CHAPTER XXII.

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS.

There are many incidents transpiring in every county, as the years go by, which cause considerable excitement at the time, and are of much importance, frequently, in shaping the destiny of people, but which, by the large majority, are either entirely forgotten or remembered only as circumstances bring them to mind. The following are some such events appertaining to Green county.

FIRST ENUMERATION OF GREEN COUNTY PEOPLE.

When nearly all the territory now constituting this county, ceased to be a part of the county of Crawford, it did not contain over a dozen inhabitants, all told; but when it no longer formed a portion of Iowa county, but was erected into the county of Green, its population had largely increased; but the exact number of its inhabitants is unknown. As there was no census taken in Crawford county between the time of the arrival of the first settlers in this county and the date of the erection of Iowa county, it follows that no enumeration of those who had taken up their residence herein was made during that period. But the census of Iowa county was taken by the United States in 1830, which of course, took in all the residents in that part of its territory now constituting Green county. This may be said to have been the first enumeration of Green county residents, though they, in fact, lived in Iowa county.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The Early Settlers—where are they? They are falling one by one; A few more years will pass away, And leave but few or none. My memory often carries me O'er a lapse of years, And in my dreams I often see Those happy pioneers.

But they are gone, those sturdy men, And few are left to tell The hardships they encountered when They first came here to dwell. A few gray-headed ones still link The present to the past, And sad it is for me to think That I'm almost the last. Oft in my wanderings to and fro, Through prairie, field and wood, I pass the spot where, long ago, Their rude log cabins stood, I see them not as once they were-- Scarce one of them remains, Perhaps a stave here and there, Bleached by a thousand rains. Quite rude those habitations were, And few and far between, That stood upon the prairie fair, And some in groves of green. But now a mound of stone and earth, That mound so rude, so small, Tells where was once the happy hearth, And this, and this is all.

The Early Settlers—where are they? I miss them more and more; Each year, when it has passed away, Leaves fewer than before, Like leaves of autumn from the trees, One after one there flown, And soon will Death's cold wintry breeze Remove the last, last one.

When I to church now sometimes go, Their seats are vacant there; I miss them, they are gone, I know, But where, O, tell me where? Some in the East, some in the West Are buffetting Life's wave; But far the greater number rest Low in the silent grave.

Ye settlers in the Western world, Though few may now remain, Ye have not labored here and toiled And spent your life in vain. Another race of men may fill The places you have filled, And other hands these fields may till Which yours have cleared and tilled.
And when ye all have passed away—
The last old settler gone,
Your deeds will yet survive, for they
In living lines are drawn.
These lines upon the prairies fair
Can never be effaced,
You leave the country smiling where
You found it wild and waste.

THOMAS WOODLE.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, June 7, 1854.]

The West Union Iowa Pioneer of the 17th inst. [ult.] contains an obituary notice of the Hon. Thomas Woodle, judge of Fayette Co., Iowa. He died at West Union, on the 12th inst.

Mr. Woodle was formerly a resident of this county; he came here in 1836, and removed to West Union some four years ago. As a citizen, and in the several social relations in life he was highly esteemed, and many of the old settlers will regret to learn that he has fallen in the prime of manhood and in the midst of usefulness. His relatives, among whom is an aged mother, reside among us, and we truly sympathize with them in this sudden and deeply affective bereavement. He had for some time held an important and responsible public trust with honor to himself, and much to the satisfaction of the people among whom he has resided. And now that he has gone from earthly responsibilities and dangers, his consistent Christian life leaves to the surviving friends the consoling assurance of his acceptance with Him who rewards true excellence with his divine approval.

JOHN G. PERCIVAL.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, Nov. 11, 1855.]

We spent a brief time with the State geologist, on Monday morning in examining the formations of magnesium limestone in this vicinity. Mr. Percival is now something over sixty years of age. His appearance is that of a man bent with years, but his mind is clear, and habits industrious. To see him at a distance no one would take him for that poetical genius who used to thrill us with his exquisite verse in our young days. But talk with him and you discover that quiet tone and varied expression of eye that indicates the fine and shrinking or-

ganization of the man of genius and the devoted lover of nature. Our mind was carried back to the time when we knew John G. Percival only as the poet whose muse went far into the human soul and laid it open to weeping or worship.

MARRIED.

"In Brodhead, Green county, on the 30th ult., by Rev. O. Curtis, George W. Tenney, editor of the Monroe Sentinel, to Mattie E. Love.

"The above notice escaped our attention last week, but not from any design. We congratulate George upon his success in Love-matters, and trust that each little Tenney-elfin may prove as Love-ly as Mattie-rimonial felicity could wish.—Monroe Sentinel Oct. 29, 1856."

SHOCKING MURDER.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, July 8, 1857.]

We were informed on Monday, by J. B. Perry, Esq., of Albany, before whom an investigation was made, that about sunset on the 4th inst., Nehemiah Root, an old man of seventy-five years, residing in the town of Mount Pleasant, shot Eben C. Foster, a son-in-law, killing him instantly. The circumstances are briefly these:

There had been a personal difficulty between the parties for a long time, and about sunset of the day mentioned, Root approached within a short distance of Foster and levelled his gun at him, which he perceiving, turned to flee, and immediately received the contents of one barrel loaded with a slug or slugs in his left shoulder breaking that, also the collar-bone and burying itself in the lung. He took two or three steps and fell upon his face in the sand, a corpse. His wife hearing the gun and cries of a child, hurried to him, turned him upon one side, saw one gasp, and all was finished. The murderer went into the house, barricaded the doors and windows and declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter. One Gideon Gillett, by a ruse, having succeeded in entering, grappled and secured him after a violent resistance. He was tried before Esquire Perry, of Albany
and in default of bail committed to the county jail.

A coroner's jury having been summoned to sit upon the body of Foster, rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts.

It is thought by some that the murderer was insane at the time of the commission of the deed, but as far as we can learn, it is generally conceded to have been one of the coolest, most wanton and unprovoked murders that ever have been recorded.

**BOLD AND SUCCESSFUL THEFT.**

"Our citizens were startled on Saturday morning last, by the announcement that James Hawthorne, who resides about a mile south of this village, had been relieved of between $1,200 and $1,500 in gold the night before.

"It appears that the thieves (there were two of them, as the tracks indicated) entered the house sometime between 12 o'clock and daylight and proceeded to the bedroom where slept Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne, removed a cradle containing a child, drew out a heavy trunk from under the head of the bed, picked up Mr. Hawthorne's pantaloons and left, rifling the pantaloons and leaving them upon the door-step. They then took the trunk to the barn, broke it open, took out the gold, dropping a couple of twenties in their haste, and decamped, their tracks leading up towards this village. When the almost impossibility of entering a house in the dark without making a noise, the danger of wakening the child, who was almost always restless, the necessary noise that would be caused by drawing out a heavy trunk, and carrying it off, are all taken into consideration, the boldness of the theft is wonderful.

"On Saturday morning suspicion having rested upon two young men stopping at the Monroe House, named Samuel Jackson and William Garrington, they were put under arrest, and their personal property examined by Sheriff Sutherland. No case, however, having been made out against them, they were discharged.

Mr. Hawthorne offers $500 for the arrest of the thieves and return of the money, or half the contents of either wallet for the return of the same.—*Monroe Sentinel* July 29, 1857.

