NORTH POINT.

MILWAUKEE.

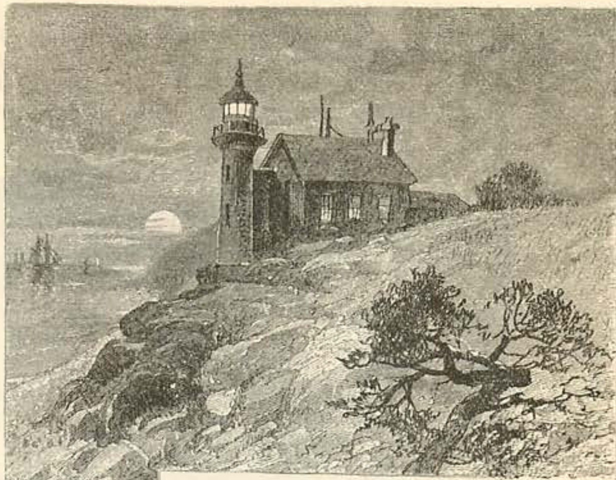
TO most persons first impressions of a new locality outweigh quantities of subsequent information. Therefore we who admire this charming city, and desire every one else to do so, recommend you to arrive by water. Milwaukee stands exactly in the centre of the globe: all the world is open to her easterly by lake and ocean; westerly, by land. Approaching on the steamboat from Chicago, or Grand Haven, or the North, one first descries at dawn the bluffs upon which the town is built, and advances toward it with the rising sun.

The water through which you press your way, leaving behind a foaming and rainbow-touched wake, is green in the morning light with that special tint held by crude petroleum, and it is penetrated with beams of slanting light that lend it a brightly fibrous appearance, entirely different from ocean water. Glancing ahead, the eye catches a blue and bluer reflection, until, far away, indigo is the only color. Nearing the coast, you speedily detect a sharp line, three or four miles from shore, where the blue water stops, and a pale verdigris-green tint begins. This shows a sudden shallow, and marks the real old coast-line, upon which the river-mouth has encroached in a deep indentation. A few moments later the steamer has passed the breakwater, which is fringed with fish-poles, like an abatis, has got by the miniature lighthouse and the pretty life-saving station, has turned the elbow into the river, and is poking its way along the narrow channel, between elevators, warehouses, and railway structures, through swinging bridges and a maze of shipping, up to its wharf in the centre of the city.

There is this disadvantage in this ingress, however, that you see too much of the river at first. It is a narrow, tortuous stream, hemmed in by the unsightly rear ends of street buildings and all sorts of waste places; it is a currentless and yellowish murky stream, with water like oil, and an odor combined of the effluvia of a hundred sewers. Nothing could better illustrate the contaminations of city life than the terrible change its waters undergo in a mile from their sparkling and rural cleanliness, up above, into this vile and noxious compound here among the wharves. Yet it is the very centre of the city's business, and to its presence Milwaukee owes its beginning, and a large part of its present existence. The nasty waters uphold a crowded and ever-busy fleet, and float grain steamers too long to turn around there.

We are informed that the very earliest civilized knowledge of the site of Milwaukee goes back to about the year 1674, and to that indefatigable missionary and keen adventurer, Father Marquette. That he took any special notice of the locality, does not appear. Later, other French mission-

aries and traders, journeying southward from Green Bay, which they called St. Francis Xavier, and which was the western outpost of the Jesuits during the early half of the last century, went ashore here at long intervals, and visited the Indians, who seem to have made the mouth of the river a permanent abiding-place; but for more than a hundred years after the Abbés Joly and Marquette were there, nobody thought well enough of the place to stay there.

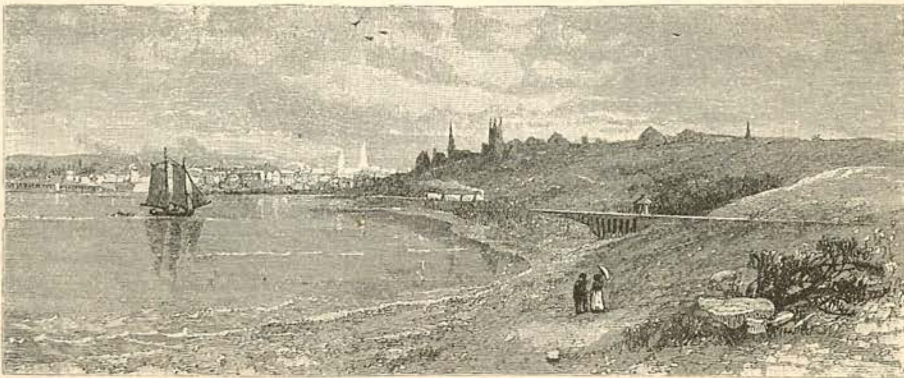


NORTH POINT LIGHT.

I can fancy various features about the locality at that time not altogether inviting. The long line of bluffs which form the western shore of Lake Michigan was broken by a gap of half a dozen miles, where a shallow bay rounded in. The low inner shore of this bay amounted to little else than an immense swamp of wild rice, with a sand-bar and a hill or two to break the surf, and a distant view of forest-clad hills and oak openings beyond, and bluffs to the northward. Finding a devious way through this swamp came a river from the north, a smaller stream from the south, and a little rivulet from the west.

Such geography would scarcely prove attractive to a frontiersman, when so much better land was ready to his choice. But commerce stepped in ahead of æsthetics, and dictated the foundation of a city, where presently the æsthetic was quite content to reside—which means that it was a capital place for an Indian to get his living, and that accordingly it became the permanent camp or head-quarters of a community of them. The tribe found in possession by the first traders were the Mishimakinaks, whom the very first mention introduces to us as "those runagates . . . . a horrid set of refractory Indians." Just in what they proved "refractory," Colonel Peyster fails to tell us.

There is still greater doubt as to the meaning and correct orthography of the name. The first time it occurs is in Lieutenant James Gorrett's journal, September 1, 1761, where he states that a party of Indians came from *Milwacky*. Colonel Peyster writes it *Milwakie*. In 1820



A GLIMPSE FROM NORTH POINT.

Dr. Morse records that *Mil-wah-kie* was settled by the Sacs and Foxes, and that the name was derived from the word *man-awakie*, meaning "good land," which recalls Peyster's assertion that the name of the river was *Mahn-a-waukie*. A Chippewa interpreter spelled it with fewer letters, but confirms the rendering, "good" or "beautiful" land. The French seem to have written it *Milouaqui* in their early dispatches home.

