

A PIONEER COLONY

A BRANCH OF THE HAWKINS FAMILY

Settled in the St. Croix Valley, Wisconsin

June 4th, 1855.

A Sketch Prepared by
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of New Richmond, Wisconsin

INTRODUCTION

To My Friends:

I want it distinctly understood that I have not undertaken this task with a view of displaying any literary genius. Neither have I written it for the purpose of trying to immortalize myself or any of my people.

Why then, you may ask, have I written it at all? If you will please be a little patient I will tell you. Our family settled in the St. Croix Valley at a very early day, when it was an unbroken wilderness. We bore our snare of the hardships, privations and vicissitudes incident to a pioneer life in a new country. The older members of that pioneer group have nearly all gone to their final reward I, alone, am left, except one brother, but he is now old and feeble, and, quite naturally, perhaps, the younger generation look to me for information pertaining to the early settlement of our people.

The Descendants of that First Colony have become quite numerous and have branched out into families of their own. Quite a few of them have removed to other states and places, and have intermarried with other families, in their new homes, so now I have not only nephews and nieces, but also, grandnephews and grandnieces.

I was the only one of the first group to take up and pursue, a scholastic or professional course—all the brothers, being hardworking, and, I, myself, will add, honest and industrious farmers. From time to time I have received letters from those who moved away to other places, asking for information, and also seeking to keep intact

the chain of relationship.

While I have endeavored to be courteous with all of those inquiring relations and give them the desired information, not so much as a matter of pleasure, as a sense of duty, yet I am free to confess that when I concluded to write with regard to my own recollections upon it and intersperse them with a few REMINISCENCES, I experienced some hours of pleasing memories.

By getting some of these Recollections published in a pamphlet form, I will be enabled to give those inquiring friends the necessary information, perhaps, to enable them to plant a Family Tree of their own and in that manner will be spared the extra labor of writing so many separate letters.

That view, taken by itself, might be regarded as a selfish motive, on the theory or assumption that I did not wish to devote any time to writing letters on social matters.

That is not the view that I desire should be taken.

It affords me great pleasure to be in a position to entertain a relative or a friend, either in person or by correspondence, and now, that I have passed the meridian of life, and am traveling towards the Setting Sun, and, in a few more years, will join my kindred pioneers on the other shore, I desire that those younger people—the later generation—may retain kindly recollections of UNCLE STEPHEN.

Very respectfully and kindly,

S. N. HAWKINS.

New Richmond, Wis., Nov. 15, 1911.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMIGRANTS

CHAPTER I.

On a bright summer morning, June 4th, 1835, an emigrant train consisting of eight covered wagons, drawn by sixteen yoke of oxen, and followed by a drove of cows and young cattle, might be seen emerging from the dense forest which skirted the eastern boundary line of the St. Croix Valley, (known at that time as "THE BIG WOODS"), and wending their way over the desolate and trackless prairie they halted and pitched their tents close by a bubbling spring, only a short distance from the East Fork of the Kinnickinnick river, and at a place afterwards named Pleasant Valley, but which, for many years, was commonly known as "THE HAWKINS SETTLEMENT."

The little colony consisted of Lawrence Hawkins and his eight sons and four daughters, who, with their wives and husbands (some of them were married) and several old acquaintances who accompanied them, constituted, in all, thirty persons.

THE FAMILY NAME IS AN ANCIENT ONE. The genealogy of the family is readily traced to Saxony where it was known as "HAWKINGGE," but later on, however, in the County of Kent, in England, it was modernized as Hawkings, and later still as Hawkins which spelling has been maintained for many generations. A branch of the family moved to Ireland at an early date, *Mother* readily traced back to Thomas De Jorse, of Norman-Welsh extraction, who emigrated to Ireland about the 15th century, and whose name became Anglicised as Joy-Joys, and Joyce, and near the city of Loughrea, County of

Galway, Ireland, LAWRENCE HAWKINS and CECILY JOYCE were united in marriage and became the progenitors of the Connecticut Branch of the Hawkins family.

