and ordered to his chair with a strict injunction to not get off it until the sun went down. The average New England boy of those times was a reversed Joshua with reference to the sun on that day. The instant that luminary disappeared in the west the boys would all rush off to the town common and there enjoy a delightful Sunday evening of games and general hilarity.

It is worthy of note that Benjamin's maternal grandfather, John Nixon, (1725-1815), Captain of the Sudbury Minute Men, led his company and was wounded at the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1774, and as Colonel led the Middlesex Regiment at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was wounded again. July 8, 1776, from a platform near the Walnut street front of the State House in Philadelphia, John Nixon read the declaration of Independence to a vast concourse of people, the first public reading. He was made a Brigadier, and also a salaried member of the first Continental Navy Board, November 6, 1776. At the battle of Saratoga, or Bemis' Heights, where he commanded a brigade, the near passage of a cannon ball impaired his hearing, but he continued in commission until 1780. One of his sisters who had married a farmer, named Warren, was the mother of that celebrated patriot, Dr. Joseph Warren, the General Warren who was killed at Bunker Hill.

Deacon William's oldest son, Roger (born September 12, 1749), a Revolutionary Captain, and a Colonel, by commission from Gov. John Hancock, dated July 12, 1790, married Mary Hartwell, of Lincoln, Mass. Their son, James, farmer, and Captain of Minute Men (1784-1875), was married November 4, 1807, to Nancy Fiske (1789-1858), and lived his long life at Framingham, Mass., village of Saxonville. Their second child was Lucy Ann (November 20, 1809-September 1, 1869), who first married Augustine Leland, a graduate of Brown University, 1834, and then, as a widow with a daughter, Lucy, was married May 14, 1840, to Benjamin Brown.

NOTE.—On a pleasant afternoon in June, 1812, when Capt. James Brown and his man were ploughing on the home farm at Saxonville, twenty miles from Boston, a galloping horseman suddenly drew up in the road beside the field, shouting, "War declared with England! Minute Men, turn out! The Governor orders you to report to him on Boston Common by noon tomorrow!" and rushed on. The Captain took his horse from the plough, and with traces dangling rode him around to the different members of his company, directing them to gather at his house immediately after supper

prepared for a march. They came as called, marched all night, and he reported to the Governor at Boston before breakfast next morning, the first company in. For his promptness he was at once made a Major with position on the Governor's staff, and later became a Colonel.

His wife, Nancy Fiske, was the daughter of Deacon John Fiske, a Puritan of the Puritans.

In the eighth year of King John of England, A. D. 1208, the name of Daniel Fisc, of Laxford, is appended to a document issued by that king, confirming a grant of land from the Duke of Loraine to the men of Laxfield, a town about eighty miles northeast of London.

In the time of Henry VI (1422-1461), Symond Fiske, probably a direct descendant of Daniel, held lands in Laxfield parish. He was Lord of the Manor of Stadhaugh. (A haugh was a cleared field, and Stad, or Stead, means an established home. Hence our word Homestead.) The Fiske armorial bore three gold stars with the significant motto, "Macte virtute sic itur ad astra" (Good doing leads upward), evidently derived from Virgil's *Æneid*, book IX, lines 640-641. Below the shield is the name, Fiske. Above it is a helmet in profile, which signifies that he was simply an Esquire. In the parish register of Laxfield, which begins with the sixteenth century, one of the earliest names recorded in 1519 is Elizabeth Ffyske.

The fourth in direct descent from Symond, Robert (and Sibil Gold) Fiske, lived at Broad Gates, Laxfield, eight miles from Framlingham, Suffolk County, England. (The termination, ing-ham, means "home of one clan.")

Their son, William Fiske, born 1614, came to America with his brother John in 1837 and settled at Watertown, Mass. (John, who heads a separate group, located at Wenham or Salem.)

The Fiskes were noted for their strong religious proclivities, inherited from English ancestors who had to flee from their native land to escape being beheaded or burnt at the stake.

At Laxfield in the evil days of "Bloody Mary," Rev. John Noyes *was* burned at the stake, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs says that he was visited on the evening before execution by his brother-in-law, Nicholas Fiske, an act which required more than ordinary courage. Another ancestor, John Fiske, after being hunted for nearly a year, escaped to America in disguise. Being a Reverend graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, he became here an eminent preacher, and, as Cotton Mather says, "did shine in the golden candlestick of Chelmsford."

The second William Fiske (1642-1728), was for forty years a Deacon in the Congregational Church, of which Rev. John Fiske became the first pastor in 1679. William's son, Ebenezer, was a Deacon, and his grandson, the third William Fiske, was a staunch Puritan, who moved to Amherst.

The eighth generation in direct descent from Symond was Nathan Fiske, of Watertown, Mass.; the ninth, Nathaniel; the tenth, John (1682-1740); the eleventh, Isaac (1714-1800), a weaver of Framingham, Mass., who November 11, 1736, married Hannah Haven, of the same place. Their third child, John, 1741-1819, a Justice of the Peace and Representative, married Abigail Howe, and had ten children, of whom the eighth was Nancy, the mother of Lucy Ann.

NOTE.—The youngest sister of Lucy, Nancy or Anna Fiske (later Mrs. Charles Washburn, of Worcester, Mass.), taught Greek and Latin and fitted

young men for college. One of the boys whom she so taught in Worcester was Benjamin D. Allen, the very efficient Choirmaster and Professor of Music in Beloit College.

NOTE 2.—Fiske is Scandinavian for Fish. This name was introduced into England at the time of the Danish invasion.

Miss Fidelia Fiske (a missionary at Ooroomiah, Persia), says that it explains our word Fiscal. Much of the Danish government dues was collected in dried fish, and in Denmark quintals of fish were once used as



WILLIAM BROWN, 1837.
Mass., 1797-1846. Mexico.

currency. The revenue officer was therefore called "the Fiske," and the government revenue "Fiscal."

NOTE 3.—The one exception to the Puritan record of this family was Benjamin's older brother, William (1797-1846), a sea captain, who had two ships plying between New York and Vera Cruz, Mexico. He was a Free Thinker, and became Roman Catholic when he married a Spanish lady, Donna Maria Guardero, of Tabasco, Mexico, in which city he lived and died.

