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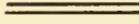
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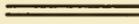




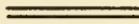
Early Milwaukee



Papers from the Archives of the
Old Settlers' Club of
Milwaukee County, *Volume 1*



Published by the Club



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Prefatory

The formal organization of the Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee County dates from July 5, 1869. There had been a tentative organization before that time and no fewer than eighty persons—possibly more—had taken part in it. It possessed a written constitution. This appears from the following call which was published in the newspapers prior to the date set forth above:

“Old Settlers' Club.—There will be a meeting of the Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee County, at the Court House, on Monday, July 5, 1869, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing officers and completing the organization of the club. All who have signed the constitution, and all others who settled in Milwaukee County previous to January, 1839, and desire to join the club, are requested to be present.”

To this call were appended fourteen signatures, followed by the words “and sixty-six others.” The fourteen were men still well remembered by the older residents of Milwaukee—Samuel Brown, Eliphalet Cramer, S. Pettibone, Harrison Ludington, Elisha Starr, J. A. Noonan, D. A. J. Upham, W. A. Prentiss, Fred Wardner, Levi Blossom, Horace Chase, George A. Trayser, Cyrus Hawley and Richard L. Edwards. The Court House in which they met was not the present building, but the historic structure on the same site, described in “McLeod's History of Wisconsin” as “a large and spacious building of finished workmanship,” “built by Mr. Juneau in 1836, at a cost of six thousand dollars, which he gave to the county as a present, with two and a half acres of land.” Adjoining it on the east was the old county jail, the scene in 1854 of the Glover rescue, one of the conspicuous incidents illustrating the conflict of sentiment on the subject of slavery which brought on the Civil War.

At the meeting in the old Court House Judge Andrew Galbraith Miller presided, and Fenimore Cooper Pomeroy acted as secretary, and the organization of the Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee County was perfected. Its object, as set forth in the preamble to its constitution, was the reviving of old associations and the renew-

ing of the ties of former years. Under the constitution which it adopted any person of good moral character who had settled in Milwaukee County, as organized before January 1st, 1839, might become a member of the club by signing the constitution and paying the initiation fee and the annual dues.

Milwaukee County as organized before the 1st of January, 1839, comprised an expanse of territory which by comparison would make European principalities look small. The name was first used to describe a political division in 1834, two years before the erection of the territory of Wisconsin, and when what is now Wisconsin was part of the territory of Michigan. On September 6th of that year the Michigan territorial Legislature passed "an act to establish the Counties of Brown and Iowa, and to lay off the County of Milwaukee." The County of Milwaukee created by the act extended from the northern boundary of Illinois to about the present north line of Washington County, and west to a line that would include what are now known as Madison and Portage City.

Under this constitution the club flourished until 1881, the original organization of old settlers and pioneers, the only association of Milwaukeeans with the object of preserving the associations, the memories and the traditions of old Milwaukee. In that year it adopted an amendment to its constitution, with the object of making the organization perpetual. The resolution proposing this amendment was as follows:

"Resolved, That all male descendants of those who settled in Milwaukee County prior to January 1, 1843, of good moral character, upon attaining the age of 21 years and complying with the conditions of this constitution, shall be eligible to membership upon the recommendation of the executive committee."

Nearly coincident with this expansion of the scope of the Old Settlers' Club was the institution of another organization identified with the preservation of old associations pertaining to the settlement of Milwaukee—the Early Pioneer Association of Milwaukee County. This organization confined its standard of eligibility to male persons who had reached the age of fifty years prior to January 1, 1879, and were of good standing in the community and who had become residents of Milwaukee

County previous to January 1, 1844. A large number of the members of the Old Settlers' Club became members of the Pioneer Association. The membership of the Old Settlers' Club was for several years considerably reduced. But the spirit of the Old Settlers' Club was preserved in the Pioneer Association, and the Old Settlers' Club continued to exist. Moreover, a resolution of the Pioneer Association, adopted on January 1, 1880, the date of its organization, provided that its members should wear the badge of the Old Settlers' Club. The two organizations held their annual banquets together for several years—"twin cherries on a single stem." Their objects were identical, the only difference was in respect to the requirements for membership—the Pioneers restricted their membership to pioneers, and the time would arrive when an association of pioneers must become extinct. The Old Settlers aimed for perpetuity. They had planned an organization that should last as long as Milwaukee lasts, and that should carry on from generation to generation the traditions and memories which bind old Milwaukeeans together, and stimulate civic pride and incite civic patriotism.

From 1882 to 1889, inclusive, the annual banquets of the Old Settlers' Club and the Pioneer Association were held jointly, and the names of members of the respective organizations were printed on the menu cards. From the menu card for the banquet of February 22, 1882, it appears that the membership of the Old Settlers' Club had shriveled to fourteen, while the Pioneer Association at that time had fifty-two members. The number of living members of each of the clubs whose names were printed on succeeding banquet menu cards were as follows:

	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889
Old Settlers	19	30	32	38	47	83	82
Pioneers	57	54	54	51	44	33	43

That the life of the Old Settlers' Club at one time seemed to tremble in the balance may be inferred from a newspaper report of the annual meeting of 1887, which states that Peter Van Vechten said he hoped the movement threatening to disorganize the Old Settlers' Club would not succeed, and that John A. Dadd said he hoped the term of residence making persons eligible as Old Settlers would be shortened to twenty-five years. "After some discussion,"

the report states, "a committee consisting of John G. Ogden, W. B. Miller and John A. Dadd was appointed to revise the constitution of the Old Settlers' Club." The incorporation of the Old Settlers' Club was effected on the 19th of September, 1887. The membership of the club has approximated five hundred for a number of years.

The rooms of the Old Settlers' Club, which since 1891 have been in the Loan and Trust building, contain an interesting and valuable collection of books, pictures and relics pertaining to the history of Milwaukee. Numerous additions have been made since the publication of the catalogue compiled by M. A. Boardman in 1895. Very useful for reference are the file of city directories and the collections of scrap books presented by James A. Buck and Peter Van Vechten, Jr. The Van Vechten scrap books are rich in biographical material relating to Milwaukee old settlers, and the information which they contain is made easily accessible by carefully compiled indexes. The pictures include photographs, paintings and prints of old-time Milwaukee buildings and several hundred portraits. The relics are of a wide variety, many of them vividly recalling the cruder conditions of living in former days.

The club rooms are open on week days, furnishing an agreeable place of resort for members. They are also the scene of the stated monthly meetings and the annual New Year's reception. At the New Year's reception of 1912 a committee, of which Jeremiah Quin was chairman and spokesman, presented a testimonial address to Frederick Layton, thanking him, in the name of the people of Milwaukee, for the Layton Art Gallery and the Layton Hospital for Incurables, erected and endowed by his generosity. The proceedings at this meeting were recorded by means of the phonograph and are preserved in the archives of the club, so that at some distant time it may be possible for later residents of Milwaukee to hear the voices of old settlers who expressed themselves on that occasion.

The annual banquets of the Old Settlers' Club have been given on Washington's Birthday since 1879. They have been held at different times at the Newhall House, the Kirby House, the Pfister Hotel, the Hotel Wisconsin, and the Plankinton House. These banquets have been the occasions of many noteworthy addresses and

have left a long train of pleasant memories. Another social feature of yearly occurrence is the annual basket picnic of Old Settlers and their families on the grounds of the National Soldiers' Home.

The Old Settlers' Club has been interested in the marking of historic sites by suitable tablets. It contributed to the erection of the memorial log cabin near the site of the old Jacques Vieau residence in Mitchell Park, which is not far from where the old Chicago and Green Bay trail crossed the Menomonee river. With the generous assistance of George W. Ogden it was instrumental in procuring the memorial recently erected for Professor I. A. Lapham in Lapham Park. Bronze tablets which it has affixed are located as follows: On the Milwaukee County court house, Jackson street, noting the sites of the old jail and court house; on the Pabst building, marking the site of the first house on the east side of the river, built by Solomon Juneau; on the Uihlein building, East Water street near Michigan, marking the birthplace of the first white child born in Milwaukee; on the First National Bank building, marking the birthplace of Milwaukee's first white boy.

Following is a list of the officers of the Old Settlers' Club for every year since its organization:

1869.

President, Horace Chase; vice-presidents, Samuel Brown, George Bowman and Enoch Chase; secretary, Fenimore C. Pomeroy; treasurer, Clark Shephardson.

1870.

President, Samuel Brown; vice-presidents, George Bowman, Enoch Chase and William A. Prentiss; secretary, Fenimore C. Pomeroy; treasurer, Fred Wardner; marshal, James S. Buck.

1871.

President, Enoch Chase; vice-presidents, Henry Miller, George Bowman and William A. Prentiss; secretary, John M. Miller; treasurer, Frederick Wardner; marshal, James S. Buck.

1872.

President, Andrew G. Miller; vice-presidents, William A. Prentiss, John Crawford and George Abert; secretary, John M. Miller; treasurer, Fred Wardner; marshal, James S. Buck.

1873.

President, Andrew G. Miller ; vice-presidents, William A. Prentiss, John Crawford and George Abert ; secretary, John M. Miller ; treasurer, George Bowman ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1874.

President, Increase A. Lapham ; vice-presidents, Hiram Haertel, Morgan L. Burdick and Robert Davies ; secretary, John M. Miller ; treasurer, George Bowman ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1875.

President, William A. Prentiss ; vice-presidents, John Furlong, Giles A. Waite and Abner Kirby ; secretary, John M. Miller ; treasurer, George J. Rogers ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1876.

President, Daniel Wells, Jr. ; vice-presidents, George Abert, Matthew Keenan and L. H. Lane ; secretary, John M. Miller ; treasurer, George J. Rogers ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1877.

President, Don A. J. Upham ; vice-presidents, Morgan L. Burdick, Herman Haertel and John Dahlman ; secretary, John M. Miller ; treasurer, George J. Rogers ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1878.

President, Morgan L. Burdick ; vice-presidents, Rufus Cheney, George Abert, Uriel B. Smith ; secretary and treasurer, John M. Miller ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1879.

President, William P. Merrill ; vice-presidents, Rufus Cheney, George Abert and Uriel B. Smith ; secretary and treasurer, John M. Miller ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1880.

President, William A. Prentiss ; vice-presidents, John H. Tweedy and William P. Merrill ; secretary and treasurer, John M. Miller ; marshal, James S. Buck.

1881.

President, Daniel W. Fowler; vice-presidents, T. H. Brown, T. H. Smith and George Abert; secretary and treasurer, Charles D. Simonds; marshal, James S. Buck.

1882.

President, George H. Chase; vice-president, George A. Abert; secretary and treasurer, Charles D. Simonds; marshal, James S. Buck.

1883.

President, Tully H. Smith; vice-presidents, Thomas H. Brown, George A. Abert, M. A. Boardman; secretary and treasurer, C. D. Simonds; marshal, James S. Buck.

1884.*

1885.*

1886.*

1887.

President, M. A. Boardman; vice-presidents, J. A. Dadd and Hugo von Broich; secretary and treasurer, C. D. Simonds; marshal, James S. Buck.

1888.

President, John A. Dadd; first vice-president, Hugo von Broich second vice-president, C. A. Place; secretary and treasurer, James M. Pereles.

1889.

President, John A. Dadd; vice-presidents, C. A. Place and Hugo von Broich; secretary and treasurer, James M. Pereles.

1890.

President, John A. Dadd; vice-presidents, N. Masson, M. Bodden; secretary and treasurer, George H. D. Johnson; marshal, W. H. Wallis.

*Records missing.

1891.

President, Ninian Masson; first vice-president, John B. Merrill; second vice-president, John Black; secretary and treasurer, Henry M. Ogden; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1892.

President, Ninian Masson; first vice-president, Peter Van Vechten, Jr.; second vice-president, Daniel W. Fowler; secretary and treasurer, Henry M. Ogden; marshal, Morillo A. Boardman.

1893.

President, Ninian Masson; first vice-president, Peter Van Vechten, Jr., second vice-president, Daniel W. Fowler; secretary and treasurer, Henry M. Ogden; marshal, Morillo A. Boardman.

1894.

President, Ninian Masson; first vice-president, David Adler; second vice-president, F. Y. Horning; secretary and treasurer, F. W. Sivyver; marshal, Morillo A. Boardman.

1895.

President, Peter Van Vechten, Jr.; first vice-president, D. W. Fowler; second vice-president, W. M. Brigham; secretary and treasurer, Frederick W. Sivyver; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1896.

President, Peter Van Vechten, Jr.; first vice-president, Joshua Stark; second vice-president, W. M. Brigham; secretary and treasurer, George W. Lee; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1897.

President, Joshua Stark; first vice-president, W. M. Brigham; second vice-president, John Black; secretary and treasurer, George W. Lee; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1898.

President, Joshua Stark; first vice-president, W. M. Brigham; second vice-president, John Black; secretary and treasurer, George W. Lee; marshal, M. A. Boardman; historian, Henry W. Bleyer.

1899.

President, A. G. Weissert; first vice-president, J. M. Pereles; second vice president, George W. Ogden; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1900.

President, A. G. Weissert; first vice-president, J. M. Pereles; second vice-president, George W. Ogden; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1901.

President, J. M. Pereles; first vice-president, George W. Ogden; second vice-president, Jeremiah Quin; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer, marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1902.

President, J. M. Pereles; first vice-president, George W. Ogden; second vice-president, Jeremiah Quin; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1903.

President, George W. Ogden; first vice-president, Jeremiah Quin; second vice-president, Gerry W. Hazelton; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1904.

President, Jeremiah Quin; first vice-president, G. W. Hazelton; second vice-president, E. B. Simpson; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1905.

President, Gerry W. Hazelton; first vice-president, E. B. Simpson; second vice-president, F. W. Sivyer; secretary and treasurer, A. G. Wright; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1906.

President, Edward B. Simpson; first vice-president, William George Bruce; second vice-president, George W. Lee; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal M. A. Boardman.

1907.

President, William George Bruce; first vice-president, Julius Wechselberg; second vice-president, John H. Kopmeier; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1908.

President, Julius Wechselberg; first vice-president, John H. Kopmeier; second vice-president, James A. Bryden; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1909.

President, John H. Kopmeier; first vice-president, James A. Bryden; second vice-president, E. P. Matthews; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1910.

President, James A. Bryden; first vice-president, John G. Gregory; second vice-president, Fred Scheiber; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1911.

President, John G. Gregory; first vice-president, Fred Scheiber; second vice-president, Frank P. Wilbur; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1912.

President, Fred Scheiber; first vice-president, Frank P. Wilbur; second vice-president, Simon Kander; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1913.

President, Frank P. Wilbur; first vice-president, Simon Kander; second vice-president, George W. Lee; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1914.

President, Simon Kander; first vice-president, George W. Lee; second vice-president, F. C. Winkler; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1915.

President, George W. Lee; first vice-president, Lawrence W. Halsey; second vice-president, Charles W. Norris; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

1916.

President, L. W. Halsey; first vice-president, C. W. Norris; second vice-president, Henry Fink; secretary and treasurer, George W. Young; historian, Henry W. Bleyer; marshal, M. A. Boardman.

This book, compiled by a committee of the club appointed for the purpose, presents a selection of papers, bearing upon the history of Milwaukee. The originals of these papers, with many others of similar character, are preserved in the archives of the club.

JOHN G. GREGORY,

HENRY W. BLEYER,

GEORGE W. YOUNG,

GEORGE RICHARDSON,

Committee.

Here is appended a memorandum which was handed to the special committee by the late T. J. Pereles:

OUR CLUB PRIOR TO INCORPORATION:—Several of our older members were persuaded by the old fire marshal and historian, the late James S. Buck, to become members of the Old Settlers' Club. The Club at that time was not incorporated, but it was part and parcel of the old Pioneers' Club, which was composed of those sturdy Milwaukeeans who did much in building up, and through their own actions, promoting the welfare of the "Cream City of the West." They met annually on Washington's Birthday to join in a dinner and relate their personal experiences of early hardships, privations and the comforts of life,—how they built for themselves and their small families a comfortable early home and partook of the rights of citizenship and in the upbuilding of this city, so that those who might come after them would enjoy all of the pleasures of what we today call "civic pride." At no time, in the relating of these early hardships, was the important part taken by the wife of the pioneer overlooked to be commented on. At these annual dinners there were invited the members of the Old Settlers' Club, composed of the sons of those pioneers and those early residents who came here later. These meetings were harmonious and most pleasant, and did much to inspire the younger element with a greater desire to help in building up our then small city and making its existence more conspicuous upon our State map. We, of the Old Settlers' Club, would look forward to these gatherings, they became a fixed custom,—when, on a certain evening in July, 1887, without prior notice or intimation, we were very plainly informed that our presence at the Pioneer meetings would no longer be permitted. The suddenness of this notice,—unexpectedly to those present,—was such a surprise that it took us some moments to recover. We immediately retired to Parlor A. of the Plankinton House, and discovered that we had no legal rights and no cause to complain of such peremptory informality. At that gathering there were present Daniel W. Fowler, M. A. Boardman, Charles D. Simonds, George W. Ogden, my brother James M. Pereles, Dr. John A. Dadd, William B. Miller, Hugo von Broich, John G. Ogden, and your humble self. Two of the members thought

consensus of opinion was in favor of a permanent organization, incorporated under the laws of our State, and one that would live to become a factor in making and preserving the local history of our city. My brother suggested that he be given an opportunity and he would within two weeks secure a membership that would insure life to the organization. We held several conferences or meetings, which to a certain extent, had resolved itself, without intention, into a little debating society, and it was one of the humorous occasions when our genial old friend, Dr. Dadd, would propose or make a suggestion to become part of the object of our Club, to immediately hear his neighbor, William B. Miller, express in logical argument his opposition to the same.

The Club was incorporated on the 19th of September, 1887, and it was a pleasure to the few of us who met at the first informal gathering, to notice that among those desiring membership were many of the members of the then Pioneers' Club. The record of the names, the copy of the Incorporation, and the By-Laws, you will find in the Minute Book of the first Secretary, kept by my brother. Our first President was Dr. John A. Dadd, the pioneer druggist; our first Vice President was Hugo von Broich, the pioneer photographer and artist; the second Vice President, C. A. Place, who was, I believe, the first paymaster of the old Milwaukee Road; Secretary and Treasurer, James M. Pereles; and our first Marshal was James S. Buck. The executive committee was composed of John G. Ogden, our present Marshal M. A. Boardman, and Thomas P. Collingbourne, and from that time on, the Club grew not only in numbers but in sociability, and took the front rank as a historical club; and we did more, we invited for many years, the Pioneers Club to join with us on the evening of Washington's Birthday to celebrate that great historical day. Regular monthly meetings were held, and at each occasion, a paper on some early Milwaukee topic, was read by one of the members. The Club, that we have today, is the one that was then incorporated.

Of the organizers of the Club, the survivors are our uncle Peter Van Vechten, Jr., George W. Ogden, and myself.

We have never had any cause to regret; on the contrary, we have always been proud of our Club, and we still hope that some day in the near future, we may have a home owned by the Club, in which all of the pleasures of companionship and membership may be enjoyed to the fullest extent, and to which many more of the early historical relics can be added.

T. J. PERELES.

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Early Settlers

Paper Read by Peter Johnston Sept. 6th, 1897.

Henry Legler, in his excellent "Story of the State," gives a partial history of some of the early pioneers of Wisconsin from the Seventeenth to the Nineteenth Century. But they were not settlers in the proper sense of the term. They were exploring adventurers and agents and employees of various fur companies of Canada and the United States and were sent by them to trade with the Indians for furs and peltries. And they had no desire or intention of opening the country to permanent settlement or to civilization. In fact it was their intent and aim to keep as far from that as possible. because the fewer the settlers the more Indians and the more furs and better trade and larger profits.

By treaty with the Indians at Chicago in 1833 they ceded to the government the title to their lands in the State, excepting some reservations to which they could retire and live more closely and sociably together and where the Great Father at Washington could look after them and care for them until they became extinct or nearly so—as at present.

It was not till 1834 that lands were surveyed and opened to settlers, and the first land sale was at Mineral Point in 1834. The population of the state was only 4,795. and it was scattered at a few places, the lead mines and trading posts along the rivers and at Green Bay.

In June 1835, the first steamboat landed at Milwaukee and from that time we may date the first waves of immigration that during the succeeding quarter of the Century rolled on these shores. I think it is James Fenimore Cooper, who in a couplet introductory to his novel of the Pioneers describes the situation at that time very well:

I hear the tread of Pioneers,
A mighty Nation yet to be,
The first lone waves upon the Shore,
Where soon shall roll a human Sea.

In 1836 eight hundred and seventy-eight thousand acres of land had been sold to settlers and speculators. But the waves of immigration did not assume large proportions till after 1840. At that

date the population of the State was only 31,000. In 1846 it was 155,000, in 1850 it was 305,000, in 1855 it was 552,000, and in 1860 it was 776,000. In the early forties the advice of Horace Greeley to "Go West Young Man Go West" began to be heeded. And the tide of immigration to Wisconsin increased from year to year till it assumed vast proportions and the state was being settled rapidly with an enterprising and industrious population. I speak first of the foreign immigration. From what countries did it come and who and what were they as a class? They came from the best and most intelligent nations of Europe. Probably the greatest number were those speaking the German language. Germans, Austrians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Belgians and Hollanders. Scandinavians from Denmark, Sweden and Norway, English, Scotch and Irish from the British Isles. Some from Switzerland and France. And a few from some countries not mentioned.

In most of those nations education of the masses is general and very few of the immigrants were without some education in their own language.

There were few old people. They were from middle age to younger, married and single, young men and maidens and children. They were intelligent, enterprising and industrious. None were paupers or tramps. They intended to better their fortunes in Wisconsin by honest industry. They were of all trades and proficient farmers, mechanics, lawyers, teachers and preachers, merchants and sailors. No better class ever settled a new state. Webster says that an immigrant is one who moves from one country to another or from one state to another in the same country. I call the latter domestic immigration. There was a great tide of immigration from the Eastern states during those years. They came largely from New England and the empire state, some from Pennsylvania and from Canada. They were from the best families and blood of those states, descendants of pilgrims and Revolutionary ancestors. They came west for room to expand and grow up with the country. It is of no use to tell you what they did here. Their work speaks for them.

There is another class of early settlers who were not immigrants that came here during those years. They were very few in number at first, but they increased to many thousands as the years

rolled on, and I give in illustration of the class the early history of our friend Capt. J. V. Quarles, as told by himself at the banquet of the Old Settlers' Club in February, 1896. As near as I remember he said in part:

"I came here in 1843. I was a very small boy and I came alone. I was a stranger and I had no money, and no clothes to mention. A kind family took me and cared for me. They were farmers and I helped on the farm. I did some milking and I raised much provisions—with a spoon. They were good to me and sent me to school and educated me to be a lawyer."

I hope that others of his class had a different fate. But I don't know. I do know lawyers are very plenty.

In 1861 when our Southern brethren attempted to destroy this nation and commenced war against it, no state responded more quickly to the president's call for troops than did Wisconsin, and no better or braver men ever followed the flag than Wisconsin soldiers. And no state lost more men, killed, wounded and by the accidents of war, in proportion to their number than Wisconsin. Her soldiers were nearly all early settlers of native and foreign birth, and their sons who were old enough to go to war. There was no difference in the ranks. All were Americans.

In illustration of the loyalty of foreign born citizens to the country, I will relate one instance—and to me it is a sad memory and the example is not extreme—there were thousands of similar cases. When the war commenced in 1861 I had four brothers, native born Scotchmen and adopted citizens of Wisconsin. Three of them enlisted in the early regiments and one later. Two of them returned when the war ended and two were killed in battle and sleep where they fell in unknown graves in Tennessee and Virginia. Could any men do more for their country?

It is generally supposed that settlers suffered many hardships during early years, but I doubt if they were aware of them to any great extent. It is true they worked hard, but they were able and willing to work and did not count it hardship. They had plenty of good plain food and did not suffer hunger—good warm clothing and did not suffer cold. They had few luxuries for the table because they were not to be had and few fine clothes for the same rea-

son. But they were contented with what they could get and did not consider it any hardship. Many of them came from large cities and densely populated districts where a struggle for existence was their only prospect in future. But here they had a feeling of freedom and independence and assurance of future welfare that was new to them, and more than balanced any privation or hardships they might encounter. But they suffered some privations incident to a new country. Markets were few and distant, roads were bad, schools and churches were few and often far away, and in sickness or accidents, medical aid might be hard to get. Farming tools and machinery were crude but no better were in use anywhere. The strong arm of the farmer scattered the seeds, the scythe and grain cradle were mowers and self-binders and the flail and old horse-power thresher prepared the grain for use.

To be fashionable did not trouble them very much. Men were fashionable in satinget, jeans or hard times, ladies in alpaca, delaines or calicos. There were no high hat laws and their heads were level. Boys and girls were not yet masters and misses, and the new woman was not yet invented. The old woman was perfectly satisfactory, and divorce courts were a luxury reserved for the present generation. They took their pleasure rides on the old buckboard or spring wagons or by Foot and Walker's line in place of bicycle, phaeton or electric car.

Money was scarce and hard to get. Gold and silver were at par, but 16 to 1, they had none of it. But an order on the store was just as good and easier to get. In fact they were not aware how much they were suffering and where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

The early settlers found Wisconsin a wilderness. They made it a cultivated, beautiful and prosperous state. They created state and local governments; they enacted wise, just and liberal laws; they founded public schools and the higher institutions of learning; they built hospitals and asylums for the insane and other unfortunates, churches for the good and prisons for the bad. And all that has been added in later years is built on the foundations laid by them, and to them belongs the credit of the state.

At the close of the Civil War in 1865 the population of the state was about 900,000. By immigration and natural increase it

has more than doubled and also doubled in wealth, commerce and production. All the early settlers now living are indeed Old Settlers, and a younger generation of men must guide the Ship of State.

May they be as wise, prudent and honest as their Fathers were, and guide her in the safe channel of equal rights and justice to all, and all will be well with the State.

In the 'Thirties

Paper read by C. H. White at Old Settlers' Picnic, Aug. 18, 1898.

You may be unable to reconcile my age which is twenty-seven with these reminiscences of the early days, still I was quite a chunk of a boy when I came to Wisconsin in 1836 during John I. Rockwell and S. V. R. Ableman's terms of office as United States Marshal, for I was deputy under each of these officers during the exciting trial of Sherman M. Booth. I had charge of the jury, and I think Booth and myself are the only parties living who figured in that trial.

My father, Peter White, Sr., emigrated from Rome, New York, in May 1835 to Green Bay, Wisconsin. He established a store and returned in the fall to spend the winter in Rome. The following May he set sail again with his oldest son—your humble servant.

That year the ice proved very severe on boats bound for the upper lakes. We lay in sight of Buffalo two weeks, not able to move, on account of being locked in fields of ice, extending as far as the eye could see.

The middle of June on Sunday morning, we anchored at the point where now lies the City of Green Bay—being the first boat of the season, every inhabitant that was in sight of the Bay or in hearing of church bells was on the dock to receive us.

