

acquainted with William Cullen Bryant, and the two were friends as well as mutual admirers until the latter's death.

In 1837, he went to Fond du Lac with a tolerable fortune, but with no practical knowledge whatever of coping with a wilderness. Nothing daunted, he purchased a large tract of land in Fond du Lac County, including a beautiful sheet of water, which now perpetuates his name as Lake de Neveu. At this period, it is related, that there were only three white men, but many Indians, in that region. But in due time, he wrought out a productive and attractive home.

In 1880, Col. de Neveu made investments at Duluth, and remained there that summer; and, in February, 1881, becoming much interested in the great enterprise of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and its route to the great western ocean, he went to Vancouver, where his son-in-law, J. J. Beeson, resided, and where he invested in lands in that Territory, and remained till his death. His ever active mind prompted him while there to temporarily give instructions in the French and other languages, and write occasionally for the press. Marrying Miss Harriet P. Dousman of Green Bay, in 1840, she bore him four sons and six daughters.

Col. de Neveu was a wonderful scholar—reading the polyglot with the utmost facility and elegance, and speaking with polish and eloquence nearly all the languages of the leading civilized nations. He was also familiar with the gutterals of the Winnebagoes, and the labialistic but more comprehensive idioms of the Menomonee, Pottawatomie, and Ojibwa Indians. He wrote much for the people through the public press, always dealing in practical and useful topics. His learning and fine conversational powers, suavity and courtly manners, made him attached friends—not a few among the most distinguished in the country. Religiously and politically, he was quite independent in his views.

The first history of Wisconsin, and description of her resources, ever translated into French, was prepared and translated by Mr. de Neveu, and was sent broadcast over France for the enlightenment of those in that country who might desire to emigrate to America.

"Col. de Neveu," says the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, "was a profound student and worshiper of nature; was an expert naturalist; loved, studied, and protected beast, bird, and fish, and at the great judgment day will have but one sin to answer for—that of having been a candidate for office on the Greenback ticket."

He was truly a remarkable man—upon whose like we shall never look again. "Once," adds the *Wisconsin*, "three years ago last fall—in 1878—a French lady named Boulay, was to be buried near Col. de Neveu's home. He was found occupied about his large farm, and was asked to go and pronounce a funeral sermon or address. At once, without preparing his toilette or mind for the occasion, he went to the grave-side, and uttered the following pure and beautiful, though not entirely orthodox eulogium:

"MY FRIENDS: Leaf by leaf the roses fall; drop by drop the springs