The accompanying picture of him in 1837 shows the fashion of that date in New York City. This medallion portrait on ivory and gold was made in the City of Mexico and sent by William in 1837 to his oldest sister, Mrs. Luther French, of Eaton, Canada East. It became the property of her daughter, Mrs. Adaline Jordan, who in 1878 sold it to another and younger daughter, Mrs. Abba S. Edgell, of Poplar Grove, Ill., who December 24, 1898, transferred it to the writer.

NOTE 4.—But from the Revolutionary record and loyalty of the family there has not been even one exception. The twelfth child of Benjamin's older brother, Joseph, of Saxonville (1793-1882), Capt. William Henry Brown, of Natick, Mass., (born 1834, who served through the Civil War and led his men in twenty-three battles), furnishes me the following autograph letter of Gen. John Nixon to Gen. Heath, written in September, 1776. Nixon was in command of Governor's Island, in New York Bay, but on the approach of the British fleet (August 30) had withdrawn his little garrison. This letter was evidently written when he was at Harlem Heights and about September 10, 1776, and is inserted as a part of authentic but unpublished American history :

MY DEAR SIR : You have no doubt observed that the enemy decamped last night from the Heights to the northward of Flushing Bay. About three or four regiments are now encamping on the hill to the westward of the bay, and opposite to the island which forms Hell Gate. Whether this body is that which decamped or one marched from Newton, we cannot determine. Certain it is their movements indicate an intention to land near you or at Harlem. Four boats were sounding the channel between Little Hell Gate and the opening to Harlem. Those appearances render it necessary that post should be taken on Morris Hill this night, for reasons too obvious to be mentioned. (Morris' Hill was near Harlem River at the present 169th street, New York City.) If you have not strength (of which advise us), we will post some regiments there to-night, although it will weaken the middle division if a landing should be made below this evening. Whatever may be your determination, pray advise us of it in time. I have the honor to be your humble servant,

JNO. NIXON, Brig.-Gen.

To the Hon. Gen. Heath or Gen. Mifflin.

NOTE 5.—Capt. Wm. H. Brown's younger brother, Rev. John Kittridge Brown, a graduate of Harvard (born 1843, ordained at Stearns Chapel, Cambridgeport, Mass., October 16, 1872), has been for the last twenty-six years, and still is, a successful missionary of the American Board to the Armenians at Harpoot, Turkey. During the terrible massacres there he and his family were providentially in this country, but they bravely went back to Harpoot the next year, and are there now.

AUTHORITIES.—History of Watertown, by Henry Bond, 1855, Vol. I, pp. 118, 145. Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of New England, 1860, Vol. I, p. 269-270, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Benj. Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. I, pp. 51, 76, 490 and 491, 534. Vol. II, pp. 66 and 637. Also History of Framingham, Mass., by J. H. Temple, published by the Town, 1887. Also, Report of the Brown Association, 1868, and the Fiske Genealogies, all in the Historical Society Library, Madison, Wis.

The Clarks.

March 30, 1630, William Clark, a Puritan, sailed from Plymouth, England, in the ship *Mary and John*, which reached Boston, May 30th. He was among the earliest settlers of Dorchester, Mass., where Richard Mather was the first minister. In 1659, Eleazer Mather, son of Richard, was preaching at Northampton and that town voted to give a quantity of land to those whom Mr. Mather should get to locate there. Of that number was Wm. Clark. His wife rode on horseback with two panniers slung across the horse, carrying one boy in each basket and one in her lap, her husband going on foot. During that same year, 1659, land was set off to them in Northampton and in 1660 Mr. Clark was chosen Selectman. In 1661 he was elected Lieutenant of the train-band and also with others formed the First Church of Northampton. Dying July 19, 1690, at the age of 81, he left four sons, William, John, Samuel and Nathaniel.

John married his second wife, Mary Strong, March 16, 1679, and their children were five girls and six boys. Each of these sons had more than fifty years of married life, all six lived to be over eighty, three of them over ninety, and one reached the age of ninety-nine. When the youngest of them died in 1789, aged 92, the known descendants of the six brothers numbered 1158, of whom 925 were then living.

John's fifth son, Simeon (born October 20, 1720; died October 28, 1801), was married to Rebecca Strong by the celebrated Rev. Jonathan Edwards, November 2, 1749, and moved to Amherst, Mass. (Mrs. Rebecca Clark died January 13, 1811.) Of their six sons and six daughters the oldest son, a second Simeon (born June 25, 1752), married October 4, 1781, Lucy Hubbard (born September 16, 1758; died March 19, 1793).

Of the four children by this marriage, the oldest, Elijah (born May 20, 1783), married Sibel Green, May 8, 1805, and became the father of nine children, our Clarks. (Smith College, Northampton, Mass., occupies the ground which was owned and lived on by the Clark family for 150 years.) This Elijah Clark moved to the then far west, on a farm in Marion, Wayne County, N. Y., where he died October 13, 1833. Later (1845-1850), his widow with five of her seven sons and a daughter Mary came to Beloit, Wis., where Mrs. Clark died October 6, 1867. These six Beloit Clarks were, Dr. Asahel, who came in 1845 (born June 8, 1809; died October 13, 1888); Dr. Dexter, also in 1845 (born February 11, 1819; died October 5, 1861); Chester, a stone mason, came in 1847 (born April 12, 1815; died November 26, 1822); Dr. Elijah N., with his sister Mary Ann (Mrs. Helm), who both came in 1847, and are still living here; Rufus, a farmer, who came in 1850 (born June 17, 1811; died April 11, 1899).

(For their portraits see pages 53, 68, 69, 75, 88, 199.)

Puritan Ancestry of Robert P. Crane.

The Cranes, who came at an early date from England to New England, were all of the Puritan stamp.* Henry Crane, born about 1635, first a farmer at Wethersfield, Conn., helped later to form a settlement at Killingworth, west of Saybrook. (His wife, Concurrence Meigs, had a sister named

*Genealogy of the Crane Family, by Ellery Bicknell Crane, 1895. Press of Charles Hamilton, 311 Main st., Worcester, Mass., Vol. I, pages 48, 54, 95, 156.