**ANOTHER CASE.**

The State of Wisconsin vs. George Davis. On Friday of last week, upon complaint of Benjamin Chenowoth, for passing counterfeit money, George Davis was arrested and brought before Justice Hill for examination. Hiram Stevens for the State and A. J. Brundage for defense.

Defense submitted a motion to dismiss on grounds of informality of warrant, which motion was argued, and decided for the defense, and prisoner acquitted, whereupon a new warrant was served upon defendant. On Saturday, upon examination, the prisoner was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance at the next term of the circuit court, which bail was immediately paid by a man who announced himself as a stranger to Davis. Monday morning Davis commenced a suit against the complainant, the justice and the sheriff, laying his damages at $2,000. This is the last shape affairs have assumed."—*Monroe Sentinel*, Aug. 19, 1857.

**THE HAWTHORNE BURGLARY.**

"We, in common with numbers of our citizens, were most splendidly sold in that counterfeit three dollar bill case which we mentioned last week. That trial was all a sham, as will be seen.

Word reaching a pretty sharp detective officer, whose name has now escaped us, that there had been light-fingered work going on at this point, he appeared, and per an understood arrangement passed a counterfeit bill and was put in the same cell with Garrington—one of the supposed burglars—to await his examination. Here he elicited from Garrington, a full account of the Hawthorne affair, as also some other serious affairs of a like nature. He managed the thing very adroitly. Garrington and Jackson now confess the whole matter. The former says that
he entered the house about 2 o'clock in the morning, alone, Jackson remaining on guard. Carefully he entered the room—crept under the bed—found a cradle in the way and removed it—carefully worked the trunk out from under the bed—picked it up (together with the pantaloons) and went to the barn and broke it open, as has been previously stated. They deposited the funds in a bank near Smith's Mill Pond.

"Their card was very adroitly managed. They could prove, by the clerk of the Monroe House, that they were in the house at 1 o'clock of that same morning, and appeared as usual at the breakfast table the same morning."

"We called on the prisoners, Friday morning, and found Garrington evidently under deep conviction for his sins. He has no further hope of freedom, and no surety but that a violent death may soon be his fate. Jackson is very much younger in crime and has become quite sobered of late. He thinks he has learned a life lesson, and that he will profit by it.

"The money is nearly all accounted for."—Monroe Sentinel, Aug. 26, 1857.

REMOVAL OF GARRINGTON.

"On Thursday of last week, G. G. Davis appeared in town with a requisition from Gov. Chase, of Ohio, and also a warrant for the person of William Garrington alias William Jones, alias William Macy, alias Nebraska Bill, who has been for some time occupying rooms in our county jail. The documents charge upon the prisoner the murder of Cyrus Beebe, a city marshal of Columbus, Ohio, a murder committed in open daylight and in the streets of the city.

"In accordance with the summons, on Friday morning Sheriff Sutherland delivered the prisoner to Mr. Davis, who immediately left with him for Ohio. By politeness of the sheriff, we had a short interview with the prisoner prior to his departure. His manner was calm, and not materially changed from his former appearance, though there was, however, a more anxious and perturbed look upon his face than we had previously noticed. He had evidently passed a restless night, for the summons to leave was considered almost equivalent to a sentence of execution. After taking his seat in the carriage he appeared to be overwhelmed with emotion, and bade some acquaintances 'good-bye, boys, forever.' May God have mercy on him.

"The sheriff retains a memento of his prisoner in the shape of a complete and ingenious set of burglar's tools which had recently been made for use in this locality. They betoken an amount of skill, that should have been exercised in a legitimate business.—Monroe Sentinel, Sept. 2, 1857.

CIRCUIT COURT.

His Honor, Judge J. M. Keep, is now holding the September term of court, in this village. He is disposing of the docket rapidly. Yesterday afternoon, Samuel Jackson was brought into court and plead guilty to the indictment of theft—he having previously plead guilty to the indictment for burglary—and received his sentence. After a few preliminary remarks, the court sentenced him for the first indictment, six years confinement in the State prison, the first ten days of each January being solitary confinement; for the second indictment, three years confinement in the State prison at hard labor, the first ten days of July in each year being solitary confinement; the sentence to take effect from Tuesday noon, Sept. 8, 1857.—Monroe Sentinel, Sept. 9, 1857.

ESCAPE OF JACKSON.

"Samuel Jackson whom we mentioned last week as having been sentenced to nine years hard labor in the State prison, for burglary and theft, on Friday morning of last week, made good his escape.

"The escape was made about the hour of 7 A.M., and in manner as follows: By aid of a small strip of wood torn off from the cell partition, he succeeded in picking the key to his cell door out of a lock in the cell opposite, and
turning the lock up to the grating, unlocked it—as any person can readily do—passed through the open doors into the street and southerly through the village into the woods.

“The officers—sheriff and jailor—came in for a large amount of censure from the public, and naturally enough, since the prisoner could not have escaped without remissness somewhere. The sheriff is principally blamed for not fettering the prisoner’s feet, and the jailor, because he left both doors in the hall opening to the cells unlocked, and in that condition himself left the jail. Our columns are open to these officers to make any explanation or defense they may choose.

“Active efforts have been made since the escape of Jackson, to retake him, but up to the present writing—12 m. Tuesday—without success. See reward offered in another column.”

Monroe Sentinel, Sept. 16, 1857.

THE MURDER OF BEEBE.

“Jones, who murdered Cyrus Beebe, in this city, on the 27th of April, 1854, we understand, has two or three aliases. He was sometimes known as William Jones, then as William Mason, and again as Nebraska Bill. The last title is doubtless a fitting one, for there is not much doubt but that he is as bad a Bill as the Nebraska Bill of Douglas. He is said to take his arrest very calmly, and that he acknowledges that he shot Beebe, but did not know that he killed him. He is committed to jail to answer the charge of murder in the first degree. His trial will take place in October next.”—Ohio State Journal, Sept. 1857.

SAD CASUALTY.

[From the Monroe Sentinel, Sept. 16, 1857.]

On the 9th inst., in the town of Albany, Green Co., Wis., Mrs. Juda Crook, wife of John Crook, while drawing a pail of water at the well, by the house, by some means lost her balance and was precipitated to the bottom of the well and instantly killed. The well was eighteen feet in depth, and it is supposed that she had lain there some nine hours before discovered.

MONROE IN 1858.

[From the Monroe Sentinel, Jan. 27, 1858.]

Monroe is the capital and center of Green county, one of the finest counties in the State. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants. It is more substantially built than most of the interior towns, and contains several most elegant brick blocks. Monroe is built upon a gently rolling prairie, skirted on three sides by a belt of heavy timber. Green county is one of the richest and most varied and beautiful, in sources of wealth in the whole State. Its surface is rich, rolling prairie and woodland, interspersed with beautiful streams, and gemmed with thousands upon thousands of springs of sparkling water, which bubble from the base of every hillock. The earth is filled with the richest of lead deposits, and many thousands of pounds are annually raised.