The Indians outnumbered the whites by hundreds. My first visit to Milwaukee was in the summer of 1838. I drove a team and took Andrew J. Vieau and family from Green Bay to Milwaukee. Vieau was a brother-in-law of Solomon Juneau—who lived in a log house situated about where the Marine Bank now stands. All I can recall of Vieau's family is that he had a lumber wagon full of children!

One year later I visited Milwaukee and took refuge in the Cottage Inn—kept by R. P. Harrison and George Vail, it was located on East Water street. On this occasion I took a load of fresh whitefish for speculation. Left the Bay with a whole ton of fresh shining fish, a brand new sleigh, a span of good horses and plenty of courage.

The snow gradually melted from day to day until I reached Summit. There I ran into a rain storm, I was obliged to hire a wagon of a brother of H. N. Wells, who at that time was one of Milwaukee's noted lawyers. After a drag of 30 miles from Summit to Milwaukee through the rain and mud, I made a desperate effort to sell my fish; frozen and thawed fish do not present a very inviting or appetizing appearance.

After driving from house to house for three hours, and making but one sale, I became thoroughly convinced it was only "fisherman's luck," and in desperation I drove down to the river, cut a hole in the ice and dumped the load, then started on my return trip. Paid Mr. Wells 10 dollars for the use of his wagon, left my new sleigh and double harness in his care, rented a dilapidated saddle and started for Green Bay—with the firm resolve that if Milwaukee folks wanted fish they would, as far as I was concerned, be obliged to come to Green Bay for them. When I reached home I found it necessary to employ a veterinary surgeon to cure the damage the old saddle was accountable for. The surgeon charged me \$15. The horse died within two weeks. The sleigh and harness have never been heard from to this day.

Ton of fish.....	\$ 60.00
Sleigh \$30.00, harness, \$25.00	55.00
Use of wagon.....	10.00
Surgeon	15.00
Dead horse	125.00
Expenses on road	30.00

\$295.00

All for the fun of lugging dead fish to this, then, benighted town.

My next visit to Milwaukee was when the Hotel, called Milwaukee House, stood on the summit of the city. I was sent by an uncle, who was a farmer, a hotel keeper and preacher. He lived on the edge of Calumet Prairie, 12 miles north of Fond du Lac. He was an extensive breeder of hogs and sent me with one of his sons to purchase a drove. He had a breed that was called Caseknife or Razorback. They would devour their weight in grain daily and not increase in weight. They would jump a six rail fence or lie down and squeeze between the rail, a space of about three inches.

For some reason we started home without purchasing the drove. Some man who was a guest of the Milwaukee House at that time, advised us to try the Indian trail leading to Fond du Lac, he said we would save fifty miles that way. We started, sixteen miles out of the city we passed the last house, we rode until night overtook us and concluded to camp; we were without food for our horses or ourselves; we gathered brush for the horses and sat by a fire until daylight. During the night we were sure we saw and heard at least a thousand wolves. It was in October, the leaves had filled the trail so it was difficult to trace it, when the morning came, the trail was utterly obliterated. To make the story short, the night of the 3rd day, we found ourselves back at the sixteen mile house out of Milwaukee, nearly famished; during the time we were lost, if it had been possible to have gotten our clutches on one of those wolves, we felt equal to devouring it.

We concluded that the "furtherest way round was the nearest way home," and went via Watertown.

I took the contract for carrying the mail between Milwaukee and Green Bay that was carried otherwise than on a man's back in a mud wagon. I was allowed six days for making the trip. At that time postage on one letter was 25 cents. The trip is made in as many hours now.

Pioneer Land Speculation in Milwaukee

Paper by Silas Chapman, Read Before the Old Settlers' Club,
Dec. 5, 1893.

For some time previous to the year 1836, money, or what is sometimes called money, the bills of banks of issue, was very abundant. Speculation ran rampant, prices of everything went upward, and this speculation culminated in 1836 by platting and throwing on the market lots, not only in cities and villages, but on mountain tops and under water. It mattered not where the real estate was, it became real to the speculator, and his credit, if not his money, was invested in it. It was supposed to be a fact that lots were platted and sold that were then, and are to this day under water. It was nearly true of lots in Milwaukee. As a take off it was gravely announced one morning in a New York paper that two paupers had escaped from a county asylum, and before they could be recaptured, each had made \$40,000 by speculating in lots.

The land where our city now is had just been surveyed, and was an enticing field for speculation. The place was outside of civilization and only reached by tramp boats on the lake. The land was platted, the plats booked well on the map, and the maps were ready. All the present Seventh, Third and Fifth and parts of the Fourth, Second and Sixth wards were platted, and ready for sale. In all nearly 5,000 lots were in the market.

It mattered very little to the original settler or buyer where the great city of the future was to be, if, indeed, he concerned himself about the future. Only the owners of the south part of the Fifth ward named their plat "Milwaukee Proper"—insisting that this was the true place for the city, and some of us—uninterested—agreed with them.

Then began the furious and reckless sale of lots. Sellers were as reckless as buyers, for everybody was a seller, and everybody was a buyer. There was no limit to the prices and expectation of prices. Lots were sold for a given price with a guarantee that within a named period they could be sold at a certain per cent ad-

vance. Mr. Juneau is said to have sold lots with such guarantee, and afterwards, according to his ability, honorably redeemed his pledge. Stories have come down to us, the truth concerning which I am glad I do not know, that business men would deny themselves to their customers and in their back room, with their bottle of wine, make themselves famously rich in trading in town lots. Having seen the results of such transactions, should some old settler press me hard, I should acknowledge a belief therein.

We can hardly realize it to be true, that while these lots were sold, and warranted titles given no individual owned in his own right one foot of ground, the title was still vested in the United States.

At that time the United States recognized no preemption claims. A settler might squat on an 80 acre tract or any other number of acres, build his cabin, and make all his improvements, and yet if he had not actually paid for his land in gold, any other person might pay for the same, oust the settler, and seize the land and improvements, without paying anything for those improvements.

On the east side, Solomon Juneau claimed all now the Seventh ward with a narrow strip south of Wisconsin street, Peter Juneau the rest of the Third ward, George Walker and others certain fractional lots now the Fifth ward and Byron Kilbourn was the first to perfect his title—the Juneaus followed soon after. Walker's title was not settled till 1842, and then by an act of congress, some other claimant having "jumped" upon it.

Late in 1836 business circles throughout the country began to fear a financial panic. It could not be averted. 1837 came in with great and extensive failures. There was crowding and rushing to cover. I was then a resident of New York City, saw the swirl in that center of whirlpool and the memory of that excitement will not leave me should I live as long as this Old Settlers' Club, that is, a thousand years. Land speculation came to a sudden close. The supposed values of real estate in Milwaukee all at once disappeared.

Owners of lots in Milwaukee were living in eastern towns and cities. They had given value for that which was of no value—something for nothing. Land was down nearly to its original acre value—lots could not be given away.

A carpenter named Thurston, doing business here in 1836, had done some work for and had a claim against a neighbor. The debtor could not pay. Thurston obtained judgment, the claim and costs amounting to \$175. The debtor having a lot, offered to pass that over to Thurston for satisfaction of judgment. Mr. Juneau was consulted but being in the depths himself, could hardly give a fair judgment. He told Thurston to let the lot alone—Milwaukee had gone to the dogs never to come back. Thurston did not take the lot—nor anything else. The lot is the one on which the old insurance building now stands. Some few years ago I met Thurston directly in front of that building. We looked at it, but neither of us said a word about it.

The recovery of real estate value was very slow. In 1841, four years after the crash, I met a gentleman of Salem, Mass., who said to me: "I have six lots in Milwaukee, my title is good, but there are some taxes still unpaid. If you will take these lots off my hands and save me from further anxiety I will give you a quit claim deed." I declined to relieve him. The lots are on West Water street, south of Grand avenue.

One could hardly be in an eastern city, without meeting owners of Milwaukee lots. As late as 1850, thirteen years after the failures, being in Philadelphia, a capitalist who had held on to his investments, wanted to know if he could get 50 per cent of what the lots cost him in 1836. "Doubtful." was my reply.

In 1845 I purchased the northwest quarter of block 133, First ward, the block on which was Juneau's home—now the property of John Black, for \$300.

Milwaukee did recover from the madness of 1836. It has since kept its real estate at a fair but not speculative value. What the condition is now and will be for the next ten years, I leave to the essayist who shall read to this club in 1950.

Boyhood Memories

Paper by A. W. Kellogg Read April 3d, 1889.

I was born in the little hamlet of West Goshen in the somewhat noted Litchfield County, Connecticut, which lies on the rough back-bone of the state between the broad Connecticut river valley on the east and the narrower Housatonic on the west. Among my early recollections is one of going through the orchard and across the lot back of my father's house without once touching the ground; not on wings to be sure but by stepping and jumping from stone to stone the whole distance. And as I was less than seven years old the stones must have been very thick, the fences already having been built of them. And I recall the remark of an old salt of a sea captain who said after living in the place for awhile, "That he had sailed around the world but had never been so long out of sight of *land* before!"

But yet I have ever kept a warm place in my heart for the good old "land of steady habits," which I once put into these simple rhymes:

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight,
"Make me a child again just for to-night."

In the last days of October 1836, my Father, Leverett S. Kellogg, with his family left the dear old state and starting westward, traveling by the fastest conveyances then to be had with one small exception, was just four weeks making the journey. Teams took us and our goods from Goshen to Albany, N. Y., then we took the old strap railroad to its end at Schenectady, then the canal packet to Buffalo, where we shipped our goods by the last schooner for the season bound round the lakes, and ourselves got on board the old steamer Columbus for Detroit. There father bought a team of horses and a lumber wagon and kept up with the stage during the daytime and only got behind by not traveling nights. Of the incidents of that long journey I recall two or three distinctly, viz: the long climb of the locks at Lockport, N. Y., and the packet captain's cry of "Low bridge" as we swept under some bridge that nearly touched the deck of the packet; the first venison steak ever tasted, at Ipsilanti, Mich., which, as it was cooked that morning, was as

dry and tasteless as a chip; of the hard climb of the long sand hills as we struck Lake Michigan a little this side of Niles; and of one night's lodging with thirty or more other travelers in a log tavern of two rooms, each about 12x14, where father, mother and the three children occupied the only bed in the house, the landlord's, cut off by a sheet in the corner and given to mother as the only woman and nearly sick, while the rest were lodged in bunks one above another three or four high all around the walls, like the berths in a Canal packet. Father had thought some of stopping in Chicago, but the ground was so low and the mud so deep that we stopped only for a night. And I can see now, the chicken tracks in the mud on the kitchen floor of that old "Lake House," as I have since seen on a wet day the men tracks in the mud on the thronged sidewalks of Chicago, something less than an inch deep.

We reached Southport (now Kenosha) about sundown November 26th, and, as the weather had turned suddenly cold that afternoon, were nearly frozen when two miles this side we drove up to the log cabin of my father's brother who had come west the year before. After a day or two Father came on to Milwaukee, but mother and the three children stayed for a month in that one room log-house with a ladder-reached attic, in which there was already a family of husband, wife and five children, and the impression remaining in memory is not that of being so greatly crowded, but rather of having had a nice visit.

Besides cracking hickory and butter-nuts, one of our amusements was to go down through the trap door in the floor into the cellar, and, lifting the flat turnips by the roots, to judge by their weight which were solid and which pithy, to bring up the sound ones and scrape them with a table knife in lieu of apples, and I can almost taste now the cool, juicy flavor of those soft, white mouthfuls.

Father having found his schooner sent furniture which went by to Chicago and had to be brought back, moved it into some rooms over a store on the river-bank on West Water street opposite what is now the Second Ward bank—the only vacant place he could find—came for us and the family arrived at Milwaukee the first of January 1837. Of that first winter I recall this incident.

One day I came bursting into the sitting-room, heard mother's "hush" and then saw on the bed in the corner a face almost as white as the pillow on which it lay surrounded by an aureole of silver hair, and it seemed to me that a saint had come out from one of the pictures of the old masters with the halo about his head and gone to sleep there.

Mother told me he was the presiding elder, the Rev. John Clark, and that he had said after sitting a few minutes, "Sister Kellogg, I have slept or tried to sleep beside a log in the woods for three nights on my way from my last appointment at Green Bay, and your feather-bed looks so tempting I must ask for the privilege of a nap on it even before dinner if you please," and the tired old man slept the restful sleep of the conscience free till long after my dinner was over and I was off to school. His district then covered the whole eastern half of the state, but soon after the old hero went to Texas, where in the scattered cabins and huge camp meetings he wrought a grand work for the Master, until worn out he at the last came back to his old friends in Chicago where feeble, but triumphant and greatly beloved, he waited a few months and then pitched his final camp on the heavenly hills. That winter my brother and I crossed the river on the ice every day to attend Eli Bates' school in the old Courthouse, which stood on the site of the present one, and was the northernmost limit of habitation. The river at that point was nearly or quite twice as wide as now, there being a bayou on the east side with a deep channel and separated from the main river by a marshy point or bar stretching down from Division street covered with rushes and wild rice. The east bank was steep and high, except for a depression near where Oneida street now is, which made it practicable for us to climb. At the foot of this flowed a fine spring whence we used to get our drinking water across the ice in winter and by use of a canoe in summer. It was a general resort for good water and long afterward furnished the water for the public pump in Market Square. In this valley-like situation, close by the bluff bank, was the one ball-alley—bowling alley these politer days—of the town. And between it and Wisconsin street, where the Ferry landed us in summer, was a very high bluff—a good deal higher than the top of the Kirby House—which was so steep as to be almost impossible for even boys to climb. Mr.

Bates, the school teacher, was also keeper of the Lighthouse, a round brick tower which stood on the bluff at the foot of Wisconsin street, which bluff was then as high there as at any other point on the lake shore. Mr. Bates was a tall, large-framed man with great dignity of manner, but with one cork leg which gave to his walk a peculiar swinging hitch, and I can see now Gal. Miller—Judge Miller's oldest son—with the true American boy's want of reverence, following close behind him into school one day and imitating the motion to perfection greatly to the amusement of the crowd. Mr. Bates was a type of the old-fashioned pedagogue, dignified, severe, respected, who understood thoroughly the branches he was expected to teach, chiefly the old Yankee's three R's.—Reading Riting and Rithmetic—but he lacked the enthusiasm in his work which would inspire in his scholars the eager desire to push into the realms beyond.

He loved his pipe and a quiet game of cards and his lighthouse home was therefore a frequent resort for some of the older boys and young men, which some parents, mine among them, were disposed to warn against. He afterward lost his lighthouse home, probably with the change of administration, in 1840, gave up his school and went to Chicago as a clerk in Chas. Mears' Lumber Yard and Office. After two or three years of faithful work at some \$30 or \$40 a month, a neighbor offered him an advance of \$10 a month, and when he told Mr. Mears about it that gentleman replied "I am sorry to have you go but I can't afford to pay any more, but I'll tell you what I'll do I'll give you an interest in the business if you'll stay." And that interest resulted for Mr. Bates in a large fortune, \$30,000 of which was bequeathed to erect the beautiful bronze statute of Abraham Lincoln by St. Gaudens which was set up in Lincoln park a year or so ago.

That next summer we used to make frequent parties of small boys to the tamarack swamp, which stretched from Wells street to Chestnut, just under the bluff, to gather gum and wintergreen. And we had to be careful to keep on the bogs or roots of trees to prevent from getting into the water and mire. And I remember that just east of the swamp our cow got mired one afternoon and nearly died before she was found, the next day, and by the help of neighbors, with planks, was lifted out of the mire and sand. That re-

minds me that father kept two cows, each having a different toned bell, and we boys used to have a good deal of travel and trouble to find them, sometimes among the brush of Chestnut street or Third street hills, and once when they had strayed beyond the second gulley—on what is now Grand avenue at Thirteenth street, they were out over night—and not found till the next day, as we could not believe they had gone so far away.

That summer a fever smote my darling three year old sister, the pride and joy of our home and the sunshine of the neighborhood, and after two weeks of suffering—(it seemed almost as much from the medicine as from the disease)—her freed spirit took wing and soared away, leaving only the smile-crowned clay in the desolate home. As there was yet no regular cemetery we laid her to rest under the great oaks on the hillside beyond what was afterward Cicero Comstock's home on Galena street for so long.

Among my earlier recollections is one of seeing father sweep out the shavings from his carpenter shop Saturday nights and putting boards on nail kegs across the room, preparing it for the Methodist services for Sunday. That shop stood on posts set in the water on the southeast corner of East Water and Huron streets, and was reached by a plank from the sidewalk. From that point down to the ferry for Walker's Point ran a narrow roadway, and I have skated over the whole marsh from that point south to the river and east to the lake, though the marsh was generally too thickly covered with rushes and rice for skating. But sometimes a storm would drive the water in from the lake and cover it, which afterwards freezing, would make glare ice for the boys. That shop was afterwards converted into a school house for week days and a Methodist meeting house for Sundays, their first regular meeting place.

In the fall of 1837 the great panic swept like a prairie fire over the whole country and was specially severe in the new settlements of the west, bankrupting nearly the whole community. All the money in circulation was of the wildcat or reddog variety and became entirely worthless.

My father had contracts for several stores and other buildings nearly completed, on which he had paid out all his own means and gone into debt besides for labor and materials and, in the general

ruin, he was left largely involved. Too conscientious to take the benefit of the bankrupt law which Congress hastened to pass to relieve the general distress, he struggled on in debt for years, often praying that God would let him live long enough to see the last debt paid; which prayer was granted, he having taken up the last note—for a debt which by the neglect of his lawyer he felt that he had had to pay twice)—the summer before he died in 1854.

One man for whom he built a store and house on East Water street, though able, refused to pay, and when suit was brought pleaded the "baby act," proving that he was under age and so escaped payment.

The winter of 1837 and 8 was known as the hard winter all through this section, when many families considered themselves fortunate in getting enough potatoes and salt to maintain life, and this was the chief food for the community.

Our family was more fortunate in having a merchant friend, Mr. Vinton, who had two dry goods boxes, the one filled with buckwheat and the other with shelled corn, to which he allowed us two brothers access. And taking a hand sled and a tin pail, we would bring home a large pail of buckwheat, grind it in a coffee mill, sift in a hand sieve and make pancakes, varied with corn treated in the same way, and made into "johnny cake." And father having secured a firkin of butter in the fall, we were regarded the specially favored family as living like fighting cocks. It was that same winter that father, one bitter cold day, put a dry goods box on a hand sled and went after some potatoes on the ice, away up the Menomonee river, somewhere. Perhaps he got more than he expected, at any rate, overtaken by a driving snow storm on the way home, his sled stuck fast and he was obliged to leave it and come home for help. Not daring to leave it till morning for fear of them freezing, tired as he was, he took a lantern and the two boys and went back and, after a great effort, succeeded in getting the box of potatoes home about midnight before a bitter cold morning. The same winter a farmer from near Southport brought in some freshly made butter, in which luxury Byron Kilbourn indulged himself at the cost of 75 cents a pound, an unheard of price in those days. 'Twas either this or the next winter that we brothers went to school in Kilbourntown, just north of Chestnut street, on Third, taught

by a man named West. The older boys annoyed him greatly by going skating and coming in late after recess. He had forbidden it and threatened punishment. Bill Smith, a youth of 18 or 19, and much larger than the master, persisted in disobedience and having come in late one afternoon the master waited till nearly time for school to close and then called Bill up and told him to take off his coat. He reluctantly obeyed, but when the master took a rawhide from his desk Bill caught up a big iron fire shovel by the stove and defied him. The teacher took a long hickory club from his desk which was so much handier a weapon that Bill offered to put down the shovel if he would put away the club. But as the teacher struck him with the rawhide, Bill clinched him, and they had a fearful tussle, rolling over and over on the floor amid blows and kicks and bites, during which the teacher had two of his front teeth knocked out. But at the last the teacher came out on top, and then reaching for his rawhide, stood up and as Bill lay on his back on the floor (turning up his feet and turning round as the master walked round him) gave him a most severe lashing. One of his blows was so hard as to cut Bill's cotton shirt-sleeve nearly the whole way round his arm as clean as though cut with scissors. But Bill was subdued, promised to keep the rules and from that time there was no more trouble from that kind of disobedience. In the spring Mr. West gave up the school and we went back to the East Side for education. Mr. West now lives at Appleton, where he owns a nice property on the south side of the river. Bill went to the pineries and I lost sight of him.

When we first came to Milwaukee the high-toned hotel of the town was the American House, which covered nearly the whole triangular block where the Second Ward bank stands (not to be confounded with the other American once owned by J. L. Bean and afterwards kept so long by the Kanes, and which stood on part of the Plankinton House site). This old American had for its rival Vail's Cottage Inn next to Juneau's house on East Water street, about the middle of the Mitchell Bank block. Both were eclipsed later by the Milwaukee house, which stood on the hill, which was much higher than now, and somewhat back from the street where the Library block stands next the postoffice.

But to come back to the old American. The panic knocked the

life out of it, perhaps because it was too far from business and it stood empty for a long time, except as some few of its rooms were rented to families for housekeeping. I remember a family of Grams from auld Scotia once occupied the north end which had been the kitchen, and as we then lived opposite on Third street, I had to pass it several times a day on the way to school or town. And it impresses me now that I never passed it morning, noon or night without hearing old man Graham's fiddle. He played well, but never anything but sacred music—psalm tunes, the boys called them—and though the young bloods tried to get him to play for their dances, which were much more common then than now, he resolutely refused.

Among the several boys and girls in the lean old fellow's family I most distinctly recall a big strapping young man named Joe, from this simple incident. One Saturday afternoon—for school kept a half day Saturday then—a lot of us boys were having a grand game of pom-pom-pullaway on skates on the marsh which began at Spring street and the river, reached back to Third and Fourth streets, and stretched away down past the Menomonee to the high ground on Walker's Point. I was chasing Joe and pressing him hard when he turned for the river, but to reach it he had to cross a sort of higher ridge in the marsh on which was an upper layer of ice from beneath which the water had sunk away, and as he struck that he broke through and fell flat on his face and I tumbled on top of him, protected by his huge frame from the shallow water below in which he was about half submerged. He had to leave the game and go home for some dry clothes, while I got off with the wetting of only one arm to the elbow.

With one more suggestion I will close. I am often asked "how it is possible that coming here at so early a day your father did not get hold of some real estate the rise of which would have made you a fortune." There are many answers and among them these: When Juneau moved his home from the Mitchell bank corner—where we boys often had great sport watching and teasing two tame bears that he kept in his front yard—to the corner now occupied by Mayor Black's residence, he was anxious to have our family for neighbors as mother and Mrs. Juneau had become good friends; and he offered to sell father either one or two lots—I am not sure

which—on the opposite corner for \$50 and let him take his own time for payment. But mother, after going up to look at the place, concluded that it was so far up in the woods, out of the way, that she wouldn't take the lots for a gift and be compelled to live on them. Another answer is, that hampered by the debts resulting from the panic, he was like the man in Chicago a few years ago, who was telling a friend that he was once offered the lot where the Sherman house stands in exchange for a pair of boots.

“Why in thunder didn't you take it?” asked the friend.

“I didn't have the boots,” was the answer.

A third answer is that when he died in 1854, father *did* have the title to eighty acres of land in what is now the northwestern part of the city, on which he had made a small payment and on which he had carefully estimated there stood white oak piles enough to pay for the land at the agreed price, but his premature death prevented completion of the contract. That eighty acres is worth \$2,000 to \$3,000 an acre now.

But the fourth answer is that he chose to spend quite a sum for those times of his hard-earned savings to send his two boys away to Rock River seminary at Mt. Morris, Illinois, for two years. And I have often thanked him in my heart for that choice of investment, for the stimulus and help of those school years in enabling me to get a broader outlook on life, a deeper and wider sympathy with my brothers of the human race, both of the past and present generations; a higher appreciation of the possibilities of manhood, a fuller knowledge of the thoughts of God as revealed in His wondrous universe, in short, to get a larger, richer, higher life, have brought me more real treasure than could possibly have come from the same investment even in Milwaukee real estate.

I have often been thrilled with the reply of an old Vermont farmer to the question of a traveler from the west.

“What on earth can you raise here among the hills and rocks, where even the sheep's noses have to be sharpened to keep them from starving among the stones?”

Straightening himself up and looking the stranger-questioner

full in the face, he thundered out: "We build schoolhouses and raise men."

And I concur with President Andrew D. White in the belief that one of the great dangers to our American nation, if not indeed to our modern civilization, is what he calls the mercantilism of the age. That is the narrowing and soul-destroying disposition to measure everything by its mere financial value, instead of asking what will it add to manhood, or what will it bring to the real and eternal treasure of grand character?

Girlhood Memories

Read by Mrs. Martha D. Ellsworth, Nov. 7, 1898.

Connecticut, dear native state, thy name
Pronounced in western ears calls up such shams
As wooden nutmegs fresh, or basswood hams,
Or hick'ry oats, or some such Yankee game.
Who thus connect I cut, and fearless claim
'Tis only thus because she waiting stands
With Yankee genius guiding deftest hands
Prepared to furnish what the world demands,
From pins and buttons, pegs, and tacks and matches,
Or hats and rifles, pistols, clocks and watches,
To peddlers, poets, pedagogues and preachers.
To match the world, we need but name the Beechers.

It is only from the standpoint of a child that I may address you tonight, dear friends, for it was not my good fortune to remain a sojourner in the city which today is noted for the beauty of its location, its genial home atmosphere, and the health and enterprise of its people. These added its large-hearted hospitality form attractions within its gates that can nowhere be outrivaled; nay, not even in Paris, where, it is said, cordiality abounds more unquestionably than in any other *corner* of the *round* globe. Had this condition been contrariwise, I should never have presumed to appear in the ranks of the "Old Settlers' Club" of Milwaukee County, for which privilege I now publicly extend thanks to each and every member thereof.

Although my initial wail disturbed not the waves of Milwaukee air, I am sure that my four-year-old cry of home-sickness upon my first night in the new Eldorado must have, literally, made the rafters ring, for the shelter in which we pioneers were lodged, boasted neither lath nor plaster. Although so small a morsel of humanity as was I upon my advent into the far country, I distinctly remember many incidents in connection therewith. Most delightful of all was the trip hither in a comfortable steamer, whose crude motor power heaved and sighed in tones so sonorous that there was need of neither whistle nor bell to warn landings of her approach. Doubtless, there be steamers of finer construction and finish than the one of my infant trip, but doubtless I have never seen them. In my recollections, never has there been a boat so grand, deck so enjoyable, nursery so cozy, colored mammy so tender,

chandeliers so dazzling, hoe-cake so delicious, sailors so kind—What would I not now give to appreciate the good things of this earth as did I my first trip o'er the blue waves of Erie, Huron and Michigan.

Yet the impress of such recent delights could not keep homesickness from the heart of a weary little girl who had nightly been comfortably tucked into a cozy bed surrounded by familiar objects. Now here she was—her first night in Milwaukee, lodged upon the hard floor of an unfinished hostelry whose space was covered by the recumbent forms of fellow-pioneers. Several times during the night was Polly as she, little girl, shall herein be known, disturbed by awkward feet picking their way over the sleepers to some remote unoccupied floor space beyond. Often since that eventful night have I heard mention of the “soft” side of a plank; but I am sure that none of the planks in this especial tavern were of such order. Fortunately, some of the mothers of the numerous broods secured accommodations upon cots or straw-ticks, but the men-folk and children were strewn about the floor with coats rolled up for pillows.

