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Title: Found at Last: the Veritable Garden of Eden

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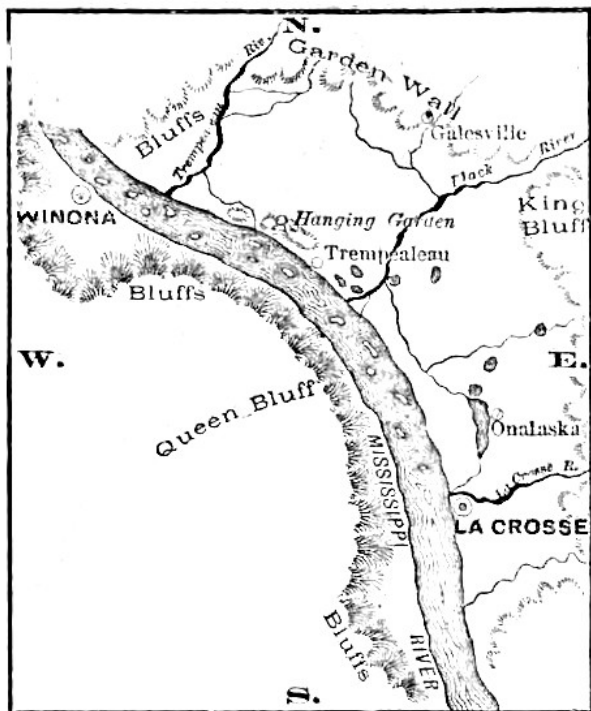
Release Date: 2012-06-20 [Ebook 40051]

Language: English

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FOUND AT LAST: THE VERITABLE GARDEN OF
EDEN***

GARDEN OF EDEN.

By Rev. D. D. Van Slyke.



Our Artist failed to give a correct representation of the Hanging Garden, and eastward Garden Wall. We promise a more correct representation in our next edition.

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Found at Last: the Veritable Garden of Eden

Or a place that answers the Bible description of the notable spot
better than anything yet discovered

By Rev. D. O. Van Slyke

Independent Printing House, Galesville, Wisconsin
1886

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[Preparer's Note: Typographical errors from the original have been retained, as well as quirks of punctuation (such as the extensive use of asterisks)]

PREFACE.

On the principle of “first know you are right, then go ahead,” I have been very slow in making public the results of my discovery. But having become thoroughly satisfied that I have a reasonable thing of it, have ventured to publish it. It has appeared in brief articles in the Galesville INDEPENDENT, in order to invite general inspection, and criticism.

When God made man to dwell on the face of the earth, He, evidently, must place him somewhere. In giving the antediluvians a description of the creation, and first location of man, how mankind corrupted themselves, and how God destroyed them with a flood, he simply stated the principal facts, and gave a description of the location—and it not being on that continent, he could not point it out to them—and as the country in which Noah then resided, was all new to him, and his family, no one knew where it was; nor was any one able then, or since, to find it on that continent; thus, the location, though admitted to be somewhere on earth, has been kept a profound mystery to the present time, and consequently the innocent cause of no little speculation. But by degrees it has been opening to the minds of some, that the first habitation of man must have been somewhere on the American Continent; and the finger of time has been plainly pointing to what is known as the “North West,” as the place. But of this last fact I was ignorant when I made the discovery of the garden, and commenced developing the facts about it. The discovery, resulted from my familiarity with, or thorough knowledge of the Bible, and standing on the hanging garden and looking over the plat, and admiring its most wonderful scenery, and counting the rivers, I became sensibly impressed by a suggestion, This is the garden of Eden: at which suggestion I smiled, as the plat, to me

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then, was altogether too large. Of course I had never given it thought, nor measured it up in my own mind to what should, or might be its proper dimensions. However so strong were my impressions, that I, as a matter of pleasantry, used, occasionally to say to my friends, This is the garden of Eden.

Since I commenced to publish my views, claiming a possible reality, while some have mocked, others are becoming impressed with the idea of its being not only possible, but highly probable. Where would a scientist place the first pair, to acclimate, and from which to make man, as he now is, an inhabitant of all the earth? Not too far north, not too far south. Our garden is in that place. It should be destitute of money mineral wealth, as these, if easily obtained, are corrupting in their tendencies, and should be sought, and toiled for, to be properly enjoyed; and should be placed at a distance, just where God says he provided it, at the head of the stream. Our garden is still in the right place. From inherited wealth and luxury comes danger to the inheritors. Our garden is again right. But it should be a place susceptible of, and adapted to moral and intellectual growth, and lead to the admiration, adoration, and worship of the great Builder of the universe, the Infinite and Perfect. Is there a better place for that, in all this beautiful earth, than is our garden, and its surroundings? If there is, we would like to see it.

I have related the facts as they have been presented to me, or as I have discovered them, and believe the reader will be pleased and profited with the results, and I hope this will lead to more thorough and satisfactory investigation.

THE AUTHOR.

GARDEN OF EDEN.

See Genesis 2, 8-14.

“And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden. * * And a river went out of Eden to water the garden,—[or, the river that ran through the land of Eden watered the garden.]—And from thence,—[in, the garden]—it was parted and became into four heads. * * And the fourth river is Euphrates;” which means long river, symbol of greatness and importance, and which, answers to our “Father of Waters.” It is plain that Eden is a certain country; that the Euphrates river crosses that country, that “eastward”, or on the eastward, bank of, or at a certain point on that river, is located the garden of Eden; and that three lesser rivers run through and water this garden, flowing into the great river; thus four rivers run into and water it, but only one, the fourth, runs out. As to how it was watered, we have a clue; “And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere * * even as the garden of the Lord;” by streams crossing the plain, and running into the river of Jordan, just as our three rivers cross our garden plain, into our Euphrates. The names given to these rivers were, doubtless, [8] explanations of facts well known to the antideluvians.