From Mr. Tenney, of the Sentinel, we derive the following information:

“The nearest important town on the north is Madison, distant forty miles; on the east, Janesville and Beloit, thirty-five miles; (we have not mentioned Brodhead, which, as a railroad town, will be the principal business point for the four eastern towns of the county;) on the south, Freeport, twenty-six miles; on the west and northwest, Shullsburg and Mineral Point, forty miles each. This allows Monroe for business, twelve towns in Green county, to which add three towns in Stephenson county—Oneco, Winslow and one other—the town of Wayne, Wyota and Argyle in Lafayette county and the town of Waldwich, in Iowa county—the trade of which towns will center to this railroad point—and we have as a result:

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<th>TOWNS</th>
<th>SQUARE MILES</th>
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<tr>
<td>Green County</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stephenson County</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Town County</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lafayette County</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>Total area</td>
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All of this area is well settled and is the finest portion of all Wisconsin and Illinois for agricultural resources. Some of the towns have been settled twenty-five years.

The trade of 684 square miles, well settled, then, is one reason why Monroe will flourish.

All this region of country has heretofore principally been accommodated at Freeport on the Galena & Chicago Railroad. But few firms in Monroe have done any considerable trade at Milwaukee. They understand the importance of this market for their produce, and will avail themselves of it. Not one quarter of the wheat crop of last year has yet been marketed—all of which will come forward before another harvest. Even with the present low price for wheat, thirty-eight to forty-two cents, at Monroe, they ship enough to pay the expenses of running the branch to that place. About 20,000 bushels of wheat are now in store awaiting shipment.

DEATH OF JOHN B. PERSONS.
[From the Albany Times, June, 1859]

Drowned in Dayton, on Tuesday, the 22d inst., William Persons, aged thirty-seven years, son of John B. Persons. The deceased leaves a wife and five small children, as well as an aged father, to mourn his loss—he being the last of twelve sons and daughters that this aged veteran has been called upon to follow to the grave. The funeral, on the 24th, was attended by a large concourse of people to pay the last sad rites to the departed.

MAN KILLED.
[From the Monroe Sentinel Feb. 2, 1860]

We are informed that Charles McLane of this village [Monroe], was suddenly killed on Monday evening of the present week, by the overturning of a load of hay upon which he was riding. The accident occurred about eight miles northwest of Monroe, on the Mineral Point road. Our informant says the unfortunate man fell upon a stump, the binding pole at the same time falling upon him, crushing him so badly that he died in five minutes after being carried to the nearest house. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

TWO VANDERBILTS.
[From the Brodhead Reporter, Nov. 1859]

NOTICE.—Whereas, my wife, Sarah Vanderbilt, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, therefore all persons are forbidden to harbor or trust her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

D. VANDERBILT.

CLARENCE, Oct 14, 1859.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.—In reply to the above I would say that so far as my leaving is concerned, it is strictly true; but when he states that I did so without just cause or provocation, he states what not only he and I, but all our neighbors and this community generally, know to be a bare-faced falsehood. Mr. Vanderbilt has been unremitting in his efforts ever since our marriage to swindle me out of my property which I held in my own right when I married him, and has succeeded to quite an extent. In regard to board, he knows as well as many others that my money has bought what we have lived upon for the last two years. I therefore forbid any one harboring or trusting him on my account after this date; and I furthermore forbid all persons from purchasing any more of my property from Mr. Vanderbilt, as I shall hold them strictly responsible for the same. “SARAH VANDERBILT.”

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.
[From the Brodhead Reporter, April 23, 1861]

We have never been called upon to chronicle an accident in this country more shocking than that which happened at Monroe during the general gathering last Monday evening.

Judd Hurlbut, son of Col. L. Hurlbut, and Edward Morris, son of the Rev. Edward Morris, and other young men of Monroe, were firing a cannon, and, as is often the case, while loading, the gun was discharged prematurely by the heat caused by the rapid firing. The two young men were working at the ramrod. The right hand of young Morris was completely
blown off at the wrist and shivered to atoms—his face frightfully burned and torn by the slivers of the rod. Mr. Hurlbut's left arm was also blown off, his right hand burned and mutilated shockingly, so that half of it has since been amputated.

The shattered arms of both have since been amputated.

Both of them were young men of generous and noble impulses, and men of good habits and bright prospects for the future. They were highly esteemed by all who knew them.

Charles Humphrey, who was thumbing the cannon, had his thumb torn and his face badly burned.

Such accidents as the above are common. Young men are too careless in times of excitement.

STRIKED BY LIGHTNING.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, May 21, 1883.]

On Friday last, near Twin Grove, in the town of Jefferson, Horace Hunt was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Hunt was at work in the field near a straw stack. He had a team, hired man and two boys with him at the time. The hired man was stunned so severely that he did not recover his consciousness until the team had gone some distance. The boys were also affected so that they were blind for a short time. The electric current struck Mr. Hunt upon the neck and passed down the body and both limbs to his heels. Only about one week ago while Mr. Hunt was taking shelter from a rain storm in a horse stable covered with straw, the stable was struck by lightning and he was stunned, from the effects of which he had not fully recovered.

CAPT. JAMES BINTLIFF'S COMPANY.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, Aug. 27, 1862.]

Names of the members of Capt. Bintliff's company, in the 22d regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers:

James Bintliff, captain; Thomas H. Eaton, 1st lieutenant; Fluttle Annis, 2d lieutenant; Nelson Darling, orderly sergeant; Charles A. Booth, 2d sergeant; Stephen F. Ball, 3d sergeant; W. S. Cole, 4th sergeant; William W. King, 5th sergeant; C. R. Deniston, 1st corporal; Leopold Seltzer, 2d corporal; Aaron H. McCracken, 3d corporal; Myron H. Puffen, 4th corporal; Emmet F. Phelps, 5th corporal; Edward Aldinger, 6th corporal; A. H. Cole, 7th corporal; William J. Witham, 8th corporal.


AN OLD CITIZEN OF MONROE GONE.
[From the Monroe Sentinel, Nov. 28, 1862.]

The following letter from Norman Eastman, Esq., our Washington correspondent, brings the sad tidings that one of our old citizens, D. S.
Jones, Esq., is dead. Mr. Jones was a brother-in-law of Mr. Hill, the landlord of the United States Hotel, and we believe well known to most old residents:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, 1862.

EDITORS SENTINEL:—It is with feelings of sorrow that I have to announce to the citizens of Monroe, the death of D. S. Jones, formerly of that place, but latterly a resident of this city. Mr. Jones died on Friday evening, the 14th inst. He has been sick for about six weeks. He has been for several years an invalid, at times suffering from hemorrhoids or piles. Since his residence in this city he has been acting as night watchman in the interior department. His position afforded him a great deal of leisure time, and since the organization of the Soldiers’ Aid Society he has devoted that leisure time to the work of looking after and caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. His special field of work was in the hospital of Alexandria. He was faithful, assiduous and untiring in his labors, and by his unremitting kindness and attention he had gained the good will of the hospital officials and attendants, and particularly of the Wisconsin soldiers with whom he came in contact. Many of them will miss him, and with us will have cause to regret his death.

By his unremitting exertions in behalf of the soldiers he aggravated his old disease, which soon prostrated him, and has carried him to his final resting place, a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Those of us who were daily brought in contact with him, and knew him will deeply mourn his loss, for a faithful co-laborer has left us forever.

Mr. Jones was thirty-eight years of age, and has left a wife and one child to mourn his early departure to the spirit-land, and well may they mourn, for as a husband and father, he was kind and faithful.

His remains will be taken to Baltimore to-day, and buried there by the side of his father and other members of his family.

I remain, yours, truly.

NORMAN EASTMAN, Sec’y.

