

## PART VII

### INDIAN LORE

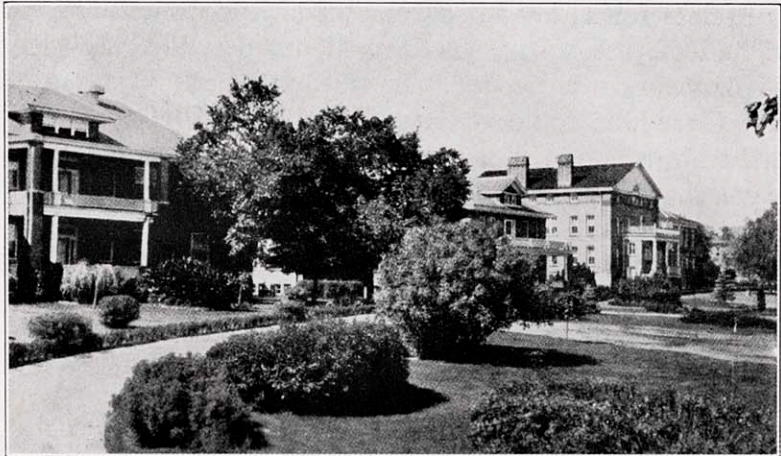
#### FOREWORD

IT WOULD not be seemly to conclude a book of this type without a bit of the Indian lore of the community. For, being the forerunner of the white race in the Baraboo Valley, the red man has become truly historic. No longer do the virgin forests that he knew echo with his calls; no longer do the Indian brave and maiden meet on rugged cliff to plight their troth; no longer do the hunters go forth with bow and arrow, fleet-footed buck or doe the object of the chase. All that is over. A new era has dawned for the Baraboo Valley. The white man has come into his own.

But, although he has forever vanished from the valley, his legends still linger. How could it be otherwise, with the wealth of Indian lore to perpetuate his memory? Poets have sung of him; able scribes written.

Of all the Indians in the Upper Baraboo Valley when the pioneers came the Winnebago Chieftain, Ah-ha Choker, doubtless is the most widely known. He was a chief of the Winnebagoes who dwelt in this region, and he dwelt among them in many places. There were found here by the settlers no less than six Indian villages within a short distance of one another. Of these, the village situated on what is now the Orloff Twist farm in the town of Westfield is perhaps the most widely celebrated. This was the headquarters of Ah-ha Choker at the time Lyman Twist settled that tract of land in 1848. The village at the head of the valley leading west from the County Farm was probably the next most widely known. It was here that Ah-Ha Choker went when forced to abandon his Westfield village. Here he lived for many years, and it was here that he dwelt until obliged to join his tribe on a reservation. The site of this village lies within the township of Reedsburg.

Another village quite well known was that of the Winnebago Indians on what is now the H. L. Maxhan farm, a short distance up the river northwest of the city. Here, when settlers came, they found no less than a dozen wigwams; here they dwelt together, the men, instinctively lazy, hunting and fishing; the squaws ever tending to the cares of the families. During later years, after the village of Reedsburg had become thriving, the squaws began to weave baskets for sale, and many a housewife vied with her neighbor in possessing the finest of these Indian baskets.



CLOSE UP OF SAUK COUNTY POOR FARM, INFIRMARY AND INSANE ASYLUM,  
SOUTH OF REEDSBURG, NEAR WESTFIELD BOUNDARY

On the present site of La Valle stood another Indian village. There were many wigwams here, and Mrs. George Inmam, La Valle, vividly recalls the days when the Indians reigned supreme in the neighborhood. Then, further down the Baraboo, where that stream passed through the Narrows at Ableman, was yet another settlement of aborigines, dwelling in peace at the confluence of the Narrows Creek and Baraboo river. Lesser settlements, of three or four wigwams, were found at various places, but soon these were to disappear, so they need no special mention here.

## INDIAN FEUDS FOUGHT IN REEDSBURG

*An Ancient Legend*

When the first white settlers came to the alder swamp, now the beautiful city of Reedsburg, they heard an Indian legend from the lips of squaws who gathered at the scene to do homage to the fallen braves, who, they said, had met in mortal combat in a grove of quivering aspens near the banks of the Baraboo river, on the site where now stands the Reedsburg Sanitarium.

