

This excerpt on MARTIN BACHHUBER is taken from a pamphlet, called "HERALDS OF A GREAT KING," written by Sister M. Laurita, F.S.P., nee Rose Caroline Weix daughter of Lorenz Weix, great-granddaughter of Andrea Weix & Martin Bachhuber. Sister M. Laurita's pamphlet was featured in the Wisconsin Helper Magazine, in 1968, & there is a reference copy of her pamphlet available for viewing at the Wisconsin State Historical Society Library, in Madison, Wisconsin. HERALDS OF A GREAT KING, WISCONSIN PIONEERS: is a pamphlet of some 92 pages, covering descendants of Andrea Weix, as well as some information that discusses the early descendants of Martin Bachhuber.

MARTIN BACHHUBER, is the father & grandfather of many people, although in particular, he is the grandfather of Mary Weix, who married Henry Schraufnagle. Martin Bachhuber's daughter Barbara Bachhuber, is Mary (Weix) Schraufnagle's mother. For those of us who are descendants of Henry & Mary (Weix) Schraufnagle, this delightful information has been long awaited & will undoubtedly be appreciated. It is for this reason that I have included such information. This particular piece on MARTIN BACHHUBER was submitted by Mr. Hugo C. Bachhuber, son of Max Bachhuber, Max being the oldest son of Martin Bachhuber & Theresia Dirmaier.

MARTIN BACHHUBER: Wisconsin Pioneer, Written by C.H. (Hugo) Bachhuber, grandson-
Wisconsin was still a territory, & nearly all of it was primeval wilderness, when Martin Bachhuber left his native Bavaria to establish a new home for himself here. His descendants now number almost six hundred, & include first, second, third, & now, fourth cousins. A wide variety of occupations is followed: priests & religious, farmers, lumbermen, canners, artisans & craftsmen, engineers, school principals & it is rumored, there are even a few politicians besides lawyers & judges, doctors, dentists, merchants, & teachers. It is a sturdy & vigorous group, none so rich that he can't count his money in the course of a winter's evening, none so poor that he can't make his own way even in these difficult times.

Martin Bachhuber was born in 1809 in the little village of Deglkofen, near Regensburg, Upper Franconia, Bavaria. He had three brothers with whom he corresponded regularly until the time of his death. There are no letters from his parents nor are there any references to them in letters from his brothers. Accordingly, I assume that both were dead when he left. We know little about them.

He grew up in Deglkofen, but lived at Kelheim, a nearby village at the time of his emigration. Here he carried on a little farm with which a brewery was connected, a common arrangement those days in Bavaria. Busy as he was, he found sufficient leisure time to ground himself in veterinary medicine & surgery, a study which he continued while farming in Town Addison, Wisconsin. Later, at Mayville, Wis., he was to achieve considerable distinction in this field. Times were hard those days in Bavaria. Taxes were tremendously high, as they were still paying the bill for Napoleon's "spree." Also, there had been a succession of poor harvests, & all prices were forbiddingly high for what they had to buy, while they had nothing to sell. Then, he had a family of growing boys, who would presently have to enter military service, & waste the best years of their lives. Altogether the outlook was gloomy. Hope was at low ebb.

At about that time wonderful stories began to drift back home from a far-off section of America called Wisconsin, whither a few daring Bavarian pioneers had already gone. The climate is wonderful. Of course the winters are cold, but there is plenty of wood, with which to keep a good fire. Land is cheap, only a dollar & a quarter an acre. All

you have to do is to chop down the trees, grub out the stumps, clear away the stones & you have the richest soil imaginable. You can grow wheat, rye, potatoes & everything, better than in Bavaria. There are many deer, & you can shoot as many as you need, while in Bavaria, if you shoot a miserable little roebuck & are caught, you are punished savagely. These deer weigh two hundred pounds & more. To be sure, there are no neighbors for miles but, at the rate settlers are coming in, it will be only a year or two, & you will have neighbors right across the street. Then, too, if you take out your first papers & live here for a year, you can even vote & hold office, just like a native. And taxes, they are so low that you don't notice them at all. Just now these United States are at war with a country called Mexico just to the South, but you don't have to join the army unless you want to. These soldiers are all volunteers. These & many similar stories reached him, & Martin Bachhuber began to wonder, should he go? It couldn't be worse? It may be better. He is going...

His decision made, he began to prepare for the trip. First he had to visit the authorities to get his passport & permit to leave the country. Then he had to dispose of his belongings for what cash he could get & finally, he had to buy his transportation. With all this attended to, he boarded the stagecoach with his little flock, for the French seaport of Havre. This trip in itself must have been an adventure, for the ordinary Bavarian of the time rarely traveled more than a few Stunden/hours from his home.

His passport was visa'd in Havre on 9 JUN 1846 &, with his family, he boarded a sailing vessel shortly thereafter, bound for New York. We know nothing about the trip across. At that time of the year the voyage usually lasted from six to seven weeks. Arrived in New York he took the usual route west: Hudson River, Erie Canal & the Great Lakes, the last probably by steamer. This part of the trip required another week or ten days, & it is safe to assume that he arrived in Milwaukee during the forepart of August 1846.

The Milwaukee WI of 1846 was not like the Milwaukee of our day, with its fine buildings, boulevards & parks. Much of the construction was of the "hurry-up" type. Streets were unpaved &, down near the river, an Indian trading post was still doing business. All was hemmed in by cedar swamps & boggy rivers. Martin Bachhuber may well have wondered what he "had gotten himself into" now. He did not have time to give way to gloomy thoughts however. He had to find shelter for his family, & then he had to look for land.