Sudden Death.

[February 10, 1864.]

On Wednesday evening of last week, John Ellis, of the town of York, died suddenly, as follows:

He had been in our village with a load of grain and was driving out to the house of Samuel Truax, (some three miles from town) to stop for the night. When about half a mile this side of Mr. Truax's he suddenly dropped the lines and tumbled out of the sleigh. A young man named Thurston was riding with him, and immediately seizing the lines and heading the horses for the fence, he hitched them, and hastened back to where Mr. Ellis was lying in the road. Raising him up he discovered a little foam on his lips, but very little sign of life. He called for help, and Mr. Shroake, whose house they had just passed, hastened out. With Mr. Shroake's assistance the body of Mr. Ellis was placed in the sleigh, and Thurston drove rapidly to the house of Mr. Truax, but when he arrived there life was extinct. Justice Rote, of this town, next morning impaneled a coroner's jury, before which evidence was adduced showing that deceased had for some time been subject to occasional fainting spells, originating in heart disease, and they accordingly returned a verdict that he died a natural death of that disease. We learn that Mr. Ellis leaves a wife and three children, in comfortable circumstances, so far as property is concerned.

Horrible Affair.

[Feb. 8, 1865.]

A terrible tragedy was enacted in the southern part of the town of New Glarus on the night of the 5th instant. A German named Joseph Trogner, a farmer in good circumstances, who had been accustomed to loan out money from time to time, had just received some $800 or more from a person who took up a mortgage. The money was paid either Saturday or Sunday, and was kept in Trogner's house. On Sunday night Trogner's daughter, a girl some twelve years old, was aroused by seeing a man enter
her bedroom, in the upper part of the house. Instinctively she feigned sleep, and the burglar went to a corner of the room and took from an old almanac the money which Trogner had lately received, and retreated down the stairs.

As he passed Trogner's door, (who, with his wife, was sleeping in a room below,) Trogner came out to arrest him. As he opened the door the burglar struck him on the head with an ax, which seemed to stun him for a moment, but he quickly recovered and made at the burglar again. The latter struck him another fearful blow with the edge of the ax, cutting the whole side of his face and head open, and leaving him on the floor apparently in a dying state. Mrs. Trogner then came toward the door, but before she had reached it the miscreant met her inside the room and attacked her with the ax, (the girl looking through a stove-pipe hole from the room above and witnessing the assault,) and struck her three or four blows. With great presence of mind she feigned death, and the burglar left her, after having inflicted several severe wounds. The girl looked from her window, and in the bright moonlight saw the man, dressed as a soldier, stand by the side of the house for some minutes (apparently listening for sounds from within), but after satisfying himself that all was quiet he walked leisurely away up the road.

The girl immediately descended and hastened to the neighbor's in the opposite direction, who, on hearing her story, sent for medical assistance and proceeded as soon as possible to the scene of the double crime. Mrs. Trogner was soon restored so as to be able to make a statement of the facts, but her husband, up to the time our informant left there on Monday morning, was insensible, though still alive. It is thought that Mrs. Trogner may recover, though severely injured, but we believe there is no hope for her husband.

Up to this time no one has been arrested for the crime, though strong suspicions are entertained of his identity. Whoever it was, it is evident that he was no stranger to Trogner's house and the place where he kept his money, as he went as directly to it as if he had himself placed it there. We do not deem it expedient at present to state on whom suspicion rests, but we may learn something further in relation to the matter before we go to press. Meanwhile, we can only hope that the perpetrator of the crime will speedily obtain his just deserts, for society is indeed unsafe if such criminals can long go unwhipped of justice.

**New Glarus Tragedy.**

[February 15, 1885.]

In the account which we published last week, of the burglary in New Glarus, with its horrid accompaniment, there were some inaccuracies which we will correct to-day. We stated that the burglar entered a room up stairs, in which a young girl was sleeping, and took the money therefrom, and that he made no assault on any one until Mr. Trogner attempted to stop him, as he came down stairs. Later information shows that this was incorrect—that the burglar first entered the room where the old people were sleeping, on the first floor, and the girl was a spectator of what took place, (so far as she could be in the dim light) by looking through a stove-pipe hole in the floor, from the room above. On the first sound made by the old people, the burglar struck them with an ax, which he had brought in with him, and did not cease until he had silenced them. Mr. Trogner's skull and face are even worse mangled than we stated last week, and we presume there is no probability of his recovery, though he was still alive last Saturday. Mrs. Trogner's arm was broken in several places, and she was otherwise severely injured.

A young man named Friedolin Blum, a returned soldier of the 9th Wisconsin regiment, who had served three years in that organization, has been arrested for the crime, and on examination was held to bail for his appearance at the next term of court, in the sum of $1,500, but failing to give the required security, he was committed to the county jail, where he now is.
We understand that Blum's character, while in the service, was good, and that many who were acquainted with him before enlisting speak well of him. Of course, we are not prepared to say whether he is or is not guilty of the crime attributed to him, and therefore do not wish to manufacture any public opinion on the subject. If he is not guilty, we hope he will be acquitted; if he is guilty, we shall more than ever depurate the mawkish sentimentality which abolished capital punishment in the State of Wisconsin.

Judge Dunwiddie, who was present at the examination, has furnished us with the following abstract of the testimony given by Mrs. Trogner and her daughter, which will make the case plainer to our readers than anything we can say:

Mrs. Trogner swears that on Sunday night of the 5th of February, after they had all been in bed sometime, and asleep, some person entered the house. She and her husband were sleeping in the room on the ground floor. The person who entered the room made a noise in opening the door, which awakened both her and her husband, and they called out "Who is there?" Immediately the person commenced striking her husband on the head; struck him four or five times. She was making some noise, and then the person commenced striking her; struck her four or five times on right arm and hip. She then feigned that she was dead. Her husband was still, and she supposed him dead. She was now lying on her left side, with her face to the wall. The person who had done the deed then took up her husband's pants, took out a key, went to the bureau and unlocked it, took out a drawer, carried it to the table, and commenced working among the papers. By this time, her husband had come to, and commenced stirring and moving in bed. The person who then was at the table, took up the ax, went back to the bed and again struck him four or five times. Her husband then became still again. The person then returned to the table and stood between her and the window, and she then knew who it was—she saw that it was Friedolin Blum; she knew him by his cap and clothes, and the way he stood. She did not see his face, and only saw him for a moment. She had before thought it was him by the sound of his footsteps in the room, but now she knew him. She was at the time, in the northwest corner of the room, in bed, and when she first knew Blum by his clothes, he was standing at the window—close by the window—on the east side of the house; the moon was shining in the window,—Blum's cap was part fur and part cloth. This was a little before 12 o'clock. There was about $4,000 in money taken.

The young lady testified that she was upstairs in bed, and heard the noise below; was much alarmed; kept quiet until she heard the man below go out of the house, then she got up and looked out of the west window; saw the man down at the spring; he turned and looked up towards the house, and she knew it was Blum; he had on soldier's clothes, blue pants, and had black whiskers.

On the part of the defense, it was proved that Blum had on, that day and evening, citizens dress, and that the spring was four and a half rods west of the house.

DEATH OF DAVID S. ANDRICK.
[From Monroe Sentinel, Feb. 14, 1866.]

