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

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

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

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

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

IMOGENE ST. JOHN McCAFFERTY
Author—Mrs. McCafferty, Columbus
Janesville Chapter

Revised by Mrs. Frances Grant
Daughter of the first white settler in Janesville.
The following narrative was written by Mrs. Mc-
Cafferty at the request of the Janesville Chapter D. A. R., and was read at the dedication of a boulder, placed by the Chapter on the graves of Mrs. McCafferty's parents, the first white settlers in the Rock River Valley in Wisconsin Territory.

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

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

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

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

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

After making the necessary preparations for the journey to the new country, we started through Illinois, traveling mostly over prairies with no roads. As there were no bridges, we had to ford all the streams we encountered. Some days we would travel without finding water. The first day our oxen suffered terribly, and when they did scent water they broke into a run and could not be restrained until they reached the stream. I shall never forget my own sufferings as well. My father had not dreamed but what water would be plentiful. After that day's experience we were provided with water.
The first inhabitant we found was just as we entered Wisconsin, near where the city of Beloit is now situated. A small cabin without a window, occupied by a Frenchman who had married a Winnebago squaw. He was afterward murdered by his squaw and son. They were then living on Lake Koshkonong and they sank his body in the lake, as she wanted to go west with the Indian tribes, which he opposed.

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

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

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

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

I wish to tell you of my mother. She was thirty-six years of age, had a grand constitution, fine mental qualities and a brave spirit with superior capabilities—an irreparable loss to her young children. January 15, 1836, my brother was born. I leave to your imagination the
conditions—not a white woman within 36 miles, only my father to attend her. Still she survived, and the baby also. He was the first white child born in the Rock River Valley. They named him Seth Benoni St. John. He is still living in Michigan, too feeble to visit me.

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

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

In early March 1836, our provisions were nearly exhausted. It was breaking up of spring and father felt
the immediate necessity of procuring more. With no roads and swollen streams it seemed a formidable undertaking. Taking two teams—one a yoke of oxen, the other of one ox and our family horse (mate to ox having been killed by Indians) he started for Ottawa, Illinois, 100 miles south. It was a perilous journey. In fording streams he came near losing his entire loads. As it was, he lost three barrels of flour from their being water soaked. These he gave to the Indians later. After two long weary weeks we welcomed them home, my elder brother being sick at the time.

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

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

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

Mrs. Cordelia A. P. Harvey  
Author—Mrs. William McKinney  
Fond du Lac

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

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

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

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