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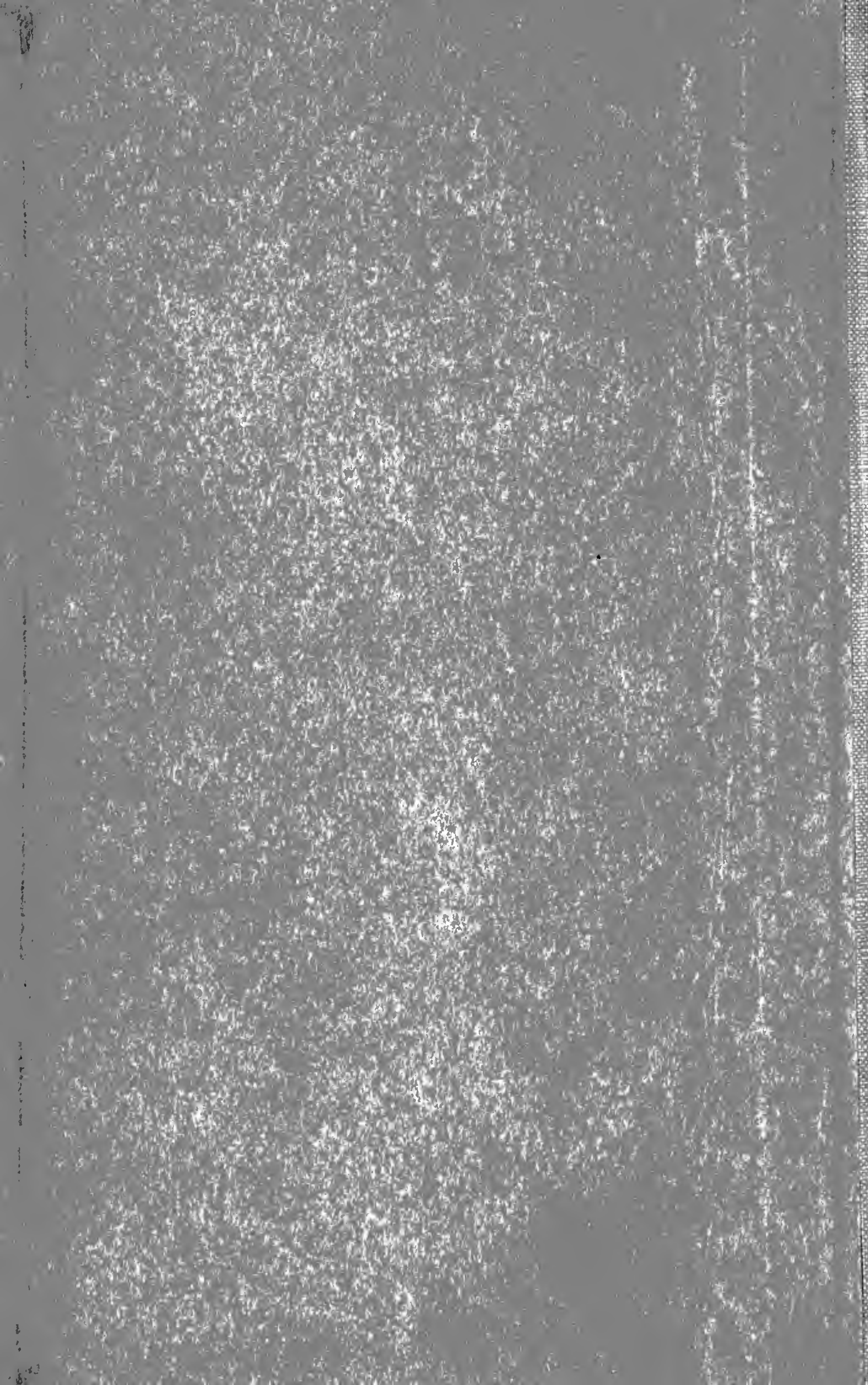

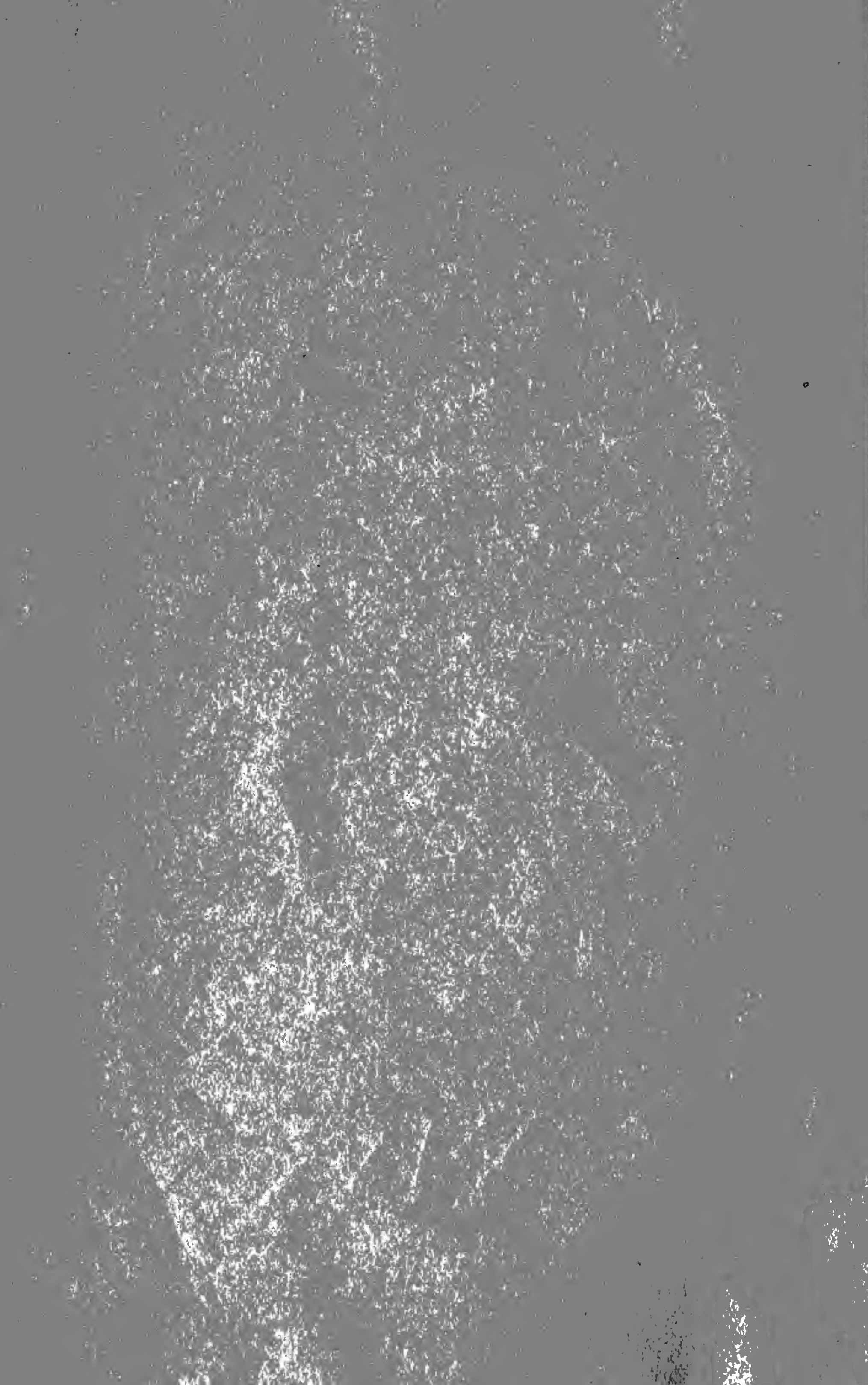

The Chronicles of Milwuakee.

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THE CHRONICLES

OF

MILWAUKEE:

BEING

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF THE TOWN FROM ITS EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT.

Here's freedom to him that would read,
  Here's freedom to him that would write;
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard
  But they whom the truth would indite.
—*Old Scotch verse.*

BY A. C. WHEELER.

MILWAUKEE:
JERMAIN & BRIGHTMAN, PUBLISHERS, 207 EAST WATER STREET.

1861.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION 9

CHAPTER I.

In which the intelligent reader makes progression by going backward nearly a century, and discovers the original owners in fee of Miliokie; together with other interesting but unimportant matter 13

CHAPTER II.

Some Accounts of the Early Traders at Mahn-a-wau-kie, and their Difficulties—Telling how Peshano, the Poet, came to Lose his Scalp, and how a Trans-River War came of it, and what became of Mash-e-took 18

CHAPTER III.

Visitors from Green Bay—Jacques Vieau—First Trading Post—Solomon Juneau, in a Hunting Shirt, Views the Location of the Future City—Feels no Ambitious Inspiration—Commences his Labors—Where that First Cabin was Located 22

CHAPTER IV.

Domestic Troubles in the Family of Pe-sha-no, and how an Innocent Doctor suffered thereby—Progress of the Dawn 27

CHAPTER V.

Bursting of the Seed—What Green Bay thought of the Plant—Some Affectionate and Antique Nonsense in regard to that Village—The First Citizens—The Death of O-nau-ge-sa 31

CHAPTER VI.

Interesting Letters Written from Milwaukee in 1836—The Slidell Family and their Troubles—The Murder of Ellsworth Burnett 37

CHAPTER VII.

Disposition of the Slidells—Arrival in the Settlement of "a Character"—Adventure of Mrs. Purcell with the Indian.......... 48

CHAPTER VIII.

Daylight on the Settlement—The First Newspaper—Printers and Pioneers—Mr. Juneau's Steamboat Investment.......... 56

CHAPTER IX.

Tim Wooden—His Last Words—Jasper Vliet's Adventure with the Indians—Hickory Bullets and Grey Wolves.......... 65

CHAPTER X.

Revulsions of 1837—How the Sectional Difficulty Originated—Byron Kilbourn and Solomon Juneau Contrasted.......... 73

CHAPTER XI.

The Rapid Growth of the Settlement—Antoine Le Claire—Investments at Sheboy-gan—Col. Walker—Experience of Gen. Crawford.......... 85

CHAPTER XII.

The Want of a Harbor—Mr. Kilbourn's Proposal—Delegates—Subsequent Mistakes in Locating the Harbor—What the Subsequent Mistake Cost the Town—The Opinion of Col. Rufus King.......... 98

CHAPTER XIII.

Caleb Wall Keeping a Hotel—Reminiscences of the Old Milwaukie House—A Land Customer—Mr. Wall's Newspaper.......... 105

CHAPTER XIV.

The Milwaukie Courier—How Juneau came to be Removed from the Post-Office, and how Mr. Noonan came to Take His Place, with an Interesting Account of the Dreadful Newpaper War that Followed—The Killed and Wounded.......... 112

CHAPTER XV.

A Ramble Through Milwaukie in 1842—Means of Travelling—Roads—Count Harasthy—The Fourth of July.......... 120

CHAPTER XVI.

The Milwaukie and Rock River Improvement—Manufactories—An Appeal to the Citizens of Milwaukee in Relation to the Roads—Superiority of Plank Roads to Rail Roads—Some Account of Egbert Herring Smith, the Poet.......... 127

CHAPTER XVII.

Bridges—Bonds of Disunion—Predictions of the Major—A Smash-Up at Spring Street and the Consequences—Action of the West Side Trustees—A Public Meeting—The West-Siders get out their Cannon—Down with Byron Kilbourn.. 141

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Legend of Market Square—A Small Row on the West Side, in which the Relative Positions of the Wards are Discussed Warmly, and the Major Beaten—Further Action of the Trustees in Regard to the Bridges.............................. 158

CHAPTER XIX.

Destruction of the Menomonee Bridge—"Proposition of Tax Payer"—The Destruction of the Dam—Better Feelings—Action of the Trustees....................... 171

CHAPTER XX.

The Charter—Incorporation of the City—Its First Mayor and Officers—The Inaugural Address of Mayor Juneau—Valedictory—The Election of 1847—Excitement in Regard to the Constitution—Its Rejection and Burial........................ 179

CHAPTER XXI.

Change in the Name—Hunting Wolves at Wauwatosa—Personal Reminiscences—Charter Election of 1848—Election of Byron Kilbourn—His Inaugural—The Proposed Harbor... 194

CHAPTER XXII.

Administrations of Upham and Walker—The Jenny Lind Club—E. G. Ryan as a Satirist—Organization of the Detective and Police Force—William Beck—Deputy Sheriff Page... 211

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sherman M. Booth—His History—The Glover Rescue Case—Booth's Arrest—The Revulsion of Public Sentiment... 225

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Churches—The Catholic and Methodist Societies—Preachers—Congregational Church.......... 243

CHAPTER XXV.

Some Account of the Milwaukee Newspapers—The German Press—Mr. Domschcke's Ten Week's Agony.......... 252

CHAPTER XXVI.

The City Indebtedness.......... 260

APPENDIX.

Milwaukee in 1861.......... 274

INTRODUCTION.

Perhaps there are those who suppose that the collecting of enough data and facts to form the basis of a work, even as unpretending as this, is mere pastime; that the compiler has merely to open his plan, as the keeper of a dove-cote would open his window, and the necessary facts will fly in and do their own cooing. Such persons are egregiously in error. If there is anything savory or pleasant in this local pie, the birds were all hunted separately up and down musty and yellow files, and no two of them were killed with one stone. The ingredients were dug from hidden corners, trapped in the public domain and caught in private grounds. The amount of labor undergone in preparing these unsatisfactory sketches was Herculean. Many of the necessary facts were drawn from unwilling mouths as dentists draw teeth—with much reluctance on the part of the patient and great trouble on the part of the operator. So bitterly opposed were some to even opening their mouths, that the Author at first was fain to believe that the early history of the City had formerly been the witness of a monstrous iniquity in which all the first inhabitants were implicated. They evad-

ed him; were always "out" when he called, and did'nt know anything when they were in. No solicitor, with a pocket full of bills, could have swayed the masses as did our Compiler when he started on his mission. But after a few days he found that this reluctance proceeded from modesty and not from iniquity. The worthy Old Settlers, however agreeable to the handing down and however liberally inclined towards posterity, were not froward enough to have a finger in the pie. They were not going to hand themselves down otherwise than by their deeds. When this was fairly understood, a greater part of the prospective difficulty vanished. It was so much easier to overcome modesty than suspicion. There was an alphabet of "first inhabitants" to see, all of whom had rare and racy statements rolled up in their memories. As this alphabet was not as consecutively located as are the educational A B C's—A residing at Chicago, and B at La Crosse, and as every individual of them endeavored to dispose of the Author by what the Common Council calls, a reference, that is, A referring him to B and so on—the reader may easily conceive that the road to prosperity and fame was, to all intents and purposes, a hard and long road to travel; and before the Author had got to the first mile-stone an evil genius whispered to him to shake the dust of the Chronicles from his feet, and go to Pike's Peak. Happily for posterity, Minerva—or the Corresponding Secretary—hung a chaplet out of the Historical Society's windows, and thus encouraged, he pushed on. But he wishes it understood here that the highest niche in Wisconsin's Temple of

Fame could not induce him to "do" another Chronicle unless the benign Goddess herself consented to pay his mileage.

To such men as Col. Walker, Byron Kilbourn, Elisha Starr, H. Kirk White, Jonathan E. Arnold, Joshua Hathaway, William Brown and a host of others, the Author is indebted for all that is of any material value in these pages. Their liberality in furnishing documents and references is second only to their generosity in trusting the work to so inexperienced a workman. These men need no literary monuments. Milwaukee itself is the cenotaph which will bear witness to their exertions when these pages shall have been forgotten; but the Author feels it to be due that the obligations should be thus publicly expressed, if for no other reason than that of mere justice.

It may seem a worthless undertaking to pen the history of a city but fourteen years old, and yet it must be evident to all that the record is worth preserving. Unexampled as has been the rise of Milwaukee, her history, in a measure, is that of the western country, and there is reason to fear that this very rapidity of growth is fast obliterating the early foot-prints of those men who were first in the field, and who bore "the burden and heat of the day." The Pioneers of Milwaukee are worthy of a richer pedestal than the present affords, but let us hope that the material gathered here, may, at some future time, be remodelled by a master hand into a fitting memorial, and the rough sketches which are only outlined may yet be filled-in with the glowing tints of a true artist. It is enough for the

Author of the "Chronicles" to know that he has gleaned a few truths for preservation which will become valuable as the living witnesses pass away from among us—mellowed under the hand of Time into mementoes, when Death shall have spirited away the present generation. Everything that relates to our early history is worth preserving, and it has been the object of the Author to present what facts have come to his knowledge in as readable a shape as possible. In pursuance of this idea one personage only, that is fictitious, is introduced, and that for the purpose of connecting the events and giving character to what would otherwise be a mere collection of statistics and dates. It is not necessary to point out that character, the intelligent reader will see at a glance who it is. The rest of the book is matter of fact.

In presenting this book to a Milwaukee public, the Author asks no indulgence; his object, he must be permitted to say is a good one, and those who do not admire the execution have the same privilege to grumble that he had to write

THE

CHRONICLES OF MILWAUKEE.

CHAPTER I.

In which the intelligent reader makes progression by going backward nearly a century, and discovers the original owners in fee of Miliokic; together with other interesting but unimportant matter.

We ask the reader of these pages to walk with us down East Water Street, on a pleasant afternoon, when throngs of richly dressed ladies and bustling merchants render the promenade anything but undevious.

Stores, which are not inaptly called palatial, line the thoroughfare, and their plate glass windows are gorgeous with the hues of costly merchandise, and all the ornamental luxuries of a high state of civilization. The music of the bells on the street cars, the voices of newsboys, the tramp of many feet and the rumbling of coaches and omnibusses, will remind you that you are in a metropolis. There are over sixty thousand souls around you, and if you saunter up to the top of the Newhall you may cast your eye on three sides and see naught but the white houses and intersecting streets, growing dim in the misty background; with the smoke of an hundred factories curling

up lazily, and the flags of countless vessels undulating in the lake breeze; white marble residences, towering spires, massive warehouses, gorgeous hotels; the din and bustle of the city will come up to you with realizing power while you look down upon the picture, and as you linger to watch the sunlight on the sails of some inward bound vessel from Buffalo, or Collingwood, or Chicago, or to mark the approach of the fuming steamship, whose dark sides rise proudly over the foam as she heads for the harbor, or perhaps to follow the tugs which move up and down the river like so many shuttles—we ask you to take a glance at the same surroundings in 1785.

Presto! Handsome brick blocks and stately edifices resolve into dark forests. Brilliant avenues into swamps and muddy trails. Where but just now the whistle of a propeller sent forth a column of steam, the curling smoke of a wigwam alone marks the bank of the river. You are to recollect that Washington is president now of the young States; that peace has but recently spread her wings over the continent, and that you are not only in the backwoods but thousands of miles from civilization, with trackless forests intervening between you and the cities on the Atlantic coast, and these forests are swarming with savages. If you wish to visit the society of your fellow men you must sail for a couple of hundred miles in a canoe, to Green Bay, where there are a few traders and missionaries, or journey on to Mackinac. You are so far removed from society that you can very readily conceive it to be impossible ever to return. To the east stretches the dark waters of the sailless lake, bounded on the other side by the wilderness of Michigan. To the west of you lie the sombre masses of forest, enclosing the tribes of red men, and pregnant with the sanguinary stories of centuries past.

It is true that many years before, the venturesome Jolyet,

with two Miami's, had, under Count de Frontignac's direction, pushed his investigations up the Fox and down the Wisconsin Rivers. Marquette may have been here before you, and at odd intervals, fur traders and reckless Frenchmen may have pushed their bateaux ashore for brief examination, but none of them remained. The Indians were undisturbed up to this time by settlers.

You will observe that where you have been accustomed to look for the most populous portion of the town, the lake washes in for half a mile, and the long swell bends the wild rice in picturesque furrows. The third ward is under water. The route that Michigan Street will yet take, lies at the foot of steep bluffs which run east and west, and on the top of which are spread the oak openings of the primeval seventh ward. There is a winding trail running through the timber by the river's side, which is the incipient East Water Street. It crosses the high hill to the north of you, and disappears in the forest beyond; the hill is yet to be Market Square, and the spring that now trickles and sparkles down its side will eventually be covered with a corporation pump.

Across the clear blue Mahn-a-wau-kie, embowered in low foliage and flowers, lies a waste of stagnant waters, with protruding clusters of alders, and stretching out into a morass of tamarack, towards what are now the hills of Kilbourntown.

Such is the appearance of the original town of Mahn-a-waukie. The Indians who have settled and made it their home for some period in the dim past, are known at Mishamakinak and the other French posts, as a most treacherous and cruel tribe; or as Col. D. Peyster, in 1779, styled them, "those runegates of Milwakie, a horrid set of refractory Indians." At the mouth of the river, half a mile below what is now the harbor, was then the Indian town. The lodges are scattered about on

the sand, and conspicuous among them, stands the half bark and half log tenement of Alexander Laframboise, from Mackinac, who sells a bad quality of rum, together with hatchets and trinkets to his neighbors for furs and such marketable commodities as the forests afford. The present lord of the domain is O-nau-ge-sa, who is a Menomonee, with respectable red and white connections at Green Bay, and who delights in a breech-clout and Chinese vermilion. According to our best authorities, however, this aboriginal settlement was founded by the Sacs and Foxes, and O-nau-ge-sa was a renegade whose superior craft and eloquence won upon the strange tribe, and they, in accordance with Indian customs, allowed him to usurp the position of chief. What fragments of history bear his red reflection, are highly laudatory of his kind disposition and worthy character, and as he never killed any but his enemies, and was particularly abstemious in regard to white men's blood, provided the white men were traders and brought each a cask of rum, why we shall not asperse the historical gentleman's escutcheon.

As to the original name of the place, we have a word to say: As no two savages or historians have yet precisely agreed upon one proper title, we can hardly be expected to settle the matter definitely however.

The earliest mention made of the place is in Lieut. James Gorrett's journal, September 1st, 1761; in which he states that "a party of Indians came from *Milwacky.*" Col. D. Peyster, whom we have already quoted, writes it "*Milwakie.*" In Dr. Morse's report of his Indian tour in 1820, he states that "*Mil-wah-kie* was settled by the Sacs and Foxes, and the name is derived from Man-na-wa-kie—good land." Grignon has been told by an old Indian, that the name was derived from a valuable aromatic root, called *Man-wau,* which was found here, and hence

Man-a-wau-kee, or the place of the *Man-wau*. But as there is no valuable aromatic root found in this county that does not grow elsewhere in the State, and as Mr. Grignon, immediately afterwards, states that he had also heard that the title meant simply "good land," we are compelled to discard the vegetable derivation. Louis M. Moran, one of the interpreters of the Chippewas, has caused to be printed in the collections of the Historical Society, the fact that Milwaukee is pronounced *Me-ne-au-kee*, and its signification is "rich or beautiful land." Joshua Hathaway assures us that *Milouaqui* is the name given by the early French traders, who probably derived it from the Indian name of the river, *Mahn-a-wau-kie*. He also asserts that the word is of Pottawattamie origin. Another writer claims that the river was originally called *Milleoki*, and the Indian town derived its title from the river.

It is not to be wondered at that the English, (who eventually got possession of the place,) after many futile attempts to determine which of these names was authentic, concluded to adopt one of their own, which should partake somewhat of the sound of all, and called the place MILWAUKIE.

CHAPTER II.

Some Accounts of the Early Traders at Mahn-a-wau-kie, and their Difficulties—Telling how Pe-sha-no, the Poet, came to Lose his Scalp, and how a Trans-River War came of it, and what became of Mash-e-took.

THE intelligent reader has caught a glimpse of the "Howling Wilderness" where our labors commence. Fifty years will have to roll away with our canvas before the few seeds, which adventurers may drop on the sterile shore, will germimate and spring up into civilized life. The sombre shades of barbarism will hang over the vicinity for years, finally fading into a mellow background of promise—wreathed with prophetic fancies that will startle even the wondering savages, who sink away from the sight.

Laframboise continues to sell rum and hatchets, and having amassed quite a number of furs, he goes back to Mackinac. Through his representations his brother came west and built a new trading-house further up the river. The latter Laframboise was highly pleased with the country. He became the best of friends to O-nau-ge-sa, and carried on a prosperous business for several years. There was an Indian named Pe-sha-no, a rival of O-nau-ge-sa, who returned to the village about this time. He had been led to follow De Langlade, in 1779, and after a long campaign had deserted and come back to his native tribe. There is reason to believe that Pe-sha-no had become thoroughly disgusted with war. For tradition says, upon his return, he "set up" for an oracle, or poet, and

there is extant a couple of stanza of his, which, if translated would not be unlike the following, by Byron:

> When a man has no freedom to fight for at home,
> Let him combat for that of his neighbor's:
> Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
> And get knocked on his head for his labors.
>
> To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
> And is always as nobly requited.
> Then battle for freedom, wherever you can!
> And, if not shot or hanged, you'll be knighted.

Pe-sha-no, we have said, was an ancient rival of the great O-nau-ge-sa. Shortly after his return, he succeeded in rupturing the friendship which existed between the trader and the chief—whether by means of a satirical epic, written on bark, or by a threat to roast the white man alive, if he "got the chance," we cannot say; but the confidence of the Menomonee being withdrawn, the pale-face became involved in difficulties with his neighbors, and he finally retired from business, with what little stock had not been stolen; managing, by the most consummate dexterity, to depart in peace, with his scalp in the original position nature had placed it.

Not long after, Pe-sha-no, in an indiscreet hour, disclosed to some of O-nau-ge-sa's followers, that he had been the cause of the trader's troubles. Perhaps he boasted of it. A feud was the consequence.

Pe-sha-no finally removed to Me-quan-i-go-ish, with a few admirers, where he built a very superior lodge and took to himself a wife. About a week after he had completed his arrangements for domestic felicity, in due accordance with the ideas of a sentimental savage, he was found by the side of his rustic paradise with a deep wound in his side and without any scalp. Thence sprang one of those family quarrels for which our red predecessors were famous. The doctrine of "an eye for an eye

and a tooth for a tooth" was adhered to with rigor enough to have furnished an additional proof of the Isrealitish origin of the race. The animosity of the two sections, one at the mouth of the river and the other at Me-quan-i-go-ish, ripened into a war, which seems to have been a continual source of gratification to the Mahn-a-wau-kies and of great annoyance to the Me-quan-i-gos. It was the origin of a sectional fight which was afterwards continued with greater bombast but less loss of life by their white successors on either side of the quiet river.

The first opportunity that presented itself for revenge to the outraged followers of Pe-sha-no was when Laurent Fily arrived, in 1805, with a new and copious supply of Green Bay dry goods and provisions. It was then that one Mash-e-took, an ardent admirer of the crest-fallen Pe-sha-no, conceived the plan of inducing this trader to come out to Me-quan-i-go-ish for furs, under a promise of very large and profitable trades. He did succeed in bringing him half way, when, from some reason or other, Fily became suspicious and turned back. Mash-e-took then boldly threw off all restraint, and with the aid of a couple of similarly disposed rogues, he succeeded in carrying the captive to the lodge of the crestless Pe-sha-no, and there extracted a promise from him that he would return and cause to be transported to the poetic shades of Me-quan-i-go-ish certain stipulated barrels of rum, together with incredible quantities of trinkets and fire-locks, on condition that his life was spared.

There were numerous dark intimations accompanying this agreement, that any failure to comply with all the requirements would but too surely be followed by the vengeance of his captors. After promising faithfully to transfer all his goods to Me-quan-i-go-ish, M. Fily returned, and set about the fulfillment of his pledge. The Mahn-a-wau-kies looked on with astonishment.

The audacity of the proceeding confounded them for awhile, but when Mash-e-took, one of the Me-quan-i-gos, was discovered helping Fily pack up his goods, the war broke forth, and Mash-e-took, seizing a powder-horn, threw it into a pile of embers and scattered the coals of fire in every direction, setting fire to the goods and house. Not content with this, he rushed upon Fily, and seized him by the throat with the intention of taking his life; but Match-e-se-be, a brother of O-nau-ge-sa, completely frustrated his designs by shooting him through the arm. Wounded and exasperated, he fled from the place, and carried the news to the expectant Me-quan-i-goes. From this time there was a continual feud between the two Indian tribes. The Mahn-a-wau-kies, however, had the advantage, being surrounded by the blessings of rum and provisions which were debarred their inland enemies. Some time after, a roving company of Pot-ta-wat-ta-mies joined Pe-sha-no and his company, and, if tradition is to be relied upon, they led a highly erratic life, not at all in keeping with the character and teachings of their leader, the poet. Their pastimes only being interrupted by the Mahn-a-wau-kies, who dropped down upon them at intervals and selected a scalp or two out of their number.

CHAPTER III.

Visitors from Green Bay—Jacques Vieau—First Trading Post—Solomon Juneau, in Hunting Shirt, Views the Location of the Future City—Feels no Ambitious Inspiration—Commences his Labors—Where that First Cabin was Located.

O-NAU-GE-SA, who, as we have before intimated, was a generous and kind-hearted savage, depended for some years after this on the annual visit of Jacques Vieau for luxuries appertaining to his exalted position. His urbanity and generosity to the poor outsiders about Me-quan-i-go-ish were always heightened by the appearance of a new trader, whose supplies, these rebels might hunger and thirst after but could not touch.

It can readily be seen that the venturous fellows who came to Mahn-a-wau-kie in these early times, were possessed of considerable courage as well as hardihood. The untamed O-nau-ge-sa, represented *might*—in savage ethics, might is generally synonymous with right. The nearest trading post was a miserable settlement called Eschikagou, at the mouth of Skunk River, some ninety miles across dense forests, to the south. For supplies it was necessary to go all the way to Mackinac, which was then the head quarters of the American Fur Company. Here, at Mackinac, the traders generally rendezvoused in June or July, after a winter's campaign, and obtained fresh goods in August. Many are the tales of strange adventure and hair breadth 'scapes which have been recounted about the old Fort at this place, which, if gathered up and shaped into a book, would put to shame even this startling and veracious narrative.

Jacques Vieau was a man of some nerve, therefore, for he built a trading post up the Menomonee, two miles, just where the Green Bay trail crossed the river, and on which is now the property of Mr. Larkin. The sand heaps at the mouth of the Mahn-a-wau-kie, with the one or two bark wigwams and the scarcely better tenements that had been erected under the supervision of French wanderers, offered no attraction to him; and so we find the first trading post, which was destined to be a permanent one, located away off to the west. Here Mr. Vieau, (who coming from Green Bay, a place already somewhat advanced in civilization and christianity, had more refined ideas, perhaps, than his neighbors,) built a log house, a magazine and a repository for furs. All three of these structures were standing in 1836, and if the popularity of this work warrants it, the second or third edition will be illustrated with spirited engravings, one of which will be a true representation of that trading post.

Mr. Vieau, it will readily be seen, meant business, and when it is stated that he took measures to pre-empt and claim the whole quarter section on which he had located, it will be further seen, that the stable character of his edifice, was not such a bad idea after all, though perhaps entirely at variance with the habits of pre-emptors in general. Unfortunately, however, for the honest intentions of this worthy gentleman, his claim was afterwards set aside by the general land office, the department deciding that all those lands south of the river were not subject to pre-emption.

Mr. Vieau made regular trips to Green Bay in the summer, and continued to return to his post on the Menomonee regularly.

From this time up to 1818, there was very little of historic interest transpired. The Indians flitted about the bluffs, and

when a companion died they lit their funeral fires on the burial-ground at the foot of Michigan Street, and danced their wild orgies between the lurid flames and the dark midnight on the lake.

Could the reader have seen Milwaukee then he would have beheld the still expanse of forest and opening, rendered picturesque by these beings—mayhap in an encampment, or it may be gathering the "wild-oats" in their canoes, where now Commerce has piled up monuments of brick, and mechanism thunders night and day.

A few years later, however, and there might be seen leaning against the door of Jacques Vieau's log house, a young man attired in a calico hunting shirt and corduroy pantaloons. His countenance is rather pleasing, not from any beauty in its outline, but on account of an open, frank expression, which is at once indicative of a generous nature and a steady will. This is Solomon Juneau, clerk for Jacques Vieau, his father-in-law. He stands in the door-way of the cabin and looks listlessly across the great marsh to the east, and up to the oak-covered bluffs beyond; nor does it once occur to him, that in the short space of a few years, the bayou beneath his eyes will be swarming with vessels, and that a populous city will be crowning the eminences, with wealth and magnificence. Young Juneau does not for a moment allow his youthful enthusiasm to soar into even improbabilities; and therefore he does not, as many would have done at his age, imagine himself mayor of the prospective city, with wealth spread out on either hand and thousands of people honoring and respecting him. Not being a visionary young man, his fancy sees no Utopia on the green banks of the Mahn-a-wau-kie. There is no mirage to deceive him. The outlines of a few duties to be carefully performed are enough for his comtemplation at present.

This is in 1818. Mr. Hypolite Grignon, is already here, and James Kinzie is expected, with a large stock of goods from the American Fur Company. There are three other white persons in the settlement, and this constitutes the entire white population. Chicago, or "Eschikagou," contains two white inhabitants outside the fort. Detroit is composed of French and half-breeds, and has one brick house, which was built by Gov. Hull. There is one miserable little steamboat on the Upper Lakes, called the *Walk-in-the-Water*, which makes the round trip, from Buffalo to Detroit, once in two weeks, but never ventures into the unknown waters past Mackinac. The unexplored wilderness of Wisconsin lay about them. If the treacherous natives, in a moment of vindictiveness, came out of their lurking places and shot down the trader, they had but to fall back into the recesses of their own forests, and pursuit or punishment was impossible. The Indians at Mahn-a-wau-kie, too, were very difficult to manage. At one time O-nau-ge-sa would seem to wink at the overbearing disposition of certain bullies of his tribe, and the violence must needs be overlooked by the sufferers from it. Treachery lurked under the guise of friendship, and the scalping-knife was worn nearest the heart. Discretion was the higher law, and it required all the shrewdness of the white men to preserve their own standing in the community as traders. O-nau-ge-sa levied an exorbitant tax on the whiskey, amounting to several gallons a week, for himself and his courtiers; and to refuse the regular supply, or to demand money therefor, was equivalent to a *casus belli*, at which the scalping-knife leapt from its lurking-place, and the lords of the forest put on their most fiendish paint. Whiskey swayed the red masses. A copious libation pacified them, but brought with it the demand for more—and more made demons of them. When under its influence, all the dark villiany of

their nature came uppermost—and to refuse to satisfy their drunken thirst, but precipitated matters. Therefore was cunning greatly exercised by these early traders, in order to save their own lives as well as to preserve their goods and chattels.

These Mahn-a-wau-kies were incurable thieves: they would at all times rather steal than trade, and it is but justice to say that the fear of the white men's guns alone saved the early trader's stock from rapid depletion without equivalent returns. But in 1818, the first grey streaks of the dawn of Milwaukie were visible. So faint were they that O-nau-ge-sa, with all his natural watchfulness, did not then notice them. They were to gradually brighten into the rosy tints of civilization, as the night of barbarism would sink away in the west. Solomon Juneau prospects up and down the river, and finally finds a green spot at the foot of a long wood-covered hill, that rises to the east. and here he builds his own cabin,* with the river between him and the opposite swamp.

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*This house stood where Alicott's drug store now stands, or perhaps ten feet further west, but not on the site of Ludington's block.

CHAPTER IV.

Domestic troubles in the family of Pe-sha-no, and how an innocent Doctor suffered thereby—Progress of the Dawn.

PE-SHA-NO, then the sage of Me-quan-i-go-ish, as we have before intimated, had married. The chosen one of his heart was a French woman, from Fort Howard, who had probably entrapped his savage affection during his campaign with De Langlade. Pe-sha-no had two children; both boys. The youngest representing the white half of the alliance, and the eldest the copper colored. It is not at all strange that the paternal regard should settle rather heavier on the darkest of these pledges. We will not say that the father actually disliked his last born, but a little domestic row occuring one day between himself and wife, he incidentally flung a tomahawk at the pet of the family, and split the infantile head open.

Here was a family breach; Mrs. Pe-sha-no, however much accustomed to such incidents, seems to have taken this as an unwarrantable act, and she resolved to obtain a divorce.

The State of Indiana was then in an incipient condition, and she was compelled to work out her own divorce with fear and trembling, which she did—packing up her extra furs and moccasins, and setting out one moonlight night for the Bois Gris Swamp—now the Menomonee flats—accompanied by her remaining son.

She scorned the protection of O-nau-ge-sa. Her white-blood had been aroused and she appealed directly to the traders.

It is uncertain in what way they assisted her; but some time after, she inhabited a rude tenement on the banks of the swamp, with her son, depending on his and her own exertions for support. Pe-sha-no did not follow her. Content in the belief that her affection would ultimately bring her back without any exertion of his, he seems to have instructed his followers simply to avoid her.

The son, however, was a young scapegrace. He disliked the retirement of his mother, and associated, unbeknown to her, with his father's people daily. In 1820 she received intelligence from Green Bay. They were in need of her services at the Fort, and a liberal offer was made to her to return, accompanied by a friendly letter from Dr. Madison, the surgeon, at the Fort. The boy faithfully, or faithlessly, transmitted this intelligence to his father, and then the fires of jealousy and, it may be, love were aroused. Pe-sha-no became tragic, vowed she should not return, and practised flinging his tomahawk for an extra hour. The wily boy assured him that the medicine man at the Fort had commanded her and she would obey. The chief replied in gutteral anger, "never!" and then commissioned Ke-tau-kah to look after the medicine man.

Mrs. Pe-sha-no had no means of getting to Green Bay, and sent word accordingly to Dr. Madison. Some months after, he wrote to her that he would be down in the spring and would see her and make arrangements. This was all duly imparted from mother to son and from son to father.

In the spring, Dr. Madison set out from the Fort, having obtained leave of absence to visit his relatives in Kentucky. When near what is now Manitowoc the stealthy Ke-tau-kah struck his trail and followed him. When the opportunity occurred he discharded his gun and shot him in the back of the neck, killing him instantly. Ke-tau-kah then started for Me-quan-i-go-ish.

There is no probability of Pe-sha-no's having broken out into exultation when his sanguinary messenger returned. Ke-tau-kah had no message to deliver. His return was evidence that he had completed his errand.

The poet and chief, when he saw his emissary ride slowly into the camp, attired himself in his most attractive beads, added a few extra daubs of paint to his visage, and set out for the lodge of his lost one.

He informed her that the medicine man had been shot, and requested her to repair immediately to Me-quan-i-go-ish and resume her former duties. To all of which she replied with a decided negative. Pe-sha-no might go back, she would never live with him again. She did not doubt the depth or fervor of his affection, but he had a careless way of flinging his tomahawk about. She would live and die with her son among white men.

The chief claimed the lion's share of the offspring. The son was his already by possession—that interesting red idea being at the time at his father's birch palace, taking the initiatory lessons in shooting; the assertion therefore that the son and mother would die among white men was insulting. What were the white men? Some half-dozen traders. Were not his followers as plenty as the leaves of the forest? The white men were dogs.

To which Mrs. Pe-sha-no replied. That the white men were no dogs. That the red men were grasshoppers, that would swarm for a while and die out before the hot breath of the white man. She pointed with her finger along the shimmering surface of the stream, and told him, in a short time the whites would be thicker than the wild-oats that lined the river; that the red man's voice would be hushed, and the lodges of the English would be planted thick on his burial-grounds.

Then Pe-sha-no, with dilated nostril and lofty air, answered that the Winnebagos, the Pottawattamies, the Sacs, and the Sioux, were brothers. The Manitou had given them the green fields and valleys, and the white men were thieves; and, said the poet, the red man hates thieves. The Great Spirit hates them. They will dry up as prairie grass, and the fire of the red man will burn them.

After this threatening speech, he gave his primitive toga a hitch, and with slow dignity took his departure. The woman immediately started for the settlement. Wending her way through the tamarack, she came out on the river about where Spring Street now is, and sat down upon a log to watch the movements of two or three men on the opposite bank who were busily engaged in the erection of a house.

Shortly afterwards, she beckoned to one of the men, and he, unfastening a canoe, pushed it out into the stream. The wind blew it across some distance below, and the woman getting in, paddled herself over.

There is no doubt that she informed of the murder of Dr. Madison. Ke-tau-kah was afterwards given up, and was executed at Detroit, in October, 1821.

The allusion of Pe-sha-no to the brotherhood of the different tribes, and the dark hint of vengeance, may have been the first intimation the whites had of the powerful combination which was even then being talked of, and which afterwards assumed so dire an aspect to western settlers in the Sauk war.

CHAPTER V.

Bursting of the Seed—What Green Bay Thought of the Plant—Some Affectionate and Antique Nonsense in Regard to that Village—The First Citizens—The Death of O-nau-ge-sa.

SOLOMON JUNEAU was now trading in a settled sort of way. In fact his trading-post began gradually to assume the distinctive features of a store. The two companionable settlers at Eschikagou, Mr. Kinzie and Col. Beaubien, had other company. Wm. S. Hamilton and others passed through Mahnawaukie on their way to Green Bay with cattle. Traders made more frequent visits. In a word the faces of strangers were seen quite often. And so on till '32, when the Sauk war broke out. A war which resulted in the complete removal of most of our old friends, the savages, beyond the Mississippi, and brought into notice at the east the beautiful country in Wisconsin.

What do we see then? The first indication of the flood we find in the Green Bay *Intelligencer and Democrat*, of September, 1835, which is as follows:

"THE MILWAUKY: a correspondent at the mouth of the Milwauky speaks of their having a town already laid out; of selling quarter acre lots for five and six hundred dollars, and says that by fall there will be *one hundred* buildings up; that some fifty people are living there. A gentleman supports a school at his own expense. A clergyman is about taking up his abode among them.

"Albert Fowler, Esq., is appointed Justice of the Peace, and their County Courts will be organized at the next session of the Council. Land speculators are circumambulating it and Milwauky is all the rage."

How complacently this old moss-covered town of Green Bay looked down on the settlement at the mouth of "The Milwauky." It never entered into the venerable conception of that place, that "The Milwauky" would spring up into a populous city with magic celerity and outstrip even the imaginations of the most sanguine Yankee Doodles that ever preached of liberty and progress to an English audience.

Venerable old Green Bay! whose history reaches far back into the misty records of the Jesuits, beyond the ken of modern chroniclers. There should be an antique relish in thy appearance, and there is! The mouldy charm lingers about the old Fort and among the aged trees in the streets. The placid river washes time-eaten houses that look quaint among the villas and cottages. Long before the States rebelled, the cross was set up on this beautiful ground, and the voice of melody was heard rising to the Diety. It would seem as though some of the original serenity of devotion yet lingered about the place. But even while this is being written, they talk of spiking down the iron rails along the river, and soon the scream of the locomotive will echo around the pallisades of Fort Howard and the driving trains will go spinning along the Valley of the Fox, only to drag this delightful town out of its retirement and make it discordant with the profanation of enterprise.

Milwaukee County was set apart from Brown County in the month of September, 1834, at which time there were not white inhabitants enough in its extended borders to fill the offices necessary to its organization.

A majority of those who did reside in the county were

speculators, who only lingered to make a "hit," and then they would return east. At the time we speak of, Milwaukee County embraced the present counties of Milwaukee, Washington, Waukesha, Jefferson, Racine, Walworth, and Rock, and large portions of Green, Dane and Dodge. The county was divided into two townships or precincts—Milwaukee and Root River; the one extending over the northern and the other over the southern portions of the county. The population of this vast region at this time was not one thousand; and yet, as we have stated, emigration had set in, and speculation was rife. At Janesville there were two or three log houses; at Skunk Grove there was one, and at Mukwonago remained many of the original followers of Pe-sha-no, the poet.

It is safe to say the people of Mahn-a-wau-kie were in the enjoyment of a degree of happiness that has not been vouchsafed to the place or to its people since. Col. Walker came, Byron Kilbourn came, William Brown came, and as Mr. Holton, somewhat impressed with the magnitude of the thought which included these three bodies, exclaimed in his address before the Chamber of Commerce—"Behold the men!"

We now find Mr. Juneau entering one hundred and thirty acres along the east bank of the river, and commencing the building of a residence further down. A reckless man, by the name of Burdick, dug out a ditch and laid the foundation of a house away off in the wilderness of Kilbourntown, subject to attacks at any moment from wild beasts or wilder savages. Mr. Juneau had commenced laying out lots on East Water Street. Mr. Edgerton was busy surveying. A few stakes had been driven, and another enterprising man was raising a spacious structure on the same street, to be called "The Cottage Inn."

We say the inhabitants were happy. They bought and sold lots; speculated, bargained, and were all duly impressed with the responsibility of rich men. We say all, but must omit Mr. Juneau. He, it is true, accumulated the filthy lucre, somewhat faster than his neighbors even, but it is but justice to say he was not actuated by any undue desire to acquire either money or power. During the most of the time, he was to be found in his store, while the excitement without was running high, and real estate was engendering the most felicitous flow of language. He was one of the few who worked regardless of the promises of the future. Not so with the majority. "The Milwauky" was an Eldorado; corner lots and claims were to be secured or disposed of. Every third man had the map of an imaginary city in his pocket, which was to be thrown into market just as soon as he realized his immense fortune in "Milwauky." Work was out of the question; money and credit were plenty, and people had as much as they could conveniently attend to in superintending their chances of an income.

Col. George H. Walker had located himself on the point south of the river. Mr. Kilbourn was building a house at what was soon to be the corner of Chestnut and Third Streets. Mr. Juneau occupied the tract of land lying on the east side of the river. The two latter had entered and paid for large tracts, and it is reasonable to suppose each was intent on raising an immediate city about himself. Col. Walker immediately laid the corner stone of his metropolis, in the shape of a solid log house near the river, and Mr. Hathaway was there entertained and feasted on the luscious duck and savory wild-turkey during the intervals of his surveying labors. The means of communication between these three founders were not as plenty as might be imagined.

To cross the river at The Point, it was first necessary to wallow through a small quagmire, and then trust to the piece of hollow log, which, for the sake of euphony, was called a boat—a treacherous craft by the way, and given to evolutions in the hands of inexperience, not at all dry or humorous. After having landed on the *terra infirma* of the opposite region, there was a long and diversified path to pursue before the half-dozen houses of Juneau appeared. It was the same way at the Spring Street ford. Horses of tried muscle sometimes swam the stream, but the "dug out" of Mr. Juneau was the usual means of transportation, the passage occupying considerable time if the river was high, and the passenger was not well aware of the hardest spot in the opposite swamp.

Mr. Sanderson had a log house near where the Police Station now stands—a suburban residence—and Mr. Juneau had put up a small frame house, to be used as a post-office and justices' court.

Speculators were indeed "circumambulating" the town. Men from New-York and Massachusetts came and sniffed the air and examined the soil of the promised land; they swam their horses down East Water Street to look over at the wide-spread prospect which lay back of Walker's rustic house. A few of them were sportsmen, and while hunting for claims hunted turkeys and even deer in the Seventh Ward.

It was during this premonitory fever of enterprise, that O-nau-ge-sa was taken sick; tradition says he was poisoned by an emissary of Pe-sha-no, but we cannot vouch for the correctness of such report. He was taken sick at a miserable lodge in Wauwatosa, and struck with a premonition of his end, demanded to be led to the hills which overlooked

his former domain. We can imagine the noble savage on the top of Spring Street Hill, casting a pensive glance over the budding town, in that contemplative attitude which has since become familiar to us by all the atlases and school books which treat of the progress of civilization.

He died soon after, and was buried one stormy night on the bluff overlooking the lake. One or two of the settlers saw the wood piled up, the flames curling and darting in the wind, and the dusky forms of a few faithful followers moving in the red light, and they knew it was a burial; but it may never have entered their minds that the weird-ceremonies were being performed over the ashes of a sovereign, or that the scene was the last glare of a broken dynasty. But so it was; O-nau-ge-sa was laid to sleep in the Third Ward, and if the lake has not taken his bones into its bosom for safe keeping, the jar and jostle of improvement have long since ground them to powder.

CHAPTER VI.

Interesting Letters Written from Milwaukee, in 1836—The Slidell Family and Their Troubles—The Murder of Ellsworth Burnett.

"THIRTY-SIX" was a wonderful year for our settlement. It brought with it a great company of "solid men," who, while they intended to make as much money as possible, were determined to make the place their home and throw their influence in behalf of its future prosperity. Not only did capitalists arrive, but a number of industrious mechanics from eastern cities, hearing of the promised land, emigrated with their tools. Many of these men have gone through the natural transmutation and are now "solid men" themselves in turn, with children ready to journey further west and go through the experience of their fathers.

On the edge of the tamarack swamp, which skirted the western bank of the river, a man by the name of Slidell had bought a piece of ground and commenced the erection of a house. This man was a carpenter; he had recently set out from Detroit to seek his fortune in the new Territory, leaving his wife behind until he should have gained a foothold. He purchased his land of Kilbourn, and set about the erection of a small frame house, with such help as he could pick up. In June of that year he wrote as follows to his wife:*

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*The purely personal and private portions of these letters are omitted.

"MILWAUKIE, June 9th, 1836.

"MY DEAR JANE,—

"I am now pretty comfortably situated. The lot I bought is on the west side of The Milwaukie, which is the side the town will be on. It is not quite a mile from the river. I have got part of the roof on the house since I wrote you last. The house is not as large as our old one, but we can add to it after a bit. As I told you before, this town is going to be a thriving village, and that pretty soon, judging by the way folks begin to come in. Mr. Juneau,* that lives on the other side, said to me only yesterday, while I was doing a job for him, that in two years there would be three hundred houses built. This is good news for me, and I guess can be relied on. Juneau is a fine man. He owns about all there is of the east side. He has a trading-house, as I believe I told you. While I was fixing his shelving for him, there came in three Indians to trade. One of them was a fierce fellow and did a great deal of jawing—as I made out afterwards—about a blanket, which he said the clerk had cheated him with. The clerk laughed at him which made him worse; he opened the blanket that he had twisted round his shoulders, though the weather was hot enough to roast eggs, and pointed to where it was torn. The clerk said something in the Indian tongue that made the savage tearing mad; he caught up one of the hatchets which were kept for sale and made for him. I felt a little nervous myself, and the clerk jumped over the counter and run. Just then Juneau came in; he went straight up to the savage, and calling him Bill, stroked him on the cheek in

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*Spelled in the MS., "Juneua."

a playful way. The Indian put down the hatchet and appeared to cool off very quick. Thinks I, if I was as big as you are Mr. Juneau, I'd pitch him out doors neck and heels. But the Frenchman understands these red skins better than I do. When they were going out, he took down a heavy Mackinac blanket and threw it over the head of the cross savage; he (the Indian) pulled it down under his arm, but not one of them ever looked back or said a word, though the present was a handsome one; but that's their way.

"That was more than I'd a done, for these Indians are a rascally set of cheats. Not long ago one of them brought in a lot of smoked chickens and sold them to a new comer, for prairie-hens, and when he got away with the change it was found out that they were a neighbor's chickens that had been stolen only a few nights before, and fixed up to make them look wild. You need'nt let the Indians frighten you, though, for except stealing, they never trouble the white folks.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND."