AT THE FOOT OF GRAND AVENUE.

The Indians' town was at the very mouth of the river, and buried its dead on the hill which now forms the abrupt foot of Michigan Street. Their chief was Onaugesa, a Menomonee, whom Laframboise, the first trader from Mackinac, found to be "a good Indian." Laframboise retired after a while, and his brother succeeded him, but did not get along so well. It appears that one of Onaugesa's boon companions was an alleged poet named Pashano. In some *affaire de cœur* the trader offended the poet's sensitive soul, who retaliated by prejudicing the chief against him, the result of which was that the man of business soon abandoned his post. When Onaugesa realized that he had foolishly cut off his nose to spite his face—to wit, driven away the trader who had regularly supplied him with rum in exchange for his good-will—he reflected upon the source of his misfortunes, and in a day or two the meddlesome laureate went mysteriously to the happy hunting grounds. This began a vendetta that made the whole region too hot for traders for several years. Finally, however, a French half-breed named Vieau began coming down every spring from

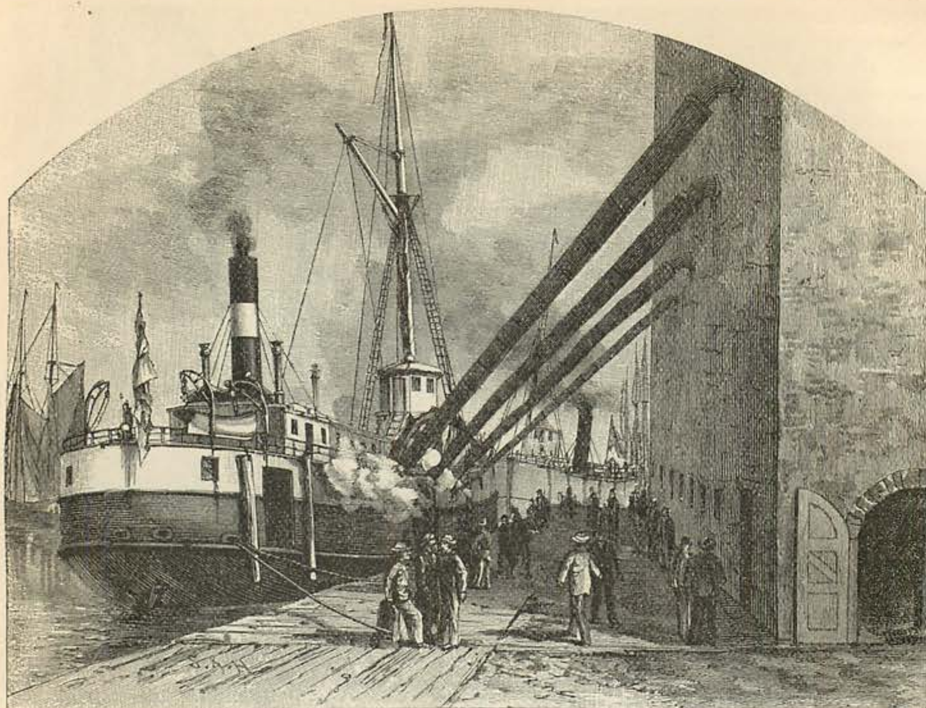
DOWN THE RIVER FROM GRAND AVENUE BRIDGE.

Green Bay, and going back in the fall. He did so well that after a few years another Frenchman, who had been his clerk, built himself warehouses, married Vieau's daughter, and becoming popular among the Indians, proposed to settle permanently here. This young man was Solomon Juneau, and his block-house stood where now is the intersection of East Water and Wisconsin streets.

This happened only about 1820, yet it reads like a romance of at least five hundred years ago. For several years Juneau was the sole white inhabitant of the region, only occasionally visited by a wandering trader, trapper, or missionary. The nearest post to him was "a miserable settlement called Eschikagon, at the mouth of Skunk River, some ninety miles across dense forests to the south." All supplies came by water from Mackinac, the head-quarters of the American Fur Company, and the settlers lived a far more isolated and truly frontier life than it is possible to do now anywhere in the United States except in Alaska.

Juneau was sharp, and in 1831 secured from the Indians a cession of all the region, claiming for himself a large tract on the east side of the river. Then he began to advertise the advantages of settlement there, and one by one got neighbors.

Among the earliest were two gentlemen whose names are household words in the city—Byron Kilbourn and George H. Walker. They had enterprise and knowledge and money. Kilbourn took up a tract on the west side, and Walker south of the Menomonee, and for many years after, these quarters of the city were known respectively as "Kilbourntown" and "Walker's Point." In 1834, Milwaukee County was set apart from Brown County, which has since been similarly subdivided a score of times, until its former ducal proportions are reduced to a mere hand-breadth at Green Bay. This act showed the enterprise of the pioneers, for there were then not white men enough in the region to fill the offices provided for by the county organization. More kept coming, however, from Detroit and Buffalo and New England, and the wheezy steamboats of that early day in lake navi-



LOADING A GRAIN STEAMER.

gation began to make the struggling village a stopping-place.

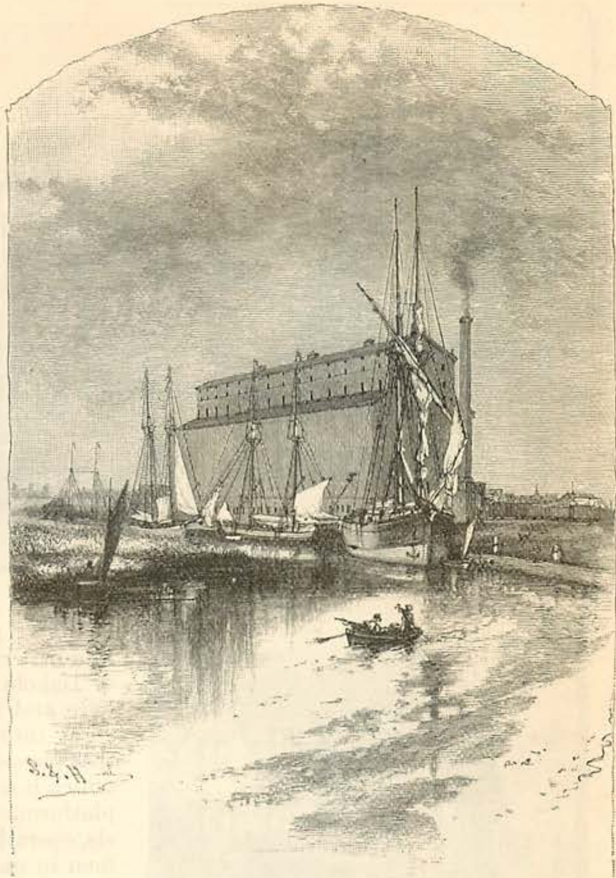
Juneau's log warehouse was the headquarters for gossip. "Here were wont to congregate," says the chronicler Wheeler, "pioneers and sailors to hear long-expected tidings which had floundered through mud and forests and over prairies for weeks before they reached the settlement; on the same spot the merchants 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."