Perhaps it is as well to state at this point, that the older branch members were all born in Ireland. After settling in the St. Croix Valley they were very often called "THE CONNECTICUT IRISH," to designate them, perhaps, from some other American-Irish families who settled in other places close by.

About the year 1852, the Hawkins family removed from Meriden, Connecticut, to Dane County, Wisconsin, settling on a farm about seven miles south of the city of Madison, which was at that time a mere hamlet, where they remained about three years, but being desirous of obtaining more land, as the family were rapidly growing to man's estate, they took up their line of march westward, in the spring of 1835, and after a month or more of an overland trip, chopping their way through dense woods, fording streams of water, being ferried over some of the deeper rivers, following trails and blazed trees, at last they emerged into the St. Croix Valley and concluded to make it their permanent home.

I remember very distinctly our line of march as we entered the St. Croix Valley. Father had two covered wagons to accommodate his family, which then consisted of six unmarried sons, and two unmarried daughters.

In true patriarchal style they proceeded on the journey. My father's wagon was in the lead, managed by brother Michael, followed by the other family wagon, driven by brother Pat-

rick. Then the others followed in the order of their ages, the sons taking precedence of the daughters.

By common consent my brother Michael, was selected to manage the leading wagon, and, in a sort of a jcking manner, he was called "THE PILOT." Brother John, being the eldest son, was the spokesman whenever any occasion arose, for the whole group. He was the arbiter or, perhaps, I might say the judge. When to start each morning, when, and at what place to stop and rest, where to ford the streams and rivers, which of several roads or trails to follow—all of these, and similar questions, were decided by brother John.

On several occasions, during the journey, consultations were held over some mooted, or debatable questions, and after each householder had given his views on the matter, John's opinion was called for, and like Peter of old, among the Apostles, John arose in their midst and gave his opinion, and that settled the matter.

Each morning John gave the word of command to start the teams, and if the head teamster, MICHAEL, was not in readiness just then, JOHN would call in a loud voice: "Where is the Pilot this morning?"

"PILOT AHEAD HERE!"

Our people had brought from Connecticut a huge sea shell with a winding aperture through it, (the shell of a marine mollusk) and brother Lawrence had practiced upon that so he could make it be heard like a trumpet a distance of three miles or more.

If any of the young cattle strayed away, as was sometimes the case, and those who went in search of them failed to show up or report within a reasonable time, the trumpet—we called it "THE HORN," was sounded and pretty soon the hunter returned safely to camp. Lawrence had charge of that HORN, as we called it, and I think it is still with some member of his family, handed down as a family heirloom.

We emerged from those "BIG WOODS" at a place then called "BAKERS STATION," afterwards known as "SHASEBY'S STATION."

and proceeded westward until we arrived at the top of a small but sharp hill at a bend of the east fork of what was afterwards called Kinnickinnick River. John gave the command to HALT.

He and Thomas, Patrick and Michael Caffrey, four of them, had been there the previous season, selecting homes for the respective families, and at the time of our arrival, Old Mr. Sheldon Gray, and Mr. Gideon Gray, his brother, each had already erected a small house on either side of that little stream. Very naturally they were delighted to see a colony of thirty persons coming in to aid them in settling up the wild country, and so, after resting awhile and watering our animals, we turned directly southward and three more miles brought us to our destination.

Brush, thickets, jungles and "Big Woods," on one side, and wild, trackless and desolate valleys of prairie land on the other side, where the winds swept through with a dismal howl, and in the winter time the drifts of snow, oftentimes six to twelve feet high, were almost impenetrable. PRESCOTT, then a small village, 22 miles distant, HUDSON, (Buena Vista) equally as far in another direction, RIVER FALLS, (then only a cross roads or hamlet) 12 miles away—no churches, no school houses, no bridges, no roads, except the one "STAGE ROAD" over which the solitary Stage Coach made its periodical trips down through "THE BIG WOODS," drawn by the only horses then in the country—all else were oxen, oxen on every side. A few other settlers, but they were indeed, but few, and far between, and of a heterogenous character—English, Scotch, French and some Norwegians, with a sprinkling of Yankees so called. Some few families had settled on Rush River about 3 to 5 miles east of us, but a dense jungle of a thicket separated the settlements. Such was the scene upon which the family gazed when they located in the St. Croix Valley in 1855.

