

but he would inevitably conclude with a request that no note be made of his conversation on this score. He felt that any such revelations on his part might possibly be misconstrued and wound the feelings of living descendants of the public characters of those days; and he "had no desire," he frequently said, "to tell tales out of school." Could Judge Martin have been induced to himself write more fully of his reminiscences of pioneer days in Wisconsin, he might have made a volume which would be treasured for all time as a rich legacy of historical material. Shorn as it is, however, the following narrative will be found to present much novel and entertaining matter, that will prove of enduring value to students of Wisconsin history.

Judge Martin, in a letter to me, November 25, answering some questions of fact, incidentally wrote that he was progressing favorably on the MS.; but added, in a rather sorrowful postscript: "An hour's talk with you would be worth a ream of memoranda." Upon the evening of December 1, he again wrote, promising to return the MS. within a few days, and closing up a report of his negotiations on behalf of the Society, with Mrs. Otto Tank, of Fort Howard: that estimable lady — who donated the Tank library to the Society, in 1867 — having willed to our art gallery, largely through his personal influence, a superb collection of oil paintings. On the morning of Friday, December 2, he had been at work upon the narrative, and pausing to prepare for going to his office, down town, received a paralytic stroke which benumbed his right side. His son, Morgan L. Martin, Jr., enclosed his father's last letter to me with the sad endorsement that Judge Martin's active career had "undoubtedly now closed." The MS. narrative followed this, within a few days, with the judge's readily-recognizable interlineations upon the concluding page, showing that he had practically finished his corrections. He lingered until 4 P. M. of Saturday, December 10, 1887, when he passed away, his last work on earth being a labor of love for this Society, whose interests were ever so close to his heart.

Judge Martin was a man of generous impulses, kindly