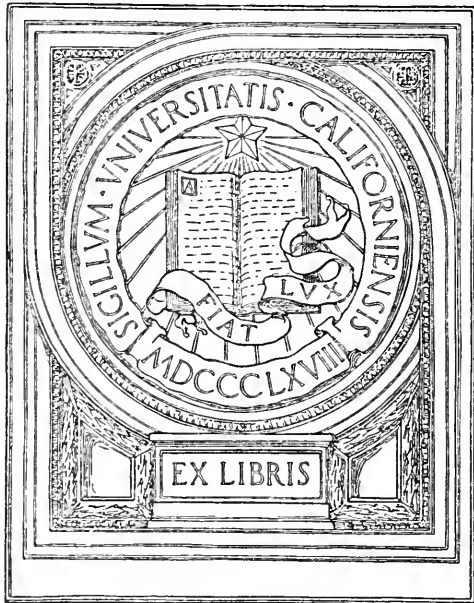


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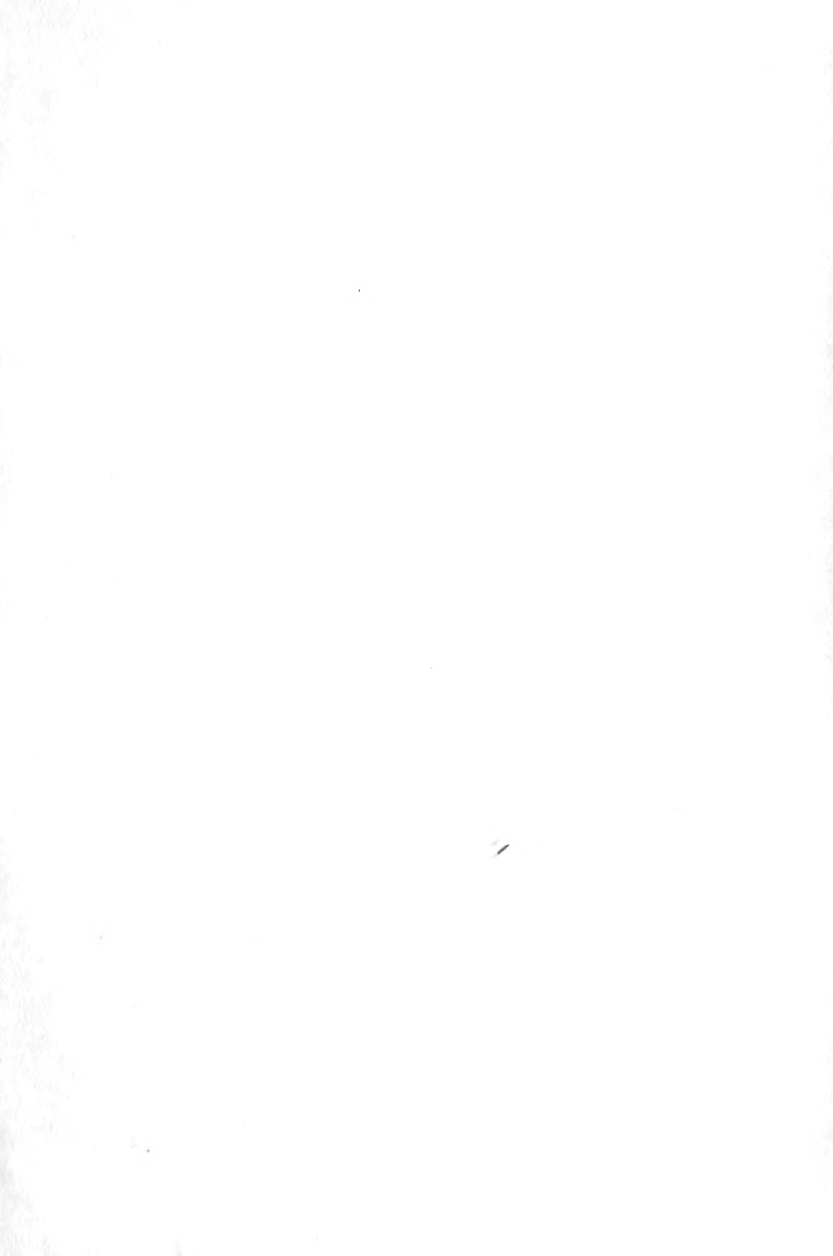
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KASKASKIA AND ITS PARISH RECORDS:
OLD FORT CHARTRES:

AND

COL. JOHN TODD'S RECORD-BOOK:

BY

EDWARD G. MASON,
CHICAGO.



