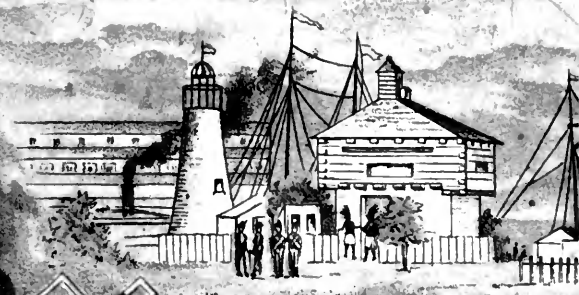
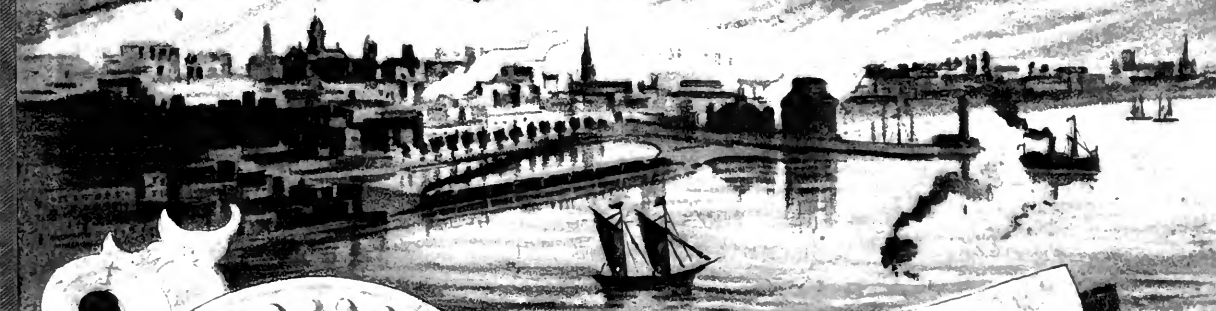
History of Illinois

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.





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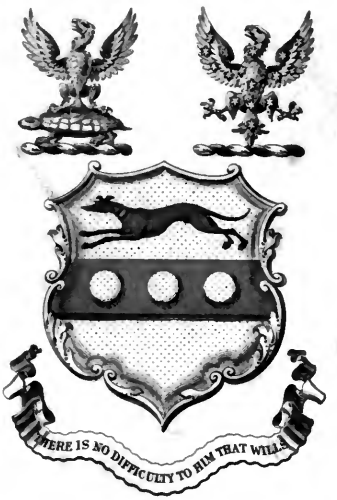


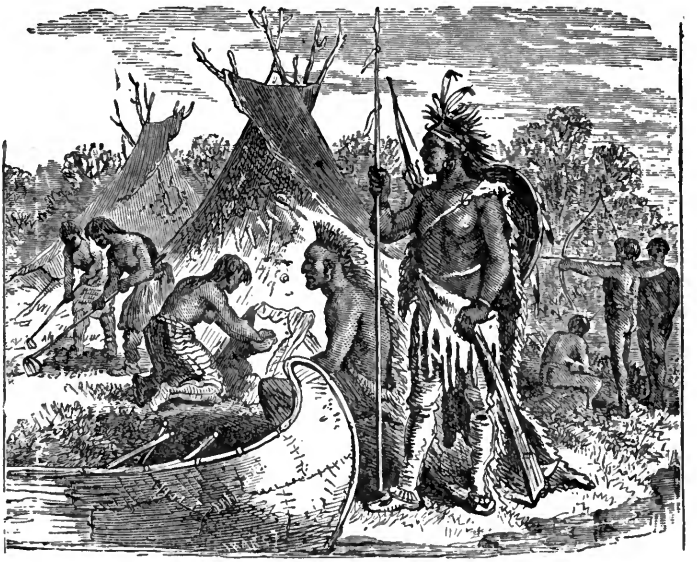
Andrew Mack Haines.

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

STAT-UE OF LIN-COLN, IN LIN-COLN PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

HISTORY OF ILLINOIS

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE



BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

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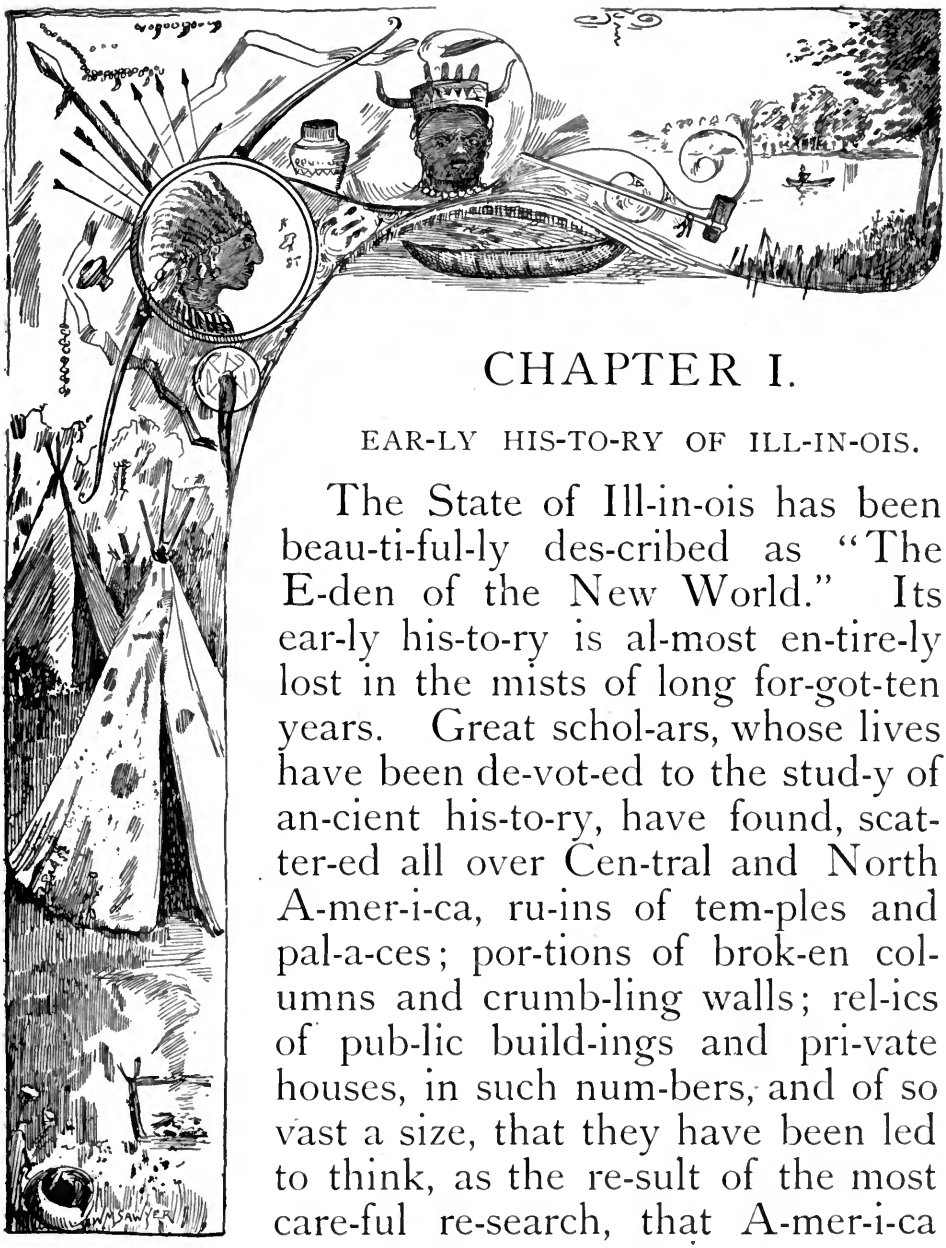


CHAPTER I.

EAR-LY HIS-TO-RY OF ILL-IN-OIS.

The State of Ill-in-ois has been beau-ti-ful-ly des-cribed as "The E-den of the New World." Its ear-ly his-to-ry is al-most en-tire-ly lost in the mists of long for-got-ten years. Great schol-ars, whose lives have been de-vot-ed to the stud-y of an-cient his-to-ry, have found, scat-ter-ed all over Cen-tral and North A-mer-i-ca, ru-ins of tem-ples and pal-a-ces; por-tions of brok-en col-umns and crumb-ling walls; rel-ics of pub-lic build-ings and pri-vate houses, in such num-bers, and of so vast a size, that they have been led to think, as the re-sult of the most care-ful re-search, that A-mer-i-ca

was the home of a won-der-ful civ-il-i-za-tion, man-y, man-y a-ges a-go; and that, in-stead of call-ing A-mer-i-ca "The New World," it should more prop-er-ly be call-ed "The Old World."

These learn-ed men be-lieve that in man-y pla-ces where rel-ics are found, cit-ies of great size and mag-nif-i-cence flour-ish-ed long be-fore the found-a-tions of Baal-bec, or Pal-my-ra, or Thebes, were laid. It is won-der-ful to think that long be-fore Rome was built, or the Pyr-a-mids rear-ed their lof-ty heads by the banks of the Nile, there may have been dense-ly crowd-ed cit-ies all over this fair land; and that on the fruit-ful plains of Ill-in-ois, men and wo-men, by thou-sands, liv-ed and lov-ed, suf-fer-ed and died, of whose ex-ist-ence there is scarce-ly the faint-est trace. All this seems ver-y strange; but the men who tell us these things are much too wise and care-ful to make such state-ments with-out good rea-son.

Whence these first in-hab-i-tants of A-mer-i-ca came from we shall prob-a-bly nev-er know. Some think they came from A-sia by way of Beh-ring Strait. Oth-ers cher-ish a tra-di-tion, still main-tain-ed in Chi-na, to the ef-fect that a com-pa-ny of sail-ors, driv-en off shore by west-er-ly winds, sail-ed man-y weeks, un-til they came to a great con-ti-nent, where the al-oe and kin-dred plants,

were found to flour-ish in great a-bun-dance. These plants we re-cog-nize at once as na-tives of Mex-i-co. It is not im-pos-si-ble that Greek or Phœ-ni-cian sail-ors may have cross-ed the At-lan-tic in those ear-ly years; but if they did, they nev-er re-turn-ed to tell the sto-ry of their strange ad-ven-tures. The Ir-o-quois In-dians have a le-gend on this sub-ject, point-ing to the very be-gin-ning of the hu-man race. Ac-cord-ing to this le-gend Ta-rhu-hia-wa-ka, the Sky-hold-er, re-solv-ed up-on the cre-a-tion of a race which should sur-pass all oth-ers in the qual-i-ties of strength, beau-ty and bra-ver-y. So, from the bo-som of a great is-land, where they had for man-y a-ges be-fore liv-ed on moles, the Sky-hold-er brought in-to the day-light six per-fect-ly mat-ed coup-les, who were set a-part as the an-ces-tors of the great-est of all peo-ples. That A-mer-i-ca is the old-est of ex-ist-ing lands man-y em-i-nent ge-ol-o-gists con-fi-dent-ly as-sert. Af-ter all our re-search in this di-rec-tion we gain but lit-tle, and noth-ing ver-y cer-tain-ly; we shall have to be con-tent to leave the first pag-es of A-mer-i-can his-to-ry con-ceal-ed in mys-ter-y. We shall nev-er know much a-bout the first A-mer-i-cans.

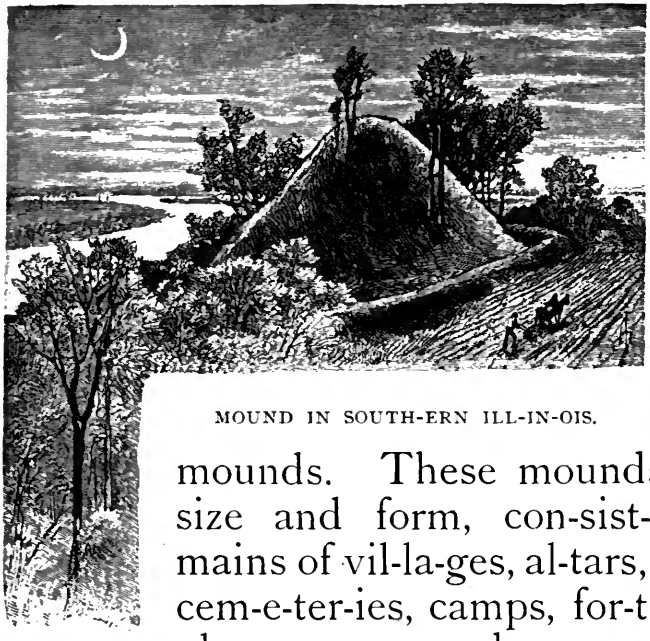
CHAPTER II.

THE MOUND BUILD-ERS.

Long af-ter the an-cient race, re-ferr-ed to in the last chap-ter, had pass-ed a-way; and long be-fore the In-dian had pitch-ed his wig-wam in the for-est, or float-ed his birch-bark ca-noe on the wa-ters of the riv-ers and the great lakes, a sec-ond race of peo-ple known as the Mound Build-ers, in-hab-it-ed large por-tions of Cen-tral and North A-mer-i-ca. This re-mark-a-ble race has left no sto-ries, no le-gends, no tra-di-tions, not a sin-gle word of its lan-guage, to guide us to a know-ledge of its ways of liv-ing. These Mounds on-ly re-main to give us hints ra-ther than to tell us what we de-sire to know of their build-ers. These mounds are banks of earth, thrown up and grass-ed over, form-ing earth-works or em-bank-ments, of-ten of an im-mense size. There are thou-sands of these mounds still in ex-ist-ence, man-y of them o-ver nine-ty feet in height, and a hun-dred feet in di-am-e-ter at the base. A long chain of these re-mark-a-ble build-ings was dis-cov-er-ed, be-gin-ning at Black river on the south

side of Lake On-ta-ri-o ex-tend-ing through O-hi-o, all a-long the Mis-sis-sip-pi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co. One of these mounds, in Ad-ams coun-ty, O-hi-o, rep-re-sents an e-nor-mous ser-pent 1000 feet long, which ap-pears to be a-bout to swal-low an egg-shap-ed fig-ure 164 feet long. The pres-ent site of Mar-i-et-ta, O-hi-o, is sup-pos-ed to have been one of the larg-est vil-la-ges e-rect-ed by these cu-ri-ous build-ers, hav-ing, it is be-liev-ed, at a ver-y re-mote pe-ri-od, a pop-u-la-tion of not less than 5,000 peo-ple. A-long the Mis-sis-sip-pi val-ley more than 3,000 of these mounds have been dis-cov-er-ed, man-y of them were found in North-ern and West-ern Ill-in-ois. At Ca-ho-kia, just op-po-site St. Lou-is, there are dis-tinct tra-ces of two of these homes of the an-cient Mound Build-ers. One of these mounds is 800 yards in cir-cum-fer-ence at the base, and 100 feet in height. The larg-est of these mounds is known as Monk's Mound, from the fact that the Monks of La Trappe set-tled on and a-round it. The top of this mound con-tains more than three a-cres of land.

Some years a-go, in mak-ing an ex-ca-va-tion for an ice-house on the north-west part of Monk's Mound, hu-man bones and white pot-ter-y were found in large quan-ti-ties. This whole re-gion of the A-mer-i-can Bot-tom, in the neigh-bor-



MOUND IN SOUTH-ERN ILL-IN-OIS.

hood of Ca-ho-kia, em-brac-ing part of the west-ern bor-der of Mad-i-son and St. Clair coun-ties, shows the re-mains of from 60 to 80 mounds. These mounds are of ev-er-y size and form, con-sist-ing of the re-mains of vil-la-ges, al-tars, tem-ples, i-dols, cem-e-ter-ies, camps, for-ti-fi-ca-tions, and pleas-ure grounds, as well as pri-vate homes. With-in them were of-ten found, a-mongst oth-er rel-ics, the tools of work-men—knives, chis-els, ax-es—some of them of flint and some of cop-per. Be-side these tools for the workmen of that ear-ly day, the mounds con-tained a great quan-ti-ty of carv-ed work,—beads, pipes and brace-

MOUND RE-LICS.

lets, vas-es, pitch-ers, and ves-sels of the most beau-ti-ful work-man-ship.

The mounds were gen-er-al-ly built in a sit-u-a-tion af-ford-ing a view of the east. When, as was some-times the case, they were in-clos-ed in walls, the gate-ways were al-ways made to face the east. And the graves of these an-cient peo-ple were al-ways so sit-u-a-ted that their por-tals o-pen-ed to the ris-ing sun.

Like their ear-li-er un-known an-ces-tors, the Mound Build-ers al-so, have pass-ed a-way. The names of their might-y men; the ex-ploits and ad-ven-tures in which they engag-ed; the ver-y lan-guage they spoke, all a-like are bur-ied in the graves where their bones mould-er-ed to dust man-y cen-tu-ries a-go.

CHAPTER III.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS.

The or-i-gin of the In-dian tribes, the third dis-tinct race in-hab-it-ing North A-mer-i-ca, is re-ferr-ed by some to the Phœ-ni-cians and oth-er mar-i-time na-tions, whose ex-ten-sive voy-a-ges

must have borne them at va-ri-ous times, to the shores of ev-er-y land known and un-ex-plor-ed. Some im-ag-ine that the an-cient Hin-doos were the fa-thers of this dusk-y race, and in sup-port of their the-o-ry they point out that the Hin-doo i-dea that makes the sun a sym-bol of the Cre-a-tor of the Un-i-verse has its ex-act coun-ter-part in the Sun wor-ship of the In-dians. Oth-ers, a-gain, with e-qual rea-son, look up-on the In-dians as the fast wan-ing rem-nant of the "lost tribes of Is-ra-el," who "took coun-sel to go forth in-to a far-ther coun-try where nev-er man-kind dwelt."

The ex-act place of the or-i-gin of the In-dian tribes will prob-a-bly nev-er be known; but the all but u-ni-ver-sal judg-ment of those who have made a care-ful stud-y of this sub-ject, is that their or-i-gin was in the sun-ny, smil-ing O-ri-ent, in some part of A-sia, from which they mi-gra-ted thous-ands of years a-go to the path-less wilds of A-mer-i-ca. For man-y cen-tu-ries the In-dians must have en-joy-ed a per-fect-ly un-dis-turb-ed oc-cu-pa-tion of the land. When the flow of em-i-gra-tion from Eu-rope and the East-ern World set in, the In-dian turn-ed his face to the West. He be-liev-ed that his fa-thers had come from the West, and he thought that in that bound-less realm be-yond

the Al-le-ghe-nies he would find his hap-py hunt-ing ground.

It would be im-pos-si-ble, in the lim-its of one brief vol-ume, to deal with the va-ri-ous tribes of In-dians who dwelt in North A-mer-i-ca, and in-deed, our bus-i-ness is main-ly with those spe-cial-ly as-so-ci-a-ted with the his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois.

AN AL-GON-QUIN.

The on-ly great branch-es of the In-dian race claim-ing our con-sid-er-a-tion in this stud-y of the his-to-ry of the great Prair-ie State are the Al-gon-quins and the Ir-o-quois. The Al-gon-quins es-pec-ial-ly, had spread far and wide o-ver the land. Car-tier found them on the banks of the St. Law-rence. When the Pu-ri-tans came they found them fish-ing and hunt-ing all a-long the At-lan-tic coast from Maine to the Car-o-li-nas. They were tribes of the Al-gon-quins whom the French mis-sion-a-ries first found on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi and the Ill-in-ois riv-ers.

The Ir-o-quois had a con-fed-er-a-cy con-sist-ing of five tribes—the Mo-hawks, the O-nei-das, the O-non-da-gas, the Ca-yu-gas, and the Sen-e-cas,

to which a sixth, the Tus-ca-ro-ras, was af-ter-wards add-ed. Each tribe had a sep-a-rate po-lit-i-cal or-gan-i-za-tion in which the Sach-ems were the rul-ing spir-its. When for-eign tribes were to be con-sult-ed, or the gen-er-al in-ter-ests of the con-fed-er-a-cy re-quir-ed de-lib-er-a-tion, the Sach-ems of the sev-er-al tribes met in gen-er-al coun-cil.

The Ir-o-quois were, with-out doubt, em-i-nent-ly suc-cess-ful in war, but that suc-cess was due ver-y large-ly to lo-cal and oth-er ad-van-ta-ges. They were el-o-quent, full of shrewd wis-dom, far-see-ing and cour-a-geous. But the Al-gon-quin tribes of the same re-gion of coun-try were in all re-spects their e-quals. As time went on these great ri-val fac-tions be-came more and more u-ni-ted by what may be re-gard-ed as the strange ac-ci-dent of war. The Ir-o-quois, for ex-am-ple, would re-pair their con-stant loss-es in war by a-dopt-ing the wo-men and chil-dren cap-tured from their Al-gon-quin en-e-mies. This course of ac-tion had the most de-si-ra-ble re-sults. Old feuds and quar-rels were heal-ed, and the time came when a good-ly num-ber of the a-dopt-ed Al-gon-quins be-came prom-i-nent chiefs

AN IR-O-QUOIS.

of the Ir-o-quois. Of the tribes of the Al-gon-quins who for-mer-ly dwelt in Ill-in-ois, those bear-ing the name of the State were the most nu-mer-ous. The Ill-in-ois Con-fed-er-a-cy was com-pos-ed of five tribes—the Tam-a-ro-as, the Mich-i-gan-ies, the Kas-kas-ki-as, the Ca-ho-ki-as, and the Pe-o-ri-as.

CHAPTER IV.

IN-DIANS OF ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS. THE FAM-I-LY.

Any his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois that fails to por-tray, how-ev-er brief-ly, the life and man-ners, the modes and hab-its of the In-dians who dwelt in this State be-fore the com-ing of the white man, would be man-i-fest-ly in-com-plete. We shall, there-fore, de-vote three or four short chap-ters to this sub-ject. We shall look in at the wig-wam and note the char-ac-ter-is-tics of the fam-i-ly life of the In-dian. We shall fol-low him in his hunt-ing ex-pe-di-tions and his gen-er-al a-muse-ments. We shall note his tac-tics in war, his no-tions of re-li-gion, his strange meth-ods of burial, and his im-per-ish-a-ble hope that if he is faithful to his tribe and

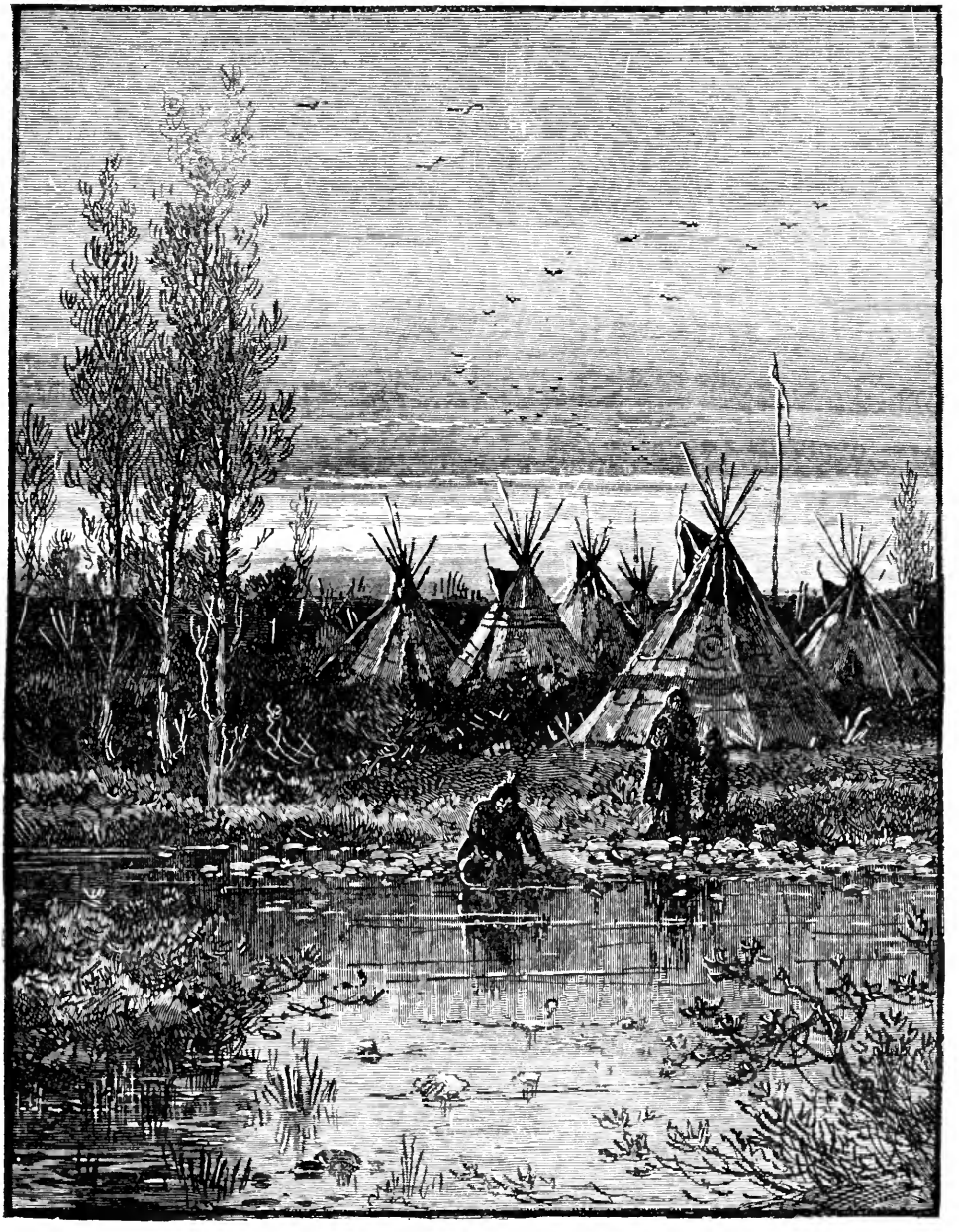
val-iant in war, he and his faith-ful dog will roam for-ev-er through the hap-py hunt-ing grounds.

The homes of the In-dian were of the sim-plest and rud-est char-ac-ter. They gen-er-al-ly se-lect-ed the bank of a stream, or a well-shad-ed spot near some ev-er run-ning spring, as the site of their hab-it-a-tion. There they pitch-ed their wig-wams, which were com-pos-ed, not of mar-ble or brown stone, or even of good, use-ful lum-ber, but of poles and the bark of trees. They were so con-struct-ed that they could eas-i-ly be ta-ken down. It is per-fect-ly won-der-ful with what speed a whole In-dian en-camp-ment could move a-way from a giv-en spot, leav-ing on-ly the faint-est trace of ev-er hav-ing oc-cu-pied it.

The homes of the great Sach-ems, or chiefs, were some-times of a more e-lab-o-rate char-ac-ter, be-ing con-struct-ed with great-er care, but of the same ma-te-ri-al.

The Ir-o-quois In-dians had some rough no-tions of com-mun-ism in those ear-ly days. They built not for one fam-i-ly, but man-y. These dwell-ings were call-ed the "Long House"—a wig-wam, oft-en 250 feet long and 30 feet wide, ca-pa-ble of hold-ing twen-ty to thir-ty fam-i-lies.

All that was ne-ces-sa-ry to an In-dian mar-ri-age was the con-sent of the part-ties con-cern-ed, and



IN-DIAN EN-CAMP-MENT ON THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI.

of their pa-rents. Mar-ri-age was to a large ex-tent a bar-gain, the hus-band giv-ing nu-mer-ous pres-ents to the fa-ther of the bride. The hus-band might at an-y time dis-solve this tie.

The In-dians had an in-sti-tu-tion known as *To-tem*, a sort of badge or em-blem of dis-tinc-tion of dif-fer-ent clans or tribes. This was, in-deed, a kind of caste; a strange, per-ni-cious sys-tem, which e-ven our la-test A-mer-i-can civ-il-i-za-tion seems to fos-ter ra-ther than de-stroy. These va-ri-ous clans had, for their signs or sur-names, some an-i-mal, bird, or oth-er ob-ject, such as the bear, the wolf, the ot-ter and the ea-gle. A Bear could not mar-ry a Bear, but might take a wife from the Wolf, or Ot-ter, or Ea-gle clan.

In these ear-ly days the red man was the war-ri-or, the he-ro, the hunts-man, and his squaw was his slave. The men did what pleas-ed them, and the wo-men did all the drudg-er-y.

The il-lus-tra-tion on the next page, of "The In-dian at Home," gives a ver-y good i-dea of the con-di-tion of af-fairs. The lords of cre-a-tion are read-y with spear and gun, with bow and ar-row, to go forth fish-ing or hunt-ing, as their fan-cy may sug-gest; or to bat-tle, if the war-whoop has sound-ed in their ears. The birch-bark ca-noe toss-es i-dly on the wa-ters, a-wait-ing their lord-ly will.

On the right, the boys of the fam-i-ly are prac-tis-ing with bow and ar-row, for they have long a-go been taught that an In-dian who is not a skill-ful

THE IN-DIAN AT HOME.

marks-man is a shame to his wig-wam, and a dis-grace to his tribe. A-way to the left the wo-men of the wig-wam are wash-ing, hoe-ing corn, and with-in the wig-wams oth-ers are doubt-less cook-ing and keep-ing a-live the fires that were so pre-cious to the In-dian heart.

Al-most the en-tire la-bor and drudg-er-y fell upon the wo-men. They had to plant the crops, tend the crops, and gath-er the crops. The hard-est work the men could be per-suad-ed to do in

con-nec-tion with the work of the field, was to spend the hours of day-light on a rude plat-form e-rect-ed on poles twelve or fif-teen feet high, ratt-ling to-geth-er nois-y clap-pers to scare a-way the birds from the ri-pen-ing corn. So, for a few weeks just be-fore har-vest, he was con-tent to be a liv-ing "scare-crow," or to speak more po-lite-ly, "a guard-i-an of the corn."

Be-side the or-di-na-ry work of the wig-wam, and the cul-ti-va-tion of the crops, by these In-dian wo-men, they found time to make bas-kets, mats, and frill-ings and oth-er a-dorn-ments for their brave war-rior lords.

There can be noth-ing but con-dem-na-tion for this shame-ful deg-ra-da-tion of wo-men a-mong the tribes of the ear-ly In-dians; and yet, af-ter a care-ful stud-y of the whole sub-ject, it is al-most cer-tain that the wo-men did not re-gard them-selves as in any great sense the vic-tims of op-pres-sion.

We must not for-get that to see her fa-ther, her bro-ther, her lov-er, her hus-band, or her son, a brave and daunt-less war-ri-or, was the high-est am-bi-tion of an In-dian wo-man. The dusk-y In-dian bride might be ver-y proud of the glass-bead or-na-ments her bride-groom gave her at the wed-ding feast, but her heart was stir-red to a loft-

GUARD-ING THE CORN.

i-er pride if she could count a good-ly num-ber of scalps dang-ling at her bride-groom's gir-dle. A cow-ard, a man who was "a-fraid," had no chance with an In-dian maid-en. She would not work for him, or o-bey him. But a war-ri-or, a he-ro, she a-dor-ed, and would ac-count it a last-ing dis-grace to her-self, if she should al-low him to do any com-mon work.

HUS-BAND, WIFE AND DAUGH-TER.

The drudg-er-y of Min-ne-ha-ha was her choice, not her in-ev-it-a-ble fate. Hi-a-wa-tha must be a he-ro, with the ea-gle's feath-er in his plume, a ter-ror to his foes, the en-vy of his clans-men, and the glo-ry of his bride! And for him to plant corn, to hew wood, to car-ry wa-ter, was out of all ques-tion. He was too god-like, too he-ro-ic, for such me-ni-al tasks.

And it may be said that in man-y in-stan-ces this de-vo-tion on the part of the wo-men was not for-got-ten. Doubt-less there was of-ten much kind-ness, and e-ven love, if but lit-tle gen-tle-ness,

in these wig-wams that fring-ed the banks of the riv-ers of North-ern and South-ern and West-ern Ill-in-ois, cen-tu-ries a-go. Man-y pleas-ant sto-ries in sup-port of this be-lief are hand-ed down from most trust-wor-thy au-thor-i-ties. A sto-ry is told, for ex-am-ple, of an In-dian who trav-el-ed for-ty miles to ob-tain some cran-ber-ries for his sick wife, who, in the ag-o-nies of fe-ver, had ask-ed for some of this fruit. On an-oth-er oc-ca-sion, when corn had grown scarce and fam-ine was star-ing a fam-i-ly in the face, a war-ri-or chief rode a hun-dred miles to get corn. And when he could on-ly get half a bush-el of corn in ex-change for his horse, he sold the horse and walk-ed home with the cov-et-ed prize. And the beau-ti-ful sto-ry of "Hi-a-wa-tha" owes its ro-mance and charm to Hi-a-wa-tha's death-less love and de-vo-tion to Min-ne-ha-ha.

CHAP-TER V.

IN-DIANS OF ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—CHILD-HOOD AND YOUTH.

At first sight it would seem as if the In-dian child was born to en-dur-ance and hard-ships. The lit-tle pap-poose has hard-ly made his ac-

quaint-ance with this strange world be-fore his first rough les-son is taught. Strap-ped to a flat piece of wood the lit-tle stran-ger takes his first views of life in a pos-ture that one would think must be ver-y pain-ful. He is sus-pend-ed from a tree, or se-cur-ed by straps to the back of his hard work-ing moth-er, just as the con-ven-ience of the hour sug-gests.

PAP-POOSE.

And yet we must not im-ag-ine that the In-dian mother was lack-ing in ten-der-ness for her young. The lit-tle red ba-by was, in the great ma-jor-i-ty of in-stan-ces, as fond-ly nur-tur-ed and as ten-der-ly cared for, as the pet-ted dar-lings of most of the civ-il-ized homes of to-day.

The lit-tle In-dian's hard board cra-dle was made com-fort-a-ble with soft dress-ed buck-skin, and fra-grant with the sweet-smell-ing grass-es, and rib-bons of the bark of the bass and the lin-den trees. The finest bead-work that the moth-er could make was none too fine for the a-dorn-ment of her ba-by's rude cra-dle. And deft-ly plait-ed reed splints, and cun-ning-ly plait-ed grass, made pic-tur-esque and beau-ti-ful the bed of the for-est child.

Once a day the smil-ing lit-tle pris-on-er was re-leas-ed from his bonds, and was al-low-ed to roll and play on a blank-et on the grass. This

TEACH-ING THE YOUNG I-DEA HOW TO SHOOT.

was the hap-pi-est hour of the day for moth-er and for child. But when the hour end-ed, and work had to be done, then board and ba-by were strap-

ped to-geth-er and hung up-on the near-est tree, or plac-ed in an e-rect po-si-tion in some con-ven-i-ent cor-ner of wig-wam or lodge. At two years of age this bond-age end-ed, and then, ac-cord-ing as the child was boy or girl, the real train-ing be-gan.

The girl was train-ed to drudg-er-y. When she was four or five years old she was taught to go for wood and car-ry wa-ter. When she was eight years of age she was in-struct-ed how to make up a pack, and car-ry a small one on her back. As she grew old-er she learn-ed to cut wood, to cul-ti-vate corn, to cook, to wash, and to dis-charge all the oth-er tasks that went to make up an In-dian wo-man's work.

The train-ing of the In-dian boy was whol-ly dif-fer-ent. He was to be a war-ri-or, and all his ear-ly ed-u-ca-tion was di-rect-ed to that end. He was ex-cus-ed from all work. He was al-low-ed to run wild. He learn-ed to run, to jump, to swim, to wres-tle. He be-came by these ex-er-ci-ses a young ath-lete, his phys-i-cal de-vel-op-ment was al-most per-fect.

He was scarce-ly ev-er pun-ish-ed for dis-o-be-di-ence. It was thought a most hu-mil-i-a-ting thing to lay the rod up-on the should-ers of one who was to be a val-iant war-ri-or.

At a ver-y ear-ly age boys were put to arch-

er-y prac-tice. At first with blunt-ed ar-rows, shoot-ing at a tar-get of hay bunch-ed at the top of a stick, or at the birds that swarm-ed a-bout the for-est and the prair-ie, or at a liv-ing squir-rel held up at a dis-tance.

THE YOUNG IN-DIAN RE-CEIVES THE BEN-E-DIC-TION OF HIS CHIEF.

When the boy was a-bout sev-en years old, his first se-ri-ous les-sons were taught. He was call-ed up-on to make an all-day's watch and fast on some high peak, when smear-ed with white clay he call-ed up-on his se-lect-ed God or man-i-tou to make him a great and vic-to-ri-ous war-ri-or. These fasts and watch-ings in-creas-ed in num-ber and se-ver-i-ty for eight or nine years. When at last these years of pre-par-a-tion were end-ed, he re-ceived the ben-e-dic-tion of the chief of

his tribe, and thus start-ed forth up-on his ca-reer of man-hood.

But he had no loft-y dream of life. Su-per-sti-tion, sor-cer-y, cru-el-ty, a lax mo-ral-ity, and a re-morse-less spir-it of re-venge form-ed the chief stock in trade of the young In-dian as he start-ed forth in life.

CHAP-TER VI.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—HUNT-ING.

Hunt-ing had for the In-dian a thou-sand name-less charms. It sup-pli-ed his slug-gish mind with ar-dor and in-ter-est. It was some-thing to be done, with an end to be gained. It was oc-cu-pa-tion with a pur-pose. To be a dis-tin-guish-ed hunts-man, a man whose ar-row nev-er miss-ed its mark, was some-thing to be proud of.

The for-est, the prair-ies, and the wild glens, were made for him to hunt in. Hunt-ing not on-ly sup-pli-ed the In-dian and his fam-i-ly with food, but it o-pen-ed the door to the on-ly kind of dis-tinc-tion he cared for, with per-haps the sin-gle ex-cep-tion of war.