There were two young Indian braves. Both were slain; each dying from the knife-wounds inflicted by his adversary. Near their lifeless forms lay the carcass of a deer, punctured with arrows, its flesh still warm. A deep silence pervaded the scene, but no explanation was needed. It was the result of a sanguinary chase. Over hills and crags, through thickets and across streams, the lithe hunters had raced in pursuit of the deer. After an exhaustive chase they had finally killed it. Then they quarreled over its possession; quarreling, they fought, and fighting, they died. Had they been wise they would have divided the spoils; but the favor of one "dusky maiden" is said to have depended upon the result of the chase, and neither one was willing to concede his defeat, so both went to his death fighting for victory and for the love of an Indian maid.

Fellow aborigines, dispatched in search of the two braves, found them thus, and buried them side by side on the crest of a large mound. Here, for many years the sorrowing friends and relatives of the dead were wont to gather and bewail their loss. Among the mourners who came most frequently were the mothers of the hunters; and it was from them that the story of the tragedy was first heard. Austin Seeley is said to have been one of the first to hear it. Recollections of the mothers' lamentations at the graves of their sons were recalled by local townsmen living as late as 1909.

David C. Reed and his party having come in 1847, the tragedy is supposed to have occurred several years prior to their advent.

In the center of the mound, so the story goes, stood a tall tamarack pole, fifteen feet high and five inches in diameter at the

ground. On top, around the graves of the Indians, a trail several inches deep had been worn by the feet of mourners who came in large numbers and walked in a circle about them, singing and crying piteously. It was a sad day for these faithful frequenters when the graves of their honored dead were desecrated by the white man who came with pick and ax, cleared away the timber, razed the mounds, and deposited the bones of these scions of American aborigines, together with sand and gravel, in the river, and erected a hotel upon the hallowed spot. The hotel was the Mansion House, built in 1856 by Joseph Mackey.

THE SONG OF AH-HA CHOKER\*

*By Frank L. Twist*

*Prelude*

Listen now, my children, listen!  
 Gather round me by the fireside,  
 Close where all may hear and see me;  
 Where the warm and cheery firelight  
 Falls upon your eager faces,  
 Where my voice can reach you better,  
 And I need not speak so loudly.

I will tell you of Wisconsin,  
 And the tribe of Winnebagoes,  
 And of Loganville, the village,  
 As I knew it in my childhood  
 When the settlements were scanty,  
 Long ago, when I was little.  
 Listen, then, to this, my story,  
 To this tale of Ah-Ha Choker!

*The Indian Village*

In the days of Ah-Ha Choker,  
 He the stalwart Winnebago,

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\* The poem published in the Reedsburg Free Press, under the title, "Early Times", Fall of 1910.

Mighty Indian brave and hunter,  
Always old but never feeble,  
Not so aged then as later,  
But erect and strong and fearless.  
And expert with bow and rifle,  
As the buck and doe could tell you—  
When the aged Ah-Ha Choker  
Dwelt in peace among his people,  
At the head of Narrows Prairie,  
Where he trapped for mink and beaver.  
To this fair and lovely prairie,  
To the hunting grounds he cherished,  
Came the “Schmo-gy-man”, the paleface,  
Came the white man, the intruder,  
The “Sche-schick”, the bold invader.

Long before the white man’s coming,  
Long ago did Ah-Ha Choker,  
Then in youthful prime and vigor  
Roam the forest wilds unhindered,  
When he went to “Nepo Sharrah”;  
Long ago when Narrows Prairie  
Was the home of mink and beaver.  
Then it was that Ah-Ha Choker  
Trapped the beaver and the muskrat,  
Shot the duck and prairie chicken,  
Fished in Narrows Creek for minnows,  
Speared the pickerel in its waters;  
Then it was he loved to wander  
Where he hunted unmolested;  
All along the stream he wandered,  
Traveled up and down the prairie,  
Setting traps to catch the beaver,  
Setting snares to catch the rabbit,  
Fishing in the rocky Narrows.

Here he loved to come in summer,  
When the heat was on the prairie,  
And the shimmer of the sunshine  
Gleamed and danced above its grasses;

Here he loved to sit and ponder  
In the silence of the Narrows;  
Here he fished for bass and bullheads  
Deep within the shady Narrows,  
Where the lofty rock and pine-trees  
Cast their shadows on the waters;  
Making cool and shady places  
Where the fishes lurked and lingered.

Here it was that Ah-Ha Choker  
And his Winnebago brothers,  
With their dogs and wives and children,  
Near the head of Narrows Prairie,  
Dwelt together in their village;  
Where the Narrows Creek is smallest,  
On a branch that helps to form it,  
There they dwelt within their wigwams,—  
Dwelt in peace and all were happy.