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KASKASKIA AND ITS PARISH RECORDS.

A Paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, Dec. 16, 1879.

IN Southern Illinois, near the Mississippi, a hundred miles or more above the mouth of the Ohio, is situated the ancient village of Kaskaskia, supposed to be the oldest permanent European settlement in the valley of the Father of the waters. The eminent historian who concedes to it this distinction finds it difficult to fix the date of its origin, and leaves that undetermined.* Its foundation has been variously ascribed to members of La Salle's expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi on their return in 1682,† to Father James Gravier in 1683 or in 1685,‡ to Tonti in 1686,§ and to others still, missionaries or explorers, at different dates in the latter part of the seventeenth century. But the uncertainty upon this point has arisen, in part at least, from the confounding of Kaskaskia with an earlier Indian settlement of the same name on the Illinois River, where was established the Jesuit mission afterwards removed to the existing village. And this, perhaps, will be more apparent from a brief sketch of the history of that mission.

When Father Marquette returned from his adventurous voyage upon the Mississippi in 1673, by the way of the Illinois, he found on the latter river a village of the Illinois tribe, containing seventy-four cabins, which was called Kaskaskia. Its inhabitants received him well, and obtained from him a promise to return and instruct them. He kept that promise faithfully, undaunted by disease and toilsome journeys and inclement weather, and, after a rude wintering by the Chicago River, reached the Illinois village again, April 8th, 1675.|| The site of this Indian settlement has since been identified with the great meadow south of the modern Town of Utica in the State of Illinois, and nearly opposite to the tall cliff soon after known as Fort St. Louis of the Illinois, and in later times as Starved Rock.¶ Marquette

* Bancroft's History of the United States, I. p. 195.

† Davidson and Stuve's History of Illinois, p. 110.

‡ Atlas of State of Illinois, pp. 169, 202.

§ Montague's History of Randolph County, Illinois, p. 12.

|| Shea's Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi, p. 55.

¶ Parkman's Discovery of the Great West, p. 69.

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established there a mission, to which he gave the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and, for a little time, was able to teach the chiefs and the people. But continued illness soon obliged him to set forth upon that return voyage which brought him to a lonely grave in the wilderness.

To him succeeded the zealous priest, Claude Allouez, who seems to have been at the mission the following year, and at all events reached it in April, 1677. He was lodged, as he says, in Marquette's cabin, and erected a cross 25 feet high in the midst of the town, which the old men earnestly commended him to place well so that it could not fall. Departing shortly after, he returned in 1678, but the incursions of the resistless warriors of the Five Nations scattered the Illinois, and checked the mission, and the approach of La Salle, who was unfriendly to him, compelled Allouez's retirement the following year. The attempts of the priests who accompanied La Salle to continue the work, were set at naught by the attacks of the Iroquois upon the Illinois, who fled before their fierce oppressors. In 1684, however, Allouez returned under more favorable auspices, and was at the mission the greater part of the time until his death in 1690.

He was followed by the famous Jesuit, Sabastian Rasle, who embarked in a canoe at Quebec, in August, 1691, to go to the Illinois, and completed his journey of more than eight hundred leagues the following spring. Within two years, he was recalled to his original charge among the Abnaki Indians, to find a martyr's fate long after at the hands of New England soldiers by the waters of the Kennebec.