Suc-cess in kill-ing large an-i-mals re-quir-ed great skill and long years of prac-tice; but the In-dian nev-er be-grudg-ed the time it re-quir-ed. He was dog-ged, pa-tient, and per-sist-ent. The maz-es of the for-est, and the dense tall grass of the prair-ies, were the best fields for the ex-er-cise of his skill. He would search with most mi-nute scru-ti-ny for the faint-est in-di-ca-tion of the foot-prints of birds or wild an-i-mals, and then would wait and watch, or fol-low the trail, as though his whole life de-pend-ed on the re-sult.

In a for-est coun-try he se-lect-ed for his pla-ces of am-bush, val-leys, be-cause they were most fre-quent-ly the re-sort of game. He would start forth at the first peep of day, and with stealth-y steps, wan-der a-long the side of the stream which threw his shad-ow from it, thus leav-ing his view un-ob-struct-ed in the op-po-site di-rec-tion.

The most eas-i-ly ta-ken of all the an-i-mals of the chase was the deer. Its nat-ur-al cu-ri-os-i-ty prompted it to stop in its flight and look back at the ap-proach-ing hunt-er. The an-te-lope of the Rock-ies of to-day has just the same cu-ri-os-i-ty. Hence, all the hunt-er has to do, is to run a large white flag up a flag-pole twelve or fif-teen feet high, and lie qui-et-ly at the foot of the pole till the in-ves-ti-ga-ting an-i-mal draws near.

The In-dians had a ra-ther in-gen-i-ous meth-od of tak-ing the deer on the small trib-u-ta-ries of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, by the use of the torch. For this pur-pose they con-struct-ed their bark ca-noes with a place in front for the re-cep-tion of a large flam-beau, whose light was pre-vent-ed from re-veal-ing the hunt-er by the in-ter-po-si-tion of a screen. As he de-scend-ed the nar-row streams, the deer see-ing on-ly the light, was at-tract-ed by it to the banks and eas-i-ly shot.

In fish-ing, the In-dian was e-qual-ly ex-pert. He had all the pa-tience the fish-er-man so much re-quires, and that keen-ness of sight and hear-ing that al-low-ed no sign of the near-ness of fish to es-cape him.

IN-DIAN FISH-ING.

But the grand-est field that Ill-in-ois of-fer-ed the In-dian hunt-er for the full ex-er-cise of his pow-ers, was the wide-spread-ing prair-ies with their count-less herds of buff-a-lo. The buff-a-lo was con-fin-ed main-ly, in these days, to tem-per-ate lat-i-tudes, and was found in vast num-bers by ex-plor-ers all o-ver the grass-y plains of Ill-in-ois, In-di-an-a, South-ern Mich-i-gan and West-ern O-hi-o.

IN-DIANS HUNT-ING THE BUFF-A-LO.

This King of the prair-ie—now fast pass-ing from the face of the earth—is a mag-nif-i-cent an-i-mal. With fi-er-y eyes and shag-gy mane, he prov-ed a worth-y foe-man for the In-dians pluck and prow-ess. The bow and ar-row, in the hands of the In-dian, prov-ed quite as fa-tal as the gun sub-se-quent-ly in-tro-duc-ed by Eu-ro-pe-ans. Such was the force with which their ar-rows were pro-pell-ed that the great-er part of them were gen-er-al-ly im-bed-ded in the an-i-mal, and some-times pro-trud-ed from the op-po-site side.

One of the modes of kill-ing the buff-a-lo, prac-tic-ed by the Ill-in-ois and oth-er tribes of In-dians, was to drive them head-long o-ver the pre-cip-i-tous banks of the riv-ers. Buff-a-lo Rock, a large pro-mon-to-ry, ris-ing fif-ty or six-ty feet high, on the north side of the Ill-in-ois, six miles be-low Ot-ta-wa, is said to have de-riv-ed its name from this prac-tice. It was cus-tom-a-ry to se-lect an act-ive young man and dis-guise him in the skin of a buff-a-lo, pre-par-ed for this pur-pose by pre-serv-ing the ears, head and horns. Thus dis-guis-ed, he took a po-si-tion be-tween a herd and a cliff of the river, while his com-pan-ions, on the rear and each side, put the an-i-mals in mo-tion, fol-low-ing the de-coy, who, on reach-ing the pre-ci-pice, dis-ap-pear-ed in a crev-ice pre-vi-ous-ly se-lect-ed,

while the an-i-mals in front, press-ed by a mov-ing mass be-hind, were borne o-ver the brink and crush-ed to death on the rocks be-low.

The In-dians of-ten caught large num-bers of the buff-a-lo when the riv-ers were fro-zen, by driv-ing them on the ice. If the weight of the an-i-mal broke the ice, they were u-su-al-ly kill-ed in the wa-ter. But if the ice was too thick, they fell up-on its slip-per-y sur-face, and be-came help-less vic-tims to the hunt-er's ar-rows.

THE IN-DIAN AND HIS HORSE.

The In-dians love for his horse, ap-proach-ed ver-y near af-fec-tion of the ten-der-est sort. If he was sick he would watch o-ver him with all the ten-der-ness of a nurse, and if he died he would mourn for him many days. And why should he not? Had not his horse been his on-ly com-pan-ion through man-y drear-y days and through man-y dead-ly perils? What friend had ever been as faith-ful as his gal-lant steed!

CHAP-TER VII.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—WAR-FARE.

The In-dian's most ex-alt-ed thought of glo-ry was suc-cess in war. There was no fame like the fame of the in-trep-id, suc-cess-ful war-ri-or. War was not a sci-ence with him; it was an en-thu-si-asm, an all ab-sorb-ing pas-sion. A know-ledge of the art of war was in his thought the high-est at-tain-ment pos-si-ble.

The a-ged chief, with paint-ed face and toss-ing feath-ers, re-joic-ed to talk o-ver and o-ver a-gain the sto-ry of his ear-ly ex-ploits, while the young In-dian list-en-ed, and hop-ed that for him there might be some such op-por-tu-ni-ties to man-i-fest his pith, his cour-age, and his prow-ess.

The war par-ties of the prair-ie tribes were most-ly vol-un-teers. The lead-er who was am-bi-tious e-nough to at-tempt to raise a war par-ty, must, first of all, have won great fame him-self, or he would get no fol-low-ing. His first ap-peal was al-ways to the pa-tri-ot-ism and cour-age of his friends, and then he would play up-on the su-per-

sti-tion of the braves, as-sur-ing them that the Great Spir-it had made known to him in dreams, that their en-ter-prise would be suc-cess-ful, and that

THE WAR DANCE.

their war-path would be strewn with the dead bod-ies of their foes.

Paint-ing them-selves with ver-mill-ion to rep-re-sent blood, and bring-ing such troph-ies as they al-read-y had won, in the shape of scalps, they would com-mence their ter-ri-ble war dance. The war dance was a trag-e-dy in pan-to-mime. The

per-form-ance was an ob-ject les-son hint-ing at the va-ried in-ci-dents of a suc-cess-ful cam-paign. The braves en-ter-ing up-on the war-path; the post-ing of sen-ti-nels to a-void be-ing sur-pris-ed by the en-em-y; the ad-vance in-to the en-em-y's coun-try; the form-a-tion of am-bus-cades to strike the un-wa-ry foe; the strife and carn-age of bat-tle; the fall of the foe be-neath the ter-ri-ble crash of the war-club or tom-a-hawk; the re-treat of the en-em-y; the scalp-ing of the slain; the feast-ing of vul-tures on the dead bod-ies; the tri-umph-ant re-turn of the war-ri-ors; all was wrought out in won-der-ful mim-ic show.

Af-ter the war dance, these ex-cit-ed vol-un-teers start-ed on the war path. On the eve of their de-part-ure some ven-er-a-ble chief would ad-dress them with in-spir-ing words.

Here is the re-port of a speech that was ad-dress-ed by an old war-ri-or to a com-pa-ny of young braves who were go-ing forth to war:

"Now, my brothers," he said, "de-part with con-fi-dence. Let your cour-age be might-y, your hearts big, your feet light, your eyes o-pen, your smell keen, your ears at-ten-tive, your skins proof a-gainst heat, cold wa-ter and fire. If the en-em-y should prove too pow-er-ful, re-mem-ber that your lives are pre-cious, and that one scalp lost by you,

WAR-RI-OR AD-DRESS-ING BRAVES AS THEY SET OUT ON THE WAR-PATH.

is one cause of shame brought up-on your na-tion. There-fore, if it be ne-ces-sa-ry, do not hes-i-tate to fly, and in that case be as wa-ry as the ser-pent, and con-ceal your-selves with the skill of the fox, or of the squir-rel. But al-though you run a-way, do not for-get that you are men, that you are true war-ri-ors, and that you must not fear the foe. Wait a-while and your time will come. Then when your en-em-y is in your pow-er, and you can as-sail him with ad-van-tage, fling all your ar-rows at him, and when they are all ex-haust-ed, come to close quar-ters, strike, knock down, and let your tom-a-hawks be drunk with blood."

These In-dians gen-er-al-ly went forth in par-ties of a-bout for-ty, car-ry-ing with them as im-ple-ments of war-fare, bows and ar-rows, a war-club, an i-ron tom-a-hawk, a stone tom-a-hawk, and al-ways a well-sharp-en-ed scalp-ing knife. These scalp-ing knives were often of bone, but they were al-ways kept in good con-di-tion for the dis-charge of their del-i-cate tasks. Scalp-ing was the meth-od by which the war-ri-or made sure proof of his tri-umph. The num-ber of scalps hang-ing at his gir-dle was the meas-ure of his suc-cess.

Scalp-ing was an ex-ceed-ing-ly sim-ple pro-cess. The In-dian seiz-ed his en-em-y by the hair, and by a skill-ful use of his knife, cut and tore—

of-ten-times while his vic-tim was quiv-er-ing with life—from the top of his head, a large por-tion of the skin.

These scalps were pre-serv-ed with the ut-most care, for two rea-sons; first-ly, be-cause the con-quer-or did not want any of the mem-bers of a hos-tile tribe to lay claim to his vic-to-ries; and, sec-ond-ly, be-cause the red man be-liev-ed that the pos-ses-sion of any part of the bod-y of his foe, gave him end-less pow-er o-ver that foe, liv-ing or dead.

TAK-ING A SCALP!

In war-fare the In-dian's sub-tle-ty was no small se-cret of suc-cess. He had no no-tions of that sense of jus-tice that asks that a man shall meet his foe face to face. To shoot a man down from be-hind a tree was as praise-wor-thy as it was cun-ning.

War, in-deed, ra-ther than peace, was the In-dian's glo-ry and de-light; war, not con-duct-ed as in civ-il-i-zed times, but where in-di-vid-u-al skill, en-dur-ance, gal-lant-ry and cru-el-ty were prime re-qui-sites. For such a pur-pose as re-venge, the In-dian would make great sac-ri-fi-ces, and dis-play a pa-tience and per-se-ver-ance tru-ly he-ro-ic; but when the ex-cite-ment was o-ver, he sank back into a list-less, un-oc-cu-pi-ed, well-nigh use-less sav-age.

SHOOT-ING FROM BE-HIND A TREE.

Dur-ing the in-ter-vals of his more ex-ci-ting pur-suits, the In-dian em-ploy-ed his time in dec-or-a-ting his per-son with all the beau-ty of paint and feath-ers, and in the man-u-fact-ure of his arms and ca-noes. These lat-ter were con-struct-ed of bark, and were so light that they could eas-i-ly be car-ried on the shoul-der from stream to stream. So be-tween hunt-ing, and fish-ing, and fight-ing, the In-dian's time was pret-ty well oc-cu-pied.

CHAP-TER VIII.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—RE-LI-GIOUS VIEWS—BUR-I-AL OF THE DEAD.

The red man of the prair-ies and the for-ests was nat-u-ral-ly re-li-gious. Per-haps some would say that he was on-ly su-per-sti-tious. But at this long dis-tance of time we can well af-ford to ex-er-cise a lit-tle char-i-ty.

We do not claim for the In-dian an ex-act and or-der-ly re-li-gious be-lief, but there were some rude el-e-ments of faith that call on-ly for our ad-mi-ra-tion.

It is pleas-ant to think that in the old dark days, be-fore the birth of cul-ture and ed-u-ca-tion, the In-dian with his "un-tu-tor-ed mind," did "see God in clouds," and did "hear him in the wind." He be-liev-ed in the one Great Spirit, the might-y Man-i-tou, the Au-thor of Life, the Up-hold-er of the U-ni-verse. He be-liev-ed that this Great Spir-it was all-wise, all-pow-er-ful, and all-good. That he dwelt some-times in the sun, and some-times in the moon, and some-times in the sky. He heard his voice in the roll of the thun-der,

the crash of the cat-a-ract, and the an-gry waves of the sea. His God was a God of might, of ma-jes-ty, and of re-sist-less pow-er. But the e-vil that a-bound-ed in that ear-ly day, led him to con-clude that there must be a Bad Spir-it, sub-ject al-ways, of course, to the Great Good Spir-it. But the In-dian, who was nat-ur-al-ly fear-less, had lit-tle dread of the spir-it of e-vil; in his rude way he be-liev-ed that God was o-ver all, and that the good would sure-ly tri-umph o-ver the e-vil.

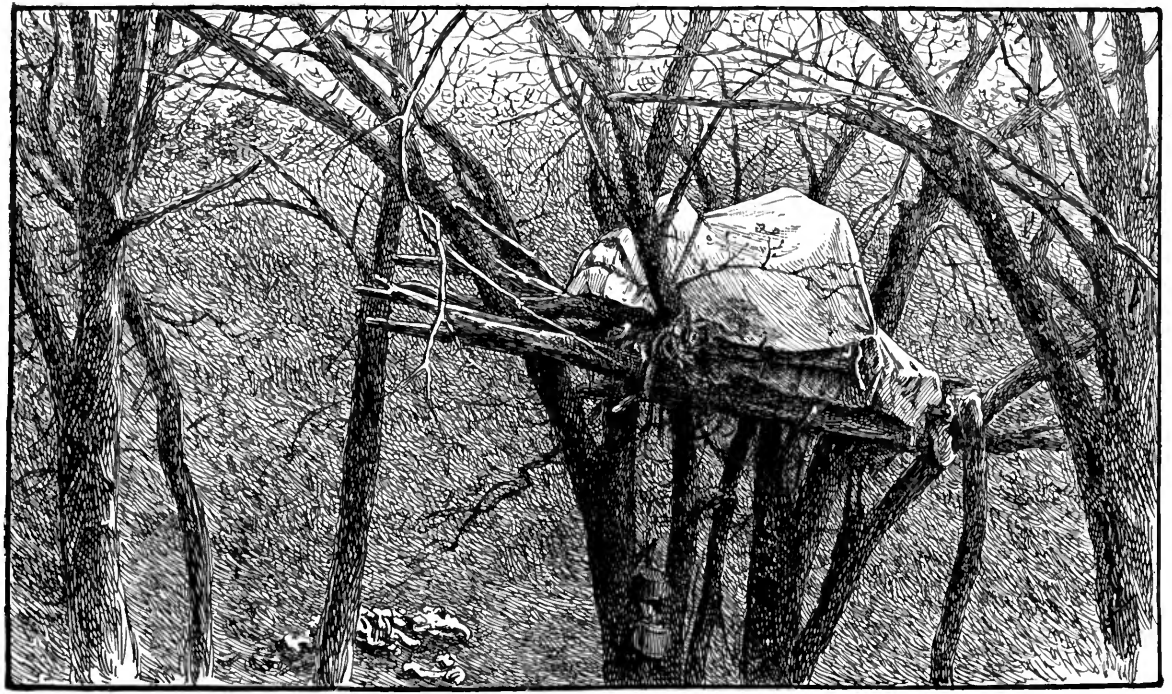
An-oth-er im-por-tant point in the sim-ple faith of the In-dian, was a firm and un-shak-en con-fi-dence in the doc-trine of a fu-ture life. Un-train-ed and un-taught as he was, e-ven he was too wise to think that death was the end of the think-ing be-ing. He be-liev-ed that be-yond the grave, be-yond the glo-ry of the West-ern hills there was a land more fair and beau-ti-ful than the prair-ies or the for-ests in their rich-est bloom, or the skies in their cloud-less splen-dor.

To what an ex-tent this faith in a fu-ture life laid hold up-on these ear-ly dwell-ers in Ill-in-ois may be gath-er-ed from their modes of bur-i-al. They did not con-tent them-selves with lay-ing the war-ri-or peace-ful-ly to rest, as though all was o-ver. But they laid with him in his grave, his war-club, his bow and ar-rows, his red paint; and some-

times his horse was slain up-on or near his grave, that he might be read-y to mount and pro-ceed to his place of rest in the land of glo-ry be-yond the set-ting sun. If a wo-man of the tribe died they plac-ed near her a ket-tle, ca-noe pad-dles, and such ar-ti-cles of cloth-ing as she might be sup-pos-ed to re-quire on her march to the hap-py fields of e-ter-nal rest.

It was a com-mon thing a-mongst the for-est tribes, to choose as suit-a-ble pla-ces for in-ter-ment, el-e-va-ted spots a-bove the reach of floods. Ver-y of-ten the branch-es of a tree would be us-ed for this pur-pose. In the il-lus-tra-tion of an In-dian grave on page 46, it will be seen that the war-ri-or's horse has been kill-ed, and his bones left to bleach near the ex-alt-ed grave of his dead mas-ter. In a crotch of the tree the dead he-ro's drink-ing tins and oth-er u-ten-sils are plac-ed near, as though the dead man might want them a-gain at some un-ex-pect-ed mo-ment.

The bod-ies of the dead were wrap-ped in man-y kinds of grave clothes, and then plac-ed, some-times at full length and some-times in a sit-ting pos-ture, in the rud-est kind of coff-in, which was most fan-ci-ful-ly paint-ed in all sorts of glar-ing col-ors. O-ver all this the dead man's blank-et was stretch-ed, and fast-en-ed to the limbs of



46 AN IN-DIAN GRAVE. FROM A PHO-TO-GRAPH.

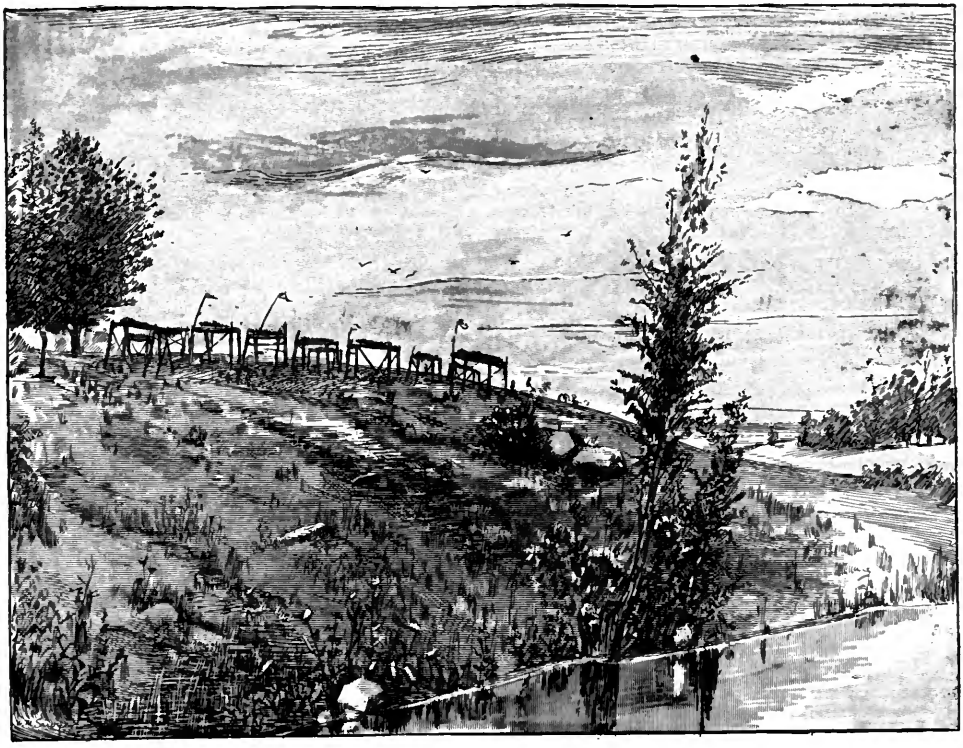
the trees. As long as any of the bod-y re-main-ed these graves were guard-ed with jeal-ous care. There was a deep rev-er-ence in the mind of the In-dian, both for the dy-ing and the dead. If, in the course of some con-flict, a com-rade had been

BEAR-ING THE WOUND-ED FROM THE BAT-TLE FIELD.

wound-ed, he was not left to die un-car-ed for and a-lone, but of-ten, at great risk, his com-pan-ions would make a rude lit-ter and bear him a-way from the field of bat-tle, that he might have his wounds dress-ed, or that at least he might die in peace.

It was cus-tom-a-ry, where there was a good-ly com-pa-ny of In-dians liv-ing to-geth-er on the lev-el prair-ie lands, to se-lect some place by a riv-er

or stream, a lit-tle el-e-va-ted, if pos-si-ble, as the gen-er-al bur-i-al place of the tribe. These an-cient In-dian cem-e-ter-ies pre-sent-ed a ver-y re-mark-a-ble ap-pear-ance. One rea-son for the



AN IN-DIAN PRAIR-IE CEM-E-TERY.

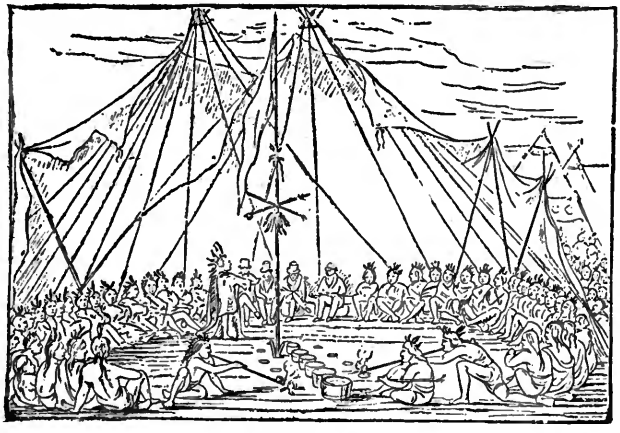
el-e-va-tion of the bod-ies of the dead, was to keep them free from the on-slaught of wolves and oth-er pests of the prair-ie; and the huge flags that were plac-ed here and there o-ver bod-ies more re-cent-

ly in-ter-red, were in-tend-ed to keep off wolves, vul-tures, and other birds of prey.

CHAP-TER IX.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—MIS-CEL-LA-NE-OUS.

While the In-dian of this ear-ly date was a man of mark-ed in-di-vid-u-al-i-ty, he had con-sid-er-a-ble re-spect for or-gan-ized ef-fort. To fol-low the chief of his tribe, to yield o-be-di-ence to the or-ders of coun-cils, was with him a point of hon-or. There was a deep rev-er-ence in the heart of the red man for the a-ged mem-bers of his tribe.



IN-DIANS IN COUN-CIL.

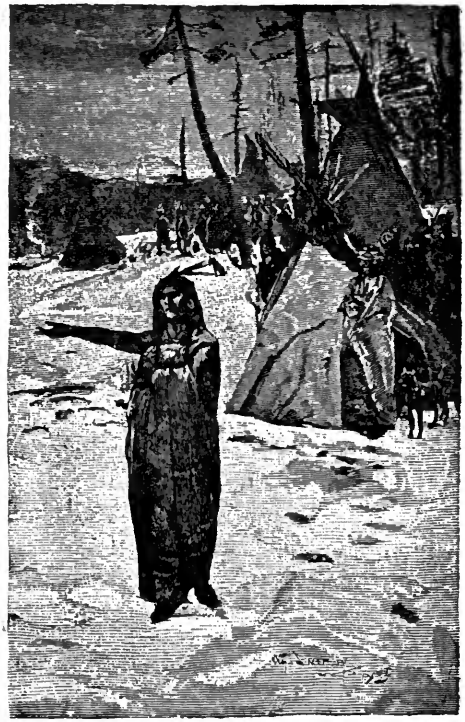
The Gen-er-al Coun-cils of the In-dians were com-pos-ed of the chiefs and old men of the tribe. When in coun-cil they sat in cir-cles round the speak-er. It was not

thought good man-ners to ap-plaud, so the grave list-en-ers sat in sol-emn si-lence, save now and then when an ap-prov-ing grunt would es-cape some un-guard-ed lips. Be-fore be-gin-ning bus-i-ness, a brave ap-pear-ed with the sa-cred pipe, and then an-oth-er brought fire to light it. Af-ter the pipe was ful-ly a-light, it was pre-sent-ed to the heav-ens, then to the earth, then to the Great Spir-it, and last-ly, to the chiefs pres-ent, each of whom took a whiff, and then the prop-er bus-i-ness of the Coun-cil be-gan. .

The lan-guage of the In-dians con-sist-ed of on-ly a few words com-par-a-tive-ly speak-ing, and so, like the an-cient Jews, they had to make up in fig-ures of speech, what they lack-ed in lang-uage. Yet, if the speech-es that were de-liv-er-ed in these coun-cils could be col-lect-ed in a vol-ume, it would form one of the most in-ter-est-ing books in the whole lit-er-a-ture of el-o-quence. One of the most gift-ed of all the great In-dian or-a-tors was Pon-ti-ac, of whom we shall hear more la-ter on.

The so-cial in-stincts of the In-dians were de-vel-op-ed grad-u-al-ly as the years pass-ed on. Of a mo-rose and ta-ci-turn dis-po-si-tion, they be-came more gen-i-al and kind by in-ter-course with oth-er ra-ces of men, and in time they be-gan to man-i-fest a fine spir-it of cour-te-sy and hos-pi-tal-i-ty.

Strang-ers would oc-ca-sion-al-ly vis-it their camps, and if once they were as-sur-ed that these vis-its were not with hos-tile in-tent, they would put a-side all sus-pi-cion and bid them wel-come to their wig-wams, their corn and their pipes of peace. And if, af-ter some such pleas-ant in-ter-view, these strang-ers should re-turn af-ter their bus-i-ness was com-plete, they would be sure of a most cor-di-al greet-ing. The chief of the tribe would go forth to the verge of the camp-ing ground, and with the right hand stretch-ed forth would speak the words of wel-come: "I-tah! I-tah! Good be with you! Come and eat!"



I-TAH! I-TAH!—"GOOD BE WITH YOU."

But wo be-tide the man who should be-tray this hos-pi-tal-i-ty, as was of-ten done; it would only be a ques-tion of time, and that not long, be-fore his scalp would hang at the belt of some brave of the in-sult-ed tribe.

Some-times de-tail-ed re-cords of these oc-ca-sions were kept, in crude In-dian fash-ion, es-pe-cial-ly if the trav-el-ing par-ty was a large and im-por-tant one.

A care-ful ex-am-i-na-tion of the ac-com-pa-ny-ing spe-ci-men of In-dian re-cords, will serve to show, at least, that these dusk-y chil-dren of the for-est and the prair-ie were not with-out con-sid-er-a-ble bus-i-ness tact, and a keen sense of or-der. There were no news-pa-pers in those times to an-nounce, that on a cer-tain day, a com-pa-ny of white men with In-dian guides, had been en-ter-tain-ed at Ca-ho-kia, or De-ca-tur, or at Sa-van-na, a fa-vor-ite place of meet-ing, just un-der the shad-ow of In-dian Rock.

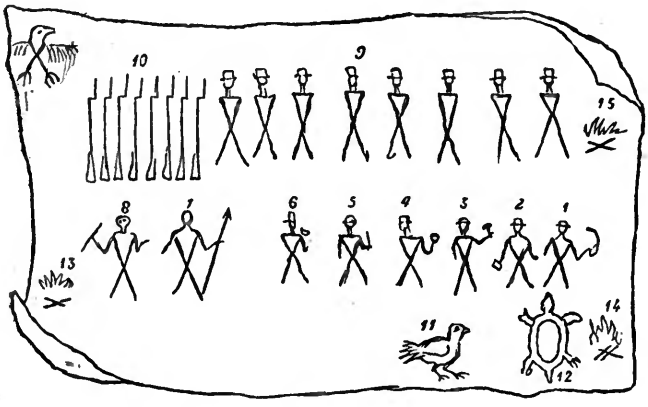
Such en-ter-tain-ments were fre-quent, and the re-cords of them were care-ful-ly kept.

The par-tic-u-lar ac-count here pre-sent-ed, shows that on this oc-ca-sion, a com-pa-ny of four-teen whites and two In-dians had spent the night at some giv-en point, and had far-ed well.

The com-pa-ny in this case was ev-i-dent-ly a sur-vey-ing par-ty with a mil-i-tary es-cort.

No. 1 rep-re-sents, some-what rude-ly, the com-mand-ing of-fi-cer, sword in hand; No. 2, the sec-re-ta-ry with his book; No. 3, the ge-ol-o-gist with his ham-mer; Nos. 7 and 8, are In-dian guides,

as is in-di-ca-ted by their not wear-ing hats; Nos. 9 and 10, in-di-cate the white sol-diers with their arms; Nos. 11 and 12, show that, amongst oth-er things, they had en-joy-ed the lux-u-ries of prair-ie chicken and real turtle at their feast; Nos. 13, 14, 15, show that three camp fires had burn-ed in hon-or of the par-ty; and the in-cli-na-tion of the poles in the hands of the guides, show that the guests had pur-sued their jour-ney in an east-er-ly di-rec-tion.



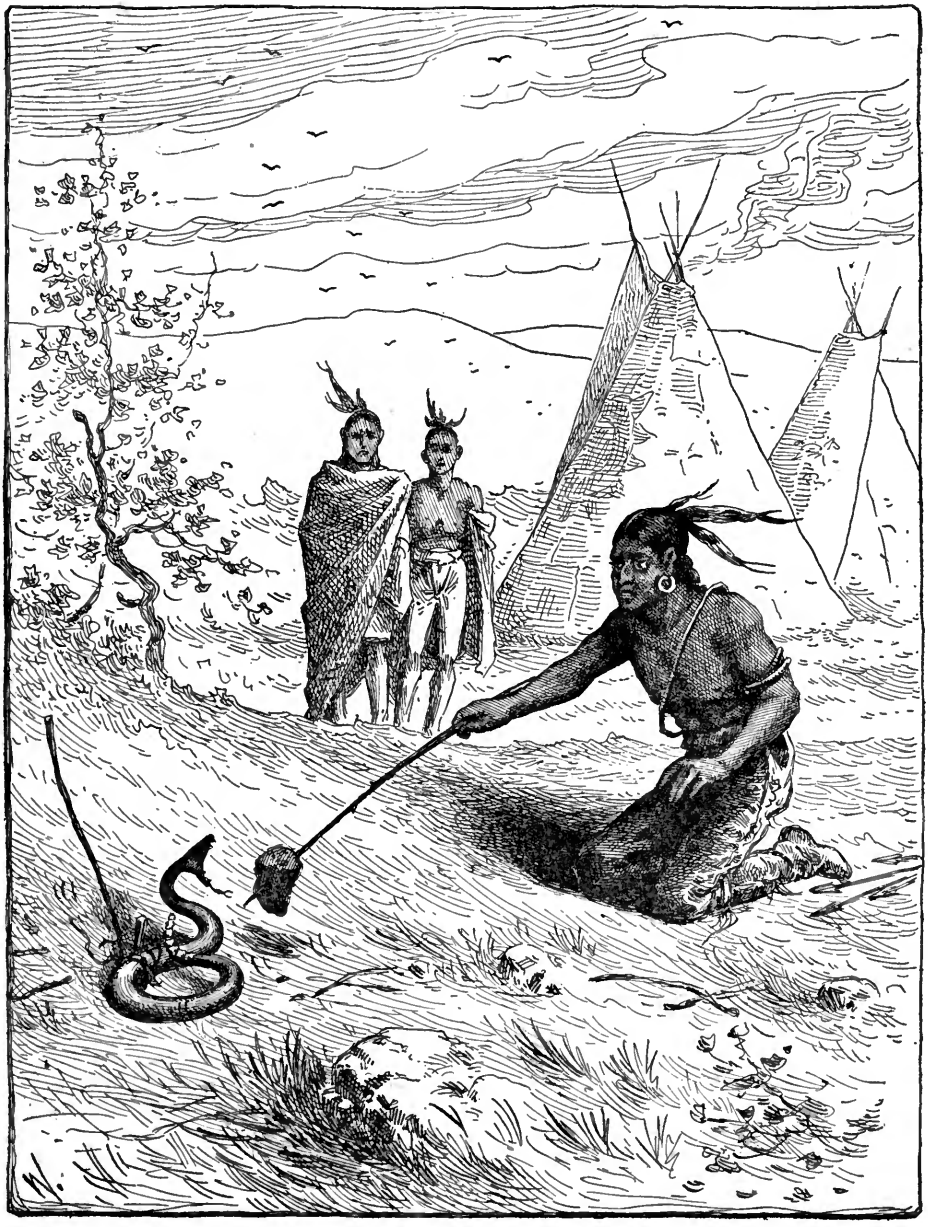
SPE-CI-MEN OF IN-DIAN RE-CORDS.

The bit-ter-ness and cru-el vin-dic-tive-ness of which the red man was some-times ca-pa-ble, was seen in his va-ri-ous modes of re-venge. In fair, o-pen fight, he was for the most part dis-pos-ed to fight fair-ly; but when it came to be a ques-tion of ven-geance, his fu-ry knew no bounds. The poi-son-ed ar-row was one of the fa-vor-ite weap-ons of his un-bound-ed ha-tred.

A ven-er-a-ble In-dian ar-row ma-ker thus ex-

plains how the In-dians used to poi-son their ar-rows:—"First, we take a bloat-ed yel-low rat-tle-snake in Au-gust, and tie him with a fork-ed stick to a stake. Then we an-noy and tease him till he is in a great rage. We then take the liv-er of some an-i-mal—a deer or an an-te-lope. The snake will strike at it a-gain and a-gain with its poi-son-ous fangs, and very soon the liv-er will turn jet black. Ar-rows are then brought, and their i-ron heads are push-ed in-to the black liv-er up to the shaft. They are left stick-ing there for an hour, and then they are dried in the sun, and so pow-er-ful is the poi-son, that if these ar-rows but touch raw flesh, death is speed-y and cer-tain. But the In-dians have long since giv-en up the cru-el use of these dead-ly weap-ons.

In con-clud-ing this sketch of In-dian life and man-ners, we must not o-mit a no-tice, how-ev-er brief, of the a-muse-ments in which es-pe-cial-ly the young-er In-dians in-dulg-ed. The pas-times of the In-dian were sim-ple, lim-it-ed, and crude. Yet there was no lack of real en-joy-ment, for if the games were few, the play-ers en-ter-ed in-to such plea-sure as they gave, with the great-est zest. Mr. Ell-i-ott, a great au-thor-i-ty on In-dian life and man-ners, says: "An In-dian youth, al-though in-tense-ly in-ter-est-ed in a game from the be-gin-



ning to the end, ap-pear-ed to be just as well pleas-ed, and laugh-ed just as heart-i-ly, when beat-en as when vic-to-ri-ous. If the game was a gamb-ling one, as were most of their games of skill, he would un-con-cern-ed-ly part with his last piece of cloth-ing, laugh-ing as cheer-ful-ly as when he be-gan the game."

The boys had their ball games, both "shin-ny" and foot-ball; they flew kites made of fish bladders; spun their rude tee-to-tums; play-ed at tag, hide and seek, blind man's buff, hunt the slip-per, and all such mer-ry de-lights. The girls had their dolls, and though the boys and girls did not of-ten play to-geth-er, they might some-times be seen engag-ed in those time-hon-or-ed oc-cu-pa-tions of keep-ing house or wig-wam, and mak-ing pies of the rich, yield-ing mud of the prair-ies.

With the men of the In-dian tribes, one of the fa-vor-ite games of the win-ter was play-ing ball or "shin-ny" on the ice. And al-though the game was some-times of a most ex-ci-ting char-ac-ter, it was gen-er-al-ly con-duct-ed with great good humor. They had been brought up to re-gard a game as a thing to be en-joy-ed for its own sake. Fight-ing was one thing, play-ing was an-oth-er.

CHAP-TER X.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN ILL-IN-OIS—MAR-QUETTE AND JOL-I-ET.

Chief a-mongst the first white men who trod the prair-ies and sail-ed the riv-ers of Ill-in-ois, and made a def-i-nite mark on the his-to-ry of this hap-py and pros-per-ous re-gion, were Jac-ques Mar-quette, and Lou-is Jol-i-et. The for-mer was a Jes-u-it mis-sion-a-ry, born in France in 1637; the lat-ter was an ex-plor-er who was born of French pa-rents, at Que-bec, in Can-a-da, in the year 1645.

Ear-ly in the Sev-en-teenth Cen-tu-ry, a-bout the time the "May-flow-er" sail-ed out from South-amp-ton wa-ter, a num-ber of de-vout French mis-sion-a-ries of the or-der of the So-ci-e-ty of Je-sus—an or-der form-ed by a Span-ish Knight of the Six-teenth Cen-tury, named Ig-na-tius Loy-o-la—made up their minds to come to A-mer-i-ca and tell the sto-ry of the life and teach-ings of Je-sus Christ to the In-dians.