Such was the irregular, muddy, prosaic beginning of this great and attractive lake port. One hears a pleasant or a comical incident now and then, of Indian threats which sound thrilling, till you find they never amounted to action, and of adventures that were almost perilous; but really there is little romance about it. A town grew up, partly on a sand-hill, and partly in a mud-hole (one being cut down to fill the other up), because men found they could accumulate wealth there.

Nearly all this money was to be made through commercial channels, and these channels led down the river and up the lakes—as channels are very likely to do. However, they were not deep and broad enough for the great vessels which in imagination (and finally in fact) were to enter the port. The first public effort, therefore, was directed toward harbor improvement, but it was several years before the general government would listen to the call for help. Congress was deaf in its Northwest ear, as Major Domo, a famous character, used to say. Finally it appropriated $30,000, and grandly wasted it in the wrong place. The river runs along parallel with the lake shore for more than a mile, only separated from it by a narrow strip of beach. Common-sense suggested the cutting through of this bar close up to the town, but the engineers preferred to construct a harbor a mile away, down at the mouth. The result was that Chicago scored a big point in its rivalry, and Milwaukee a few years later had to make her "straight-cut" through the beach where she should have done it at first. This gave her what some persons have called the best harbor on the upper lakes, albeit it is only a narrow river and two short breakwaters. Now it is proposed to run out into the bay for several hundreds of

yards an immense stone jetty, costing a million or two, and thus form the bay into a harbor of refuge; but this is not begun yet.

All these expensive harbor improvements would never have been undertaken, of course, had not the trading post grown with marvellous speed into a city and shipping port; and this, in turn, would never have come about had not there been a rich agricultural region behind it, and a large influx of farming population. When one remembers that fifty years ago Wisconsin was an utter wilderness, a howling, untutored, worthless stretch of forest and prairie; sees now the universal cultivation of all its southern half; marks how the pine woods are disappearing in the north, and how immigrants are scattering themselves singly and in colonies over all that region—he is amazed that so much could have been done in so short a time. But comprehending this fact, the concomitant—namely, that such populous centres should arise as Chicago, Milwaukee, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the other large towns of the "Golden Northwest"—causes no wonder at all.

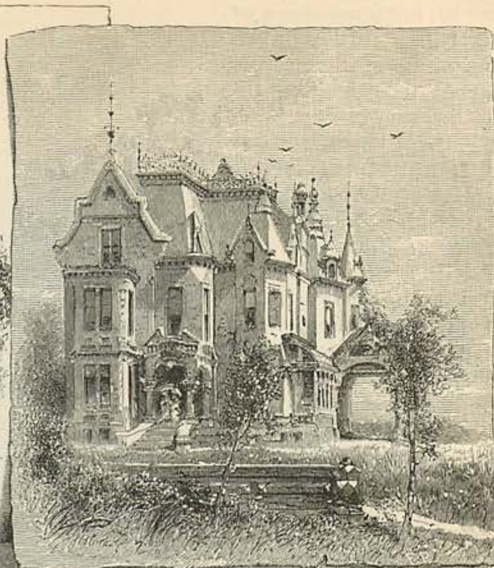


A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

With her harbor built, her ships accumulating, Milwaukee was quick to see that she must adopt the new invention of railways, and began to extend lines inland to bring the crops to her granaries. The railways built their tracks down on the flats, and helped to fill in large areas. They placed their stations, freight dépôts, and shops there, and attracted business, until now the old miles square of marsh has dwindled to a few well-curbed canals and deep slips where vessels lie to be loaded. Chiefly, however, the railways served the interests of Milwaukee in making it not only an easily accessible buying market for the rural districts, but the most available point at which to dispose of crops.

In order to handle these vast crops, which are poured into the city at harvest-time and later, several of those enormous buildings called elevators have been built by the railway companies and by private enterprise. All lake-port and sea-port citizens are very familiar with these structures and their use, which is for the storage and transhipment of grain, but they will perhaps pardon an explanation of them to the more benighted people who live off the "trunk lines."

In order to begin at the beginning—get to the bottom, as it were, of an elevator—one must climb to the very top. The building is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five feet wide, and, like all of its class, it rises eighty feet or more to the eaves, above which a narrow top part, forty or fifty feet higher, is perched upon the ridge-pole. It is built of wood, sheathed with corrugated iron a lit-



PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

When grain is bought—perhaps a hundred car-loads from the vast fields of Dakota or the wide farms between here and St. Paul—the train is backed right into the elevator, and stands so that opposite each car door is a receiver, which is a kind of vat, or hopper, in the platform. By the help of steam-shovels, operating almost automatically, two men in each car will in ten minutes or less empty the whole train.

As fast as the grain is dumped, the receiver delivers it to iron buckets holding about a peck each, which are attached to endless belts, and travel up a sort of chimney, called a "leg," to this roof chamber. These buckets will hoist 6000 bushels an hour at their ordinary rate of speed. That is equal to one bucket going up 24,000 times, at the rate of 400 times a minute—tolerably lively work!

tle way up, and then slated the rest of the way.

Entering one end, where two railway tracks run into the building, we find a narrow wooden stairway, and begin our ascent. The flights are short ones, but eighteen are stepped over before we emerge into the topmost attic. Alongside of us, as we climbed, has been running the strong belt which carries the power from the great engine on the ground-floor to the gearing in the roof—a belt of rubber canvas four feet wide, and perhaps two hundred and fifty feet long.