Father James Gravier, who had been at the mission during Allouez's absence in 1687, received it from Father Rasle, and built a chapel within the walls of Fort St. Louis which overlooked the village. His journal of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady at the Illinois from March 20th, 1693, to February 15th, 1694, gives a very interesting account of his labors among the Indians upon the Illinois River.* This, it will be noticed, is ten years or more after the time when some have supposed he founded the present Kaskaskia, three hundred miles or more to the southward, upon the Mississippi. The Illinois nation or confederacy was composed of five bands or tribes, the Kaskaskias, the Peorias, the Cahokias, the Tamaroas, and the Mitchigamias. Gravier's work was principally among the first of these, but extended also to the Peorias. He longed to include in it the Tamaroas and the Cahokias, who were on the Mississippi, between his mission and the site of the Kaskaskia of

* Shea's History of Catholic Missions, pp. 410-415.

to-day, but was unable to do more than to make them a single brief visit, because he was alone in the land. Of the Mitchigamias, who were still lower down the great river, but north of the place he is said to have founded in 1683 or 1685, and whose village he must have passed in order to reach it, Gravier seems hardly to have heard, and it is but reasonable to infer that at the date of his journal he had not traveled as far as their settlement.

During his stay in this region, Father Gravier studied the language of the Illinois, and reduced it to grammatical rules, and was regarded by his successors as the real founder of the mission, because he ensured its permanency.* When recalled to Michilimackinac, about 1699, he left the Fathers Bineteau and Pinet in charge of the different branches of the original establishment, and with them labored Gabriel Marest, who seems to have been particularly associated with the Kaskaskia tribe. It will readily be seen that in the writings of such a number of missionaries, at these various dates, concerning a mission frequently spoken of as at Kaskaskia, or the village of the Kaskaskias, many allusions might occur which would seem to refer to the present place of the name.

But the evidence that this mission remained upon the Illinois River until the year 1700, and that there was no settlement before that time upon the site of the Kaskaskia we now know, appears to be well-nigh conclusive. A letter written to the Bishop of Quebec by John Francis Buisson de St. Cosme, a missionary priest, describes the journey of his party from Michilimackinac to the mouth of the Arkansas, by the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, in the year 1699.† They stayed at the house of the Jesuit Fathers at Chicago, and set out from there about November first, on what one of their predecessors calls the divine river, named by the Indians Checagou, and made the portage to the River of the Illinois. Passing the Illinois village before referred to, they learned that most of the Indians had gone to Peoria Lake to hunt. Arriving there, they met the Fathers Pinet and Marest, with their flock, of which St. Cosme gives a good account, and he speaks of their work as the Illinois mission. The party journeyed onward, under the guidance of La Salle's trusty lieutenant, Tonti. While on the Illinois River, certain Indians attempted to prevent their going to the Mississippi, and intimated that they would be killed if they did so. Tonti replied that he did not fear men, that they had seen him meet the Iroquois, and knew that he could kill men; and the Indians offered no further opposition. They reached the Mississippi the 6th of December,

* Marest's Letter, Kip. p. 206.

† Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi, p. 43.

1699, and the next day reached the village of the Tamaroas, who had never seen any "black gown," except for a few days when the reverend Father Gravier paid them a visit. A week later, they ascended a rock on the right, going down the river, and erected a beautiful cross, which their escort saluted with a volley of musketry, and St. Cosme prayed that God might grant that the cross, which had never been known in those regions, might triumph there. From the context of the letter, it is evident that this ceremony took place not far below the site of the present Kaskaskia, which St. Cosme must have passed to reach this rock, but he makes no mention of such a village. Furthermore, within fifteen miles or so of Kaskaskia, there is a rocky bluff on the Missouri side of the river, known now as the Cape of the Five Men, or Cap Cinq Hommes. This doubtless is a corruption of the name of the good Father St. Cosme, as appears from a map made a little more than one hundred years ago, which gives both names, Cinqhommes and St. Cosme, to this very bluff. It probably is the identical one which he ascended, and he could not have spoken of the cross as unknown in those regions, had there been any settlement so near the spot as the Kaskaskia we now know. Tonti, who was the leader of this party, is thought by some to have founded Kaskaskia in 1686. Nobler founder could no town have had than this faithful and fearless soldier, but the facts just narrated make such a theory impossible.