He probably left his family in some friendly hostelry & then directed his steps to the United States land office, which had been established the proceeding year. Here the clerk placed before him a large map. "On the Fold du Lac trail, about thirty-five miles from here, a new town was organized last year: Town eleven, Range eighteen East, Town Addison, Washington County." Several Bavarian families were already living there. Here's a piece of land not taken: E1/2 SW1/4 of Section 22. Likely he went to look at it. It was satisfactory.

He hurriedly returned to Milwaukee to make his payment at the land office & get the deed &, very likely, accompanied by his older boys who were big enough to help, he went back to "his" land at once, carrying the necessary tools & supplies to erect a log cabin. Very likely, too, some friendly, experienced settler directed the work. The little cabin was soon completed, & the family moved in, very likely even before all the chinking had been done. Hurriedly they cleared a little patch of trees & underbrush & planted turnips, as the summer had advanced too far to plant anything else. Then the real work of making a farm began. Trees were cut down & rolled into huge piles to be burned, as they were useless for

other purposes. However, grandfather took time off every now & then to kill a deer. It is reported that he killed over one hundred forty during his four-year stay here. On one occasion he took time off too, to go to Milwaukee to apply for his first citizenship papers. These are dated 11 SEP 1846. This fact is significant. He had come to stay.

As the season advanced, provisions began to dwindle. Fortunately they had a goodly supply of turnips. Family tradition reports that, for months, that is all they had, plus the venison supplied by grandfather's rifle. And so things went along. Grandfather became a very important member of the community, for he was their "bone-setter." We knew of one case definitely-- he set the fractured hip of a settler & secured perfect results. We don't know how much land he cleared nor what stock he had. We do know that he was able to establish himself in business in Milwaukee with the proceeds of his Addison venture.

In the fall of 1850 he sold his Addison farm & moved to Milwaukee WI. Why he left there we do not know, but a variety of reasons suggest themselves. It is possible that blistered hands & an aching back had taken the romance out of grubbing stumps. Perhaps he was now ready to hang out his shingle as a veterinarian, for Milwaukee had grown from 9,655 in 1846 to almost 15,000 in 1850, & the horse population increased correspondingly. More than likely however, it was his boys who caused him to move. They were now grown men, & ready to strike out for themselves.

The Milwaukee city directory for 1854-5 lists him as a horse farrier, but we know that he also engaged in the so called "immigrant business". At his new place, corner 5, & Chestnut, now West Juneau Avenue, he had established a combined livery & hotel business. Newly arrived immigrants stayed at his place until they found a suitable location, & then his boys moved them with horse & wagons. He also found time to join one of those social-military organizations, which were popular during the 1850's. It was called the Milwaukee City Dragoons. They had Schuetzenfests, & somewhere in the family are a number of prize medals he won in the shooting contests. I have seen his picture taken in full uniform; epaulets, stripes, brass buttons, sword, & all the trappings. For five years he did a brisk business. Then came disaster-- & opportunity-- both in the same event. In 1855 the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad was built as far as Horicon. It ran through the heart of the country he & his boys had been serving, & now his business went to the railroad. Six miles from Horicon was the rapidly developing village of Mayville, WI, Dodge County, now ten years old. Many Germans had already settled around Mayville, while only a few miles to the North, in LeRoy WI, there was an extensive Bavarian settlement which, by 1856, must have been over sixty families in number. He decided to throw in his fortune with that of this newly developing region & once more he moved, this time to Mayville, WI. Before he left Milwaukee he obtained his final citizenship papers. These are dated 15 MAY 1855.

Martin Bachhuber must have been somewhat disappointed on his arrival in Mayville, for this was still the Ox-stage of pioneer life; the Horse-stage was still a few years in the future. His knowledge of veterinary medicine wasn't of any particular use as yet, & he had to look around for some other means of making a living. Well, he made the astounding discovery that there wasn't any brewery. "What," he probably thought; "so many Bavarians & other Germans & no brewery. This will never do; something must be done about it." And he did something about it. He started a brewery. How long he operated this brewery I have not been able to find out, but it probably was only three or four years. During these years the ox-stage gave way to the horse-stage, & once more he hung out his shingle as a veterinarian, & practiced his profession, with great success, for the remainder of his life.

Martin Bachhuber died in Mayville in 1870, only sixty-one years old. Grandmother, Theresia (Dirmaier) Bachhuber followed him in death about three years later. The two are sleeping their eternal sleep side by side in the Old Catholic cemetery at Mayville.

Now a little about his family: There were three sons & one daughter; Max, John, Emeron & Barbara. Max, my father, settled in Farmersville, WI, Dodge County, in 1856; John in Kekoskee, WI, Dodge County in 1857; Emeron remained in Mayville; Barbara married Lorenz Weix, & with her husband settled near Farmersville, WI, Dodge County, the same year, 1854. Max carried on a store, the post office, a farm, & a tavern, where the stage stopped regularly. He held town office, & was a member of the Wisconsin assembly for the sessions of 1860, 1864, & 1879. John established himself in the butcher business, as Kekoskee promised to be an important village. Lorenz Weix, Barbara's husband, operated a farm, & a mill near LeRoy, WI. Emeron carried on the harness-making trade.

Madison, Wisconsin, December 5, 1938