To-day up here in the topmost loft there is nothing doing, and we are saved strangulation. The light hardly penetrates through the cobwebbed windows, and the most pulverous of dust lies everywhere half an inch deep, showing the marks of a few boot soles, many foot-prints of rats, and the lace-like tracks of hundreds of spiders and bugs. You step over and under broad horizontal belts as you make your way gingerly from one end of the attic to the other. They run the fans that winnow the grain as it comes up in the buckets, after which it is dropped into

the hoppers, ten feet wide, and twice as deep, that open like hatchways every few feet in the centre of the floor. Now all is perfectly quiet; we are so high that even the clamor of the wharves does not reach us. But when the machinery starts in motion, then fearful roars, and clash of cogs, and whipping of slackened belts, assault the garret, until this whole upper region rocks like a ship in a gale, and chaff and dust cloud the eyes and stifle the throat.

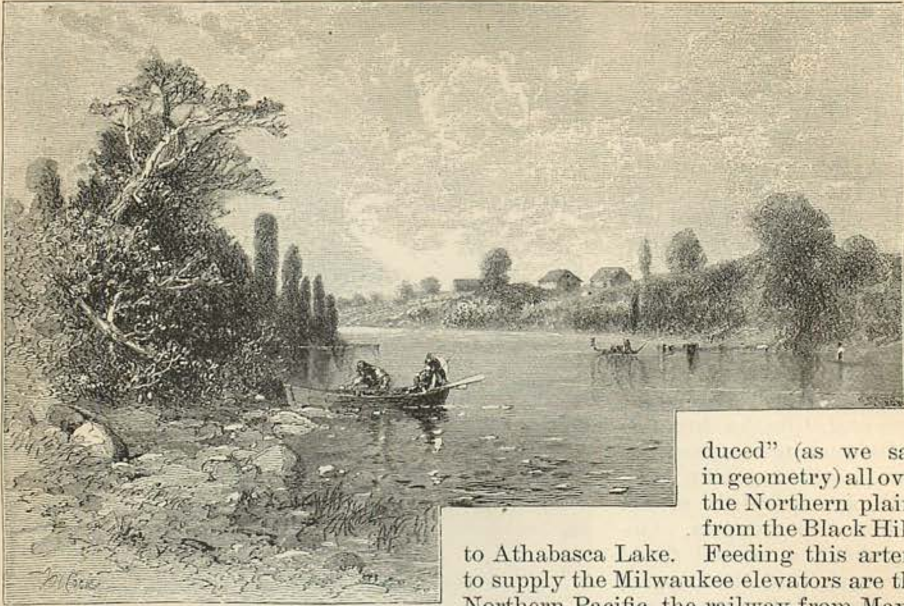
Descending one story, we find another garret, with nothing in it but the square bodies of the hoppers. Going down a second flight shows us that the hoppers are suspended not upon pillars, but loosely on iron stirrups, so as to shake a little, and the iron gate which lets on or shuts off the fall of the grain through the tubular orifice at the bottom is operated by steam.

CENTRAL FIRE STATION.

There are twelve of these hoppers. Sticking up through the floor underneath each one gape the flaring mouths of twelve spouts or sluices, all of which point directly at the gate in the hopper, as though earnestly begging its bounty of grain. Every one of these 144 spouts leads into a bin, near or distant, and all are numbered, so that the superintendent knows which spout conducts to any one bin, and can distribute his cargoes accordingly, the result of his choice being recorded in cabalistic abbreviations upon a blackboard close by. A movable conductor is swung into place between the hopper and the spout, the gate pulled open, and down slides the wheat, with a musically rushing noise, into the grateful bin.

To see the bins we descend again, this time reaching the top of the wide part of the building. We walk very circumspectly, in the half-light, amid a maze of beams, stringers, and cross-pieces of wood and iron. The whole interior of the elevator below this level is now seen to consist of a series of rooms, between which there is no communication. They are ceilingless, and the only exit from them is through a spout in the bottom. Peering over the edges from the narrow foot-walks, we can only guess how far the person would fall who should lose his balance, for the eye can not reach the bottom: it is sixty-five feet below, and hidden in darkness. Of these deep bins there are 144, some twice the size of others. Sometimes they are all full at once, and hold eight or nine hundred thousand bushels, weighing fifty millions of pounds, and good for over two hundred thousand barrels of flour.

Yet it was not until the winter of 1840 that the first cargo of grain was ever shipped from this port, and it required the whole winter to accumulate 4000 bushels. Forty years have passed, and there are now in Milwaukee no less than nine elevators, which have a storage capacity varying from 200,000 to 1,000,000 bushels each, the total capacity being 5,330,000 bushels. They can ship over a million bushels a day, but can take in only about half as much, the grain requiring twice the time and trouble to go up as it does to come down. Every available foot of stor-



VIEW ON THE RIVER.

age space, I am told, was required last winter (1879–80) to accommodate the business here, and then there was not room enough.

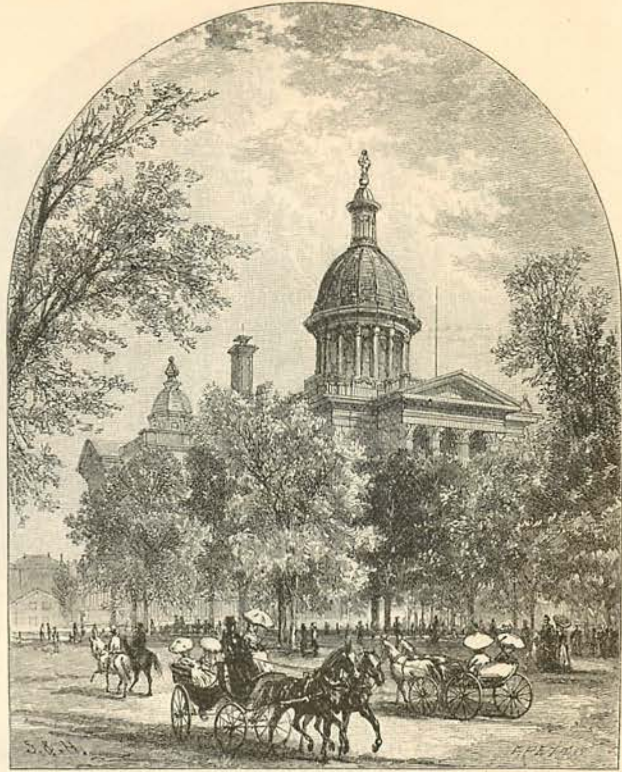
What is the reason for this large and steady growth against the powerful competition of a great neighbor? It is found in the fact that Milwaukee wheat has from the first been subjected to the most rigorous and honest inspection, and the grade No. 1, or No. 2, or any other grade marked as such, is known in Liverpool or Mark Lane to be precisely what it is stamped. So trustworthy is this brand and reputation that Milwaukee's wheat, derived from just the same fields as Chicago's or Duluth's, will fetch one or two cents more a bushel every time.

