

THIS SIDE THE GULLY

by

Elizabeth Moore Wallace and Lillian Wallace Maynard
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Foreword

This work was originally published in the newspaper THE WISCONSIN FARMER as a serial publication in the year 1926. The newspaper was later published under the name THE WALLACE FARMER for many years. This story was written by primarily by Elizabeth Moore Wallace with the help of her daughter Lillian Wallace Maynard. Elizabeth Moore Wallace was 82 years of age at the time the document was copyrighted in 1925. The original manuscript is on file at the University of Wisconsin library at Madison, Wisconsin and may be obtained for a small copying fee.

The original document was developed before the age of correcting typewriters, word processors and spell checkers and typed on a typewriter with several unique defects. It has many over-types, and crossouts and there are numerous misspellings, as well as a number of omitted or duplicated words in some passages. This version has been edited only to the extent of correcting obvious misspellings and some duplicated or missing words have been addressed. There is considerable use of words meant to duplicate Scottish brogue in the text. I suspect that some of these have been corrupted in the copying process, however, my Americanized ears did not allow correction in this area.

The original text from the University of Wisconsin library was scanned into a computer. The condition of the original was such that many errors were generated in the resulting computer document which were then edited by comparing the original to the scanned document. The document was then spell checked and the format improved to help readability. All efforts were made to try to preserve the original and at the same time, make the document easier to read.

Several words bear special mention. The town of Knockahollet was spelled inconsistently in the original as Knockahollet and Knockaholet with the later being most prevalent. The current day maps show the spelling as Knockahollet and that spelling was used in this version. The name of Ellison Lynn was also used inconsistently in the original as Elison and Ellison with the Elison being most prevalent. It is thought that the name probably originates from the Ellis surname of his grandmother, Nancy Ellis. It is our understanding that direct descendants have used the Ellison spelling and that has been adopted in this version.

It is our hope that we have not changed anything which changes the content of the story.

Judy Wallace Jungers

Chapter I

At first the gully meant only that deep ravine between our farm and Uncle Robert's place, but after Grandfather Lynn died, it took on an added significance.

They were crowded about in the loft of the little log cabin that slushy March afternoon, for there was not much room around the homemade bed on which the gaunt old man lay tossing in the delirium of

pneumonia.

"I doot he's gaed owre the gully for the last time." Uncle Robert spoke softly, but Grandfather stopped his aimless picking at the covers and started suddenly up on his elbow.

"Who's gaed owre the gully for the last time? I'm awaw owre the gully richt na. He dropped back lifeless to the pillow, and after that the gully came to mean the valley of death as well as that deep, dark, cool place between the wooded hills where the oxen liked so well to hide away on hot days and keep me hunting for them, sometimes until nearly noon.

One day they wandered clear over to the very door of Uncle Robert's cabin. Aunt Catherine had just taken a big pan of soda biscuits from the bake oven when she saw them making for the little corn field. There was a worm fence on all sides of the field except one. On that side the fence was not yet completed. Uncle Robert was changing work with Uncle James Lynn that day, helping haul hay up from the marsh. The farm dog, Jip, was at home but he was not trained in driving oxen, although he did enjoy chasing soda biscuits.

Aunt Catherine had to think and act quickly. If those beasts ever got into that little corn field they would ruin it before she could get them out. Gathering her apron up into a bag, she filed it with soda biscuits, and calling Jip, she gave him a tantalizing sniff of the apron. Then she made at the oxen. Jip ran at her side yelping joyously, his mouth watering for a biscuit. As Catherine neared the oxen, she threw a biscuit at them; the yelping dog raced for it; a gulp, it disappeared down his throat. The oxen turned and lumbered off. Another sally by Catherine; a flying biscuit followed by a yelping dog, and a gulp. Another and still another, until, as I came down over the hill, I saw them "gallumphing" away in the direction of the gully.

We did not always live this side the Gully in Exeter, Green County, Wisconsin. Uncle John Lynn came there in 1848, but it was 1851 before I arrived.

We came into this world trailing along with us so many things besides clouds of glory, I must go back a few generations in telling about those Scotch-Irish pioneer farmers in "Irish Hollow".

Their descendants, both young and old, have agreed for years that a record of that period should be written; but nobody has been willing to write it until, here I am, the oldest living resident and the most humble in point of schooling, undertaking the task.

It is the Lynn blood in my veins that defying angels trait of character that compels me to rush in while more competent stand and quake. It is a venturesome strain that has always made me attempt the apparently impossible. The task everybody said could not be done, was the exact thing I was bound to do. Like knitting a scallop of lace from an intricate pattern that all the knitters in the community said could not be picked out from the directions given.

I worked every spare minute I had for two weeks on that scallop. It was correct and pretty, too, when I had finished it. I still have it among my lace patterns.

It is because I want you to know how we first farmers in that now famous dairy section of our country lived that I am undertaking this more difficult task of picking out from the pattern of my life, the stitches that I believe will produce the most truthful scallop.

Having commenced the big job, I can find no rest until it is finished. That quality of persistence comes

from the whole maternal side of my ancestral tree. From the Welch-Scotch mixture of Grandfather Lynn and the English blood brought in by Nancy Ellis, his wife.

They were the self reliant, capable folk. Grandfather was tall, stooped, slow and decisive of speech, thrifty. The father of six stalwart sons and two daughters, he remained the true head of the clan as long as they stayed under the paternal roof in Ireland.

When he paid the first rent after moving to Knockahollet from Londonderry, he asked that some improvements be made on the barns. The Landlord, refused, saying "You wear a better coat now than I do."

If I do, I didna get it frae your haddins. answered Grandfather, as he closed the argument. But he got the new Barns.

He kept a fine stud. He loved a noble animal, but he could not abide a scrub, always maintaining that it paid to have the best to sell. When the stable work was done, there were the looms. Satan found no idle hands around the Lynn menage.

On my paternal side, the Moors were artistic, bookish, impractical. Joseph Moor, my father, was the younger of the two sons of William Moor who died when Joseph was 16 years old. My grandmother was Elizabeth Hughy, sister to "Jack Hughy o the big hoose on the hill."

From some thrifty Hughy in the dim past, there had descended to Elizabeth's children a legacy of silver knee buckles, fine linen and gold coins in huge "kists ". I do not know from whom this legacy came, but I do know that it was the departure from among my father's possessions that forced him and mother to emigrate to America, and thus made possible the story I am about to relate.

The Hughy and Moor families were old settlers in Knockahollet, County Antrim, Ireland, when the Lynns came to be their neighbors.

Elizabeth Hughy Moor and Nancy Ellis Lynn had much in common. For instance, neither could endure a "peat nook" in her kitchen. The peat for their fireplaces was kept in tight boxes that were emptied and cleaned at regular intervals. No fleas, the pest of the Irish housewife found snug quarters in their chimney corners. Their weekly washes were equally spotless as they bleached on the sod after trips to the rubbing stones in a nearby stream. Their "haddin" pegs were held in common and the two women worked together driving them into the ground and slipping over them the loops that kept the garments from being carried away by the wind. Elizabeth Hughy had the advantage of six daughters to assist her, but what Nancy Ellis lacked in that respect, having but two, was offset by her ability to turn out work. So it happened, my two grandmothers became fast friends long before they were my grandmothers.

One bright spring day, Elizabeth and her family, with the exception of young Joseph, drove off to Ballymoney to the fair. Joseph was occupied in a little shop where he spent much time carving in wood.

Lithe of body, with bright blue eyes and a high forehead that started heavenward and then changed abruptly to a horizontal direction only to be lost in a thick shock of fine brown hair, slender hands with tapering fingers, feet formed by nature to dance through life, an artist, an aesthetic gentleman, who had been left a legacy in a "kist" and whose disposition was to enjoy it by sitting in a little shop, carving, with his pen knife on black oak wood, purloined from its bed between the peat and underlying sand,

where it had been curing for many years, that was Joseph Moor.

I still have in my possession a wooden butter print, a gem of art, carved in intricate, lacy designs by my father in those far off days. He may have been working on this very piece when little Mary Lynn come tripping over the garden to bid him "sup wi us" since he was all alone.

It may have been Cupid, it may have been the springtime perhaps it was both, that made Joseph's heart backfire when he beheld the gray eyed, dark haired mite in the doorway. He later confessed to a silent resolve, made then and there, that she should be his future bride. He would wait for her.

The next day his father died suddenly and he was left with the care of the family on his hands.

Mary grew into a quiet, home loving lass, well worthy the love of any good man, and Joseph loved her dearly. But still they waited. How could they marry when babies and older people, too, were dying by the thousands each day in poor famine smitten Ireland!

The Irish Potato famine and "corn laws " have become matters of history. No one actually starved to death in Knockahollet, but Mary was too cautious by nature to risk her matrimonial bark on a tide already choked with famine victims.

Then came an abundant crop, and Mary tied a white "Mutch" on her head and went with her husband, Joseph, across the garden to live in the same house with his mother, his only brother and three maiden sisters. One sister of the six had died and two others, perhaps more courageous than Mary, had gone to homes of their own.

It was the next year, 1843, on May 13th, that I, Elizabeth Moor, was born. The first grandchild on the Lynn side and the first to bear the name of Moor was made thrice welcome. Dr. Moor a cousin of my father, was the, attending physician.

I was a bonny little Miss with the blue eyes, slender tapering fingers and graceful, well arched feet of my father. In my feet, I was fortunate. A flat footed wench would have augured ill for the voyage of life on which I was just setting out, especially since my birth was attended by so many other omens. I was the first born of a Joseph and Mary Joseph being many years older than Mary. I had arrived in the thirteenth hour of the thirteenth day of the month, and one of the mischievous uncles had figured out that thirteen different combinations, each resulting in thirteen, were possible with the figures in the year of my birth. The superstitious Irish would no doubt have found other foreboding things had not my well arched feet insured me a successful voyage and caused all signs to portend only good.

Living in the house with so many adults and none of them occupied with anything more weighty than the welfare of one small girl, my infancy must have passed in a most despotic manner. The aunts were careful needle women and I learned early to embroider and do fine sewing. The fine arts were much in evidence in Grandmother Moor's home, but it was the bustling times at Grandfather Lynn's place that attracted me.

One of my earliest recollections is of a trip I made over there on a bright summer day. I had on a new dress. My dark hair was brushed smoothly back from my forehead and braided into a thick rope that was tied with a new pink ribbon. I tripped gaily along until I was opposite Uncle Jack Hughy's big house. There I spied a flock of geese, like so many Apollyons straddling across my way. I was sneaking carefully past, when one old gander lifted his head out of the mud puddle, in which he had been dabbling, and made at me. I ran screaming with the gander dragging at my skirt and the rest of

the hissing flock in hot pursuit.

Reinforcements came running from three outposts: the Lynns in front, my parents in the rear and the Moors off to the left.

Joseph and Mary must have moved into a house of their own before this happened. I have understood that the fund of gold coins in father's "kist" was running low and he had asked the sisters to break the seals on their "kists" and pay either the government or the landlord's rent. When they refused to do so, he and mother leased a few rooms from the Peters' girls and moved. The "kist" belonging to Uncle William was still available and there seems to have been no hard feelings on either side.

When the geese had been routed, I went on my way accompanied by Grandmother Lynn. As we passed along the hedge and neared her house, we became conscious of a great commotion in the kitchen. Grandmother hastened to open the door, only to be struck in the face by a tall, silk stovepipe hat, while a shower of baked potatoes and bits of bannocks went flying in every direction.

The uncles were having a friendly scuffle with old Jack Shaw, the beggar, who was making one of his periodical calls. The tall hat that served him as a poke had been knocked from his head.

"Tut, tut" Grandmother chided the boys, "Awat yur flax pullin' a fore I ca ur faither." When the uncles had gone, she turned reproachfully, to the beggar. "Jack Shaw, ye vagrant, why don't ye gang out there on the road an' earn yer meat?"

Some workmen outside were breaking stone to pave the highway.

"I wouldna bow mysel that way for m meat", answered the beggar with hauteur as he replaced the hat with its recovered contents on his head and departed.

Grandmother was all right in an emergency, like fighting the geese, but for entertainment, there was nobody quite equal to the uncles, especially Uncle Leslie, the youngest. I soon found my way out to the flax field. They were pulling the flax, removing the seed bolls and tying the stems into bundles with the roots laid together. Grandfather was particular to have the stems of the same length placed together. These bundles were then stood up in the rettery, roots down, and flooded with water. Uncle Leslie and I carried straw to place on top. The Lynn rettery was formed by damming up a small stream that flowed through their land. After the flax had fermented in the rettery for about ten days, it was removed, dried, and taken. to the scutchers.

Father had a small field of flax that year and my memory is that he had a cart full of retted flax when he called for me to accompany him to the scutcher, although I cannot now understand how his flax could be ready so long in advance of grandfather's field. However, he was there and they were discussing the hot dry weather. Ideal flax weather in Ireland is the same variety as is ideal corn weather in our corn belt.

I was about to climb into the cart when a fine looking man, dressed in the uniform of an officer in the Queen's army, drew rein at the door. He was John Ellis, grandmother's brother. As he greeted his sister, he pulled a pair of gold bowed spectacles from his pocket and presented them to her. Grandmother wore those glasses proudly as long as she lived.

After visiting with the others for a short time, the soldier uncle turned to me. "Now, Miss Elizabeth,

how would you like to take a ride on Bucephalus? Right up here in front of your Uncle." I danced with joy, and with a sweep of his arms he hoisted me into the saddle and sprang lightly up behind me.

How thrilled I was as we raced off down the road and drew up at the scutchery door before father had covered half the distance.

That visit to the "lint mill" stands out very clearly in my memory. A man, feeding flax between two huge wooden cylinders, filled me with awe, as he sat there chained, like the prisoner of Chillon, only his chains were a protection lest he reach too far and be drawn to his death. One of the men at the scutching table swore when his neighbor accidentally tangled some of the flax fibers he had just taken from under the scutching blades. Another man was carrying away an armful of lint to spin into thread.

The soldier fades from my memory. I rode home with father in the cart. We passed a rickety old house where several children were playing in the yard. They are the only children who live in the memory of my childhood before I entered school. Their house stood between our home and Grandfather Lynn's place, but I was not allowed to associate with them because of some dreadful sores on their heads. A picket was always stationed at the house I had just left, to see that I did not stop to play and thus contract the disease. My temptation to disobey orders was so great I recall adding a special petition to my good night prayer, that the sores might be healed and the ban lifted.

A few days later when I overheard Nancy Ellis tell Elizabeth Hughy that the drippings from drying, salted fish would cure the sores, if allowed to fall on them, I considered my prayer answered. It was evident the Lord intended me to act as the human agent to apply the cure.

My faith was further sustained when father brought home fresh, undressed fish for dinner. I begged the entrails and heads from mother; purloined some salt from a store jar in the buttery and some linen wrap from a loom at Grandfather's, and like a true handmaiden of the Lord, set about the unpleasant task of salting and stringing up my fishy mess in an old unused building.

My faith was of the variety that moves mountains and I fully expected by fair means or foul, to lead my band of sore heads forth under the drops of mercy, when once the drops began to fall. But Fate decreed otherwise. A cat made away with my medicinal fish during my absence. I discovered then, as I have found many times since, that I had misinterpreted the will of the Lord.

Chapter II

In due time I entered school. "The master's name was McCullums. He was a Catholic who had been educated for the priesthood, but had married and turned to school teaching. My Grandparents must have suffered stinging pangs of conscience for allowing me to be placed under the tutelage of a Catholic, but I recall no discussion of the subject. Those were the days of intolerance in religious matters between creeds and faiths, but I am sure my experience in that first school has made me more tolerant of the sect than I would, otherwise have been, growing up in those days of religious feuds.

Uncle John Ellis shot and crippled a neighbor Catholic girl in a quarrel between the two sects. Wiley Wallace was attacked and killed by a Catholic mob, while returning alone from the funeral of a friend in Londonderry. So it went, fights, between the wearers of the orange and the green on every hand.

Father went with me to the schoolhouse that first morning and paid the tuition for the quarter, instead of

for one week only, as did the parents who had been left no legacy. It may have been that quarterly fee I think the sum was one shilling per week for each pupil or it may have been my quiet obedience and my interest in the lessons; anyway, for some reason I became "teacher's pet", and received special attention.

Father also took the horse and cart later in the day and hauled over enough peat to last a week instead of having me carry a chunk under my arm each morning as most of the other children did. Raised without playmates, as I had been, and by nature quiet and reserved, I suppose I did not know how to join in the games with the other children. Anyway, I have no recollection of playing with them. The lessons were my delight. I do not remember learning to read, but I can repeat even now, many selections from my Irish readers. I was reading in the third reader when we left Ireland. "Poor Dog Tray" was an especial favorite:

POOR DOG TRAY

On the green banks of Shannon
When Shelah was high
No blithe Irish lad
Was so happy as I.

No harp, like my own,
Could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went
Was my poor dog Tray.

Poor dog, he was faithful
And kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me
Although I was poor.

He died at my feet,
On a cold winter's day,
And I played a lament
For my poor dog Tray.

One morning, as I drew near the school house, I noticed a bunch of the older boys gathered at one side of the building, out of sight of the master. They had formed a ring around two little lads who were pommeling each other at a great rate, being constantly egged on by the rabble. One of the contenders was much shorter and lighter than the other, although they must have been about the same age, perhaps nine years. The little fellow had sandy hair and florid complexion, The others called him "Reddy". Naturally quick of movement, he was almost weasel like under the excitement of the moment.

Disgusted at such a performance, I forgot myself and stood watching the combatants. Suddenly they shuffled to my side of the ring; the line parted and I was left standing close to the two fighters. For an instant "Reddy's" eyes met my disapproving stare, then, with a swift wallop he sent his opponent reeling, turned quickly and strode into the schoolroom.

That was my introduction to Willie Wallace, who was destined to play such an important part in my life. I went home that night to tell mother about the fight, the big brother, Sam Wallace, and the pretty sister, Ann Jane, who had come to attend school.

Samuel Wallace, or " grandpa", as we all learned to call their father, and his wife, Ann Bailey, had moved into the "bestlin' engine apartment building". They had come from Ballymoney, where for 31 years he had been clerk in the lumber yard of Bob Wallace, a wealthy lumberman and merchant. Grandpa was a Covenanter by faith, and a worthy member of the sect.

Gifted with a retentive memory, he had committed much of the Bible. He was short of stature, with blue-grey eyes and brown hair. The beauty of his fine, intelligent looking face had been ruined by smallpox. His wife was a pretty little woman, whose reddish-brown eyes twinkled out from beneath a low forehead that was crowned with a wealth of auburn-brown hair.

Willie was the youngest of their ten children. Endowed with the high mentality of his father, he might have become a scholar had it not been for the quick wit and easy going disposition provided by his mother.