We need not now undertake to prove, or show what must readily be admitted, that, there is no such spot, or coming together of rivers in the region where it was first supposed to be, and which has caused explorers and researchers to turn to Africa, and other countries, in search of the place; and Dr. Warren, with all his learning and ingenuity, to the North Pole. But we have found it where he and others, can come and see for themselves.

It is located on the “eastward bank” of the Mississippi River, between the beautiful cities of La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Winona

Minnesota. Please notice the beauty and euphony of those names. The Mississippi—the bible Euphrates—river, being one of the longest and most picturesque rivers *in the world*. Its valley, proper—with its tributaries, some of which reach far out into “Havilah” the “Land of good gold”—extends from the Alleghany mountains on the eastern border, 2,000 miles westward to the Rocky mountains on the western border, and from the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, extending 2,000 miles north, across the United States into the British possessions. This vast area, Eden,—containing the most fertile and habitable region of earth, and is being settled and inhabited by the most industrious, enlightened, christianized and well to-do people in the world; the asylum or *universal home* of the oppressed and needy of all lands,—contains “The heart of the New World,” the “Land of Promise,” in this Christian United States of America. Central in this domain, Eden, is our *Garden of Eden*. The soil is not a deep, rich paste, like the American bottoms opposite St. Louis, on the same river, which is known to be the *richest* land in the world, but higher, drier, and more habitable, easily cultivated, and adapted to *gardening*.

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The river here, as in most places, has three banks; the first a little above high water mark,—densely covered with forest trees, which constitutes the islands and “river bottoms”—cut up by water courses and sloughs. The river and bottoms are about two miles wide, over and through which the “Laughing” and “Father of waters,” courses, run, and play their dances. The second bank is high and dry above the highest water mark,—and generally smooth prairie, and ready in the state of nature for the garden plow—extending back on one or both sides of the river for miles, making a valley at this place, of about ten miles in the widest, when we reach the bank, bluff, or rocky wall, which rises—on each side of our garden—to the altitude of 600 feet above the river, being the point of the highest bluffs on the Mississippi.

Nineteen miles above La Crosse, and twelve miles below

Winona, on the “eastward bank,” nestles, and spreads out that most beautiful town site, Trempealeau, on which ought now to be a large city, and which doubtless would have been but for the greed and ignorance of a part of its original proprietors, who being told, and thinking they had the “nicest,” “most beautiful,” “splendid,” town site on the Mississippi river, they were bound to get rich at once, “but not knowing their day,” and how to build up a town like, the fabled dog, “they grabbed for the shadow and lost the reality;” “Their language was confounded and their work delayed.” Here on the second bank, is raised, our “Hanging Garden,” a crescent bluff, high as the outside wall, extending three miles up the river, terminating at each end in a point, and one mile through the center, being in the form of a new moon, and unlike anything of the kind, so far as known, in the entire world, and must be seen to be appreciated. [10]

This is not one solid smooth topped hill, but possesses all the variety of bluff formation, containing groves of forest trees, ravines, slopes, scattered rocks, and perpendicular ledges facing the river, like the “Face of a King,” some of these ledges are 200 ft. high, commencing more than half way up the mound, then rising perpendicular to near the very top. The top of this hanging garden has its slopes, mounds, pyramids, domes, and pinnacles, in most beautiful variety; and at the present time, it is dotted with fields of grain, and specked with stone quarries and lime kilns. Now, please, place yourself with me on the “Central Outer Dome” “Heald’s quarry,” facing toward the eastward, and you have, before, below, and around you the veritable Garden of Eden; a valley scene, in extent and importance unequalled in America, and I think, in the world. Not like the Yosemite, small, romantic *grand* but *uninhabitable* or unfit for a *garden*, but the very beau ideal of a garden.

Now that we are up where we can see, let us look across and around this garden. Turn, now and face the south-west. There, before and below you flows the Mississippi, whose name is as [11]

euphonious as the Euphrates, or its own flowing waters. See its “Broad channels,” queer and picturesque islands, its trees and vine-clad bottoms, lovely beyond description; its general course, not meandering, but evenly hugging the base of the Minnesota bluffs, or western wall of the garden, which it does for some twenty-five miles, or from just below Winona, to just above La Crosse, running in a southeasterly and southern direction, making a beautiful curve, leaving the main garden valley on the “Eastward” bank, in the form of a section of an amphitheater, 35 miles long, 5 miles wide at each end, and 10 miles through the center. *This vast valley plain is our Garden of Eden.* Now, Look! as thousands before you have done in wonder and surprise! Look immediately around you, over the hanging garden on which you stand, and, *look out for snakes*, for how could you have such a garden without a “Serpent.” And this hanging garden has been notable and notorious for rattlesnakes, from time immemorial, handed down in their Indian name “rattlesnake hills,” and including Mount Trempealeau, (a separate and distinct pyramid) was formerly “Literally alive with rattlesnakes.” Mr. Dovile, one of the first white settlers at Trempealeau, who built his shanty on the bank, a few rods from the river, killed, and kept count of ninety great rattlesnakes the first season, in, and crossing his foot-path from his house to the river, saying nothing of how many he killed elsewhere.

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But as Christians have taken possession of the hanging garden, the serpents have been destroyed, or are disappearing.

The scenery now around us surpasses my power of adequate description, as do the great lakes. Superior, Michigan, Huron,—and so on down the line,—in their magnitude and importance, those little lakes in the garden, southeast of us, containing a few acres each, mirroring their shining beauties into our faces. But O, how beautifully, and magnificently fenced, or walled in, is our garden! While there is a general level, bounding the top, yet what an indescribable variety of topping

out. Cones, oblongs, smooth ridges, trees, huge rocks, rough, ragged and jagged, in almost endless variety. Perpendicular ledges boldly facing us: or single rocks of varied sizes; smooth bald heads, and ridges; deep, and dark chasms; wide openings of river's mouths; all making one of the grandest panoramas conceivable. At present this "wild scenery" is being effaced by the profuse growth of timber. Near the southern extremity, lies the beautiful flourishing city of La Crosse, with its tall church spires and electric towers, fringed with smoke from its numerous lumber mills; most appropriately and providentially named. La Crosse—saying nothing of its being the name of an ancient game modernized—as here *crosses* the *garden* one of the four notable rivers, whose opening and bluff outline, may be seen coming in from the "*far east*," making and containing the notable and once far-famed, "La Crosse valley"; on which is located the beautiful city of Sparta.