Slidell's house was located but a short distance from the site of Spring Street. The building was a comfortable one, built at his leisure moments, and surrounded by a pleasantly diversified country. There is no doubt that Slidell was enthusiastic in his praises of the new country; and it appears from his letters, that he used all his eloquence to induce his wife's brother to come out and join him. The following letter evidently had that object in view:

"MY DEAR WIFE,—

"I've had the rheumatism in my arm since I last wrote

to you, but I have got the house done and a garden spot fenced in. The best way for you to come is to take the stage to Saint Joseph and there the schooner "Western Trader." The weather will be fine for sailing and you will get here a week sooner than by going round. Tell Pinckney the town is surrounded by the best of timber. I am sure he will make out well here. They say that brick-clay is plenty here too, but I guess not, at any rate it will be after our time when they work it. If you can get Pickney to come I should like it. He will never find a better located town," &c., &c.

The result of Slidell's correspondence was, that Pinckney came out; but Mrs. Slidell, for some reason or other, remained behind for some months after. Pinckney was greatly disappointed in the town. His anticipations were far ahead of the reality. It may be said, indeed, that he was one of those men who love to be dissatisfied, and who have a constitutional leaning towards "miserableness." We get an inkling of the understanding, existing between the brothers-in-law, by the following letter, written to the sister some two months after Pinckney had arrived:

"MILWAUKIE, August 3rd, 1836.

"DEAR JANE,—

"Joe has got me out here, and here I am, and a more miserable, God-forsaken place I never saw. The town—or what there is of it—is right in the middle of a swamp. You can't go half a mile, in any direction, without getting into the water. It's a pretty deep mud-hole all over. The river is a great thing I expect, but when you have to paddle over it three or four times a day in a "dug out," it's

a nuisance. Joe has got his house away out beyond the swamp where the wolves can get over the fence, and the town can never reach him. But there's no use in my saying anything to him. He's in love with the place and you'll have to come; though if I had my way, I'd rather have you stay in old Detroit, where I wish I was now.

"GEORGE PINCKNEY."

As might have been foreseen, this unfriendly description was the cause of a rupture between the brothers-in-law. Mrs. Slidell was not slow in informing her husband of her brother's views, and a personal quarrel sprung out of the affair. Pinckney, removing on the east side of the river, leaving Slidell sole tenant of the house beyond the swamp.

The latter, however, did not long remain alone, for his wife joined him, and with her came a young woman, called Allie Deminge. Miss Deminge, during the journey to Milwaukie, became acquainted with a young man who was coming to the same place. They grew very intimate before their destination was reached; but it was not until the Slidells and Miss Deminge were domesticated in the new house, that the stranger learned he had a rival in the person of Pinckney, an old admirer of the young lady.

Ellsworth Burnett was a young man of many admirable traits of character, and soon formed a circle of friends. His genial disposition and his aptitude to learn and be of service in any position, peculiarly fitted him for a new settlement. He soon ingratiated himself into the favor of influential men, and set about a novitiate course of surveying. The relationship which soon existed between Ellsworth Burnett and Miss Deminge, was of a nature to warrant considerable romance. Many moonlight nights saw them floating

in his canoe along the margin of the Menomonee, and many more might have witnessed his late departure from Slidell's house, to walk the somewhat lonely route homeward toward the town. There is something due to the memory of this young man; and the present historian, however feeble his efforts, cannot pass over this part of the narrative without an attempt to do him justice. His parents were living in Michigan and were poor. It seems as though his industry was stimulated as much by the hope of securing a home for them as by other incentives. He communicated his plans fully to Allie, and together they entered into the undertaking.

Whether or not Burnett brought any "means" with him to Milwaukie is uncertain, but in a very short time he was in possession of enough money to enable him to enter a small tract of land, for which purpose it was necessary to go to Green Bay.

George Pinckney was at this time employed by Capt. Geo. Barber, who was building a schooner on the river above Kilbourn's house. Since Miss Deminge had been an inmate of Slidell's house, Pinckney had sought on several occasions to mollify his brother's feelings in regard to himself and had so far succeeded that he made frequent visits to the place; the men treating each other civilly if not affectionately. During one of his calls he "proposed" to Allie, and was astounded to find she was already engaged to Burnett. Pinckney was not a man to suffer extremely from the pangs of unrequited love. Instead of contemplating suicide, he set about meditating revenge,—and that upon Slidell who had allowed Burnett free access to his house, and had undoubtedly prejudiced the lady's mind in regard to his brother from motives of personal vindictiveness—at least so this man reasoned.

There was nothing startling followed. Pinckney pursued his

round of labor and shunned the house and brother. Burnett spent his evenings with Allie, maturing praiseworthy plans; dreaming, mayhap, of a future which seemed golden from the reflection of the present. In consummating their projects, as we have said, it was necessary for Burnett to go to Green Bay. This was no insignificant journey in those times. It then taking four and five days to reach that far off land office with a good horse, and the journey was fraught with many risks.

However he was determined to go. Miss Deminge, his intended wife, the night before he started, tried to prevail upon him to relinquish the journey, by saying that the object could be accomplished by commissioning one of the several men who were continually travelling between the two places.

"But that is not the way to do business," answered Burnett, "there is no one that I can trust with my private interests, or who would accomplish the work as I would myself."

"There is your friend, Mr. Hathaway," the girl continued.

The young man laughed—"Allie," he said, "you are afraid of the Indians—but it's a foolish fear. The Indians will not trouble me—they all know I'm a harmless fellow—besides I might travel the route a dozen times and not meet one."

"I know better," replied Miss Deminge, "since the murder of the Indian by the sentinel at Fort Winnebago they are greatly excited—I should rather you would not go for other reasons."

"What other reasons?"

"Pinckney!"

"And pray shall I relinquish my chance to get the land, to stay here and look after Pinckney?"

"I think so", answered Allie, quietly.

Burnett thought of this after he started, but at the time he laughed and joked the young woman on the subject.

On the eighth of November he started with a man by the

name of Clyman. They were driven to Prairieville, where the teamster left them to pursue the rest of their way a-foot.

On the afternoon of the second day they reached Rock River, and came upon a wigwam at what is now Theresa in Dodge County. The only occupant of the place was a squaw whose liege lord was absent. Attached to a tree in the river floated a bark canoe, however, and Clyman proposed to appropriate it with a view of facilitating their journey. The Indian woman vehemently opposed this, but Burnett tossed her a half-dollar and the two getting into the canoe paddled away down the river.

The day following Burnett's departure from Milwaukie, the brothers fell out. Pinckney, unable longer to contain his wrath, accused Slidell of being dishonest. Words ran high between them, and finally Slidell put Pinckney out of doors.

That night, as the family were about retiring, an Indian known as "Bill" though his proper name was Shaw-ag-ough, knocked at the door. This Indian had frequently associated with Pinckney; accompanying him on hunting excursions and teaching him certain wood-craft, in consideration of whiskey received. Slidell's first impression, when he opened his door and saw this grim picture, probably was, that his presence was in some way connected with his former difficulty with Pinckney. "Bill" made some scarcely intelligible importunity which Slidell understood to be a request to come into the house and he ordered him away. "Bill" did not comply with the request but made another unintelligible speech and Slidell knocked him down, and shut the door.

About half an hour afterwards, a score of savages appeared in front of the house, and made night hideous with their gibberish. Slidell had always been afraid of the Indians, and this demonstration rather appalled him, though it was perhaps more laughable than frightful, as the savages were unarmed and con-

tented themselves with going through a strange medley of howls and dances.

The next morning Slidell went to Juneau for advice, fearing that the Indians would burn his house or murder him in his sleep. Juneau promised to see "Bill" and talk to him. The afternoon of the same day—the 10th of November—as Slidell stood in front of Juneau's house—news was received that Burnett had been murdered, and Clyman a moment after appeared to tell the story.

About two hours after the two men had left the wigwam on Rock River, as has been related, the Indian proprietor thereof returned with his son, a boy about fourteen. His rage at learning of the taking of his canoe by white men was unbounded, and he immediately proposed to his wife and son to follow after and kill them. The squaw, who was probably still under the novel effects of the half dollar, objected, and the boy was inclined to side with the mother.

The Indian first whipped the boy soundly with his gun-rod, and having gained the consent of the squaw by the same or some other summary process, the two started in pursuit of the white men. By crossing the country, they cut off some five miles of the distance and overtook the young men about dusk, only a few miles below Theresa. They had pulled the canoe up on a bank, and had taken possession of a bark wigwam. As the stealthy foes came up to the encampment, they saw Burnett inside the hut preparing to light a fire; a moment after, Clyman came out and leaning his double-barrelled gun against the door of the house, started off to gather fuel. Just then Burnett discovered the Indian and shouting to Clyman he said:

"We shall have company to-night!"

His companion looked around and seeing the savage, replied: "We shall have to bring our canoe up to the house," and went on gathering fire-wood.

The Indian approached the wigwam. This Clyman was conscious of, but he paid no attention to his movements, until, hearing the report of a gun, he turned suddenly, and beheld the Indian near the hut, beckoning to him urgently. Supposing that Burnett had accidentally discharged his pistol and wounded himself, he threw down the wood and started to return. He had not run three rods before he saw the savage deliberately take up his gun, which had leaned against the hut, and aim it at him. It was then and not till then that the treachery flashed upon his mind, and with it the astounding truth that Burnett had been murdered. The deadly weapon was still pointed at him, and turning about, he ran in a tortuous course without knowing whither he went. He heard the report, and felt a wound in his arm, but he still kept on, impelled by a sudden love of life which gave him new strength. When the remaining barrel was fired, he felt the stinging shot against his back. It was not quite dark, and an almost impenetrable swamp lay before him, but wounded as he was, there was no alternative. Plunging into the brush he groped his way—now sinking knee-deep in mire and now enclosed with undergrowth that in the darkness promised no outlet. After the most superhuman efforts he escaped from his pursuer, and on the afternoon of the next day arrived in Milwaukie and gave the alarm.

A party of sixteen, among them was Slidell, started immediately for Rock River. They found the wigwam, bloody, and perforated by a bullet—but the remains of Burnett were not discovered; and, save the destruction of the Indian's lodge at Theresa, no vengeance was taken at that time. The Indians surrendered the perpetrators about two weeks after the event, and they were conveyed to Green Bay by a detachment of dragoons.

It was not until 1854 that the remains of this unfortunate young man were found, thrust in a hole near where the murder was committed. They were pointed out to Narcisse Juneau, and identified; but strange as it may appear they were never properly interred.

Mr. Joshua Hathaway, of this city, wrote to Theresa, and offered to pay the expense of burial, but there is reason to believe that the bones of Ellsworth Burnett lie bleaching, to this day, along the shores of Rock River.

CHAPTER VII.

Disposition of the Slidell's—Arrival in the Settlement of "A Character"—Adventure of Mrs. Purcell, with the Indian.

THE feelings of Allie Deminge may be imagined. We shall not attempt to portray them. However much the narrator's or the reader's sentimental proclivities may be violated, truth compels us to state that she eventually married Pinckney, and they removed to Prairie du Chien. With this fact before us, we confess it is difficult to do justice to the feelings which Burnett's sudden death may have occasioned.

With Slidell, the effect was somewhat singular. Coupled with the demonstration made before his house, the news confirmed him in the belief that the Indians intended to murder the whole family, and no reasoning could shake him in this particular.

Pinckney's thoughts of revenge were dissipated by the unexpected tragedy, at Theresa, and he now deliberately went to work to get possession of Slidell's property. With a great deal of natural shrewdness he augmented by all the means in his power, his brother's fear of the Indians; and as this in itself was not sufficient to induce him to leave the place, he endeavored to discourage him in his hopes of the town, and finally had recourse to deeper and more iniquitous plans. In company with a couple of lewd fellows he spent much of his time hunting and hanging around the hotel.

It was about three weeks after the murder of Burnett that

Slidell sold his house to a Mr. Purcell and went to Prairie du Chien, Miss Deminge accompanying him.

On the fourteenth of June 1837 Ashe-co-bo-ma, the Indian who had murdered Ellsworth Burnett, was brought from Green Bay with the boy—Ush-ho-ma, *alias* Mach-e-oke-mah—and the former was sentenced to be hung on the first of September.

They were both confined in the jail. The record of their commitment is still to be seen—but were subsequently discharged by order of Governor Dodge, January 22d, 1838.

This jail was a log structure, situated a little west of the present site. It was presented to the town, together with the adjoining grounds, now a park, by Mr. Juneau. The original log building is still standing in the present jail yard, and is partially enclosed with the original log stockade.

There came about this time a gentleman whose name was Mason D'Omro. He attracted attention at once. His was the style, deportment, carriage—to elicit popular favor. Somewhat portly, somewhat ruddy: well dressed, affable, thoroughly posted on every conceivable subject from the Rosicruscian Mysteries to the intricacies of "old sledge;" with that stately dignity which is the result of physical proportion and study, he was a man to be looked up to by the crowd.

Mr. D'Omro soon became the oracle of a certain set who never could discover anything themselves, or were unfortunate in making deductions, and very soon those who were his intimates called him "for short"—"Major Domo"—a name by which he ultimately became better known than any other. There was a little mystery about the man, which probably added to his popularity. He rented a small house on the east side, and here Mrs. D'Omro presided, unknown to all but the few lady acquaintances who saw fit to cultivate her friendship. No one ever knew his history, or his means at command. He did

not seek employment, seemed to have pocket-money enough, and was therefore voted a good fellow. The Major was about forty-five years old, and made frequent allusions to his services in the "last war." His failing, or his forte, was the desire to make himself popular with everybody. It is true, he may have lacked the certain amount of moral courage, which is requisite to oppose; at all events, he never opposed anything unless every body else did, and was never known to express an opinion in favor of a minority.

There are such men in all communities. Men who travel about in slippers for fear of treading harshly on somebody's principles; who side with all men, no matter how diverse, in hopes that all men will side with them. Moral cowardice is always the touch stone of such characters. Their mothers never learned them to say *No*, and so they go through life nodding and smiling like mandarins, upon every person they meet, not from a happy or genial disposition, but from a politic principle that it is best to keep the right side of all, principles or no principles.

It is a fact which ought to be pretty well-known by this time, that such men are altogether more successful than they deserve to be. We see them in the pulpit, stroking down their hearers with velvety hand. Guaging disagreeable truths to the bias of sinners, fitting reproof in complimentary phraseology and feeling rewarded in the conviction that they have not ruffled a feather of any dove in the cote, and consequently raised no personal dislike. They get to be editors, and run up the motto: Neutral in politics and religion, as though there were any other department where their especial "independence" was needed. They get into politics and religion too, and in the former they nominally shoulder a "great principle," but put it in their pockets when its pub-

licity will conflict with Tom, Dick and Harry, and as these three last individuals have multiplied wonderfully and filled the earth—the independent editor keeps his principle in his pocket pretty much all the time, and when the opposition is strong, he refers to it (the principle) in just such terms as will involve both parties in inextricable doubt as to whether he means to keep it or get rid of it. Of late, this has got to be called "conservatism," which is a misnomer. Neutrality is a better word. Cowardice would perhaps be nearer the truth. The man who has an honest opinion which he keeps in his throat to be coughed up in different shapes for different friends, ought to be choked to death with it. The true conservator labors for the maintainance of those principles which sustain and bind society or government together. The labor supposes opposition, and is only successful in meeting opposition; but the neutral avoids opposition. His conservatism is a salve for friend and foe; his war-cry in the battle of life is a lullaby and his whole genius is expended in living, writing and speaking, so as not to commit himself with either side.

The most acute reader of character had never been able to fully make up his mind whether the Major was a Van Buren man, a Webster man or a Harrison man, though the friends of each claimed him.

The Major's wife formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Purcell, the wife of the man already mentioned. It was the custom with these two excellent ladies to visit each other frequently, although their homes were a great ways apart. Purcell was in the Government employ, and much of his time was spent away from home.

The residence was sufficiently lonesome at all times but at night particularly so: the howling of the wolves in the timber near by, not being of that dulcet description to soothe one's melancholy.

One night Mrs. Purcell sat at her table sewing. Her friend had promised to come up, but had disappointed her. Under such circumstances she felt that the lonesomeness of the place had a fresh intensity. Disappointment generally heightens our appreciation.

The night too was stormy and dark. Mrs. Purcell was not a robust woman. The frontier was, in fact, no place for her; but her husband's fortunes were her's also, and she could willingly forego the many luxuries of an older town to be with him.

As she sat sewing, listening to the wind that came up from the lake, and the occasional long-drawn howl of a wolf, which would be answered by the distant baying of a dog in the settlement, she looked up, her attention attracted by a slight noise at the window, which was in the front of the house. She saw that the shutter was opened, and placing her sewing on the table, she opened the window to fasten it. As she did so the wind blew out the flame of the candle and she was in darkness. Having secured the shutter she set about striking a light. At that time matches were scarce and poor, and it took her some time to ignite a bit of paper. While in the dark, and preparing to re-light the candle, she accidentally glanced toward the window, and there, in the transient star light, she saw, or fancied she saw, the hideous face of an Indian against the pane, he holding open the shutter which she had just fastened.

Mrs. Purcell was a woman of good sense, she neither screamed nor fainted. The few Indians that hung about the town were regarded as harmless, but she knew they were vindictive and unscrupulous. She remembered in an instant the murder of Mamtou, which had been related to her. She reflected, as she went on endeavoring to obtain a light, that she

was alone—her nearest neighbor was Mr. Pettibone. The Indian might be bent on mischief, and if such was the case, her situation seemed to invite his attention. After she had succeeded in getting the candle lighted, she questioned whether it had not been an illusion; but no reasoning could shake off the frightful remembrance of the red face glaring in upon her through the glass. She placed the candle on the mantle, carefully securing it from the wind by a large book, and with a nervous but determined hand raised the sash, and once more pulling the shutter to, drove a large nail through the hasp. After she had let down the sash she felt confident that the shutter had been tried by some one on the outside. Re-seating herself at the table, Mrs. Purcell endeavored to continue her labor with the needle, but her hand trembled so that she laid by the cloth and sat for a few moments endeavoring to calm her mind and reason herself out of her fears. But it was of no avail. The whole proceeding was too stealthy. She was known to be alone—and above all, that horrid face at the glass!

As the conviction became grounded in her mind that the Indian was bent on mischief, she came to the hasty and somewhat unwise conclusion that his object could be nothing less than to murder her, since, she reasoned, I have nothing to tempt the cupidity of a savage. She was either not aware that the Indian would take a great deal of trouble to steal a comparatively worthless object, or her fears clouded the knowledge. It suddenly occurred to her then, that the shed at the back of the house ran up to within a couple of feet of a chamber window, which latter had no shutters, and was but temporarily fastened. No sooner did this occur to her, with the possibility of her enemy getting in by that way, than she grasped the candle and opened the door leading up the stairway. As she did so, a noise above sent a chill to her heart. The savage

was already in the house, or was at that moment effecting an entrance.

For an instant, Mrs. Purcell stood irresolute, and then with womanly desperation she pushed the heavy table against the door of the stairway, and taking from a secretary a small ebony ruler, round and resembling somewhat the barrel of a pistol, she awaited the descent of the Indian. It was several moments that this woman stood thus, expecting to see the savage burst into the room and murder her Just as she had begun to hope that her apprehensions were without foundation, the table was pushed into the room by the opening of the door, and the savage deliberately entered. As he saw what appeared to be a pistol in the hands of the woman, he uttered a gutteral "ugh!" and stopped. This was a perilous moment for Mrs. Purcell; her safety seemed to depend on his mistaking the piece of wood she held in her hand, for a fire-arm. The light from the one candle was very feeble, and there was some probability of this being the case. As the savage stopped, she saw that he was, what is called, "half drunk." Keeping the ruler pointed at his breast, she motioned with her left hand for him to leave the house. He turned and went to the door, unlocked it and even opened it. Mrs. Purcell, supposing that she was now rid of her guest, lowered her arm, and as she did so, exposed to the Indian the nature of her weapon. He laughed in a peculiar gutteral manner, closed the door and again approached her· All hope was now gone; the poor woman dropped the ferule on the floor as she saw the glare of the eyes and beastly expression of the wretch's face as he moved toward her in a crouching attitude, much as a panther approaches its victim. However, he had not taken three steps before voices were heard, and the next moment the door was thrown open and the portly form of the Major stepped over the threshhold with Mrs. D'Omro on his arm.

This would have been the time for Mrs. Purcell to faint; but as we are not writing fiction, and are limited to facts, it is our duty to say that joy at her deliverance did not overcome her, but as the Indian turned his head to see who had entered, the lady caught up a chair and brought it down with damaging effect to the furniture across his shoulders.

The scene which met the worthy Major Domo, as can easily be imagined, rather astounded him. His first ejaculation was:

"Thunder and lightning! what's to pay!"

As the chair descended, he gave signs of backing out and leaving the "coast clear." But Mrs. Purcell's tongue being loosened, she found speedy means of enlightening them as to the real state of affairs, and as the Indian stood with his arms folded, apparently indifferent as to what turn matters would take, the Major proposed a compromise.

"The rascal wants some whiskey, that's all," he said. "It's best to get along with these fellows as quietly as possible, so give him a tumbler of rum and tell him to come again, and he'll go away friendly."

This was the Major's advice. Mrs. Purcell strongly opposed it, and while they debated the point, the savage deliberately walked out of the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

Daylight on the Settlement—The First Newspaper—Printers and Pioneers—Mr. Juneau's Steamboat Investment.

THE year 1836 saw the settlement on the high road to prosperity. Settlers broke ground on either side of the river. Several, more courageous than the rest, planted themselves in the centre of the marsh which is now the Third ward: among their number was a German named Bleyer, who, like a Robinson Crusoe, looked out from his cabin on the water and felt undoubtedly very dubious about a city ever springing out of the bottomless mud with which he was surrounded. The gentleman lives on the same lot (which he bought of Juneau) yet, now encircled with good solid ground, and a populous ward. He has raised a family of boys, all of the sturdy western stamp, and one, Mr. Lewis Bleyer, is foreman of the office, where this book was published—the first child of German parents born in the county.

Mr. Stein, the gunsmith, perched his house on the hill where market square is now, and looked over the rice-bound river to where Kilbourn and Vliet resided.

Speculation, which had been impending, broke out. Vessels anchored in the bay, and boats, canoes and batteaux plied industriously from them to the shore. The Indian trails had been widened into roads. Mr. Sylvester Pettibone had ploughed up and commenced to fill in the main thoroughfare with soil, taken from a bank opposite where the Newhall House now

stands. The grass was trodden down. New blood was being infused into the settlement. The merry ring of the hammers was heard on all sides. A post-office was wanted. The hotel was not sufficient to accommodate the strangers, and a new and larger one was commenced at the top of the hill which is now Wisconsin Street. Mr. Juneau, finding his log house insufficient to accommodate his trade, commenced the erection of a large frame warehouse.*

Capitalists, mechanics, and even editors came. Strange faces were met on all the streets, and a pleasant bustle, ominous of the future, began to be heard.

The log house which Mr. Juneau had originally erected on the corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets, for a trading post, was a rude structure of unhewn trees. It faced the south, and had been formerly surrounded by a stockade for protection against the Indians. At the eastern end a shed was attached. This building formed the first gathering point and exchange for the merchants. When the frame storehouse was completed, the attraction was merely transferred from one to the other. It was about the door of this house that the business men and idlers congregated to hear the news and to "dicker." It was here that the mud-splashed postman from Green Bay or Manitowoc rode up, and throwing his reins over the old pickets, told the price of land and furs, and who had died in the north since he last appeared. It was here that the tri-weekly mail from Chicago lumbered up, and while the worn-out horses were attended to by George Tiffany, the clerk of Mr. Juneau, the first

* This building is still standing, it having been moved by Mr. Ludington when the brick block was built on the corner of East Water and Wisconsin. The building stands on East Water street, and is occupied by Mr. Noyes as a furniture factory.

instalments of Gen. Jackson's message, the progress of the cholera, or news of fresh Indian troubles, was dealt out.

Here were wont to congregate, only twenty-five years ago, Indians, pioneers and sailors, to hear long expected tidings, which had floundered through mud and forests and over prairies for weeks before they reached the settlement; on the same spot the merchants and multitude generally, now read from a bulletin the news of the world, which comes fresh and quivering over the wires from every point of the compass, once a-day.

It must not be supposed that this town had arrived at the dignity of two hundred people without a newspaper.

We all know that a newspaper is inseparable from an American settlement. With the meeting-house up goes the press, though the motives which prompt these two engines of civilization, are generally very different. There is scarcely an incorporated swamp in the country without its weekly organ, either a "Banner of Freedom" or a "Herald of Liberty," and there is never a Lyceum lecture nor anniversary speech which does not represent the press leading off the van of civilization, a primal necessity of the intelligence and taste of the backwoodsmen who preceded it with their axes.

The truth is, the first newspaper in a settlement is not demanded by the people. The intelligence is as yet centered in a few land holders, whose profits are prospective, and who hang all their dependence on immigration. The starting of the first newspaper is a speculation. The real estate needs an organ, and the heaviest man invests liberally in the nearest "second hand" press; agrees to take a thousand copies of the sheet, and a journeyman printer is induced to try his fortune at the thing. Then he learns the tug of war. Then he finds how little of the Herculean strength he possesses, and how poor a martyr he makes. Then his superhuman efforts to drag the pre-emption

out into the genial position of a county seat, or the full blaze of incorporated splendor, he finds are appreciated only by the owners of the pre-emption.

A very instructive volume might be written on the sufferings of printers who have been thus seduced into forlorn recesses by sanguine land holders, and who have afterwards undergone all the miseries enumerated in the catalogues of destitution and slavery. But they generally cling with a feline tenacity both to life and to the paper. Through all the mutations of trade, through privation, through every crisis, they raise their hebdomadal song or wail, sometimes making merry at their own agonies, at others, stimulating the settlement in a new enterprise, and all the while begging in vain for "wood and potatoes" Precarious as seems the existence of the puny sheet, it becomes apparent that there is a store of vitality in the journeyman printer; a fund of endurance and perseverance which is the true "stub and twist," that no adversity can break. He is a man of wire. He can go for days without food like the camel, when he has to cross some pecuniary desert,—he may suffer, but the paper shall not! And if, in the course of nature and the fever and ague, he goes from the case to another world, or gives up the ghost in the editorial chair, there are a score of others just as tough and unflinching as he was, who will only wait for his body to be carried out, to come from the refinements of larger towns and take his place.

There is not a malarious county seat of two houses and a liberty pole, so unhealthy, so abandoned, or so far removed from the pale of civilization, that an editor cannot be found to risk his life, (if not his sacred honor,) in the attempt to make a prosperous city of it with his pen and rollers; and it is no more than justice to say that, wherever they make the attempt, their efforts and results are more praiseworthy than praised,

and more successful than the superficial public perception always admits.

With the issue of the first newspaper, a change takes place in the settlement. A conscious dignity pervades the freeholders. The town is no longer isolated. Paper currents begin to flow out in all directions. The social organism becomes concrete. The slip-shod officials are circumspect out of regard to the record. Resolutions, carefully worded, and redolent with the advantages of the town, sprout from public meetings, and the poorest and most illiterate seem to feel that the first movement of that press which struck the first copy, stamped the wilderness with the distinctive mark of civilization.

Then we begin to hear of the specific and superior advantages of the place. If a log school house is opened, it is with a rhetorical flourish that includes the "salubrious climate," and the "natural resources," as well as the "magnificent future which is to dawn upon us." And there is reason in all this inflation, as the future actually proves.

In the latter part of the year 1835, D. H. Richards, who was in Chicago with a view of purchasing the Chicago Democrat, was induced to visit Milwaukie, and after some examination he concluded that the latter place offered superior advantages, and decided upon establishing a press. On the 14th of July succeeding, the "Milwaukie Advertiser" made its appearance, on the west side. Mr. Richards made an arrangement with Col. Hans Crocker, who for some months was the sole editor.

The difficulties attending the establishment of this, the first sheet in Milwaukie, were very great. Journeymen printers had to be brought from New York, and a year's supply of paper laid in. In appearance, it was, however, a respectable newspaper, and among the first contributors we find the names

of Byron Kilbourn, I. A. Lapham, Dr. L. I. Barber, J. H. Tweedy and J. A. Noonan.

It was not till the next year that the east side was blessed with an organ, although the population in this section greatly preponderated. Mr. Juneau advanced the money, and in June, 1837, Mr. John O'Rourke came from New York with material for the "Milwaukie Sentinel." Mr. J. W. Chubbuck, now the accomplished editor of the "Central Wisconsin," "set" the first type, and struck off the first number of the paper—then considered a remarkably well-to-do sheet, but in fact very cadaverous and sallow by the side of itself to-day. This sheet threw its weight in favor of the east side, and the west warders soon found it was no paper weight.

We find in an early number of this paper the following advertisement, which may be worth perusing:

INDIAN GOODS.—The subscriber has received from the American Fur Company, and offers for sale on commission, a large and complete assortment of GOODS adapted to the Indian Trade, and now offers for sale cheap, at his residence, in the East Ward, among which may be found the following articles, viz:

30 *pieces blue, fancy, gray and white st Cloth,*
4 *pieces Stroud, Broad and Narrow Cord,*
2 *pieces fine Scarlet Cloth,*
3 *pieces White and Blue Molten,*
50 *pairs Three point English Blankets,*
75 *pairs* 2½ *do do do*
15 *pairs* 2 *do do do*
20 *pairs* ½ *do do do*
25 *pairs* 1 *do do do*
10 *pairs Large Scarlet do*
5 *pairs Large Blue do do*
100 *pieces Prints, various patterns,*
4 *pieces Black Silk Handkerchiefs,*
30 *pieces Domestic Stripe and Plain Cotton,*
Together with Powder, Ribbons, Silver Work,
Ornaments, Beads, Vermillion. Wampum, Worsted,
Hatchets, Bridles, Saddles, Looking Glasses,
Combs, Hawk Bells, Flints, North West Guns,
Rifles, Cartouch and Scalping Knives, and all sorts of Indian Fixings, which will be sold for Furs, Skins and cash. Cash paid for Furs of all kinds.

nov8 SOLOMON JUNEAU.

The prospects of a still larger immigration had induced several of the prominent men to entertain the idea of building a first class steamboat for the lake. A Mr. Hotaling, not long

after the subject was opened, came to Milwaukie and induced Mr. Juneau to invest heavily in an enterprise which seemed to have rested altogether on the hypothesis that the people of Buffalo, N. Y., were as anxious that the Milwaukie folks should have a steamer as they, the Milwaukie people, were themselves. It could be built better and cheaper at Buffalo. It was imperative, and all put plausibly with reason (*Sauviter in modo.*) Mr. Juneau invested heavily.

For some reason, the Buffalo people did not afterwards evince the same anxiety to complete the undertaking that was manifested in Milwaukie. The thing dragged heavily, and finally Mr. Hotaling came again and applied to Juneau (*fortiter in re*) for an advance of ten thousand dollars. He had already furnished seventeen thousand dollars, but with a liberality that was characteristic, he gave Mr. Hotaling a draft on the Green Bay Bank for the additional sum.

This steamboat, which was known in an apocryphal way, as "The Milwaukie," was a most unfortunate affair. It cost Mr. Juneau the four lots upon which Young's Block now stands; the lot, sixty by twenty, where the Sentinel building is located, and the lot, one hundred and twenty feet square, nearly opposite, all of which were put into "The Milwaukie," and failed to ballast her. A couple of years passed away, the matter growing more dubious all the while, when a party, among which were Captain Cotton, Captain Caswell and Duncan C. Reed, on the third of July, left Milwaukie and proceeded to Buffalo, as they said, to bring back "The Milwaukie" (*vi et armis.*)

They actually accomplished the feat. Getting possession of the vessel, they fired her up and started for home. Her appearance was hailed with delight by the people of Milwaukie. They flocked to the mouth of the river to enjoy the

spectacle which would be presented when the noble steamer leaped the sand-bars and performed all of Hogarth's curves in the great aquatic wiggle necessary to get into the stream. She got aground on the bar* and ignominiously refused to "budge" for several hours, during which time the enthusiasm and the steam went down.

The litigation and vexation which followed were enormous. The worthy gentlemen who brought the hulk all the way from Buffalo, did not seem to be aware that she towed a very disagreeable law suit after her, or they might have left her in the *Porte du Morte.* She was afterwards sold to Mr. Newbery, her engine taken out and put into the "Nile," which was subsequently destroyed. The litigation eventually resulted in a compromise. Mr. Newbery making a settlement with Mr. Stevens, the first party from whom the boat had been taken. Mr. Juneau receiving about one-eighth of his original investment, inclusive of a large amount of steamboat furniture, mattrasses, &c., which he removed to his dwelling.

About a week after the adventure of Mrs. Purcell, with the Indian, the same savage was murdered on East Water Street, in front of Wm. Brown's store, in a drunken melee, by two men, Joseph Scott and Cornelius Bennett. This In-

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*About two years ago a small package of old and scarcely legible letters, bits of newspaper and scraps of manuscript, were sent to the Sentinel office, by a builder, well-known in Milwaukee; who, in an accompanying letter, stated that he had found them under the flooring of an old house, in the Fourth Ward, which had just been torn down. Among those papers was the following epigram, which it now occurs to us must have had an allusion to some such occurrence as that just related. Had the major said it the author would have reaped the credit:

Our good man is happy, when not on the sea—
When the wind blows from the South,
And though he's as pleasant, as pleasant can be,
Of late he's much *down in the mouth.*

dian's name is recorded "Manitou," but this is evidently a mistake, it may have been Mamtou or Maniton. Scott and Bennett was examined before Justice N. F. Hyer, and conveyed to the log jail by H. M. Hubbard, the first Deputy Sheriff of Milwaukie County. *

The Indians were very much excited in consequence of this murder, and fears were entertained that they would seek to avenge the death of their comrade, by killing some of the whites. They collected in a body about the store of Mr. Juneau and even threatened the town because the white men were not given up to them. Mr. Juneau, however, suceeded in pacifying them with presents, and promises that the prisoners would meet with strict justice.

On the night of the twenty-sixth of April, 1837, the white men escaped from the jail, by jumping over the pickets, and made their way to Indiana, where Scott was subsequently hanged for another criminal offence.

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*The sheriff of the county was appointed by the Governor of Michigan, and resided at Green Bay.

CHAPTER IX.

Tim Wooden, His Last Words—Jesper Vliet's Adventure with the Indians—Hickory Bullets, and Grey Wolves.

TIM WOODEN was one of those original characters who are always deserving of notice. Where he came from, few ever knew. He seemed to have developed with the country, and had insensibly become part and parcel of the west side characteristics. Tim had two peculiarities. He was profoundly stingy, and lazy to a point that was almost sublime. The precarious livelihood which he may be said to have accepted rather than earned, was the result of wood chopping and occasional "jobs" for the settlers. He is said to have set over a pile of wood for several days, undetermined whether to commence the labor or to leave it; and had been found asleep in the stable, leaning against the horse's flank, with the currycomb in his hand. His first appearance before the public, was as the proprietor of a "dug out," on Walker's Point, where he consented to paddle travellers over for a consideration, though at considerable risk, for he frequently gave way to an internal struggle between his two failings while in the middle of the stream, and if laziness conquered, the astonished passenger might expect to drift half a mile down the stream, while the pittiless Charon wrapt himself in a profound indifference which only the offer of a considerable sum would effectually dispel.

A rather laughable account is given of Tim's method of hunting coons.

Jesper Vliet, at this time a mere lad of twelve or fourteen, but already quite a Nimrod, probably shot more coons than any other person in the settlement. His father's house stood upon what is now called Quentin's park, but what was then known as "The Knoll." Young Vliet had heard that a man living twelve miles north, owned a fine "coon dog", and fully appreciating the value of such a treasure, he started out to find the owner. A walk of twelve miles was a very insignificant feat to the youth of those days, Vliet found the owner of the animal and was shown the dog, a splendid specimen of the canine race, being a colossal stag-hound. The man went into a panegyric over the hound, and gave such a glowing description of his coon-hunting qualities that Vliet was in raptures. The animal, as though wearied with such fulsome praises, yawned continually, showing his great white teeth. A trade was concluded, and young Vliet started for home with his acquisition, feeling more like a lord than ever before. He had his rifle with him, thrown into the hollow of his arm, and trotting leisurely behind him was the dog, which ever and anon he turned round to speak to in an affectionate manner, giving the string about his neck a playful jerk which was always responded to by a yawn.

It so happened that just about nightfall he reached a piece of swamp, and emerging from a strip of brush, to cross what is called a "swail" by means of a felled tree, his quick eye caught sight of a hugh grey wolf which had just placed his paws upon the opposite end of the log to cross the ditch. Vliet's blood was fired in a minute. Grey wolves were no mean enemies, and their skins were worth a fortune to a lad. He stepped back into the brush, and felt a new dignity come over him. Patting the hound on the head, he proceeded to encourage him, and then unfastened the thong from his neck. "Fun"—that was the canine's name—yawned in acquiescence, and stretched himself out on the ground.

The wolf stood almost erect, with his feet on the log. He had seen the boy and the dog, and was undetermined how to act. Vliet had no bullets; they were scarce in the settlement at times, and always cost money. He, however, had a substitute. In his pocket were a few hickory balls, neatly rounded and smoothed with a jack knife, which ingenuity had often made answer for lead. Putting one of these in his rifle, he drew it upon the wolf with a true aim, and had the satisfaction to see the hugh animal spring into the air and fall over on his back. Then he called upon "Fun" and was about to run out on the log to complete the work. The hunter was surprised to find "Fun" on his back, with his feet quivering in the air, and his body undergoing all the spasms that accompany a "fit." Supposing the poor canine to be taken ill, the boy re-loaded his rifle with another hickory bullet, and succeeded in dispatching the wolf, after which, to his great joy, Fun rapidly recovered.

Several other instances which occurred soon after, convinced our Nimrod that "Fun" was subject to spasms whenever there was danger, and as it is the only instance on record of a hunting dog being regularly overcome by cowardice, we have thought it worthy of mention, for the benefit of those naturalists and *savans* who give more attention to *quadramana* than they do to *bimana*. Jesper Vliet, however, still believed that "Fun" would retrieve his honor with the coons, and some time after, in company with a young friend and Tim Wooden, they started for a coon hunt. It seems their custom was to start the dog into the timber to tree the coon, while the men stayed behind until the barking announced that the game was discovered. As Fun was supposed to *au fait* in the coon business, he was sent out, and on all occasions he remained out until he was recalled, and no one ever heard a bark or a howl from his well-trained jaws. Finally, as the hunters grew sus-

picious; they, on one occasion, sent Wooden into the timber to see what the dog was "up to," and as Wooden did not return, they started themselves, and at length found Fun curled up on a bed of leaves, under a tree, fast asleep, and Wooden near by "doing likewise." This was another new trait in the canine. It was now but too apparent that on all former occasions he had availed himself of the opportunities to take a nap, leaving his master in the pleasant expectation of his treeing numberless coons. Whatever reputation Fun may have lost as a hunter, it is certain he gained in proportion as a "cunning dog." Perhaps the best of the story is the lesson which the brute taught Tim—how to cheat his employers out of an extra nap.

One other instance of Tim Wooden's peculiarities, and we leave him. His laziness partook of the nature of sublimity on certain occasions. There is no doubt that had he been elected Member of Congress, and had a fly lit on his nose he would have moved the appointment of a committee to brush it off. It is related that a party of Menomonees—who probably understood his character—once enticed him out to Milwaukie Falls,* and then led him to believe that they wanted his scalp. They fastened him to a tree and piled wood around him, with all the semblance of true ferocity, and made preparations to burn him.

When the arrangements were completed, the chief approached Tim and whispered in his ear that the whites had formerly shown considerable mercy to him, and in return he would cut his bands and let him return to Milwaukie, provided he never informed who did it.

"Walk twenty miles!" ejaculated the heroic Tim, whom

* Now Grafton.

fire could not intimidate. "If you lend me one of your horses, I'll agree to it!"

This story may be taken with all allowance. The author of this work does not believe it, and can not consistently expect his readers to, but it illustrates Tim's character very well.

It is, however, true, that Wooden was afterwards employed at logging in the vicinity of the Falls, and had one of his legs broken by the desent of a log down the side of a hill. When the tree started, Tim was informed of the danger in time to avoid it, by the shouts of his companions, but it seems he was undergoing one of those internal struggles, and rather than expend so much vital force in jumping, he let the log come, which broke his leg.

Tim died with the cholera, a few years later. When in the last stages of the disease, one of his west side friends approached him and said:

"Tim, I believe you are dying."

To which the hero yawned, and replied:

"I ain't doin' anything else."

These were the last words he ever uttered.

Some time after Vliet's adventure with the wolf, he participated in another, with the Indians.

While leaning upon the fence, about his father's house, one evening, a savage came up the road and addressed him in broken English. His appearance denoted long travel, and when he said that he came all the way from Canada, the boy did not doubt it. His moccasins were worn so that the toes protruded —his leggins were torn and incrusted with mud. There was that, however, in his mien which betrayed the chief. There was an encampment of Indians some five miles to the northwest and this he was in search of. Young Vliet offered to

guide him to the lodges, and the two set out together, but not until the boy had brought the wanderer a cup of fresh milk and a slice of "johnny cake" from the house. In the route they passed the swail where Vliet had formerly shot the wolf, and as the boy related the adventure, to his companion, he noticed the admiration which gleamed from his dark eyes.

On arriving at the encampment, or "planting ground," the boy saw at once that the stranger was a chief of great renown. The stoical reception did not prevent him from becoming aware that the arrival of this distinguished guest had long been expected, and that unusual ceremonies were about to be performed in his honor. Young Vliet was anxious to get away, but the Indians would not permit it. They passed him the "*Kin-ne-kin-nick*" to smoke. The squaws offered him venison, and taking his seat outside of the circle of warriors, he became a silent spectator of the proceedings.

They smoked in silence, not simultaneously but consecutively, the pipe being passed from mouth to mouth in order of rank, the distinguished guest being allowed to inhale the precious weed first. The curiosity of the boy led him to hope the chief would give an account of himself and his travels, but, however anxious his red brethern may have been to hear his recital, no one importuned him, and naught save a few gutteral "ough's" escaped from their lips with the *Kin-ne-kin-nick* vapour.

At length the chief rose, and with him the assembly, and then commenced a wild scene of rejoicing. Each of the men, seizing a brand from the fire, flourished it over his head, joining in a wild dance, shouting in a terrific manner.

However exciting this display, it soon became wearisome to Vliet, and he made another attempt to leave the camp. The

Indians, who gathered about him, endeavored in their limited English to persuade him to stay; one savage said:

"Makee tay with warrior and shoot wolf."

But the boy preferred to shoot wolves about the settlement, and replied that he would not go with them.

"Makee go!" said the Indian with much meaning, at which young Vliet laughed in an incredulous manner.

"Makee go, and come big warrior."

"No, I thank you," said the boy, "my white friends wouldn't think of it.

"Not want shoot wolf?"

"Yes, but my father wants me home again."

It was evident from this that the stranger had told them of his prowess with the grey wolf, and also that it was their intention to retain him in their band if possible. Another savage tempted him by a description of the Butte des Morts Lake,* where they intended to remove their encampment. But their persuasions were of no effect, the young man was determined to return. As a last inducement, one of the squaws sung him a song in no siren voice, accompanying herself on a gourd. This touched Vliet's pride, and, having a fine voice, he proposed to sing himself, if only to show them that they knew nothing about the art. The rude beings gathered around, and the boy placed on a log with the glare of their fires lighting up his form and features, proceeded to sing for them in a clear musical voice the time-honored strains of "Old Lang Syne."

He saw that they were pleased, and though no applause fol-

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* If the accounts are to be believed, this lake must have been a paradise for sportsmen. According to Mrs. Kinzie's narrative, the *folles avoines* or wild rice grew in great profusion, and the duck and teal congregated on the banks in countless flocks. So tender were the birds from eating this food exclusively, that it was necessary to shoot them when flying low, otherwise the fall would dash them to pieces.

lowed him, except the characteristic "ough" and the sententious "good" by the chief, he felt encouraged to make another exhibition of his vocal powers. He then sang "The harp that once through Tara's halls;" the savages listened as though spell-bound and the spirit of the song, if not the phraseology, seemed to be understood.

When he had concluded, the men took up their torches, and one of them signified to Vliet that he might now go, and they would accompany him. This they did, escorting him to his father's gate, with torches, making the first torch-light procession that had probably ever passed over the soil in honor of a white being.

CHAPTER X.

Revulsions of 1837—How the Sectional Difficulty Originated—Byron Kilbourn and Solomon Juneau Contrasted.

THE Spring of 1837 brought with it the gloom of a financial revulsion. The bright anticipations of the speculators were doomed to disappointment. Where but just now was the fever of trade, succeeded stagnation and depression. Immigration fell off. Currency, such as it was, elicited only suspicion. The sanguine holders of real estate looked at their lands, but purchasers were "ridiculous to think of." It was doubted whether the payments already due, could ever be collected. Money disappeared from the settlement as effectually as though some financial St. Patrick had published a ban. Michigan "wild cats" poured in to supply its place, making about as good a substitute as a bill of fare will for a dinner.

Men, when they begin to starve for money, like wolves, begin to howl. The man who howls the loudest, is conceded to be the most hungry. "Hard times" was the solo and chorus. No other string could be touched until this was fingered to pieces. The doors of improvement were close shut and barred as though the outside crisis was infectious. The hitherto sprightly settlement, full of the vigor and strength of enterprise and ambition, was effectually muzzled and tied up for the season. Then came the croakers who follow like the pilot fish in the wake of a crisis. They had "always predicted it."—"Did'nt we tell you so!"—

"Milwaukie will never amount to a third-rate village."—"Speculation has eaten its vitals out already!"

Quite a number of settlers sold out and made claims in the interior, and to this the croakers pointed as a sure beginning of the ultimate extinction of the settlement. One or two discovered that nature never intended a town to be built here. The location was surrounded by swamps, which were sacred to the fever and ague. Man, presumptuous man, was now paying the forfeit of his folly! Several of these pilot fish also asserted that "so long as Kilbourn insisted on building up the west side, no reasonable person could expect to see a town. The two sides were separated, the intention was to build two cities, and a man with half an eye might see that one would cut the other's throat."

This accusation in regard to Mr. Kilbourn was repeated in different shapes and always unjustly.

In November, 1834, Byron Kilbourn, who had travelled all the way from Columbus, Ohio, on horseback, in company with Garret Vliet and others, came down from Green Bay on an Indian pony and made his entree into Milwaukie. They had experienced numberless hardships on the route from the Bay, and one beautiful morning the party appeared on the summit of what was then Chestnut Hill, over which the street of that name now passes.

The picture presented to them from this summit was refreshing. The ridge of the hill upon which they stood, ran off gradually for nearly a mile, when the spur was lost in the level ground. Beyond was the location of the future Milwaukie, now a tract of alluvium, diversified by a few eminences, which, for want of a better name, might be called bluffs; the blue stream, winding between rice-covered banks and spreading out into a marshy lake before it reached the sea. Indian planting

grounds and oak openings marked the level country, and beyond, the white surf of the lake gleaming, as it broke on the almost desolate shore.

At this time, the Michigan Street bluff commenced, just opposite where the Newhall House now stands. On its summit, were planted thick the graves of the former lords of the soil. On the opposite side of the river—skirting the little tributary of the Milwaukie River—ran what was called the Menomonee Hill, a greater part of which has since been converted into bricks, some of which have found their way into New-York, and even England. The brow of this bluff was marked by an Indian village; the lodges of bark and brush, appearing bold and well-defined against the winter's sky.

All this was visible to the travellers on Chestnut Hill, the smoke of the wigwams curled up lazily, and a canoe here and there glided among the thickets of the wild-rice. There was nothing to tempt the lover of civilized comforts in the view, and however pleasant to travellers, who had long been buried in forests, it was hardly such a scene as would have made an artist enthusiastic. But Mr. Kilbourn's was a practical eye. It measured the swamps, and followed the graceful curve of the river, and he came to practical, and, as the future revealed, truthful conclusions before he had reached the end of the spur.

What those conclusions were, became evident in his immediate steps. A survey of the locality, in which the geographical and natural advantages were all noted, led to his purchase of a tract on the west side of the river, with a mile and a half of water-front, and an infinity of morass. No sooner had he secured his patent than, with characteristic energy, he commenced the necessary steps for the redemption of the land. To many persons this would have been an unpromising undertaking. A tamarack swamp, bristling on its outskirts with

black alder and ash, would not inspire a sluggard with many hopes of founding a city. The reader need not suppose that this was all the work of a few days. Long and tedious trips to Washington and to Green Bay were to be undergone, and the only three railroads in the country were in Massachusetts;* labor was scarce, and it was, therefore, a year later before actual operations were commenced. Mr. Kilbourn entered into a contract with two men, named Parsons and Wood, to clear the swamp; during the winter of '35, another contract was made with parties to construct a stationary bridge over the Menomonee. These constituted the most important preliminaries, and having completed the arrangements, Mr. Kilbourn started for Washington to complete his business with the Department.

During his absence, a rumor was originated on the opposite side of the river, that he was a mere speculator and would never be seen in Milwaukie again.

It was then customary for the citizens to meet at the post office, a small edifice put up by Mr. Juneau just east of his house, and where A. O. T. Breed kept the letters, together with a moderate supply of smoked herring, salt pork, molasses, tobacco and whiskey. Here the gossips, over their pipes, discussed the intentions of the new-comer on the other side, and many sage and suspicious surmises were thrown out. The general conclusion of the two or three wiseacres who ruled the "roost" in this, as in all other *conversazioni*, was that Mr. Kilbourn was a sharper. Parsons was told that he had a pretty good thing of it, if his man ever came back, but—

* Boston and Providence R. R. opened June 2, 1835. Boston and Lowell, June 27, and Boston and Worcester, July 6, of the same year.

Then followed a clause for the supply of such deductions as might come easiest.

"Kilbourn was a very fine man, but"—

"He had given out a terrible fine job to Parsons and Wood, but"—

"They might make a snug thing of it, if he ever paid them anything, but"—

"People who came and bought so much land and went off to Washington, generally sold out before they got back. There wasn't the slightest doubt of Mr. Kilbourn's coming back, but"—

One man suddenly remembered how queer he had looked when making the bargain with Parsons. He remarked "how *cute* he seemed out of the eyes—he'd noticed it before in sharpers."

And that reminded a venerable gossip of respectable mien, "that an honest man would never have been so precious careful about having the job all sprung beforehand, if he was coming back again, to tend to it."

In this way they accumulated their *buts* and sagacious observation, until Kilbourn became, to all intents and purposes, a *butt* himself, and, to Parsons' credulous eyes, expanded into the proportions of a monstrous speculative griffin, from whose clutches he had only providentially escaped. Nothing positively derogatory was said, but a great deal was laid open to inference. The west-sider was anatomized every night. Knowing fellows, with pleasant corners to their eyes and prophetic angles to their mouths, would ask of Parsons—

"Heard anything of your man since?"

Parsons, from a continual habit of answering the question in one way, got to shaking his head negatively all the while, as though Byron Kilbourn and his wickedness had turned it.

"You couldn't catch *him* clearing the swamp! Do you think I'm a fool? Poor men couldn't work for nothing, not a bit of it." So Parsons did not clear, because he believed Mr. Kilbourn had.

Wood, however, was just stubborn enough to commence his part of the job in the face of a positive swindle. In fact he snapped his fingers in their faces, though when at the post office he joined in, and out did all of them in insinuations, and the next morning would be at work among the tamarack. Wood was one of those individuals who have false drawers in their systems, in which they keep their own opinions locked up safe, and who act without any other papers than those properly endorsed by their own judgment.

He worked along, though the season was drawing to a close, and nothing had been seen of "that man."