Persons of less determination might well have shrunk from the arduous task before them, and done as several

families from other settlements did, who went back to their old homes before their savings were all used up; but, with an energy unsurpassed, and a fortitude seldom, if ever, equalled, the family grappled with the problem before them, and before the winter months of 1856 had set in, each separate family had a comfortable log house of their own, in close proximity to their relatives and friends. They all settled on adjoining farms.

At the time of which we write (1855) the "HAWKINS SETTLEMENT" consisted of the following named persons, who lived as indicated herein. Namely: LAWRENCE HAWKINS, the father, (a widower, his wife having died and was buried in the Old Cemetery in the city of Madison, Wis., about the month of January, 1855.)

The unmarried children who made their homes under the parental roof at that time, were PATRICK, WINIFRED, MICHAEL, LAWRENCE, MARTIN, HONORA, PETER and STEPHEN. Six sons and two daughters, who, with the father, constituted a family of nine persons, sheltered under the "Vine and Fig Tree" of the HOMESTEAD.

The others who had homes and families of their own were MARY, the eldest child, wife of Patrick Shields, and commonly called AUNT MARY, who, with their two children, Michael and May, lived close by. BRIDGET, who had married Michael Caffrey, and they erected a home for themselves—no children. JOHN with his wife and one young child (one having died in Madison, Wis.) had their own home. THOMAS with his wife and two children, lived in a home of their own. JOHN CAFFREY, his wife and child had a home of their own, and JAMES McLAUGHLIN, SR., with his wife, two children, and his cousin, JAMES McLAUGHLIN, JR., owned their own homes.

Hardships and Vicissitudes.

During several years that followed the incidents and routine of life were not, perhaps, much different from that which takes place in the majority of

pioneer settlements, but the hardships and privations of those early pioneer days, intensified by the hard times and the financial panic of 1857, brought in its trail a degree of suffering sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail.

The family had settled on timber lands in the first instance, and the land must be cleared off, the trees chopped down, the brush burned, the stumps grubbed—in those days by hand labor—no machinery at that time—the following season the land was broken up (ploughed) and so a crop could not be reasonably looked for until the third year. Meantime the parties must have food to eat, and clothes to wear, and the younger children must be cared for and maintained.

Perhaps we might add that some corn, potatoes and vegetables were raised the second season on patches of ground between the stumps, which were specially prepared by the aid of grub hoes and spades.

No electric lights in those days. No kerosene oil, candles were a luxury that could be used only when some professional man, or clergyman, happened to come on business. DIPS were quite common, and those, supplemented by the blaze of the logs, in the old stone open fire place, furnished the light for the student of those early days. The hard times came on apace. The banks "busted" and many there were who found on opening their pocket books, that all they had left was Indiana Bank Money (worthless then) and \$1,000 of it would not buy one sack of flour.

The Panic of 1857.

Oh! that dreadful panic of 1857. Oh! the terrible suffering that it caused among the innocent, hardworking, honest, industrious and God fearing pioneer settlers. While I have no recollection that any of our immediate family suffered for the actual necessities of life, yet I do remember distinctly that the most rigid economy was scrupulously practiced. The clothing and the furniture becoming worn out, and needing to be replenished or repaired, the good women of

those days sewed, patched and darned, and the brave men, after working hard all day, chopping and grubbing, would sit by the fire light late at night, cutting, fitting and stitching shoes and moccasins from hides of their own curing, for themselves and for their children.

While our own family passed through those trying days in reasonably good condition, yet, I remember only too well, several incidents of downright suffering among some of the early settlers.