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Just beyond La Crosse city, and to the left we see the outline entrance of Mormon Cooley valley, which creek bounds the lower end of our garden. Now as we trace the wall to the left,—past the La Crosse valley, and first eastern gate—we discover another small line of opening through which runs Half-way creek, notable as the home (Holman) of Norwegians. The next bold heavy prominence is "King bluff." Still tracing on, we notice some queer looking rocks, lying on top of a ridge; then, the Twin points, the outer one the "Sugar Loaf," a most beautiful *cone mound* pointed with rock, and beckon to Black river valley, this side of which, is "Castle rock;" and to the left, a wide opening and a beautiful valley,—the central and main eastern gate—with branching valleys, extending east and northeast, all in front of you, down which flows the notable "Black river," appropriately named, from the natural blackness of its waters, and because it cuts and *divides* our *garden* through its center, and making a beautiful belt of timbered bottoms. As it nears the Mississippi, it forms a delta, one part turning to the

left, and running parallel to the Mississippi, forming that grand booming pond, and depot of lumbering at Onalaska; and then empties itself into the Mississippi at LaCrosse; thus inclosing, and forming French island, once the resort of counterfeiters.

As you glance up Black River valley, coming in from the right, is "Flemming's creek," or Lewis' valley, a fertile valley, in which is located the euphonious Mendora; those blue highlands, apparently at the head of the main valley is "Robinson's," or "Pine Hill," between Black River Falls and Sparta. This way to the left, that beautiful notch in the bluff is "Peacock Pass," and is just this side of North Bend, and though apparently so near, is some "twenty miles away." This heavy point, at the left of Black river, is "Heuston's Bluff," the next best point from which to view this valley garden. To the left and farther away, *look* at that *great rock*, big as a barn, topping out another cone. That is the veritable "Decora's Peak," named after that wonderful one-eyed chieftain, who, with a few of his brave and loyal band, lodged, occasionally in a cave in that rock; and from its high were enable to discover any game, or even an enemy within a large range. Once on a time, it is said, he discovered the prowling "Black Hawk," with his band of warriors, and ran to Prairie du Chien, ninety miles in one day, to inform the U. S. Government; and, then, helped to capture their enemy. A little farther to the left, and just across the garden from us wedged in a narrow opening, lies the village of Galesville, on Beaver creek,—a branch of Black river,—with its exquisitely beautiful lake, and bounding fish, its fine water power, health giving mineral springs, Galesville University and choice people. "Beautiful for situation" is Galesville, the joy of all its inhabitants, if not of all the earth. And "as the hills are round about Jerusalem," so are the hills, and vastly more magnificent ones, round about Galesville, and the scenery simply GRAND. Looking up Beaver creek valley, to the left, is Maughmer's bluff which affords a grand view; and still to the left, that dim mountain peak, pointed with rock and shrubs (in the direction of Blair, in

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Trempealeau valley,) is “Chapel Peak.” In the early settlement, by whites, of this region of country, two Methodist itinerants, A. B. Smith and Isaac Springer were following a dim wagon track, on their way to Galesville, which track passed along at the base of that peak; and they clambered to its top, and found there “The rock-formed pulpit” or altar, which had stood there for ages, into which they entered, and as they were both good singers, they sang,—to make the welkins ring, as there was nothing else thereto hear:—

On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! The sacred Herald stands,
Welcome news in Zion bearing
Zion *long* in *hostile* lands.

Still tracing the garden wall as we turn to the left, we face the “Big Tamarac” through an opening in the wall, a swamp of dense tamarac, one mile wide, and six miles long, bordered with belts and groves of oak, furnishing fencing and fuel for the upper end of the garden. Another turn and you are looking through “Whistler’s Pass,” another of “Nature’s highways” out of the garden; this leading through the Polander settlement into the Trempealeau Valley. Another turn and we mark the bluff outline and entrance into the garden—the third and last eastern gate,—of the Trempealeau river, crossing it at the upper end; and like Black river, it forms a delta, one part running down along side of the Mississippi, forming an island, on the lower end of which, is that wonderful “Mount Trempealeau,” a rocky cone covered with pine trees, where with the outlet of Trempealeau lake, it flows through a narrow opening between the mountain and crescent hanging garden—of which it forms a part—into the Mississippi river. Trempealeau Lake, at the head of the hanging garden, just back of the mountain, is a body, principally of spring water, and is one of the most notable fishing ponds known, attracting fishermen from far and near. “Trempealeau; surrounded, soaked,

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fertilized *with water*.” So expressive, so important to this region is the word, that the lake, the island, the mountain, the river, the county; the township, and the village are all named Trempealeau.

Another slight turn and we are looking into the closed up valley of the Mississippi,—on account of a bend in the river—which is the fourth and last river that enters, crosses, and waters this garden is on the west bank of which, at the upper end of our garden, right there, plainly before you, lies the charming bustling city of Winona,—associated with a thousand legends of Indian traditions,—with its tall water tower, its numerous lumber mills, churches, normal school, and enterprising people, stretching itself over a smooth and most lovely prairie. Vandal proprietors are devouring their “Sugar Loaf,” standing just back of the city, as well as quarrying down their native garden walls.

In our constant turning to the left, that string of white buildings below Winona, on the river's bank and pressed against the foot of the wall, is Homer, a quiet little ville.