We copy the following from the Fort Scott Press, as many of our readers were well acquainted with the deceased, and no doubt will feel a deep sympathy for the bereaved ones who mourn the loss of one so favorably known to the citizens of Green county. The Press states that the deceased was buried with Masonic honors, and that the occasion was one of deep interest and emotion:

Died.—At his residence in Fort Scott, Kansas, on Tuesday, the 30th ult., of consumption, David S. Andrick, aged twenty-eight years and fifteen days.

Mr. Andrick came to this county with his parents in 1857, from his former home in Monroe, Wis., and located with them at their residence about a mile west of this town. A few
years later he engaged in the drug business in Fort Scott, in which he continued up to the time of his death. During his residence here he has been a member of the city council, and has taken an active and prominent part in all questions of public interest. He married a daughter of our late townsman, A. Walker, who, with one child, is left to share the sympathies as well as the grief of this whole community.

Death of an Old Citizen.

[Aug. 29, 1869.]

John Chadwick, for many years a resident of this county, died in this village on the 19th inst., in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mr. Chadwick came to Green county from Pennsylvania in the year 1837, and was a resident of the county ever since that time, and for the past ten or twelve years lived in Monroe. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was much respected by his fellow-citizens as a man of sterling integrity and consistent Christian deportment. His remains were followed to the cemetery by a large concourse of our citizens. Mr. Chadwick was a constant patron and reader of this paper from its first issue to the time of his death.

Death of Farlin Ball.

[Dec. 18, 1867.]

In the village of Juda, Green Co., Wis., on the 4th day of December, 1867, Farlin Ball died, aged seventy-nine years, seven months and one day. This venerable man, whose sudden death has caused much sensation in the two villages where he was well known, was born in the State of Virginia, on the 3d day of May, 1788. When a young man he emigrated with his parents to the new new northwest territory, and settled in what subsequently became Jefferson Co., Ohio. There he married, raised a large family, and spent the greater part of his life. In 1849 he moved to this State, and in 1850 settled in the town of Jefferson, where he remained until his death. His ancestors were English Quakers, from whom he inherited the equanimity, firmness and stability of character peculiar to that class of Christians. Nearly sixty years ago he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for that long period maintained an unblemished Christian character.

Died.

[Aug. 5, 1868.]

Died, at his residence in this village, on the 28th ult., Stephen G. Lombard, M. D., aged forty-seven years.

Dr. Lombard came here from Cayuga Co., N. Y., in the spring of 1851, and from that time until his death has been engaged in the practice of his profession in our town and county. The doctor was extensively known throughout this portion of the State as a man of sterling character, of superior ability in his profession, and as a valuable citizen. He will be missed from among us—his place will not be readily filled—and for many, many years to come he will live in the affection of his friends and in the kindly regard of those who have been blessed by the beneficence of his professional ministrations.

Death of Crotty.

[Jan. 20, 1869.]

Last Wednesday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the Monroe House was the scene of a fatal unpleasantness between an Irishman by the name of Patrick Crotty, a well-to-do farmer of this county, and a servant girl, employed in the above mentioned hotel, by the name of Angelina Shroyer, whom Crotty had seduced about two years ago. From various parties we learn the following particulars concerning this terrible affair, and vouch for the truth of the reports only so far as they appear to be the versions of many persons condensed and corroborated:

It seems that Crotty was a gay deceiver, and, among several young and inexperienced girls, Angelina was but one frail creature whom he had wronged, after gaining their affections and promising to marry them. She had obtained a judgment against him for $700, and afterwards consented to a compromise for half the judgment. The Crottys proposed a less sum ($800),
but the terms were not accepted. Some time after these transactions, on the day mentioned, Crotty, his wife (lately married) and mother-in-law came to town, and, after getting well "set up" with courageous whisky, went to beard the lioness in the Monroe House. The proposition to settle was again broached. Angeline would accept the money, but would not sign any papers releasing Crotty from further demands; whereupon the negotiations were broken off. A few minutes thereafter Pat returned, after being warned that Angeline could put up with no more of his abuse, and again commenced calling her names, and very indecent ones, too; whereupon the enraged girl drew a pistol and shot her seducer through the breast, near the heart, and sent the leaden messenger through his body, the same lodging near his back bone. Crotty rushed from the house bare headed, got into his sleigh, and the man who was with him drove off; but, on reaching a distance but a few rods from the hotel, Patrick Crotty expired.

The Old Settlers' Meeting.
[Feb. 3, 1889.]

The pioneer settlers of Green county had a very pleasant social reunion in Monroe last Wednesday, the 27th ult. The attendance from all parts of the county was unexpectedly large, considering the brief time the notice had been published.

The meeting was organized in the court house in the afternoon, by the election of O. H. P. Clarino (the oldest resident of Green county now living,) as president, and Hiram Rust as secretary. J. W. Stewart stated the object of the meeting, and entertained the audience with some amusing and interesting incidents of pioneer life in this county. After remarks of a similar character by B. Dunwiddie, Hiram Brown, Hiram Rust and others, and the trans- action of some business, the meeting adjourned till 6 o'clock at Turner Hall.

At Turner Hall in the evening, the real festivities of the occasion commenced. Mr. Gleissner, of the American House, had a splendid supper prepared for more than 100 guests, and the cornet band took a position in the gallery, from whence they discoursed good music during the evening. Many of the pioneers brought their wives and daughters with them, and tickets were issued to a limited number of outsiders, so that the hall was comfortably filled with genial gentlemen and ladies, all intent upon having a good time; and so far as we could judge, they were not disappointed.

After partaking of the excellent supper, the house was called to order, and, by request, J. W. Stewart read a lengthy and highly interesting paper, pertaining to the early settlement and history of Green county. (We will say, in this connection, that Mr. Stewart, who is now absent from home, has collected many of the most important facts connected with the early settlement of this county, and has promised to prepare them for publication as soon as he returns.) After brief and amusing speeches and anecdotes by several others, the roll was called, and the following persons reported themselves as having been voters in the county for twenty-five years:

1829—Ezra Gillett.
1831—James Slater.
1832—O. H. P. Clarino.
1833—Noah Phelps, Levi Starr.
1834—Hiram Rust, Nicholas Cornelius.
1835—William Beard, Peter Wells, John H. Bridge, O. J. White.
1836—D. S. Sutherland, Thomas S. Bowen, Asa Richardson, T. J. Bragg, Allen Woodle, Hiram Brown.
1838—David Davis, Sol. Sutherland.
1839—John Woods, Samuel Truax, J. T. Sutherland, A. W. Sutherland.
1840—Elijah Evins, J. R. Pace, Ashford Trickle, John Thorp.


1843—Jesse Gist, W. S. Wescott.

_The Shroyer Case._

[Sept. 20, 1869.

Angeline Shroyer, who was tried last week for the murder of Patrick Crotty, was acquitted by the jury after a trial of nearly four days, ending on Thursday afternoon. The court house was crowded most of the time during the trial, but the room was as quiet as a Quaker meeting, and the trial throughout was conducted in a manner which reflects credit upon this age and generation. District Attorney Douglas, was assisted by Messrs. Conger, of Janesville, and Gardner, of Monroe; and Hon. B. Dunwiddie and Charles G. Williams, ably conducted the defense.

