## Romance of the French Founder of **Dubuque**

From the Dubuque (In.) Telegraph-Herald. HE story of Julien Dubuque reads

We have been taught to think of him as "the first white setr in Iowa," and to revere the few see crambling under the gray tower the bluff. But this puts miles of distance between his life and our own. It is when we think of him as he was he first came to the village that is now our city—a young, handsome Canadian Frenchman, with the fire of youth and the love of adventure burning in his veins, that we feel the distance melt away. Whatever led the young man into the wild western region there are no records left to tell. He was not driven by necessity. In his Canadian home he had had the excellent education that was the strongest sign of cul-ture and wealth 150 years ago. He was a well-to-do young man, with capital enough at 25 to establish himself in

The early settlers of St. Louis tell of his handsome face, his courtesy and the French grace that was typical of him. All of these characteristics make his life among the Indians most mysterious. Was he impelled by a boyish love of udventure when he came west, or was there an early romance in his young life? Few men are philanthropic enough to shut themselves away from the world for pure love of mankind. When we think of his long, semi-savage life, among people not of his kind—and know that he lived it alone, without the marriage which made it endurable to so many white men of his time, we are tempted to weave into it a bit of romance. But this is only a likely conjecture. All we know is that he came down the Mississippi in 1784.

Julien Dubuque was only a boy of 25 when he came to the little send of the Mississippi lying between Catfish creek and Eagle point.

creek and Eagle point. He had been living near Prairie du

Chien, where bands of Indians had car-ried the news of wonderful discoveries of lead near the Great River. The stories of the Indians aroused the young man, and he made his way down the Mississippi to the present site of Du-

A Fox village stood near where the city now stands, called the village of Kettle Chief. It consisted of Indian lodges, extending back from the river, and sheltering a hundred warriors and their families. It was among these Indians that Dubuque secured shelter while he explored the country for lead

Four years before, the wife of an Indian warrier, Pesota, had discovered a rich mine of lead. A little investigation on the part of Dubuque soon convinced him of its value, but he was too wise to precipitate his action. So he spent several months with the Indians "getting acquainted." His youth, his handsome face, his good nature and his hearty manner delighted his hosts, and he was a welcome guest. He played with the children, tended the sick, hobnobbed with the warriors, and meantime let no feature of the mines escape him. And his tact was richly rewarded, for less than a year later the Indians granted him the exclusive privilege of lead mining on the richest mineral tract in Louisiana.

The grant gave him the right to mine en a tract of land extending along the river from the mouth of the Little Maquoketa to the Tete des Morts, a distance of seven leagues, and running westward about three leagues. The papers read:

'We sell and abandon to Dubuque all the coast and the contents of the mines discovered by the wife of Peosta. so that no white man or Indian shall make any pretentions to it without the three months ago. The grant was dated at Prairie du

Chien, September 22, 1788. As soon as he had secured the lease he went back to Prairie du Chien for assistants. When he returned to the village of Kettle Chief, he brought with him 10 Canadians to assist him as overseers, boatmen, smelters and wood-choppers. For his sake the Indians welcomed his companions, and allowed them to make their homes in the village. The mining began at once. He employed the Indian women and old men of the tribe to assist him in digging the ore. He opened farms, erected houses and a horsemili, and put up a smelting fur-nace near Dubuque's bluff. He opened ntores, bought furs and sold goods and Indian trinkets. Twice a year he took boat loads of ore, furs and hides to St. Louis, where he exchanged them for goods, supplies and money. In the frontier town, where the world's fair is to be held this year, he was known as the largest trader of the upper Mississippi valley, and his semi-annual

trips were of great importance.

As he worked he found time to cultivate the Indians. He learned the habits, superstitions and traditions of the Fox nation, as he learned the language. In return for his interest, they gave him the name of "Little Cloud" and a reverence and trust that was always touch

Dubuque's Pirst White Visitor. In 1805, the year after the departure of Lewis and Clark, the government fitted out another expedition to explore the Mississippi valley. It was com-manded by Zebulon M. Pike, who started up the Mississippi from St. Louis. His inst glimpse of the present site of Du-buque he described as follows:

"We saw an encampment of Fox In-dians on the west shore of the possomething more than the permit of a council of Fox Indians. He claimed that dians on the west shore of the river,

on a beautiful eminence, which appeared he had paid for the lands in goods, and to be an old town. It is about 90 miles in October, 1796, he presented to the above Rock Island by the river."