A Pioneer Funeral.

A new family came in from the East. A man and his wife and two children, the boy aged six and the little girl aged four. They had been reared in one of the eastern cities, and the wife, particularly, appeared to be a woman of culture and refinement. They had saved up some money and, like many others, they saw Golden Visions in the West, and cast their lot among the pioneers of the valley. Pretty soon, however, the young woman pined for her eastern home, she sickened and died. She was buried on the hillside in a lonely grave; no clergyman to be had, altho she wanted one; no minister at hand, no choir to sing a funeral dirge above her grave. No, but the neighbors of that pioneer settlement turned out, and sought, as best they could, to comfort the bereaved husband and his two helpless young orphans.

The simple funeral services being over, the father returned to his lonely log hut, and sought, as best he could, to keep the wolf from the door. With his grub hoe he grubbed out a few spots of earth between the stumps and planted some potatoes and corn. Then, leaving those little children to care for themselves, the father went a distance of 12 miles or more, to work for some more fortunate farmer, and at the end of each week he returned to his children. During his absence, on one occasion, I strolled over that way, boy-like—I was then only about 8 or 9 years old—and so I went to see and play with those children. The noon hour coming on I

started home and the little boy—only six years old—said he must get dinner for himself and his little sister. My childish curiosity being aroused I waited to see what he would get, and how he would prepare it. I soon learned that there was no food of any kind in the house. The boy got some ears of corn, shelled them, put them in a rag with a string around it, crushed the corn with a hammer (his father was a cabinet maker so there were tools about) dipped it into some water to make it stick together, then placed it in the open fire place, (no stove) pulled some hot ashes and live coals over it and baked it. That was all the dinner those little children had.

On returning home I related the story to my sister, Mrs. Caffrey, and it moved her very deeply. She baked a pan of nice biscuits and sent me to carry it over to them, with an admonition to watch them and not let them eat it too ravenously, for fear of injury. When I returned to their place I found that my little playmates, of a short time before, had finished their dinner and were locked in each other's arms fast asleep upon a little bed near the fire place.

Oh, youthful innocence and blessed sleep.

"O, Innocence, the sacred amulet,
"Against all the poisons of infirmity,
"Of all misfortunes, injury and death."

Yes, they were asleep. Although they were hungry and lonely in the absence of their only living parents, yet they slept.

"O, Sleep it is a gentle thing,
"Beloved from pole to pole."

I stood for some time gazing upon these young sleepers before I attempted to awaken them, but when I did and showed them a dozen nicely baked fresh biscuits, their youthful antics can be better imagined than described.

Years sped on, and those children grew to maturity—I met them on several occasions, and, although I did not mention the circumstance of their youthful penury, I, myself, reflected upon it more than once. I thought of how their mother died and her lonely funeral. Their father, poverty strick-

en and far from his early home and friends, too proud to beg, or, even to let his Eastern friends know of his forlorn condition, and too honest to steal, he went out to labor at his trade, that of carpenter—leaving the little orphans to care for themselves, week after week, and how, weary, cold and hungry, the little innocents slept on in forgetfulness, upon their unprepared bed.

And then, too, in my readings since then, I have thought that the paragraph from Cervantes, that eminent Spanish writer, expressed the situation most aptly. Cervantes wrote as follows:

"Now blessings light on him that first
invented sleep;
"It covers a man all over, thought and
all like a cloak;
"It is meat to the hungry, drink to
the thirsty,
"Heat for the cold and cold for the
hot."

Indiana Bank Fails—Death of Cherry.

I can say to you, in all seriousness, that when the news of the bank failures came to our little colony, and one of the men examined his money that he had saved, and found that they were Indiana bank bills, and he reflected upon the fact that already he and his family had begun the baking from the last sack of flour in the house, his face assumed an expression of sorrow and despondency.