In our western view we shall not see so many objects of interest; as not a river pierces the western wall, only a few little brooks, or trout harboring runs,—where they used to catch the speckled trout by the bushel, prominent among which is Cedar run, just, a little above us and Trout run directly opposite of us, on which is located the celebrated “Pick Wick” flouring mills—are all that indent or mar its smooth and even face. Then, everything appears to be so near by. The forms, and farm houses, in such multiplied variety, so plain in sight, just “Over there,” *outside* of the garden, rough and rugged, to where “Fallen Humanity” was driven. And we are getting tired of looking, so we make a rapid turn, glancing along the wall down over New Amsterdam and Holland settlement, to the point of commencement, and are looking into the closed-up valley, on account of another bend, in this mighty, mighty, Mississippi river, in its exit out of this *Garden of Eden*.

As we look down once more on this valley garden land,

with its little silver lakes, and shining streams, beautiful groves and undulating prairies, and try to peer into its future, we are completely overwhelmed with emotion, as we notice it is just *beginning* to be checkered up, by marks of intelligent human occupancy, as well as by the Indian tepee and wigwam. But the time of gardening is not yet. And here is room for hundreds of thousands of the fallen sons of God, to come and regain a home in this “Paradise on earth” to all such as have a Paradise within them.

Now, will any one believe us? “Come and see!” Dr. Warner and all. Take this description in your hand, read, and look, and like the “Queen of Sheba,” you will lose your “spirit of doubting,” and say: “It was a true report, though I believed it not, but now that mine eyes have seen it, the one half of its greatness was not told.” [18]

The scenery just outlined, is amazingly grand,
The work of the Deity, worthy his hand.

From our past observation, it is not so very strange to us, that individuals often pass along over important sections of earth with out noticing its beauty and its glory. Not that its flowers and its fruits are altogether hidden, but that they have become common place, or for lack of attention, on account of preoccupancy of the mind, are not noticed. Nor is it much wonder that individuals should reside right in the midst of the garden of Eden and not be aware of it; see many of its peculiar characteristics, and yet not recognize them; simply because they seem natural; were indeed natural; just as God made it; or, the results of natural growth and changes. It is perfectly plain from the Bible account, and *that* is our guide in this matter, that Eden was a country, and that a very important river crossed or ran through and watered that country, and because of its importance was named Euphrates.—the great river, a very common ancient method of naming things.—And that, “Eastward,” or on the eastward bank of that river, central

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in this Eden, at a certain point,—where three rivers joined the great river, the four entering, and crossing the garden, and only the great river running out of it,—was located the garden of Eden; *One* of the most desirable places for a human being to dwell. Conducive of human happiness: First, where there was a plenty of *good water*, for human uses, and to fertilize the land, also for fishes and fowls, and yet exempt from malarial diseases. And we ask, where can there be found another plat of earth, of the same size and surroundings, so abundantly watered, and with all the requisites for a garden, and yet so free from malaria, as is our garden of Eden. Second, far enough north to catch the dry, balmy, health inspiring atmosphere, and the pure water, the native home of the speckled trout, and yet the summer temperature of the mild temperate zone, a medium from which to send its inhabitants north and south. Third, exemption from the great terrors of mankind, earthquake and cyclone. While the mountains are far away “round about” our Eden, and the minerals in great abundance and variety are within and about it, yet so far removed are they from the garden, as entirely to exempt it from earthquakes; as these are confined to sea coasts, and gas producing regions. And as cyclones are supposed to be produced by the sun's rays,—as they never occur in the night,—and peculiar electric concentration, which requires uniformity of land, or region, and heat, and as our garden is sunk down into the earth to the depth of 500 feet, and in a line or direction, requiring a cyclone to cross it at right angles,—as their course is from the south of west, toward the north of east—and thus would have to leap the chasm, or loose its force in tumbling into it,—and such is the unevenness of the country around it as to lessen liability—for a cyclone is simply an electric wind storm, and not a thunder storm, and moves in a single cloud, and not spread abroad, and would be broken by an uneven country; find also on account of the evaporation arising from the “much water” of our garden, such an electric heated current could not well

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be formed across it; so we are naturally exempt from cyclone, as well as earthquakes, which must be a great relief of mind, and source of enjoyment to our residents. Yet from its size, and shallowness, we must still be subject to high and purifying winds, and rain storms. And as evaporation and consequently the conducting of electricity from the earth to the cloud regions, must go on more rapidly in our garden, on a hot day, because of its “much water,” so, doubtless, we shall always have our full quota of thunder storms. The rains, however, being generally, of the more steady and general character.

To the language of Bishop Foss in his article on Minnesota, just published in the *Christian Advocate*: “From my vantage ground of observation, near the center of the continent, I greet you and many of your readers on its distant rim;” we just wish to add, that our garden of Eden is bounded on the west by southern Minnesota, therefore central. Again, “My point of observation is lofty as well as central. Minnesota occupies the most elevated plateau between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson Bay, and forms the watershed of three great river systems of the central part of North America—the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the Red River of the North—its average elevation being just about 1,000 feet, the highest point 1,600 feet.” Again, “Concerning the climate, I condense the statement of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: Its elevation above sea-level gives an agreeable rarefaction to the atmosphere, and makes the prevalence of fogs and damp weather unknown. The comparative dryness of the atmosphere neutralizes the severest effect of excessive cold. The Smithsonian Chart assigns to Minnesota an average temperature for the hottest week in summer of from 85° to 90° and for the coldest week in winter from 10° to 20° below zero. The average annual rainfall is about 25½ inches. It is evident that the causes which mitigate the actual severity of the climate as felt, and so many clear days * * are those which render a climate healthful in the highest degree.” What is thus true of Minnesota, is pre-eminently so of

our Garden.

While there is in our garden nearly every grade of soil, from the sand blow-out, to the richest black muck, yet it is principally sandy loam, just the foundation, for a garden. Still it produces fairly all kinds of grain.