Spanish governor of Louisiana a pe-

"We were saluted with a field piece by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses to take us to the mines, which were six miles west of the river, and it was impossible for me to make an inspection of them from the river. I therefore proposed 10 queries, which Dubuque alswered. The substance of his answers were that the mineral lands were supposed to extend mineral lands were supposed to extend 27 leagues in length, and from one to 27 leagues in length, and from one to three leagues in width. The ore yielded in his petition, and endorsed upon it—about 75 per cent, and from 20,000 to "Granted as asked for under the restricpounds were annually formed tions by the merchant, Don Andrew into pig lead.

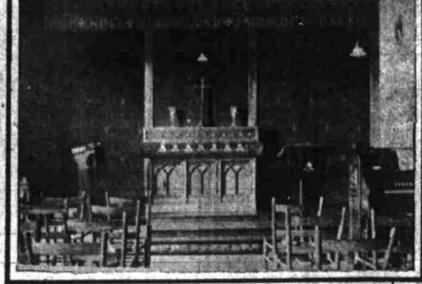
The shores consist in general of prairie, which, when not immediately bordering the river, can be seen through the skirt of the forest that in some places line the banks. The timber is generally maple, birch and oak, and the soil very







Conceptor



THE CHAPEL

HICH is the way to the Seamen's institute?" The inquiry was made Americans know how to do.

Let us join the chaplain as he shows beneath its roof. Opposite is the men's reading room, where the old shellbacks

sit around the fire, and spin wondrous dock; they had not "knocked off" till the vessel was properly made fast, and conequently it was already dark before he had found his way across the river. Though only having been at sea three years, he had been around the Horn three times, and had been to various ports in Australia and South America. "But," he told me, "I have always

cially the Seamen's institute." at this, for very often there are not Just then we came in full view of the building itself, the warm light shin-ing from the windows, giving the place a comfortable and cheerful appearance. The chaplain was standing in the doorway, and with a cordial grasp of the hand, he bade us welcome

looked forward to coming to Portland,

the boys all crack it up so, and espe-

I could not help thinking what an in stimable blessing the place must be for such as this boy; srriving here far from home and without a friend; so far the shore is concerned, where could he go, if it was not for the institute? The answer comes all too plainly-"the saloon." As it is few realize the good work that is being done by the mis-sions to seamen here in Portland. The boys have a bright club, and there have

group of newcomers around the buildthe concert room, where weekly con-terts and social gatherings are arranged for their entertainment. The walls of the room are tastefully decorated with photographs of ships and sailors, which have been presented by the seamen to the institute, in grateful remembrance of the pleasant times they have spen

yarns about the last ship, which some-how is always vastly superior to the The next place we inspect is the bilroom, where the walls are lined with books, given by the Library asso-ciation of Portland. Opening out of this is the gymnasium, where the gloves are in constant request. A sailing ship scarcely ever makes a voyage without a fight or two taking place among the

crew; and one can hardly be surprised

more than three of the same national ity in the whole crowd. Upstairs are two comfortable and tastefully furnished rooms for appren-tices and officers. Here the chaplain also has his quarters. The chaplain's walls are covered with photographs given as tokens of the respect and gratitude which all feel who come within his influence.

Lastly we go into the little chapel where short services are held each Sunday, the English services being sometimes supplemented by services in German, French, or Italian, to suit requirements of those in port.