One of our neighbors, who had settled near us, came over to tell my brother-in-law of his misfortune. He, too, had the misfortune of being the owner of worthless bank bills, and in a choking voice, while tears, rolled down his cheeks, he said: "CHERRY IS DEAD." Cherry was his only cow, and was the support of the family, himself, wife and two children. No crop had been raised yet, except a few potatoes and some corn that grew between the stumps.

He talked about the failure of the banks, that he had no money to buy another cow, that milch cows were not to be had just then, no crop, and that if he went away to work his family had nothing to sustain them,

and finally, that strong man sat down upon the ground and wept aloud.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Caffrey, cheered him up, told him to go out and work awhile and he would assist the family and aid them at least two weeks. He did so, and in the meantime my sister prepared food and I was the messenger to relieve another family in distress.

When I reached their home I found the mother and her two children standing near the remains of "Cherry" and crying as bitterly over their forlorn condition as if a member of the family had died. At the end of two weeks the man returned with his wages, and a sack of flour on his back, which he had carried home from River Falls Mills, a distance of more than nine miles. There was rejoicing in the household that night, and several neighbors came in, not to eat with, but to rejoice with the family and hear the news from the outside settlements.

A Dinner of Slippery Elm Bark.

Another day one of our Scandinavian neighbors, a newcomer, so called, came to our place and asked if he could borrow a little meal and salt, saying that he would return them or pay for them as soon as he could raise his crop. A small package was given to him, and, prompted by a desire to learn of the condition of the family, I was sent over upon some pretended errand, and investigated into the condition. I found the family all clad in homespun and home made garments, their feet which were wrapped in coarse cloths were encased in wooden shoes filled with soft shavings or straw. Everything about their building made of wood. No nails, no iron hinges. No, not a piece of iron of any kind. Shelves made of hewed logs, split and fastened to the wall with wooden pins, benches instead of chairs, tables and bed made in like manner. Everything wood work, and wooden ware throughout. I did not see any food except the children brought in some bark of the slippery elm trees which they peeled. The inner bark they cut into small pieces

as you would cut a potatoe or a squash, boiled it, then sprinkled in a little of the meal and salt, which the man had borrowed from us, and then the father, mother and four children ate it with wooden spoons.

When our best ox—Jake—became tangled in his stall and in trying to extricate himself broke his neck, and there was no other ox to take his place in putting in the crops, and no money with which to purchase another, except worthless Indiana money, it caused a gloom of sadness to pervade throughout the family. One of my older brothers stood beside the dead carcass of the faithful Jake and the tears stole down his face as he exclaimed: "Our little settlement is doomed. We cannot pull through."

Being the baby of our family, I was permitted to select a pet for myself. Jake was my pet ox, and, in return for the delicacies which, in my childish way, I gave him, he would let me ride on his back. So when I saw them skinning him in order to utilize his hide for footwear, I cried as if I had lost my last and best friend.

Ah! those were the days of the panic of 1857, and many of the Pioneer Settlers of the St. Croix Valley, now a flourishing "Garden of Eden" went to bed with only a scanty allowance, and a prayer on their lips that a better day might soon dawn upon them.

I might with truth relate many other instances which required great patience, great fortitude and determination, but I refrain from doing so. Enough has been said, however, to show the rising generation that they owe a debt of gratitude to those veteran pioneers who smoothed the way for them so that they can now enjoy all of the privileges and luxuries of the present day progress and civilization.

Brighter Days Made Their Appearance.

It has been said that the darkest hour is the hour before day, and that behind every cloud there is a silver lining. After awhile the dark clouds began to disappear and brighter days shone upon the colony. Other settlers

came in from time to time, and, thus, little by little new life, as it were, and new blood, were infused into the people which caused them all to take a new hold upon life, and try to better their condition.

After awhile school houses were erected, and teachers employed to teach the young children. In those days the teachers boarded around, from house to house, among the people of the district, and I remember quite distinctly that, when he came to board at my father's place, he stayed there about double the length of time that he stayed elsewhere, presumably on account of so many of our young people being there the place afforded more amusements than he could find elsewhere.