He enjoyed reading, but he seemed to grasp the meaning of a printed page without being conscious of a single individual word. And so he spelled, neither by sound nor reason, but rather by a system of his own, that was not often in accord with the scholars of the time. His arithmetic problems solved themselves, so to speak. Someone remarked in later years, that he could tell the value of a load of hogs or figure the compound interest on a note while the other party was picking up his pencil.

Grandpa Wallace and his large family were given a hearty welcome by the Protestants of Knockahollet. It was not long before even the married members of his family found their way into our midst. They were a valuable addition to our church.

The kirk was located at Kilraughts, a few miles distant from Knockahollet. The Sabbath services continued all day with one hour's recess at noon for lunch. I recall one Sabbath it was long past candlelight when my folks returned. That day stands out distinctly in my memory for two reasons. I had been left at home in Uncle William's care, Joseph and Mary had taken the Wallaces with them as their guests. The noon lunch had been packed in a beautiful willow basket that Grandpa Wallace had woven.

I was outside playing, quietly, as befitted the Sabbath day, when Ann Jane and Willie came laughing and hallooing down the road. The uproar brought Uncle William to the door. "Dinna ye ken it's the Sabbath day?" he inquired reproachfully, as the two children rushed up. "We forgot," Willie answered in a shamed tone. "The Devil's painch is ful ol forgetters", admonished the uncle as he closed the door.

"Come", whispered Ann Jane, while Willie rolled in the grass and laughed as quietly as he could. "We've strung them all up."

"Strung who up?" I asked. "The ducks. We were left to herd them, and they're herded all right. Come and see."

We hurried down the road, the two of them telling me between fits of laughter, how they had been left to keep the neighbors' ducks and their own goat out of the garden. And how they had threaded small bits of potatoes on a string and then stretched the string in the pathway of the ducks. One after another each of the unsuspecting fowls had each swallowed a piece of potato until they were all strung like so many flapping beads on a string. Then they had been tethered to a tree.

The ducks being disposed of, Willie fixed his attention on the troublesome goat. The bestlin building

was composed of several structures of unequal height. The roofs were almost flat. And in that moist climate, moss grew in every crevice. That bit of green seemed to be forever calling, "Excelsior, Excelsior!" to the Irish family goat.

I suppose it was the sight of the Wallace ruminant at that very minute nibbling contentedly on top of one of the lower buildings that gave Willie his bright idea. An idea he at once proceeded to put into practical use. Assisted by Ann Jane and myself, he somehow succeeded in hoisting the animal to the topmost roof of that apartment building, where he left it to feast for the remainder of the day. We demonstrated that day the truth of the saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way", and in these later years when I become fainthearted in the work of uplifting, humanity, I am comforted and encouraged by the memory of what we three children accomplished that Sabbath in the way of goat elevating.

With their charges disposed of, Willie and Ann Jane were free to amuse themselves as they saw fit, only stopping long enough to commit to memory the Bible passages their father would require of them on his return from church. There was no Sabbath school for the children. We studied the Bible at home; committed certain passages and, of course, learned the Catechism. When the minister called, we were tested, and shame on the bairn who failed when catechized. I remember Ann Jane and I had many anxious moments about Willie's biblical knowledge, but he always managed to come through with colors flying.

As I said, it was late that eventful Sabbath day when our folks returned from the Killraught's meeting house. "Cussin' Tam", the most profane man at the lint mill had been converted. The minister had taken Exodus 20:7 as his text. From nine in the morning until dark, with but one hour's recess at noon, he was the Moses of the Exodus speaking for God unto His people.

Standing before them without notes, he had flung out one quotation from the Holy Scriptures after another, until as the room began to grow dark and the sexton crept quietly around to light the candles, he had cried with a despairing gesture: "I hae been bummlin' a' day, and I'm bummlin' yet; I maun, quat.

Bummlin'! exclaimed Grandpa, when they had returned home, "It was grand. He didna misquote once in a' the discourse.

Grandpa's father had been a peddler, and in going about the country, had come under the influence of Toplady. In face, the great divine had taken a kindly interest in the young peddler and a lasting friendship grew up between them. For this reason, Grandpa accepted "Rock of Ages" and some others of Toplady's hymns as suitable for church services in addition to the Psalms.

Many of the events of those early years in Ireland are lost in oblivion. Here and there some insignificant thing stands out; the day I sat in school and gazed at the place on the wall where the plaster had fallen off, the hairs sticking out of the plaster's ragged edge; the bean stalks, growing rugged and strong up to the second story window of Grandmother Moor's house. They could easily have carried the weight of Jack the Giant Killer. Tragedies, too, a few of them, I recall, but I did not sense the pathos of the situations at the time.

I saw only joy in the Wallace home when Robert returned after several years of wandering. Now I can sympathize with the ache that must have been in the hearts of his parents while he was away.

Liquors were used everywhere in those days, and it was inevitable that some should drink to excess. My wonder is that out of such large families in a time when almost everyone drank more or less, there were so few drunkards. Robert was one of the victims. The bailie had chased him to Scotland before I

could remember, but I quite envied Willie his jolly big brother on his return.

Robert was an adept at entertaining children, and we were an attentive, admiring audience. We clapped and called for more when he danced the Highland Fling; we joined with him in singing and reciting from Burns; we jumped at every little noise after sitting spell bound through a ghost story; but the experience we enjoyed most was having him impersonate Charles McCreary. I was certain that great tragedian himself could not interpret Shakespeare more skillfully.

Robert had been in the theater in Edinburgh on that night when Edwin Forrest, the American, actor hissed the Englishman. The whole scene was brought vividly before our childish eyes when Willie's versatile brother reviewed the evening in monologue for our entertainment.

My father thought hissing was a very rude thing for Mr. Forrest to do, but according to Robert it only showed what a brave fellow the American was. And then, if their father was near, he and his younger brother Alex would extol America and all things American, for they were keen to be off over the sea to either America or Australia. But Grandpa would have none of it.

The "corn laws" had been repealed; Ireland was again producing plenty of potatoes and crossing the ocean in a sail ship to an unknown country was risky undertaking in the eyes of those old men. But the youth of the day were restless and discontented. They chafed under the rule of a landlord. They had heard of countries beyond the sea where they could acquire and own farms and ask no odds of anybody.

Some of the young men gave the old folks a great jolt when they refused to don their Sabbath blacks and walk behind the carriages of the gentry the day the landlord's wife was buried. That death is one of the tragedies I remember well.

I afterwards heard them arguing the matter with Grandfather and insisting that he consent to their leaving such a landlord ridden country. He finally said they might sail for America when Alex had reached his majority.

In the meantime, other things happened in our little village which quite changed the trend of all our lives. Lord McCartney's castle stood on high land a few miles beyond our place. The arsenal was located some rods from the main buildings. There had been a prolonged rainy spell of weather. A fire was kept burning on the arsenal grate that the powder might be kept dry.

Lady McCartney had been writing letters that morning and was last seen entering the arsenal with some letters and a stick of sealing wax in her hand. There was no fire in the castle, and it was supposed she went to seal her letters at the arsenal fireplace. The terrific explosion that destroyed the building and shook the houses for miles around, left the lady in no condition to explain what happened. The tenants were summoned to attend the obsequies. Some workmen clearing away the debris found a letter trailed over with sealing wax.

I remember how concerned I was about the time it took father to dress for that funeral. He never before spent so long shaving his upper lip. I was sure he would be too late to walk close up to the carriages where respected, upper class renters should walk. But presently he emerged, dressed in his best black broadcloth suit (he ordinarily wore his brown broadcloth for dress up). His black silk neckcloth was wrapped around his collar, crossed in the back and again in the front, where the two ends were tucked under his suspenders at the sides. His dainty feet were encased in shining pumps and his artistic

features were topped by a tall black silk hat.

Yes, he looked the gentleman he was, and he was early enough to join the procession close up on the heels on the last carriage. I hid behind our house and peeked around the corner while they filed past.

But the Wallace boys were not there. How could they ignore Lord McCartney's invitation to attend!

CHAPTER III

Grandmother Lynn was standing gazing off beyond the hedge that located the boundaries of their place. She often, stared longingly out into space those days. I felt the change in her, and in Grandfather. He was more testy, she more meek and resigned.

It was housecleaning time. Grandfather had brought some of the men in from the shop to assist in moving, a heavy piece of furniture in the parlor. He must hire strangers now to help about the barns and in the flax fields. He had sold three of his looms, having no one to weave at them, for James and Robert and Henry were all in America. And John, the oldest Ah!, that was the trouble that had long been eating at the hearts of my grandparents.

"Whare will ye hae this, noo?", grandfather asked shortly. The men were waiting for directions from grandmother, but she apparently had no ears, only eyes for a stranger who was coming along by the hedge.

"Whare's yur lugs, Nancy Ellis? " This outburst from her husband commanded her attention. Thon man' as a familiar look, but I dinna ken who e mon be, quietly asserted grandmother, as she turned her attention to the piece of furniture. When her mind was preoccupied, she would speak a peculiar mixture of Scotch and British. Having directed the men, she was back again at the door by the time the stranger reached the house.

"Could you tell me where Joseph Moor lives?" he inquired. She directed him, but when he turned away, she continued to study him. He crossed to the home of the Peters girls, where Joseph and Mary still lived. "Could you tell me where James Lynn lives?" he asked of Joseph, who was working in the garden. Then, "Thank you," with a smile, when he had been directed.

But Joseph recognized the smile, and together they returned to grandmother, still standing in the doorway.

It was John Lynn, her first born, who had been lost to her for seven long years. There was rejoicing. The prodigal had returned. But not after feasting on husks and hobnobbing with swine. He came with tales of a beautiful country. He was the owner of 320 acres of land hills covered with timber, fruit bearing vines and nut laden trees. Valleys down which trickled spring fed streams canopied by grasses growing waist high on the banks.

In the eyes of those home staying weavers, with their few acres of tiny garden patch, twice rented from the landlord and the government, he was a man of great wealth. I sat on his knee and listened in astonishment while he recounted his adventures on the sea and land, and told about his life as a soldier in the Mexican war. His complexion was still jaundiced from the siege of yellow fever that all but carried him "owre the gully".

Seven years before he had wanted to go to America. He was tired of famine stricken Ireland. Across

the sea lay plenty, and the exciting life of the New World. But grandfather turned a deaf ear to all such proposals. John was his eldest, and most parents are cowards when it comes to sending their first child out into the world, if they would admit it.

Some horses had been sold. There was money in the wallet. The next morning John and part of the money were gone. John Lynn, a thief, a fugitive. That was why grandfather had grown testy. That was why grandmother had grown sad and so often stood gazing hungrily out over Knockahollet into the world.

But John, was a man of influence now, with just a trace of Scotch brogue left in his speech. After a time, when they all sat talking, he produced his purse and taking from it some gold coins, he offered them to grandfather, remarking lightly, as he did so, "There is the money I took for my first trip. It has brought good returns.

"Ah, Laddie, I would hae gien it to ye. Why didna ye ask, instead o'," grandfather choked at the word, "steal". "It was not stealing. I had helped to raise the horses you sold. I was entitled to part of the money. I left in the night, secretly, to avoid a scene.", John maintained stoutly.

"It was theft, lad." Grandfather answered sadly. "Suppose you had died wi' that sin on your soul!" The solemn talk was oppressive to me. and wriggling on my perch on John's knee, I piped out, "I would never have known you no more than as if I had never seen you."

At this, everybody laughed, for I was only six, and John had been away for seven years.

So far as I know, the question of theft was never again referred to, but I am satisfied that both father and son learned a lesson that would save many heartaches, could it be learned earlier by parents and their children. The lesson of frank, businesslike dealing between members of the family as between strangers.

The days that followed were a joy to me. I no longer envied the Wallace children their brother Robert. I was quite satisfied with Uncle John's tales of adventure. He was less dramatic than Robert in telling them, but having seen so much more of the world, his repertoire was much more extensive.

One day when Grandmother and I were watching him unpack his valise, he produced a pair of white kid gloves, which he called his "badge of aristocracy". He had bought them to wear when he went "to look at the English aristocracy and Charles MaCready" in the Astor Place theatre in New York City. He told us that no man was admitted to the "Salle Astoria" without white gloves and a white waistcoat. He had borrowed the vest from a chum, who worked in a livery barn.

John was hanging around that very livery barn when "Dick" Emmet came to engage a carriage to drive a doctor out into the country. No driver being available, he offered his services and it turned out that the "Doctor" was MaCready, himself, fleeing from New York on the night of the Astor Place riot.

How John would laugh at Robert Wallace's impersonations of the great tragedian. Their sympathies were all with Edwin Forrest in that memorable stage quarrel.

John, like all other Mexican War soldiers, received a grant of 160 acres of United States land. The popular cry was "Go West", and the Mecca towards which all eyes were turned was either the Pacific coast, or the new State of Wisconsin.

The troop ships at the close of the war, quarantined for yellow fever, lay for several weeks in New York harbor. John was very ill. He found it necessary to recuperate in New York City before he was able to travel west. Had he but known it, his brothers Henry, Robert and James were living at Briners Bridge, a few miles distant. But like Gabriel, he sought the "western wilds", not knowing that his loved ones were so near.

The home people made much of the returning soldier boys. On the way West, John fell in with Justine Butterfield, the district attorney for the State of Illinois. Mr. Butterfield had recently bought land where the city of Chicago now stands. He urged the young soldier to locate in that region, but John thought that country too low, and journeyed north into Wisconsin. On the way, he bought a land grant from another soldier, who, like Esau, little realized the value of what he sold.

Through the kindness of Jeremiah Kelly Avery, (June 1850), who was already located on the banks of the Little Sugar river in Exeter township, Green County, Wisconsin, John was induced to take up land in that Section. He afterwards added to his possessions until he had acquired 440 acres. But misfortune overtook his family; hard times, agricultural ignorance, chickbugs, droughts; they were too much for the Scotch Irish weaver and he lost it all. A granddaughter of Justine Butterfield is reported to have sold recently (1925) nine acres of his land for \$650.00, while John lost his on a mortgage many years ago. Fate plays queer tricks with our lives.

John was a promising young man, industrious and sober. The young people crowded Grandfather's house to talk with him about the New Country beyond the sea. It was his absence that had induced my grandparents to consent to the going out of his brothers, the year before. There was always the hope that they would find him, and now he had returned of his own volition, anxious only to lead them all out of slavery into a land flowing with milk, and honey. They must celebrate the occasion.

"My barn is owre run wi' rats," announced Joseph one night. "Is that true?!", cried Elizabeth Gambel, clapping her hands. "Let us rid it of the rats, friends."

And so the party was on. A dance in father's barn, ostensibly to drive out the rats, but really to honor John's return. John wore his white gloves and taught the rest of the young folks how to dance the new dance, the polka, as it was danced in America.

I was up late that night. The pretty girls made much of me, especially Elizabeth Gambel. The others teased her, saying she was petting me to attract John. My grandparents were not pleased, for Elizabeth was John's cousin. It seemed to me they were never pleased with the things John did, and I thought him such a hero. After all, they decided it was better to have him married to a cousin and settled down, than to have him roving in unknown parts, like some limping Jacob, who had lost out in the wrestling Match. I was reminded of another dance in father's barn before the uncles went to America, and I asked Elizabeth, in childish innocence, "Are you going to marry Uncle John and go to America, the way Nancy Moor did Uncle James?" That brought down the house, and another conveyed me away to bed.

America did not seem so far away after John's return to Ireland. When he was leaving again, the next February, many of the Knockahollet young people were ready to sail with him to America. His brother Ellison, his sister, Nancy, Elizabeth Gambel, Robert and Alex Wallace were among the passengers.

They were a jolly crowd during the five week's ocean voyage. The sea was calm and the winds

favorable. They, encountered only one fierce storm. I have many times heard them joke Robert about that night.

In those days of religious intolerance it was customary for the shipping officers to segregate the Protestants and Catholics in different parts of the ship. The happy go lucky Robert had formed the acquaintance of a pretty Catholic girl, much to the distress of some of the Protestants, persisted in carrying on quite a flirtation.

The night of the storm, all was confusion. Some were praying, others cursing. Many were running here and there. Everything loose about the ship was clattering. Robert tried to descend the stairs. Kneeling at the foot of the steps was his pretty Catholic lass, praying. "Howly Mither," she wailed, just as a lurch of the ship sent Robert crashing into her. "Howly Devil", cried Robert, "the Howily Mither has naethin' to dae wi' sich a nicht."

That was the end of the flirtation, but Robert never heard the last of it.

On landing, they went directly to Briners Bridge, N.Y., where James Lynn and his wife, Nancy Moor, were living. John and Elizabeth were married and accompanied by his brother, Ellison, departed at once for Wisconsin. Alex and Robert Wallace pooled their remaining cash and found it amounted to forty one cents. But refusing all offers of help from their friends, they made their way on foot to Chatham where they found work on a railroad, then under construction.

"Take the first honorable job you can get, and do it better than any other man, " an old man had advised the boys. When Alex was nearly 90 years old, I overheard him relating the incident to my grandchildren, and recommending the old man's advice as good for a penniless lad in a strange country among strangers.

They started with shovels, but they were soon given better jobs. In the fall, Alex Wallace and Nancy "Aunt" we called her then, while Uncle James'(Lynn) wife became "Aunt Nancy" were married and went to housekeeping in Chatham.

That was an era of railroad building. The wages were good, and the pay sure, but the lure of the Wisconsin woods and valleys was stronger than that of the railroad check. They remained in Chatham for a time, but every penny was hoarded to help buy a "forty" near John.

Every penny did I say? I must qualify that statement. The first money Alex earned after his wedding day, went to buy a silk dress, a new bonnet and one of the beaded bags that were so much in vogue at that time, for his bonny bride.

They were all so happy and hopeful in the New World. Their letters to us in Ireland urged us to come. The gold in father's "kist" was diminishing at an alarming rate. His mother had passed on, and the sisters were provided for. If only some Moses would stretch out his hand over that sea and compel the waters to divide, that we might pass through on dry land. The ocean was the barrier that kept many back. Thomas Lynas, who married Willie's sister, never did get up the courage to embark, although his wife was eventually the only one of her father's large family left behind. They were all ready to sail at one time, when her husband lost heart.

Ocean steamers were coming into use, but they were not yet considered as safe as the sail ships. John had advised against making the trip in one of them.

It took courage to start out on such a journey with a family of small children. But Mary was not easily daunted, and Joseph liked to get for her the things she wanted. So it happened, one day father got out his old flint lock gun and, after pouring some red paint into a china dish that belonged to me, he sat before the fireplace repainting the gun stock. I stood near, saying nothing, but ready to salvage the piece of china in case father upset it. After a time, I grew less fearful for my treasure and more curious about the painting.

"What a pretty bright red", I exclaimed, "but why are you painting it?" It is going visiting," father answered, with a wink at mother "We are going to take it to see Uncle Alex and Aunt". "To America?" I cried!