The institute was opened in 1899, when Dr. Hay was appointed to organize the

REV. C. CUMMING BRUCE Livingston, and T. B. Wilcox. In 1901 devoted the last 30 years of his life to ashore he has no option but to ship after two years of excellent work Dr. the quiet spread of the gospel among again, and his family, who had looked Hay was transferred to New York, and the seamen frequenting this port. the present chaplain, the Rev. C. Sing is an English one for English sale ming Bruce, was appointed. Mr. Bruce sion is an English one for English sale is a native of Scotland and a graduate ors, but this is incorrect, and a visit will quickly dispet the fillusion. eral years in a great city parish, and Every ship that arrives in port is vis-know what my son would have he has had a wide experience of work ited by officers of the institute and a without the Mission to Seamen institute among seamen in Liverpool, London, and good proportion of the crew, American tutes in different parts of the world; in Europe, and it is to this that we may dinavian and Italian, find their way to had during his long absence. I trust perhaps attribute his interest in the seamen of many lands. Working in cor- cheery greeting. Perhaps no nation apdial co-operation with the chaplain is W. S. Fletcher, the veteran missionary

the institute, and all receive the same preciates the institute more fully than the German, and many are the letters of the American Seamen's Friend so- received from the fatherland that speak

for a share of his wages, are left to starve at home.

The importance of the work will be best understood when it is realized that this is no isolated effort, but part of

a world-embracing scheme by which the church is reaching seamen. The Missions to Seamen have 168 sim-ilar institutes in different parts of the world, and their blue flag is known and

honored by seamen in every corner of

the globe, and if many of those who visit the institute in this city are for

eigners, it must be remembered that American seamen are receiving a gen-erous welcome in similar institutes in

England and Australia, in Cape Town and Hongkong, in Antwerp and Calcutta. Rector Bruce, in charge of the insti-

"To'a young sailor it is difficult to verestimate the value of such a place He has left home while a mere boy, and is at once thrown into a life that is beset with temptation and largely moved from ordinary religious influ-ences. He reaches port and longs for a

little recreation after the monotonous drudgery of his life at sea. He has

scarcely landed before he is sought by those who would profit by his inexperi-ence. The lands in the north end, in a

district honeycombed with saloons and dives of the vilest description. He is tempted to desert his ship by crimps who, prompted by the hope of blood money, do not hesitate to use every

possible device to achieve their infa-mous end. The sailor who listens to

their plausible promises will soon dis-

cover that he has bartered his soul for

a mess of pottage, and in a moment of

has forfeited the accumulated savings of many months. After a few days

tute, said of it:

"In the face of such 'temptation the institute is a veritable harbor of refuge. you will long continue to carry on the good work you are doing, in bringing healthy and gentle influences to bear o the poor, wandering boys in their rough privilege of meeting friends who work under a local committee consist-them to their homes and entertain ing of James Laidlaw, W. J. Burns, R. fore the mast in the forties, he has spent in Portland.

## Mr. Martyr Sends a Hurry Call for a Doctor

scarlet fèver. You can't deceive me. You've been allowing him to play with fever. that boy across the street who had it



"I SAY HE HAS SCARLET FEVER, AND I KNOW."

On November 10, 1786, the governor

Todd, in his report."

Soon after the grant was made the boundaries on the three sides were

marked by monuments erected by Fox chiefs and Dubuque.

ceived market produce in exchange for vided that at the death of Dubuque all other supplies. In the meantime, the founder of the Mines of Spain was anxiands should go to Chouteau or his

THAT IS THE MATTER with | Listen! he's coughing. That's one of | Willie's face, Mrs. Martyr? the infallible signs, and his forehead It's all broken out, Don't is covered with perspiration. That's antell me. I know he has other. They always have cold sweats when they are coming down with scarlet

Oh, when will you learn to safeguard your children as they should be safe-guarded? I warned you when I saw the flag out across the street to keep your children at home. I told you what a terrible thing scarlet fever is; how it leaves children deaf and dumb and blind and bereft of reason; how it spreads from one child to another until a whole family is decimated.