In our early settlement, over thirty years ago, Deacon Gilbert, raised, near Galesville, fifty-two bushels of wheat to the acre; and it was reported of some one raising 60. On a farm, located midway between the hanging garden and the opposite wall, purchased by D. O. VanSlyke from the government—as “Hopkins choice,” or the refuse vacant land, and last to be entered on the prairie, or entire upper end of the garden,—when, at its best, produced forty bushels of wheat to the acre. And as one forty was devoted to wheat, several crops were taken, averaging over 35 bushels to the acre; then gradually decreasing to the fifteenth crop, one having been of corn, and fourteen of wheat, without the application of any fertilizers whatever, when it produced only 18 bushels of No. 1 wheat to the acre. These facts came within my own observation, and are probably, above the average of the entire garden; as the assessors assessed this farm, for a number of years at nineteen dollars per acre, when it was offered for sale at fifteen dollars per acre. But Trempealeau Prairie has been notable for many years as the “Egypt” for corn producing. And we have no way of estimating what could be done in the line of gardening, for lack of a market, or capitalists to successfully enter competition. But as to the apple-tree, that appears to have been driven out with fallen man; and whether redeemed man can restore it, is a question, as it is not designed at present, for man to live on the spontaneous productions of the earth.

Of the scenery we have never tired. It is always fresh and enchanting. And such an inspiring feeling, of “this is my home!” “O what a delightful home!”

If any, who pass along at the base of Chappel Peak, on a clear day will take the foot path and ascend it to its top, its altitude

probably not 200 feet above them, they will have within easy range of the eye such a landscape scene, as but few upon earth ever have the privilege of looking; and one that will greatly enthuse an admirer of nature. And they will be apt to feel as well as to see the appropriateness of its name. If they can sing, or preach, they will want to join with those preachers, and sing, or preach to an assembled world, seated within the incircling walls. [23]

If you are at Galesville, ask some one to point out "Heuston's Bluff," you need no guide, only good walking muscles, pick your way, and tug on until you reach the top. Then, after taking a general look all around you, sit down and rest you. Now, take another general sweeping birds-eye view, all around, seeing everything in the aggregate; then rest awhile, and contemplate it.

Now you are, or ought to be, prepared to itemize, or to look attentively at particular objects; and if you have our description, it will greatly assist, as well as interest you. We believe that no grander garden valley scene exists on this beautiful earth. Therefore patiently wait, don't cease your viewing, or think of leaving the place in less than two hours; or until you fully realize the "inspiration" of this masterly scene; and we have no fears, if you are anything of an admirer of the magnificent in nature, but that you will thank us a thousand times for calling your attention to it.

That heavy bold front in the garden wall beyond the mouth of Black River is "King bluff" which is now easily distinguished as the central highest point in the eastern wall, and which is just opposite of "Queen bluff," the central highest point in the western wall of our garden, and said to be the highest land on the Mississippi river. Here, from Heuston's bluff, we have a better view of Black river, and its tributaries, than from our former place of observation. Now we stand as it were right over them, and can see to the "Northward and Eastward." "Alps on Alps arise;" Decora's Peak and Mound so plainly and beautifully near; then those most beautiful cone mountains, and Chapel Peak, up [24]

Beaver creek, points for beacon lights, and charmingly beautiful scenes looming up most conspicuously. We do say that you can find many grand valley and landscape scenes on the Mississippi, and its tributaries, and we do not wonder that good writers extol them,—should wonder if they did not,—but we further say that we have the Garden; and everything considered, not only the greatest, and grandest, and best, but the only spot on earth that answers the Bible description of that notable spot, or Garden of Eden.

Moritz Engel of Dresden-Newstadt, Germany, has written a book, an octavo of 207 pages, dated Adam's and Eve's day, December 1884, entitled: "The Solution of the Paradise Question." To a review of this book, President W. J. Warren of the Boston University, has devoted over a column in the *Christian Advocate* of Aug. 20, 1885. Engel claims to demolish, and doubtless does, the preceding "eighty nugatory attempts at a solution." And as anyone can see, Dr. Warren demolishes Engel's attempt to foist his riverless "Tartarian swale in the heart of the North Syrian desert," as the veritable Eden; in the lower end of which was his Garden, alternating between a pool or lake, caused by the rains, and filled by the torrents during the rainy season, and a dried up, parched, barren spot, drying up, "towards the end of May, or first of June; without a green thing,"—utterly uninhabitable,—and which Engel admits, "has always been so."

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The chief value of Engel's production, as well as Dr. Warren's North Pole Garden, is to show, (in Dr. Warren's own language.) "The imperishable interest of the Eden problem;" and to leave the subject entirely clear for me, and a calm consideration of the facts of the case as we find them. Dr. Warren, naturally, (as anyone who undertakes to do a thing and fails,) scouts the idea of anyone else doing it, or of a littoral four rivered; Garden of Eden. So have others who have failed to find it.

Engel puts in a claim of Divine inspiration directing him to the spot; and he writes with the positiveness and unreasonableness

of a crank. All the inspiration we claim, is the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and the adaptation and facsimile, or actual description of the spot, to the description given in the Bible, a Divinely inspired book, as our guide to it.

We are aware that we are living in an age of scientific speculation, of counterfeits, and humbugs. After misguided explorers have given up the search, in the Eastern Continent, a scientist, to show his skill, must throw a cloud on the possibility of finding a literal "four rivered spot," on earth, and gives us an ingenious unapproachable North Pole Garden. A crank gives us a volcanic "Tartarian," riverless desert as the *spot*, under a profession of Divine inspiration, A land speculator, must dress up a Florida malarial swamp as the place, to entice purchasers to his lands. Now, providentially, we are clear of all these objections. We do not have an unapproachable, frozen sea; or Tartarian volcanic region; or malarial swamp; or government, or company, lands to sell. Our Garden is principally owned by actual settlers. All the land I own, is a burial lot in the Galesville cemetery, and not for sale; and not many have money enough to purchase it. [26]

But we have an Eden that challenges your attention; and a Garden that will awaken your admiration. Come and see! Please notice the natural youthfulness of the region immediately around our Garden. Take about a hundred miles square,—of which our Garden is the centre,—and you will have some of the most charming mountain and valley scenery in the world, minus the mountains, or all in miniature, just such hills and valleys in which the youth most delight. A more appropriate region to surround the Garden we cannot conceive. While immediately outside of this region you enter upon a broad level country, principally prairie, of rich farming lands, indicating the next step in developed humanity, and the very beau ideal of an Eden; and as you go outward, the earth abounds in minerals, and in unlimited sources of wealth. Take a map of Palestine giving a birds-eye view of the

[27]

hills and valleys, of which Jerusalem is somewhat central, and you will have a fair representation or view of the region around our Garden, and see the force of the expression, “as the hills are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people,” and so are the hills round about our Garden.