Notwithstanding the fact that there were some hard times, so to speak, yet the people tried to enjoy themselves as much as they could, and to while away the long winter evenings. The old songs were sung, and resung, and the school books and histories, etc., which were brot by the family from Connecticut, were read and reread, over and over again, and, from time to time, all of those families assembled at my father's house and enjoyed themselves during the greater part of those long winter evenings. After a school house was erected, an occasional missionary preacher came that way, from time to time, and the people assembled on such occasions and prayed and sang hymns and in many other ways tried to introduce civilization and Christianization. There was no Catholic clergy at that time any nearer than Stillwater, Minn., and so the Hawkins family—being Catholic—did not have any devotional exercises, except family prayers among themselves, with the exception of an occasional visit, about four times a year, from a Missionary Priest from Stillwater. However, upon each occasion when the clergyman came, all the people assembled and held what was known in those early days as a "STATION" at some house in the settlement. Truly, it was a day when all the people assembled and appeared to enjoy them-

selves, as much as those now do who go to church in their carriages.

By and by roads were cut out, and wooden bridges built across the streams and gulleys, and in a short time a road was established between the "HAWKINS SETTLEMENT" and the "RUSH RIVER SETTLEMENT." After that time the different families could visit from place to place, and the people of the different settlements could meet, occasionally, and exchange ideas with each other. Our settlement was enlarged by the addition of several other families who came and settled close by. William Jackman, an Englishman, who had been a sailor for a number of years, and his wife, a Scotchwoman. Thomas Lauder, a Scotchman, the brother-in-law of Mr. Jackman, settled within a mile of our home. On the other side several families, of Yankees, so called—at least they all spoke the English language (Brooks, Dodge, Thomas, Matteson, Campbell, Burdick, Nesbitt, Gray and several others whose names I do not now recall. Later on came Carpenter, Dix, Marble, Holman with his Indian wife, and Jo. Martell, a Frenchman, with an Irish wife, all pitched their tents in close proximity to our colony.

In the RUSH RIVER SETTLEMENT were to be found Briggs, Bone-steel, Houston, Magee, McKeen, McCauley, Warner and some others with whom I was not personally acquainted. However, all of them were English speaking people.

Scandinavian Wood Workers.

After a few years a number of Scandinavians came and settled close by, in a little colony by themselves, however, in the town of Martell, but close to our settlement, Gilstad, Gunderson, Halverson, Johnson, Nelson, Rockstad, Sather, Thoen and others. They were experts in wood work, and very soon thereafter houses and buildings began to be erected under their guidance, as they could hew and prepare logs and place them in such a manner as to look as neat as any "frame" house that could be erected. So in about three years, after our

first settlement in the Valley, all of our people erected houses upon the plan introduced by our Scandinavian neighbors. That was regarded as a great advance in civilization at that time. Previous to that time houses were constructed of round logs laid one upon another, then chinked and plastered with a mixture of clay and ashes, no lime or cement in those days; with shakes for a roof, something similar to what is often seen in lumber camps. But after those expert wood workers came, then the nice hewed log houses, nicely grooved and artistically framed and covered with shingles took the places of the old buildings, and the old buildings were turned over to the cattle or used as granaries, stables, etc.

A Change of Location.

Ox Breaking Teams.

Our people soon observed that those new settlers who came in and settled upon the prairie land, were advancing much more rapidly than those who settled in the timber, and so, after a while, our people sold out their farms and moved out upon the prairie. For a number of years all the members of the family resided in that part of the country called Pleasant Valley, but after a while, as the families began to grow, they desired larger farms, and some moved over into the Town of Kinnickinnick, some into Warren, some settled in Martell, and some removed to the Town of Hammond. There being a number of boys in my father's family their services were not all needed at home, and so several of the boys arranged to operate breaking teams. Ox breaking teams were the custom in those days. Our people had brot with them from Madison, Wis., a breaking outfit, and so in a short time the breaking team owned by the "HAWKINS BOYS" was known far and near, and for several seasons they were constantly employed in breaking up farm on the prairie. Later on they operated horse power threshing machines. The change made by our people from their homes in the timber to farms upon the prairie was of

great benefit to each family.