All the land was wild but fertile,  
Interspersed with strips of prairie,  
Hills and valleys with the landscape,  
Brooks and larger streams abounded,  
Forests clothed the hills and hillside,  
All was just as nature made it.  
Then, were found in great abundance,  
Fish in all the streams and rivers,  
Game among the hills and valleys;  
Then the elk and deer were plenty,  
And along the watercourses,  
All along the streams and rivers,  
Beavers built their dams and houses;  
Then the bear and wolf abounded,  
Then the panther stalked and wandered  
And the forest was unbroken.

Narrows Creek and Narrows Prairie  
Both received their titles later,  
Both were named by early settlers  
When they settled on the prairie;

Both were called so from the Narrows,  
From the rocky gorge and chasm,  
Where the stream has made its channel,  
Torn its way through mighty ramparts,  
Through the bluffs to reach the river  
Called "The Baraboo" beyond them;  
Thence, the intermingled waters  
Flow, with many crooks and turnings,  
To the broad Wisconsin River  
And the mighty Mississippi.

Near the head of Narrows Prairie,  
In a green and fertile valley,  
Where a brook flows through the meadows,  
To the Narrows Creek beyond it,  
Where the hillsides once were covered  
With a heavy growth of timber,  
And the valley was protected  
From the chilling blasts of winter,  
Here it was that Ah-Ha Choker  
And his tribe of Winnebagoes,  
Some three hundred Winnebagoes,  
Had their wigwams and their village.  
From the hillside near the ledges  
Gushed a spring of cold, sweet water;  
Here with tomahawk and hatchet  
They could gather fallen timber  
And supply themselves with fuel;  
Here the grasses of the meadows  
Furnished forage for their ponies.

Near the spring, below the hillside  
Where the forest trees grew thickest,  
Where the shade was cool in summer,  
And the shelter good in winter  
Under huge and spreading branches;  
Scattered round among the timber  
In a rude and wild disorder,  
Stood the wigwams and the lodges  
Of the Winnebago village.

Here the squaws had built the wigwams,  
Built them out of poles and saplings,  
Bent the saplings down and tied them,  
Leaving but a narrow doorway;  
They then bound the tops together,  
Bound them firmly all together,  
Fastened them with thongs of deerskin,  
Covered them with barks and grasses,  
Or with skins or strips of matting,  
Matting made of flags and rushes  
Which they gathered in the marshes;  
At the top they left a smoke-hole,  
At the door they left a bear-skin;  
Or they made a flap of deerskin,  
Or before it hung a basket,  
Or they covered it with matting.

Here the trees were huge and spreading,  
Here they found the oak and maple,  
Hickory and birch and basswood,  
Ironwood and elm and poppy,  
Butternut and ash and cherry;  
All among them grew the hazel,  
And the wild plum and the crabtree,  
And the sumac and the alder,  
The red willow and the osier;  
Here the massive grapevine clambered,  
Climbed and clung about the tree-trunks.  
And the woodbine and the ivy  
Twined about the leaves and branches

Close beside the Indian village,  
Just beyond it in the forest,  
Here the giant oaks and maples  
Stood like sentinels to guard them,  
Here the Indian dead were buried;  
Under mounds of stone and brushwood,  
Under piles of logs and rubbish  
Under timbers charred and blackened,



Here the Indian fathers slumbered;  
Here the bramble bushes flourished,  
Yielding rich and luscious berries  
For the comfort of their children.

Far the Winnebago braves would wander,  
When they fished and trapped and hunted;  
Long were absent from their village  
On their hunting expeditions,  
And were indolent and lazy  
When they idled in their wigwams,  
But their squaws were always busy,  
Always busy doing something.  
Doing all the heavy labor;  
Going to the spring for water,  
Gathering firewood in the forest,  
Looking after straying ponies  
Where they wandered in the meadows;  
Fussing round about the wigwams,  
Running in and out among them,  
Scolding at the dogs and children,  
And sometimes at one another;  
With the care of young papposes,  
And their many other duties,  
With their gossip and their labors,  
And concern about their neighbors,  
They were very busy people.

Here they planted maize and melons,  
Planted beans and gourds and squashes,  
Planted popcorn and tobacco;  
Out of poles and bark and brushwood,  
In among the smaller tree-tops,  
Out of reach of dogs and children,  
They constructed sheds or platforms,  
Which they overlaid with matting;  
Here they kept their gourds and squashes,  
Here they dried their nuts and berries,  
And their herbs and seeds and popcorn,  
And their venison and bear-meat.