[28]

Did you say as you looked down over our Garden valley, that this is too large a plat of ground for the Garden of Eden? Bless you! have you not considered that the Garden should be proportionate to the Land of Eden? Why, did you think that the Garden of Eden was only a half-acre garden patch, or small orchard? Read again your Bible on that subject. How could you get four rivers into it then, to water it, and one of them a “Euphrates” a wonderful great river? And is not the usual idea of a garden, a beautiful rich flat, or valley, like Lot's plain of Jordan? Please just think again, how God had created the whole earth for the habitation of the human family, and would he stint the allotment of the first pair? Did you think how long they lived, how many children they probably had, what a numerous family before the first pair died, numbering into the ten thousands? Did you ever give thought to the plan of settlement, of these children? Of the necessity of water thoroughfares, and the wisdom of God in locating them in some grand centre, as is this garden, in this central, wonderful water-shed in this Eden as already shown, comprising the great centre of this continent; and that when this garden should be well filled with inhabitants, by means of boats, and easy water conveyance, they could easily branch out and make settlements along the rivers? Can you grasp the mightiness of Jehovah's plan, in locating the first pair at the junction of so many rivers into one so great a river, and central to this Eden; thus naturally and easily to extend the settlements over so vast a region of excellent country, as this Eden—the greatest half of a continent,—and all this before the invention of wagon roads and railroads. Please give it wise thought, before deciding it so quickly.

Did you pugh! pugh! at the idea of the garden, and antediluvian settlements, being so far away from Mt. Ararat? An ingenious Yankee, F. H. Kribs, has figured that out long ago; that the ark would naturally go eastward, and would just about reach that mountain in the time it was floating; and that the current ran eastward is proven by the eastward direction of submerged antediluvian trees. Then, how natural that God should remove the redeemed ones far away from the scenes and remembrances of human corruption and abominations before the flood; and let him develop "up anew," in the midst of new scenes and surroundings, and, as it were, in a "new world," until the sufficient development of his being, to allow, by slow stages, to return him to the place of commencement. Did you ask what mean these mounds, or earthly representations of such a variety of living objects, so plentiful in and around this garden, and scattered throughout the country of Eden, on one of which we are now standing? There was science and durability in their construction. Did he say they were built by the mound-builders? Evidently; but who are the mound-builders? That is not in history or tradition. The first who came here after the flood, found the mounds here, and asked the question: who are the mound-builders? The mound-builders were silent. And every new comer and every generation have asked that question, but no one could answer. Naturally enough, "There was not one left to tell the tale." They had unwisely, and laboriously used their time, strength, and ingenuity, for unworthy objects and purposes, and not for the comfort, education, and moral development of humanity. They had added to their folly wickedness; "they had changed the truth of God into a lie;" had "served and worshiped the creature, (and dirt images) and not their Creator;" and God had blotted them out, while some of their earthworks remain.

[29]

Did a lawyer from this place, make a point in his plea before court at Whitehall, by declaring that I must be mistaken in my locality of the Garden of Eden, for lack of the presence of a

personal devil? In retort, I am compelled to say, that I was sent a missionary to this region, over thirty years ago, and that I found the devil, or his tools, then predominating in the M. E. society here; and when we tried to “turn the rascals out,” we found that he, or they, outnumbered us in influence and facilities, and turned the scale against us; and we have abundant facts to show that he has held his grip in that society “unto this day.”

Did that Witty Editor say that we could prove our proposition by Josh Billings' method; viz.: “that no one could prove that it was not the Garden of Eden?” Very good. But we can do better. We *can and have* proved it, on scientific principles. We give a law: “An hypothesis that explains all the phenomena, and contradicts every opposing hypothesis, is considered proof.” Now, our hypothesis, and exact description of the plat, explains the phenomena, answers perfectly the requirements; and, as it is admitted that no other known plat on earth does so, we claim the proof, and shall hold the ground until driven from it by a more successful discoverer. And we do not fear Dr. Warren as competitor, though he has also written a book; as he must first go, or get some one to go to the North pole and survey his garden before he can bring in his proof, (and that, doubtless, will let us out during the present generation) and without which proof we will laugh down his theory, and his book, the editor of the Christian Advocate to the contrary notwithstanding.

We have necessarily, given a very condensed statement, and discription, to meet, developed modern, as well as original modes of thinking, and to give the less developed ones an opportunity to study.