I told you that it baffled medical skill, that calling a physician would be use-less, and what do you do? You send your children over to the very house where the terrible malady is raging in all its fury, and allow them to breathe in the infection and come home to die. Yes, to die, madam, for you know very well what a delicate constitution that boy has, and that he will never be able to withstand the ravages of the horrible

Now, please do not interrupt me. I

Well, you might have sent him word that your child had been exposed, it seems to me, before he went away.
You did know he had been exposed.
You sent him right late that your call that doctor? The you saw it.
None in town? My dear sir, there was a case across the street not three days ago. I saw the flag myself.
Why don't you call that doctor? The you say Mrs. Marker? You sent him right into the jaws of the crisis of the disease will be here in a there? Well, why did you not tell me scarlet fever microbe yourself.

vided that at the death of Dubuque all

An Early Lawsuit.

It was this conveyance that gave rise

to one of the largest early lawsuits of

for title to all of the lands which Dubuque had originally leased from the Indians. This tract embraced a tract

ent city of Dubuque. For nearly 50 years this claim was pending. Finally

Dubuque county, who held a United States patent for his farm. The Chou-

teau heirs employed Reverdy Johnson

the famous Maryland lawyer, while the

Dubuque settlers were represented by Judge T. S. Wilson and Platt Smith of

lead, and not intended to convey actual

Death of Dubuque.

But all this occurred after Dubuque's

title to the land.



"LET ME FEEL YOUR PULSE."

say he has scarlet fever, and I know.
You'll call Dr. Skaggs? No, you will you imperilled your child's life in order not. You ought to know that he belongs to gratify your paltry social ambitions. to a school of medicine which I disapprove of. I will not have the man in my house. Where was Dr. Dopem? Out of town?

To gratify your paltry social ambitions, be get poison ivy? I tell you it's scarprove of. I will not have the man in my house. Where was Dr. Dopem? Out of town?

That Mrs. Bascom across the street is let fever. I should think a man of your not a proper person to know, anyway, experience would know the disease when of town?

None in town? My dangels than my

village, so long known as Mines of

Spain, became in their musical tongue,

him immediately. It does seem to me apologize for you. Believe me, doctor, that if I was a doctor like Skaggs, when I was not in the least of the opinion I was summoned in a life and death case that your services were necessary, but I would come at once, instead of dawd-my wife became frightened and insisted ling along.
Never mind! Even if I don't approve

of him, we have got to have somebody, and I never can laugh her out of her You have demonstrated your unfitness to meet such a serious catastrophe as that which has befallen our child. Come here, Willie; let me feel your pulse. Beating like a triphammer! The child is consumed with fever. Fever patients don't perspire? Well, this child is perspiring, which shows how much

you know about that.
What was that, Willie? You got poison ivy on your face? Pooh! Imagination! You know you have been exposed to scarlet fever! I saw you myself. only yesterday, playing with that Bascom boy, and it was not three weeks ago that I saw a red flag in front of

their house.
Oh, Doctor Skaggs. How do you do! I fear my poor child here is in the last stages of scarlet fever. You should have been called earlier, sir, but unfortunately. I was not acquainted with his condition until tonight.

Poison ivy? Nonsense; where would be get poison ivy? I tell you it's scar-

few minutes, and he will go into a before you called the doctor? You alarm I suppose that was a ruse of yours to spasm. Then what will you do? Call both of us unnecessarily, madam, and 1



"SHE ALWAYS WORRIES ABOUT THE CHILDREN!

of the Mississippi. Small farms and his indebtedness an undivided seven- with the knowledge that the land he pensation of judges because of the dom indigenous to the flat-house gardens were cultivated about the log sixteenths interest of his land, estimated had worked so hard to gain would go shortening of hours and the possible kitchen.

cabins, and "Little Cloud" himself reat about 73,324 acres. It was also proto another after his death.

"But consolidation of precincts would amount On March 24, 1810, Dubuque died. to a large sum. One machine that was Why, I remember the time when half after a short illness with pneumonia. offered was found inapplicable to our the kitchens in the land gloried in a And then it was that "Little Cloud" re-primary election system for some reaceived the reward for his work amoris sons, but this may not be the case with

