

had been cut through by the combined efforts of the inhabitants at Sheboygan Falls and Manitowoc Rapids. Notwithstanding the bad roads, I got along very well until I reached the Pigeon River, four miles from Sheboygan, and then I broke through the ice, wet my sugar, and tested the colors in some of my dry goods.

I spent most of the winter going to Green Bay after provisions to supply the settlers at and near Sheboygan. In the spring, a large influx of emigrants was expected, and we all kept up our spirits by pleasant anticipations of future prosperity. The country back of us, at this time, with a few exceptions, was an unbroken wilderness. In the summer of 1837, in company with one or more companions each time, I made several trips to Milwaukee in a birch bark canoe; and, at that time, my "transportation company" was called "the Sheboygan express" by the Milwaukee settlers. We were often pinched for food, and at one time we dug up and ate the potatoes we had put in the ground for an increase; and at another, we cut the hoops and staves off a barrel of condemned flour that had mildewed and become hard, and was rolled under the warehouse to be out of the way; this flour we pounded up with a hatchet, and made it into bread, or something we called such.

These interesting reminiscences of a worthy pioneer will long be cherished by the people of Sheboygan. Mr. Cole continued to enjoy the fruit of his early and well-directed efforts for many years; and died at Sheboygan Falls, March 19th, 1867, in the sixty-first year of his age. He left behind him a good name, a worthy family, and many devoted friends.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, July, 1879.