The court house was filled to suffocation when the announcement went forth on the tones of the bell, that the jury were ready to give their verdict. When the “Not Guilty” was pronounced by the foreman, the accused was immediately released from custody, and left the court house, while a smile of satisfaction was visible upon the faces of all present. Every one in attendance had “predicted” and “told just how it would be.” The verdict surprised no one, and the peo-
ple are content. A purse of money was made up by our citizens last Friday and Saturday, and we are informed that Angeline will immediately go to her friends in Iowa.

The Old Settlers.
[Feb. 3, 1879.]
The second annual re-union of the old settlers of Green county, held in this village at the court house and Turner Hall, was, everything considered, a very successful and pleasant affair. Several names were added to the roll of members, and such other business as naturally comes before gatherings of this nature was transacted in the afternoon at the court house, when the meeting adjourned to Turner Hall, at 6 o'clock, P. M. Supper was served for the members and invited guests at about 8 o'clock, by J. A. Gleissner, of the American House. The three tables, reaching the entire length of the hall, were liberally patronized by the pioneers of the county, who, with their wives, gave ample proof of the quality of the repast and the healthfulness of the parents of our present civilization. The American cornet band, enlivened the occasion good music, and, with short speeches by a few who felt like talking, general greetings and talk of old times, the evening was pleasantly and profitably spent by all who attended.

These reunions can, and will, doubtless, be made a permanent institution; and there can be no reason why they might not be so conducted as to be a source of such a pleasure and profit to those who came in advance.

To hew the forests
And break the way,
For greater things
In a future day.

Let the records be made perfect, and the last days on earth of those who braved the wilds of the unsettled wilderness, to make their circumstances and open up to future generations happy homes, fertile farms, and the general prosperity which we younger citizens now enjoy, be a continued reign of happiness. Let us honor the "old settlers," for their numbers are few and they are passing away, while their children go forth to be hereafter called "old settlers" of other States, and, as yet, unheard of counties.

The Roll of Pioneers.
The roll as now made up by the secretary, J. V. Richardson, is as follows:
1837—E. T. Gardner.
1839—Ezra Gillett.
1831—James Slater.
1832—O. H. P. Clarno.
1823—Noah Phelps, Levi Starr.
1834—Hiram Rust, Nicholas Conelius.
1835—William Beard, Peter Wells, John H. Bridge, O. J. White, John Douglas.
1847—Franklin Pierce, Alexander Morton, John Chadwick, Jotham Chadwick, Joshua Whitcomb, A. H. Woodle, A. J. Sutherland, Mordecai Kelly, Jonas Shook.
1838—David Davis, Sol Sutherland, A. R. Sylvester.
1839—John Woods, Samuel Truax, J. T. Sutherland, A. W. Southerland, William C. Green, Justus Sutherland, Melzer Colton.
1840—Elizah Evins, J. R. Pace, Ashford Trickle, John Thorpe, Charles Reed.
1841—John Morrison, Christopher Minert, W. D. Boise, Jesse Robertson, George Michael, A. Conkey, J. V. Richardson, F. H. Derrick.
1843—Jesse Gist, W. L. Wescott, J. B. Chase, Daniel Dunwiddie.

Telegraph Completed.
[Aug. 10, 1878.]
The first message over the wire from Milwaukee to Monroe, was sent last Thursday afternoon, and received, in a remarkably short
To the Monroe Press:

Milwaukee to Monroe sends greeting. Our lines have gone out through all the earth and our words to the end of the world. Answer.

**The Sentinel's Answer.**

*Milwaukee, August 4.*

To the Milwaukee Press:

Monroe sends greeting: Blessed be the Lord who created electricity; blessed his creature who discovered its utility, and blessed be he who invented the telegraph. Bully for the Northwestern Company whose lines touch us with the throbs of intelligence as they pass from city to city.

The following, the same hour, was sent to the Janesville Gazette:

**Janesville Gazette.**

*Monroe, Aug. 4, 1870.*

To the Janesville Gazette:

The Sentinel sends greeting. Monroe is now in the world instead of on the outside. We have it now and can keep it.

**Sentinel Office.**

*Gazette Office.*

**Janesville, August 4.**

To the Monroe Sentinel:

The Gazette welcome you to fraternal relations. May your energy and enterprise be equal to the responsibilities of your new position.

**Death of Lieutenant G. D. Jennings.**

[Nov. 18, 1871.]

Jennings.—In Omaha, on the 5th day of November, 1871, Lieut. G. D. Jennings, aged thirty years, formerly of this place, recently of the V. R. C. U. S. A.

The funeral of Lieut. Jennings was largely attended by the citizens of this place who deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their great loss. Dud. had been a faithful brother and a dutiful son. Even the vicissitudes and estrangements of a soldier's life could not break the ties which bound him to kindred, nor wean him from those whom he loved in childhood. He was attended in his last hours by his sister Jennie, who left her duties as clerk in the treasury department at Washington, to go across the continent on her mission of love, and devoted herself to the task of bringing her dying brother to his home. By a series of journeying from San Diego by way of San Rafael, Cal., they reached Omaha, where poor Dud. gave up his sword to the Conqueror of the Universe, and left his faithful sister to journey home with his mortal remains. What peace must she now feel, and enjoy hereafter, to know that her dear soldier brother wanted not a sister's loving hand to soothe his dying pillow. And what comfort and bliss to a faithful soldier—used to the vicissitudes of camp and field—when he wraps the mantle of death about him, to feel the parting kiss of the purest friendship known on earth.

The journey from Omaha, though a sad one, was not so tedious. A sergeant and a file of soldiers were detailed to guard the corpse to this place. The party arrived on the evening train Friday last, and remained at the United States House until Saturday afternoon, when the corpse was taken to the home, from whence he had gone, when he was a mere lad, as a volunteer in the old 3d Wisconsin Infantry.

Lieut. G. D. Jennings was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, in the side and hip, the ball passing through the body. His wound was a severe one, and was the cause of his early death, as it sapped his vitality, and caused him continual pain. He had hoped to outgrow his injury, and live to a good old age, but when on his last visit to Monroe, he told the writer that he should come back only once more to the old town, and should not go away again.

The record of his deeds, when the country need brave men and true, will ever remain to bless his name, and will be a fitting epitaph. Every soldier of old company G—there never was such another company “G” in the hearts of Green county—the first which took the flag to
defend and lay down their lives to honor, will drop a tear, and in their hearts fire three volleys over the resting place of a brave comrade, gone to “headquarters,” “discharged to receive promotion.”

The bugle note and rattling drum,
    Shall from dreams ne’er wake him more;
The lights are out, and ceased the hum
    In the camp by the dark river’s shore.

C.

Death of an Old Citizen.
[Sept. 25, 1872.]

Charles S. Foster, well known by the people of Green county as one of the first settlers and public spirited gentleman, died at his residence in this village Sunday morning last, after a short illness. This community will miss Mr. Foster very much, his enterprise and activity in public matters, his many good qualities as a neighbor, friend and husband and father, made him prominent in the community. During his life, for nearly thirty years, he had often been elected to official positions, which he filled with credit to himself and advantage to his constituents. He at different times aided with his influence and money, public enterprises, and was a liberal subscriber to the new manufacturing establishments now being built. He was also a member of the board of education of this place; the subject of common schools having always received a large share of attention from him. His family have the sympathy of many friends who are called to mourn with them in their great loss.

Another, Old Settler Gone.
[June 26, 1874.]