These elevators are almost all owned by railway companies, and constitute an important element in their power throughout the Northwest, while at the same time they are a source of great strength to the city in its race with competitors, since the railway lines strive to direct all the grain trade to Milwaukee, cutting out Chicago and other rivals.

The greatest of all these railways, whose existence is so vital to the city, is the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, which owns enough miles of track to make a road—side tracks and all—from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its lines ramify through the whole Northwest, and are to be "produced" (as we say in geometry) all over the Northern plains from the Black Hills to Athabasca Lake. Feeding this artery to supply the Milwaukee elevators are the Northern Pacific, the railway from Manitoba, the lines which enter St. Paul and Minneapolis from Dakota, Nebraska, and Northern Iowa, the various other railways coming eastward through Southern Wisconsin. In addition to this, the great Chicago and Northwestern company send a powerful branch here, and help to make Milwaukee a point intermediate between Eastern and Western traffic. Over the West Wisconsin road come the staples from the Chippewa, Eau Claire, and St. Croix regions. Three routes lead to Green Bay and the northern part of the State. The Wisconsin Central now extends a clear line from Milwaukee to Ashland, Lake Superior, running almost directly through the centre of the State, and opening up a country rich in prospects. At present it is chiefly useful as a lumber road, but settlement upon its abundant lands is proceeding rapidly, and when the proposed connecting link between it and the Northern Pacific at Duluth is made, it will become a second channel through which the wheat of the Upper Missouri prairies can flow into Milwaukee's granaries. Several shorter lines have lately been opened, contributing to the city's prosperity; and a route, no doubt some day to be built, is projected as an air-line road to St. Louis, which shall take in great coal-fields on its way. Such a road might be an important accession to the manufacturing interests, in reducing the cost of fuel, which is now brought from the

soft-coal fields of Iowa, and from the anthracite mines in more distant Pennsylvania.

These railways and the steam-ship lines, this export of wheat and lumber and farm produce, and import of rural supplies, have produced a city of solidity and magnificence, which you may go far and not find equalled. Its broad, Nicholson-paved business streets are bounded for block after block with warehouses and offices that would do credit to New York; and there is probably no finer building in the Northwest, devoted to a similar purpose, than the new hall of the Chamber of Commerce. Limestone from home quarries and gray Ohio sandstone are much used in construction, and ornamental iron fronts are common, but the customary building material is a brick which burns yellowish-white instead of red, the clay lacking the iron which by oxidation under heat gives the ferruginous tint. There are only one or two buildings in the lower part of the city constructed of red bricks, but their handsome effect is being copied somewhat by painting. Taking each building separately, one can not altogether admire the taste which seems to have dictated them (and the same may be said of the more ostentatious residences in many cases), yet the general effect is undeniably fine.



THE COURT-HOUSE.

As for public buildings, they are not many nor prominent. The County Court-house is a handsome, dome-crowned structure of Lake Superior brown stone ensconced in trees and shrubbery; the Post-office is a commodious building, which looks as if it was carved out of cheese, and makes you blink for its whiteness; churches are hidden away among foliage and houses until you can't see any one of them very distinctly, except the two vast towers of the Cathedral on the south side; and the beautiful tower of the water-works remains about the only really ornamental public edifice in a city where nothing is disgraceful except its market, and that is being rebuilt.

Milwaukee is certainly handsome, business-like, and healthy. It has about it an air of cleanliness, morally and physically, and an appearance of thrifty activity remarkable in contrast with the slatternly look of many large Eastern and Southern towns. All these things serve to make it a "Cream City," not in general tint alone, but *crème de la crème* among its prosperous sister towns in the Northwest. Yet it is difficult to pick out any one feature, and say of it, *that* is characteristic and peculiar, something whereby a person might know the city if he saw it in a vision, or was mysteriously landed in its midst, apart from all other towns. Boston has its round "swell fronts" and antique streets, Philadelphia its marble steps and solid shutters, and so on; but Milwaukee has little that is peculiar, unless it be the universality of yellowish-white bricks, which is shared by nearly all the towns between Lake Huron and the Upper Mississippi.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

saw-bucks on the comfortable side of the City Hall, and take long naps or spin yarns while waiting for a job. But even these old fossils are not different from the working classes all over the country; and the same is true of every grade of society. You continually see countenances familiar to you, feel an impulse to rush forward and claim an old acquaintance on every other corner. One house or shop front shows a tradition of Pennsylvania, another suggests some Broadway idea, a third adopts a peculiar bit of Bostonianism, while a fourth imitates a prominent sign-board in New Orleans. How is a chronicler to recognize anything as yet grown out of this composite, cosmopolitan growth, occurring similarly in a dozen cities, to characterize any one? Possibly in another century the evolution of circumstances will bring out some specialty in each whereby their divergence can be perceived.

Nor is it strange that it should be difficult to find special peculiarities in so composite and so young a town. I have tried again and again in Chicago, Detroit, St. Paul, Burlington, and other Western cities to find a type of face or a style of carriage different from New York or New England, but found it impossible to do so. In a hundred years the case may be different. *Now*, these men and women are New York and New England transplanted; two-thirds of them were born in the East. They have brought with them the mingled customs of all the Atlantic centres of civilization, and have fitted them together to suit the new exigencies of the Northwest. Even the rural population are not as gawky and rustic as you will find in any back county of the East. They have travelled somewhat, and seen strangers. Their eyes are opened, and their attention alert. As for the long-haired plainsmen, and 'coon-skin-capped hunters, and other mythical characters of the "West," of course you see no more of them, nor as many, as you may find on a bright day in the Bowery. The only bit of "character" I can think of to be found anywhere in the city or surroundings are the few lazy old wood-sawyers who sit astride of their