Trial, who married Andrew Ward and became the maternal ancestor of Henry Ward Beecher.) By vote of the town Henry Crane was chosen school-master at eleven shillings per week. His teachings may have sown the seed that grew into the establishment there of the school which was conducted six years in Killingworth, was removed in 1716 to New Haven, and two years later received the name of Yale College.

November 26, 1669, the town of Killingworth bought lands of the Mohegan Sachem, Uncas, and the deed bears the signature of Henry Crane, a name which appears often on the town records, connected with various honorable public trusts, civil, military and religious. He was a Freeman, September 24, 1669; representative from Killingworth to the General Court of Connecticut twenty-seven years, 1675-1703, and also justice of the peace for New London County in 1698 and 1701-1703.

The Dutch of New Amsterdam (called later, New York) had tried to control the Connecticut colonies and about 1675 the Indians started that effort at extermination known as King Philip's war. In Connecticut, therefore military service was required of all males between 16 and 70 years of age. Every night a watch was to be kept in each plantation and one-quarter of the train band of each town must in turn stand guard by day. If work was to be done in the field half a mile or more from town, at least six well armed persons must go together to attend to it. During this period of danger Henry Crane was an active member of the Killingworth Train Band, and was chosen lieutenant in 1676. (As an illustration of their laws take this record. Mr. Crane's father-in-law, John Meigs, was complained of for Sabbath breaking because he came home from Hammonasset late on Saturday evening, but was forgiven on acknowledging his fault and promising to declare it on the next lecture or fast day.) From 1690 to 1698 Henry Crane was one of the commissioners for Killingworth and in 1704 was made captain of their train band. He died April 22, 1711, and was buried in the old cemetery at Killingworth.

The next four generations in this line were, Deacon Henry Crane, of Durham, Conn., (1677-1711); Sergeant Silas of the same town, (1705-1763); Robert Griswold, (1739-1820), of Durham and Bethlehem, and Eleazer, (1773-1839) (of Bethlehem, Conn. and Colebrook, at the north end of New Hampshire), who married Anna or Nancy Prudden, December 9, 1798. Their first son was our pioneer. (His portrait is on p. 29.)

Robert Prudden Crane was born April 17, 1807, on the farm which his father had just cleared in the wilderness at Colebrook, N. H., which is about ten miles from the Canada line. In 1836 that farm was sold for \$325 and the year following the father came with his son Robert to Beloit, Wis., and died here June 14, 1839.

R. P. Crane was one of the sixteen original and active members of the New England Emigrating Company, which located Beloit (see p. 30). In November, 1881, he removed for his health to Micanopy, Alachua county, Florida, where he purchased an orange grove, and died November 3, 1882. His only son, the Hon. Ellery Bicknell Crane, is a successful lumber dealer of Worcester, Mass., president of several literary and business societies and since 1894 a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from the 21st District and the author of two elaborate works, "The Rawson Family Memorial," and "The Crane Genealogy."

NOTE.—During the Revolutionary war the Connecticut Colony built for coast defense three galleys, one of these was called The Crane, in honor, doubtless, of this family, who so loyally stood by the colony. July 16, 1776, at solicitation of Gen. Washington, the galleys Whiting and Crane were ordered to New York to assist in the defense there under direction of Washington.

NOTE 2.—The Crane family armorial was a silver shield, having a horizontal red bar and three crosslets and a crane above, or in technical terms, "argent, a fesse between, three crosses crosslet, fitchee Gules, crest a crane proper." One family added also the motto, "Qui pascit corvos (sparrows) non obliviscitur gruis."—"He who feeds the sparrows does not forget the crane."

On Wednesday, July 15th, 1891, the Semi-Centennial of the settlement of Beaver Dam, Wis., occurred the dedication in that city of the Williams Free Library building. This beautiful modern structure, built of cut stone, and costing with the lot about thirty thousand dollars, was presented to the city by banker John J. Williams. (See page 275.) He has since passed away, but the building is his permanent memorial.

A census printed in the Beloit Journal of May 26, 1853, gives the total population of Beloit as 2,374, and number of dwelling houses 551. It also reports the Presbyterian church membership of that date (63 males, 72 females) 135.

The Journal of December 22, 1854, says, "The railroad from Chicago to Beloit is now completed."

The Hackett public fountain on West Bridge Street, Beloit, Wis., was presented to the city by Mrs. Ella Adams, as a memorial of her father, John Hackett, Esq. (See page 36.)

Gridley Chapel.

Gridley Chapel, at the corner of Strong and Barstow avenues, Beloit, was recently built and furnished by William B. Strong as a memorial to his father. (See pp. 38-40.) The walls are of red brick, the interior is finished in Georgia pine, it seats 250 and cost about \$3,500. It was dedicated August 27, 1899, as a Union Church, and, with its regular services, pastor and Sunday school in that neighborhood of new homes, has already begun to be a permanent power for good.

A TRANSCRIPT FROM THE RECORDS.

The hand writing of our first session clerk, A. J. Battin, was remarkably perfect. The letter sent by the church to its absent members in California and their reply (see page 54) are here given in fac-simile as recorded by Mr. Battin.

1853 The Annual Church meeting was held this day, and an election was held to
Jan'y 3^d supply the vacancy in the Eldership, in the place of those whose term of service had
Monday. expired, and also to supply a vacancy in the Deaconship, for the same reason.

The meeting was called to order by the Moderator, and opened with prayer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

A resolution was then passed that we proceed to the election of three Elders to serve
for three years each, from this date, whereupon Bros. Asahel Clark, Henry
Sears and Aaron Watson, were duly elected.

A resolution was then passed that we proceed to the election of two Deacons, to
serve for two years each, from this date, whereupon Bros. C. S. Casron and
Charles Peck were duly elected.

Bro: John Fisher Jr. was re-elected Treasurer, for the ensuing year.

A resolution was passed that the clerk of the Session should be also clerk of the
Church, and a standing rule for future action.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

A. J. Battin - clk.

1852 Brethren,

July 30th

Friday.