However crude the accommodations, it was not long before a nasal orchestra made the air musical with annotated snores, varied by drowsy or exceedingly wide-awake cries of children, lowing of cattle, barking of dogs, or what, to the little ones, was a blood-curdler: the entrancing notes of a screech-owl, that had chosen this especial ridge-pole for his nightly serenade. Never before had Polly heard this *sweet* songster, and most energetically did she manifest her disapproval of such entertainment. But nature's sweet restorer which nightly knits up the raveled sleeve of care, came to her aid through the merry blinking of the stars, that in their passage across the heavens sent loving rays through the chinks in the roof, and seemed to breathe good-night benedictions upon the weary, homesick little traveler. Yet, whether we have joy or pain, fortune or misfortune, this stern old earth rolls on bringing daylight to those who would sit in darkness, and darkness to those who worship the sun.

The little girl of whom I write may be reckoned in the latter class, for certes, no Aztec of ancient times could have welcomed the approach of Phoebus' chariot more devotedly than did Polly upon

her first awakening in the new country. Scarcely had the eastern sky flushed with roseate hue, ere the whole body of sleepers were upon their feet ready to plunge into the healthful air bath of a bright June morning. Pater familias with Polly in hand *reveled* in the delightful sensation of new sky, new earth, new faces and exceedingly new houses; not so Polly. *Her* world was slightly out of gear, and she was not yet mature enough to realize that it was due to the absence of home comforts and the sweet companionship of a dear old grandpa left in the home country. Happily, the troubles of childhood vanish like the morning dew. After the crude, substantial breakfast, Polly was herself again, ready for any adventure that life in the wilderness might offer. Mater familias with heart sorely tried over comforts no longer in possession, was glad to accept the hospitality of a friend, until time when she might possess shelter of her own. Nightfall, therefore, found her and her little ones domiciled with a Kilbourntown family, the members of which afterwards became prominent residents of Berlin, Wisconsin.

And now came the distressful period of stowing away a family of eight persons into space destined for but one or two at the most. Fortunately, this condition was to exist only through a period of housebuilding, and, in the 40's, neither architect nor plumber hindered progress. Provided with material—somewhat in the rough, I confess—amateur carpenters could in short time construct a very comfortable house for the decades 30 and 40.

During the 50's began the I'm-going-to-have-a-better-house-than-you period—the period which aroused a spirit of envy, hatred and malice in the bosoms of less fortunate dwellers by the lake, that in a measure destroyed that purely enjoyable feeling of comradeship which exists among a people who together have blazed the path to civilization.

Polly's new home lay upon an upper floor of a store building on East Water stret, near the Cottage Inn; and with neighbors, remembered, three: of which one family is in prosperous circumstances near Oshkosh, another, root and branch, has entirely disappeared from the earth. The third has also gone the way of all flesh. The only child of this delightful couple (whose bones repose in Forest Home) awaits in an ocean's bed the final reveille. During the Civil

War, with many another brave boy in blue, he gave up his life for his country's cause. At the final roll-call, God grant them all medals of honor.

Polly's new home lay upon the river's shore. Here would she linger an interested spectator of the ease and grace with which the red man guided his bark canoe; now among the rushes, and anon shooting into mid-stream with the admirable nonchalance of a water fowl. Occasionally, too, was she allowed to watch the war dance of these strange people, who bewitched her through their grotesque costumes and contortions. Then, as now, the white man and fire-water were the Indian's chief enemies. Often would Polly lie o' nights heart pounding in fear at sound of the wild man's orgies. In no particular does he so completely imitate his white brother as in his extravagant use of liquor. Alike, its effect makes a brute of savage as of civilized man.

Months slipped on, and the fair village by the river grew to fine proportions. But in an unguarded moment an enemy swooped down upon the unsuspecting victim and with one fell stroke laid it low in ashes. Never will Polly forget that spell of fright and horror cast about her as she sat out upon the cold sidewalk, within the protecting arms of a servant, and watched the monster fire through its work of destruction. Memory's eye can still see the long line of indefatigable workers passing from hand to hand the buckets of water that other toilers filled at the river's brink. Memory's ear can still hear the roar and crackle of the leaping tongues of flame, the shouts of command, the terror-stricken cries of women and children.

After this terrible lesson to her citizens, Milwaukee was not caught napping again. Cream-white brick were drawn from her ample lap and built into beautiful structures, that, being seen by the stranger, wafted abroad the merits thereof. A fire brigade, though crudely equipped, was marshaled into being, and all precautions taken to make the dread monster "fire" a good servant, where erstwhile it had been a bad master.

From now on the growth of the town was greatly augmented through the advertising this calamity had given it. Frills and fur-

belows appeared in such profusion that the burg might well have exclaimed: "Am I I, or am I not I?"

Shortly after the fire episode Polly's parents built a home in the residence portion of the town, in the block with Clark Shepardson's palatial home. Herein flowers bloomed the year round, and a little child whose soul longed for the bright and beautiful things of earth was oft made happy through the kind thoughtfulness of the dear lady of the manor.

A few years ago grown-up Polly called upon this then venerable lady, who was living in solitary comfort in her South Side home; and there she found reproduced, in almost every detail, the familiar sitting-room of the *East Side* home. The rag carpet was of the same hue and weave as that of old, the tall black walnut bookcase *was* the very same that stood in the angle at the right of the bay-window, and here it stood at exactly the same pose as erst. Here was the bay too, but, perhaps, of more generous proportion than the old, and here were the same, the *very* same old plants with the singing birds swinging above, at least, so grown-up Polly thought.

But this is not the same brisk lady who presided over the long ago; no, this hostess has a slow step, wrinkles upon her face, and whitened hair. These stubborn facts bring the visitor back to the knowledge that time is fleeting and that she herself has changed from an adoring child to a matronly matter-of-fact woman. If we only *might* keep the freshness and enthusiasm of youth throughout our life's journey, what a dear old world this would be!

Of all dreaded visitors in the life of a household, the one whose impressions are most enduring to young and old alike is the reaper Death. Stealthily, silently did he enter Polly's home and in two short days his scythe had done its deadly work. A dear brother of mature age had been laid low, and the atmosphere of loss pervaded all things. Within doors were sad faces, subdued voices, measured footfalls. A seamstress busy with sable garments, and, more depressing still, that long, long figure beneath the white sheet. Oh, what did it all mean? And why, before the funeral guests arrived, were all the pictures and mirrors turned to the wall? Even Heaven's bright-hued messengers were relegated to an obscure corner

where their brightness might not offend his majesty—Death. And then the doleful music, the black garments of wee Polly, and at the grave the cruel torture of listening to the thud of the sexton's toil, as he dropped shovelful after shovelful of Mother Earth upon that terribly resonant box which hid away the once bright form of dear Brother Winny! No wonder, poor Polly long afterward trembled with fear at the mere mention of Death.

The dear brother was laid away in what was then a far-distant grave-yard, on Spring Street hill, afterwards one of the first bodies to be removed to that ideal cemetery, Forest Home. Upon a recumbent slab near the entrance gates to this God's acre may be read the name "Winfield Scott," a name which the illustrious general himself bestowed upon the infant boy.

During these early days much sickness abounded in the settlement, and over-careful mothers almost invariably drew their children into the path of the grewsome juggernaut—funerals—hoping that some salutary lesson to their soul's salvation might be learned therefrom. Thus, it happened that Polly was often subjected to this form of discipline. Chief among these occurrences was attendance at the obsequies of a dear playmate—Martha Miter. In contradistinction, wedding festivities were a forbidden pleasure to young fry; at least Polly thought so, for she never had the pleasure of attending one, although the rumor of their occurrence sometimes reached her.

That the child is father to the man is clearly proven in the hankering after forbidden sports. Polly and her brother had oft been told that the creature with the cloven hoof and forked tail lay in wait for offenders along the line of card-playing. Yet, in spite of this bug-a-boo warning, a group of children with Polly on the outskirts, for she was the youngest, collected in an upper chamber and dared the Evil One. Guessing a card's value from the exposed back was the game in hand, and everything was progressing satisfactorily to the little sinners until an unusual sound disturbed the circle. A brave (?) brother who held the pack and led the crowd, outdid any general of my knowledge in beating a retreat. His note of warning, to-wit, that the Devil was under the bed, sent the demoralized squad helter-skelter through the hall and down the stair-

way, while Polly's short legs in vain tried to join the stampede. With hair standing on end and eyes ready to leap from their sockets, she stretched every nerve in the attempt to outstrip the terrible creature behind her, whose sulphurous breath she actually smelled and whose cloven hoof made the air resound. And, oh, didn't she get a shaking when the brave brother was obliged to return to her rescue? Such things I've known, I, who speak to ye! In particulars of this last incident, I can confidently state that since Polly's time brothers have not materially improved.

Polly has remembrance, too, of this brother calling "Indians, Indians," upon the occasion of her having run away from school with him and others to visit the tamarack swamp which lay upon the west side of the Milwaukee river. The sweetness of the gum vanished at home-coming with the disgrace of being housed with the dog under the table until time to go, supperless, to bed. The complete ruin of a brand new *green* cloak (through mud spatters), and the necessity of wearing the same through the live-long winter, was a continual reminder to Polly of her naughty escapade. At recollection of such trials, she would *not* request time to reverse.

During these early times the environs of Milwaukee were paradisiacal to youthful wanderers. In summer their nimble feet scoured hill and valley to gather in the harvests from woods and fields or wandered to the lake bluffs where the wonderful light-house was located. Near this structure was platted the most beautiful posey garden in all the world, with its rows of sweet William, blue-bells, marigolds and poppies. Here, too, were the delightful grassy parterres of the bold bluffs, adown which the children would roll until they reached the flight of steps that led to the pebbly beach, whereon lay wealth of stone and shell to everlasting damage of shoes and pockets. Yet, nothing ever so bewitched these young explorers as did the sight of fishermen's huts and paraphernalia which clung as securely to the steep declivities as do barnacles to the side of a ship. It mattered not how odorous the atmosphere of this locality, how shiny the foot-path or how incongruous the surroundings, here the small adventurers would linger until darkness or a messenger summoned them home.

Such ideal spots for picnicking as lay all about Milwaukee! And

yet Polly remembers but one, and that was distinguished as a Sunday-school celebration. A staidly proper thing, to which, by couples, the children were marshaled in a long procession that stretched its demure length over an uneven path to a grove on Spring Street hill. Here, it was ranged upon roughly constructed seats to listen to the customary Sunday-school exhorter, who, unwittingly, led little ones to believe that good children die young; therefore, no child within ear-shot cared to be good. Picnics were not then so much a necessity to the savage side of humanity as are they now. Then, a person might enjoy flies, mosquitoes and other insects within his own domain; and as to drinking from over a stone wall, home cups were nearly all of that order. There were always a few choice pieces of tableware hidden away as sacred to the use of the minister or other infrequent visitor.

This one event of the picnic marked an era in Polly's life as she marched among her mates, proudly conscious of being a "jiner." The lettered blue-silk badge that fluttered from her shoulder told all the world that she was a member of Plymouth S. S. of Milwaukee in Wisconsin *Territory*.

For the sake of dear old long ago, I hope that the infant church which was located on Spring street near the bridge was never converted into a livery stable. Query.—Do the good folk of Milwaukee relegate their erstwhile sanctums to such base use because Christ was born in a manger?

One questionable pastime of Polly and her mates was to visit a hill on the East Side, at the foot of which stood an unoccupied house; or, rather, occupied only by the ghost of a man who had been murdered therein. What condition can more fully contribute to the entertainment of a harum-scarum, venturesome child than that which contains a spice of horror? As long as the dreaded house stood at the foot of the hill, so long it remained a target for sticks, stones and jeers of an unruly crowd of youngsters, who, standing afar off, made the air resound with naughty jibes and jests. That the ghost finally became desperate over these demonstrations, was evidenced through the appearance against an upper winder pane of a giant, mutilated bloody hand. If these children had each possessed the one thousand legs of the renowned worm, they could not

have vanished from that vicinity more speedily than did they vanish upon this exhibition, with each his own two legs.

This house was afterwards renovated. It was moved to another part of the lot on which it stood, but all of no avail; that ambitious ghost still clung to his habitat. You may move, you may alter the house if you will; but the taint of the ghost will cling to it still.

If Milwaukee were a children's paradise in Summer, it certainly deserved an equal, if not a higher, reputation through its Winter attractions. Girls were not so completely in evidence through this season's sports, but boys—boys held high carnival on frozen marsh and river, while the girls hung about the edges wishing with all their might that nature had made them boys. Thank fortune, that conditions in the world of sport have greatly changed since Polly's play-days. But there were times, places and conditions when it was good to be "nothing but a girl," to-wit, a brilliantly moon-lit Winter's eve, a softly-padded, diamond besprinkled coasting hill, a youthful admirer, the proud possessor of the "bulliest sled upon the hill." And then if during the racing which inevitably followed, there came, when part way down the incline, a general mix-up of broken sleds and bruised girls and boys, what mattered it? Father's money would repair the sleds, and mother's plasters would repair the youngsters, while the latter would have the satisfaction of telling how it all happened and who was to blame, although no two of them could possibly agree upon these details. In the nowadays, Polly can scarce repress a tearful sigh at recollection of the vanished pleasures of Milwaukee Street hill.

Polly's first experience of school was at the tender age of four years. In the early days, no doubt children were expected to be models of propriety, training or no training. Unfortunately, Polly was not built that way, and in a very unlucky moment she sniggered aloud—four years old, too, and her first day at school! This mattered not. The brave pantalooned creature—called a teacher—snatched the small offender from off the front form and administered a strapping that stings to the present day. But she had her revenge; for years afterward she had the extreme satisfaction (whilst on a lake excursion) of meeting her old persecutor to whom she introduced herself as the quondam little girl whom he lashed

upon her first day at school. Polly thinks that he did not enjoy the encounter quite as much as did she.

Of the educational institutions that Polly attended regularly the first was in the basement of the church that once stood upon ground now occupied by Chapman's store. This was presided over by a lady in corkscrew curls and white kid gloves. To Polly's great amazement and probable admiration, she wore the latter during school hours, and withal, wielded the rod of correction quite as dexterously as did the male teacher afore mentioned.

Another school "for girls only" was located in a private house on Michigan street. Here, Polly learned little of books, but much of kindly care and the use of the needle. At the present day, she can show you a most wonderful sampler whose birds and flowers have no counterparts upon the face of the earth, and, I should hope, none in the heavens above. However, the spirit of love and affection in which this teacher presided over her flock, will linger in the memories of her pupils so long as reason has its sway therein.

Polly's next adventure on the high road to learning was with the dear sisters of St. John's school. Here, church, creed and catechism were held paramount to the three R's, and though none of the attendants progressed rapidly in book learning, they caught inspiration along the line of kindness and charity. Here, Polly distinguished herself through receiving a prize for scholarship at the hands of the good priest who watched over the flock. The book received was loaned to Julia Rooney and went up in the smoke of her ruined home.

Polly was next sent to a stern professor who practiced dumb-bell exercises with the forms of small boys, his scalp-lock performance, by which he lifted some poor little offender off his seat to send him flying over unoffending heads of front rows was really worthy of attention by any athlete however accomplished.

Polly, sniffing danger in the air, pleaded pathetically for yet another change in her educational career. This time her steps were directed into the classical shades of French, Latin, Greek and other brain-puzzling pursuits, as set forth by Professor Larigo. With these, however, she had naught to do, Bullion's grammer and Emma

Willard's history being sufficiently formidable stumbling blocks in *her* pathway to knowledge.

Prizes for good scholarship were quite the fad of those days, and again did Polly receive substantial reward for her parrotlike recitations. This roused the ire of the Franco-Latin contestants to such degree as to necessitate a bodyguard for the safe conveyance of the prize into the home haven. Fortunately, for Polly's scholastic reputation acquired in the Cream City, she was, soon after this victory, removed to a distant outpost in the Pioneer field.

It was during the last year or two of her residence in Milwaukee that she became stage-struck. Her first introduction to the delights of the theatre was at the appearance of Julia Dean in the grand "histrionic" temple that stood upon Broadway between Michigan and Wisconsin streets. Polly has long since lost the name of the play, but the impress of the beautiful actress's charm still lingers with her. But the spectacle paramount in her youthful memory is one that in the 40's so delighted Milwaukee youngsters, to-wit, "Beauty and the Beast." Through a playmate whose father presided over the wonderful abode of Terpsichore afore mentioned, Polly was allowed to awaken the echoes of zinc thunder, and to bring forth from the tin cylinder the sound of pattering rain.

Although through this freedom of the play-house she became familiarized with many a stuffed stage monster, there was one real live one whose vicinity she shunned—that of a wolf chained to a stake in the theatre yard. It happened upon one beautiful moonlit night that Polly's mother went to prayer-meeting, leaving her little girl in charge of a big brother, who, perhaps, had an engagement with somebody's else sister; for soon after mother's departure he left the premises to Polly and solitude. Polly, resenting this slight to her powers of entertainment, sought the street in search of company, which, to her discomfiture, she soon found in a ditch by the wayside. Master Wolf had escaped his chains and was out to enjoy a moonlight escapade. Had he possessed the tact and suavity of Red Riding Hood's wolf, all might have gone well with him; but he was altogether too ardent in his demonstrations, which brought from our lone little wanderer a series of screams that hastened forth to the rescue all the hangers-on at the theatre office. One kindly

gentleman gathered the child into his protecting care, bore her home and remained with her until mother came with comforting words. It cannot with truthfulness be stated that big brother enjoyed *his* come-coming upon that night.

In the nowadays, wee-bit Polly and grown-up Polly oft commune together of the long ago wherein skies are ever blue, nature is ever bright and friends are ever true. Thus, may it continue until at the Golden Stair may these twain merge into one—that one being a care-free child trustfully treading the unknown path that the great Pioneer blazed for all his children nearly 1900 years ago. May none of us ignore His leadership! Yea, may we all meet together in that new Eldorado—The Hereafter.

A Popular Street Corner

By D. W. Fowler.

The old Milwaukee house, as the pioneers of Milwaukee are wont to designate the first hotel of importance erected in this city, was built in the year 1836, by Solomon Juneau, and Morgan L. Martin, and stood on lots 7 and 8, and perhaps a part of lot 9, in block 12, in what is now the seventh ward of the city of Milwaukee. And which is geographically described as being on the corner of Wisconsin Street and Broadway, where the Miller block now stands.

The hotel faced to the south, and stood quite a distance to the northward of Wisconsin street, leaving a plaza in front, which was used in the early days by the farmers in which to stand their wagons while the horses or oxen were being fed in the barns in the rear of the hotel, and it was no uncommon sight to see coralled there as many vehicles as there could be found room for, while the owners were partaking of the hospitalities of the inn, or attending to the business which brought them to the city.

In the year 1850, this hotel, having perhaps passed the zenith of its usefulness, was divided into three parts and sold, to be moved off the premises on which it stood. The main part of the structure was moved to the northeast corner of Main and Huron streets, or Washington Avenue, as some people in those days attempted to christen it anew, but the name would not stick, and it remains Huron street, to this day.

This part was continued in use as a hotel, and was run in the year 1851, by the firm of Skinner & Co.

The east wing, was bought by Andrew McCormick, and moved by him to the northeast corner of Main and Detroit Streets, and continued in the hotel business under the name of the Keystone hotel, and was conducted for many years by the proprietor and owner.

The kitchen part of this ancient hostelry was removed to Detroit street near Broadway, on the north side of the street, and was converted into what was for many years known as the Baltic House,

and was kept by a man by the name of J. Mc D. Smith. Later it was again removed to the southwest corner of Main and Detroit streets, where it remained until torn down, or was again removed to make way for the erection of the present Jewett & Sherman building.

Juneau & Martin having become indebted to the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Detroit during the years previous to the year 1850, for which they had pledged a large amount of seventh ward real-estate as security, were at last obliged to dispose of the property to meet their obligations to the bank, and thus it came about that a large number of lots passed into the possession and ownership of the late James S. Brown, who at once proceeded to dispose of them, as fast as possible, to such as might wish to buy, or had use for them.

On November 23, 1849, the Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank of Detroit, Mich., deeded to Mr. Brown besides others, lots 7, 8, 9, and 10, in block twelve, in the Seventh ward, and which may be geographically described as the first four lots on the east side of Broadway, and from Wisconsin street, north a distance of 240 feet.

The deed above referred to, was not recorded by Mr. Brown and seems to have been forgotten by him, until May 18, 1861, although the property changed hands many times during the interval, each purchaser in turn being apparently satisfied with a warranty deed given by the grantor, and it was not until the Northwestern Life Insurance Company came into possession of one of these lots, that the fact was discovered.

It was necessary to obtain a certified copy of the original deed from the bank, and which as before stated was put on record May 18, 1861.

On June 25, 1851, it is of record that Mr. Brown, and Wm. P. Young entered into an agreement as to party walls, Mr. Young having bought from Mr. Brown, lots 7 and 8, in block 12 it is said for \$3,000. Mr. Young at once proceeded to erect a building which is known in the history of the city as the first "Young's Block."

It had not yet been fully completed, when on the evening of the 10th of February 1852 the German Musical society gave a con-

cert therein which was followed two days later by the annual ball of Fire Engine company No. 1. These were the only entertainments ever held in this hall, for on the Sunday following the ball, at about 5:30 P. M. a fire broke out said to have been caused by the stoves used in drying the plastering, and in a remarkably short space of time the whole building was in flames, and was completely destroyed, the north wall falling upon the dwelling of Lucas Seaver adjoining and doing much damage.

The Musical society having intended to repeat their performance had left many valuable instruments and much music, in the hall during the interval. These were totally destroyed, and the loss on instrumental music alone, it is claimed, was upwards of \$2,000.

Mr. George Papendeick, lost a violin valued at \$500. Mr. George Durige a violin worth \$300, and a violoncello, worth an equal amount.

Lots 9 and 10 were divided up into five lots of 24 feet each facing on Broadway and an agreement was entered into with the purchasers to erect jointly a block of five dwellings thereon, which were to be two story and basement houses, with attics. The first story or basement as it might be called, was almost entirely above ground and the entrance to the second story was made by a flight of stairs leading from the ground. Mr. Brown, it is believed, erected the first two, which were located on what is now 414 and 416 Broadway, and the next one to the north was erected by Philetus Yale, and the next at 420 Broadway was erected by George W. Mygatt, and the last, or north one, was built by Ashael Finch. Mr. Brown appears to have sold his house soon after its completion to Lucas Seaver, who again sold it to Philip A. Hall, March, 1853. No consideration named, and he in turn gave a power of attorney to Seaver to sell the same, which he did Sept. 12, 1853, to A. B. Van Cott, for the sum of \$896.39, subject to a mortgage to James S. Brown on which was due at that time the sum of \$2,000.63. A. B. Van Cott took up his residence there and lived there for about ten years when he transferred the title to A. H. Gale & Co., of New York for \$10,350. Somebody forgot to pay the taxes about this time and the late J. V. V. Platto, appeared promptly on the ground to pay them for the owner. He

obtained a tax deed which he relinquished to the owner October 16, 1863. A. H. Gale & Co., transferred the property to Geo. W. Peckham in August 1866, for \$9,000. August 5, 1876, Rufus Peckham administrator, quit claimed to Mary P. and Geo. W. Peckham to each an undivided one half, and they sold to Judson A. Roundy the present owner for \$9,500, the same year. These are the premises now known as 414 Broadway.

The premises at 416 Broadway went from Mr. Brown to J. P. Whaling, Feb. 5, 1851 for \$1,000 and from him to D. H. Chandler, May 2, 1852 and from the latter to Allen Wheeler for \$3,000 Jan. 1, 1853. He deeded it to Fred Clark for the same amount Jan. 1, 1853, and the same day Fred Clark deeded it to his wife Roxana Ann Wheeler. She died, and Allen Wheeler was appointed guardian of her children Dec. 26, 1856. It was next sold by order of the court to Henry Cadwell for \$9,000 and the next time it was sold it was by Herman L. Page, then sheriff of Milwaukee county on foreclosure of a mortgage to Eliphalet Cramer for the sum of \$5,900, August 14, 1858. Mr. Cramer was given a deed of it by A. J. Langworthy, sheriff, Nov. 5, 1859. November 10, 1859, Eliphalet Cramer deeded it to Oliver Al Blake, no consideration being named, and on May 3, 1865, Lewis A. Blake and wife deeded it to the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, for the sum of \$9,000. February 11, 1868, the Insurance company deeded it to Mrs. Marilla Hewitt for \$13,000 and she to Judson A. Roundy, August 13, 1876, no consideration named.

Philetus Yale, our venerable fellow citizen, who still survives at the age of 87 years, was the purchaser from Mr. Brown, of the premises at 418 Broadway, and erected his house there in 1851. He writes to me in regard to the matter as follows:

“I think the attic of my house was finished when built. There were five houses alike—two stories with basement. Everything was cheap then; the bricks were but \$3.50 per thousand and bought of our old friend James H. Rogers; masons \$1.75 per day, laborers fifty cents, good carpenters \$1.25 and common ones at \$1.00. James S. Brown owned four lots in block 12 and sold the two corner lots located on the corner of Main and Wisconsin street, to Wm. B. Young for \$3,000. The two lots on which we built

our five houses were valued by Mr. Brown at \$2,500. Myself and Ashael Finch and Geo. W. Mygatt bought three lots of 24 feet each at \$1,000 and Mr. Brown kept two. The five houses covered the sixty foot lots and were built in the year 1851. I lived in the house that I built nine years when I converted it into a store which still stands on the premises at 418 Broadway.

George W. Mygatt, well known to all old settlers as one of the first architects of this city, bought the lot at 420 Broadway, and lived in the tenement that he erected many years ago. He used the lower story of his house for an office, where he conducted business for many years. Henry C. Koch, one of most distinguished men in his profession, could at an early day be seen there learning the rudiments of his art, which has brought him fame and fortune. Mr. Mygatt sold to Mat Keenan, Oct. 6, 1873, for \$10,000. The north 24 feet of lot 10, was sold by Mr. Brown to the late Ashael Finch, who built that tenement of this once famous row. Whether he ever resided there I am unable to say, but I think that he did and for several years. On August 6, 1858, he sold it to Wm. J. Whaling, who lived there for a time, and one of whose daughters died there. Mr. Whaling sold to Alfred Chapin, and Mr. Chapin at once deeded it to his wife, August 9, 1858, and they in turn to Mrs. Mary Shanks, Nov. 2, 1865, for the sum of \$8,000. Mrs. Shanks kept it until Feb. 23, 1867, when she deeded it to Romanzo B. Rice for \$12,000. The following December he sold it to Geo. W. Peckham, for \$13,000. Geo. W. Peckham conveyed it to Rufus P. Peckham, Jan. 19, 1871; W. H. Peckham, et al May 1, 1876, to Amelia R. Maschauer for \$10,500, and she to Chas. H. Haskins, and he to the Wisconsin Telephone company, Oct. 18, 1882 for \$11,500. The house had been converted into a store about 1862 or 1865 and in this store the celebrated firm of Wadsworth Adams & Co., commenced in the wholesale and retail grocery and liquor business, that at a later day ended so disastrously to the members of that firm. Allen Wheeler before named was an insurance agent and conducted business at the corner of Huron and East Water streets.