The party, to whom the contract of constructing the bridge had been given, got out the timber, which was floated down the stream, moored within gun-shot of its destination and left, until a turn in events should offer some encouragement to go on.

The spring freshet came and washed the logs out into the lake, which was the only turn given to the matter. Parsons congratulated himself on being a wiser man than certain other folks. Wood was looked upon as too stubborn to know what was for his own good.

When the matter had become settled beyond all controversy, and "our man" was talked of with sundry nods and winks and "I told you so's," he, "our man" himself, turned up in a very natural and business-like manner, as though his coming back had been a foregone conclusion from the first. He found a greater portion of his tamarack in the state of picturesque and primitive chaos in which he had left it. Parsons opened his eyes the widest of all, though he stretched them even a point fur-

ther, when the wiseacres assured him, they had never meant what they said about Kilbourn, it was only a way of talking they had. Whether Parsons believed them or not, we do not know. If he had the average amount of common sense, he knew they lied as all wiseacres do, as soon their predictions turn out to be false.

Mr. Kilbourn was now compelled to undergo an additional outlay, to get the land cleared in a season when the marsh was almost inaccessible. We have alluded to these facts, unimportant in themselves, to point out what seems to have been the first indication of a sectional feeling, destined afterwards to become a local curse.

Mr. Kilbourn was then, as now, a man of good judgment, quick perceptions and a great deal of executive ability. What he planned, was executed without regard to public opinion, in the confidence which his experience had taught him to place in his own judgment. The plan of building up the west side was a practical one, the result of a keen appreciation of the advantages of the location and an assurance of his own power to execute. There is not an act of his during the early history of the town, which displayed a desire to make separate corporations of the east and west side. The same enterprise which characterized Juneau in a less practical degree, induced him to lay off the plat in lots. Self-interest, which induced the improvements, never would have suggested a division of the incipient city as a means of strengthening either section. That he afterwards became identified with those citizens who resented what was thought to be usurpations of power by the east-siders, and entered into all the local difficulties with whatever bias his residence in the west ward may have caused, is not only likely, but true, and yet there is nothing to show that by word or deed Byron Kilbourn ever advocated or aided any

scheme which was detrimental to the ultimate interests of the town as a whole.

Mr. Juneau and himself occupied from the first, conspicuous and important relative positions, but they not only never became rivals in the full and better sense of that term, but there is reason to believe, were warm personal friends until Mr. Juneau's death.

They were men widely different in character and in mental organization. Juneau was an impulsive, generous and whole-souled Frenchman, with few of those harsher qualities which are essential in the business man. He seems never to have been governed by policy, but always by his heart. His excellent sense was not always wisdom, nor was his discretion always suffered to outweigh his feelings. Of a lofty and honorable nature, he too, was credulous, and being honest himself and supposing all who professed to be his friends were honest also, he was frequently swayed by other minds, even after his own had been made up. Such men are generally the victims of their friends. Nor was Mr. Juneau entirely an exception. A certain few managed to retain his confidence early in the history of the town and to use it on many occasions for their own selfish ends. His simple but stern integrity forbade any attempt to make him recognize or consort with villany, but his credulity was not proof against deceit. His straight-forward mind comprehended only truth; the intricacies of diplomacy and the maze of politics were distasteful. Here we see the broad difference in the men. Mr. Kilbourn possesses a comprehensive mind, a strong will and an executive brain; a positive organization, fitted by nature for contact with every phase of humanity; quick in measuring an antagonist, fertile in expedients, with a great deal of that worldly wisdom, which in small matters often amounts to prophecy. Both men honorable, but

one governed in worldly matters by an established code, the other by generous dictates which not unfrequently brought him no return, but the satisfaction experienced in their performance. They were widely different in intellectual acquirement. One was a frontier man whose education had been received amid the vicissitudes of a venturesome life; the other a man of that acquired intelligence and refinement, which is the lore and law of education,—and yet these two men came together, and never a suspicious or unfriendly thought disturbed the relationship which sprung up, until selfish tongues poured into the ears of one the scandal of maliciousness, and even then the friendship was unbroken. They transacted business, entering into private arrangements for their mutual benefit, transferring claims and sustaining an understanding which was strangely at variance with the sectional discords, that raged about them.

Mr. Kilbourn commenced the improvement of his land with a vigorous determination, and in a little while the two solitary houses belonging to himself and Garrett Vliet, were separated by a score of others. The Menomonee Bridge was built, the swamp was cleared, and before the east siders were scarcely aware of the fact, a steamboat was plying on the river and a newspaper had been started. The inevitable results of enterprise and energy were here to be seen, and a few of the east siders grew alarmed. The opposite shore was going ahead too fast—true there was every indication that the east side was to be the central and business portion of the city, but the prosperity on the other shore awoke a jealousy in the minds of a few, and as they could not communicate their sentiments as freely as they liked, they baited them with a few plausible lies, in which Kilbourn was the principal sufferer, and the credulous swallowed all.

In 1837, when the fever of speculation had passed off, and

with it all the money, the dissatisfaction, as we have seen, took a local direction. The general prostration seemed to threaten the town with decimation; many moved out and made claims in the interior. The few who came were discouraged,* and either pushed on further or returned.

But this pause in affairs was only to take a fresh start. The country was gradually filling up around. Captain Gilbert Knapp had commenced at Racine, and there was now a flourishing village there. Charles Durkee, and others, were building up Southport—now Kenosha. Fond du Lac, where Thomas Green had erected the first log house, in 1836, was also growing. The villages on the lake shore showed signs of life, and there was still a gradual increase of settlers, though the number was less than during the excitements of the previous years.

At this time, Matthew Keenan, who has since risen by his own honorable exertions to a conspicuous position, was a mere lad, and superintended the barge which formed the only apology for a ferry at the foot of Wisconsin Street; performing the laborious task of propelling the vessel by turning a crank. From this humble commencement, Mr. Keenan, by perseverance, has become a wealthy and influential citizen, being one of the many instances in the history of our city of men with those essential requisites of self-respect and determination, making a fortune and a character in a few years.

Mr. Kilbourn had built three vessels. The "Badger," a

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*I made my way first to Wisconsin, in the fall of '38. I spent one day in Milwaukie—much of what is now the Third, Fourth and Fifth Wards were submerged—no side-walks—no streets. Speculation had raged through the years of '36 and '7, and now everything was prostrated. And surely a more desolate, down-to-the-heel, slip-shod-looking place could scarcely be found than Milwaukie, in October, 1838.—*E. D. Holton's Address.*

steamboat, built to carry passengers to and from the steamboats in the bay,—and the schooners "Savannah" and "Bolivar." In '38, he built the steamer "Menomonee," to ply on the river. The new hotel, on Wisconsin Street, "The Bellevue," was in operation and doing a good business; two or three small taverns were also established on the west side.

The organization of the town on the east side in 1837, resulted in the election of Solomon Juneau, for President, and Samuel Henman, Wm. A. Prentiss, George D. Dousman, and Dan. Wells, Jr., for Trustees, and H. N. Wells, Clerk. Almost simultaneously the west side was organized as Kilbourntown. Byron Kilbourn, President; James H. Rogers, John H. Tweedy, William R. Longstreet, and Daniel H. Richards, Trustees. This distinct organic relationship was natural, and at once developed the rivalry and jealousy of the settlers on either side. The moment that two towns were in existence, side by side, a tussle commenced for supremacy. Though, as we have said, Kilbourn and Juneau were not only not conspicuous in the acts of petty hostility, but actually deprecated the feeling, and were instrumental in bringing about an act of the Territorial Legislature in 1839, by which the two towns were consolidated as the Town of Milwaukie with two wards—the East and West.

On the 18th day of May, 1839, an election of Trustees of the Town of Milwaukie was held, and Elisha Starr elected President. This consolidation did not eradicate all sectional feeling. There were those who said the west siders had brought about the union to reap the benefits which were accruing to their neighbors, and certain of the west siders avowed that it was the work of those on the opposite shore who wished to get all the power in their hands and do as they pleased with both wards.

This species of sectionality is become a characteristic of the Americans. For want of real enemies abroad they draw imaginary lines and quarrel grandiloquently among themselves, to work off an overpressure of vitality. Not only the nation, but states, communities, sects and families, all have a Mason and Dixon's line, which affords all the healthy recrimination that is essential to the stimulation and prosperity of the contending opposites. It may be looked upon as excessively foolish by foreigners, who hear "eternally" of "dissolution," "civil war," aggression, repulsion and state rights, and who wait through a long decade in expectation of seeing the belligerents annihilate one another, only to be disappointed; but what foreigner can understand the peculiar institutions of our political and social organization! Some of them—calm observers—chant a monologue on tranquility and harmony, as though life was not a fight and tranquility not death. The very harmony of our system are its beautiful discords, its recuperative antagonisms and delightful theoretical wars, affording remunerative employment to a whole army of industrious editors, statesmen and essayists.

Americans must ferment; and this leaven of excitement, which leavens and lightens the whole lump, is undoubtedly as essential to our happiness as alcohol is to the inebriate. The moment an American ceases to tremble with attraction and repulsion, he is of no more value than an unmagnetized needle, and he should turn about and go to England where one may vegetate in a kind of silent political oysterdom, undisturbed by coming catalysms.

The Milwaukie river was the dividing line with our settlers.

CHAPTER XI.

The Rapid Growth of the Settlement—Antoine Le Claire—Investments at She-boy-gan—Col. Walker—Experience of Gen. Crawford.

THE increase of population in the settlement, from the date of Juneau's first arrival to 1837, is unexampled in the history even of western cities. We have seen the traders put up their temporary huts; Solomon Juneau builds himself a log house, not with any hope of a populous city springing up about him, before he shall have fairly become acclimated. We have seen a trading post expand in four years to a lively town; from a mere *cache* for furs and trinkets to a hive of industry. In 1834, the *city* was a waste of swamp and beds of alluvium, on which a few stunted oaks clustered and trembled in the north-west wind. The population was savage. Indian huts rose along the margin of the streams, and the only cultivation was in the miserable planting grounds above the marshes. In 1836, parallel rows of stores were to be seen through the oaks. A liberty-pole (from which the name of Martin Van Buren fluttered) rose above the bluffs. Vessels were anchored in the bay, and the beach was alive with strangers and storekeepers, and freighted with goods. The very topography of the country was changed in the course of a few years, and solid ground, covered with tenements, rose out of the water. The hills lost their timber and smiled with gardens. The bluffs gave way to streets, and the river teemed, not with Indians gathering wild rice, but with adventurers from the east, attracted by the prospect of

making a fortune. In 1834, there were not a dozen white settlers in the place. In 1837, the population was between six and seven hundred. But, even at this period it must not be supposed that the transformation was complete. The travellers, who came up the stream on the little "Badger" or "Menomonee" from the vessels in the harbor, saw little to encourage them, until they had reached that portion of the place which was opposite Kilbeurntown.

The city was approached by nearly two miles of tortuous channel, through a wet morass; the little steamers having to paddle through the maze of wild rice and grass from the mouth of the river to Wells street.*

The two or three trails, which were afterwards converted into roads, offered no inducements to travellers, unless they carried bridges with them and had a large stock of horse flesh to fall back upon.

When we take into consideration the almost inaccessible position of Milwaukie, with no harbor and no roads, her growth is astonishing, and succeeding years were more productive still of wonderment. To those who have grown up with the place, its rapid progress is not so apparent; but if one of the early

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* These steamers were curiosities in their way, and if in existence at this day of floating palaces, would be put in glass cases and kept as mementoes of a former age. They were limited by two or three authorities to one, two and three horse power, and it is said, the whole town was notified of their approach by the "most diabolical puffing and blowing and paddling, which stirred up the river and washed away the banks." The trip from Kilbourntown to the mouth of the river was quite a voyage, and when the wheels were not tied up by the wild grass, was a safe and expeditious one. The west-siders were justly proud of their steamers, and when, at a later day, they went into the towing business. express agreements were made with the captains of the sailing vessels, that no canvas should be hoisted while being towed, for on one occasion a reckless captain had hoisted his jib, and to the horror of all on shore, and despite the furious paddling of the little steamboat, had actually sailed away with her into the lake.

traders, who knocked at the door of the wilderness in the beginning of the century, should return now, his surprise would be proportionate to our increase.

Such a case has occurred. In 1804, Le Claire, in company with John Kinzie, (father of John Kinzie, late of Chicago,) established a trading post here and sold trinkets to the Pottawottamies.

Antoine Le Claire accompanied his father. He was but a youth, but all the impressions received were deep. There were eight other traders here at this early day. In 1810, Le Claire went to Peoria, Ill., where the boy was taken prisoner by United States troops under Captain Craig, and sent with others to Alton. Here he became government interpreter. Along side of the Father of waters the boy grew to manhood. Where now stands the beautiful city of Davenport, he built the first house and saw the successive mansions rise about him, until he was surrounded by a city. He still resides at Davenport, and the following, which appeared in the Davenport *Gazette* of September 3d, 1860, informs us of the interesting visit we have alluded to.

"A few weeks since, Antoine Le Claire retraced his steps for the first time toward the scenes of his childhood. Chicago and Milwaukee were visited; but what a transformation had taken place! The trading posts, where only a few human beings of his kind had been wont to gather, composed of rude frontier structures, and marking the outposts of the white man's desire of expansion, were swallowed up in palatial structures, and running over with the swelling tide of traffic. People were hurrying to and fro intent upon gain. Gaudy equipages flaunted along the lake side, and the glitter and show of fashion, all so unlike fifty years ago, were there. Even the land-marks were gone—the rivers seemed diverted from their channels—

and the solemn old lake, once so musical along its far extending shores, was changed into a mere passive agent for the benefit of man. A feeling of sadness must have come over our old friend whilst searching for some token of bygone days. Mr. Kinzie, the son of the first settler of Chicago, and Col. Russell, who was formerly stationed at Rock Island—these gentlemen he saw.—They were all, we presume, who could be found, having any very direct connection with the olden time.

"Fifty years ago! In this advancing country, and fast age, that seems a long, long while back. However, let our "Old Settler" go where he will in his green old age, we doubt much whether he will find any spot so beautiful, or yielding even a tithe of those attractions which cluster around his own round-topped hill at the foot of the Upper Rapids, overlooking our promising and thrifty city."

In 1836, our friend, the Major, went to Chicago, and became interested in the *City* of Sheboygan.* He was led to believe that this place was destined to become the metropolis of the north-west. A sale of lots took place in June, and he invested. On returning to Milwaukie, he was eloquent of the northern city. By ratiocination he had become convinced himself, and by the same means he tried to convince others.

Several were at last prevailed upon to believe that She-boy-

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*We are in possession of a letter from a deserving gentleman who informed us that the origin of this name is as follows: An Indian squaw presented her husband with girls instead of boys, much to his disappointment, twice in succession. On the birth of the third child, which was also a girl, he exclaimed, on first seeing it: "She-boy-again." And thus gave a name to the place. This is about equal to the newspaper derivation of Osceola's name—it being said that an old lady, seeing him pass through her street, exclaimed, "O, see, oh la." We have heard intelligent men frequently attribute the names of cities and localities to chance expressions, but we seldom came across more ingenious fabrications than these two. Sheboygan is a Menomonee word signifying a hollow bone.

gan was, after all, cut out by destiny for the "Queen City"—as were St. Louis, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and all other "Queen Cities"—and an agent was employed to go up to the young metropolis, secure the land, and otherwise transact all their business, which was to lay them broadside to on the great speculation. This agent was met by a person or persons at She-boy-gan who put money in his purse and promised him a slice of the prosperity if he was careful on his return. When he came back to Milwaukie he was so completely overcome with the glories of the northern city, that it was some time before he could find words to express himself in answer to the rapid inquiries of those who had invested. It was geographically unsurpassed: topographically indescribable. In promises rich, in resources boundless, and salubrious beyond belief. It was destined to outstrip Chicago, and even Milwaukie. Was not it's location far ahead of either of these places? Would travel ever float down to the bottom of the great watery *cul de sac*, Lake Michigan, when it could secure all the objects for which travel was used by stopping half way. She-boy-gan was variously the Gateway City, the Queen City and the prospective metropolis of the north-west already. Lots were worth seven hundred dollars, and to-morrow would be worth eight. Coal was reported on one side of the town-plat and lead ore on the other. Mineral springs were hinted at. The timber was second only to the cedars of Lebanon, and with Green Bay at one extreme, and Milwaukie at the other, any fool could see that the town between the two was to be *the* town after all!

So the agent finally found words to relieve himself. Managing to throw in a hint or two about the stampede which was soon to take place from the other cities on the lakes. The Major felt like a new man. He concentrated his means for a

west, many of the old fogies rubbed their spectacles and "blessed their souls" in astonishment.*

In 1837, the indications of a healthy growth were many, notwithstanding adversity had overshadowed the firmament. A census would have shown a population of about 700. Four years before, on the 25th of October, Col. G. H. Walker had left Chicago, and pushed his way through the wilderness and built a log house on the Point that now bears his name. His nearest neighbors then on the south, were at Chicago; on the west, a man by the name of Brown, who had settled in the four lake country, and Jeremiah Brigham at Blue Mounds; on the north, excepting Juneau, there were none nearer than Green Bay. How rapid the change! Then, John Vieau, or, as the Indians called him, "Jombo," had a trading hut up the Menomonee, and Solomon Juneau another up the Milwaukie—now, there were storehouses on both rivers, stocked with a variety of goods, adapted to civilized life as well as savage.

Then, Mr. Walker "paddled his own canoe"—a very superior canoe, by the way, and called the *Eclipse*, because it overshadowed anything of the kind in the country—now there was a bridge about to be built over the Menomonee, and two or three steamers passed his house regularly.

Perhaps no one of the early settlers, fought a harder battle for a foothold on Milwaukie soil, that did Col. Walker. When he started from Chicago, in October, and, by perseverance, reached Root River, his party lost the trail, at a place that has since been called Skunk Grove.

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* Here is a paper, the "Milwaukie Daily Sentinel," published way off in the wilds of Wisconsin, asking the courtesy of an exchange.

Only to think a daily paper among wild Injuns and bears!

Richmond (*Va.*) *Star*, February 20th, 1845.

Here the winter was passed, amidst the savages, prairie wolves, and the constantly recurring storms. A rude cabin was put up and the stores stowed away. In this tenement, Col. Walker made the acquaintance of the Wisconsin Indians, and here awaited with as much patience as could be mustered —the coming spring. On the night of November 12th, 1833, as Mr. Walker was asleep in this cabin, he was suddenly startled by the most terrific yells, and as he started from his bed, twenty or more savages burst into the house. He sprang for his gun and knife, and bringing the former up to his shoulder, the quick sharp click of the lock told his intruders that he was prepared. The chief of the band immediately shouted to him not to fire as they did not wish to molest him.

"What do you want, then?" asked the Colonel.

"The good spirits are having a fight," answered the Indian, "and we want powder and bullets, to frighten away the enemies."

This was inexplicable of course, to the white man, but before he could receive any explanation, they had broken open his stores, taken a keg of powder, and were gone. A moment after, he heard the rapid and continuous reports of their pieces outside.

When he had thrown on his clothes, and issued into the open air, that grand and magnificent spectacle, seen all over the States, on that night, burst upon his view. The night was calm and clear, and the over-arching heavens were irradiated with the myriads of meteors, shooting and corruscating with a splendor never before witnessed by the dwellers on the earth. A great proportion of the meteoric bodies moved in a southwesterly direction, and there those swarthy forms of the savages, rendered ghastly by the unnatural light, were grouped, industriously loading and firing their guns in the same direc-

west, many of the old fogies rubbed their spectacles and "blessed their souls" in astonishment.*

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tion, under the conviction that some great enemy of the celestial powers was located in that quarter.

The chief came up to Mr. Walker and asked him if he was not frightened.

"No," answered the Colonel.

"Did you ever see anything like it before?"

"No."

"Don't you think the good spirits are having a fight with bad spirits down there?" pointing in the direction the meteors were taking.

Mr. Walker endeavored to convince the savage that the firing was a great waste of powder and shot, by explaining how far away the meteors were, and how far short of the scene of disturbance their bullets fell; but though the simple-minded red man listened attentively to all, he was not convinced.*

It was not until the 20th of March, 1834, that Col. Walker arrived in the settlement, and set about his preparations for pre-empting, by putting up a substantial house.

During the same spring, Dr. Bigelow, Paul Burdick, Albert Fowler, Quartis Carley, and a man by the name of Lansing, came over the same trail, and were entertained at the hospitable log mansion of the colonel, before being ushered into the smiling wilderness of Milwaukie, beyond. In the autumn, of '34, Mr. Walker built a frame warehouse, on the

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*This incident gives a very good view of savage simplicity, in matters of preturnatural character.

The Indians all over the State were pitifully frightened by this meteoric display; accounts, afterwards received by Mr. Walker, from Fort Winnebago, Prairie du Chien, and other quarters, stated that the natives were rendered almost frantic with fear, in some cases, and in others seemed as if paralyzed with terror. Indeed it is well-known that many of them died through the effects of fear occasioned by this memorable meteorological exhibition.

site of the present handsome brick mill of Messrs. Nichols & Britt—paying seventy-five dollars per thousand for the lumber. On the 20th of August, '35, the whole settlement went to Green Bay to be at the land sale.*

The land, which Mr. Walker entered, was subject to a long contention. There were others who had obtained what were called "float rights" upon his pre-emption, and it was not till 1842 that a special act was passed by congress, permitting him to enter the section. Judge Burt who, in running the township lines, found the colonel on the tongue of land that juts out to the north, was the first to give it the name of "Walker's Point."

Since that time the place had passed successively through the phases of a clearing, a settlement and a village, and was now a town. A few years more, and it passed into the full magnitude of a city, completing its corporate growth in less time that even the most sanguine would have dared to hope.

In connection with the steamer "Badger," previously mentioned, there is the name of Gen. Crawford associated, whose experience on the river, at an even earlier period than this, entitles him to consideration here.

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*The land sale that year, at Green Bay, was a most exciting one. The settlers bivouaced under the trees and passed resolutions adverse to the "speculators" and "sharpers." The land office was connected with an adjoining building, by a sort of passage-way or bridge, some ten or fifteen feet from the ground, up on which the excited crowd forced its way. There was one individual who had been pointed out as a sharper, and the duty of watching him devolved upon Col. Walker. The two got on this bridge together, the latter had provided himself with a rope noose, the end of which trailed among the crowd below. At the first intimation, from the man, of the nature of his profession, the Colonel hinted to him that if he persisted in his attempts he would put the noose over his head; and said he, pointing to the end of the rope, among the people below: "I will not be responsible for the consequences." This summary method had its desired effect, and the bidding was not interrupted.

Mr. Crawford, in October, 1836, came from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and stopped at Detroit. In November, he set out for Michigan City, which was reached after travelling four days. From this place he set out for Chicago, and on arriving at the latter town, secured a team and headed for Milwaukie. It was in December that the smoke of Col. Walker's cabin greeted him over the tree tops, and winter was howling in no inviting manner through the gullies and over the bluffs of the settlement. The river was frozen, but after "recuperating the 'inard man" at the ever open house of Mr. Walker, he pushed on over the stream, and, in the midst of a furious snow storm, wound his devious way through the marsh, finally reaching that "snug harbor," the Milwaukie House, where "entertainment for man and beast" was announced in Roman characters on the outside. Two or three days satisfied Mr. Crawford with Milwaukie, and he was fortunate enough to secure passage on a first class lumber wagon for Chicago, by paying the teamster six dollars. This trip occupied six days, and the travellers were upset, buried in snow drifts and out o' nights with a running serenade from the surf on the beach and the wolves in the timber. At Racine they slept on the clay floor of the only house, and at Southport bivouacced under the wagon.

At Michigan City a company had been formed for the purpose of starting a line of boats on the lower lakes, and Mr. Crawford was induced to become their agent. He afterwards went to Detroit in this capacity and purchased the steamer "Detroit," spending the winter in fitting her up, and in February 1837 commenced making regular trips on Lake Erie, and so continued until the ice left the harbor of Buffalo, which was on the 20th of May, when he sailed for the latter place, and, as soon as a cargo could be obtained, set out for Milwaukie, arriving here on the 14th of June, 1837. He afterwards made re-

gular trips between Milwaukie and Michigan City, touching at Racine, Southport and Chicago. On the 25th of October, he got out of wood and anchored off Southport. A storm came up, the passengers were anxious for their lives; a meeting was called in the ladies' cabin, to consider what was best to be done. The water was rising in the hold, and the general opinion seemed to be that the boat should be run ashore. Captain Crawford refused to beach the steamer, until his anchor broke, when she was headed for the shore, and the passengers and freight all landed safely on the sand.*

In the year 1838, he became the agent for Farnsworth & Brush† of Green Bay, and continued in their employ until '39, when he made an arrangement with the west side trustees of Milwaukie, to run a small steamboat, the *Menomonee*, up and down the river. Contrary to his own wishes, he was not allowed to "land" on the east side, until the opposition boat, the Trowbridge, was brought from Michigan and put on the river.‡

In 1840, Mr. Crawford retired to his claim just beyond the city limits, where he still resides, a hale and hearty farmer.

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* In a letter, which Gen. Crawford writes us, he says: "Milwaukie was a small place when I came there in 1837. George D. Dousman, Solomon Juneau and Peter Juneau each had frame houses. I always landed my goods at Kilbourn's wharf near Chestnut street bridge. I recollect seeing at one time during the season of '37, while lying at this wharf, persons cutting brush just opposite at or near the end of the bridge, and it was not an hour afterwards, when they had a shanty erected right in the swamp. David Hollister rented Juneau's warehouse that year, Levi Blossom and Delaplaine were clerks."

† Wm. Farnsworth was in 1818 one of the agents of the American Fur Company, and was one of the early visitors at Milwaukie during the reign of O-nau-ge-sa.

Wm. Farnsworth was lost on the Lady Elgin, September 8th, 1860.

See *Smith's History of Wisconsin.*

‡ "I recollect one very bad night, when I was tied up at the mouth of the river, a steamer, I think it was the "Dewitt Clinton," captain Squires, anchored in the Bay. A number of the citizens were anxious to have me go out, but I refused; and eight of them started in a small boat and were drowned in the attempt to reach the steamer. —*Gen. Crawford's letter.*

CHAPTER XII.

The Want of a Harbor—Mr. Kilbourn's Proposal—Delegates—Subsequent Mistakes in Locating the Harbor—What the Subsequent Mistake Cost the Town—The Opin ion of Col. Rufus King.

THE necessity of a harbor was felt from the moment that vessels began to visit the town. They were compelled to anchor in the bay, at considerable risk, and goods and passengers were conveyed to the shore in batteaux. Occasionally a small craft attempted to get into the river, and generally floundered about on the bar for several days in consequence. Numerous vessels had been damaged while in the bay; several had been sunk, and by far the greater number passed the town entirely, for fear of the shore. A pier was talked of, but it was not till 1842, that Horatio Stevens, of New-York, built the first, at the foot of Huron Street. The necessity of a safe and commodious harbor was felt by all, and in '39, when the Territorial delegates were nominated, Byron Kilbourn, who had, from the first, strenuously advocated the making of a "straight cut," was presented as a suitable representative. This subject of the location of a harbor became the issue between the two candidates—Kilbourn and Doty—in a great measure, and the sectional feeling was developed at the expense of the former. Mr. Kilbourn was opposed to the location by government of a harbor at the mouth of the river, and his friends asserted that Doty was not. This was as decidedly contradicted by the other party. Doty was elected, and

here the matter rested for a great while. Congress—the Major said—was deaf in her north-west ear. The Appropiation Bill came up in the House, in 1843, and was violently opposed, by a few southern members. Matters looked dubious, and attention was given to the construction of piers, into the lake. The newspaper appeals to Congress fell off gradually, and public feeling settled into a state of morose disquietude. On St. Patrick's Day, of this year, the Major stood in the middle of Milwaukie Street, at its intersection with Wisconsin, leaning against an ancient guide-post, which had long occupied this position.* The Major was intently occupied in watching the procession which was passing, in honor of the day. What particularly attracted his attention was the sleigh load (it was a wintery day and snow had fallen the night before) of young girls, from St. Peter's Church. While thus engaged, he was joined by a friend, whom he called the Colonel, and the following dialogue ensued:

Colonel: "Well, Major, it's quite lively. Signs of better times, as soon as the cold weather is over."

Major: "The times are always good, Colonel. It's only the medium, through which we look at them, that changes—a change in the atmosphere like."

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*"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT POST!"—We understand that some improvement zealots have set on foot a subscription for the removal of the guide-post near the middle of Milwaukee street, at its intersection with Wisconsin. We speak of this as a *guide-post,* although not positively such, because it has the negative quality of showing people, who run or ride against it, that they are *not* in the right track. This, of a dark night, and in the absence of street lamps, is a valuable quality. Besides, it has been the common butt of the town for some time past, and has suffered itself to be run upon with exemplary good nature. It has long occupied a prominent stand, too, in our city, and may be said to have grown gray in the public service. This surely gives the post a good pre-emption claim. Will our corporation undertake to jump it? —*Milwaukee Sentinel,* 1846.

Colonel: "Have you heard anything from Washington lately?"

Major: "Why no, the truth is, I don't expect to hear anything and consequently don't cock my ears that way. Some of the folk hereabout have had their heads turned so long in that direction that they have rusted fast."

Colonel: "And with good reason too; that harbor bill is going to make Milwaukie."

Major: "Well, there we differ."

Colonel: "What! not absolutely necessary!"

Major: "Yes, but we'll never get it, don't you see! When Congress builds a harbor for us, I'll give you a supper, Colonel."

Colonel: "Perhaps you have some information that the rest of us know nothing about, but I heard said that Juneau had a letter from Doty, saying it was all right!"

Major: "All the information I have, is what has been published and talked of here for the last year. A man sometimes has convictions which, though hard to explain, are conclusive and inevitable, and of the one or two things which I do know, Colonel, this is one, we won't get any appropriation; just mark my words. Places, like some men, get a brand of ill luck, and that's the end of them for all they ever amount to. In the first place, this ought to have been the capital of the territory, but it isn't, is it? Then the Madison people bought up the members from the other side of the Mississippi, and that was the end of Milwaukie. Now there's Chicago on the south, and Sheboygan on the north, and we're a mere go-between."

Colonel: "Then you think, we're a 'gone up town?'"

Major: "To all intents and purposes. In ten years Madison or Sheboygan will be the metropolis of the state. You see, we're too near Chicago!"

Colonel: "I don't think so, but perhaps you're right. If we

had this harbor, I don't believe there would be a better port on the Lakes. I've heard Capt. Caswell say so."

Major: "Well, don't worry yourself, Colonel. We won't get any appropriation this session. This thing 's settled."

The Major uttered this with his customary air of grandeur, which was intended, if it did not always impress the beholder as much as the wisdom of his words. As he concluded, a knot of men was observed on the opposite corner, among whom were Elisha Starr, J. E. Arnold, H. N. Wells and Wm. A. Brown; they appeared to be talking earnestly, and our two worthies started to learn the news. In answer to the question of the Colonel, one of them answered: "Hav'nt you heard the good news? The harbor bill has passed and is a law! It appropriates $30,000 to Milwaukie!"

The Major laughed in a hearty manner, called it a good joke, and poking his friend in the ribs, exclaimed:

"No, sir, you can't get the supper so easy, Colonel!"

It was so, however; the appropriation had been made, and immediate steps were taken to get up a celebration. On Wednesday, March 22d, the event was duly rejoiced over by a procession of citizens bearing appropriate devices, after which an oration was delivered by Mr. Arnold. A dinner was eaten at the Cottage Inn, and a ball, given at the Milwaukie House in the evening, completed the celebration.

The certainty of possession, now gave rise to fresh troubles in regard to the location. It soon became rumored about that the bill fixed upon the mouth of the river as the position of the harbor. Juneau was said to have received word from head-quarters, to that effect, and a great deal of uneasiness among the citizens was the consequence.

Captain T. J. Cram, of the Topographical Engineers, was commissioned to superintend the work. No sooner had he

undertaken a survey of the spot, than it was said he was hostile to the interests of the town, and consequently would not locate the improvement in such a manner as would best conduce to its prosperity. It was also said that he was a Racine man, owning a large amount of real estate, west of that town. Could he do justice to Milwaukie? This new excitement grew apace; and finally, one Saturday, the Trustees had a special meeting, and after considerable deliberation sent their clerk, with a note, to Captain Cram, requesting that gentleman to inform them of the probable location of the harbor. This note was framed in a strictly diplomatic manner, and was answered by the Captain in the same style. He replied that it would be improper for him to divulge what was intended only for the Topographical Bureau, at Washington.

The citizens then took the matter up. They assembled, and sent a committee to wait on the gentleman, but the committee fared no better than the clerk had done. His reasons were deemed insufficient, and the more energetic citizens proposed to send a man to Washington, instantly, as a representative of their interests, to ask of the Department that a corps of able Engineers might be selected to locate the harbor. A resolution, to this effect was adopted, and on the Monday following, Mr. Stowe started for the Federal Capital.

Pending the embassy, Captain Cram was ordered to Ohio, to superintend certain public works in that State, and Captain McLelland, of Washington, received the appointment.

The new harbor was begun, and brought partly into use in 1844, having been located at the mouth of the river, over a mile from the town. Its practical operation soon convinced all who were unprejudiced, that the location was a grevious mistake. It became apparent, too, when the mischief was all done, that public interest had been sacrificed to private ends,

and that the ruinous feeling of sectionality which had entered into the business, from the first, had resulted in a stupendous misfortune for all. The very agitation and bickering about the location had resulted in the harbor being placed where it was, Congress specifying in the case of Milwaukie alone, where the improvements should be made.

The Milwaukie River runs east, towards the lake, and when within a few yards of the beach turns south, and meanders for a mile, leaving a strip of land only intervening between the two bodies of water. The better judgment of practical men had long pointed out the *bend* as the place to make the harbor, by cutting through the strip of sand and allowing the river to flow on in a straight course into Lake Michigan.

But, as we have seen, private interests had brought about a different result, and the harbor was located a mile below. Piers were built out into the lake, and vessels were obliged to work their way up the narrow stream under all the disadvantages of adverse winds and a shallow channel.

Col. Rufus King of Albany, who visited Milwaukie in 1845, wrote as follows to the Albany Evening Journal under date of July 10th :

"There seems to have been some want of judgment in the improvements, which the General Government has made at Milwaukie. The river, where it passes through the town, runs a pretty straight course and so continues until within a few rods of the lake, where it makes a sudden sweep to the south, winds along for a mile or so, and finally turns into the lake. If the beach had been cut through at the first bend, (and some years since, the river discharged itself into the lake at this point,) vessels coming into Milwaukie, would have been enabled to lay a straight course from the mouth of the river up into the

heart of the town. But, instead of doing this, piers have been built out a thousand or twelve hundred feet into the lake at the present mouth of the river, and a mile or two from the business part of the town. Sailing vessels are frequently baffled by head winds in this circuitous channel; the distance, too, of the government piers from the town is so considerable, that piers have been built by a company a mile nearer, and within these most of the steamers land."

CHAPTER XIII.

Caleb Wall Keeping a Hotel—Reminiscences of the Old Milwaukie House—A Land Customer—Mr. Wall's Newspaper.

The old Milwaukie House, that stood for a number of years on the bank at the corner of Main and Wisconsin Streets, fell into good hands in 1842. Caleb Wall came from Springfield, Ill., with the determination of starting a temperance hotel. His eye fell on this stately building, and he commenced a "dicker" with Messrs. Hurley and Ream, then its proprietors. The result was, he bought them out and commenced his operations for the establishment of a hotel on moral principles.

The place was refitted and thoroughly replenished with all the modern accessories of comfort. Before throwing open the doors, a code of laws, for the government of the establishment and its happy inmates, was made out. This code was drawn up carefully, and among other excellent things expressly stated, that all "Guests of this Hotel shall be in at ten o'clock every night," it being a maxim with the host that those who could not comply with so simple and judicious a condition, were unworthy the hospitalities of the institution. The starting of a hotel on such a plan, attracted considerable attention. The temperance people, as is customary, said a great many fine things in praise of the proprietor, and then put up at another house. The moral men pointed to Mr. Wall as an example worthy of imitation in other cities, and then concluded it wouldn't pay.

The proprietor, undeterred by insinuations, pushed forward

his humanitarian plan and caravansary, posted his code conspicuously, put on an inviting but implacable air, and swung open his doors.

It is curious to look over the old register of that hotel at this day, and see the names of men who have since become lions, mayors, justices, aldermen and M. C's, and to learn that they utterly failed to comply with the reasonable request, that they should be in bed by ten o'clock post meridian. The proprietor was firm in his resolve, and punctually at the appointed hour locked and barred the doors. But it appears, the guests, while they admired the system, were unable to comply with its demands. Long confirmed habits were not to be broken like reeds, and the guests, unable to enter in at the door, had recourse to ladders and ropes at night, by which means they got in at the back windows.

It is said that on waking one night, and looking out of his window, the worthy proprietor was so astonished to see half his boarders at work raising a heavy ladder against the piazza, that he modified the code and gave them another hour. It had hitherto been understood that the guests should not only be in at a seasonable hour, but that every man in the garrison should present himself in a certain accountable condition to avoid scandal. This was another breach in confirmed habits. However, the modification in regard to the hour led to others, and by insensible degrees the house underwent a transit from one extreme of temperance to the other extreme of intemperance, until it became the most notorious jolly and reckless institution in the town—the boarders doing just exactly as they pleased—and the old building itself reeling night after night with the mad revelry of gay parties and gushing music. The Temperance Hotel at last rejoiced in a bar with decanters, and then it was discovered that a majority of the guests had suddenly re-

formed in one particular and evinced a decided reluctance to being out late, and some of them were opposed to being out at all.

The Milwaukie House, under Mr. Wall's administration, bore the name of being the most comfortable and home-like institution in the western country. The proprietor spared no expense to make the house popular. The table groaned under luxuries brought from Detroit—in a word, the proprietor was altogether more liberal than the law of No. 1 allows, and sunk several thousand dollars in the place, or to use a parliamentary phrase, "laid them on the table." It was, however, sustained for a long time in the very best of style. What is known in the newspapers as the "youth and beauty" of the town, assembled here at the then fashionable parties, the music being furnished by a negro-band composed of the cook and barber with their assistants. Mr. Wall retains a very pleasing recollection of those halcyon days, and insists, even to this day of Abel's and Major Robinson's, that he never heard better music than those darkies discoursed.

The house was frequented by most of the business men who were on the look-out for customers; it being at that time the head-quarter for the better class of strangers, and no small amount of trading, swapping and exchanging of real estate took place within its wooden sides. There are a great many pleasant stories told by the old citizens of this house, and some which are not so pleasant, but we are happy in being able to say that the former are in the preponderance by far. Many were the practical jokes planned and executed by men who have since wrapped themselves in legal and even clerical solemnity, and who no longer joke before folks. It is said that, when the butter came on strong, every man inserted a five cent piece in it, so that when the worthy host came round, he found it bristling

with a silver remonstrance. It is also said, that many of the boarders contracted the curious habit of being carried up to bed at night, and sleeping late the next day, undisturbed by all terrestrial noises, completely engulfed in their own. There is not a man left of the pleasant circle that used to gather about Wall's hospitable board, but will delight to go even further back and with infinite zest tell the immortal story of Col. Crocker and the oyster supper, the whole plot and point of which are that the oysters at this grand banquet turned out bad, and the *invitees* went away with their stomachs empty and their fingers on their noses.

Caleb frequently made a trip to Chicago, (whether to enjoy the scenery, of which he is an ardent admirer, or to do a little "running," for his popular house, is now uncertain,) with his friend, Captain Howe. On one occasion there was a large party on board, returning from that city; among them were many distinguished strangers. Inquiry was made of the Captain as to which was the best house in Milwaukie. The polite and affable Captain (captains as well as hosts are, theoretically, always polite, &c.,) referred the interrogators to the proprietor of the best house in the town, "who fortunately was aboard."

Caleb made a speech. He did not commence with the creation of the world, and trace the history of all the hotels from the time that Abraham entertained the angels unawares, to the successful establishment of the Milwaukie House. He was utterly regardless of the splendid opportunity to put in a few sentences on hospitality, but contented himself with a concise welcome, a brief description, and a delicate reference to *the* hotel, "where," said he, "it is customary for all the big bugs to stop." The subsequent experience of the strangers at the Milwaukie House so fully corroborated Mr. Wall's statement, in regard to the *big bugs*, that a series of resolu-

tions, bearing witness to the truthfulness of his statement, were drawn up. This may have been one of those little things which have helped to establish that gentleman's reputation for veracity.

Our friend, the Major, spent an evening at the Milwaukie House, occasionally. During one of his visits he encountered a new comer by the name of Thorne—a well-dressed and intelligent stranger, who at once entered into conversation, and exhibited considerable anxiety to learn all about Milwaukie, its prospects, the price of its lands, and their locations. The Major had not yet disposed of what he called his She-boy-gan dirt, and he immediately blossomed out in full color with facts and figures, in regard to the northern city. The stranger evidently had plenty of money and was anxious to purchase. The Major had not a superabundance, and was anxious to sell, hence the affinity. The stranger ate dinners with the Major—they smoked and imbibed claret together, but could make no bargain. Thorne informed his new friend that his father had recently died in the east, and had left him a large fortune, on condition that he should convert it into a farm and devote his time to agricultural pursuits. It was, therefore, his intention, if a suitable location was found near Milwaukie, to carry out his father's plan, and if the Major would put him on "the trail" of a man who had the land to sell, he, Thorne, would not object to investing a few of his dollars at Sheboygan. This suited the Major, and he applied to Caleb Wall, and Mr. Wall, with the idea of accommodating his guest, introduced Thorne to Col. Walker, who "just had *the* land." Mr. Walker escorted the stranger about, day after day, furnished champagne, and horses, and information. Showing him regularly once a day over the tract lying to the south and west of the town. Mr. Thorne exhibited all the in-

terest of a farmer, in cattle, and fences, and harvest hands, making dilligent inquiries and noting down all his facts in a memorandum-book. He, however, did not make up his mind to purchase, though he avowed such was his intention, and persisted in drinking the Colonel's champagne, with the most gentlemanly indifference. Finally, Mr. Walker said to Wall:

"I don't believe, your man has any money!"

"Don't you?" answered Caleb interrogatively. "He owes me forty dollars for board. I'll soon find out."

Mr. Wall accordingly politely intimated to Mr. Thorne immediately that, having to pay a bill, he would like to have some money.

Mr. Thorne said: "Oh, certainly, when ever you want it, you can have it; I'll hand it to you in the afternoon," and went on reading the "Commercial Advertiser" and smoking his cigar with true monied *nonchalance*.

The next morning the host repeated the request politely, and was again answered with "Oh, to be sure, I'll bring it down for you."

Another day passing, and Mr. Wall's moderation having become known to all men, he informed the man that the time had arrived when money became necessary, and if not forthcoming, he would lock up his baggage forthwith.

Thorne displayed a great deal of honest indignation, talked about cashing a draft, and several other equally impossible things, but Mr. Wall locked up his trunks under the impression that he had "never a red."

A few nights after this, Thorne burglariously entered the room he had formerly occupied, and in which his trunks were locked, by means of a ladder put up to a back window, and succeeded in carrying off his clothes and boots without paying for them. Mr. Walker laughed about the whole affair as a good

joke, but the Major felt very sore. He had had hopes of his own, which this Thorne had pierced, and they all went out like miserable bubbles.

Mr. Wall sold out the Milwaukie House at auction, in 1844, and the establishment fell into the hands of a Mr. Jones, of Waukesha.

Mr. Wall is now, after the lapse of so many years, doing business on the same spot. Almost every corner of any publicity in the city has rung with the echoes of his voice, and almost every desirable location has ministered to his prosperity. In all his changes he has exhibited shrewdness, if not positive wisdom, and has gathered moss all the while he has been rolling. *

In 1847, Mr. Wall published a little monthly sheet, called "The Magnet," in which gems of thought and the "City cash store" alternated pleasantly from beginning to end. We have a few specimens of it before us, now yellow with age, but still pregnant with the geniality and thrift of the original editor.

Mr. Wall has identified himself with all the practical schemes for the improvement of our city, and is extensively known all over the state as a liberal and hospitable gentleman.

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* The only instance of Mr. Wall's shrewdness having failed him, is in the case of a man who brought him a quantity of tea, upon which Mr. Wall advanced ninety dollars. It was then sold at a good advance, and the customers discovered, that each box was filled with tan bark, inclosing a small tin tube, under the testing hole, which tube contained all the tea. This actually took place and is one of Mr. Wall's best stories.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Milwaukie Courier—How Juneau Came to be Removed from the Post-Office, and How Mr. Noonan Came to Take His Place, with an Interesting Account of the Dreadful Newspaper War that Followed—The Killed and Wounded.

IN 1841, Mr. Richards disposed of the "Advertiser," to Josiah A. Noonan, who changed its name to the "Milwaukie Courier." There had been, for some time previous to this, a strong desire on the part of those east siders, living in the region of what is now the Seventh Ward, to have East Water Street graded through the hill, which commenced at Mason Street and run up nearly an hundred feet towards Oneida Street. For some reason, the friends of this measure did not succeed in getting it carried out with the ease they had anticipated. There seemed to be opposition somewhere, and Solomon Juneau was finally pointed out as the man who objected to and delayed the consummation of the plan. This was made credible, by certain interested persons, who pointed to the improvements being made in the Third Ward, along Michigan Street, and attributed them to Juneau's friendship for the Irish Catholics. This little difficulty ultimately grew into an issue which resulted in an election for President of the Board of Trustees, in which each party interested had a ticket of their own. Long before the election took place, however, there had been other changes which it will be well to notice. The "Sentinel," as we have seen, was started in '37, by John O'Rourke; it passed into the hands of Mr. Harrison

Reed, in '38. In 1841, Jonathan E. Arnold became the candidate of the old whig party, for Congress, against General Dodge. The "Sentinel" was a warm supporter of Arnold, against the "Courier." The party feeling ran high. Each candidate had zealous friends and every exertion was made to advance the interest of the relative parties. What was the surprise of the whigs—to wake up one day and find the "Sentinel" in the hands of the democrats. It was charged at once that Mr. Reed had been bought and the office was thronged by exasperated partizans. There is no truth in this statement. H. N. Wells had simply taken possession of it under a chattel mortgage—that was all, and Mr. Wells was a prominent democrat. However, the result was the same. The name of Mr. Arnold disappeared from the head of its columns and that of Gen. Dodge took its place—Clinton Walworth being installed in the editorial chair.

This was more than the whigs could endure. A meeting was called, a committee appointed, and Elisha Starr sent to Chicago to purchase material for a whig organ. Mr. E. G. Ryan was then editing the "Chicago Tribune," an able sheet under his management. A difficulty had a few days previously occurred, between Mr. Ryan and the Chicago postmaster, and Mr. Starr found the former gentleman closeted with his own thoughts, having abjured the world for a series of days, and in a good condition to be persuaded to give up journalism. Arrangements were completed—Mr. Starr buying out the concern, paying five hundred dollars down and the rest in notes, and returned to Milwaukie with the forms of the "Tribune" and a quantity of the reading matter already in type, and the "Milwaukie Journal" appeared, to the great relief of the whigs. It was managed by a committee, and lived during the campaign—long enough to see Gen. Dodge elected delegate, and then quietly expired.

Mr. Starr afterwards published the "Gazette" and again the "Sentinel and Farmer," and still later we find him on the "Sentinel and Herald," and after that on the "Sentinel and Gazette," occupying all the positions of honor from chief editor to "commercial" and reporter. The "Gazette" and the "Courier" were professionally inveterate enemies. The paper bullets that passed from one office to the other, were too laughable to be deadly, though aimed with great violence and precision. We find the Gazette calling the Courier the "slush tub," and the Courier retorting by an equally delicate title of "spittoon." These "love-taps" were continued until the time of which we have spoken. In 1843, the election for president of the board of trustees came off. At this election John M. W. Lace, a friend of Juneau's, was accused of dropping *sixty* tickets into the hat instead of one, and a "flare up" was the consequence. It was then declared that Juneau was determined to do as he pleased. Pixley, Paine and others were offended and reverted back to certain old charges, which had formerly been made or talked of against Mr. Juneau as post-master. However unjust the course of these men in trumping up the charges, there is reason to believe that a greater part of the charges themselves were well founded, being accusations of a general unfitness for the position, and a complaint that he did not give the office his personal attention.

With all his admirable traits and noble characteristics, he was not the strict business man, with that keen appreciation of system, which was absolutely necessary in the office now fast becoming a large and complicated *entrepot*. His son, Paul Juneau, was the clerk, and to all intents and purposes acting post-master; against him rather than his father the complaints should have been lodged. An organized movement to dispossess Mr. Juneau, resulted from the little difficulty in re-

gard to the grading. A. D. Smith, then a new comer, was furnished with the charges to engross and forward to the postmaster general. The choice of those who wished to oust Mr. Juneau, was divided between Col. J. S. Rockwell and A. D. Smith. Mr. Noonan took no very conspicuous part in the opposition. He opposed the claims of Smith on the ground of his being a "Doty man," but he made no exertion for the appointment of either. Some months passed, and the general agent of the Department came around to investigate the charges. Whether there was any collusion between the agent and Mr. Noonan, no one can say. There is nothing to verify or render probable such a supposition, but it seems, when the agent returned to Washington, he advised the Department to disregard the claims of both Rockwell and Smith, and appoint J. A. Noonan, which was accordingly acted upon, and Mr. Noonan received the appointment.

When the news reached Milwaukie, there was a stir! Astonishment, disappointment and mortification broke out in a long, continued howl. Mr. Noonan himself was surprised. He declared, that he did not desire the position, but his friends advised him strongly to accept it, and he finally consented. The "Sentinel," it may be easily conceived, redoubled its attacks.

Some idea of the intensity of the wrath which burned, may be formed by the following elegant extract, written by George M. Shipper, which is taken from that sheet:

"The character of Mr. Juneau is irreproachable. He is literally the father of our territory, but more emphatically that of Milwaukie. His fortune, his early associations, his sole ambition, have been centered here in Milwaukie. From his earliest boyhood, he has remained the steadfast friend and supporter of western interests and western rights. Here, at Milwaukie, where now stands a flourishing village, where the periogue float-

ed in the waters of the Menomonee, laden with its tawny brethren, where the shores echoed back only the cry of the savage or the wild beasts, scarcely less dangerous than he. SOLOMON JUNEAU, the man whom John Tyler now treats so disdainfully, was *the only white man*, that inhabited the wilderness! When nature actually *reposed*, and the prairies of Wisconsin seemed as if asleep, preparatory to the calls which destiny had decreed should be made upon our fair soil, after a conquest by a free, enterprising and generous-hearted pioneer, SOLOMON JUNEAU is to be ejected and disowned. Inhabitants of Wisconsin territory—citizens of Milwaukie—adopted countrymen—sons of the Emerald Isle—will you suffer it! !—Will you remain dormant and see the main pillar of your church desecrated and trodden under foot by such a soothless insulter as Noonan! Irishmen, brother foreigners, will you permit it! Shall the recreant Tyler defile our very sanctuary by his unholy and damnable intrusion? No! We anticipate the ready response, which rankles in the bosom of every son of the Green Isle! Then do your duty! Stand by, for now is the hour of oppression. Let your voices be heard and let not its mighty war be drowned, till the vile fiend and shameless courtier, Noonan, shall have been buried deep in its surges.