To the village came the hunters  
With their venison and bear-meat,  
And their game, and furs and peltries.  
Here they brought the wolf and bear-skins,  
And the skins of mink and panther,  
Brought the deer-skins and the coon-skins,  
And the furs of fox and wildcat,  
And the muskrat, mink and beaver.  
Here the pelts were stretched for drying,  
Stretched on trees about the village,  
Where the squaws then scraped and tanned them,  
Scraped and dried and smoked and tanned them.

Here the squaws made mats and baskets,  
Wove the mats from flags and rushes,  
Wove the baskets from the willow,  
Or, sometimes, from splints of ashwood;  
Ashwood, which is not so brittle.  
But is very tough in fiber.  
Out of skins they made their clothing;  
Dressed the deer-skins, smoked and tanned them,  
Made them into soft, warm buckskin,  
Made the buckskin into garments  
Which were soft, and strong and lasting;  
Into hunting shirts they made it,  
Hunting shirts with heavy fringes  
Dangling from the seams and margins:  
Fringes made of strings of buckskins  
That were very ornamental,  
And, at times, were very useful;  
For the hunters often used them  
When they traveled far, and carried  
Many things upon their bodies;  
When they needed strings for tying,  
In their hunting shirts they found them.

Thus the squaws prepared the buckskin,  
Made it into shirts and breeches,  
Made it into shirts and leggings,

Into moccasins and mittens;  
Into belts for knives and hatchets,  
Into quivers for their arrows,  
Into bags for game and bullets,  
Into bags to carry jerk meat,  
Into pouches for tobacco.  
Many things they made of buckskin,  
Many uses had they for it;  
And their articles of fancy,  
And they prized it very highly  
In the making of their clothing,



AH-HA CHOKER

And the beaded work called wampum;  
Wampum made of beads and buckskin,  
Made of beads of many colors,  
Worked and woven on the buckskin;  
Woven into strange devices,  
Into many forms and figures,  
Making beaded work of beauty  
Which was greatly prized among them,

For its beauty and its value  
Was the wampum prized among them,  
And was often wrought and woven  
On their moccasins and quivers,  
On their belts and sheaths and pouches,  
And on many things of fancy  
Which they decorated with it.

Here, about the Indian village  
All the children played together,  
Played their Indian games together,  
In a wild and perfect freedom;  
Here they played their game of leapfrog,  
Here they romped and whooped and shouted,  
Unrestrained and uncorrected;  
And they grew up strong and healthy,  
As their fathers loved to see them,  
And as nature had intended.  
Here the boys made bows and arrows,  
Out of hickory they made them,  
Painted them with juice of berries,  
Made the arrows sharp for hunting,  
Tipped them with the brightest feathers,  
With them shot the birds and rabbits,  
With them hunted owls and squirrels.  
Here they played the game called "shinney",  
And with little rounded pebbles  
Played at marbles near the wigwams.

Oft they strayed beyond the village  
When they went to race their ponies,  
Or to play at "Nepo Sharrah";  
One would be the deer or sharrah  
And would bound away in terror  
While the others all pursued him;  
If they caught him, ere by dogging,  
And by running very swiftly  
He could distance his pursuers  
And return again before them,

He was then considered "nepoed",  
And they brought him back in triumph  
Back in triumph to the village  
To be skinned, as was the custom  
Of their feathers, in such cases;  
And I think it more than likely,  
When the chase had been a long one,  
And the boys were too long absent,,  
That the squaws were very angry,  
And that all of these young hunters  
Learned to dread the skinning process!

Here within the village  
In this pleasant little valley,  
Ah-Ha Choker and his people  
Long had dwelled in peace together.  
Here were gathered all their treasures,  
All their dogs and wives and children,  
All their hunting gear and ponies.  
Here their fathers trapped and hunted,  
Here they long had dwelled and prospered,  
They who now lay dead and buried,  
Under mounds of stone and timber,  
Under charred and blackened timber.  
But the dead were not forgotten,  
For their memories were cherished,  
And their hunting grounds were precious.

Ah-Ha Choker loved his people.  
Loved the forest and the prairie,  
Loved the birds and prairie flowers,  
All the brooks and streams and meadows,  
And the village and the valley.  
After long and toilsome journeys,  
Over many hills and valleys  
Where the buck and doe had led him,  
To his wigwam in the village  
Then he came again and rested.