Lucas Seaver was the proprietor of the Commercial Advertiser, which expired about the year 1851. He was afterwards city

treasurer. He was an excellent singer, and he and Mrs. H. D. Torry sang at the concert given in Gardiner's hall December 30, 1850, for the benefit of the Fireman's Protective association in which the sum of \$1,000 was raised for the relief of volunteer firemen who were disabled. The concert was under the direction of Hans Balatka, and H. N. Hempsted. At that time Miss Helen Matthews also sang an original song composed for the occasion by Mrs. Mary H. C. Booth, who was the wife of Sherman M. Booth, the then editor, and proprietor of the Free Democrat. The air was that of the old time song "Roll on Silver Moon." Mrs. H. D. Torry also sang an original fireman's song written by her husband H. D. Torry, who was at that time an artist with his studio in the "Emporium" on Mason street, near East Water street. Mr. and Mrs. Torry left the city very soon after this time. Mrs. Torry, and Lucas Seaver, were general favorites in Milwaukee in that day, and usually sang together at most of the entertainments given to amuse the citizens of this then ambitious city.

This story would scarcely be complete without a further mention of the second, and third, "Young's Block." Mr. Young, with characteristic energy, at once commenced the erection of another building after the destruction of the first. This was completed in the year 1852. In it was a hall for public use, which was known as "Young's Hall," and which soon became the most popular place of amusement in the city. This new structure soon fell a victim to the unsparing element of fire, and was again totally destroyed on the 21st of June, 1859. Again Mr. Young bent his energies to the construction and erection of another building, which he commenced in the year 1859, and completed in the year 1860, and which still remains a monument to his industry and genius. The frequent losses which he had sustained caused him to become embarrassed financially, and the ownership of this property soon fell into other hands. Mr. Young, removed to St. Louis, where he died, his fortune, like those of many other and no less energetic, and ambitious pioneers, having melted away.

The Miller Block as it is now known, has already passed from the possession of the first generation of owners of that name, into that of the second, and has become one of the most valuable prop-

erties in the city, which it is predicted will be greatly enhanced during the coming years.

Philip A. Hall bought the south 24 feet of block 9, Oct. 10, 1851, and the building thereon for the sum of \$2,800. He bought it of Mr. Brown. He did not remain in Milwaukee very long but he continued to own the house until 1853, when on the 18th day of March of that year he gave a power of attorney to sell the property.

The Bellview hotel, afterwards called the Milwaukee House, was commenced in the year 1835, and was not fully completed until 1837. The first proprietors were Daniel Wells, and Dr. T. J. Noyes, of whom it is said that they kept it "Like hell" for a short time, and then sold out to Henry Williams and B. H. Edgerton, and they to George E. Meyers, and he to Capt. L. H. Cotton and Luther Childs. They in turn sold out to George Myers and Charles Hurley, and they transferred it to George E. Graves, Nov. 22nd, 1839. Graves transferred it to Daniel Wells, Jr., and he to Hurley and Ream and they to Jones Whitney and Caleb Wall, in the year 1842.

Wall & Whitney transferred the hotel lease to Peleg G. Jones of Waukesha in October 1845. P. G. Jones was the last proprietor of the old Milwaukee House and continued to manage it until it was finally closed up which was quite a time before its removal from the original site on Wisconsin Street.

Anecdotes of Pioneers

Read by Peter Van Vechten, Jr., in 1894.

There were no old men in Milwaukee in 1845—that is, men over 50 years old. John Dunbar, the father-in-law of Jason Downer, was the oldest man I recollect. A gray-headed man was a rarity. But all those young men then are gray-headed now.

There were many queer signs on stores, and advertisements in the papers to attract attention. H. N. Connant was in the clothing, gents' furnishing goods and hat business on East Water street. He had for his sign three hats instead of three balls and announced that there was "great excitement" at his place. Uncle Ben Throop had his store a few doors north, on the ground now occupied by A. C. Feldt. He had a stuffed deer skin, with head and horns, set up and it looked like a live deer. His advertisement read: "No excitement; all perfectly cool. No flattery at Uncle Ben's."

Edward Emery, the confectioner on Wisconsin street, sold his candy two sticks for a cent apiece, and every week he entertained us with a fresh supply of machine poetry.

B. F. Fay, No. 139 East Water street, sold dry goods, groceries, etc.; notified the people that he had 100 barrels of whiskey, the latest brands, a staple article for the West; S. L. Rood had 10,000 goose quills, from which pens could be made that would kill more men politically than the same number of swords. John Ogden would give you a fresh cut of beef steak at the Red Market on East Water street, north of Wisconsin street. R. W. Pierce made friction matches in the West ward. They were also called Loco Foco matches, and it also was the name given to the Democratic party. At one of the meetings in Tammany hall, New York, the lights were put out suddenly, and a man whose name was Job Haskell had a box of Loco Foco matches in his pocket. He immediately struck a light with his friction matches. That act gave the name of Loco Foco party to one branch of Tammany. Job Haskell lived in Milwaukee in 1845 and went to Port Washington in 1848 and died there. The fire department was frequently called upon to stop the friction and put out the fire in Pierce's match factory.

Fred Wardner announced that he had experienced a "heavy earthquake," caused by the fall in prices of his goods. Royal Houghton's advertisement was "West ward, ho, forever," for his dry goods and groceries. R. D. Jennings' "West Ward Store" had made new arrangements by which he could undersell everybody. Henry Sayers said: "The cry is still: 'They come to the People's Store.'" Joe and Lindsey Ward were perfectly willing to exchange their goods for wheat. "War, war, war, with Mexico!" had not affected the prices at A. G. Dayan's store in Heide's block, so that he could supply all that came to him for relief. The great fire in New York had not destroyed the stock of E. C. Kellogg; his groceries were safe in his store on East Water street; below Huron, Ludington & Co. held the corner store, and their customer, John T. Perkins, had his planing mill on the canal; John Lapointe and Alexander Bangley their sash, blind and door factory; Locke & Richmond, pail and tub factory. Nearly all the merchants sold sash, doors, pails and tubs. They paid for them in goods by orders drawn on them by the manufacturers, given to their workmen. All stores had running accounts with each other, and the manufacturers and the carpenter and mason contractors drew orders on the stores to pay their men. At the end of the year the accounts were settled, and the balance paid by a due bill. George W. Mygatt was an architect and contractor. At the end of the year he always managed to be in debt when the accounts were settled, due bills given for the balance and receipts passed. He would give a sigh of relief as he said: "Thank God, that bill is paid."

Among the new firms that came that Fall was Sexton & Crane. They opened the first exclusive wholesale dry goods store in Milwaukee, November 17th, 1845, in the United States Hotel block, first door north of the hotel entrance, No. 132 East Water street (now 332). Their store was 20 by 50. They occupied only the first floor and basement or cellar. Lorin Sexton of the firm did not come to Milwaukee, but sent out Mr. Crane and Milton E. Lyman to open up and commence business. Six or eight months of western life was enough for Mr. Crane. I never saw so homesick a man as he was, all winter. He went east in the Spring of 1846, sold out his interest to John Wing, Jr., and never came here again. Wing came out with his family, and the firm changed to Sexton & Wing. They

stayed there until 1848, when they moved to No. 139 East Water street, in the store vacated by B. F. Fay when he went to Prairie du Chien or Bridgeport, Wis.

M. E. Lyman took a prominent part in Odd Fellowship and in all public matters of interest to Milwaukee. Thirty years ago he moved to Bailey's Harbor, Wis., where he was still living in 1893. Christian Preusser had his jewelry store on East Water street, south of the postoffice, in a frame building, on the ground where George Burrough's trunk store now stands, and he is the only one in business in 1845 that has not changed his line of business and is in the same business today.

The farmers about Milwaukee had more oxen than horses. It was something new to an eastern man to see an emigrant with his family and farming implements in a wagon, drawn by oxen, coming to the west to make himself a home. Another novelty was the prairie schooners, loaded with pig lead from Mineral Point, Shullsburg, and vicinity, drawn by four or six yoke of oxen. The bull whackers with their long handled whip stock made the air ring cracking their whips like pistol shots. They became very expert and delighted to show their skill in picking a fly off the left ox's ear without hitting the ox. The lead at that time was all shipped from here to Buffalo, and the ox teams hauled loads of goods back for country merchants.

There were nineteen lawyers practicing law in 1845. Of that lot, only two are living—A. R. R. Butler and Wilson W. Graham. Ashael Finch and William Pitt Lynde were the leading law firm. Jonathan E. Arnold was the leading criminal lawyer; A. D. Smith, Isaac P. Walker and Don A. J. Upman were prominent. James Holliday came about this time. Soon after his arrival he was engaged in a case in which Ashael Finch was opposing counsel. Mr. Finch had a bad habit of calling the opposing counsel a liar. Someone told Holliday that it would probably occur with him. True to the prediction, when they were engaged in an animated discussion, Finch called Holliday a liar. Holliday coolly and deliberately walked up to Finch and knocked him out in the first round. Judge Frasier called time, brought both before the bar, and fined them fifty dollars. Holliday immediately paid his fine and resumed his

argument as if nothing had happened. Mr. Finch never repeated it, either in or out of court.

The last notable event of 1845 was on the 30th of December, the robbery of R. K. Swift, banker and broker, who had his office over where Houghton Brothers' bank is now located. During a temporary absence, \$580 was taken. The man who took it was conscience stricken and about one week after went to Bishop Henni and gave up the money, which was returned to Swift. It was pretty well known who the man was, but Swift received his money and the man ease of mind when he found he was not to be prosecuted. It was surmised that the hounds of the law were on a warm scent and that rather facilitated the movement of the fellow's conscience.

In 1846 it was certain that the Dutch had taken Holland, and the Germans, Germany, and there was danger of their encroachment upon the American liberties in Milwaukee. There were two military companies in Milwaukee—the Washington Guards, Capt. David George, and the Milwaukee Rifles, Capt. Henry Miller, George Brosius, first lieutenant. The rank and file were all Germans. The people were not as well acquainted with the foreign element then as they are now, and in the minds of some those foreigners had not been here long enough to forget the fatherland and become Americanized, and in case of any trouble, could they be depended upon? It was a matter of considerable discussion, and it was thought advisable to have a Yankee company. All Americans here were called Yankees in those days.

A call to organize a military company was circulated and fifty or more names were obtained. We met in the old Military hall on Oneida street. Gen. Rufus King was elected captain; Hon. James B. Kneeland, first lieutenant; J. N. Bonsteel, second lieutenant; H. C. Abay, orderly; Wm. P. Lynde, quartermaster, and Hiram Auchmoody was drill sergeant. Auchmoody had been a marine soldier, but he had been on land long enough to get off his sea legs. Our uniform was made by Giesburg & Broeus. We met for drill in the Military hall. The Mexican war broke out in 1847. Most of the members of a warlike spirit went to Mexico and the company soon dwindled down to its officers and one private, and disbanded.

The Winters were long. Shut up from November until May,

except the old stage wagon and tri-weekly mail from Chicago, we had to spend the time in dancing parties and mischief. To get a sell on someone and particularly on some eastern man who happened to be here, or some new comer, was a pleasure not to be omitted.

Winchell, the delineator of character, was here, giving an entertainment. He was as sharp as most people that are on the road. It was a difficult matter to catch him. Uncle Ben Throop had an Indian whistle which had been the means by which considerable amusement had been furnished for a dull Winter. It was made of part of a reed fish pole and painted with Indian hieroglyphics in gorgeous style. Double-headed Brown borrowed it, took it down to the United States hotel where Winchell stopped, put it in the office in a conspicuous place over Clerk Churchill's desk. When Winchell came in, it caught his eye, and he said to Churchill: "What's that?" Churchill said: "An Indian whistle." Winchell said: "Let's see it. I used to be quite an expert on those things when I was a boy." He filled himself with wind enough to blow the cylinder head out of a steam engine and blew a cloud of powdered charcoal in his face, eyes and mouth. The music that was made by the people watching him was not such as Winchell expected to come out of the whistle, that he paid too dear for. It cost him several bottles of cider and he said he would buy a basket for them if they would only keep it still. Winchell immediately wanted to negotiate for it, but Churchill could not sell it without Uncle Ben's consent. It was finally given to him, and I made another for Uncle Ben.

Water Front and Shipping in the '50s

Read Before the Club July 6th, 1888, by M. A. Boardman.

Water, whether it be a lake or sea, a river or a brook, and the craft that float thereon, has a fascination for a full-jeweled boy.

The ideal Jack with his curling locks, expansive shirt collar and flowing pants is as attractive to the wonder-eyed lad as the beau ideal of ye gentle savage as pictured by Cooper.

Many an hour and many a day have I spent midst our shipping, and the aroma from pitch and tar is as sweet smelling today as in the days of youth.

Like most boys I had an undefined itching to become a "jolly sailor man," and I was always a good sailor—from the shore, even as the boastful baseballist who plays best from the grandstand.

Of course the mariner of today is not the same man he was thirty years ago, so far as our inland seas are concerned. Steam is so far succeeding sail that expert seamen are not required and even the schooner has now so much wire rigging that the man before the mast barely needs to know how to make a splice or run a bow-line, and for this reason it looks as though the projectors of a naval school who have agitated the subject lately are "off their reckoning." What is there to be taught a boy in school about ships? Do our shipmasters sit up nights looking for a clear sky to manipulate their sextant and quadrant to learn their latitude or longitude? Shall the boy of Wisconsin be taught the uses of a marlinspike, or how to figure a logarithm? Hardly; and it looks somewhat like a jest to advocate such a scheme.

My first knowledge of Milwaukee and Milwaukee's nautical affairs was attained in August, 1847, arriving at the old "North Pier" with my elders on the side-wheeler Nile. To follow the subsequent history of this steamer would be to bring up memories of the past and our surroundings of that—to me—early date. Screw boats were not on the lakes at that time, and we landed at a pier in the

lake because the river in its natural state was too small, shallow and winding for good sized boats to ascend.

The little *hookers*, at this time, warped up the stream, running their line ahead from spile to spile, creeping up the tortuous stream from the mouth to their destination. This mouth was near Bay View on the site now occupied by the Menomonee Iron Company's docks and the stream led up via the present yard of Wolf & Davidson. The steamer Nile went ashore at the foot of Michigan street in 1848, was raised and floated to just about this spot, viz., the foot of Washington street, where the famous yellow warehouse stood. It was intended to repair the steamer, but some malcontented workmen fired her—1850—when she burned at her dock and sank, demoralizing the old yellow house at the same time. She was raised again and was to be metamorphosed into a schooner, but the hull was found warped, and so she was towed up the river to the *island* just north of Cherry Street bridge, where she was supposed to have reached her final resting place; but not so, for the rains fell and the floods came and a Spring freshet was too much for her and she drifted down into the draw of the Red bridge and proved herself a nuisance, and accordingly she was hauled into the lake and swallowed up. (I have some well-preserved oak from her.)

Skating rinks were unknown and we needed none for we were supplied with good ice on the river to all points—from the mouth to the second dam at Humbolt. Now the presence of vessels, the warm contributions from the sewers and the swell from the lake have taken this field almost entirely from us. These same causes with the interference of numerous bridges have robbed us also of our Winter race course. The stretch from Spring Street bridge to Walker's Point was the chief resort for many years, and all classes gathered here for trials of speed.

Spring freshets are among the by-gones. Having fewer bridges, more ice and a greater supply of rapidly accumulated water, we then experienced rapid currents, ice gorges, broken bridges and damaged cellars and some battered shipping, but those incidents have passed. The *island* referred to where the Nile lay is now Cape street from Cherry to Pleasant. The Red bridge is historical. The color of its coat gave it its name. The draw was unlike any other, it being lifted

to a perpendicular instead of a floating swing. This was the place where the "bridge war" culminated, and cannon were brought out to shoot or intimidate the enemy who proposed to make the east and west sides of our town a dual city.

The bridges in existence in the early 50's were the Red at Chestnut, and carried across the stream on spiles. A float at Spring street, also one at East Water and Ferry called Walker's Point bridge, and also two stationary ones, at foot of West Water and one at the south end of Kinnickinic avenue, across the creek of same name.

All of the territory south and west of this *Menomonee* bridge is "made" ground. From Reed street over the old Union depot westward, in 1851 and 1852, not a building existed. In the Menomonee valley where we have so many miles of slips and docks the classic Menomonee silently meandered in an indefinite bed, surrounded by flags and cattails. Norman Richmond's brick paper mill stood near the foot of Second street and in wet weather, water stood over much of the territory from here to the American house, on the site of the present Plankinton house, and the few buildings were approachable at times of flood only by elevated walks. Having told the story so many times I have taught myself to believe that my assertions are true that I have skated from Spring street to the Menomonee.

A short bridge spanned the bayou at Oneida and River streets, and where River street strikes north, was water enough to float the biggest of schooners. This bayou ran north nearly to Juneau avenue and was crossed by a bridge also at the foot of Martin street, for there was a good stretch of solid land between the bayou (River street) and the river proper. Quite an extensive lumber yard occupied this territory west of the bridge. It was run by a man named Englehardt, if I remember correctly. Scores of times I have crossed here to deliver the Evening 'Sconsin and the Commercial Advertiser. About this time Pierce ran for President and in political harangues it was stated that he had once been a printer and it occurred to my boyish mind, Why cannot I be President in the proper time, for I am a brevet printer? How nearly my thought has been fulfilled you will know when you are reminded of who filled the chair for four years previous to our Dr. Dadd.

Boylke, in my early rambles, I became familiar with many of

the craft plying into this port and in my desire to retain a memory of them I kept a record of their movements in the season of 1854. This marine list I give *verbatim* with the following facts:

“Port opened March 2nd and closed December 15th. Number of schooners launched, 7. No other vessels built. Number of vessels arrived, 193, which shows an increase of 14 over last season. Each vessel is a different one.” In detail these craft were 89 schooners, 26 brigs, 10 barks, 40 props., 17 steamers and 1 sloop.

My old yellow manuscript gives the full list of these ships with the name of their hailing ports and their masters.

You will notice that I called the season open when the first craft left. We didn't wait for the straits to thaw out for we placed considerable stress on the local trade. There were no eastern connections by rail. We have no opening now for our steamers run all Winter.

The brigs, barks, sloops and side-wheel steamers have all gone to their rest and the schooner or steam-barge now does the bulk of our work.

I cannot refrain from mentioning some of those old ships for you will be reminded of these jolly good craft as they are brought to mind.

The only sloop that hailed from here was the *Ole Bull*, Captain Larsen. She was a clinker built boat much like an overgrown double-ender Norwegian fishing boat. She broke from her moorings one gusty night and drifted into the lake and retired to Davy Jones' locker. Only two full-rigged brigs existed, the *Robert Burns* and the *Algonah*. They were black chunky craft, in all respects old style. Although not lost here, the *Algonah* went ashore here on the Third ward beach and laid high enough on the sand for me to walk around her dry-shod after the subsidence of old Michigan. The cause of her going ashore, according to legend, was the regular disappearance of the one candle in a designated shanty in the old Third. A jolly party in the said shanty could not get their “drop of the crater” except they went into the cellar to get at their source of supply, and such was the regularity of their trips below that the brig's master mistook the flashes for a revolving light and thus his misfortune.

Among the schooners are *Congress*, Captain Doyle; *Eliphalet Cramer*, Captain West; *D. O. Dickinson*, Captain Lewis; *Kitty Grant*, Captain Johnson; *Fred Hill*, Captain Adlam, and *Norway*, Capt. Tate. These three last were of nearly one pattern of a modern cut and were built on the site just north of Wolf & Davidson's. The *C. Harrison* was another familiar craft to me, and is yet in commission. I saw her when she wedded Neptune. She was the first craft I ever saw launched. She dipped the water, stern first, at the east end of Oneida Street bridge, where the wood yard is now. The next craft I saw introduced to the water was the top sail schooner *H. K. White*, which slid diagonally into the river from the foot of Fowler street.

So closely united is the history of our marine with the men of those times that I mention a few more vessels. For instance, in my list I find the *Josephine Lawrence*, Captain Saveland; *Lewis Ludington*, Captain McIntyre; *Milwaukee Belle*, Captain Lewis; *Dan Newhall*, Captain Waffle; *Republic*, Captain Cross; *J. & A. Stronach*, Captain Corbett, and the *Napoleon*, Bennett, master.

Captain Adlam, of the schooner *W. B. Hibbard*, died last month [June, 1888]. His craft was one I have on my list.

The *Napoleon* seems to have outlived all her consorts for she was in commission until last Summer when she went on the beach down the lake. The *Republic* was the first to adopt the patent double-threaded screw steering wheel. Previous to this steering was done with a tiller or at best with a wheel tackle.

All the three-masted schooners were called barks. The *Badger State*, Captain Shorts, was the most familiar to me. I saw her baptized in the placid Menomonee just west of Reed street where the sheds of the Western Transportation Company now stand. Many a time I have seen her burgee flying from her peak as she lay at anchor outside waiting for a tug as all the larger vessels had to do; and in referring to the larger class we must bear in mind that shipping has changed radically in thirty years. A good sized schooner in 1855 took aboard only 18,000 to 20,000 bushels of grain in contrast now with 60,000 or 70,000 or even 100,000.

Another bark that attracted attention at this time was the *Great West*, possibly of 500 or 600 tons. At all events she looked big and

her owner thought she was immense for she had a steam engine on deck to make sail and break bulk. One more man tried steam. He put a screw in and proposed to do his own towing, but it did not work. You may never have heard of this man, but it was "Old Kirb," and his ship was the *Cream City*. Although he only intended to drive her in port or in the rivers, by steam, yet I am not so sure but we might call him the father of steam barges. (I am the possessor of her flag, given the Cream City Ball Club, by Captain Fitzgerald, 1870.)

At the head of Wisconsin street the bluff was as high as it yet is at the Juneau statue and on the summit beside the brick lighthouse was a shanty where hotel runners, glass in hand, watched and waited for the appearance of passenger boats. The iron horse had not reached us and these steamers came with fair regularity and were watched for with interest, especially from *below*. When they hove in sight and were recognized, these watchmen took to their heels to advise the hotels, which in turn would scurry and bob away to the pier to solicit patronage from homeseekers and pilgrims bound for this great unknown country.

Those scenes are all gone now. Huron and Erie streets were the great thoroughfares then and they have improved but little in forty years, for the people who floated up and down those streets to see and do business with these wheezy puffing old steamers have other paths to tread now. Besides these piers the only other notable landing place was at foot of Washington street, where the old yellow warehouse stood. This place was used especially in heavy weather when the swell was too boisterous in the bay.

Referring to these puffy old side-wheelers, let's recall just a few of them who hauled in here in 1854. For instance, the steamer *Arctic*, Captain Jones; *Cleveland*, Captain Robinson; *Fashion*, Captain Newbre; *Globe*, Captain Pratt; *Lady Elgin*, Captain Chamberlain; *Pacific*, Captain McQueen; *Sultana*, Captain Appleby, and the *Traveler*, Newbre, master.

In the propeller line, only one was built in this decade (date 1856), which was the Allegheny. Other screw-boats landing here in the year of my record, viz., 1854, I will mention only the *Buffalo*, Captain Conkey; *Bucephalus*, Captain Alexander; *Dunkirk*, Cap-

tain Hathaway; *Forest City*, Captain Pheatt; *Granite State*, Captain Cadwell; *Illinois*, Captain Dixon; *Milwaukee*, Captain Marsden; *Pocohontas*, Captain Clark, and the *Sun*, Captain Anderson.

In 1856 we tried the experiment of shipping grain direct to Europe. Laden with wheat the schooner *Dean Richmond* sailed direct with considerable flourish of trumpets. One or two boats followed in a year or two with grain and products of the forest, but the ventures established no permanent trade.

Another epoch was the arrival of a tow-boat. The tug G. W. Tift was the pioneer, putting in an appearance about 1853. Frequently I saw her with five or six and even seven little *hookers* toiling up the undefined course of the old river. She took her own time for sharp competition was yet to come. Soon after this the *straight cut* was opened, making it much easier for little craft to make port and sail, perhaps, directly to her dock. At this time came those wonderful creations, the steamships *Detroit* and *Milwaukee*, to do us duty across the lake, giving us close and comfortable passage across old Michigan. Simultaneously came the blast from an iron horse which had crept up from the south'ard and found a temporary stopping place at the spot now called Bay View, from whence passengers came citywards across the marsh on scows towed by our one all-important tug which landed baggage and passengers at foot of National avenue where the Milwaukee & Chicago Railroad erected a station which was their only one for many years.

Shipbuilding progressed fairly with us, but our facilities for repairs were for many years decidedly limited. Away back in 1847 we had a floating dock and later a marine railway, but the first approved dry dock was made in 1877 by our present ship builders, Wolf & Davidson.

Those were halcyon days, my hearer. Mayhap a clear conscience, a sound stomach and a robust corpus of a lad in his teens has much to do in giving a roseate hue to the mazy past. Perhaps so, but we were not hampered with as many set forms and ceremonies in those good old days. Caste was not as apparent, we were all nearer to being peers, and aside from these reasons who will reproduce our old and immaculate stamping grounds? Where are the fish and fish-

ing, where the sloping grassy banks, where the diving holes and the spring-boards where we could disport unobserved in all hours of the day, up and down either of our rivers or on the lake front? Where are our boating parties and picnics on the limpid stream whose bottom could be seen on any clear day? Where are they? Go ask the gray-beard; go ask the sickly streams that smell rank to heaven. Seek your answer in our solid docks, and ask our omnipresent sewer and our contaminated lake and our forbidding sea-walls, and as your mind is of a retrospective bias, remember the old adage: True yesterday, true today, true for tomorrow.

Milwaukee, July, 1888.

A Sailor's Narrative

Condensed from Papers Read Before the Club by Captain William Callaway.

I was born at Portishead, England, near Bristol, on the banks of the Bristol Channel, and was attracted to the free life of the sea as far back as I can remember. My father was an officer in the British customs service, and three of my uncles were pilots on the Bristol Channel. While I am unable to vouch for the truth of the report, it was said that my great uncle, a certain Edward Callaway, piloted John Paul Jones into the Bristol Channel during the Revolutionary War—at the point of a pistol. My father died when I was but ten years of age, and at fifteen I informed my mother that I was going to sea, threatening to run away unless she granted her permission.

I made my first voyage in the Spring of 1846 in the bark *British Queen*, bound from Bristol to Quebec, with railroad iron. She was a ship of perhaps five hundred tons register. The voyage out was uneventful until we reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where we got into a field of ice. After getting free from the ice we ran into a gale of wind blowing down the gulf, and were obliged to take a reef in our topsails. During a dark night we collided with another bark, and you may imagine with our cargo of iron most of us thought our chances of getting to Davy Jones' locker were pretty good. The two ships were thrown together by the sea, and we broke our studding-sail booms; the yard-arms came tumbling down about us, and our shrouds on the port side were carried away. During the excitement which prevailed at the time, I jumped on the rail to get aboard the other vessel. A big sailor caught me by the seat of my pants and threw me back on deck. We got clear of the other vessel finally, without further damage, and were one man ahead; for while we were rolling together one of the men from the other ship got hold of our ropes by mistake and was drawn aboard.