"We will not appropriate a very lengthy paragraph to the disposal of Noonan—a being who is content to drudge and drivel in the performance of the meanest services of the Tyler party, for the miserable boon of a little despicable gain and infamous notoriety. He is a mere worm, the loathing of a party; like John Tyler, he knows no moral principle, and his thoughts never soar above the filth on which he feeds and revels. A mean and sneaking disposition is his characteristic feature—who, with his foul breath and pestilential influence, contaminates the community, and, like the Harpies, mentioned by the

Roman poets, pollutes everything he touches. We notice this creature merely to show that the insult of thrusting him upon us is received with ineffable contempt by every resident in our town. Did the reckless vagabond think that he could hold the office of post-master in Milwaukie without incurring the displeasure of every citizen? This contemptible editor—this living transcript of total depravity, was well aware of the indignation such an event would arouse should he make the avowal, and hence his stealth into the affections of Capt. Tyler. We presume that honorable and high-minded man of all parties in this community will duly appreciate our feelings, but as to that vagabond of a Noonan we ask no sympathy from him and will not accept common courtesy or COMMON JUSTICE at his hands. Let him live and die, and with that prince of traitors, John Tyler, go to the grave without the benefit of clergy."

A meeting was called at the Court House, and quite a number assembled—or as the "Sentinel" said: "The citizens turned out *en masse*," which probably means the same thing. William Pitt Lynde was appointed Chairman, and William A. Prentiss, Secretary. Then followed the inevitable resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That a committee consisting of five persons be appointed by the Chair, to report resolutions for the consideration of the meeting, and Francis Randall, Rev. Mr. Kundig, Walter Burke and Harrison Ludington were appointed for that purpose.

"The committee retired for consideration, and during their absence the meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by S. D. Dillaye, William Pitt Lynde, Francis Randall, Rev. Mr. Kundig, Jonathan E. Arnold and others.

"The following preamble and resolutions were reported by

the committee appointed for that purpose which on being read and considered, were adopted unanimously.

Whereas, We have heard with no less surprise than regret and indignation, that Solomon Juneau, Esq., one of our oldest and worthiest citizens has been removed, without plea, apology or excuse, from the important office of Postmaster at Milwaukie, and that a man has been put in his place, who is the least in the estimation of the people. Therefore

"*Resolved,* That the appointment of Postmaster is one in which the citizens of Milwaukie are each and every one of them deeply interested, and their wishes are entitled to a respectful consideration by the appointing power.

"*Resolved,* That Solomon Juneau, Esq., late Postmaster at this place, enjoyed in his individual and official capacity, our entire confidence, and we know no sufficient reason for his removal and deeply regret and condemn it.

"*Resolved,* That the clandestine and underhanded removal of Mr. Juneau, against the expressed wishes of this community, as signified by the written remonstrance of more than one thousand of its citizens, and the appointment of Josiah A. Noonan, *is in our opinion against the unanimous wishes and feelings of this community, abhorrent to our moral sense,* and but another evidence of the intention of the present administration, in *sudsidizing the press, to corrupt political morals, and silence the free expression of public opinion.*

"On motion of William A. Prentiss, it was

"*Resolved,* That five hundred copies of the proceedings of this meeting be published in hand-bill form for distribution among the people, that copies thereof be forwarded to the President of the United States, and to each member of his Cabinet and that the same be published in the 'Milwaukie Commercial Herald' and the 'Milwaukie Democrat.'"

Now the war was at its height. The consequences seemed dreadful—but indefinite. The charge upon John Tyler and J. A. Noonan by this brigade of citizens was terrible—but only in appearance—the effects were unimportant. Mr. Noonan retained the office, made a most efficient Postmaster and John Tyler seems to have taken no notice of the clamor. So much for the *vox populi* in this case. The tornado swept harmlessly over. The "Sentinel" came down to its usual strength, and Solomon Juneau became a Democrat! Then it was that Mr. Noonan and others nominated him for Register of Deeds and succeeded in electing him.

In looking over this affair now, undistracted by popular clamor and unprejudiced by interests, we can see in the remonstrance of the people, not an antipathy to Mr. Noonan, but their unqualified regard for Mr. Juneau. It was actually considered an insult to the community to remove him from office. All the generous impulses of the masses were appealed to, and that nice discrimination, which is only another name for justice, was lost sight of entirely in a burst of passion. The article just quoted was evidently written in the heat of that passion and its bitterness, which borders on scurrility, is only laughable now.

Mr. Noonan was re-appointed Postmaster, by Polk, and appointed again by Pierce, served in all through three appointments, conducting the office to the satisfaction of the business public and the community generally.

CHAPTER XV

A Ramble through Milwaukie in 1842—Means of Travelling—Roads—Count Harasthy—The Fourth of July.

If we start from the top of Chestnut Hill and walk down toward the town at this date, 1842, we shall find that a great change has been effected in the appearance of the place since 1836. Capt. John Anderson is building a dam across the Milwaukie river of the most substantial character. A canal is being dug along the western bank of the stream. These are the improvements of the Milwaukie and Rock River Canal Company, of which we shall speak more extensively hereafter. At the bank at the foot of Chestnut Street we shall encounter the little steamer "C. C. Trowbridge." *

We pass down West Water Street, and there are just four stores on that thoroughfare. We cross over the floating bridge at Spring Street, which measures our specific gravity plainly by sinking under us into the stream.

Arrived in the east ward, we look over the small wooden tenements, that range up Wisconsin Street, and see the hill beyond and the yellow bank, on which stands the Milwaukie House, whilom the Bellevue. The square, which now Van Cott's

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* This serviceable craft went out of use in 1844 or '45. But the engine, if I mistake not, has kept on its puffing ever since, just as when it ran up and down the river, and drives the machinery that has planed the floors of more than half of the houses of this entire city, at the establishment of J. B. Smith & Co., in the Fourth Ward.—*E. D. Holton's address before the Chamber of Commerce*, 1858.

building overlooks, was then without a brick building, and even the wooden buildings were not contiguous. To stand on the north-west corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets, where now the Juneau Bank is located, and where then the frame warehouse of Messrs. Ludington & Co. stood, one could obtain a very fine view of the Seventh Ward, with its stunted oak trees and primitive cliffs, ravines and knolls. On the opposite corner, south, is the clothing store of Cary & Taylor. Adjoining it on East Water Street is the store of Higby & Wardner; passing down we find J. & L. Ward; Robert Davis, fashionable tailor; George Bowman; Richard Hadley, boots and shoes. These are about all on that block; opposite them we find Mr. E. D. Holton; on the corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets, with two or three modest dwelling houses and a meat market, the latter kept by Owen Aldrich.

Below Michigan and nearly on the site of Mitchell's bank stood the residence of Solomon Juneau, a large frame building and a few rods further south, the Cottage Inn, kept by Mr. Vail, and the Fountain House, by N. P. Hawks. There are eleven or twelve stores in town, all told! The plank sidewalks in East Water Street remind you of a corduroy road. But, there is a healthy stir that is observable; Michigan Street is the fashionable avenue, Horatio Stevens is building a pier at its terminus on the lake, and presently we shall have the steamers landing their passengers on our old burying ground. Eleven stores, all of which did not cost as much as one of the splendid structures that now may be found on any of the same streets.

Mr. Holton has given us a small directory of the professional men at this time, which reads as follows:

The lawyers were Messrs. Upham and Walworth, on Wisconsin Street, near Main; Wells, Crocker & Finch, on Wisconsin Street and just above Juneau's old warehouse; Graham &

Blossom, corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets; Chas. James Lynde, over Jones jewelry store (where Van Cott's now is,); J. E. Arnold, opposite the Milwaukee House, on Wisconsin Street; Francis Randall, over Cary & Taylor's store, on the corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets.

The physicians of that day were: Messrs. Dr. E. B. Wolcott, Dr. Proudfit, Dr. Hewett, Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Castleman.

The Rev. Lemuel Hull was rector of St. Paul's church; the Rev. Stephen Peet, of the Presbyterian church; the Rev. Mr. Bowles, of the Methodist Episcopal, and Rev. Father Morrissey, of the Catholic church.

Cyrus Hawley was the Clerk of the Court.

Rufus Parks was Receiver, in an office on Main Street, above Wisconsin.

Col. Morton was Register, in Roger's block.

Daniel Wells was Deputy Sheriff.

Gov. Farwell was the tinman, and worked at his bench, with Cady & Farwell.

Mr. Clark Shepardson was the blacksmith, and worked at the anvil—his shop standing where the Newhall House now stands.

Mr. Ambrose Ely was the shoe maker.

C. D. Davis was the livery keeper, near the Walker House.

Col. James Murray was the painter, next to Owen Aldrich's meat market.

Elisha Starr and Geo. O. Tiffany were stage men.

Matthew Stein was gunsmith, under the hill by the spring, now Market Square.

George Dousman did storage and forwarding at his present place of business.

Doney & Mosely were founders, on the site of the water

power, and possibly Turton & Sercomb may have then been in business.

I. A. Lapham was land agent in the west ward, and Joshua Hathaway in the east.

B. H. Edgerton and Garret Vliet were the surveyors.

Harrison Reed, Esq., published the *Sentinel*, weekly, in a small wooden building somewhere about where Bradford Brothers' store now stands.

Daniel H. Richards published the *Advertiser*, weekly, just above where the Republican House now stands, in the second ward.

Alexander Mitchell was banker in the west half of the office of Davis & Moore.

In the summer of this year Rev. Mr. Lemuel Hull built the first brick dwelling house of consequence on the corner of Wisconsin and Jackson Street, and Mr. Charles C. Dewey built the first block of brick stores during the same summer, on East Water Street.

The roads leading to the town were not much to boast of. There was the Green Bay Road winding away to the north. The Waukesha and Mukwonago Roads—running west. The Kilbourn Road leading to the south-west, and the Racine Road passing south. In 1841 Mr. Hesk opened a wagon track north-west to Fond du Lac. These roads were mere openings through the timber, with logs laid across some of the streams—and varied occasionally by stumps and hollows. Still the tide of immigration passed through these channels with unceasing flow, spreading out over the rich country to the west. The means of getting to Milwaukie through Michigan and Illinois were little better. Tho road leading through the latter State from Detroit to Chicago, was the main thoroughfare, and was traversed by stage-coaches, only one remove from the dil-

ligence of another age and country. The Milwaukie papers contained accounts of the delay and accidents continually happening on this route, with now and then a card signed by outraged passengers who were upset and afterwards detained at St. Joseph, until their patience evaporated. The road from Jacksonburgh to St. Joseph was acknowledged by all to be next to impassible, and travellers who passed over it without being frightened out of their "seven senses," were reserved for other torments afterwards. It would seem, too, that the delays were not confined to the roads. We find the following paragraph in the "Milwaukie Commercial Herald," of October 6th:

"No mail east of Chicago seems to be the principal news about these days. About every trip the U. S. Mail Boat, the "Champion," breaks down. We received our papers this morning, by the "Great Western," which, notwithstanding she is three or four days behind her time, gives us three or four days start of the mail."

These were all slight impediments to immigration, and save the occasional grumble of the newspapers and the growls of the travellers were unproductive of any consequences. People *would* come, though they risked their lives in Michigan and suffered the pangs of detention at Chicago. Even a Count was thrown upon our shores, with the flood tide of travel,—as the papers said, a "real Hungarian Count, who had left Hungary on account of his participation in the Polish Revolution, and made a 'straight wake for Wisconsin.'" He was reputed rich; had been intimate with such men as Metternich, Prince de Joinville and Esterharg—therefore, civility, in his case became obsequious, and hospitality whole-souled. The right hand of fellowship was presented to him from every part of the city, and he probably thought Milwaukie was ev-

erything she had been represented; unless, indeed, he encountered the town's "runner," at Buffalo, who did the thing up to those westward bound folk who passed through that place in such a manner as to leave little chance for realization. Count Harasthy purchased teams and agricultural implements, and after a few week's stay in Milwaukie, started for Rock River, to commence farming. There were a great many curious stories in circulation about the Count at this time, which originated in his eccentric manners; few of which, however, had other than a partial foundation in truth. It was said that soon after leaving Milwaukie, his wagon got into a hole, from which all the ordinary methods of extrication failed to move it, and that he built a fire under his horses and smoked his pipe deliberately while they got him and the wagon out of the dilemma.

At Rock River he located himself—near the Koshkonong—upon a beautiful tract of land; built a comfortable house, purchased oxen and set about breaking up the land. After a few week's labor, he was informed that he was improving the wrong "quarter," which fact, subsequent examination proved to be true. Shortly after this his dwelling was consumed by fire, and there were those stupid or malicious enough to declare that he had resorted to the same trick practiced upon the horses, to extricate himself from the new difficulty. His next destination, we believe, was Sauk Prairie; and not long after he was understood to be in command of a little steamer, at Aztalan, which, after making a few trips on the Wisconsin, led the enterprising German to push his exploits on the Mississippi.

The summer of '42 saw the town branching out into enterprise. The blossoms of speculation were giving way to the fruits of utility. Taste and refinement were becoming visi-

ble—those flowers that spring only when the attrition of crude life has accumulated enough of the richer soil in which to take root.

On the Fourth of July we shall find the town arrayed in festive colors, and—not a military parade nor a firemen's tournament—but a procession of sabbath school children, forming in front of the Presbyterian Meeting House and marching under the direction of Major Holton, to the corner of Wisconsin and East Water Streets, where a circle is formed and a temperance ode sung. This is only twenty years ago, and how would a temperance ode on the "Fourth" sound now at the same place? The ceremonies of the day consisted of a procession under the direction of Gen. Graves, assisted by Cols. Clyman and Wolcott, a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Watson, reading of the Declaration of Independence, by John Hustis, and an oration by Rev. Mr. Miter, after which a dinner was served at the Cottage Inn, under the supervision of Mr. Harriman—and a beautiful shower finished up the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Milwaukie and Rock River Improvement—Manufactories—An Appeal to the Citizens of Milwaukie in Relation to the Roads—Superiority of Plank Roads to Rail Roads—Some Account of Egbert Herring Smith, the Poet.

As early as the summer of 1836, Byron Kilbourn, of Milwaukie, with the assistance of several other gentlemen, commenced a series of examinations of the country between Milwaukie and Rock River, with a view to the construction of a canal. Having satisfied himself as to the practicability of the works, Mr. Kilbourn attracted public attention to the scheme by a series of articles, written by himself and published in the "Advertiser," in '37. A bill was introduced in the first legislative assembly, at its session held at Belmont, in 1836, praying for a charter of incorporation for a company, but no action was taken upon it at that time. The articles of Mr. Kilbourn aroused public attention, and again, in 1837, petitions were forwarded to the legislature, (then in session at Burlington,) for the passage of an act of incorporation.

The company was incorporated in 1838. The capital stock was to be $100,000, with the privilege of increasing the amount to a sum not exceeding one million of dollars, should the same be found necessary to the completion of the works. *

In 1842, the dam was built just above Kilbourntown, by

* For a full history of this company, minute if not impartial, see *Smith's History of Wisconsin, Vol. III.*

Capt. John Anderson, and in December of that year, the water was let into so much of the canal as had been constructed, viz: from the dam to its present terminus in the second ward, just above the Chestnut Street bridge. A celebration accompanied this event, and a very able oration was delivered by John Hustis.

This finished portion of the canal was immediately invested with a great deal of interest to capitalists, and the next year a saw mill was built upon it by Samuel Brown and Benjamin Moffat, and Mr. Rathbone put up a large grist mill, which were shortly after followed by a woollen factory. The water power was looked upon as the most important element of the present and future prosperity of Milwaukie.

The dam, 430 feet in length and 18 feet high, gave a water way of 400 feet. The established rent for the water was $75 a year for 100 cubic feet per minute. The lots between the canal and the river, 60 feet front by an average of 130 feet deep, were worth from four to eight hundred dollars.

The history of the Milwaukie and Rock River Canal is long and unsatisfactory, and hardly appropriate to a work of this desultory character. The company, after its incorporation, applied and received from congress a grant of land, commonly known as the canal grant, and subsequently, the legislature and the company becoming involved in a mesh of difficulties, concerning the grant and the money accruing from the sale of the lands, the work stopped, and all that remains at this day of the Rock River canal, is the still substantial dam, the guard lock and one mile of canal, which empties itself into the river just above the Chestnut Street bridge.

Byron Kilbourn, having been the originator of the enterprise and having been prominent in its prosecution from the first, much of the odium attending its failure attached to him.

though there is no one even at this day, who is not willing to admit that, had the work been consummated according to Mr. Kilbourn's original views as then set forth, the town would have been incalculably benefited. From its inception, in 1836, to its abandonment, in 1842, there had been violent opposers of the measure, men who were actuated by interests in rival schemes, and who were inimical to Kilbourn and the west ward. The rivalry of the sections was brought out and the improvements made the ground work of fresh accusations between the two sides of the town.

Wm. R. Smith, in his documentary history already referred to, after giving a long account of the company, sums up his own history, as follows:

1st. That the Territorial Legislature did incorporate the Canal Company and clothe it with full authority to construct and maintain a canal from Milwaukie to Rock River, giving it complete and entire jurisdiction over said work, or so much thereof as should be completed within ten years from the date of the act, and that the powers and privileges of the company "are" perpetual unless voluntarily surrendered.

2d. That these powers and privileges were fully confirmed by Congress.

3d. That the Legislature did authorise said company to apply to Congress for an appropriation of land to aid in the construction of the canal.

4th. That the company, in presence of such authority, did apply to Congress, and did obtain the grant of land commonly known as the canal grant.

5. That in making said grant, Congress confided to the Legislature, as trustee, the disposal of the land, and the application of the proceeds thereof to the construction of the canal and for no other purpose whatever.

6th. That the Legislature did undertake to perform the duties of trustee, in pursuance of the act of Congress, and did sell a considerable part of said land and did apply a part of the proceeds thereof in payment of work done on the canal.

7th. That after having undertaken and exercised the duties of trustee and having given countenance and aid to the canal for about four years, the Legislature did refuse to apply the further proceeds of said land in aid of said canal, and did refuse further to perform the duties of trustee in that behalf.

8th. That the Legislature did appropriate the funds arising from the sale of said land, in the nature of a loan, to purposes other than in aid of said canal, viz: to the payment of debts contracted by the Territory, and to pay the expenses of two conventions to form a constitution amounting to $80,000 or upwards, and for other purposes required by the necessities of the Territory until the amount of some $120,000 or $130,000 of the proceeds of the lands sold were disbursed for public purposes not contemplated by the act of Congress, but in clear violation of its provisions.

9th. That $31,876 97 have been paid the Legislature out of the canal fund in aid of the canal.

10th. That the company paid on the canal $24,868 36.

11th. That provision is made in the act of Congress, to vest in the State of Wisconsin, in fee, the said land, or so much thereof as shall remain unsold at the time of its admission, subject to certain conditions, viz: that the land shall be sold at not less than $2 50 per acre; that the canal shall be completed within ten years from the date of the grant (June 18, 1838) or that the State shall pay the price for which the land was sold; but that to make effectual these provisions (to secure the benefits offered and to incur the liabilities imposed) it was

necessary that the State should make a formal acceptance of the grant by act of the Legislature after its admission.

12th. The acceptance of the grant by the State was rendered impossible because more than half of the land had been sold at $1 25 per acre, and because the time for completing the canal expired in June, 1848, a few days after the meeting of the first State Legislature under the constitution. By the provisions of that constitution the unsold canal lands have been appropriated to the endowment of common schools.

13th. It having then, been rendered impossible for the State to accept the grant unconditionally, which was necessary to give the State control over it, it follows that no power over the subject can be exercised by the State, consequently two only of the three of the original parties to the grant now remain, viz: the United States and the canal company, the Territory having merged in State government."

In 1844, the subject of roads became a very important one and was agitated accordingly. The Kilbourn road, which we before alluded to, had not turned out as well as was expected, and the others were scarcely as good. In this connection we cannot help presenting to the reader the following article, promulgated in June, 1844, and addressed "to the people of Milwaukie." It conveys a good idea of the feeling and state of affairs at that time:

"You feel justly proud of your town. Its superior natural advantages compared with any other point on the lake, its central position, and its rapid improvement have been the theme of eulogy over the whole country. Are you contented to sleep upon the high reputation thus attained, and suffer Racine and

Southport to draw away from you the whole trade and business of the interior? If so, *sleep* on. If not, AWAKE, and do something to prevent it, while it is yet in your power to maintain your former standing. You all know that the prosperity, if not the very existence of a town depends upon the trade and commerce and business of the country around it. This trade and commerce and business is now being diverted to Racine and Southport. Do you doubt it? Ask Judge Miller, Mr. Gilbert, and others, who have recently been there and witnessed it. And if you will not believe them, go and see for yourselves, and you will be satisfied that it is so. At both of these places they do now and have ever since last fall, paid a higher price for wheat and farmers' produce than has been paid here, and have each purchased double the quantity to what has been bought here. Go there, and to Racine particularly, and you will find them *wholesaling* their goods to merchants at Madison and other places in the interior, nearer Milwaukie than them, and *retailing* them to the farmers of Milwaukie county. Go there, and you will find as the natural result of their increased trade and business, facilities and means commensurate with its importance to the interest and prosperity of their towns—warehouses adequate to all the wants of the country, and roads in all directions in *good condition* at *all* seasons of the year. To the latter particularly are they mainly indebted for their astonishing late increase of business and general prosperity. It is to this cause alone that we must ascribe all the advantages which they now reap beyond their former proportion, and almost wholly at our expense. Where, now, are the scores of teams conveying lead and copper to, and the merchandise and lumber from our wharves, which two years ago filled the vessels of our merchants and business men with an equivalent for ready cash, and daily enlivened our town? Gone; entirely

gone; some to Southport and Racine, and the balance down the Mississippi. And why? Because the roads—all the roads leading to this place during more than half the year are nearly impassible even with empty wagons. To this cause, tenfold more, to this cause alone than all the rumors of the small pox here during the last fall, is to be traced and ascribed the decreased trade and business here, notwithstanding all the vast increase of country population and the low prices at which goods have been sold here. It is of no avail to the people—the merchants, mechanics and other business men of this town, that the country fills up even to suffocation, and though we sell our goods at half their cost, if the people in the country cannot reach us with their products, or only at such labor and expense as takes away from them all the benefits and advantages of their trade with us. An unfortunate mania has for years past taken possession and seems still to engross and enthrall the minds of our best business men in respect to the true causes of our town's prosperity. All—all, is ascribed to the shipping interest—to a harbor, and even a particular location of that harbor. To so great an extent has this erroneous belief carried them, that they have procured the passage of an act authorizing the corporation to make a loan of money for that purpose, and even voted to raise $15,000 to be so applied; and this, mind you, while the roads in every direction are left in such condition as to render not only an additional, but any and all harbors entirely useless. The indispensable importance of good roads is not unappreciated by some, who manifest the most culpable indifference to their improvement, but they argue in this wise: They say that in a few years we must become a state; that then we will be entitled to half a million acres of public lands; and that then we will sell these lands and apply their proceeds to the making of a good railroad from the Mississippi river to this

place. And are you sure, Mr. Donothing, that the people of Green Bay and their supporters, and the people of Racine, Walworth and Rock will consent to have their equal and just proportion of these proceeds applied to making a grand railroad, or that they will consent to have that railroad come here? Even if you were sure of such a result in the end, we do not like the project. It is too much like that scheme of a few bankrupt speculators among us, who advocate the application of the canal lands to the same purpose. We are not only opposed to all such plans of building up our town, but we are also opposed to all railroads for such a new country as ours. A good turnpike or McAdam road is worth forty railroads for the country, through which it passes. The best and only way to build up a town, is to build up the country around it. It is the small traders and mechanics, who furnish the farmers what they want, and who, in turn, consume their surplus produce, and who, by these means, are mutually beneficial to each other, which in time, and sometimes quickly too, makes a town large and prosperous. Those who desire to come among us from the east will come, though we have but one harbor, and even that be half a mile further around; and those who have any surplus produce here to send off, will be able to ship it at once."

We could not very well omit making mention in these pages of a poet, whose fame about this time became a "household word." Egbert Herring Smith, settled at Oak Creek, near Milwaukie, as early as '36 or '7, and made a claim. He afterwards taught school in a log house in the same place. His was a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and no less peculiar was his personal appearance. Green goggles, a limping gait and an un-

sophisticated air were the characteristics of the young man. We say young, though the verdure of over thirty summers had given him a tinge of its hue. Mr. Smith would have vegetated undoubtedly to this day in rural retirement had not the Fates in the form of three or four respectable but never-to-be-forgiven gentlemen of Milwaukie, whispered in his ear the soft and seductive allurements of fame.

Mr. Smith, in an incautious moment, displayed a "poem" of his own composition.

The friends were enraptured with it, and as true friends will—gave Mr. Smith some good advice—viz., to publish it—to cultivate his talents, to devote himself to it—to show the world that genius flourished in the west. The first Hesperian fruit that resulted from this cultivation, appeared in that literary orchard, the "Sentinel." It was called, "Lo, the Poor Indian," and though it partook somewhat of the gait of the author, must be admired by all. We give it as we find it:

> The Indian, on the high bluff stood!
> Alone, and nobody round him,
> Save tenants, of the ancient wood,
> That always did surround him.
> He folded his arms and lit his pipe,
> And smoked awhile to ease him,
> And took a long, last look about,
> On things most like to please him.
>
> He took a good look of the village and town—
> With its thousands of houses and people;
> And cast his bold eye up and down,
> O'er many a mansion and steeple.
> Then, folding his banket up close,
> He heaved a long-drawn sigh,—
> And, casting his eyes up above him, he said:
> "O, that the poor Indian might die!
>
> "To die and be at rest away from the foe—
> Who follow my track night and day;
> To forget in the grave, my race's woe—

For this, I hereby pray."
  Then, throwing one mere look adown,
He gathered his blanket tight,
  And, taking one long, unwavering step,
Flung himself off the height!

One of the *reviews* of this poem is altogether too good to be lost—one must accompany the other. It appeared in one of the Milwaukie papers simultaneously with the "poem."

"We present to our readers, this morning, the famous poem of our distinguished citizen, Mr. Smith; the production of which places him at once among the first poets of the age. The perusal of it will not fail to discover 'internal evidences' of genius such as animated and inspired the bards of other ages. The poem is short for an epic, but brevity is the very soul of wit and poetry, and we are happy to note that our bard has simply said all he had to say and stopped. It is not perfect, though approaching perfection. The author is a young man and this, his first attempt, should be regarded leniently. What we say is prompted by the best wishes for his ultimate success in the path of renown which he has chosen. In this spirit we shall take the liberty of offering a few suggestions and correcting a few trivial errors, which it seems to us the poet has fallen into. In the first place the measure is not adapted to the full expression of ideas which the author had. He was evidently cramped by the mechanical limits of his lines. Blank verse, for instance, would have given a much better opportunity for the expression of the fine thought in the second line,

"Alone and nobody round him."

It might be rendered,

"Alone and nobody round him,
Except himself."

And the same may be said of the first line of the second stanza. How much fuller and broader the same idea becomes when let out—

> "And of the town and village then he took
> And of the city—one long squint."

But we will not presume to illustrate our ideas. Ours is not the lyric pen. The line as it stands evinces an insight into human nature which belongs to the poet alone. No one but an Indian could ever be expected to see a town and village in one settlement—and one settlement is meant, for the next line reads—

> "With *its* thousands" &c.

So that in the words there is a delicate allusion to the prophetic power of the savage who saw the present village and the prospective town.

In the fifth line there is a very "clever conceit,"

> "He folded his arms and lit his pipe."

How he lit his pipe we are at a loss to discover, unless it was by his eyes before he "cast them up and down," as we are assured in the second verse he did. This mysticism is rather a fault in so young a writer. Shelley may have written his best things so that nobody understood them, but would they have been any the less meritorious for being less mysterious! And so in this case. If our author had informed us how the act was consummated, with his arms folded, we should not have to tax our memory for all the legerdemain tricks we had ever read of as being performed by the aborigines. The "throwing" of first one eye, and afterwards both of them comes under the same objection. If the poet wishes us to understand that he tossed them up to amuse himself, very well, but is it not very much like an encroachment upon the ridiculous to contemplate this

noble savage, standing on the verge of a bluff, meditating suicide; his mind sombre with thoughts of dissolution, an uncertain hereafter, or perhaps a lingering death at the foot of the bluff—and *tossing up his eyes*, as boys toss up apples! We think so, and it is justly chargeable to the occasional obscurity. In this case the perspicuity was sacrificed to the music of versification. The poet was misled by his ears. They are evidently developed disproportionately.

In the management of the catastrophe, Mr. Smith redeems himself. There is no obscurity here, the most stupid reader will not hesitate and ask whether the red hero rolled down or walked down—"he gathered his blanket tight"—to prevent himself from presenting the appearance of a spread eagle in his descent—and taking *one* step he *flung* himself. He had taken a comfortable smoke; made all the necessary observations on life, death, &c.; amused himself with his eyes for awhile, and all was over—of course we mean over the bluff. There can be no doubt that the efforts of Mr. Smith's maturer years will outshine these, his maiden productions. There is a charm about his writings that we have never yet discovered in any American poet, and we predict for him a name high in the annals of Literature and Song, if he but labors and polishes. Before we close this article we take this opportunity to say that a gentleman has informed us that the PLOT of Lo the poor Indian is founded on fact. A year or two ago Mr. Smith himself picked up a short clay pipe on one of our bluffs, near an Irishman's shanty, and from this little incident has he woven the beautiful story of "Lo!"

In a short time, Mr. Smith became the most notorious man in Milwaukie. The papers "set him up," and he was dubbed "Laureate." Poem after poem followed "Lo," all of similar genius," until the thing became so flagrant a "sell" that even

the people of other cities smelt the mouse and presumed to laugh. Every body praised Smith, every body being fond of jokes, especially such colossal jokes as these. The especial patrons of the poet advised him to write an epic, and he finally consented. The result of his labor in the heroic field was a book of 274 pages, entitled

MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK,

OR BLACK HAWK.

AN EPIC POEM.

This was published in good style in 1848, in this city. A copy of it may be found on the shelves of the Young Men's Library. A portion of the poem is devoted to Milwaukie, which portion commences in this wise:

"Delightful village of Milwaukie,
I went in November your beauties to see;
Leaving my home and the land of my tillage,
To visit this early and new founded village.
I entered your courts, the jury I saw,
And all your attorneys and counsellors at law
The learned judge enthroned looked sedate and complacent,
The sages of law sat smiling adjacent."

It was through the advice of his admirers—or pretended admirers—that Mr. Smith was led into this speculation; and when the book appeared they did not desert him. Resolutions of thanks were tendered him; long and flattering notices beset him, and the book sold. The thing became so flagrant, that at last, one or two, not appreciating the joke or else tired of it, went to Mr. Smith and solemnly assured him that the public were "running a rig" upon him—making a scape-goat of him—and so forth. Mr. Smith referred to the receipts of his book, and replied: "Not much, I guess."

And in truth, he was right, for the book sold as no epic ever sold in the western country since. He travelled down to Chicago, but his fame preceded him. He was met by admirers, on all hands. The freedom of the city was voted to him, and eulogistic articles appeared in the journals—Mr. Smith, either oblivious of the true state of affairs, or purposly "keeping dark"—and selling his books all the while. Criticism was dumb; and for once, the common herd, as well as the *literati*, became interested in poetry.

Perhaps the best joke of all, transpired in 1853, during the height of the literary excitement in England, over the poet Alexander Smith, whose volume of poems was subsequently published and read by all lovers of the true and beautiful. During this furore, over the Scotch Smith, the Memphis *Appeal* started the story "that Alexander Smith, over whom the eastern people were making such an ado, was, in 1846, a seedy and neglected individual in Wisconsin; the butt for ridicule of all the literary people, and that, after seeking in vain through all our principal cities for a just appreciation of his merits, went to England where he became famous." This confusion of the two Smith's was actually copied, and doubtless believed by hundreds all over the country.

Whatever became of the laureate we do not know. As nothing has been heard from him since his epic, he is doubtless reposing on his laurels, undisturbed by the ghost of a murdered vernacular.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bridges—Bonds for Disunion—Predictions of the Major—A Smash Up at Spring Street and the Consequences—Action of the West Side Trustees—A Public Meeting—The West Siders get out their Cannon—Down with Byron Kilbourn.

THE little "Menomonee," that paddled her way up the river with much noise and smoke, and carried her living freight from the steamers in the bay, had fallen into the habit of landing her passengers only on the west side. As Byron Kilbourn owned the west side and the steamboat, it was perhaps natural that the first growl from over the river should be levelled at him. What feelings of rivalry already existed, were quickly developed by this recurring circumstance. The natural advantages were in favor of the east side, but this seemed to be turning the tables with a vengeance. "Only let us get at the strangers first," said they on the east, "and they will never buy on the west." But now it seemed out of the question to get at them first. It would not do to sit down and see the immigration passing up the stream and pouring into Kilbourntown. It was aggravating, too, for those who lived on the east side to be carried away up to Chestnut Street, and have to walk half a mile back.

Then an old cry arose for bridges; and then one or two advised Juneau to put on an opposition boat—but Juneau had already had some experience in steamboats, and did not enter into the spirit of the last proposition with the alacrity that had been expected.

It is curious to note the playful animosity, which had all along characterised the sections, now becoming tinctured with a bitterness that sprung from fancied injuries received.

Certain of those on the west-side, had all along proclaimed that the east-side was unhealthy; that foul miasms hung over the houses; that the inhabitants lived on frogs, which the Frenchman had learned them to eat, and that many of them died and were buried at night, so that the world should not see their depletion. The east-siders had retaliated by calling them "country people," who had to cross the river to get into town; who had no court house, no jail, "no nothing," but Byron Kilbourn. One enthusiastic partizan had gone so far indeed as to propose the establishment of a quarantine at the point where the west-siders crossed the river. But these charges, which were harmless, now became shotted with real opposition. The landing of passengers on the west-side woke up a slumbering resentment, which finally settled into a general demand for bridges.

The first bridge had been built, in 1839, at Chestnut Street, and in 1843 Mr. Rogers, Pettibone and others, constructed a floating bridge or raft at Spring Street. This was carried away by a freshet, and a substantial bridge was built in the spring of '43, after much consultation; and it seemed as though the wooden bonds, which spanned the river at these two points, instead of uniting, tended rather to separate the sections.

In all the discussions on the comparative merits of the question, the Major Domo took a conspicuous part. His was the highest chair at Sherwood's, when the west-siders were to "catch it." Not that the Major presumed to lead the opposition; he lacked the moral courage and independence, that would shape opinions into conviction or confirm his listeners in their belief. He was rather an oracle with a felicitous flow

of language, if not of ideas, and was given that position which belongs to the best looking, but not the "smartest" man, i. e., the chair, as we see the best looking, but the poorest actors and actresses made kings and queens.

No one presumed to know more, and certainly no man ever ventured to say more and mean less than this local hero; but it was always said with fervor, and those who listened, though they failed to see which way the matter leaned, were conscious of its importance, and generally gave a hearty but bewildered assent.

"Gentlemen," he would say, knocking the ashes from his cigar with his little finger as he held it daintily up. "Gentlemen, all divisions of sentiment are to be frowned down. Divisions are abominable anywhere; in a town whose growth depends on harmony, divisions are murderous. We all agree that another bridge is necessary! Can any man accuse me of being opposed to the interests of the town, because I say, we are all in favor of bridges? No, sir. I was the first to say to Kilbourn: 'Byron, that ferry is behind the age; what did it look like to see Mat. Keenan working on that scow at that enlightened period of our history?' Gentlemen, we got a bridge, not such a bridge perhaps I should have suggested, but we got one. Perhaps there was'nt a fight over that bridge, and perhaps there was. If my memory serves me right, all the lawyers in town got up briefs on it, besides one or two from Chicago; two or three juries sat on it, committees investigated it. Leaders were made out of it, until exhausted it tumbled down; and then what did they do? why, they floated part of it down to Spring Street and made a *ticklish* kind of a raft; they tied the pieces together, so that by wading and jumping a person might get over. Nobody seemed to regret it, when the freshet took it out into the lake."

This illusion to the first Spring Street bridge was in the main correct. It was averred that to cross it safely the teams had to start half way up the hill and dash across with all possible speed, before it sunk under them.

The Major was a confirmed east-sider, but he took no interest in the sectional quarrel. His was the "law and order" card, that being the best paper to pass among all parties with. It may have been that association gave him a bias, but he was too guarded to evince anything but his admirable and lofty disinterestedness. When the freshet carried away the raft at Wisconsin Street, the public voice was in favor of a substantial bridge at this point. Those on the west-side especially approved of such a work, as the Post-Office and general business houses on the east-side were at this point. As soon as our friend discovered which way the tide set, he became eloquent in favor of a bridge, and when, in 1843, a subscription was started and money solicited to commence the work, he gave it out in his own peculiar way, that his potential voice had done the work, though it is an equally well established fact, that his own potential name never appeared on the subscription list. The bridge itself was a wonderful structure with an immense draw and great "floating bastions," something after the style of dry docks now in use on the river. Its completion was signalled by a select little anniversary, and Marshal Shunay was installed keeper. It was regarded with much pride, and for several days was travelled immensely. There were a few who denounced the work as unauthorized by law, and a grumble from a captain now and then arose about the obstruction of navigation, but the bridge seems to have been conceded generally to be a necessity.

In 1844, Mr. Daniel Wells and others proposed another bridge, and actually secured the erection of it at Oneida

Street. From this time the feeling of the two sections became very acrimonious. The Major, who could see as far into a mill stone as any man of penetration, predicted trouble. As we have said, he was a little ambitious of being a seer, one of those social prophets who see the shadows of coming events, because they have nothing else to look after, and who take especial delight in making dignified assertions in an emphatic manner, and which assertions sometimes turn out to be correct, but more frequently do not, though in the latter case the prophet has shrewdness enough to make the failure another proof of his penetration.

The Major read the "Sentinel" and "Advertiser" at Sherwood's, where pork and beans and whiskey formed the nightly attractions to the "fastest" of the town's people. The loungers at this-then-fashionable resort became accustomed to the Major's eloquence. It formed one of the characteristics of the place, almost as unctious as the savory pork and as substantial let us kindly hope, to many, as the beans. It has been said that the proprietor of this place held out inducements to the Major to frequent his house, by telling him when the company adjourned, "to never mind it—wait till next time"—and when the "next time" came persistently forgetting all about it—these inducements being held out, it is said, with the idea that the Major's presence added an additional touch of respectability to the establishment and helped the digestion of the beans.

The Major predicted trouble.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he would say, wth a deliberate wave of the hand, partly to fan away the tobacco smoke and partly to give effect to his words—"I tell you this bridge question isn't settled by any means. Is the East Ward to support all the bridges! That's the point! Of course not? But

will the West Ward support her share. No, sir! We have seen it already. Because we have assumed the support of one is that any reason we should impoverish ourselves in taking care of all when they are of equal benefit to our neighbors? You see how the thing is, who's to pay the fiddler! If the five gentlemen of the West side say—we won't pay for your bridges—what did you build them for! what shall the five gentlemen of the East side do! come, that's the question! Put their hands in their pockets and toss out the money! Perhaps so, but the people have something to say about that! Its a knotty question, gentlemen."

The ten gentlemen alluded to were the trustees of the two wards who met in common council but did very little in common. Each five being as distinct, so far as co-operation was concerned, as the digitals on either arm of the physical body. There were two separate corporations to all intents (each tolerating the other,) which formed the town government. They of the East side claimed the right to do as they pleased in regard to their locality, and the West side looked with jealous eye on any interference with their affairs. Common good, if not common sense, was overlooked—disregarded entirely for "home interests."

As the major said—who was to pay for the bridges, that was the question—ultimately to be resolved, so far as the structures themselves were concerned, into the more epigrammatic question of "to be or not to be." The East side had hitherto contributed mainly to the support of all the bridges, but the precedent never anticipated the multiplication of bridges indefinitely, and since the erection of the Wells Street bridge, at the foot of Oneida Street, there were those tax-payers who stoutly asserted that ere long the whole stream would be shut out from the light of day by over-arching Rialto's, whose costly

device and absurd luxuriance would involve the East siders in bankruptcy and ruin—*unless the West siders paid their share.* The worthy folk of Kilbourntown said they had not the "remotest idea of paying for what they didn't want, but what, in their opinion, was a nuisance." Thus matters ran along until the spring of 1845, when the badinage and sarcasm which had been shot across the unconscious waters were turned into threats of deeper meaning. The colloquy carried on may be summed up thus:

"Are you disposed to pay your share for sustaining the bridges?"

"What, and let you keep on building them! We don't want the bridge."

"You do want it, but are too niggardly to pay for it."

"It's a nuisance—an obstruction to navigation and an expense—"

"It's a luxury. People need not walk a mile now to cross the river when you obstinately land them on the West side."

"If it's a luxury you can afford to sustain it."

"And you shall help us."

"Never—tear the old thing down first."

This style of bantering was prevalent not only among the private citizens but among the public functionaries. The old feelings of envy and jealousy were now fluently poured forth over the bridge at Oneida Street. If they snapped at each other before, it was from principle, but now interest entered into the strife; pockets were assailed directly, and as corporations have pockets (if they have no souls) the war promised to be a campaign and not a battle. Open threats were made of violence, and though laughed at privately, were publicly responded to in the same bravado spirit.

On the third of May, Capt. Corbitt brought his schooner in

contact with the Spring Street bridge and partially demolished it, tearing away the draw entirely.* This took place on Saturday afternoon, and as soon as it became known a sensation was produced on the West side. The East siders said it was accidental and resulted from the negligence of the bridge tender in not hanging lights out—but it was boldly asserted by the opposite neighbors that a "pony purse" had been made up to induce Capt. Corbitt to commit the act. Though he was arrested, and after an examination before Justice Walworth, was bound over to answer before the District Court, nothing ever was done. The suit was hushed up or dropped, thus establishing in the minds of many the truth of this assertion. The people of the West ward were highly incensed at the outrage, and Mr. Kilbourn, when the broken bridge was shown to him, and the excited bystanders asked him what was best to do now, replied, "lie down and let the East siders walk over you." This was understood to be both an injunction to do no such thing and an implication that it had already been done. On the night of May seventh, the Board of Trustees being convened, Mr. Moses Kneeland, from the West Ward, introduced the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The Chetsnut Street bridge was originally built by the county and suffered to go out of repair and out of use; and *whereas,* the said bridge, as regards the business and convenience of the people of the West Ward, is deemed by them and the corporate authority of the said ward to be an insupportable nuisance; and *whereas,* in their opinion, there is no lawful power possessed by any person or corporation to maintain such bridge; therefore

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*A young German, who came to Milwaukee only two weeks before, walked off this broken bridge, a night or two afterwards, and lost his life.

"*Resolved*, that the Committee on Streets and Bridges in the West Ward, be and they are hereby authorized and required to remove out of the river, so much of the old county bridge and all appendages thereto as occupy or in any manner obstruct the free navigation of the Milwaukee river, west of the middle of said river, and for that purpose to employ the necessary laborers, either by the day or by the job, as they may deem expedient.

"*Resolved*, That the expense of removing the western part of said bridge be paid out of the general fund of the West Ward, together with all expenses incidental to such removal, or in any way growing out of the same, incurred by or under, or on behalf of persons aiding and assisting in such removal."

There were present at this meeting Messrs. Holton, Church, Gruenhagen, Kilbourn and Kneeland from the West Ward; and from the East Ward, Messrs. McClure, Prentiss and Upmann. According to the act passed February 15th of the same year, the corporate limits of the town has been changed and a South Ward added, being all that part known as Walker's Point; accordingly at this meeting were present the following gentlemen duly elected trustees from the new South Ward, viz: David Merrill; Geo. H. Walker; Lemuel W. Weeks; Wm. A. Hawkins, and James MaGone. Mr. Holton, the president, was in the chair. The introduction of these resolutions, retaliatory as they were, could not fail to produce some sensation. A debate immediately arose. Mr. Prentiss, of the East Ward, took exception to their passage on the ground, that one ward had not the power, under the act of incorporation, to declare what was a nuisance, without the assent of the whole board.

Mr. Walker, of the South Ward, moved that the preamble and resolutions be laid on the table, but the president decided the motion to be out of order, and leave was given to Mr.

Kneeland to withdraw them. The latter gentleman, however, merely struck out the words in the preamble, declaring the bridge to be an "insupportable nuisance," and again presented the resolutions, when Mr. Prentiss moved to lay them on the table, and the president again deciding, as it was purely a local matter, appertaining only to the West Ward, that the motion was out of order. Mr. Prentiss spoke at some length, asserting that the boundaries of the East and West Wards were confined by the charter to the east and west bank of the Milwaukie river, and, said he, "the local authorities of the wards separately, not extending any further, I shall be compelled to appeal from the decision!"

Mr. Geo. H. Walker here rose and remarked that the question had assumed a new aspect, and he felt great reluctance in giving his vote. It appeared to him to have assumed a legal shape, and therefore he did not feel competent to decide. The decision of the president, so far as it related to the boundary, he thought was correct, for in his opinion the corporate powers of the different wards must extend to the centre of the river, and not as contended by some to the margin only. Mr. Walker also stated, that he did not intend by the vote he was about to give, to determine the right or power of the West Ward to interfere in any manner with the bridges upon the river, but simply as to the question of jurisdiction.

The decision of the chair was finally overruled, and Mr. Kneeland withdrawing his resolutions—Mr. Kilbourn presented the following:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Streets and Bridges, in the West Ward, be and they are hereby authorized and required to remove out of Chestnut Street so much of the old county bridge and all appendages thereto, as occupy any part of said street, and for that purpose to employ the necessary laborers,

either by the day or by the job, as they may deem expedient."

This resolution was adopted; the West Ward alone voting. Mr. Gruenhagan immediately tendered his resignation as a member of the Committee on Streets and Bridges, for the West Ward; and Mr. Kilbourn was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The news of the action of the Trustees was not circulated on the east side—owing to the late hour at which the Board adjourned. The primitive habits of the people sending them to bed shortly after the sun disappeared behind the Menomonee Bluffs. The two or three who lingered at Sherwood's, bristled up properly at the news, but that the "country people" would dare to carry out their resolutions was not believed; and so after a short consultation, the select party sunk back into conviviality, and when midnight spoke from the town-clocks a sonorous voice might have been heard, issuing from the *Restaurant*, burdened with the then popular words, of "Dandy Jim, of Caroline."

Early the next morning, however, rumor arose with the inhabitants. Ere the shutters had all been taken down or the matutinal bell had evoked the hungry boarders, it was reported that the west siders were digging away the Chestnut Street bridge. Very little time was allowed to elapse before the citizens were running about in a high state of excitement; or, as the Major expressed it: "Like hens with their heads off." Have you heard it? Is it so? Have they dared? became the interrogations at every corner. A crowd gradually collected about the corners of East Water and Wisconsin Streets, on the east side; and an impromptu meeting appointed a committee to repair immediately to the scene of operations, and learn the truth of the rumors.

Meanwhile, the excitement grew. The sexton of the First

Presbyterian Church having accumulated a great amount of contradictory intelligence, from the various corners, came privately to the conclusion that some unfathomable horror had burst somewhere; and seizing his only weapon—the bell rope —he rung out a wild and weird alarum, which was caught up by the bell on the Milwaukee House, and re-echoed in a series of metallic *yelps*, that indicated to the peaceful inhabitants that a crisis had taken place in something, somewhere, and they were all expected to turn out and hunt it up for themselves *

The hubbub seemed to augment by its own exertions, and if the "Promised Land" had been located across the river and there had been one plank to reach it, the attempt to nefariously destroy that link could not have created more of a ferment, in less time than did the equally unwarrantable attempt of the West siders to cut off communication by grading away the terminus of Chestnut Street.

The Major, as he came down the street accosted the sexton, who, bathed in perspiration, was tugging at the bell rope as though it was the thread of all the trouble and he was intent on unravelling it, and desired to know where the fire was.

"Fire!" said that official, with a gasp as though all the breath had been rung out of him, "Fire! it's ten times worse nor a fire. They're tearing down all the bridges. Civil war's come to pass!"

"By Jupiter, gentlemen, that's serious!" answered the Major, not to the sexton for he had relapsed into another fit of ringing, but to himself, and hurried towards the common gath-

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The bell on the Milwaukee House did more public duty than any other piece of metal in the town. Summoning people to dinner, to church, to public meetings, to fires, and ringing a roulade whenever a steamer appeared in the bay.

ering point. As he emerged upon East Water Street, he saw the crowds of people gathered along the walks and growing denser towards Wisconsin Street, and his eye caught the outline of a figure on horseback that not only looked like Levi Blossom, but through the medium of an excited atmosphere, like Gen. Jackson, and when it lifted its arm and pointed with its finger in the direction of Kilbourn's house, at the moment that the horse reared—even bore some indistinct resemblance to a cut he had seen somewhere of Buonaparte crossing the Alps. As he passed along, an excited young man, very red in the face, rushed up rather wildly and caught him by the lappel of the coat, and demanded in a quick peremptory tone—

"Do you know where I can get any clock weights!"

"Clock weights!" repeated the Major, "Do you take me for a Yankee peddler? what on earth do you want with clock weights?"

Without waiting to answer the question, the young man darted across the street and disappeared in a jeweller's shop, leaving the Major staring after him, under a full conviction of his insanity. "Clock weights." he muttered, as he mingled with the crowd, "what a fool."

The committee or delegation that had been sent to Chestnut Street bridge, found the rumors to be correct. Sure enough a score of men, with teams, were digging away manfully at the street on the west side, and fast rendering all connection, between the apron of the bridge and the bank, a matter of history and memory only. Mr. Harrison Ludington, who was one of the delegation, remonstrated with the laborers. He informed them that the people of the east side were in a state of great excitement, as they thought the act unwarranted and illegal. "So great is the feeling of opposition," he added, "that I should

advise you to look out for your teams, as some of the mob may shoot them."

The committee hurried back to report, but the grading went on, and the platform connecting with the bridge fell in. Immediately after the departure of the committee, certain of those then and there employed on the west side did cause to be circulated a shameful report that the east siders had theatened to shoot their teams, and were coming over in a body to perform that gratuitous iniquity. A report that did not tend to allay matters, but had rather a contrary effect, for a crowd gathered about the men at the bridge, determined to protect their hearth stones and liberty with their latest breath, aided and abetted by bludgeons, muskets and horse pistols—all of which meant that they intended to back up the west siders in their attempt to render the bridge impassible.