Iowa. In 1805 Dubuque and Chouteau over his body, and the chiefs themselves both primary and final elections it is had filed a claim with the United States superintended his burial. He was laid probable that the use of machines for On the next day, Sunday, August 31, tition asking title to the lands. The tition asking title to the lands. The superior of Louisiana a petition asking title to the lands. The findians. This tract embraced a tract Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain. Lieutenant Pike the Mines of Spain. Lieutenant Pike with the tribes of the Indian trade with the Indian trade with the tribes of the Indian trade with For years after Dubuque's death, no also a way would be found to adjust born cook is bound to do, the kitchen white man was permitted by the Indians them to primary elections when that queens of today measure even the salt to remain in the Mines of Spain. John problem was thoroughly understood, they put in the porridge. No wonder

> death, but was not permitted to remain At any rate the economy of installing by the Indians. They claimed that the these machines where they can be util-grant to Dubuque was issued to him ized should be investigated—and at personally, and could not be used by once. The law requires safeth long pre-other parties. The Fox chief Pia-no- liminaries that if a test is to be made yesterday—one that doesn't measure. I Dubuque. The decision turned largely sky gathered his warriors about him, at the fall election it is high time to am afraid she didn't put enough baking on the legal construction of the two and Smith and his followers were driven move. If the test should prove satisgrants to Julien Dubuque, and the court out. No one else might take the place factory after a selection had been made grants to Julien Dubuque, and the court out. No one else might take the place factory after a selection had been made held that they were merly leases to mine of Dubuque to his loyal Indian friends. the cost could be appropriated in two And they did him another and more budgets or distributed over a series of beautiful honor, for the little Indian years. There ought at least to be no

more postponements of the test.

skirt of the forest that in some places line the banks. The timber is generally maple, birch and oak, and the soil very maple, birch and oak, and the soil very maple, birch and oak, and the soil very excellent."

Sought Title to Kand.

It was this fertile soil that supplied a large part of the living to the white settle soil that supplied and saving part of the living to the white settle. Dubuque easiers parts of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for themselves in the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the messing land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the content of the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the Canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes for the strange land. A number of the canants to make homes

"But there used to be plenty of them guesswork cook. It did a fellow's eyes and his whole internal organization good his red brethren. The entire population the other approved and tested kinds of of the Mines of Spain followed him to voting machines. And even if no mato watch her. She would take a pinch of this, a handful of that and a dash of his grave, the Indian squaws wailed chine can be found that is adapted to something else and mix them all to gether, and the result would be the most delectable tidbit that a fellow ever put to rest on the fiver bluff, where a red cedar cross, with the inscription, "Julien Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain.

The disc of machines for the final elections alone would be found into his mouth.

"Lord, Lord, but eating was a pleasing ward of the final elections are final elections."

"Lord, Lord, but eating was a pleasing ward of the final elections are final elections."

the the heirs of the claimants of the grant the against Patrick Molony, a farmer in Interest in Dubuque's grant, and atthese biscuit? They're as heavy as lead."

"Possibly the cook made a mistake,"

Just Like Em.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. One of the achievements of the late legislature of Maryland was cutting down the bill of a washerwoman mor than one-half before paying it. Clear ness is too near to godliness for a Den cratic legislature to have much sympa

Going Up.
From the Pittsburg
Several St. Louis hotal
new stories to thole helph

## Strauss, the Robert Browning of Music....

THE question involved in the m of Richard Strauss is whether music can be used appeal to the visual side of imagination (that is, whether we be made to see things by means of sical sounds), but whether music express abstract thought, and, in a discuss it. discuss it.

The function of music ment to make us see things was settiled long ago. We ought to be well
enough assured by this time that the
effects of sound and sight lie in our
minds so close together that in our
mental operations sounds may become
visions and visions sounds.

That was sufficiently demonstrated by
Wagner, not to mention others.

But what is not so clear is whether

But what is not so clear is whether music is as good a vehicle of philosophy as it is of vision, and that is the w

problem about Strauss.