Each for himself is no stranger to the plagues of his own heart; suffer therefore a word of exhortation. — Watch unto prayer. — Cluster with us around one common mercy seat; and may our prayers in your behalf, meet with a ready response at your hands, and may your fervency attest your earnestness to secure the blessings, which are so necessary for your spiritual welfare. — Let it be seen and felt; that you are the children of God; and may your conversation and deportment; be a constant rebuke to the spirit of ungodliness, that prevails around you. — Oh be faithful to your Saviour, to yourselves, and to all within the reach of your influence. — We beseech you to follow after righteousness, faith, love, patience, meekness. — Endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. — Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold, on eternal life, whereunto you are also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses; and may your hearts be comforted and established in every good word, and work. — And may the love of God, our Heavenly Father, the grace of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost abide with you forever. Amen.

A. J. Gattin. Secy.

signed

A. Cuddy. Moderator.

1853. The following letter was received from the brethren in California, in answer to the one Feb'y 6th sent them in accordance with a resolution passed at a special meeting of the Session convened on Thursday July 29th 1852, and read before the Church this day.

Nevada City, Nevada Co. California.

Dec: 8th 1852.

To the First Presbyterian Church, in Deloit: Mis,

Dearlly Belovect,

God, in his providence has planted our lines in different places. We have left the home we love, and all kindred ties, and the Church, with which we have been so closely united. 'Tis true, we have passed through dangers by land and by water, and the scenes and society with which we must necessarily mingle are rugged. It has been a great relief to us, to feel that the arms of God's loving mercy were thrown around us. Our way was also made less grievous by tokens of sympathy we so often received from our relations; and it was what we expected.

But when we received your line of "greeting", which was perused with the most small degree of interest, we must say, that our path seemed brighter, surer; and that the ties with which we are bound to our Mother church, were drawn closer and stronger. It has been read by Brothers O. A. Smith, Stocking, Gilbert, Helms, and myself, and I need not tell you, with emotions that forbid utterance. You have rightly viewed us, as having left home and the church of our choice, and when we feel the breathings forth of such tender solicitude and friendly exhortation on our account, we have an additional proof of the attachment that exists between us. While we were present with you, the hours spent in those stated seasons for concert and prayer, were too often pregnant with petitions fervently pressed to the mercy seat for brethren and sisters absent, not to feel that we should be held in grateful remembrance. Letters from our several families, informing us how often the walls of that upper room, were made vocal with the fervent supplication in our behalf, strengthen us in our presentiment. And when your letter freighted with such assurances of love; such admonitions of kindness; such exhortations of anxiety concerning us; our belief was confirmed that prayers were often put up for those absent in California, and that truly we were of one family.

NOTE about Mrs. Lucena Dearborn and Dr. D. K. Pearsons.—Mrs. Rice Dearborn, mentioned on p. 33, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Foster, in Beloit, September 25, 1899, age 83 years. She came to Beloit in 1838 as Lucena Cheney.

During the Beloit College commencement of 1898, Dr. D. K. Pearsons told how, on a summer day in his youth, there stopped at his father's door several covered wagons, in one of which he saw a young matron and four pretty girls who made a decided impression on him. He followed them west in his mind, soon learned that they had gone to Beloit, Wis., and that was what first directed his attention to this place.

The five girls in that wagon were sisters, daughters of Isaac Cheney. The young matron was Mrs. Moore, carrying her infant son Webster and becoming, next winter, the mother of a little girl, who is now the wife of Wm. B. Strong. The four blooming girls were Caroline Cheney (Mrs. Hill), Azuba (Mrs. Joseph Carr), Lovisa (Mrs. Dyer of Chicago), and this Lucena. By unconsciously leading the generous Dr. Pearsons to Beloit those blooming cheeks of sixty-two years ago certainly did not bloom in vain.

Mrs. Dearborn was one of the charter members of the Beloit M. E. church, and about twenty years afterwards united with the Presbyterians. For several years she taught school in Beloit and one of her pupils was George A. Houston (see pp. 54 and 59), who died at Rockford, Ill., October 20, 1899.

The tornado which blew down our Presbyterian church steeple on Monday, June 11th, 1883 (see page 108), expended its destructive force in a brief space of time and on a narrow path. Coming suddenly from the Southwest at about ten minutes of six, p. m., it first demolished the covered N. W. R. R. bridge, shown on page 82, leaving it the mass of ruin here depicted. The force then seemed to divide or to take two narrow paths. One part, rushing up the river, lifted the roof of Hamlin and Race's store at west end of central bridge, and almost at the



NORTHWESTERN R. R. BRIDGE, BELOIT, WIS.
Tornado Ruin, June 12, 1883. Looking S. E

same instant demolished the east side paper mill, causing there the loss of one life. The other part tore off the metal roof and front battlement of the Triple block on the south side of East Bridge street, corner of State, doing no damage to buildings south or to the Parker Block (now Wm. B. Strong's) or the Salmon Block next west, as the accompanying view shows. Having

truck that solid Corner Block at an elevation of about twenty feet from the ground, the tornado immediately afterwards bounded upwards and, passing Northeast over a thickly settled portion of the city, twisted off the steeples of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational churches without overturning so much as a shed at the ground surface. All of this destruction occurred within two or three minutes and was followed by a heavy down-pour of rain. Had the tornado struck ten minutes later many men and women would probably have been coming around that southwest corner of State and Bridge streets on their way home from work. The T 1883, in one cornice of the rebuilt block is a memorial of the owner's gratitude that the material loss there incurred involved no loss of human life.



SOUTH SIDE OF EAST BRIDGE ST., BELOIT, WIS.
After the Tornado of June 11, 1883.

West Broad street, where the new Northwestern depot is now being erected (July, 1900), was, in the early times, a street of pleasant homes and several of our Presbyterian families lived there. Just before those trees and houses on the north side of that street were removed last January, the accompanying picture was taken. The last house on the right was the residence of David P. Miller. Next to that, East, was the McAlpin home. Mr. and Mrs. McElhenny also lived on that side, I believe. The nearest of the houses represented was the residence and office of dentist, Dr. Sherwood, and became later the home of jeweler, H. N. Sherman. That portion of a brick building shown at the extreme right is the S. W. corner of the rear of what used to be the old hardware store of L. G. Fisher.