The popular commotion was raging when the deputation returned; a dangerous sea of humanity, agitated by diverse currents, and lashed into general fury by winds of passion. The Major saw this—his natural discreetness took the alarm, and had it not been for an uncontrollable curiosity to see and hear, he would have returned to the quiet of his own domicil, until the storm had blown over. When the gentlemen, who had returned from the bridge, made an official report, and with unsparing, and exaggerated terms, told how the west siders were ruthlessly destroying the property of the town and throwing disgrace upon the community, by their reckless and defiant measures—the waves of this sea leapt up, and the ominous sound of a coming tempest whistled about his ears. He heard one man propose, in a stentorian voice, to ride Kneeland on a rail, and a score of undiscoverable throats assented to the proposition, with blasphemous earnestness. He saw a crowd dragging a small field-piece down Wisconsin Street, followed by a

greater crowd of men, gesticulating violently—and then he saw —yes it was all plain now—there was the young man with the clock-weights! They were to be used for shot! He heard the figure on the horse, direct the men in charge of the gun, to aim it at Byron Kilbourn's house, and he would touch it off. He heard another insist that the mob should proceed immediately to Mr. Kilbourn's residence and bring him across the river —by force; and the mob shouted like wild beasts, and seemed to sway and toss about in a mad delirium of purpose, to do something outrageous and irremediable. The Major saw that Byron Kilbourn was the obnoxious person to whom the unthinking populace attributed all their mischief. He knew, too, that the mob, if once put in motion, would shrink from no deed of violence—the responsibility of individuals was lost in the general exasperation—that the crowd would commit every unlawful act, perhaps even murder, as a mob—while the members of it as men, would shrink from the commission of a petty offence at another time. He saw that passion had overwhelmed judgment, and a few fiery words, the appearance of a leader, would precipitate matters, and launch the community into a chasm of difficulties and disgrace, that years could not efface. What was his delight, then, to see Jonathan E. Arnold appear above the centre of the angry citizens, and waiting until the noise and commotion had somewhat subsided, proceeded to address them.

The position of an orator at such a time is one of great responsibility. If he possesses the spark of eloquence, he may ignite the slumbering fires with the electric potency of his breath and start the train, which is to end in consequences dire and deep; or he may sway the motley mass with a magician's power and, like the Master stretching forth his hand over the angry billows, say, peace be still—the passions stand at

the beck of the speaker, and words aptly chosen will fall like oil upon the waters.

When Mr. Arnold commenced to speak, there was an instant hush of other voices. That morning Kilbourn's daughter had died, and he alluded to this, deprecating the threats which had been made of violence toward that gentleman. As he proceeded, his voice grew strong and rung out clear and trumpet-like over the heads of the populace. He appealed to them as Americans, as citizens, as fathers, and while he did not exonerate those who had overstepped the limits of discretion already, he boldly branded the man, who would dare to tear a father from the corpse of his child, as a coward and a savage, unworthy the safeguards that civilization had vouchsafed.—Reason came and took the place of impulse; men whose judgments had been obscured, were reclaimed by the judgment of the speaker. The more violent felt ashamed, and when Mr. Arnold disappeared from the temporary rostrum, the crisis had been averted.

It was agreed that the meeting should adjourn until four o'clock and await the action of the board of trustees.

The feeling was still strong against the west siders. Continuous rumors, always exaggerated, were circulated about fresh acts of violence, and persons, interested in a riot, were busy inflaming the lower class with silly stories. At four o'clock, the crowd again gathered about the corners. They were again addressed by J. E. Arnold,* H. N. Wells, and others, who

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* A story has been told us, which in the main is undoubtedly true, that E. J. Roberts, now a prominent citizen of Detroit, came to Milwaukie, in 1836 or '37, and landing from the boat, came up East Water Street, just as J. E. Arnold was addressing a crowd in relation to some bridge trouble; after transacting some business, he returned to the east and did not visit Milwaukie until 1845, again happening to come up East Water Street just as J. E. Arnold was in the midst of a popular speech on the bridge question. Mr. Roberts rubbed his eyes and made this exclamation to a friend: "Great heavens, hav'nt they adjourned that meeting yet!"

displayed the proper spirit, and again the crowd dispersed after much talk and considerable boasting.

The board of trustees met the same day pursuant to a call, only one trustee from the West Ward, Mr. Church, being present. The first act was the introduction of an ordinance, by Wm. A. Prentiss, for the preservation of "certain bridges" and the streets connected therewith, which ordinance, the record informs us, was "read and adopted," Mr. MaGone, of the South Ward, immediately offering the following:

Resolved, That Edward D. Holton be, and he is hereby removed from the office of president of this board;

Resolved, That the board now proceed to elect a president.

These resolutions were adopted, Messrs. Merrill and Walker alone voting in the negative, and Lemuel W. Weeks was elected president of the board of trustees.

The next morning the "Sentinel" denounced the acts of the west siders as lawless violence admitting of no apology or palliation, and went on to state that "in this country where the people make the laws, they certainly ought to abide by them." A sage summing up—at which all the sagacious citizens on the west side nodded their heads and poked the paper in their pockets, and the wiseacres of the East Ward made the remark "just about so." It being the acme of perfection in a newspaper to be able to please everybody—the popularity of this sheet began.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Legend of Market Square—A Small Row on the West Side, in which the Relative Positions of the Wards are Discussed Warmly and the Major Beaten—Further Action of the Trustees in regard to the Bridges.

A FEW nights after this the Major found himself on the west side among a crowd of violent talkers. What induced him to venture into the enemy's country, is not plain at this day. Gentlemen of leisure sometimes have migratory habits, which come upon them strongly at night. The Major was one of those benevolent individuals, whose "good dispositions" are like so much quicksilver, and he moved about wherever his inclinations led him, or his benevolence found an opening for his vocal wisdom. The place at which the Major now shone was called "Leland's," one of those cosy, but homely apartments with bottles banked up on one side and an intervening counter, behind which the business smile of the host shone with chronic affability; where the ambrosia in summer was suggestive of mint and in winter of lemon skin. The company on this occasion was not large. There were four in the room, besides the Major and the proprietor; two were young men, mainly intent on smoking very bad cigars, and the other two were intelligent looking gentlemen, who had allowed the sociability of the place to fasten them together, with the Major, over a little table, at one extremity of the room. One was apparently a stranger, and was interesting his two companions with reminiscences of early experience. As the conversation may not be without interest to our friends, we propose to listen to it.

"You say," said the Major to the stranger, "that you came to Milwaukie in '36."

"Yes, I came in '36 from Green Bay, but I had been here before in '33, with a party of government surveyors, on their way to Illinois. In '36 I fell in with a few friends at Green Bay, who induced me to come to Milwaukie. I stopped at the Bellevue House—Starr kept it; I remember distinctly, because he charged me twenty dollars for my sojourn of a little more than a week."

"I think it's likely I have met you there," said the Major.

"Very probable," replied the other. "I did not stay long, but went to Racine, and afterwards had a hand in the removal of the Indians west of the Mississippi."

"That reminds me," said the other, "of the old story you used to tell about the Indian Convention. I wish you would spin that yarn for the Major, here—he loves a good Indian story about as well as any man I know of—hey, Major."

"Should be glad to hear it," said the Major, in his most affable manner—and calling for a renewal of the liquid ambrosia—the three moved their chairs closer together, and the former speaker, said:

"I don't know, gentlemen, as the story will interest you particularly, though it did me very much when I first heard it, and I have thought several times that it would make a very readable affair for one of the magazines and with more authenticity than two-thirds of the Indian stories afloat now-a-days.

"When the Indians were removed, I was sent, in company with others, to take charge of a party of them; during our journey through Iowa, I became very intimate with one, who was called "Powder," though I believe his proper name was "Pough-gow." He was a very intelligent savage and spoke English quite well. From him I learned the following legend

or history—whichever you please—and which he said he had often heard repeated by the older members of his tribe. I took considerable interest in the narrative, as I said before, and got him to repeat it at several different times, so that I remember pretty much all the details, and it amounted to about this:

"It seems that a good many years before the white people found out Milwaukie, the different tribes in the Territory, or a greater part of them, had a sort of yearly gathering at this place, for what special purpose I don't know, but it was a convention at which they smoked and discussed matters of general interest, formed new alliances and transacted national business. This annual gathering lasted sometimes a month, and there was some natural product, animal, vegetable or mineral, which they used to gather here and take away with them, to be used as food or in their incantations. I always imagined it was part of their secret rites, for nothing could ever be learned of the Indians in relation to it; and I was once in conversation with an old trader who confirmed me in the belief, by saying that he had heard Indians say, on the Mississippi, that they would be buried on the Man-wau-kee."

"There is every reason to believe that this locality was a sacred or neutral ground, consecrated to some of their Deities," remarked the Major; "indeed, I think I have heard as much somewhere. I don't think any very large tribes ever resided permanently here, and yet there were thousands of graves found along the bluffs, and in digging up the southern part of the town a few years ago, the soil was packed with their bones. Then there are whole rows of tumuli along the Menomonee—"

"Yes, exactly," said the former speaker, who saw that unless he interrupted, the Major would carry off all the honors of principal speaker.

"As I was saying, they had a sort of fraternal celebration here. Previous to one of these gatherings, there had been a war raging between a number of the tribes. They had tracked and killed each other for a number of months, and no doubt added all the horrors of their peculiar training to the feuds. But when the time for assembling came around, they laid down their arms, buried their hatchets and set out for the Milwaukie to have a pow-wow in peace, and recruit their energies for a fresh dash at each other. It seems that the convention was taken up this year mostly with the consideration of their quarrels, and an abandonment of the old differences was advocated by most of the oldest and worthiest of the chiefs. There was one, however, As-kee-no, a Winnebago, who opposed all the plans for a reconciliation of the tribes. Some old and deep rooted grudge against the Menomonees prevented him from joining the rest in the great scheme for their own amelioration, and while he was willing to live out the remaining term of the convention, according to rule, in a decently harmonious way, he avowed his determination to commence the scalping business again as soon as the time expired.

"As-kee-no, with his tribe, or that portion of it that acknowledged him leader, had their wigwams along the edge of the bluff or bank that used to run north and south on Market Square. He had a daughter, who was represented as the most beautiful squaw in the country. I have heard her name, but forget it; it was something very musical—"

"Say Law-re-sa, or Chow-chow," interpolated the Major.

"No, it was something like Nis-o-was-sa. We'll call her that at all events. She was an Indian belle, very graceful, very handsome, and had a score of brave lovers in all the tribes. Nis-o-was-sa had been thrown among the missionaries in the north and had imbibed some notional ideas of chris-

tianity, which influenced her life to some extent, and caused her to be regarded among her own people as a favorite with the Good Spirit of the white men.

"Well, As-kee-no, withstood all the intreaties of the chiefs. In vain they talked and reasoned—he was determined. On the last day of the convention, the warriors and orators assembled on the bluff (where As-kee-no had encamped,) for a final deliberation. All the tribes had come to an understanding, except this faction of the Winnebagos, and this last meeting was to decide whether their plans were to avail anything. They made a great many speeches. One chief, who came from the north and was regarded as the most eloquent and brave of the nation, appealed to the stubborn Winnebago in very fine figures. He told of the necessity of being brothers; that the Manitou had given them the wolf and panther to fight; that their enemies came from the east; that their hatchets never were made to be dipped in red blood, but were fashioned for the white hearts of their foes. The Good Spirit made them all with red faces to be brothers of one family!

"As-kee-no replied that the Menomonees had insulted his father; they had called the Winnebagos dogs, and told them they lived in the dirt like the beaver and smelled like the musk-rat. The Menomonees had called them a nation of squaws; big words were not sharp like an arrow, that As-kee-no should heed them, but he would show the Menomonees their own scalps in his lodge, that were taken by his squaws from their warriors. He admired the system of brotherly love marked out, but thought the quickest way to realize it, was to scalp all the Menomonee chiefs, roast the young men, and carry off the women.

"Nis-o-was-sa was present at this council. She heard the speeches one after another, and seemed to realize that her father

was the great obstruction to the reformatory movement. She heard his obstinate and vindictive replies, and while she knew that most of his tribe would acquiesce in his decision—she also knew that they were not of his mind. At the conclusion of her father's speech there was a long silence—the council smoked gravely and mutely for some minutes, and at last a chief replied; he was followed by several and finally the old brave from the north spoke again. He rehearsed the miseries of intestine war and painted the advantages of peace, and by a clever management of his subject made it appear that hereafter all the miseries and troubles of the red men would be attributed to As-kee-no who was the only chief in the country who opposed the remedy. No animal wars against its kind, said the old orator. The Good Spirit never intended that his children should. It was left for the pale faces to butcher one another in wars. He pointed to the graves along the bluffs and to the angry lake and told them how their false and unfraternal passions, like the boisterous sea, leapt madly on regardless of consequences, impelled by the winds of hatred—and told them this hatred had peopled the shores with the bodies of their warriors that were sent by the Good Spirit to lead the young men on the war path.

"Nis-o-was-sa caught the spirit of the old chief, and linked the schemes of the Indian orator with the greater doctrines of peace and brotherly love that she had learned from the missionaries. She saw that the wisest and ablest of the warriors were opposed in the measure by her father alone.

"After the orator had ceased and when the customary time for silence had expired, As-kee-no again rose and with even more bitterness than before reiterated his intentions. Let those who would be women before their enemies go,' he said, 'and put on pigeon feathers and plant their corn; my

arm is not weak that I should ask mercy or friendship of the Menomonees, nor is my hatchet broken that I should use soft words to those who hate me. Let my brothers go, I have said.'

"The disappointment of the council at this termination of its efforts was suddenly turned to surprise, as the gentle Nis-o-was-sa glided out from behind her father, and confronted the assembly. It was a great breach of Indian propriety, this intrusion into the council of a woman, and Nis-o-was-sa knew it, but she was a general favorite, and before the surprise had died away, she spoke. Said she:

"'Our chiefs all know Nis-o-was-sa whom you have called the 'Day-sleep'—she is a woman and her tongue knows not the wisdom of the braves in council; but she has talked with the medicine men of the pale faces, and he has sent her to whisper a word to her friends. Nis-o-was-sa has listened to the words of wisdom that have been spoken. They are good. They please the Good Spirit. Is there a Menomonee who dare say that Nis-o-was-sa does not love her father! Has she not followed him on every trail and watched him when the warriors slept!'

"Here the girl inclined her head against her father's shoulder, and the chief, surprised and curious to know what she meant to do, remained in statue-like position evincing no disposition to interfere with her.

"'Is there a chief who will say Nis-o-was-sa does not look up to her father as the flower looks up to the sun?'

"A grave chief, whose white locks contrasted finely with his red cheeks, replied:

"'There are none to answer the 'Day Sleep;' but her words are for the lodge and not for the council. Let her father send her away!'

"'He will not!' said the girl, 'you want peace and the Great Spirit grants it—see?'

"Quicker than a flash of electric light, she grasped the knife from her father's belt, and ere he had time to avoid the the blow—she had plunged it into his heart; and while the round arm was bathed in the paternal blood, she straightened it out with the majesty of one deified by a high enthusiam—saying:

"'Now let the Menomonees and the Winnebagos be friends,'* and walked proudly and slowly out of the assemblage.

"And there you have the story; it is to be regretted that nothing more is known concerning the woman; who, if she had been born in Greece, would have monuments erected to her memory at this day."

"And how do you know there are not green monuments erected to her here?" asked the Major. "The county is illustrated with their history wherever soil could be heaped into mounds."

The conversation on this topic was interrupted here, by the entrance of several men; who were talking, as they appeared, about the bridge difficulty. They were rather noisy, and mingled with those in the room in a rude manner. Before the Major was well aware of it, he was drawn into conversation with one of them on the popular topic, and when in the middle of a pacifying and conservative speech, which rather reflected upon the east siders as a matter of policy—he was shocked to find that he had been mistaken in the man, who was an east sider, and that the attention of all in the room had been attracted to him by his remarks. With his customary tact he

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*The author is indebted for the outline and location of the above sketch, to Col. James Stanley, late of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and now a resident of St. Louis.

reversed matters, and made the west side go up in the balance, whereupon he was snapped up short by another of the party who boldly declared that he (the Major) was the identical man who had threated to shoot the teams a few days before!

"Gentlemen," said the Major, looking at the young man who had made the rash assertion, "I wish you to understand that I as yet have not identified myself with either party in this foolish squabble. I believe I need not state where my sympathies are. (Here he glanced alternately from one to the other, to assure all that the sympathy was general.) But it ill becomes any man to set up for a partizan, where the interests are general. There is no doubt that the west siders have been wronged; (the east sider's lips parted, and the Major quickly added) but who will say, the east side has not also suffered!"

"I will!" said one of the party.

The Major looked around and saw that his two friends had departed, and discretion rose in consequence. "Gentlemen, allow me to observe, that we have all been wronged, and the only way to right ourselves, is to proceed calmly and cooly—"

"Did'nt you say the other day," asked the young man with west side proclivities, "did'nt you say at the time of the muss, that the men who would break down the bridges, ought to be hung?"

This was a severe test for the Major; he had made some such remark when surrounded by excited east siders, and there was no denying it.

"I said, gentlemen, that the men, who, without a just provocation, would by mob violence, obstruct, destroy, mutilate or impede—"

"Oh, gammon!" interrupted the young man; "you stood by when Ludington came down from Kilbourntown, and you

heard him tell what they were about, and if you did'nt give it to the west siders fair and square, then I'm a liar!"

"Gentlemen, allow me!"

"The east siders are cut-throats," extemporized the speaker with much emphasis. "They threaten and bully and hav'nt the courage to cross the river without bringing a pack of lies with them to smooth matters over."

"Gentlemen, allow me!" persisted the Major.

"Oh yes, they advocate law and order, and you're their text book, ar'nt you?—but they don't intend to cheat us out of all that makes a town, do they? They don't want to have all the business and trade on their side of the river, and keep us hanging to their outskirts like a kite's tail to wiggle which way they like, hey? They don't want to fasten on to us with bridges, and tell us that the country behind must cross the river to find a market, and if we say a word, they don't want to tear down the dam and upset the manufactories—do they?

"Gentlemen, if you will allow me!"

"They come over and put out our fires for us, don't they! They don't ridicule us or nothing of that kind, do they? They don't do just as they please in every thing, building bridges and then asking us to support 'em, and when we show any spunk, they don't get out a cannon and fire it and talk about lynching us for it and then send such as you, to preach law and order, do they!"

"Gentlemen, if you will allow me."

"Well, we'll allow you. Now blow your trumpet, and may be Juneau will put you in his post office next year, or make you present of a hatchet to knock your brains out with—when they get through with you."

Here spoke up an east sider, whose blood was boiling with a hot indignation:

"It's all an infamous lie—there never was any trouble until a party of your law breakers, with Kneeland at their head, undertook to destroy the public property."

These words produced a sensation. The moving of chairs and shuffling of feet announced that those present imagined a crisis had arrived in the conversation. Some one deliberately asked, "did I understand you to say I am a liar!" but the question not being answered with the precision and sententiousness embodied in a monosyllabic affirmation the catastrophe was delayed, and he of the east side proceeded:

"I want you to understand this. If there are any villains about, they are on your side of the river. Bluster as much as you like, you cannot find a man in the east ward who has destroyed a plank of your property."

"Then they didn't point the cannon at Kilbourn's house and get ready to fire it?" said the negative young man, with his knuckles gathered up in the palm of his hand as though he was afraid they would fly off into somebody's face. "They wer'nt stopped only by being told that Kilbourn's daughter was lying dead in the house."

Then as if a new and important idea struck him, he added in a higher key:

"You never destroyed a plank of *our* property, eh! by that I suppose you mean to say that we destroyed your property at Chestnut Street—if the bridges are your property, what do you want us to pay for them for?"

It was evident from the looks of those around that this was considered a well put question. An insult is sometimes not so poignant as a question unanswerably put. The east sider was incensed and spoke accordingly, bringing up the averted crisis.

In those "good old times" men called each other liars even as they do now, but they always coupled with the language the

ability to give or receive a straight-forward, manly pummelling. Of late the custom has degenerated into a pitiful resort to letter-writing and public backbiting, but then if there was "bad blood" they "had it out." It was, therefore, but a few moments before the Major found himself surrounded by a scene of rough and tumble sport, which grieved his temperate heart sadly, and as the candles were knocked off the table, he essayed to feel his way through the opposition and darkness to the door. The proprietor of the place, however, got there before him, and, raising his voice, he shouted "murder," and added a few gratuitous exclamations about the east siders going to tear his house down. Several citizens answered the call, and just as the Major was issuing from the place, his hat was knocked over his eyes and he received several calamitous indentations in the ribs, whether from friends or foes he never knew as the hat made him as blind as the goddess of Justice—or a bat. He made but one remark, and that was "Gentlemen, allow me," and as no allowance was made, he started like a shell from a mortar for the Spring Street Bridge, and did not lessen his speed until safe within the confines of his proper ward, when he felt of his ribs, looked at his hat and remarked with that wisdom for which he was remarkable—

"Gentlemen, there is trouble brewing."

On the fifteenth of May the Board of Trustees met. There were present the following gentlemen: from the East Ward, Messrs. McClure and Prentiss; from the West Ward, Messrs. Church, Gruenhagen, Kilbourn and Kneeland; from the South Ward, Messrs. Hawkins, MaGone, Merrill, Walker and Weeks.

The following resolutions, which were laid on the table on the 14th of May, were called up and adopted:

Resolved, That James H. Rogers be and is hereby authorized to remove the floating draw from the bridge at Wells and Oneida Streets, unless the principal owners shall object thereto, and place the same in the bridge at Chestnut and Division Streets, and from the west of said bridge last named, he is authorized to construct a permanent way.

Resolved, That if the removal of said draw should be resisted, so as that he may not be able to obtain it, then that he be authorized to repair the Chestnut Street bridge by the construction of a new floating draw, and that the materials, now in said bridge and draw, be appropriated to said Rogers in part payment of the expense of making said repairs, but no other appropriations to be made by the East Ward.

Resolved, That the bridge at Wells and Oneida Street be, and the same is hereby discontinued as a public bridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

Destruction of the Menomonee bridge—Proposition of "Tax Payer"—The Destruction of the Dam—Better Feelings—Action of the Trustees.

The next morning after the Major's misadventure in the West Ward, Mrs. D'Omro approached the bed where he lay, holding a paper in her hands. She leaned over and called him by name. He answered by performing what rhetoricians call the "falling inflection" through his nose. Once more she essayed to waken him, with better success.

"Come, my dear, it's nearly noon, and your coffee will be stone cold a-waiting."

The Major performed a slow longitudinal revolution and, opening one eye at a time, murmured: "Gentlemen, allow me!"

"See, here," interrupted the wife, holding up the paper; "look at this, perhaps it will bring you to."

It did bring him to. His eyes dilated as he read the poster. It was a call upon the citizens of the East Ward, who were desirous of vindicating and maintaining their rights, to meet on the Old stamping ground.

"Ludington wrote that!" said the Major.

"Never mind who wrote it. You keep out of the fuss," was the response of his wife. "Get up and eat your breakfast and do, for heaven's sake, let the bridges alone."

This was the morning of the twenty-eighth of May. The citizens, obedient to the call, assembled about the corners of

Wisconsin and East Water Streets to the number of several hundred. Among the number was one Watson, a blacksmith, and a man, by the name of Hawkins, an engineer. The former carried a sledge in his brawny arms, and the latter a screw wrench, weapons (*Quoad hoc*) that were to be used as the impulse prompted, either in pounding the west siders or in dismantling the bridges.

The cannon was brought out again and fired, and again the community gathered about the corners. In the crowd were many men, since conspicuous in public life, and all seemed equally excited. The animosity had been nurtured and fed, and now it run over. Ludington inadvertently proposed to "let down" the Spring Street bridge, and ere the words escaped him, Hawkins, the engineer, started in the direction of the structure, and Watson followed with the crowd at his heels. Hawkins undertook to unscrew, with his wrench, the bolts holding up the draw; the crowd cheering him on, and many of them running about in search of instruments to assist in the demo lition. Watson came up, at this moment, and giving the iron rods two or three heavy blows with his sledge—separated them and the draw dropped into the water. Then went up a wild cheer from the mob, as though this foolish destruction of property were invested with all the honor of a heroic action.

The barriers were now broken down and the popular torrent could not be stopped by words of mouth. An individual, familiarly termed Bill Porter, led off. Some one shouted, "Let us tear down the Menomonee bridge! Come on!" and away rushed the mob. Such a motley and dangerous crowd had never before passed through the streets of the quiet town. Several were on horses and assumed the duties of aids; riding hastily to and fro and issuing loud directions; others found bars and axes and accumulating as they passed along, the East

Ward was entered. Here, Isaac Walker and Moses Kneeland undertook to stem the flood, and the consequence was a personal rencontre between these two gentlemen, and two of the most conspicuous of the mob, William and James Porter. However, the Menomonee bridge was attained and was triumphantly overthrown, knocked down—taken to pieces. *

Having vented their spite on the inoffensive timbers, this crowd of citizens immediately felt better. Some of them laughed, others joked, and all of them came out in the best of spirits, as though they felt ashamed of themselves, and were laughing at their own folly.

This was in reality the only real action which took place in the Bridge War. The campaign for months afterwards was continued, but was confined to the newspapers and the Board of Trustees. The individual, who is known in the newspaper column as, "Tax-Payer," had a great deal to say and was answered by an equally popular writer, known as, "Another Tax-Payer." "Citizen" contributed, and "Law and Order" did some very fine things in a conservative spirit. Here is an extract from one of "Tax-Payer's" articles:

"We must take a firm stand on this question! nor must we rest satisfied with any specious pretences and promises on the part of the LORD OF THE MANOR on the west side! We have had TOO MUCH of them already! The time for such things is past! Let the East Ward—as the law of last winter authorized it to do—erect a solid, permanent bridge at Cherry street and SWEEP AWAY ALL BELOW THAT POINT!

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* A gentleman, who was an eye witness of the destruction of this bridge, has informed us that he saw one fellow with an ax cleaving and scattering one of the logs after it had been pulled from the structure—and so entirely carried away with the excitement was he, that he literally foamed at the mouth.

A glance at the map will show that the course here recommended, although attended with a large expense—an expense which we are little able to bear, is yet one which we can accomplish, and will tell on these Spring Street gentlemen, who are the instigators of this outrage—and not upon them only, but upon all that part of the West Ward, lying between Spring and Chestnut Streets. All that need be done in the way of making streets, is to extend Water Street some 1500 feet in the river, and erect a permanent bridge upon wooden bents, and bridge the canal, and the work is done. If peradventure Cherry Street should also be made, the western travel could leave the Prairie Village road about one-half mile west of the river, and taking that street, get to Milwaukee by a route which would not depend upon the caprice of any dictator or his satellites. Let our Trustees, as we doubt not they will, meet any conciliatory measures which the Trustees of the West Ward may propose, in a spirit of conciliation, but don't let them be GAMMONED, nor yield one INCH as to the Chestnut Street bridge—a bridge built by the special sanction of our Legislature—whose legality has been established by a Judicial decision, and to put which in good order and successful operation, our citizons have contributed so much, both from their corporate and their individual funds. TAX PAYER.

The two sections for several days remained in a state of seige—those who passed from one side to the other, were understood to carry white flags with them, to be displayed at a moment's warning.

At one time during the war, the east siders threatened to tear down the dam, and the threat had been taken to heart by those on the west side, who did not stop to think that the dam was constructed of trees imbedded and impacted together in

the most durable manner, and a few of the west side Spartans resolved to defend that dam with their lives. Of course no one ever dreamed for a moment of putting so laborious a threat into execution, but the east siders claim to this day that they assembled one night and sent two spies (Moore and Gove) over into the enemy's town to reconnoitre, and to return at the firing of the cannon. They were further instructed, so it is said, to inform the west siders that the people of the East Ward were arming and preparing to go up and demolish that dam. These spies, *it is said*, proceeded cautiously within the lines of the enemy's town and approached Kilbourn's house. They saw a sentinel marching up and down before the door with a musket, and they saw Mr. Kilbourn lift a sash, and looking out, make some inquiry to which the sentinel responded in a mechanical way, "all's well," and Mr. Kilbourn's head disappeared. Having found a number of willing ears they told the story—how the east side was all up in arms, and how at the signal shot from the cannon they were to march to the dam and destroy it; as they concluded, the report of the cannon was heard, and the spies hurried away. As might be expected, in a very little while the West Ward was in a state of great excitement. Lights were seen passing quickly and flashing here and there in the river; the sound of voices was heard and it was known on the east side that the joke was working well.

A number of the East Ward people, it is said, stole up on the east side to the dam during the night and found a great number of excited Kilbournites there, armed and equipped, keeping watch over the dam, and to this day the story is related with infinite gusto by certain worthies as one of the best jokes ever heard of, while others will insist that an attempt was actually made upon the dam, and nothing but the imposing array of stout hearts there assembled—saved it.

After several months of war, a feeling of compromise began to be evinced, and on the night of December 31st, 1845, the belligerents met by their representatives in the corporation meeting, and a general desire to settle all the difficulties amicably, was apparent. Mr. Prentiss offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee of two members of this board, from the East, and two from the West Ward, be now appointed, whose duty it shall be, to issue proposals for the construction of new and permanent bridges across the Milwaukie river at the places hereinafter mentioned, and to enter into contracts in behalf of the said wards, with the lowest responsible bidder, for the erection of the same during the present winter:

1st. A double-track bridge at the foot of Wisconsin and Spring Streets, twenty-eight feet wide, with two draws, (one on each side of the river,) seventy feet long; a walk for foot passengers on each side, and a suitable house attached thereto, to be occupied by the attendant of said bridge.

2d. A bridge, twenty feet in width, to connect Water and Cherry Streets, to be constructed without a draw.

Resolved, That the expense of constructing, sustaining and attending said bridges, shall be apportioned between said wards, as follows:

1st. The East Ward shall pay five eighths, and the West Ward three eighths of the expense of constructing the bridge at Spring and Wisconsin Streets, and forever thereafter, each of said wards shall pay in proportion to their respective tax lists, for repairing, sustaining and attending said bridge.

2d. The West Ward to construct the bridge across the canal, bayou, and the street, across the island, and the East Ward the bridge, and a continuation of Water Street to connect said Water with Cherry Street; and thereafter said bridge across

t river and bayou to be kept in repair, and sustained, by contributions in proportion to the respective tax lists in each of said wards.

Resolved, That the said bridge at Chestnut Street may be removed from the river, and the materials used by the two wards in the construction of the work above agreed upon, between Water and Cherry Streets.

Resolved, That the members of the West Ward do hereby stipulate and pledge the faith of the said ward, that they will, or before the —— day of ——— next ensuing, construct and open a good and passable road or avenue, suitable for the passage of loaded teams, from the Milwaukie river, by Cherry and Vliet Streets, to intersect with the Prairieville road; and the members of the East Ward do stipulate and pledge the faith of the East Ward, that Water Street from Division Street to the bridge at Water and Cherry Streets, shall be constructed, as soon as the avenue is made from said Cherry Street to the Prairieville road.

Resolved, That the bridge at Wells and Oneida Streets may, and shall remain in the river, until the work above mentioned between Water and Cherry Streets, and the opening of said Cherry and Vliet Streets, is completed and ready for the public travel, at which time the said bridge is to be vacated.

Resolved, That in case the foregoing resolutions are adopted, it shall be, and is hereby expressly understood and agreed, that the "vexed question" in relation to bridges between the East and West Wards, is permanently and forever settled, and the faith of the said wards pledged to carry said resolutions into effect, and abide the pledge contained in this resolution.

On motion of Mr. Prentiss, the first blank was filled with the word "first," and the second blank with the word "September."

These resolutions, with some unimportant amendments, were adopted, and from this time the excitement rapidly died out. The old Spring Street bridge, one pleasant day in 1850, (it was Thursday, the seventh day of March,) actually tumbled down under the weight of three loaded wagons and horses, and teamsters and vehicles were precipitated into the river. A number of citizens rushed on the end of the structure to witness the action of those in the water—when, lo! the end gave way and some fifteen persons were soon paddling and dashing about below; happily, boats were at hand and all were pulled out alive; but the break sealed the doom of the old bridge. In March, 1846, James H. Rogers built the present bridge, at a cost of $2,900.

CHAPTER XX.

The Charter—Incorporation of the City—Its First Mayor and Officers—The Inaugural Address of Mayor Juneau—Valedictory—The Election of 1847—Excitement in Regard to the Constitution—Its Rejection and Burial.

On Monday, January 5th, 1846, the people of Milwaukie were presented with a City Charter, for their approval. There were many who thought and said it was folly to make Milwaukie a city before the Territory became a State. There was also one or two objectionable clauses in the Charter. One was the Section providing that none but *free white* male citizens and aliens, who have declared their intentions, who shall have paid taxes, performed highway labor or served as firemen for six months previous to any election, shall be entitled to vote thereat. This virtually excluded a member of good citizens from voting, and was opposed. There was another clause, providing that one-third only of the Aldermen should be elected annually, and when so elected they should hold their office for six years. This, too, was objectionable. What might not Aldermen, with evil minds, do in these years? As the papers said, "They might throw a bridge across the river, at the foot of every street, or take them all away, or shovel half the town into the lake and ditch the other half like a field fortification.

It was, however, presented to the people.

The whole number of votes polled in the city were 975. The majority in favor of the Charter was 311. The South and West Wards voting almost unanimously for it; the East Ward giv-

ing a majority of 144 against it. This was a small vote. The election for Trustees, took place at the same time, and 1,222 votes were pulled.

During the same month, the Legislature passed the Act of Incorporation; and on the 24th of March, at a Democratic caucus, Mr. Solomon Juneau was nominated for Mayor. There were four candidates for the office, and the vote at the caucus stood as follows:

D. J. A. Upham, 10 first ballot; 11 second ballot; 10 third ballot; 9 fourth ballot. H. N. Wells, 5 first ballot; 3 second ballot; 3 third ballot; 2 fourth ballot. J. H. Rogers, 2 first ballot. Solomon Juneau, 3 first ballot; 11 second ballot; 12 third ballot; 14 fourth ballot.

On Tuesday, March 31st, the Whig Convention—at which Wm. A. Prentiss presided—nominated John H. Tweedy. Every ballot being cast for him.

The two tickets then stood as follows:

WHIG CANDIDATES.—*For Mayor*, John H. Tweedy.

FIRST WARD.—*Aldermen*, E. Cramer, E. G. Dunham, H. Ludington. *Justice of the Peace*, J. T. Smith. *Constable*, B. H. Caswell.

SECOND WARD.—*Aldermen*, Cicero Comstock, J. A. Phelps, S. D. Cowles. *Justice of the Peace*, Emery Greenleaf. *Constable*, Lyman Fluskey.

THIRD WARD.—*Aldermen*, Wm. Brown, J. Davelin, R. G. Owens. *Justice of the Peace*, John F. Rague.

FOURTH WARD.—*Aldermen*, Ira E. Goodall, Erastus S. Marsh, Sumner R. Johnson. *Justice of the Peace*, Charles C. Savage. *Constable*, Jacob Gintz.

FIFTH WARD.—*Aldermen*, Loton H. Lane, Peter N. Cushman, Jr., Giles A. Wait. *Justice of the Peace*, Sidney S. Childs. *Constable*, Joseph Headley.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.—*For Mayor*, Solomon Juneau.

FIRST WARD.—*Aldermen*, J. B. Smith, David George, Joshua Hathaway. *Justice of the Peace*, J. B. Cross. *Constable*, J. A. Leibhaber.

SECOND WARD.—*Aldermen*, Byron Kilbourn, Egbert Moseley, George Abert. *Justice of the Peace*, T. D. Butler. *Constable*, David Knab.

THIRD WARD.—*Aldermen*, W. W. Graham, Richard Murphy, Nath'l P. Holman. *Justice of the Peace*, Alex. Mathieson. *Constable*, Patrick Guerin.

FOURTH WARD.—*Aldermen*, L. P. Crary, Moses Kneeland, George G. Blodget. *Justice of the Peace*, Charles A. Tuttle. *Constable*, John Mitchell.

FIFTH WARD.—*Aldermen*, L. W. Weeks, David Merrill, Richard M. Sweet. *Justice of the Peace*, John Mc'Collum. *Constable*, R. H. Bryant.

The election was held on the first Tuesday in April. The polls being opened at the following places: First Ward at Military Hall, Francis Randall, George A. Tiffany and David George, Inspectors; in the Second Ward at the Mansion House, Egbert Mosely, L. H. Cotton and J. F. Gruenhagen, Inspectors; in the Third Ward at the Tremont House, James Kneeland, Andrew McCormick and Wm. A. Prentiss, Inspectors; in the Fourth Ward at the Trustees Hall, Ira E. Goodall, Sidney L. Rood and Geo. G. Blodget, Inspectors; in the Fifth Ward at the Cottage Inn, Lemuel W. Weeks, Robert Allen and Ackley Carter, Inspectors. The polls were opened at one o'clock, P. M., and remained open until "five."

Tweedy received in the First Ward 133, Juneau 207; in the Second Ward Tweedy 72, Juneau 171; Third Ward Tweedy 86, Juneau 214, Fourth Ward Tweedy 61, Juneau 91; Fifth Ward Tweedy 52, Juneau 66; for Tweedy 404; for

Juneau 749; the whole number of votes polled being 1,153 Mr. Juneau's majority 345.

Three Aldermen were elected from each ward, as follows: First Ward, John B. Smith, Joshua Hathaway, A. W. Hatch; Second Ward, Byron Kilbourn, George Abert, C. Comstock; Third Ward, W. W. Graham, Nath. B. Holman, Richard, Murphy; Fourth Ward, Moses Kneeland, Leonard P. Crary, Geo. G. Blodget; Fifth Ward, L. W. Weeks, A. Smart, P. N. Cushman, jr.

This was a "clean" Democratic victory. The Whig organ in announcing the result said, "our Loco Foco friends 'served us out' and no mistake. It is a great comfort when one is beaten to have the work done up thoroughly. It will be seen that in this view of the case, the Whigs have abundant ground to be satisfied with the result."

On Friday, April tenth, the new Common Council assembled at their rooms, and the oath of office was administered to the Mayor elect, Solomon Juneau, by Lindsey Ward, President of the Board of Trustees. His Honor, the Mayor, in turn administering the oath to the Aldermen elect. The Council having been organized, Solomon Juneau proceeded to read the following inaugural address:*

Gentlemen:—It is made my duty by the charter under which we have our existence as a municipal corporation, to recommend to you, in writing, such measures as I may deem expedient and calculated to advance the interest of our city.

In performing this duty, I feel conscious that my burden is light, knowing, as I do, that those with whom I am to co-operate are well versed in all matters pertaining to our welfare.

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*Written for Mr. Juneau by H. N. Wells.

However, as it will be expected on this occasion that I should make some general remarks relative to the course to be pursued by us, I shall proceed in as brief a manner as possible to lay before you a few general matters that I think should receive an early attention at your hands.

The confusion incident to a change of government, has rendered it impossible for me to lay before you a correct statement of our financial condition, but prudence would seem to dictate to us the propriety of ascertaining at as early a day as possible the precise state of the financial affairs of the city, and all proper efforts in future should be directed to keeping our expenditures within our means, and if it is ascertained that we are in debt at present, no time should be lost in taking such measures as will be best calculated to insure at no distant period a final liquidation of all just claims against us.

Our commercial interests should receive a proper share of your attention, and every facility should be afforded those engaged in commercial business, to transact the same in a prompt and efficient manner, and nothing should be wanting on the part of the city, to render the whole of the commercial part of it easy of access to the vessels navigating our lakes.

Proper measures should be taken to render easy of access our city to every part of the country around us, and a due sense of self-respect would seem to suggest to us the propriety of keeping our streets and sidewalks as clear from impediments as the business of the city will permit.

Such measures as in your wisdom you may think meet, should be taken to preserve the health of the city; and nothing should be left undone that would have a tendency to relieve the distressed and destitute who are incapable of providing the means of comfort and support for themselves.

The Fire Department should receive your fostering care, and

everything should be done that is calculated to render those volunteers, serving the city in the capacity of firemen, secure from injuries by the explosion of powder or other explosive matter.

The subject of gaming should receive your attention, and nothing in your power should be wanting to secure the youth of the city from the wiles and devices of the gambler. Nor should he who is so far regardless of the morals of a community, as to prostitute the energies of his mind and body to gaining a livelihood by openly following the illicit business of gaming, be permitted to range our streets, unwhipt of justice.

This much I have thought proper to suggest as being of a public and general nature, trusting fully to your wisdom and experience in rightly directing all things relating to our welfare, and in framing such ordinances as will be best calculated to advance the interest of the city, fully assuring you, that you will have my cordial co-operation in every thing tending to promote our common good; and that all in my power will be done to have the laws of the territory, and ordinances of the city, properly observed and faithfully and impartially executed.

In performing the duties of presiding officer of your body, I shall have to ask your indulgence and assistance, knowing that my want of experience in presiding over deliberative bodies will be sensibly felt by me, and without your indulgence and friendly counsel I can scarcely hope to execute that part of my official duty in a manner satisfactory to myself or the public.

Solomon Juneau's administration was marked by nothing of unusual interest in the city. The common council was a most efficient body of citizens, as will be seen by the names. They were all intelligent and industrious men, and assembled punc-

tually at their post once a week, to transact the city's business. Solomon Juneau took the Mayor's chair with little or no knowledge of parliamentary rules. He had never before presided over a deliberative body. His education and associations had been apart from conventional forms. Still, he was a man of good "sound sense," quick perceptions and rather modest.

He did not preside at the council after the night of its organization, (the reason advanced was that he was necessarily absent from the city much of his time attending to Indian affairs) and J. B. Smith was elected acting Mayor. There is considerable of the romantic in this honoring of a man for qualifitions of a pioneer and for his virtues. And such was the case. He had little or no knowledge of politics; had been reared, one might say, in the wilderness; was without experience in municipal matters and possessed little of the executive ability displayed by others of the old settlers, and yet there were many admirable traits in his character, and there was something fitting in the election of the founder of the city and the man universally respected, to be the first Mayor of the city.

On retiring from the office of Mayor, Wednesday, April 14, 1847, Mr. Juneau delivered the following valedictory:

GENTLEMEN:—Before I vacate this chair, I wish to make a few remarks to your honorable body. When I first set foot on this soil, some thirty years ago, I little thought that during my age and generation I should behold such a sight as now presents itself. Then the red man was supreme monarch of the place on which our delightful city now stands, the plains and the rivers of Wisconsin belonged to him and were subject to his wild control, but now the scene has changed; the war whoop of the Indian has given way to the mild counsels of civilized and intelligent men; the wigwam is supplanted by massive and ornamental structures; the place of the bark canoe,

which was then the only craft that floated upon the waters of the noble river that meanders through the heart of your city, has been filled by the hundreds of vessels propelled by wind and steam, that now annually visit our shore and enter our harbor, laden with the commerce of the East and bear off the surplus produce of Wisconsin.

"Here we behold a city of twelve thousand inhabitants with her beautiful streets and walks, her fine gardens, and splendid buildings and her intelligent and enterprising population, where eleven years since the soil was unbroken.

"I have been a resident of your city from its first commencement to the present day, and trust gentlemen you will do me the justice to believe that its interest, growth and prosperity have ever been and still are my dearest desire; that it may continue to increase in size and population is my sincerest wish. That we may have wholesome laws and the same well administered, will be my earnest prayer when I shall have retired from the honorable and responsible station to which the partiality of my fellow citizens has elevated me.

"In yielding up the trust reposed in me, I cannot but feel a proud satisfaction that it is to pass into the hands of a gentleman whose abilities, integrity, high standing and long tried virtues among his fellow citizens, fully entitle him to the confidence they have placed in him. Allow me then to tender through you to my fellow citizens, my sincere acknowledgments for their support, kindness and indulgence which I have received at their hands. I was conscious at the outset that my experience had not been such as to qualify me to discharge the duties of the office I now hold, either in a measure satisfactory to the public or myself, but notwithstanding you have received but little aid from me, I am satisfied that the public interests have not suffered from want of an able and faithful

representative in the Common Council, and for the prudent, judicious and economical administration of the affairs of our infant, yet growing and prosperous city, the city are indebted to your wisdom and intelligence. I regret that other avocations have allowed me to preside so seldom over your deliberations, not that I could have hoped to aid or benefit you, or those you have so ably and faithfully represented, but because I fear that my absence may have been construed into an indifference to the interests of our city.

Again offering you, and particularly the gentleman who has with so much ability presided over your deliberations during my absence, my grateful acknowledgements, and my best wishes for your individual health and happiness, I cheerfully give up the chair that I occupy, to the gentleman whom the people have chosen to succeed me.

Thus ended the administration of Solomon Juneau, the first Mayor of Milwaukee—with a benediction upon the town, if we may be allowed to put that title to a valedictory, which is merely an expression of hopes and thanks.

In 1847, H. N. Wells and Geo. H. Walker, were nominated for the Mayorality, on the issue of a State Constitution. Geo. H. Walker being in favor of the adoption of the State Constitution, and H. N Wells opposed to it. The latter was elected. The vote standing as follows:

H. N. Wells, 278 First Ward; 161 Second Ward; 272 Third Ward; 129 Fourth Ward; 134 Fifth Ward. Total, 974. Geo. H. Walker, 233 First Ward; 174 Second Ward; 162 Third Ward; 55 Fourth Ward; 37 Fifth Ward. Total, 657.

The following gentlemen composed the new Board of Aldermen, viz:

First Ward.—James B. Martin, Nelson Ludington, Victor Schulte.

Second Ward.—Owen Van Dyke, I. Walter, R. N. Messinger.

Third Ward.—B. H. Edgerton, John Furlong, R. G. Owens.

Fourth Ward.—J. H. Rogers, Ira E. Goodall, Henry Sayrs.

Fifth Ward.—L. W. Weeks, W. A. Hawkins, G. A. Wait.

The two parties, the constitutionals and the anti-constitutionals, were very much excited during this campaign, and many and loud were the speeches made commendatory and denunciatory. One evening a collision took place between them on East Water Street. The anti-constitutionals held their meeting at the Milwaukie House, and the constitutionals at the United States Hotel, on the corner of East Water and Huron Streets. The former party marched down, past the United States Hotel, and after parading on the Point, returned, when the collision occurred. John Fillmore had provided the anti-constitutionals with chair backs for torch staffs, and on arriving at Michigan Street, the line being broken, a street row occurred, and the chair backs came into use. One distinguished citizen was found under a wagon, and tradition is very contradictory as to the cause, one saying that he was knocked under it, and the other, that the law of self-preservation like the law of gravitation attracted him thither. Geo. H. Walker took a conspicuous part in the campaign, and was a hearty supporter of the constitution. He, and the constitution, however, were sadly beaten.

On the night of the election, the anti's formed a procession, and carrying the constitution in a small coffin, marched down to Walker's Point to the residence of the candidate, and pro-

posed to perform funeral ceremonies over it and then inter it. Mr. Walker was kindly invited to participate in the ceremonies, which he did, eulogizing the remains and predicting that, when the full returns were in, it would rise phœnix-like from its ashes, and become the living guardian of our liberties, &c. But it was fated to be otherwise; it never rose.

The common council of this year appears to have been very severe in the enforcement of its rules: we find in the record the following account of the manner, in which absentees were treated:

Mr. Graham moved a call of the House and the motion prevailed.

The doors being closed and the roll called, the following Aldermen answered to their names, viz: Hathaway, Hatch, Smith, Graham, Murphy, Crary, Kneeland—7.

Absent: Ald. Blodget, Kilbourn, Abert, Comstock, Holman, Sweet, Weeks, Cushman—8.

On motion of Mr. Crary, the Marshal was dispatched after the absent members.

After an absence of an hour, the Marshal returned and reported that he had found one or two of the absent members and that they refused to attend.

The Acting Mayor having resumed the chair,

Mr. Crary moved that the City Marshal, with the Captain of the Watch and such other force as he may deem necessary, be directed to enforce the attendance of the absent members of the Board *forthwith.*

Which motion was carried *unanimously.*

The Marshal, with six Watchmen, was accordingly dispatched after the missing members.

At half-past 11, Ald. Blodget appeared and rendered an excuse for his absence, which was accepted.

Mr. Hathaway moved to dispense with further proceedings under the call, which motion was under discussion, when, at a quarter before 12, the Marshal returned with Ald. Sweet, and reported that he had called at the house of Ald. Weeks who refused to attend the summons of the Board and, shutting the door, defied the power of the Marshal to break it open. The Marshal, doubting his power in the premises, returned for further instructions.

Mr. Crary hoped that the Marshal and City Watch would be again dispatched after Ald. Weeks and compel his attendance forthwith, using the necessary force therefor.

Mr. Sweet was in favor of having all the missing members brought up. He should like to see a full Board here, once.

The Chair informed the Alderman from the Fifth that he was in the custody of the Marshal at present and could not be permitted to address the Board.

Mr. Hathaway desired to know, if the Board could direct its officers to break into the house of an Alderman and bring him, by force, to the meeting.

Mr. Graham had no doubt that, if the Board could compel the attendance of the members, it could direct its officers to break into the houses of members and bring them hither by force.—The question involved the rights and privileges of the Board and, indeed, their very existence. Ald. Weeks had set the authority of the Board at defiance, and he (Mr. G.,) for one, desired to try the question, now, whether any one member could treat the Council in this contemptuous way, with impunity.

Mr. Crary argued to show that, under the rules, the Board had full authority to compel the attendance of absent members and to use all necessary force to secure this end, though it might

be doubtful, under the Common Law, whether they could break open a door for that purpose.

Mr. Blodget took a similar view of the question.

Mr. Graham, in reply, insisted that the Board would make a perfect humbug of the business, if they did not compel, at every hazard, the attendance of Ald. Weeks.

The question being then taken, the motion to dispense with further proceedings under the call was *lost*.

Mr. Sweet, being then called upon for his excuse, stated that he had left the Board, because he supposed the business was concluded, and without any thought of casting disrespect on the Board.

Mr. Blodget moved that Ald. Sweet be excused on paying his fine, which was carried.

Whereupon Ald. Sweet walked up to the Clerk's office and was about to pay his fine of 50 cents, when Ald. Blodget did it for him.

The Marshal was then again directed to proceed with the City Watch and compel the attendance of Ald. Weeks.

At 2 A. M., the Marshal and Watch returned and reported that they could not get at Ald. Weeks without breaking open his door.

After some conversation as to what the Board should do next,

Mr. Hathaway moved to dispense with all further proceedings under the call, which was lost as follows :

Yeas—Ald. Hathaway, Smith, Blodget—3.

Nays—Ald. Hatch, Graham, Murphy, Crary, Kneeland, Sweet—6.

Mr. Blodget moved to adjourn till Friday evening, at 6 o'clock, and that the Marshal be directed to have Ald. Weeks here. Lost, ayes—3, noes—6.

Mr. Hathaway again moved to dispense with the call. Lost, ayes—3, noes—6.

Mr. Crary moved to adjourn. Lost.

Mr. Hathaway once more renewed the motion to suspend the call. He thought it was about time for the Board to come to some conclusion.

Mr. Blodget did not believe in spiting ourselves. We might as well own up beat at our own game. For one, he did not believe in sitting up all night and waiting until Dr. Weeks got through with his nap and came to the Board.

Mr. Crary was in favor of going through with the matter, now that the Board had gone so far.

The motion to suspend the call, was then put and carried.

Ald. Blodget offered the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That the conduct of Ald. Weeks in leaving the Council without a quorum this evening, and virtually adjourning the same, when requested to *remain*, and refusing to attend the call of the House when made and personally notified by the Marshal, is deserving the severest censure.

That this Board, in view of such conduct, do request the Mayor to strike the name of said Weeks from all committees, except ward committees, and the City Attorney is hereby directed to commence suit immediately against him for his fine.

A. Floyd was appointed Watchman in the fourth ward, D. H. Lambert in the fifth ward.

Ald. Graham introduced an ordinance to compel the attendance of absent members, which was read three times and passed.

And then the Board adjourned till Thursday evening next, at 5 P. M.