"Dinna ye hear that! The wean kena it is America where Nancy lives" and he proudly patted me on the head. He often praised my smartness. To him I was the " smallest bairn in a' the worl' ". Mother may have gloried as much as he did in my small achievements. She was always chary with words of commendation.

CHAPTER IV

I was six and one half years old when another baby girl was born to Joseph and Mary. They named her Nancy, but to avoid confusion they called her Nattie. Nattie was one year old October 6, 1850. The next day we started for America. That last day in Ireland must have been a trying time for mother, although I recall none of the nerve wracking situations that would certainly attend a family in these days, setting out on such an expedition.

Friends had been dropping in all day, to say a last farewell, and offer some gift as a remembrance. The big hamper of food for the voyage was crowded with bannocks and farls. There were some beautiful embroidered collars from the Moor aunts and the Peters girls. They also brought patterns for fancywork, and thread. These afterwards stood me in good stead when money was not to be had, and I wanted to freshen up my old dresses with some new accessories. My mother never did fancy work, although she made excellent buttonholes. In her later years she pieced many artistic quilts. She was careful with her sewing as she was about all of her work.

As the day wore on, Nattie, who was usually a healthy, active child, showed signs of illness. She was drowsy and feverish and when the widow McFarlane came in with two candles and a bunch of paper "lighters", mother asked advice about Nattie.

"Gie her some slaters syrup", she advised. And when I was dispatched to get the slaters, she called after me to be sure and find them under a flat stone. Willie Wallace came up while I was searching around outside for the flattest possible stone, being determined to find the very flattest one if that would add anything to the medicinal properties of the little slate colored squills in the damp ground underneath.

" Are you afraid of the sea?" Willie vindictively upset a big flat stone" and made a grab at the slaters that went scampering in every direction. "The sea can't hurt me when Pa and Ma are in the ship".

" Can, too. It'll drown you. Wish we were going, too." "Then it would drown you".

"Pa says we'll be the next to go. Then I'll get a farm of about a million acres and drive a team of

buffaloes and have a tribe of Indians to work the farm. You can come and keep the house."

"No, I am going to school and be a fine lady, only I won't get blown up in the arsenal". "There ain't no lords nor ladies in America. They're all Mist'ers out there. No rent to pay, neither".

"But Ma says you've got to work and be saving, no matter where you are, if you want to get ahead." During the foregoing conversation and more of a similar nature, we were upsetting flat stones and catching the slaters.

As assistant pharmacist on this occasion, I was bound to do a careful job. Nattie must be cured, or our journey would be delayed, and the big sail ship, I think it was "The Queen", would start for America without us. We counted the little bugs as we thrust them into a glass bottle. Just as the last of the required two dozen was sliding down the neck, we noticed one poor fellow was minus part of his anatomy. The McFarlane prescription called for two dozen. I could afford to take no chances. The missing part must be supplied. Willie caught another slater, and the case being desperate, we ruthlessly amputated the needed section, and added it for good measure.

Mother fried the collection until they were browned to a turn, returned them to the bottle which was then filled with boiling water. After the mixture had soaked for a time, the contents were strained and the baby dosed with the syrup. She was chipper as ever the next morning, and we began our Journey to the Land Elysian of our dreams.

Father had gone on the day before to attend to the transporting of the "kists". He came in just before he left home, to tell Mother that Uncle Willie had suddenly decided he would accompany us to America.

Mother's face clouded for an instant at this announcement. But she quickly banished the look of displeasure, and answered with a smile, "Ah, weel, bid him come. Whare there is sae muckle lan' there'll be room for the likes o' him".

It was no light burden Mary was thus adding to her already heavy pack. Uncle William was one of those unfortunates, who for no apparent reason, unless it is "That the will of God may be made manifest", must stumble through life under the ban of a great physical handicap. He was nearsighted to the point of blindness. And yet Nature, in a fit of perversity, had bestowed on him a craving for books and knowledge that was kin to mania. Shackled and disappointed, he had become unbearably peevish, and at times, even ugly. Were he a child of today, science would correct his physical defect, and correlate his shattered nerves, even as Christ ministered to the blind in His time. My heart aches when I remember poor William, sitting with a book fairly touching the tip of his nose? in his efforts to make out the printed page. And I rejoice in the courage of Mary who never shirked a duty, but seeing that which was right to do, straightway proceeded to do it. But I noticed an especially beseeching note in her "Amen" as the minister closed his prayer on leaving our house that day.

The farewells being over, we started in a jaunting car for Ballymena; from Ballymena to Belfast by railway. The railways of those days were not the common conveniences of today scarcely 7,000 miles in all Great Britain. That was the first time I had seen one. The coach was open, the black smoke and cinders poured down on us. I was sure my new poke bonnet and my pretty plaid dolman coat that had been made especially for the occasion, would be ruined. Had I known how far from the New York idea of "chic" they would be when I reached that city, I need not have worried.

But what could those humble, home staying weavers in the little village of Knockahollet know about

the prevailing New York modes? Most of them had never been outside the bounds of County Antrim. They had never seen an ocean sail ship. How could they prepare for a long trip aboard one? Fingers trained in fine sewing, hearts full of love, eyes that could discern the beautiful, sharp wits in their heads, and proud, independent spirits they had, but no knowledge of the world, except what they had been able to glean from John and Robert, and their few books and papers. Only yesterday, I got out an old white linen shirt that came in the legacy "kist ". It must have been woven and sewn nearly two hundred years ago. The sewing on it was all done by hand. To attach a cuff to it's sleeve, a thread was drawn a seam's distance from the edges of the two pieces. The cuff was then laid on the sleeve with the two edges together. The seamstress then sewed, with an over and over stitch along the drawn thread, catching one only of the warp threads with each stitch. My intention was to rip it up, but my courage failed me, and I laid it away again.

We all stood watching the receding shore, as the ship sailed out of Belfast Harbor. I thought only of the beauty of the scene: the purple hills that girdle the city, massed against a gorgeous sunset; the glinting, glistening, widening stretch of water that lay between us and it. My parents were very, quiet, until Mary choked back a sob and Joseph said: "See, what a beautiful ending, for this period of our lives.!!

Then he pointed out to me the beauties of Belfast harbor. He told me about the Cave Hill and how it got its name from the vast caves cut in the chalk stone by the early settlers. And how they had made tools and weapons from the stone. He wondered if that building off yonder, on the hill, was not the ruined palace of Con O'Neil, who had stood out against the English until Queen Elizabeth finally subdued him. I was interested in Elizabeth, because of her name.

And thus ends my memory of my life in Ireland.

We were one week in Liverpool, waiting for our ship to sail. Of that week, I recall nothing except that we stopped with some distant cousins who kept a restaurant. We were strangers, in a strange city, bound for a strange country. Our only hope was to get aboard "The Queen" and we knew nothing about boarding a vessel.

I have a very vivid mental picture of father, bearing the hamper of food, leading the lot of us, as we made our way down to the dock. Mother followed with Nattie clasped in one arm, while her other hand gripped a bundle of fine linen baby clothes. Behind mother, I tripped proud as a peacock in my new finery and self importance. William, one of his pockets bulging with the sack of salt he always carried, because no cook ever sufficiently salted his food, followed close at my heels, clutching at my skirts for guidance.

Mother sighted our ship first, lying farther over beyond two or three other vessels. Past father she darted, and made straight for that ship. Up and down, she climbed over the intervening vessels with the rest of us scrambling after her. It was a wild thing to do; like the clutching of a drowning person. At last she reached the side of "The Queen", and needing a free hand for climbing, she hurled the bundle of baby clothes at the deck. They landed in the sea, but mother climbed aboard and we all followed. That is the only time in all her long life that I remember having seen my mother lose her presence of mind.

"Weel, I'm glad it wasna one ol the weans", she sighed as she settled down on the edge of the bunk. "It micht as weel hae been the baby, only you happened to hae her in your left hand", answered father.

Some one in Liverpool had said, "The queen will nae droon ye, but she'll gie ye a ". They knew "The

Queen". For seven weeks our vitals were churned and wrenched, rockin' packed and torn asunder. It was the fall of the year. The sea was rough; the winds unfavorable. Some days we went back farther than we had gone ahead the previous day.

Mary took to her berth with the first lurch of the ship, and during the entire voyage, was unable to raise her head from the pillow. Everyone was kind, trying in vain to tempt her appetite with some of the sailors' black coffee or knick knacks from the officers' larder. There were only a few Protestants on board. I recall two lovely young ladies who occupied the compartment next to us. They were great favorites, and did much to enliven the long days on that wind tossed sea.

After we had left the harbor and the sea began to grow rougher, the stewardess advised me to lie down and cover up my head. "You will be sick if you do not", she warned me. I covered my head while she was about, but as soon as her back was turned, I was all eyes and ears for what was going on around me. Soon I was deathly sick. But I remembered to get the little mug from its niche in the wall above my bunk, and wait on myself. Later I heard her telling mother what a smart child I was. My sickness did not last long, and I soon developed a nautical stomach as well as sea legs, and I have been a pretty good seamstress ever since. Even the roughest night of the season on Lake Michigan, four years ago, failed to use me up entirely.

Father and Uncle William were able to be about all of the time. I recall one night I was awakened by a terrible wrenching and straining of the ship. A terrific storm was raging. In the flashes of lightning, I could see father sitting with his back braced against one of our boxes, and his feet against another, trying to relieve the strain on the ropes that secured them to the post. The Demons of the Deep were playing hockey with every loose article. Sailors were running hither and yon. Some passengers were praying, others cursing. Mother, looking very pale and with closed eyes, was lying with Nattie hugged tight in her arms. I wanted to get into her bunk and be hugged up close, too. But I did not see how it could be accomplished amid such confusion, so I shut my eyes and pretended that God had His arms clasped tight around me, and I would be all right.

Some one shouted above the tempest, "The helm's broke". Then there was still greater confusion. I whispered, "It's all right, all right", and hugged myself tighter and pretended it was God.

After a long time, things got quieter. Father crawled wearily into the bunk with me, and whispered, as he drew me to him, "My brave little Bairn". And I pretended that God said that, too.

The next thing it was morning, and father was sleeping heavily beside me. So the weeks dragged by seven of the long and awful although there were some new and interesting things, and at times the beauty of it all would beggar the description of a Saint John. One day father took me up on deck to see a school of dolphins. The big home made sleds of the Wisconsin pioneers afterwards reminded me of those fish. There were deaths on board. A baby died; and a man, and it seems to me, one of the sailors. Father took me up on deck for the man's funeral. The captain offered prayer, and then the weighted, gruesome, canvas wrapped corpse slid down to its watery grave. I can see it yet, as it glided over the edge of the boat.

At last we made port. I could see that father was anxious about mother, as we neared the harbor. She had grown very thin and pale during the long hard voyage. He seldom used liquor even as medicine, but when we were being towed up to the pier, he said, "I warrant ye better hae a soupe of spirits to chirk ye up fae the examinin' officer."

"Hoots," answered Mary, "I hae mair need o' my sensible wit noo". But I saw her bite her lips and pinch her cheeks to a rosy pink as she approached the doctor.

"Ye hae been owre lang on the deep", said the keeper of her destiny, giving her a keen look.

"Lang on the deep! If ye hae a bit o' desert somewhare aboot, I'll be mighty glad to gang 't". till

The doctor laughed, and passed us on, saying as he did so? "You can say shibboleth a' richt. The desert's oot west, but hae a care about the Redskins. " When we were out of the throng, father turned proudly to mother, "It was a graund day for me when I set my heart on sic a woman as you".

And so we began our life in America.

CHAPTER V

Our stay in New York City was short. Father hunted up some distant cousins of his, two maiden ladies, who were living in a large flat.

I wanted to go with him and see some of the places Uncle John had told me about, but I thought one of us should stay with mother and Nattie, so I said nothing about it.

He had quite a time locating the cousins. He found the building all right, but nobody of whom he inquired knew anyone by that name. Just by chance, one of the ladies stepped out into sight. We thought it very strange that people could be living so close together and not know each other's names.

We soon arrived at Chatham. I remember we were huddled together in a shivering group on the platform when our train pulled out of the station. A handsome man, wearing a beard, stared at us as he passed up the track to turn the switch behind the outgoing train.

"Thon's your sister's man" said father as we watched him.

"Maybe", answered mother, "He was a weel faured chap wi' out the whiskers". But after adjusting the switch, the man passed on to a little shack, and we were left alone in the cold November wind. I was glad when he immediately reappeared with a rosy, smiling young woman and a little baby girl. It was Uncle Alex after all, and he had hastened to tell Aunt that we were at the station.

How glad the two sisters were to be again united! How Aunt (Nancy Lynn) did laugh at my ankle length dress and my pretty plaid dolman coat, the pride of my heart. "Oh, those funny patch pockets", she exclaimed, " We must shorten your skirts before you go out on the street; and you must learn to speak without the brogue."

She cut to the quick of my childish heart. I had thought my clothes so fine when we left Ireland. But doubts as to their style had been forming in my consciousness as we followed our weary course. And now, Aunt had added the last straw to the camel's back of my pride. I looked, as she said, as though I had "Just come over".

She did not know how carefully mother and I had planned and sewed those crazy work pockets. Nor did she know that each little patch was from the dress goods of some dear Irish friend, to us a loved memento. The black ribbon that fastened mother's pocket around her shapely waist represented the love and prayers of our faithful pastor's wife. We had purposely made mother's pocket most capacious. And it was well we had done so, since in it were stored other baby linens, too dainty to be packed in the

bundle that went into the sea when mother made her great dash for liberty.

But Aunt did not know all this. I realize now that she did not mean to be unkind. We were so near and dear to her, she criticized us as though we were part of herself. The eyes of love are not blind. Aunt's eyes saw to the very core of our simple, honest hearts, and she wanted only to clothe those hearts in the conventional habiliments by which the passing world judges, that we might enjoy to the full, the blessings of this wonderful New World she had found. She was always so. Everything connected with herself and her loved ones must be just so, according to the accepted standards. And she worked and worried herself into a living death, long before Mary was an old woman. She was one of the Marthas, but the faith of a Mary gives an easier and more comfortable kind of existence. And somehow the Marys and their families manage to get on. Aunt soon learned to speak good American, but Mary and Joseph were content to use their delightful Scotch brogue to the very last.

We spent that winter in New York State. I stopped most of the time with Aunt to help her care for little Mary. Some of the others lived with Uncle James at Briners Bridge.

It was sometime during this transitional period in our lives that the change occurred in our name. I do not believe it was intentional on our part, or on the part of those strangers, who persisted in tacking on that " e". Young girls have a fondness for changing their given names, and young ladies are supposed to hanker after a somewhat different kind of change; but I am certain the change in my name was just evolved, like the change in my physique or the change in my manner of speech. Instead of Elizabeth Moor, I became Lizzie Moore. That is the name my few remaining schoolmates still use in addressing me. I regret the change now, because Moor suggests that in some remote day, my ancestors must have lived on a moor in Scotland, while Moore is simply a misspelled word.

The events of that winter have pretty much faded from my memory. I recall one day in early spring, when I went with the others to the station, to meet Grandfather and Grandmother Lynn and Uncle Leslie. He had been like a big brother to me in the old country, and I had missed him sadly. But soon the train pulled in, and there they were. Grandfather looking, tired and worn, Grandmother lugging a heavy basket which she would trust no one else to carry, and Leslie, handsome and jolly as ever.

After the arrival of her parents, Mary was anxious to be off to the West her Promised Land. The month of May found us making the slow round about trip to Milwaukee by train. The rest of the distance, something over 100 miles, we made by, team and wagon. A farmer, whose name I do not recall, had driven into Milwaukee with a wagon load of wheat. We rode out with him, making the trip in three days. Off to the right, we saw a few houses the driver called Janesville. We passed near the old home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, where she later dreamed poems and fought poverty, and in her pride, planted wild cucumber vines to hide the shabby old house.

I did all that myself, about the same time she was at it, even to the planting of the wild cucumbers; but no one thought to mention it in the papers. I am not complaining. I have had my compensation in the jingle of the poems, and the luxurious growth of the cucumbers.

The last night out we stopped at John DeZell's. Mrs. DeZell was a sister to the three Magee boys, who settled there in 1846. John Magee afterwards drove a yoke of oxen to Minnesota, where he traded the outfit for eighty acres of land where the city of Faribault now stands.

George Magee had gone to California to dig gold in 1849, leaving his wife and small children to run the Wisconsin farm. On his return the Magee girls wore breastpins made of gold nuggets and I was

tempted to wish that father had been a "forty niner".

When the farmer drew up before the hotel in Exeter, Joe Brayton, long, lanky, loose jointed, arose from a bench outside the door and shaking the hand of each of us, bid us welcome to Exeter township. When Wisconsin became a state in 1848, he was one of the surveyors sent out by the government to lay out the land in Green county. He was so delighted with the country, he later returned to Exeter, where he kept a hotel and bought and sold land, and prospered.

Our interest in the country quickened as we neared the "Bur oak Openings" in Little Sugar River Valley. "I wonder are those apple trees?" Joseph queried, pointing to the wild crab trees, standing like huge blossoms, here and there beside the wagon track. "They hae only log huts fae hames", Mary volunteered. My son will hae a better hoose than any we hae seen", announced Grandmother. I knew she was thinking of the money in John's wallet when he visited Ireland, and the glowing description of his 320 acre farm.

The driver offered no information, if indeed, he heard, above the noise of the wagon, or hearing, understood the Scotch of these newcomers.

Eventually we drove up to John's. The house was like most of the huts we had seen along the way, made of logs, one room below and one above. The upper room was reached by means of a ladder or wooden pegs inserted in the wall of the lower room. Nails were scarce. The whole structure was not more than twelve feet high. If Grandmother was disappointed, she showed no sign of it. She gladly set the heavy basket she had guarded all the way in a corner under the bunk that was built against the wall, and asked Aunt Elizabeth for some liniment to rub on the muscles of her arms.

We arrived on Friday. On Saturday, we were all very tired. Uncle Ellison came out from Mineral Point, where he was working for a farmer, for an over Sunday visit. Before his return, Mary brought \$50 in gold from the bottom of her own personal box. When the others joked her about the Eldorado she had discovered in America, she only laughed and said, "It is not good that man should be alone. He needs a woman to hold the purse strings".

Arrangements were made whereby Ellison took the \$50 back to the Point and mailed them a deed to the forty acres lying over the hill to the SE of John's farm. (Sec. 30 NE) Some time later the deed arrived at Exeter. There was no regular mail service, and Joseph, impatient for a home of his own had begun work on his cabin before the deed arrived.

The first Sunday we were at John's, the Widow Mahar" and her little daughter Mary walked over from her farm two miles east. Her husband had been a well digger. While he was down in a well, he was digging for a man named Thomas, a stone fell in on him, killing him instantly. His widow remained on their homestead and not only laid by a competence for her old age, but brought up their five children to be useful citizens as well.