We reached Quebec in about eight or ten days, and found the ship we had collided with ahead of us. One of their boats came alongside, and their men were overjoyed to find their shipmate in

safety. We were in Quebec about three weeks. Our cargo was unloaded into barges to go up the river, and we loaded timber to take back. After leaving Quebec, we had a safe passage home, but at the end of the voyage I had an accident which nearly finished me. I fell eighteen feet into the hold of the ship, and was picked up for dead, but recovered in a few days. It was rather a strange coincidence, as my father met his death by falling in the hold of a ship at the same dock. I made several trips to Quebec after this one, but will go on now to my trip around the world.

In the early 50's I shipped from Bristol on a little bark called the Kyle, bound for Melbourne, Australia. She was of five hundred tons burden and carried a crew of twenty men. We had on board 120 passengers, most of them bound for the gold diggings, discovered about this time, and two stowaways who were found after we had got out to sea. There was the usual ceremony of receiving a visit from Neptune when we reached the equator. After crossing the equator we ran into St. Paul's Island. The ship was then put in course, running down the southeast trade winds. Our supply of drinking water got so bad at this time we were compelled to hold our noses when drinking it, so our captain concluded to run to the island of Tristan Da Cunha, south of Cape Good Hope, for fresh water. When we neared the island the wind was blowing a gale, so we had to put off for Cape Good Hope. I was taken ill at this time with a serious fever, and had to have my head shaved.

We ran into Table Bay at Cape Good Hope and took on fresh water. The first land we sighted after leaving the Cape was St. Paul's Island and Amsterdam Island, both of them very small—apparently about ten miles long—and I do not think they were inhabited at this time, as I saw no houses or smoke. The food we had to live on was sufficient warrant against dyspepsia. On Monday we had pork and pea soup for dinner; Tuesday, salt beef and rice; Wednesday, salt pork; Thursday, salt beef and duff; Friday, pork and pea soup; Saturday, salt beef and rice; Sunday, salt beef and duff. We also had all the sea biscuits we wanted. When we were in the tropics maggots got into the biscuits, and we were obliged to break them over our knees and shake out the maggots before eating. We were served with tea and coffee as long as the supply lasted, and

got lime juice every day as a preventive of scurvy. Our food was brought to us by the boys whose duty was also to keep the forecandle clean. We did not have table linen and silver knives and forks. Each man had his pannikin, tin plate, tin spoon and knife and fork. The food was brought down to us in kids, and each man helped himself, our forecandle floor answering for table and tablecloth.

On our ship "Grog-O!" was always called when we got through shortening sails. The next land we made after Amsterdam Island was Cape Leeuwin, Australia. A few days later we made Melbourne Heads, and then dropped anchor in the bay. There were no docks for ships to go alongside of and not enough water in the river for large ships to go up, so we were obliged to unload our cargo into lighters. The people were coming to Melbourne so fast there was not room enough in the town. Tents were pitched on the hill across from the city and the hill called Canvastown. The town had its liquor stores, butcher shops and stores of every description. It was a grand sight on a sunny day to see Melbourne on the one side and Canvastown with its sea of white tents on the other. Our crew got the gold fever, and all but the carpenter and myself ran away. Run-away sailors were arrested when caught. There were so many miscreants there was not enough room for them in the prisons, so the authorities bought a ship called the Deborah and anchored it in the bay for a sailors' prison. It was the custom to shave the heads of the prisoners, and I had a rather unpleasant experience one day while in a butcher shop. A man greeted me and offered to shake hands, and when I said I did not know him, he said: "Of course you do; you were in the Deborah when I was there." My hair was still short, and I suppose this accounted for the mistake.

We shipped a new crew at Melbourne and went to New Castle, about ninety miles north of Sydney, on the river Hunter. There was only one small mine there at the time, but I understand now they are shipping coal from there to San Francisco. The mine had a capacity of only 600 tons per month, and as there were ships ahead of us we had to wait six months for a cargo. All hands but the carpenter and myself were discharged, and I acted as cook and steward. We lay across the river opposite the little town, and there was a tribe of natives close by. Whenever the carpenter or myself

wanted amusement we would give the chief and one of his head men a few glasses of grog and have them get the tribe to dance. When I visited the town I would tie the boat at the dock, and when I came back it would be filled with natives waiting to cross with me. I always made them welcome.

I made three trips to New Castle. On the last trip we got into a hurricane, or southerly buster, as they call it there. The canvas was blown away and we sprang a leak. When the gale was over we bent extra canvas which we had below and put into Sydney for repairs before going on to Melbourne. Sydney is the most beautiful harbor in the world. After leaving Sydney we encountered a strong head wind and ran into Botany Bay for shelter. The two years I had signed articles for were now up, and I got my discharge and sailed for home on the ship *Seringapatam*. Our homeward voyage was around Cape Horn. We arrived safely at Bristol, thus ending my voyage around the world.

My next trip was on the ship *Petrel*, bound with passengers for New York. While we were lying in New York harbor, two sailors from the Great Lakes who came aboard to spin yarns, told us what good things they had to eat on the lake vessels. They said they had ham and eggs for breakfast, two kinds of meat and pie or pudding for dinner, and hot biscuits and cake for supper. They also said that when they wanted a drink, all they had to do was drop a bucket overboard and draw it up full of fresh, cold water. I thought they were awful liars, but found when I came to the lakes, after making three more voyages from England to this country and Canada, that they were about right. I came to the Lakes in the year 1857, and started my career as a fresh-water sailor.

In the Spring of 1857 I had shipped from Bristol in the ship *Jane*, bound to Quebec with passengers. I worked my passage out, rather than follow the usual custom of securing a month's advance in wages when shipping and then running away after reaching this country. Nothing of interest occurred on my trip to Quebec, and we landed our full load of passengers in safety. I stayed with the ship and helped unload and reload with timber, and secured as much money that way as I would had I taken the month's advance and run away. I then went to Kingston and shipped on a vessel named

the Liverpool, bound for the river St. Clair to load timber. I went across the river to the vessel in a boat, and was surprised when I got on board to see two horses secured forward. I was informed that they were used in loading timber and also that the vessel steered so wildly when loaded that it was necessary to have their assistance at times in steering. I made up my mind that that kind of sailing would not suit me, and left the ship at Detroit. I shipped there on a little schooner named the C. L. Burton, which carried only about three thousand bushels of grain. We went to Sandusky, and carried grain from there to Buffalo until October. I then shipped in Sandusky on the revenue cutter A. V. Brown, and came to Milwaukee.

The Brown was one of six revenue cutters built by the government in 1856 for use on the Great Lakes. There was one for each lake. They were built in Milan, Ohio, and when finished were all taken to Sandusky and moored close together. I was one of the first sailors. In the Spring of 1858 they were ordered to ship their crews and go to their stations. I stayed on the Brown two seasons, and was boatswain before I left. I believe she was the first government vessel stationed in Milwaukee. Her commander was Captain Mitchell. The lieutenant's name was Underwood.

In the Fall of 1858 we laid up in the Menomonee river, about where the Sixth Street bridge now is, alongside a clay bank on the south side of the canal, and the pilot and myself were left on board to keep ship. The others were discharged, and the officers went to their homes. Elevator B was built then, and the Hans Crocker was moored at the dock. Captain W. Fitzgerald was her master. We became quite well acquainted. About the first of April, 1859, the Brown shipped a crew and we lay to anchor in a little bay just inside the piers, somewhat to the south. We used to go from here to different ports on Lake Michigan—Racine, Kenosha, Chicago and St. Joseph—and stay a few days in each port.

On one occasion we left St. Joe, bound for Grand Haven. The wind was from the south. We got out into the lake two or three miles, then wanted to set the squaresail in order to spread the sail. We had two swing booms, which, when not in use, would lie one on each bow. I told the men to square them, which they were doing with lifts and guys, but were so slow that I jumped on the rail, one

leg on each side the boom, and was lifting it square, it being two-thirds out over the lake and one-third in. Someone had taken the nut off the gooseneck that went through the saddles on the mast. While I was at work the boom let go, unshipped, took me between the legs and pitched me into the lake. As I was going down my arm caught on one of the guys. I grabbed it, but had all I could do to hang on, as the vessel was going about five miles an hour. I was hauled on board all right. I stayed on the revenue cutter until Fall, and then shipped on the brig David Ferguson, owned by William B. Hibbard and commanded by Captain Adlam.

On March 1, 1860, I married. In April I shipped on the schooner William Case, before the mast, to go to Oswego. I had a salary of sixteen dollars a month—small wages on which to keep a wife. I left the Case at Oswego and shipped on the schooner Morning Light, bound for Saginaw, to load lumber for Chicago. I then came home and shipped on the schooner George Barber, with Captain Nelson, at twenty dollars per month. In those days the crew had to load and unload. Sometimes we would leave here at night and be in Muskego the next morning, alongside the lumber pile, load, and get out again at night. I stayed with him until September. I then shipped in the schooner Whaling, with Captain Kynaston. My old friend Andrew Boyd was mate. We loaded grain at Higby's elevator, foot of Chestnut street. The captain told us to go home, as the weather looked bad and he would not go out. The next night the schooner lady Elgin was lost. We made one trip to Buffalo. After our return I shipped in the schooner Robinson for Buffalo. I was taken sick with fever and ague, left the vessel and came back to Milwaukee. Then I went to work in Mr. Truslow's wholesale fruit store on East Water street, next to Greene & Button's drug store. In 1861, while fitting out the schooner Barber, I was again taken sick, and could not sail all Summer; so I worked in the store.

In the Spring of 1862 I shipped on the schooner Stella, owned by Mr. Goldsmith of Port Washington and commanded by Captain Smith. We loaded at the pier, carried wheat to Buffalo and came back to Milwaukee. Charley Millett, the mate, said: "Bill, let you and I buy a vessel of our own." I asked him how much money he

had and he said: "A hundred dollars." I had the same amount. Our united resources did not seem a sum that would go far toward the purchase of a vessel, but "where there's a will there's a way." We started out, got as far as Division Street bridge, and there saw a small schooner called the *Mariner*. We asked the captain if he knew of a small vessel for sale, and he told us the *Mariner* was for sale for \$850. She carried twenty-one hundred bushels of wheat. The owners were Peter Hansen and Mr. Backet of Sheboygan. My father-in-law kept a store on Wisconsin street, and as we thought he knew more about business than we did, we sent him to Sheboygan to see the owners. The owners came to Milwaukee the next day, and we bought the vessel for \$850, paying \$200 down and giving our notes for the balance—\$100 to be paid each month for five months and \$150 in the following July. It looked rather risky, but we paid the notes as they came due, supported our families and saved money besides, after which we sold the *Mariner*.

When I was in the store I became acquainted with Otto Wermuth. In July, 1862, I met him on Wisconsin street, and he said he was going to have a vessel built to go to the old country, and asked me if I would superintend the building, fit her out and take her across the ocean. I thought he was only "blowing," but answered "Yes." When he told me to go to Ellsworth & Davidson's shipyard and tell them what kind of vessel was suitable for crossing the ocean, I wanted to back out, but he would not listen to it. I had never superintended the building of a vessel, and was not thorough in navigation, but after I had consented was determined to "see it through." I went to Ellsworth & Davidson and asked them to make a model, which they did. I made another lake trip, and when I came back the contract was signed, and the vessel was to be finished by November 1, 1862. I then stayed on shore and fitted the rigging, having it ready to slip over the mastheads as soon as they were stepped.

Besides attending to the business of vessel building, I had to study navigation. I asked Mr. Ellis, who for many years kept a book store on Wisconsin street, to send to New York for an *Epitome and Nautical Almanac*. Hearing that Mr. Roche, who was living on Lyon street, near where Racine street now is, had been a teacher in

the British navy, I made arrangements with him to teach me navigation. I lived on Grove street, on the south side. I would go home from work, get my supper, then walk over to Lyon street and back, as there were no street cars in Milwaukee in those days. I found Mr. Roche was not all he claimed to be, but he could see into the examples quicker than I. At length I concluded to study at home. I filled a plate with molasses, placed it in the back yard, for use as an artificial horizon, and each day with its aid took the altitude of the sun with my sextant. By November 1st I was pretty well informed. The vessel was finished November 6th and laid up till Spring. Mr. Wermuth went to Germany with his family. When he came back in the Spring I had the vessel already loaded with wheat for Buffalo at eleven cents per bushel. He was so pleased that he put his arm around my waist. Then he pulled a gold watch out of his pocket and made me a present of it.

The Hanover was built just west of Reed street, where Elevator A now stands. I believe she was the first and only vessel built in Milwaukee that went from here to Europe, although there were two other vessels that made the trip across the ocean from the Great Lakes before she did. I took the Hanover from here, through the Great Lakes, the canals and the St. Lawrence river to Quebec, and from there to Liverpool, England. From Liverpool I took her to Brock, on the River Wieser in Germany. She was sold in Brock to parties in Hanover, and I took her to Guestemunde, where my crew and I left her. I returned to my home in Milwaukee about October 20th of the same year. For a number of years after that I followed the occupation of sailing.

In 1865 I was master of the schooner Toledo. I left Milwaukee about the 13th of October to load wood at Bode's pier, which was six miles south of Manitowoc. We got alongside of the pier about 10 o'clock in the evening, took the foghorn and called for Mr. Bode. We then went into the woods blowing the horn. Blowing the horn was the signal that there was a vessel at the pier which wanted men to help load. We got loaded about 7 o'clock in the morning of the 15th. It commenced blowing a gale from the southeast. I ran to Manitowoc Bay and came to an anchor. Several other vessels were also at anchor in the bay.

We could not get into Manitowoc in those days, as there were only five or six feet of water in the entrance to the river. At noon the vessel began to drag her anchor, so we let go the second anchor. About 1 o'clock the small anchor chain parted and we were dragging for the beach; but I did not want to go on the beach if we could help it; so we pitched off the deckload even with the rail, close-reefed the foresail and mainsail and got a slipline from the starboard quarter with one end fast to the anchor chain, so as to cant her on the right tack. We then slipped the chain, when she filled on the starboard tack. When about a mile north of Manitowoc, the mainsail blew to pieces, and soon after our staysail went the same way. This left us only the foresail to get off a lee shore, and we kept getting nearer and nearer to the beach all the time. When passing Two Rivers pier we were about a quarter of a mile off. We ran along in the breakers until the centerboard began to touch bottom. Then I thought it best to uphelm and run her on the beach as far as she would go. My brother was standing by the foresheet when the foresail jibed and he was thrown down against the wood. I thought he must be badly hurt, and was much relieved to see him get up without assistance. I was steering and could not leave the wheel, but had to jump to save myself when a big sea struck our boat, which was hanging on the davits, threw her up nearly on the stern, and then fell on the davits with such force that she broke loose and went adrift.

A young boy named John Herzer was with us that trip, for health and pleasure, and as I did not know at what moment we would ship a sea that would carry everything before it, I asked my brother to get a rope around the boy and tie him to the mainmast, as he did not know enough about sailing to take care of himself. We were in a bad way, for our boat had been washed away, and we had no means of reaching shore, and the sea was washing over us all the time. We should most likely have perished by morning with the cold and wet if some men had not brought a boat down to the beach in a wagon. They launched the boat and came under our bow. We crawled out on the bowsprit and dropped one by one into the boat, in which we reached the shore safely. When leaving the vessel I went with the boy, my arm around his waist, so that I could hold him. This placed me in an embarrassing position years afterward,

for John Herzer grew very fleshy. When I met him at parties he would take me around and introduce me as the man who carried him under his arm to the boat. He then weighed some three hundred and fifty pounds, and I about one hundred and thirty.

To go back to the wreck: When we reached the beach our teeth were knocking together, we were so cold and wet. The rescuers took us to Weilep's hotel, where they gave us some whiskey and a good supper. We were all tired and went to bed early. Two of the men who saved us were John Eggers and Moses Bunker. The names of the other two I cannot recall. There were six wrecked vessels between Manitowoc and Two Rivers point during that storm.

I came back to Milwaukee to secure wrecking tools. I got them of Cole & Harrison and put them on board the steamer Planet. It blew a gale from the northeast, and I could not get out for two days. I reached Two Rivers on a Sunday morning and went down to look at the vessel. She was in a sorry plight. She was partly filled with sand, and had settled down so you could get on board dry-footed by jumping over a little stream by her side that the current had kept open. She was broadside to the beach and had listed a little. The sand was level from the top of the rail to the combings of the hatches. Monday morning I went to work. I put eyebolts in her frames, lashed timbers to her sides, and got blocking and screws set. As the beach at Two Rivers is all quicksand, I had to raise the screws eighteen inches in order to raise the vessel two inches. I got her up forward and was ready to put ways under her when it came on to blow, and all the blocking was washed away and she was in worse condition than before. It took almost two months to get her up and on the beach. We then cut her in two and hauled the bow from the stern and lengthened her twenty-seven feet. I had to go seven miles into the country and there buy oak trees of the farmers. I had to buy the trees standing and make bargains with the farmers to cut them down and haul them to the vessel. I then had to get whip-saws to saw the long plank by hand. The short ones were sawed at Mann Brothers' pail factory. I engaged a carpenter to boss the job while I superintended it. We got her ready to launch by the end of May. Then the carpenter went back on me and left, so I had to alunch her myself. It proved a difficult task, on account of the

quicksand; but by having anchors in the lake and purchases to the windlass, we got her off to an anchor. I then put on some things that had been left on the beach and came back to Milwaukee.

Upon my return to Milwaukee Mark Tyson chartered me to go to Manistee to load lumber for Chicago. I continued in that trade the remainder of the season and made three trips between November 8th and 13th. For the first trip I had \$7 per thousand, for the second \$7.25, and for the third \$6.50. For the first trip I paid my men \$36, and as we made the trip in five days the men thought the next trip would surely be a long one; so they would not go by the trip, but asked \$4 per day. I agreed to their demand, and as we made the trip in four days I only paid them \$16. I mention this to show the difference between those sailing days and the present.

In 1867 I again ran to Manistee and carried the material to build the lighthouse on Big Point Au Sable. We anchored off the point and unloaded onto scows. The scows were then hauled to the beach and unloaded. The same Fall I was windbound in Manistee with many other vessels, among them the schooner William Jones. We all left the same afternoon, the wind being southeast. It was raining. When off Big Point Au Sable the wind shifted to the west and blew a gale, and we had to carry a heavy piece of canvas in order to get to the west shore. When about in midlake, at daylight, we saw a schooner about ten miles to leeward flying a flag of distress. I up helm and ran down to her and found her to be the William Jones, waterlogged. The captain asked me to stand by her, which I did. When about half a mile away from him, I saw him waving his hat signaling me to come back. I wore ship and got to leeward of him. They lowered their boat. Every man got into her and we hoisted them on deck, but not any too soon, for just as the last man came on board our vessel their vessel rolled over almost bottom-side up, and most likely if they had stayed on board all of them—there were seven—would have been drowned. Being loaded with lumber, the Jones did not sink. We made more canvas and ran for Chicago.

Perhaps the most thrilling event of my life was the wreck of the bark Naomi, on November 5th, 1869. We were windbound in Manistee on November 4th, the wind blowing a heavy gale from the south

and at night shifting and blowing a heavy gale from the west. On the morning of the 5th one of the men went on the pier to look along the beach, and saw a bark about six miles north on the outside sand-bar. Three other sailors and I then started to walk along the beach to the scene of the wreck, but were soon obliged to take to the woods, as the heavy sea was washing up against the clay banks.

When we got within closer range of the vessel we could see the crew on the cabin with the seas washing over them. Their boat was on the beach. They had lowered the boat, with the intention of coming ashore, but the heavy seas filled her with water, and she broke adrift and came on the beach. The breakers pounding the boat on the beach had started some of the frames from the planks and had shaken the oakum out of the seams on one side. One of the men had tried to swim ashore to summon help, but was drowned in the attempt. The peril of the men on the wrecked schooner filled us with horror, and we determined to make an effort for their rescue.

The only boat at hand was that on the beach. A farmer had brought with him a hatchet and some nails. We turned the boat bottom up and nailed the planks to the frame as best we could. The next thing was to find something with which to caulk the seams, and we made use of a pair of old pants which we found. A lumberman by the name of Calkins pulled off his coat and tore off his shirt-sleeves. We tore the coat into shreds and filled the seams with them, using our knives as caulking-irons. I then cut a piece of one end of the painter and made a becket through the ring bolt in the stem of the boat, to keep the steering oar from slipping out of the sculling notch and getting away from me.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered, among them sailors and citizens from Manistee. They said it was folly to attempt a rescue in that boat, and some of them said they would go back to Manistee and get a good boat and bring it back on a wagon. They did this finally, but had to drag the boat a long distance through the woods by hand. I knew that by the time they could get a boat from Manistee it would be nearly night and perhaps all of the crew would have perished. Three oars and a pail had come ashore with the boat. I got together a crew of three men besides myself, two to row and one to bail. Two of the men were Chris Hansen and James Gillespie, and the third a sailor from the schooner William Heg.

There was a strong current running south along the beach, and I got the lookers-on, who had grown into quite a crowd by this time, to partly drag and partly carry the boat a distance to the north, in order to allow for the current in fetching up at the wreck. Then I got them to run into the water and push us afloat, which they did willingly. Our boat was a large one, about eighteen or nineteen feet long, but the seas were so high that she nearly stood on end when pointing out through the breakers. However, we kept her afloat, bailing her out with the pail as fast as the spray came over. The first sight that met our eyes as we approached the wreck was that of the captain, whose name was Carpenter, and his wife. He was fast to one end of a rope passed over the mizzen boom, and his wife, who was fast to the other end, lay dead in his lap. The vessel had her top sail close-reefed and set. Her mainsail also was close-reefed and set, and the main boom was lying on the rail with the end about eight feet from the side. I got our boat under the end of the boom, as it was not safe to go closer to the vessel in that terrible sea. The men on the wreck came along the rail and to the end of the boom, then dropping into the boat. Three of the men dropped in all right, but when the fourth was in the act of descending we shipped a sea in our boat that threw us from under him and he fell overboard. The undertow brought our boat back to its former place and the man came up alongside. One of our men grabbed hold of him and got him into the boat. As soon as he could speak he invoked heaven and the saints, calling down upon us blessings for saving him.

Having by this time shipped considerable water, we were obliged to put off for the beach, in order to save ourselves and those we had taken from the vessel, and to get the boat in trim. If we had shipped another sea it might have been the end of some of us. As we approached the shore, the men on the beach ran out into the water and took hold of the boat to pull her onto the shore. Two of the men we had rescued stepped out of the boat and dropped down as if dead, when they realized that they were saved. The people on the beach had built a fire in the woods back of a sandhill, and carried the exhausted men there, wrapping them in blankets after rubbing them with whiskey and giving them some of it to drink. This brought them around after a while. The crowd wanted me to take some whiskey too, but I refused to have any until I got through.

We put our boat in trim again and pulled her up the beach to our former starting point, but when we were ready to go off two of my boat's crew backed out and would not risk a second trip. It was some time before I could find two others, although there were numbers of sailors among the spectators. I succeeded finally, however, in filling my crew, but do not remember the names of the two recruits. We started off once more, but had got only about half way to the vessel when we shipped a sea that nearly half filled our boat; so we had to put back to the beach to get the water out and the boat in trim again. We once more got our boat back to the starting point, ready to put out again, when the two men declined to re-enter her. It took some time to get two others, but finally we did. The two who agreed to fill these places were Captain Hall of the schooner Stronach and my mate, Gus Janet. Chris Hansen deserved great credit, for he stuck by me all the time. The other men also were worthy of praise, and deserve credit for what they did.

The third time we put off, we reached the vessel all right and got the boat under the main boom as before. One man came along and dropped into the boat as the others had done. Another got as far as the mizzen rigging, when his strength failed him and he could go no further. He stood on the rail, holding on to the rigging. I got the boat near him and told the men to watch their chance, and when the boat was on top of a sea to drag his legs off the rail. They did so, and the man tumbled into our boat like a thousand of bricks. Moreover he was not hurt. The captain now was the only living person left on board, and he was unable to help himself. I asked Gus Janet to watch his chance and jump on board when we got the boat alongside by the mizzen rigging and were on top of the sea. The only way he could have saved the captain would have been to loosen his wife and throw us that end of the rope, and then pitch the captain overboard, so we might haul him into the boat. Gus got aboard all right and did all he could; but at such times it takes longer to do things than at others. He had loosened the wife, but before he could accomplish the other details we had shipped so much water that I saw we had to put out for the beach again. I did not want to leave my mate on board the wreck; so I got the boat under the boom and called to him to come aboard. He came along the boom and dropped into our boat, the same as the

others had done. Then we started for the beach. Captain Carpenter, I presume, thought we had given him up. He cast at me a look I shall never forget, and rolled off the cabin deck between the cabin and the rail, and drowned. It had been my intention to get the boat in trim and go off again and fetch him.

We reached shore safely, but my arms were so strained they were in the shape of a bow, and I could not straighten out my fingers for some time. This was because of the prolonged tension of the muscles in holding the steering oar. We had been about four hours accomplishing our task. We then walked back to Manistee, and found that the editor of the paper there, who had been an eye witness of the rescue, had issued an "extra" giving a full account of the affair. When I came back home after this trip the members of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, to my surprise, were kind enough to present me with a gold watch and chain. Our Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce at this time began an agitation for life boats on the Great Lakes. This was the starting point of the splendid life-saving service we have on the lakes today.

In 1870 and 1871 I was master of the schooner Toledo and was in general trade between different points on Lake Michigan. In 1871, the year of the Chicago fire, I was windbound in Holland Lake, which is about twenty miles south of Grand Haven. One Sunday afternoon, Mr. E. W. Diercks, who was later registrar of the Milwaukee Board of Health, came on board and asked me to take him up to Holland, six miles from where we were anchored. Mr. Diercks had chartered me to bring a load of railroad ties from Holland to Milwaukee. I ordered two men into a boat and we rowed him to the little town of Holland. When we reached there we found the woods on fire south of the place and the citizens fighting the fire, trying to save their town.

Their efforts were of no avail for that night every house was burned to the ground—nothing left standing but a stone mill which was situated on a point of land at the head of the lake. When going back to the vessel, we could hardly breathe, as we were to leeward of the fire, and the smoke was dense. The next morning, seeing a tug taking the people to the lake shore for safety, I took the boat and brought many of them to the vessel. The people carried what clothes they had saved on board. I accommodated as many

as I could in the cabin and put the others in the hold to stay until the danger was past. Soon after this I loaded the ties and came back to Milwaukee.

The night of this fire was the night of the big fire at Chicago. That same fall there were terrible fires in the northern part of Wisconsin, and many people were burned to death. Many cattle were also burned, and the fire made a clean sweep of many farms, destroying the houses and killing the stock, especially in the country around Ahnapee and from there to Green Bay.