NORTH SIDE OF WEST BROAD ST., BELOIT, JANUARY, 1900.

The first leader of a young people's meeting in connection with our church was Lucy Ann Brown, who joined at the first communion (pp. 48, 68, 102). She was one of the earliest organists of the church, a most devoted christian and died in Beloit in 1855, at the age of 19.

The first member of the church to become a minister (p. 69), Lyman



LUCY A. BROWN, 1836-1855.



REV. LYMAN JOHNSON.



MISS BESSIE CLARK.

Johnson, is still in active service as an independent street preacher and as an editor at Toledo, Ohio.

The first member of our Christian Endeavor society to pass away was Miss Bessie Clark (p. 84), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Clark, who died at Beloit, Wis., April 24, 1894, aged twenty years.

The first of our Presbyterian young men to become a college president, Louis E. Holden, was not the tenth produced by Beloit College as stated on page 69, but the eleventh. The full list, with class year of each, is as follows:

Peter McVicar, '56, Ex. Washburn, Kansas, Mo.

James W. Strong, '58, Carleton, Noth-

field, Minn.

Thomas C. Chamberlin, '66, Ex. Wis. University, Madison.

Henry C. Simmons, '69, Fargo College, N. Dakota (died Dec., 1899).

Thomas D. Christie, '71, Tarsus, St. Paul's Institute, Asiatic Turkey.

Edward D. Eaton, '72, Beloit College.

Joseph H. Chamberlin, '72, Marietta, O.

C. Frank Gates, '77, Euphrates, Harpoot, Asiatic Turkey.

George M. Herrick, '78, Washburn, Topeka, Kansas.

Alfred C. Wright, '80, Congregational Training School, El Paso, Tex.

Louis E. Holden, '88, Wooster University, Wooster, O.

Of Prof. J. J. Blaisdell, as the writer remembers him, the accompanying likeness represents his appearance when teaching. But behind that intense look was a capacity for humorous expression. Once when a student answered Professor's question about the previous lesson by saying, "I have forgotten." Blaisdell replied, "No, Mr. N. you do injustice to your memory. The trouble with you is, not that you have forgotten, but that you never knew."

Albert D. Burns (pp. 69, 122), a senior in Beloit College and one of our candidates for the ministry, was accidentally drowned in Rock river January 26, 1900.

Hampered by narrow means he had struggled long and successfully for an education and the effort had developed in his heart a deep sympathy for all who thus strive. The one sermon, which he had just written and preached (from Matthew, XI, 28), was an expression of that feeling.



LOUIS E. HOLDEN, M.A., D. D.

Although not a brilliant student he was so diligent that his intellectual powers were growing every day. He was not only honest but also manly in every way, and above all, Christlike in character. He had been president of our young people's Christian Endeavor society and had been elected and was serving with his usual fidelity as president of the College Y. M. C. A. society. On the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," he con-



PROF. J. J. BLAISDELL.



ALBERT DENNIS BURNS.

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ducted the college morning prayer meeting with impressive earnestness and attended several other services. Friday morning, feeling the need of some exercise before the afternoon examinations, he went up the river skating, alone and so met his death.

His fellow students all respected him and many loved him. Nearly all the 400 students of the college and academy followed the bier to the depot, and representatives of the faculty and students, with his pastor, accompanied the remains to his home at Sweetwater, Ill.



THE OLYMPIANS, 1867.

Our boys, who play ball, will doubtless like to see this picture of the old Beloit Olympians, champions of the State in 1867-68, Naming them from left to right, the upper row are, Edwin S. Chadwick, c. f., Wm. A. Cochran, pitcher, Robt. M. Town, 2b., George Marston, r. f.; the lower row are, Milo C. Jones, l. f., Alfred Burrall, 1b., Charley Bicknell, s. s., Willard T. Hyde, 3b. and Harmon B. Tuttle, (sitting lowest,) catcher and captain. Tuttle, Town and Chadwick each stood fully 6 feet 1 inch.

The club began to attract notice in 1866 when it numbered forty members. W. A. Cochran of '67, son of our Elder, was then their President; Town of '68, Vice-President; John C. Grant, Secretary and Ed. F. Carpenter of '70, Treasurer. Carpenter and L. S. Sweezey of '68 were right fielders, Colton and H. C. Hammond, left fielders, and the official scorer was Charles B. Salmon. I am not sure whether tallies were still recorded by cutting notches on a stick, but there were plenty of them to be notched. The pitcher had to swing a straight arm and give the kind of ball wanted; and any one could run on a fly hit. Hence these scores :

October 8, 1866. Olympians vs. Bower City of Janesville, 61 to 8.

October 24, 1866. Olympians vs. Badger Club of Beloit, 32 to 19.

(The Badgers were, Bullock, c., Bailey, p., Allen, s. s., Lawrence, 1b., Taggart, 2b., Willett, 3b., Field, l. f., Barr, c. f., Esplen, r. f.)

November 10, 1866. Olympians vs. Unions of Rockton, 43 to 8.

May 28, 1867. Olympians vs. Whitewater, at Janesville, 59-19. Time, 3 hours and 55 minutes.

June 8, 1867. Olympians vs. Whitewater, at Beloit, 49 to 33.

June 15, 1867. Olympians vs. Capital, of Madison, at Beloit, 23 to 12.

In that game Cochran was running from 3d to home. The ball thrown to cut him off came low to the catcher who stood directly on his path, but as the man stooped to take the ball Cochran jumped right over him without being touched and gained his base.

Their most exciting contest, however, was with the Cream City Club of Milwaukee, champions of the State, (and not bashful). The first game

with them was played at the Badger grounds, on the prairie south-west of town, (now Hackett's addition and built up), June 19, 1867. I remember that Cochran, who led the batters, let the first ball pass him. "How was that ball?" said the Milwaukee pitcher. "That was all right" replied Cochran, "Give me another like it." He got one and hit it so squarely and so far over the prairie that when he had gone around the bases the ball had not yet reached the diamond. That three and a half hours game resulted, Olympians, 44, including five home runs; Cream City, 25, with two home runs.