They were favored with pretty good crops, altho they had to haul their grain to Presco, a distance of 22 miles, or, to Hudson which was about the same distance, yet, upon the whole they enjoyed their labors, and received pretty fair returns for their work each season. After leaving the "THICKET," so called, the families removed to the following places, namely:

The SHIELDS family (Aunt Mary) moved to the North end of Pleasant Valley, close by the Hammond line. BRIDGET and her husband, Michael Coffrey, removed to a farm in Kinnickinnic and enlarged their holdings and made it their permanent home. JOHN went first to Kinnickinnic, afterwards near River Falls line, then moved to about the center of Pleasant Valley, and later on to a fine farm in the Town of Hammond upon which some of his descendants still reside. THOMAS moved to the Town of Warren, and little by little increased his holdings until his family grew up, so that he was able to divide and give each one a respectable sized farm. One of his sons still resides upon the old homestead. PATRICK removed to the Town of Kinnickinnic and he, too, increased his holdings and left to his family two very fine farms with good substantial buildings upon them. MICHAEL purchased a farm, part of it in the Town of River Falls, and another portion just across the line in the Town of Martell. The farm is now operated by Giles, a son of his widow by a second husband. LAWRENCE moved to about the center of Pleasant Valley, and resided there until the time of his death. MARTIN settled, first in the Town of River Falls, but later on improved his condition by removing to the Town of Kinnickinnic, increased his holdings and left a nice farm to his family. PETER settled, first about the center of the Town of Pleasant Valley, but afterwards improved his condition by moving into the Town of Warren, where he could have a much larger farm. He, too, improved his holdings and left a fine cultivated farm with substantial buildings upon it when he died. JOHN

CAFFREY removed to the Town of Hammond and was greatly benefited by the change so made. The two McLAUGHLINS remained where they first settled, and they also enlarged their holdings and made comfortable homes for themselves and their families. They died some years ago.

Vast Improvements; Marvelous Changes.

Before attempting to give a separate sketch of the different members of the family, we might say, in a general way, that the majority of them lived to see vast improvements made in the way of progress and civilization in the St. Croix Valley. Town lines fully established, school districts laid out, and fine school houses erected. The old wooden bridges replaced by beautiful iron structures, and the old log school houses torn down and fine frame buildings, and brick buildings erected in their stead, with fine cupolas and school bells to call the scholars to school. Fine churches erected in all of the principal villages and cities thruout the Valley. The old houses demolished, and even the next set of small frame houses vacated and elegant fine houses, barns, garages and other out buildings erected which shows the growth of the place and prosperity of the people. The ox teams have long since been discarded, fine horses have taken their places, and now, instead of going to town or to church in the old fashioned way in a lumber wagon, their descendants have, not only fine horses, but beautiful carriages and turnouts of the finest description.

And Now, in 1910.

In many of the places the buildings are fully supplied with the Rural Telephone, and Rural Mail Delivery, and quite a few have erected new houses upon the most improved and modern plans, with large basements and heating apparatus in their homes, so that it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the majority of the descendants of those early settlers are now enjoying the full fruits of the labors of

those Old Pioneers. We do not begrudge the later generation the improvements, and we might say luxuries, which they now enjoy, but we do say, WITH A STRONG EMPHASIS, that they should never forget those old Veteran Pioneers who blazed the way in those early days, and who showed such heroic fortitude, and stood the stress against the panic of 1857, and other hard times which followed of privations and hardships, and vicissitudes, but in spite of it all they established homes, for themselves and their children, in what was once a wild and desolate prairie upon one hand, and a Jungle and "Big Woods" upon the other.

Note—In some subsequent chapters I have striven to give a crude and imperfect, perhaps, but, a true, sketch of each separate branch of the family.