At the meeting on Thursday, Sept. 11, subsequently, it

again appeared that no quorum was present, and Mr. Graham moved a call of the house. The doors were closed and the roll called and the following gentlemen answered to their names: Hathaway, Hatch, Smith, Graham, Murphy, Crary, and Kneeland. The following were absent: Blodget, Kilbourn, Abert, Comstock, Sweet, Weeks and Cushman. On motion, the Marshal was dispatched for absent members. After an hour the officer returned and reported that he had found one or two of the absentees and that they refused to attend. Mr. Crary then moved that the City Marshal, with the captain of the watch and such other force as he "may deem necessary," be directed to enforce their attendance. This was carried unanimously and the Marshal and watchman accordingly went in search of the delinquents. About 11 o'clock, Ald. Blodget appeared and excused himself, and the Marshal appearing also Mr. Crary hoped that he would be sent back for the other members. It does not appear, however, that the worthy Aldermen could be coerced; whether they were indulging in the legendary turtle soup, which is said to become a necessity to men who assume municipal honors—or whether they were employed less profitably to themselves and more profitably to the public, we of this day cannot say. But we know from the record left us that the worthy gentlemen who composed the city government at this time, were both able and willing and had the interests of the infant city at heart, as their labors so well demonstrate even to this day, when in our choice of men we are not always similarly blessed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Change in the Name—Hunting Wolves at Wauwatosa—Personal Reminiscences—Charter Election of 1848—Election of Byron Kilbourn—His Inaugural—The Proposed Harbor.

THE orthography of the town's name proved a source of much perplexity to many of the citizens from the earliest period of its history. The question upon which much argument and research was expended was whether the terminal syllable should be *kee* or *kie*. It was contended that *kie* was the French manner of writing the word by a number, and as stoutly contended by others that *kee* was the original Indian word, that should be adhered to. Byron Kilbourn, among others, maintained that *kie* was the proper terminus. The dispute that followed was like many others, it resulted in a difference of opinion, and for several years one side of the town spelled and printed the word kee, and the other side spelled and printed it kie. There is no means of settling this question even at this day—though common usage has made *kee* the fashion. Those who love research may enjoy themselves in reading the long and to us dry essays about the derivation of the term which are embalmed in the racks of our newspaper publishers. It was another case of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. The French and Aboriginal were each to be respected. The word itself was a mixture of both and the only wonder to us is that people who stickle about the orthography of this town do not benefit the State by a laudable endeavor to give appropriate

names to other localities where they are needed. There are now two Rock rivers in the State, two Fox rivers, Springvales without number, and a whole list of Greenfields and Bloomfields and Richfields that might be improved by a little admixture of either French or Indian and prove in the end a benefit to the dead letter office.

The question seems to have been settled by the publication of certain laws which adopted the *kee* form; though it is not certain now that the friends of *kee* did not buy up the lawmakers. It was printed *kee*, and one obstinate publisher of a newspaper, who persisted in inserting the *i*, in the terminal, had his office entered one night, and the obnoxious "*i*" feloniously abstracted from the heading of his paper; after which the sheet was compelled to appear with an extra "*e*." This was the downfall of the *kie's*, and henceforth *Milwauk*EE became popular. Now, we never see the old word, unless we get a letter from down east, where they look upon an old map for information and see the town designated as *Milwaukie*.

Milwaukee was now a vigorous city. In the spring of this year, '48, there were more sail vessels building at this port than any other on the Upper Lakes. At the ship-yards of D. Merrill & Co., in the Fifth Ward, a barque was building, of three hundred and fifty tons, for Merrill & Sweet, to be called the "Nucleus;" also a schooner of one hundred and nineteen tons, for Theodore Newell, of Southport, to be called the "Muskegon." At the ship-yard of Capt. Geo. Barber, near the mouth of the Menomonee, in the Fourth Ward, there was building a schooner, for Thorson & Arnold, of one hundred and fifty tons, the "Twin Brothers," and another for Geo. D. Dousman, of one hundred and ten tons. In the Second Ward, S. A. Hubbell was building a three-masted schooner, for Perkins & Hubbell, of three hundred and fifty tons. The schooner, "Michæl

Dousman," was also on the stocks being lengthened eighteen feet, to make her a vessel of two hundred tons, so that altogether there were now on the stocks and soon to be launched, new vessels, the tonnage of which, in the aggregate, amounts to one thousand, three hundred and seventy-five tons, all of which belong to this port; and there were employed, in the ship-yards, one hundred and forty-five men. The population of the city was 16,000.

Only two years before, the sportsmen went out to Wauwatosa to hunt wolves; and but a little while before this date—of which we now write—there were companies of men who went weekly, on hunting expeditions, just west of the city. Indeed, we have a poster before us now, printed in '47, setting forth that a meeting of the Sportsmen of Greenfield, Wauwatosa and other towns, will meet at Carron's, on the Madison Road, on Wednesday, the 29th inst., for the purpose of a drive, from thence to the Mukwonago Road, through the great swamp. It adds: "As this swamp is well-known to be the hiding-place of wolves and bears, and other animals, which it is proposed to exterminate on the above day—rare sport may be expected. Citizens, who join in the expedition, will be under the direction of a superintendent, appointed for the day." Jolly times! Let us not cavil at those who love to talk of "good old times." The pioneers may indeed, "bear the heat and burden of the day," but do they not, after all, realize a solid happiness, that we, who came after, never feel? Look at them in the wilderness! or in the settlement. They have stolen the ruddy glow of the Indian summer and put on the sturdy air of the old oaks. And in the young city, isolated—without rail-roads, without telegraphs, without lecture committees and without any of the artificial shocks that thrill us in our electric contact with the world. Jolly, is a very good word—

slightly English, perhaps, and apt to be considered intemperately, but good for all. It would, perhaps, astonish the happy dogs of this day and generation to get a peep at the amusements of the sober town, at its immaturity.

During the first years of its settlement there was not a poor man in it. Such a wealthy, munificent set of happy fellows could not be found elsewhere. They were all oppressed with riches; money was actually a drug. They paid it out to the host of the Milwaukee House, not as you or I at this parsimonous age would dole out dollars, but by the bundles. They paid a fiddler fifty dollars to come up from Chicago and help them dance They never said, "that's too high a bill"—even though it were a pyramid of charges—they said, "what's the damage, stranger?" out came the wallet. Has not Alexander F. Pratt told us how Juneau, during the first era was worth $100,000 "with a fair prospect of doubling it in a few months," and how every body was worth as much *in proportion!* The same gentleman assures us that he has seen Juneau go into his store in those days and take from his drawers ten thousand dollars, the proceeds of one day's trade, and put the money in his hat. He also saw the hat once playfully knocked off in a crowd and the ten thousand dollars flew in various directions and nobody thought it worth while to pick them up.* This was the golden era. The age of dross, and quarter sections. But the succeeding eras were as pleasant if not as bright with specie—the gradual accumulation of a city—the slow receding of crude life before the blandishments of art—when G. G. Dousman hunted turkeys on Wisconsin street and many who are now rheumatic, and perhaps frosted with time's powder—used to

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*See Vol. 1 of Historical Societies collections Reminiscences of Wisconsin, by Alex. F. Pratt.

trip the light fantastic at the Bellevue and play *poker* at the Cottage Inn—jolly times and worthy men. They paid their one hundred dollars "a-piece" for their lots and now would not take five thousand for them, for they have held them through all the mutations, worked on them and lived about them, helped build up a city on them. The amber of a blessed climate has preserved most of them fresh to this day and all are honored and respected.

We said "no telegraph." We find in the Milwaukee Sentinel of June 28th, 1845, the following timid shadow of one:

"Startling as may appear the announcement and visionary as the prediction may seem, we prophecy that within a period of three years a direct communication, by the magnetic telegraph, will be established between Milwaukee and the Eastern cities, by which INTELLIGENCE CAN BE TRANSMITTED IN TEN MINUTES!"

"Startling announcement." On August 31, 1860, Senator Seward sent the first telegram over the wires that reached St. Paul, and ere the present generation shall have passed away the electric currents will be leaping over the great Desert and down the Pacific slope!

Hunting wolves. What a setting does the mere announcement give to our city. Wolves, wilderness, thickets—wild and impenetrable. Forest paths blazed through ancient timber; dark coverts where Indian legends linger; mounds and muddy trails; cities planted but separated by long and painful stages; a domain in which the surveyor who drives his stake startles the wild fowl with a scream, and whose ax is answered by the baying of ravenous throats. But a little while, and now the city stretches out its fingers of enterprise and improvement, spins its iron web over the wilds and sends its car spouting fire at every seam out into the wilderness, to sow villages and farms

and make a harsher but pleasanter music with its iron whistle. A little while and

"Thou shalt hear
Distant harvest carols clear
Rustle of the reaped corn.
Sweet birds antheming the morn,
Acorns ripe down pattering
While the farmers laugh and sing."

The charter election of 1848 resulted in the election of Byron Kilbourn for Mayor, over Rufus King, the latter nominated by the Whigs, and the former by the Democrats. The Democrats elected their entire ticket; King receiving 881 votes, and Kilbourn 1079. Chas. Geisberg was also elected City Treasurer over Orlando Alexander; and Chas. A. Tuttle City Attorney over J. Emmons.

Mr. Kilbourn, in his inaugural, April 12th, advocated in strong language the advantages of railroads, and devoted considerable time to the necessity of a harbor. The latter portion of his address embodies so much that is instructive in relation to the history of our "straight cut," and sets forth the necessity of a safe harbor so explicitly that we can do no better than give it here.

"Great inconvenience is experienced by the shipping interests in consequence of the peculiar condition of things about the harbor. This is an interest of too much magnitude and of too much importance to the city, to be neglected. It is not necessary for me to inform the board, why, or how, the government piers came to be located where they are, as any retrospect on this subject would not remedy the evils and inconveniences which have been imposed on the city, by an improper, if not corrupt use of government power, in the hands of subordinate officers. If the government or its agents have done us injustice, the city authorities have it in their power to remedy

the evil, by constructing piers, and an entrance into the river, at the site as surveyed by Lieuts. Center and Rose, and thereby furnish an easy and convenient entrance into the river for all steamboats and vessels visiting this port.

Estimates for this purpose have been heretofore made and submitted to the board, and the necessary tax has been authorized by a vote of the qualified electors of the city. The people by such vote have declared themselves in favor of the proposed work, and it becomes the duty of their representatives in this board, to devise the ways and means, and the best and most advisable mode and manner for carrying into effect the wishes of the people. It has been heretofore proposed to make a loan for this purpose; and if such a course should still seem the better one, by the board, I should freely co-operate in carrying out your decisions. But the expense will be so small, in comparison with the present means and resources of the city, that it may be well questioned, whether it would not be the better course, to levy a tax, say, to the amount of one half of one per centum per annum, for two years, and apply the proceeds directly to the performance of the work; without resorting to a loan, subject to all the expenses, uncertainties, delays, and difficulties, attendant upon the obtainment and payment of a loan, and the annual interest thereon.

With the proposed additional cut, between the river and the lake, our harbor will be beyond comparison, the finest and most convenient of any similar work on the whole range of the Lakes. The new channel being half a mile from the old one, with a broad and deep river uniting them, steamboats and craft of all kinds, bound up or down the lake, can enter at either one, as may be the most convenient; and in case of stormy weather, the piers of both channels, extending far into the lake, will produce between them comparatively smooth

water, making the entrance to the north one, more easy and safe, than if the other had not been constructed. There is nothing imaginary in the suggestion, but it is a fact beyond controversy, that, if the proposed channel were constructed, the entrance to this port would be more safe, certain, and easy, than to any other port on the lakes; and it would, for that reason, be more generally sought for, as a refuge by navigators, than would any other port. Such a fact alone, would be worth thousands of dollars annually to the place, and would go far to remunerate the expense incurred by our citizens for the protection of this branch of our trade. But the fact, that, by means of this improvement, steamboats can readily enter the river in all weather, and in all their trips up and down the lake, will throw into the markets, the stores, the shops, the taverns, the groceries, the wood-yards, and the hands of industry, in every shape, known and unknown, an amount of business, which will annually repay to the city, not only its expenditures, necessary to accomplish the enterprise, but will leave a large surplus every year in the hands of our citizens, over and above the entire cost of the work.

"It can be shown from good *data*, that Milwaukee actually loses for want of this improvement, more than *fifty thousand dollars, per year*, or more than twice the amount that it would cost to make the harbor complete; and furthermore, that it has been subjected to this loss for years simply because we had not energy enough to make an expenditure of some $15,000, some years since, whereby it might have been saved. While an entire apathy on this subject has pervaded our councils, our sister town of Racine, has been setting us a beautiful and praiseworthy example of public spirit and appreciation of her true interests. Without a fourth part of our means and resources, the people there, bravely entered upon the undertak-

14

ing of making a harbor for themselves; and nobly did they accomplish it. Without *data*, I state from information, that in one year, a tax of *five per centum*, was levied on all the taxable property of that place, by the vote and free consent of the citizens, almost, if not quite unanimously expressed; and as freely and promptly paid by them. Other taxes were levied at different times until, as I understand, the amount of $25,000 was raised, and the harbor completed. Now if Milwaukee, would at this time, raise a tax of only *one per centum*, on the taxable wealth of her citizens, the object would be accomplished at once; or if she will for only two years levy the inconsiderable tax of the HALF of one per cent, the work can be done, and no individual will scarcely feel that it has cost him a dollar; while all branches of industry will feel sensibly its invigorating influence. If in addition, we take into consideration the enhanced value of real estate which this improvement will produce in all the lower Wards of the city, its cost will be found to be so small, that it will sink into insignificance.

"It is presumed that this subject would have commanded the attention of our people, and especially of our public men more strongly in times past, had it not been for some counteracting influences which directly or indirectly, properly or improperly, were made to bear upon it, through mistaken views of local policy. Some of those owners of property, more particularly interested in the southern portion of the city plat, have supposed that it would operate injuriously to their peculiar interests, if a new channel were made at the proposed site. This, it is believed, was a conclusion, without a sufficient reason, and if true, ought not to be permitted to operate to the prejudice of the business interests of the whole city. But you, gentlemen, are called upon by every just sense of public duty, to look upon Milwaukee as one and indivisible in all her interests, and

in all her measures of policy. The time has nearly arrived, and every friend of our prosperity should hail with delight the time, when we can all feel, that the prosperity of *any one part* of Milwaukee is a *common* benefit to the *whole.*—Time was, and only a brief space since, that Milwaukee consisted of three little villages, each feeling that all the business and all the wealth of the place should be concentrated on her *four corners.* But brief as has been the space of time, we have seen those little villages brought together, and constituting now a city of some *fifteen thousand* people; and within another equally brief space, say twelve years hence, we may confidently anticipate a population of *forty thousand* people; provided always, that Milwaukee is true to herself, and that you, gentlemen, and your successors, faithfully perform your duty. Let us then, here, and at this time, pledge ourselves to use our best exertions for the general welfare—let us have no local legislation, except for those purposes which are local in their nature; and let us finish what our predecessors have so well begun, the union and harmony of the city. This has ever been with me, individually, an ardent aspiration, though in the heat of public controversy, there have been those who misunderstood my position, or were unwilling to award to me this merit. I now place it on record in this public manner, and hope that our official acts will prove the truth of our professions, by the results of our measures."

Acting upon a suggestion of his honor, the Mayor, the council adopted a resolution, appointing a committee of three, to examine the site for the new harbor, and to estimate the cost of the contemplated improvement. The Mayor placed on that committee: B. H. Edgerton, I. A. Lapham, and J. B. Vliet. On the 24th of April, their report was published. It

contains much valuable information obtained from personal observation of the locality. They said:

"An examination of the effects produced by a storm on our own shore and upon the government pier, has brought to our knowledge some important facts, which we deem it right to communicate to the board. We do this with great confidence, for having had our attention called to the subject on many former occasions, and having devoted much time to the investigation of the phenomena which should be considered in deciding upon the location and construction of harbors upon Lake Michigan. Among these none are more important than the configuration and direction of the adjoining coast, and the direction of the piers, as compared with the prevailing storms.

"The waves that beat against the shore during this storm, attained a perpendicular elevation of five feet above the ordinary level of the water; and if we suppose the depression between them to attain an equal depth below, the waves must have run with an aggregate elevation of *ten* feet, and with the velocity which they acquire would be sufficient to produce very marked and decided effects upon the shore, and upon such works as are exposed to their influence. They broke over the ridge or beach that separates the lake from the marsh, above the mouth of the river, in many places depositing large quantities of sand in the marsh At one place, a gap was formed, six hundred feet long, nearly down to the level of the water Through this gap the waves rushed with great violence into the marshy bayou on the opposite side.

"Accurate meteorological tables kept for a number of years, confirm the observations of sailors and others, that nearly all of the severe storms on Lake Michigan, came from the northeast. The waves, therefore, strike the western shore obliquely, and cause what is called a 'travelling beach,' or the motion

towards the south, of the sand and pebbles along the shore. This effect is not so apparent at this place, (owing to its situation, at the bottom of a bay,) as at Chicago and other points. It is this 'travelling' that causes bars to form across the mouths of the rivers and harbors, and causes an accumulation of vast quantities of sand and gravel on the north side of the piers constructed on this lake.

"The position and direction of the government pier at the mouth of our river, is such that during the recent gale, the water accummulated on the north side, as in a tunnel; and its pent up force exerted itself in carrying away the sand formerly accumulated there, even beyond the shore end of the pier, causing a breach through which the water passed into the river This breach is about thirty feet in width, but fortunately was not worn down below the ordinary level of the water. Should another similar storm occur within a few days, we may see the river pass out on the north side of the pier!

"The waves that struck the shore were carried towards the pier, while those that struck the pier were deflected towards the shore, and spent their united force at the shore end of the pier. Had the direction of the pier been a little more towards the south-east, the waves striking the pier would have been turned outward, and this would, as at Chicago, soon cause a large accumulation of sand against the pier, and finally form a bar across the entrance of the harbor. Fortunately, this is not the case. The direction of the present piers is such as to cause an accumulation of sand in some storms which is removed by others. In January, 1844, the sand extended along the pier three hundred and seventy-five feet. It now extends only one hundred feet.

"The action of the waves passing along the pier, upon the bottom, during the recent storm, has been very great. The

loose material has been carried away, causing the stone in the cribs to sink down in some places below the surface of the pier. A few stones remain visible most of the distance on the south side.

"The direction of the present piers are too much south of east—they ought, in the opinion of the committee, to form an angle that is less than a right angle with the beach, and with the prevailing storms. This would cause the floating sand and gravel to accumulate, instead of floating around the head of the pier and forming a bar across the entrance. It is true that the action of the waves within the piers would be greater, if in a more northerly direction, but this evil would be more than counterbalanced by the greater facility with which a vessel could enter, during a storm.

"By the soundings which have been taken, and which are herewith submitted, it will be seen that at the distance of six hundred and fifty feet from shore, we reach sixty feet water, and it is for a harbor of this length and depth that the estimates are made up. In the first plan, the south pier is intended to be two hundred feet long, and in the other plan four hundred feet, and in either case it would be sufficient to answer the purpose temporarily, and in the latter case, perhaps permanently.

"The resolution under which the committee were appointed, contemplates only the construction of a harbor that could be made to answer our immediate wants, and it is therefore that the estimates stop short of the full completion. As a matter of general information, however, the second estimate is extended to the full and perfect completion of a harbor two hundred and fifty feet wide between the piers, on the plan which was adopted by the general government.

"The following are the soundings taken on Saturday, the

15th inst., the water then being seventeen inches below low water mark in March, 1836. The depth being given in feet and inches, and at intervals of fifty feet, commencing at the water's edge, viz:

At 50 feet,	depth,	1.6
100 "	"	1.9
150 "	"	4.0
200 "	"	5.0
250 "	"	5.6
300 "	"	6.0
350 "	"	6.3
400 "	"	7.3
450 "	"	7.6
500 "	"	8.6
550 "	"	8.9
600 "	"	9.3
650 "	"	10.0
700 "	"	10 6
750 "	"	10.6
800 "	"	11.0
850 "	"	11.6
900 "	"	12.0
950 "	"	12.6
1,000 "	"	13.0

The total estimate of the cost of a harbor was sixty-seven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars.

Perhaps a better description of the growth of Milwaukee cannot be given than is conveyed by the two letters here given, one written in '37, and the other in '47. Ten years work-

ed wonders. The first is written to New-York, and appeared in the "Yeoman," of that year.

"The town of Milwaukee is situated on the western bank of the Lake Michigan, about one hundred miles north of Illinois. It is an odd location for a town, being at the confluence of two streams which have no natural banks; a greater part of what is already laid out as the town, being under water. It is the hasty selection of such sites for towns, that in so many instances, retards the growth of western settlements. The fever and ague should always be taken into account by founders of cities; but unfortunately it very seldom is. There are all the symptoms here now of an unnatural decline. People seem discontented, and many are leaving and going further west. Capitalists cannot be induced to invest, most of them are too wise, and while other towns along this shore will spring up, and with magical swiftness rise into cities, there can be little hope that this place will ever attain to even a decent mediocrity."

The other letter appeared in the "Boston Chronotype:"

"Which shall be greatest, Milwaukee or Chicago? On entering a western city, as a first step you are pointed out all the advantages, which it has over every other place. In the race of rivalry, Chicago and Milwaukee deserve the premium; separated ninety miles from each other, on the lower part of Lake Michigan, they respectively expect to become the centre of the immense trade, which must ultimately belong to this region.

"If anything, Chicago has a little the start. At any rate, it had a hot house nursing, and by great sacrifice of capital acquired a large population and a name among the towns in a time, short, almost without precedent. The original speculators, or those purchasing of them at high prices, of course lost

almost all in the reaction; but a channel of business was established, and having a natural foundation, it continued. The subsequent prosperity and increase of the city is historical.

"Prices once more have risen, and the place of ten years numbers its fifteen thousand inhabitants. The history of Milwaukee is similar, only the forcing process was not so violent nor so successful. The end of ten years shows it with between nine and ten thousand inhabitants. The question now comes, whether Chicago will keep the start she has obtained, or whether it will be compensated for by certain other advantages possessed by Milwaukee. All the cities on Lake Michigan are built at the mouth of small rivers, which are used as harbors, protecting vessels from the sweep of the lake. Chicago is at the mouth of one of these, but directly upon the lake, without any shield from northerly or easterly storms. Milwaukee alone, on the river of the same name, stands at the foot of a bay, which is considered the best harbor on the lake. Chicago, again, is built upon the prairie which extends to the very shores of the lake, and has not a bluff to boast of in the neighborhood. The whole surrounding country is a dead level, and occasionally marshy. The result is, that for a great length of time to come, the city must be unhealthy. The south-west winds come in, burning from the prairies, and freighted with the effluvia of the damp grounds. The breezes from the lake are always cool and refreshing.

"Milwaukee, on the other hand, is partly built on bluffs, and there is high land behind it. There are marshes near the river, but the upper part of the town does not suffer from them. There can be no doubt of the salubrity of its situation. Chicago also loses sadly in beauty from the flatness of its position. Hardly any view can be finer than the lake from the bluffs near Milwaukee. In a clear day the water spreads to

the horizon for nearly half a circle, and the smoothness of the surface and brilliancy of the blue can hardly be understood by those accustomed only to look upon the ocean. Chicago belongs to Illinois, and Milwaukee to Wisconsin. The latter territory has as yet a fair fame, and is unincumbered with debt. Will not the settler be led the rather to it? As an offset to these advantages, Chicago river nearly approaches the Illinois, and in one year from this time a canal, commencing at Chicago, will connect the waters of the lakes with those of the Mississippi. But here again, the Illinois river is only navigable with certainty for a small part of the year, cold weather and drought equally embarassing it. A railroad between the Mississippi and lakes would be more available, and this Chicago and Milwaukee, both anticipate pushing in the direction of Galena. Should Milwaukee succeed, here the problem of superiority between the two cities would seem to be solved. I will leave the question, however, with the best wishes for the success of both.

"Between Chicago and Milwaukee the two infant cities of Southport and Racine have come into being. Racine has even been talked of as a rival to Chicago. It is nine years old and has 3000 inhabitants."

CHAPTER XXII.

Administrations of Upham and Walker—The Jenny Lind Club—E. G. Ryan, as a Satirist—Organization of the Detective and Police Force—William Beck—Deputy Sheriff Page.

D. A. J. UPHAM, was elected for Mayor, in 1849, by a vote of eight hundred and twenty over B. H. Edgerton; and re-elected in 1850, against J. B. Smith. During this and the succeeding year, a local feature attracted much attention.

When Jenny Lind came to America, and it was ascertained that she would not visit Milwaukee, a number of prominent gentlemen of this city, formed a party to go to New-York, and hear her. These gentlemen during their trip became so sociable, and evinced so decided a similarity of social tastes, that it was unanimously agreed to form the party into a club, and hold stated meetings on their return. It is not clear whether this club was fashioned after the "Century," or the "Athenæum," but its objects originally seem to have been conviviality—or the attainment of those degrees of happiness, which surround late suppers—and come on with a flow of champagne and soul. Its members were jurists, editors, and divines. An odor of aristocracy, too, pervaded it. The gentlemen could produce "the testimony of the rocks"—and the club was not only exclusive—but positively a secret institution. From the original intention to meet and discuss brandy peaches and to pull corks, they, becoming aware that the aggregation of so much influence and talent might be made available—actually

became confederates against the outside political mass, and from innocent jollity and the reiterations of delightful reminiscences of Jenny, passed to the consideration of topics connected with the interests of the town and the furthering of political schemes and private interests. The understanding, which is the result of good fellowship, took a deeper meaning. The confederates became masonic, and it was not long before unaccountable results began to set the public scratching its head and wondering where the wires were laid. It was soon after broadly hinted that a club was in existence, which met round a loaded table, and elected its mayor—wrote his inaugural—dictated his line of policy, and even extended its influence to the judiciary. The first Moliere, to attack this organization with the pen of satire, was E. G. Ryan, who gave a fancied report of one of its meetings, which first appeared in the "Madison Argus," but was speedily copied and circulated through the State.

Reported for the Argus and Democrat.

JENNY LIND CLUB.

A business meeting of the club was held with closed doors, in the back parlor of the Milwaukee Paper Mill, on Monday evening, September the 6th, 1852.

Col. Oldbuck Heavysides in the Chair.

Nancy Pip Nihil, Esq., Secretary.

Fidget Tweedledee, Esq., rose and addressed the meeting in a very animated strain, on the present crisis. He said he was an old resident, and had lent his wind to every bubble blown in honor of this great city. But, said the shrill orator, fate has preversely ordained that bubbles, however zealously inflated, must burst at last, and Milwaukee is not exempt from the common fortune of all Bubbledom. "This institution,"

in whose sacred recesses we meet to-night, indeed survives; but I greatly fear that it has reached the utmost capacity to which even the skill of the financial member (Mr. Ragbaron,) can swell inflation. My friend claps his hand upon his pocket and grins denial; but let me say to him that even Biddle fell and Hemenway is no more. We live in insurrectionary times, and fate may have yet in its womb an embryo Attorney General, whom in the fulness of time even the syren notes of my friend, more fascinating even than her's whose name we have adopted, cannot seduce to a sense of his duty to this Club. Sir, the idea is scandalous, but the day may come, when we shall no more rule Milwaukee, nor Milwaukee rule the State. An independent and upright Judiciary, true to the constitution and club, is our only salvation against the revolutionary spirit of the people. Evil days are at hand. The sanctity of the Supreme Judicial power is invaded by the populace. Two judicial tickets are in the field. Neither has on it the name of a single member of this club. This is horrible! horrible! horrible! What are we coming to? I tell you, sir, the constitution is in danger. The Club is tottering. The Jenny Lind Empire is passing away. Why do we sleep upon our posts? Brothers of the Club, awake! Wake up now or you may never wake. Do you fear the masses you have ruled so long? For shame, for shame! We must strike a bold and decisive blow at the people, or we are lost. (Great applause.)

Gen. Reynard Fitzdartmoor deprecated open blows. He had always found it easier and safer to deceive the people.—Twenty men cannot fight a thousand, but they can dupe them. He had always claimed that the Club *is* the people. (Cheers) Proclaim the orders of this Club as public opinion, and the people will believe it. Delusion is our policy. We have ruled hitherto in this way. It was true that the Loco Foco party

had insolently packed their convention with Loco Foco's, and defeated our immaculate candidate, Judge Judas. Of course, we then denounced party nominations, and he, (Gen. F.) had proposed that a nomination should be quietly made by the Club in the name of the people. But other counsels prevailed —Ambitious and meddling persons insisted on a no-party convention. He had hoped and labored to bamboozle that convention. He, together with his honor Sans Scruple and other gentlemen present, were sent by the Club to the convention, to procure the nomination of their precocious young friend, Mr. Bantam. But they found even that body most impertinently and shamefully packed against them, and their friend was left to ripen in private life. He (Gen. F.) did not despair of deluding the gentlemen nominated, into the belief that they owed their nomination to the Club, and inducing them to plight their allegiance to it.—He really thought, the Club ought to have more reliance on his power of duping.

Diego Fernando Jerusalem Waalwaal, Esq., said he was at a loss about his own position.—He did not exactly know whether it was safe for him to be here, or whether he ought to speak, (Cries of go on, go it, Don.) He said that when the Club had beaten *him*, he thought they were bound to beat the world, and as he always liked the winning side, he had joined in. He represented the Club in the Democratic convention and supported Judge Judas; after that, he had signed the call for Mr. Bantam. But if all failed, now he (Mr. W.) would never have meddled in it, if he thought it was going to come out like that.—He had been abused already by his old democratic friends for belonging to the Club; and unless the Club could hit on some plan of success, he would join the Democracy again, and denounce the Club. (Groans.) Waal, there was no fun in being beaten on both sides. (Loud

laughter, amidst which the gentleman shuffled himself aside and took his place near the door.)

Rev. Grant Meddler said, he trusted the Club would take some action. He said, he was in a very unpleasant position, he did not know what to advise his people to do.

Mr. Secretary Sandy Ragbaron had no advice to offer, but had the needful ready as usual.

J. Strut Bantam, Esq., said he had taken a very active and disinterested part, first for his friend, Judge Judas, and afterwards for himself.—Unfortunately he had not met, in either case, with the success he deserved. He said, he thought a great mistake had been committed in assenting to a convention, and by the Club's not making its own nomination through the Daily Quibble, as originally designed. He thought the blame rested on Gen. Fitzdartmoor. The General had too many irons in the fire, and overlooked the great consequence to the Club of his, Mr. B.'s nomination, in gambling for the Presidential vote of the State. He thought the only safe course now, late as it was, was to make a Jenny Lind nomination. And although he had no personal motive to serve, he felt bound by a sense of public duty to move that this Club do nominate himself for Chief Justice, and his learned friends, Sans Scruple and Nancy Pip Nihil, for Associate Justices. He, Mr. B., thought that boldness might even yet achieve success; and if the Club was true to itself and the constitution, he hoped soon to hear himself appropriately addressed.

> Oh! wise young Judge, how I do honor thee;
> You know the law, your exposition
> Hath been most sound, Oh, wise and upright Judge.
> How much more elder art thou than thy looks.

(Great Cheering.)

His Honor Sans Scruple shook his head and doubted. For himself, he said, that although he was not a public man, he

took every occasion of meddling quietly in public affairs: and although he always pretended not to seek office, he was always glad to get it. But though he would very much like to find himself and his friends, Bantam and Nihil, seated comfortably on the bench, he could not countenance so open a move. He dreaded exposure. He thought the Club ought not to show itself openly. He did not like such direct work. His motto was, to do everything without seeming to do anything. A great deal could be done in the dark. It was our policy to deny the existence of the Club. What had the public to do with a few gentlemen, who chose to drink their wine and smoke their segars and take their game of Boston together? If anybody suspects us, pooh! pooh! at them as he (Mr. S.) did, and tell them, it is all a —— humbug. But let us keep out of sight. Our strength is in the secresy of our combination.

Gen. Fitzdartmoor agreed with his honor. He deeply regreted that in his efforts to blind the populace and secure the incoming Presidential spoils to the Club, he had been obliged to risk the nomination of Mr. Bantam. He feared it was now too late to make a Club nomination, with any decent show of public principle. Besides that, he greatly feared he had already given too much prominence to another name to be safely dropped now. In case of the adoption of the present proposition, he felt bound for the sake of success, most reluctantly to move to amend by substituting Judge Whiton's name for Chief Justice.

After some conversation amongst the members, the amendment was put by the chair and carried.

Mr. Nihil would inquire of Gen. Fitzdartmoor whether his (Mr. N.'s) name might not be a good substitute for Judge Whiton's?

Gen. Fitzdartmoor feared not: outside of the Club, the peo-

ple were very ill-informed, and he feared he himself was in some measure answerable for it in this instance.

Mr. Bantam said the course of the Club greatly disappointed him; he had no personal regrets, for he had no personal objects, but as the amendment just adopted had defeated the great purpose of his position, he would withdraw the motion altogether.

Dalgetty Allvice, Esq., said that the great elements of social power were wine, women and cash; upon these this Club was based, our influence depended on the adroit and secret application of these three great seducers. It was all very well to say that our success depended on the corruption of men, of office and influence, but what corrupted them, he would like to know? Ask Ragbaron the power of money! Ask Judas the power of women from their very cradles up! Ask Suckmore here, the power of wine! Ask me, proceeded the enthusiastic gentleman, the power of them all! I believe in the corruptibility of all men. That dogma must be admitted, or the Club is nowhere. It does very well, to be sure, to be silent on these things out of doors, but here it is childish squeamishness to prevaricate about them. We know one another, we are all corrupt and we all know it, no one need take offence: I speak in a Jenny Lind sense, why are you, and you and you, and I here? We are strong by corruption. Corruption is our lever and we move society, win proselytes by corruption, the Bench, the Bar, the Press, the Pulpit, we find it easy to win them all to us. Look at the editor of the *Daily Hoodwink;* he, forsooth, must fulminate his noisy wit against us in his paper, and where is he now? Ask *him* what brought him here?

Look at the *Daily Bluster*, half won over already, willing at least to work by the job; why, Mr. Chairman, I would undertake the conversion even of the *Daily Booby*, if it was

thought worth while; nay, Sir, I would silence in case of need the noisy brawling of O'Rumpus, the Paddy demagogue, who is only troubled because he can't get in and win. Then why do we shilly-shally here like the milk-maid, crying over our capsized pail? We have failed to carry our own candidates. And what then? What have we lost? Nothing, absolutely nothing, nothing but this, they were our own already, and the others are yet to be made ours. Nothing is easier. Don't tell me about their respectability and so forth, try the secret trinity of our power; try them with wine, women and cash: no man can stand out against all of them. I tell you, Sir, the angels above would drink, love, and pocket.

Mr. Allvice having applied himself to a glass before him, concluded by moving that a committee of three be appointed, with plenary powers, to negotiate with the nominees for the support of the Club.

The motion was carried by acclamation; and the chair appointed Messrs. Allvice, Ragbaron and Fitzdartmoor on the committee.

Mr. Ragbaron remarked that he was always ready to do the needful. He rather thought the thing might be done. He had met with a good deal of success in that way.

Gen. Fritzdartmoor must say he deemed this the wisest course, he had great faith in the power of gammon, he thought it deserved to be classed with his friend Allvice's three elements of power. He would cheerfully undertake the pleasant duty assigned to him, and hoped that the committee would be able to report favorably before the election.

The Chairman advised the Club to take it easy. There was no use in fretting, he had gone through the world pretty easy, and thought it the best way; he recommended his dear friends, Judas and Bantam, to take their disappointment gracefully.

Let us eat, drink, and grow fat, said the good-humored Colonel, and be merry over the poor devils outside whom we lead by the noses, let us feast among ourselves quietly, and when we go out, pretend to be Whigs, Democrats, or anything else that wins. I turned Democrat to get my title to Fatman's Ridge, and I would turn Whig to-day for half the land. Consistency be cursed: where's the use? Gentlemen, I am no talker, but I'll give you a stave from old Tom. Moore:

See those cherries, how they cover
  Yonder sunny garden wall;
Had they not that net-work over,
  Thieving birds would eat them all.
So to guard our post and pensions,
  JENNY'S sages wove a net,
Through whose holes of small dimensions
  Only Jenny's knaves can get.

Shall we then, this net-work widen?
  Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which e'en already slide in,
  Lots of Democratic souls?
God forbid, sly Dandy crieth,
  God forbid, so echo I;
Every popular bird that flieth
  Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
  And behold what bevies break in.
Here some cursed whiggish crow,
  Pops his long and liquorish beak in,
There the locos flock unnumbered,
  Slip in easy any where;—

Every bird in all this city,
  That for years with ceaseless din
Hath reversed the startling ditty,
  Singing out, "I can't get in."
God forbid, Fitzdartmoor snivels,
  God forbid, I echo too,
Rather may ten thousand devils
  Seize the whole plebeian crew.

Shall we then the Club surrender?
Shall we loosen from our toils,
All the dignities that pander
To our power and fill our spoils?
No, if petty berths won't suit 'em
Sheriffs' clerks and such like berries,
Curse the people, stone 'em, shoot 'em,
Anything, to save our cherries.

The jolly Colonel left the chair as he rolled out this playful ditty from his capacious bag-pipe; and the Club went into committee of the whole on the general file of champagne, segars, and cards."

This sketch was received with immense favor, and is referred to at this day with great admiration by the awe struck plebeians who still retain a cherished horror of the Jenny Lind Club. The explanations of the "report" all agree that Col. Oldbuck Heavysides is no other than Col. Walker, though the concluding song rather shakes such a conclusion, as the Colonel was in the habit of singing original words to his music. "Gen. Reynard" is triumphantly declared to be Rufus King; and "Diego Fernando Jerusalem Waalwaal" to be the worthy Ex-Mayor Upham. The papers alluded to as the *Quibble*, *Hoodwink* and *Booby*, are the "Sentinel," "Free Democrat" and "Wisconsin."

Immediately after the appearance of this lampoon, the startled papers opened like a pack of hounds, and the baying from some of the stragglers may be heard to this day. The "Jenny Lind Club" was attacked front and rear. Its schemes for blowing up the County Court House by making a Guy Fawkes of one of its members, and its plans for establishing a limited monarchy in the city of Milwaukee were exposed. Its impudent fingers, that had tampered with justice and reached into the public pocket, were struck with rheumatism. The members met over the brandy peaches and lobster with a portentous gloom, that no assiduity on the part of waiters nor the

agility of corkscrews could dispel. A horrid picture of E. G. Ryan, flourishing a carving knife of retribution, and their official heads tumbling into the convenient champagne baskets, flitted before their visions.

Otard failed, and the "Jenny Linders" died.

There are those who honestly believe that the organization is yet in existence, and the careful reader of the two hundred newspapers of the state will observe that the last and strongest point against Milwaukee, is an allusion to the Jenny Lind Club.

In 1851, Herman L. Page, then Under Sheriff, distinguished himself as an efficient officer and detective. One of his best "jobs" was the arresting of the burglars, King and Johnson, who broke into Cook's office. In 1853, Mr. Page became Sheriff of the County. His experience as Under Sheriff had convinced him of the necessity of a detective force in the city. Many acts of violence had been committed and the perpetrators never known. One or two murders, shrouded in mystery, were among the list. A good detective officer was therefore a necessity generally acknowledged; but were could he be obtained? Those who knew what qualifications were essential in a detective, were at a loss to know who was the man. The usual number of smart deputies, with an eye single to their own abilities, but with commendable modesty, referred to their past acts and knew of no one else. This was upon the ground of experience. Mr. Page rightly thought that nature had much to do with the forming of the officer, and in the search quite overlooked the claims of those about his office and settled upon a quiet farmer, then residing at Granville, named Wm. Beck, and he was tendered the appointment of Deputy Sheriff and Detective. The noses of many were elevated at this seemingly injudicious move. Those who

had had experience in the city, felt that this preference, shown to a "green" country man, was an insult, and his inefficiency was predicted. Mr. Beck accepted the position.

There had been, just previous to his appointment, a great number of robberies committed. Hotels and private houses were entered, and goods and money taken, but no clue to the thieves obtained. Beck undertook this seemingly unprofitable "job," and with the characteristic energy of the true detective did not wait for a clue, but set about working one out. He soon found two suspicious looking men, boarding at a small tavern in the Third Ward, called the Rising Sun. He engaged a room immediately above them, and for several nights retired regularly without any thing being discovered as to their character, though the trivial indications, which passed unobserved by others, had been seen and noted. One night, when about to give up the clue, he heard them get up and go out, and before they were a square from the house, he was on their track. With the stealthy tread of an Indian he followed them and saw them "operate" at three different places This was enough; returning, he entered their room by means of a false key and hid himself under the bed, to anxiously await their return, and there concealed, he heard them disclose all their plans and schemes for the future, and converse in reference to the robberies already committed. When they were asleep, he issued from his hiding place, secured their arms, and afterwards the plunder, and calling assistance, arrested them.

The next morning the sheriff's office was beseiged by the citizens, whose houses had been entered, and each comer was as much surprised as rejoiced to find his property there before him.

This was one of the first of Mr. Beck's exploits, as a detective; in 1854, when the police of the city was organized, he

was made chief, and his subsequent success in that office has established his reputation as one of the best detectives in the western country. He has all the requisites of a "shadow," a quick perception, cool judgment and unwavering courage, and few rogues who come within his jurisdiction escape him.

H. L. Page proved one of the most efficient sheriffs the county ever possessed; being a man of great will and nerve, and an untiring worker, he succeeded, with the help of his deputy, in ferreting out and lessening crime in a few months. Mr. Page's geniality and humor are well-known; an anecdote, which appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," in 1852, which, if not strictly true, encroaches upon that domain and illustrates the propensities of our distinguished citizen. The anecdote is as follows:

"In the course of a recent letter to the editor, from a correspondent in Milwaukee, there occurs this passage, which struck us as rather laughter-moving than otherwise: 'Deputy-Sheriff P——, of this city, was recently called upon to arrest a duly registered 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor,' etc., on the charge of having forged city orders; rather a small business, by the way. After the arrest, 'David,' the aspersed, wished to be accompanied among his friends for the purpose of procuring bail. The Sheriff, in whose breast kindness and mercy are blended about ''af and 'af' with the sternness and dignity of justice, complied; but his efforts were all unavailable. Night was drawing on towards it small hours, and he could wait no longer. The accused must go to jail. As a last small favor, 'David' wished to go home and break the sad news of his arrest to the companion of his bosom. In view of his mournful task, he was much agitated. 'Oh, Mr. P——,' said he, 'this is the hardest of all! How will my dear wife bear up under the blow? She is *so* sensitive, *so* solicitous, that

it will overpower her; it will drive her crazy. She is a delicate creature, Mr. P——, and her suffering will unnerve me!' A sympathetic tear started into the north-west corner of the officer's left eye, rolled down his manly cheek, rested for a moment upon his vest, and then diffused itself among the snow-flakes upon the ground, warming and melting even *their* obdurate hearts. They reached the house, and entered. They were met by a stalwart Amazonian, whose large face shone with the lambent glories of an autumn sunset. David, in a faltering voice, broke to her the terrible intelligence that she was to be robbed of her 'bosom's lord.' P—— stood by to 'bear a hand' if she should faint. 'I am arrested, my dear, for forging.' 'What the d—l is *that?*' was the very affecting query of the 'sensitive' female. 'They accuse me of writing other people's names, and are going to put me in jail, my love.' 'Who in thunder is goin' to do it, Dave?' replied the 'solicitous' wife; and without waiting for a reply, she proceeded to pile up anathemas loud *and* deep upon the heads of those who had sought to place him in durance vile. The Sheriff was overwhelmed by the 'affecting' scene; yet, with a 'ruling passion' strong for the ludicrous, he touched the prisoner lightly under the fifth rib, with: 'Break it *gently* to her, David; she's a delicate creature, isn't she?'"

When Mr. Page was afterwards elected Mayor of the city, in 1859, he advocated in his inaugural the policy of uniforming the police; a step which did more than aught else to elevate the force, and increase its efficiency.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sherman M. Booth—His History—The Glover Rescue Case—Booth's Arrest—The Revulsion of Public Sentiment.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH came from New Haven, Conn., to Milwaukee, in 1848, arriving in the latter place May 19th. He was a graduate of Yale, and previous to his leaving Connecticut, had been editing the Christian Freeman (afterwards the Charter Oak.) He immediately assumed the editorship of the "American Freeman," changed its name to "Wisconsin Freeman," and continued the advocacy of abolition doctrines. His salutatory, which appeared in the "Freeman" of May 31st, is a clear exposition of the bold course marked out by the editor; he said:

"We shall endeavor to promote the peaceful and constitutional abolition of American slavery by presenting facts and arguments adapted to impress the public mind with a sense of the impolicy, unprofitableness and wickedness of slave holding, and the safety, expediency and duty of immediate emancipation, and by urging those who exercise the right of suffrage to employ the moral suasion of the ballot box, to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

"We shall not swerve from the principle: no voting for slaveholders, or those who vote for slaveholders, for any state or national office.

"We shall maintain that the United States Constitution not only gives no sanction or countenance to American slavery, but

that its provisions, if rightly interpreted and faithfully enforced, and its declared and governing purpose executed, it would abolish slavery, establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty for every human being within the limits of this republic."

Mr. Booth brought to the Freeman a vigorous pen, a fertile and strong brain, and at once assumed the attitude of a leader in the van of the abolition party. He soon after changed the name of the sheet to the "Free Democrat," the name it still retains. In the fall of '48, he published the "Barnburner" for three months, tri-weekly, and on September 16th, 1850, commenced the publication of the "Free Democrat" as a daily newspaper.

So positive an organ, so unyielding an opponent, made enemies. The timid followers in his own army sometimes felt the lash, and never forgot it. But admirers and friends were numerous; energy, enthusiasm and zeal always command the admiration of the people, and Mr. Booth soon wielded a powerful influence. Whatever may have been his failings,—and no one can say that he was without them,—his inflexible determination and consistency in the political cause he had espoused, was never doubted. Having set out with the declaration that slavery was wrong, he never yielded to policy or expediency, but thundered away unceasingly at the real or imaginary evil. When the opportunity occurred, he displayed the same honesty of opinion in his action, and the zeal which had formerly glorified, became lawless in the eye of the nation, and criminated him.

At 9, A. M., March 11th, 1854, Mr. Booth received a telegram from the Mayor of Racine, that a negro, named Joshua Glover, had been kidnapped near that city, by Deputy Marshal Cotton, the night previous, and asking him to ascertain, if a

warrant had been issued for that purpose. On inquiry, Cotton denied all knowledge of the subject, but judge Miller said a warrant had been issued, but that whether Glover had been arrested or would be examined before him, if arrested, he could not tell. The judge expatiated on the liability of the Marshal, should the slave escape, and hoped there would be no excitement. Mr. Booth only asked that there might be a fair and open trial, and that Glover might be permitted counsel. He soon learned that Glover was in jail, brought here about 8 o'clock that morning, bruised and bloody, with marks of brutal treatment. He at once issued small bills stating the facts, and asking the citizens to watch the jail, Marshal and Court, as it was feared, Glover would be spirited away without a trial. Writs of *Habeas Corpus* were served on both the Sheriff and Marshal. Another dispatch from Racine, at 12, m., stated that a great meeting was held there and resolutions being adopted; these proceedings he issued in another extra. At 1, p. m., the excitement was great, as it was reported that Glover was to be brought before Judge Miller and delivered up to his claimant, at two o'clock. It was thought best to have a public meeting, and as there was no other way to give notice, Mr. Booth mounted a horse and rode through the principal streets, calling on the citizens to meet at the Court House square at 2 o'clock. The people gathered in great numbers. Dr. E. B. Wolcott was made chairman. Mr. Booth explained the position of affairs, read the dispatches from Racine, and, as chairman of a committee, presented resolutions, reciting the facts, and pledging themselves to do their utmost to secure to Glover the benefit of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and a fair and impartial trial by jury.

Speeches were made, a vigilance committee of twenty-five was appointed, and also a committee of two, to wait on Sheriff

Page, and ascertain if he would obey the writ of *Habeas Corpus;* and the meeting, amounting to several thousand people, apparently united as the heart of one man, adjourned, to meet at the ringing of the bells. At three, p. m., the Sheriff made return, that Glover was not in his custody, but in the custody of the U. S. Marshal, etc. A writ of *Habeas Corpus* was then served on Deputy-Marshal Cotton; and a committee, of which C. K. Watkins was Chairman, waited on Judge Miller, to see if the writ would be obeyed. Judge Miller answered that it would not—that Glover would remain in jail till 10 a. m., on Monday, when he would be brought before him for a hearing. At 5 p. m., a hundred delegates from Racine, headed by the Sheriff of the county, with a warrant for the arrest of Garland and Cotton, for an assault and battery on Glover, landed at the steamboat wharf and marched to the jail. The bells were rung and the people assembled. Mr. Booth explained to the delegation what had been done, denounced the fugitive act, but counselled the people against violence. Mr. Watkins reported that Judge Miller had decided that the writ of *Habeas Corpus* should *not* be obeyed; and that no earthly power should take Glover from the jail till next Monday. He (Watkins) said it was an outrage to keep Glover in the jail over the Sabbath,—that there were times when the people must take the law into their own hands—and that whether the present was such a time the people must judge; he would give no advice on that point. After a conference with members of the Vigilance Committee, and of the Racine Delegation, it was decided to repair at once to the American House, take tea, and consult as to the best course to be pursued. Mr. Booth made the announcement publicly, when the crowd made a rush for the jail, and in fifteen minutes Glover was liberated, put into a wagon, carried out of the city, and afterward conveyed to Canada.

Sheriff Murrison, of Racine, arrested Garland, for an assault and battery on Glover, the same evening, and Judge Miller issued a writ of *Habeas Corpus* on the Sheriff; and on the Monday following, he discharged Garland, on a hearing, deciding that, until Garland excepted his writ and obtained his slave, he could not be interfered with by any legal process from the State, and that in the execution of his slave warrant he was justified in using any violence, even to the taking of life, if necessary to secure his slave, and that no State process could interupt such violence.

On the 15th of March, Mr. Booth was first arrested by Marshal Ableman, and brought before U. S. Commissioner, Winfield Smith. The examination was postponed till the 21st of March, when, after three days' examination and trial, he was held in the sum of two thousand dollars—Dr. Charles E. Wunderly, becoming his bail—to answer any bill of indictment prepared against him at the July Term of the U. S. District Court.

On the 25th of March, Mr. Booth was sued, by Benjamin S. Garland, of Missouri, for the value of his slave and damages, claimed of two thousand dollars. J. E. Arnold, counsel for plaintiff.

Soon after this, Mr. Booth was surrendered, and a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, granted by Judge A. D. Smith, of the State Supreme Court, and after argument on the case, he was discharged on the ground, firstly, that the commitment was insufficient; secondly, that the Fugitive Act, of 1850, was unconstitutional, because Congress has no power to legislate for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and because that Act annuls the writ of *Habeas*, and the right of trial by jury. The case was appealed to the full bench of the Supreme Court, at the July Term, and after a very full and able argument, the Court

unanimously affirmed the order for his discharge; Justice Crawford dissenting from, and Chief Justice Whiton concurring in, the opinion of Justice Smith, that the Fugitive Act was unconstitutional.