Perhaps, nevertheless, in the case of Milwaukee, a distinguishing feature may be found in the large grounds that surround nearly all of the private residences in the finer parts of the city. For a town of so large a population this matter of space is accomplished in a way quite surprising to an Eastern man. Several of the residences, even in the heart of the town, occupy a whole block, or half a block, and horticulture finds many enthusiastic votaries. As a consequence, double houses and solid blocks of houses flush with the sidewalk are very few. This is partly because general sentiment is averse to it, but chiefly because a man who can afford to rent in such a block will prefer to find means to build for himself. Milwaukee is a city of *homes;* its people own the houses and lots where they live, to an extraordinary extent; and this is

true from highest to lowest—as well down below Wisconsin Street, and "over the Rhine," as up on the bluffs that overlook the azure lake. The architecture of the whole city, also, business and residence portions alike, is pleasantly varied. This gives the streets down town an animated look, and up town lends that village air to the well-shaded avenues which always seems doubly delightful when combined with such evidently urban advantages as good pavements and faucet water, gas and municipal protection. Just what styles of architecture prevail it would be difficult to say. The big Grecian house, with pillars in front from porch to cornice, the square-topped, fort-like brick, the pretentiously cheap Mansard-roof, are all absent, as is also the gambrel-roofed moss-grown home so quaintly attractive in the suburbs of most New England towns, and which, of course, no one would expect to see here.

A half-Dutch, half-English cottage style of house, with no end of peaks, gables, and surprising little points and angles, is the universal thing, and nine out of ten of these houses that succeed one another for miles and miles of prettiness are painted slate-color. But though the houses are not plain, the town owes its beauty not so much to ornamental architecture, which has generally too much of the "gingerbread" look about it to please a severe taste, as to the abundance of shade trees everywhere, and to the care which is taken of the grounds. In many of the streets, also, a wide space of sharply curbed and well-trimmed lawn separates the roadway from the sidewalk, and often you may go block after block without finding a fence between you and the slightly elevated or

FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

A PACIFIC CONTEST AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

terraced door-yards, whose shaven greensward runs continuously past a dozen houses with no boundary wall to interrupt. Particularly is this true of Grand Avenue—a worthy rival of far-famed Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. This gives one the idea that he is making his way through a park rather than along a public street. Another pleasant custom is that of placing an ornamental gateway and rounding steps at the corner, where a house stands at the intersection of two streets, giving a far more imposing effect than one would imagine.

Until very lately a prejudice has existed—quite unfounded, I think—against living on the bluffs that overlook the northern half of the bay; the city consequently grew southward into the marshes, and westward up the slopes between the Menomonee and Milwaukee rivers, leaving its northern side open. Five years ago, Prospect Street was a grass-grown, muddy lane. Now it is one of the very finest avenues in town, and the backs of all the house lots on its eastern side run to the brow of the lofty bluff, at whose feet the restless lake is always beating. Down toward the foot of this handsome street another branched off at an acute angle, and the property owners about there bought and set apart the triangle inclosed as a little park, which is now very pretty. They constructed a fountain like a pile of rocks there, on condition that the city should always keep it running, wherein they made a good bargain. The peculiarity and excellence of this fountain is that there is plenty of water in it—rushing streams having force and weight dash out with a

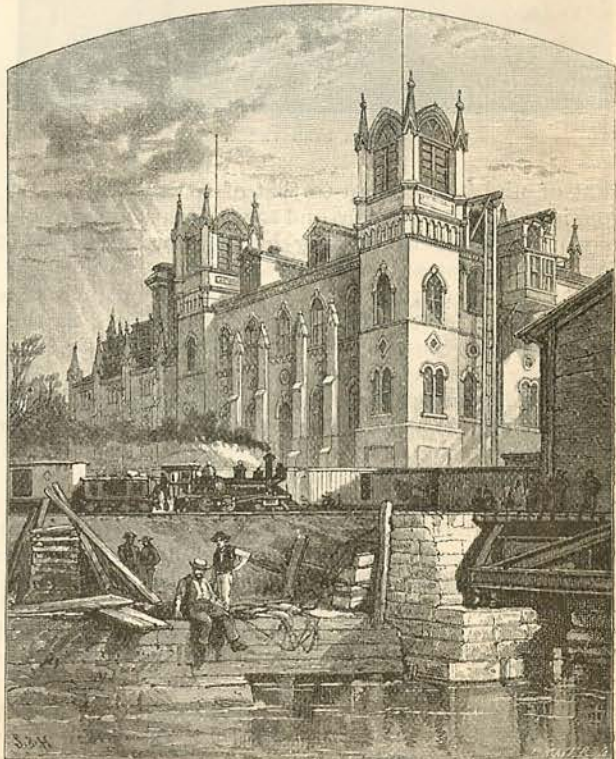
noise and wetness thoroughly refreshing, whereas in the majority of fountains a few tender trickling drops only keep the iron-work glossy, and distress one with an idea that the affair is just on the point of drying up. This is much the case with that handsome structure, intended as a fountain, that ornaments the park of the Court-house.

The pavement runs out Prospect Street for more than a mile, and continues into a favorite drive for five miles, with a side track kept in order for equestrians; and it was out this road that the Veteran Soldiers camped at their late reunion, and the beer gardens there did then—and yet do—a very thriving business. Five miles from the Post-office brings one to Whitefish Bay, and a magnificent view of Lake Michigan beating upon her cliffs just as the salt ocean worries the headlands of Montauk or Navesink.