In giving the description of the Garden of Eden, does the Bible, there, or anywhere, say so, or is there any grounds to believe, or suppose that it was written or printed in legible imperishable characters, on the walls around, on the sky above, or on conspicuous places within the garden, “This is the Garden of Eden?” If not, what is our guide? Evidently not a Lo here,

or a Lo there, but the plain description, fairly interpreted, and the place that answers that description; and we have it. Now, the public press of La Crosse, and Winona, within the borders of our garden and who might be supposed to know the merit, or demerit of my claim, have not deigned to notice my articles on the Garden of Eden; so they cannot be accused of conspiring with me to mislead the public, to attract to their cities; or of having any faith in my discovery; and yet, I challenge any of them to show any material incorrectness of my description and statements. [31]

Once, when on a steamboat, coming up the Mississippi, through our garden, and standing forward, on the upper deck, near a well dressed gentleman, who was intently looking at and admiring scenery which had also attracted my attention, he turned suddenly, and excitedly said, "See! (pointing) O see, that most enchantingly lovely scene, there!" (as if he had never before seen its equal.) "There, if an artist should paint that, they would say, 'That is purely imaginary; the result of fancy'; but *there* is the foundation and excitement to his art; and no known artist can measure up to the reality." Perhaps neither of us will ever again see so enraptureing a scene of clouds, shades, lights and shadows, of bluff scenery,—and that means something here—of beautiful islands and forest trees, as was just then around us, and mirrored to us in that grand old looking-glass, on whose placid waters we were then floating. Being of like sympathy, I entered into conversation with him, when he kindly informed me, that, to gratify his passion for scenery, he had traveled extensively in the old world, or foreign countries, that he was now taking in the Mississippi River, and that this was the most beautiful and attractive river scenery he had ever seen in his life; and that it far surpassed anything they had seen in the old world. I have had several similar statements of noted travelers, enough, with what I have seen myself, to satisfy me of the truthfulness of my claim. I have taken several acknowledged eminent travelers to [32]

my first point of observation, (Healds Bluff) who invariably, like myself, evidently, labored, and failed for language adequately to express the overwhelming beauty and grandeur of this valley scene. Now, if ours is not the veritable original Garden of Eden, it is certainly easy of access, of increasing reputation and importance as a summer resort, and open to investigation, and we challenge the strictest inspection. Come and see! Come and see!

I am glad to learn from the Editor of the Independent that I am not the first one who has “located the old Bible ground in the Northwest;” would like very much to see the volume alluded to, “written fifty years ago,” treating that subject. Perhaps we might gain some information from one who had given it close intelligent thought, as well as some very desirable information on this somewhat mysterious subject. Mine was an entire new thought to me, suggested by the actual sight, viewing the garden from a point on the hanging garden, and studying it over and over during my residence here of over thirty years. And despite of my natural skepticism, I have become so impressed with the striking resemblance or exact likeness of this, to the Bible garden, as therein, described, and the immediate surroundings of this, to Palestine, (the type of the surrounding or original habitation of man) as to force me to admit the possibility, and to write out my convictions for the benefit of some one better informed, and to enable such a one to draw better conclusions.

[33]

When God formed the earth into a globe, and set it rolling to keep it so, and started it in its orbit around the sun, and the light of the sun first flashed upon it, producing the requisite light and motion, for marking time, then, with half in light and half in shade, as round the sun earth took its flight, time on earth began. The day, the month, the year. Chronological time commenced on the first day at high 12, and “The evening and the morning [ending on the second day at high 12, one complete diurnal revolution of the earth] was the first day.” And as man was the

only intelligent being placed on earth, capable of noting time, his residence was, evidently, on that central line. Our “long” river and garden of Eden, is exactly there, on the 90th meridian of central time, as laid down on our present time table maps for this continent.

As everything in creation was full and perfect, God wisely placed the earth in the summer solstice point of its orbit, and this continent facing the sun, so that when he placed man upon it, as to give him the benefit of harvest, and correct time, and all of which is proved by the change, God ordered, from original reckoning of time, when Israel left Egypt, Ex. 12, 2, “This month [Abib, the 7th month] shall be unto you the beginning of months, it shall be the first month of the year to you.” Thus changing the beginning of the year from mid-summer to mid-winter. The commencing of the reckoning of the day has also been changed [34] from mid-day to midnight. That the original first month, now the 7th month, was harvest time, is proved from Lev. 23, 9-39; and that the seasons, of summer and winter, were then as now, is also proven by Gen. 1, 14, and the history of the clothing of the first pair, first aprons, then skins and furs.

The names given to the rivers and places, in connection with the original habitation of man, were naturally washed out by the flood, or their recollection continued in names of similar places on the new continent. Then, is it not somewhat remarkable that, our garden valley is in the form of a beautiful dove, or bird of paradise; and so grandly walled in as to appear as a single valley, and have a hanging garden so situated that from its height, the whole valley, the rivers, and “much water” all in plain sight.

Is it not a little strange that the Holy Land should be the counterpart of the regions around our garden, only ours, geologically, a little older, and at present, at least, vastly superior in productiveness and desirability as a home; and that so many things, in connection with and in addition to, the exact Bible description of the garden of Eden, and of the Holy Land, point to

this place as the original garden; oldest, and best adapted place on earth for the commencement of human existence, and from which naturally to branch out, filling the Palestine around it; then, over the entire Eden as already described. Let me once more call your attention to the region immediately around our garden, of a section of which we have such a good view from this Heuston's Muff, of beautiful hills and valleys, similar in appearance and extent, to the land of Palestine; which was selected by the Creator as a representation of the habitation of man on earth, in its pristine glory; a beau ideal of a country, a paradise; a region of supreme felicity and delight; "A land flowing with milk and honey;" which means susceptibility of the highest earthly enjoyments, and figure of the world to come. Such a rough, youthful country, is not naturally subject to cyclones, and disastrous storms, "but of rains," and "green pastures;" not a land of malaria, but a land of health and happiness. Palestine was central to the habitable part of the eastern continent, and was thus, in connection with its other good qualities, selected for the residence of God's chosen people, and contained many of the mountains on which God appeared to man, a very interesting chapter in the history of that country. Then, the central location of Jerusalem, "the city of the great King;" "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion;" in which was built the Holy Temple—of which God himself was architect—with its Holy of Holies, where God met the High priest, and kept up, though somewhat broken, yet, for long periods, special communication with man, thus making it a holy and God honored spot. There the Jews used to point to a stone, set as they claimed, by some miraculous power, in the precise centre of the world. But whether this was so or not, the city was for a long time the centre of attraction of the world's commerce, and of the best form of religion.