Late in life she married Jamie Burk. The reason why such a capable sensible woman should commit an act so foolish in the eyes of her neighbors is still one of the unsolved riddles of the Hollow. Ask one of the old timers why Mrs. So and So did such and such an unaccountable thing, and you will be answered with, " Why did the Widow Mahar marry Jamie Burk?" the implication being, "The Lord only knows."

Jamie and his sister Judy were living on the "farty" that joined the widow's farm when we arrived in the Hollow. To my childish fancy they seemed always to have been, there always old, as though in the

remote, prehistoric ages, when nature was giving birth to the rocks and rills, she had in the agony of parturition brought forth Jamie Burk and Judy. Jamie, sitting on the sunny side of the shack in the spring, " Waitin' fur the nat'ral hate to git into the groon" before he planted his corn, that was always caught by the first frost in the fall; and Judy, who seemed to be always doing nothing, both of them finding, like the father of Ichabod Crane, "Not competence and yet not want".

Perhaps, after all, the marriage was an act of mercy on the part of Providence. The thrifty widow had a comfortable home and plenty, while Jamie was growing old and facing poverty. For he did grow older, after a time, and Judy died. The addition of one more to the family circle did not cause so much consternation in those days, as it seems to in these. Maybe we are too calculating in the casting of our bread upon the waters. Orphans and unfortunates had to be cared for, and there were few institutions in Ireland or in the woods of southern Wisconsin. Grandma Wallace, with her family of twelve, could still find room for the penniless little orphan, Mary McCullah, and bring her up to be a worthy woman. Jamie might have starved in his shack, as did John Cherry in his dugout in the walnut grove, had it not been for Providence and the Widow Mahar.

John Cherry had inherited a fortune and with it he bought a large tract of Wisconsin land, paying, as did all others who bought government land, \$1.25 per acre. He spent the rest of his hermit like life in a shack or dugout out on a piece of his property, the elegance of his domicile depending on the aridity of his throat.

There were two springs in father's lower marsh. One of them would gush forth at regular intervals, inundating all the bogs below it, then it would subside and for the rest of the year it was apparently like the rest of the land. The other spring kept a steady stream of water flowing among the surrounding bogs, until the grasses and cowslips had reinforced themselves with a thick mass of vigorous roots and stems, that they might retain their hold on existence.

The drinkers were like that. Some of them were periodical gushers. You could depend on them to send a deluge down over the vitals at Christmas or on the fourth of July. Others were constant, keeping a steady stream of liquor seeping at their innards until a special provision of nature must have reinforced those vital organs.

John Cherry's entrails must have become like leather. Gradually, as the years went by, he disposed of one quarter section after another and poured the proceeds, in liquid form, down his throat. When the land was all gone, he continued to stay on in a dugout in the beautiful walnut grove. We used to see the smoke curling out of the piece of stove pipe that served him in lieu of a chimney, when we drove past on our way to Dayton. For a time, he eked out an existence by burning lime in a hole in the ground and selling it as best he could.

One morning there was no smoke. Some one found the old man and an empty flask on a heap of straw in one corner of the dugout. He was unconscious and could not be revived.

His name and his strange life kindled my childish imagination. I used to wonder about him, and wish the cattle would wander off up by his dugout some night, so I could have an excuse for talking to him when I went in search of them in the morning; but they never did. They seemed to prefer going across the speculators' land that lay between us and the gully.

In one way, that was good, for there was a family named Powell who lived near the big spring at the top end of the Hollow. They had a bad habit of milking wandering cows at noon. It was a neighborly

act to milk " strays" at sun up or down, but milking at noon was larceny.

Because I was the only sizable child in those first families in Irish Hollow, it fell to my lot to locate the animals that were turned loose at night to graze at will. There were no fences, except around the little patches that had been cleared and brought under cultivation. Hidden away in some deep ravine after a night of gorging on the luscious grass that grew along every gurgling spring branch, the cattle would lie very quiet during the day that the tinkling of the bells their masters had strapped around their necks the night before, when they were turned loose, might not betray them.

It seems to me as I look back, that I must have developed a sixth sense for the detection of hidden oxen. As I wandered through the woods in search of them, a twig or plant that had been nipped off, a tree that had used as a rubbing post, hoof marks, odors, and every little tinkling sound, furnished me with clues. I am sure my five ordinary senses were trained to much greater service during those years.

I wonder my parents did not get me a dog for company; but I am glad they did not. A dog would have frightened the wild things, while I was like one of them. Naturally quiet, I slipped in and out among them almost unnoticed.

My only terror, aside from snakes, was that I might fall into a hole in the ground so deep that I could not get out again. The old "Mineral diggin's", where lead ore had been mined before the farmers began to come in, was a constant danger in that respect. Fortunately, the cattle seldom wandered in that direction.

On the hills this side the gully, there were only wolf and badger holes. I recall one night a fierce electric storm came up when I had driven the beasts as far as the poplar thicket in the speculator's land. That was a beautiful hillside, with its tall poplar trees, forever trembling in the breeze, rising out of a bed of ferns and shrubs. It was there I found the best mandrakes. And how I did revel in their pungent odor. But that night it was a terrible place, with the thunder and tree branches crashing, and the lightning flashing across a storm darkened sky. I remember I caught hold of the Blodgett Durham's tail and was safely guided over the uneven ground. But that was several years after our arrival in Irish Hollow.

On Monday after our arrival, I explored the valley near Uncle John's cabin. I was too timid to venture very far afield and besides, I felt tired and sleepy. I filled my apron with acorns and sat down under a big oak tree that looked like a huge blossom with its reddish purple leaves just bursting forth. I tried to fit the acorns into the acorn cups, and I must have fallen asleep. A squirrel sitting on his haunches scolding at me brought me back to consciousness. My head felt queer, and dizzy when I stood up. I slowly carried my apron full of acorns back to the cabin. But I dumped them down outside the door, feeling too weary to care more about them I went inside, climbed the ladder to the loft and crawled into bed.

CHAPTER VI

I have absolutely no memory of those first weeks in Wisconsin, during which I lay tossing in delirium in that little loft. The spring time of the year in that Eden was so beautiful, it is a pity to lose one out of my childhood memories.

All fevers were alike in those days on the frontier. No effort was made to determine the cause. The doctors were men naturally interested in the human anatomy, its diseases and how to cure them, but with almost no opportunities for learning. They practiced without diplomas, and like the ministers

were reduced to the necessity of following, some other vocation for a living. In Irish Hollow they were farmers.

There was a Dr. Ross, one of the Ross brothers, who had settled in the Ross district, between us and Belleville. Some time in the forties, he brought his fifteen year old bride, from the east to live out there in the wilds of Wisconsin. They were no more than located, when some wandering bands of Indians went on the war path with the determination to exterminate the white intruders.

The Ross women and children were hurried, with the few other settlers to the Mineral Point Fort for safety, while the men, led by "Captain " Ross organized a company of militia. But the Redman moved farther west, and never again molested the white settlers in that section of the country.

Mr. Avery, our mile neighbor to the southwest, was also something of a doctor. One day when he was at our house, they thought I had died, but I breathed again. Then there came a night, when I was awakened by a terrible electric storm. Fortunately, there was but one small window in each gable to admit the flashing lightning. The roar and crash of the thunder, the swish and swash of the rain torrents on the roof, so near my head, were certainly appalling. In my weakened condition, it may have seemed worse than it really was, but I cannot, even now, recall that night without feeling that the Demons of Death and the Angels of Life were battling for the possession of my soul.

What torture that summer must have been to those folks in that two room cabin out there in the woods, so far from civilization! Seven adults and three children, with one of them for so many weeks actually paddling in the River Styx! What a blessing it was summer time!

I seldom heard the experience referred to afterwards; never in a complaining tone. That was not their way. They met and solved as best they could each problem of life as it confronted them, and then passed on to the next, wasting neither time/nor nerve strength in worry or in self pity.

The first day I was able to be out of doors, Uncle William brought me a big pumpkin, when he came home to supper. He and grandfather had set off with father at daylight for the opposite side of the hill, where they were building our cabin.

"Well, Joseph. will you be moving in tomorrow?" laughed Aunt Elizabeth, as father hoisted me in his arms. "It went weel the day", he answered, " We'll be shaking the dust o' your place from our feet ere long".

"Hae a dring", mother suggested, as she appeared with a bucket of water from one of the springs. "Thon's the best water I ever tasted."

"I think the big spring tastes better than the other on", John said proudly. "Ay", agreed mother, "This is frae it". "Bring then bairn in out o' the dew", grandmother commanded as she appeared in the doorway.

Father carried me, calling me his "Bit of faem", while grandfather hobbled after the pumpkin I had rolled down the path that led to the garden. They were hot and weary, but as they crowded into the little room, they joked Joseph about his eagerness to be over the hill on his own forty. They spoke of the deed that had not yet arrived. The cabin was half up before Mr. Hare brought it from Exeter one day. It is still there on the old homestead, locked in a drawer with a few other documents.

The next day, Nattie and I played with the big pumpkin. "Don't you wish Uncle Leslie were here to

make a Jack o' Lantern?" I asked her. "es me do", she lisped. She always agreed with me whether she understood or not. She was a cunning little tot, with her soft brown curls and big gray eyes.

Uncle Leslie had made Jack o' Lanterns from big turnips in Ireland. I thought the pumpkin would be so much better for that purpose. But Leslie had gone south with James Moore, a brother of Uncle James's wife, and we were never to see him again.

I finally tried to make a Jack O' Lantern from the big pumpkin, and cried peevishly when I did not succeed.

After a time, I was strong enough to go with mother and Nattie to see the new house. Nature was delightful on the south side of that hill; wild flowers blooming; wild fruits and nuts ripening; birds singing, nesting or feeding their young; frogs croaking in the two gurgling spring branches that formed a Y in the marsh in front, where tall grasses hid the bogs; odors and soft murmuring noises, with here and there a russet tint, all presaging the fall of the year; the rising cabin clasped to the bosom of the hill by two arms jutting out from shoulder, epauletted by bray limestone slabs, that were finished by a fringe of autumnal green and back of and above it all, the crest of the hill, studded by great trees and hunks of rock.

Nattie and I gathered some huckleberries and sat on a log in the shade of a tree, to eat them. A quail and her brood of nearly twenty came quite close to us. I tried to count them, but Nattie "shooed" them and they darted here and there so quickly that counting was out of the question.

Joseph had insisted that the cabin must have two rooms on the ground floor. "I canna eat and sleep in the same room" he told mother. So he selected oak trees about ten inches through. These he felled, trimmed and by using wedges and sledges, split into halves. Then having no other means of transportation, he and William carried these slabs to the place where the cabin was to stand. The outer walls were formed by placing them on end, flat side in, in a trench which was then refilled and the dirt stamped firmly around the slabs. This was Joseph's idea, and not the usual way of constructing a log cabin. Neither he nor William was strong enough to handle heavy logs, and "Necessity is the mother of invention". Someone told him the slabs would soon rot away in the ground.

"They will dae me until I can hae a better hoose," he answered, with the calm faith they all had in the new country.

The outside of the cabin was at first chinked with mud. Later on, when they could get lime, plaster was used for this purpose. Mary then whitewashed the inside walls. She liked the smell of the fresh lime, and it helped her to control the bed bugs.

Those ill smelling pests were something new to the Scotch Irish. We were used to the antics of the lively little flea, but anything so insidious as the unmentionable bug was foreign to their experience. The accepted theory was that they bred in the wood, and could not be exterminated. And indeed, extermination was difficult with no more deadly cleansing agents than soft soap and boiling water. With the advent of kerosene, it became an easier task. I recall Mother's first experience with them. Mrs. Hare was very ill with a fever for several weeks that summer. The corner of the room in which her bed stood, was hung with white muslin. She was an extremely neat woman, and having no family, her two children had died in infancy, her house was always immaculate, when she was "up and around". But as I say she had been in bed for some weeks, and the neighbors, of course, had taken turns at helping Mr. Hare care for her and the house.

One morning, while there, mother was surprised to see a procession of brown bugs, goose stepping it up over the pretty white hangings that surrounded the bed. Major Bitemall of the Cimex Lectularium was evidently reviewing his choice swordsmen. Mother, not knowing how to deport herself before such a grand retinue, was no doubt kept from making some dreadful faux pas by the advent of Mrs. Avery on the scene. Eternal vigilance was then and still is the price of peace, be the housekeeper sick or well.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare were very good neighbors. Mr. Hare and father often changed work and the two women borrowed back and forth, especially yeast cakes. Every woman who did not like salt rising bread made her own yeast cakes in those days. The bread from the home made

yeast, was slow about rising, and it was not unusual for a housekeeper to bundle up her bread dough, carry it to her neighbors and visit while it baked.

I remember one spring day Mrs. Hare and her bread dough were at our house. She was a very fussy woman about her health, and that day she was advising mother about the best way to care for grandmother during the chargeable spring months.

"The spring of the year, in these parts, is the most critical time " she asseverated. "If you can once get out of your winter flannels without getting down, you can usually count on feeling good the rest of the year."

Then she went on to explain a method of shedding winter undergarments, that she thought very successful. When the first wild ducks went north, she replaced her heavy suit with an old one that was worn thin. If the ducks found that nature had played a practical joke on them and returned to the south, as they frequently did, Mrs. Hare returned to the heavy underwear. And so she continued to alternate garments, according to the wild ducks' flight, until that wise fowl settled down for the season. This always left Mrs. Hare clothed in a thin suit of woolens that had yet to be got rid of.

For guidance in this second stage of shedding, she turned to the busy little bee. When the bees began to hang in a buzzing bunch on the outside of hive, Mrs. Hare cut off one sleeve of the old undersuit. In the next few days she snipped off the other sleeve, and so on, until by the time the first swarm was humming in the air, the entire suit was cut away, and a Summer suit was substituted.

I thought that a very ingenious solution of the problem, and resolved to make a personal trial of it. I had been teasing mother for several days to allow me to discard my woolens. But she insisted it was still too early in the season. My suits were practically new. The goods we had bought and the suits were made before we left Ireland. I possessed no old thin ones. So the wisdom of the wild ducks was of little use to me, and cutting my perfectly good suit into bits, to get it off my back, was likewise out of the question.

By the next morning, I had decided that the success of the system lay in sneaking, as it were, the woolens off the body a bit at a time, and it could make no possible difference how this was accomplished. My left arm felt so free when I pushed up the woolen sleeve we wore no nighties in those days, but slept in our undergarments I decided to roll it in tight to my shoulder, and thus begin shedding. By the next morning, that arm having suffered no inconvenience aside from the discomfort occasioned by the wad of red flannel packed into the tight fitting arm's eye of my dress. I rolled both sleeves and looked like a pouter pigeon. The next day I rolled one leg of my undersuit up to my body.

Soon all of my extremities were sans woolens, but my body was swathed in rolls of red flannels.

Still my busy mother noticed nothing unusual about my appearance. I was out of doors helping father most of the time, anyway, and he was not very curious about the various hummocks produced by woman's clothes. Dame Fashion was likely to stick a bustle or a puff or a hoop skirt any place.

Each day I rolled and folded and made pilgrimages to the bee tree on top of the hill (we owned no hive of bees) in a vain hope that they would signify a desire for me to cast the whole suit. The weather construed to grow warmer, until one hot morning I descended the ladder from the loft with my entire undergarments packed inside my full dress skirt, just below my tight fitting waist. This attracted the attention of the entire household.

"What's wrang wi' yur cloaise, wean?" they chorused. "I'm discarding my winter flannels," I informed them, " and I'm all cool except my equator".

Father had brought a pit saw from Ireland, and with it he and Uncle William sawed the boards for the floors, casing, doors, roof and other parts of our cabin. His training in the little shop in Ireland was very useful to him during those first years in Wisconsin.

Grandfather helped what he could, but he was not the man he had been. Grandmother said he seemed to go down, after they were left alone with Uncle Leslie in Ireland. Bringing him to this strange wild place was like uprooting one of the big oak trees in an attempt to transplant it in the middle of the Sahara Desert. To me, it is old folks like him who are the pathetic part of those days; not the hard work nor the privations. Of course he could have remained at home there were many who could not but he wanted to be with his children, and Grandmother would have gone to the bottom of the sea on the way over, rather than be left behind. She asked only one thing, to bring with her, her set of china dishes. She achieved her desire by lugging them along, packed in a big basket. Some of them are still in existence.

There is yet another reason why my grandparents wished to come to America. Leslie, their youngest, just out of his teens, was inclined to be wild. They were growing old, and perhaps more lenient. They thought the change of companions and the influence of his brothers and sisters might restrain their wayward son. But the times were too fast for the old folks. Railroads were being built at a rapid rate; ocean steamers were coming into use; millionaires were being made in California over night. Youth must see the world. So Leslie moved on, and his parents grieved.

CHAPTER VII

By October, 1851, our cabin was finished and we moved in. "It's nae muckle ", Joseph observed, "but we'll soon hae a better hoose".

"It is hame", breathed Mary, "and the Lord be thankit we are a' here".

She lived to be ninety three years old, and that was always "hame " to her. Six days out of every week, she did with her might whatsoever her hand found to do, but the seventh day she spent with her Bible and Psalm book in the presence of her Lord. I remember, it was from that chubby little 6 x 3 x 2 volume they read that first night after supper in the new log cabin. The selections were all taken from the Psalms, great paeans of joy and thanksgiving.

They were not the moving type of pioneers, who have furnished so much material for the modern

writers. Their ambition was to make for themselves and their posterity a permanent, Christian home; even though it might be a humble one.

A bake oven and fireplace occupied one end of the kitchen. The hard oak grubs made beautiful open fires during the long winter days. We discovered that the different woods would produce a variety of colors and crackles while burning. The poplars were consumed quickly, making but little noise and sending forth a white, sickly looking flame. The hard woods were bright and snappy, and full of fight to the very last flicker. A piece of wood that had been bored by insects, would sputter at a great rate. Most of such choice bits we found among the red oak sticks. Hickory made the hottest fire of all, especially the hickory chips. But for a crackling snapping, spitting flame, there was nothing equal to an armful of dry rushes from the marsh.

Father had made some rude bedsteads and a table. The next day they selected a place for the sun dial, and he set up the post and nailed the dial on top. Mother cautioned him to make it low enough so I could see to read the time. Later he traded his silver kneebuckles and some other trinkets from the "kist" for a clock that is still ticking us, one by one, into eternity, as it stands on the shelf he placed against the wall for it.

One of the boxes was tilted against a tree and gradually filled with ashes from the fireplace. We were careful to burn oak wood while filling it, because oak ashes made the best lye. Every ounce of fat was saved in anticipation of the soap making that took place as soon as enough lye had seeped through into the jar underneath the ash box. Later on it was possible to obtain a barrel from Sanford Scott, the cooper. For years that leach barrel leaned against a beautiful aspen, that seemed to me to be always quaking in fear of the burning lye that dripped, dripped, so near its heart.