In the second game, played at Milwaukee, the Olympians were defeated. The third and decisive contest was held at Janesville. In that game a high fly ball seemed likely to drop just outside the fence near first base. Burrall ran and climbed the fence and, standing on the top stringer, took the ball at arm's length as it came down. For that occasion the Cream City's had imported a pitcher from the National club, of Washington, D. C. But the Olympians won the game and championship by the score of 61 to 12.

Like the old Olympians, the present Beloit College Base Ball Team contains several Presbyterian boys, including four sons of Presbyterian ministers. The photograph of 1893 shows with the nines their first coach, Dr. Hollister, to whose training much of their success is due. Thanks to good instructions from both the Hollisters, the College nine of 1899-1900, also here represented, has taken high rank among the strongest college players of the west. Beaten by close margins, they have also defeated Illinois, Ann Arbor, Notre Dame, Oberlin and Northwestern Universities, and closed this year's play by defeating Madison University, 5 to 1 and 10 to 12.

Beloit Base Ball Team, 1900. Names. as numbered on the cut :

FIRST NINE.

CLASS YEAR.

- | | | | |
|---|---------|----------|----------|
| 1. Edwards B. Brown, captain, second base, | - | 1901. | Sig. |
| 2. Merle T. Adkins, pitcher and right field, | - - | 1903. | Sig. |
| 3. Orlie G. Morey, pitcher and right field, | - - - | Academy. | |
| 4. Robert L. Brown, short stop, | - - - - | 1902. | Sig. |
| 5. Edward S. Merrill, left field and pitcher, | - - | 1902. | Beta. |
| 6. John A. Dupee, center field and catcher, | - - | 1903. | Phi Psi. |
| 7. William H. Allen, third base, | - - - - | 1902. | Phi Psi. |
| 8. Conrad Jacobson, catcher, | - - - - | 1900. | |
| 9. Don. J. Slater, first base, | - - - - | Academy. | |

SECOND NINE.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 10. W. T. Clark, '03. | 11. D. C. Planck, '03. | 12. F. W. Dupee, '03. |
| 13. A. W. Badger, '02. | 14. F. E. Cronkhite, '03. | 15. R. Allen Merrill, '03. |
| 16. J. A. Newlands, '03. | 17. J. McQuade, '03. | 18. Lorentzen, Academy. |
| 19. Manager, Wm. T. Whitney, 1900, | Sig. | |

(NOTE.—The prowess of our boys in foot ball, tennis and golf does not call for any record here.)

Getting Pearls in Sugar River.

In August, 1897, some of our Beloit Presbyterian boys followed the prevailing craze for seeking pearls in the clam shells of Sugar river, ten miles west of Beloit. Their tent was pitched on the high river bank, a few rods north of the road, two and a half miles west of Shirland station, south-west



BELOIT COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM, 1900. FIRST AND SECOND NINES.



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of Beloit. Visiting it I found no occupants but, on going a little farther up stream, saw and sketched the accompanying scene, which explains itself.

The pearl fishers grub up the clams from the river bottom, sometimes as here, collecting them in a bag, and make a pile of the shells on shore. Then they go through the unpleasant task of opening the hundreds of shells and feeling for pearls, usually in vain.

This stream affords twelve kinds of clams, several of them pearl bearing, and has yielded many small pearls, some being of considerable value. In a thick, rough backed shell one of our boys found a white pearl of perfectly globular shape and of pure lustre like a drop of dew, but of comparatively small size. It was large enough, however, to be honorably set in a ring and worn as a noticeable solitaire.



GETTING PEARLS FROM CLAMS IN SUGAR RIVER.

The Eclipse Wind Mill.

(Correcting the foot note on page 149.)

Rev. L. H. Wheeler, mentioned on page 148, when a missionary to the Indians at Odanah, Wis., invented a self-regulating, pumping wind mill. After coming to Beloit he tried to place it on the market but without satisfactory result. Afterwards by his sons with C. B. Salmon, Secretary, and S. T. Merrill, President, was formed the Eclipse Wind Mill Company, which by the year 1876, had given the invention a successful start. In 1880 Salmon and Merrill retired and the business, thereafter until 1890, was conducted as the Eclipse Wind Engine Company by W. H. Wheeler as President. During this period from 1880 to 1890 the plant was rebuilt twice on account of expanding business and finally located at its present site. It was also during this time that the Friction Clutch business and Engine making were added by Mr. Wheeler and conducted by him until 1893. During this same period also Mr. Charles H. Morse, of Chicago, became prominently

identified with the work and he, in 1893 and 1894, finally consolidated the various interests as "Fairbanks, Morse & Co.," adding several important lines of manufacture. To-day it is the second largest iron working plant in the State and the largest manufactory of gas engines in the world, with possibly one exception.

In the view down Rock River, given on page 41, we are looking directly away from the Fairbanks, Morse & Co., plant, which is behind us, at the north-east. The large building with the tallest chimney in the center of the picture, is the West Side Paper Mill, south of which are seen the shops of the Beloit Iron Works, where Fred Messer was Manager. (see page 91.) About two years ago the Iron Works made for a paper company in Japan a paper making machine, which has since become famous over there as a perfect machine. On the reputation of that they have recently received and filled a sixty thousand dollar order for two tissue paper making machines, each 102 inches wide, for the new paper company at Shanghai, China.

Still further south on that side are the Gaston Scale Factory, (page 38), the widely known Thompson's Plough Works and various mills. At the right of this view are seen the extensive buildings of our second largest manufacturing plant, that of the Berlin Machine Works, Porter B. Yates, President and General Manager; L. D. Forbes, Secretary and Treasurer. They are manufacturers of Special Wood Working Machinery, with sales-rooms in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, (the Main Office and Works being at Beloit), and employ from three to four hundred men. Besides the demand for their machines in this country they have filled orders from Holland and Belgium, Johannesburg, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, Japan, Russia and recently one from Germany.

Over the south end of the Berlin Works appears the steeple of the Episcopal church and beyond that the High School building.

