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THE  
TOURIST'S GUIDE

TO THE

Wisconsin Dells,

AND AN

ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK

EMBRACING THE

Prose, Romance and Poetry

G902

WI

OF THIS WONDERFUL REGION.

With Sketches of Kilbourn City, Devil's Lake, etc., etc.

Wisconsin Historical Society  
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1875.

Library.

Pam 57-2215

**THE**

**Dells of the Wisconsin.**

**AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK,**

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**Prose, Romance and Poetry**

OF THIS WONDERFUL REGION.

WITH SKETCHES OF KILBOURN CITY, PORTAGE, THE  
DEVIL'S LAKE, ETC.

*Wis. Review, Wells, g*

FRANK O. WISNER.  
KILBOURN CITY, WIS.

1875.

## PREFACE.

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In the preparation of this little book, the author and publisher have been chiefly actuated by the desire to more fully acquaint the general public with the natural wonders and beauties of the scenery surrounding Kilbourn City, and more especially the notable Dells of the Wisconsin and the strange, wild glens and canyons which enter the Dells from either side. In describing the prominent attractions of this romantic neighborhood, we have aimed at accuracy rather than floridness of description, and have spared no pains to gain a personal acquaintance with the scenes and objects described. We have incurred a considerable outlay of money, time and labor in preparing a work which should be of permanent interest and value, not only to our own citizens but to people abroad. We hope to be partially remunerated for this outlay, but shall feel doubly compensated if we shall succeed in attracting to the beautiful surroundings of this village the general interest and attention which they so richly merit from all lovers of the marvelous and picturesque in nature.

KILBOURN CITY, Wis., August, 1875.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1856.



# Wisconsin Mirror.




## Frank O. Wisner,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

The MIRROR is a lively and readable newspaper, Republican in politics, and cosmopolitan in the breadth of its views and sympathies. It is coeval with Kilbourn City, the first number having been issued literally "from the woods," in the first building ever erected in the village, and since that time it has shared the varying fortunes of the place, furnishing every week a faithful reflex of the business, events and opinions of the place and neighborhood. Under its present conduct it has done much toward directing public attention to the natural attractions and advantages of Kilbourn as a place of fashionable resort and summer sojourn, and its recent descriptive editorial sketches of the Dells of the Wisconsin are pronounced the most accurate, graphic and entertaining that have ever been written on that subject. As an original, outspoken, newsy and racy journal the MIRROR is not excelled by any weekly journal in the State.

TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

 Advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

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THE  
**Finch House,**

**KILBOURN CITY, WIS.**

(AT THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER )  
*REMODELED AND REFURNISHED THROUGHOUT.*

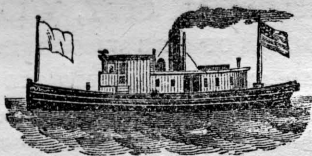
The proprietor of this popular Hotel desires to express his thanks for the flattering and increasing patronage enjoyed. The house has recently been newly carpeted, and the bedding and furniture entirely renovated.

Tourists and pleasure seekers will find in the vicinity of Kilbourn the most attractive scenery in the Northwest. The Dells of the Wisconsin, with their wild, romantic and beautiful scenery, are visited by steamboats several times a day. The steamers stop at Coldwater Canyon, where are fine trout ponds, picnic and croquet grounds, and, half a mile from the mouth of the Canyon, the most wonderful natural curiosity in the world—the Devil's Jug. At the head of the Dells are the Hornet's Nest, Luncheon Hall, and Stand Rock—all remarkable objects, and unequaled anywhere in the world for strangeness and beauty. Down the river are the Sugar Bowl, the Inkstand and Lone Rock, and a hundred curious things beside, well worth anyone's time and money to visit, and a steamer makes trips regularly or irregularly, to suit the convenience of patrons. In the village is Taylor's Glen—a delightful ramble, and Fremont's Glen, strange and beautiful. Carriages can be had to convey tourists or pleasure parties to the Devil's Lake, and to the many scenes of striking interest in Adams and Juneau Counties.

**Fare Excellent. Terms Reasonable.**

**THROUGH THE DELLS.**

The new, handsome and commodious

**LIGHT-DRAUGHT STEAMER****DELL QUEEN,**

BERGSTRESER & BELL, Proprietors.

**J. BELL, CAPTAIN.**

*The largest and best steamer on the river; safe, reliable,  
and fitted with every appliance for pleas-  
ure and comfort.*

Will make during the season two regular trips per day from her landing at Superior street bridge, Kilbourn City, starting at 9 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M., going through the Dells of the Wisconsin, landing at all practicable points of interest to tourists, and returning at such hours as will enable parties desiring it to take the noon or evening trains east or west.

FARE—Fifty cents for the round trip.

☞ Skiffs for the accommodation of tourists who desire to visit points inaccessible by steamer.

# THROUGH THE DELLS.

BY JOHN CLERKE.

## I.

Summer sunlight, warm and tender, glowed with splendor on  
the wave,

As the crowded steamer plowed it, with a fare of fair and brave;  
Freighted with a wealth of beauty, weighted with a world of  
love;

Bosoms lighter, faces brighter, ne'er weresmiled on from above.  
Joyously our hearts were beating, as the fleeting waters fled

Swiftly past her, as yet faster toward the Jaws the *Dell Queen*  
sped.

From her splashing paddles rolled the flashing waves in  
seething swells,

As she bore us where before us lay the wild Wisconsin Dells.

And a beautiful maiden from Baraboo,

With eyes like violets bathed in dew,

Close to her Kilbourn lover drew,

And gazed in silent wonder.

## II.

Weird and strange all! Here the Angel once displayed her  
carven form;—

She has vanished—rudely banished by the angry flood and  
storm.

All around there, where abound their homes within the brown  
cliff's breast,

Swallows twitter as they flit, or circling seek the rock-hewn  
nest.

High Rock, towering, lifts his lowering front o'ergrown with  
firs and fern;

Opposite, Romance Cliff, frowning grim, looks down in aspect  
stern.

Chimney Rock, a shape fantastic, formed by plastic Nature's hands,  
 On a jutting rock abutting, quaint and solitary stands.  
 And the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,  
 With cheeks like a delicate peach in hue,  
 Was charmed at once by the singular view,  
 And exclaimed, "Well, now, I never!"

## III.

Standing here by Allen's Landing is the Dell House gray and old;  
 Trees above it—sure they love it!—graciously their green arms fold.  
 Gray and lonely! Once the only inn throughout this region found,  
 How its rafters rung with laughters when the raftsmen were around!  
 Onward steering, we are nearing Chapel Gorge, where looking down,  
 As inviting to unite in worship, stands the Chapel brown.  
 Pause and wonder now, where under rocky arches dim and low,  
 Slowly floating a small boat in, through the Boat Cave we may go.  
 And the Kilbourn youth, whose heart was true  
 To the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,  
 Said to her—"Darling, let's I and you"—  
 Said she—"O dear! you're so sudden!"

## IV.

Swiftly swerving round the curving channel here in Circle Bend,  
 Navy Yard's stout fleet is prompt to meet us, whether foe or friend.  
 Eaton's Grotto pleases all (or ought to) who upon it look,  
 But their time they idly squander who long ponder Sturgeon Rock.  
 Here the twilight gloom of Skylight Cave is lighted through a rift—  
 We may view it well as through it in a little boat we drift.  
 We shall miss it if we visit not the famous Gates' Ravine,  
 Where a hundred curious objects to be wondered at are seen.  
 And the Kilbourn lover, so fond and true,  
 His lips to the ear of the maiden drew,  
 And whispered—"Dear, it's as pretty as—you,  
 And one day we will go there."



V.

Hasten by it! Go not nigh it! 'Tis the Devil's Elbow named;  
Those strong sinews once brought in use, e'en the boldest would  
be tamed.

Here old Black Hawk on his pony leaped from stony bank to  
bank,

And eluded his pursuers, in secluded cavern dank.

This strange tower, with tree and flower upspringing from its  
topmost stone,

Rattlesnake Rock,—now no rattle warns that battle must be  
done.

Notch Rock here, the raftsmen's terror—slightest error causes  
wreck,

When from Sliding Rock swift gliding scarce their mad career  
they check.

And the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,

Was somewhat startled and puzzled, too,

As the *Dell Queen* steadily pushed on through

The rapid and intricate Narrows.

VI.

Artists' Glen is full of grandeur, could we land here to explore,  
But we're brought to the Coldwater Canyon, further up the  
shore.

Much admire we; never tire we of the scenery new and strange,  
Deep glens, charming yet alarming, beyond fancy's wildest  
range.

Half the rugged path we tread in, rocks o'erhead in threat'ning  
guise,

Frowning coldly, bend down boldly, till we half avert our eyes;  
But we reach the monstrous Devil's Jug. (What revels wild  
were held

When this vessel was the wassail pitcher of the fiends of old!)

But the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,

With a confident look in her eyes so blue,

Clung to her lover the whole way through,

Not showed a sign of terror.

VII.

Jug stupendous! what tremendous power hath formed and  
placed thee here?

Was't some Titan who of old time took delight in wine or beer?

Or with whisky were they frisky who were wont their cares to  
float

On the precious liquor poured from thy capacious, gurgling  
throat?

Did they guzzle from the nozzle? or did each one have a mug,  
As they quaffed full many a draught, and laughed and frolicked  
round the Jug?

Did they drink it then with "sweet'nin' in," and think it  
"powerful nice?"

In the winter with hot water, and in hotter days with ice?

But what cared the maiden from Baraboo  
What those old tipplers used to do,  
So long as she had her lover true  
From Kilbourn close beside her?

## VIII.

Mighty pitcher! were we richer—but we stifle the fond thought;  
The crusaders would invade us, kept we such a Jug-o'-naught;  
So we sever. Up the river other marvels on us wait:

Devil's Arm Chair, late in which old Satan sat in solemn state;  
Clam Bank, which no clams are found in, not abounding in  
the West;

Ruffle Rock, whose ruffles would of kissing scuffles stand the  
test;

Steamboat Rock, a packet stately, though not lately in the  
trade;

Rood's Glen, oval-shaped, and novel in the quaintnesses dis-  
played.