We were a busy family that fall. Father walked many miles trying to purchase livestock and farm implements, and in search of a cooper and a breaking outfit. He had decided to plow the top end of the valley, where the marsh began to lose itself in the hills to the east. There were few trees standing there and it would require less clearing, than the rest of the forty. Footsore and weary, he would return at night to tell us about the new and strange things he had seen. Sometimes, while he was soaking his tender feet in a pail of hot water, we would examine a stone or plant he had carried home with him. There was one big poplar tree off to the north west that was different from all the other poplars. We put a leaf from it into a glass of water to magnify it and found it looked like silver under the water.

The woods were gorgeous in their autumnal dress. The bright tints of the hard wood trees, dotted in wet or protected spots by the lemon yellow of the poplars.

Nattie and I gathered nuts, hazel, hickory and black walnut. I also added a few bitter nuts, intending to feed them to the squirrels and perhaps fool the older folks with them, as they so much resembled the hickory nuts. Uncle William was quite angry when he chewed some of the bitter meats I had given him. Mother scolded me for being so unkind to one who was so nearly blind. It was because of his poor eyes that I had selected him as the first victim of my practical joke. The moral issues were beginning to confuse me.

The birds were flocking in preparation for their flight south. Such a chattering as there was in those woods! Some days the sky was darkened by hundreds of migrating pigeons. Father got out his old flint lock gun and killed seven at one shot. Then we had pigeon pie, and latter when the wild geese and ducks came honking by we had baked fowl. Mother very carefully saved all of their beautiful plumage for feather beds and pillows.

As winter came on with its long nights, we were quite alone for days at a time. Days when the big trees stood gaunt and purple against a dreary leaden sky. Nights when the owls hooted in the woods and the wolves howled on the distant hills.

Then there were days when the sunshine danced and glistened on a fairy world. When every tree and shrub, festooned in crystal white, stood on a feathery carpet the angels spread as they plucked their geese and scattered the down about for delight of Nattie and me. There were still, bright, moonlit nights, when one could see the wild things romping among the big trees and hear the Swiss yodel echo among the hills up New Glarus way.

Nattie and I had the four hens, Aunt Elizabeth had given to mother for company. I had my embroidery to work and my lessons to learn. There were Bible verses and Catechism to commit to memory. Father taught me out of the new school books he had bought before we left Ireland. Of course I spoke and read with a broad Scotch accent. But it was my spelling that embarrassed me and surprised my teacher when I finally did go to school. I was a good speller, but my "J" was sounded like "gaw", my "a" like "AW", and my "e" was "a". Perhaps you can imagine the laugh that greeted the spelling of my first word. "Jade" pronounced the teacher. "Gaw aw d a" I responded promptly. But I did not like to be laughed at, and I soon Americanized my tongue.

Some times Uncle John and Aunt Elizabeth with little Lavina would come over and spend an evening or an afternoon that first winter, but Aunt Elizabeth was not well, and kept pretty close to her own cabin, and John did not like to leave her alone, A few times the more distant neighbors, the Hares, the Averys and the Coreys "came visiting" and stayed for supper.

Father worked early and late with his tools, making many useful things for the house and farm. There was one red oak chair that we thought very grand.

One day James Hare came in to say that the Parkins boys, over by where Dayton is now, had heifers to sell. Father went over and bought two of them for \$25. The boys helped drive them home and father paid for them with some of the few remaining coins from the "kist". When the pieces of money were being passed from one man to the other, one of them fell to the ground. "Ah", said Joseph, "you will buy more lan' wi' it. See, it fa's on the groon". That was the ambition of all of them, to buy more land, right there in Irish Hollow.

They built a shed for the heifers, a post for each corner with some small branches and poles on the roof and sides; all of it thatched with long grass from the meadow. Cuddled in, as we were at the south side of the hill, we were very cozy and warm that first winter.

Early in the spring, mother sent me over to George Parkin's place to get some turkey eggs. It was a long walk through the woods, with life eyeing me curiously or hurrying away at my approach. When I reached my destination, I found that Mrs. Parkins had set all of the turkey eggs except two, Another hen was on her nest, so I waited for the third egg. Two of the three eggs hatched, but one of the poults died before it had outgrown the peeping stage. We raised one big gobbler.

Father had started for the shed where the two heifers now shared quarters with their young calves, and mother's four hens. But he returned to the door of the cabin to announce that there seemed to be a roaring in the air. We stepped outside to listen. The tall grass of the previous summer now lay thick and dry in the valleys and among the trees on the hillsides. The air was hazy. Screeching birds flew

aimlessly about; animals by the dozen scurried down the ravine in a mad flight for the river on the west. Louder grew that oncoming rumble before which they were fleeing.

Soon we spied the cause on the top of a distant hill. Banked like a slice of writhing, spitting, misplaced sunrise it advanced.

For once my parents stood helpless. I afterwards saw them stand thus at the bedside of some loved one, who was slipping away from them, and this world, but I had never seen them in such straits before. "Pa, Ma, what can we do? We will burn up", I cried. This brought action on the part of Joseph and Mary. "Wet some old rags to fight it", commanded father. "We can save the cabin, I think, but it will take the hay stack in the bog".

Fight that monster with a few wet rags? How foolish! We would all have perished, had not help come from another source.

The few settlers down Monticello way had recognized in that rumble the voice of the timber fire. Marshaling their forces, they advanced to meet it. Between our haystack and the wall of flame they began burning and smothering until nothing remained for the monster to devour, and he died of starvation. We had witnessed the end of the giant gardener who had landscaped the bur oak openings.

Forest fires in those woods differed from the forest fires up north in the pineries. The green oak trees did not "catch" so easily. The flames would dance through among them, consuming all small stuff, even burning the lichens and moss on the tree trunks, and leaving many a scarred old veteran of the woods in their wake. If the burned moss entirely encircled a tree, it would die. But I have seen them scarred two thirds of the way around, and still green and thriving. Some of the big ones had holes in their trunks where little girls could hide away from their playmates. We had one such in our yard.

Life was no longer monotonous for Nattie and me. Before the subject of the big fire had grown stale, Uncle Ellison came out from the "Point", bringing four cows with him. These cows were not for sale, but were rented from a man named Blodgett. Father took over two of these heifers. The pedigree of each is indicated by the name we gave her the Little Red Cow, and the Blodgett Durham,

The terms of the lease required that at the end of three years, two cows should be returned in place of one. In a very few weeks Mary had four cows to milk, and a yoke of prospective oxen and two bossies to feed.

Milking was one of the things Joseph could not master. His shapely hands became roughened by corn picking, callused by grubbing, bruised and torn by beetle and saw, eaten by lime in the mixing of mortar, forced into all kinds of manual labor; but at milking, they rebelled utterly by cramping until they were useless before the first cow was stripped.

In Ireland milking was a woman's work. A man would weave and knit, but it was only a sissy boy who milked the family cow. More often than not the family cow was a goat, and not a cow at all. But at the Lynn home there were cows and six sturdy boys and only two girls. Yet Robert was the only one of the boys who could be persuaded into lending a hand at the milking, and that only when he had been assured that the other young folks would never hear of it. So Mary did the milking, and as soon as I was old enough, I was pressed into the service.

It enlarged the joints and ruined the contour of my hands, except the tips of my fingers. To this day,

they remain the envy of my granddaughters, who blunt their fingers on a musical instrument or a typewriter.

Mother needed tubs for the butter she made, so father went over the river in search of a cooper. He found Melcher Stuessy, putting the finishing touches on his new log cabin, while one of the Legler girls, who was to become his bride the next day, was inside baking her wedding dinner. Her father's cabin was well filled with younger children, so why should she not do the baking over the fireplace in the new cabin that was so soon to be her home?

Father found Sanford Scott, the cooper, and came home to tell us about the approaching nuptials. How thrilling it was to my young ears, and how I wished I were over there with those Swiss young people the next night, when I heard them yodeling and calling to one another; their voices echoing and re-echoing from the hills.

A wedding in the Swiss settlement was an occasion for much merry making. If the contracting parties belonged to the most influential families, the festivities would sometimes last for several days. There was always a wedding dinner with a dance and free beer. Every Swiss drank beer, but comparatively few got drunk.

The Swiss maidens were for the most part a pink cheeked, light haired, smiling, singing, lot. Maid and man played and worked with astonishing vim.

A Swiss betrothal was as sacred as a marriage, in those days when divorces were rare. And no Swiss gentlemen broke his engagement vow or deserted his fiancée.

The English speaking settlers considered an engagement less binding. This difference of opinion was a source of much trouble and many heartaches in later years.

It was over by Melcher Stuessy's cabin that Uncle James killed the big rattle snake. Father once saw a small rattler on our hill. He was wearing a pair of high topped boots. He heard the rattle, and thought it came from strange birds up in the tree above his head. Presently he spied the snake at his feet. We had seen no snakes in Ireland, thanks to St. Patrick or some other good cause. I remember one morning that first spring in Wisconsin mother sent me to spread some towels she had "plouted" out, on a clump of red oaks that were thriving in the right armpit of the hill. Leaves had swirled into that nook, and protected the first acorn shoot, destruction of which means death to the infant red oak.

Somehow the timber fires had not caught them for a few seasons, and they now made a fine clump to use in lieu of a clothes line. I was shaking out the first towel when I heard a rustling in the leaves at my feet. On looking down I beheld a writhing mass of snakes. I took to my heels, and when I returned with mother a few minutes later, all of the snakes had disappeared. Although the snakes were the terror of my life, the ones found in that section of the country were for the most part harmless.

CHAPTER VIII

The clearing and plowing of the ground was one of the big problems confronting the early farmers in the burr oak openings. One peculiar characteristic of the burr oak is that the tap root sinks deeper, the stump below the surface of the ground remains alive and increasing in size each year, although the shoots sent up above ground may be destroyed with each returning season. When the pioneer began to turn the ground, his plow ran into these grubs every few feet, even where no trees were apparent.

I was awakened early one morning by the clanking of chains, the lowing of oxen, and the sound of loud voices in the field below the cabin. This was new to me, for our men were low voiced even when angry or impatient.

In a twinkling, I remembered about the breaking outfit that was expected to arrive, and in anticipation of which father had scooped up with the scoop net he had made, more fish than usual from Little Sugar River. I hastened into my clothes and was down the ladder in time to hear mother say "Then's George Forsithe: he's no good without a jug".

"He will be less good before long, with a jug, unless Wood knows how to hide it between drinks", father answered as he went out the door.

The "Byron Wood Breaking Outfit" had come that morning from Wood's farm southwest of Monticello. Mr. Wood was driver of the outfit; "Big" Green held the plow, and George Forsithe carried the ax. Green was a strong and steady workman who bridled his tongue in the presence of ladies and children, except when he was holding the plow. Then he was credited with uttering more oaths per second than any other man in the county.

George was a young chap and a good worker if there was a "Jug" attached to the job. But, as father had intimated, the "Jug" must be judiciously applied.

Wood was a Psychologist and a "Jug" expert. After the first drink he handed the "jug" over to father with the admonition to "keep this away from George between drinks, or he will have six sheets in the wind, and be as useful as a bat in the sunlight, before noon."

"Drinks" meant the times when the oxen were allowed to stop for a rest. Some "breakers" used seven yoke of oxen, but Wood claimed that his six yoke outfit could do as much work as any seven yoke in the country. His pride in his outfit was justified. His beasts were a well kept dozen, with their sleek, velvet like hides and their polished, brass capped horns glistening pearl and gold in the sunlight. His plowshares shimmered like a mirror, and the huge wrought iron chain, with links as thick as my wrist was seldom known to "give" in the midst of a stiff pull, thus necessitating a trip to a distant blacksmith shop. Even the ax helve of the ax George carried felt like satin.

No lines were used. A long whip and a few words guided the beasts. At the command of "Gee", they turned to the right; while "Haw" brought them back to the left. The oxen that were well fed and cared for were the most tractable; but the petting must not be commenced while they were calves or they were more likely to grow into lazy, balky oxen. An ox that settled down after sowing plenty of wild oats, as it were, made the most dependable worker. They were seldom vicious, but while yoking and feeding them, there was danger from the long, sharp horns on the tossing heads of the animals. As a protection, many drivers tipped the horns with brass knobs.

The demand for oxen in those pioneer days was very great. In 1850 the census reported 1,700,000 work oxen in the United States. During the next ten years the number increased to over 2,250,000.

That first breaking made a lasting impression on my young mind. The most brainy pair of oxen had been selected as "leaders", and as a special mark of favor an extra knob of brass, the size of a door knob, stood up on a stem from the smaller cap on the tips of their long horns, Behind these leaders the other oxen were ranged like partners for a grand march, A heavy chain yoked each pair to the succeeding pair by means of a strong pin in the center of each yoke, ending with a coupling pin at the

plow.

I fairly held my breath when Wood on the high side of the big, muscular plow team began to call, "hey Buck! Oh Bill!" all the while he cracked his long whip in the air above the stupid looking animals. Slowly the leaders began to move forward, and like so many automatons, the others followed. The chain tightened. Green moved the lever that set the plowshare's nose to the soil. The grub roots began to crunch and snap. Urged on by Wood, the beasts pulled steadily, slowly, until sometimes they were crawling along on their knees while they bent their necks to the task. Furrow lapped furrow like ragged folds of purple ribbon embossed by the spider like grubs. Wild things scurried away before this monster that was ravaging their homes. Now and then the plow struck an extra tough root, and Wood's whip, cracked more sharply, while the deep voiced command, "Suey Buck! Hey Bill! " urged the beasts to greater effort. But he always lowered the whip and in a lighter key sang out, " an ax!" before the chain began to "give". At the cry of "ax" George Forsithe would hurry up, spit on his hands and " Suck, whack, suck, whack!" sent a new note out on the air. The root severed, the outfit moved on. At the corner Green, assisted by the two front wheels and the oaths he uttered, snaked the plow into place. Around the field it crawled and crawled, until Wood boomed out, " Whoa Bill, steady Buck", While he dangled the whip before the "leaders" eyes.

Then how George would run for the jug which father brought forth from its hiding place! It required a man of good judgment to know just how often to introduce these rests into the day's work. On a hot day, the oxen needed to rest more often than was conducive to good work on the part of George. The poor beasts would toil on, tongues lolling, until they were overcome by heat, if the driver did not use discretion. While on the other hand, George would drink himself first into an imbecile and then a sleepy dolt if allowed too frequent use of the jug.

As I said, George was a good worker, when properly primed. Between the calls for the ax he would lend a hand at " shaking" the grubs, although that was not considered a part of the breakers job.

The whole family, with the exception of mother and grandmother, was employed at the task of "shaking" and "carrying" grubs. Even two year old Nattie was toddling at my side, trying to help me carry the smaller ones from the field. The men armed with pitchforks, rakes, or any implement they found convenient, would shake the grubs loose from the soil, after which they were carried from the field, piled up, and when dry, burned.

Carrying grubs was one of the usual tasks of the children, and many a "grub race " was staged on the frontier in Wisconsin. We girls had the advantage of the boys because of our large aprons, which made excellent grub sacks. The work was hard on the aprons, but our mothers met that objection by making them of brown denim a cloth that could stand the strain. Perhaps it was this use of brown denim that brought it into such ill repute as a dress fabric for girls a generation later.

It was the last day of that breaking that George gave us the surprise of our lives. Father had been taking advantage of George's absence in another part of the field to secrete the " jug", but as the piece of unbroken ground grew smaller, he had relaxed his vigilance, and was giving his whole attention to shaking grubs. The plow was cutting clean. There was no call for the ax. We were all working diligently when a joyous whoop and haloo made us look up to see George and the jug careening down the side of the field. Now and then, he would stop for another draught and then, to the tune of some maudlin song, he was off again.

"Let the darn fool go", said Wood, "he's earned a spree".

On one occasion, when George was in his cups, a few years later, Grandmother Lynn saved him from the clutches of the law. He had been mixed up in a brawl in the Winneshiek tavern. The authorities were after him with a warrant. He took to the woods, and finally rushed in on grandmother just as she lifted the trap door in the kitchen floor to go down cellar. "Hide me", begged George. Grandmother scented alcohol, and halted not to consider. Chucking George into the cellar, she closed the trap door and pulled her big armchair onto it. When the officers of the law appeared, she sat in the armchair placidly piecing quilts. Some of the relatives later remonstrated with her, telling her it was not right, and she might get into trouble if she balked the course of the law. "What could I dae", she asked them. "I had one o' my own, maybe, crying "Hide me", o' some auld woman".

Father wanted to plant a part of the field to potatoes if he could find seed. Uncle John had raised a good crop of potatoes the year before, but they had frozen in the pit during the winter. Both families had been eating them, but to keep them from rotting and make them palatable, it was necessary to keep them frozen and put them on to boil in cold water. I remember the preparation of them for cooking was a chilly process.

It happened that Nick Elmer, one of the Swiss settlers had successfully wintered his crop and had seed to sell. We were very glad when he appeared at our door with a pocketful of potatoes. he could speak no English, but by carrying a sample which he planted before our eyes, he made known his errand.

During the spring and early summer Grandmother was bad with rheumatism. She was unable to walk without "hirplin", and carried a "Cummock" whenever she ventured out of doors. She explained that the staff was useful in killing snakes, but we all knew that she was glad of its support while walking, although the snakes were not plentiful enough to justify any one in carrying a cudgel.

Mrs. Avery came over to see her, and advise a cure. "There's nothing like ant egg liniment, for stiff joints ", she said, and then turning to mother, "You just send Lizzie over to the other side of Mineral Point turnpike to fetch a pail of water from that soft water spring that's nearest the Indians' Flat Rock. Get it early in the morning of a clear day, before the sun strikes the water. Boil the water and pour it over a handful of ant eggs". And then she added impressively to me, "Be sure you don't let the sun hit the water."

Mother waked me with the first little bird peep the next morning, and after we had eaten breakfast, I set off for the soft water spring. My parents followed me out of doors, and while we stood for a moment silent before the wonders of God's Creation, a herd of deer, came loping down the ravine. They stopped at the spring branch for a morning drink; they looked inquisitively at our cabin and started towards us as though about to investigate, and then they turned and sped off west towards the hills beyond the river. Father might have shot one of them, but we had no need of the venison, and it was never his way to kill for the sport of killing. Maybe he felt it was all too beautiful to mar with an old flint lock gun.

The eastern sky was all aglow; dew glistened everywhere; the feathered musicians of nature's spring chorus were assembling; the mourning dove, that late rising ventriloquist, had just begun his " oo oo oo oo". It was warm, and I was bare footed. Keeping a sharp lookout for snakes, I crossed the marsh, hopping from one bog to the next, silencing the frogs in the water between. At the edge of the speculators' land, I stopped to bathe my face in the dewy fragrance of some elderberry blossoms, tribute to the god of beauty. A quail on an old tree trunk nodded his head at me and whistled, " Bob White". Farther on I spied a little mound of dry grass with an opening on one side; I stooped to

examine it; two bright eyes stared at me, but nothing moved; I put out my hand – scoot! Mrs. Bob White was gone, uncovering a nest full of pure white eggs, rounded on one end and quite pointed on the other.