Relief was asked for, and people from all over the United States sent supplies. A committee was appointed in Milwaukee to receive the supplies and ship them to the sufferers. I do not remember the names of all the committeemen, but among them were J. A. Dutcher and Col. Turner. The committee had charge of chartering the vessels and shipping the supplies. They appointed Capt. A. J. Langworthy to go to Ahnapee. He was to select a committee there to visit the people and find out what was most needed, so that the supplies might be distributed accordingly. As there were no railroads in those days along the west shore, the only way to get supplies to the burned district was to ship them by vessel or send them to Green Bay by rail, and from there thirty-six miles by team.

Col. Turner chartered me to take the supplies to Ahnapee. Winter navigation was not very good, and it was no easy task to find a vessel captain willing to go. I loaded by John Eldred's shingle mill, where the North-Western railroad bridge now is. My load consisted of everything imaginable—furniture, clothing, bedding, stoves, flour, groceries, hay, feed, and so forth. We arrived at Ahnapee safely and my old friend, Capt. Langworthy was there with the committee to receive the supplies and distribute them.

When I unloaded, I came back to Milwaukee and took another load. I delivered the load safely, but while at the pier the wind blew a gale from the southeast, so that we were compelled to use all the ropes and chains we had to hold the vessel to the pier. When the gale was over, we loaded wood and left for Milwaukee; but before reaching here, it blew a gale and a snowstorm set in from the northeast. I could not see the pier light, and the first thing I could see was the north pier on our lee side; so I rounded to and let

go the anchor, with the intention of trying to get out in the lake again. We got up anchor and cavorted into the lake all right, but the center board, being down about four feet and frozen into the box, touched bottom and turned her around against all head canvas, and she went hard and fast on the beach.

As the sea struck the vessel, the spray would fly all over us, and as it was freezing hard, being the sixth of January, we were soon covered with ice. About eleven o'clock at night we managed to get the boat down and through the broken drift ice and reached the pier all right. I then lived on Grove street. I got home as quickly as possible. When I took off my coat and pants they were frozen so hard they stood up alone.

When the sea went down, I procured wrecking tools and put a purchase to Lighthouse pier, unloaded some of the wood on the pier, threw some overboard, and succeeded in getting the vessel off the beach about the ninth of January. As there were no tugs running during the winter in those days, we did the best we could with hand labor. We went on the Wolf & Davidson box to repair the damage. The ice was a foot thick from the piers, so we had to get men to cut it with saws. This took some time, but we got the vessel repaired, and then had to saw our way back to the shingle mill.

We put on another load for the fire sufferers, but the weather was very cold and the ice in the river about ten inches thick, so we were not able to get out for about three weeks. All this time the people were suffering for want of the supplies we had on board. In those days there were only the Grand Haven boats running. If I remember correctly, they were the Ironsides and the Lac la Belle, both of which later foundered. These two boats would come close alongside when going out, to break up the ice; but before I could get the vessel around the cakes would freeze again, and leave me as badly off as before.

After a time we got a northeast gale which sent in a sea and broke up the ice. After the gale the wind came from the west and carried the ice out into the lake. I then sailed for Ahnapee and arrived about a mile off the end of the pier at daylight one Sunday morning, when the wind died away. I had the boat low-

ered, and towed the vessel into the pier. There was a large crowd of people on the pier, and I shall always look back with pleasure to seeing those joyful faces, and remember the way they received us, with shouts and cheers.

As soon as we got alongside the pier we began unloading. There was a string of teams a mile in length, each awaiting their turn to load what the relief committee allowed them. Of course there were some who were not satisfied with what was given them. Some one stole a bag of clover seed and hid it behind a woodpile on the north side of the pier. In the hurry no one saw the trick; but later I happened to go on that side and saw the bag. I reported to the committee. That night they watched for the thief and caught him.

Before leaving Milwaukee I agreed with Wolf & Davidson to bring a load of ship plank from Manitowoc. I arrived there on Washington's Birthday. The plank was piled on the dock, and was long heavy oak. The vessel was very shallow in the hold, being only seven feet six inches deep. I had to come up with the mizzen rigging and rig tackles from mastheads in order to slide the plank down the main hatch. I had got the tackles on the first plank and was standing on deck with my back toward the hatch and telling the men how to work it when the plank slid toward me. Not thinking about the open hatch, I stepped back against the combings of the hatch and fell into the hold, a fall of seven and a half feet. The sailors picked me up for dead and sent for a doctor, but by the time he came I had recovered consciousness. He felt me all over but found no broken bones, though I was badly bruised and had to stay in bed for some days. One Sunday morning I left Manitowoc with a fair northern wind. Before I was long out it blew a gale, so that I had to be on deck until I got to Milwaukee. Consequently I was very tired. Next day I went down town and chartered for another trip. But I was taken very sick from the fall I had, and could not leave for three weeks. Then I delivered the last cargo.

Milwaukee's First Railway

By James Seville.

In the month of August 1846, the Steamer Niagara landed in Milwaukee at Higby's Pier with its load of passengers, immigrants and merchandise, etc., and on board of it I came to look over the great northwestern country and to join in with the multitudes that were seeking new homes on the famous soil and in the climate of Wisconsin. Fifty years ago the routes from the east and south were by the lakes and, of course, the moving tides which were setting in knew of no other avenues only by the lakes.

At this time the Michigan Central railway from Detroit was in operation as far as Niles in the state of Michigan, and the idea of reaching the head of Lake Michigan by stage line was not to be attempted. This will account for the rapid settlement for the state of Wisconsin, as Milwaukee and the country around it had gained a reputation for its fertility and climate equal to any state in the union, at any time in the history of the country at large, either before or since. Its magnificent forests, prairies and streams of pure water, its soil producing forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the splendid opportunities for the establishment of new homes, and business enterprises, made Wisconsin the very Garden of Eden to many, as was evident by the rapid settlement of the state, brought about by an enterprising and thrifty population.

Milwaukee, unfortunately, at an early day, became factious in itself. The east and west sides of the River became, in time, divided into parties which brought about the "Bridge War," and in this the "South Side," or what was known as Walker's Point, held the balance of power, and through their good offices, the strife gradually subsided; but as late as 1846 some of the surrounding ruins of the old war remained which in time, died out.

After a short residence in the city, the writer found there were three distinct personages within its bounds who held a commanding influence in the advancement of the general interests and advantages of Milwaukee, and these three individuals were,—first

Byron Kilbourn, second, Solomon Juneau, and thirdly, Bishop Henni of the Catholic Church. To Byron Kilbourn the City is indebted for its water-power and the attempted construction of the Rock River canal, which latter was abandoned. He also planned its railroads and was the originator of the first railway of this city going west. Mr. Juneau, you all know his history, but in regard to Bishop Henni, I presume it will be a matter of interest to nearly all of you, if not to all, that he was the only Catholic German bishop in the United States at that time. And that gives you the key to the fact that the population in your city and north of you is so largely German. The German, before leaving his native land, if a Catholic, would feel more at ease and more comfortable in the new country, if he could be near his bishop speaking his own language, and this would naturally bring others of their friends who might be non-Catholics to this locality. Whether it was an act of providence in placing this bishop in your midst, I do not know, but a more sincere, gentlemanly and pleasant and good Christian I never had the pleasure of knowing. And I think you will agree with me that Milwaukee has, within its limits, as well as the country north of you, as good a representative lot of German citizens as can be found in any part of the United States, and who have been about as successful in business and who have a disposition to build up and sustain the City in all its interests as any of its citizens. So much then, for the good future Milwaukee has realized from the location of good Bishop Henni in your midst.

Now, then, gentlemen, if you will walk with me to a house on the corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, (this latter name for old associations), I will show you where Milwaukee's benefactor lived, viz., the Hon. Byron Kilbourn. In his day, he was one of the worst abused men you had within your limits and the real cause for it all was that he was the leader of the Rock River Canal Company, and was determined that the property on the west side of the river should be occupied and improved and that business should grow and flourish on the west as well as on the east side of the river. The residents and business men on the east side were not on the best of terms with the west side owing more to the fact that the east side settler was of Puritanical stock, the west side was largely from Ohio, and the south side was more of a mixture, or a "don't care" kind

of an individual and the German element, but self-interest came in to the rescue and caused the troubled waters eventually to calm down, and these differences gradually subsided, and Mr. Kilbourn became not so much of a target. It is said that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and so it proved to be, for from the time of his coming to the state, no one became so well known and few there were whose opinions had more influence in the state at large, than Mr. Kilbourn. He could do more with the legislature, governor, etc., than any other man and that too without any seeming effort on his part. He was a man of large build, a large head and brain, a skillful engineer and just such a man as is required to manage large enterprises; sociable, communicative, benevolent and always ready to engage in anything to help his adopted city.

If you will look with me into his office, which was a part of his home, I will show you a large map, covering one side of the wall. First a line for a railroad from Milwaukee to Dubuque, via Waukesha, Whitewater, Monroe and Galena. Another from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien, another from Milwaukee to La Crosse, another from Milwaukee to St. Paul, and these roads all aiming towards the Mississippi river. Others reaching into different parts of the northern parts of the state. This map was made in the year of 1847-8. Look again and you will see that all these roads have been built, except the first one, and that one has not been built to this day, and nearly all the others do not have their starting point in Milwaukee as originally intended.

In the year 1846 Chicago and Milwaukee were considered equal in population of ten thousand inhabitants and Milwaukee and the state of Wisconsin in the lead, for the reason, as I have stated before, that the means of travel was only by the lakes, and Wisconsin having such excellent reports abroad, she gained in numbers rapidly. In the meantime, however, the Michigan Central railroad was pushing its line west with Chicago as its objective point, and in 1848 reached New Buffalo on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, a point directly opposite Chicago. As soon as this was done, E. B. Ward of Detroit, put on two steamers to ply on the lake from Milwaukee to New Buffalo via Chicago. This formed a daily line, but it was soon seen that the travel around the lakes began to slacken and Mil-

waukee began to drop off in its newcomers. Still, its commerce did not decay nor its immigration, until later on.

Permit me, at this juncture, to deviate from the main object in view and give somewhat in detail, one of the interests of Milwaukee which bid fair, at one time, to make the City one of great importance in the manufacture of iron goods in its various phases. On my arrival in the city I found A. J. Langworthy representing the Wisconsin Iron works on the water-power, Turton & Sercomb located on West Water near the junction near Third Street, and Mr. McCracken on West Water and Wells Streets. These establishments were all supplying the various mills being built in the state with machinery for grinding wheat and sawing lumber, and for all other enterprises requiring machinery. And the firm of Ludington & Co. were agents for the mill furnishing establishment of J. T. Noye of Buffalo, New York. All these concerns, which were of Milwaukee origin, have passed out of existence as also the proprietors, except in the case of A. J. Langworthy, whom I believe, is still with you.

In looking the situation over, and visiting Chicago and making a trip from there to Galena and from there back to Milwaukee, by stage, on the old Frink & Walker Line of stage coaches, gave me some idea of the extent of country tributary to Milwaukee.

Entering into the employ of Turton & Sercomb, opportunities were further given me to look into and study Milwaukee and its surroundings as a place of investment, not only for the present, but for the future.

In the early part of 1847 I got together a few tamarack poles from a swamp in the second ward and some boards from Mabbett & Breed's lumber yard and proceeded at once, to commence the erection of a shop for the manufacture of French burr mill stones and to handle all kinds of grist and saw mill supplies. This was all done, building completed and a supply of materials obtained from New York and actually landed on the ground before anyone in the city knew of the event. Inquiries failed to reveal the object of putting up the building and the reason for this was simply that in those days it would not have been a prudent act to have revealed the object in view as the whole community was alive and on the alert for any opportunity for making money and those in business

were in constant dread of any competition. This condition can be accounted for in the fact that all new enterprises were supposed to have their own capital, for, if they had not, the chances were small for accommodations at the banks; because all the capital *they* had was consumed by those handling the products of the country at large. The commercial interests were the paramount objects in view by the banks then in existence and anyone having sufficient nerve to go into manufacturing, must do it on his own resources or "bust." Immediately after mill stones were being made, preparations were made for the erection of buildings for the manufacture of machinery for all classes of industry which might be in need of such. In due course of time suitable facilities were accomplished and the Reliance Works of Decker & Seville unfurled their banner to the breeze and became one of Milwaukee's institutions. One event occurring in connection with this concern is worthy of note, and that is in the construction of the machinery for the very first successful steam grist mill built in the state of Wisconsin, which mill was located at Berlin on Fox river, north of your city. And I may say, in this connection, that the successful problem of making flour by steam, had not been solved in any part of the United States. But after this, and the exhibition of the Corliss engine at the Philadelphia exposition and the adoption of one of its principal points, the same as promulgated by the Reliance works, the manufacture of flour by steam has become a grand success.

Milwaukee ought to have credit for the accomplishment of that principle in the system of mechanics which the Corliss engine has made unanimous. The Reliance works was located on West Water Street at its junction with Second Street or opposite the Old Fountain house, and through the revulsion of the panic of 1857 and the breaking out of the rebellion, the establishment passed into the hands of E. P. Allis & Co. which is now located as you know in the 5th and 12th Wards and is enjoying a world-wide reputation, and of the old owners and their misfortune in losing their hold upon it I may have something to say in the future. Almost simultaneously with the starting of the Reliance works came into existence the Menomonee Locomotive Manufacturing company, succeeding W. B. Walton; the establishment of Menzel & Stone and that of William Goodnow, all of them first class foundry and ma-

chine shops. But of these three concerns only one remains, and that one, I think is known as the Filer & Stowell Manufacturing company. Mr. Goodnow left the city and I cannot now say where he is. The Menomonee Locomotive Manufacturing company was located in the swamp about two blocks south of the Menomonee bridge, about opposite the large brick building put up by the Burnham Bros. for John Nazro as a hardware store and which caused his downfall and to his being succeeded by John Pritzlaff. L. L. Lee was the far-seeing, active and energetic manager of the Menomonee Locomotive works, for no sooner had the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad company got under way than he also got ready to supply the company with the locomotives it might need. A more industrious, self-confident and active man the city never had and no one worked harder to build up the city than he. He succeeded in getting out one or more locomotives and other supplies for the road which were all acceptable, but Mr. Lee found that the railroad company had no money and that the banks had none for manufacturers and the Menomonee Locomotive Manufacturing company had none, so Mr. Lee had to suspend, all the possessions of the company vanished, and soon after this Mr. Lee died and the company became a thing of the past, and by many, entirely forgotten. Menzel & Stone also closed up their business, both parties leaving the city. I do not know what became of the latter, but Mr. Menzel removed to Minneapolis and engaged in the same business, made himself wealthy and is now a retired manufacturer.

Other manufactories have sprung up in your midst since then, but these you have with you and do not need any notice from me.

One more topic of interest and I must then divert to the main subject in view. The reason for this is that you may see more plainly why the Milwaukee railroad system and other interests were not a success in the start, and why Milwaukee was crippled in her energies at the commencement of her struggle for an equal share, at least, for the wealth of the great northwest. Her Banking system consisted then of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance company, which was then a branch only of a Chicago house, the State Bank of Wisconsin of which the Cramers were the principals, and the Farmers' and Millers' Bank, E. D. Holton, Brodhead and others. At this time the commercial interests of Milwaukee were

growing rapidly and the banks, with their limited means, could not look after the wheat, build railroads and help its manufacturers, so such interests had to suffer which were most dangerous to its capital. A loan on wheat would be paid as a collateral would follow the loan. With the railroad there would be no telling whether the thirty or sixty days' earnings would show any balance in favor of the road, and with the manufacturers, it might be a renewal of a year or more of notes. The banks were not loaded down with eastern correspondence, consequently had limited means, and if any ruffle on the wave of prosperity came along, why, the first ones to suffer were the manufacturers. And as for the railroad interests, they were not in the race. While this was all going on, of which I have briefly spoken, there was one man in the city, who was busy with his prolific brain, and that man was Byron Kilbourn.

Among the Solons of Milwaukee at those times of which we are now writing, the question was often discussed as to the geographical situation of Chicago with that of Milwaukee and which of the two would, in the future, control the resources of the great west. And in the eastern states the question was also discussed whether the railroad interests would not eventually drive the vessel interests off the great lakes. Unfortunately for Milwaukee and its interests, its inhabitants were mostly from the east and from beyond the great ocean, and knew but little of the country lying south, southeast and southwest of Chicago, and as a matter of course, the decisions were mostly in favor of Milwaukee. This decision was seemingly supported by the facts that Mr. Ward made Milwaukee one end, or starting point, for his line of boats and Chicago a way station, Detroit and Milwaukee line, that the Goodrich Steamboat line was an established institution plying between Milwaukee and Grand Haven, and also the further fact, that Chicago was not at the head of Lake Michigan, but fifty miles from it. If there was ever a city to be built up which should supercede Milwaukee it must be one which would spring up at the immediate head of the lake. Now with this condition of things, it is no wonder that Milwaukee was ready for anything which should be for its interests. And the plans to advance these interests as shadowed forth by what Mr. Kilbourn had matured in his mind and was ready to place before the public, met with unbounded approval in all things, except in their

open purses. But nothing daunted, he said that Milwaukee must have a railroad through to Dubuque at once connecting Milwaukee with the Mississippi river, before Chicago got one to the same river. He said, "look at my map of railroads I have laid out for Milwaukee and, if we build the first one, and get to the river first, Chicago will not dare to approach our territory. And if we build this first road to Dubuque, I will guarantee building up our Milwaukee system and then we can defy the world to come between us and this great northwest."

Mr. Kilbourn got the necessary legislation incorporating the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad company and brought the road before the people. And what was the result? Why, he simply found, that to succeed, he would have to rely upon the farmers and property owners of his proposed road. You will probably remember the fact, also, that all the distance from Milwaukee to Milton Junction was finally built through the aid of farm mortgages and other help from citizens along its line, and not from that promised help he had a right to expect from the citizens of Milwaukee. Mr. Kilbourn formed his company which in the first place was composed largely of citizens of Milwaukee, but afterwards, failing to get the help from Milwaukee he expected, he had to select directors from those living along the line, among whom were Adam F. Ray of Whitewater, Mr. Goodrich of Milton and A. Hyatt Smith of Janesville and also others along the line. The office of the company was located in Birchard's Block, a three story edifice where the present one now is. To say that the meetings of the directors and stockholders were on all occasions, harmonious, would be stretching the truth; as the farmers would sometimes get rather anxious about the mortgages on their farms, and would be eager to know about the earnings of this road, but in this respect, I never knew of anyone losing his farm.

Mr. Kilbourn continually kept before the public the fact, that the Michigan Central railroad was constantly at work on its way west and had got as far as Michigan City and that contracts were let for its completion to Chicago, and that the Illinois Central Railroad was growing very near Chicago up on its way from Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio river. To enumerate all the trials and difficulties experienced by this band of railroad pioneers, would fill a rea-

sonable sized book, and as it is said that "all things have an end" so the exertions of these men with all their efforts had to succumb from fulfilling Mr. Kilbourn's plan of reaching Dubuque.

At this time we had in existence a political organization known as the forty thieves, or, by some, as "Barstow and the balance." Mr. Barstow lived in Waukesha, Wisconsin, but the organization had its headquarters in Madison. And if I am not mistaken, the Tammany Hall of New York City got its education from our famous coterie of political gorillas. After Mr. Kilbourn and his friends had expended all their energies in carrying their road to the objective point and it rested at Milton, the home of Mr. Goodrich, a proposition came like a clap of thunder and fell among the board of directors in shape of an offer from the grand sachem of the "forty thieves" organization to the effect that, if the company would conclude to switch off at Milton and build their line to Prairie du Chien, they, the said honorable body, would help raise the money to complete the same.

A full meeting of the Board of Directors was called and a full representation of Milwaukee's leading and financial men were also present as spectators and when the question of accepting or rejecting the offer came up, a stormy time ensued. A. Hyatt Smith of Janesville and Kilbourn et al opposed. The Directors along the line as far as it was completed did not care as they had got a road anyhow and as Smith and Kilbourn had not secured the means for an extension of the road beyond Milton the result was that the proposition was accepted and preparation for its extension was made in the near future, proving disastrous. This act sealed the destiny of Milwaukee forever and its consequences have been felt ever since, as a comparison of Milwaukee and Chicago of today shows.

Let us see what followed: Mr. A. Hyatt Smith was a power in the state, politically as well as otherwise, and could command as much influence in the state as any man then living. He owned large interests in the city of Janesville and his cherished object was to get the road to his place, but this new deal, he saw, would cut him off. He was not the man to lie down and cry "quits." Far from it. He did not go into mourning because of the actions of Barstow and the balance, but he went to Chicago and took into

his confidence a man who became famous in after years as a railroad man, in the person of Wm. B. Ogden.

These two men concocted a scheme of building a railroad from Chicago to Green Bay via Janesville and as soon as it was known in Milwaukee a number of Milwaukee's leading and financial men looked up Mr. Alexander Mitchell and asked that sage of Milwaukee's financial four hundred what he thought about it. He simply said, "Gentlemen, it cannot be done. The country has not got the money to spare to put into so large an investment." The four hundred were satisfied with Mr. Mitchell's decision, but Mr. Kilbourn and his friends did not believe it, for they went to work at once and raised the necessary means and built eight miles of road from Milton to Mr. Smith's very door and I do not know but what they would have carried the road into his house and left it there, if they could. All Milwaukee, nearly, turned out to the celebration of the event, and a grand time they had, and supposed they had pleased and gratified Mr. Smith now that he had the road to his town and stopped further opposition. Not so. Messrs. Smith & Ogden went to Washington city and consulted with Mr. Robert J. Walker, U. S. Treasurer, and the result of this interview was the return of Smith and Ogden home, and the next we heard of them was through the legislature of Wisconsin and Illinois with a bill in each house asking for a charter for the Rock River Valley Railroad Company to run from Chicago to Green Bay. They got this bill through both legislatures at one and the same time and then what followed was simply this: That Robert J. Walker went to England and purchased the rails and two locomotives. A part of the rails and a locomotive were landed in due time, one at Chicago and one at Green Bay, and the contract was let for the entire distance to Messrs. Chambers & English of Janesville. This road, I need not tell you, but the fact exists, is no less than the great Chicago & Northwestern System which traverses the State of Wisconsin in all directions and which has compelled the removal of the general offices to Chicago of Milwaukee's favorite and time-honored Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company system.

The creation and completion of this Rock River Valley railroad cut off completely all the trade of the state from Milwaukee and gave it to Chicago, all the country north and west of the line

and for certain distances east of it on account of certain inefficient country roads. The merchants and manufacturers now living will bear me out in this statement, and from this your city did not recover until after the late rebellion and the Chicago fire and by this time you had the greenback and legal tender period to help you.

I wish I could erase from all records the failure of Milwaukee's business and financial men to respond to the efforts of Mr. Kilbourn and his associates to carry out the original plan of going to Dubuque and to have prevented, thereby, the designs of the Madison clique, but it cannot be done and Milwaukee must bear, forever, its lost opportunities. However, as the railroad building in Wisconsin had become urgent, Mr. E. H. Goodrich of your city, was the originator of the idea of a road to Horicon, of which he can give you the history. And Judge Rose of Watertown started a line from Brookfield Junction to go through Watertown to the Mississippi river via Baraboo and got his road as far as Watertown when Mr. Alexander Mitchell came forward with a proposition to Judge Rose and his associates to the effect that four of his directors, myself included, should resign and allow himself and Russell Sage and two other New York gentlemen to supply our places, which was agreed to, and from this transaction grew the first consolidation of the Milwaukee roads under the title of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company, and a distinguishing title it has become in all parts of our country. Its system is known, for short, as the Milwaukee road. What effect in not responding to Mr. Kilbourn's demands at the time Mr. A. Hyatt Smith retired from the board of directors of your first road, owing to switching off at Milton, I leave you to judge. But I certainly think that Milwaukee owes something in memory of the grand efforts of Mr. Kilbourn in working and planning as he did, both with his money, influence and energies to build up a system of railroads which should inure to the benefit of Milwaukee and to it only.

In reading the memoirs of Mr. Sivyler, Milwaukee's First White Child, many, yes, very many, of the names he enumerates come back to me and carry me back to the days long gone by and bring to my view many events which your association ought to have on record and preserved for future generations. Old land marks, old events, anecdotes of old citizens, some of which have been rich

and quaint. To me, Milwaukee is almost sacred and I love it and the few remaining representatives of your association. Like the rise and fall of the Roman empire, I had my rise and fall in your city where I thought to end my days, but the fates have been against it; yet I like to drop in and bring to my mind the early landmarks and note the changes which have come from the hands of man through the influences of time and the energies of Christian civilization. Amongst all the joys and sorrows which have come to me in my Milwaukee surroundings there is nothing that has so impressed me and remained a fixture so permanent upon my mind as the lost opportunity Milwaukee has experienced in not supporting and carrying out Mr. Kilbourn's ideas and efforts in his railroad plans. I can only say, I am sorry its effect and influence can never be regained and that Milwaukee has lost the proud eminence that many of its best and oldest citizens had in their fondest hopes anticipated, but now find them all gone.

I once heard an eminent Divine say that "History was but the errors of statesmen," and history proves also that extremes follow one another. And so we find it, because, no sooner had the gloom of disappointment fallen upon Milwaukee, owing to A. Hyatt Smith and his associates, than E. H. Goodrich, Samuel Brown and two other of your citizens organized an expedition of survey for a new railroad, and each subscribed \$25.00, and this amount was paid over into the hands of Garrett Vliet to commence the survey of a new road, and when this was expended to make a draft for more and, if not honored, return. He did not return, but the result of this effort has given Milwaukee its La Crosse & Milwaukee railroad, the history of which, with all its trials and difficulties, you will find in the book I have sent you and the substance of which many of you can probably bring back to your memory.

In justice, however, to Mr. A. Hyatt Smith, I may add that he and Mr. Corwith, a rich banker, of Galena, made the effort to extend your first railroad from Janesville to Galena, but it fell through, probably for the reason that your road, stopping at Janesville, would give Mr. Smith's town full control of the trade of the surrounding country better than to have the road extended.

I am in hopes that this feeble effort to bring back to your minds old days and old events may have the effect of recalling

others from your organization and glean from them other scraps of early Milwaukee days and thus keep these events from being lost to your posterity. It seems to me that there is much truth in the old saying that "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will;" because, notwithstanding all the efforts that were made in the foregoing as portrayed, it seems as though those efforts were met with obstacles, unforeseen and not to be overcome, and as a verification of this fact we have an example in the circumstance that the man who acted in the capacity of teamster for Mr. Corwith and his party in looking over the line of your first railroad from Janesville to Galena was no less than our late President—U. S. Grant.

First Locomotive Built in Wisconsin

By George Richardson.

Much has been recently said and written in a local controversy as to the identity of that particular locomotive to which should attach the credit of being the first one built in the state of Wisconsin, and it is lamentable that a great part of that so said and written is far from the actual fact. If the question of priority of construction is worth talking about at all, it is worthy of being told as it really existed. The perversion of a fact in order to suit the preconceived notion of a narrator is not history, and does more to create a feeling of mistrust in the minds of those interested, than can be overcome by volumes of published truth. The statement that no question is ever settled unless settled right, applies with equal force to this locomotive question as it did to the vexed slavery question of half a century ago. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and the actual truth of a controversy should be determined by the preponderance of substantiated data to sustain it.