Again, in the early part of the year 1700, a bold voyager, Le Sueur, whose journal is in print,* pushed up the Mississippi from its mouth, where D'Iberville had just planted the banner of France, and passed the site of Kaskaskia, without notice of such a place. He speaks of the village of the Tamaroas, where, by this time, St. Cosme had taken up his abode on his return from the south. About July 15th, going northward, Le Sueur arrived at the mouth of the Illinois, and there met three Canadian *voyageurs* coming to join his party, and received by them a letter from the Jesuit Marest, dated July 10th, 1700, at the Mission of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin at the Illinois. The letter of St. Cosme, and the journal of Le Sueur, seem to show clearly enough that down to the middle of the year 1700, the present Kaskaskia had not been settled, and that the Mission was still on the Illinois River.

And lastly, we have the journal of the voyage of Father James Gravier, in 1700, from the country of the Illinois to the mouth of the Mississippi;† from which we learn that he returned from Michilimackinac, and set out from Chicago on the 8th of Sep-

* Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi, p. 92.

† P. 116.

tember, 1700. He says he arrived too late at the Illinois, of whom Father Marest had charge, to prevent the transmigration of the village of the Kaskaskias, which was too precipitately made, on vague news of the establishment on the Mississippi, evidently referring to the landing of D'Iberville the year before. He did not believe that the Kaskaskias, whom Marest accompanied, would have separated from the Peorias and other Illinois, had he arrived sooner; and he obtained a promise from the Peorias to await his return from the Mississippi. After having marched four days with the Kaskaskias, Gravier went forward with Marest, whom he left sick at the Tamaroas village, and departed from there October 9th, 1700, to go to the lower part of the Mississippi, accompanied only by some Frenchmen. The Indians with Marest, we may presume, halted upon the peninsula between the Kaskaskia and the Mississippi Rivers, where we soon after find them; and thus doubtless was accomplished the transfer of the mission to its final location. The eagerness of the Illinois tribes to be in closer communication with the French was probably intensified by their desire to escape any further assaults from their dreaded enemies, and to rear their wigwams where they would never hear the war-cry of the Iroquois. Both motives would operate more powerfully with the Kaskaskias than with any others, because they had been longer under the influence of the French, and because, in their old location, they were the first to receive the onslaughts of the relentless foemen of the Illinois. Hence they set out to go to the lower Mississippi, but Gravier's influence, and perhaps Marest's illness as well, led them to pause at the first suitable resting-place, and that became their permanent abode. And when we consider that a few years later, this same Father Marest, who accompanied these Indians on their migration, was stationed at the present Kaskaskia, in charge of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, as appears from his letters;* that he died and was buried there, as is shown by the parish records;† and that we hear nothing further of a mission of this name on the Illinois River; we may reasonably conclude that the Kaskaskia of our time should date its origin from the fall of the year 1700, and should honor James Gravier and Gabriel Marest as its founders.

From Marest's letters we know that some Frenchmen intermarried with the Indians of this village, and dwelt there, and we may naturally infer that their presence attracted others of their race, trappers, fur traders, and *voyageurs* to the new location. And so, almost at the dawn of the history of the territory included

* Marest's Letter, Kip. p. 197.

† Kaskaskia Parish Records, p. 9. Burial Register.

within the limits of the State of Illinois, the present Kaskaskia was inhabited by a mixed population of whites and Indians, under the sway of the priest of the Order of Jesus. At first a mission simply, then a trading station, and soon a military post; within twenty years from its foundation, it had enough of the features of a permanent settlement to justify the worthy priests in organizing there a parish, which succeeded to their beloved mission. and was known by the same name.

A large portion of the church records of this parish, beginning perhaps with its establishment, and some extracts from those of the earlier mission, have fortunately been preserved to this day; and they throw many a curious and interesting side-light upon the events of the times in which they were written. Of their authenticity there can be no question. Some of them are still in the custody of the priest of the parish, and others are in the possession of a prelate* of the church that has labored so long and so zealously in the region of which these records illustrate the history. By his thoughtful care, the earlier books, which suffered damage at Kaskaskia in the flood of 1844, were removed to a place of greater security. And recently the volumes containing the entries made between the years 1695 and 1835 have been arranged and re-bound, and with proper care may remain a monument of the early history of what is now the State of Illinois for many years to come.