And the Kilbourn lover, so honest and true,  
Whispered the maiden from Baraboo,

"If you love me as I love you,  
We'll be married in Rood's Glen some day."

## IX.

Honey Bee Spring, which on sunny days the honey-makers  
seek;

Eagle Point, a feature striking, shapen like an eagle's beak;

Arch Cove, fairy bower airy, famed for Petriacqua well;

Witches' Gulch, wild and enchanting—weird folk haunting  
herein dwell;

Hornet's Nest, from Cliff suspended, semblance splendid, grand  
and tall;

Luncheon Hall, an open cavern—basket tavern, free to all;

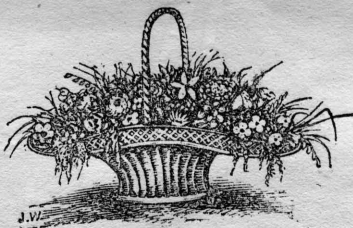
Stand Rock, or the De'il's Tea Table—if you're able, on it  
spring!

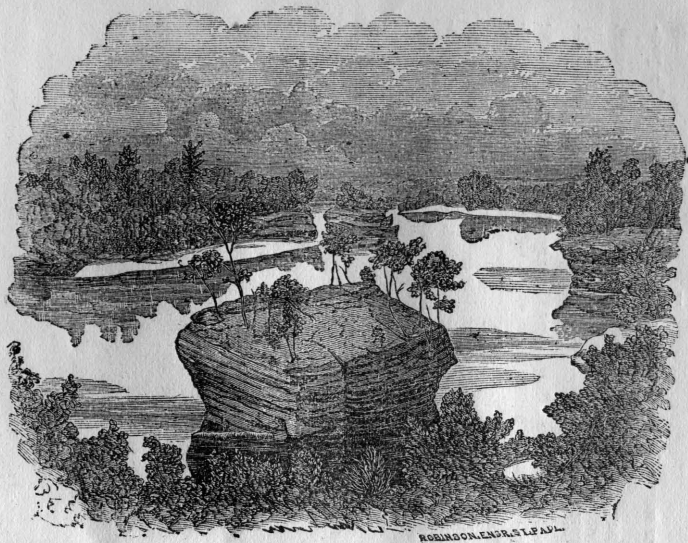
Many more surprising features of Dame Nature's might we  
sing,

But the beautiful maiden from Baraboo  
And her Kilbourn lover so fond and true  
Have sat them down to bill and coo,  
Like a pair of turtle doves!

X.

How were all those wondrous objects formed among the pondrous rocks?  
Some primeval grand upheaval shook the land with frequent shocks;  
Caverns yawned and fissures widened; tempests strident filled the air,  
Madly urging foaming surges through the gorges opened there;  
With free motion toward the ocean rolling in impetuous course,  
Rushing, tumbling—crushing, crumbling rocks with their resistless force;  
And the roaring waters, pouring on in ever broad'ning swells,  
Eddying, twirling, seething, whirling, formed the wild Wisconsin Delis!  
O beautiful maiden from Baraboo,  
And Kilbourn lover so tender and true,  
We must bid you now a tearful adieu;  
But we hope to be there with the parson.





THE INKSTAND—LOWER DELLS.

# G. W. JENKINS,


DEALER IN

## DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, FINE LIQUORS,

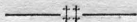
Perfumery, Essences, Etc.

BROADWAY, KILBOURN CITY.

 Prescriptions carefully compounded.

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### THE FINCH HOUSE.



And right here let us say a good word for the "Finch House," not in consideration of a warm meal, for we took a lunch basket along for future reference, but because it is one of the brightest, freshest, home-likest houses we ever saw. Mr. Finch, the proprietor, is all around seeing that everybody under his roof is happy. No one would recognize the old "Tanner House" in the new "Finch House."

—*Columbus Republican.*

# Bank of Kilbourn.

J. BOWMAN, }  
*President.* }

{ M. GRIFFIN,  
*Cashier.* }

A GENERAL

# BANKING

—AND—

# EXCHANGE

BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

---

**Money Received on Deposit,**

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

---

Drafts issued payable in any part of the U. S. or Europe.  
Will sell passage tickets to and from Europe.

## KILBOURN CITY.

The early history of Kilbourn City is so closely identified with that of the now "deserted village" of Newport, that some account of the latter will be first in order. Newport was laid out in 1851, by the late General Joseph Bailey and others, and embraced both sides of the river. At that time the Winnebago lands on the southeast side of the river were in the market; those on the northwest side did not come into market until 1852, but the ground was occupied by Bailey and his associates. The inducement for settling here was the excellent water power which could be secured by constructing a dam across the river. In 1852 a charter was obtained from the Legislature authorizing the construction of a bridge across the river, to connect East and West Newport and serve as a highway for commerce and travel; and in 1853 the Legislature granted a charter to John Marshall, Joseph Bailey, Edward Norris, Jonathan Bowman, Joseph Kendrick, Charles Bowen, and James Christie, to build a dam across the river at Newport, for the purpose of utilizing the water power.

When Newport was located there were not many miles of Railroad in Wisconsin. In 1852 the LaCrosse and Milwaukee (now the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul) Railroad was chartered. The proprietors of Newport, with no great difficulty, induced Mr. Byron Kilbourn, Superintendent of the road, to run it through that village. New-

port began suddenly and rapidly to grow. Lots were sold at prices ranging from \$100 to \$1,000. Buildings were erected for business and residences, and three large hotels were gotten under way. But it was found that a dam at Newport would overflow a great deal of ground, the proprietors of which demanded large sums for "flowage." It is difficult to tell all the influences which were brought to bear at this time; but, mainly through the efforts of Mr. John B. Vliet, the railroad company was induced to change its route—and Newport was finished. It then numbered fifteen hundred inhabitants. At once everything stopped. Three fine hotels were rapidly approaching completion. Work upon them was at once suspended, and was never again resumed there. Newport did not die without a struggle, however. Her leading citizens made a strong effort to induce the Railroad company to reconsider its determination, but in vain. The proprietors of Kilbourn gave the citizens of Newport some inducements to change their location, and the buildings which had been erected in the latter place were removed to the new city. Kilbourn prospered. The Railroad company built a splendid double track bridge, and once proposed to erect repair shops at this point. The dam was built, in spite of the efforts of the up-river lumber companies, which sought to procure a judicial injunction prohibiting its construction, on the ground that it would seriously obstruct the passage of rafts. The lumbermen partially tore out the dam, and the matter came again before the courts, which a second time decided in favor of the dam company. The litigation resulting from this quarrel concerning the water power deterred capitalists from making investments here, and seriously retarded the growth and prosperity of Kilbourn. But her people were plucky, and, although the burning of



the railroad bridge, and its replacement with an inferior structure, was a discouraging circumstance, while the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad to Reedsburg and Baraboo took away a large portion of her trade, her citizens did not relax their energy and enterprise. The dam was destroyed in 1859. It was rebuilt, and on the 22d of February, 1873, a large flouring mill, which had been erected upon it, was informally "dedicated" by a gathering of the old citizens, who held mild festivities, and made congratulatory remarks. This mill did a good business, paying the expenses of litigation with the lumber companies and a handsome profit beside, until the fall of 1874, when it was burned. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin; but, although several rafts lay above and below the mill, the act was not charged to the lumber companies. Their persistent prosecution of suits against the dam company for alleged damage to their rafts has, however, operated very discouragingly upon our citizens, until recently, when it became apparent that the courts would not sustain the unreasonable claims of the lumbermen. It is now almost certain that the requisite capital will shortly be subscribed to repair the dam and rebuild the mill. The water power is one of the best in the Northwest, and is capable of carrying an immense deal of machinery. Could it be utilized to its full extent, it would alone make Kilbourn a large city.

The wonders and beauties of the Dells of the Wisconsin, which extend for about four miles up the river from Kilbourn, and about two miles below, although known and appreciated by a few individuals of æsthetic tastes, did not attract general attention until within the last two or three years. This was not because the citizens were incapable of enjoying fine scenery, but simply because they had not

the means of visiting it. Although small steamers had occasionally passed up or down the river, they afforded but slight opportunity for people in this vicinity to explore the Dells. Some citizens owned skiffs, and frequently employed them in excursions up and down the river; but of course they did not suffice to accommodate a tithe of those whose curiosity or local pride had been excited by the descriptions they had heard from more favored ones, but who had to content themselves with standing on the bridge and admiring the beautiful but comparatively tame scenery observable from that point. But in the summer of 1873, Capt. A. Wood brought the steamboat *Modocawando* down the river from Quincy, and put her on the river to make regular trips. She made a tolerably successful season, and the picturesque attractions of the Dells became better known at home and advertised abroad. A series of descriptive articles, from the gifted pen of Rev. Geo. F. Hunting, published with illustrations in the *Milwaukee Monthly*, and some good sketches, written by John Jackson Brown, Esq., for the *Milwaukee Literary Messenger*, together with the constant efforts of the MIRROR to make public the natural wonders of this region, and, above all, the admirable stereoscopic views of the most notable and interesting objects in this vicinity, which gained a wide circulation throughout the country on account of their merit and beauty, called the attention of tourists from all parts of the country to the marvels of this region. In the fall Messrs. Bergstresser & Bell brought the steamer *Lady of the Lake* from Madison, reconstructed and rechristened her the *Dell Queen*, and put her on this route; and Capt. Jones built the *Champion*, at Point Bluff, twelve miles up the river, expressly to run the Dells, the *Modocawando* continuing to run up river until about the first of August, when she was transferred to the

Lower Dells. The season was not a highly profitable one, but there were many visitors here from distant parts of the country, and the reputation of Kilbourn and the Dells, as presenting superior attractions to tourists and pleasure-seekers, spread more widely abroad.

The *Dell Queen* being found inadequate to the requirements of a first-class pleasure boat, was last winter dismantled, and the elegant and commodious steamer bearing the same name built to take her place. The *Dell Queen*, Capt. J. Bell, and the *Champion*, Capt. A. Jones, now ply on the Upper Dells, while the *Modocawando*, Capt. Walt. McNeel, runs below. All these boats are safe, comfortable, and in charge of skillful, courteous and attentive officers. They each make regular trips twice a day, and afford better opportunities to visit all the notable places in the Dells than were ever before enjoyed.

The hotel accommodations in Kilbourn are excellent. The Finch House is in all respects first-class, and has been pronounced by experienced travelers one of the best and cleanliest hotels they have ever tarried at. Glen Cottage is also deservedly popular. Its surroundings are beautiful and inviting, and travelers who prize quiet and good cheer will find them here. Two good farmers' hotels—the City and the American, at either of which travelers will find good entertainment at low prices—are situated near the railroad depot. When a demand arises for summer quarters in private families, we have no doubt the want will be readily, reasonably and satisfactorily supplied. Kilbourn is one of the most delightful places in the Northwest for a summer residence. Its situation is elevated, airy and exceptionally salubrious. The temperature has not risen this summer above 85 ° Fahrenheit, and the usual torment of summer resorts—mosquitoes—are unknown. The pop-

ulation is of an excellent class—intelligent, social, and ever ready to extend courtesies to strangers.

We cannot close this hasty and imperfect sketch without alluding briefly to some of the prominent persons who have been longest and most intimately identified with the history and business interests of Kilbourn.

The very first settler here was Mr. Alanson Holly, who brought with him a printing office, and established the WISCONSIN MIRROR, the first numbers of which were issued literally *in the woods*. Mr. Holly was possessed of a good deal of energy and newspaper tact and ability. He made the interests of Kilbourn his own, and the MIRROR did good service—as it has always done—in advancing the prosperity of the village. The paper was not, however, as well sustained as it deserved, and suffered several suspensions. But it still lives, and under its present management is doing faithful and to a great extent *gratuitous* service in making known the advantages of Kilbourn and the beauty of its surroundings. Mr. Holly now resides in Warsaw, N. Y. Soon afterward arrived John B. Vliet, who, with Col. John Anderson, platted the village. With Vliet came Thomas B. Coon, then a mere boy, who, after learning the printers' art with Mr. Holly, read law, and now practices that profession in connection with P. G. Stroud, Esq., who was also one of the earliest citizens. The first lawyer was Hon. J. Bowman, who was one of the proprietors by purchase of Newport, and removed hither after the collapse of that village. He has always been a leading citizen, and was also the first banker in the place. Dr. E. T. Hooker, Gen. Joseph Bailey, and other original proprietors of Newport came here about the same time. Dr. Hooker yet resides here, in the enjoyment of health, vigor and competency.

Gen. Bailey was killed in Vernon county, Mo., May, 1867, by two men named Pixley, whom, in his capacity of Sheriff of Vernon county, he was taking from Fort Scott, Kan., to Nevada, Mo., as prisoners on a criminal charge. The first physician here was Dr. Braman, but Dr. G. W. Jenkins came shortly afterward, and is yet here. Samuel McWhorter kept the first grocery store in the village, except the Railroad store, which was designed to accommodate the company's employees. Dixon & Sons came shortly afterward. The first hotel was kept by Capt. Tanner, who built the Tanner House—now the Finch House. Among other old settlers were D. B. Kuney, A. S. Bergstreser, J. M. Weber, John Jackson Brown, H. McDonald, Wm. S. Wait, Gen. G. Van Steenwyck, and others whose names we must omit for want of space.

The present population of Kilbourn is about 1,100, having fluctuated but little in the last five years. Hopes are now reasonably entertained of a steady and permanent increase.

In the foregoing brief sketch of Kilbourn and its earliest settlers, we do not pretend to strict accuracy of detail, or, indeed, to give many details. The scope of this work will not admit of the expenditure of time and labor necessary to produce a full and faultless narrative. Should any one, therefore, complain of errors or omissions on our part, we are prepared to accept his apology in a becoming spirit.

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\* \* \* "We rowed down the river in a skiff and were in the right trim for the excellent dinner served by FINCH, of the Finch House, at Kilbourn City. FINCH is the right man in the right place, and keeps a hotel that is a boon to travelers and such a one as the people have long wanted—JAS ROSS, in the Madison Journal.

---

**Loomis, Gallett & Breese**

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

**DRY-GOODS!**

—AND—

**NOTIONS!****BOOTS, SHOES****HATS, CAPS, FURS,****CLOTHING,****GROCERIES***Etc., Etc., Etc.,*

PORTAGE AND KILBOURN.

**Largest and****Best Stock****In the Northwest.**

## JOHN GRAHAM

—OF—

### **Portage, Wis.,**

Occupies the largest store in the City, and has, without question, the greatest variety of goods to be found in any

Western town. He has a fine line of

**DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS!**

On his shelves are

**10,000 ROLLS OF WALL-PAPER!**

Including all kinds of Shades, Curtains, Fixtures, &c., &c.

DEALER IN

CHROMOS, PICTURES, REWARD CARDS, MOTTOES, &c.

**All kinds of Toys and Holiday Goods.**

Manufacturer of all kinds of


PICTURE FRAMES AND JOBBER IN MOULDINGS.


Wholesale and Retail Dealer in


GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS,

AND LAMP STOCK, TAR, PITCH OAKUM,

WATERLIME and PLASTER PARIS.

 Fine Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, Shears, &c.

 Fancy Candies, Cigars and Tobacco.

 Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Agent for Anchor, Cunard, White Star, and State Line Steamship Companies. Shall be pleased to answer all questions relative to rates, etc., by mail or otherwise.

Special attention paid to orders by mail and any goods furnished that the city or market affords. Miscellaneous Books, &c., supplied within 24 hours of notice and at lowest rates.

Agent for the Celebrated French Lens. We fit spectacles to the eye to suit or no sale. Seeing is believing.

JOHN GRAHAM.

## GUIDE FOR THE TOURIST.

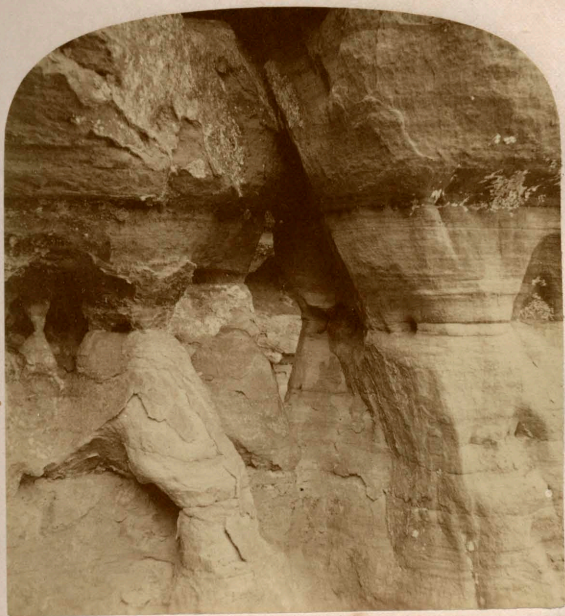
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In calling the attention of the reader of this little book to the rare beauty of the region it attempts to describe, we feel that we are only performing a duty which we owe to humanity. The grand, the curious, the wonderful and the picturesque, in nature, are the common property of mankind. No man has the right to monopolize a choice bit of the beautiful around him, or to shut out from its enjoyment any one of all God's creatures. While therefore we do not claim to be wholly disinterested in our endeavor to bring to your notice, reader, the charms of our River scenery, we do claim an honest desire to add to the happiness of every lover of the beautiful whose eye may rest upon these pages. Our little book essays nothing more than to do the duty of a sensible guide, who having pointed out the way to places of interest, and given the outline of their attractions, leaves the tourist to enjoy the feast before him, without the annoyance of impertinent suggestion or officious discourse. The region to which we invite you has its own peculiar attractions, but they are so different from anything else in our country, that there can be no rivalry or competition between the residents of other charming places in the Northwest and ourselves.

To see "The Dells of the Wisconsin" most satisfactorily, one should visit them in midsummer or early autumn, thus avoiding the high water of the spring floods and the uncomfortable chilliness of our November days.

Daily trains from Chicago, *via* Milwaukee on the east, and from St. Paul on the west, afford ready communica-





DELLS AND VICINITY.

H. H. BENNETT, PHOTO.

tion from all parts of the country, with the little village of Kilbourn City, Wisconsin; and here, reader, you are invited to stop and look about you a little, and we leave the probability of your stay for the summer, or the repetition of your visit, to be settled in your own mind, after a day in "The Dells." Our Hotel accommodations are ample and excellent, and for such as prefer the quiet of a home, private boarding houses offer all that can be desired. Three safe, pleasant and commodious steamers ply the River, subject to the order of tourists, within such limits, as to time, as will best accommodate all their patrons. The Dells consist of a series of sandstone cliffs extending about six miles along the banks of the Wisconsin River. By the action of the water, these cliffs, soft and friable, have been cut into such grotesque, curious and beautiful forms, and of such endless variety, that the eye never tires of looking at them. The ride on the River is not the least among the attractions of a visit here. The stream at the head of the Dells is broad and shallow, and dotted with a bevy of lovely green islands, heavily timbered with oak, willow and a sprinkling of evergreens. As it enters the pass between the cliffs, the river narrows and deepens, till midway down it is confined for a mile to less than a hundred feet, and in places the rocky shores have hugged the stream into the space of less than sixty feet. The rocks on either side are covered with flowers and ferns and mosses down to the water's edge, and these, under the bright sun, are most charmingly reproduced in the still waters below. Through this delightful passage, by sunlight and by moonlight, the little steamer ploughs its way, and old and young and everybody tell us it is passing beautiful. Our citizens have been at no little pains and expense to make the more remarkable glens and canyons

accessible for ladies, and it is now possible to visit "Witches' Gulch," "Rood's Glen," "Coldwater Canyon," and a hundred other points of interest, with ease and comfort. All these ravines and caverns unnumbered abound in the curious, the wild and weird. But we promised to be only a sensible guide, so we will check our garrulous pen, and bid you come and see.

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### PRINCIPAL POINTS IN THE UPPER DELLS.

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*Angel Rock* is situated about one-half mile from the steamer landing on the right hand side of the river as you go up the stream, and is a rugged projection, curiously shaped. It is also called *Marble Rock*, from the peculiar little round lumps of sandstone found on the ledge and in the river below.

*Swallows' Rock*, or where the swallows live, is a little further along on the same side. In early spring and summer, thousands of beautiful little swallows may be seen here in the brown cliffs, occupying innumerable holes in the rock, safe from danger, and the happiest family to be found anywhere.

*The Jaws of the Dells*, or entrance to the Dells proper, are guarded by two immense rocks, standing like sentinels on duty and sternly looking down in their stately grandeur, as if disputing the right of man to explore the intricate passage beyond. The rock on the right is called

*High Rock*, and rises from 50 to 75 feet above the river. It presents a rugged, rough aspect, with curiously shaped sides, and has a meagre growth of stunted pines, birch and other trees and foliage. On the left is

*Romance Cliff*, which is a grand old pile of stately rocks covered with a dense growth of trees and shrubbery. It is somewhat higher and more stately than its *vis-a-vis*, High Rock, and has much more of the curious and wonderful in its make-up and general appearance. It is suggestive of the stately crags and beetling cliffs of the weird and grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains. Legends and Indian romances might be told of this wonderful cliff.

*Chimney Rock*.—This is one of Nature's singular freaks, left standing for innumerable ages, formed by the action of the wild waters, looking like the old-fashioned stick and mortar chimney of the days of the forefathers. It stands just beyond High Rock, and is a curiosity no one should fail to see.

*Echo Cove*.—A most pleasing echo can be heard here, and it is a beautiful place for bathing and enjoying a quiet hour in a cool, pleasant retreat.

*The Dell House*, or Allen's Landing, on the left, where one of the first, if not the first, frame house ever built on the river above Portage, now stands. It was built in the year 1837-8, by Robert V. Allen, and for many years used as a tavern. Mr. Allen still resides there, and can give more reliable history of the Dells and surroundings than any man now living. He is the identical "oldest inhabitant."

*Chapel Gorge*.—This is the next point, and nearly opposite the Dell House. It is named from the peculiarly shapen rock at its entrance, resembling a chapel or place of worship. The Gorge is pleasant and shady.

*Boat Cave* is just beyond the Chapel, and may be explored with small boats. It should always be visited to be appreciated, although a general idea may be had from the steamer's deck. It is one of the most peculiar forma-

tions, showing the action of the water upon the soft sandstone.

*Circle Bend*, where the river and rocks form a half circle. The rocks are high and bold, presenting a cliff of solid masonry, formed and carved and hewn and worn into a wall of adamant by the action of the whirling waters. Its top is covered with a dense growth of cedar, hemlock, pine, birch, oak, and all the many varieties of ferns and shrubbery that so abundantly abound throughout the Dells.

*Sturgeon Rock*, on the left, is a bold projecting rock, resembling a sturgeon. Here we enter upon the looked for wild grandeur of the Dells. On the left is

*Navy Yard*.—To our mind this is the most picturesque and wonderful formation on the river. Here we have one of the most striking and natural "Navies" to be found in the world. Neither perishable wooden or iron ships formed and modeled by man, but those built by the hands of Him who hath formed all the wonders of nature. Huge stone vessels of war, these, with prows and sides and ribs so solid and staunch that for ages they have withstood the battles and warring of the waters, and as time has rolled on they have become more complete and shapely in form and build. Bold guardians are they of the Narrows. To see the Navy Yard is alone worth a week's travel.

*Eaton Grotto*, is a long, deep opening extending far into the rugged wall of rock, on the opposite side from the Navy Yard.

*Skylight Cave* is a very similar opening to that of Eaton Grotto, and is just at the head of the Navy Yard. Here, with a small boat, you can seek the deep recess of the rock for upwards of an hundred feet, lighted only by a little rift in the rocks over head. It is a delightful place to visit.

*Gates' Ravine* is on the right, and extends back from the river nearly a mile. It is a delightful place for a ramble, and is filled with beautiful ferns and flowers.

*The Narrows*.—Here the river suddenly narrows to the width of only *fifty-two* feet, and the water is *eighty* feet in depth. The river is now running upon its edge, hemmed in on either side by ponderous rocks. In low water the current is nearly as calm and placid as at any point on the Dells, but when the river is up, the raging waters come pouring through this narrow gorge with terrific force.

*The Old Bridge*.—In the year 1850, Mr. Schuyler S. Gates erected a substantial bridge across the Narrows. This was the first bridge ever built across the Wieconsin, and was used for a number of years, or until the railroad bridge was built at Kilbourn. Thousands of teams and passengers paid toll here. It was carried away by the high water of 1866.

*The Devil's Elbow* is the point where the river makes an almost square turn just at the entrance of the Narrows.

*Black Hawk's Cave* can now be seen on the left hand. It was here, the legend hath it, where the old chief hid safe and secure in the days of the Black Hawk war. And there is another story, that he leaped his pony from bank to bank to elude his pursuers. Of course we would not dispute the romance by questioning the authenticity of this wonderful feat.

*Notch Rock*.—This is the dread of the Narrows. It is a square, boulder-looking rock, on the left, and is known as *Raftsmen's Terror*, on which, in high water, rafts are often broken and lives lost. You will see it close down to the water's edge.

*Rattlesnake Rock* is the high, crag or solitary looking

rock on the left, just back of Notch Rock. It is covered with shrubbery.

*Artist's Glen.*—This is one of the most beautiful ravines on the river. It is on the right, nearly opposite Rattlesnake Rock. This glen is delightful for picnic grounds, and has a large number of fine butternut and other trees, affording an elegant retreat. •

*Sliding Rocks* are here upon either side of the stream, and are so called from their peculiar formation—the sides being oval shaped and sliding inward, throwing the water to the center of the stream.

*The Ancient River Bed*, or sand bank on the left. In an early day the river divided here and a part ran around, coming out and uniting with the main river at or below the Dell House, forming a large island.

*Coldwater Canyon.*—This canyon requires a full half day to explore thoroughly. It is one of the grand features of the Dells. Land from the steamer, when a substantial plank walk takes you safely over the slack water. You proceed through the rocky defile and under the frowning crags, to the trout pond of Richardson Bros., about one-half mile from the landing, where can be found splendid speckled trout, croquet grounds, and many of the luxuries of life. But a little further along up the canyon, you come to that wonderful

*Devil's Jug.*—The entrance is but a short distance from the Trout Pond, and in a moment you reach a deep, wild, narrow gorge, walled in with rocks, which are in some places almost vertical, and in others overhanging the pathway. The gorge is so narrow that we do not see the Jug until we step inside of it, and look around with wondering curiosity upon its splendid curves and magnificent proportions. It is, of course, a broken jug, the ravine extending

through and beyond it for a considerable distance, and on one side the lines are imperfect, owing, doubtless, to the unusual hardness of the rocks; but the other side is hollowed into a perfect resemblance of the inside of an immense jug, as smoothly fashioned as if turned upon a potter's wheel. The entire width of the Jug is about thirty-five feet at the bottom, and its height is not far from seventy feet. The rift at the top is quite narrow, admitting light enough to see with tolerable distinctness, but leaving the upper part of the cavern in twilight gloom. The gorge beyond the Jug is passable for some distance. A ramble through this vast canyon and a visit to the Jug will afford a world of pleasure. All the many varieties of ferns and mosses may be gathered here.

*The Devil's Arm Chair.*—You will wonder why the d—l he should perch his chair in such a place, unless he too is an admirer of the wonders of nature. It is on the left and but a short distance from Coldwater Canyon.

*Clam Banks*, in which nothing is to be found except the name to remind us of the delicious bi-valves gathered on the shores of Naragansett Bay.

*Ruffle Rocks* are upon each side of the stream, and would look well on the shirt fronts of the giants of olden days. They adorn with becoming grace the river's sides for a long distance.

*Chameleon Cave* is a seam in the bank, and can only be visited by climbing a ladder from the steamer's deck, going to the high bank, and then down into the earth. You will need a guide and the light of a lantern to reach the bottom. It contains beautiful changing mosses. It is on the right, just below Steamboat Rock.

*Steamboat Rock* will challenge especial attention. It stands an island in a curious circular cove, and vastly



resembles, from some points, a huge ocean steamer, minus smoke-stack and wheel-house. It is probably about 250 feet long by 100 feet wide and some 40 to 50 feet in height, with perpendicular rugged sides and covered with pine, oak and shrubbery.

*Rood's Glen.*—This is just beyond Steamboat Rock, on the right. It is an immense cavern, and if near one of the larger cities would be made useful as a lager beer hall.

*Honey Bee Spring*, or Eagle Point, is on the left, just above, and as there is nothing remarkable about it, you will probably pass by without stopping to gather honey. The rock is shapen like an eagle's beak.

*Arch Cove*, or Petra-aqua Spring, is a delightful place for picnic parties. It is from here you will get the best view of the many islands at the head of the Dells, and a magnificent view of the river for a long distance. The Cove is a beautiful, shady recess, and contains an elegant spring of pure, fresh water. It is on the left hand side of the river.

*Witches' Gulch.*—At the head of the Dells, on the right, extending three-quarters of a mile from the shore, will be found this remarkable Gulch. The precipitous rocks tower aloft on either side to the height of perhaps a hundred feet, their sides being worn smooth and their ragged edges rounded off by the long continued action of the water. One can almost touch with outstretched arms both sides of this gloomy gorge, which surpasses in grandeur anything hitherto seen in the Dells. The rocks overhead are in many places shelving and rounded into immense scollaps. The stream through this wild pass is in many places waist deep. It contains many curious points—a miniature waterfall, Phantom Chamber, Fairy Grotto, and hundreds of other remarkable features, that to describe

justly would take more room than our space affords. No one visiting the Dells should fail to see this wild, weird and tortuous Gulch. It challenges the admiration of all who see it, with its strange, marvelous, startling grandeur.

*The Islands.*—From the entrance to the Dells or “upper jaws,” we have an elegant view of the river, bluffs and islands for a long distance. This view is often compared to a similar scene in Lake George. After passing from the Dells the river “spreads itself” all over the country as it were, and is full one-half mile in width and very shallow, the water in summer being not over one or two feet in depth. About three-fourths of a mile from Witches’ Gulch, we find on the left bank a number of interesting points. The steamers will take you to a landing opposite, and about one-quarter of a mile from Luncheon Hall, or with small boats a nearer point can be reached by ascending Blazier’s Creek, emptying into the river at the foot of Blazier’s Rock. A narrow but easily accessible pathway, amid ferns and shrubbery, leads up along the side of the hill to that curious natural phenomena,

*Hornets’ Nest*—which has the shape, and at a short distance the general appearance of an immense hornets’ nest. It serves as a pillar in front of a natural portico, the rock having in the course of time been washed out, leaving a flat roof overhead, with the hornets’ nest as its principal support. Passing through the archway formed by this singular rock, we ascend and follow the hillside for a few rods, and presently stand in

*Luncheon Hall.*—The waters have at some remote period swept through here with great force, wearing a passage through and under the rocks, and leaving the flat rocks which formerly stood at the “top of the heap,” as a natural roof for the Hall, which is of considerable extent,

and a favorite place for picnic parties. The roof has a single break, a few inches wide; otherwise it is perfect; and the rocks which support it furnish convenient seats and tables. Located on the top of a ridge, the Hall presents a grand appearance to the spectator at a distance, and commands a fine view of the river. Once within its massive portals, awe gives place to curiosity, and the visitor finds pleasure in observing the odd shapes which the rocks have assumed under the slow but persistent action of the current which once swept the Wisconsin Valley, leaving its impress on every hill, and cutting its way through the rocks until it formed the romantic channel through which the river now runs. A short distance from Luncheon Hall, we find the wonderful

*Stand Rock.*—To reach this, we ascend the bank a short distance and follow along the edge of the ridge, coming to the rock upon the upper side. People with sufficient nerve, and not having an immediate fear of the hereafter, can reach the top of the Stand by a leap of some twelve feet. If you miss your footing you will probably fetch up sixty-two feet below. The top of the rock—a large sandstone slab—is nearly as level as a floor, and its superficial area is about eighteen by twenty four feet. A pathway leads to the foot of it, and the view from below is more interesting than that from above. The water-rounded column which supports the super-poised tablet is of rather irregular shape and is sixty-two feet high. With the neighboring rock a sort of arch is formed, somewhat resembling the cavernous opening at Luncheon Hall. All around is a scene of beauty. The hills are covered with trees clothed with magnificent summer foliage; a fine farm, trees and shrubs spread out up-riverward, and the glen is full of

ferns and flowers in gorgeous profusion. A part of a day devoted to this locality is time well spent.

This ends this brief and imperfect descriptions of the principal points in the Upper Dells. But the tourist will find along the entire way from the steamers' landing to Stand Rock, hundreds of other curious and interesting points that are not named or laid down on the map. In the vicinity of the Stand Rock is the Squaw's Bed Chamber, a curious cave in the hill side; the Twin Sisters, a pair of magnificent rocks; Vizion Ledge, and many others, all of which should be visited.

To reach the interesting objects at the head of the Dells, such as Stand Rock, Luncheon Hall, &c., that are not easily reached by steamer, the tourist can employ a carriage and enjoy a few miles' ride through the woods. It is a most pleasant feature for a day's enjoyment.

One of the most interesting features of a trip on the Dells, is to take the steamer and go up to the landing opposite Stand Rock, and after visiting these interesting places, take small boats—which the proprietors of the steamers will furnish—and float and row down the stream, thereby visiting many interesting and curious objects, not accessible by steamer. This trip will be full of most delightful adventure and pleasure.

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A correspondent of the Milwaukee Wisconsin says "One word as to the FINCH HOUSE. Four years ago a visit to the same place was marred, though not spoiled, by the wretched accommodations of the Tanner House. Now the same house is rechristened, made fresh and home-like, and a good bountiful table is spread for hungry travelers.

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## THE LOWER BELLS.

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For a trip down the river and a visit to the Lower Dells, take the steamer *Modocowando*. There are many remarkable places to visit in this direction, that will require a full day. The river here is broader and the banks present a greater diversity of bluff and bottom; but the character of the rock composing the banks is the same, and a similar though varied succession of curious and pleasing forms is presented. The rocks, as in the Dells, have been worn and hollowed and rounded into every imaginable shape except that of "Rock Me to Sleep;" we are almost sure that some close observer will yet discover "Rock the Cradle" somewhere in this vicinity. In some places great shelves, with stalwart young pines growing upon their very edges, overhang the dark waters; elsewhere perpendicular walls loom up like the front of some vast fortification, and a little further on a similar wall is supplemented with coigns, bastions, projecting towers and covered archways; again the rocks are rounded at their bases so as to resemble the sterns of small vessels—much inferior in size and appearance to the ponderous hulks at the Navy Yard in the Dells above. Then the rocks slope gently downward to the green grassy vale, where a pretty farm gives charming variety to the panorama, and on the opposite side to the broad bottom where Newport once stood in her pride, now interesting in her remarkable decay. Farther down the river are the more noted objects which claim the attention of tourists, and which we will attempt in our way to describe when we get to them. The lofty banks here, as

above the dam, are crowned with a luxuriant growth of trees, shrubs, plants and grass. The first attraction after leaving the dam is

*Echo Point.*—Standing upon the rocky cliff where the tunnel from Taylor's Glen comes out under the railroad, any unusual elevation of the voice brings a prompt and distinct response from the massive, smooth faced cliff opposite, every word and tone being repeated with surprising clearness and accuracy. Persons curious in such matters (as who is not?) may easily reach Echo Point by walking a few rods down the railway to the river bend, and descending the pathway to near the mouth of the tunnel, where the benches of the rock afford good standing places. On the same side, a few rods below, is the

*Bear's Cave*, which also may be reached by proceeding on the track over the Glen embankment, climbing over or through the fence, and following the pathway down the bluffs. You cannot miss the cave—it is a hole in the rock with a cleft extending out to the edge of the cliff, and thence downward to the water's edge, the cave forming a recess near the top, into which you may descend if you choose; but you will find it bare, the bear having moved some time ago. From the rift grows a large pine, which does not seem to pine much for Bruin's company. A little further down, on the same side, is

*Chimney Rock*—a little less in size than the one up the river, but greatly resembling it in situation and appearance. Then comes the Pulpit, standing near the water's edge, and shaped like the sacred desk in some sanctuaries. It is a wonder some irreverent rascal—some Chicago drummer, for instance—has not named it the Devil's Pulpit, in compliment to the preacher whose church is said to have the

largest membership. Below this on the river, but above it in height, is

*Observation Point*, standing upon which you can take your eye and throw it over one of the finest landscapes in the universe. (The mathematical precision of that sentence may be criticised, but we reckon not.) On the opposite side is

*Stultz Rock*, a terror to raftsmen, whose gallant barks are sometimes drawn into the eddy and whirled to destruction thereon. Steering clear of this treacherous place, and turning a point, we have in front of us

*Signal Peak*, upon which the ignoble red man used to light his signal fires to warn his brethren up and down the river when there were enemies around, so that they might get into their war canoes and—scoot! Swinging around the Circle (they put a Bend to it, so as to be even with the up-river scenery), we soon come to the

*Sugar Bowl*, which stands out in the stream, as cleverly molded as one could wish. The shape of this singular freak of nature is as true to its name as that of anything up the river, though it is hardly so striking as the interior view of the Devil's Jug. We pull around it, but, despairing of getting at the inside of it, because the lid is on tight, and held down by a miniature forest of pines, we pass on.

*The Inkstand* next claims our attention. At first view it seems a counterpart of the Sugar Bowl, but we soon perceive a difference. The rock, entire at the top, parts a little way down, and the passage, tapering gradually, is at the water wide enough to admit a small canoe. It is, you perceive, a counting-house inkstand, with two compartments, the larger for black and the smaller for red ink.



It bristles on top with small pines, which, with the aid of an india rubber imagination, may be taken for quill pens, wherewith, in the golden age, when the gods practiced the ways of men, Mercury wrote heavy leaders, and Minerva love stories, poetry and paragraphs for the *Olympian Thunderer*. Perhaps some classical c—codger may laugh at us for assigning such literary trifling to the Goddess of Wisdom. Laugh, then, and gather fatness on the ribs! Did not Solomon indite to his Ethiopian Queen a love-song so sweet and suggestive that the Church accepts it as inspired from on high? Did he not deal in witty sayings and pungent paragraphs, which the itemizer of to day, with the aid of the medical almanacs, vainly attempts to imitate? Did not St. Peter strike the liar—dead? Have not wise men in all ages turned to light literary work as a relaxation? To say nothing of Franklin, whom all will recall as a pretty fair newspaper man in his day, and coming down to our own day, we have grim warriors like Sherman writing romances of the rebellion, gallant soldiers and long-headed men of affairs like Lew. Wallace writing romances of Mexico; dashing, fair-haired thunderbolts of battle, like Custar, writing romances of the Black Hills, and so on to the end of the chapter. Very well, then. Cease, digression! We cannot carry away this inkstand; it is too firmly fixed and too heavy to be removed; so we again turn our prow down stream to

*Lone Rock*, which stands in massive majesty mid-river, smiling with its summer chaplet of verdure upon the tawny flood that washes its feet. It is a broad oval in shape. We cannot give its exact dimensions; we were never very good at *figure-ative* descriptions. As we approach we find that its sides are perforated with caverns, into the largest of which—the

*Cave of the Dark Waters*, or, as the Indians called it, the Place of the Nah-huh-nah—we push our boat and rest awhile. From the other side a few straggling gleams of light reach us through

*Reflection Arch*; and by pushing the boat into the farthest corner of the cave, and stretching our necks a little, we can see through; if the water were lower we could walk through. There is another deep cave on that—the south—side; but we can't get into it. We have seen nothing in this vicinity more curious and wonderful than this rock, the outer walls and internal caverns of which show the abrading effects of different currents and eddies of water. Mr. Bennett has secured fine stereoscopic views of the rock and its various recesses, as well as of all other notable objects in this region. Leaving this romantic spot, we head up stream, along the south side of the river, to

*Grotto Rock*, where you land, and stretching yourselves upon the bank of loose, dry sand which partially fills the grotto, enjoy the delicious coolness that pervades the place. The grotto, formed by an immense flat rock supported by massive jambs of the same material, is quite spacious, and is surmounted and surrounded by the luxuriant arborescence and verdure which throw a graceful charm over all the scenery of this region, and form a lovely setting for many a grand and striking or quaint and curious picture.

Other places of interest in the Lower Dells may be noted as follows: Falls of the Dam, Coldwater Spring, Earle's Cave, The Ovens, Hawk's Bill, Bald Hill, Cobble Stone Cove, and many others.

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Kilbourn has excellent churches of all denominations within easy access of the hotels, and every facility for making a summer's sojourn at the Dells extremely pleasant.

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*OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.*

Congress Hall, a very remarkable and curious rocky glen, is situated about three miles from Kilbourn, near the village of Delton, in Sauk county. It can be visited with carriage, or by landing from the steamer *Modocowando* down at Newport, and walking nearly a mile from the river.

About eleven miles from Kilbourn is Briggsville, in Marquette county—a quiet, pretty village, having a store or two and an excellent hotel—the “Lakeside House,” kept by Mr. H. H. Dyer. Here, also, is the celebrated Briggsville Pond, where the disciples of Isaac Walton can spend a most delightful day in fishing or trolling for pickerel and black bass. The pond is two miles in length by one mile in width. The water is pure and cool.

At Big Spring, in Adams county, about eight miles from Kilbourn, are the Trout Ponds of Richardson Bros. These gentlemen have extensive facilities for breeding the speckled beauties. They do a remunerative business in supplying first-class hotels in Milwaukee and other cities with fish.

Jordan Lake is some fourteen miles from Kilbourn, in a northeasterly direction, and is represented as being excellent fishing grounds. Goose Lake is a fine sheet of water in the same neighborhood. Crooked Lake is some miles further along, and both contain excellent fish. Duckel's Lake is some seventeen miles from Kilbourn, and abounds in fish. Deep Lake is some fifteen or sixteen miles from Kilbourn. This lake is formed entirely by springs and has no visible outlet or inlet. The banks on either side are two hundred feet high. The depth of the water is unknown. Fish abound in this lake in large numbers. These lakes are all in Adams county.

*DEVIL'S LAKE.*

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This remarkable sheet of water has been so often described that it will be almost unnecessary to refer to it in these pages. It is situated about seventeen miles from Kilbourn, and three from Baraboo, in Sauk county. It is peculiar to itself, and is unrivalled in picturesque grandeur, and next to the Dells is the most charming resort in Wisconsin. There is an elegant hotel over there—the Cliff House—kept by that prince of hotel men, Phil. Parsons, of Madison, where tourists will find every comfort. A fine little steamer, row boats, picnic grounds and many facilities for enjoyment can be had there. A carriage ride from Kilbourn to the Lake is very enjoyable.

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*TAYLOR'S GLEN.*

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Just a pleasant stroll from the Finch House, is a choice bit of the beautiful, which no tourist should fail to visit.— You can do the Glen in a before-breakfast walk, and so, while you enjoy a half hour of the rarest scenery hereabouts, you can at the same time cultivate an appetite for steak and coffee, which will make breakfast a delight.— While down there don't fail to go through the tunnel to the river side, and challenge the saucy echo which shouts at everybody who says a word there.

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The scenery of the Dells of the Wisconsin is among the finest in the world. We have three little Steamers on the river, good hotels, good livery and every accommodation for the tourist.

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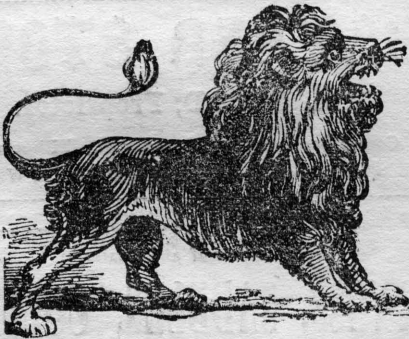
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 And get their Camp and Picnic Supplies. He keeps a large  
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Proprietor of J. N. SCHMITZ, Patent Hameless Collar. Vis-  
 itors to the Dells are requested to call and examine the New  
 Horse Collar, by which the old and troublesome hames are  
 entirely superseded. This collar has received the approval of  
 all that have used it.

Job-work executed in the neatest possible manner.

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# BREWER & BARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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*SILVER AND PLATED WARE,*

**American Sewing Machines,**

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., &c.

Will not be Undersold. Call and Examine the Finest Stock  
of Goods in Central Wisconsin.

**BREWER & BARD.**

Corner Cook & Wisconsin Sts., Portage, Wis.

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**D. McMANMAN**

DEALER IN

**FAMILY GROCERIES,**

Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco and Choice Confectionery,

*SUPERIOR STREET, KILBOURN, WIS.*



### ROMANCE OF THE CLIFF.

---

It is matter of history that something less than a hundred years ago, the late John Jacob Astor, in the prosecution of his gigantic scheme to control the fur trade of the world, established a line of trading posts along the western shore of Lake Michigan, with sub-stations, at convenient distances from the main line, on the principal rivers of the region then known as "Ouisconsin."

Among these outposts, was an important one at Fort Winnebago, near the site of the now thriving city of Portage. At the time of which we write, Astor had in his employ at this point, about twenty men—trappers, traders, interpreters, packmen, &c. It was customary at certain seasons of the year, to send out a party of six or eight men from the fort, to visit the various Indian camps within reach, for the purpose of encouraging the chiefs to exert themselves to collect as many furs as possible during the season, and to promise them good prices for the same, upon delivery at the fort. Some one of the more intelligent of the employes was ordinarily placed in charge of such detachment, with the temporary rank and title of captain.

In the summer of 17—, a party of this sort set out from the fort, under command of a new recruit, named Jean Baptiste DeRiviere, who passed for a Canadian half-breed. This man, familiarly known among his comrades as "Handsome John," was a very intelligent young man,

**H. H. BENNETT,**  
**DELLS.**

Publisher of

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AND

**TRANSPARENCIES**

FOR THE

**Sciopticon.**

VIEWS OF

**WISCONSIN SCENERY**

A SPECIALTY.

**DEVIL'S LAKE.**

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**

USUAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Gallery on Broadway, Kilbourn City, Wis.

Views of the Curious

in Lemonweir Valley.

was well educated in French and English, and possessed all the shrewdness of an Indian, combined with not a little French suavity of manners. He was a pleasant, companionable fellow, full of chat concerning all else save himself, but on this subject he was reticent.

The destination of the party under De Riviere, was the portion of Wisconsin now included within the bounds of the towns of Newport and Delton, and its special mission to visit Wau-hat-tan, an influential chief of the Winnebago Indians. During a portion of each year, and especially during the fishing season, Wau-hat-tan with a part of his tribe occupied the low ground on the right bank of the Wisconsin River, opposite the site of the present village of Kilbourn City. The spot is known among people in this region now, as "Hurlburt Flats," and is still annually occupied for a season by the degenerate posterity of the old chief.

After a leisurely tramp along the beautiful shores of the Wisconsin, De Riviere's party reached the camp of Wau-hat-tan early in the afternoon of the second day. Most of the party were old trappers and had made frequent visits to the Winnebago camp, but the captain, being a new hand, had never met with this tribe before. After the customary salutations, the old chief, attired in his best, beckoned the captain to a seat on the mat covered ground, inside his wigwam. Here, through the medium of an interpreter, they held a long conversation, chiefly concerning the power and wealth of the "Great pale face, Astor," and of the wonderful things he had done, and promised to do for his brother, "the great Wau-hat-tan." De Riviere did his best to impress the old chief with the importance of gathering much fur for his employer, and by his skillful address so won the confidence of his host, that he was as-

*O. W. Dickinson, Furniture.*

51

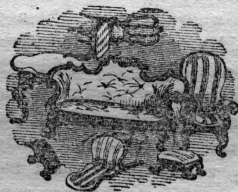
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**O. W. DICKINSON,**  
KILBOURN CITY, WISCONSIN,

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Special attention given to

**UNDERTAKING!**

in all its branches.

signed the best quarters the camp afforded, with a squaw specially selected to wait upon him. The talk being over, De Riviere was conducted to his quarters, and the comely, gaudily dressed Lo-wel-li-ta (familiarily called "Lo"\*) followed, to prepare his supper. Stretched at his ease on a couch of ferns covered with bear-skin, the captain rested from his tramp, while his attendant busied herself at the camp fire over a mysterious stew, the savory odor of which already began to sharpen the appetite of the hungry man. His increasing desire to test the flavor of the viands, called his attention to the process of preparation, and with the eye of a Frenchman, he began to note the peculiarly graceful figure which stooped over the fire. Directly, as she turned toward the wigwam, he caught a glimpse of the features of the maiden, and was so impressed with the marked refinement and beauty of the face, that his interest in the cuisine gave place to a new interest in the cook. A few more stirrings and seasonings of the broth, and supper was ready. With the graceful air of a lady, the girl—for such she evidently was, and that, not beyond her 22nd year—beckoned our captain to the rare camp table, being nothing less than her own hands. As she passed him a rude dish of steaming pottage, John admired the finely moulded arm and the delicate taper fingers. His natural politeness suggested an English "Thank you," and he thought, as he caught her eye, that it was not an Indian eye, and he was sure that beneath all her paint the maiden blushed. Our captain himself possessed an attractive, manly face and figure, and had a right to his camp sobriquet, though the name seemed little to his taste, and its general adoption among his companions evidently annoyed

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\*It is a remarkable coincidence that Pope has adopted this name for his Indian in the *Essay on man*.

# GLEN COTTAGE.

Two and a half blocks from depot—Near business center.

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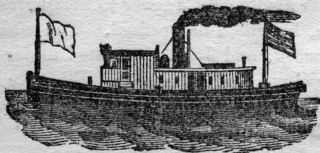
Glen Cottage is beautifully situated, commanding an elegant view of the river and scenery adjacent the Dells of the Wisconsin, where EXCURSIONISTS and travelers will find first class accommodations. Additions have been made to Glen Cottage, by which I am enabled to make this an attractive and pleasant home for any who favor me with their patronage. Arrangements are such with the steamers on the Dells and the cottage so near the landing, that all can be accommodated at a moments notice. J. H. DUNN, Prop.

# TO TOURISTS, EXCURSIONISTS

PICNIC AND PLEASURE PARTIES.

For a trip through the Dells, take the Light Draft

STEAMER



A. JONES, CAPTAIN.

CHAMPION

This boat is new, staunch, and for ease, quiet and comfort is unequalled, and goes to many points inaccessible to other boats. Boiler new, safe and properly tested. Landing, Steamboat Ravine, Kilbourn, Wis.

D. C. VYNWIE, Pilot.

him. As he sat there *vis-a-vis* with the waiting damsel, the suspicion became so strong that she was something more than her surroundings indicated, that he grew embarrassed in her presence, and despite his appetite, he made but an uncomfortable supper. He wanted to speak to her, but he knew nothing of the Indian language, nor could he be at all certain that she knew either French or English. After the supper, however, and while the simple table furniture was cleared away, he had a little time to think, and he determined to ascertain, if possible, if there was any ground for his suspicion. It occurred to him that it might not be prudent to address the girl in the presence or in the hearing of the Indians, and as they were so near by, deferred his attempt at conversation until a more favorable opportunity. An hour later, the dwellers in the wigwam nearest the one he occupied, being out, he ventured to speak. The girl was just returning from the creek, where she had been for water, and as she passed his door the captain addressed her in a low voice, in English :

“Maiden !” he said, “are you really what you seem ?”

With a frightened glance toward the other wigwams, she placed her finger on her lips, and gave him one pleading look, which was a sufficient answer to his question, with an added caution, by which he profited. The maiden hurried on about her work, and John ejaculated under his breath : “English, by Jove, and blue-eyed. I’ll take her hint of silence just now, but I’ll know more about this.”

So saying he lay down, to bide his time. Night was coming on, and there was an early moon. There was an opening under the side of the wigwam, and through this he watched for Lo-wel-li-ta, watched with the eagerness of a lover, and truth to tell, the heart of the man had experienced within the last hour what was, to him, a new sensation

Let me tell the reader a little more about Handsome John. He was a native of France, but his family moved to Canada in his childhood. There was a quiet home by the river side not far from Quebec—a home, not of luxury but of refinement and culture, and an anxious household waited there, for tidings of a wanderer. The only son of the family, kind and gentle, talented and amiable, was a restless adventurer; and while the mother prayed that night, the boy for whom she prayed lay watching for the form of an Indian girl, among these far off western wilds.

Eager for excitement, the young man had pushed his way into the employ of the great fur dealer in New York, asking to be sent to the frontier; and with a hasty letter of good-bye to home and friends he set out with the first expedition, and here we find him, peeping out into the moonlight, from an Indian wigman, and eagerly listening for a footfall which, nothing to him three hours ago, was yet so much to him now, that his anxiety for its approach grew to wearisome impatience long before his ear caught the rustle of leaves from the grove just behind his couch. He started at the sound, but remembering the warning of the maiden he moved cautiously toward the opening, to attract her attention, and as she passed, quietly placed in her hand a leaf from his note-book, on which he had written:

“I am your friend. Can I serve you? If so, command me.  
Your servant, JOHN B. DE RIVIERE.”

He thought that the girl was deeply agitated, and that she trembled as she passed; but renewing the sign of silence, she passed on, and he lay tossing and thinking till late in the night, but at last he fell asleep, and only woke



when the sun came pouring full in his face and everybody about camp was astir. He rose hastily, and seeing some of his men on their way to the creek, followed them, and having refreshed himself with a bath, returned for his breakfast. Lo-wel-li-ta again attended him, but he could not catch her eye, and dared not speak, so his breakfast, though excellent, was only half enjoyed. After eating, he paid a visit to the old chief, smoked a pipe with him, but made little conversation. Wau-hat-tan made all the promises concerning business that could be asked for, and having distributed a few trinkets among the Indians, the captain began his preparation for a visit to another camp, a mile away. In giving directions to his men, he took care to speak loud enough to be heard through all the wigwams, shouting—

“Peter! you and Louis go on ahead, and find a place close by the river to camp, and we’ll use our own tent to-night.”

The quick ear of Lo-wel-li-ta caught the words of command and suspected that they were intended in part, for her benefit. The Captain and his party were soon off, and a half hour’s stroll brought them to the bank of the river, just where the huge cliffs frown at each other across the narrow passage, at the foot of the rapids. The two men who had been sent on ahead, had selected a camp near the foot of the cliff. The tent was soon pitched, and all hands set to work to make themselves comfortable. A fire was lighted directly and their pork and bread, kettle and frying-pan were unpacked for use. One or two started off down the stream with fishing tackle, while the Captain with an interpreter, visited the Indian Lodge near by. The day passed pleasantly, and when night set in, the party surrounding a huge camp-fire, made themselves merry for an hour or two with song and story, and then, all but the Captain lay down in their blankets, and were soon asleep.

DeRivere was busy with his own thoughts and hopes and expectations, and they all clustered just then around the mysterious maiden, Lo-wel-li-ta. It was near midnight and the bright moon was pouring all its glory across the beautiful

stream at his feet. A little wearied with watching he lay half reclining by the fire, enjoying the charming prospect, when suddenly a quick shadow passed close behind the tent, and a low voice reached his ear, with the brief, suminous, "come." DeRiviere rose quickly to his feet. The shadow was gone, but a stealthy footstep rustling over the leaves, guided him, and he followed till he reached the summit of the cliff. All was black and still. Then he caught the glimpse of a hand beckoning him in the moonlight. He stepped forward a few feet toward the edge of the cliff, when suddenly a strong hand seized him by the throat, and before he could offer any resistance, he found himself bound hand and foot and thrus' into a crevice of the rock, in such a way that he could scarcely move a limb. A rough hand bound a belt of wampum about his face, which effectually prevented his seeing, or speaking above a whisper. "Ugh! stealie Squaw, me," said a voice close to his ear, and after some farther precautions to prevent his escape, the owner of the voice, added: "Heap good place, stay. Come again," with which comforting assurance, old Wau-hat-tan, for he it was, stole stealthily away, down the cliff. "Well, well, thought the Captain, this is a predicament, sure enough," and he began to struggle to free his hands. But the old chief had done his work very thoroughly, and after a severe effort, DeRiviere gave up for the present and began to think. Let us leave him thinking, reader, while we go back a moment to the camp of Wau-hat-tan. It seems that with true Indian precaution, the chief had set an old Squaw to watch the Captain and his attendant the night before, and she understanding a little English, had caught the words DeRiviere had spoken, noticed the scared look of the girl, and it was she instead of Lo-wel li-ta, who passed by in the moonlight and received the note, repeating the sign she had seen the girl use, so that DeRiviere was completely deceived. All this was duly revealed to the chief, and the note passed over to him. This note was of course no use as proof, for no one there could read, but the old fellows suspicions were aroused and directly the fort party had left the camp. Lo-wel-li-ta was placed under strict surveillance. At night, as we have seen, Wau-hat-tan sought his revenge for what he evidently considered an attempt to steal his squaw.

After securing DeRiviere, the chief returned to his camp.— During his absence, a party who had been out on a hunting expedition, had come in. They had called at the fort on their way in, and had obtained among their purchases, a too plentiful supply of fire-water. The Winnebagos loved whisky then,

as well as they do now, and before morning, old Wau-hat-tan and his whole camp, were sound and fast in a drunken sleep. Lo-wel-li-ta was on the lookout, and watched with eager anxiety the effect of the spirits, till satisfied that all was safe, she stole softly away, and in a few moments stood beside the tent on the river bank. She suspected that there had been foul play, for she had heard Wau-hat-tan go away in the night and return. By a cautious survey of the camp, she became satisfied that DeRiviere was gone; but where? that was the question. She dare not wake the men to inquire, and as it was growing light, she was about to return, when her quick eye caught sight of a bit of paper floating past, just at the edge of the stream. She hastily descended the bank and picked it up.— On it was written: "On the cliff. Come quick. DeR." and sooner than I can tell the story, the daring girl had scaled the rock, and stood, listening. A groan attracted her attention, and she hastened to the edge of the precipice, and there, in a crevice just below her, lay DeRiviere. After a most painful exertion he had succeeded in freeing one hand, and had torn the wampum off his face, but his body was so wedged in between the rocks, and his feet so bound together, that he could not help himself. With his free hand, he had taken out his note book, and having written a message on each of a score of leaves, he tore them out and threw them out upon the river, with the hope that some of them might be noticed and picked up by his party; and with this forlorn hope to cheer him, he had struggled to free himself, but in vain, and he had just given up exhausted, when Lo-wel-li-ta dropped down beside him. Without stopping for a word or even an exclamation, she cut the thongs which held his feet, and dragged him almost lifeless on to the brow of the cliff. He fell heavily as he reached the top and lay insensible. The poor girl was in agony, but she was cool enough to know what was the matter and what to do. She quickly loosed his clothing about the throat, and with her hands dipped water from a pool on the rock near her and sprinkled it in his face. Directly he opened his eyes with a start, and seeming to take in the whole state of the case, at a glance, he cried out "Thank God" and then added as his eye fell upon his brave deliverer, "Surely He has sent His Angel, to save my life." "No, not an angel sir, at all, but only me," replied the girl in such pure English as revealed the fact, that she was, as DeRiviere had suspected, not a Winnebago squaw, but an English lady. "Is it possible that you found one of the bits of paper in the river?" asked DeRiviere. "Yes, here it is," she replied, producing it, "and it is a miracle that I

discovered it, but there is no time for explanations now, for Wau-hat-tan will show you no mercy if he finds you again. I know this country, you do not; follow me. So saying, she helped him to rise, and then led off down the cliff. DeRiviere following as fast as he could, but slowly and painfully at best. Lo-wel-li-ta understood the habits of Wau-hat-tan and his band, and knew that none of them would discover her absence or give her a thought, until the fire-water was all gone, and she remembered with such pleasure as the remembrance of whisky never gave before or since, that a larger supply than usual had been brought in. As they reached the foot of the cliff, the girl led the way by a circuitous path, so avoiding both camps, down to the mouth of the little creek, reaching there just as the sun was rising. Here, hid among the bushes, was a canoe which was quickly launched, and DeRiviere unwillingly submitted to kneel amidships, and permit his fair companion to do the work. She dropped lightly into the stern, and with a few vigorous strokes of the paddle sent the light craft swiftly past the low ground and under the shadow of the cliffs below. "There," said the maiden, as she blushing yielded the paddle to DeRiviere, "now we can afford an introduction. You are the captain of the fort party I believe, sir, and I am—well, not exactly what I seem, and my name is Margaret Stanhope. I am here and have thrust myself upon you sir, in sheer desperation, as my first and only chance of escape from bondage—I pray your pardon, and now I am in your power. I believe I can trust you, but I beg you, as you fear God, help me out of my distress." During this spirited speech, there was a look in her deep blue eyes which said as plainly as words could say it, "I am afraid I have forfeited your good opinion, sir, but I appeal to your honor as a gentleman, and I trust you, because I must." DeRiviere kept his eyes fixed upon her face until she had finished, and then replied, more like a civilized lover than a frontiersman. "My dear lady, I believe I owe you my life; but were it not so, a lady in distress has a claim upon me, which, God helping me, I will never fail to honor. My name is DeRiviere, and my business here you already know," but, added he, "may I be permitted to know something more of Miss Stanhope's history?" "Certainly," she replied, coloring a little. The name was so new to her, "but first, what are your plans?" "To go directly to the fort," he replied, "and it is probably safest and best to follow the river." "Very well," she replied, "as you think best, and now for my story in brief. My father was a New Orleans merchant. Five years ago, he vis-

ited the upper waters of the Mississippi, and with a foolish love of adventure, and not a little determined obstinacy I fear, I earnestly begged to accompany him. He at first objected, but at length yielded to my importunity, for my mother died in my infancy and I was a petted, spoiled child. But let me make my story very short. I went with my father and saw him brutally murdered by the Sioux Indians. I fell into their hands a prisoner and lived with them until about a year ago. In a battle between the Sioux and Winnebagos, the latter were victorious, and I, with other prisoners, was brought away to this region, reaching the present camp of Wau-hat-tan a little less than three months since. I have been generally treated with kindness by the Indians; have never met with a serious insult, nor any gross rudeness whatever. Why, God knows. It is He who has protected me while many poor creatures of my own sex have been most cruelly beaten and overtaken. On my arrival here I soon learned that there was a trading station near by, and I have been watching every day for an opportunity to escape, and here I am."

The thought of what this brave girl had endured, brought tears to the captain's eyes, and in a voice full of sympathy he thanked her for her story and her confidence.

The sun was now well up, and hot, but they dare not stop. Keeping the boat under the shadow of the shore as much as possible, they hurried on, and a little past noon, they reached the fort landing and proceeded at once to the quarters of the commandant. There was not a little rude staring and some coarse jesting among the men who were lounging about, when De Riviere passed in with a Winnebago squaw, as she appeared to be, and Miss Stanhope felt it so keenly, that she said to De Riviere, "I have been nearly five years with the Indians but never have I been so ill treated in my life before as by these, my own countrymen." A moment's conversation with Colonel Stimson, the commandant, explained all, and in the hospitable home of Mrs. Stimson, our heroine soon doffed the habiliments of the forest for more fitting attire, and though some traces of paint remained a long time to remind her and others of the past, yet her new found friends soon forgot the comely Lo-wel-li-ta in the beautiful form and face, and the yet more beautiful character of sweet Maggie Stanhope.

Here she lived till the Autumn expedition to the lake, when she, longing for civilization, and Capt. De Riviere longing for her, found their way to New York. Thence they journeyed to that quiet home on the Canadian river, and there in after days grandfather John told to Maggies of the third and fourth

generations, the strange story of grandma Lo-wel-li-ta.

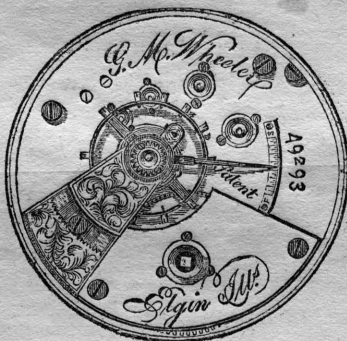
This, reader, is the romance of the cliff over yonder on your left as you enter the Dells from below. The story must be true, for it is vouched for by a number of very respectable descendants of the great WAU-HAT-TAN.

**J. W. FULLER,**

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Clocks,  
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—AND—

## BUILDING MATERIAL

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Are prepared to fill all orders with the greatest dispatch and  
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Keeps constantly on hand all the novelties of the season,  
Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter Hats and Bonnets,  
Plumes, Flowers and Trimmings, Cuffs, Collars, Ruches and  
Ties. Cutting and fitting a specialty. Satisfaction guar-  
anteed and all work done equal to any establishment in the  
west.

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**DELL SALOON,**

**Opposite the Finch Hotel.**

The proprietor of this establishment has fitted it up in first class style, and spared no pains to make his saloon a pleasant resort for Dell visitors or those who may favor him with their patronage.

Best's Milwaukee Beer always on hand, and by the new system of ventilation always *fresh and cool*.

Bourbon, Malt and Rye Whiskies, Gin, Brandies etc. of the finest qualities.

Cigars of all descriptions of the best brand and finest flavor.  
Lemonade and Soda Water fresh and cool.

Billiards and other amusements.

Best's Beer, bottled in Milwaukee, for picnic parties by the dozen or single bottle.

FREE LUNCH DAILY AT 10 A. M.

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Will pay the highest market price for

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KILBOURN CITY, - - - WISCONSIN.

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SLEIGHS,

— AND —

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Always in Readiness.

OUR MOTTO IS: — "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

**FRANK HILL, Proprietor.**

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THE FINCH HOUSE.—Kilbourn City boasts of as good hotel as there is in the State, capable of accommodating hundreds of people. We allude to the Finch House. An idea seems to prevail abroad that there is no hotel there of any account, and that visitors have to camp out. Those Finches will put that idea out of anybody's head at one visit.—GEO. W. PECK, in LaCrosse Sun,

To see these famous Dells is well worth a journey hither. They are an exhibition of the sublime and curious in works of the wonderful and cunning of nature. They have become noted far and wide for their wild, magnificent scenery.—POWELL'S GUIDE BOOK.

# LAKE HOUSE, BRIGGSVILLE, WIS.

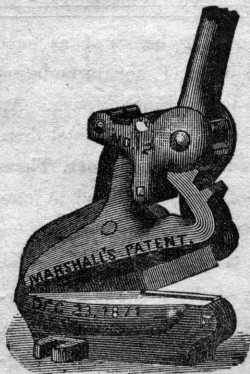
Briggsville is noted for its excellent fishing grounds. The charming little lake here abounds with nearly all variety of fish. Trolling and still fishing cannot be excelled in the country. The Lake House, besides furnishing first class accommodations for guests, keeps a number of small boats, fishing tackle, etc., etc., for the accommodation of pleasure parties.

Briggsville is about 10 miles from Kilbourn and 13 miles from Portage and may be reached with livery from either place. Patronage solicited and terms most reasonable.

H. H. DYER, Proprietor.

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**Foundry,  
Machine Shop,  
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Manufacturer of Marshall's  
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SHEARS and UPSETS,  
Light Machinery, Harvest Machine  
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BIG SPRING,

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# **FOX HOUSE,**

## **Portage, Wis.**

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The Fox House is a model hotel, having a world wide reputation, and is the most popular

### **EATING HOUSE!**

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### **Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.**

Breakfast and Supper here, and the traveling public pronounce it one of the most

### **Perfect and Complete Hotels**

in the country.

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Elegant Sample Rooms, free carriage to carry Guests to any part of the City.

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No pains will be spared to entertain and make all patrons of the House at home. Tourists visiting the Dells of the Wisconsin can leave the House on the morning train for Kilbourn, do the Dells, and return in the evening.

**W. D. FOX, Proprietor.**

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

Fitly to describe the beauty of this region is simply impossible. He who would appreciate it, must see it for himself. It is only after repeated visits that one can say he has seen the Dells.—*Milwaukee Monthly*.

It is a paradise for pleasure seekers; the scenery is magnificent. A trip through the Dells is truly a delightful one and the notable places are well worth a visit, and will bear repetition once a week.—*Wisconsin State Register*.

No country that we have ever visited presents such a variety of romantic, bold, wild, grand and picturesque scenery, and so much to entice the tourist, invalid, traveler or student of nature. The atmosphere is pure, dry and bracing and will repay the seekers after nature's beauties.—*Chicago Times*.

No grander, wilder or more weird spot in the Northwest can be found, to those who love the picturesque and romantic in nature. Here to the visitor is presented a great river,—the pride of the State—beetling cliffs, rocky fastnesses, enchanting glens, weird gorges, chasms, coves, caves, gulches and innumerable nameless charms, which captivate the beholder, but cannot be rivaled.—*Milwaukee News*.

I have witnessed the scenery of many noted points and localities, but the beauties and wonders of the Wisconsin Dells, for variety and picturesque quaintness, is ahead of all.—*Jas. Ross in Madison Journal*.

Of the the places I visited I could not tell whether I liked Madison or Kilbourn most; the soft picturesque beauty of the one or the wild rugged features of the other. Kilbourn is on the Wisconsin river at the Dells of that highly romantic stream and has a population of about 1500. Its hotels and private accommodations are both good and cheap. The Finch House is the leading hotel.—*R. A. Thompson in the Memphis Avalanche*.

We might take up column after column on the discription of the grand scenery presented to the gaze of the visitor, but suffice it to say with its many wild high rocks, beautiful caves, glens, canyons, and gulches, it is a place where one longs to linger and enjoy the beauties of nature.—*Pecatonica News, Ill.*

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