Jere Chandler, one of the pioneers and a highly esteemed and valued citizen of Monroe passed peacefully from earth, last Thursday, at his residence, where he had lived for many years. “Uncle Jere” as he was called by all who knew him, came to Monroe in 1845, and established his family here, for many years carrying on the wagon making business. He had acquired a good property during his working days, and provided with the aid of her who survives him, a beautiful home of comfort and plenty. “Uncle Jere” was not a noisy man, though his convictions were strong, and he adhered to them constantly. He had been quite feeble for the past two or three years, and prior to his death had been confined to the house for nearly a year. He was seventy-one years of age when he died, and he leaves a host of relatives and friends who will long remember his life of industry and true worth. The funeral took place from the residence, last Sunday, at 9 o’clock A. M. Rev. E. Powell assisted by Rev. Mr. Palmer and Z. H. Howe conducted the exercises and a large concourse of people followed the remains to the last resting place on earth.

Our old men are passing away, one by one, but more rapidly now than hitherto. Those who came before the multitude, to break the way to a prosperous estate for the generations of the future, are growing old, and each year sees the eldams heaped above the faithful, manly forms of our old men and women, the grandparents of this prosperous people. Let us cherish them while they stay with us; for it has taken many storms to bleach their locks, and many days of sunshine to tune their smiles, and when they are gone we shall never see their like again.

Death of William C. Green.
[Aug. 5, 1874.]

In the death of William C. Green, of this village, Green county has lost one of its oldest and best citizens, a man who had filled the measure of life nearly full to its brim, and that, too, with consistent, straightforward works. Mr. Green had been in poor health for more than a year, and he repeatedly told his friends that he expected to leave this country soon and go toward the setting sun.

The deceased came to Green county in 1839, from New York State, and had lived here ever since, rearing a large family; seven children of whom are now living, the oldest being over fifty years old. He was a farmer during the better time of life, and his two sons are now
carrying on the farm at “Green’s Prairie” —
named by the deceased. Besides being a good
farmer, Mr. Green was possessed of a good
education, and in his younger and older years
taught school. He served several years accept-
bly as school superintendent of Green county,
to which position he was elected by the repub-
lican party, of which he was a faithful and stead-
fast member.

William C. Green was born in 1802, and was
seventy-two when he died, at 2 o’clock Monday
morning, Aug. 3, 1874. The funeral takes
place to-day, Wednesday, August 5, at 11 o’clock.

Honors to the Dead Soldiers.
[June 4, 1873.]
The first upon the list is that of Capt. Oscar
F. Pinney, of the 5th Wisconsin Battery, who
fell mortally wounded, on the 31st day of
December, 1862, at the fearful battle of Stone
River, the horrors of which cannot be exag-
gerated.

“For three long days the battle raged,
In front of Murfreesboro,
And cannon balls tore up the earth
As plows turn up the furrow.”

Capt. Pinney lingered in hospital until the
17th day of February, 1863, when he died and
his remains were brought home by his brother
and buried here.

The testimony of all the members of the gal-
ant 5th Battery, who were with him in that
terrific contest, and some of whom I recognize
here to-day, is, that he was a brave man.

Joseph Hall, a member of the 5th Battery, re-
turned home with consumption, contracted or
aggravated by the hardships and exposures inci-
dent to military duty, and died in the village
of Monroe.

Chaplain, C. E. Weirich, 23rd Infantry, died
at Vicksburg from over exertion on the battle
field in behalf of the wounded.

Lieut. Charles Ruf, of the 45th Wisconsin
Infantry, died in Madison, Wis., and his re-
 mains were brought here for interment.

Sergt. James McQuillian and Plinny D. Muz-
zy, both of the 31st Wisconsin Infantry, are
buried here, but the circumstances and place of
their death I have been unable to ascertain.

Thomas Virtue, of the 31st Wisconsin In-
fantry, died at his home in Monroe, of disease,
contracted in the army.

Jacob Ruegger, also of the 31st Infantry, is
buried here, but I have learned nothing of his
history.

Samuel Hopkins, of the 16th Wisconsin In-
fantry, died of disease in Monroe.

Oliver Hancock, of the 18th and Edwin
Gardner, of the 22d Wisconsin Infantry, died
of disease in Monroe.

G. W. Holmes, of the 16th Wisconsin In-
fantry, was brought home sick from Pittsburg
Landing, and died in Monroe.

Hans Gulbrandson, died in Monroe, since the
war, of disease contracted in the army.

Elijah McGinlay, of the 23d Wisconsin In-
fantry, was wounded in battle, returned to
Monroe where he died from the effects of his
wound.

George McGlinn, of the 36th Wisconsin In-
fantry, died in Madison, Wis., and his body
was brought here for interment.

Joseph Snyder, of the 38th Wisconsin In-
fantry, is buried here, but the history of his
military service, and the place and cause of his
death, are unknown to me.

Francis C. Glasco, of the 30th Missouri
Mounted Infantry, died in camp at Memphis,
Tenn., of disease, induced by the hardships of
military service. His remains were brought
here for burial.

The remains of Lucius A. Belden, of the 4th
Kansas Cavalry and of William Daggett, of the
6th Kansas Cavalry, rest in this cemetery, but
I am unable to give any of the incidents of
their history.

Capt. G. D. Jennings, of the United States
Army, formerly of the 3d Wisconsin Infantry
Volunteers, was seriously wounded at the battle
of Chancellorsville. He was distinguished for
his gallantry, fought his way to a captaincy in
the regular army, went under orders to the
Pacific coast, where his failing health, the effect of wounds received in his country’s battles, admonished him that his time on earth was brief, and he sought to reach his home that he might die among kindred and friends, but his vitality was not sufficient for the undertaking, and, at Omaha, his brave spirit passed to the better land, and yonder shaft of white marble marks its last resting place. Col. E. M. Bartlett and Col. Ezekiel Clapp, soldiers of the War of 1812, were also buried here.

Of those whose remains are not here, I have the following names:

James McLain, of the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry, died at Baton Rouge, his remains, I believe, are buried there.

John Wyatt was killed at Fort Mahone, in front of Petersburg. I understand his remains are buried somewhere in this county.

Charles Miner fell at the battle of Gettysburg.

Oscar Haley, of the 5th Battery, died at Jacksonville, Tenn., Nov. 5, 1872, of sickness.

John F. Smith, of the 5th Battery, who was well known in Monroe, was killed in the battle of Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862.

Jefferson Feathers was killed in front of Petersburg, June 17, 1864.

Lieut. Almond Smith, of the 5th Battery, died at Iuka, Miss.

Capt. Moses O’Brien, of the 3d Wisconsin Infantry, one of the bravest of the brave, died of repeated wounds received in the fearful conflict of Cedar Mountain.

Stewart Mosher, of the 3d Wisconsin Infantry, whom all the old residents of Monroe well remember, was the first hero who fell a martyr to liberty, from Green county. He was killed at the battle of Bolivar Heights, and was buried near the spot where he gallantly fell, upon the banks of the classic Potomac, whose waters, as they roll through the mountain gorges, on their way to the sea, shall ceaselessly chant his solemn requiem through all the ages to come, till time shall be no more.

Death of Justus Sutherland.

[December 17, 1873.]

“The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken,—
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.”