"A land flowing with milk and honey." Yes, and that we have the place we hope to make appear by a few extracts from a speech delivered by T. D. Lewis, before the Wisconsin Dairymen's

Association, at Arcadia, Trempealeau County, Wisconsin, February, 1885, published by the Dairymen's Association. Mr. Lewis, not knowing of our garden and Palestine, spoke only in reference to what is beginning to be recognized, and well known facts in relation to the dairying interests of this region. Commencing on page 76: "As good, natural grasses and plenty of the right kind of water are the material requisites necessary to successful dairying or stock-growing generally, I propose to discuss in a brief manner, and for the first time, call the attention of the public to the peculiar quality of the soil in this section, and its adaptability for successful grass growing, especially clover, and of its action, through the grasses and water, in producing a superior quality of butter. * * * * It is now, I believe, generally conceded by all stock growers that there is no known plant grown that requires so small an outlay of labor and expense generally, and furnishes so great an amount of plant food of just the right kind for producing the best butter, cheese, and good, quickly fattened beef, as clover, where it can be grown with anything near success. * * * * * My attention was first attracted to this subject some eight or ten years ago, by noticing spots along the roads where clover had sprung up in small patches, in soil either wild, or but, at the most, partially subdued. I observed that it grew in the most luxuriant manner, and spread rapidly, did not winter kill; in fact, looked just as if it had come to stay. [37] I then began a thorough examination of the soil that I have not yet entirely completed, but have ascertained enough to warrant me in saying, that through the agency of the decomposition of an ancient stratum of rock, of which the most of our argillaceous clays are composed in this vicinity, I find we have a soil peculiarly adapted to the growth of clover. * * * * * What were the reasons, do you suppose, why the Arcadia creamery butter took the first, and the Alma creamery the second premium at the fair held at St. Louis last fall? This was from butter made in Arcadia the second, and in Alma the first season of their operation.

You could not believe, for a moment, that the butter makers employed in these two creameries were so much better than all the others that exhibited butter at that time, that this was the cause of obtaining the premiums? I find, also, that the Arcadia butter, when placed upon the Elgin market of Illinois, is considered superior to the other butter, in all the qualities that go to make up a first-class article, and that is the largest butter market, outside of Chicago, in the state. You would most certainly assign this cause to other and more correct reasons, and, by an investigation into the facts, would find it was produced through the effects of this peculiar chemical material, in its action through the grasses and water of this region. * * * *Any one looking on Prof. Owens' geological chart of his government survey of this state and Minnesota, will see a small area, colored and marked metamorphic shades. It is no great extent of territory, includes this and Buffalo county, and a portion of Jackson, and about as much in Minnesota. It has been badly cut up through the agencies of erosion, corrosion, and denudation, and probably one-fourth of this area is now composed of arenaceous valleys, practically inexhaustible." Clover fields, "flowing with milk and honey," how appropriate. A Wisconsin Dairyman took the first premium on butter at the Worlds fair, at Philadelphia, in 1876; at the World's Exposition at New Orleans, in 1880, in dairy products, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota stands at the head; and the head centre of which, when once developed, is our palestine. In cheese products, at New Orleans, out of 84 premiums, Wisconsin took 71, amounting to \$2,838. On butter, out of 69 premiums, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin took 54, amounting to \$3,364, thus leading the world.

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Thus who can predict the future greatness of our garden, and the region around it; naturally exempt from cyclone—which is beginning to be one of the great terrors of man-kind—as it would require a miracle to leap a cyclone from the top of our southwestern wall, down 600 feet, on to the broad Mississippi

river—and into a decidedly different atmosphere, the reason already given—and keep a whirling. Thirty years of observation has taught me, that small, single storms pass around us, and larger ones, often, divide, and, no matter how portentous they look, as did the one the other day—since the St Cloud cyclone—which, at first sight, approaching from the southwest, at the right time of day, and frightful blue black color, made the timid ones tremble: but on approaching the garden, it naturally divided, and passed around us, as usual; thus confirming our statement. [39]

Not being a believer in the speculative vague theories of modern geologists, I shall leave the discussion of the geological age of our garden to those wiseacres. But simply notice, that according to standard authorities, our hanging garden contains the veritable Potsdam sand stone of the primordial age. And my stone door step, taken from another strata, is a mass of Molusk shells of the tribe of Brachiopods—specimens of the earliest life on earth—the shells “less in size than a finger nail;” (see Dana's geology page 81) related to the modern *Lingula*; thus composing a *Lingula* flag, or *Lingula* sandstone, of which mine is a slab over 5 feet long, 2 feet wide and six inches thick, the finest specimen I have ever seen, and lies at my front door, free for inspection.

Thus, on the oldest continent, with an overwhelmingly rich, great, grand Eden; watered by the “Uphrates,” (long river) which, in itself, is superlative; and which, with its tributaries, waters a superlatively grand portion of the earth; and with its central garden, and surpassingly grand hanging gardens, which overtop, and as immeasurably transcend the hanging gardens of Babylon—which tourists travel thousands of miles to see—as does the Niagara Falls, a common creek mill pond, or as the works of nature transcend the works of art. And did not God know which was the longest river on earth, and which, with its tributaries, watered the grandest region of country on earth, Eden, when he said the garden was on it? [40]

When all these things shall be properly understood by the

public, who will not wish to come and see? Yes come and see!!
“Be not faithless, but believing,” come and see!! And now may
the King Eternal, banish the evil one from this place forever,
and build his promised “New Jerusalem” here, or to have an
extensive one within our Palestine.

ERRATA.

In preface, line 11, for antediluvians read postdiluvians.

On page 11, line 16, for 35 miles long etc., read 27 miles long and 9 miles through the centre; and the hanging garden in a similar form and geometrical proportions, 3 miles long and 1 mile through the centre.

On page 16, line 20, for is read and.

There are few minor mistakes which the reader can readily correct.

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