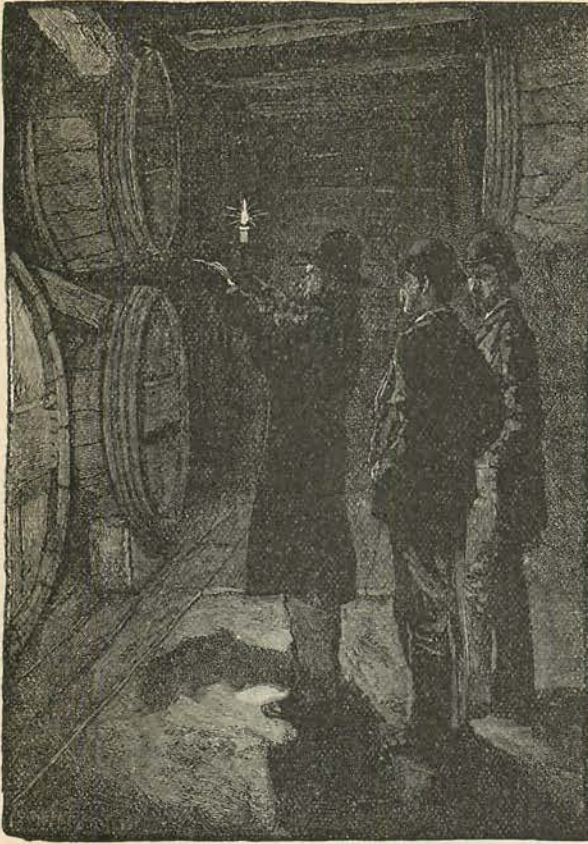
This is out of town, though, and one need not go so far to watch the beauty or fury of the capricious lake. At the foot of Prospect Street the bluff has been terraced and sodded for a long distance, and so converted into a sort of boulevard or esplanade, where you may loiter and enjoy the fresh air. From this charming spot the bay is spread before you in a vast semicircle, sweeping from Minnewawa, the north point, to Nojoshing, its southern terminus, five miles distant, and leading the eye in front to a boundless horizon. No ocean picture can be broader or more majestic; it may give the beholder a more impressive feeling of terrible power, but never will it show the varying and delicate touches of beauty that the sparkling light waters and the brilliant sunshine combine to paint upon the surface of Lake Michigan. The swift and shifting changes the clouds work in the dissolving tints of blue and green; the sudden way in which silver and gold and the scarlet or rosy reflections of gaudy clouds are thrown down—all this is beyond pen or space to describe, higher than pencil or brush can truly depict. The lake, indeed, is the great fact which confronts you everywhere in Milwaukee. Its azure mass rises as a wall to confront the view whenever you turn your face to the eastward, filling with deep blue the arch under the trees at the end of every cross street.

Having this lake always before their eyes, and ever supplying pure and fresh breezes, and having streets so broad and well shaded, with such an abundance of pleasant gardens just across the low fence, wherein your eyes may feast to your heart's content, Milwaukee hardly needs a park. Nevertheless, just out of the city, to the westward, are the handsome grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

This institution is one of the four or five provided by the United States government as asylums for men in distress who have served creditably as volunteer soldiers in the Union army. They could not desire a more comfortable or pleasanter home. It is interesting to saunter through the commodious and orderly building; to see how every office of the household, from



A LAGER-BEER BREWERY.



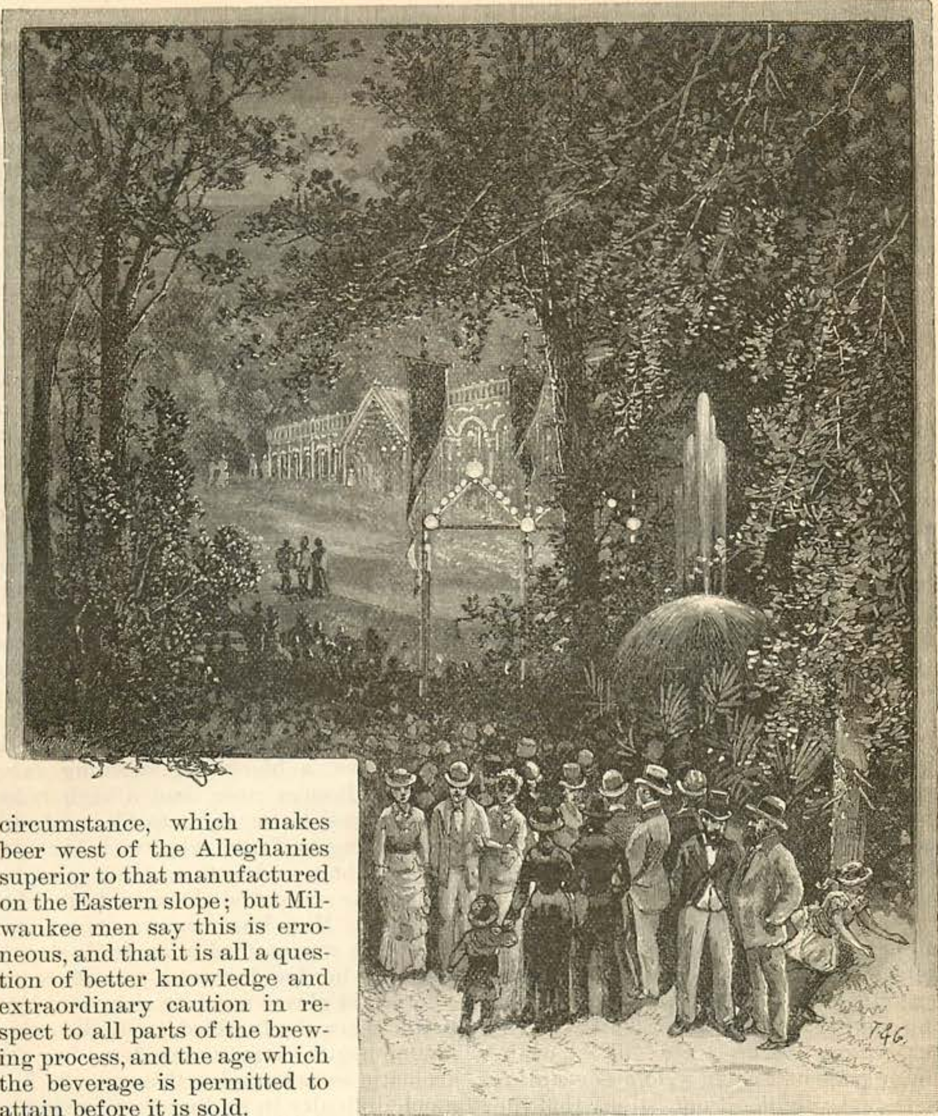
IN THE BEER VAULT.

and go into that great campaign of the hereafter whither every man marches under sealed orders.

I have said that the lake was the "one great fact" about Milwaukee. The other great fact in Milwaukee is lager-beer. Probably the city is more widely known for this than for anything else. Her breweries ship their delectable product to all parts of the world, and have won compliments for its excellence even in the historic gardens of Bavaria. The beer business is a rapidly growing one, also, as the statistics of the Chamber of Commerce show, for it is less than thirty years since the first shipment was sent to tempt the willing appetites of New-Yorkers. In 1865 only about 65,000 barrels were manufactured in the whole city, and this was regarded as a large amount. Now there are a score of breweries, and for the year 1879 the records of the collector of internal revenue show a total of 548,770 barrels of beer sold by the brewers of Milwaukee, showing an increase within a year of 122,430 barrels. In making this amount of beer the brewers of Milwaukee used 1,234,632 bushels of barley, equivalent to 1,509,017 bushels of malt, and 1,097,540 pounds of hops, and realized for the product, at the wholesale price, the sum of $4,938,930. Still they find it necessary to continue enlarging their facilities, so wide-spread has become the demand for this favorite beverage. The barley is gathered from the entire Northwest, and even from California.