In all his music that he played here last week there was nothing visual; there was nothing that appealed to the seeing side of the imagination. It was sometimes descriptive that is true, as in "Eulenspiegel," but it was never picture-making, as Wagner is so habitually; the had accompanyment and no vitality Yet, it is certain that it had a certain

Yet, it is certain that it had a certain marvelous intellectual quality, and that to some minds it will always appeal as the nighest form of music. These minds will always be interested in it, and intensely; yet never much moved by it for the reason that its appeal is to the intellect and not to the emotions. Very likely, therefore, it will have a narrowly ilmited following and a timited effect upon the world's musical history. It will be in music as a large part of Browning is in poetry. Those that like it at all will like it better than anything else, but the number of those that like it will be small. like it will be small.
Indeed, Strauss is the Robert Brown

ing of music, just as Swinburne is the Wagner of poetry, Shelley its Beethoven and Tennyson its Mendelssohn, so closely are the two arts allied. Thus epoke "Zarathustra," is the close analogue of "Sordello," and "Eulenspiegel" of "Fifine at the Fair." Browning raised exactly the same question in poetry; namely, whether poetry could well be used as the vehicle of philosophical disquisition, whereas it had previously been restricted. to the one province of beauty. The question has never been satisfactorily settled in poetry, and will not be in music, because there is always the perso equation coming in. "For those that like that sort of thing this is the sort of thing they like." Some persons unques-tionably derive very great satisfaction from these works of Browning, as some from the advanced music of Richard Strauss; but as Browning's philosophical monologues have not left much impress in the trend of English poetry, so we

effect upon the trend of music.

The fact is that art is a matter of feeling and not of intellect, and that attempts to confuse its sphere of influence (to borrow a phrase from tional politica), will always be more or

less disastrous.

The cut and dried tenets of philosophy have nothing to do with art nor art with

When we get outside the feeling in art reason, and reason makes short work of the trespassing emotions, "Zarathustra" is reasoning in music,

"Sordello" is reasoning in verse. Reasoning is good, in a way. But men have never been much swayed by it, and until we live in a world where the conclusions we live in a world where the conclusions of reason are not perpetually upset by chance and circumstance and fate they will not be. upon calling you.

She always worries about the children,

Reasoning in prose is futile enough; reasoning in poetry and music is like making marks on the sea sand. making marks on the sea sand.

It is an odd fact that, exactly like Browning, Strauss has the highest gifts along the regular and accepted lines of his art. Browning was gifted to write sublime poetry of the unquestioned sort; Strauss is a born melodist. Conscientious, no doubt, both of them: but the magnificent body of English poetry was not built up by men that worked outside of the true, strict boundaries of art and the cause of music is not likely to be greatly furthered by works of abstruse reflection like "Zarathustra."

After all, feeling is best. The reason of man, how foolish, how trivial, how evanescent in the face of the stars! The wisdom of the generation is the mockery of the next. But the feeling of men are eternal and right. Works of art founded on the universal emotions of mankind do not need explanation or apology, and they alone have had the gift of life. It is an odd fact that, exactly like

THE DARK BEFORE THE DAWN.

O, mystery of the morning gloam.
Of haunted air, of windless hush!
O, wonder of the deepening domeAfar, still far, the morning's flush! My spirit hears, among the spheres.

The 'round earth's ever-quickening

single leaf, on yonder tree.

The planets rush hath felt, hath

heard:
And soon all branches whispering bet
That whisper wakes the nested bird—
The song of thrush, before the blush
Of Dawn, the dreaming world hath
stirred!

The old moon withers in the eas The winds of space may drive her far: In heaven's chancel waits the priest-Dawn's pontiff-priest, the mornis

And yonder, lo! a shafted glow—
The gates of day-spring fall sjar!
—Edith M. Thomas.

THE PURIST GRTS A SOAKING

From the New York Press.
"It looks like rain."
"I beg your pardon."
"I say it looks like rain."

"I say it looks like rain"
"What does?"
"The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."
"What I meant was that the sky

What I meant was that the aky looked like rain."
"Equally impossible. The sky is the blue yault above us—the sceming arck or dome that we mistakably call the heavens. It does not resemble failing water in the least."
"Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain."

ly particular, it looks as if it is ruin."

"As if it would rain?"

"The weather, as before stated, is condition, cannot ruin."

"The clouds, then, blame you?"

"Ah! Here it comes! And I taken so much rime in talking to that I shall get was to the skin b I can reach my straites."

I may not know as much rime."