In the meantime, the U. S. District Court was in session, and a bill of indictment was found against Mr. Booth, and others, and he was arrested in July, the day after his return from Madison. He offered the same person, Dr. Wunderly, as bail, but the Judge refused to accept him—though he offered to qualify, in twenty times, the sum demanded—on the ground that he had before surrendered him. Mr. Booth declined to give other bail; went to jail and applied again to the Supreme Court for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, which was denied, on the the ground that United States jurisdiction had attached, and that comity required the State Court to presume that the District Court, on hearing, would pronounce the Fugitive Act unconstitutional, and discharge him; and that it could not interfere while the case was pending in the Federal Court. The news of the refusal of the writ caused much excitement, and a rescue being apprehended, Marshal Ableman went to the jail and offered to accept the same bail which Judge Miller had refused before, and urged it with some pertinacity, offering to go after Dr. Wunderly, himself; and finally, with considerable reluctance, Booth consented, and was released at eight o'clock, Saturday evening, having been in prison ten days and six hours. A special term of the U. S. District Court was held in November, for the purpose of trying the Glover Rescue Cases, but Mr. Booth being confined by a severe attack of typhoid fever, his case was postponed, but John Rycraft, indicted with him for the same offence, was tried and convicted.

At the January term, Mr. Booth was put on trial. The mo-

tion of his counsel, that the indictment should be set aside—on the ground, as was shown by the affidavits of four witnesses, that two of the Grand Jury which had indicted him, were strongly prejudiced against the defendant and had expressed themselves in favor of his conviction—was overruled. The trial lasted five days, and was marked by a rather bitter spirit against the defendant: the District Attorney being aided by one of Mr. Booth's strongest personal and political enemies. The unfairness of the judge was the subject of general comment by the press and people, and under his instruction the jury brought in a verdict, at 9 o'clock, Saturday night—after deliberating seven hours—of not guilty on the first three counts of resisting United States process, and of guilty on the last two counts, of aiding Joshua Glover to escape. The judge charged the jury that the fact alone, that Mr. Booth drew and presented to the meeting at the Court House the following resolutions, was sufficient to convict him.

"*Resolved*, As citizens of Milwaukee, that every person has an indefensible right to a fair and impartial trial by jury, on all questions involving personal liberty.

"*Resolved*, That the writ of *Habeas Corpus* is the great defense of freedom, and that we demand for this prisoner as well as for our own protection, that this sacred writ shall be obeyed.

"*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves to stand by this prisoner, and do our utmost to secure for him a fair and impartial trial by jury."

The sentiment of the press and people, in regard to the trial, was fairly expressed by the *Sentinel*, after its close, as follows:

"The *manner* in which the trial has been conducted, has shocked the public sense of right, and outraged their love of fair play. The empannelling of the Grand and Petit juries was a mockery of justice, and, if acquiesced in, establishes the

right of the U. S. officers to select whomsoever they please for that service, or, in plainer phrase, to *pack* a jury whenever it suits them. The leanings of the Court, too, were evidently against the defendant; and mixed up with the professional zeal which animated the prosecution, was more of personal vindictiveness toward Mr. Booth, than became them, or the U. S. Court."

It was said that the jurors understood that the *Court*, and not the *United States*, was the prosecutor, and the following preamble and resolution were adopted by three of them:

"The jurors who were sworn to decide in the case of the U. S. District Court vs. Sherman M. Booth, for aiding and abetting in the escape of the slave "Glover," on the 11th of March, 1854, have adopted and most cheerfully publish the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That while we feel bound ourselves by a solemn oath to perform a most painful duty, in declaring the defendant guilty of the above charge, and thus making him liable to the penalties of a cruel and odious law, yet, at the same time, in so doing, we declare that he performed a noble, benevolent and humane act, and we thus record our condemnation of the Fugitive Slave law, and earnestly commend him to the clemency of the Court.

Milwaukee, January 13th, 1855.

GEO. F. AUSTIN,
DANIEL PHELPS,
WM. FINKLER."

On the 15th of January, motions were made for arrest of judgment and for a new trial, on the ground of the insufficiency of the indictment and proof, and the prejudice of jurors; and affidavits of eight responsible witnesses were offered prov-

ing that two of the jurors that convicted him, had declared, previous to the trial, that he ought to be convicted.

But the motions, after argument, were overruled, and on the 23d of January, Mr. Booth was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 and $461 01 costs, and to be imprisoned till the fine and costs were paid. Mr. Rycraft, at the same, was sentenced for the same offence to ten days imprisonment and to pay a fine of $200, and both were immediately conducted to the county jail.

The news of this sentence produced great excitement in this city and throughout the state, and meetings, numerously attended, were held here and through the country, pledging the sympathy and help of the people, to save them from pecuniary loss. An application was again made to the Supreme Court for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, which was granted, and on Monday, the 29th, of January, at sunrise, the prisoners in charge of the sheriff, preceded by a band of music, and accompanied by their counsel, were escorted by a large number of their friends, amid the firing of cannon and the ringing of church bells, to the Railroad Depot, to take the cars for Madison; and on Saturday, February 3d, after a full hearing, the Supreme Court unanimously discharged them free men, on the ground that no offence was charged against them in the indictment, Justices Whiton and Smith re-affirming their former opinions, holding the Fugitive Slave Act unconstitutional and void.

This decision was hailed with acclamation by the Republican press throughout the free states, and was responded to by a considerable portion of the Democratic press of this state. Meetings were held and resolutions passed, pledging the support of the people to the decision of the Supreme Court, and a mass state convention of the more radical portion was held

in this city, and a Rescue Fund Committee appointed, to raise funds to defray the expenses of the slave trials, past and future. About two thirds of the expenses of the trials were raised by contribution; the rest was paid by the prisoners.

The *general* feeling of the press and people was well expressed by the "Daily Sentinel," of February 6th, 1855, at the close of a graphic and spirited review of the Glover Rescue Trials, as follows:

"So stands the case to-day. Messrs. Booth and Rycraft, by the *fiat* of our State Court, have been released from the fine and imprisonment to which the sentence of the Federal Court had subjected them. The Fugitive Slave Act has again been pronounced unconstitutional and void by the Supreme Tribunal of the State. The great writ of liberty has been sustained. The threatening siege of slavery aggression has been stayed in its course. The birth-right of Wisconsin—youngest and fairest offspring of the immortal ordinance of 1787—has been nobly vindicated. Slavery, or involuntary servitude, except for crime, cannot and will not be tolerated within her borders. *Kidnapping* finds no favor with her Courts, no protection in her jails, no countenance among the people. *Wisconsin* is and will remain a *Free State*, and while she claims no desire to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of her sister sovereignties, she will at least assert and exercise at all times, and at every hazard the power to protect her own citizens, and to maintain and defend, in all their integrity, the writ of *Habeas Corpus* and right of trial by jury."

The Supreme Court also instructed its Clerk, not to send up the papers in the case to the U. S. Supreme Court, denying to that Court the right to review their decision in this case. They also refused to send up the papers on a writ of error from the U. S. Supreme Court.

At the State judicial election Orsamus Cole was chosen Associate Justice of the Supreme Court over Justice Crawford, by an official majority of 7,148—no returns having been received from the counties of Chippewa, Door, Douglas, Jackson, Kewaunee, La Crosse and Polk—the sole issue being the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act.

At the April term of the U. S. District Court, the suit of Garland vs. Booth for the value of Glover came on, and after a trial of four days, the jury disagreed and were discharged, after having been out fifty-two and a half hours. The trial was characterised by greater vindictiveness on the part of the Court and prosecution, if possible, than on the criminal suit. The "Sentinel" said:

"The Judge's charge was very strong against the defendant —even more pointed than the argument of complainant's counsel."

At the July term, held at Madison, the case came on again for trial, and after a three days' contest resulted in a verdict against Mr. Booth, of $1,000 and costs. The Madison "State Journal" said of the Judge's charge:

"The charge of the judge to the jury transcended any of his former efforts in that line, if possible. We have heard but one expression from those who listened to it. It left the jury no choice, provided they heeded it, but to bring in a verdict against the defendant. It seemed even more partial towards Garland, the slave hunter, than did the argument of his feed attorney."

The Republican legislative caucus, which nominated Judge Doolittle for U. S. Senator, January 18th, 1857, adopted strong State Rights resolutions, endorsing the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, concluding with the following:

"*Resolved,* That in the application of these principles we hold it an imperative duty to stand firmly by the Supreme Court, in asserting the right of the State tribunals to pronounce final judgment in all cases involving the reserved rights of the States; in declaring the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional; and in shielding all the inhabitants of the State from the execution of unconstitutional enactments, without right of review by any Federal tribunal."

In the winter of 1858–9, the U. S. Supreme Court assumed jurisdiction of the case of Mr. Booth, without the papers, on a certified copy of the record, and proceeded to review the decision of our State Court, and sent down its *remittitur,* requiring it to review its former judgment discharging Mr. Booth from imprisonment, and to remand him into Federal custody. This our Supreme Court refused to do, denying the appellate jurisdiction of the U. S. Supreme Court over its proceedings.

After the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, our legislature, in March, 1858, passed joint resolutions, denouncing the action of the U. S. Supreme Court, and sustaining the decision of our State Supreme Court, and recommending *resistance* as the rightful *remedy.* They had the sanction of every Republican vote in both Houses, and the approval of the Governor.

In April, 1859, the Judicial Election turned solely on this issue; Byron Paine, who had been Mr. Booth's counsel, in the Rescue Cases, being a candidate for Associate Justice, against Wm. P. Lynde, and was elected over him by a small majority.

In February, '59, the U. S. Marshal levied upon Mr. Booth's cylinder press and steam engine, to satisfy the judgment of Garland. The press and engine were sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars; and in April, the Marshal made another levy on the printing-office, to satisfy the balance of the judg-

ment. Mr. Booth replevied his property in the Circuit Court, and recovered there; Garland appealed the cases to the State Supreme Court, and though the cases have twice been argued there—the last time, a year ago last summer—they have not yet been decided.

On the 1st of March, 1860, Mr. Booth was again arrested, by U. S. Deputy Marshal Brown, on his way home from the rail-road depot, and confined in the U. S. Custom House, in this city. His counsel applied for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, but as Justice Paine declined to act, on account of having been Mr. Booth's counsel, before his first discharge; and as Chief Justice Dixon had decided the Fugitive Act constitutional, the Court was equally divided, and the application failed. Another application was made, on the ground that there was no authority of law for imprisoning him in the Custom House; but Judge Dixon decided that this averment should have been made at the first application, and again refused the writ.

On the first of August he was rescued by some eight persons, who at noon, went up to his room, seized the guard, opened the door, and walked off with him, after locking the guard in his place. He went to Ripon, and remained in that vicinity till the eighth of October, when he visited Berlin, and was arrested by stealth, in the evening, put on board a special train of cars, and brought to this city, and placed in his old quarters, where he still remains.

At the repeated solicitations of U. S. officers, and others, he drew up a statement of his views and position, to the President, expressing, at the same time, his want of faith in the efficiency of any statement he could conscientiously make. His own view was, that he should say nothing, but let the government act its pleasure. The following is the statement:

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—*Sir:*— The undersigned respectfully represents:

"That on the 23rd day of January, 1855, he was sentenced, by the United States District Court, for the District of Wisconsin, to one month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and costs taxed at four hundred and sixty one dollars and one cent, and to be imprisoned till the fine and costs were paid, for an alleged violation of the Fugitive Act of 1850.

"That I was discharged from the judgment of the said District Court, on a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, on the third day of February, 1855, by the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin, on two grounds:

"*First,* That the Fugitive Act was unconstitutional, and *secondly*, that the indictment under which I was convicted, was fatally defective; Justice Crawford, while affirming the constitutionality of the act, holding, with the other members of the Court, that the indictment charged me with no offence against that act.

"That on the first day of March, 1860—more than *five years* after this discharge, and after the Supreme Court of this State had refused to reverse, and had thereby re-affirmed its former judgment discharging me from imprisonment, and after the legislature of this State had passed formal resolutions, which were approved by the Governor, sustaining this decision of the State Court, I was *re*-arrested and *re*-imprisoned, on the old sentence, on a warrant from the U. S. District Court for this District, and am still in prison.

"That I regard my conviction and sentence as unjust and illegal, and my imprisonment as an outrage on my rights, and the rights of a sovereign State.

"That I am not now able to pay my fine and costs, nor do

I believe that a prolongation of my imprisonment will enable, or dispose me to pay them.

"That if the object of the government, in imprisoning me, was to vindicate an obnoxious statute, that was done, long ago, as fully as it could be, by my perpetual imprisonment. But if its object is to compel me to acknowledge the Fugitive Act as a constitutional law, that it is not the province of Government to control men's *opinions*, and that no length of imprisonment can change my belief, the Fugitive Act of 1850 is a violation of the fundamental law of the land.

"That the fact, that one who was sentenced with me, for the same alleged offence, and who now sustains the same relation to the United States District Court, and to our State Court, in this case, that I do, is permitted to go at large while I am imprisoned, gives me just ground to regard my imprisonment as the fruit of personal vindictiveness, rather than of a regard for law.

"That I do not ask for mercy, but for the recognition and restoration of my rights, and though the government can never undo the wrong it has done me, yet, as a peacable and law-abiding citizen, I have a right to demand that it shall cease to oppress me, and that you, as its Chief Executive, will do me the partial justice of discharging me from this unjust judgment, and order my release from imprisonment.

"The above statement, designed, without disrespect, to place my position clearly before the Government, is true, according to the best of my knowledge and belief.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH."

To this Attorney General Black replied in a letter to U. S. District Attorney Upham, as follows:

After reciting the history of the record—not the facts—of the trial, Mr. Black says:

"Of his guilt not a doubt can be entertained. Indeed, I am not aware that it has ever been denied even by himself. Nor has he expressed the slightest repentance. On the contrary, he has gloried in his shame, has professed to believe that he was justified, and has many times publicly declared in substance, that he regards the offence of which he was convicted, as a righteous act. Having some partizans in the State of Wisconsin who thought as he did, that defiance of the law and constitution was not a crime, but a merit, he was three times rescued from the custody of federal authorities; twice under the pretence of State authority, and once by a mere mob. He uniformly resisted the execution of the process against him with a violence limited only by the extent of the force and courage, which he and his friends could muster. Even in his petition, he does not confess that his manifest violation of a plain enactment is any wrong against the government, or against the peace and good order of the society in which he lives. The fact, that in all this criminal folly and insolence he has been aided, comforted and abetted, by a State Court and by other lawless persons who pretend to justify him, makes the vindication of the law in his particular case absolutely necessary by way of example.

"But the law is sufficiently vindicated, whenever the sentence of the proper Court is executed upon him. He has already served out his term of imprisonment, and the government has no right to demand more than the payment of the fine and costs as a condition of his discharge. In his petition he says that he is not able to pay the fine, and if such be the fact, holding him until he does pay, would be equivalent to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment. This may be such a

hardship as no government ought to inflict, because it would be making the laws operate upon a poor man with a severity which a rich man could not feel. To prevent this inequality, the present state of the law furnishes no remedy, except in the exercise of the pardoning power. It has accordingly been the usual practice, when a party is sentenced to imprisonment and fine, to remit the latter part of the penalty, after the former has been executed. This, however, is done only for those who furnish full and satisfactory evidence of their entire inability, and ask for this remission in good faith, for that reason alone. I think it has never yet be done in any case where the poverty of the applicant was incidentally mentioned in a paper filled with insolent expressions of contempt for the law, under which he was suffering. If Booth's petition had consisted of a simple statement, that he was wholly destitute of means to pay his fine and costs, or any part thereof, and that he asked the clemency of the Executive to relieve him from imprisonment as a consequence of his poverty; such a statement, verified by his own oath, and corroborated by the testimony of one or two respectable witnesses, well acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances, would have put his application upon a totally different footing, and entitled it to a consideration which, at present, it cannot receive."

The revulsion of feeling, which took place in the interim between Mr. Booth's first and last arrest, is a curious and valuable historical illustration of the unreliable character of popular admiration or enthusiasm. In that interim, it is true, Mr. Booth was arraigned for a violation of moral as well as social laws, and was accused of many ignoble acts by those who were rejoiced at the opportunity, but the principles and circumstances of his connection with the Glover case were the

same. The man who had been worshipped by the mob, and who directed the impulses of thousands with his voice and pen, because they thought his cause was just, was regarded with apathy and even contempt. When incarcerated in the Custom House, the pack of "little dogs all" who dared not bark at him, when in a position to silence them, now loaded him with opprobrium.

The scathing pen and eloquent voice were not feared, and all who had felt the sting of either, availed themselves of the opportunity to retaliate. The sentiment which had been outraged in his first arrest, seems to have undergone a change. There is no avoiding this conclusion. It will not do to say, the character of the man had been lowered, and consequently public interest in him died out. It was not the character of the man that had excited the people in the first instance, and had brought about judicial decisions and promulgated resolutions. There was a deeper and more vital question at issue, which no change in the moral character of the man could affect, and the only conclusion that can be arrived at, is that the States Rights party felt in this direct collusion with the government that their principles were unsound and not worth further risk, or they lacked the courage to continue what had been begun.

In the meantime Mr. Booth lies in prison, occasionally issuing an epistle to the people,—that reminds one of Luther in the Wartburg—fulminating unseen doctrines that are acknowledged by a select few to be right, but highly dangerous.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Churches—The Catholic and Methodist Societies—Preachers—Congregational Church.

The first celebration of mass in this city took place at the house of Solomon Juneau, on East Water Street, in August 1837, by the Reverend Florimel J. Bondenil, who was afterwards pastor of the Indian Mission at Wolf River, and who was the first Catholic priest in Milwaukee. As may very readily be seen, the Roman Catholics were among the first, or rather the first, to establish missions and churches in the Territory. Their missionaries had traversed the wilds prior to the appearance of civilization itself, and many of the first founders being of French blood, the Roman Catholic religion was really the first and only phase of christianity, known in the wilderness during its first history. The first regularly constituted Catholic priest in Milwaukee was the Reverend Patricius O'-Kelly, a native of Ireland, who celebrated his first mass in the Court House.

In 1839, a site for a church was donated by Solomon Juneau to the Bishop of Detroit, upon which a small church edifice was erected, and afterwards enlarged and added to until it formed what is now St. Peter Church. Mr. Kelly left this city, in June 1843, for Detroit, and the Rev. Martin Kundig, formerly of Detroit, came here to take charge of the congregation. At the time of his arrival in Milwaukee, there were but five Catholic priests in the Territory, two officiating at and around

Green Bay; two on the Mississippi, and one near Lake Superior. About the beginning of the year 1843, the then Territory of Wisconsin was formed into a diocese and styled the diocese of Milwaukee, and the Right Reverend John M. Henni, D. D., a native of Switzerland, and for several years previous to this time Vicar General of Cincinnati, was appointed the first Bishop, in May 1843, and consecrated at Cincinnati by Bishop Purcell. In the latter part of 1846, Bishop Henni purchased nearly an acre of ground adjoining the Court House Square. Upon this site St. John's Cathedral was erected, and consecrated July 31st, 1853.

The Methodists—a sect that has earned the title of pioneers of christianity from their zealous efforts to spread the truth—have always in this country appeared among the first in the settlements of the West; as soon as a school house is erected, a methodist preacher will come along and organise a society in it, and soon the hymns of Wesley and the fervent voice of the class leader will be heard where but just now reigned only solitude.

The first Methodist Episcopal meeting house was a one story frame building, situated on the south-east corner of Huron and East Water Streets, in 1837. Here a society, which had been organized in the house of William S. Crissy, on the 22d of July, 1837, was first duly brought together in a place of worship. This building was built for a carpenter shop; it belonged to W. A. and L. S. Kellogg; it stood in the water, but protected from the flood by four blocks under its corners. A narrow board bridge spanned the little bayou under the front door, and over this "draw" the congregation passed into the rude sanctuary. The society consisted then of fifteen members. The trustees were: Elah Dibble, D. Worthington, W. A Kellogg, L. S. Kellogg, Joseph K. Lowry, Jared Thompson, and

Joseph E. Howe. In 1838, Rev. Jas. R. Goodrich became the pastor; in 1839, Dan. Brayton succeeded him; in 1840 and '41, John Crummer officiated, and in 1842, Sias Bolles became the preacher. The first meeting house built by the Methodists, was a small frame building about thirty by fifty, erected on the north-east corner of Main and Oneida Streets; it was dedicated December 1st, 1840, the Rev. Julius Field, presiding Elder, preaching the dedication sermon.

In 1844, (the Rev. James Mitchell being then pastor,) this society resolved to build a brick church on the west side; accordingly a lot was purchased of Jno. Clifford, on the corner of Spring and West Water Streets, on which the Spring Street M. E. Church was built, and dedicated in the fall of 1845, the Rev. W. M. D. Ryan, of Chicago, preaching the dedication sermon.

In the fall of 1847, a few individuals from Spring Street with Mr. Osmond Bailey organized a Church on Walker's Point. In September 1852, the Rev. S. C. Thomas, pastor of the Spring Street Church, being desirous of extending the influence of the denomination into the First Ward, found upon inquiry that the Universalist Society was about to break up and sell their church, which was located at the corner of Michigan and Main Streets, on the lot where the Newhall House now stands. Jas. B. Cross, who was an influential member of the Universalist Society, was authorized to sell the building, and offered it for $400. A subscription was started, and with characteristic promptitude the Methodists soon raised the money and purchased the building. Having secured the structure, a lot was wanted upon which to locate it. Geo. F. Austin, and Osmond Bailey, purchased of W. H. Byron lot No. 10 in Block 77, on the east side of Jackson Street, between Biddle and Martin, for the sum of $1,150, payable in five years with

interest at ten per cent., payable semi-annually, and gave their bonds and mortgage for the same. The building was then moved upon this lot, and dedicated the first of December, 1852, the Rev. J. M. S. Maxon being the preacher in charge. This was the origin of the Jackson Street Church. The membership was about *eight* or *ten*, *mostly females*.

The society was called "the City Mission," and a missionary appropriation of $100 per annum was made by the annual Conference for its support. In the fall of 1853, the society separated its connection with the Mission on Walker's Point, and became an independent society under the name of the Jackson Street M. E. Church. In 1853–4, Jabez Brooks was the pastor. At the quarterly meeting, held December 24th, 1853, Mitchell Steever, the Superintendent of the Sabbath school, reported seventy-two children in the school, and seventeen teachers with two hundred and seventy-one books in the library. In 1854, the annual Conference, which met at Janesville, did not for some reason appoint a pastor, and the pulpit was filled by W. A. Chapman, local preacher of this society, and by Dr. Eli Hunter, of the Congregational Church, until February, 1855, when Dr. Alex. M. Wright, from the Plattville district, became the pastor.

In the fall of the same year, Rev. S. C. Thomas was appointed pastor. About this time, the Spring Street Church property having been purchased by Geo. F. Austin for the sum of $15,000, and the Jackson Street Church being an offshoot of that society, and having in the opinion of many conferred many favors and contributed largely to the support of the Spring Street Church, it was deemed only justice that a proportion of the money arising from the sale of the property, should be appropriated to the benefit of the Jackson Street Church. Accordingly a committee of three was appointed by

the latter society to confer with the trustees of the Spring Street Church. After many meetings and much discussion *pro* and *con* on the part of the trustees and members, an appropriation was made of $4,200. It was, however, made conditional, it providing that no church should be built on the lot on Jackson Street, some of the Spring Street members having strong prejudice against that location. Accordingly, on the 22d of August, 1855, Geo. F. Austin bought of Sam'l Field, lot No. 6 in block No. 77, corner of Van Buren and Biddle Streets for the sum of $5,500. As Mr. Field objected to dealing with a board of trustees, Mr. Austin took the deed in his own name, and afterwards conveyed the lot to the society. A subscription was immediately started, and the Summerfield M. E. Church was erected, and dedicated on the 11th of April, 1858, Rev. T. M. Eddy, of Chicago, preaching the dedication sermon. Rev. P. S. Bennett, presiding Elder; Rev. Chas. McReading was pastor of the Spring Street M. E. Church at this time. Rev. S. C. Thomas, the first pastor of the Summerfield Church, being in very poor health, the Rev. H. C. Tilton was appointed in his place. Mr. Tilton was succeeded by Dr. Edward Cooke, late president of Lawrence University, he in time being succeeded by the Rev. Jas. E. Wilson, who is pastor at this time.

The Methodists, in Milwaukee as elsewhere, number among their members a great many of the most wealthy and prominent citizens, and the society is distinguished for its hearty zeal in the cause of christianity, and its unwavering and untiring efforts to spread the cause of Christ. The church in this city owns property to the value of $40,000.

On the sixth of May, 1841, a number of gentlemen, desirous of organizing a Congregational Church, assembled and formed

a council consisting of the Rev. D. E. Sherman, of Troy, (Wis.) Rev. O. F. Curtis, of Prairieville, (now Waukesha,) and the Rev. J. V. Parsons, of Mount Pleasant. The consultation resulted in the formation of a society having twenty-four members, nine males and fifteen females. The name adopted by the church was "the First Congregational Bethel Church of Milwaukee." At the end of the year the membership had increased to sixty-five, and in August, 1850, the name was changed to the "Plymouth Church." On the 29th of June, 1841, Rev. J. J. Miter, of Knoxville, Ill., became the pastor. The first deacons of this church were elected in March, 1842, and were four in number, viz: Benjamin Moffit; Robert Love; Samuel Brown; Daniel Brown. In 1843, the society built and took possession of a handsome edifice erected on a corner lot situated at the junction of Spring and Second Streets. On the third of January, 1844, the house was dedicated, and during the evening of the same day Rev. J. J. Miter was formally installed pastor of the Spring Street Congregational Church by the Milwaukee district convention; the sermon on this occasion being preached by the Rev. A. L. Chapin. The first board of trustees was composed of the following gentlemen, elected March 10th, 1845: Eliphalet Cramer; Fred. B. Otis; James Bonnell; Abram D. Smith. At this time the house of worship was appraised at its cash value as worth $6,000; the lot $1,000.

This sanctuary being soon found too straight for the growing congregation, measures were taken early in 1850, to erect a larger house of worship. It was then thought expedient, to remove the church to the east side of the river; accordingly a lot was selected at the corner of Milwaukee and Oneida Streets, subscription lists started, and a new church edifice commenced.

The Episcopal Church service was performed in 1835, in Milwaukee, by Rev. Henry Gregory, as the following letter written by that gentleman in answer to a request for information, will show:

St. James Church, Syracuse,
December 5th, 1853.

Dear Sir!

Your letter of the first inst., with a copy of the Milwaukee Daily "Sentinel" is just received, and I hasten to reply.

In the fall of 1835, I set out for Lake Winnebago, having an appointment as teacher to the Menomonees. Winter overtook us, and leaving my family in Michigan, I set out with my brother, (who had been a teacher in the Mission school at Green Bay,) in a one horse waggon, *via* Chicago and Milwaukee. Between those places we several times encamped in the woods, being prepared for it. At Root River, we "ran agin a stump," and broke the axletree of the waggon. Getting that mended, we started for Milwaukee, (22 miles) on Saturday, the ninth of January, 1836. Night overtook us, and we encamped three miles out of Milwaukee. Early on Sunday morning we came in, and stopped at (I believe the only tavern) —a small story and a half frame house.

There was a Presbyterian minister who had held services in a school house; but hearing of my arrival, he desired me to officiate, which I did, and preached in the afternoon; and that was the first service according to the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Milwaukee, and was held on the first Sunday after the Epiphany, January 10th, 1836.

There being no waggon road then beyond Milwaukee, we left our waggon, packed our horse, and starting the next day on foot, for Green Bay, made the journey, one hundred and twenty miles, in safety. We rested half a day at the only

house in all the distance, and that was at Sheboygan. Providentially no snow fell while we were out, and we reached Green Bay, on the 18th, at sun set.

Pardon me for telling so long a story; but I have pleasure in remembering the jaunt, and the kindness shown us by Solomon Juneau, and others, at Milwaukee.

Yours very truly

HENRY GREGORY.

MR. JOHN W. HINTON.

In the summer of 1836, several churchmen met in the Register's office—a wooden building situated about where Bradford Brothers store now is—and a Mr. Nichols, the father of the Rev. Mr. Nichols, now of Racine, read the service. These meetings were kept up for about two months, until a nephew of Bishop Chase visited the town. This young man was studying for the ministry, and he officiated in a voluntary manner through the summer. During the season services were held in a wooden building on Main Street: two Reverend gentlemen, by the names of Beardsley and Berry, happening along and staying long enough to give the young and feeble society a fresh impetus. Services were afterwards held in a store near where Sexton Brothers establishment now is. Mr. Berry interested himself in a subscription, and succeeded in getting two thousand dollars subscribed for the purpose of supporting a clergyman The alacrity with which the names and amounts were written, was no indication, however, of the future ability to pay, and many, in the course of the next year, who had subscribed a hundred dollars, were not able to command ten. In 1837, the society was organized by the election of wardens and vestry, at which time the services were held in the wooden building standing where Van Cott's jewelry store is now

located. Dr. Hewitt read the church service until a clergyman, by the name of Hull, came.

The Church of the Redeemer (Unitarian) was organized in 1856. In the summer of that year, Rev. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, then attending a Unitarian convention in Chicago, was invited to preach at Milwaukee. He came and preached in the parlors of a gentleman most interested in the cause, and the gradual formation of a circle of members resulted in the starting of a subscription to build a church. Six thousand dollars were raised at one meeting. A lot was purchased, and a church capable of holding three hundred persons erected and completed ready for service by the following February.

Meanwhile the Rev. N. A. Staples, then settled over the First Unitarian Church in Lexington, Mass., spent the summer vacation travelling through the West. During a visit here he preached two Sundays in Young's old Hall, then situated where the Academy of Music is now located. Soon after his return to the East, he received a very urgent call to come and preside over the society here, and, if possible, build them up into a permanent organization. He accepted the call, and on the last Sunday in the year of 1856 preached for the first time to about a hundred persons in Young's Hall. In February 1857, the new church was completed, and was dedicated by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, assisted by other clergymen from Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis. When the pews were sold and rented, twenty-eight families joined the organization. During the following summer the edifice was materially enlarged, so as to seat about five hundred and twenty persons.

CHAPTER XXV.

Some Account of the Milwaukee Newspapers—The German Press—Mr. Domschcke's Ten Week's Agony.

The "Milwaukee Advertiser," to which reference has already been made, was the first newspaper published in this city. It was commenced, in 1836, by D. H. Richards, and in 1841, the materials were bought out by J. A. Noonan, who in the fall of 1838 had started the "Wisconsin Enquirer" at Madison, and on leaving that town, had sold the sheet to C. C. Sholes, a gentleman of rare editorial ability, and afterwards editor of the Free Democrat, and at this time holding an honorable position at Madison.

The Advertiser in Mr. Noonan's hands became the "Milwaukee Courier." Mr. Noonan disposed of his editorial interest in this sheet, 1844, to John A. Brown, and the year after sold out all his pecuniary interest in the concern.

The "Sentinel" appeared in the spring of 1837. It was started by John O'Rourke, who purchased the materials in New York on letters of credit from Solomon Juneau. Mr. O'Rourke published the paper for about three months when, being disabled by sickness, Mr. Harrison Reed, now of the State Journal at Madison, was employed to take charge of it. Mr. O'Rourke died shortly after, and the establishment fell into the hands of Mr. Juneau; Harrison Reed continuing the publication temporarily in the hope that a purchaser could be found for the press who would carry on the paper on his own

account, but no purchaser offering, he was induced to remain and carry on the business as a means of subsistence.*

After five years editorial labor Mr. Reed left the sheet, and Elisha Starr, who had been publishing a small tri-weekly called the "Milwaukee Herald," succeeded him, and joined his paper with the "Sentinel." It was then issued from a dingy little room in Dewey's block. †

David M. Keeler soon after became the editor, and continued its publication over the store of L. J. Farwell, in Shepardson's

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* For nearly five years, without intermission, (save for a short time when the press was wrested from me on a lien, which occurred before the material was finally transferred to me,) I was its editor and publisher. In the verdancy and ardor of youth, and during the dark period of Wisconsin's history, I entered upon this duty, and by hard labor and parsimonious habit, I gained a scanty subsistence, and left it as most printers are compelled to close their labors—with empty pockets."

Letter of Harrison Reed to Editorial Convention.

† When I first made acquaintance with Mr. Reed, the Sentinel office was located on East Water Street, east side, not far from Huron Street, and next door to the Cottage Inn, kept by Mr. Vail, a little one story green tavern, which enjoyed the honor of being the principal hotel in the place, although at the time the Milwaukee House, (a large three story frame building, located on the spot where Young's block recently stood,) enjoyed the reputation of being the *largest* hotel in the city, yet "Old Vail," who was an eccentric, contrived to get the largest amount of custom at his "one horse tavern." Old settlers, who were present at the land sale of '39, remember the old "Cottage Inn," and its capacity for stowage. It, however, had its day, and, in 1841, was enlarged to a three story building by the late H. N. Wells, Esq., who disposed of it to a Mr. Harriman. He kept it several years, when it was burnt down with the rest of the block between Huron and Michigan Streets, including the mansion of the late Sol. Juneau, which stood on the south east corner of East Water and Michigan Streets. The Sentinel office was located in the lower story of a frame building, which was divided in the center, making two rooms each about 14 feet wide. The north part was occupied by the father of Mr. Reed, as a stove and tin-ware store who finally sold out to Linus R. Cady and Leonard J. Farwell, then just immigrated to the Territory, and who established themselves in business at Milwaukee.

The south part of this lower story was occupied by the materials of the Milwaukee Sentinel. I mention this, to show the early history of an establishment, which has grown to be one of the largest in the State.

E. B. Quiner, of Madison, in reply to interrogations from the Editorial Convention.

new building, about where Throop's hat store now stands, on East Water Street. C. L. MacArthur became associated with Mr. Keeler soon after, and on Monday, December 9th, 1844, they issued the "Daily Sentinel," the first daily paper in the city.

On the 24th February, 1845, David M. Keeler sold out the establishment to Messrs. Fillmore and Downer, J. Downer acting as editor. In the fall of 1845, Mr. Downer vacated the editorial chair, and gave his place to Rufus King.

In the fall of the same year, Wm. Duane Wilson started the "Milwaukee Daily Gazette," which was merged with the Sentinel in 1846, under the name of "Sentinel and Gazette."

When, in 1844, Mr. Noonan sold out the Courier to John A. Brown, the latter removed the office to Wisconsin Street over what was then the Post-office. In 1847, it was purchased by Messrs. Cramer and Curtis, and was moved to the second floor of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, building on the corner of Michigan and East Water Streets, and its name changed from "Courier" to that of "Wisconsin."

The "News" was established by Lucas Seaver as a weekly, in 1848, under the name of the "Commercial Advertiser." He published it for two years, and sold out to Messrs. Cary and Rounds, Dr. Cary, of Racine, and Judge Bryan, afterwards of Menasha, becoming its editors. In 1852, it passed into the hands of Shaw and Hyer, and again, in 1854, into the hands of Mr. Clason, when its name was changed to "News." In January 1856, J. R. Sharpstein bought the establishment, and continued its support in company with Mr. J. Lathrop until the close of 1860, when C. H. Orton bought it, and Beriah Brown became the editor.

The "Free Democrat" became the name of the "Wisconsin Freeman," in 1848, upon the purchase of S. M. Booth of the

sheet. It has experienced many changes since, but has many warm supporters, and at present is vigorously edited by Judge A. D. Smith and G. W. Chapman.

In 1854, Bernhard Domschcke came from Louisville to Milwaukee. Mr. Domschcke was born in Saxony and received a thorough education at the schools of Dresden and Leipzig. Early in life he edited a paper in Saxony, which brought him in collision with the government, and resulted in his leaving the country in disgust for the shores of America. On his arrival at New York, his first act was to borrow pen, paper and ink, and kneeling down before his chest, he indited an article on "Freedom" and sent it to the German organ in that city. This article was copied and published throughout the states. Written as it was in the heat of an excitement rendered intense by the circumstances of tyranny, and bearing the impress of a nervous zeal and enthusiasm for the cause of Freedom, it was caught up and re-echoed as the eloquent cry of honest manhood struggling against oppression.

Mr. Domschcke soon afterwards succeeded in securing a situation on the corps of a German paper in Boston, the "Neu England Zeitung."

From Boston he travelled west to Louisville and became assistant editor of the "Herald of the West." Fortune had hardly deigned to look upon him yet, much less smile; but there was a promise of a lucrative and life long situation in which his talent might give him the prominence he deserved. Just as these hopes began to dawn, a fire broke out and consumed the office of the paper, together with all the worldly possession of Mr. Domschcke, leaving him only a suit of clothes on his back. Added to this, political enemies ventured to hint that there had been design in the fire, and an attempt was made to add moral disgrace to temporal misfortune. In

this condition of things Mr. Domschcke announced that he would lecture to the people of Louisville on the fire. By this means he amassed several dollars, cleared his skirts of calumny, and then, at the invitation of a friend, started for Milwaukee, arriving in this city with a bundle of newspapers and twenty-five cents in his pockets.

His name had preceded him, however, and before he had fairly inhaled the air of Wisconsin, Mr. F. Fratney, of the "Volksfreund," then a prominent Democratic leader, challenged him to a discussion. The citizens of Milwaukee will remember how well Mr. Domschcke acquitted himself in that trial. The papers of that day speak of the new comer as a "most brilliant speaker and powerful orator."

The discussion attracted the attention of a number of prominent and influential citizens, among whom was Gen. Rufus King, and a successful effort was immediately made to place at the disposal of Mr. Domschcke a press and all the apparatus of a newspaper to be devoted to the cause he advocated.

On the seventh of October, 1854, he issued the first number of "The Corsar," weekly. There are few perhaps who knew what this persevering man suffered in the desperate struggle to sustain this sheet. A stranger in a strange land, with no resources but the uncurrent richness of his brain, he battled steadily for a sheer existence. For eight weeks he slept on his exchanges in a fireless room, only to rise and renew the struggle, and only to grow more certain every day that the labor and toil were being fruitlessly expended, and that the "Corsar" must suffer on the gibbet of neglect. At the end of fourteen months the paper quietly sank into a literary grave.

But Mr. Domschcke was not discouraged. Such men cannot be crushed by circumstances; like life-boats they buffet

with the waves only to surmount them. One sheet might die, but he would start another. In a few days new business relations were entered into, and the "Daily Journal" appeared, and after ten weeks precarious existence also succumbed to circumstances. A few weeks later he started the *Atlas*, and in the first number appeared the following bit of editorial experience:

TEN WEEKS AGONY.

In spite of many deceptions we have encountered, we never could—and it's the only reproach we make—we never could mistrust our hopes. Often have we made up our minds to hope no more, but to submit to the worst; nevertheless the ray of hope penetrates the soul and finds a place in our spirit. But, when ever we followed the ray, it was our ruin. We read so often that hope sustains a man; but this sentence was certainly invented by men whose hopes have always been fulfilled. When a man after countless experiments has learned that hopes are mere visions which come and go at their own fantastic pleasure, then the man has learned to hate hope, and counts all his expectations in the category of juvenile dreams.

It is better in all undertakings to expect a miserable end, and especially to hope nothing from men, when they are asked to move out of the dung of their regular habits. It is said, blessed are the poor, for they have nothing to loose, and it may also be said with equal truth, blessed are those who do not hope, for they shall not be betrayed.

When we started the Milwaukee Journal, we made the unpardonable mistake to suppose it could be maintained.

Unpardonable?

Certainly, because we sought for sympathy where there was only selfishness; we expected interest where there was naught but *old fogyism*. We believed in the tendency—the progres-

sive tendency of man—man who has never had any other idea to ponder over than his material interest. We then believed in the prevalence of liberal views—we were unsophisticated, and did not know men were proud to have no opinions at all, and even willing to become the slaves of corrupt party leaders.

Why did we believe in the productiveness of so barren a field—these sterile rocks? Why have we not written a Catholic paper! Why have we not written of the immaculate conception and avoided Liberty and Right! Why have we dared to call by its right name the vulnerable thing which styles itself democracy! Had we called the rogues "honest men," indeed, we should have made more money than is now missing from the State treasury.

The period of the existence of the Milwaukee Journal we call ten weeks misery.

Certainly, it was ten weeks misery, during which time we squandered a great amount of time and faculty without any return, while we had to fight against all the miseries of life, sustaining at the same time that proud and enviable position of chief editor of a daily paper in this German Athens.

Do you know what these Athenians require?—We will tell you. First—Democracy; that means the declaration that slavery is a blessing, and to kneel down in the dust to Barstow.

Second—speculation. You must trade and traffic in politics; hunt for office; falsify truth and the election returns; flatter the public; go to gossipping tea parties, where the influence of your masters is to be gained, and above all print your paper large enough for wrapping material, and the Athenians will call you good. If you do otherwise; if you persist in advocating principles; if you oppose miserable and corrupt politicians who for selfish ends betray the Germans,—you may go home, you are not the man for the Athenians.

They will be cheated; they want to be cheated; let them be.

Or, do you wish to sacrifice yourself? Will you be a second Tantalus? Before you do this, be sure there are enough worthy of the sacrifices. Consider whether it is well to be damned for nothing!

Torture? There are many who will never comprehend that it is torture to work with the brain from day to day—and for nothing; to preserve humor under the most pressing necessities and eating cares, cares that are inseparable from mental labor; to feel an impulse, and be unable to accomplish anything. Many cannot comprehend the difference between an editor who is working for a principle, who depends upon his brain for his all, and one who is hired to fill the columns of his employer, utterly regardless of the value of the furnished material. They cannot see that it is agony to be beset by financial troubles, when the poor brain should be clear and undisturbed in order to extricate him from the very difficulties.

The Milwaukee Journal, from the first day of its existence till its blest end—a child of misery!

With few means the sheet was started; with less it was continued, and when it died, it left to his happy editor debts as a token of remembrance; debts which the little offspring had accumulated with wonderful ability.

We stand at the grave of the dead. Shall we mourn its departure? We cannot.

May it sleep well by the side of its predecessors. Its memory will ever be *dear* to us, and its ten weekly issues will never be forgotten!

We do not wish to preach its funeral sermon. The public will have performed that part of the task.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The City Indebtedness.

The building up of a large city is not unattended with expense; and the greater the rapidity with which its expansion proceeds, the more striking does the cost of its erection appear. The growth of Milwaukee is comprised mainly within the period of twenty years,—from 1840 to 1860—during which it has risen from a respectable village, located upon the margin of a solitary lake on one side, and that of an almost uninhabited wilderness on the other, to a city containing a population of nearly 50,000, beautifully laid out and built, and being the centre of a system of railroads penetrating into a most productive and well settled country of unlimited extent, and the seat of a lake commerce which freights an incredible navy.

The works of public utility necessary to be accomplished, and which, in fact, have been accomplished, and now endure as permanent monuments of the enterprise of its inhabitants, were enormous. Even the grounds, upon which the future city was to be erected, had to undergo a preliminary preparation; prominences were to be degraded, depressions elevated, and nature herself propitiated by the labor of man.

Upon this modified plat, streets have been laid out and finished, with ample side-walks of plank, brick and stone, and adorned with grateful shade trees. Marshes, quaking bogs, and deep bayous have been filled up and converted into solid building grounds. A water course, straggling along low, sedgy

borders, and impeded by sandbars and continually increasing sedimentary deposits, has been confined within proper limits by means of several miles of permanent timber docks; dredged to a uniform depth for the purposes of navigation, and spanned by eight bridges of improved construction, which revolve upon their basis with the utmost facility to admit the passage of vessels. A new and commodious harbor has been constructed, with piers extending far out into the lake. Fire engines have been purchased, engine houses erected, and an effective fire department organized. A successful police system, with a Municipal Court attached, has been established. Seven beautiful school houses have been erected and furnished, and are now requiting the cost of their erection under our beneficent system of free schools.

But the people, who in their united capacity have accomplished so much, did not find here ready made homes for their own occupancy. During the same time, they have been engaged, as individuals, in erecting dwellings, shops, mills, machinery and furnaces, long lines of elegant stores, sumptuous hotels and capacious warehouses; while, impelled by the higher motives of religion and benevolence, they have, by voluntary association, ornamented their city with churches, and endowed it with hospitals.

All this, and much more not to be enumerated, has been effected in the short space of twenty years,—in fact nearly all of it within the last ten years; and we need not be told that the city is in debt.

It was possible to call these improvements into being by the wand of the enchanter, and it has been done. But, unfortunately, enchantment, in these modern days, costs money; for it is by means of gold that the spells are wrought. And it will be obvious to every one that it was impossible to pay for

these numerous improvements by the ordinary means of taxation, and without incurring indebtedness. Even the property, upon which such taxes should have been levied, was in a sort of embryo, and must have been assessed at a prospective valuation, rather than according to a present known worth founded on its annual rents and profits. In short, the city could not have borne a taxation commensurate to the magnitude of the public works necessary to its welfare.

The inevitable question presented itself: "Shall these necessary works be accomplished at the expense of the ruin of the present generation; or shall their cost be apportioned to that posterity which shall most assuredly enjoy them in their greatest fruition and development?"

To this question there was but one answer. The answer is the public debt of the city, the interest of which must be borne, and the responsibility of its ultimate redemption incurred, by an indefinite line of posterity, among whom its burthens will be distributed until their weight is imperceptible.

Although, in treating this subject, it is desirable to furnish reliable data for future reference, there seems to be no little difficulty in preparing the necessary tables of figures. Unfortunately the affairs of the city have not always been conducted by the first intelligences; and this fact is exhibited as well in the unthrifty management of its finances, as in the confused and unsystematized condition of its accounts and public records.

It seems to have been the policy of the early city government to place the burthen of the different improvements upon the localities respectively benefited by them. This policy doubtless had its origin in the local rivalries, which sprang up and raged for a long time with extreme violence between different portions of the city, particularly between the east and west

sides of the river, and to which we have before adverted. Their strifes led even to blows, and, of course were attended with expenses and outlays which were very important in the then insignificance of the population, but which become very insignificant in comparison with the sums lavished in mere wantonness during the periods of improvidence and waste which have since followed.

Consequently the original debts of the city were owed by the several wards for the benefit of which they had been incurred. But as early as 1852, all these local jealousies were no longer known, and only existed in the remembrance of the actors in the scenes of the warfare they had engendered. The bridging of the river at several different points, and the general diffusion of the population, made us a single, united city, with no east or west, north or south. The wards debts were then assumed by the City, and upon their assumption, in the year just named, when the present system of management of the city accounts by a Comptroller was initiated, the bonded debt of the City may be approximately stated at the sum of $106,000 00; to which may be added a general floating debt of insignificant amount.

The principal part of this bond debt, having matured, has since been paid off by the issue of new bonds, and re-appears upon the schedule under the title of Redemption Bonds.

The present bonded indebtedness of the city, exclusive of credits loaned to rail-road companies, now amounts to the sum of $736,850.00; and from the preceding observations upon the subject of the several principal works of public utility which have been accomplished by the city, in its corporate capacity, it will readily be conjectured to what objects the proceeds of these bonds have been devoted, and to what funds they have been charged. They are then seen to be the School, and Fire

Departments, Bridges, Dredging of the River, Opening of the Harbor, &c.; while, in the meantime, the streets have been graded and paved, side-walks built, and gutters laid, at the expense of the lot-owners, and charged upon the lots lying adjacent to the improvements made; except the crossings of streets and alleys, which have been charged to the several ward funds. So, also, low and marshy grounds, bayous, and standing pools have been raised and filled up with earth, on the assumption of their injuriousness to the public health, and the expense thereof has been assessed upon the grounds thus benefited.

The extent to which all the different improvements have been pushed forward at the same time, may be in some degree estimated from the fact, that in the year 1857, the taxes assessed upon the citizens and property-owners of Milwaukee, for all purposes, except their voluntary contributions to the objects of religion and benevolence, amounted to the sum of $688,498.-29½; or more than $17.00 to each man, woman, and child, of the city; fortunately it was not a capitation tax. The following are the several items of which the sum total of the tax for that year was composed, viz:

State Fund	$ 24,694.32½
School Fund	12,997.01½
County Fund	84,480.57½
General City Fund	48,738.79
Old Debt Interest	113,723.85
Sinking Fund	32,492.53
General Ward Fund	109,134.27
Special " "	262,236.94
Total	$688,498.29½

Something over one-third of this sum, it will be perceived, consisted in special taxes, for which certificates were issued

against the several lots upon which the same were chargeable; the remainder being a general tax assessed upon all the taxable property in the city.

The following table exhibits the amount of the outstanding bond debt of the city, August 1st, 1860, and also the several funds or purposes for which they have been issued:

PRESENT BOND DEBT OF THE CITY.

Item	Amount
School Loan Bonds	$170,000
Fire Loan Bonds	11,850
Bridge Bonds	50,000
Dredging Bonds	50,000
Funded Debt Bonds	20,500
Second Ward Bonds	6,500
Harbor Bonds	184,000
Redemption Bonds	76,000
Sinking Fund Bonds	168,000
Total	$736,850

It is not to be inferred that the above items constitute the sums of the cost of the several works indicated. On the contrary, they, in many cases, comprise but a small part of the amount which has been expended by the city for those objects, and which has been suffered by the city in discounts, commission, contracts, and extortions, in connection with those improvements.

Under the expansion of the currency consequent upon the influx of gold from the newly-discovered placers of California, a mania seized the entire public, which exhibited its disordered fancies in general extravagance and confusion. In a ten-fold ratio to the increase of the currency, did the hopes and the desires of the people increase; until individuals, corporations, cities

and states indulged in the most unparalleled schemes, incurred debts in almost fabulous amounts, and submitted, unhesitatingly, to interests, discounts, and shaves of the most extortionate character. Yet even these enormities, by the generative influence of the times, ripened into spoliations, defalcations, thefts and swindlings, until the common peculation and bribery of officials ended in the corruption of legislation and the tainting of the very founts of justice.

During this saturnalia of extravagance and dissoluteness, the general indebtedness of the city rose to little short of a million of dollars; and the amount paid on account of interest, discount, and commissions, for the single year ending April 1st, 1858,—the sum paid for the mere privilege of being in debt—was $175,725.34!

At the present time the total amount of the indebtedness of the city may be approximately—and, if the accounts of the proper office may be depended on, reliably stated as follows:

Whole am't of outstanding City Bonds,...	$736,850.00
Comptroller's Notes, and other Notes, &c., outstanding...............................	79,674.31
City and School Orders, estimated......	100,000.00
Interest past due on bonds................	30,405.00
Total City Debt..........................	$946,929.31

This debt, large as it appears, and swelled, as it most undoubtedly has been, by waste, extravagance, mismanagement, and peculation, is not beyond the means of a city of the numbers, wealth, present resources, and flattering prospects that Milwaukee possesses in an eminent degree. If this debt be not hereafter increased by like causes to those which have produced it, the burthen of the taxation necessary to keep up the interest, and provide, by slow degrees, a sinking fund for its

ultimate redemption, will not be seriously felt. And why should it be increased? The works and institutions so necessary to the city, out of which it sprang, will not have to be recreated; our citizens have been sufficiently admonished of the necessity of entrusting their affairs to the managament of capable and honest officers; and steps are in progress which it is hoped will ultimately transfer the support of the leeches which have hitherto fastened themselves upon us, from the City to the State at large, in quarters more secure, and in associations more congenial, to their habits of life and aspirations of mind.

We have been constrained to treat of the indebtedness incurred by the city for the encouragement of rail-roads, in a separate article from that of the general city indebtedness, because it is an obligation of the city *sui generis*, not contemplated in its organic act, nor existing among the exigencies, for which the municipal government was erected.