Here upon his couch of bear-skin  
He was happy and contented.  
In the summer in the morning,  
Birds awoke him with their singing;  
And he loved to hear them singing  
As he walked out in the morning,  
Singing sweetly in the tree-tops,  
In the alders, in the meadows,  
In the forest all about him.  
Then he loved to stop and listen  
To the meadow-lark and robin  
To the thrush and yellow-hammer,  
And the blackbird and the bluebird,  
And the bobolink and sparrow.

When the forest leaves in Autumn,  
After early frosts had touched them,  
Covered all the slopes and hillsides  
With their gay and brilliant colors,  
And the ground was thickly covered  
With a golden, leafy carpet  
Which was very soft to tread on;  
It was pleasant then to wander  
On the trails within the forest,  
With his dogs and packs and ponies,  
And his squaws and young papooses,  
It was pleasant then to wander  
On the hillsides, in the valley,  
And among the shady places.

It was pleasant then to wander  
Where they gathered nuts and berries,  
Gathered grapes and plums and cherries,  
Where they found the luscious mandrake,  
And the leek and wild skunk-cabbage,  
And the wintergreen and ginseng,  
And the ferns and moss and grasses,  
Which they gathered for their couches.

In the smoky Indian Summer  
It was pleasant in the valley;  
Then it was he loved to linger  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the early dusk of evening  
While the children played about him,  
While the birds within the tree-tops  
Sought their nests and twittered softly,  
While the whippoorwills were calling  
To their mates within the forest,  
And the frogs were loudly peeping  
In the marshes of the meadow;  
Then it was he loved to listen  
To the voices of the valley:  
Then his heart was glad within him  
And he loved all things around him.

When the snows were deep in winter  
And the trails were hard to follow  
And the cold was keen and piercing,  
"Heap" too "sin-ne-ha" for hunting,  
Then it was that Ah-Ha Choker  
Found much comfort in his wigwam,  
Then upon his couch of bear-skins,  
He would rest, and smoke, and ponder,  
While he waited for the sunshine  
That would clear the trails for hunting,  
While he waited for the south wind  
That would make the weather milder.

Thus my dears did Ah-Ha Choker,  
And the tribe of Winnebagoes,  
Dwell together in the valley  
Ere the coming of the white man:  
Thus they lived, as I have told you,  
Thus they fished and tracked and hunted,  
All about that untamed region,  
Ere they saw, on Narrows Prairie,  
Smoke ascend from white man's cabin,

Or within the silent forest  
Heard the crack of white man's rifle.

From my early recollections,  
I have told you of their village  
As I knew it in my childhood;  
I have told you of the valley,  
And the forest, stream and meadows,  
Where I played in early childhood  
With the little Winnebagoes;  
But I think I have not told you  
That this Winnebago village  
Stood upon my father's homestead,  
On the land which he pre-empted.

When he came to seek a homestead  
Near the head of Narrows Prairie,  
There he found this Indian village,  
This delightful little valley  
Lying in a strip together  
Each comprising eighty acres,  
Were this valley and two others;  
These were lands which he selected,  
Which he entered and pre-empted.

Through each valley ran a streamlet,  
Each of these was fringed with meadow,  
And beyond with heavy timber.  
For our home, the spot selected,  
Was the pleasant middle valley  
Where my father built our cabin,\*  
On the east the land was vacant,  
On the west the Indian village,  
And my little dusky playmates,  
And the home of Ah-Ha Choker.

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\* Mr. Lyman Twist, pioneer of the town of Westfield, was the father of Frank L. Twist, author of this poem. See Lyman Twist, index.



*Ah-Ha Choker*

I have told of Ah-Ha Choker,  
And the tribe of Winnebagoes;  
Told you how they dwelt together,  
Dwelt in peace within their wigwams  
In the little Indian Village  
At the head of Narrows Prairie;  
How they fished and trapped and hunted,  
Roamed the forest unmolested,  
And were happy and contented  
Ere the coming of the white man.

Long had Ah-Ha Choker wandered  
Up and down the Narrows Prairie,  
Ere the crack of white man's rifle  
Broke the stillness of the forest.  
Long had he and all his people  
Dwelt together in their village  
At the head of Narrows Prairie,  
Ere he saw the smoke ascending,  
From the smoke of white man's cabin.