A few days later, when I again visited the nest, there was only a heap of broken shells. The wonder was how so small a bird could hatch so many eggs.

As I neared the spring I noticed through a break in the woods of the ravine leading east, the sun just peeping over the horizon. I hastened, for the sunbeams must not strike the water before I had filled my pail.

The pail filled, I proceeded to examine the Indians' Flat Rock. Twenty years before, Black Hawk and his warriors had roamed that country for the last time. No wonder they hated to give it up! The rock was still smoked from their fires – or perhaps from the fires of those wandering bands that less than ten years previous had so frightened the Ross brothers.

The ground was littered with arrow points, bits of flint, and bones. I also found three long smooth oak poles that were bent at one end like a boy's shiny club. I wanted to take them home, but was afraid the owners might come and claim them. I wonder now, that I was not afraid the Indians would come then, and steal me away off there in the woods so far from everybody. But fear is not a characteristic trait of my nature. "Hooly Goolys" and "Wee Folk" were never very real to me. In the words of Milton, "I incline to hope, rather than fear."

I climbed up on a chair shaped rock that I might better see off among the big trees. A flying squirrel swung from one tree to another; some partridges boomed in the distance; rabbits hid among the rocks when a fox came slyly into sight; a wolf slunk away in the distance; a badger stuck his long, striped snout out of his hole and finally waddled forth on his short legs.

I remembered I had yet to gather the ant eggs, so I got down and started back home. When I came out on the old Mineral Point road on the top of the ridge, I wondered where it came from and where it led to. I was tempted to follow it and see, but I did not.

Farther down in the sandy ravine I set my pail in the shadow of a rock while I rifled the ant hills. I wondered how that kind of liniment would cure rheumatism. I wished Willie Wallace were there to help me as he had helped me gather "slaters" that last day in Ireland. I was tempted to put in some bits of pith from the inside of a rush instead of the ant eggs, but I remembered the success of the slater syrup, and again I followed the prescription.

CHAPTER IX

It was the evening of September 16th, 1852. Father had just taken down the Bible for our evening, reading when there came a commanding knock on the door of our cabin. I believe that was the first time anyone had knocked at that door. Strangers had not yet discovered us; there were no servants in Irish Hollow, and our equals always opened the door without ceremony.

"How far is it to Joseph Moore's place?" asked the man outside, when mother threw open the door. "Oh, Alex, it's nae far," answered Mary, looking past him in the vain hope that her sister was out there.

Of course she knew him. It had been only a year and a half since she had left them in New York state. That was a way they had of introducing themselves when they arrived unexpectedly from a distance.

Alex did not really expect to fool her. In fact, he would have considered there was something seriously amiss with either his appearance or her powers of perception if she had failed to recognize him.

There is no doubt in my mind that St. Peter has long ago learned to distinguish us by just that innocent little deception. I can imagine him saying, "That is another Scotsman from Kockahollet of Irish Hollow", when some one knocks at the pearly gates and then, pulling a poker face inquires, "Can you direct me to the mansion occupied by Samuel Patterson?" and then of Patterson, " Can, you show me the section of the choir where Margaret Wallace sings? " and so on, until he meets up with some more recent arrival who calls his hoax and they all have a good laugh.

Uncle Alex admitted later that he was sure he had found our place when he saw the potato patch. No one who had been long in Wisconsin planted his potatoes on " rigs". They hilled potatoes up that way in Ireland, and Joseph had done so with that first little patch, but he soon found it was not good practice in the Wisconsin climate.

Alex had brought with him money to buy land, not only for himself, but for several others of the Wallace family as well. He also had a team and wagon, and the next morning he was off to Janesville where he bought up most of the unoccupied land in the Hollow from a man named Sleeper.

Selecting a spot to the east of us, at the top end of the valley as a site for his house, he was soon at work on his cabin. It was never his way to put off until tomorrow what he could do today. To the work went on apace, and in two months he was ready for his family to come on from Chatham.

Uncle Alex and Aunt were a worthwhile addition to the Hollow. They were a handsome looking young couple, energetic, full of fun and active in all good work. Alex at one time owned a fine farm and was one of the most influential men in the community, But he failed to realize his limitations, dabbled in politics, and neglected his work, with the usual disastrous results.

I fear I may have given you a wrong impression of Aunt's character and I must not do that. Many writers have extolled the pioneer country doctor, I wonder some worthy pen does not sing of such nurses as Aunt. She was a veritable blessing in those humble homes in times of sickness; and the life of every quilting bee or donation party. The times without number she dragged herself from her bed after a hard day's work in her own home, and with a smile on her rosy face and a note of cheer in her voice, went out to help some soul into this world or to keep one here that Death was urging hence. She received no compensation for her work. Hired nurses had not come into vogue in the Hollow. Her ministrations were purely acts of love, given and accepted in the same spirit.

Not only to the relatives in the Hollow did she minister; as the years went by she was the good Samaritan to even the poor beggar by the wayside. Every line fence quarrel and the worst quarrels were of line fence origin, was forgotten or buried deep under a mantle of sympathy, when Aunt's sensitive ears caught the wail of suffering humanity.

During the very early years, the differences between our families were insignificant, but as the farms were fenced, and life became less primitive, there developed the line fence troubles. Barbed wire fencing had not yet been invented.

I wonder the writer of Proverbs, with all his prophetic wisdom, did not set down and caution something like this: " Beware of the line fence, it marketh a pathway for evil and puteth murder into the hearts of men".

There was a "Devils lane" at each end of the Hollow where the Gentiles crowded up on us, but Grandpa Wallace thought it unseemly "to gie the Hornie a private passage about a place". And so, no matter how bitter the quarrel, we never set up two fences near the same line, with a passage for his Satanic majesty between. We might shoot each other's hogs, when they rooted through or under the rotting rails, or clip the wings of the turkeys when they flew over, but the single line fence continued to mark the boundaries of each of the thirteen farms of the clan.

Such things did not trouble us until after the hard times of Buchanan's administration brought many families from the mills and railroads of the east to the farms they had been paying for in Southern Wisconsin.

By the time Samuel Patterson and his wife, Sally Wallace, with their eight children, ranging in ages from two to twenty years arrived in 1859, the government land was all occupied, and he had to buy from Ira Baxter. The price at that time ranged from \$3 to \$6 per acre.

That was the summer I was sixteen, and I had been promised a new dress for a birthday present. It was to be paid for out of the butter money. My birthday was in early May, but it was late August before Father and I finally set off for Monticello with a pail of eggs packed in oats and a 166 pound firkin of butter carefully wrapped in wet cloths, wrung out of the cold spring water and shaded by big mullen leaves in the front of the wagon box.

We drove our own ox team that day. It was the second yoke of oxen Mother had raised. She sold the first yoke to Grandpa Wallace when he bought the Morley place. Willie then helped break both teams. We had petted them too much when they were calves for them to make first class work oxen.

Because our two brutes were continually sparring, I named them Forrest and McCready names which Willie readily changed to Rest and Ready. But as he said, Rest was always ready, and Ready was always wanting to take a rest.

Father was never very expert in driving oxen. He controlled them after the manner of the man in the story who was trying to plow a field. When he had called "haw" and "gee" until he was hoarse, he threw away his whip and cried, "Well, Haw! go where you please, it has all got to be plowed anyway."

One spring, before we had a yoke of our own, father borrowed a team from Uncle Ellison, who was living with grandfather and grandmother Lynn on Uncle Robert's place beyond the gully. Robert was still working in a paper mill in the east, earning money to pay for the farm he had bought from Jimmy Gains. The yoke of oxen went with the farm.

Jimmy Gains had been a widower with two sons. He married again in the East, and brought his family to Wisconsin. The dove of domestic peace failed to accompany him, and one day Mrs. Gains was missing. When the neighbors asked about her, Jimmy answered with characteristic brevity, "I set her over the line and told her to go".

We were all busy with our own affairs and so left Jimmy to attend to his. But in the future, suffragette tendencies in an Irish Hollow wife were quickly quenched when her spouse threatened to set her over the line and tell her to go.

Jimmy tried batching for a time, but soon sold out to Uncle Robert, and Ellison was working the farm

when father borrowed the oxen. It was an excessively hot, sultry day for that time of the year. Old Dob soon doubled his legs under and proceeded to take a rest. Father tried in vain to persuade him to rise and continue with the plowing. At last he gave up in disgust. "Havers," said he, "I'll delve the groon" So he sent me home with the other ox and left Dob to rise at his leisure.

Rest and Ready were equally independent of his commands. While other oxen came to the yoke at sight of the pin and a call from their master, I always had to lead Rest and Ready to the yoke by a rope around their necks.

But the day I was to buy my new dress, we had got them yoked and started with less trouble than usual. It was only three and one half miles to Monticello, but I could see by the time we turned the corner near where the woolen mill now stands, that Ready was getting tired. It was hot and the flies were bad. Then they scented water. The Little Sugar River lay just ahead. With snorts of contempt for the rude log bridge and father's "Gees " and " Haws", they made for it. Down the bank they whisked us, and out into mid stream. Fortunately the water was low.

After slaking their thirst and sprinkling their backs. and incidentally us, with their switching tails, they hauled us up the opposite bank, and in the course of time deposited us with our butter and eggs in front of Garland's store.

We sold our eggs for 5 cents per dozen in trade, but there was no market for a 100 pound firkin of butter. The proceeds of the eggs were not enough to purchase my dress goods, so I decided to freshen up my old gown with some of the Peters girls' embroidery, and make it do for a while longer.

I did buy that day our first kerosene lamp, and a small can of kerosene. The lamp has a blue glass standard shading, to clear glass, and decorated with raised glass leaves. We thought it added much to the beauty of the shelf above the table, that held the brass candlesticks and the glass of paper lighters, but because of the scarcity of kerosene, we did not often use it. They use it every night now on the old homestead.

Mother packed four of those 100 pound kegs of butter each summer. In the fall of 1860, Joseph and Alex took their butter to Madison, hoping to find a market for it in the larger city. Joseph succeeded in trading out one of his kegs at 10 cents per pound, but the three remaining kegs he brought home again where he stored them in the pit under the house.

We were living in our new house by that time. We had come by it in this way. Uncle Ellison had bought the 10 x 10 room that had been built as a temporary schoolhouse. This was the nucleus around and under which he proposed to construct a house on his forty, just west of us.

The little schoolroom, together with two small rooms and a tiny hall he added, formed the second story of his house. Into this, before the first floor was even enclosed, he brought his young bride. He went to Charles City, Iowa, to get her. Sanford Scott, her father, had moved his family farther west.

Rosa Scott was extravagant and no housekeeper, according to the Scotch Irish ideal of a helpmate. Her mother was a medium. One afternoon mother and I went to a " rappin'", as the Presbyterians derisively called the seance. Mary wanted to " speer" into the family since her brother was " sparkin'" one of the girls.

I think the medium and her daughter were more discomfitted by our presence than we would have been

had some supernatural being put in an appearance, None did, however, and we soon took our leave. But a few weeks later, when the Scotts were selling out, mother sent father to purchase the black walnut seance table.

"They maun hae had stark ghaists to pit it i' sic a state", he said, when he had returned home with the dilapidated piece of furniture. But he fixed it up and mother made more practical use of it than Mrs. Scott had done.

Her new sister in law was a thorn in the flesh of Mary. "It's fling an' fetch mair", she said in disgust. "She canna even churn wi' out splatterin' a' the hillside." There was a knack that Rosa had not mastered about churning in an open top dasher churn.

She chucked her packages of sugar and tea behind the baseboard of the unplastered room, and when the coarse brown paper tore and the contents streamed out, she ordered more from the Norris store in Dayton. She stood at the top of the stairs and threw milk at the swill barrel below, dousing many unsuspecting flies with the downpour, while Mary looked serious and set her thin lips tighter, while she covered her swill barrel from the flies and saved every grain of sugar in her little cabin just around the elbow of the hill. I used to wish mother would leave our sugar in the paper package instead of emptying it at once into a brown crock and covering it tightly. We got only brown sugar, you understand, and in the course of a few days if left in the package, it would cake up into chunks that were almost as good as the horehound candy father sometimes brought home. Aunt Rosa always let me lick the paper her sugar was wrapped in.

The upshot of it all was that Jim Norris caught Joseph and Ellison in Dayton one day, and secured Joseph's signature to Ellison's note for Rosa's store bill "Signin' notes to buy groceries for the dirty trollop to waste", stormed Mary when Joseph told her what he had done. "I'll hae non o' it." And she started "roun' the hill" to give Rosa a piece of her mind.

"Noo dinna barge; it'll be a' richt", coaxed father, but mother marched on. I suspect that Aunt Rosa heard that day the very first lecture on home economics that was delivered in Irish Hollow.

Ellison soon sold out to father and took his family back to Charles City, where he was killed in less than a year by a drag falling on him when he was trying to lift it out of a wagon box.

Father, borrowed \$200 from Otis Ross of Dayton to help pay Ellison for his farm. For the \$200 father gave 20 percent interest. At the end of the first year, he paid \$100 on the principal and \$40 interest. The following year he cleared up the debt.

I helped father finish the house Uncle Ellison had started. On the first floor we had a kitchen, bedroom and little front hall. The stairs led up from the hall to another little hall, off of which opened the 10 x 10 room that now became our parlor, and Uncle William's room at the head of the stairs. There was also a little bedroom for Nattie and me. The only fly in the ointment of my pride was the lack of a door for the parlor. I recall fussing about that for some time before I finally persuaded father to make one of two pieces of boards. One of the strips was too short, but I convinced him we could piece it out very nicely.

On the cabin door we had a wooden latch and leather hinges cut from an old boot top. But the parlor door was hung on iron hinges, and closed with a catch and reddish Brown doorknobs.

It still guards the privacy of that little old room where I liked so much to sit and dream I hear father down below telling mother I have a better head than he has for studying out ways to do things.

CHAPTER X

The pit under our house, where mother's butter was stored, was cut into the solid rock of the hillside. In that cool, clean place, the three 100 pound kegs of butter kept fresh and good. Father brought one of them up late in the fall and set it on the table in the kitchen.

He then loosened the wooden hoops, that were put on without nails, and lifted the keg off the yellow mound of butter. How beautiful it was, and how good it smelled and tasted! I distinctly recall the thrill that passed over me when I looked at it. And mother's pleased expression when father said, "What a peety to mar it". But in her practical way, she only answered, "What a peety there's nae market fa t".

After some discussion as to the best way to go about cutting it, they decided to use a small square that father had among his tools. The square was forced through the butter, cutting it into rectangular chunks of perhaps two pounds each.

These chunks were then peddled out in the nearby villages of Belleville, Monticello, Dayton, Exeter and Attica, formerly Winneshiek. The most distant of these towns was Belleville, which was eight miles from our place. New Glarus was only five miles away, but the Swiss had their own peculiar way of making butter and ate it without salting.

The two remaining tubs of butter sat in the pit until the next fall 1861. By that time the Civil War was on, and prices soared.

Johnson, a merchant in Monroe, the county seat town fifteen miles distant, came out and bought mother's entire output of butter, five tubs in all, for 25 cents per pound.

I believe it is a tribute to her skill as a butter maker that after augering to the bottom of each tub, tasting and smelling, he could not tell which kegs had been filled during the previous year, but pronounced at all first class.

It was then I got my new dress a cream colored wool challis with little pink flowers printed here and there on it. With its tight waist and voluminous skirt, it looked well on my slender form. I made a little bonnet to match the dress. The pink added color to my pale skin and went well with my dark hair and blue eyes.

Willie thought me very pretty in them, and began to talk more and more about the crops he hoped to get from his farm that year. he had bought the eighty just across the marsh from father's farm borrowing \$100 with which to make the first payment.

For some reason, that has now escaped my memory, he deposited for a few days the \$100 he had borrowed in Ludlow's bank in Monroe. The bank failed. Ludlow went into bankruptcy.

The creditors received 50 cents on the dollar, and Ludlow started up again with a clear slate; but Willie's hopes were somewhat blasted. With the courage of youth, however, he set about clearing, a larger field, that he might plant more grain the next spring.

His wheat looked fine that summer. We crossed the valley and climbed the opposite hillside to admire

it, when it was almost ready for the cradle. The next morning it was all laid low ruined by chinch bugs. And wheat as good as gold in the market!

In the language of a later generation, Willie was a good sport, and although as the years went by it seemed many times that Frau Sorge must have peeped at him in his cradle, he never yielded to despair.

The yoke of oxen his father bought from us finally developed into beasts, although the training of them required the patience of a Job and the wit of a Falstaff.

There was one day when he and his father were hurrying to finish a certain field that Berry lay down and refused to rise. All the known remedies for a balky ox were applied. He was coaxed with a pan of grain, pepper was blown up his nostrils, his tail was twisted, and his ears inflated, he was roasted from beneath and lashed from above, all to no purpose. Willie was angry and showed it. Grandpa was angry and being a good Covenanter, dared not show it. So he seated himself on a stump, and bowing his face in his hands, sat looking like a statue of despair, although he may have been praying. Suddenly he sprang to his feet calling, "Fetch the kawt, fetch the kawt!" (cat)

When the big tiger striped cat was produced, he dragged the feline, hind feet first down old Berry's back. The ox rose with alacrity and the work progressed.

It was in 1859 that Uncle James Lynn and Willie drove into Janesville with loads of wheat. That night there was a sleet storm. The next morning the ground was a glare of ice. They yoked up to start for home, but before they were out of the hostelry yard, Buck's hind feet slid out from under him in opposite directions, unjointing his legs at the hips. They hurried to a butcher shop, where Willie sold the ox for beef, and with the proceeds, purchased another, which he drove home as soon as the sun had softened the ice.

I remember how proud I was and how I hoped the folks would not notice my palpitating heart and flushed cheeks, when Uncle James sat in our kitchen relating the experiences. He told how all the men around the tavern were praising the boy's resourcefulness in such an emergency. I was about to leave the kitchen, intending to steal upstairs and listen at the stovepipe, when Uncle turned to me with a laugh, saying, "Hang till him, Lizzie, ye'll get nae better."

Yes, Willie was the lad who helped them all out in those early years, as I was the lass who came at each one's beck and call. And I was bonnie and he was braw in a' their eyes.

He bought the first span of horses, which Uncle Alex raised after coming in the Hollow. Then we could drive to the Truax schoolhouse for county Sunday school picnics or to the Swiss settlement revival meetings.