Justus Sutherland died at his residence in the town of Sylvester, in this county, December 6, of pneumonia, after a brief illness. He was born at Rutland, in the State of Vermont, on the 27th day of September, 1797. He lived for a long time in Madison Co., N. Y.; subsequently resided in Illinois, and, in 1836 he moved to Green Co., Wis., where he reared a large and highly respectable family, and by industry and good judgment he acquired considerable wealth, and where, at the end of a long and active life, he has been cut down like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season, and consigned to the “narrow house appointed for all the living.” Mr. Sutherland lived in this county thirty-four years, and was one of its earliest settlers. The brave, enterprising and adventurous spirits who constitute the vanguard of civilization, who carry the implements of husbandry, and the habits of industry into the wilderness, or those of them whose rude cabins unopened the places where stood the red man’s wigwam in southern Wisconsin, knew him well, and called him to many positions of honor and trust; and the few who remain of the companions of his manhood’s prime, say that he never betrayed the confidence which they reposed in him, and that at all times, and under all circumstances he stood a grand specimen of God’s noblest work, an honest man. He was a person of most exemplary habits, and his loss will be deeply felt beyond the circle of his immediate relatives, beyond the neighborhood in which he lived, by all who knew him, but by none more keenly than by those who shared with him the dangers, hardships and privations of pioneer life. Ten sons and daughters of mature years stood around his coffin and listened to the falling clods whose resonance
spoke to all of man's mortality. His neighbors and friends came from far and near to perform the last sad rites, and pay the last melancholy tribute of respect, until the funeral cortège assumed proportions greater than ever before witnessed in this county. It is a consolation to his friends, that his last hours were tranquil, and that he passed quietly and painlessly to the other, and happier shore.

"As a cloud of the sunset slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss
He hath passed to the world of the holy from this.
He has gone but a little before us,
We can only say, now, in the words of the poet:
Farewell! a little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear
Which opens on eternity."

_A Sensation for Winslow._

[Aug. 19, 1874.]

About eleven years ago a man by the name of Alvys Gaylord left the neighborhood for California, leaving a wife and children. For some years he had been given up as lost to his family, and his wife was declared a widow. A few days since a man claiming to be the husband of Mrs. Gaylord came to Winslow and succeeded in making the widow and her son believe that he was the identical Gaylord, and he was taken to the bosom of his family. He immediately set about disposing of property belonging to the estate preparatory to returning back to California. Here a brother of Gaylord comes forward and declares the would be "Alvy" an imposter and that he is not the true husband of the widow. But the son of his mother declares that the stranger is his own father. Now, it is not every boy that knows his own father—especially after he has been gone eleven years, and when he left home the boy was quite young. But so determined was the brother to expose the imposter that the whole affair was noiseless about, and parties who had known Gaylord in days of yore came forward to identify him. It seems that Gaylord had a finger torn off by a threshing machine before he went away, and he also had one foot split open on top in an early day. This man had no such marks. Then comes one certain Mr. Burbridge, who walks up to the stranger and offers him $2 to show his arm. There was a mark on it he would like to see. The stranger scouted the idea of showing his arm but he finally was induced to do so. There in deep blue were the initials "J. T.," John Traverse, well known by all the neighbors. John Traverse, of California, who evidently knew Gaylord and his family, as he spoke familiarly, calling them all by name. He knew his neighbors too, and they knew him now. He had married a daughter of Burbridge fifteen years ago, and had gone off to California. An old woman had recognized him a few days before this singular denouement, when he was making inquiries about the Burbridge family. "Did they know of a man who had married a daughter of Burbridge, year ago and run away to California." They knew such a man, and "Thou art the man," said an elderly woman. So, on Monday the brother of Alvys Gaylord demanded the arrest of Traverse. A warrant was made and a posse undertook to capture him in the street at about 3 o'clock P.M. He drew two revolvers, and retreated to the house of widow Gaylord, where he barricaded himself in a room up stairs. Four men, braver than the rest, John Gordon, Lon. Blair, Peters and Lloyd, volunteered to go in and take him for the sum of $20, well knowing that that amount might possibly be necessary to bury some one or more of them, for they were bearding a lion in his den. The door was burst open, and a rapid firing of pistols ensued, but without hurting anybody seriously. Traverse alias Gaylord, was wounded, a ball had traversed the arm that bore the tell tale, "J. T.," and it was strongly suspected that the stranger had tried to wipe out the "dammed spot," but it wouldn't out. The alias is now in custody, and parties have gone to Winslow to identify him,
and there can be little doubt that he will be put "where he can do the most good." Where that place shall be is not for us to say, at present.

Death of John Bridge.

(June 11, 1884.)

On Thursday evening last a telegram was received by George B. McLean informing friends in this city [Monroe] of the death of John H. Bridge, who left this place in excellent health, with his son, Joseph, to visit in Iowa, Kansas and take a trip west through Colorado, and California, to see the lands beyond the Mississippi. A letter received by relatives Monday last, which was written from some place in Colorado, stated Mr. Bridge had had an attack of cholera morbous, had been very ill, but was recovering. The deceased was about seventy years old, was one of the old settlers of the county and was unusually vigorous. His death is a great surprise to his friends here. He had lived an industrious, plodding sort of life until within a few years, when he retired from farming to live in Monroe, investing in real estate, and receiving a handsome income from his accumulated wealth.

AN EXPENSIVE EPISODE.

"Bless me this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail." Saxe.

In a previous chapter mention has been made of an oath being prepared during the war for the citizens to subscribe to, which some refused to take and that, as a consequence, one citizen, a resident of Sylvester was ordered to keep outside the limits of the village of Monroe, and another—a citizen of Clarno—was treated to a free ride part of the way home, on a rail. The last method of treating obnoxious persons did not, however, work well when again tried except for the time being. A Mr. Steves, of Durand, happened to be in Monroe and took occasion to denounce the proceedings which required the taking of the oath.

At this point, we cannot do better than give the particulars as recited in Miss Bingham's history:

"He [Steves] was denouncing the proceedings in a violent manner, when some one remarked that probably Mr. Steves had better take the oath. A crowd formed, and escorted him to the court house, and summoned Mr. Rote from his supper table to administer the oath. Mr. Rote read it and asked the prisoner if he would subscribe to it. Being answered in the negative, he said nothing more, for by that time the office was so full of men who wanted to take it that he was obliged to light a candle and go up into the court room to accommodate them. When about sixty men had been sworn, proceedings up stairs were interrupted by a cry that those who had been laboring with the man below were riding him out of town on a rail. Mr. Steves' fate made copperheads cautious about expressing themselves in Monroe; and his resistance taught Union men to be less busy in seeking out offenses. This was the last encounter of the kind during the war, but it was long before men heard the last of this. Mr. Steves brought suit against twelve citizens of Monroe. In selecting the twelve, he was assisted by Monroe men whose opinion of the war was the same as his own. All those selected were zealous supporters of the war, and most of them were members of the committee of fifteen appointed the 29th of July; but a majority of them were opposed to such violent measures as were adopted in Mr. Steves' case, and some of them did not reach the square that night until the work was done. One of those sued was Mr. Rote, whose part in the affair has been told. On the other hand, some who helped carry the rail were not mentioned in the suit. The case was tried in 1865 in Milwaukee; Judge Miller presided, and during the trial gave vent to his feelings by exclamations of 'oh!' and 'horrible!' The disunion element predominated in the jury, and damages was awarded Mr. Steves to the amount of $5,000 and costs."