

once thought to be the utmost boundary of civilization, is now dotted with cities and villages, leaving no hope to him but that of finding a peaceful grave beneath the rolling billows of the Pacific. Here their trails are yet upon the soil, but their wigwams have long since crumbled to earth, and their canoes have disappeared from the placid waters of the Wolf.

The early settlement of Western towns is usually attended with incidents of no small interest. Nowhere in the States have there been enacted more stirring scenes, than in the pioneer settlements of Wisconsin. In every locality—by every lake and crag, and winding river—there exists the warp and woof of events which, if they were all written—the journeyings into the wilderness—the hand-to-hand struggle with hardship and want—the years of toil—the stern and lofty heroism, in strifes where no world looks on to applaud—would produce a history whose pages would outshine the greatest work of fiction that the imagination could possibly produce.

"The West" was not once where it now is. The time was not long ago, when the Indian trail was where the railway now links one city with another. It is within our memory, when the Indian council-fire was seen where princely structures now cast their shadows. As the past few years come back and mingle their shadowy forms with the present, it all seems like a dream. Even the rude pioneer-cabin lives only in memory. Under the mighty march of enterprise, empires have been reared, and bloom upon the woodland mould.

Some four years since, our enterprising fellow-townsmen, Lucius Taft, Esq., starting out to seek his fortune, having a keen penetration and foresight, as had those who followed him, located here, having in connection with Ira Miller & Son, purchased the claim of the half-breeds, Johnson, who made this an Indian trading post. Mr. Ira Brown, now of Northport, in the previous autumn, located on a farm adjoining, making a claim, now the property of Alfred Lyon, Esq., a