When he heard within the forest  
Sharp and clear the crack of rifles,  
Saw the buck and doe in terror  
Rushing headlong up the hillsides,  
Leaping high o'er all obstructions  
As though making strong endeavor  
To escape from some pursuer,  
Then he paused to gaze in wonder,  
Paused to speculate and ponder.

He heard the ring of axes,  
Or within the silent forest  
Heard the crash of falling timber,  
Making sounds like rushing water  
Or the roar of heavy thunder;  
Then he paused again to listen  
And his heart was greatly troubled.

When he saw the smoke ascending,  
Not from one but many cabins,  
Saw the "Schmo-gy-man", the paleface,  
Toiling on the trail afar off  
With his oxen and his wagons,  
And his cattle and papooses,  
Then was Ah-Ha Choker troubled  
And his heart was weak like water.

He had heard and now remembered  
How his brothers spoke in council  
Of the Great White Chief, or Sachem,  
Uncle Sam, the Great White Sachem,  
Who lived far away to the Eastward,  
Far beyond the Great Lakes Eastward.

He remembered how they told him  
Uncle Sam had many children;  
Many sons and many brothers  
Who would sometime come among them,  
Take their hunting grounds and keep them,  
Take their forests and their rivers,  
All the hills and all the valleys,  
All the deer and mink and beaver,  
And all else their fathers left them;  
For the White Chief thought he owned them  
And would sometime come to take them.

He remembered now the legends  
And traditions of his people;  
How these legends and traditions  
Of the tribe of Winnebagoes  
Had been handed down among them,  
And repeated in their lodges  
By the fathers to their children.

He remembered how those legends  
Told of ancient war and famine,  
How the ancient tribes had suffered,

Ever suffered and been driven  
On, on before the white man;  
Scattered like the leaves of Autumn,  
Till the tribes were crushed and broken,  
And all trace of them had perished.

Filled with shame was Ah-Ha Choker  
At the weakness of his people;  
Shame that he and all his kindred  
Might be thus compelled to wander;  
Forced to thus forsake the prairie,  
And the hills and streams and valleys,  
And their wigwams in the village;  
From their hunting grounds to wander  
Till the tribe of Winnebagoes  
Should be scattered, lost and broken.

Filled with shame was he that white men  
Ever proved themselves the stronger,  
Always, in their ancient warfare  
Proved at last to be the stronger;  
Ever drove the tribes before them  
In disgrace and shame and sorrow,  
Drove them onward ever onward,  
Drove them farther on before them  
Like a lot of foolish cattle.

Then old Ah-Ha Choker trembled,  
Not with fear, but more in anger;  
More in sorrow than in anger;  
More with shame perhaps than either.  
Oft he pondered on the matter  
When he hunted in the forest;  
Oft upon the trails encountered he  
Schmo-gy-man whom he avoided;  
Or, perhaps to hide his anger  
Or his shame, would shield his features  
With his hand or with his blanket.  
In his bosom raged a warfare

Where his sorrow, shame and anger  
Wrestled, struggled, fought together.  
Many moons the struggle lasted,  
Lasted through the spring and summer,  
Through the Autumn, through the Winter,  
Lasted while the whites kept coming,  
Lasted till his tribe was driven  
Far beyond the Mississippi.

White men all the time kept coming;  
Kept on cutting down the forests,  
Felling trees and building houses,  
Splitting rails and building fences,  
Sawing logs and making lumber;  
Clearing lands for fields and gardens,  
And preparing it for planting.  
But old Ah-Ha Choker lingered,  
Lingered on, and stayed among them;  
For he loved the hills and valleys  
And the forest and the prairie.

White men hunted in the forest,  
Scared the deer, and sometimes killed them,  
Scared away the mink and beaver,  
Scared the rabbits and the foxes;  
Frightened all the prairie chickens.  
All the ducks and quail and partridge,  
All the pigeons and the squirrels.

All the trails were spoiled by wagons,  
Or by plowing, or by fences;  
And the game was disappearing.  
Getting wilder, getting scarcer,  
And the land was spoiled for hunting;  
Still old Ah-ha Choker lingered,  
Lingered on among the white men;  
For he found his pale-faced brother  
Not so bad as others told him,  
Not "Sche-Schick", as they had called him,

But a very friendly neighbor;  
 And his anger was abated,  
 And his feet stayed where his heart was.