My interest in this matter attaches not only from a motive of fact, but from a motive of personal pride, and the latter condition arises from the fact that I am—so far as I know—the only person now living who had anything to do with Milwaukee's first locomotive before it was put into active service. It is true that my connection with Milwaukee's first locomotive was not over important, as I now consider it, but was such as to give me the right to claim connection with it, and to vouch for the absolute truth of all I may say relative thereto, from a personal standpoint.

During the years 1852, 1853, and 1854, I was employed by John Miller ("Long John" he was called by reason of his great size, six feet nine inches in height). Mr. Miller was at that time Milwaukee's heavy moving contractor, and he it was who moved Milwaukee's first locomotive from the shop where it was built and placed it on the tracks of what was then the Milwaukee and Mississippi railroad, now the Milwaukee road.

The locomotive was built at the works of W. B. Walton & Co., known as the Menominee foundry, and located at the southwest corner of Reed and South Water streets. The first locomotive differed from all alleged drawings of it as recently published in some of the Milwaukee papers, and also from the alleged drawing of it in the possession of the Milwaukee Old Settlers' Club, inasmuch as it was what is known as "Inside connected," that is the machinery, cylinder, etc., was all underneath the boiler, except the parallel rods connecting the two pair of driving wheels. Recently published drawings claiming to represent the first engine show the cylinders and machinery as being located on the outside, as locomotives of today are built. This is a mistake. A most thorough inquiry and search has failed to discover a sketch or drawing of the first locomotive as it really was. If such, however, is in existence, this controversy may be the means of bringing it to light. I recollect this engine as plainly as though I had seen it but yesterday, and I remember that on its dome or sandbox on top of the boiler was the following:

MENOMONEE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

No. 1.

JAMES WATERS, Engineer.

W. B. WALTON & CO., PROPRIETORS.

On the side of the boiler was this word:

" M E N O M O N E E . "

On Oct. 15, 1852, "Long John," with his crew of a dozen men and several yoke of oxen, began laying temporary tracks from a point at the foundry near which is now located the scales of Seeboth Brothers, and thence to Reed street, on Reed to the bridge over the Menomonee river—then a float bridge. No trouble was experienced until the bridge was reached. At that time Reed street was just about wide enough for ordinary wagons to meet and pass, and the locomotive and its tracks occupied the whole street. At the bridge all the power of men, block and tackle, as well as oxen, was needed to enable us to get the locomotive up the incline at the bridge. The engine's weight was about twenty-six tons, and under it the bridge barely escaped sinking, but it was safely landed on

the north side of the river, and placed on the track, located about seventy-five feet away from the bridge, and here my connection with it ceased.

Now let us establish the identity of this engine, when it was built and who built it. In this controversy I have no desire to rob anybody of justly acquired credit, but with the lapse of time errors of identity and fact are so very apt to predominate and confuse.

In a recent Milwaukee newspaper article Charles G. Menzel, of Minneapolis, claims that his father, the late Gregor Menzel, built the first locomotive in Milwaukee, and that it was named White-water. To refute this claim of Mr. Menzel there appears in *The Milwaukee Sentinel* of October 14, 1852, the following:

“The Menomonee is the name of the splendid locomotive just built at the Menomonee foundry for the M. and M. R. R. company. The Menomonee leaves the foundry for the track today. It was designed and built under the superintendence of James Waters, to whose skill it bears ample testimony. The next engine, now nearing completion, is to be called Whitewater.”

Again, the *Sentinel* of Oct. 16, 1852, says: “The new locomotive, the Menomonee, now fairly launched from the Walton & Co.’s foundry yesterday, commenced its march toward the railroad track.”

This “march” of the Menomonee I have described above. Also, the following from the *Sentinel* of Oct. 25, 1852:

“The locomotive Menomonee, built by Walton & Co., at the Menomonee foundry, the first one manufactured there, was put in motion on the track on Saturday (Oct. 23), and performed to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. We note the fact with no little pride that here in Milwaukee has been built the first locomotive west of Cleveland.”

Then the following from the *Free Democrat*, Oct. 26, 1852: “The new locomotive, the Menomonee, was put on the track yesterday, and its speed pretty well tested running fourteen miles in twelve minutes.”

I am fully aware that some there be who will smile broadly at the speed here given to my pet engine by the *Free Democrat*. Re-

porters of those days were the forerunners of many to follow, and their imagination was just as vivid, as lurid, as romantic as is that of many of the reporters of today.

The facts here given, I believe, fully establish the identity of the first locomotive built in Milwaukee—establish the fact that it was called Menomonee; that it was designed by and built under the sole direction of James Waters, as engineer, and in no way does the name of Gregor Menzel appear in connection therewith, as claimed by his son.

In the Milwaukee directory of 1851 the name of Gregor Menzel (a most unusual and uncommon name) appears as “gunsmith, Lake, near Ferry.” I knew Gregor Menzel personally and well. He was a most excellent mechanic, and well thought of by all who knew him, but at the time when he has been given credit for designing and building the first locomotive in Milwaukee he was employed in the shop as a journeyman mechanic, as has been stated in the public press by Zacharia Van Horn, a half-brother of Mr. Walton, and an employe of the company at that time. It is also very improbable that Mr. Menzel had any connection with this locomotive in a supervisory capacity, for the very good and sufficient reason that Isaac Waters, a son of James Waters, was assistant foreman in the shop at that time.

I have no desire to even attempt to rob Mr. Menzel of the credit of designing and building the second locomotive, a drawing of which was recently presented to the Old Settlers’ Club, and which was called Whitewater, as shown by the following from the Free Democrat of Jan. 12, 1853:

“The Menomonee foundry has just turned out another locomotive for the M. and M. R. R. company, called Whitewater. It is the same size as the first, but with outside connections.”

The above conclusively clinches both sides of this long mooted question. The Menomonee was the first, with inside connections. The Whitewater was the second, with outside connections.

James Waters designed and built the first, and Gregor Menzel may have designed and built the second.

An Up-River Mystery

Read by Jeremiah Quin, Oct. 2, 1899.

In the autumn of 1858 an occurrence just above the dam caused much annoyance to the squatter settlers of that region. The La Crosse shops were running in full blast. The long brick blacksmith shop on the crest of the river bank was full of vigorous, brawny men, many of whom built small houses, known as shanties, along the river banks. A custom, or rather a *fashion*, prevailed among these knights of the ringing anvil, of wearing red flannel shirts at work; and proudly as ever marched "red branch knight" of old, we strutted in these colors to and from the smoky shop.

The women along the river banks seemed to catch inspiration from our colors, and the blacksmith's wife could be easily distinguished, as with high head and proud bearing, on each wash day, with well-rounded bare arms, and ample corsetless bust, she laid the masculine emblem on the green sunny sward to dry; for in those days, clotheslines and clothes horses were unknown, or deemed effeminate luxury.

All at once a dark cloud came over the sylvan spot. A red shirt began to disappear here and there from the variegated lawn, and no one could discover how. At first it was thought a neighbor might have gathered one in by mistake, and sometimes a humorous scene would occur between the matrons of the settlement, thus: "Mrs. Dressen, when you thought that you took in Hans' red shirt last night, was it not my Mike's you had taken by mistake?"

"Ach, mine Gott, Mrs. Murphy, mine, mine; I never could make such mistick in Hans' shirt," would be the good-natured reply. These little things, however, never caused the slightest ill feeling among the women of the settlement.

Day by day the crop of red shirts grew less and less, and what deepened the mystery, was, that while there were garments of various hues, and shapes, of gauzy textures, and costlier finish, lying on the daisy-covered sward, still, only the red flannel shirt was ever taken.

Many were the theories which were advanced in regard to the matter, but still there was no clue discovered. Self-constituted vigilance committees kept sharp watch, but still the red shirts disappeared, and the mystery only deepened. An unfortunate rag picker sauntered one day through the settlement, and was instantly surrounded by the active vigilance committee. His huge bag was turned inside out, and its contents scattered about, but no red shirt was among them. The terror-stricken merchant, gathering up his goods once more, quickly departed, wondering whether he had struck one of Gulliver's savage islands.

Red was eschewed altogether. *Blue flannel* was made the smith-shop uniform, and peace and happiness reigned on the river's sylvan banks once more.

The long winter passed, and when the warm sun of Spring melted the crested snows of the stream, the mystery was solved. Well up towards Humboldt a colony of muskrats made settlement that Winter. Their vast network of nests looked as usual, until the warm Spring rays all at once metamorphosed the scene, and strange to relate, in a single day the colony assumed the appearance of a miniature English military camp, and a most picturesque sight it was, too; every nest was crowned—capped with a red flannel shirt.

The selection by the colony of red flannel for their building purposes is perhaps the most interesting part of my story, and as it came under my personal observation, I will relate it.

Sauntering one day along the river bank, shot gun in hand, in quest of jacksnipes, I saw a large muskrat sitting upon one of a dozen or so stones, at the entrance of the old ravine, a little above where the woolen mill now stands. My first impulse was of course to get that musk's hide, and I crawled noiselessly along so as to get within sure distance. I came out of the brush a little, so as to take sure aim, when I noticed that he was eying me very intently, without apparently any fear. There was something in his looks which seemed to appeal to my feelings, and Poor Burns' famous lines to the mouse came into my mind instantly:

“I’m truly sorry man’s dominion
Has broken nature’s social union,
And justifies the ill opinion
That makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor earthborn companion
And fellow mortal.”

And I was much pleased that, unlike Burns’ scared little mouse, my muskrat never stirred, but gave me candid glances of confidence. I became at once much interested in him, and although I would not kill him for the world now, I feared that some less humane hunter might come along and shoot him on sight. Deeming it my duty under the circumstances to give him a lasting fright, I fired both barrels of my old shotgun against a rock near him. He looked at me for a moment, and jumping up on that very rock, began to gambol around on it. Determined if possible to strike terror into him, I reloaded and fired once more, this time into the water, which splashed upon him and over the rocks around him, but with no effect. He swam around, and frisked from rock to rock, and then looked at me in a funny sort of way, much as to say: “Fire another. I like it.”

I now began to feel great interest in him, and pity for him, especially as I felt the responsibility of giving him so much confidence in a hunter. I was down to my last charge of shot, and I at once resolved to make that tell, even at the risk of wounding him. I loaded in the charge of powder and rammed it down with my last wad of paper—we had no cartridges in those days—I put in my last charge of shot, but had nothing left for a wad. Necessity is the mother of invention, it is said, and so it proved in my case. Being a blacksmith I of course wore the regulation red shirt, and taking my knife from my pocket, I cut a piece from it, and rammed down there with the charge. Approaching to within, well probably eight feet of the rock from which that rat sat smiling at me, I put the full charge of shot against the rock, very close to him, so as to shock him, but instead of diving terror-stricken into the river that rat actually curled up his tail, and jumped around in evident merriment. The red wadding did not burn but fell on the rock. He picked it up in his mouth, and shook it at me several times. I then

grew angry and ran for a stone. He must have seen my change of countenance, for he swam away hurriedly with the piece in his mouth, with which he undoubtedly embellished his nest; evidently the whole colony finding red flannel well suited to building, had raided the banks on both sides. Nothing was easier than their mode of operation. They would sneak the garment off the bank into the river, and then carry it under the water, so that the people watching for a man thief, could not account for the manner of the disappearance. One watcher offered to make affidavit that the shirt was lying on the grass, when she looked around for a moment, and on turning again, found the garment gone, but her story was discredited and she was charged with sleeping on her watch.

This little incident was recalled to my mind by the interesting story related at the Old Settlers' picnic by your late treasurer, Brother Lee. The story so graphically and truthfully told by Mr. Lee made a deep impression on my mind, as it presents to the naturalist, the reptile in an entirely new and wonderful light, giving us a picture of gratitude and affection almost human.

Some might say that the incident which came under my own observation shows the muskrat up as a more *cunning* character, and that being higher in the scale of creation than Brother Lee's reptile, he had partaken more of modern civilization, by smiling in my face now, and in the next moment conspiring to rob me of even my only shirt. However all this might be, the incident itself does not approach the picture given us by Brother Lee, either in intensity of human affection, or in depth of human pathos.

The Rhodian sculptors of old have left the world an immortal group called the Laocoon, in which is depicted the severe decree of the gods against Troy, the strangling of the sons of Priam by huge serpents. If ever an American sculptor arises equal to the great task of depicting Brother Lee's experience with his serpents, the American story must far surpass the classic and famous Laocoon. Look at the group! There stands the manly form of our late treasurer, proudly encoiled within the scaly circles of a huge reptile, who is in the attitude of impressing a loving kiss upon his cheek, whilst as a bas-relief, the crouching, cowardly chicken thief is firmly bound in the coils of younger serpents.

Let us hope that some day this group will stand in the Seventh Ward park, inviting to Michigan's wondrous shore, travelers from every land, even as now flock around the gallery of the Laocoon, enduring through all time as the last and greatest climax of American art and of American story.

Pioneer Physicians and Druggists

By John A. Dadd.

In the year 1850 there stood on the southeast corner of Wisconsin and East Water streets a cluster of frame buildings owned by Elisha Eldred, the corner occupied by Hatch & Patterson as a drug store, while overhead Mr. Eldred had his office. Mr. Hatch being one of the earliest settlers of the city, a member, and I believe, one of the organizers of St. Paul's Episcopal church, his store was the resort of many of the most prominent and well-known citizens. There you would meet Judge A. G. Miller of the United States Court; the Rev. Akerly, rector of St. Paul's church; Cyrus Hawley, one of its wardens; James B. Martin, also a warden or vestryman of the same. Our late esteemed member, Horace Chase, was a frequent caller, coming seated behind a fine specimen of the Morgan horse, of which breed he seemed peculiarly fond.

Physicians came necessarily to procure medicaments requisite in their practice. Foremost among them were A. W. Blanchard and J. B. Dousman. Dr. Blanchard I was first intimately acquainted with, although having previously been under the care of Dr. Whitney for about ten weeks, being taken soon after coming to the city with typhoid fever, and attended by him at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, then situated at the southwest corner of Oneida and Jackson streets, the site now occupied by the residence of Dr. W. Fox. Dr. Whitney was a very able physician, who afterwards went to California. Previous to going he associated with him Dr. Lewis McKnight, now chief examining physician to the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company.

Dr. Blanchard was a man of marked traits of character, whom to know was to respect; his convictions were strong, but guided by high conscientiousness, he seldom erred. He had a large family, principally daughters, among them Mrs. W. P. Lynde and Mrs. John Nazro. All displayed more or less the strong mental characteristics of their father. He lived to an advanced age and died much regretted and highly respected.

Dr. J. B. Dousman was also a person of strong individuality, a good physician and a kind-hearted man. To see him and note his strong earnest gaze, was to never forget it. It is many years since he passed away. Dr. E. B. Wolcott was so widely and well known that young or old have heard of him, and I could not say anything that would add to a reputation that already stands so high, as a most skilful surgeon and a generous, kind-hearted man, whose tall, lithe and active form was once so familiar on our streets.

There was also another well and widely known physician. I refer to Dr. J. K. Bartlett, who until lately was still a resident of our city. He was a gentleman of refinement and culture, and one of our best-read physicians, and occupied a very high position in his profession. His health necessitating removal to a milder climate, he went to California to reside.

Dr. C. C. Robinson was a frequent caller at the store. He has accumulated large means through investments in real estate, is still a resident of the city, and a hale and hearty man.

Dr. D. W. Gorham was one of the oldest medical practitioners of the city, coming some time about 1836 or 1837. In an early day he kept a drug store in the vicinity of Kilbourn Town. He was also, for a period, in the office with Dr. Blanchard, was very peculiar and eccentric in his ways, but a man of great capability, professionally, highly esteemed by those who employed him and knew his skill, but a mere child in business matters, and consequently never very prosperous.

Dr. Blanchard thought much of his ability, and in speaking of him to the writer, said he was one of those who would, at any time of the night, mount a horse bare backed, with coat tails flying, to go and see a case, so intensely was he wrapped up in his profession. The last few years of his life he spent on his farm at East Troy, where he died. His remains were brought to this city and interred at Forest Home cemetery.

Dr. E. D. Baker was another of that distinct cast of characters that always leave an indelible impression on the memory after they have passed away. He was a firm friend or an implacable enemy, gruff in his manner, caused, I think, by reverses in early life, losing

much property by reposing too much confidence in the integrity of others, which soured his disposition and made him misanthropic. Otherwise he had a powerful mind of a metaphysical tendency. He was well and deeply read, and could, had he been so disposed, have occupied a very high position in his profession. His energy appeared to have left him after his reverses and he sank into a morbid condition, apparently at war with all the world. The epithet applied to the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson; that of "Ursa Major" might also have aptly been bestowed upon him. It is now several years since he died.

Having reviewed some of the medical men, I must not overlook their coadjutors, the druggists. Of the firm of Hatch & Patterson, Mr. Hatch was the druggist, Mr. Patterson, having in Pennsylvania, followed the calling of a tanner. (It was common in those days and has been up to a very recent date for persons to enter the drug business whether educated to it or not.) Mr. Patterson was related to John H. Van Dyke of this city, I believe a brother-in-law.

Mr. Hatch, as said before, was one of the earlier settlers of the city, and had previously been associated with L. J. Higby in the drug business. He was a kind-hearted, genial man, lacking somewhat in force of character, who originally came from Vermont. I was employed as a clerk by the firm, the situation having been obtained for me by our old friend, P. Van Vechten, Jr., a few days after my arrival in the city. The business was afterwards sold to Dr. J. E. Dowe, who came, I think, from New Haven, Conn., and was a brother-in-law to S. B. Grant, who was engaged in the lumber trade. Previous to his purchase of the business it had been removed to the new brick block erected by James B. Martin on the southwest corner of East Water and Wisconsin streets, the spot now occupied by Mack's building in which is located the Golden Eagle store of Browning, King & Co. The building was then divided into three stores, the corner occupied by J. H. Crampton, dry goods, next south by Kistner & Bruno, clothing I believe, the other by Hatch & Patterson.

Dr. Dowe carried it on but for a short time. Having become involved in some way with complications in J. H. Crampton's dry

goods business, Dr. Dowe's stock was sold to S. Johnson, Jr., whose business afterwards passed successively into the hands of Harrington & Dadd, C. Harrington, Swift & Smith and Geo. W. Swift. Mr. Swift ultimately sold out some eight years ago to Drake Bros.; half of their present store covers the ground on which stood the old one occupied by Mr. Swift, that was erected by A. F. Clarke and occupied by him as a drug store, when I came to the city in 1850. The firm then being Clarke & Woodruff.

Mr. Hatch left the city a few years ago to reside with his son, Charles, in New Jersey, he died recently at Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he had gone to benefit his health, having been a sufferer for years from locomotor ataxia.

Concluding I would say there were a number of other physicians, whom the limits of my paper do not allow me to speak of in extenso, among them Dr. Diefendorf and Dr. J. Johnson of the regular profession, and of the Homeopathic school, Drs. Hewitt, Tracy, Douglas, Greves and R. M. Brown, the last still well known and much respected.

First Small Pox Epidemic

By Dr. J. B. Selby.

In 1843 smallpox appeared in Milwaukee for the first time among the white settlers. The first case was that of Mrs. Mary Dewey, the wife of Linas N. Dewey, who came to Milwaukee in 1842. She had the disease in a mild form, and soon recovered. Where she was exposed or how she took the disease, neither she or any one else ever knew. It probably had existed among the Indians camped about, and as they were in numbers here, she may have been exposed to one who had recently recovered. Her husband attended to her wants during her illness, and before she had fairly recovered, he came down with the disease, and had a severe time before his recovery. This was in the spring of 1843—occasionally there was a case of smallpox during the summer—but by the middle of August the disease had spread to such an extent as to cause alarm. While no unusual publicity was given, it was well known at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and other ports along the line that an epidemic of smallpox had broken out at Milwaukee. And soon that knowledge must seriously interfere with the landing of immigrants and other passengers destined for this port, who would prefer to go on to Racine, Southport, or even to Chicago, than land at a port whose hotels might be stricken with the contagious disease, while at the same time the rural population, who depended on Milwaukee to buy their produce and give them in return their supplies, would go elsewhere to accomplish that object rather than to risk the danger here.

Then it was that the board of supervisors took action to stamp out this pestilence. They passed a resolution creating a board of health, a hospital or pest house, whence all taken with smallpox should be conveyed and another resolution, that any physician who failed to report any case, should be subject to a fine. The question of locating the pest house was one of much importance. The ground around the location should be high and free from miasmatic influence; fresh, pure air is important to all hospitals, and partic-

ularly so to one where all are forcibly sent, having a contagious disease, and so far from a residence as to justify no remonstrance to its use.

The supervisors were fortunate enough in finding a location that answered favorably all these questions. This location was on the east side of the river, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Wisconsin Street, and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of Humboldt. There a Mr. Kirby owned 40 acres, having an east front on what is now known as Oakland Avenue, of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, having a south front of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on the sectional line road; called the town line road, running east from Humboldt and about eighty rods north of the new location of the female college. The land was high and dry, covered with a rich and vigorous growth of native timber. There was no house between it and Milwaukee; and the only house in Humboldt was through the woods $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. These 40 acres now clothed with rich meadows and pasture were then clad with a forest of oak, maple, and hickory, except a clearing of about 2 acres on which stood a log house. The time was pressing and so was the alarm in Milwaukee. A contract was soon agreed upon between the owner and the supervisors to rent the land and house from September 1st, 1843, to May 1st, 1844, for \$100.00. The house not affording sufficient room for those awaiting their retreat, an addition was thrown up on the north attached to the log house, with a door between. This addition was 16x30, two stories high. A substantial frame was run up, sheathed with boards up and down and well battened, covered with a good shingled roof. A stairway was made connecting the two floors, and the space above and below, was divided into bed-rooms, except that below a large room was reserved for the dining table.

The weather being warm and favorable the windows were allowed to stand open admitting a free use of fresh air, so necessary to purify a crowded house filled with cases of smallpox. The land between Milwaukee and the Pest house, was covered by heavy timber. Between the two points were some three or four deep gullies or ravines, along the river. The land being higher along the lake bluff, caused the spring freshets to run towards the river—and in time cut these deep ravines through the clay. So that the Indian trail from Milwaukee to the north ran along the bluff, crossing the heads of these rivulets, till, passing the last ravine

about opposite Mineral Spring Park, it struck off west to the section line, now known as Oakland Avenue; thence to the north, passing the Pest house, and on to Port Washington. The Board of Health was composed of three members with Thomas J. Noyes as Chairman. Doctors Bean and Bartlett were appointed physicians to the hospital, and it was directed that all cases of smallpox should be sent there. J. B. Selby who had attended lectures at Willoughby Medical College in Ohio, and was then in Bean and Bartlett's office, transiently, was employed to superintend the hospital and receive instructions from the attending physicians who came out usually once or twice a week to see the sick.

The log house was occupied by the cook and his sleeping apartment; also by the superintendent. In the new part were the dining and various other rooms, both above and below for the sick. One of the first cases sent out was a negro called Tom Field. Whether that was really his name, or one borrowed from his master, for he had formerly been a slave at the south, is not known. During the season he had been a cook on board of a vessel, and as his was a mild case of smallpox he soon recovered, thence was employed as the cook of the establishment; and a good cook he was, busy from morning till night, preparing gruels, broths, beef tea and chicken for the sick and convalescent. Our number was few at first but they increased until we had about 40 including the sick and convalescent, then the number dropped off, till the house was closed. The treatment of smallpox at the hospital in 1843, adopted by the physicians in attendance, was very simple. Like all eruptive diseases, its nature is to run a regular course and then gradually to disappear. The main attention of the physician is to watch the patient, remove obstructions to its regular course and confine the disease to its simplest and least dangerous form, and by the use of emollients such as cream, vaseline or oil to lessen as much as possible the pox marks left after recovery. The disease is usually ushered in by chills, rigors and fever. The obvious course is to learn the condition of the bowels if constipated, remove by the use of a mild laxative of salts or oil, to be repeated in 2 or 3 days if necessary. After eruption is fully developed, the fever lessens or passes away altogether. Now the patient is to be carried along with simple food and drinks that strength may be sustained during

the weakness attending recovery. Our duty seems to be to nurse our patient and see that the pulse is even, assist nature that no undue obstruction of the bowels occurs, seek such nourishment as the digestive organs may bear and daily to strengthen them till convalescence ensues.

Smallpox is usually divided into two classes or grades: The confluent, where the pustules run into each other, and the distinct where the pustules form a round distinct pit on the surface of the body. The confluent is the most malignant and dangerous form and from it few recover. Those brought to the hospital were largely of the distinct class of cases, some were mild, others severe, all of whom recovered and in due time were conveyed to their homes. The house was kept open till December 15th and then closed for want of patients. The epidemic had passed away—winter with its chilly frosts had closed the dwellings; and checked the disease. Our supplies were mostly from Milwaukee. There was no trouble in getting the grocery man to send them out; they were brought near the house, and thence conveyed by the cook. We had everything from town, except milk, which we obtained in ample supply from our nearest neighbor, a Mr. Baer. He owned 160 acres in the same section on which we dwelt and by going through the woods $\frac{1}{2}$ mile we opened on his clearing. We took our can, both morning and evening and after passing through this pleasant forest path, and coming to his house, deposited our can on a stump, and retired a rod or so, to avoid exposure. Mrs. Baer, who was on the watch for us, came out, took the can, and filled it, depositing the same on the stump and then retired. As we advanced, she opened up her questions as to the sick and well. Having satisfied them all, we retired as we came.

Mr. and Mrs. Baer settled on their land in 1842, a young married couple. The husband has been dead some ten years. The wife still lives at the age of 78 in the enjoyment of good health, and a son, who is a prosperous and wealthy farmer, lives near. She attended our semi-centennial Anniversary, and when asked if she did not visit the old settlers reception at the Plankinton she replied "no, I supposed it was intended only for those invited." I told her we should have welcomed her to our reunion and our refreshment table. She seemed to regret not being present and I

certainly felt from the circumstances of my first acquaintance with her a remorse in not calling the attention of the visiting committee to her name.

It may be noticed that in this record some facts that would be worthy of mention are not recorded, such as the number of patients treated, their names, when and where born, their date of reception and when discharged. Such a record was by order of the board of health kept at the hospital. At the close of their official duties in December 1843 they made a report to the board of health of which the above mentioned record or diary formed a part and by them was lodged with the board of supervisors.

Some three years afterwards, Milwaukee obtained a city charter and the board of supervisors, having been superseded by a mayor and council, handed over to the new government, when organized, all official papers pertaining to the village system, among others the record of the Pest house of 1843. The city charter had been in operation some 15 years when one night the city clerk's office was discovered to be on fire, and before morning, the whole of Cross Block on the corner of East Water and Huron Streets, in which block the city clerk's office was located, was a mass of ruins, and all the books of that office and papers on file were lost.

This record is made from memory and is believed correct, so far as it goes. It does not give names and dates of those treated nor the length of time they were under treatment. Most of those brought to the hospital were immigrants recently landed, and being hardy, they generally recovered and were sent home. Of the 60 patients treated at the hospital, one was a colored man, four or five were Americans, the balance was composed of foreigners recently landed on our shores. Of those who died, one was an American and six or seven were immigrants.

As far as I know this record is the only one in existence treating of the above important scenes of 1843, and I leave it with this club, that it may now or hereafter be the means of shedding some light on the early history of Milwaukee.