These earn-est, ho-ly men, made their head-quar-ters at Mon-tre-al, in Can-a-da, where there

were a Cath-e-dral and a very large school, not so much de-sign-ed for the gen-er-al ed-u-ca-tion of the peo-ple, as for the train-ing of young men for the priest-hood, and for this great work of bear-ing the gos-pel to those who dwelt on the prair-ies, and on the banks of the riv-ers and the great lakes. One of their num-ber, Fa-ther Al-lou-ez, is said to have jour-ney-ed hun-dreds of miles far-ther west than any pre-vi-ous ex-plor-er. In the year 1667, he first heard of the Ill-in-ois In-dians, whom he great-ly de-sir-ed to vis-it. Fa-ther Al-lou-ez had a great am-bi-tion to do some-thing to-wards u-ni-ting all the In-dian tribes of the West. To this end he thought it would be a good thing to hold a con-fer-ence of the chiefs of the va-ri-ous tribes, at Green Bay. In car-ry-ing out this plan, he sent Nich-o-las Per-rot to the site on which the city of Chi-ca-go now stands, to in-vite the chiefs of an In-dian tribe liv-ing in that neigh-bor-hood to join the coun-cil of peace. Per-rot reach-ed the banks of the Chi-ca-go riv-er in the au-tumn of 1670, and was prob-a-bly the first white man who set his foot up-on the prair-ie soil of Ill-in-ois. What came of this pro-pos-ed con-fer-ence we are not told.

Mar-quette and Jol-i-et set out on their long jour-ney of ex-plo-ra-tion, in which they were ver-y

anx-ious to vis-it the tribes of In-dians all a-long the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, and to dis-cov-er any oth-er tribes who might be dwell-ing in-land. They left Mack-in-aw in May, 1673. Coast-ing a-long the north-ern shore of Lake Mich-i-gan they en-ter-ed Green Bay, and pass-ed thence up the Fox riv-er and Lake Win-ne-ba-go till they came to a vil-lage of the Mas-cou-tins and Mi-am-is. At this vil-lage they found a good-ly num-ber of In-dians, and what glad-den-ed them most of all was to see a cross plant-ed in the midst of the place, de-co-ra-ted with some of the most val-ued of In-dian im-ple-ments. They were in-tro-duc-ed with great cer-e-mo-ny to a coun-cil of chiefs, when Mar-quette, point-ing to Jol-i-et, said: "My friend is an en-voy from France, to dis-cov-er new coun-tries, and I am an am-bass-a-dor from God, to en-light-en them with the truths of the Gos-pel." The re-quest for guides was cor-di-al-ly re-spond-ed to, and they jour-ney-ed on their way in peace. Ar-riv-ing at the port-age, they car-ri-ed their ca-noes and scan-ty bag-gage to the Wis-con-sin riv-er, a dis-tance of three miles. At this point their guides re-fus-ed to go any far-ther. They did not want to see the great river, for they said there were de-mons dwell-ing in the riv-er, whose aw-ful voi-ces could be heard for man-y miles. Faint of

heart, they made the most of the dan-gers of the jour-ney. If they were not de-stroy-ed by the de-mons, they said they were al-most sure to be drown-ed in the riv-er, and if the de-mons and the riv-er spar-ed them, it would on-ly be that they might fall vic-tims to the hos-tile dwell-ers on the shore.

But Mar-quette and Jol-i-et were not faint of heart; they were not to be mov-ed thus eas-i-ly from that great pur-pose to which they had con-se-cra-ted their lives. They thank-ed the guides for all their kind-ness and help, and for all the in-for-ma-tion they had giv-en them, and then pray-ed with them and said "fare-well."

"FARE-WELL! FARE-WELL!"

"Fare-well! Fare-well!" The guides an-swer-ed, "I-tah! I-tah! Good be with you!" And as the last guide pass-ed from sight, he was seen to stretch forth his right hand as if in the at-ti-tude of ben-e-dic-tion.

Mar-quette and Jol-i-et now turn-ed their fa-ces to the West. They float-ed gent-ly down the Wis-con-sin riv-er, pass-ing shores and is-lands of rare and match-less beau-ty.

At last, came in part, the re-al-i-za-tion of their

dreams. It was a love-ly sum-mer morn-ing, the 17th of June, 1673, when, with joy great-er than words could tell, they push-ed their frail barks out on the floods of the lord-ly Mis-sis-sip-pi, the "Great Fa-ther of Wa-ters," as the In-dian lov-ed in la-ter days to call it. For days they pass-ed a con-stant suc-ces-sion of head-lands, sep-a-ra-ted by love-ly val-leys cov-er-ed with ver-dure, and rich with flow-ers of ev-er-y hue and form. By-and-by, great herds of buff-a-lo were seen sweep-ing like clouds a-long the prair-ie, while now and then some tim-id mem-ber of the herd would stand a mo-ment and gaze, as if in de-fi-ance, at the strang-ers who dar-ed to come so near their grass-y realm.

As they float-ed on, a hun-dred miles and more from the mouth of the Wis-con-sin riv-er, this ques-tion forc-ed it-self, a-gain and a-gain, up-on the at-ten-tion of Jol-i-et:

"Where does this riv-er rise, and in-to what does it flow?"

"We will find that out," said Mar-quette, "but we must not for-get that our mis-sion is to seek the souls of the red man of the for-est."

As their barks float-ed on the rest-less wa-ters, they watch-ed, with ea-ger eyes, for the faint-est trace of the In-dian.

All things come to those who watch and wait,

and to these ear-ly voy-a-gers there came at last, what they so much long-ed to see, the sign of hu-man foot-prints on the east-ern shore of the Mis-sis-sip-pi.

Care-ful-ly se-cur-ing their ca-noes by fast-en-ing them to trees, they as-cend-ed the bank of the riv-er, and fol-low-ed, with joy-ful hearts, the long sought In-dian trail. Af-ter walk-ing a-bout six miles they came to an In-dian vil-lage, from which four In-dians came out to meet them, whose friend-ly dis-po-si-tion was seen in the fact that they brought with them their pipes of peace, their cal-u-mets, bril-liant with col-or-ed plumes. As Mar-quette and his com-pan-ion drew near, the In-dians sa-luted them in the mem-o-ra-ble words—

"We are Ill-in-ois! We are men!"

As soon as Mar-quette told them of the mis-sion of him-self and his friend, a most hearty in-vi-ta-tion was of-fer-ed to en-ter their vil-lage and a-bide with them for a time. Here they were pre-sent-ed to the chief of the tribe, who gave them a true In-dian wel-come.

"How beau-ti-ful the sun shines, oh! French-men," he said, "when you come to vis-it us."

Af-ter Mar-quette—whom the In-dians call-ed "Black-gown," hav-ing ref-er-ence to his priest-ly at-tire—had more full-y ex-plain-ed to the chief

the re-li-gious mo-tives that had led him to seek out these Sons of the For-est, the chief fur-ther re-pli-ed.

"I thank the Black-gown, and thee, al-so," point-ing to Jol-i-et, "for com-ing to vis-it us. Nev-er has the earth been so beau-ti-ful, and nev-er has the sun shone so bright-ly as to-day. Nev-er has our riv-er been so calm and so free from rocks. Your ca-noes have swept them a-way. Nev-er has our to-bac-co had so fine a fla-vor, nor our corn so prom-is-ing as we see it to-day, now that you are with us!

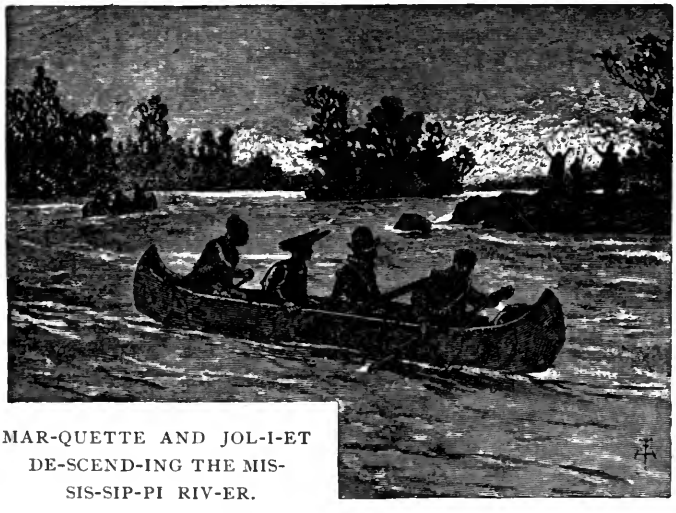
"Here is my son," con-tin-ued the chief, giv-ing to the French-men a lit-tle boy who had been cap-tur-ed from an-oth-er tribe, and one the chief had a-dopt-ed. "I give him to you that you may know our hearts. I im-plore you to take pit-y up-on me and all my fol-low-ers. You know the Great Spir-it who has made us all! Ask him to give life, and come and dwell a-mong us that we may know him."

The lit-tle boy was then pre-sent-ed to Mar-quette, and at the same time a rich-ly or-na-ment-ed peace pipe, the chief add-ing—

"This is the sa-cred cal-u-met. Where-ev-er you bear it, it sig-ni-fies peace. All our tribes will re-spect it, and it will pro-tect you from harm!"

The next day a grand ban-quet was giv-en, con-sist-ing for the most part, of hom-i-ny, fish, buff-a-lo, and dog's-meat. The French-men great-ly en-joy-ed the re-past, though they ate ver-y spar-ing-ly of the dog's-meat, which some-what as-ton-ish-ed the In-dians, who re-gard-ed dog's-meat as a ver-y great del-i-ca-cy.

Af-ter stay-ing with this hos-pit-a-ble tribe for a sea-son, Mar-quette and Jol-i-et re-solv-ed to fol-low the course of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. A num-ber of the In-dians ac-com-pa-ni-ed them to the riv-er bank, and bid-ding them a most kind-ly fare-well, wav-ed their arms till the boats float-ed be-yond the reach of their vi-sion.



MAR-QUETTE AND JOL-I-ET DE-SCEND-ING THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI RIV-ER.

Mar-quette and Jol-i-et, and their com-pan-ions, de-scend-ed the Mis-sis-sip-pi till they were per-fect-ly sat-is-fied that the Great Fa-ther of Wa-

IN-DIANS PLAY-ING BALL ON THE ICE.

ters emp-tied its floods in-to the Gulf of Mex-i-co. They then re-turn-ed, and hav-ing reach-ed the 39th de-gree of north lat-i-tude, en-ter-ed the Ill-in-ois riv-er, and fol-low-ed it to its source.

The tribe of Ill-in-ois In-dians who dwelt on the banks of this riv-er urg-ed Mar-quette to stay and live with them. But ex-press-ing a de-sire to con-tin-ue his trav-els, he was con-duct-ed by one of the chiefs and sev-er-al war-ri-ors of the tribe, to Chic-a-go, in the neigh-bor-hood of which, he re-main-ed to preach the Gos-pel to the Mi-am-is, whilst his com-pan-ions re-turn-ed to Que-bec to an-nounce their won-der-ful dis-cov-er-ies.

Two years la-ter, Mar-quette en-ter-ed the lit-tle riv-er in the State of Mich-i-gan, call-ed by his name. On its ver-dant bank he e-rect-ed a rude al-tar, said mass af-ter the or-der of the Cath-o-lic church; and be-ing left a-lone at his own re-quest, he kneel-ed down by the side of the al-tar, and of-fer-ing to the Might-i-est sol-emn thanks-giv-ing for all the guid-ing and pro-tect-ing care of Heav-en, he com-mend-ed his soul to Al-might-y God, and fell in-to the long dream-less sleep that knows no wak-ing. And as one has beau-ti-ful-ly said—"The light breeze from the lake sung his re-qui-em, and the Al-gon-quin na-tion be-came his mourn-ers."

Jol-i-et nev-er re-turn-ed West, but de-vo-ted him-self to trade. He died in 1700.

CHAP-TER XI.

LA SALLE AND TON-TI.

Re-ne Rob-ert Cav-al-ier de La Salle, was born in Rou-en, France, on the 22d of No-vem-ber, 1643. His ear-ly days were spent un-der the ver-y shad-ow of that great Cath-o-lic Cath-e-dral of Rou-en, that has been for cen-tu-ries the won-der and ad-mi-ra-tion of the world.

In his youth, La Salle was fond of stud-y, in fact books were his chief com-pan-ions on to his ear-ly man-hood. He was train-ed for the priest-hood, and was in-tend-ed for the or-der of the Jes-u-it Mis-sion-a-ries. Af-ter his course of ed-u-ca-tion was com-ple-ted he sail-ed for Can-a-da, where he was ex-pect-ed to de-vote him-self whol-ly to mis-sion-a-ry work. He soon be-came a great fa-vor-ite with the In-dian tribes. And such was his skill and pow-er of ap-pli-ca-tion, that he soon be-came thor-ough-ly mas-ter of sev-en dif-fer-ent In-dian di-a-lects.

But he was of a rest-less mood. Nev-er long con-tent with what he had done, he was al-ways look-ing out to some-thing be-yond. Dur-ing the win-ter of 1668–9, he had en-ter-tain-ed a band of Sen-e-ca In-dians at his fort on the St. Law-ence, and they fill-ed him full of en-thu-si-asm con-cern-ing the O-hi-o riv-er, which took its rise in their ter-ri-to-ry, and ac-cord-ing to their word, flow-ed west-ward a dis-tance of nine month's trav-el by ca-noe.

In the sum-mer of 1669, he, with four-teen men, set out to ex-plore the O-hi-o riv-er. Af-ter much hard, earn-est work, they found that the O-hi-o emp-tied it-self in-to a great riv-er that flow-ed on and on, un-til it was lost in the far South.

The four-teen men who start-ed out with him on this en-ter-prise, be-came dis-heart-en-ed, and de-sert-ed their lead-er. He was now home-less, friend-less, a wan-der-er a-mid the wilds, with-out food or shel-ter. He liv-ed on roots and such ve-ge-ta-bles as the for-est yield-ed. He trust-ed much, and not in vain, to the kind-ness of the In-dians. He went from tribe to tribe, learn-ing their dif-fer-ent lan-gua-ges, and stud-y-ing their va-ri-ous modes of life. He lov-ed the tribes of the red man, and did all he could to make his life no-ble, and pros-per-ous, and glad.

The fame Mar-quette had won, led La Salle, af-ter man-y re-mark-a-ble and suc-cess-ful ex-ploits, to de-ter-mine on ex-plor-ing the in-te-ri-or of Ill-in-ois, and then to push his way to the un-dis-cov-er-ed glo-ries of the Mis-sis-sip-pi Val-ley. He left a small fort he had e-rect-ed on the St. Jo-seph riv-er, in charge of ten men, and de-scend-ed the Ill-in-ois as far as Lake Pe-o-ria, where he met large num-bers of In-dians, who, anx-ious to ob-tain ax-es and fire-arms, were quite read-y to of-fer him the pipe of peace, and to prom-ise a friend-ly al-li-ance. He was glad of this heart-y and cor-di-al re-cep-tion. And when La Salle spoke of set-tling French col-o-nies in this re-gion, the joy of the In-dians knew no bounds. They were read-y to do ev-er-y-thing for him he de-sir-ed. They went so far as to of-fer to give him a safe and trust-y es-cort to the Mis-sis-sip-pi.

But La Salle's means were all ex-haust-ed. He had man-ag-ed to build a fort, which he call-ed Creve Cœur La Salle, and he had al-so es-tab-lish-ed a trad-ing post at this spot. The on-ly chance he saw of pur-su-ing his ex-plo-ra-tions suc-cess-ful-ly, was for him to go to Can-a-da and get the need-ful aid. Ac-cord-ing-ly, leav-ing Ton-ti, in charge of the fort and the trad-ing post, La Salle set out on foot for Can-a-da.

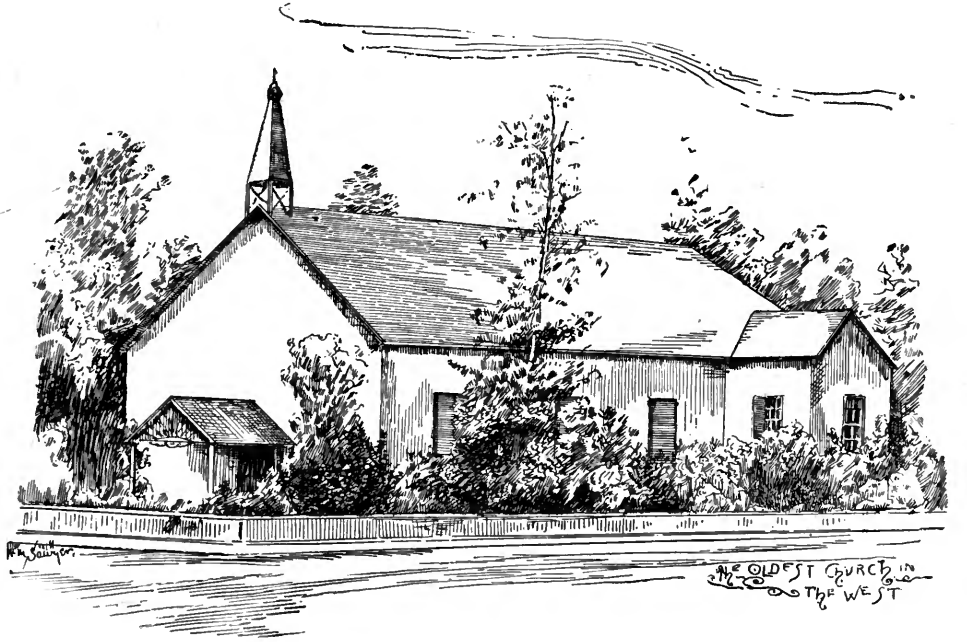
Dur-ing the ab-sence of this young but bold dis-cov-er-er, a large bod-y of war-ri-ors of the Ir-o-quois came down and ex-ci-ted the foes of La Salle to hos-til-i-ties. They made Ton-ti a-ban-don the e-rec-tion of a new fort, on Rock Fort, a cliff on the Ill-in-ois riv-er, and drove him to seek re-fuge a-mongst the Mi-am-is.

Af-ter a time La Salle re-turn-ed with men and mon-ey. He found Ton-ti and his com-pan-ions. The whole com-pa-ny left Chi-ca-go, which was then a trad-ing post, on the 4th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1682, and hav-ing a large barge which had been built on the Ill-in-ois riv-er, read-y for their em-bark-a-tion, they de-scend-ed the Mis-sis-sip-pi riv-er to the sea. La Salle was en-chant-ed. The re-sour-ces of that great fer-tile val-ley sur-pass-ed his fond-est dreams. His ex-ul-ta-tion knew no bounds. He plant-ed the arms of France on the shores of the Gulf of Mex-i-co. He claim-ed the coun-try for France and for his King, Louis XIV., and call-ed the new-found re-gion, Lou-i-si-an-a.

On as-cend-ing the riv-er af-ter this tri-umph-ant suc-cess, a part of the com-pa-ny stay-ed be-hind at Kas-kas-ki-a and Ca-ho-ki-a, and the re-gion round a-bout. This set-tle-ment was soon sought out by French Can-a-di-ans, and oth-ers. There are rem-nants of those ear-ly times lin-ger-ing still

at Ca-ho-ki-a. The house oc-cu-pi-ed by Dr. Ill-in-ski is be-liev-ed to date back to this time; the old Court house still re-mains, and the church at Ca-ho-ki-a is claim-ed to be the old-est church in West-ern A-mer-i-ca.

La Salle re-turn-ed to his be-lov-ed France by way of Can-a-da, and hav-ing giv-en a most glow-



CHURCH AT CA-HO-KI-A.

ing ac-count of all he had seen and done, to his roy-al mas-ter, Lou-is XIV., he was en-trust-ed with the com-mand of an-oth-er ex-pe-di-tion, fit-

ted out by the King him-self, for the pur-pose of ef-fect-ing the set-tle-ment of Lou-i-si-an-a.

This last ex-pe-di-tion of the he-ro-ic La Salle was full of dis-as-ter. His fleet in-ad-vert-ant-ly pass-ed the mouth of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, his com-pan-ions would not re-turn, and he was, there-fore, forc-ed to land. Here he found-ed a set-tle-ment, but dis-as-ter fol-low-ed dis-as-ter; the col-o-ny dwin-dled down from 250 to 50 per-sons. La Salle re-solv-ed to leave twen-ty men at the fort and go once more to Can-a-da for sup-plies. While on his way to the land that had nev-er fail-ed him, he was foul-ly mur-der-ed by two of his own men, on the 17th of March, 1687. So per-ish-ed, by the hands of as-sas-sins, one of the no-blest men who ev-er breath-ed the free, fresh air of Ill-in-ois. The life that had been, from first to last, a grand sac-ri-fice to the wel-fare of his fel-low men, was at last crown-ed with mar-tyr-dom.

CHAP-TER XII.

SET-TLE-MENTS IN ILL-IN-OIS—MIS-SION LIFE AND WORK.

It has been re-peat-ed-ly as-sert-ed that La Salle had noth-ing what-ev-er to do with the ear-ly set-tle-ment of Ill-in-ois. And yet, the state-ment

made in the last chap-ter, to the ef-fect that a large num-ber of the fol-low-ers of La Salle, who jour-ney-ed with him to the Gulf of Mex-i-co, de-ter-mined to end their wan-der-ings, and set-tle down to a qui-et, peace-ful life, rests on rea-son-a-ble ev-i-dence. These wan-der-ers from France and Can-a-da, chose the mouth of the Kas-kas-kia riv-er as the place of their a-bode. Hence, Kas-kas-kia be-came the first set-tle-ment in Ill-in-ois, and a-bout the same pe-ri-od, oth-ers of the same com-pa-ny set-tled in Ca-ho-ki-a, near to what is now known as Belle-ville, in St. Clair coun-ty.

It is ev-i-dent that these set-tle-ments were made with the heart-y good will of La Salle, for in the spring of 1682, large num-bers of peo-ple flock-ed to this re-gion from Can-a-da, urg-ed, as they said, by La Salle, to make a per-ma-nent home in what he was pleased to call, "This Par-a-dise of Ill-in-ois."

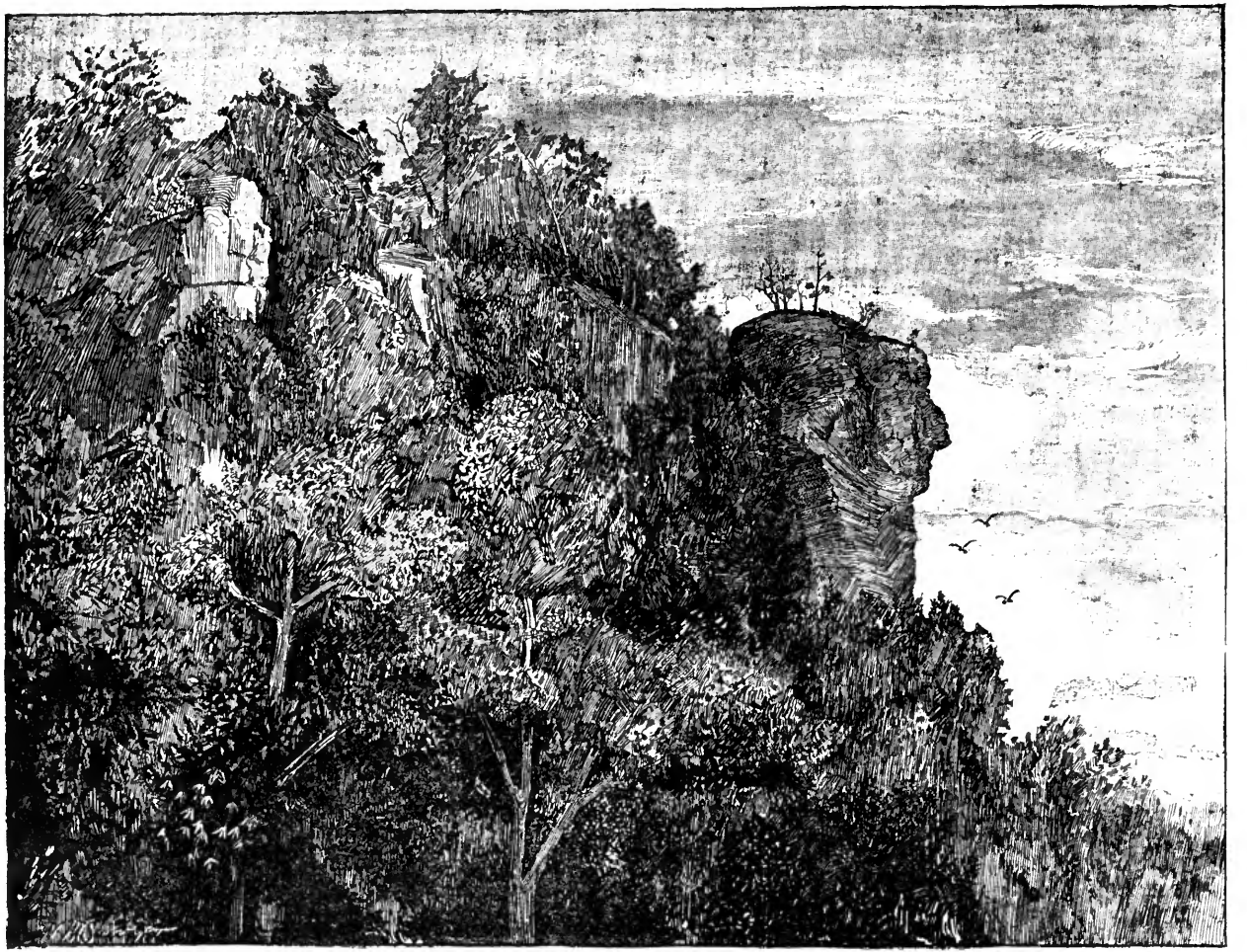
Mis-sions were soon es-tab-lish-ed, and, in-deed, it was not ver-y long be-fore the Jes-u-it cler-gy had the joy of see-ing church-es ris-ing here and there on the prair-ies, and all in good time, Kas-kas-ki-a was a-ble to boast of a Cath-e-dral.

The be-gin-ning of the Eigh-teenth Cen-tu-ry saw a bright-er day dawn-ing for Ill-in-ois. The sol-i-ta-ry place was to be made glad with grow-ing

pop-u-la-tions, and the prair-ie and the for-est were to be made as beau-ti-ful as the Gar-den of the Lord.

How much this great State, with its hap-py homes, its won-der-ful ed-u-ca-tion-al ad-van-ta-ges, its church-es by thou-sands, rear-ing their spires all o-ver the prair-ies, and by the banks of the riv-ers, and in the crowd-ed cit-ies; owe to the mis-sion-a-ries of that ear-ly day, will nev-er be ful-ly known. But this is cer-tain, if all oth-er ar-gu-ments fail, the his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois is an in-fal-li-ble ar-gu-ment in fa-vor of mis-sion-a-ry ef-fort. Much as we owe to ex-plor-ers and dis-cov-er-ers, we are not the less in-debt-ed to those de-vout men, who, in the midst of per-ils and dan-gers with-out num-ber, sought to en-rich the lives of the peo-ple with the bless-ings of the Gos-pel of Peace. How-ev-er much we may hon-or the names of Jol-i-et and La Salle, not the less wor-thy of hon-or are the names of Mar-quette, Bin-ne-teau, Ma-rest, Mer-met, and Char-le-voix.

It would, in-deed, be ver-y de-light-ful if we could look up-on the scenes that made glad and beau-ti-ful those ear-ly days. A mis-sion would be es-tab-lished, and all a-bout the place of pray-er the men would be bus-y at their tasks, grind-ing corn, cut-ting lum-ber, and rear-ing hum-ble homes.



IN-DIAN HEAD ROCK, SA-VAN-NA, ILL-IN-OIS.

The fields were work-ed in com-mon. The peo-ple rais-ed all they ate, ex-cept what fell be-fore their ar-rows and their guns, or the fish they caught in the streams, and creeks, and riv-ers. It was a sim-ple, hap-py life, the peo-ple liv-ed—prob-a-bly quite as hap-py as the lives of thou-sands to-day who, if they en-joy the lux-u-ry of civ-i-li-za-tion, have al-so to bear its bur-dens.

Mr. Ban-croft thus de-scribes the life of those days, re-fer-ring to Fa-ther Mer-met, and the mis-sion at Kas-kas-ki-a:

"The gen-tle vir-tues and fer-vid el-o-quence of Mer-met made him the soul of the mis-sion at Kas-kas-ki-a. At ear-ly dawn his pu-pils came to church, dress-ed neat-ly and mod-est-ly, each in a deer-skin, or robe, sewn to-geth-er from sev-er-al skins. Af-ter re-ceiv-ing les-sons, they chant-ed can-ti-cles; mass was then said in the pres-ence of all the Chris-tians, the French and the con-verts—the wo-men on one side and the men on the oth-er. From pray-ers and in-struc-tions, the mis-sion-a-ries pro-ceed-ed to vis-it the sick, and ad-min-is-ter med-i-cine, and their skill as phy-si-cians did more than all the rest to win con-fi-dence. In the af-ter-noon the cat-e-chism was taught in the pres-ence of the young and the old, where ev-er-y-one, with-out dis-tinc-tion of rank or age, an-swer-ed the

ques-tions of the mis-sion-a-ry. At e-ven-ing, all would as-sem-ble at the chap-el for in-struc-tion, for pray-er, and to chant the hymns of the church. On Sun-days, and on fes-ti-vals e-ven, af-ter ves-pers, a hom-i-ly was pro-nounc-ed. At the close of day, par-ties would meet in hous-es to re-cite the chap-lets in al-ter-nate choirs, and sing psalms till late at night."

In the year 1711, Fa-ther Ma-rest, who had charge of the mis-sion at Ca-ho-ki-a, and who had been suc-cess-ful in con-vert-ing man-y In-dians to the faith, was urg-ed by an In-dian chief liv-ing near Lake Pe-o-ri-a, to go o-ver to Pe-o-ri-a and preach the Gos-pel to his be-night-ed breth-ren. Af-ter pon-der-ing o-ver the mat-ter for a long time, Fa-ther Ma-rest made up his mind to go and do what he could at Pe-o-ri-a. His own ac-count of this jour-ney of 150 miles, serves to show that mis-sion-a-ry life in Ill-in-ois 170 years a-go, was in-deed, "life in earn-est."

Writ-ing of these times, and of this par-tic-u-lar jour-ney to Pe-o-ri-a, on which he en-ter-ed on Good Fri-day, 1711, the good Fa-ther says:

"Our life is pass-ed in roam-ing through thick woods; in clam-ber-ing o-ver hills; in pad-dling the ca-noe a-cross lakes and riv-ers to catch a poor sav-age who flies from us, and whom we can tame

neith-er by teach-ings, nor by ca-ress-es. I de-part-ed for Pe-o-ria, hav-ing noth-ing a-bout me but my cru-ci-fix and my brev-i-a-ry, be-ing ac-com-pa-ni-ed by on-ly three sav-a-ges, who might a-ban-don me from lev-i-ty, or from fear of en-em-ies might fly. The hor-ror of these vast, un-in-hab-it-ed for-est re-gions, where in twelve days not a soul was met, al-most took a-way my cour-age. Here was a jour-ney where there was no vil-lage, no bridge, no fer-ry, no boat, no house, no beat-en path, and o-ver bound-less prair-ies, in-ter-sect-ed by riv-u-lets and riv-ers; through for-ests and thick-ets, fill-ed with bri-ars and thorns; through marsh-es, where we plung-ed, some-times up to the gir-dle. At night, re-pose was sought on the grass, or on leaves, ex-pos-ed to wind and rain, hap-py if by the side of some riv-u-let, of which a draught might quench thirst. A meal was pre-par-ed from such game as was kill-ed, or by roast-ing ears of corn."

Fa-ther Ma-rest's mis-sion was quite a suc-cess. Pe-o-ri-a soon be-came a tra-ding post, and in 1732 a beau-ti-ful church was built.

So in these ear-ly days Chris-tian cul-ture and civ-il-i-za-tion went to-geth-er, hand in hand, lay-ing, with much la-bor and man-y pray-ers, the foun-da-tions of fu-ture great-ness.

CHAP-TER XIII.

ILL-IN-OIS UN-DER FRENCH RULE.

For a long time all the set-tle-ments of Ill-in-ois, and those that were found-ed la-ter, on the low-er Mis-sis-sip-pi, by D'Ib-er-ville, and his broth-er Bein-ville, had been sep-a-rate de-pen-den-cies of Can-a-da. They were af-ter-wards u-ni-ted as one prov-ince, un-der the name of Lou-i-si-an-a, hav-ing Mo-bile for its cap-i-tal. In 1711 Di-rou d'Ar-ta-quette be-came its first Gov-ern-or Gen-er-al.

It was the firm pur-pose of the French to set-tle and cul-ti-vate this whole re-gion, and al-so to for-ti-fy it as strong-ly as pos-si-ble a-gainst the Eng-lish, whose pow-er and in-flu-ence in the East dail-y in-creas-ed.

The next year, 1712, Lou-is XIV., King of France, ap-point-ed Sieur An-tho-ny Cro-zat — a man of great wealth and a-bil-i-ty, who had been for many years an of-fi-cer of the roy-al house-hold — to the task of ex-pand-ing the com-merce of this new and prom-is-ing prov-ince, in the in-ter-ests of France.

It was be-liev-ed that there was bound-less wealth hid-den be-neath the sur-face of the fruit-ful soil. Mines of gold and sil-ver, of pearls and pre-cious stones. Of all these treas-ures Cro-zat was to take charge. He was per-mit-ted to search, o-pen, and dig all mines, veins, min-er-als, through-out the whole coun-try, and he was to trans-port the pro-ceeds to an-y port in France.

The vast re-gion thus farm-ed out, ex-tend-ed from Can-a-da on the north, to the Gulf on the south; and from the Al-le-ghan-ies on the east, to the Rock-y Moun-tains and the Bay of Mat-a-gor-da on the west.

Cro-zat be-gan his work with great hope and en-er-gy. He was join-ed in his ef-forts by La-Motte Cad-i-lac, but the search for gold and sil-ver and pre-cious stones was all in vain. Large quan-ti-ties of lead and iron ore were found in Mis-sou-ri, but the search for gold in Lou-i-si-an-a was not a suc-cess. The fur trade was in the hands of the Eng-lish. The mis-sion of Cro-zat was a great fail-ure. In-stead of mak-ing a large a-mount of mon-ey, he lost heav-i-ly. Af-ter five years of this un-suc-cess-ful strug-gle, he beg-ged the King to per-mit him to re-turn to France, which he did in 1717.

Cro-zat's grand mis-take lay in search-ing for

gold and sil-ver ore, in-stead of turn-ing at-ten-tion to the land. The gold was not to be found fath-oms deep be-neath the ground, but in the great rich-ness of the soil. For the sow-er who went forth to sow, there was a gold-en har-vest; for the min-er, fail-ure and loss.

The white pop-u-la-tion of the coun-try had slow-ly in-creas-ed. There were prob-a-bly 380 white peo-ple a-long the banks of the Low-er Mis-sis-sip-pi, and 320 in Ill-in-ois.

In 1715, the ven-er-a-ble Lou-is XIV., King of France, died, leav-ing to his grand-son, Lou-is XV.,—who was then on-ly a boy of five years' old—the throne of France and a debt a-mount-ing to the great sum of o-ver six-ty mill-ion dol-lars.

This boy King was of course, much too young to take any part in rul-ing a great na-tion, so the Duke of Or-leans was ap-point-ed Re-gent, and it was his du-ty to take charge of public af-fairs till the young King came of age. The French peo-ple were in great trou-ble. They had heav-y debts, and knew not where to get the mon-ey to pay them. Ev-er-y-thing was in sad con-fu-sion, and the Duke of Or-leans found his en-er-gies tax-ed to the ut-ter-most to pay the in-ter-est due on the e-nor-mous na-tion-al debt. A spir-it of reck-less spec-u-la-tion seiz-ed the French peo-ple, and their thoughts were

turn-ed once more to the dis-tant col-o-ny on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. The be-lief that a-way in Lou-i-si-an-a there were mines of sil-ver and gold and pre-cious stones, was still held by man-y, and there were oth-ers who sought to strength-en these dreams with the hope that they might pro-fit by the de-lu-sion.

In the midst of all this fi-nan-cial trou-ble came what is call-ed, "The Mis-sis-sip-pi Scheme," an e-vent that prov-ed to be the great-est fraud of the Eight-eenth Cen-tu-ry.

In 1716, John Law, by birth a Scotch-man, by trade a gam-bler and bank-er, and by in-stinct a scoun-drel, came to France with a great scheme that was to put an end to all mon-ey trou-bles. By per-mis-sion of the Duke of Or-leans he es-tab-lish-ed a bank, whose wealth con-sist-ed, not in mon-ey, but in debts. John Law said that France had such bound-less wealth in her col-o-nies, that her prom-ise to pay was just as good as mon-ey, as it was on-ly a ques-tion of time when all her ports would be crowd-ed with ships bring-ing cost-ly treas-ure. This bank soon be-came the great na-tion-al bank of France, and peo-ple grew wild in their de-sire to in-vest their good mon-ey on the strength of these shal-low prom-ises.

A trad-ing com-pa-ny was form-ed, bear-ing the

name of the West-ern Com-pa-ny with 200,000 shares at a-bout $100 a share. The com-mer-cial su-prem-a-cy of the whole re-gion of Lou-i-si-an-a, which Lou-is XIV., had grant-ed Cro-zat, and which, as we have seen, he sur-ren-der-ed af-ter the most la-ment-a-ble fail-ure, was grant-ed to this new com-pa-ny.

De-sign-ing, sel-fish, and most un-scru-pu-lous men, re-viv-ed the sto-ries a-bout the gold and sil-ver mines on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. And to as-sure the un-be-liev-ing, men were brought who ex-hib-it-ed spe-ci-mens of gold and silver ore, and sol-emn-ly swore that these spe-ci-mens had been dug from the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. All sorts of prom-is-es were made. France was to grow rich in a day. Fool-ish peo-ple from all parts of Eu-rope, smit-ten with this wild, fi-nan-cial fe-ver, flock-ed to France. Build-ings were en-larg-ed, hotels were built to ac-com-mo-date the grow-ing crowds. It is said that in less than a month 300,000 peo-ple came to Par-is, anx-ious to in-vest all they had, in the won-der-ful "Mis-sis-sip-pi scheme." In Lon-don, the rage was at fe-ver heat. Desks and ta-bles were to be seen on all the side-walks, and the good sense of that gen-er-al-ly staid and qui-et me-trop-o-lis gave place to the wild-est and the most fool-ish spec-u-la-tion.

Lords, la-dies, priests, trades-men, all sorts of peo-ple, were in mad haste to in-vest what-ev-er mon-ey they could lay their hands on. E-ven beg-gars and pro-fes-sion-al thieves gath-er-ed to-geth-er their ill-got-ten wealth, and in-vest-ed in the fa-mous "Mis-sis-sip-pi scheme." Ves-sels bound for A-mer-i-ca were la-den with em-i-grants, and large and va-ried car-goes. To use a com-mon phrase, the whole val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi was un-der-go-ing a won-der-ful "boom!"

But the "won-der-ful scheme" prov-ed a "bub-ble." At the first de-mand for mon-ey the whole af-fair ut-ter-ly fail-ed. And in-stead of grow-ing rich in a day, vast for-tunes were lost in an hour, and man-y thou-sands who had trust-ed ev-er-y-thing to the gen-i-us and in-teg-ri-ty of John Law, were com-plete-ly beg-gar-ed.

Be-fore the crash came, how-ev-er, John Law had built, at a fab-u-lous cost, Fort Chart-res, a lit-tle north of Kas-kas-ki-a. Law had won great re-nown. Some thought him a saint, oth-ers, the great-est fi-nan-cial gen-i-us the world had ev-er seen. He was call-ed "the Sav-ior of France,' "the De-liv-er-er of his Age;" but when the bub-ble burst, the peo-ple who had call-ed him a saint were read-y to stone him to death. For a time he sought ref-uge with the Duke of Or-leans. But

he bare-ly es-cap-ed be-ing torn to pie-ces by the wrong-ed and in-sult-ed peo-ple. He made his way to Ven-ice, where he died in the most ab-ject pov-er-ty in the year 1729.

It is an ill wind that blows no good. This great fraud aided in the set-tling up of Ill-in-ois. By 1730, it is es-ti-ma-ted that there were not less than 5,000 white set-tlers be-tween the Kas-kas-ki-a and the Ill-in-ois riv-ers. The Jes-u-it cler-gy had built a col-lege at Kas-kas-ki-a, and a mon-as-ter-y was found-ed at the same place. A large com-pa-ny of monks and nuns came o-ver with the view of find-ing a per-ma-nent home in the West.

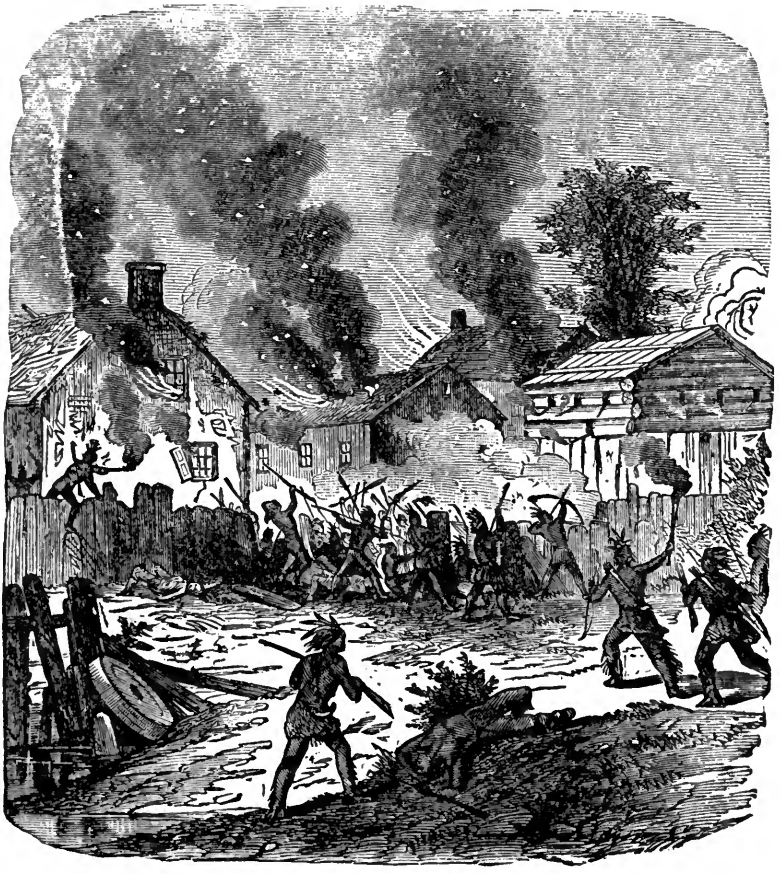
In the year 1726, the ven-er-a-ble Bien-ville, who had been call-ed the "Fa-ther of Lou-i-si-an-a," and who had great-ly en-dear-ed him-self, both to the In-dians and to the set-tlers, was suc-ceed-ed by M. Per-rier, who be-came Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois and a large por-tion of the val-ley. Not long af-ter he had set-tled, the new Gov-ern-or man-i-fest-ed a strong feel-ing of dis-like to-ward the In-dians, and to the Chic-a-saw tribe in par-tic-u-lar. Bien-ville had no-ted, what he thought, were to-kens of treach-er-y on the part of the In-dians to-ward the French, but he had al-ways man-ag-ed through-out his long ad-min-is-tra-tion, to keep on friend-ly terms with them, though he

nev-er great-ly trust-ed them. He watch-ed them with a cau-tious eye.

M. Per-rier was lack-ing in that gen-tle-ness and pru-dence that mark-ed the whole ca-reer of the pop-u-lar Bien-ville. Where Bien-ville made friends, Per-rier made bit-ter, sub-tle, se-cret foes. The In-dians were grow-ing more and more jeal-ous of the Whites, who were dail-y in-creas-ing in num-ber, wealth and in-flu-ence. M. Per-rier was un-wise in tak-ing se-ri-ous no-tice of lit-tle faults, and fre-quent-ly ver-y harsh and se-vere pun-ish-ment was giv-en for the most triv-i-al of-fen-ses. This at-tempt to rule the In-dian with a rod of i-ron was a very grave mis-take, as e-vents soon prov-ed.

Grow-ing rest-less under these man-y forms of pet-ty tyr-an-ny, the Chic-a-saws and Natch-ez In-dians, with oth-er tribes, re-solv-ed on de-stroy-ing the French. A-gents were sent to the Ill-in-ois In-dians to in-duce them to join the con-spir-a-cy. The at-tack was to be made in dif-fer-ent pla-ces at the same time. The plot was well laid, and if no hind-rance had come in the way of its be-ing car-ried out, a most fright-ful slaught-er would have fol-low-ed. Scarce-ly a white man would have been left in the whole val-ley to tell the aw-ful sto-ry.

The In-dians had ar-rang-ed that each tribe was to have a bun-dle of sticks, and that be-gin-ning with the next new moon, a stick was to be



THE TER-RI-BLE MAS-SA-CRE OF 1729.

thrown a-way at the end of each day, and when all the sticks were thrown a-way then the aw-ful trag-e-dy was to be-gin. Eith-er by ac-ci-dent, or

by treach-er-y, the bun-dle re-ceiv-ed by the Natch-ez tribe had few-er sticks than the oth-ers, and hence they struck the first blow. At day-dawn of the fa-tal 28th of No-vem-ber, 1729, the Great Chief, with a band of cho-sen war-ri-ors, each hav-ing con-ceal-ed wea-pons, made their way to Fort Ro-sa-lie, and kill-ed ev-er-y French-man in the lit-tle gar-ri-son. The as-cend-ing smoke from the burn-ing fort be-came a sig-nal for oth-ers of the re-volt-ing tribes, and in a short space of time 700 of the white male pop-u-la-tion had been slaugh-ter-ed. While the dread-ful butch-er-y was go-ing on, the Great Chief seat-ed him-self in the ware-house of the West-ern Com-pa-ny, and with the most per-fect care-less-ness smok-ed his pipe, while the heads of his fall-en foes were be-ing pil-ed up in the form of a pyr-a-mid.

As soon as the mas-sa-cre be-came known, M. Per-rier set to work in the most vig-or-ous man-ner to quell the con-spir-a-cy. In this mat-ter he was suc-cess-ful, though the task was a long and dif-fi-cult one. The Natch-ez tribe, led by their chief, Great Sun, fled a-cross the Mis-sis-sip-pi and for-ti-fied them-selves on Black riv-er. But the French troops, aid-ed by the Choc-taw In-dians and oth-er set-tlers, fol-low-ed in hot pur-suit, and in two bat-tles they were ut-ter-ly rout-ed. Great Sun, and

400 of his war-ri-ors, were cap-tured and tak-en to New Or-leans, and thence to San Do-min-go, and sold as slaves. So end-ed the great Natch-ez war, and with it the Natch-ez tribe per-ish-ed.

The fa-mous West-ern Com-pa-ny had be-come so im-pov-er-ish-ed by the fail-ure of John Law's schemes, and the ver-y large ex-pen-di-ture in-volv-ed in the pros-e-cu-tion of the Natch-ez war, de-ter-min-ed to ask the King of France for per-mis-sion to sur-ren-der their char-ter.

The four-teen years dur-ing which the Com-pa-ny had con-troll-ed af-fairs, had been years of com-par-a-tive pros-per-i-ty. The white pop-u-la-tion had in-creas-ed from 700 to 5,000. The wild dreams a-bout gold, and sil-ver, and pre-cious stones, gave place to the more thor-ough cul-ti-va-tion of the soil. Set-tlers be-gan work-ing on their own ac-count, in-stead of for wild spec-u-la-tors. Tents and wig-wams were re-plac-ed by hous-es; lit-tle groups of hous-es grew in-to vil-lag-es, and vil-lag-es grew in-to towns.

On the 10th of A-pril, 1732, the King of France grant-ed the re-quest of the West-ern Com-pa-ny, their char-ter was sur-ren-der-ed, and a pro-cla-ma-tion was is-sued de-clar-ing Lou-i-si-an-a free to all his sub-jects, with e-qual priv-i-leg-es as to com-merce and oth-er in-ter-ests.

CHAP-TER XIV.

MORE IN-DIAN TROU-BLES—WAR WITH CHIC-A-SAWS.

At the sur-ren-der-ing of the char-ter by the West-ern Com-pa-ny, the Gov-ern-ment of France re-sumed its con-trol of pub-lic af-fairs. M. Per-rier re-main-ed Gov-ern-or-Gen-er-al, M. d'Ar-ta-quette be-came lo-cal Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois, while Bien-ville was placed in charge of South-ern Lou-i-si-an-a. One of the prin-ci-pal ends Per-rier had in view, was to make sure his au-thor-i-ty o-ver the va-ri-ous In-dian tribes in-hab-it-ing the coun-try un-der his com-mand.

But the Chic-a-saws of Ken-tuck-y and Ten-nes-see, in-flu-enc-ed part-ly by Eng-lish col-o-nists, and part-ly by the dead-ly ha-tred of the French, made things most un-com-fort-a-ble. Bus-i-ness could on-ly be con-duct-ed at the great-est risk, and the set-tlers all the way from the Ill-in-ois riv-er down to New Or-leans, were kept in a con-di-tion of con-stant a-larm. They nev-er knew at what mo-ment an at-tack might be made up-on them, or up-on their homes. Se-cret en-voys were sent by this hos-tile tribe to urge the Ill-in-ois In-dians to

join them in a plan to put an end to the whole of the white pop-u-la-tion. In this, how-ev-er, they were not wise, for the In-dians of Ill-in-ois not on-ly re-fus-ed to join their con-spir-a-cy, but se-cret-ly sent word to the French of the dan-ger that threat-en-ed them. And hav-ing thus warn-ed them, they then of-fer-ed their ser-vi-ces in these fig-u-ra-tive and im-pres-sive words:

"This is the pipe of peace or war; you have but to speak, and our braves will strike the na-tions that are your foes."

Bien-ville at once be-gan march-ing north-ward to join his for-ces with those of d'Ar-ta-quette. His ar-my in-creas-ed large-ly as he pro-ceed-ed. He add-ed to his for-ces a com-pa-ny of Choc-taw In-dians, 1,200 in num-ber, to whom he of-fer-ed a large re-ward for the scalps of Chic-a-saws. It was im-pos-si-ble to re-strain these new al-lies. Bien-ville was anx-ious to join the north-ern for-ces un-der d'Ar-ta-quette, but the for-tunes of war seem-ed to be all a-gainst him.

In the mean-time d'Ar-ta-quette, ac-com-pa-nied by De Vin-cennes and Fa-ther Le-nat, march-ed at the head of a small band of French-men and a-bout 1,000 In-dians, with the hope of meet-ing the for-ces of Bien-ville, then march-ing north-ward. On the 20th of May, these rash In-dians,

who had plen-ty of head-strong cour-age, but lit-tle judg-ment and less pa-tience, com-pell-ed their lead-er to com-mence the at-tack. The Chic-a-saws were driv-en from two of their forts, but in the at-tempt to take a third, d'Ar-ta-quette was wound-ed. The loss of their lead-er so con-fus-ed these In-dian braves, that they fled and were pur-sued by bands of their vic-to-ri-ous foes a dis-tance of 125 miles.

d'Ar-ta-quette was too sore-ly wound-ed to re-treat, and his brave com-pan-ions, De Vin-cennes and Le-nat, re-fus-ed to leave him to die a-midst his foes. The Chic-a-saws kept these il-lus-tri-ous pris-on-ers for a while, prob-a-bly an-ti-ci-pa-ting that large ran-soms would be of-fer-ed for them. Their wounds were staunch-ed, and they were treat-ed with a show of kind-ness.

A-bout ten or twelve days after this de-feat, Bien-ville, with his for-ces, came up-on a strong-hold of the Chic-a-saws. The pru-dent French sol-dier would glad-ly have post-pon-ed ac-tion till he had at least heard from d'Ar-ta-quette, but his Choc-taw al-lies were rash and rest-less. The fort was but a log fort, they said, but it had been built un-der the di-rect su-per-vi-sion of the Eng-lish—who at least un-der-stood the art of war—and was strong-er than the ag-gres-sive par-ty thought.

At break of day, on a bright May morn-ing, the Choc-taws com-men-ced the as-sault, ex-pect-ing to take the in-mates by sur-prise. But ev-er-y Chic-a-saw was at his post, and the re-pulse was as suc-cess-ful as it was de-ter-min-ed. Twice dur-ing the day Bien-ville tried to car-ry the fort, but he suf-fer-ed the most mark-ed de-feat. He was re-puls-ed with a loss of six-ty-five wound-ed and thir-ty-two kill-ed. Mor-ti-fi-ed at these loss-es, he dis-band-ed his In-dian al-lies threw his can-non in-to the riv-er, and re-turn-ed to New Or-leans a de-feat-ed and dis-gust-ed man.

The vic-to-ri-ous Chic-a-saws who held d'Ar-ta-quette and De Vin-cennes in bond-age, hear-ing of the de-feat of Bien-ville in the South, a-ban-don-ed all hope of ran-som, and so re-solv-ed to glut their ap-pe-tite for re-venge. They bore their pris-on-ers to an ad-ja-cent field and made them the vic-tims of a sav-age tri-umph. They were bound to stakes, and burn-ed to death be-fore slow fires. But their la-test breath was spent in pray-er, while their fiend-ish foes danc-ed round the dy-ing mar-tyrs, and with wild yells mock-ed their ag-o-ny and pain.

When Bien-ville heard of the bar-ba-rous treat-ment to which these north-ern lead-ers had been sub-ject-ed, he ask-ed for leave to fit out an-oth-er

ex-pe-di-tion a-gainst the Chic-a-saws. Hap-pi-ly, how-ev-er, af-ter man-y pre-pa-ra-tions, this con-flict was a-vert-ed. The Chic-a-saws sued for peace, They pledg-ed them-selves nev-er a-gain to pa-tron-ize the Eng-lish, and in any con-flict that might en-sue they prom-is-ed to send troops to aid the French. So end-ed the Chic-a-saw War.

Af-ter the es-tab-lish-ment of friend-ly re-la-tions with the Chic-a-saws, the na-tive tribes through-out the Val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi vow-ed al-le-giance to France, and with a time of peace there came, al-so, a time of pros-per-i-ty. Ag-ri-cul-ture free from mo-nop-o-lies, and com-pa-nies sprang in-to new life. Ev-er-y ves-sel brought new set-tlers from France, and man-y Can-a-dians grow-ing wear-y of their se-vere win-ters, sought a home in the mild-er cli-mate of Ill-in-ois. The day of mo-nop-o-lies and com-pa-nies end-ed, a new im-pulse was giv-en to per-son-al ef-fort, and the trade be-tween the north-ern and south-ern part of the prov-ince was great-ly ex-tend-ed. The ten years from 1740 to 1750 were years of stead-y growth in Ill-in-ois, hap-py, pros-per-ous homes be-gan to dot the prair-ies and fringe the riv-er banks.

CHAP-TER XV.

THE CON-SPIR-A-CY AND DEATH OF PON-TI-AC.

With the fall of Que-bec the dom-i-nance of the French in North A-mer-i-ca came to an end. Man-y bit-ter jeal-ous-ies had ex-ist-ed be-tween France and Eng-land. They had been at war with each oth-er for man-y years, and the an-i-mos-i-ties grow-ing out of these long and an-gry feuds were car-ri-ed to the New World. The vic-to-ry at Que-bec gave the Eng-lish new cour-age, and of course a-woke in the hearts of the French, and of the In-dians un-der their teach-ing, a deep and re-lent-less ha-tred. When the Eng-lish press-ed on to-ward the West, they were met with the charge that they had no right what-ev-er to these fruit-ful lands. To which they re-pli-ed that in the year 1744, they had bought these lands of the In-dians of the East. But it was im-me-di-ate-ly an-swer-ed that the Ir-o-quois In-dians of New York had on-ly fool-ed these Eng-lish spec-u-la-tors, by sell-ing them rights and ti-tles which they did not pos-sess.

No doubt the Eng-lish would have press-ed their way west-ward much ear-li-er than they did,

but for the fact that the French pow-er in Can-a-da, sup-port-ed by the In-dian tribes, was of too se-ri-ous a na-ture to be tri-fled with. But with the fall of that ro-man-tic cit-a-del of Que-bec their cour-age rose. Ma-jor Rob-ert Rog-ers was sent to reap all the pos-si-ble re-sults of this vic-to-ry. No-vem-ber, 1760, found him on the south-ern shore of Lake E-rie, mak-ing his way with all speed to De-troit, for the pur-pose of mak-ing peace with the French and the In-dians. Bad weath-er set in, and a camp was form-ed in a for-est near at hand.

Sev-er-al chiefs vis-it-ed Rog-ers, and a-mongst the rest, the fa-mous chief-tain Pon-ti-ac, the lead-ing spir-it of the In-dian tribes, ap-pear-ed. He charg-ed Rog-ers, in a com-mand-ing tone, to re-main for the pres-ent where he was. The next day he made an-oth-er vis-it; he then told the Eng-lish am-bass-a-dor, that he and his peo-ple were quite will-ing to be at peace with the Eng-lish, and suf-fer them to re-main in their coun-try as long as they treat-ed him and his peo-ple with re-spect and jus-tice.

Pon-ti-ac was a man of great per-son-al pow-er. He had a fine, com-mand-ing pres-ence. His com-plex-ion was ver-y dark, his fea-tures stern and bold, his whole bear-ing de-no-ted a man of

PON-TI-AC.

im-per-i-ous will. He was gen-er-al-ly dress-ed in ver-y scan-ty gar-ments, his long hair flow-ing loose-ly a-bout his neck. On pub-lic oc-ca-sions he was plum-ed and paint-ed af-ter the man-ner of his tribe. No man knew bet-ter than Pon-ti-ac when to wear the skin of a lion, and when the skin of the fox. This was the time to play the fox. The pow-er of France was de-clin-ing; it might be well to be on friend-ly terms with the new mas-ters. In any case, by ap-pear-ing to be friend-ly he could gain time, and this, per-haps, was Pon-ti-ac's chief pur-pose.

When Rog-ers, with the Eng-lish force, reach-ed the mouth of the De-troit riv-er, they were met by 400 In-dian war-ri-ors who would have made any fur-ther pro-gress ex-treme-ly dif-fi-cult at least, but for the in-ter-po-si-tion of Pon-ti-ac, who per-suad-ed his old friends to look kind-ly on the new com-ers. But there was a light in his eye, and an ac-cent in his voice, that those who knew him in-ti-mate-ly could well un-der-stand.

On the 29th of No-vem-ber, 1760, De-troit pass-ed into the hands of the Eng-lish. Pon-ti-ac had no love for the Eng-lish, and his na-tive tribe, the Sacs, who were great-ly in-flu-enc-ed by the Ill-in-ois French, were a-mong the first to sup-port him in his daring con-spir-a-cy. Pon-ti-ac was now

fifty years of age, and there en-ter-ed in-to his bus-y brain the dark plot of at-tack-ing all the Eng-lish forts on the same day. And hav-ing kill-ed ev-er-y man in the gar-ri-sons, the de-fence-less set-tle-ments were then to be at-tack-ed, and the en-tire Eng-lish pop-u-la-tion was to be ex-ter-min-a-ted.

To pre-pare for this dread-ful e-vent, Pon-ti-ac him-self vis-it-ed all the dif-fer-ent tribes. He told them that the French King had been sleep-ing, but was now a-wake! He play-ed much up-on the sym-pa-thies of the French by such speech-es as these:

"I love the French, and have led hith-er my braves to main-tain your au-thor-i-ty, and vin-di-cate the in-sult-ed hon-or of France. But you must no long-er re-main in-ac-tive, and suf-fer your red broth-ers to con-tend a-lone a-gainst the foe who seeks our com-mon de-struc-tion. We de-mand of you arms and war-ri-ors to as-sist us, and when the Eng-lish dogs are driv-en in-to the sea, we will a-gain, in peace and hap-pi-ness, en-joy with you these fruit-ful for-ests and prair-ies, the no-ble her-it-age pre-sent-ed by the Great Spir-it to our an-ces-tors."

But Pon-ti-ac's con-spir-a-cy was on-ly part-ly suc-cess-ful. The blow came, as near-ly as can be as-cer-tain-ed, a-bout the 7th of May, 1763. Nine

Brit-ish posts were ta-ken, and man-y of these re-morse-less In-dians are said to have lit-ter-al-ly drank the blood of these mur-der-ed Eng-lish-men, from the hol-low of their fiend-ish hands. Not

HOMES BURN-ED AND FAM-I-LIES DRIV-EN OUT TO DIE IN THE WOODS.

on-ly were the forts as-sail-ed, but the homes of un-of-fend-ing set-tlers were burn-ed, and their fam-i-lies were driv-en out to die in the woods. In this blood-y fray, hun-dreds of men, wo-men and chil-dren were put to death, with most re-volt-ing cru-el-ty. Wo-men were com-pell-ed to stand and see their chil-dren's brains dash-ed out while wait-ing their turn to be mur-der-ed.

Pon-ti-ac's im-me-di-ate point of ac-tion was the gar-ri-son at De-troit. Ev-er-y-thing was ar-rang-ed. Pon-ti-ac, with six-ty oth-er chiefs was to hold a coun-cil with Ma-jor Glad-wyn with-in the Fort. They all a-greed to have guns con-ceal-ed un-der their blan-kets, and at a giv-en sign they were to be-gin the work of death.

That this plan was frus-tra-ted was ow-ing to the mer-ci-ful in-ter-po-si-tion of a beau-ti-ful Chip-pe-wa maid-en who was said to be in love with Glad-wyn, but who cer-tain-ly de-sir-ed to save his life. She made an ex-cuse to go to the Fort to take Glad-wyn a pair of moc-ca-sins which he had ask-ed her to make, and then she found op-por-tu-ni-ty to put Glad-wyn on his guard.

The next day, when Pon-ti-ac and his com-rades came to the Fort, they were sur-pris-ed and con-found-ed to see that the whole gar-ri-son was un-der arms. When ask-ed the mean-ing of this, Glad-wyn step-ped forth, and sud-den-ly draw-ing a-side a blan-ket from one of the chiefs, re-veal-ed the con-ceal-ed mus-ket. Pon-ti-ac turn-ed pale, and tried to make ex-pla-na-tions. But he and his blood-thirst-y fol-low-ers were dis-miss-ed with a se-vere warn-ing, nev-er a-gain to at-tempt to en-ter the Fort.

Pon-ti-ac at once laid siege to the Fort, but he

did not suc-ceed in ta-king it, though he main-tain-ed op-er-a-tions for a long time. At last he gave up all hopes of suc-cess, and came to Ill-in-ois and made vig-or-ous ef-forts to per-suade the Ill-in-ois tribe, and those who were liv-ing in the neigh-bor-hood of St. Lou-is, to en-ter on a war with the whites. But his ef-forts were all in vain. For three years Pon-ti-ac liv-ed in the se-clu-sion of the woods and prair-ies, sup-port-ing his fam-i-ly as a hunts-man. Hear-ing of signs of trou-ble be-tween the white pop-u-la-tion and the In-dians, he came to the front once more. At Ca-ho-ki-a he found a num-ber of his In-dian friends en-gag-ed in a drunk-en rev-el; he soon be-came drunk him-self, and start-ed sing-ing wild mag-i-cal songs. An Eng-lish tra-der in the vil-lage, who look-ed up-on Pon-ti-ac as the e-vil spir-it of his age, of-fer-ed an In-dian, of the Kas-kas-ki-a tribe, a bar-rel of whis-ky to kill him. The as-sas-sin ac-cept-ed the bribe, fol-low-ed the drunk-en chief in-to the woods, and bur-i-ed his tom-a-hawk in his brain. So end-ed the ca-reer of Pon-ti-ac, who, though re-gard-ed by the In-dians as the great-est he-ro of his age, died the death of a dog, at the hand of one of his own race.

CHAP-TER XVI.

ILL-IN-OIS BE-COMES A BRIT-ISH PROV-INCE.

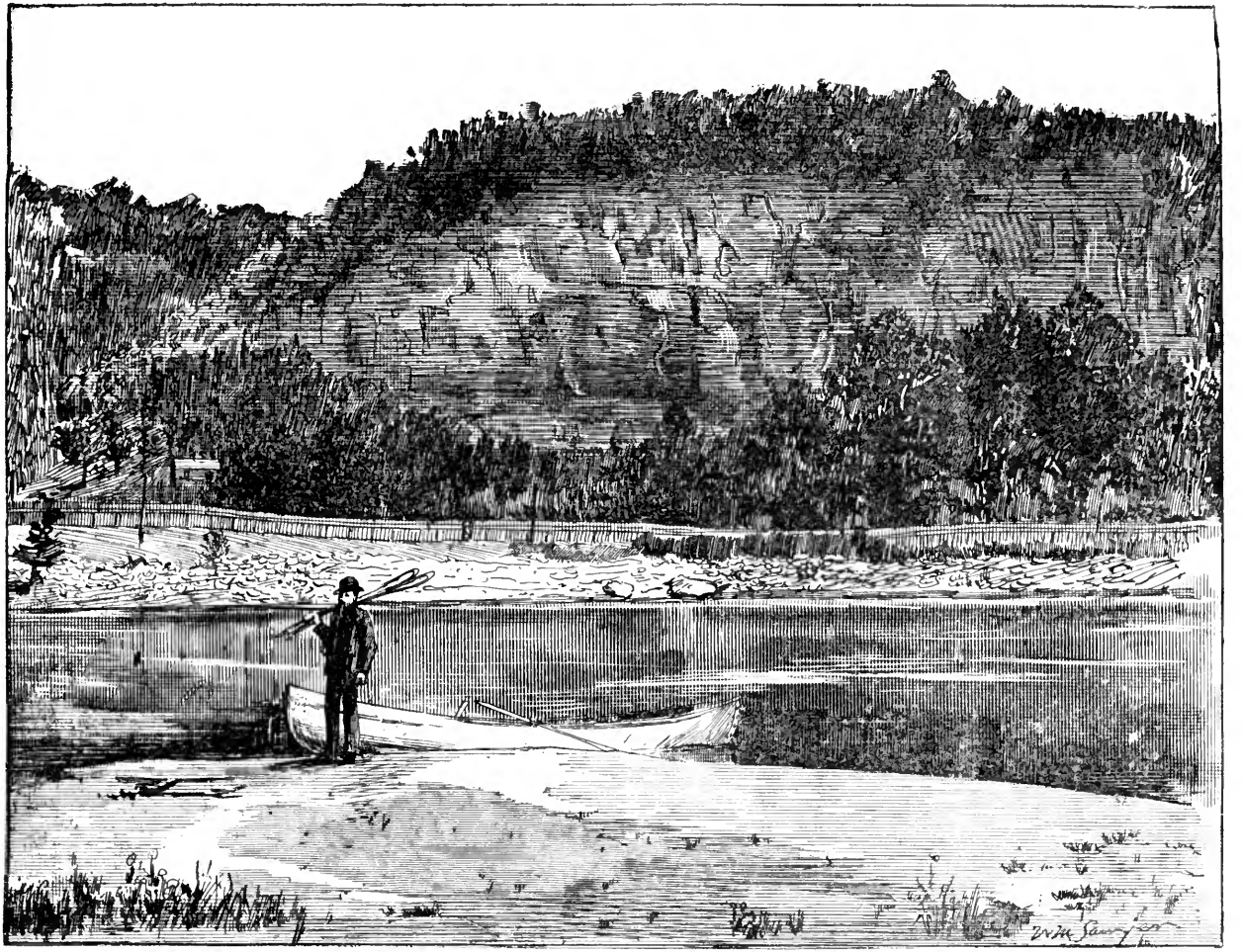
In the year 1762, France, by a se-cret treat-y, hand-ed Lou-i-si-an-a o-ver to Spain, to pre-vent its fall-ing in-to the hands of the Eng-lish, who were fast be-com-ing mas-ters of the en-tire West. In the year fol-low-ing, 1763, the fa-mous Treat-y of Par-is was sign-ed at Fon-tain-bleau, by which this whole re-gion came in-to the hands of the Eng-lish. By this treat-y, all the re-gions east of the Mis-sis-sip-pi were giv-en o-ver to the Eng-lish, but it was not un-til the 10th of Oc-to-ber, 1765, that the en-sign of France was dis-plac-ed on the ram-parts of Fort Char-tres, by the flag of Great Brit-ain.

Cap-tain Ster-ling, of the 42d Roy-al High-land-ers, took pos-ses-sion of Fort Char-tres in the name of the King, bring-ing with him a roy-al pro-cla-ma-tion, prom-is-ing civ-il and re-lig-ious lib-er-ty, and urg-ing up-on all peo-ple the du-ty of con-duct-ing them-selves "like good and faith-ful sub-jects, a-void-ing, by a wise and pru-dent de-mean-or, all cause of com-plaint a-gainst them."

Cap-tain Ster-ling did not live to see any great im-prove-ment in this lone-ly col-o-ny. He died a-bout three months af-ter his ar-ri-val, and was suc-ceed-ed by Ma-jor Fra-zer, who, in turn, was suc-ceed-ed by Col-o-nel Reed. Af-ter eigh-teen months of a mean, tyr-an-ni-cal ad-min-is-tra-tion, in which Reed play-ed the part of the pet-ty mil-i-ta-ry op-pres-sor, he was re-mov-ed, and on the 5th of Sep-tem-ber, 1868, Lieu-ten-ant-Col-o-nel Wil-kins reign-ed in his stead.

Up to this time there had been no civ-il ad-min-is-tra-tion of jus-tice in Ill-in-ois. Col-o-nel Wil-kins be-gan his of-fi-cial work by is-su-ing a pro-cla-ma-tion for a civ-il ad-min-is-tra-tion of the laws of the coun-try. For this pur-pose he ap-point-ed sev-en ma-gis-trates or judg-es from a-mong the peo-ple, who were to form the civ-il tri-bu-nal, and to hold month-ly terms of court. A term of this court was held, com-menc-ing De-cem-ber 6th, 1768, at Fort Char-tres, which was the first com-mon law ju-ris-dic-tion ev-er ex-er-cis-ed with-in the pres-ent lim-its of Ill-in-ois.

In the first pro-cla-ma-tion of the King of Great Brit-ain, is-su-ed in Oc-to-ber, 1763, it was ex-press-ly laid down that there should be no ta-king or pur-chas-ing of lands in an-y of the A-mer-i-can col-o-nies, with-out spe-cial leave or li-cense be-ing



BLUFF ON THE MISS-IS-SIP-PI, SA-VAN-NA, ILL-IN-OIS.

first ob-tain-ed. But in spite of this dis-tinct stip-u-la-tion, Col-o-nel Wil-kins pro-ceed-ed to par-cel out the rich lands, o-ver which he rul-ed, in large tracts to his fa-vor-ites, with-out an-y con-sid-er-a-tions oth-er than those that gave him the chief prof-it in the trans-ac-tion.

At an In-dian coun-cil, held in Kas-kas-ki-a in 1773, a com-pa-ny of Eng-lish tra-ders, who call-ed them-selves the "Ill-in-ois Land Com-pa-ny," ob-tain-ed from the chiefs of the Kas-kas-ki-a, Ca-ho-ki-a, and Pe-o-ri-a tribes, two large tracts of land ly-ing on the east-ern side of the Mis-sis-sip-pi riv-er and south of the Ill-in-ois. Two years la-ter, a mer-chant from the Ill-in-ois coun-try, nam-ed Viv-i-at, come to Post Vin-cennes as the a-gent of an as-so-ci-a-tion call-ed the "Wa-bash Land Com-pa-ny." He ob-tain-ed, on be-half of his com-pa-ny, from e-lev-en Pi-an-ke-shaw Chiefs, a deed for 37,497,600 a-cres of land. The deed, to make it sure, was sign-ed by the chiefs, and their sig-na-tures were at-test-ed by a num-ber of the peo-ple of Vin-cennes. The deed was af-ter-ward re-cord-ed in the of-fice of a pub-lic no-ta-ry at Kas-kas-ki-a.

In 1772 a great fresh-et wash-ed a-way Fort Char-tres, and the Brit-ish gar-ri-son was trans-fer-red to Fort Gage, on the bluff of the Kas-kas-ki-a riv-er.

CHAP-TER XVII.

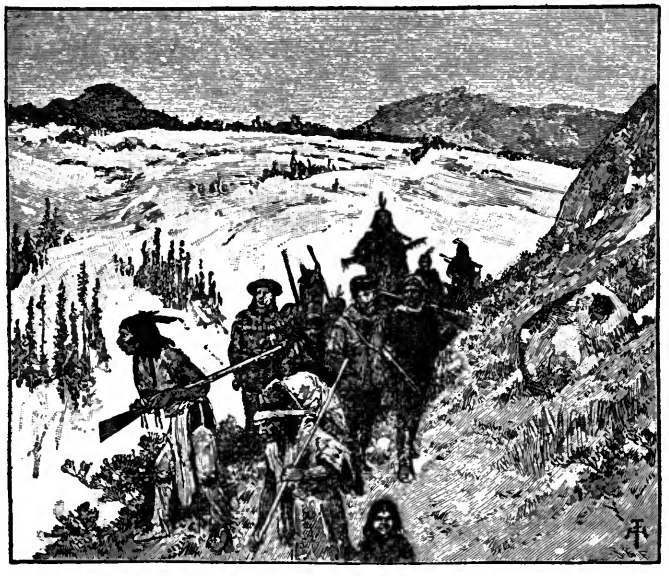
GEORGE ROG-ERS CLARKE IN ILL-IN-OIS.

The rule of the Brit-ish did not prove a bless-ing to Ill-in-ois. Ver-y lit-tle at-ten-tion was paid to the growth of the coun-try. The chief ends for which the Wil-kins Gov-ern-ment seem-ed to ex-ist was to keep the In-dians qui-et, and to add to the wealth and ease of its chief of-fi-cers. The French left the coun-try one by one, and the once bus-y and pop-u-lous towns soon be-came de-sert-ed. One, on-ly, re-al-ly im-por-tant e-vent seems to have mark-ed this pe-ri-od of the rule of the Brit-ish Gov-ern-ors, and that was the es-tab-lish-ment of a large store at Ca-ho-ki-a, by Charles Gra-ti-ot, in 1774. This was the first place for trade in mer-chan-dise o-pen-ed west of the Al-le-ghan-ies, but it was the fore-run-ner of man-y oth-ers.

Gra-ti-ot, the pro-pri-e-tor, an en-ter-pris-ing young French-man, mar-ri-ed a daugh-ter of Pierre Chot-eau, the foun-der of St. Lou-is to which place Gra-ti-ot then re-mov-ed.

Man-y of the French set-tlers, as well as their In-dian friends, who nev-er en-ter-tain-ed an-y re-

spect for the Brit-ish, be-gan to grow dis-cour-ag-ed. They turn-ed their fa-ces West-ward, and lit-tle by lit-tle a stead-y ex-o-dus from Ill-in-ois set in, that threat-en-ed in a ver-y short space of time, to turn this whole re-gion, that had prom-is-ed so fair to be the fruit-ful and de-light-ful home of hap-py pop-u-la-tions, in-to a waste and de-so-late place.



FRENCH SET-TLERS AND IN-DIANS LEAV-ING ILL-IN-OIS.

A-mer-i-ca's great strug-gle for In-de-pend-ence from Great Brit-ain had be-gun. The chests of tea had been thrown in-to Bos-ton har-bor.

The Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress had draft-ed the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence at Phil-a-del-phia, on the mem-or-a-ble 4th of Ju-ly, 1776. Since the days of the fa-mous Mag-na Char-ta, the world had not seen so great a state doc-u-ment as that same Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence—a

doc-u-ment that ev-er-y Young A-mer-i-can ought to "read, mark, learn, and in-ward-ly di-gest."

Dur-ing the first two years of these Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry times, the set-tlers and the In-dians were com-par-a-tive-ly un-con-cern-ed as to the is-sues of the con-flict, but as the Rev-o-lu-tion pro-gress-ed, Brit-ish ag-i-ta-tors did all they could to stir up bit-ter feel-ings a-gainst the Col-o-nists. They as-sur-ed the French and In-dians that the Vir-gin-i-ans, in par-tic-u-lar, were a most bru-tal race of men. They man-u-fact-ur-ed all sorts of dis-mal and re-volt-ing sto-ries of their aw-ful do-ings. It was said they would en-ter qui-et homes, and with-out a mo-ment's no-tice or any chance of de-fense, they would scalp the in-mates, and plunge their long knives in-to ev-er-y heart they came near.

Gen-er-al dis-may and dread took hold up-on the peo-ple, and it re-quir-ed all the gen-tle pow-er of the priests to calm and pa-ci-fy their flocks, which, how-ev-er, they did to the best of their a-bil-i-ty, urg-ing them to en-dure and be pa-tient, and if the worst came to the worst, to meet their fate with the cour-age of men, and the he-ro-ism of saints.

Just at this point, George Rog-ers Clarke, a na-tive of Vir-gin-i-a, who had spent much of his time a-mongst the west-ern tribes, and knew pret-ty

well what their feel-ings were to-ward the Brit-ish, be-liev-ed that they could eas-i-ly be won o-ver to the A-mer-i-can cause. He felt sure that if the Brit-ish could be suc-cess-ful-ly driv-en from the North-west, there would be very lit-tle trou-ble with the In-dians.

The chief points of im-por-tance were De-troit, Kas-kas-ki-a, and Vin-cennes, from which forts the Brit-ish dis-pens-ed arms. To take these forts was the aim and am-bi-tion of this in-trep-id young Vir-gin-i-an.

Pat-rick Hen-ry, the au-thor of that fa-mous say-ing, "Give me lib-er-ty, or give me death," was at this time, 1777, Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a. It was a-bout Christ-mas of this year that Clarke made his way to the Gov-ern-or, and laid all his plans be-fore him. Af-ter some con-sid-er-a-tion, Hen-ry wrote out a com-mis-sion, which in-struct-ed Clarke to raise sev-en com-pa-nies of sol-diers — 350 in all — to at-tack the Brit-ish force at Kas-kas-ki-a.

The terms of the com-mis-sion em-pow-er-ed Clarke to of-fer the rights of cit-i-zen-ship, and the pro-tec-tion of the law, to all those who would yield loy-al-ty to the com-mon-wealth of Vir-gin-i-a. One gold-en sen-tence of that com-mis-sion de-serves to be kept in re-mem-brance, show-ing the large heart of the man who wrote it. In giv-ing in-struc-tions

Pat-rick Hen-ry ex-press-ly en-joins on Clarke a hu-mane meth-od of treat-ment. He writes:

"It is ear-nest-ly de-sir-ed that you show hu-man-i-ty to such Brit-ish sub-jects, and oth-er per-sons, as fall in-to your hands."

Arm-ed with this com-mis-sion, Clarke and his com-rades start-ed for Kas-kas-ki-a. And it is to be no-ted with in-ter-est that the 4th of Ju-ly, which had al-read-y be-come a red-let-ter day in A-mer-i-can his-to-ry, was the day on which the val-i-ant Vir-gin-i-ans won their blood-less vic-to-ry.

On the e-ven-ing of July 3d, 1778, the in-hab-it-ants of Kas-kas-ki-a went to sleep in peace, with no thought or dream of what the mor-row would bring. In the dead of the night, Clarke's troops en-ter-ed the town; the Fort had been al-read-y se-cur-ed. When the pan-ic-strick-en peo-ple heard that Clarke and his sol-diers had come, they ran a-bout, scream-ing in wild dis-may, "Les Long Cou-teaux! Les Long Cou-teaux!" The Long Knives! The Long Knives!

It was now plain to Clarke, that if these af-fright-ed peo-ple got a-way and spread a false a-larm, his cause would be greatl-y harm-ed, he there-fore drove them back in-to their hous-es, and com-pell-ed them to re-main there.

The next day a dep-u-ta-tion of the priest and

a few of the prin-ci-pal in-hab-it-ants beg-ged of Clarke to al-low the peo-ple to go to church once more, that they might take fi-nal leave of each oth-er, sup-pos-ing, of course, that their end was at hand. Their re-quest was grant-ed; they met in sol-emn wor-ship, as they fear-ed, for the last time. An-oth-er day pass-ed, and then they beg-ged that if they were to be driv-en a-way, their fam-i-lies might not be sep-a-ra-ted. They ex-press-ed their grat-i-tude for the kind-ness they had al-read-y re-ceiv-ed, and bow-ed low at the feet of the con-quer-or.

At this, Clarke threw off all dis-guise; he told priest and peo-ple that he had not come to mur-der, but to pro-tect them from the Brit-ish and the In-dians. He clos-ed his ad-dress in these words:

"Em-brace which-ev-er side you deem best, and en-joy your own re-lig-ion, for A-mer-i-can law re-spects the be-liev-ers of ev-er-y creed, and pro-tects them in their rights. And now, to con-vince you of my sin-cer-i-ty, go and in-form the in-hab-it-ants that they can dis-miss their fears con-cern-ing their prop-er-ty and fam-i-lies; that they can con-duct them-selves as u-su-al, and that their friends who are in con-fine-ment shall im-me-di-ate-ly be re-leas-ed."

That was a glo-ri-ous day for Kas-kas-ki-a!

The old Cath-e-dral bell rang out in mer-ry peals. The priests a-pol-o-giz-ed to Col-o-nel Clarke for their mis-con-cep-tion of the char-ac-ter of the A-mer-i-cans, and a-mid the most fer-vid shouts in fa-vor of In-de-pend-ence, they call-ed the peo-ple once more to the Cath-e-dral to join in a grand *Te De-um* of thanks-giv-ing.

From Kas-kas-ki-a, Clarke and his men, ac-com-pa-ni-ed by M. Gib-ault, went to Ca-ho-ki-a, where the peo-ple, at first in ter-ror at the com-ing of "The Long Knives," soon chang-ed their fears to glad-ness, and be-gan shout-ing for "Lib-er-ty and Free-dom."

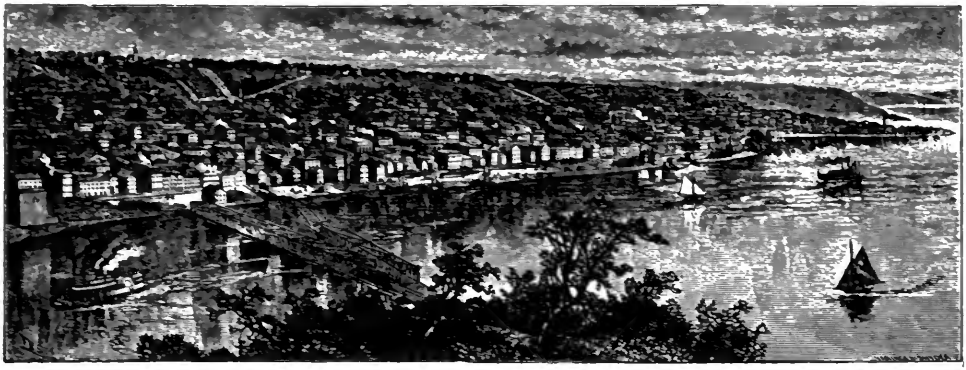
From Ca-ho-ki-a to Vin-cennes the con-quer-ors march-ed, with the good priest, Gib-ault, in their ranks, who, be-ing the priest of Vin-cennes as well as Kas-kas-ki-a, per-suad-ed that com-mu-ni-ty to throw off their al-le-gi-ance to the Brit-ish, and join the com-mon-wealth of Vir-gin-i-a.

Three sol-diers were sent to Pe-o-ri-a Lake to tell the set-tlers there of the change of Gov-ern-ment. The on-ly in-hab-it-ants res-i-dent at this point were French, In-dians, and half-breeds. No Eng-lish was spo-ken in Pe-o-ri-a up to this date, and no ob-jec-tion was of-fer-ed to the change of Gov-ern-ment.

Who would have thought, in that ear-ly day,

that that lit-tle group of log hous-es with here and there a vine-yard, then a church, and last of all a wind-mill, would have grown in-to the beau-ti-ful and flour-ish-ing city of the Pe-o-ri-a of to-day!

The news of Clarke's in-va-sion reach-ed Ham-il-ton, the Brit-ish Gen-er-al, at De-troit, who re-solv-ed at once up-on an ef-fort to re-cap-ture Vin-



THE CIT-Y OF PE-O RI-A.

cennes, and in the Au-tumn of 1778, he set out for that pur-pose with a force of Brit-ish, French Can-a-di-ans, and In-dians, 480 strong. The gar-ri-son at Vin-cennes now con-sist-ed of the brave com-man-der, Helm, and one pri-vate sol-dier. When Ham-il-ton came near the fort with his mot-ley for-ces, Helm stood in the gate-way be-side a load-ed can-non. Ham-il-ton not know-ing the ex-tent of Helm's for-ces, prom-is-ed the hon-ors of war if the fort sur-ren-der-ed. And on the

14th of De-cem-ber, 1778, Cap-tain Helm and the one pri-vate march-ed out!

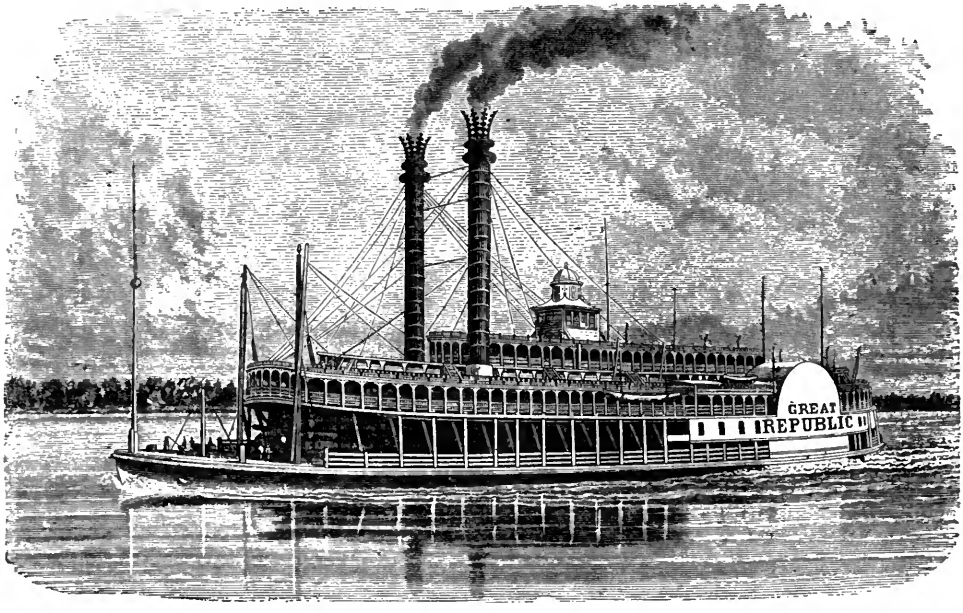
Col-o-nel Clarke could not rest with Vin-cennes in the hands of the en-em-y, so, with 175 faith-ful fol-low-ers, he set out on the 7th of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1779, to re-cap-ture the cap-tur-ed fort. His jour-ney was a try-ing one, and his meth-od of deal-ing with the gar-ri-son was most ro-man-tic. On Wash-ing-ton's birth-day, Feb-ru-a-ry 22d, the gar-ri-son ca-pit-u-la-ted; so end-ed the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War, so far as Ill-in-ois was con-cern-ed.

CHAP-TER XVIII.

ILL-IN-OIS PART OF THE NORTH-WEST TER-RI-TO-RY.

The Gen-er-al As-sem-bly of Vir-gin-i-a con-sti-tu-ted the new-ly con-quer-ed coun-try, cov-er-ing all the lands north-west of the O-hi-o riv-er, in-to "The Coun-ty of Ill-in-ois." This was the larg-est coun-ty in the world, spread-ing o-ver a sur-face much lar-ger than that oc-cu-pi-ed by three or four Eu-ro-pe-an King-doms. It in-clud-ed what are now the States of Ohio, In-di-an-a, Ill-in-ois, Mich-i-gan, and Wis-con-sin, an a-rea of more than 250,000 square miles.

This im-mense tract of coun-try was sep-a-ra-ted from Vir-gin-i-a, and ced-ed to the U-ni-ted States in 1784. Thom-as Jef-fer-son, Thom-as Lee, James Mon-roe, and Sam-uel Har-dy, were



STEAM-BOAT ON THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI.

the del-e-gates from Con-gress to com-plete the ar-range-ments.

The laws pro-vid-ed for the gov-ern-ment of this great ter-ri-to-ry, call-ed by some "The Com-pact of 1787," were few and sim-ple. Pro-vi-sion was made for the am-ple rep-re-sen-ta-tion of the peo-ple, and for the fu-ture di-vi-sion of the ter-ri-to-ry in-to not less than three, and not more than

five, States. The sev-enth law of the code prac-ti-cal-ly pro-hib-it-ed slav-er-y. Slaves brought in-to the re-gion had to sign an a-gree-ment to work for their mas-ters a cer-tain time. As a mat-ter of fact, this vast em-pire, the heart of this great val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, was con-se-cra-ted to Free-dom. There had been slav-er-y in the south-ern part of the "Coun-ty" be-fore the en-act-ment of the great "Com-pact;" but the airs that blew o-ver the lakes and riv-ers, the for-ests and prair-ies, of Ill-in-ois, were the strong pure airs of lib-er-ty.

The cap-i-tal of the new-ly or-gan-ized ter-ri-to-ry was fix-ed at Mar-i-et-ta, in the State of O-hi-o, and re-main-ed there un-til the ter-ri-to-ry was di-vi-ded. On the 5th of Oc-to-ber, 1787, Ar-thur St. Clair, an of-fi-cer of the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War, was ap-point-ed the first Gov-ern-or.

The In-dians con-tin-ued to be trou-ble-some, though Gov-ern-or St. Clair did all he could to form am-ic-a-ble treat-ies with the va-ri-ous tribes. But the dis-sen-sions that ex-ist-ed be-tween the va-ri-ous tribes made such work more and more dif-fi-cult. It is said that be-tween 1783 and 1790, not less than 1,500 Whites were mur-der-ed, or in some oth-er way spir-it-ed a-way from their homes and set-tle-ments in the North-west.

On the 4th of No-vem-ber, 1791, a sad and

blood-y fray took place in a deep ra-vine on the Wa-bash riv-er, led on by Lit-tle Tur-tle. In this bat-tle 900 were kill-ed.

An-oth-er ver-y des-per-ate bat-tle was fought at Mau-mee, un-der com-mand of Gen-er-al Wayne, on the 20th of Au-gust, 1794, in which the In-dians were thor-ough-ly rout-ed.

In 1798, Gov-ern-or St. Clair is-sued an or-der for an e-lec-tion of Rep-re-sen-ta-tives. Two years la-ter, in the first year of the Nine-teenth Cen-tu-ry, the North-west Ter-ri-to-ry was di-vi-ded in-to the ter-ri-to-ries of O-hi-o and In-diana—our pres-ent State be-long-ing to the lat-ter—of which Will-iam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, af-ter-wards Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, and wide-ly known as "Tip-pe-ca-noe Har-ri-son," was made Gov-ern-or. The seat of Gov-ern-ment was at Vin-cennes.

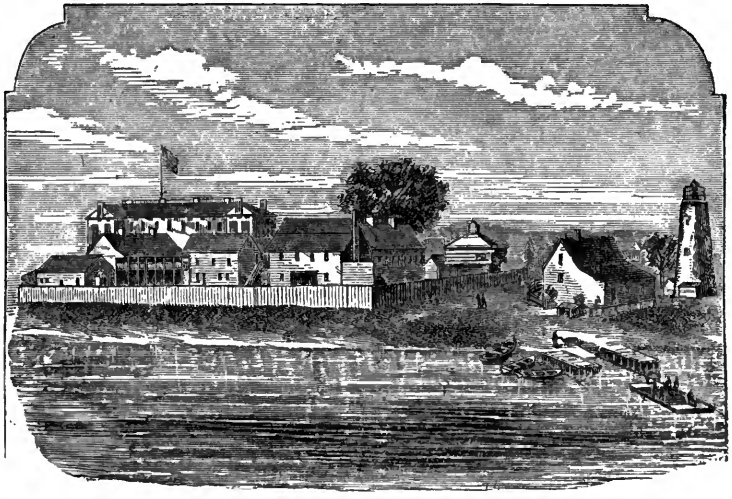
Col-o-ni-za-tion did not move very rap-id-ly in the north-ern part of what is now the State of Ill-in-ois, but the south-ern por-tions were quick-ly fill-ing up.

Bap-tiste, and a few others, had fix-ed their homes at the mouth of the Chi-ca-go riv-er. They were tra-ders rath-er than set-tlers, de-pend-ing for a liv-ing whol-ly on trad-ing with the In-dians.

In 1804, Fort Dear-born was e-rect-ed by the Gov-ern-ment, and was so nam-ed in hon-or of

Har-ry Dear-born, who was at that time Sec-re-ta-ry of War.

In 1805, Mich-i-gan, which at that time in-clu-ded the pres-ent State of Wis-con-sin and a part of Min-ne-so-ta, was sep-a-rat-ed from the ter-ri-to-ry of In-di-a-na, and the ques-tion then a-rose, as to wheth-er it would not be a good thing to make a sep-a-rate di-vi-sion of Ill-in-ois. The bat-tle of the Sep-a-ra-tion-ists with their foes, was waged for four years, and in 1809, the sep-a-ra-tion took place, and Ill-in-ois was known as Ill-in-ois Ter-ri-to-ry, with the seat of gov-ern-ment at Kas-kas-ki-a. At this time the set-tlers in Ill-in-ois num-ber-ed a-bout 11,500.



VIEW OF FORT DEAR-BORN, FROM THE RIV-ER.

Nin-i-an Ed-wards was the first Gov-ern-or of the new Ter-ri-to-ry. But he had hard-ly en-ter-ed up-on the du-ties of his of-fice be-fore the rest-less

In-dians be-gan their sly, cru-el work. Small bands of them would skulk a-bout and take the mean-est ad-van-tage of the help-less and the un-arm-ed.

Te-cum-seh, Chief of the Shaw-nee tribe, had tried to en-list the Creeks, the Choc-taws, and the Chic-a-saws, a-gainst the set-tlers. Gov-ern-or Har-ri-son thought this a good time to take a stand, so he set out for Tip-pe-ca-noe, or Proph-et's Town, where he found the In-dians were un-der the com-mand of the One-Eyed Pro-phet. The bat-tle of Tip-pe-ca-noe was fought on the 6th of No-vem-ber, 1811, in which the In-dians were o-ver-thrown.

Gov-ern-or Ed-wards call-ed a coun-cil of In-dian Chiefs at Ca-ho-ki-a, in 1812. To this strange con-fer-ence came Go-mo, Pep-per, White Hair, Lit-tle Sauk, Great Speak-er, Yel-low Sun, Snake, Bull, Ig-nace, Pipe Bird, Cut Branch, the South Wind, Black Bird, Blue Eyes, Sun Fish, and a host of oth-ers with e-qual-ly strange names. They lis-ten-ed to all Gov-ern-or Ed-wards said, and the next day, Go-mo re-pli-ed. But there was no dis-po-si-tion on the part of the In-dians, for peace; they were sly and de-ceit-ful, and were chief-ly anx-i-ous to gain time.

CHAP-TER XIX.

THE MAS-SA-CRE AT FORT DEAR-BORN.

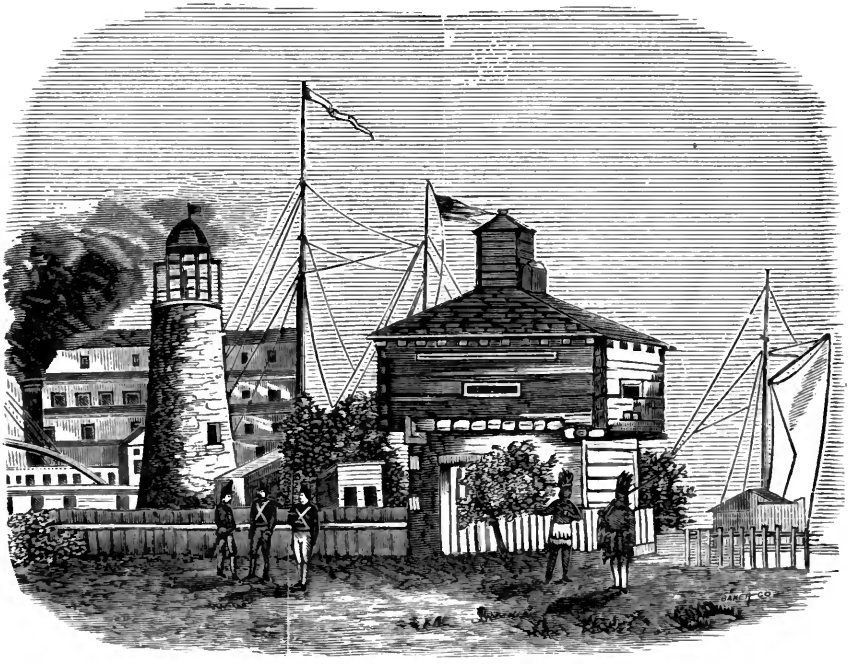
When Har-ry Dear-born, Sec-re-ta-ry of War, saw the fort ris-ing on the bank of the Chic-a-go riv-er, that was to bear his name, he no more dream-ed of the aw-ful trag-e-dy that was to take place there in five or six years, than he did of the fact, that this same spot would, in much less than a cen-tu-ry, be-come the cen-tre of a com-mer-cial and so-cial life, whose in-flu-ence would reach all round the world.

In the sum-mer of the mem-o-ra-ble year, 1812, Cap-tain Heald, who came to Chic-a-go from Ken-tuck-y, with his young bride, each rid-ing on a beau-ti-ful bay po-ny, was in com-mand of Fort Dear-born. He had with him sev-en-ty-five men, full-y half of whom were un-fit for du-ty by rea-son of sick-ness.

The sec-ond war with Great Brit-ain was in pro-gress, and the Brit-ish were do-ing all in their pow-er to win the In-dians to their side. But the In-dians and half-breeds ap-pear-ed to be on per-fect-ly friend-ly terms with the set-tlers on the

Chic-a-go riv-er, and with the sol-diers at Fort Dear-born. But treach-ery was at work.

One e-ven-ing Mr. Kin-zie sat play-ing on his vi-o-lin, and his chil-dren were danc-ing to the



FORT DEAR-BORN. E-RECT-ED 1804.

mu-sic, when a sud-den cry was heard: "The In-dians! The In-dians!" It was ru-mor-ed that up at Lee's the In-dians were kill-ing and scalp-ing. Where-up-on, Mr. Kin-zie and his fam-i-ly, and the rest of the set-tlers, cross-ed the riv-er and took ref-uge in Fort Dear-born.

A lit-tle la-ter in the year, or-ders came from Gen-er-al Hull to Cap-tain Heald, to e-vac-u-ate Fort Dear-born and es-cape to Fort Wayne. His or-der ran thus:

"Leave the fort and stores as they are, and let the In-dians make dis-tri-bu-tion for them-selves, and while they are en-gag-ed in bus-i-ness the white peo-ple may es-cape to Fort Wayne."

It has al-ways been thought that this or-der was a great mis-take; the sub-or-di-nate of-fi-cers op-pos-ed it, but Heald was firm, and de-sir-ing to be thor-ough-ly frank, he call-ed a con-fer-ence. It was un-der-stood that all the arms, am-mu-ni-tion, and li-quor in the fort, were to be left for the In-dians to di-vide a-mong them-selves, and they in turn were to furnish a safe es-cort to Fort Wayne. The of-fi-cers a-gain re-mon-stra-ted. "Give these men arms," they said, "and then fire their brains with li-quor, and they will turn up-on us, and kill and scalp ev-er-y one of us." The treat-y was se-cret-ly broken, the li-quor was pour-ed in-to the riv-er, the am-mu-ni-tion and arms were thrown down a well.

The break-ing of the treat-y was dis-cov-er-ed by the In-dians, and they se-cret-ly pre-par-ed for ven-geance.

On the morn-ing of Au-gust 15th, 1812, the

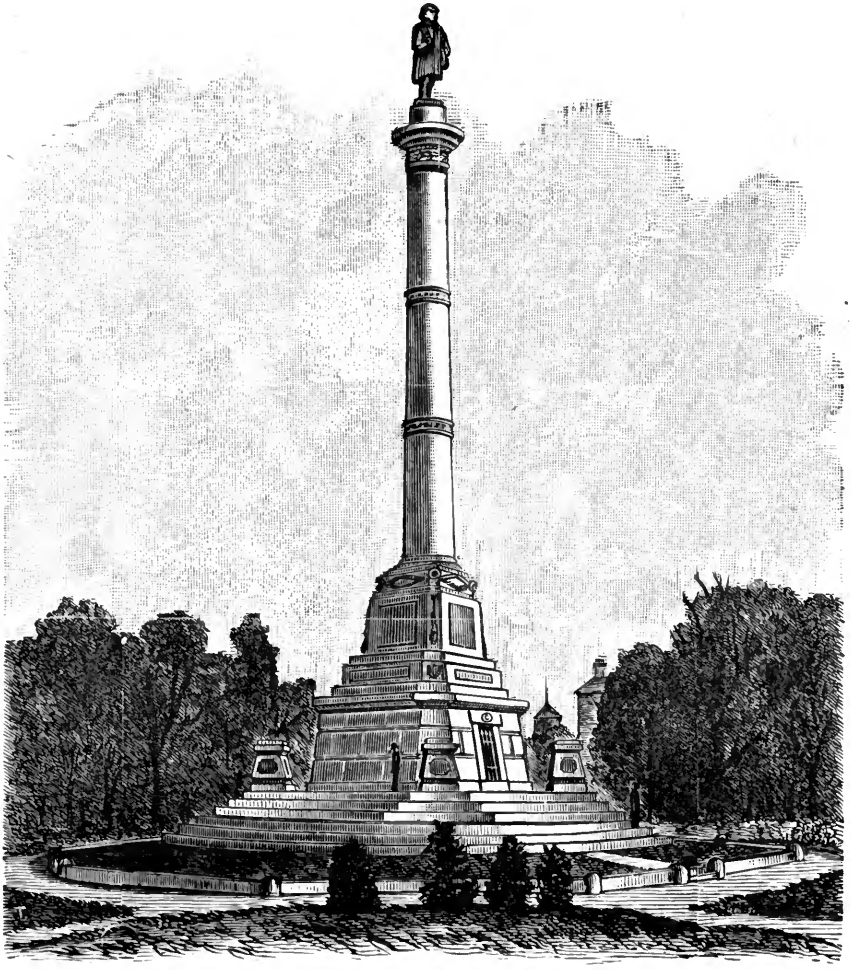
gar-ri-son march-ed out with drums beat-ing, and ban-ners fly-ing, for Fort Wayne. Cap-tain Heald and his wife rode in front on their bay po-nies. Then came the mem-bers of the gar-ri-son, and the troops, fol-low-ed by wag-ons con-tain-ing the wo-men and the chil-dren, and the sick. Last of all came 500 In-dians claim-ing to be an es-cort.

Cap-tain Wells, rode a-head, and a-bout two miles out, on the lake shore, he saw the In-dians form-ing in front. He rode back in hot haste, and told Cap-tain Heald that there was dan-ger. In-stant-ly the wag-ons were ar-rang-ed so as to pro-tect the sick and help-less, and to serve the pur-pose of breast-works, be-hind which the gar-ri-son gath-er-ed for de-fense.

Then fol-low-ed one of the sad-dest mas-sa-cres ev-er re-cord-ed. Cap-tain Heald and his wife were sep-a-ra-ted ear-ly in the fight. The In-dians o-pen-ed fire, and the white troops charg-ed up-on them and drove them back to the prair-ie. There were fif-ty-four sol-diers, twelve ci-vil-i-ans, and four wo-men, a-gainst 500 In-dian War-ri-ors.

Cap-tain Wells, who was un-cle to Mrs. Heald, rode up be-side her and said:

"We have not the slight-est chance for life. We must part to meet no more in this world. Good bye, dear; God bless you!"



DOUG-LAS MON-U-MENT, CHIC-A-GO. NEAR THE SCENE OF THE FORT DEAR-BORN MAS-SA-CRE.

At this point Cap-tain Wells saw a young In-dian de-mon climb into a wag-on where there were twelve chil-dren, and the in-hu-man sav-age tom-a-hawk-ed them all! This stir-red the blood to fire in the Cap-tain's heart.

"If that is your game," he said. "butch-er-ing wo-men and chil-dren, I will kill too."

With that he spur-red his horse in the di-rec-tion of the camp where the In-dians had left their squaws and pap-oos-es. With fiend-ish yells the In-dians followed; they shot his horse from un-der him, he him-self was bad-ly wound-ed, but in this wild me-lee he is said to have kill-ed eight In-dians. Bleed-ing and almost life-less he was drag-ged in-to the pres-ence of Mrs. Heald, where he was scalp-ed and his heart cut out, which was then slic-ed in-to a doz-en piec-es, and eat-en while it was yet warm, by these in-sa-ti-ate sav-a-ges.

All were mas-sa-cred but twen-ty-sev-en, who be-came pris-on-ers of war. Mr. Heald was cap-tured by one par-ty, and Mrs. Heald by an-oth-er. They were de-liv-er-ed to the Brit-ish at Mack-i-naw, but sub-se-quent-ly gain-ed their lib-er-ty. The on-ly land-mark that points out the scene of this aw-ful con-flict, is a large cot-ton-wood tree now stand-ing on 18th street, Chic-a-go, be-tween Prair-ie Av-e-nue and the lake.

CHAP-TER XX.

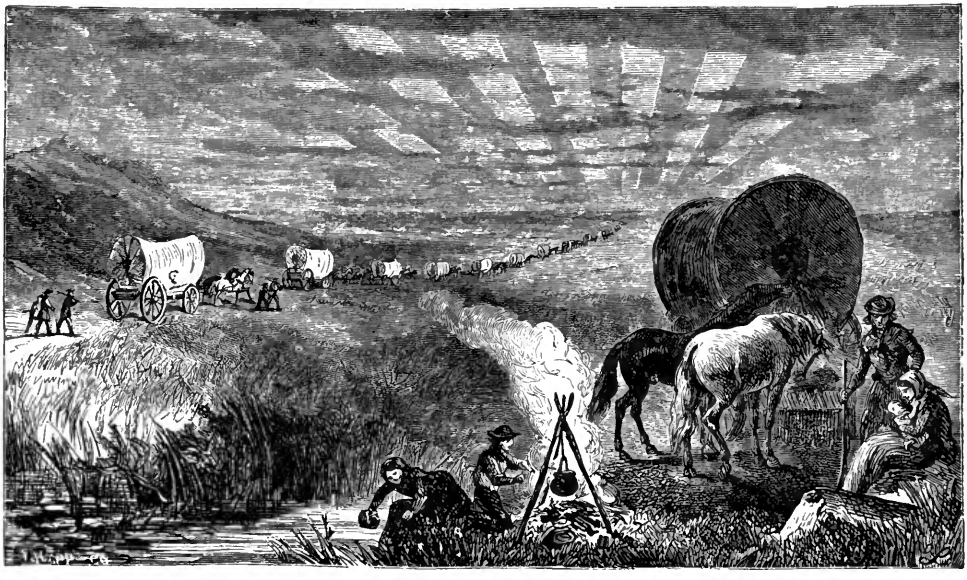
ILL-IN-OIS BE-COMES A STATE — PI-O-NEER DAYS.

In 1818 Ill-in-ois be-came one of the States of the U-ni-on. Its first Con-sti-tu-tion-al As-sem-bly was held at Kas-kas-ki-a, in Ju-ly, 1818. In Sep-tem-ber of the same year, Shad-rach Bond, of St. Clair, was e-lect-ed as the first Gov-ern-or of the State of Ill-in-ois, with Pierre Me-nard, of Ran-dolph, as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. These e-lec-tions were made with-out con-test.

We have now reach-ed the be-gin-ning of those vig-or-ous ro-man-tic times, known as "The Pi-o-neer Days."

There are hun-dreds of el-der-ly men and wo-men liv-ing to-day in Ill-in-ois who have per-fect re-mem-brance of the stur-dy pi-o-neer days. The sto-ries they tell of those try-ing times are full of ro-mance and he-ro-ism. They tell of the days when pi-o-neers wa-ded through deep snows, more than a score of miles to mill or mar-ket. More time was of-ten ta-ken up in go-ing to mar-ket and re-turn-ing home than is now re-quir-ed to cross the con-ti-nent, or to go to Eu-rope and back.

When the pi-o-neer and his fam-i-ly ar-riv-ed in their strange and cum-ber-some wag-ons, not in-apt-ly de-scrib-ed as "Prair-ie Schoon-ers," the first thing to set a-bout was the build-ing of a cab-in. While this was be-ing done, the fam-i-ly slept in

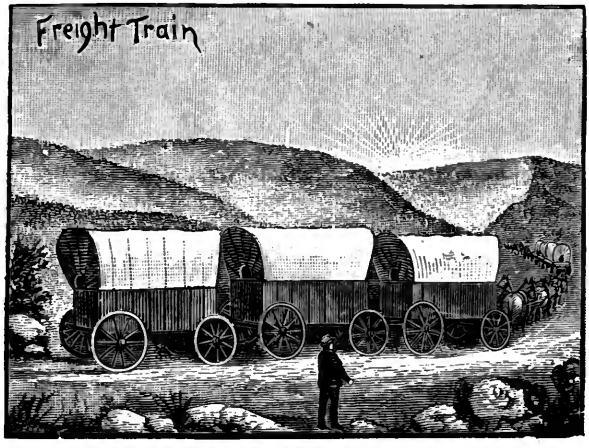


AN EM-I-GRANT TRAIN CROSS-ING THE PRAIR-IE.

the wag-ons or on the grass, while the hor-ses and mules, teth-er-ed to pre-vent es-cape, graz-ed on the grass a-round them. Trees of a suit-a-ble size were se-lect-ed, fell-ed, and pre-par-ed for their pla-ces. The day for the rais-ing was an-nounc-ed, and then, from far and near, the neigh-bors came to as-sist the strang-er in get-ting a home. These

LOG-ROLL-ING IN THE PI-O-NEER DAYS.

"rais-ing bees" were ver-y of-ten times of great mer-ri-ment. The struc-ture went up a log at a time, and soon the frame-work was read-y for the clap-board roof, which was held on by huge weight poles. Pla-ces for doors and win-dows were then cut, the chim-ney was built, and then the cab-in was ready for oc-cu-pa-tion. Oth-er mat-ters of de-tail fol-low-ed. The spa-ces be-tween the logs were fill-ed in with split sticks of wood call-ed "chinks" and then daub-ed o-ver, both in-side and out, with mor-tar made of clay. The floor was of-ten noth-ing more than earth, tramp-led hard and smooth. Some-times a wood-en floor was found made of split logs, with the split side turn-ed up-ward.



For a fire-place, a space was cut out of the wall on one side of the room, u-su-al-ly a-bout six feet in length, and three sides were built up of logs, ma-king an off-set in the wall. This was lin-ed with stone, where stone was plen-ti-ful, but

where stone was scarce, earth was us-ed. The flue or up-per part of the chim-ney was built of small split sticks, two and a half or three feet in length, car-ri-ed a lit-tle way a-bove the roof, and plas-ter-ed o-ver with clay, and when fin-ish-ed this was call-ed a "cob and clay" chim-ney.

STAGE COACH OF THE OLD DAYS.

The door space was made by cut-ting a hole in one side of the room of the re-quir-ed size, the door it-self being made of clap-boards se-cur-ed by wood-en pins to two cross-pieces. The hing-es were also of wood, while the fas-ten-ings con-sist-ed of a wood-en latch catch-ing on a hook of the same ma-ter-i-al. To open the door from the out-side, a strip of buck-skin was tied to the latch, and drawn through a hole a few inch-es a-bove the latch-bar, so that on pull-ing the string the latch was lift-ed from the catch or hook, and the door was o-pened with-out fur-ther troub-le. To lock the door it was on-ly ne-ces-sa-ry to pull the string through the hole to the in-side. Here the fam-i-ly liv-ed, and here the guest and the wan-der-er were made wel-come.

The fur-ni-ture of these low-ly homes, if not of

el-e-gant de-sign, was of tough and en-dur-ing fi-bre. Ta-bles, bed-steads and chairs were hewn from the for-est trees. The box-es and bar-rels

FA-CING A PRAIR-IE STORM.

that brought their sup-plies serv-ed as ma-ter-i-al for cup-boards and bu-reaus, for loung-es and shelves. And to this day there are rel-ics of this prim-i-tive fur-ni-ture, here and there, to be found, that re-flect the high-est cred-it on the in-ge-nu-i-ty and skill of the un-daunt-ed set-tlers of Ill-in-ois.

In these days the chil-dren far-ed but rough-ly. They were not clad in fan-cy cos-tumes, nor fed on dain-ties, and when night came they were stow-ed a-way in low, dark at-tics, of-ten a-mongst the horns of the elk and the deer, and ver-y of-ten they were able, through the wide chinks in the clap-boards, to watch the twink-ling stars. These were days of hard and al-most cease-less work. The hours of la-bor were from sun-rise to sun-set, and in the win-ter time the work of-ten tres-pass-ed far in-to the night.

The cloth-ing of these ear-ly- pi-o-neers was in keep-ing with the sim-plic-i-ty of their homes. Ne-ces-si-ty com-pell-ed them to be ver-y care-ful. They were thank-ful when the cloth-ing was good and warm. "Dress" and "style" did not con-cern them. In sum-mer near-ly all per-sons, both male and fe-male, went bare-foot-ed. Buck-skin moc-ca-sins were much worn. Boys of twelve and fif-teen nev-er thought of wear-ing any-thing on their feet, ex-cept dur-ing the cold-est months of the year. Boots and shoes came with oth-er lux-u-ries of grow-ing pros-per-i-ty. The pi-o-neer farm-er was a man who had to work with stead-y pa-tience that nev-er dream-ed of giv-ing in. And not he a-lone, but his sons and daugh-ters, and e-ven his wife had to take full share of the cease-less

toil. The prair-ie had to be bro-ken. The earth was rich, but plow-ing and sow-ing must come, be-fore the har-vest could be gar-ner-ed. And the plow-ing, and the sow-ing, and the reap-ing must all be done by hand. The skill of the in-ven-tor

THE PI-O-NEER FARM-ER, FIF-TY YEARS A-GO.

had not yet found its way in-to the fields. But things have great-ly chang-ed. All the ro-mance of the old har-vest days has gone. The march of in-ven-tion has turn-ed all the po-e-try to prose. We shall nev-er hear the old song again—

"Hur-rah for the ra-kers!
And the mer-ry hay-ma-kers!
And hur-rah for the mid-sum-mer sky!"

The ra-kers are no more! The mer-ry hay-ma-kers have be-come ma-chines! And all that is left

us, is the o-dor of the hay, and the beau-ti-ful mid-sum-mer sky.

These farm-hous-es, and "Cab-in homes of Ill-in-ois," were in-hab-it-ed by a race of hard-work-ing, gen-er-ous, kind-heart-ed peo-ple. Love smil-ed in these lowly dwell-ings as sure-ly as in the pal-a-ces of Kings. The ear-ly home life of the prair-ies, so gen-u-ine, so cord-i-al, so sin-cere, has rear-ed and nur-tur-ed a race of men and wo-men of whom the State of Ill-in-ois, and A-mer-i-ca at large, has just oc-ca-sion to be proud. The kind of men, of whom the po-et Low-ell, says: "They have em-pires in their brains;" just the kind of men to build up a glo-ri-ous fu-ture for Ill-in-ois.

A PRAIR-IE HAR-VEST FIELD IN 1888.

CHAP-TER XXI.

THE YOUNG STATE MAKES WON-DER-FUL PRO-GRESS.

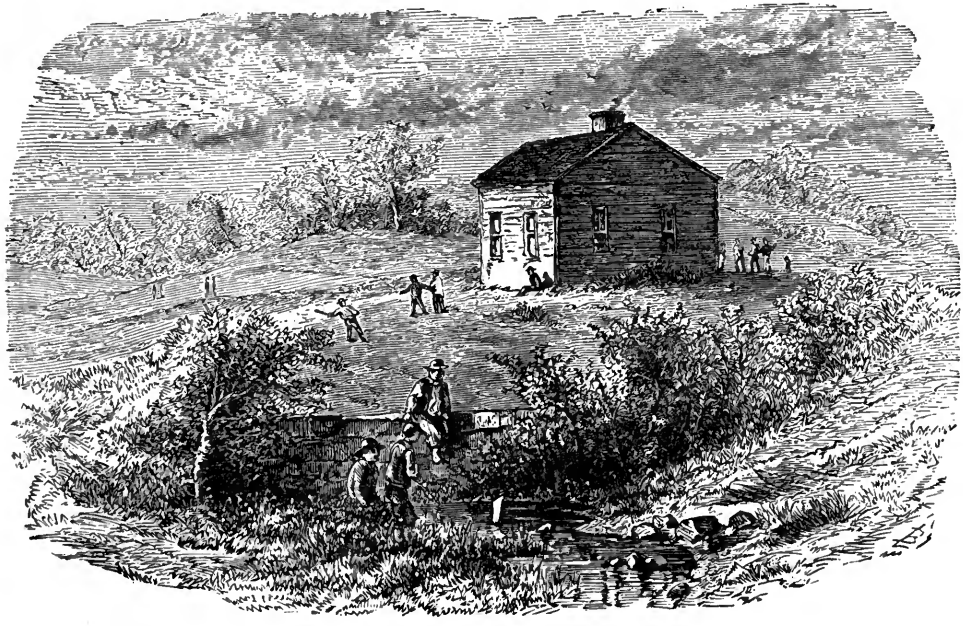
The State of Ill-in-ois is a gar-den four hun-dred miles long, and one hun-dred and fif-ty miles wide. Its soil is a black, sand-y loam, va-ry-ing from six inch-es to six-ty feet thick. This glor-i-ous Prair-ie State has with-in her-self the el-e-ments of all great-ness. She grows near-ly ev-er-y green thing to be found in tem-per-ate and trop-i-cal zones. It is de-clar-ed that near-ly four-fifths of the en-tire State is un-der-laid with a de-pos-it of coal, more than for-ty feet thick on the av-er-age. At the pres-ent rate of con-sump-tion, the coal in Ill-in-ois will last 120,000 years.

But the ma-te-ri-al wealth of a State is on-ly a part of her wealth. Her Ed-u-ca-tion-al ad-van-tages form one of the most im-por-tant of all the el-e-ments of her wealth.

Great hon-or is due to Judge Pope, who mov-ed for a per-cent-age of all lands sold, to be de-vo-ted to the ed-u-ca-tion of the young. A-mer-i-ca has al-ways been anx-i-ous that her sons and daugh-ters should be well hous-ed, well clad,

well fed, and well taught. And the State of Ill-in-ois has not lag-ged be-hind a hair's-breadth in this ver-y laud-a-ble am-bi-tion.

The old log school house of the pi-o-neer days was not ver-y or-nate. But it was a grand thing



SCHOOL HOUSE OF THE PI-O-NEER DAYS.

to see, spring-ing up on ev-er-y hill-side and dot-ting the prair-ies here and there, these mod-est homes of in-struc-tion.

The or-di-nance of 1787 con-se-cra-ted one-thir-ty-sixth of her soil to com-mon schools, and the law

of 1818, the first law that went up-on her stat-utes, gave three per cent of all the rest to ed-u-ca-tion.

The seat of gov-ern-ment was re-mov-ed from Kas-kas-ki-a to Van-da-li-a, and there the sec-ond as-sem-bly of the State Leg-is-la-ture was con-ven-ed on the 4th of De-cem-ber, 1820.

Ill-in-ois now be-gan to fill up with great ra-pid-i-ty. Em-i-grants from all lands flock-ed to the fruit-ful West. Eu-ro-pe-an coun-tries were steep-ed in pov-er-ty through the e-nor-mous war debts that had been con-tract-ed. And thou-sands of earn-est, in-dus-tri-ous peo-ple, who were dis-cour-ag-ed at the pros-pects that lay be-fore them, turn-ed their fac-es hope-ful-ly to the Gold-en West.

In the year 1821, the Leg-is-la-ture of Ill-in-ois was a-ble to add sev-en new coun-ties to the nine-teen al-read-y form-ed, name-ly: Fay-ette, Mont-gom-ery, Greene, Sang-a-mon, Pike, Law-rence, and Ham-il-ton.

In 1822, Mr. Ed-ward Coles was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and A-dol-phus S. Hub-bard, Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. Gov-ern-or Coles was a brave, un-com-pro-mis-ing foe of slav-er-y. He had o-rig-i-nal-ly been a plan-ter in Vir-gin-i-a. When he mov-ed to Ill-in-ois he e-man-ci-pa-ted his slaves, giv-ing to each a piece of land that they might call

their own. Most of his of-fi-cial ca-reer was de-vo-ted to the slav-er-y ques-tion.

In 1825 Gen-e-ral La-fay-ette, the friend of Wash-ing-ton, vis-it-ed Ill-in-ois. He was giv-en a most flat-ter-ing re-cep-tion at Kas-kas-ki-a and Shaw-nee-town. He lit-er-al-ly walk-ed up-on a path-way of flow-ers, strewn by the hands of mer-ry lit-tle maid-ens.

Nin-i-an Ed-wards was el-ect-ed Gov-ern-or in 1826, with Will-i-am Kin-ney as Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or. These were suc-ceed-ed in 1830 by John Rey-nolds, for Gov-ern-or, and Za-dok Ca-sey, for Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or.

CHAP-TER XXII.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

This mem-or-a-ble con-flict a-rose from the fail-ure of Black Hawk to a-bide by the con-tracts in-to which he had free-ly en-ter-ed. A large tract of land was bought from the Sacs and Fox-es by the Gov-ern-ment, in 1804, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son con-duct-ing the treat-y. In a con-fer-ence with Gov-ern-or Ed-wards, in 1815, this treat-y was con-firm-ed by Black Hawk, a Chief of the Sacs, and by Ke-o-kuk.

In 1830, the dep-re-da-tions of the Sacs and Fox-es had reach-ed such a pitch that they were or-der-ed to re-main west of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Black Hawk grew res-tive, and de-clar-ed him-self in re-bell-ious terms. He said the chiefs who sign-ed the treat-y were first made drunk, and then were per-suad-ed to sign the treat-y with-out know-ing what it meant.

All this was de-ni-ed by Ke-o-kuk, who de-clar-ed the treat-y was just, and re-fus-ed to join Black Hawk in his re-bell-ion.

But Black Hawk was res-o-lute, and on the 14th of May, 1832, he ap-pear-ed on the east-ern bank of the Mis-sis-sip-pi with 300 war-ri-ors. A large force was at once thrown in-to the field, and Black Hawk was de-feat-ed. On the 24th of June Black Hawk was a-gain re-puls-ed by Ma-jor De-mont, be-tween Rock riv-er and Ga-le-na. The troops con-tin-u-ed to move up the Rock riv-er, and on the 21st of Ju-ly an-oth-er en-gage-ment took place near the Blue Mounds, and Black Hawk was a-gain de-feat-ed. The fall-en Chief, with twen-ty of his braves, fled up the Wis-con-sin riv-er. But they were cap-tur-ed by the Win-ne-ba-goes, who, anx-i-ous of se-cur-ing the friend-ship of the Whites, de-liv-er-ed them in-to the hands of Gen-er-al Street, the U-ni-ted States In-dian A-gent.

They were then ta-ken to Wash-ing-ton and made pris-on-ers in For-tress Mon-roe.

Af-ter a time Black Hawk was re-leas-ed. He went to Des Moines, Iowa, where he built a home, and de-vo-ted him-self to farm-ing, hunt-ing and fish-ing. He died on the 3d of Oc-to-ber, 1838, and was bur-i-ed in a grave six feet deep, in a sit-ting pos-ture. He wore a suit of clothes giv-en him by the Pres-i-dent while in Wash-ing-ton, and his right hand rest-ed up-on a cane giv-en him by Hen-ry Clay, which he wish-ed to have bur-i-ed with him.

CHAP-TER XXIII.

SHAB-BO-NA, A FRIEND-LY IN-DIAN.

Ter-ri-ble, re-lent-less and bit-ter, as was the en-mi-ty of man-y of the In-dians to the white set-tlers, there were some praise-worth-y ex-cep-tions.

One of the most hon-or-ed of all the In-dians of Ill-in-ois, of this pe-ri-od, was Shab-bo-na, who was born at an In-dian vil-lage on the Kan-ka-kee riv-er, in the year 1775. He liv-ed to the ex-treme age of 83 years, dy-ing at Sen-e-ca, in Grundy Coun-ty, on the 17th of Ju-ly, 1859. He was the

true friend of the white man, and through him man-y of the ear-ly set-tlers of Ill-in-ois owe the pres-er-va-tion of life and prop-er-ty. He made en-em-ies a-mongst his own peo-ple, be-cause of his friend-ship for the white peo-ple. It is more than prob-a-ble that but for his gen-er-ous warn-ing, hun-dreds of men and wo-men would have fall-en vic-tims to the tom-a-hawks of mer-ci-less and in-hu-man brutes. Black Hawk him-self said, when a pris-on-er, that had it not been for Shab-bo-na, the whole Pott-a-wat-o-mie tribe would have join-ed his stand-ard, and he could have con-tin-u-ed the war for years.

SHAB-BO-NA.

By guard-ing the lives of the Whites he en-dang-er-ed his own, for the Sacs and Fox-es threat-en-ed to kill him, and made two at-tempts to car-ry out their threats. They kill-ed Py-pe-o-gee his son, and Pyps his ne-phew, and hunt-ed him as if he had been a wild beast of the for-est. In his old age he was rob-bed of his two sec-tions of land, be-cause he had

gone west for a short time. But such was the re-spect in which he was held, that the cit-i-zens of Ot-ta-wa rais-ed mon-ey and bought him a tract of land on the Ill-in-ois riv-er, on which they built him a house, and sup-pli-ed him with the means of liv-ing. He had a peace-ful old age, and was bur-i-ed with great pomp in the cem-e-ter-y at Mor-ris. His squaw was drown-ed five years af-ter-wards, in Ma-zen Creek, Grun-dy Coun-ty, and was bur-i-ed by the side of her hon-or-ed and a-ged hus-band.

CHAP-TER XXIV.

STIR-RING TRAG-IC DAYS.

In the fall of 1834 Jo-seph Dun-can was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and Alex-an-der M. Jen-kins, Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or. Set-tlers flock-ed in-to Ill-in-ois by hun-dreds. Peace had been made with the In-dian tribes, and there seem-ed to be ev-er-y pros-pect of good times. Pub-lic im-prove-ments were made on a large scale. The Ill-in-ois and Mich-i-gan Ca-nal scheme was put in mo-tion. Pro-vis-ions were made for rail-roads to be built from Ga-le-na to the O-hi-o, from Al-ton to Shaw-

nee-town, from Quin-cy through Spring-field to the Wa-bash riv-er, and from Pe-o-ri-a to Warsaw. The Kas-kas-ki-a, the Lit-tle Wa-bash, the Ill-in-ois and the Rock riv-ers were to be thor-ough-ly dredg-ed.

Of Chic-a-go, the most won-der-ful city of this mod-ern age, we shall have to speak more at length

CHIC-A-GO IN 1833.

la-ter on. What Chic-a-go look-ed like in 1833, we may gath-er from the a-bove il-lus-tra-tion.

In 1836, and in De-cem-ber of that year, the Tenth Gen-er-al As-sem-bly was held at Van-da-lia, and to this great gath-er-ing came two of the

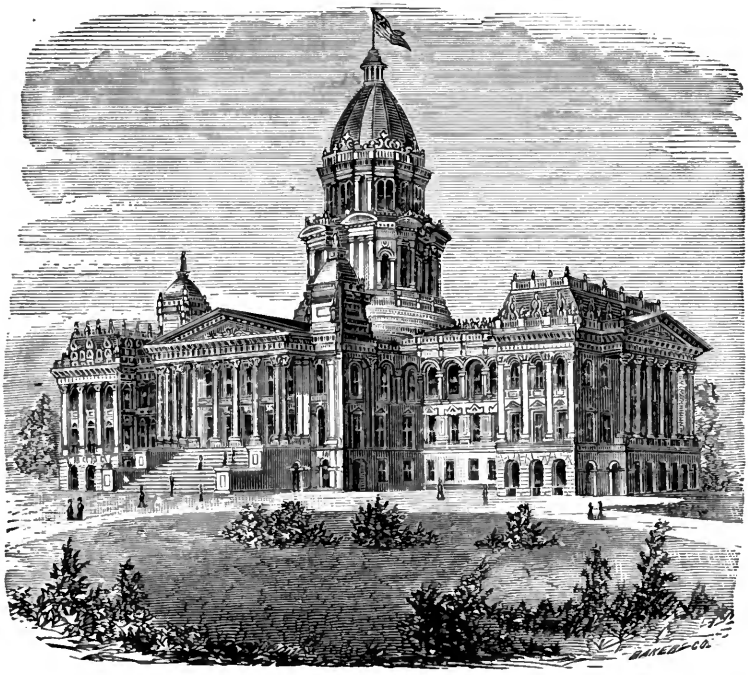
great-est men Ill-in-ois has ev-er seen—A-bra-ham Lin-coln and Ste-phen A. Doug-las.

A-bout this time, by a mu-tu-al a-gree-ment, the Pott-a-wat-o-mies, the last of the In-dian tribes, pass-ed a-way from Ill-in-ois. They came once a year to Chic-a-go, and re-ceiv-ed their an-nu-i-ty of $30,000, in goods, for the land they had sold, and now, af-ter a con-fer-ence of two weeks, they sold all their lands east of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, and cross-ing to the west-ern shore of that might-y riv-er, they left their na-tive hunt-ing grounds for-ev-er.

Thom-as Car-lin was the next Gov-ern-or, and S. H. An-der-son his Lieu-ten-ant, e-lect-ed in 1838. After a long and fierce con-test the Cap-i-tal was re-mov-ed from Van-da-li-a to Spring-field, in 1839.

The ques-tion of slav-er-y was now be-gin-ning to ag-i-tate the whole coun-try, and Ill-in-ois was soon deep-ly in-ter-est-ed in the mat-ter; and it is a sad thing to have to tell, but so strong and deep was the feel-ing, that one of the best of men was mur-der-ed for his o-pin-ions. The Rev. E-li-jah P. Love-joy start-ed a pa-per in St. Lou-is, in which he spoke very strong-ly a-gainst slav-er-y. He found that in or-der to be safe he must move from St. Lou-is; so he went to Al-ton, where he spoke e-ven-ly more strong-ly and de-ci-ded-ly a-gainst

the ter-ri-ble wrong. The an-ger of the slav-er-y par-ty knew no bounds. Three of his press-es were de-stroy-ed, and in en-deav-or-ing to de-fend a fourth, in com-pa-ny with a num-ber of his



STATE HOUSE, SPRING-FIELD.

friends, he was shot dead. Five balls were found lodg-ed in his bod-y. The pow-er of the au-thor-i-ties was laugh-ed to scorn, the press was thrown in-to the riv-er, and the build-ing set on fire.

An-oth-er sad se-ries of e-vents trans-pir-ed a lit-tle la-ter on. The Mor-mons or "Lat-ter Day

Saints," who have long been a thorn in the side of A-mer-i-ca, came in a body to Ill-in-ois in the years 1839 and 1840. They were re-ceiv-ed as suf-fer-ers in the cause of re-lig-ion, and were per-mit-ted to set-tle in Han-cock Coun-ty, where they soon built a city which they call-ed Nau-voo. These strange peo-ple were made too much of, and had too much of their own way. They had sol-diers of their own which they call-ed "The Nau-voo Le-gion," which was in-de-pend-ent of the State Mi-li-tia, and ac-count-a-ble on-ly to the Gov-ern-or of the State. Jo-seph Smith, the lead-er of the Mor-mons, who pre-tend-ed al-so to have vis-ions and dreams from heav-en, was a ty-rant. Soon troub-le sprung up a-mong these peo-ple, and a most shame-ful state of things fol-low-ed. Mob law and vi-o-lence reign-ed su-preme. On the 27th of June, 1845, a num-ber of des-per-ate men at Carth-age, near Nau-voo, broke in a-mong the Mor-mon lead-ers. Hi-ram Smith, Tay-lor and Rich-ards, three men who were on a vis-it, were kill-ed, and the proph-et, Jo-seph Smith, was drag-ged from un-der a bed and shot dead. A se-ries of most dis-grace-ful out-rag-es fol-low-ed, but in the fall of this year the Mor-mons were driv-en from Ill-in-ois.

CHAP-TER XXV.

RAP-ID STRIDES. 1846—1860.

The Fif-teenth An-nu-al As-sem-bly met on the 7th of De-cem-ber, 1846, with Au-gus-tus C. French as Gov-ern-or, and Jo-seph B. Wells as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. At this time the U-ni-ted States was en-gag-ed in the Mex-i-can War. Al-read-y the troops of the 1st and 2d Ill-in-ois sol-diers had gone forth, at the call of du-ty, to join Gen-er-al Tay-lor's ar-my at San-ta Ro-sa. But the scorch-ing heat, the change of food, and the long march-es, wrought sad hav-oc in the troops be-fore the fight-ing be-gan. When the tug of war came at Buen-a Vis-ta, these brave boys from the prair-ies gave full proof of their val-or. The 3d and 4th Ill-in-ois troops did val-iant ser-vice in the bat-tles of Ver-a Cruz and Cer-ro Gor-do.

The Ill-in-ois and Mich-i-gan Ca-nal was com-ple-ted, and nav-i-ga-tion be-gan in 1848. In 1850, Con-gress grant-ed to Ill-in-ois 3,000,000 a-cres of land for the build-ing of the Ill-in-ois Cen-tral rail-road. Work was be-gun in earn-est soon af-ter the grant was made.

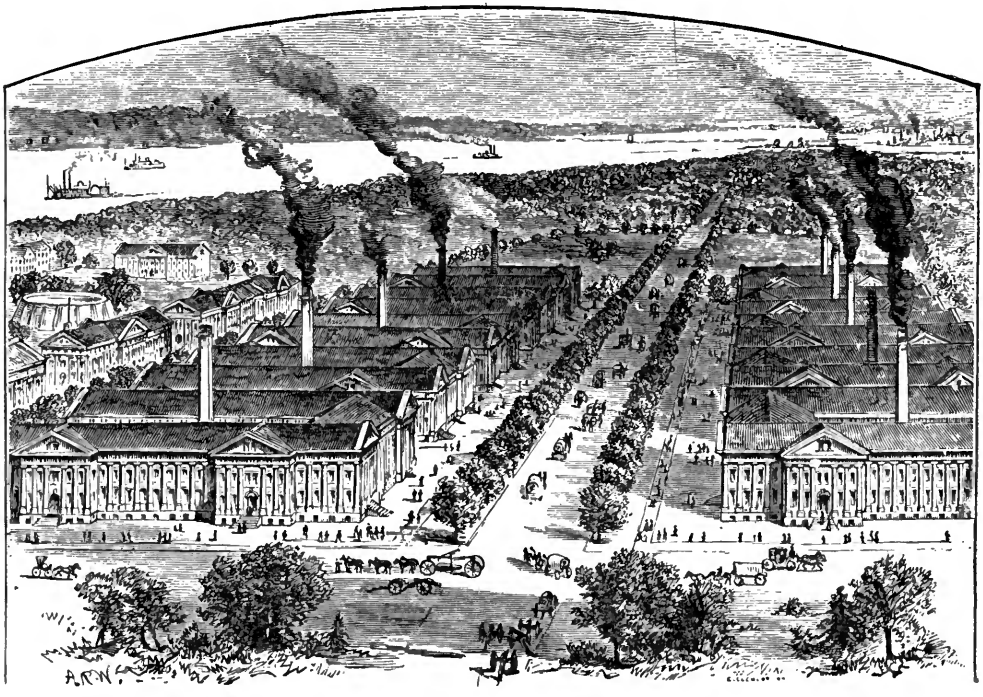
In 1853, Jo-el A. Mat-te-son was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and Gus-tav-us Kœr-ner was made Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. The build-ing of the great Cen-tral rail-road found work for thou-sands of men, and all a-long the line of the road new set-tle-ments sprang up. In less than four years the pop-u-la-tion of Ill-in-ois rose from 851,470 to 1,711,955.

It was while Mr. Mat-te-son was Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois, that the Free Schools, of which we are so just-ly proud, were es-tab-lish-ed. The of-fice of Su-per-in-ten-dent of In-struc-tion was cre-a-ted, and Mr. Nin-i-an W. Ed-wards was the first to fill that hon-or-a-ble post.

The tem-per-ance ques-tion now be-gan to stir the pub-lic mind. The plan of forc-ing up-on the peo-ple laws some-thing like the "Maine Law," met with great dis-fa-vor. In Chic-a-go the sa-loon men, who were then pay-ing $300 a year for their li-cen-ses, grew wild, and said if these laws were pass-ed they would pay no more tax-es. Some of the lead-ers of the sa-loon el-e-ment vi-o-la-ted ex-ist-ing laws, and re-fus-ing to pay the fines charg-ed a-gainst them, were ar-rest-ed. While their tri-als were in pro-gress, a mob came to their res-cue, and a wild ri-ot en-su-ed, in which sev-er-al were kill-ed, and man-y ver-y bad-ly wound-ed. So se-ri-ous was

the state of af-fairs that the city was put un-der mar-tial law.

There can be no doubt that a ver-y strong sen-ti-ment in fa-vor of tem-per-ance was spread-ing



U-NI-TED STATES AR-SEN-AL AND AR-MO-RY AT ROCK IS-LAND, WITH THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI IN THE DIS-TANCE.

a-mongst the peo-ple gen-er-al-ly. Whis-ky had al-read-y wrought sad ru-in in the homes of the set-tlers, and was threat-en-ing to blight the fair prom-i-ses of this grow-ing State. But it does not seem as if the course ta-ken by the warm ad-vo-cates of

tem-per-ance was real-ly the wis-est. They turn-ed in-to bit-ter and fierce an-tag-o-nists, the men who made their liv-ing by this traf-fic. Had they de-vo-ted them-selves more to meth-ods of kind-ly per-sua-sion, they would most like-ly have help-ed on much bet-ter the cause that was so dear to their hearts. But the tem-per-ance ques-tion was soon lost sight of in the pres-ence of a grav-er dif-fi-cul-ty, that, like a gath-er-ing cloud, soon dark-en-ed all the land.

CHAP-TER XXVI.

THE GATH-ER-ING STORM. HON. STE-PHEN A. DOUG-LAS.

There are some great ques-tions that will force their way to the front. You may mur-der the men who ad-vo-cate them, but you will not by any such means keep them long in the back-ground. Since the mur-der of Love-joy, the ques-tion of slav-er-y had be-come a com-mon theme of con-ver-sa-tion. It was not Ill-in-ois on-ly, but the whole coun-try that was now ag-i-tat-ed, and wise men ev-er-y-where felt that the day of com-pro-mise was pass-ed for-ev-er.

In this de-bate, Steph-en A. Doug-las took so

im-port-ant a part that it will not be out of place to pre-sent a ver-y brief sketch of his ca-reer.

Sen-a-tor Doug-las was born at Bran-don, Ver-mont, in 1813. He com-menc-ed his ed-u-ca-tion at the A-cad-e-my at Bran-don, and af-ter-wards he stud-i-ed at Can-an-dai-gua, New York. Thence he re-mov-ed to Ill-in-ois, and like many oth-er great A-mer-i-cans, he spent a brief pe-ri-od in teach-ing school. In 1834 he was call-ed to the bar, and from that time his course was up-ward as well as on-ward. He was ap-point-ed to the post of Re-gis-trar of the U-ni-

THE HON. STE-PHEN A. DOUG-LAS.

ted States Land Of-fice, at Spring-field, in 1837; he be-came Sec-re-ta-ry of State in 1840; he was e-lect-ed a Judge of the Su-preme Court in 1841. He serv-ed in Con-gress in 1843, 1845, and 1847. He was e-lect-ed to the Sen-ate of the U-ni-ted States in 1847.

In May, 1874, Sen-a-tor Doug-las had made him-self fa-mous by the in-tro-duc-tion of the cel-e-bra-ted "Squat-ter Sov-er-eign-ty" bill. This stir-red to the ver-y depths the friends of the Sen-a-tor, and the foes of slav-er-y. His friends were proud of his el-o-quence and a-bil-i-ty, and an-ti-slav-er-y men felt he was an op-po-nent not to be tri-fled with. Par-ty feel-ing ran so high that the life of Doug-las was threat-en-ed. But he was a brave and fear-less man, and on one oc-ca-sion he con-front-ed a mob of 10,000 peo-ple, and for four hours stood with fold-ed arms, un-daunt-ed, in spite of the most fran-tic hiss-ing and yell-ing.

At the e-lec-tion of 1859, the slav-er-y ques-tion was the one great is-sue. Steph-en A. Doug-las and A-bra-ham Lin-coln en-ter-ed the a-re-na as lead-ers of the op-pos-ing par-ties, and a great con-test fol-low-ed, the whole his-tory of which de-serves the care-ful stud-y of ev-er-y pa-tri-ot-ic A-mer-i-can. These were might-y foe-men, and the cause at is-sue call-ed forth their great pow-ers

to the ut-ter-most. In re-sponse to a chal-lenge sent to Doug-las by Lin-coln, a se-ries of pub-lic dis-cus-sions was ar-rang-ed, and in the au-tumn of 1858, sev-en of the great-est de-bates ev-er con-duct-ed in any land took place in Ot-ta-wa, Free-port, Jones-bor-o, Charles-ton, Gales-burg, Quincy and Al-ton. Hap-pi-ly, these o-ral de-bates have been pre-serv-ed in book form, and they con-sti-tute an im-port-ant part of the class-ics of A-mer-i-can his-to-ric lit-er-a-ture.

Mr. Doug-las won the bat-tle for the Sen-a-tor-ship, but this con-test gave A-mer-i-ca her great E-man-ci-pa-tor.

When the war of the Re-bell-ion broke out, Mr. Doug-las gave Lin-coln his un-grudg-ing sup-port in all his ef-forts to main-tain the U-ni-on, and said he would stand firm-ly by him in his hour of per-il.

This dis-tin-guish-ed man died at the Tre-mont House, Chic-a-go, on the 3d of June, 1861. Chic-a-go and the whole na-tion mourn-ed his loss. A co-los-sal mon-u-ment marks his rest-ing place on the south-ern side of the city of Chic-a-go, not far from the spot where he spent so man-y hap-py years, and not far from the scene of the Dear-born Fort mas-sa-cre.

CHAP-TER XXVII.

THE WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION — A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

Gov-ern-or Mat-te-son and Lieu-ten-ant Kœr-ner were suc-ceed-ed, in 1857, by W. H. Bis-sell as Gov-ern-or, and John Wood as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. Bis-sell died on the 18th of March, 1860, and Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or Wood be-came his suc-ces-sor for a term of ten months.

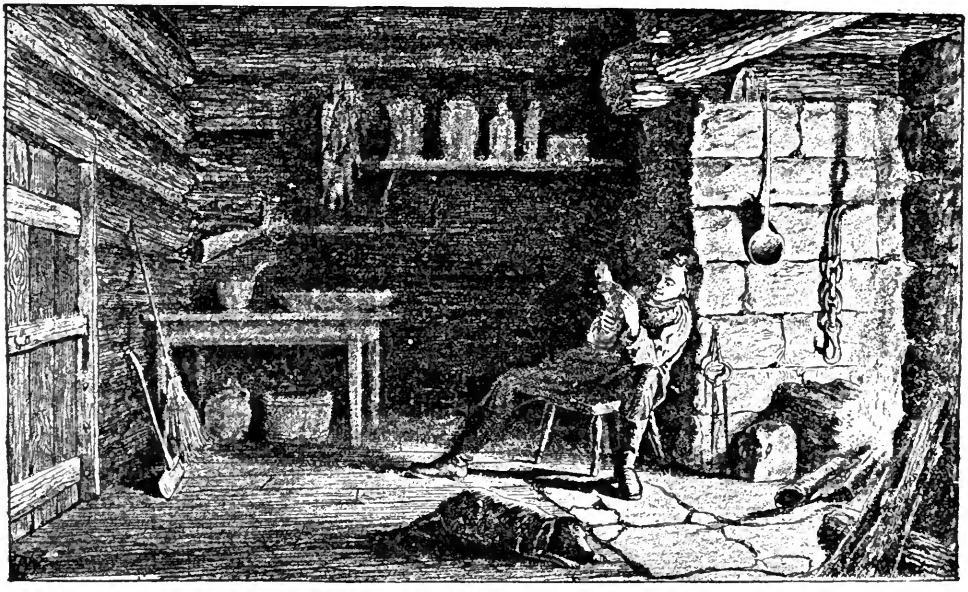
On the 7th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1861, the Twen-ty-sec-ond As-sem-bly met, with Rich-ard Yates as Gov-ern-or, and Fran-cis A. Hoff-man as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.

The times grew troub-lous. With the e-lec-tion of A-bra-ham Lin-coln to the Pres-i-den-cy, it was clear to all the world that the long-gath-er-ing storm must burst. The ques-tion of slav-er-y was to be set-tled once for all, and set-tled by means, and in a man-ner, none could fore-see.

The ca-reer of A-bra-ham Lin-coln is full to the brim of sim-ple ro-mance. So much has been writ-ten, and said, and sung, of his great life, that on-ly the ver-y brief-est out-line is need-ed in these pa-ges.

A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN. 157

A-bra-ham Lin-coln was born in Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck-y, on the 12th of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1809. His pa-rents were poor. His home was low-ly. His moth-er, who was of a re-fin-ed and



EAR-LY HOME OF A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

gen-tle na-ture, a-woke in the heart of her young son those firm re-solves and gen-tle im-pul-ses, that made him in af-ter years, so strong and brave, so firm and true. A-bra-ham was but ten years old when his moth-er died; but speak-ing of her in the la-ter years of his life, he said: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my an-gel moth-er—bless-ings on her mem-o-ry."

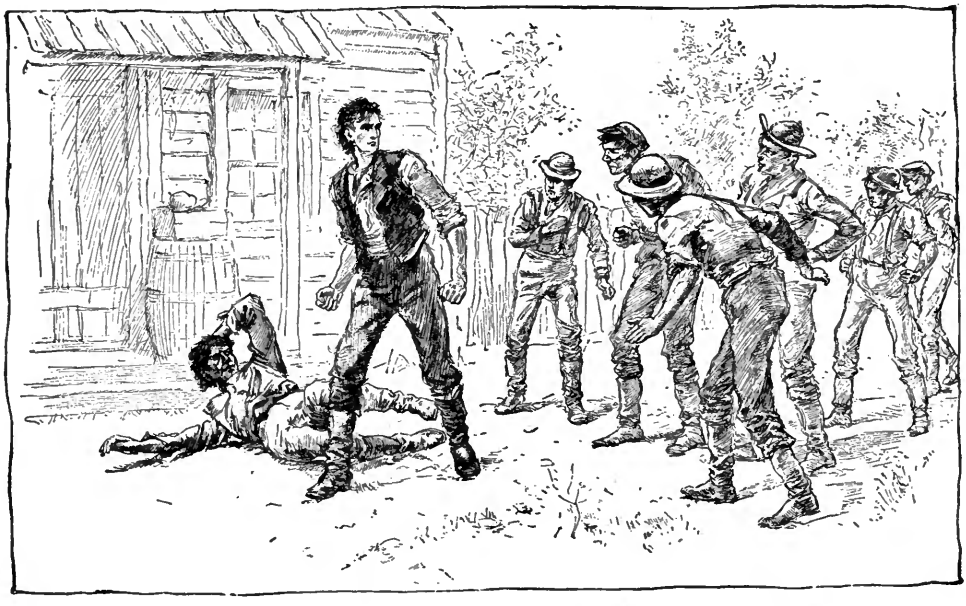
There were not man-y books in that old Kentuck-y home, but we may be sure they were good books, and the boy Lin-coln pon-der-ed them well. The train-ing in the log cab-in in the woods was per-haps, af-ter all, the best kind of train-ing, for the stur-dy work that lay be-fore this tall, gaunt son of Thom-as and Nan-cy Lin-coln.

Lin-coln re-main-ed with his fa-ther, work-ing on the farm, till he was twen-ty-one years of age, when he came to Ill-in-ois. He spent the first year of his so-journ in this State in Ma-con Coun-ty. He then re-mov-ed to New Sa-lem, then in Sang-a-mon but now in Men-ard Coun-ty, where he was en-gag-ed as clerk in a store.

An in-ter-est-ing sto-ry of Lin-coln's ear-ly days at New Sa-lem is told, well worth re-cord-ing here. At Cla-ry's Grove, near New Sa-lem, there was a group of rough, fight-ing fel-lows who thought they would "take Lin-coln down a peg," as they said. Jack Arm-strong, the bul-ly of the band, was to have the hon-or of laying Lin-coln low. The crowd gath-er-ed to see the sport, but Lin-coln stood his ground. Jack Arm-strong was get-ting the worst of it, when he re-sort-ed to foul play, where-up-on, Lin-coln put forth all his strength, shook his op-po-nent like a rat, and then threw him o-ver his head. The crowd clos-ed in on

Lin-coln, but Jack, who was at heart a man-ly fel-low, cried: "Boys! Abe Lin-coln is the best fel-low that ever broke in-to this set-tle-ment! He shall be one of us!"

Lin-coln and Arm-strong were good friends

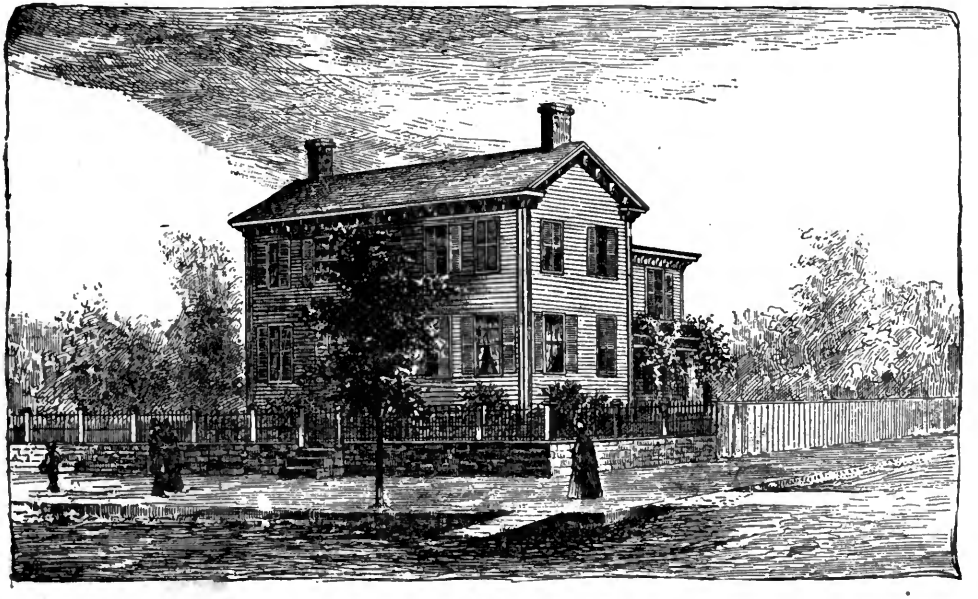


"BOYS, ABE LIN-COLN IS THE BEST FEL-LOW IN THIS SET-TLE-MENT!"

ev-er af-ter, and the Cla-ry Grove boys made a fa-vor-ite of the strong-arm-ed wrest-ler.

In 1830, Lin-coln was a vol-un-teer in the Black Hawk War, and went to the front, but nev-er went in-to ac-tion. In 1834, he serv-ed one term in the Leg-is-la-ture of Ill-in-ois, af-ter which

he de-vo-ted him-self to the stud-y of the law, and in 1837 he was ad-mit-ted to the bar. In 1846 he was e-lect-ed to Con-gress. He was not a can-di-date for re-e-lec-tion. He now made his home in Spring-field, and de-vo-ted him-self for a num-ber



LIN-COLN'S HOME IN SPRING-FIELD.

of years to his law bus-i-ness. In 1858 came his con-test for the Sen-a-tor-ship in op-po-si-tion to Steph-en A. Doug-las. It was in this con-test that the fa-mous de-bates took place to which we have re-fer-red in a pre-vi-ous chap-ter. Since the days when Cic-e-ro thun-der-ed in the Ro-man for-um

there has been noth-ing to com-pare with this great o-ral dis-cus-sion be-tween Lin-coln and Doug-las.

On the 4th of March, 1861, A-bra-ham Lin-coln was in-aug-u-ra-ted Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. The storm had burst. The slave-la-bor States were in re-bell-ion under the lead of Jef-fer-son Da-vis.

On the 14th of A-pril, 1861, Lin-coln is-su-ed a call for sol-diers to put down the re-bell-ion and main-tain the U-ni-on. How that call was an-swer-ed, and how brave a part Ill-in-ois play-ed in that aw-ful strife will form the theme of an-oth-er chap-ter.

The his-to-ry of Lin-coln's ad-min-is-tra-tion is one of the most glo-ri-ous pa-ges of A-mer-i-can his-to-ry. Nev-er were du-ties more dif-fi-cult, nev-er were they more brave-ly dis-charg-ed.

On the 22d of Sep-tem-ber, 1862,—a great red let-ter day in the world's his-to-ry,—Lin-coln is-su-ed the Proc-la-ma-tion of E-man-ci-pa-tion. He rang the great bell of Free-dom, and its mu-sic e-cho-ed round the world! At the sound of that bell slav-er-y died, and four mill-ions of slaves be-came free!

At last the dread-ful war end-ed, and at its close, Lin-coln ut-ter-ed his mess-age of peace, that should be deep grav-en in the hearts of all true

THE LIN-COLN MON-U-MENT, AT SPRING-FIELD. 163

A-mer-i-cans: "With mal-ice to-ward none, with char-i-ty for all; with firm-ness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to fin-ish the work we are in; to bind up the na-tion's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the bat-tle, and for his wid-ow and or-phans; to do all which we may a-chieve and cher-ish a just and last-ing peace a-mong our-selves and with all na-tions."

Scarce-ly a month pass-ed by af-ter the ut-ter-ance of these im-mor-tal words, be-fore the bul-let of an as-sas-sin crash-ed through Lin-coln's brain; and on the 14th of A-pril, 1865, all the world bow-ed its head in sor-row for A-mer-i-ca's mar-tyr-ed chief.

A brief quo-ta-tion from the po-et Low-ell, will fit-ly close this sketch:

"How beau-ti-ful to see
Once more a shep-herd of man-kind in-deed
Who lov-ed his charge, but nev-er lov-ed to lead;
One whose meek flock the peo-ple joy-ed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear grain-ed hu-man worth
And brave old wis-dom of sin-cer-i-ty!

* * * * * * *

Our chil-dren shall be-hold his fame,
The kind-ly, earn-est, brave, fore-see-ing man;
Sa-ga-cious, pa-tient, dread-ing praise—not blame—
New birth of our new soil—The First A-mer-i-can."

CHAP-TER XXVIII.

WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION—GRANT AND LO-GAN.

The War of the Re-bell-ion made large de-mands for all sorts of men, and all sorts of tal-ents. It need-ed the clear brain, and the calm, firm pur-pose of such men as A-bra-ham Lin-coln; and it need-ed the pru-dence and death-less val-or of such men as U-lyss-es Simp-son Grant.

We need not won-der that the men of Ill-in-ois re-flect with pride up-on the fact, that in the great cri-sis of their coun-try's his-to-ry, this State pro-vi-ded the sa-ga-cious Lin-coln to guide af-fairs in Wash-ing-ton, and the cour-age-ous Grant,—the he-ro of the great Re-bell-ion,—to lead the hosts to vic-to-ry. As long as the A-mer-i-can na-tion lasts, the fame of these two men will glow with ev-er bright-en-ing lus-tre.

"Be-hind their forms, the form of Time is found,
His scythe re-vers-ed and both his pin-ions bound."

Grant was born at Point Pleas-ant, Cler-mont Coun-ty, O-hi-o, on the 27th of A-pril, 1822. His boy-hood was not ver-y e-vent-ful. He was ed-u-ca-ted at West Point. In 1846 he took part in

the war with Mex-i-co, do-ing brave ser-vice at the bat-tles of Pa-lo Al-to and Re-sac-a de la Palm-a. In Sep-tem-ber of this year he was made a Cap-tain for his brav-er-y at Che-pul-te-pec. He was sta-tion-ed for a time at De-troit. In 1859 he came to Ga-le-na and serv-ed as a clerk in a store, at the mag-nif-fi-cent sal-a-ry of fif-ty dol-lars a month!

U. S. Grant

When the war broke out, he pre-si-ded at the first meet-ing at Gales-burg call-ed to raise a com-pa-ny. He was ap-point-ed com-mand-er of the Twen-ty-first Ill-in-ois reg-i-ment by Gov-ern-or Yates. He was made a Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al in 1861, and from that point he rose to the chief com-mand of the Ar-my of the U-ni-ted States. The his-to-ry of the Civ-il War is the his-to-ry of his he-ro-ic deeds. On the 9th of A-pril, 1865, he re-ceiv-ed the sword of

Gen-er-al Lee, who sur-ren-der-ed at Ap-pom-a-tox Court House, Vir-gin-i-a. The war was end-ed, and Grant then ut-ter-ed the strong de-sire that will al-ways be as-so-ci-a-ted with his name: "Let us have peace!"

In Ju-ly, 1866, Con-gress cre-a-ted the new or-der of "Gen-er-al of the Ar-my," to which Grant was at once ap-point-ed.

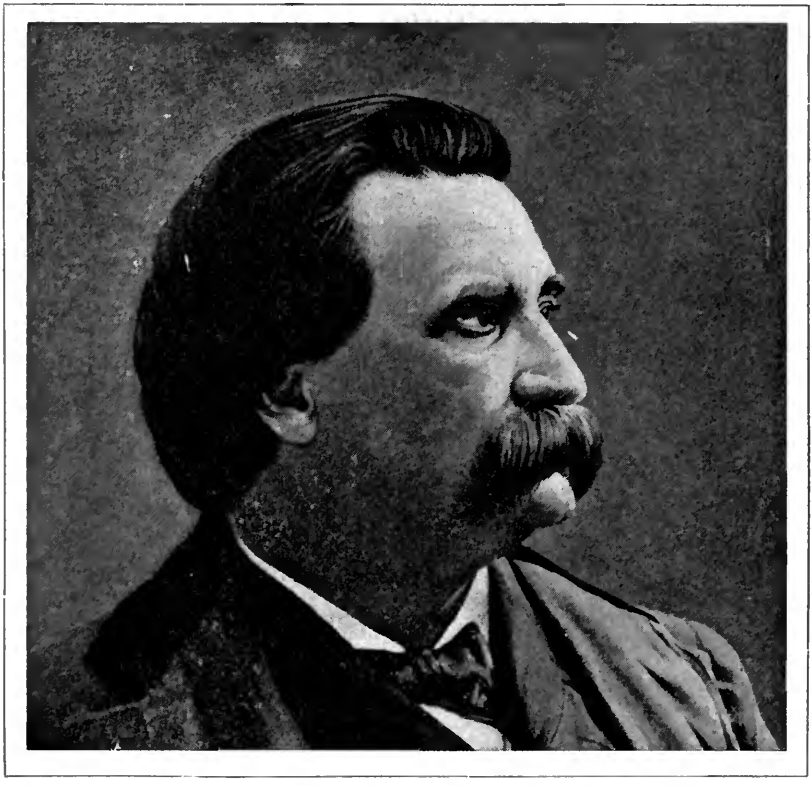
The pride of the ar-my, now be-came the i-dol of the peo-ple, and the high-est place the coun-try had to of-fer was giv-en to him. He was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States in No-vem-ber, 1868, and in 1872 he was e-lected to fill the of-fice for a sec-ond term.

In May, 1877, he start-ed for a grand tour round the world. He re-turn-ed in Sep-tem-ber, 1879. His jour-ney was one long pro-ces-sion, in which the na-tions of the earth vi-ed with each oth-er in of-fer-ing hon-or and hom-age fit for a king in state, to this qui-et, un-as-sum-ing A-mer-i-can.

Af-ter a pro-tract-ed ill-ness, Gen-er-al Grant died at Mount McGreg-or, New York, on the 23d of Ju-ly, 1885. The gal-lant sol-dier had look-ed up-on death without flinch-ing a thou-sand times, and when his end came and death drew near, he bow-ed his head and died in peace.

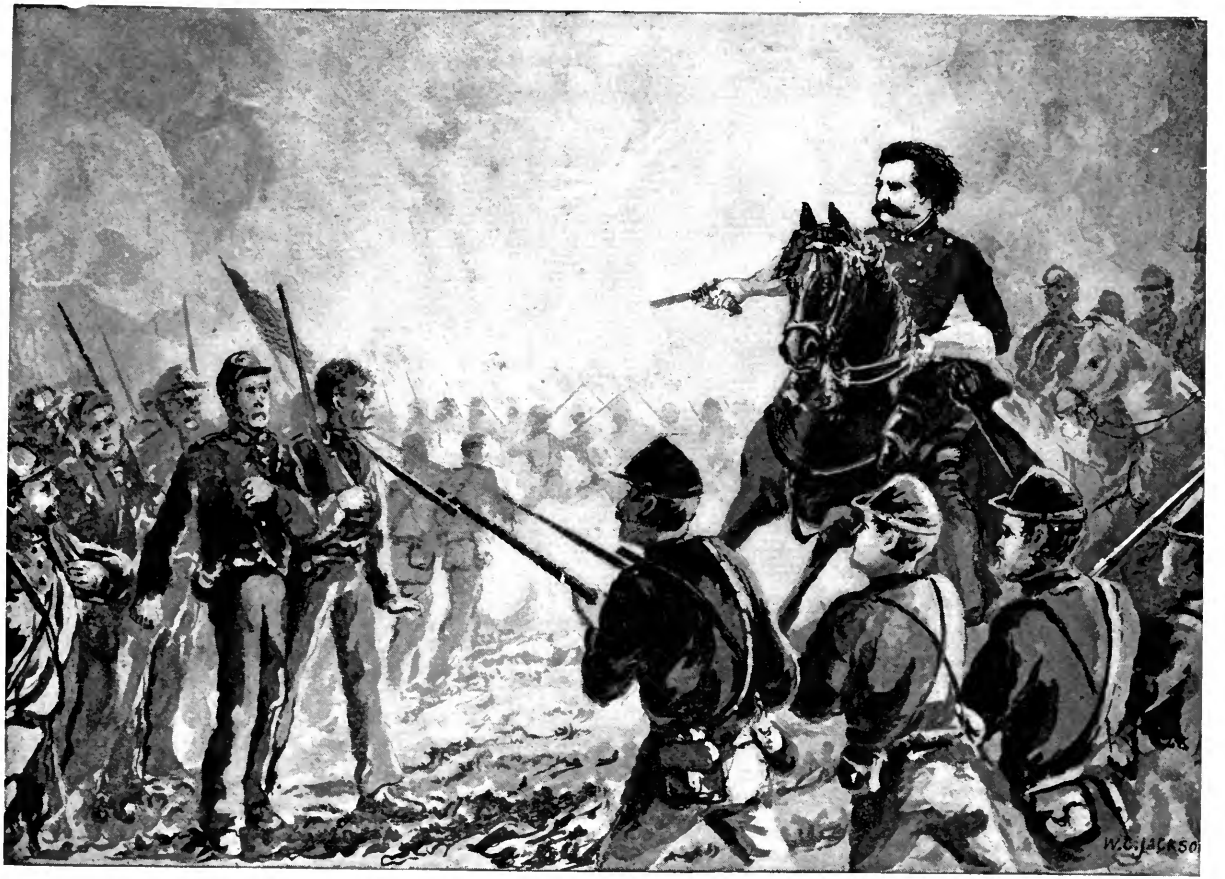
An-oth-er name full-y worth-y to stand side by

side with that of Grant, is the name of Gen-er-al John A. Lo-gan. He was born at Mur-phys-bor-ough, near Browns-ville, Jack-son Coun-ty, Ill-in-ois,



GEN. JOHN A. LO-GAN.

Feb-ru-a-ry 9th, 1826. He was a war-ri-or of the daunt-less or-der, to whom per-il be-comes a sub-lime in-spi-ra-tion. It would be a ver-y hard task to find a more ro-man-tic sto-ry than this brave sol-dier's life af-fords. The mere men-tion of his



GEN-ER-AL JOHN A. LO-GAN AT THE BAT-TLE OF AT-LAN-TA.

name is e-nough to a-rouse the most ar-dent en-thu-si-asm of his old com-rades. Man-y are the old camp-fire tales they de-light to tell. And a-mongst these, no tale seems to stir their hearts more quick-ly than the re-cord of Lo-gan's val-or at the bat-tle of At-lan-ta.

One of the most ter-ri-ble of all the bat-tles of the war was the bat-tle of At-lan-ta. Old sol-diers nev-er tire of talk-ing of that aw-ful fight, or of the cour-age and he-ro-ism of their gal-lant chief, John A. Lo-gan—

"Who firm-ly stood where waves of blood
Swept o-ver square and col-umn;
And trac-ed his name with bay-o-net flame
In Glo-ry's crim-son vol-ume."

This bat-tle took place on the 22d of Ju-ly, 1864. The com-mand of the ar-my de-volv-ed on Lo-gan. Sur-geon Welch thus de-scribes what he saw:

"Gen-er-al Lo-gan, who then took com-mand, on that fa-mous black stal-lion of his, be-came a flame of fire and fu-ry, yet keep-ing won-drous meth-od in his in-spir-ed mad-ness. He was ev-er-y-where; his horse cov-er-ed with foam, and him-self hat-less and be-grim-ed with dust; per-fect-ly com-pre-hend-ing the po-si-tion; giv-ing sharp or-ders to of-fi-cers as he met them; and, plant-ing

him-self firm-ly in the front of flee-ing col-umns, with re-volv-er in hand, threat-en-ing in tones not to be mis-ta-ken, to fire in-to the ad-vance if they did not in-stant-ly halt, and form in or-der of bat-tle. 'He spake, and it was done.' The bat-tle was re-sum-ed in or-der and with fu-ry—a tem-pest of thun-der and fire—a hail-storm of shot and shell. And when night clos-ed down the bat-tle was end-ed, and we were mas-ters of the field. Some of the reg-i-ments that went in-to that aw-ful con-flict strong, came out with but thir-ty men, and one that went in 200 strong, in the morn-ing, came out with fif-teen men! But thou-sands of the en-em-y bit the dust that day, and though com-pell-ed to to fight in front and rear, our arms were crown-ed with vic-to-ry."

It would re-quire a whole his-to-ry to re-count the he-ro-ic deeds of this brave son of Ill-in-ois. One of the most re-mark-a-ble pa-ges of that his-to-ry calls back the mem-o-ry of the bat-tle of Vicks-burg, the blow-ing up of the "Mal-a-koff," and the des-per-ate hand to hand fight-ing in the cra-ter. For his val-or in this great con-flict, he had the hon-or of lead-ing the tri-um-phal en-try in-to Vicks-burg. He was al-so made Mil-i-ta-ry Gov-ern-or of the city, and was a-dorn-ed with a med-al.

On an-oth-er oc-ca-sion, just af-ter the close of

the war, by a bold and time-ly in-ter-fer-ence, he sav-ed the peo-ple of Ral-eigh, N. C., from the rage of a vast num-ber of U-ni-on sol-diers who were en-camp-ed near the cit-y. The news of the as-sas-sin-a-tion of Lin-coln made them mad with blind, wild fu-ry. They swore they would wreak their ven-geance on the city of Ral-eigh, and give ev-er-y soul, men, wo-men and chil-dren, to the sword. Lo-gan, with bared head and drawn sword, rush-ed in front of a crowd of these fu-ri-ous men who had start-ed, with burn-ing brands, to do this dead-ly work. He threat-en-ed with in-stant death, the first man who should lay hands on the in-no-cent and un-pro-tect-ed peo-ple. The crowd fell back, calm-er thoughts brought bet-ter feel-ings, and the peo-ple of Ral-eigh were sav-ed by the time-ly cour-age of John A. Lo-gan.

Af-ter the war, Lo-gan gave his time and thought to his law bus-i-ness, and to pol-i-tics. His zeal-ous po-lit-i-cal friends were con-stant-ly sug-gest-ing his name as a suit-a-ble can-di-date for the Pres-i-den-cy. His name was pre-sent-ed to the Re-pub-li-can Con-ven-tion of 1884. He with-drew his name in fa-vor of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and was sub-se-quent-ly nom-i-na-ted for the vice-Pres-i-den-cy. He re-ceiv-ed 779 votes, af-ter which the vote was made u-nan-i-mous. In the e-lec-tion of 1884

the Re-pub-li-can tick-et was de-feat-ed. Lo-gan af-ter-wards made a gal-lant fight for the Ill-in-ois Sen-a-tor-ship, in which he was suc-cess-ful.

In the month of De-cem-ber, 1886, the Gen-er-al was seiz-ed with an at-tack of rheu-ma-tism, which grew worse as the month grew old-er, yet no real dan-ger was ap-pre-hend-ed. But on Sun-day, the 26th, the daunt-less war-ri-or died. The last word he spoke was "Ma-ry," the name of his be-lov-ed and hon-or-ed wife.

CHAP-TER XXIX.

MEN OF ILL-IN-OIS IN THE WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION.

The world has nev-er seen a race of brav-er sol-diers, than the gal-lant "boys" sent by Ill-in-ois to fight the bat-tles of the Re-bell-ion. They were as quick to re-spond to the call of du-ty, as they were brave to do and suf-fer when the time for fight-ing came.

Ill-in-ois made a most hon-or-a-ble re-cord in the case of the Mex-i-can War, of 1846. Eight thou-sand, three hun-dred and sev-en-ty men of-fer-ed them-selves, though on-ly 3,720 could be ac-cept-ed.

But when the war of the Re-bell-ion came, the dif-fi-cul-ty was not to get men who were read-y for the fight, but to keep back those who were too eag-er for the fray. Dur-ing the year 1861, the re-sponse to Lin-coln's call was grand-ly an-swer-ed. The first reg-i-ment took for its name the Sev-enth Ill-in-ois, be-cause of the first six num-bers hav-ing been giv-en to the reg-i-ments of the Mex-i-can War. Reg-i-ments from the Sev-enth to the Fif-ty-sev-enth in-clu-sive, and the Fif-ty-sev-enth, Fif-ty-eighth and Fif-ty-ninth, all en-ter-ed this year, be-side the Ill-in-ois Cav-l-ry, from the First to the Thir-teenth in-clu-sive. The great mus-ter-ing cen-tres were Camp But-ler, near Spring-field, and Camp Doug-las, in Chic-a-go, at the foot of Thir-ty-fifth street where the Doug-las Mon-u-ment stands.

It was need-ful to guard Cai-ro and the south-ern por-tion of the State with great care from Con-fed-er-ate in-va-sion. Dur-ing the pro-gress of the War sev-er-al boats were cap-tur-ed at Cai-ro on their way south, load-ed with arms and am-mu-ni-tion.

A brave stroke of bus-i-ness was done by Cap-tain Stokes and the Sev-enth Ill-in-ois reg-i-ment at the ver-y be-gin-ning of the War. An or-der was sent from Con-gress to the Au-thor-i-ties of

SCENE IN LIN-COLN PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

Ill-in-ois to ob-tain arms from the Ar-sen-al at St. Lou-is. But St. Lou-is was over-run by Con-fed-er-ate spies; and Con-fed-er-ate troops were scat-ter-ed se-cret-ly all a-bout the cit-y. But Cap-tain Stokes, nothing daunt-ed, with 700 men raid-ed the Ar-sen-al, and seiz-ed 20,000 mus-kets, 500 car-bines and 500 pis-tols.

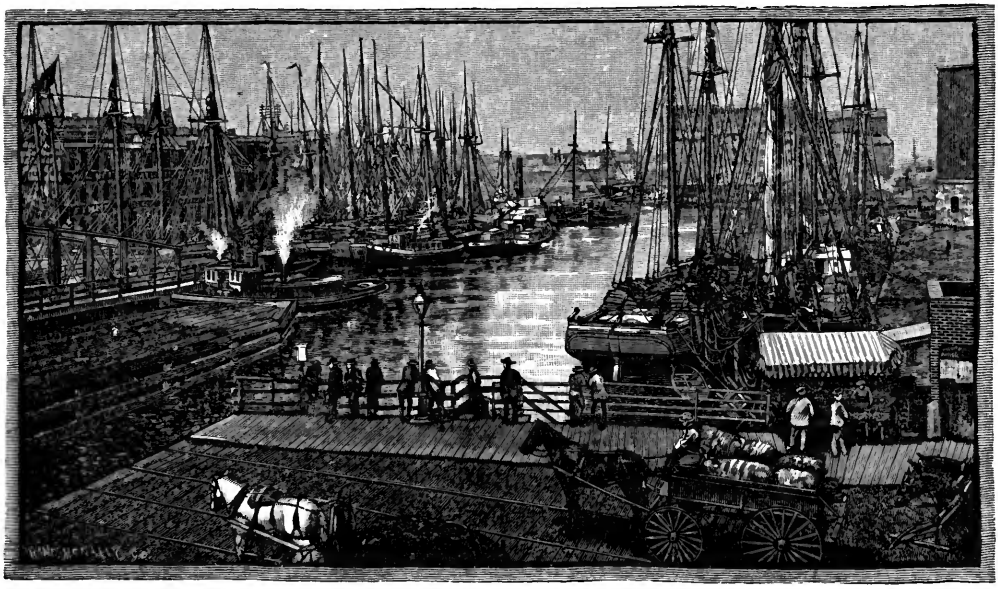
Ill-in-ois put in-to her own reg-i-ments for the U-ni-ted States Gov-ern-ment, 256,000 men. Her to-tal years of ser-vice a-mount-ed to 600,000. She en-roll-ed men from eight-een to for-ty-five years of age, when Lin-coln on-ly ask-ed for those from twen-ty to for-ty-five. Her en-roll-ments were al-ways in ex-cess of the de-mand. Be-side all the or-di-na-ry claims, Ill-in-ois sent 20,844 men for nine-ty or a hun-dred days, for whom no cred-it was ask-ed.

There were strange, sad sights to be wit-ness-ed in Ill-in-ois in those days. In some coun-ties, such as Mon-roe, for ex-am-ple, ev-er-y a-ble bod-ied man went to the War; and all o-ver the State, moth-ers and daugh-ters went in-to the fields to raise the grain and keep the chil-dren to-geth-er, while the fa-thers and lov-ers and el-der broth-ers went to fight for the sa-cred flag of free-dom.

In one case a fa-ther and four sons re-solv-ed that one must stay at home, so they pull-ed straws from a stack, and the boys man-ag-ed that the

of Chic-a-go, neith-er is it eas-y to tell of the grand re-sponse made by the whole coun-try, and, in-deed, by the whole civ-il-iz-ed world, to these suf-fer-ers in the hour of their sore dis-tress.

The gen-er-ous giv-ing that mark-ed that month of Oc-to-ber, 1871, forms a page of mod-ern his-



SCENE ON THE CHIC-A-GO RIVER.

to-ry of which hu-man-i-ty may well be proud, and for which Chic-a-go will al-ways be grate-ful. The fol-low-ing par-a-graph from a Chic-a-go pa-per of Oc-to-ber 13th, shows what the peo-ple of the sad cit-y felt:

"THE CHRIST-LIKE CHAR-I-TY.—The re-sponse

of the peo-ple of the U-ni-ted States to the ap-pall-ing ca-lam-i-ty which has o-ver-ta-ken our cit-y, has no par-al-lel in the his-to-ry of the world since Christ died for our sins. We can-not re-turn our thanks for their lov-ing kind-ness. Words fal-ter on our lips. On-ly our stream-ing eyes can tell how deep-ly we feel their good-ness."

On Oc-to-ber 9th, the Cit-y Coun-cil of Pitts-burg pledg-ed $100,000 to the Chic-a-go suf-fer-ers. St. Lou-is, Cin-cin-nat-i and other cit-ies had al-read-y done the same. At an in-for-mal meet-ing in Pitts-burg, on Tues-day, $20,000 was paid o-ver on the spot by cit-i-zens, and be-fore Wed-nes-day the a-mount had been rais-ed to $100,000. At Lou-is-ville, pri-vate sub-scrip-tions a-mount-ing to near-ly $100,000 were rais-ed in ten hours. On Mon-day, Oc-to-ber 9th, be-fore the fire had ceas-ed burn-ing, Ter-re Haute, In-di-an-a, had a train load of pro-vi-sions en-route to the scene of suf-fer-ing. Sev-er-al car loads of pro-vi-sions were ship-ped from In-dian-ap-o-lis on the same e-ven-ing, and $10,000 in cash paid o-ver by the cit-i-zens for gen-er-al re-lief. Thir-ty thou-sand dol-lars more was sub-scrib-ed.

Long be-fore noon on Oc-to-ber 9th, while the fire was still burn-ing, the peo-ple of Cai-ro, Ill-in-ois, were load-ing a re-lief train. Hal-li-day

home-stay-ing straw should fall in-to the fa-ther's hand. So the boys went and the fa-ther stay-ed at home. But three days la-ter, the fa-ther went in-to camp, say-ing, that moth-er and the girls "guess-ed they could get the crops in with-out him," and he'd come to fight a-long-side the boys. Man-y church-es sent ev-er-y one of their male mem-bers to the War. Where the "boys" of Ill-in-ois went, they went to win. The great-est vic-to-ries were all fought in the West. When all look-ed dark, the men of Ill-in-ois were march-ing down the riv-er, and di-vid-ing the sol-id pow-er of the Con-fed-er-a-cy.

When Sher-man march-ed to the Sea, he took with him for-ty-five reg-i-ments of Ill-in-ois in-fant-ry, three com-pa-nies of ar-til-ler-y, and one com-pa-ny of cav-al-ry. To all ru-mors of Sher-man's de-feat, the trust-ful Lin-coln said:

"No! It is im-pos-si-ble; there is a might-y sight of fight in 100,000 West-ern Men!"

And so it prov-ed. For the men of Ill-in-ois brought home 300 bat-tle flags; and the first flag that was un-fold-ed to the breeze at Rich-mond, when the War was end-ed, was a ban-ner from Ill-in-ois!

CHAP-TER XXX.

CHIC-A-GO THE GREAT MAR-VEL OF MOD-ERN CIT-IES.

It would re-quire a vol-ume man-y times the size of this lit-tle book to sketch in mere out-line the won-der-ful his-to-ry of the cit-y of Chic-a-go. It is eas-y to see, there-fore, that with the small space at our com-mand, we can on-ly give at best a bird's-eye view of this ro-man-tic sto-ry of cit-y life. There is no ex-trav-a-gance in speak-ing of Chic-a-go as the great-est mar-vel of the Prair-ie State.

An en-thu-si-as-tic writ-er, not him-self a na-tive of Chic-a-go, or of Ill-in-ois, says:

"This mys-te-ri-ous, ma-jes-tic, might-y cit-y, born first of wa-ter and next of fire; sown in weak-ness, and rais-ed in pow-er; plant-ed a-mong the wil-lows of the marsh, sleep-ing on the bo-som of the prair-ie, and rock-ed on the wa-ters of the lake; with schools e-clips-ing Al-ex-an-dria and Ath-ens; with lib-er-ties great-er than those of the old re-pub-lics, with a he-ro-ism e-qual to that of Carth-age, and a sanc-ti-ty sec-ond on-ly to that of Je-ru-sa-lem;—set your thoughts on all this,—lift-ed in-to

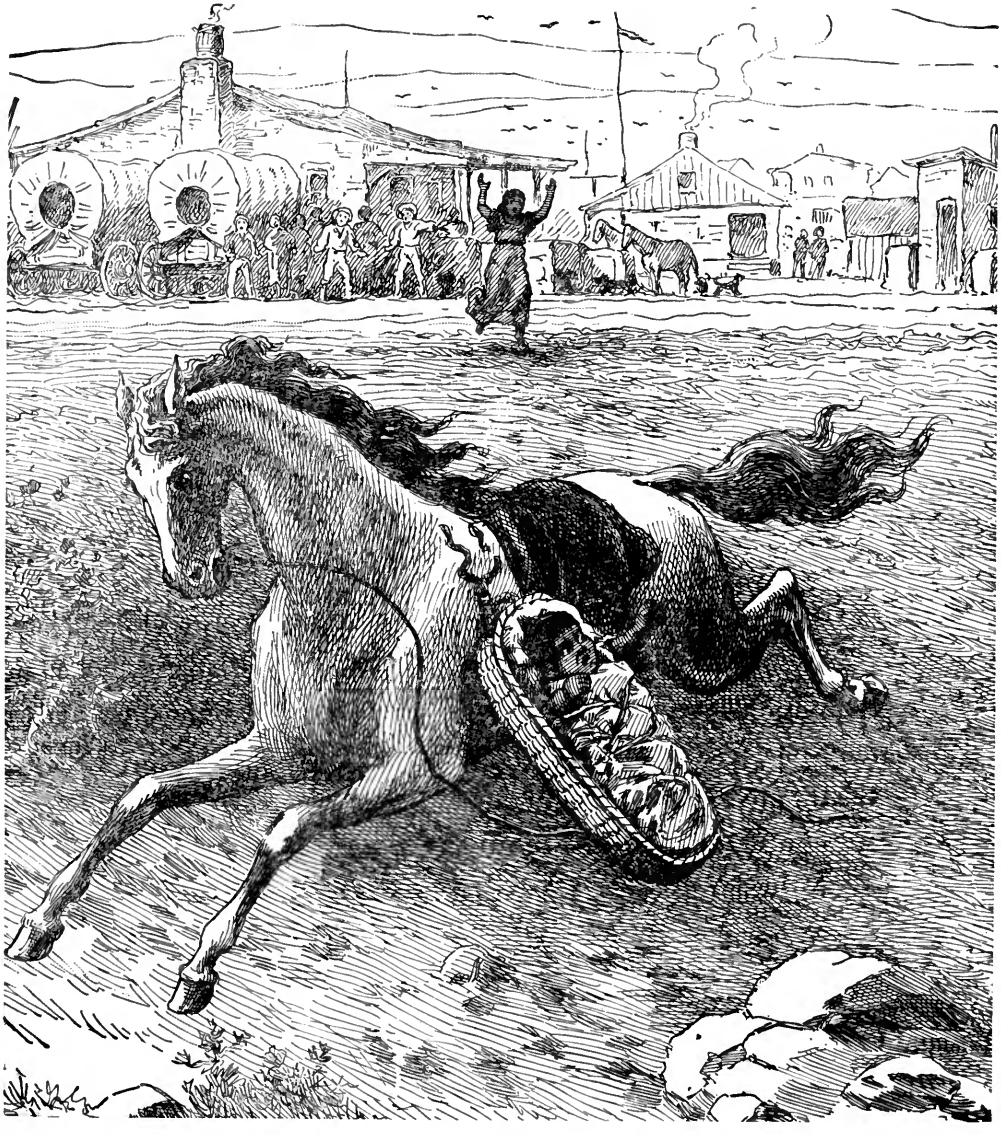
the eyes of all men by the mir-a-cle of its growth, il-lu-min-a-ted by the flame of its fall, and trans-fig-ur-ed by the di-vin-i-ty of its res-ur-rec-tion,—and you will feel as I do, the ut-ter im-pos-si-bil-i-ty of com-pass-ing this sub-ject as it de-serves."

The first set-tler in Chic-a-go is said to have been Jean Bap-tis-te Pointe au Sa-ble, a mu-latt-o from the West In-dies, who came and be-gan to trade with the In-dians in 1796. John Kin-zie be-came his suc-cess-or in 1804, when Fort Dear-born was built. From that time till a-bout the time of the Black Hawk War in 1832, Chic-a-go was on-ly a trad-ing post. And there are those liv-ing to-day who can re-call some of the quaint-est and most prim-i-tive scenes in the ver-y streets where now a com-merce, em-brac-ing in its deal-ings the whole civ-il-iz-ed world, sways its mag-ic pow-er.

Man-y strange sights were seen in these ear-ly Chic-a-go days, that if seen now, would cre-ate quite a sen-sa-tion. For ex-am-ple: a com-pa-ny of wan-der-ing In-dians would come a-long, to dis-pose of their bead-work and oth-er pro-ducts, and to buy their win-ter stores. A large bas-ket on one arm, and a fair-siz-ed chub-by pap-poose in the oth-er, was a heav-y bur-den for the In-dian moth-er, who would some-times lean her dus-ky ba-by a-gainst the wall, and some-times, when the

dogs came a-long and lick-ed the face of the help-less child, she would hang her lit-tle trea-sure to the sad-dle horns of the near-est po-ny. Then in sheer mis-chief the mer-ry young fel-lows of the lit-tle trad-ing post, would un-fast-en the po-ny and set him trot-ting, just for the fun of see-ing the half fran-tic squaw rush wild-ly to the res-cue of her child. Some times these prac-ti-cal jokes would end in a quar-rel, es-pe-cial-ly if the pap-poose was in-jur-ed in any way, but gen-er-al-ly the po-ny was caught be-fore an-y harm was done.

Of course, Chic-a-go owes much to its ge-o-graph-i-cal po-si-tion. The Chic-a-go riv-er, of those ear-ly days, reach-ed back in-to the prair-ie with-in a ver-y short dis-tance of the Des Plaines, with which it has since been u-ni-ted, leav-ing on-ly a short port-age to be made in a jour-ney from the far east-ern lakes to the mouth of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. And la-ter, when the North-west took on its mar-vel-ous de-vel-op-ment, in-vi-ting the great rail-ways of the East in-to har-vest fields al-read-y ripe, there was no route a-vail-a-ble for them but that a-round Lake Mich-i-gan, and through the strug-gling young town just be-yond the foot of the lake But the ear-ly res-i-dents of the place nev-er dream-ed that it would at-tain com-mer-cial prom-i-nence, and the time is still with-in mem-o-ry, when the



THE LIT-TLE PAP-POOSE IN DAN-GER.

in-hab-i-tants fear-ed the ru-in-a-tion of their town by ca-nals and rail-ways! To-day, how-ev-er, it is the cen-tre of a full third of the rail-way mile-age of the U-ni-ted States, and the most rap-id-ly pros-per-ing cit-y on the con-ti-nent.

The cease-less growth of Chic-a-go is best seen by a glance at the fol-low-ing set of fig-ures. The in-crease from 70 in 1830, to 800,000 in 1888, has come a-bout in this or-der:

1830,	70
1840,	4,853
1850,	29,963
1860,	112,172
1870,	298,907
1880,	503,185
1888,	800,000

Who can tell to what great di-men-sions this cit-y may yet spread! At this rate of growth, it is al-most cer-tain that when the Twen-ti-eth Cen-tu-ry dawns up-on the world, Chic-a-go will pos-sess more than a mill-ion in-hab-it-ants.

CHAP-TER XXXI.

THE GREAT FIRE OF CHIC-A-GO.

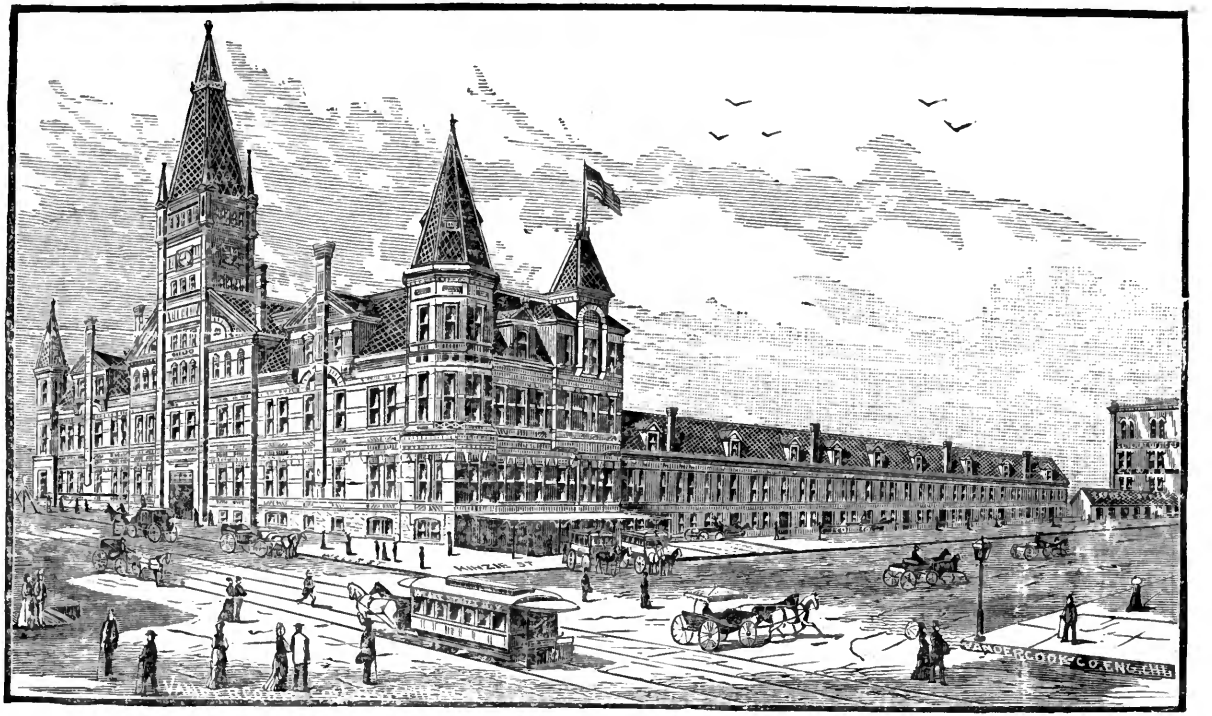
Who has not heard of the Great Fire of Chic-a-go? All the world stood in ter-ror and a-maze-ment when the ti-dings of that aw-ful scourge were told from land to land. Who shall un-der-take to tell that aw-ful sto-ry? The sto-ry nev-er can be per-fect-ly told. For the sketch that fol-lows we are great-ly in-debt-ed to Dres-bach's "His-to-ry of Ill-in-ois," and to the news-pa-per re-ports that have been pre-serv-ed:

Fig-ures give but a faint i-dea of this tre-men-dous ca-lam-i-ty. More than two hun-dred per-sons lost their lives in this aw-ful trag-e-dy. Near-ly one hun-dred thou-sand per-sons found them-selves with-out eith-er homes or the means of ob-tain-ing homes, while no less than 17,450 build-ings, man-y of them ex-treme-ly val-u-a-ble, were de-stroy-ed. The total loss was fig-ur-ed at $190,000,000, up-on which the in-sur-ance com-pa-nies were on-ly a-ble to pay $44,000,000. Thus, the val-ue of $146,000,000 was melt-ed out of ex-ist-ence. The burn-ed a-rea was a to-tal of three

and a third square miles, and the des-o-la-tion was so com-plete, that men stood a-round and said, "Chic-a-go is de-stroy-ed; there is no fu-ture for the cit-y at all."

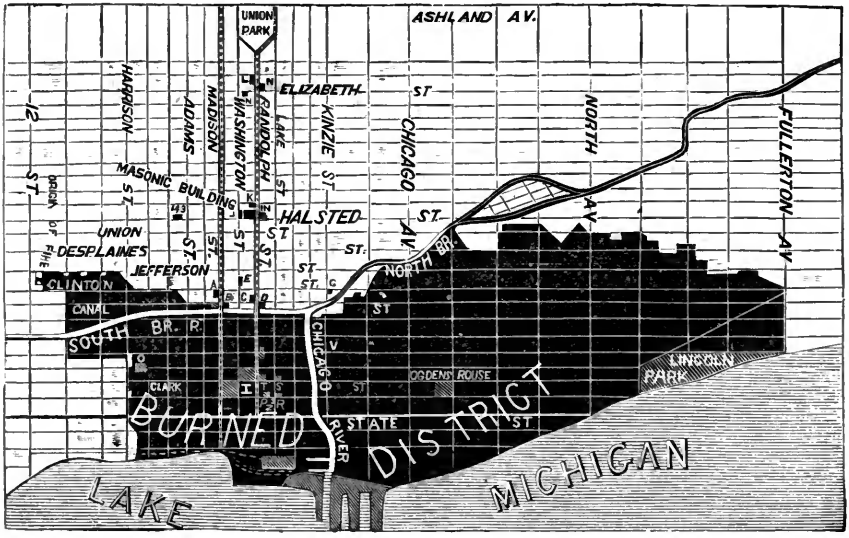
On the e-ven-ing of Sun-day, Oc-to-ber 8, 1871, a wo-man, hav-ing to milk at a late hour, took a lamp to the sta-ble with her. By some mis-hap—the sto-ry goes—the cow kick-ed, the lamp was over-turn-ed; the hay caught fire, then the sta-ble; the blaze spread to ad-join-ing sta-bles, sheds and hous-es, kind-ling one of the great-est con-fla-gra-tions re-cord-ed in any cit-y's his-to-ry. A gale was blow-ing from the south-west; there had been a prev-a-lent drouth for some time, and the sec-tion from which the fire had o-rig-i-na-ted was fill-ed with light frame struc-tures, all of which were fa-vor-a-ble for a rap-id ad-vance of the flames. The start-ing point was in the vi-cin-i-ty of DeKo-ven and Jef-fer-son streets, in the West Di-vis-ion, and in the south-west quar-ter of the cit-y, the gen-er-al ad-vance be-ing in a north-east-er-ly di-rec-tion. The flames leap-ed a-cross the riv-er a-bout mid-night. The fire then ad-vanc-ed in a ma-jes-tic col-umn, flank-ed on the right and on the left by less-er col-umns a lit-tle in the rear.

The Cham-ber of Com-merce was burn-ed a-bout 1 o'clock and the Court House fol-low-ed



DE-POT OF THE CHIC-A-GO AND NORTH-WEST-ERN RAIL-WAY, CHIC-A-GO.

short-ly af-ter. Pris-on-ers con-fin-ed in the base-ment of the lat-ter, hav-ing been freed to save their lives, show-ed their grat-i-ude—or de-prav-ed na-tures—by plun-der-ing a jew-el-ry store near by. The great bell in the dome went down, sound-ing its own death knell as it fell, and at a-bout the



MAP OF THE BURNT DIS-TRICT OF CHIC-A-GO.

same hour, 3 o'clock, the large gas-o-me-ter ex-plod-ed with ter-rif-ic vi-o-lence. The Times and Trib-une build-ings, Cros-by's mag-ni-fi-cent Op-e-ra House, Sher-man, Tre-mont and Palm-er Ho-tels, U-ni-on Bank, Mer-chants' In-sur-ance Build-ing, of-fice of the West-ern U-ni-on Tel-e-graph, Post-of-fice, McVick-er's The-a-tre, and

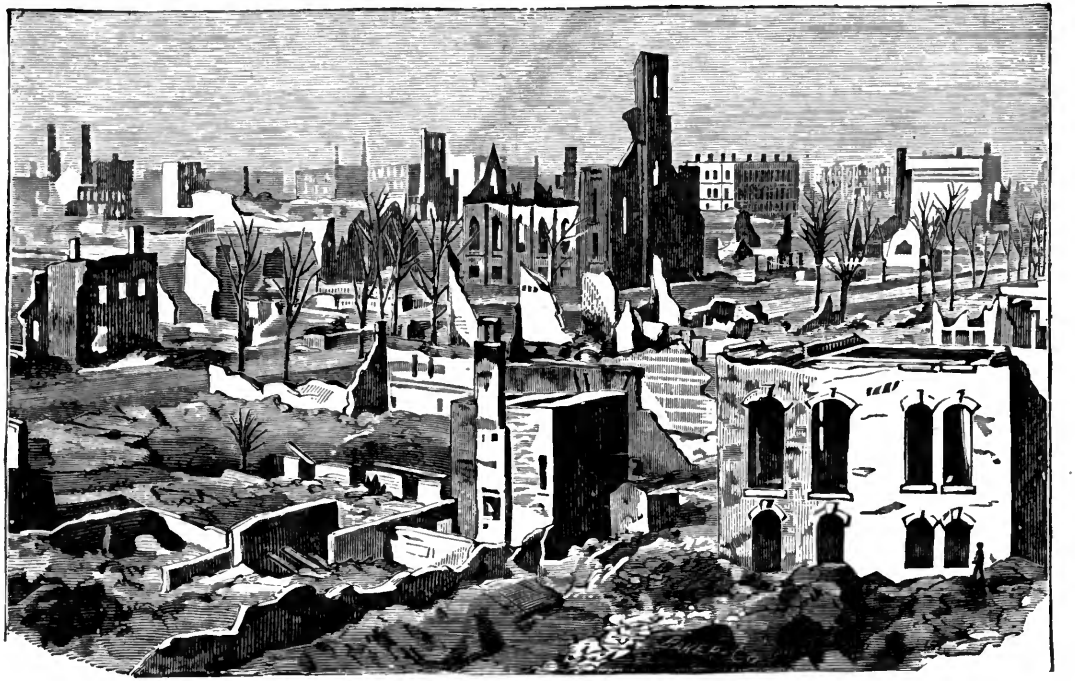
nu-mer-ous oth-er ed-i-fi-ces crum-bled be-fore the fur-nace heat of ad-vanc-ing flames. Not less than $2,000,000 worth of treas-ure was de-stroy-ed in the post-of-fice vaults.

While the peo-ple in the North Di-vi-sion were gaz-ing up-on the burn-ing dome of the Court House, ex-press-ing sym-pa-thy for the pit-i-a-ble con-di-tion of the wretch-ed and their home-less friends, they were sud-den-ly a-wa-ken-ed to a sense of their own per-il—the fire, by un-ac-count-a-ble means, reach-ed the en-gine house of the wa-ter-works, thus cut-ting off that means of fight-ing the fire, and hem-ming in a vast re-gion, with fire on the south. The flames swept on till they spent them-selves on the north; were stop-ped by the beach along the lake, and were ar-rest-ed from go-ing far-ther south-ward by blow-ing up build-ings. It is said this work was su-per-in-tend-ed by Gen-er-al Sher-i-dan. On-ly two build-ings,—Lind's block, a brick ed-i-fice with i-ron shut-ters, stand-ing by it-self in the South Di-vi-sion, and the res-i-dence of Mah-lon Og-den, in the North Di-vi-sion, were left in all the scourg-ed re-gion.

No lan-guage is ad-e-quate to de-scribe the hor-rors and mis-er-y of the night of the 8th and the fol-low-ing day. A hun-dred thou-sand peo-ple were driv-en from their homes to es-cape, if pos-si-

ble, the mad, seeth-ing fire, on-ly to be im-pe-ded by the e-qual-ly mad and fran-tic throng. In the vi-cin-i-ty of Gris-wold, Quin-cy, Jack-son and Wells streets, where pov-er-ty, mis-er-y and vice were heap-ed to-geth-er in squal-id, rick-et-y hous-es, the scene was ap-pall-ing. Peo-ple rush-ing half clad through the streets; curs-es, pray-ers, shouts, screams, and rude mer-ri-ment, blend-ing their weird sounds; stores and sa-loons were thrown o-pen by own-ers, or bro-ken in-to by thieves. Here they fought o-ver spoils un-til driv-en on-ward by ap-proach-ing fire, then rush-ed in-to a sway-ing crowd craz-ed with ex-cite-ment or li-quor, on-ly to in-crease the hor-ror of the sur-round-ings.

The low-est fig-ure at which a hack or con-vey-ance could be ob-tain-ed was $10, and reach-ing as high as $50. It not un-fre-quent-ly hap-pen-ed, e-ven at the last price, a driv-er would start with a load of ar-ti-cles, drive a short dis-tance, then stop and in-crease the price, or de-mand im-me-di-ate pay-ment. If the de-mand was not com-pli-ed with, off went the goods in-to the street to be pil-lag-ed by "roughs," tram-pled un-der foot, or con-sum-ed by the flames. Oc-ca-sion-al-ly the own-er brought the heart-less dri-ver to a sense of his du-ty by dis-play-ing a re-volv-er. E. I. Tink-man, cash-ier of one of the banks, paid an ex-press-man



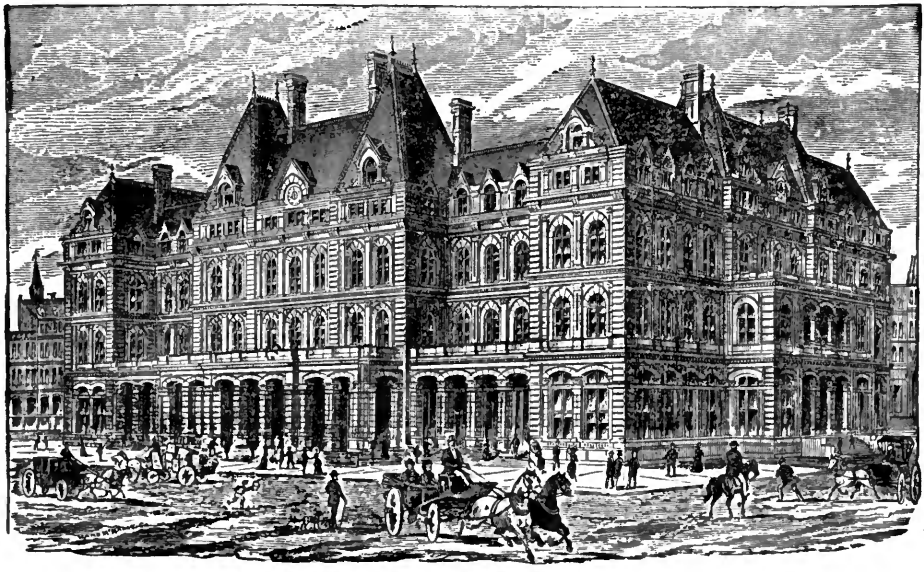
SCENE IN CHIC-A-GO THE DAY AF-TER THE FIRE.

$1,000 for con-vey-ing a box, con-tain-ing val-u-a-bles worth $600,000, from its vault to a de-pot in the West Di-vi-sion. No law, no or-der, no au-thor-i-ty, seem-ed to ex-ist; the po-lice were pow-er-less, and ter-ror, de-struc-tion, av-a-rice and con-fu-sion, reign-ed su-preme.

The bridg-es were throng-ed with ev-er-y va-ri-e-ty of ve-hi-cle and foot pas-sen-ger, all bear-ing heav-y loads. An un-der-ta-ker, with his em-ploy-ees, was no-tic-ed, each car-ry-ing a cof-fin; next, an I-rish wo-man trudg-ing a-long, lead-ing a goat by one hand, while with the other she clutch-ed a roll of silk. Oc-ca-sion-al-ly an or-der would be giv-en for a bridge to be turn-ed for the pass-age of a ves-sel seek-ing cool-er climes, when a cry of in-dig-na-tion or de-spair would go up from the anx-i-ous mul-ti-tude.

A nar-row stretch of shore, bor-der-ing up-on a por-tion of the lake, pro-tect-ed by a break-wa-ter, ap-pa-rent-ly of-fer-ed a place of re-fuge. To this man-y flock-ed, car-ry-ing with them ar-ti-cles of ev-er-y de-scrip-tion, sav-ed in their hur-ri-ed de-par-ture from burn-ing homes. Here, a frail wo-man car-ry-ing a sew-ing ma-chine; there, two daugh-ters bear-ing an in-val-id and faint-ing moth-er; not far be-yond, a girl jeal-ous-ly guard-ing her small bun-dle, when a ruf-fi-an knocks her down

and se-cures the prize. As the fire ap-proach-es near-er, the crowd up-on this nar-row strip of land is forc-ed in-to the wa-ter, where, by con-stant-ly drench-ing them-selves, they are en-a-bled to with-



POST OF-FICE, CHIC-A-GO.

stand the fierce heat. Many moth-ers thus stood for hours and sup-port-ed a child a-bove wa-ter.

A-long the san-dy beach to the north-ward thou-sands of rich and poor—or all a-like poor—took re-fuge in a sim-i-lar man-ner. Some were drown-ed by be-ing crowd-ed be-yond their depth. The old cem-e-ter-y, once a part of Lin-coln Park, al-so of-fer-ed a re-treat for at least 30,000 peo-ple,

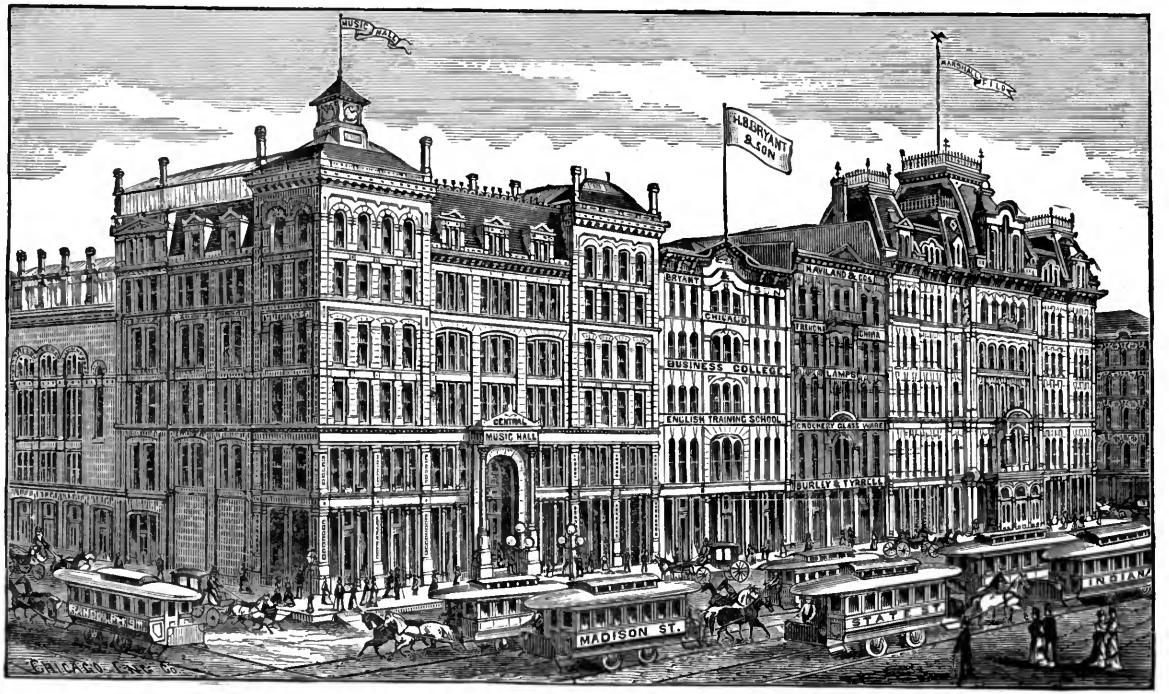
who hud-dled to-geth-er in this cit-y of the dead. Chil-dren were there cry-ing for par-ents, hus-bands dis-tract-ed over the loss of a wife, broth-ers hunting sis-ters or pa-rents chil-dren. Here a group of girls weep-ing for their moth-er who was too ill to be mov-ed and had to be a-ban-don-ed; there a la-dy a-lone with a bun-dle of fine dress-es thrown o-ver her arm; close by, a bank-er with bow-ed head sit-ting on a grave look-ing in-to a fry-ing-pan he had un-con-scious-ly sav-ed from de-struction; a man with an ice pitch-er de-clar-ed it was all he pos-sess-ed in the world, while scores of men, wo-men, and chil-dren were care-ful-ly shielding some pet ca-na-ry, par-rot or poo-dle.

The prair-ie west of the cit-y was al-so thronged by a home-less mul-ti-tude, while man-y took shel-ter with friends in por-tions not de-stroy-ed. At 2 o'clock, Tues-day morn-ing, came a wel-come rain. It add-ed to the mis-er-y for the time, yet it was hail-ed with joy.

CHAP-TER XXXII.

CHIC-A-GO AF-TER THE FIRE.

If it is not eas-y to find words that will fit-ly de-scribe the ter-rors and ru-in of the Great Fire



STATE STREET, CHIC-A-GO, LOOK-ING SOUTH.

Broth-ers, gave 100 bar-rels of flour, and the cit-i-zens fill-ed sev-er-al cars with cook-ed food. This train reach-ed Chic-a-go ear-ly on Tues-day morn-ing, when its con-tents were most ur-gent-ly need-ed. Car loads from Nash-ville and Mem-phis were sent for-ward. On one of the cars was the in-scrip-tion—

NO NORTH, NO SOUTH,
WHEN OUR FEL-LOW MEN
ARE IN DIS-TRESS.

Kan-sas Cit-y was rais-ing sub-scrip-tions be-fore the fire reach-ed Lin-coln Park; so were the peo-ple of Os-we-go, New York; Leav-en-worth, Kan-sas; Bos-ton, Fort Wayne, To-le-do, Bal-ti-more, Al-ba-ny; Ev-ans-ville, In-di-an-a; Wheel-ing, West Vir-gin-i-a; Co-lum-bus, O-hi-o; Wash-ing-ton, D. C.; Pe-o-ri-a, Ill-in-ois; and man-y oth-er points.

On the 11th of Oc-to-ber, twen-ty-two car loads of pro-vi-sions reach-ed Chic-a-go from St. Lou-is, and on the next day 10,000 blan-kets came from that gen-er-ous cit-y.

A Chic-a-go Re-lief and Aid So-ci-e-ty was at once or-gan-iz-ed, and be-fore the sun set on the

18th of No-vem-ber—on-ly six brief weeks—the great sum of $2,508,810.39, had been con-trib-u-ted to the cit-y that sat in dark-ness, and al-most in de-spair, from the States and Ter-ri-to-ries of the U-ni-on.

CHAP-TER XXXIII.

CHIC-A-GO RE-BUILT.

If there was, as has of-ten been said, a cer-tain ro-mance of sor-row and de-spair in the great fire that laid waste the fair cit-y of the Lake, there was al-so a grand ro-mance of hope and cour-age, in the way in which the men of Chic-a-go rose from the ash-es of their homes and the rel-ics of their for-tunes, and pluck-ed from the ver-y heart of dis-as-ter, the for-tunes of com-ing days.

The ill winds of that sad Oc-to-ber blew ben-e-dic-tions in dis-guise. The cit-y of wood soon be-came a cit-y of stone and i-ron. The fire taught some wise and last-ing les-sons. The "Gar-den Cit-y" of twen-ty years a-go has be-come a cit-y of Pal-a-ces and Tem-ples, com-par-ing most fa-vor-a-bly with an-y cit-ies of the Old World or of the New. Its homes of cost-ly splen-dor; its beau-ti-ful

tem-ples; its pal-a-ces of com-merce, of lit-er-a-ture and art, make Chic-a-go the pride of its cit-i-zens, and the won-der and ad-mi-ra-tion of vis-it-ors from oth-er lands.

The parks and bou-le-vards that gir-dle the cit-y, are scenes of grow-ing beau-ty, con-trib-u-ting at once to the el-e-va-tion of the taste, and to the good health of the peo-ple. The parks pro-per, in-clude 1,879 a-cres of land, and are main-tain-ed at an al-most fab-u-lous cost. No cit-y in the mod-ern world has so man-y ad-van-ta-ges of this kind to boast of.

GAR-FIELD PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

The com-mer-cial cen-tre of the cit-y is the new Board of Trade Build-ing, that cross-es La Salle street, near Jack-son. The lof-ty tow-er ris-es 200 feet, and com-mands a per-fect view of the cit-y.

The main hall is 175 x 155 feet, and 80 feet high. The to-tal cost of this mag-nif-i-cent build-ing was a-bout $1,700,000.

Chic-a-go con-tains a great-er num-ber of res-i-dent ar-tists than an-y oth-er West-ern cit-y—some two hun-dred—and there are in the cit-y a num-ber of ver-y fine pic-tures; but un-til re-cent-ly the cause of art ed-u-ca-tion has on-ly man-ag-ed to strug-gle a-long since the fire. Now, at last, how-ev-er, the Art In-sti-tute has ob-tain-ed a foot-hold which prom-i-ses sta-bil-i-ty, in the new A-cad-e-my of Fine Arts, a hand-some brown-stone build-ing at Mich-i-gan Av-e-nue Bou-le-vard and Van Bur-en street. The In-sti-tute is at-tend-ed

BOARD OF TRADE, CHIC-A-GO.

dur-ing the year by a-bout four hun-dred pu-pils, and is self-sup-port-ing. Ex-hi-bi-tions are held

A-CAD-EM-Y OF FINE ARTS, CHIC-A-GO.

here fre-quent-ly, and there is a ver-y cred-it-a-ble nu-cleus of a per-ma-nent col-lec-tion.

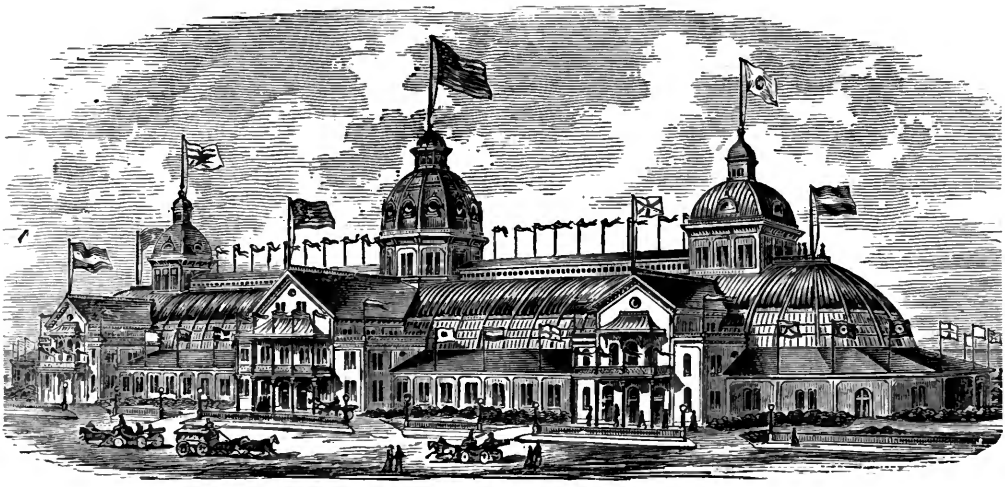
The Med-i-cal Col-leg-es are sev-en in num-ber, the most no-ta-ble be-ing the Col-lege of Phy-si-cians and Sur-geons, and the Rush Med-i-cal Col-

RUSH MED-I-CAL COL-LEGE, CHIC-A-GO.

lege, both ad-join-ing Cook Coun-ty Hos-pi-tal. Rush Med-i-cal Col-lege was built in 1875. This Col-lege is the fa-vor-ite re-sort of med-i-cal stu-dents of the West. The thor-ough-ness of the med-i-cal ed-u-ca-tion here giv-en has made Rush Col-lege fa-mous through the whole State, and far be-yond.

The Church-es of Chic-a-go are a-mongst the most im-pos-ing church build-ings of the land. To e-nu-mer-ate them on-ly, would re-quire more space than we have at our com-mand.

The Ex-po-si-tion Build-ing, on the Lake Front, is an-oth-er im-pos-ing struc-ture that has,



EX-PO-SI-TION BUILD-ING, CHIC-A-GO.

in the course of a few years, be-come his-to-ric. Here the Great Na-tion-al Con-ven-tions were held on sev-er-al im-por-tant oc-ca-sions. It is ca-pa-ble of hold-ing sev-en or eight thou-sand peo-ple, and of late years the cel-e-bra-ted Sum-mer E-ven-ing Con-certs, led by Mr. The-o-dore Thom-as, have been held in this vast hall. Once a year a grand ex-hi-bi-tion of the pro-ducts of this and oth-er States has been held with-in its walls.

CHAP-TER XXXIV.

RE-CENT E-VENTS.

The Hon. John M. Pal-mer, who was Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois dur-ing the e-vent-ful pe-ri-od of the Chic-a-go fire, was suc-ceed-ed, in 1873, by Rich-ard J. O-gles-by as Gov-ern-or, and John L. Bev-er-idge as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.

At the Grand Cen-ten-ni-al Ex-po-si-tion in Phil-a-del-phi-a, in 1876, the State of Ill-in-ois made a spe-ci-al-ly fine dis-play in the ag-ri-cul-tu-ral de-part-ment, for which a beau-ti-ful med-al was a-ward-ed.

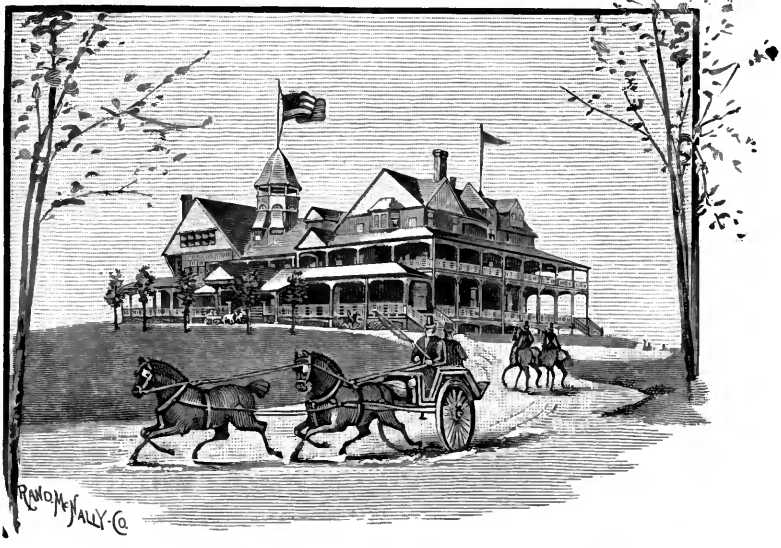
In 1877, La-bor dif-fi-cul-ties a-rose through-out the U-ni-ted States. Bus-i-ness was block-ed by strikes. At East St. Lou-is a mob of 10,000 men threat-en-ed the peace and safe-ty of the cit-y. Chic-a-go was plac-ed in charge of Gen-er-al Du-cat. Be-fore these trou-bles end-ed, they had cost the State $87,000.

On the 26th of Sep-tem-ber, 1881, Ill-in-ois, and Chic-a-go in par-tic-u-lar, took part in the Na-tion-al fu-ner-al of Gen-er-al Gar-field.

The Hon. Shel-by M. Cul-lom was e-lect-ed

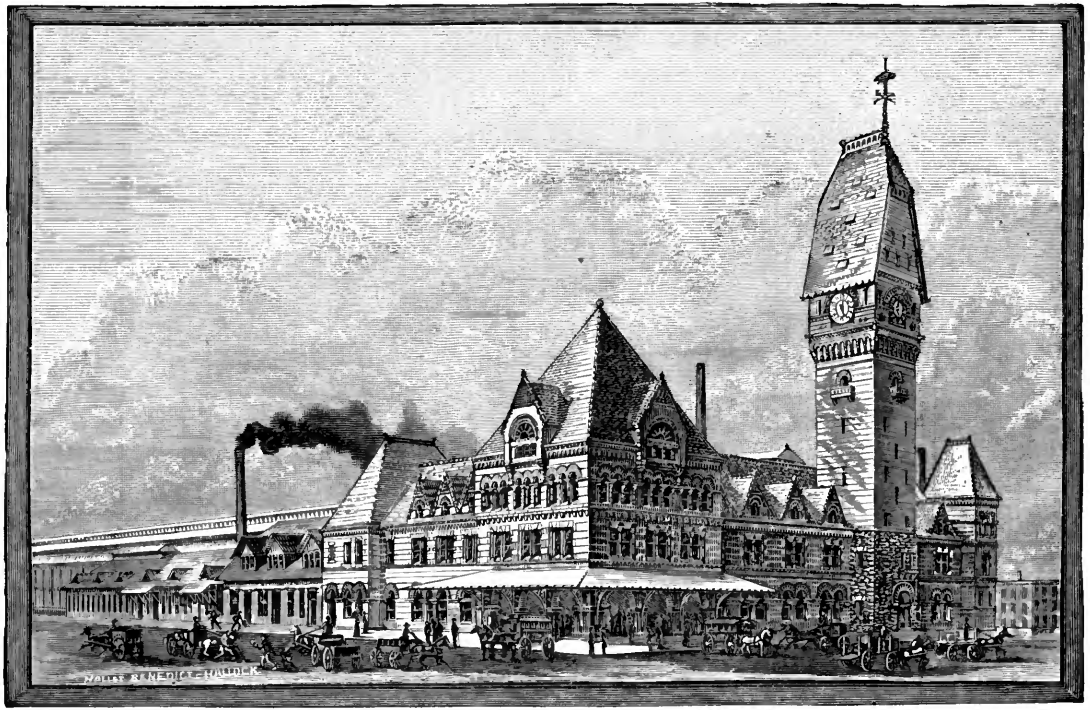
Gov-ern-or in 1881, with John M. Ham-il-ton as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. In Jan-u-a-ry, 1883, Gov-ern-or Cul-lom was e-lect-ed to fill a va-can-cy in the U-ni-ted States Sen-ate. Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or Ham-il-ton be-came Gov-ern-or dur-ing the rest of the term.

In 1885, Rich-ard J. O-gles-by, the pres-ent Gov-ern-or, en-ter-ed on his third term of of-fice, with John C. Smith as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.



WASH-ING-TON PARK CLUB HOUSE, CHIC-A-GO.

In the early part of 1886, more la-bor trou-bles dis-turb-ed the peace of Ill-in-ois. A se-cret or-



GRAND TRUNK DE-POT, POLK STREET, CHIC-A-GO.

gan-i-za-tion of An-arch-ists stir-red up the feel-ings of the dis-sat-is-fied class-es. At one of their most vi-o-lent meet-ings, as-sem-bled on the 5th of May on Hay-mar-ket Square, Chic-a-go, a dyn-a-mite bomb was thrown, and re-volv-ers fired, in re-ply to the or-ders of the po-lice to dis-perse. One po-lice-man was kill-ed out-right, six-ty were wound-ed, of whom six died la-ter. Af-ter a pro-tract-ed tri-al, Au-gust Spies, A-dolph Fisch-er, A. R. Par-sons, and George En-gel, the lead-ers of this or-gan-i-za-tion, were hang-ed at the Cook Coun-ty jail, Chic-a-go, on the 11th of No-vem-ber, 1887. One of their num-ber, Lou-is Lingg, com-mit-ted su-i-cide in the jail the day be-fore. Mi-chael Schwab and Sam-u-el Field-en were sent to the State Pris-on for life.

On the 22d of Oc-to-ber, 1887, a mag-nif-i-cent mon-u-ment to the mem-o-ry of A-bra-ham Lin-coln,—pro-vi-ded for in the will of the late Eli Bates, one of the most no-ta-ble of the ear-ly cit-i-zens of Chic-a-go,—was un-veil-ed in Lin-coln Park, Chic-a-go, by his grand-son, "Lit-tle Abe," son of the Hon. Rob-ert T. Lin-coln. Af-ter a speech by Leon-ard Swett, one of Lin-coln's old-est friends, May-or Roche made the fol-low-ing im-press-ive re-marks: "Here, in the me-trop-o-lis of the great State that nur-tur-ed him from boy-hood

to ri-pen-ed man-hood, and saw him by the na-tion's suf-frage, con-se-cra-ted to lead-er-ship, and in-vest-ed with more than king-ly pow-er; here in the beau-ti-ful park, com-mem-o-ra-ting his name, by the wa-ters of this great in-land sea, it is fit-ting that we raise a mon-u-ment to his mem-o-ry, where fu-ture gen-er-a-tions may come and see the like-ness of the he-ro who died for lib-er-ty." At this point, "Lit-tle Abe" step-ped to the base of the stat-ue, and un-loos-ing the string that held the A-mer-i-can col-ors, re-veal-ed the rug-ged but state-ly form of Lin-coln to the gaze of ap-plaud-ing thou-sands. An il-lus-tra-tion of that life-like stat-ue forms the fron-tis-piece to this his-to-ry.

On this same day, Sat-ur-day, Oc-to-ber the 22d, 1887, and while yet the can-non were boom-ing in hon-or of Lin-coln, the Hon. E-li-hu B. Wash-burne, one of the most dis-tin-guish-ed men of his coun-try and his age, died in Chic-a-go at the res-i-dence of his son, Hemp-stead Wash-burne. Mr. Wash-burne was the friend of Lin-coln and Grant all through the dark days of the War. He will, how-ev-er, be best re-mem-ber-ed as U-ni-ted States Min-is-ter to France dur-ing the try-ing pe-ri-od of the Fran-co-Ger-man War. How suc-cess-ful-ly he con-duct-ed the del-i-cate du-ties of his of-fice we may judge, from the fact, that he so

won the con-fi-dence of men of all par-ties, that at their re-quest, and with the joint con-sent of the Gov-ern-ments at Wash-ing-ton and at Par-is, the Ger-mans and oth-er for-eign-ers then in Par-is, plac-ed them-selves under his of-fi-cial care. And when his term of of-fice end-ed, he had won the u-ni-ver-sal ad-mi-ra-tion of Eu-rope, and made the name of A-mer-i-can an hon-or-ed name in all the courts of the Old World. Mr. Wash-burne has left two port-ly vol-umes de-tail-ing the sto-ry of these e-vent-ful days, which form a grand con-tri-bu-tion to mod-ern his-to-ric lit-er-a-ture.

On Tues-day, Oc-to-ber the 16th, 1888, John Went-worth, one of the old-est in-hab-i-tants of Chic-a-go, and one of the best known men in the State, died at the Sher-man House, Chic-a-go, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Went-worth was a man of great stat-ure, and was on that ac-count known as "Long John." He was al-so a man of rug-ged, men-tal char-ac-ter. He was a pro-duct of the pi-o-neer days in which he play-ed a vig-or-ous part. He a-mass-ed a large for-tune in real es-tate, and was one of Chic-a-go's mill-ion-aires. He was twice may-or of Chic-a-go, and serv-ed twelve years as mem-ber of Con-gress.

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