Kindly yours,

S. N. HAWKINS.

THE HAWKINS FAMILY RELATIONS.

At request of a Distant Relative, I have prepared a list of the Family names with whom the Hawkins Family of the St. Croix Valley, Wisconsin, and the Descendants, have intermarried. I might say, in passing, that there are a few other names which are unknown to me, being marriages that were contracted by some of the younger generation beyond the confines of the St. Croix Valley. The list herein was prepared by me from my memory, and therefore, there may be some few omissions, but, in the main it is correct.

Where the name appears more than once it indicates that it refers to another family of the same name, or, relatives of a later generation.

To illustrate—One of the older members of the family married a McLAUGHLIN, an Irishman, and later on some of the younger members married into another family of the same name—McLAUGHLIN—but of a later generation, and not related to the first family, except, perhaps, in a distant degree.

The following is the list, prepared alphabetically for convenience:

BIRMINGHAM—American — Of English and Irish Ancestry.
 BUSH—American—Perhaps of German extraction. I do not know.
 CAFFREY—Irish.
 COLLINS—American Irish.
 CORBETT—American—Of British Ancestry.
 CULLEN—American Irish.
 DAVIN—American Irish.
 DENNEEN—Canadian Irish.
 DOONER—Canadian Irish.
 DENNIS—Irish.
 EARLY—American Irish.
 EARLY (again)—American of English and Irish Ancestry, another family.
 FABEL—German.
 GAVIN—American Irish.
 GILES alias JILES—French.
 GLEASON—American Irish.
 GODFREY—American—Of British and Irish Ancestry.
 HARRINGTON—American Irish.
 HODGINS—American—Of British and Canadian Ancestry.
 HERRIGAN—Irish.
 HURLEY—American Irish.
 HYDE—American Irish.
 JILES alias GILES—French.
 KANE—American—Irish Ancestry.
 KINNEY — AMERICAN—(3rd Generation of Irish.
 LALLY—Irish.
 LARSON—American—Norwegian Ancestry.
 MARTIN—American Irish.
 MURPHY—American Irish.
 MILLER—American German.
 MEATH—American—Irish Ancestry.
 McCABE—American Irish.
 McDERMOTT—American Irish.
 McGRATE—Irish.
 McGOVERN—Irish—Reared in Canada.
 McGRAW—Irish.
 McLAUGHLIN—Irish.
 McLAUGHLIN—American Irish — A different family.
 McNAMARA—American Irish.
 MACHGAN—German.
 NASH—American of German Ancestry.
 O'CONNELL—Irish.
 O'BRIEN—American Irish, Wisconsin Branch.
 O'BRIEN—American Irish, of a differ-

ent family. Minnesota Branch.
 O'BRIEN—American Irish—A different Wisconsin Family.
 PAPE—American German.
 PITTS—American—Ancestry unknown to me—think it is English.
 RATTRAY—Scotch.
 RATTRAY—A younger Branch of Irish and Scotch Parentage, and American birth.
 RING—Irish.
 RYAN—American Irish.
 RILEY—American Irish.
 SHIELDS—Irish.
 STEPHENS—American — Of British and Irish Ancestry.
 STEPHENS—American—Another family of a younger generation being 3rd Generation of British and Irish Ancestry.
 TOBIN—American—Of British and Irish Ancestry.

TUBMAN—American—Of British and Irish Ancestry.

WENDORF—American German.

WILFORD—American of English Ancestry.

As ~~sited~~ ^{stated} above, there are several names which do not appear hereon, but the above and foregoing are all that I can now recall. The younger members who went away from Wisconsin, some settling in Minnesota, some in North Dakota, some in Washington State, and in other places, intermarried with families who are strangers to me. Therefore, I cannot give their names. There are, however, about a dozen of them from whom I have not heard for nearly, if not fully, ten years.

New Richmond, Wis., August 10, 1911.

Very respectfully,
 S. N. HAWKINS.