At this point I am reminded, not for the first time, of the apathy, the lack of a business ability of those employed for others.

The board of supervisors paid the owner of the land one hundred dollars for its use from September 1st till the following spring, and then spent several hundred dollars to build an addition. Had they offered the owner the same amount or a trifle more they could have secured the title to the land. The 40 acres would have been well adapted for future use by the city, and if not so used, would have rented for more than sufficient to pay the taxes. Fifteen years afterward, the timber on the land could have been sold for \$40 or \$50 per acre, and recently, adjoining land with no improvements, has been sold for \$2,000 an acre.

This 40 acres, at the present time, is a smiling landscape. It is now well known that all that tongue of land between the river and lake nearly a mile wide opposite Humboldt and running to a point at the exit of the river to the lake, has a foundation of limestone, covered by a deep soil of red clay, over which is the black loam that gathers up and conveys the oxygen of the air to the soil below; such is the nature of a rich soil. No malaria is ever found on this strip, partly owing to its elevation; 40 rods south of this land is Mineral Spring Park. One mile north is the suburban village of White Fish Bay. This 40 acres lay in a perfect square, having a frontage on its eastern line of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on Oakland Avenue, also a south front of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on the town line road. Said road dividing it from the city limits, and soon to form a boulevard 150 feet wide. On the west is Humboldt, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant. On the east, Lake Michigan about the same distance. It overlooks a city of one-quarter of a million. To the west is the village of Humboldt and the winding river to the falls below; beyond are the blue hills of Milwaukee, and the Reservoir. Such is this lovely spot; and such is this lovely outlook, only $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the railroad station; where the Lake Shore and the North-Western unite to form the trunk line that runs to the city; street cars pass along Oakland Avenue every few moments; what can enhance the value of such a spot for a high school or university? The city once owned 40 acres in Murray's Addition near the water works, and gave it away for a hospital, and other beneficiaries of a public character. What a princely gift this would be to the Milwaukee Female College, if the city had it to give, and she could have had it, had the board of supervisors done their duty fifty years ago.

Wisconsin in the War with Mexico

By Henry W. Bleyer.

To write of "Wisconsin in the war with Mexico," or of "Milwaukee in the War with Mexico," involves a distinction without a difference. Milwaukee was the real storm center of that eventful period.

When, in 1846, the news reached us that a Mexican force under Gen. Arista had engaged in battle with our troops under Gen. Taylor, we were soon at a fever heat. Capt. George at once offered the government the services of his company—the Washington Guards—and Capt. Meffert of the German Riflemen, was also prepared to place his men in the field, but the War department seemed all too slow to avail itself of our good offices in its behalf. This seeming tardiness was in a large measure due to the inadequate means of communication between the East and the West rather than to any disrespect on the part of the authorities at Washington. Communication by telegraph could be carried on only as far West as Buffalo and railway mail service did not extend beyond Kalamazoo. News from Washington, when not telegraphed to Buffalo and dispatched by steamer, was usually two weeks on the way, while the mails from Mexico came to hand some four or five weeks after they had been posted. We were thus partially isolated from the rest of the country.

Under these circumstances little was known of us in the East, and perhaps less was expected of us, though our territory of 160,000 souls had been shown to have enough brain and sinew to form several regiments of stalwart men, such as those who were associated with the Sixth United States infantry in driving Black Hawk and his savage hordes beyond the Mississippi river.

The Wisconsin Company.

The long waiting for an encouraging word from Washington wearied us into a state of such indifference about the war that Capt. George withdrew the tender of his company. Several Milwaukeeans, tiring of this inactivity, went to Illinois to volunteer their

services. Others, in their zeal to serve their country, traveled to Detroit and more Eastern points, among them George A. McGarigle, who enlisted at Cincinnati, and Alexander Conse, a popular German litterateur, Herman Upman and Carl von Nekow at Alton, Ill. In the meantime our territory was called upon to furnish a company under the president's call for troops. Through the influence of his friend Morgan L. Martin, our territorial representative at Washington, Gustavus Quarles, a popular and brilliant young lawyer of Southport, now Kenosha, was commissioned captain of this company. When he arrived here, accompanied by seven or eight of his townsmen who had resolved to follow him through thick and thin, he realized that the work of enlisting men was more arduous than he had supposed it would be. The explanation was to be found in the fact that we had a bitter but bloodless war of our own in full force. The foreign and the American elements of our community were arrayed against each other on questions involved in the drafting of a state constitution. The Germans claimed that the instrument discriminated against them in several particulars, especially in the matter of the elective franchise. The excitement became so intense that the opposing parties, while parading in torchlight procession, encountered each other and engaged in battle, their torchhandles serving as weapons. This collision so incensed the Germans that they resolved to let the Americans fight their own battles in Mexico and elsewhere, a determination which was not strictly adhered to, however, as the roster of Capt. Quarles' company indicates.

Terms of Enlistment.

Recruiting was more satisfactory on the advent of Capt. Hendrickson of the Sixth United States infantry, who posted bills to the effect that each recruit would receive a bonus of \$12 on enlisting, \$7 a month while in service, and a warrant for 160 acres of land or \$100 in cash at the close of his term. Diedrich Upmann, J. A. Liebhaber and Lieut. Wright canvassed energetically to fill the Quarles company, Wright having opened an office in Watertown to facilitate the movement. The Milwaukee recruits, dressed in jacket uniforms of light blue, presented a creditable appearance as they marched through the streets to the music of fife and drum. They

drilled almost daily on Market square, along Wisconsin street east to Milwaukee street, and at times along the bluff near a powder house situated at the head of Martin street. Their rendezvous was in Matt Cawker's large frame building opposite the City hotel, now the Kirby house, where they were very comfortably situated. On the 24th of August, 1847, Lieut. Abel W. Wright completed his enlistments at Watertown and brought his force of twenty-three men to Milwaukee in wagons. Just before his departure from that place a citizen committee consisting of Linus R. Cady, Daniel B. Whiteacre and James R. Richardson presented him with a handsome sword and an engrossed testimonial of their appreciation of his methods as a military officer.

Departure of the Quarles Company.

The company having been brought up to its quota, its officers, Capt. Quarles and Lieutenants Upmann and Cady, busied themselves with the preparations for an early departure. On Sunday, May 2, 1847, three signal guns announced the approach of the steamer Louisiana, the boat commissioned to bear the volunteers down the lakes. The recruits hurried to their quarters and citizens gathered along Wisconsin street, where the Washington Guards, the German Riflemen, the mayor and the Common Council were marshaled into line by Capt. George as colonel and Capt. McManman as adjutant. After parading the principal streets of the town, the company was escorted out on the pier, where Mayor Horatio N. Wells addressed the departing volunteers and Capt. Quarles responded for them in a brief and soldierly manner. The mayor's parting words were:

"Soldiers! The step you have taken is of no trifling importance. The positions you occupy are alike honorable and responsible. You have made no slight sacrifice—severed no common ties. You leave home, families and friends to go to a distant land, there to exchange a life of comparative ease and domestic happiness for one of toil, of hardship and of danger. May you submit to all proper requirements with heroic patience—meet your fate with becoming fortitude—obey your superiors and discharge your several duties with honor to yourselves and with fidelity to your country, and may

you bring no disgrace upon the fair escutcheon of this territory, whose shores you are now leaving. And now permit me, on behalf of the citizens of Milwaukee, to bid you and the patriotic officers and the soldiers under your command an affectionate farewell. May the god of battles guide, protect and return you to us in safety and honor."

The formalities over, the Milwaukee companies stacked their arms and mingled with the volunteers to grasp their hands once more and voice a final good-bye. The friends of Capt. Quarles and his lieutenants, of Liebhaber, Saborga, Brunst, Koerner, Schoellner and other popular Milwaukeeans, hastened to bid them farewell, husbands, brothers and lovers, in groups aside, joined in tender, tearful adieus, while those without kith or kin stood by in sympathetic accord with their sorrowing comrades. The bell ruthlessly warned all aboard, the hawsers were slipped, and the boat moved out and off amid the cheers of the throng.

The route of the company was to Lake Erie and thence down to the Ohio river on a canal which Byron Kilbourn had built years before, to a camp at Covington, Ky., where several weeks were spent in the usual routine of a soldier's life. From this point they were conveyed down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, and after another brief stay, were shipped across the gulf of Mexico, arriving at Vera Cruz, their destination, early in June. Arms and accouterments were provided and drill in the manual of arms was steadily maintained. The company, which was designated as F, Fifteenth United States infantry, was assigned to Gen. Pillow's division of Gen. Scott's army.

Others Sent to the Front.

Affairs in Milwaukee had assumed their wonted composure when Lieut. Wright returned and renewed enlistment with such persistence that he was able at intervals to send large squads of recruits to a camp at Newport, Ky. On the 20th of September, 1847, he marched to the steamer Niagara with his last squad of the season, a force of sixty-four men. Returning before the close of navigation, he resumed his work with such success that in the following Spring he had under command a fine-appearing and well-drilled body of

134 recruits. When the time came for their departure, on the 21st of April, 1848, they were escorted to the propeller Princeton by fire engine company No. 1 and a large following of citizens. Gen. Rufus King delivered the farewell address on this occasion, and Lieut. Wright replied in behalf of the volunteers.

On the 15th of June, 1848, Lieut. Wright, who had resumed charge of the office, received orders to cease enlisting under the "during the war" clause and insist upon the five-year term.

Our militia was not lost sight of during this bustle of the regular service. The state forces were organized with Dr. E. B. Wolcott as colonel, J. S. Rowland as lieutenant colonel and David George as major. The Americans of the city had formed an artillery company with Gen. King as captain, John N. Bonesteel and James Kneeland as lieutenants, and William Pitt Lynde as quartermaster. A third German company was organized—a troop of dragoons—with Edward Wiesner as captain and H. E. Heide and Dr. Wunderly as lieutenants.

Quarles Falls at Churubusco.

On the first of July, 1847, we received the first news of our company under Capt. Quarles. His volunteers were glad to land at Vera Cruz after their tedious trip by water. They had not long been ashore when they began to experience the assaults of an insidious foe. The dreadful coast fever had invaded their quarters. Two comrades had died and many others were in hospital during their brief sojourn at that port. About the middle of June the regiment had been ordered to the front.

Later we received news that the company had had its first baptism of fire and that it had fought valiantly from early dawn to late in the afternoon. It was at Contreras, a small fortified town, seven miles from the City of Mexico, that Capt. Quarles had the gratification of leading his men into their first regular battle. The fight, which had commenced on the previous evening, opened before the break of day, and was conducted by the Americans with the desperate valor and against the fearful odds which characterized that campaign. Capt. Quarles signalized his gallantry by a coolness and self possession worthy of an older soldier. The victorious troops

were allowed but a half hour's respite, when, pushing forward, they beheld the splendid spectacle of the whole army of Mexico drawn up behind the fortress of Churubusco. The second battle of that bloody 20th of August began and ended in the afternoon. Gens. Twiggs and Worth attacked the enemy in front. Gen. Pillow's division was ordered to cross a deep marsh and fall upon their rear. The gallant Fifteenth regiment led the van and opened the battle with a spirit which soon broke and dispersed the advance column of the vaunting Mexicans. Foremost in this regiment, and excelled by none, where all were chivalric, Capt. Quarles fought and fell. The fatal bullet struck him after he had ascended part way up a slope and waved his sword to inspirit his men. Falling into the arms of his brave companion and successor in command, Lieut. Upmann, he was borne to an adjacent hacienda, where he breathed his last, after assuring Gen. Shields, his commanding general, that he was resigned to his fate, that it was glorious to die on the field of battle for one's country. In the morning he had called on his colonel and requested to be assigned with his company to any post of peculiar danger, if such there might be. Col. Morgan replied that he knew of no occasion, but he would station his company at a post near the right of the regiment, where he would come early into action. He did so, and Capt. Quarles, in leading the desperate charge, fell gloriously at the head of his men.

Beside Capt. Quarles, Privates John Herrick and Moses Whitney died from the effects of wounds received at the storming of Churubusco and were buried on or near that fateful field. Three weeks later Gen. Scott entered the city of Mexico and thus practically ended the war.

The Dead and Wounded.

In all forty members of Company F were destined never to return. Privates Shinewith and Mueller died in camp at Covington, Ky.; Private Barnard breathed his last on shipboard while crossing the gulf of Mexico, and the remaining thirty-seven, with the exception of Capt. Quarles, rest in the land of the Montezumas. The roll of honor runs as follows: Capt. Quarles, John Herrick and Moses Whitney at Churubusco; Enoch Benedict, Nicholas Burch, William Burnett, William Crosby, John Clark, James Davis,

Amos Gooch, John Holbrook, Frederick Klauer, Charles Pratt, Martin Piper, Ernst Schubert, John Steinman, Henry Wild and John Walkin, at Pueblo; George Brock, Edward Calkins, Mathias Schnoerr and James Wright at Chapultepec; Edward Barnard at Plan del Rio; Oscar Warner at Perota; James Magone and John Bradshaw at Vera Cruz; John Wilkinson, John Ziller, John Rice, George Gimbey, Jacob Schebely and — Chase, at Guernavaca; Leonard Kissell, Frederick Koerner and John Road at the City of Mexico, and Private Gilliland at Jalapa; John Greiner, missing. Of the twenty-three whom Lieut. Wright enlisted at Watertown but six returned, J. R. Richardson, C. Gilman, T. D. White, McGraw, Scott and Field.

James Magone was a public-spirited Milwaukeean who had been a member of the convention which drafted the first State constitution. He was accompanied to Mexico by his family of wife and two children. They had no sooner landed at Vera Cruz than they were prostrated by a fever that proved fatal to Magone and the children. Alexander Conze, who had enlisted at Alton, fell at Buena Vista, and in the same engagement Carl Van Nekow lost an eye and Herman Upman was lamed for life by a wound in the knee. Privates Klein, Bastian, Frattinger, Hoehn, Metzen, Steinman, Wright, Sanger and Brunst were among the wounded at Chapultepec.

Return of the Survivors.

The few of our volunteers who survived the campaign straggled home in squads after they were paid off at New Orleans. Capt. Upman, Liebhaber and other prominent members renewed their activities among us. Capt. Upmann when he had picked up the thread of his business, was obliged to relinquish it again to accept a land registership in Minnesota. When his term expired he returned and built a hotel on Market square, which he named the St. Charles, after the famous caravansary at New Orleans, in which he had spent many happy hours. Liebhaber drifted down to Toledo, Schoellner, Brunst and others became more or less prominent in the affairs of our then young and growing city, Brunst, in later years, successfully conducting the offices of supervisor and sheriff. Not one of these is now among the living.

Many who were known by us as veterans of that war were not among the number who volunteered in Milwaukee. Dr. S. Compton Smith, the author of a book of Mexican war sketches entitled "Chile con Carne, and who, during the Civil war, was surgeon of the Fourth Wisconsin regiment of volunteer infantry, had joined the regular service in the East. Col. Thomas Kerr ran away from home at the age of 17 and enlisted in the Second Pennsylvania volunteers, with whom he learned the art of war to such a degree of perfection that in the Civil war he rose from the ranks to the position of colonel of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer infantry. George Phillips, a brother of ex-Mayor Phillips, belonged to a Mississippi regiment, William H. Bradford, received his commission at Cincinnati, and John C. H. von Sehlen, who after the war was for a time employed in the Milwaukee postoffice, enlisted in New York City at the age of 17, immediately after he had arrived from the old country.

Not Conspicuously Represented.

In the official enumeration of the forces which the states and territories had in the field Wisconsin is accredited with but 146 men. This number relates to the Quarles company and its reinforcement from time to time. Nearly 1,000 Badgers had enlisted for that war. Many were still on American soil when the conflict was so unexpectedly brought to a close. Capt. Hendrickson, Lieut. Wright and other officers had enrolled fully 700 men. Beside the Quarles company, which was attached to an Illinois regiment, as already stated, many volunteers were secured here to round out companies of Illinois soldiers.

View it as we may we were not very conspicuously represented in the fight with Santa Anna—yet what we lacked in numbers we far more than made up in true grit. Eighteen years later, in our war of the Rebellion, Wisconsin contributed far more soldiers in defense of the Union than all the states and territories had in the field throughout our war with Mexico.

The Burial of Capt. Quarles.

An event of deep solemnity marked the close of our connection with the war beyond the Rio Grande. The remains of Capt. Quarles,

which had been shipped from Vera Cruz and placed in a vault at New Orleans, were brought home for burial. On the morning of the 27th of June, 1848, the Washington Guards, the Milwaukee Riflemen and the Milwaukee Dragoons, together with a large delegation of Odd Fellows, shipped on the steamer Ohio to pay funeral honors to the fallen hero. Shortly after their arrival at Southport, the steamer Globe landed with troops from Chicago under Col. Russell, his command including Swift's hussars, Capt. Schoeffer's riflemen and the Montgomery Guards. In the afternoon, the Odd Fellows assembled at the house of mourning, where, after the impressive burial service of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. Frederick W. Hatch, the casket was borne to a platform in the public square.

Judge Hubbell's Oration.

Here Judge Levi Hubbell, who had been invited to discharge this sad duty, delivered the funeral oration. In the course of his eloquent tribute to the lamented dead he said:

"We have come to bury, not to praise, our dead brother. His remains were sent hither, to this, his home, by the order and at the expenses of the territory of Wisconsin. The act was designed as a mark of respect to the officer and to the service in which he was engaged. The country honors itself by honoring those who serve it. That beautiful sentiment of the Roman poet: 'Tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country'—so appropriate to the deceased—would lose its sublimity if the state did not honor those who sacrificed themselves for her sake.

"Standing on this hallowed spot, with the blue canopy of heaven arching o'er us, and the green mantle of earth spread beneath, I feel as if the kindred spirits of the universe were mingling with ours, and that they have come up hither to join us in pronouncing a farewell blessing on these honored remains of the young and the brave. Surely, the beneficent God of Nature, smiling through all His works, is adding His blessing to the solemn rites we are here assembled to perform. Happy, indeed, would we be could we venture the hope that the willing honors and heartfelt blessings poured over this shattered corpse could reach the immortal spirit which has



LIEUT. DIETRICH UPMANN



CAPT. AUGUSTUS QUARLES

flown to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Such honors flium to her heroes paid
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

“You from Wisconsin will need no other watchword when the bugle sounds ‘to arms!’ than the magic name of Quarles—the talisman of victory or death.

“You of Illinois have before you a bright and fadeless page in the history of the recent war. The flag of our country never spread its stars and stripes over better officers and soldiers than yours.

* * * “The earth closes over our departed brother. Peace, everlasting peace to his ashes. Let us cherish the memory of his virtues. Let us hallow the spot where he is buried. Let us point it out to our children as the grave of one who loved and died for his country. Let the great and the good honor it as a place consecrated to public virtue. Let the state mark it by a monument denoting her respect for valor and patriotism. Let all the people visit it and water it with tears, that the world may know how much Wisconsin loves her sons and mourns their untimely loss. Then will the splendid lines of England's bard be a fitting inscription on the tomb of our brother.”

There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
But nations swell the funeral cry
And triumph weeps above the brave.

The Milwaukee military companies fired their parting volleys, the Odd Fellows dropped their sprigs of evergreen into the grave—and all was over——save the undying fame of him they had buried. The civic and the military representatives of the territory had thus worthily honored the first commissioned officer of Wisconsin that ever died in the service of his country.

Increase Allen Lapham

Address by William Ward Wight at Unveiling of the Lapham Memorial, Lapham Park, Milwaukee, June 18, 1915.

Some few years ago, in another place, before a different gathering, the pleasing duty devolved upon me of portraying at some length the career and character of him in whose honor we today assemble. Much that was then said was foreign to the purpose for which we are now gathered. Some few thoughts will I trust bear repetition.

Increase Allen Lapham was born in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, March 7, 1811. His parents were of Quaker descent, the family having its American origin in Providence, Rhode Island. His father was a contractor on the Erie canal and the family's domicile changed with the father's business necessity. In about 1824 the family lived in Lockport where especially stupendous and intricate engineering construction marked the entry of the canal into the waters of Lake Erie. Here where Darius Lapham, an elder brother, was an engineer, Increase carried the target rod and vernier. Here and later, on the Miami canal in Ohio, he acquired that skill and facility in surveying which made his early life here both useful and successful.

In December, 1827, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and in 1828 and 1829 he was employed as a rodman on the canal then constructing around the falls of the Ohio. While in Louisville he supplemented the education of the field by a short attendance at Jefferson seminary. In this neighborhood among the river shells of the region he began his conchological collection. Here also began his herbarium—a convenient pursuit for one who as a surveyor must track the fields and neighbor the flowers. Here too he made observations on the geology and climatic conditions of the country. Here too he wrote for *Silliman's Journal of Science and Art* his first scientific paper. Here too—so wide was the range of his humanities—he became a member and an officer of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society. And all this when he was scarce 25 years of age!

From a position so well established, from a reputation so favorable, from pursuits so congenial and so stimulating, the desire for new fields, the youthful love of change, the summons of his Ohio friend, Byron Kilbourn, brought him to Milwaukee.

Very early in July of 1836 he arrived in this little hamlet where the aboriginal warrior still stalked, and whose greatest asset was its possibilities. He was easily—this young student of 25 years—chiefest citizen of Milwaukee, a pre-eminence which until his death he never surrendered.

The prospect of a competence by the ownership of land was one of the possibilities of the growing Milwaukee. Mr. Kilbourn had been a heavy purchaser; Mr. Lapham in a small way followed his lead. His knowledge as a surveyor, his quickly acquired reputation for fairness, led to his appointment as register of claims in the West ward—or Kilbourn town—an office without pay established by his fellow citizen. Connected with this registry was a sort of court where pre-emptions were entered and where, as a species of judge, young Lapham executed certificates of title which yielded in importance only to a patent from the United States land office.

On October 24, 1838, Mr. Lapham married, his wife being Ann M. Alcott, of Rochester, New York. Of their five children, all survive. A daughter of their son Charles, influenced by her veneration for her grandfather's worth, did more than any other person to bestow the name of Lapham Park upon this beautiful breathing place.

Of Mrs. Lapham—now more than fifty years dead—it should be stated that she was a helpmeet for her husband. His papers received her criticism, all his labors her encouragement, all his scientific tasks her assistance, all his varied successes her applause.

During the decades of the forties and the fifties Mr. Lapham's pen was very busy. The subjects upon which he employed it were so many and so varied that one is filled with astonishment at the fertility and the variety of his genius. To enumerate all his writings is to cover all the then known field of useful knowledge. Not the least important was upon the flora and fauna of his adopted state, upon its grasses and its forest trees. An article written and

illustrated by him upon the grasses of Wisconsin was published in 1855. He described and made drawings of eleven species of grasses. Surely a man who lived so near to nature and who bent his head so close to the earth to learn its secrets, deserves to be perpetuated in yonder charming spot, charming even in its present sombre garb, where blooming flowers and growing grasses shall be his constant neighbors.

Mr. Lapham was intensely interested in the education of youth. On October 7, 1846, he deeded to the then newly incorporated city of Milwaukee a plat of about thirteen acres in the present Sixth ward to be used forever for the purposes of a High school. The common council accepted the gift, thanked the donor, appointed a board of trustees and then—rested from its labors! The land reverted to the grantor.

The name of Increase A. Lapham appears at the head of those citizens who on March 1, 1851, became incorporated by legislative act as the Normal institute and the High school of Milwaukee. This institution became later Milwaukee Female college—it is now Milwaukee Downer college. Of this girls' school he became president in 1851 and so continued until he declined further election in 1863. He was a trustee from 1851 until his death—twenty-four years. In the welfare of the young women gathered in that college he was deeply interested, tempering and holding in check the extreme views of the early patron of the school, Miss Catherine Beecher, yet advocating the advanced and symmetrical development of the feminine mind. His books, his collections, the wealth of his varied learning, were always at the service of teachers and pupils.

How gladly would I—his remote successor at the head of the trustees of Milwaukee Downer college—exhibit to President Lapham the present institution in the Eighteenth ward, the seeds of which his labors planted and his industry watered.

Perhaps Dr. Lapham—for in 1860 Amherst college conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws—is most fondly remembered in his relation to the present weather bureau. Lake Michigan was the blackboard upon which he practiced his examples. To track the path of the tempests, to map their movements, to follow

them from river to lake, from lake to seacoast, these things were his pastime—but more than a pastime, for he saw the practical benefits to flow from tracing what before were believed to be the whims and vagaries of the weather. Earnest and labored were his efforts to convince mariners and legislators that the fickle weather could be watched and the secrets of coming calm or storm revealed. He wrote much on this and kindred subjects, using freely newspaper columns. Hence, when after persistent efforts the weather bureau was established in 1870, it was truthfully stated by Professor Baird in the Science Record:

“To Professor I. A. Lapham must be given the credit of having brought to a successful conclusion this long line of efforts.”

By the summer of 1871 Dr. Lapham had investigated the history and mapped the position of every known meteorite that had fallen within the limits of the North American continent. He first called the attention of scientists to certain lines in some of the irons which are now known as Laphamite markings. Nor had another branch of science overlooked his name. Dr. Asa Gray of Harvard university named Laphamia, a new genus of plants of five species belonging to the Southwestern frontier. Dr. Lapham might well be remembered as a botanist, for at his death his herbarium consisted of 24,000 specimens, representing 8,000 species.

From the rolls of scarcely any learned society was his name absent. In Europe much better than in his own country were his learning appreciated and his achievements recognized. He was an honorary member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen, and of the International Society of Anthropology and Antiquity of Man.

In pursuits congenial to his tastes and beneficial to his race, Dr. Lapham passed his busy days until his hour came. He rested not until the end arrived. He died September 14, 1875, upon Oconomowoc lake, on the edge of which his farm was. He had just finished a paper upon the lakes of Wisconsin considered in their relation to fish production. He had been subject to attacks of heart failure and had seldom been left alone. This particular day, however, feeling much improved, he had taken his oars as the after-

noon wore on for a pull upon the lake. Not promptly returning, search was made. A few feet from the shore his boat was found, and within, the body of our friend prostrate and lifeless.

This little writing has but ill performed its task if it has not indicated how appropriately a park in this city of his useful residence bears his name, and how surely the members of the Old Settlers' club have honored themselves by placing the boulder, with its inset medallion of him, in the limits of that park. No *building* should hold the monument to him whose books were the open air, the giant stone, the blossoming flower, the lowly grass, the warbling bird, the fugitive insect. With these trophies of Nature we place him and we leave him.

Had the weather been propitious we should have stood by the rugged stone while his granddaughter unveiled for all time to the gaze of the world the lineaments of the honored ancestor. Such ceremony as the circumstances permit I now entrust to her affectionate charge.

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NOTICE!

Members and others in possession of relics, such as useful books, pamphlets, newspaper files, manuscript narratives, diaries, and original documents of every sort pertaining to the early history of Milwaukee, which they would like to bestow where they will be very much appreciated and cared for, are requested to donate them to the Old Settlers Club of Milwaukee County. Such articles will be called for upon notification by telephone or letter to the Old Settlers Club of Milwaukee County, Milwaukee, Room 13, Loan and Trust Building.