He who loved the rocky Narrows  
 Stayed to fish within their waters.  
 He who loved the Narrows Prairie  
 Stayed to trap for mink and muskrat.  
 He who knew the trails to Portage,



FRANK L. TWIST

Madison and Sauk and Reedsburg,  
 Baraboo and far-off Tomah,  
 Ironton, LaValle, Necedah,  
 Sextonville and Richland Center,  
 Stayed to roam about among them.

Long he roamed at will unhindered,  
 To and fro among the people;  
 Roamed among the towns and hamlets  
 That were growing all around him.  
 Harmless, inoffensive, always,  
 He was welcome where he wandered,  
 Treated with a condescension  
 That in time effaced resentment;  
 And his heart grew warm with friendship,

And his manner meek and childish.  
But his hand had formed a habit,  
And instinctively would wander  
To his face, to hide his features  
In the presence of a white man.

Many years the people knew him,  
Many years he lived among them;  
Learned their ways and learned their language,  
Lived to see his people banished,  
Lived to see the settlers prosper,  
Lingered after most had vanished;  
Lived on through the Great Rebellion,  
Passed unhindered through the Hop Crash,  
And withstood the last invasion.\*

Thus the aged Ah-Ha Choker  
Learned that fate was but a joker;  
Lived till those who wronged him perished,  
From the land his fathers cherished;  
Saw them chastened for transgression,  
Saw the Germans in possession.

Then at last his footsteps faltered  
And his own career was altered.  
All his earthly roving ended  
And the light, with darkness blended;  
Twilight gathered softly by o'er him,  
Indian Angels came and bore him  
Far beyond our mortal vision  
To those hunting grounds Elysian  
Where all tribes of men are equal  
And existence has no sequel.

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\* This is an allusion to the German settlers who came at a later date and now almost entirely constitute the population of Narrows Prairie. But the site of this Indian Village is still in possession of the Twist family, and owned by Mr. Orloff Twist, who resides upon the old Lyman Twist farm, south of Loganville.

## LEGEND OF HORSE BLUFF\*

*A Tale of Indian Lovers**By Will F. Bundy*

'Twas many a year ago,  
When on the Baraboo,  
    By the dark waters,  
Dwelt there an Indian band,  
Bravest in all the land,  
    Their sons and daughters.

There had their fathers dwelt,  
On those green hills knelt,—  
    When the Great Spirit  
Flashed through the bursting cloud,  
Spoke through the thunder loud,  
    They knelt to hear it.

There did the bison roam,  
There was the red deer's home,  
    There the wildcat, and  
There by the water's brink  
Did the muskrat and mink  
    Flourish and fatten.

Down in the dark ravine  
Found they the wolverine  
    And the wood pigeon;  
Partridge and prairie hen  
Whirled through the tangled glen  
    Woodcock and widgeon.

Stern had these warriors grown,  
Their hearts were hearts of stone,  
    Their eyes were tearless;

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\* Will F. Bundy was an early settler, with his parents, in the Quaker settlement, town of Woodland, and the substance of this poem is from real life, adapted from an Indian legend of that vicinity.

And many a scalp they bore  
Home to the wigwam door,  
    They brave and fearless.

And when the chase was o'er  
And the warwhoop no more  
    Sounded to slaughter,  
Who was the first to bring  
Draughts from the cooling spring?  
    'Twas the chieftain's daughter!

'Twas the young Ossawee,  
Fairest of all was she,  
    Her voice the sweetest—  
Her eyes were the brighter far  
Than the mild evening star,  
    Her foot the fleetest.

She roamed the wild woods o'er,  
And to the wigwam door  
    Brought wreaths of flowers;  
She climbed the linden tree,  
The ring-dove's nest to see,  
    Watched it for hours.

Once came there to the band  
One from a distant land,  
    A chief, a stranger,  
An enemy,—above  
All other passion, love  
    Led him to danger.

He saw young Ossawee,  
Under the linden tree,  
    He never forgot her;  
And now he stood before  
Kosh-ka, the chieftain's door  
    Asking his daughter.



Dark flashed the chieftain's eye:  
 "Go, dog," said he, "or die.  
     Ossawee never  
 Shall wed a Cherokee;  
 Back to your tribe, or be,  
     Plunged in the river!"

"Fly!" cried Ossawee,  
 "Fly, I will follow thee;  
 Under the linden tree  
     Swift steeds are waiting."  
 And like the winged wind  
 Left they the chief behind,  
     Frowning and raging.