The tall chimney at the extreme left of the picture belongs to the former East Side Paper Mill, now the power house of the Beloit Electric Co.

NAMES OF CHILDREN IN THE GROUP, PAGE 74.

(The names of those in each row are given in regular order from left to right.)

Upper row of nine: Agnes Foster, Gertrude E. Blazer, Beth Church, Nelson Steele, Will Vallee, Roy Shaw, George Hauser, Clarence Vallee, Elon F. Farnsworth.

Next lower row of eight: Florence Burger, Willie Krouse, —? —?, Frank Rhaddamacher, Edna Rogers, Florence Graves, Elizabeth Buchanan, Harold Shaw.

Third row, eight: Lawrence Miller, Harry Hyzer, ——— Shaw, Berwyn Helm, Blanche Conklin, Mamie Conklin, Florence Shaw, B. Warren Brown.

Lower row of seven: Richard R. Blazer, Helen Vallee, Elsie Davis, Lucile McPherson, Gladys Rogers, Francis Hill, Robert Cresswell, (two years old).

The two given on page 76 are, Marjorie and Gladys Gregory, children of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gregory, and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Waterman.

CORRECTION.

The statement on page 184, that Major Oakley served about two and a half years as Postmaster should read that he was appointed for and served the full term of four years.

Did the First Presbyterian Church receive Home Mission aid ?

The Records do not fully answer this question. Our church joined the Presbytery of Belvidere, (New School,) in 1852. About twelve years later there is record of an application for \$200.00 Home Mission aid made to the Home Mission committee of that Presbytery. Mrs. Alice A. Beach (widow of Rev. David E. Beach, D. D.,) writes: "I distinctly remember my husband decided that the two Presbyterian churches of Beloit, Old School and New School, ought to unite because both were then being aided by Home Mission funds." That aid seems to have been received for only a short period, before which time, as well as afterwards, the church was self supporting.

Church Manuals.

Our first church manual, prepared by Rev. C. P. Bush, January, 1858, with a brief confession and covenant, gives these church officers :

Elders : Benjamin Brown, Augustine J. Battin, Harvey Graves, Asahel Clark, Joseph Wadsworth, Stephen O. Humphrey, Archimides Baldwin. Deacons : Henry Mears, Aaron Watson, Elijah N. Clark, Chas. W. Taylor. Trustees : E. N. Clark, Gilbert E. Collins, Aaron Davenport. Treasurer : E. N. Clark. Clerk : A. J. Battin. Collector : A. Baldwin. Superintendent of Sabbath school : Elijah N. Clark.

The whole number received up to that time was 305 and the membership is given as 216.

The second manual, which was issued by Rev. J. McLean, January, 1880, records :

A. P. Waterman, Wm. H. Beach, E. N. Clark, H. B. Johnson, O. Manchester and J. A. Holmes as the session. Trustees : H. B. Johnson, M. D., H. Pentland, E. N. Clark. Treasurer : Henry Pentland. Clerk : R. P. Crane. Vestibule committee : W. H. Beach, J. E. Houston, D. A. Adams, S. S. supt., E. N. Clark, assistant, H. Pentland, secretary and treasurer, D. A. Adams. Andrew Hutchison was librarian of S. S. with Miss Abbie E. Long, assistant. A. R. Peck, chorister, H. P. Williams, assistant.

The list of members, which then included five charter members numbered 175.

No church manual has been published since 1880.

The present officers (July, 1900) are : Elders : E. N. Clark, M. D., A. P. Waterman, H. B. Johnson, M. D., J. E. Houston, E. C. Helm, M. D., Prof. G. A. Tawney, Ph.D., clerk of session, L. Waldo Thompson. Prof. G. P. Bacon and J. M. Farnsworth, treasurer of session. Trustees : Henry Pentland, president, H. B. Johnson, M. D., T. B. Bailey, Supt. F. E. Converse, sec., L. W. Thompson, treas.

Sunday School. Supt., J. E. Houston; asst. supt., C. M. Bird; sec. and treas., Roy B. Shoop; principal of primary department, Mrs. P. B. Yates.

Ladies Aid Society: pres., Mrs. L. Porter Cole; treas., Mrs. Fred Messer. The Woman's Missionary Society. (Home and Foreign.) Pres.,



REV. JOHN McLEAN, 1875.

Mrs. T. T. Creswell; vice-pres., Mrs. Chas. Merrill; sec. and treas., Miss Laura E. Fryer. Christian Endeavor: Pres., Wirt Wright; vice-pres., E. S. Merrill; rec. sec., Miss Bedford; cor. sec., Miss Bird; treas., Miss Flossie Ayer. Organists, Miss Anna Brown and Miss Fannie Thompson.

NOTE. Rev. John McLean, D. D., after a long and almost fatal illness in Colorado, was removed to the Pacific coast (see pp. 62 and 135). He is now (July, 1900) reported as being at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, Cal., attended by his second son and very slightly improved in health.



The Vacant Chair.

(From a recent photograph.)

This study chair was made in Bellona, N. Y., about 1843 and has never needed any repairs. On its broad arm, which has been improved with a leather covering, Rev. Alfred Eddy wrote all his sermons. The cup-shaped object is his sand box, used instead of a blotter. Although a vacant chair in one sense, it is still used in the family of the son, A. D. Eddy, at Chicago. Three generations have written letters on that "old arm chair." May its hallowed and happy associations last for at least three generations more.

The Riggs Family Fleeing from Indians.

From Washington, D. C., Mrs. H. E. Warner sends me by request an explanation of the group (p. 180), who were escaping from the indians in 1862. (The cut is repeated here for convenience of reference.)



In the middle front are Mrs. Riggs and her daughter Anna (Mrs. Warner), the latter wearing a striped shawl. The youth reclining between them is Thomas Riggs, and the man immediately behind him. Mr. Jonas Pettijohn, a former missionary but then a teacher in government school. The lady in profile just back of them is the

bride, Mrs. D. W. Moore. The young lady kneading cakes is Martha Riggs; next to her is Mrs. Cunningham, wearing a sun-bonnet, and next, just above Anna, appears Henry Riggs, who is pouring water into the flour sack. Martha Riggs became Mrs. W. K. Morris.