The first step of the city in this career was taken in pursuance of authority granted by the act of the legislature of March 12th, 1849, "to enable the city of Milwaukee to aid in the construction of a rail-road from that city to the Mississippi River." By that act the city was empowered to subscribe to the capital stock of the Milwaukee and Waukesha Rail Road Company, or to the capital stock of any other company, which was then, or might thereafter be incorporated for the purpose of constructing a rail-road to the Mississippi River, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, with authority to increase such subscription to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and to borrow money, or levy a tax on the real estate within the limits of the city, in order to provide for the payment of the instalments upon the stock thus subscribed.

An ordinance was thereupon passed by the Common Coun-

cil of the city, providing for a subscription to such capital stock, in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and also for an annual tax upon the real estate of the city to meet the instalments on such subscriptions, as they should come due. From the proceeds of this tax there was paid upon said stock the sum of sixteen thousand dollars; an account of which the tax payers received, for the amounts by them respectively paid, a *scrip* convertible into stock, and which was afterwards purchased up by speculators and converted into the stock of said rail-road company.

This rail-road tax, however, found so little favor with the property owners, who were called upon *actually* to pay it, that the Common Council, in May, 1850, paid up the remainder of the subscription *theoretically*, by the issue of city bonds in the amount of eighty four thousand dollars, which were received by the rail-road company in satisfaction of said subscription, and a certificate for eight hundred and forty shares of the capital stock of said company delivered to the city.

This first transaction, being thus closed up so much to the satisfaction of all parties, the Common Council, on the 21st of June following (1850), passed another ordinance authorizing a further subscription by the city to the stock of said rail-road company, in the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; which subscription was made, and paid in a further issue, to said company, of city bonds to that amount. The company, with great disinterestedness, undertook to guarantee the city against the payment of interest on said bonds, of both issues; and the city, not to be out-done in liberality, relinquished its right to all dividends on the stock so held by it, on condition that the company should furnish securities, satisfactory to the Common Council, for the payment for such interest, and for the ultimate purchase of the stock, from the

city, by the company; which the company, with great promptitude, did, by giving—not its note at thirty days—but its own bond in the penal sum of $150,000 00, conditioned to pay said interest, and also, within ten years from the first day of July, 1850, to pnrchase and pay for, at par, from said city, said stock, if the city should so elect.

The period limited in said bond has expired; but whether the city has signified its election to said company, respecting the purchase of the stock, or not, we are not advised; and doubtless, for obvious reasons, it is of no consequence. This transaction was closed by the delivery to the city of a certificate for one thousand five hundred shares of the capital stock of the company, which, with the eight hundred and forty shares before received, amounting together to the considerable sum of $234,000 00, the city, we believe, now holds; no one of its officials having had the imprudence to burthen himself with documents in such startling amounts, yet representing such imperceptible values.

It is true, the city, at one time held farm mortgages, belonging to the company, in the amount of $150,000 00, as collateral security to the bonds of the company just mentioned. But the city, good-naturedly permitted the company to withdraw them, in July, 1851; and now holds no other security against its said outstanding bonds of $234,000 00, except the simple undertaking of the company above mentioned, which, with the stock aforesaid, is, and will ever remain, wholly worthless.

Apparently, the facility with which the city corporation had been inveigled into the encouragement of railroads, received, as it merited, public attention; and invited a combined movement upon its quality of yieldingness, by all those whose sagacity is ever awake to discern the means of their individual advancement in the complication of the embarassments, into

which organized society may be plunged. This movement resulted in the act of the legislature of the second of April, 1853, entitled "An act to authorize the City of Milwaukee to loan its credit in aid of certain rail-roads," and the act in addition thereto, passed July 12th, 1853, and the act of March 31st, 1854, amendatory thereof; by force of which acts the city was authorized to loan its credit, in the manner therein particularly specified, "to any rail-road company duly incorporated and organized for the purpose of constructing rail-roads leading from the City of Milwaukee into the interior of the State," as well as "rail-roads to intersect and connect with any other rail-road, having its terminus in said city," which, in the opinion of the Common Council, are entitled to aid from said city.

A provision was also contained in said acts requiring the question of the issue of bonds to any such Railroad Company, to be first submitted to the voters of the city; and their approval of the measure by the ordinary tests of the ballot, was a necessary preliminary to such issue. Pursuant to this legislation, elections were held from time to time—always resulting in favor of the issue—and ordinances passed by the Common Council, under which there were issued and delivered to the several companies deemed to come within the provisions of the acts, seven per cent. bonds of the city, amounting to one million three hundred and eighty thousand dollars, in addition to those before issued to the Milwaukee and Waukesha Railroad Company.

The following table exhibits the amount of seven per cent. bonds issued by the city to the several Railroad Companies:

Milwaukee & Watertown R. R. Co.	200,000.
La Crosse & Milwaukee	200,000.
Mil. Fond du Lac & G. B.	114,000.

Milwaukee & Horicon	160,000.
Milwaukee & Beloit	100,000.
Milwaukee & Superior	100,000.
Green Bay, Milwaukee & Chicago	200,000.
Mil. & Miss. R. R. Co., for stock	234,000.
do do loan	300,000.
Total	$1,614,000.
Add unpaid coupons for interest to Nov. 1, 1860, say	242,926.
Total city indebtedness for Railroads	$1,856,926.

It is to be understood that all the bonds above mentioned, except those issued in payment for stock subscriptions to the Milwaukee & Waukesha Railroad Company, were intended to be merely loans of credit, on the part of the city, to the several companies; and that the city was to be amply indemnified, by said companies, against all liability on said bonds, either for principal or interest. And at the times of the several issues to the companies, the city officers took to themselves the credit of assuming that the securities that the city received for such indemnification, were sufficient. But partly from a misapprehension of the value of said road securities, and partly from too great compliance, on their part,—not to raise the question of connivance and rascality, those securities, or such of them as the city has not suffered itself to be wheedled out of—are now found lamentably inadequate. Indeed, *inadequate* is a term by no means sufficiently expressive of their character. We have before us a report, made to the Common Council, of a joint committee of that body, together with the City Attorney and City Comptroller, in which those securities are enumerated at large. A reference to that report shows that the

securities now held by the city consists in second mortgages upon the several roads; and capital stock in several of the companies in the aggregate sum of $900,000; and the personal obligations of some of the managers of the road for the time being.

Of the value of the second mortgages, as securities to the city, the reader may be able to form a satisfactory estimate from the several foreclosure suits pending in the State and Federal Courts. As to the stock held by the city, it would save circumlocution to say at once that it is worthless. And we should feel unwilling, for obvious reasons, to express a more definite opinion upon the personal bonds aforesaid, than that they will doubtless be contested both as to the judgment and the execution.

Whatever of palliation there may have been for the encouragement originally given by the city corporation to the Milwaukee & Waukesha Railroad, when that enterprise was essaying those feeble steps that have since widened into the strides by which it has reached the Mississippi, there was none for the wholesale system, which, with the connivance of the Legislature, the city afterwards adopted, of extending a credit to which it was by no means entitled itself, indiscriminately to all the roads projected to terminate in the city, as well as to all their branches and connections which did not come within many miles of the city.

In the first case, the act may be likened to that of a rash but generous man, who extends a hand to a falling friend, without being by any means sure that the effort will not destroy his own equilibrium. The rashness of the deed is masked by its generosity. In the second case, the city may be likened to the same man, without the moral force to shake off an adhering cluster of friends and friends' friends, who,

incited by the exhibition of the one single act of his generosity, persist in clinging to him, until they drag him down into the pit of irretrievable ruin, they have prepared for themselves.

The building of rail-roads is not the legitimate business of a municipal corporation: and we cannot withhold the opinion that the city had no power whatever to engage, directly or indirectly, in that enterprise; or to subscribe stock in, or loan its pretended credit to any rail-road company building its road beyond the limits of the city; and that the legislature was incompetent to confer any such power upon it.

We should not omit to mention, perhaps, that a judicial decision already made, warrants a conclusion against the validity of a part of the bonds, on the ground of their being issued without authority of law.

It will be observed by reference to the terms of the acts of the legislature, above quoted, granting power to the city to issue bonds, that the rail-roads indicated in the said acts were such as were *incorporated and organized;* and not such as might thereafter be incorporated and organized.

It is therefore said to be a fatal objection to the validity of the bonds issued to the Milwaukee and Beloit Company, and also the Milwaukee and Superior Company, amounting, together, to $200,000 00, that inasmuch as those companies were not incorporated and organized at the time of the passage of the act, they were not within its provisions.

There may hereafter be found equally fatal objections to most or all the other bonds, even if the courts of the last resort should not be of opinion that a municipal corporation has no power, to enter upon, or loan its credit for, the prosecution of enterprises beyond its limits, and alien to the objects to be subserved in its erection.

APPENDIX:

MILWAUKEE IN 1861.

LOCATION.

MILWAUKEE is located upon a broad indentation or bay, six miles wide, in the western shore of Lake Michigan, at the confluence of two picturesque and servicable streams, the Milwaukee and Menomonee, one of which meanders through the city from the north, and, joined by its tributary, turns suddenly to the east and empties into the bay through an artificial channel called the "straight cut." By means of this straight cut Milwaukee has been enabled to boast of the most commodious and easily accessible harbor on the upper lakes. It is 260 feet wide, protected by substantial piers which cost over $100,000, and through this channel the sailors may sail into a wide and land-locked haven formed by the confluence of the two streams. It will be seen that this location then is most favorable for the purposes of commerce. A glance at the map will demonstrate the natural advantages possessed by Milwaukee.

Connected as she is, by a net work of rail-roads with Iowa and Minnesota, and forming the radiating point of travel and

trade in Wisconsin, it will require no great amount of reasoning to prove to the careful inspector of the map, that, being ninety miles nearer to the eastern terminus of lake navigation than Chicago, the natural current of trade will pass through Milwaukee from the now fertile fields of the vast region north and west of us, rather than be diverted in a detour round the southern end of the lake. If any thing could have made more advantageous still, the position of Milwaukee, it was the establishment of a steam ferry across the lake, completing the bee line of travel from Iowa to Detroit by means of the Milwaukee and Detroit rail-road.

There are no less than 200,000 square miles of agricultural territory lying west of Lake Michigan, and for which the lakes afford not only the most natural and direct, but the cheapest and safest means of commercial transportation. Milwaukee is the point to which the commerce of this region must gravitate from a natural law of expediency, and offering, as the city now does, commercial facilities to the common carrier, not possessed by any other port on the same sea; the advantages are too apparent to be urged.

THE CITY.

The city covers an area of 17 miles, with a long lake front. The greater part is situated on high bluffs which overlook the surrounding country. There are two hundred and twelve streets all built upon and more or less improved by grading and paving, and well lit at night by gas. East and West Water Streets, the principal business thouroughfares, are lined on either side by the most magnificient storehouses and

salesrooms that can be found in any city. Indeed, in architectural display, Milwaukee is far ahead of any city of the same age in the Union. Her own resources furnish the best and most desirable of building material, and the good taste of her citizens has been shown, not only in the erection of business palaces of the most elaborate and costly finish, but in villas, and private residences that for number and beauty of design astonish travellers, who remember the comparative infancy of the town. There are few if any tenement houses, built as such. The mechanic and laboring man can always find a desirable cottage house of one story, tastily surrounded by a garden, and furnished with all the conveniences of more expensive mansions, which can be rented for a moderate sum. On every street, in each ward, these comfortable dwellings can be found, varying only in style of design and beauty of finish.

There are forty churches of various denomination: six Methodist Episcopal; four Presbyterian; six Roman Catholic, and four Baptist, four Congregational, and four Episcopal, besides a number of free churches, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, Unitarian; and one or two Jewish Synagogues. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is an imposing structure, located in the Seventh ward, adjoining the Orphan Asylum of the same denomination.

The population is heterogeneous—almost every nation is represented in her citizens—but the sturdy thrift of Germany is conspicuous over all, and the predominance of this element gives Milwaukee a distinctive character which is at once novel and worthy of note. Although the majority of the Germans are of the middle and lower classes, still the professions, the arts, manufactures, and commercial as well as political positions have been entered by cultivated and highly educated Germans, and to-day we can not enter any of the higher branches of business without encountering them. German, perhaps, in manner and

accent, but American at heart, and devoted as well to the interests of the State and nation as to the city they have made their home. In the political field, at the bar, and with the baton and pencil, our German fellow citizens have helped to confer honor and beauty upon Milwaukee, and in manufacturing they have done more than any other, in developing the resources of the State and in accumulating capital at home.

To give an idea of the amount of manufacturing, it is only necessary to state that in the one article of Lager bier, there are over a million of dollars of capital invested in its manufacture, and the twenty breweries of the city manufactured in 1860, forty thousand barrels of beer; using 100,000 bushels of barley and 75,000 pounds of hops.

Three of these brewers alone have a capital investment of $300,000, and manufacture annually 18,000 barrels of this beverage, which sells at the rate of five dollars per barrel. One fourth of the whole amount of this manufacture is exported.

According to actual statistics presented to the Chamber of Commerce, the total aggregate of manufactured articles amounted to $10,500,000, in 1857—if these figures are to be depended on, the two subsequent years will have added to the sum total an additional million. Milwaukee affords every facility for manufacture; labor is abundant and cheap; excellent water power is to be had; large and flourishing machine shops furnish all the appliances of art at reasonable prices, and an unlimited market is brought to our doors by rail-roads that diverge at the four points of the compass.

No healthier city than Milwaukee exists. Carefully compiled mortuary statistics show the climate to be the most favorable to longevity. The winters are severe, but unlike those of a still higher latitude, are comparatively uniform, and the days

seldom alternate with the unhealthy warmth that marks the climate on the seaboard. The summer is delightful. The suffocating heats of August are tempered by the never failing breezes from the lake, and the refreshing currents, humid and life inspiring, render the city not only healthy, but aid in its material purification.

As regards its sanitary condition, it may be well, perhaps, to state that the river running through the city (at its center) parallel with the lake, and the ground on either side sloping gradually towards it, the drainage is rendered most thorough, and any system of sewerage, which may be undertaken in the future enlargement of the town, will be facilitated most materially by this advantageous direction of the thoroughfares, and the crown or grade of the land on either hand The published lists of deaths show that the ratio of mortality is less in Milwaukee than in any city of the same population in the same degree of latitude.

The enterprise and thrift of our citizens are worthy a remark. The stately churches, palatial stores, costly school-houses and academies as well as the splendor of the private mansions, attest the liberality and taste of the Milwaukeeans. The main streets are blazoned with evidences of their success, and the suburbs present the most gratifying picture of wealth and refinement combined. As the city has grown, improvement after improvement has been undertaken. A City Hall has been built; horse rail-roads have been projected and successfully operated in several of the wards. New and commodious hotels have been added; new systems of internal improvement, in the grading and paving and draining of streets, have made them equal to any in the oldest metropolis of the states; and while these necessary works of utility have been progressing, the æsthetic taste of the citizens has added shade trees and gardens, and

to-day the stranger, who rambles through the town, will involuntarily express his astonishment at the attainment which has been made in rendering the city not only convenient and comfortable, but beautiful.

The peculiar color of the bricks, of which the houses are built, gives a lively air to the streets, and adds to the general appearance a charm of freshness which led to the bestowal by a distinguished tourist, of the title of "Fair White City."

The Northwestern part of the town is occupied almost exclusively by Germans. It is a hive of industry throughout, and the aggregate of manufacture annually thrown into market through the country by these humble mechanics and artizans would astonish the reader. Cigars, boots and shoes, furniture, baskets, toys, jewelry, wearing apparel, and innumerable articles of every day use and consumption are here fabricated in small factories, and either sold to larger houses or peddled through the state. The many advantages offered by Milwaukee have concentrated these Germans here, and all seem to realize a comfortable living. Vagrancy is comparatively unknown. Destitution, when brought to public notice, is found generally to be the result of intemperance, and it is no more than justice to say that the few cases that at intervals transpire are not among the Germans. The influx of this nation has resulted in the giving of two or three distinctive characteristics to the town. With them they brought their love of music, their sociability, and their beer drinking habits. Although nearly all have assimilated with the Americans and have learned the English language, still the more admirable traits have not only not been relinquished but seem to have given a tone to the town. They have established numerous musical organizations, one of which, the Milwaukee Musical Society, has become so conspicuous and note-worthy an enter-

prise that we cannot pass over it with mere mention. This Society—organized on the 29th of April, 1850—has done more to elevate the popular taste than aught else, and has earned the honor of having successfully presented, at repeated concerts, the most difficult music of the highest schools of art, which has only been attempted even in the cities of New York and Boston*. As proof of this we need only state that the Society has rendered (and meritoriously) the Oratorios of the Creation and the Seasons complete, and has given entire, at different times, the Operas of the *Czar and Zimmerman*, *Stradella*, *Der Freischutz*, *The Magic Flute*, and *Norma*. Much of the success of the Society is no doubt attributable to the energetic and persevering labors of its President, Mr. Wm. Finkler, but its artistic excellence has been the admiration of musical visitors and neighboring cities for years, and its position as an invaluable auxiliary in the advancement of our city, cannot be too often or too strongly praised.

Whatever may be said of the American people, it must be acknowledged by all who choose to make the observation, that Milwaukee is a musical city. The number and excellence of the German musicians seem to have stimulated the native talent. One of the best corps of musicians in the western country is the American Cornet Band of this city, and we might go on and specify to a tiresome degree the amount of organized and individual talent which has given Milwaukee this reputation.

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* "The history of this Society for the last ten years has been no small part of the history of the city. It has always occupied the front rank as a means of social and refined amusement. It has drawn thither and domesticated among us a large number of eminent artists to fill every department of musical instruction. It has given us a rare name abroad for culture and taste, and has attracted to us not a few whose choice of an American home was determined by such advantages as it alone could present."—*Joshua Stark's address at the One Hundredth Concert of the Society.*

In the many festive occasions the peculiarities of the German element are seen. The carnivals, the masquerades, the masqued balls, the *tableaux vivants*, the dramatic exhibitions and the almost endless succession of gaieties during the summer season in the suburbs, in which great numbers of the population engage, and all the athletic sports of the Fader Land and the heavy but stirring chorusses of the glee clubs, make the groves and gardens alive with enjoyment.

Milwaukee possesses a large and efficient fire department, consisting of eight engines, two hose carriages, and two hook and ladder trucks, with an organized force of eight hundred men.

Mechanics command and receive good wages. The number of flourishing machine shops engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and connected with the numerous rail-roads; the mills, and the constant mechanical and metropolitan improvements, as well as the immense number of vessels entering the port and repairing damages, offer, continually, every inducement to competent and skilful workmen. There are no less than eight large iron foundries, and six brass foundries in operation, and large machine and repair shops connected with the La Crosse and also with the Mississippi railroad, which turn out rolling stock for their respective roads, and have built locomotives of superior strength and beauty. There are eleven large flouring mills in constant operation, seven furniture manufactories, employing in the aggregate about two hundred hands. Six planing mills, one paper mill (Noonan & Mc Nab), one type foundry * (Edward Miller.) Eight tanneries, some of which manufacture as good an ar-

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* This book is printed on paper and with types made in this city.

ticle of leather as is brought from the eastern market. During the last year these tanneries used 43,038 hides. Two firms manufacturing fire proof safes from patents of their own, which have been repeatedly tested and proved to be equal to more celebrated inventions.

In the packing business a small army of men are constantly engaged, and the figures show that Milwaukee is fast becoming an important rival of her southern neighbor in the article of pork and beef packing.

FACILITIES OF TRAVEL.

Railroads leave the city at the four cardinal points of the compass. The Horicon rail-road and the La Crosse rail-road on the north. The Milwaukee and Detroit, by steamship, on the east. The Milwaukee and Chicago on the south, and the Milwaukee and Mississippi, and the Milwaukee, Watertown and Baraboo Valley rail-road on the west.

These six roads bring Milwaukee in direct connection not only with the interior of the State, but with Iowa, Minnesota, and Illinois, and the State of Michigan. The horse rail-road connects the two most distant termini in the city, and passengers, passing through, escape many of the annoyances of runners and hackmen, but too frequent in other cities. In summer, steamboats are constantly plying between our city and Chicago, and making regular trips to Green Bay and the upper lakes, both for the transportation of passengers and for the accommodation of excursionists, &c. The two elegant steamships, the *Milwaukee* and *Detroit*, making regular trips between this city and Grand Haven, have materially added to

the summer travel, and aside from the acknowledged superiority of the route for other purposes, have opened a market for Milwaukee produce throughout the western portion, and even the interior of Michigan. Nothing can be pleasanter than a sail in the Summer over the lake in one of these ocean steamers, affording as they do, all the conveniences and comforts that are inseparable from pleasure seeking.

Tourists have been prolific of praises of this route; the scenery, the broad view of the city, the invigorating breeze of the sea—all combine to make the great feat of western steam ferriage at once popular and paying.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, &C.

THE principal public buildings in Milwaukee are the Custom House, the Newhall House, the Female College, the Public School Houses—there are seven of the latter, some of them, especially the two high schools, which are models of architectural design and internal arrangement. The Newhall House is celebrated (in the literal meaning of that term) as one of the largest and finest hotels in the western country. It was built, in 1856, by Daniel Newhall, occupying fifteen months in its erection and costing $160,000. It is conducted upon the modern plan, in the most unexceptionable style, its proprietors, Messrs. Rice & Andrews, sparing neither pains nor expense in making it worthy of the reputation it has already attained throughout the North-west. It has accommodations for six hundred guests, is supplied for all the recent improvements, and is justly regarded as one of the principal ornaments of the town.

The St. Charles Hotel, on Market Square, conducted by D. J. Upmann, was finished in August, 1856, and then called "Wettstein's Hotel." It has some peculiarities in its *cuisine*, which recommend it to foreigners, and is fully up to the standard of modern first class hotels. The building is an imposing one, standing as it does on the square and overlooking the entire neighborhood. It contains eighty-five rooms, and is fast obtaining a deserved reputation throughout the State under its present efficient host.

The Walker House, with Col. Bentley (late of Oshkosh) as proprietor, is another of the popular hotels. It is situated in the business section of the town, and is constantly filled by the many friends of Mr. Bentley, who is an old and favorite caterer to the public.

The American House, on Spring Street, has recently undergone important improvements, which places it in the front rank of our hotels. It is a favorite stopping place for countrymen, farmers, and others with teams, its ample stables and out-house accommodations constituting an important inducement to agricultural strangers.

These four hotels are the principal and most popular houses in town. Any one of them affords its guests all that can be desired in a public house, and it is only proper to say that they are, each and all, liberally patronized and sustained. We have mentioned these as the most conspicuous, but there are no less than thirty-one other hotels in the city of various degrees of excellence, whose facilities the limits of this work will not permit as to rehearse at length.

The Masonic Temple on West Water Street, erected by Byron Kilbourn, and used by the Independent Order of Free and Accepted Masons, is said to be a finer hall than any of the kind in the West A lease of it for ninety-nine years

was presented to Milwaukee Lodge, No. 3, by the liberal builder. The lodge expended about $3,800 in fitting it up.

Masonic Hall, in Martin's new block on East Water Street, is another splendid hall, used for the same purpose.

The entire building is one of the finest in the city. Its iron front, after designs by the Milwaukee architect E. T. Mix, alone costing $2,500.

The Milwaukee Protestant Orphan Asylum; the St. Rose's Orphan Asylum; St. Mary's Hospital; the Bank of Milwaukee; the State Bank, and the Albany Building are all noticeable structures. Young's Block, including the Academy of Music, was built in 1859.

The Academy is the most complete public hall for dramatic purposes west of Philadelphia. Indeed, the plan of its construction is an exact model of the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The auditorium is one hundred feet deep, and sixty-four feet wide, and is divided into a parquette, dress circle and upper tier, and furnished with patented seats arranged with a view to comfort. This auditorium was built with particular attention to acoustic excellence, being in the shape of an elipse or oval, square at one end, or, as has been stated, precisely similar to the Philadelphia Academy, than which there is none better in the country. So complete is the arrangement of seats both with a view to comfort and vision that it is impossible for the spectator to so locate himself that a full and comprehensive view of the stage cannot be obtained; and every seat in the parquette and dress circle being separate in itself, and they being so arranged that the persons occupying them do not look *over* the heads of those persons immediately in front, but between them; it will be seen that, although fourteen hundred persons may be accommodated in the auditorium (without reference to the use of the stage for spectators), the

whole number may be comfortably seated and obtain an unobstructed view of the performance or speaker.

The stage is thirty-six feet, is flanked by two comfortable private boxes, and provided with all the concomitants of dramatic effect. Comfortable dressing rooms, and an orchestra box in front, of ample dimensions. The Academy of Music is a credit to the builder, Wm. P. Young, and one of the necessities of every large city. It was inaugurated Friday night, March 16th, 1860, by a lecture by Col. Chas. D. Robinson, of Green Bay, on the "Lost Arts."

THE NEWSPAPERS.

MILWAUKEE has been noted for years for her newspaper enterprises. There are no less than eight daily papers published at this time in the city, as follows:

German Dailies,	*English Dailies,*
Banner and Volksfreund,	Sentinel,
See-Bote,	Press and News,
Atlas,	Wisconsin,
Phœnix,	Free Democrat,

The Sentinel, published daily, tri-weekly, and weekly, (Republican) is the oldest and most widely circulated. As a political and commercial journal it is regarded throughout the north-west with general favor. Jermain and Brightman, the publishers, have materially improved the sheet within the last two years, and widened its circulation accordingly.

The Press and News (Democratic), conducted by Beriah Brown, assisted in the editorial department by Charles Wright

and George Godfrey, is the only Democratic English Daily in town, and is an able exponent of the principles of its party.

The Wisconsin, an evening paper, published by Wm. E. Cramer, noted for its enterprise, and generally popular for its miscellaneous intelligence and family reading.

The Free Democrat, conducted by A. D. Smith and Geo. W. Chapman, also an evening sheet, is the decided advocate of Republicanism, enjoys the patronage of the party, and the admiration of those who prefer an evening sheet. Its editors are men of well known ability. Mr. Chapman is the author of a book of poems of considerable merit.

It may be a matter of some interest to our readers to know how many papers have been started in Milwaukee, and we subjoin the following list, sent to us by an old resident of the city.

Advertiser, Milwaukee—commenced in 1836, by D. H. Richards, issued until 1841.

American, Daily—started in July, 1855, issued till '58.

Anthropologist—devoted to clairvoyance, mesmerism and medicine. Pratt & Co. Published monthly for a while in 1850.

Atlas (German)—a successful sheet, started in March, 1856, as a weekly, and on the 29th of November, 1858, issued as a daily.

Banner (German)—a successful publication, and the first German newspaper in the State. First number issued Sept. 4, 1844, as a weekly, by M. Schœffler. In January, 1850, became a daily.

Barnburner—Published during the fall months of 1848, by S. M. Booth.

Cosmopolite—by A. J. Aikin; one or two numbers issued.

Corsar (German)—first number appeared October 7th, 1854; published by B. Domschcke, lived until November 17th, 1855.

Courier—started in 1841, by J. A. Noonan; subsequently became the Wisconsin.

Democrat, Milwaukee—issued in August 1843, by C. C. Sholes, continued less than a year; afterwards the American Freeman.

Enquirer (Milwaukee Daily)—Ellis & Swineford, 1860. Democratic penny paper—short lived.

Free Democrat—started by S. M. Booth, in May, 1848. First daily, September 16th, 1850. Sold out March 25th, '59, to Sholes & Crounse. May 26th, firm changed to Crounse & Thompson. February 16th, 1860, Messrs. Crounse & Fitch became the proprietors. May 26th, 1860, C. C. Olin and G. W. Tenny purchased it. December 3d, 1860, A. D. Smith became proprietor and editor.

Gazette, Daily—appeared Tuesday, October 21th, 1845. W. D. Wilson & J. S. Rowland proprietors. Elisha Starr local editor; afterwards merged with the Sentinel.

Gazette, Literary—published for several months in 1859, by C. C. Meservey.

Journal, Daily—published by B. Domschcke, for ten weeks in 1855.

Journal, Milwaukee—Elisha Starr, during the political campaign of 1841.

Journal, Milwaukee—Wilson & Hamilton, November 12th, 1851, (Fillmore sheet.)

National, Democratic—Flavin Brothers, issued for three months, in 1859.

People's Press—Beriah Brown, issued for several months, in 1860, and merged into the News.

Times, Milwaukee Daily—Erving Burdick & Co., in 1858.

Volksfreund (German)—issued in April, 1844, by F. Fratney; after eleven years existence was merged with the Banner.

The press of Milwaukee has labored zealously for the advancement of the town, and with it has grown and increased in influence. No better illustration of the enterprise and intelligence of the people can be found than in the sustaining of so many newspapers.

SOCIETIES.

THERE are several literary societies in Milwaukee. The Young Men's Association; the Young Men's Christian Association, and several Lyceums and debating clubs. The first of these, the Young Men's Association, has a large library of several thousand volumes, a large and well supplied reading room, and gives every winter a course of lectures by the most prominent men in the country.

The library is well selected, and rapidly increasing in size, and the ranks of membership of the Association extend through all the business and mercantile portions of the community and comprises a great many ladies.

The Agricultural and Mechanical Association, the first fair of which was held in this city, during the first week of October, 1860, and at which premiums, amounting to over $3,000, were paid on stock, is a flourishing society. Its grounds are situate two miles from the centre of the city, and are well provided with trotting and race course, sheds, pavilions, &c. It numbers among its members many of the substantial farmers and stock breeders of the State, and its future annual exhibi tions promise to be equal to any of the State fairs.

The St. George's Society, established 1858. The St. Andrews and St. Patrick's Society are flourishing benevolent institutions. The Social Turnverein, and the Independent Turner Society—the former organized in 1853, and the latter in 1860—are German organizations for physical and social improvement.

There are three Catholic organizations: the Pius Verein, the St. Bonifacius Verein, and the St. Antonius Verein, in active operation.

A Horticultural Society, which has given several very successful exhibitions. And five lodges of Good Templers, meeting in magnificent halls, appropriately and expensively furnished; besides a number of other secret organizations.

Six uniformed Military Companies, attached to the First Regiment, in a creditable state of discipline, compose the citizen soldiery of the city. The Milwaukee Light Guard, Capt. J. C. Starkweather, is an admirably well drilled corps, and obtained considerable notoriety by their visit to New York, two years ago.

There are numerous other organizations of a social and benevolent character, which need not be enumerated here. The church societies are large, and all of them in flourishing condition. The Sabbath schools are full, and constant missionary effort is establishing new chapels and school houses in the suburbs continually.

THE COMMERCIAL NAVY.

CAPT. GEO. BARBER has compiled the following valuable list of vessels built in Milwaukee, which we copy from the fourth volume of the Historical Society Reports:

List of Vessels Built at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

NAME OF VESSEL.	WHEN BUILT.	BY WHOM.	NAMES OF OWNERS.	TONS.
Sloop Wenona,*	1836	Geo. Barber,	William Brown,	30
Schooner S. Juneau,	1836	"	S. Juneau,	90
Steamer Badger, †	1837	Mr. Hubbel,	Byron Kilbourn,	50
Schooner Savannah, ‡	1837	"	" "	55
" Bolivar, §	1837	"	" "	70
Steamer Menomonee,	1838	"	" "	75
Schooner Milwaukee,	1840	Not known,	R. Andrews,	25
" Fur Trader ‖	1842	B. B. Jones,	William Brown,	100
" S. Marvin,	1842	S. Farmin,	Merrill & Caswell,	75
" M. Dousman,	1843	"	Dousman, Merrill & Farmin,	138
" Jo. Ward,	1844	Geo. Barber,	Barber & Sweet,	217
" Champion,	1844	S. Farmin,	Farmin & Rathburn,	205
" L. R. Rockwell,	1845	Gelson,	C. Sheperdson,	105
" M. G. Bonesteel,	1845	Geo. Barber,	George Humble,	110
" E. Henderson,	1845	"	J. Henderson,	100
" Pilot	1845	"	G. Barber,	40
Bark Utica,	1846	Averell,	Payson & Robb, Chicago,	334
Brig C. J. Hutchinson,	1846	S. Farmin,	C. I. Hutchinson, Kenosha,	341
Schooner E. Cramer,	1847	Gelson,	M. J. Clark,	160
" J. Patton,	1847	"	J. A. Helfenstein,	260
Brig Helfenstein,	1847	"	" "	329
Schooner Traveler,	1847	Geo. Barber,	Geo. Barber,	74
" Lawrence,	1847	S. Farmin,	Capt. Lawrence,	284
Bark Nucleus	1848	"	Merrill, Farmin & Sweet,	330
Schooner Muskegon,	1848	"	Judge Newell, Kenosha,	119
Bark Cherubusco,	1848	Mr. Hubbel,	Mr. Hubbell	255
Schooner Nebraska,	1848	"	Ludington, King & Norris,	241
" Twin Brothers,	1848	Geo. Barber,	John Thornson,	144
" H. U. King,	1848	"	G. D. Dousman,	100
" Geo. Ford,	1852	"	Geo. Barber,	132
" Kirk White,	1852	"	James Porter,	184
" D. Newhall,	1852	J. M. Jones,	D. Newhall,	183
" Two Charlies,	1852	"	D. Newhall & Hibbard,	119
" Mariner,	1853	Geo. Barber.	William Porter,	159
" Advance,	1853	J. M. Jones,	Meadowcroft & Co., Chicago,	268
Bark Badger State,	1853	"	Williams & Wheeler,	496
Schooner Emma,	1853	"	Bagnall & McVicker,	169
" Emily,	1853	"	Ben Phelps,	69
Government Dredge	1853	"	United States,	130
Schooner Kitty Grant,	1853	Geo. Barber,	S. B. Grant	85
" Wollin,	1854	J. M. Jones,	Mr. Wootsch,	47
" J. Steinhart,	1854	E. Euniac,	C. Harrison,	60
" C. Harrison,	1854	"	"	187
" Napoleon,	1854	Geo. Barber,	Geo. Barber,	150
" J. Lawrence,	1854	"	Lawrence & Saveland,	110
" D. O. Dickinson,	1854	J. M. Jones,	D. Newhall,	384
" Milwaukee Belle,	1854	"	"	368
" Norway,	1854	"	Norris & Thornson,	230
" Fred. Hill	1854	"	Davis & Hill,	268
" North Cape,	1855	"	J. Reinerson,	107

* Built for a lighter. † Built for carrying passengers to and from steamboats in the Bay. ‡ Old blue lighter. § Built for a steamer. ‖ Built for a steamer.

List of Vessels—Continued.

NAME OF VESSEL.	WHEN BUILT.	BY WHOM.	NAMES OF OWNERS.	TONS.
Schooner J. & A. Stronach.	1855	Geo. Barber,	J. & A. Stronach,	149
" Fanny & Floyd,	1855	"	Smith & Sweet,	143
" Adda,	1855	J. M. Jones,	Cook, Hall & Co.,	273
" Indus,	1855	"	Humphrey & Hall,	246
" May Queen,	1855	"	Grant, Kellogg & Strong,	246
" Undine,	1855	"	J. M. Jones,	100
" Odin,	1855	"	John Thornson,	173
" J. M. Jones,	1855	"	A. Lanson,	156
" Pauline,	1856	Geo. Barber,	Lawrence & Saveland,	210
Bark Shanghai,	1856	J. M. Jones,	J. M. Jones,	188
" Hans Crocker,	1856	"	W. W. Hibbard,	496
Propeller Alleghany,	1856	"	American Transportation Co.,	593
Schooner Driver,	1856	"	John Thornson,	174
" Brilliant,	1856	"	J. M. Jones,	180
" Rose Dousman	1856	L. Cox	G. G. Dousman,	133
" Wm. J. Whaling,	1857	J. M. Jones,	Bell & Whaling,	374
" Geo. Barber,	1857	Geo. Barber,	Geo. Barber,	157
Tug L.L. Boole,	1858	L. H Boole,	P. Starkee,	47

68 vessels of 12,429 tonnage.

From the Annual Statement of the Trade and Commerce of Milwaukee we take the following table:

Capacity of Grain Vessels in the Port of Milwaukee, January 1st, 1861.

NAME.	Capacity. BUS.	NAME.	Capacity. BUS.
Propeller Neptune	16,000	Schooner Plover	18,000
" Edith	14,000	" M. M. Scott	14,000
" Quincy	11,000	" Three Bells	12,000
Bark B. A. Stanard	24,000	" Walrus	16,000
" Jesse Hoyt	19,000	" Whaling	15,000
" Marquette,	20,000	" York State	16,000
Brig D. Ferguson	13,000	" Yorktown	16,000
Schooner Arcturus	17,500	" A. Baensh	7,000
" M. Courtright	15,000	" J. Christie	7,000
" Dickinson	13,000	" R. Dousman,	6,000
" Miami	15,000	" El Tempo	6,000
" T. Perry	14,000	" C. Harrison,	7,000
" K. Richmond	12,000	" Gold Hunter	(Loaded.)

	343,500
Two Barques on the stocks	52,000
Total	395,500

On the 21st of July, 1856, the schooner "Dean Richmond," owned by C. Y. Richmond and Capt. Pierce, sailed from the warehouse of H. & J. F. Hill, loaded with 14,000 bushels of club wheat, direct for Liverpool, arriving safely at that port on the 29th of September.

In May, 1859, the M. S. Scott, Capt. N. H. Blend, sailed from this port with a load of timber, and a clearance direct from Milwaukee for a Trans-Atlantic port; samples of Milwaukee bricks and other manufactures were sent in her to the Mayor of Hamburg. She arrived there safely after a pleasant voyage.

The schooner George D. Dousman arrived here from Liverpool the latter part of October, 1859, with a cargo of salt for Layton & Plankington, packers.

It may be of some interest to state that the first Buffalo propeller, that entered the River, was the "Independence," Capt. Clement, in 1845, and the first top-sail schooner was the "John Grant," in 1836, loaded with oats and provisions, from Cleveland.

The first brig was the "Hoosier," Capt. Crary, from Buffalo, in 1845.

The first large steamer from Buffalo was the "James Madison, Capt. McFadden, in 1845.

STORAGE AND SHIPPING CAPACITIES.

In connection with the means of transportation, it will be well, perhaps, to say a word in regard to the facilities for handling grain. The following table exhibits the capacity of our warehouses:

would be impossible; we can only say that in each department of trade there are firms doing business upon the largest and most honorable system, keeping the most extensive stocks to be found anywhere, in some instances indeed, as in the hardware and dry goods trade, vieing with the jobbers of eastern cities.

As this article is being written, there are present in our city a large number of merchants from Philadelphia and Baltimore, visiting Milwaukee with the avowed purpose of seeing for themselves how true were the seemingly exaggerated statements of prosperity and metropolitan trade, which have reached them. They all express themselves astonished at the commercial activity and the industrial growth, and well they may be. A few months ago a similar delegation from New-Orleans and St. Louis paid our town a visit and carried away with them the most pleasing recollections, which came back to us in the southern papers in the shape of the most flattering encomiums.

MILWAUKEE BRICKS.

Milwaukee has long been celebrated for the beauty and superiority of its bricks, which are of a light cream or buff color, admirably adapted to the ornate modern architecture of cities, as being more pleasing to the eye and in reality more durable than the red bricks of the eastern kilns.

The peculiar composition of Milwaukee clay—sulphate of sulphur entering largely into the aluminous compound—gives to the earth when burnt its peculiar straw-colored hue. The opening of a kiln discovers the condensed flour of sulphur,

which adheres to the surface of the topmost bricks, like a yellow frost; and the peculiar odor of the fumes will at once satisfy any one of the nature of the ingredient. The manufacture in itself is very simple. The alumina or clay is dug from a section of bank where it lies in deep blue strata, and is worked to a proper consistency in a primitive kind of a mill, whence it is taken and moulded, dried and piled up in kilns to undergo the action of heat.

A visit to the extensive yards of Messrs. Green & Watkins, Burnham and others, will at once convey an idea of the superiority of this material over all others used for the purpose. The immense beds of this aluminous earth, which stretch out to the west of the city, promise an unfailing yield.

The esteem in which Milwaukee bricks are held, is evident from the fact that orders from New York and other eastern cities, as well as Chicago, have been filled here since the opening of the works, and several of the finest buildings in New York and other cities are constructed of this material. Indeed, we believe, in one or two instances Milwaukee bricks have been sent to Europe.

THE PROFESSIONS.

The legal profession in Milwaukee numbers among its members men who have a national reputation. Carl Schurz, the eloqent German orator, was born thirty-two years ago in Bonn, on the Rhine, in the Prussian dominions. In 1849, he joined the constitutional army, and sharing in its reverses, was sentenced to death for high treason. He, however, escaped, and made his way to Paris.

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In a little book published by the chief spy of Bonaparte's police, he received honorable mention as "the most audacious and the most adroit" of the exiles, who could never be ensnared into any act furnishing a pretext even to the liberal conscience of a Bonaparte for his extradition. At this time the public opinion of Germany was much aroused by the cowardly vengeance wreaked by the Prussian government on Godfrey Kinkel, a townsman of Schurz's, a professor, who had joined the constitutional movement at the same time with himself. This man, a poet, of delicate frame, highly educated, and accustomed to all the refinements of life, was imprisoned at Spandau, twenty miles from Berlin, dressed as a convict, his hair cropped short, and forced to labor at wool-carding, and to room and mess with felons. Schurz, having determined to rescue him, repaired to London, collected the means, and made the arrangements. With a forged passport he traveled direct to Berlin, left his papers with the police over night, obtained a *vise* for some other town the next morning, and instead of proceeding, took lodgings in a boarding-house. There he remained for six weeks, going to Spandau every day, and returning late at night, when the policeman was always so obliging as to unlock the door of his boarding-house for him. All the arrangements having been completed, he carried off Kinkel in a coach one rainy night, together with his keeper. Relays of horses were in readiness from station to station, until they reached the sea shore, where a pilot-boat received them. They landed at Hull or Yarmouth long before the government had the most remote idea of the prisoner's whereabouts. Coming to this country, in 1851, he registered himself as a law student at Philadelphia, and sojourned there a number of years, occupying his time, almost exclusively, with the study of this country, its material and social condition,

its history, its institutions, and its future. In 1854, he removed to Watertown, Wisconsin, and entered the practice of the law in Milwaukee.

Mr. Schurz has distinguished himself on the stump and in the lecture room, not so much for fervid eloquence as for logic and beautiful elaboration. His speeches aim at mathematical demonstration, and his enthusiasm in the cause he has espoused gives his efforts an earnestness, which is perhaps the greater part of honest eloquence.

Among the Bar, E. G. Ryan, J. E. Arnold, Judge Hubbel, and others, are distinguished for their legal acumen and superior talents, and what is no less important, their proficiency in the higher walks of literature.

The same may be said of the clergy. Such men as Rev. J. C. Richmond, Wm. D. Loss Love, J. L. Corning, C. D. Helmer, J. M. Buchanan, and N. A. Staples, have shown themselves not only able expounders of the Bible, but willing and efficient laborers in all the humanitarian projects where intellectuality becomes a weapon.

In the lecture room these men have ever battled for the same truth that they preached in the sanctuary, always proved themselves willing to throw their talents in the scale of popular advancement and human progress, and established their own power by giving us arguments and truths that have been circulated and read, and will be remembered long after they themselves will have passed away.

In the editorial profession it is creditable to the city to know that the eight newspapers are conducted by gentlemen both of education and talent.

The medical profession includes a Wolcott, whose skill and experience, both as a physician and surgeon, have given him a local fame, not approached by any other of that school in

the city, and a Douglas (Homœopathy,) who as a scientific man has attracted attention and received the meed of praise from the highest authorities in Europe.

As we write, we have before us three European medical journals with re-prints of articles from his pen.

Several excellent artists have made Milwaukee their home. Mr. S. M. Brooks, who has adorned more of the parlors of our city than any other man, and who has enriched the gallery of the State Historical Society with his pencil, is an artist of rare ability. His copy of Murillo's Madonna has attracted much attention, and is pronounced by critics a work of great value.

Music teachers of the highest school, whose qualifications are best shown in the compositions which have enriched the national repertory, have been drawn to Milwaukee for reasons elsewhere given.

Professors Hempsted and Kurstiener, and Mr. Sobolewski (author of the American opera Mohega,) have published at various times music, which has had other than a local sale and fame.

We cannot close our sketches with a more appropriate article than the following from the pen of a gentleman in this city, who knew Mr. Juneau well. The article has been sent to us, and we give it as written.

DEATH OF SOLOMON JUNEAU.

Solomon Juneau, in the fall of 1856, set out from Milwaukee to visit the Indians in the northern part of the State,

(as had been his custom annually ever since their disappearance from the vicinity of the town,) and to transact such business as was customary during the payment. Although he seemed in excellent health when starting, several of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from going, intimating that he had arrived at an age when prudence would oppose such a journey. He, however, started, and it was ordered that he should never return alive. He was, indeed, too old to endure the fatigue and hardship incident to the business to be transacted with the Indians. The Menomonee payment was made two days before he died. Exposure to inclement weather a few days before had indisposed him. Nothing serious, however, was anticipated. During the payment he was harrassed by the Indians, and on retiring at night, he declared to S. W. Beall, of Taycheedah, that he was overcome with fatigue. On Thursday morning, he arose and set about the business of the day. He had, however, been out of his bed but a short time before he complained of great uneasiness, and shortly after paroxysms of pain supervened and groans of agony issued from his lips. He was immediately removed to the house of Mr. Pricket, and every attention in the power of those about him was paid to his person. The Superintendent, Dr. Huebschmann, assisted by Dr. Wiley, attended him, both gentlemen exhibiting the most anxious care. A few hours were sufficient to show how futile were all human exertions, however. The stubborn intensity of the malady defied the skill and art of the attendants. And so through the day. At four o'clock, the priest was introduced who administered, at his solicitation, the rites of the church. His malady was less severe at intervals, and at such times he conversed freely with those about him, directing a disposition of his property. Turning to Mr. Beall, he said: "It is hard to die here. I had hoped to have

laid my bones in Milwaukee," and immediately afterwards, directing his eyes upwards and crossing his hands upon his breast with a sigh, he said: "I come to join you, my wife." The slumbers of syncope supervened as the evening rolled on, and in this condition he lay until twenty minutes past two o'clock, A. M., when he breathed his last in the arms of Benjamin Hunkins, his faithful friend and constant nurse.

Thus died Solomon Juneau, November 14th, 1856, aged sixty-four. His sudden death threw a gloom over the encampment. Indians as well as white men were conscious of the loss. They crowded about the house and were importunate to get a glimpse of his body.

Many instances occurred of individual homage. In the middle of the night, an old squaw of decent appearance—the wife of a chief—entered the apartment, and kneeling before the body, clasped her hands in silent prayer; then removing the cloth from his face, impressed her kisses upon his mouth and forehead, and retired as noiselessly as she had entered. Another clipped a lock of his hair, and charged one to deliver it to his children. These poor women were Catholics.

The place of his repose was selected by the Indians themselves, and the order of his funeral entrusted to Mr. Hunkins.

ORDER OF THE FUNERAL.

1st. Priest in canonicals, followed by an Indian choir, chanting funeral forms.

2d. Ten Pall-bearers, four Whites and six Indians, (Oshkosh, Carron, Lancet, Ceshenah, and others.)

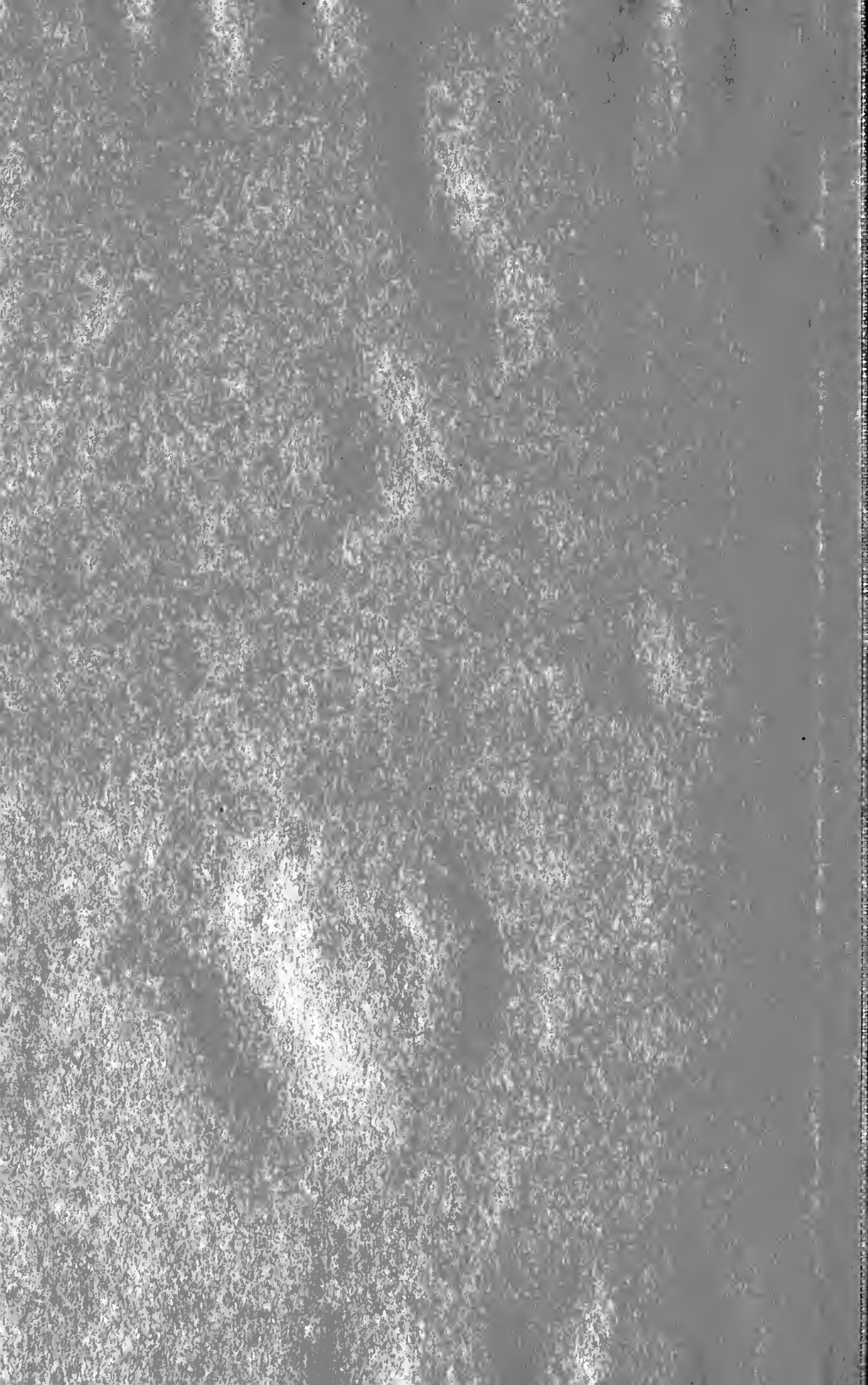
3d. The employees of the Agency, male and female.

4th. Indian women and Indians, two abreast, to the number of six or seven hundred.

Appropriate services were rendered at the grave by the

priest, and a few affectionate sentences of farewell, interpreted to the Indians, at their request, were expressed by the agent.

No man on the American continent won more respect and affection from the Indians than Solomon Juneau. He was one of those of whom can be said: "they wronged no man." In the early history of the town, when the enterprise and speculation of the white men demanded extortions from the Indians, when others pushed them rudely aside to make room for themselves, Solomon Juneau stood their friend; and they never forgot it. His liberal heart could entertain no vindictiveness, and generosity often led him to spend hundreds of dollars without any hope of return.



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