Swift over glade and glen,  
 Forth rushed a hundred men  
     With the wind vying,—  
 Where is young Ossawee?  
 Where is the Cherokee?  
     Vainly they're flying.

Vainly they hope to find  
 Respite, and leave behind  
     Their wild pursuers.  
 Nearer and nearer they  
 Rush on to seize their prey,  
     Rush the pursuers.

"Over the clift!" she cried,—  
 Over the clift they ride,  
     Maiden and lover.  
 Now where the waves are still,  
 Under that frowning hill,  
     Sleep they forever.

Time laid the linden low,  
 Full many a year ago,  
     And the red ranger

Long since has passed away  
 Under the cruel sway  
     Of the pale stranger.

But when the sun is low,  
 Strange shadows come and go,  
     And from the river  
 Comes forth the Indian bride  
 And dances by the side  
     Of her weird lover.

*Reedsburg Free Press, May 24, 1872.*

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER'S  
 DAUGHTER\*

"Oh Daddy, my Daddy,—"  
     In a voice so soft and low,  
 ". . . If you must leave tomorrow,  
     Please wake me ere you go."  
 The child lay ill and dying,  
     And the father's heart was sad;  
 "Oh Darling, my Darling,—"  
     For she was all he had.

The soldiers all were ready,  
     And to sail for France at dawn,  
 In France the war was raging,  
     And he must go along.  
 The voice of war was ringing,  
     And a call for volunteers:  
 Man's Duty to his country  
     Has marched for many years.

"Oh Daddy, my Daddy,—"  
     But the voice at dawn was still,  
 The childish soul was sailing down  
     Great God's unending rill.  
 Its mother's, too, was marching  
     In God's eternal realm,  
 And ere the noontide sun shone down  
     The ship was put to helm.

The roar and peal of cannon,  
     And the shot and shell of gun,  
 The blood and groans of anguish,  
     Then dusk, and life was done.  
 And o'er the plots in Flanders  
     Let the flags of Vict'ry wave,  
 And time, alone, will hallow  
     The tenants of the grave.

M. E. K.

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\* This poem, originally published in the Wisconsin State Journal, 1926, was reprinted in the Baraboo Daily News, 1927.

## STEADFAST AND FAITHFUL

Comes a time when man's true nature he's obliged to hold at bay,  
 When the warriors of Temper Land go forth in mortal fray;  
 When a heart is sad with longing and when eyes are dim with tears,  
 When one's mind is turned abhorring the onrushing of the years;  
 When dear lives are torn asunder by the grim hand we know as death.  
 When we wonder at our littleness and, startled, hold our breath;—  
 We think hope is but a blind that stands steadfast, like a tree,  
 But we have in God Almighty, an Escape for You and Me.  
 Disheartened, down, and weary, we open up our heart:  
 God, up in His heaven, is not from us a thing apart!

Our old enemies may wrong us or otherwise deceive,  
 And our loved ones may be taken and our hearts for them may grieve;  
 Our own faith in friends may vanish when we are misinformed,  
 Hiwaymen may rob us when we go out unarmed,  
 Bitterness may callous us and make us sullen men,  
 Or our rage may dominate us and drive us to gruesome sin,—  
 But let us, who struggle always, to earn our daily bread,  
 Try resistance on these evils that will drive us e'en till dead.  
 We are weak and meek and faulty as ever man shall be,  
 But the world is kept from evil by folks like you and me.

We may not achieve to greatness nor gain a great renown,  
 We may have to spend our lifetime in some dear old country town;  
 But when people go abroad to the big city's life and grind,  
 Do they find a town more worthy than the town they left behind?  
 If one's life is one restricted to a small and humble few,  
 Can it not be just as useful poured out to me and you?  
 Greatness lies within the bosom of the humble, gentle, good,  
 And the spirit that is humble is the spirit understood.  
 Then the gentle man and woman—I meet them on the street—  
 Are the humble, country townsmen, the greatest of the great!

Men in vain may seek for glory in a town of fame and dome,  
 While unseekers may be lauded in the town that they call home.  
 If a word you speak to comfort the sorrowing and ill,  
 Is a means of inspiration to some haggard, broken will,  
 If it gives to one a hope and does cheer him in his pain,  
 Then you have won a laurel that is not transposed in gain;—  
 'Tis this spirit, which is Jesus, that gives us strength to live,  
 And we, living, ever laboring, that spirit we should give,  
 And in time we may pass judgment if judgment is to be,  
 When one by one the Roll is called that summons YOU and ME!

M. E. K.