There came a spring when he had two lively little colts from his own team. One morning when he was leading the horses out to the spring branch for a drink, one colt crowded in beside its mother as she passed through the stable door. The door latch jammed into a vital part of its side, and it died. His young team was spoiled.

He spent the winter of 1862 1863 in the pineries of Clark county. With his team and sleigh he hauled provisions from Neilsville to the Black River Camp, farther north. Bill King was the other "toter", who made the trips with Willie. It took two days and they were always late getting into camp the night of the second day.

One night when they were toting loads of dressed hogs up Black River on the ice, they heard distinct yelps in the distance. Soon the yelps developed into howls, those weird, blood curdling howls of the big, gray timber wolves. Several hundred of them it seemed to the frightened boys. Dark shapes began to appear on the river banks. Tantalized by the scent of the fresh meat, some of the more bold would dart out ahead or behind the outfit that was crunching along on the ice. Then the frightened horses would jangle the sleigh bells and break into a gallop while the boys whooped and cracked their rawhide whips. This would drive the animals to cover, but before long they would be back again, snapping and snarling as before.

The boys carried guns, but reloading was necessary after two shots had been fired. They decided to use their firearms only as a last resort for their powder horns were nearly empty. They would frighten off the wolves as long as possible, and if things got too bad, they would roll off the hogs one at a time and while the wolves were fighting over that, make as good time as possible towards camp. But this was not necessary, and they managed to "save the bacon" for the men and reach camp in safety.

If one or two men went out alone at night in the pineries, it was no uncommon thing for them to be treed by wolves. Those in camp always kept a listening ear for the cry of "wolves".

Mr. Ross, the owner and financier of Black River Camp, sold the cut over land for 50 cents per acre. When spring came he could not pay the men their wages until the logs went down the river and were sold at the saw mills. Sam Patterson, Willie's young nephew, accompanied him to the pinery and secured a job as assistant cook in the mess tent. The training he received there afterwards served him well when his farm crops near Algona, Iowa, were destroyed by Grasshoppers. he then acquired a good paying position as cook for the Northwestern Railroad construction company, and was thus able to provide for his wife and two small children.

Sam remained in the pineries in the spring of '63 when Willie came back home. It was there he was drafted into the army and because he did not wish to go, his father took \$300 and went up to hire a substitute.

Sam's life may have been saved, but his father lost his. By the time he reached Brooklyn, the nearest railroad station on the return trip, it was raining. He had neither rubbers nor overcoat, yet he walked the nine miles to his home through the cold and wet. A few days later he was dead from pneumonia. Irish Hollow lost a good man in the taking away of Samuel Patterson. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God. Grandpa Wallace had committed much of the Bible to memory, But Samuel Patterson knew God by heart. There is a vast difference.

His funeral sermon was the second sermon our new pastor, George Washington Newell, preached for us. Matthew Fox could no longer come to Belleville and the Hollow as pastor. So Mr. Newell had been called to serve Belleville, Dayton and Irish Hollow. He preached in the schoolhouse the Sabbath before Mr. Patterson went North. After the services, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and their daughter, Mary Kate, drove off in their single seated buggy, drawn by one little pony. The buggy would hold no more, and the horse could not haul another passenger up through the sand, so Mr. Patterson, with his hand on the buggy box, walked along beside the conveyance, as they journeyed up the road between the schoolhouse and the lane that led down to the Patterson cabin. They talked about the work to be done for God in the Hollow. The Newells were to live in Belleville, but the pastor stressed the great need there was for a church building in Dayton.

"Yes", admitted Patterson, "there is need of a meetin' house in Dayton. We could much easier get there for the sacrament. If the Lord is willing, I will help you build it." But the Lord had other work for him to do and the building at Dayton was erected without his help. I recall the day it was finished. The pastor and his wife drove down to Dayton to see it, and from there drove on down to the Hollow. Mr. Newell was very jubilant over its completion. He was especially proud of the big brass ball that adorned its steeple.

"We could see it glistening in the sunlight when we were away out on the flat, almost at the very foot of the hills", he exclaimed. "Folks for miles around, down through the ages, will see that shining ball and know it crowns the Dayton church, built while Newell was pastor".

The rays from that gleaming globe seemed to have turned the head of the godly man. He could talk of nothing else. In conducting the family worship, as our preachers all did when calling on their people in those days, he read about the glories of the temple at Jerusalem. His prayer was a pean of thanksgiving that the Lord's house at Dayton was finished in all its dazzling beauty.

Poor man, he had culled here a little and there a little, gathering up all the fragments and saving every shaving that his God might have a suitable dwelling place out there in the woods of Wisconsin. And now that it was finished, he could not see the Lord for the glistening brass ball on the steeple.

"We will watch for it on the way home", he said when they were leaving, "and see just how far out you can catch a glimmer of it in the sunlight". But before they had reached the Ross flat, the sun was overcast by black clouds, and a thunder storm was upon them. Under the protection of a big umbrella they always carried, they plodded on through the down pouring rain. They were nearing Dayton, when the clouds parted to reveal the dazzling ball on the steeple of the new church. But the next instant, two tongues of fire shot from the sky and the ball went crashing to the ground.

The contractor and builder had reached the door on his way home after having put the last few finishing touches to the edifice. They found him lying dead in the doorway with the hunk of brass at his feet. No ornament was ever again placed in the towering pinnacle of the Dayton church.

I would not have you think the Newells worldly minded. They were faithful servants of God. Mrs. Newell had been the leading soprano in the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia before she married George Washington Newell and went out into the home mission fields to work side by side with her husband in the redemption of souls. Think of her as a young lady studying under Philadelphia's best teachers and living in the midst of wealth and plenty; and then picture her life out there on the frontier, starching her husband's white shirts with flour starch and wiping the very last trace of albumen from the egg shells with her finger, that none of it might be wasted and eggs worth five cents per dozen in trade.

The very angels in heaven must have stopped to listen when she joined with Margaret and Nattie Wallace in singing the Psalms or Rock of Ages in a Sunday service in our schoolhouse.

Mary Kate and I were fast friends. We still exchange letters, although I have not seen her for years.

CHAPTER XI

I sometimes wonder why it is that so many dates of those first events in the Hollow have slipped out of my memory. And yet, on second thought, I am not surprised that it is so.

The wild things about me heeded not the years, the dates of which are fixed by man. They knew only that God established seasons. I had no more reason than the meadow lark that sang me along on my way to school that first morning for remembering the date of the year.

A log school house had been built on the west side of Little Sugar River. There were seventeen pupils, with names ranging from Violet to Hazard Zwingli, representing six different families. I can see them as though it were but yesterday they sat on those wooden benches, and I recall the given names of all of them except two.

It is strange I cannot recall those two, for they were the little Morley girls. One of them had a disfiguring prenatal wen on one side of her neck. The sight of it used to annoy me greatly. One day I overheard mother advising Mrs. Morley to consult some doctor about it. Mrs. Morley answered, "Oh, I know how to cure it, and am only waiting for a death in the Hollow to do so".

From the depths of my childish heart, a silent prayer went winging its way to heaven that the death might speedily come. Had I known that my parents were to provide the victim, I might have been more circumspect. But perhaps after all, it was not in answer to my prayer that the little baby boy who arrived at our house died. I had prayed for a speedy cure for the wen, and it was 1856 before Death came stalking among us and left Mrs. Morley rubbing the baby's little cold hand over the unsightly lump on the little girl's neck, while she chanted: "You came with her from heaven, and only the hand of one who has departed hence can lead you back again. Begone! Away to your former home."

I wondered what use the people in heaven could have for such a thing and hoped there would be none of them there when I reached that celestial shore.

With that incident the Morleys fade from my memory and father and Uncle Alex are starting for Monticello in Uncle's lumber wagon with the little box that contained the baby's body resting on their knees. It was then they laid the first of us away in that hallowed spot where so many of us are now resting.

Frances Dutcher was the first teacher in that log schoolhouse, but when a man near Dayton was made township superintendent to succeed her neighbor, James Hare, she was afraid she could not pass the examination before a stranger and would not so much as try. "Huh", grunted her cousin, Frances Corey, in disgust, "I will take the examination and teach the school myself."

And a good school she kept. Even her sister, Abigail and I dared not draw pictures on our slates or giggle too long behind our geography book. On the day I asked Abbie her father's given name and she answered, "Nelson Tibbits".

Nelson Tibbits Corey what a funny name, and what hard work it was for us to stop laughing at it!

Henry Wesley Robey was perhaps the most gifted member of that first school. He afterwards became a physician and writer of considerable note in Topeka, Kansas, where he died a few years ago. As a boy, his favorite pastime was writing, "poems" about Matthew Edgar. With a billet doux tacked on the door of that old bachelor's cabin, Wes would hide behind some stone or stump and watch gleefully its effect on the irate Welshman when he returned from the field.

The little log schoolhouse was soon razed and the logs carried to the east side of the river. where it was rebuilt. It must have been vacation, for Sanford Scott was using it as a cooper shop when it burned

down.

All of this happened before School District No. 4 was created by special act of the Legislature in 1854. It was then the little 10 x 10 frame building that was set up in the field below and to the east of our cabin and enough school held to entitle the district to a share in the public school funds. A permanent building was in the process of erection a little farther up on the hillside, and before long the "Wallace School" was a flourishing institution.

My pen glides along over other parts of this narrative, but now I find it halting refusing to attempt to picture life in District No. 4 during these early years. I seem to hear a voice commanding me as the voice commanded Moses, "Draw not nigh hither, put off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon, thou standest is Holy ground."

I feel very humble and incompetent to perform the task, although my heart is full of gratitude for a system of education that could send out from Irish Hollow, in less than the allotted life time, not less than sixty two school teachers. But I am not thinking of this. Neither am I thinking of the blessing it was to have a center for all religious, social, patriotic and literary activities; nor of the several lawyers, doctors and Ministers whose fame spread beyond the confines of our state. Nor am I thinking the oratorical powers of Addison Garland, the Monticello merchant, who so developed the "Wallace Literary Society" that his famous nephew makes note of his talent in "A Son of the Middle Border". But I am remembering in comparison, each wistful, eager little pupil in that school in Ireland, coming with a bit of peat under his arm for the day's fire, and a shilling clutched tight in his hand for the week's instruction. I am remembering too, the orphans and the very poor, who could not so much as spare the shilling and must go untaught there. They were all around us in my childhood those men and women who could neither read nor write, because of lack of opportunity to learn when they were children. I am thinking of them and comparing them with those pioneer children in Irish Hollow, and I am thanking God, that my lot was cast with the latter. The Wallace Literary Society very early became a popular organization and flourished until my children were taking an active part in it. The girls would sing, recite pieces, write essays or act in plays. And of course they always sat with the women and very small boys on their own side of the school or meeting house. It was a great event in a small boy's life when he was old enough to sit with the men.

Debating was wholly an exercise for the men. Women were not supposed to engage in arguments or any kind. The debates were the joy of Willie's life. I recall one time the question for debate was: Resolved, that woman is made of more refined material than man." Willie and Addison Garland were to uphold the affirmative side of the question.

About a week before the debate was to take place, Willie and I drove to Monticello. We were scarcely inside the Garland store door, when Addison called, "Did you bring those papers, Willie?" Willie had to admit before me that he had forgotten the papers containing some debate helps which he was to turn over to Garland.

"Ah" censured the storekeeper, "He who is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many."

Willie was very quiet all of the way home, and I saw very little of him during the time that intervened between that day and the evening of the debate. But he came to the Literary Society well prepared. The affirmative was given, a unanimous victory by the judges, who claimed it was the following statement by Willie that threw the decision his way:

" A woman can wash her hands so clean they will no longer soil the wash water, but no matter how much a man scrubs his hands, the last wash water will always be dirty, for a woman's flesh is more refined than that of man. How many of you gentlemen have felt that your hands were clean enough to mix the bread dough when, your wife was sick and could not do it? None of you, of course not. Scrub them as you will, they are still dirty for they are made of coarser material than hers."

They felt the force of the illustration. They could appreciate it for ,every man of them, had mixed the bread dough under just such circumstances, and I doubt if the last wash water had come away clear from the dirt begrimed hands of any one of them.

Willie had redeemed himself in the eyes of the storekeeper and no longer felt humiliated before me.

Addison Garland always had a few of the late good books on the counter in his store. When in town, I would hurry up my trading that I might have time for some reading before the men were ready to start for home. It was there I first met "Snowbound", "Evangeline", " Aurora Leigh", and many others. It has been a habit of mine to think and often speak, in the language of the authors I have read. I find now after eighty years of such thinking, I cannot always distinguish my own handiwork. I am consumed by a fear that someone may call "plagiarist," when they read this story. I have tried to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to clothe my thoughts after a manner of my own, but at times I am not quite certain the garments they wear were not designed by some other person.

Addison Garland's wife was Hannah Noble. I went home with Jennie Noble one Friday when she was teaching our school. Across the marsh by way of the bogs, and Little Sugar River by way of a fallen tree, over the hills and through the woods, three miles as the crow flies, we traveled to the Noble farm.

The McClintock young folks were there that Sunday. Hamlin Garland has not exaggerated the beauty and charm of the McClintock girls. They were the model after which I patterned my clothes, and so far as I was able, my features and actions, which was not very far, for I was slight and pale and quiet, and no musician; while they were just the opposite. But with all of a young girls adoration for a popular young lady, I worshiped at the McClintock shrine.

The name, McClintock, recalls to my mind the death from smallpox of a farmer living near Winneshiek. I wonder if it might not be the farmer who carried the Garland family one of them ill with the disease out from Milwaukee. I do not remember the man's name, but I remember the talk and the smallpox scare.

The man had a high fever, and they packed him in ice, discovering too late the nature of his disease. He had been in Milwaukee and it was supposed he contracted the disease at that time.

The Presbyterian colporteur, Orison Rice, told us about the incident. That man and his books were a veritable blessing in my young life. He always stopped at our house when he had to spend a night in the Hollow. During his stay we had access to all of his books. Sometimes he would give me a book, and father always bought a few if he had money to do so. In this way we came into possession of "Pilgrim's Progress", " Archibald Alexander's Practical Sermon", "The Fourfold State", "What Is Presbyterianism ", " Calvinism Vindicated", and others. But the greatest of them all was "Lelia Adah", a religious novel. The others are still in existence, but "Lelia Adah" was read into shreds long ago.

It was not until after Uncle Alex arrived with his team and wagon that we began to find our way about in that part of the state.

Exeter, the old mining town, was the most pretentious village at that time, but it was on the wane. Gradually, as the farmers came in, other towns grew up around the grist mills that were built on many of the numerous riffles in the streams.

The two families had decided to spend the Fourth of July, 1853, at Belleville, a village that was lifting its head out of a fen on Big Sugar River. But on the morning of the Fourth, Uncle's horses could not be located. They had been turned out to graze the night before and had wandered farther away than usual. It was noon before we had then hitched to the wagon ready to start. Then someone remembered it was a long drive eight miles to Belleville. "Let's stay home like sensible folk" suggested Mary.

"No, do let us go some place" said Aunt. "It is only five miles to New Glarus; we can look at the Swiss, even if we can't understand them."

"I hate to be beat", acknowledged Uncle Alex. "Let us take a look at the Dutch ". Soon we were off across the slushy marsh beyond Uncle John's cabin, up over rocky, wooded hills, until we seemed to be balanced on the very crest of the highest, only to round a jutting rock and be precipitated down onto a rude bridge that spanned the river, on whose banks stood the little Swiss Village.

Fifty families from Glarus, Switzerland, had crossed the ocean, in 1845, and located among the hills on Little Sugar River, there to build a New Glarus that was to be the prototype of the old.

Theirs was a tiresome journey; weeks and weeks on the ocean, then up the river only to land at St. Louis, from which place they finally reached Galena, Illinois. From Galena they pushed forward on foot the remaining distance of nearly one hundred miles. When at last they reached the end of their journey, one old Grandmother who had brought with her, her feather bed, exclaimed: "I now have everything I could wish for so much land, so much wood and stone for building, refreshing water to drink, fish and wild game, nuts and fruit and beauty everywhere."

Within a few days she was dead from an epidemic. Cholera, they called it. Many were sick and several died.

New Glarus was celebrating that Fourth of July, but it was a Swiss celebration. Gessler was there and William Tell, to shoot the apple from his son's head. There were Swiss wrestlers and Swiss dances in the dining room of the hotel, where a Swiss music box with weights that reached to the cellar floor, dispensed dance music when the weights were wound up. In a side room were chairs and a long table, on which stood glasses and pitchers of beer. Thither the dancers repaired to rest and refresh themselves between dances. The dance was the waltz. Round and round the couples would glide while at certain intervals in the music the men would stamp their feet and emit wild whoops. Then their pretty partners would giggle and blush and circle more dizzily than before.

CHAPTER XII

That Fourth of July in New Glarus stands out in my memory as the day we meet the McCoys, the Campbells, the Norrises and the Foxes all from old County Antrim in Ulster, Ireland. At that time they were living on farms beyond Dayton and Belleville.

As a result of that meeting, we hitched up the next Sunday morning and drove to Belleville to Presbyterian church services. Rev. Matthew Fox was the preacher and the services were held in the

schoolhouse. He soon visited us in the Hollow and eventually preached some good old fashioned sermons for us in our schoolhouse.

Dr. Fox and his brother, the Rev. Matthew lived on farms near Oregon, where they raised sheep and cattle for a living, while practicing medicine and following the ministry as a vocation.

We of the Hollow were very careful to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest, but I recall one Sunday Uncle Alex and Aunt caught Mary and Joseph hard at work. They had lost track of the days of the week, and thought it was Saturday. Mary was churning, and Joseph stacking hay when Uncle and Aunt came for them to accompany them to the Peter Parkins home near Dayton where a Mormon evangelist was holding services. Uncle was living on Uncle Robert's place beyond the gully that year. He had found it impossible to get water near his cabin.

When there was no Sunday service for us to attend, we would often gather in some cabin for the "Society". We would study the Bible and Catechism, sing Psalms and sometimes read a sermon. Often Grandpa Wallace would table some subject and instead of using "The Book " would quote from memory verse after verse, giving the reference in each case. Samuel Patterson would sometimes give us a talk, and his talks were as good as the sermons of many an ordained minister.

Patterson was a man, respected by all his neighbors. Even Augustus Toudort, a French Catholic, and Patterson's nearest neighbor on the northeast, honored him. The occasion was sickness and death in the Toudort family, within one week, they laid away two of their children. There was no Catholic church within reach of the afflicted family. The old Grandfather Toudort performed the rites as best he could and then, turning to Mr. Patterson, he said: Won't you pray, neighbor, your God is our God and we both believe on His Son".

That, in a time when both Catholic and Protestant were so intolerant of each other! Yes, other folks besides Moses and the Israelites have got a clearer vision of God by tending sheep on hills, or sojourning in a wilderness.