The beer is made from very carefully selected materials, and by men of the most approved experience in brewing. Extreme care is taken in every detail of the work from beginning to end, and finally, no beer is allowed to leave the cellars until it is at least five months old; whereas many brewers, particularly in the East, sell their product only three or four months after it is made. It has been asserted that there is a difference in the water, or the air, or some other natural

that of night-watchman to that of scullion, is performed by men, and so well that a woman-hater would hug himself for joy. The inmates all wear the army blue, and spend their time wholly in a well-earned *dolce far niente*. It is enjoyable to watch the groups of grizzled veterans, with their pipes and cards, in the smoking-room, or listen to their stories of the old days as they lie at full length under the trees, and gaze across the hazy, purple city to the far sun-lit lake beyond, in delicious and dreamy contrast to their former activities and hardships. As the city extends itself, this charming domain will ultimately be its real park, no doubt, for the Soldiers' Home will find itself utterly without tenants before many more years. The deaths are very rapid now, and every year more and more of these aged and scarred veterans, who are now beginning to feel how the war shortened their lives by drawing too heavily on their youthful energies, strike their tents in this world,



SUMMER NIGHT IN A MILWAUKEE BEER GARDEN.

circumstance, which makes beer west of the Alleghanies superior to that manufactured on the Eastern slope; but Milwaukee men say this is erroneous, and that it is all a question of better knowledge and extraordinary caution in respect to all parts of the brewing process, and the age which the beverage is permitted to attain before it is sold.

No doubt the success of Milwaukee lager is a result of the demand for very good beer which has arisen from the fact that this community contains so many Germans who are both judges and lovers of beer. Out of the 116,000 people in the city, over 60,000 are of that nationality. It is said that in the Second Ward, the northwestern corner of the town, there is not a single American, French, or Irish family. Whether this is so or not, it is certain one sees none but German faces, reads German signs, hears Teutonic speech, and catches all the flavor of the Father-land underneath an unmistakably American crust. Any one can understand what is meant by this last phrase if he goes to the railway station and marks the appearance of the crowds of immigrants that daily pour in there, fresh from the voyage. Then let him take a Walnut Street car, and ride through the west side. The faces are the same; the dress is only slightly different; but there is an entire change, hard to define, in the *sentiment* of all that the late immigrant says and does.

There being so many Germans and so much good beer, those out-door pleasure parks so dear to the German mind are in

great number and handsomely appointed. Milwaukee quite emulates Cincinnati in this respect. They are pretty places, being laid out with well-shaded walks, parterres of flowers, rustic colonnades, rock-work, fountains, and all the other accessories of landscape gardening on a miniature scale. There are also bowling-alleys and billiard saloons attached, and in the middle stands a concert hall, where a band discourses music to the crowd. Two of the largest of these gardens are on the high ground over in the Second Ward, but the majority of them are up the river, where a little steamer runs, and plenty of row-boats are handy for pleasuring. When there is a set programme, and good music may be expected, a very respectable crowd of both Germans and Americans will be found gathered at the gardens.

ANNE.

CHAPTER IX.

"Manners—not what, but *how*. Manners are happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. Manners require time; nothing is more vulgar than haste."—EMERSON.

MADAME MOREAU was a Frenchwoman, small and old, with a thin shrewd face and large features. She wore a plain black satin gown, the narrow skirt gathered in the old-fashioned style, and falling straight to the floor; the waist of the gown, fastened behind, was in front plaited into a long rounded point. Broad ruffles of fine lace shielded her throat and hands, and her cap, garnished with violet velvet, was trimmed with the same delicate fabric. She was never a handsome woman even in youth, and she was now seventy-five years of age; yet she was charming.

She rose, kissed the young girl lightly on each cheek, and said a few words of welcome. Her manner was affectionate, but impersonal. She never took fancies; but neither did she take dislikes. That her young ladies were all charming young persons was an axiom never allowed to be brought into question; that they were simply and gracefully feminine was with equal firmness established. Other schools of modern and American origin might make a feature of public examinations, with questions by bearded professors from boys' colleges; but the establishment of Madame Moreau knew nothing of such innovations. The Frenchwoman's idea was not a bad one; good or bad, it was inflexible. She was a woman of marked character, and may be said to have accomplished much good in a mannerless generation and land. Thoroughly French, she was respected and loved by all her American scholars; and it will be long ere her name and memory fade away.

Miss Vanhorn did not come to see her niece until a week had passed. Anne had been assigned to the lowest French class among the children, had taken her first singing lesson from one Italian, fat, rosy, and smiling, and her first Italian lesson from another, lean, old, and soiled, had learned to answer questions in the Moreau French, and to talk a little, as well as to comprehend the fact that her clothes were remarkable, and that she herself was considered an oddity, when one morning Tante sent word that she was to come down to the drawing-room to see a visitor.

The visitor was an old woman with black eyes, a black wig, shining false teeth, a Roman nose, and a high color (which was, however, natural), and she was talking to Tante, who, with her own soft gray hair, and teeth which if false did not appear so, looked charmingly real beside her. Miss Vanhorn was short and stout; she was muffled in an India shawl, and upon her hands were a pair of cream-colored kid gloves much too large for her, so that when she fumbled, as she did every few moments, in an embroidered bag for aromatic seeds coated with sugar, she had much difficulty in finding them, owing to the empty wrinkled ends of the glove fingers. She lifted a gold-rimmed eye-glass to her eyes as Anne entered, and coolly inspected her.

"Dear me! dear me!" she said. Then, in execrable French, "What can be done with such a young savage as this?"

"How do you do, aunt?" said Anne, using the conventional words with a slight tremor in her voice. This was the woman who had brought up her mother—her dear, unremembered mother.

"Grandaunt," said Miss Vanhorn, tartly. "Sit down; I can not bear to have people standing in front of me. How old are you?"