On the upper line of figures, the third from the right is Mr. Andrew Hunter, and the lady standing before a wheel is his wife, a daughter of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson. Just below her in the view is Rev. Dr. Riggs, seated on the ground, and next to him, a little lower, Miss Isabella Riggs, (who became Mrs. Williams and went as a foreign missionary to Kalgan, North China). The man seated facing her, and just raising his right hand to his mouth, is Mr. D. Wilson Moore, with Albert Pettijohn at his left.

Behind Mrs. Riggs reclines Mr. Cunningham, then of the Dacotah mission, and over his right shoulder appears Miss Cunningham, who had been a teacher in the mission school.

Seated at the extreme left is the wounded man, Mr. Orr, and at the extreme right is Mrs. Pettijohn with her two little children. The girl in the very front at left is Sophie Robertson, of part indian parentage, and somewhere in the party there was also a baby.

The men, not named, in the upper line, were Germans, four of whom left the party two days afterwards and were killed by the indians.

Our veteran attorney, S. J. Todd, Esq., tells me that the act of legislature, which authorized the erection of the first bridge at Beloit, is to be found on page 53 of the General Laws of the Territory of Wisconsin for 1842.

NOTE. (See page 168.) In 1850, out of one hundred Presbyterian and Congregational ministers (serving 126 churches), in Wisconsin, seventy-five were receiving Home Mission aid.

First Presbyterian Preacher.

The first Protestant preacher in Wisconsin, after Miner and Marsh, seems to have been Rev. Alvin Coe. He was an ordained Presbyterian minister and missionary to the Indians, who, on his way up the Mississippi in 1829 (or 1830) spent a Sunday and preached in Prairie du Chien. At that place also in July 1830, religious services were conducted by Rev. Aratus Kent, (who afterwards stood in our Beloit pulpit, see pp. 51 and 52), and he appears to have held occasional services there for several years.

In 1834 Rev. David Lowry organized a Cumberland Presbyterian church in Prairie du Chien, which became plain Presbyterian in 1842 and Congregational in 1856. That was the church of which Rev. Jeremiah Porter was made pastor in 1866. In the summer of 1868, while supplying that pulpit a Sunday during his absence, the writer learned of these earlier days from Mrs. Porter.

The Stockbridge Indians.

The Stockbridges, formerly called Mohegans, were a tribe of Indians who while living at Stockbridge, in south-western Massachusetts, began Christian life with the mission that was established among them in 1734. Their first missionary, John Sargeant, was succeeded in 1751 by the afterwards celebrated Jonathan Edwards, who while serving them and amid the dangers of the French and Indian war, wrote there his famous work on the Freedom of the Will.

Their missionary just before they moved to Wisconsin was another John Sargeant, grandson of the first. His successor was the Rev. Jesse Miner, mentioned in my account, page 158. (Davidson, in his Unnamed Wisconsin, devotes 73 pages, pp. 73-145, to the interesting history of that tribe.)

Mr. E. M. Gammon (p. 183), a present member of the First Presbyterian Church, Beloit, has a son Charles in the midst of the China tumult. The following communication from that son explains itself :

(Special to the Times-Herald, Chicago.)

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 1, 1900.—A copy of the Nagasaki Press, brought in by the steamship Glenoble to-day, contains an interview with Charles F. Gammon, superintendent of the American Bible Society in China, who arrived at Nagasaki shortly before the Glenoble sailed.

Mr. Gammon, who was at Tien-Tsin during the early days of the fighting there, says that 700 Russian troops held 14,000 Chinese at bay twelve days while the city was being shelled and until the arrival of re-enforcements. The gallantry of the Russians, Mr. Gammon declares, saved the lives of all the foreign residents of Tien-Tsin.

Mr. Gammon says that the white men in the city had so far given over hope of relief that they appointed certain of their number to shoot the white women and children, at the last moment to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Chinese.

The Early Times Band.

In 1842 David Merrill led it with a bugle. R. P. Crane managed the base drum, and photographer Wilkinson, "Old Wilk," beat the snare drum. Marvin and Horace Hill were fifers and John Curtis played the clarinet.

When the corner stone of Beloit College was laid, June 24, 1847, a procession formed at the Bushnell House (north-east corner of State and School Streets), and marched up to the grounds, led by this band.

According to my boyhood remembrance, our best violinist in the 50s, was Ellery B. Crane.

A Fish Crust.

The tailpiece on page 220 shows two tails and there is a third, invisible but true. While my family were occupying a cabin at Camp Columbia, Lake Kegonsa, (near Madison, Wis.) August, 1898, R. caught a rock bass, six and a half inches long, one afternoon, tied a piece of common white twine through its mouth and gills and fastening the twine to a post of our pier, left the fish to swim in the water over night so that it might be fresh for breakfast. On going next morning for the little bass he saw that something larger was dashing about in the water. Carefully loosening the string he pulled it up and lifted out a striped bass about nineteen inches long. During the night that big fish had swallowed the little one head first, and the back fin spines of the rock bass, like the barb of a hook, had held it. That the big bass did not break that common wrapping twine was probably due to the pain caused by any attempt to pull off. A deputy fish warden, who saw me sketching the fish and learned the facts, acknowledged that this case did not come under the law against set lines because there was no hook on that string.

That Dillingham Law Suit.

As an interesting fact, which is not on the records, it may be noted that the case of Dillingham vs. Fisher (see p. 44) brought out the opinions of several of the most eminent jurists in America.

Dillingham was Governor of Vermont, and his lawyer (and son-in-law), Matt. H. Carpenter, afterwards a Senator of the United States, procured for him on this case the opinion of the celebrated Rufus Choate of Boston. Fisher's lawyer, James R. Doolittle, also afterwards a United States Senator, obtained for his side the opinion of Judge David Davis, (who became a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States), and through Davis got the opinion of Abraham Lincoln, (which S. J. Todd, Esq., says he has seen.)

The contest was important for us because it involved the security of our homes; but to have such celebrated minds concentrated on it, gave this village case unusual dignity and interest.



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A., IN THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED