SOUTH MADISON.

A Quandam Wilderness Now an Imposing Suburb.

STORIES OF WOLVES AND INDIANS.

Some Fine Residences Over the Bay. Mr. Butler Gets Special Mention. What Lakeside Used to Be.

I have seen many of the cities of the United States and some of Canada and I regard our own city of Madison as unrivaled in its beauty. Across Lake Monona, south of the city, lies the suburb of South Madison. Twenty-five or thirty years ago this suburb presented a very different appearance from what it does at present. On what is now called Lawrence Street grew majestic oaks, centuries old, and underneath their mighty boughs a dense underbrush, through which, according to an old settler, "one could not drive a cow." When a child I have there gathered orchids and maiden-hair ferns. There was a narrow territorial road winding through the old woods and part of the drive from Lakeside street to the O'Sharkian home is over this old original road.

Every year in early spring the Winnebagos came down to what is now South Madison and constructed their temporary residences, preparatory to hunting and fishing. These were minks, squirrels, musk-rats, rabbits, quails, partridges and even foxes and wolves. There was a bird that used to come with the Indian in the spring, and its visits are now as rare as are the Indians. I mean the loon (Columbus turcatus).

The Indians brought with them their kitchen canoes, bawled over from a log. These canoes they sometimes left over summer with some friendly early settler. For their horses they cut slender oak saplings and drove them into the ground until they formed a circle about twelve
The modern South Madison is, I am glad to say, better than that of ye olden time in this respect: it has no saloon. Where Mr. John Carlson now lives, lived formerly a man by the name of Proctor, who established what he denominated an "English Tea Garden;" but instead of spooking Lillyson and Oolong, he sold the beverages upon which we are forbidden to look when they give their color in the cap. On Sundays, particularly did he deal out to white man and Indian alike the strong drink, and many were deceived thereby. The Indians, maddened with the fire water, would make night hideous with their demoniac yelling, a sound more horrid than I have ever heard. The whites, transformed to beasts, would wander off and pollute especially the shade of a lovely peach tree, grown on our place, which was separated by the six that they might do outrage to it for wicked people.

Old Captain Barnes, who was then young Captain Barnes, used to run his steamer Schwanabeggon to a pier on the Lawrence point. There he had a giant swing erected and those fond of the vibratory motion could swing themselves out over the water and back high up among the oaken boughs. The house third in the order of construction built in the eastern part of South Madison was built by Daniel O’Sheilhanan on an elevated place bordering on the lake and commanding a view of the entire city from west of the university to east of Lakeside. From his garden, Mr. O’Sheilhanan used to carry to Madison thousands of quarts of small fruits. His strawberries were the finest in the city and were to be purchased at "Doggett’s store."

The Lawrence family were fourth in order to move to this part of South Madison. Mr. Lawrence built an old-fashioned English cottage, quaint and comfortable, but it has since been replaced by his daughter’s (Mrs. Colby’s) fine residence. His son, Mr. Edward Lawrence, registrar, is the owner of Lawrence Point, contiguous property, and is now having erected a spire affording a magnificent view of a large and handsome residence. It is from Mr. Lawrence’s property that the best views of the lake and countryside are attained. The property itself is extensive.

Between Mr. Lawrence’s property and Club grounds is the property of Mr. Hebert, and it is said that he has

Mr. D. Bryant’s spring. For many Madisonians and also people from other places bear witness that

Mineral water from Bryant’s spring is better to drink than anything.