Very early in the history of the Hollow a circuit rider named Elder Hurd held revival meetings in the schoolhouse. People came from far and near to attend those meetings and many were converted. The Methodists from Monticello came out and organized a Sunday School. Charlotte Gould was my teacher. Sometimes we would go to Monticello to Sunday services. It was interesting to go there because they had a musical instrument.

The David Sears family had brought with them from Maine a musical instrument that somewhat resembled a melodeon. They called it a "melopeon! " Vesta Sears could play the hymns and every Sunday they took the "melopeon" with them when they drove the two miles to the Monticello schoolhouse where Services were held.

Between the spurts of religious enthusiasm there were times when there was no Sunday School anywhere for me to attend. I recall one such Sunday when I was perhaps ten years old. There was no one to lead the Sunday school that day. The leaders may have gone to Belleville for communion service. There were not many leaders anyway. Grandpa Wallace and Uncle Alex and Samuel Patterson, after he came, but that was later. The other men felt too humble before the Lord, or too shy before their fellow men to stand out in front and direct a Sunday service. The women of the Presbyterian church in those days followed literally that injunction of Paul to the Corinthian women that they keep silent in the churches.

I have no doubt St. Paul had provocation enough with those Corinthian ladies, with their questions and arguments and jealousies. I am also quite certain if he were looking down from his heavenly home that beautiful Sabbath day and saw a lonely little girl in Irish Hollow, he was sorry he had not made an exception of the Scotch Irish mothers who had children attending Sunday school in a country schoolhouse. They would not have abused the Privilege for they were a close mouthed lot.

But there I was, fretful and restless and no doubt whining about it, when mother told me I might go over to Uncle James's house. Off I went, the mile or more, only to find no one of the family at home when I arrived,

I played around for some time, looking at the little pigs and calves, counting the broody hens and newly hatched poults that were following an old turkey hen. Perhaps, after all, they were at home; my mother would have thought she must stay and watch those young turkeys. I searched the house again, to no purpose.

Maybe, there was no use making such a fuss over young turkeys with curds and egg yolk. Still, mother raised more turkeys each year than Aunt Nancy did, and that was worth the trouble when she sometimes sold them at the holiday season for 25 cents apiece.

I examined a new calico dress that lay half finished on a stand in the corner. We had no sewing machines. Aunt Nancy was quick with her needle. I recall one Friday a few years later, I stayed out of school and went with Uncle James and her to Monroe, where she bought heavy black cloth for an overcoat for Uncle. We stopped at Monticello on the way home and had Richard Barlow cut and fit the coat. The next day we finished making it, and Uncle James wore it to Belleville to church on Sunday.

On my way back across the valley. I stopped at the river to watch the fish. Such quantities of them! But I did not covet them for our table. Uncle William kept us well supplied. I removed my shoes and home knit stockings that were part of my Sunday costume, and puddled in the water for a time. I was careful not to soil my Sunday dress of pink calico.

When my feet had dried in the sun, I replaced my footgear and strolled back along the wagon track. At the fork in the road, I was tempted to go down to the Wallaces, but Willie had reached the age where he did not enjoy playing with little girls. Then too, Grandpa was a Covenanter and nothing about his place savored of either work or play on the Sabbath day, unless it was serving the Lord. I sometimes thought he made hard work of that.

I decided to follow the Mineral Point road up over the ridge. The appearance of the hills was changing. When I first visited the Indians' Flat Rock, there were only large trees in these woods and they stood far apart. Forest fires kept down the underbrush and I could see some distance off among the trees. It was less fearful then.

Now the underbrush formed a tangled mass between the trees. Settlers checked the fires before a large area had been burned over. On one northeast slope, I found some red and white lady slippers. Plenty of yellow ones grew on the hillsides, but that slope was the only place I ever found the red and white variety. We always went there for them, especially if there had been a fire in those woods the previous fall.

At the crest of the hill I turned from the road and went "owre the gully" to Uncle Robert's place.

Grandfather and Grandmother Lynn were staying there for a while. Aunt Catherine had a new baby. She laughed and told about the joke she played on Grandmother.

Catherine, from the bed, had been asking for a drink of water, only to be refused. It was not safe for a mother to drink water before her baby was three days old. Grandmother had just taken the butter out of the Churn.

"Gie me a drink o' that buttermilk, mother Lynn, that's a good soul", pleaded Catherine. "hit would kill ye, chil" answered grandmother as she started for the woodpile outside in the yard.

When she returned with the armful of wood, the oak knot dipper lay on the table, dripping buttermilk. Catherine had slipped from the bed and helped herself. " And it didna' kill me, either," she would say with a laugh, as she repeated the joke.

I was tired and the day was waning, so I stayed all night at Uncle Robert's place. I had to sleep in the same bed with my grandparents, and my folks could not be informed as to my whereabouts, but such trifles worried me not at all. I returned home the next day, a contented and happy child. The monotony of life had been broken; I had acted without guidance. It is well at times to be "Lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name."

Matthew Edgar came in to see the baby the next morning on his way over to our house. We walked home together. He was taking mother a new knot dipper. As we walked, he taught me how to make them.

The knot is formed where a branch has been broken off, and usually contains soft rotted wood in the center of a hard shell. Matthew cut the knot free from the surrounding wood, except on one side. On that side he tore off a splinter of the tree with the knot. This splinter formed the handle of the dipper. With his knife he dug the soft wood from the center of the knot, thus forming the bowl of the dipper. He then used his knife and sand to scrape and polish the hard wood. The result was a very satisfactory dipper. Matthew liked to make these dippers, and give them to his friends. He kept one of them at the big spring below his house, for the convenience of any wayfarer who might pass that way.

It was through Matthew Edgar that Uncle John first got a threshing machine to thresh his grain. Up to that time, we had threshed with a flail. It was a horse power machine, that dumped the straw in one pile while the grain and chaff went through a sieve and piled up in another place. The grain was then winnowed to rid it of the chaff.

Uncle Alex and father drove the fifty miles to Beloit in the fall of 1854 and brought back a four hole cook stove for each cabin. They cost \$50 apiece, and were the first stoves brought into the Hollow.

Matthew Edgar came over to see ours. "It will last you your lifetime" he said to mother. It did better than that. It outlived the little Mary, whose coming into the world made necessary its purchase. She lived to cook a great many meals on the little stove. But her life is a wonderful story in itself, and, I must pass it here.

In 1914 Nattie and I cemented up the cracks with salt and ashes, and cooked dinner for the threshers on that stove. It continued to fulfill its mission until 1917, when it was sent to the junk pile.

Grandfather Lynn stuffed hickory sticks into the fire box of Aunt's little stove for four years before that

fatal pneumonia carried him. "ovre the gully for the last time". Mr. and Mrs. Ralsey Knight came out from Monticello to help lay him out. Mr. Knight was a wagon maker by trade; but the dead must have coffins, and so he served them. He made the caskets, while his wife helped sew the shrouds and prepare the body for its long sleep.

The shrouds were white for both men and women, the only difference being that the women wore a white mutch. The body was not embalmed; Simply kept cool, but not frozen, and a cloth wet with a saltpeter solution spread over the face.

I was at the Knight home one day when Mr. Knight was lining a coffin. We were all called in to advise about the most artistic way to arrange the cambric. When he had the box finished, he brought it into the parlor and set it on two cane seated chairs. And then she told me their history.

She had a half dozen of the chairs. They were made by George M. Pullman, the inventor of the sleeping coach. She was a tailoress by trade, and before her marriage had lived in New York State, where she had boarded with Pullman's sister. Young Pullman had a room upstairs in his sister's home, where he plied his cooper's trade. When Mrs. Knight decided to get married and come west, she had him make the cane seated chairs. She also owned a camphene lamp. I thought it very strange, with its two cord wicks sticking up like ears from the flat tin pan that held the oil.

Ralsey Kright taught the singing school in our schoolhouse before Josiah Marshall moved into the Hollow. How we used to laugh at him behind his back! The only blackboard was made of three pieces of boards about one foot wide and five feet long. These boards were nailed together, painted black, and hung across the window behind the teacher's desk. Fortunately, this was the only available wall space, desks butting up against the wall on all other sides. Hanging over that window, it shut out much of the light that would otherwise have shown directly into our eyes.

Mr. Knight had a peculiar habit of hitching up one shoulder after he had written an exercise on the blackboard, and stepped back to view it. That pose always brought forth a giggle from the young folks. But he was a good teacher and I learned enough music to be able in later years to direct the first musical efforts of my own children. The young men paid the expenses of the singing school and we girls were their guests.

CHAPTER XIII

Does anyone remember the comet that appeared in the sky the year Abraham Lincoln was elected president? I have found no mention of it in anything I have read, and yet it meant so much to us in Irish Hollow. Was it not the flaming sword of Mars dividing the North from the South? We knew by it that was inevitable long before Fort Sumpter was fired on. We watched that comet by night and discussed it by day. From our house its scintillating head seemed to be almost resting on the fateful Indians' Flat Rock, while it's fiery tail cleft the heavens off to the east.

The bats and night hawks and whippoorwills were darting about us, like uncanny things, while the marsh was aglow with fireflies and the heavens alight with the comet the night Willie drove up and found us sitting outside looking at it. He had a wagon box full of hay.

He and father talked about the scarcity of money, the hard times, President Buchanan, the comet and the coming election. "I will soon be twenty one ", said Willie, "and then I will go to Monroe and get my papers so I can vote for Lincoln. "I believe a Republican president might give us better times."

"I dinna see how that can be ", father answered, "but maybe so, maybe so. Think you, I better get my papers and vote, too?" At this, much to our astonishment, the bunch of hay in the wagon box rose up and out of it came a deep voice: " Fur de Law's sake, Marsar, git dem papers an' vote for Marse Linkum. Cain ye see de han' of God pintin to Illinois?" By the time he was through speaking, the colored man was standing erect in the midst of the hay, pointing with one arm to the ominous comet.

We stood speechless with surprise and the uncanniness of the situation. Willie recovered first and with a laugh, said: "Well, I must be getting my man up to Dayton, so Prusia can give him another lift toward Canada before daylight."

The Negro was a fugitive slave whom Grandpa Wallace was helping on his way. Grandpa was very much opposed to slavery, but being a Covenanter, he would not take an oath and so could not become a citizen and help the cause with his ballot. He salved his conscience, however, by giving aid and comfort to all runaway Negroes who came that way.

Grandpa's Covenanter conscience was inconvenient in various ways. Somebody told him a foreigner could not legally hold property in the United States, so he had the deed to his farm executed in the names of his sons, James and John. James afterwards bought John out and acquired the whole place, but that was much later.

The next day after the Negro surprised us, Matthew Edgar chanced to come our way and father questioned him about the politics of the country. "Tell me", he asked, "how can the president make silver sae scarce?, What has he t' dae wie it? " " Nothing" answered Matthew, "Buchanan has nothing to do with the hard times. he is just a quiet, harmless old bachelor like myself. "

"Well", said father when Matthew had gone, "if the Democrats had nae mair sense than to make a bachelor president, I better vote for a Republican " "Ay", agreed mother, "Ye's better awa to Monroe wi' Willie, and tak a' the ithers wi' ye".

So they were soon footing the fifteen miles to Monroe, where they secured their naturalization papers and added a half dozen or more names to the Republican ranks. A little straw may sometimes turn a mighty tide. Think of the scores of perfectly good Republicans that have descended from those Scotch Irish, just because James Buchanan did not have a wife to help manage the finances of the country.

There was a big celebration in Monticello when the news of Lincoln's election reached us. The first Monticello band was out for the occasion.

Then the war was on, but having no daily papers, we thought little about it at first. It was the second year of the fighting before it really came into my life. Before that, I think, I was rather glad there was a war; prices were so much higher and everybody seemed so much more prosperous. Willie could not go because he had to care for his old parents and work their farm in addition to his own. Then came the drafting of Sam Patterson and its fatal results.

Luther Havens, of Dayton, was sent home from a southern prison to die. I saw him when he was so emaciated he could not walk, and his flesh was eaten into putrid sores by vermin. He died in less than a year after his return. Time dragged on. The few "Copperheads" in our section began to put on airs. Hattie Kirby of Attica, wore her copperhead pin to a dance. The boys dared Huldah Heathman to take the pin from her.

"We will buy you a new dress if you get it for us", they bribed. Huldah never took a dare. She earned the new dress, whether she got it or not. Some of the men whose sons were already in the army came to blows with men who wanted to levy taxes to hire soldiers to fill out the quota and thus prevent a draft a draft might catch their sons. More and more lives and money were poured into the fiery caldron. People grew impatient for the end.

"Why don't they lick them and be done with it", was the cry.

I could go down there with a rake handle and clean them up all alone", bragged Uncle James's talkative neighbor. He meant it, too; he proved that by enlisting and leaving his wife and children to run the farm. But he found that one American needed more than a rake handle to lick his American neighbors en masse. The licking was not so easy, and war was not to his liking, so he turned the job over to someone else and came back home to his family a deserter.

His wife was hiding him in hollow trees, holes in the rock, and various other places when the provost marshal came out and deputized Willie to help him hunt for the coward. They had no patience with the chicken hearted braggart, yet neither one of them wanted to catch him and turn him over to the authorities to be shot. They could not face his family and do that. So after a few days of make believe search the matter was dropped.

Adam may have been the first man, but he was not the last one to hide behind his wife's skirts when he was badly scared.

There came a night when I slept with Mary Gould Bradshaw. I cannot now recall the occasion. She and Galvin Bradshaw had been married but a few days when his regiment was ordered out. I was sleepy that night, but Mary Gould could not sleep for thinking about Galvin. She talked and talked, while I wished she would keep still and let me sleep.

"Oh, Lizzie", she would say, " I can't stand it. I believe I will surely die if anything happens to Cal. If I could only go down there and be near him. I know I could help. Why don't they let them keep their old slaves or else give the Negroes the guns and let them fight it out. How I wish Cal was home. I can't live without him." And so she raved on, far into the night and I so sleepy, there in her Gethsemane!

All too soon, there came another night, when I was awakened from my first sleep by the opening of a door downstairs, and father's voice saying, "Weel, Wully, yur about late the night. " "Yes, I just came from town and I felt I must tell you. Cal Bradshaw has been killed.

Cal was dead and Mary had said she could not live without him; but she did. We must bide out time in this world. She did not even lose her mind, like "Crazy Mary" who lived for years at the county house. Mary Gould Bradshaw lived on, and after a great many years she married again.

Willie was talking on downstairs. "Some one must take Cal's place. Green County has not yet had a draft. We must keep up our quota of enlistments. I believe I will have to go. Lizzie and I can't set up a home until this war is over.

And so they talked and planned while I lay upstairs and thought about Mary Gould and wondered if some one would soon be too sleepy to listen to the cry of my heart. Willie's brother James, came out from New York State to care for his parents and work the farms. Alex took over the care of the cows while James kept his team.

Rev. G. W. Newell married us on September 13, 1864. I did not think about the date of the month until later. I spent a few days with Willie in Madison before his regiment was ordered South. He was in the 38th Wisconsin, and Rube Robey was his pal.

He subscribed for the Madison State Journal for me. It came every week to the Monticello post office. I drove the team back home after he had gone. It was a long ride thirty miles but Esther, Rube's sister was with me.

Indian summer came on with its hazy days, more hazy than usual that year, we thought. We wondered if it could be the smoke from the battlefields. It was so long to wait between copies of the State Journal for news, and letters were irregular.

I was clever with my needle and kept busy sewing. Nattie was in school at Monticello. She was growing into an attractive young lady. Mary was a darling little girl. The little boy, James, was of a mechanical turn of mind. He had an elaborate scheme for a windmill to be set on the top of the hill back of the barns and house. It was to pump water from the springs in the marsh to supply all of the buildings. There is a windmill on the hill now, but it pumps the water from a well beneath. Little Leslie was but two years old. With all that family and the extras, mother and I had but scant time for worry.

Mrs. Knight gave me the pattern for an applique rose quilt, but I soon found I could get no more fast color turkey red calico. I sent in to Chicago for a yard that cost 75 cents. When I washed a sample before using it, the wash water was like blood, I rolled the unfinished quilt up and laid it away in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where it stayed until last year when I found time and material to finish it.

Moses was eighty years old when he achieved his ambition. Even then he was not granted all of it; neither is my quilt all I had planned it should be. That bureau is one father bought to help furnish the little 10 x 10 parlor. It is mahogany veneer. He wanted it solid, but they lacked ready money to pay for that and debt was a thing they abhorred. Its beautiful lines and curves are a mute testimony of his high artistic sense. It has none of the cheap, crude look of many of those old bureaus.

He also bought a few cane seated chairs in Janesville on that trip. As usual, he and Uncle Alex had gone in together and purchased similar articles, only Uncle's bureau was of the more popular style.

The winter wore on; I was busy and comfortable, physically, while Willie was wading knee deep in cold, muddy trenches to get a shot at his fellow man, when he was not gnawing hardtack or hunting graybacks in his clothes, or watching for a letter from home, or spinning yarns or playing practical jokes, to help keep up the morale of the army.

By July he was back older and less cheerful. His gray eyes had lost much of their twinkle, and at times he was peevish. He suffered from a hernia, caused by lifting too hard on a cannon they were trying to get out of the mud before the sharpshooters discovered them. It bothered him all the rest of his life, and he lived to be nearly seventy before he went "owre the gully" on the 13th of May.

He had been in the Siege of Petersburg, and had stood for two days and a night in water up to his waist. The doctors agreed that this exposure was no doubt the indirect cause of his death.

At the close of the war, the soldiers were taken to Washington for a grand parade and celebration.

Think of it! And him wishing for wings that he might fly to his home and his belated honeymoon.

When they finally reached Milton Junction, the engine broke down. There would be a long delay. Another train came along that could carry them to Monroe by way of Brodhead. They boarded it deservingly? Yes, technically, but what did they care? The war was over. They would be free American citizens again. They reached Monticello early Sunday morning, after having walked out from Monroe.

Monday morning Willie hitched up his team and we again drove to Madison. This time he went to be mustered out. What a difference.

With us that day rode the comrades who had returned home with Willie, Clarendon Adams, who later became Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, Rube Robey, Albert Baxter, and George Trognor. The boys were known to almost everyone we met. And how glad everybody was to see them back. I could not tell you how many teams stopped us that the drivers might offer their congratulations.

Mother gave a big party on our return and then we settled down to the business of building our house and grubbing. "What would we be daein' but grubbin'" out there in those woods?"

Father wanted us to live on with them. We had only to cross the marsh to Willie's farm. But Willie wanted a house of his own. It was finished by Christmas. The neatest little frame structure in Irish Hollow, they all said.

And behold, we were the 13th family in the clan! I refuse to be called superstitious, but I am going to close this narrative with the 13th chapter, There are so many people still living, who know what has happened in Irish Hollow since the Civil War closed, it is not necessary for me to write more.

I have picked out the big scallop as truthfully as I could. I hope you will like it.

The End