In the re-binding, has been preserved intact the old parchment cover of the first of these records, on which may be dimly traced in the faded ink the words "*Registrum pro anno 1696.*" but the remainder of the inscription is too indistinct to be deciphered. Probably it is the same in which Father Marest carried the scanty records of the mission at its removal. The originals of these mission records have not been preserved, and we have in their stead a copy of a portion only, entitled "*Extrait des Regitres de Baptême de la Mission des Illinois sous le titre de l'Immaculé Conception de la S. V.*" The copy itself, a small quarto of six pages, is in Latin, and the first entry is of the baptism, March 20th, 1695, by James Gravier, of Pierre Aco, the newly born son of Michael Aco and Maria Aramipinchicou. The godfather was D. de Mautchy, in whose place stood D. Montmidy, and the godmother was Maria Joanna, grandmother of the boy. This Michael Aco was one of the Frenchmen who accompanied Father Hennepin on his journey to the Upper Mississippi, when the Falls of St. Anthony were discovered and named, and probably was the leader of the party, although the intrepid falsifier, Hennepin,

* Right Reverend P. J. Baltes, Bishop of Alton, Ill.

assumes that honor for himself in his account of the expedition. Aco's wife was the daughter of the chief of the Kaskaskias, and Gravier's journal describes their marriage in 1693. She was a convert, and through her influence her parents embraced Christianity, and she rendered great service to the missionaries as a teacher of the children. The boy, Pierre Aco, lived to be a citizen of the second Kaskaskia, and the transcript of the old French title records now in the office of the recorder of Randolph County, Illinois, contains a deed from him of a lot in Kaskaskia, executed September 12th, 1725. The two other entries in the mission record in 1695 are of the baptisms of children of French fathers and Indian mothers; the second of Michael, son of Jean Colon La Violette and Catherine Ekipakinoua, whose godfather was Michael Aco. It is curious to notice the difficulty the good fathers seem to have found in writing the names of the Indian women who appeared at these baptisms, as mothers and god-mothers of the infants, as shown by their use of Greek characters for this purpose. We can imagine them standing at the font, listening to the many syllabled titles of parents and sponsors, smoothly uttered in the Illinois tongue, and vainly trying to reproduce them, until in despair they have resource to their classical learning for symbols of something akin to the new sounds.

In the year 1697, another son of La Violette and Catherine of the lengthy name, was baptized by Father Julian Bineteau, who had been a missionary in Maine in 1693, and the next year was stationed on the St. Lawrence. St. Cosme met him at Chicago, in 1699, when he had recently come in from the Illinois and was ill. He died, not long after, while following his Indians on their summer hunt over the parched prairies, when fatigue and exposure led to a severe sickness, of which he expired in the arms of his devoted colleague, Gabriel Marest.

In September, 1699, Father Marest baptized Theresa Panicoué; and the same year, in November, another son of La Violette was baptized by De Montigny of the same party with St. Cosme, and Tonti was the godfather. St. Cosme in the letter from which quotation has been made, speaking of their descent of the Illinois and landing at an Indian village, November 28, 1699, says: "We said mass in the cabin of a soldier named La Violette, married to a squaw, whose child Mr. De Montigny baptized." The entry in the mission record and the letter therefore confirm each other.

The first ceremony recorded after the removal of the mission to the present village, is a baptism performed April 17, 1701, by Gabriel Marest; and the first, and indeed the only one at which Gravier officiated, after this removal, occurred April 13, 1703, when he baptized the infant son of Pierre Bizailon and Maria

Theresia. No further mention is made of Father Gravier in these records; but we know from other sources that he returned to the Peorias to labor among them, was dangerously wounded in a tumult excited by the medicine men, and descended the river in search of medical treatment, and that his injuries, aggravated by the long voyage, proved fatal to him at Mobile in 1706.

Under date of April 13, 1703, there appears in the midst of the entries of baptisms the single sentence "*Ad ripam Metchagamia dictam venimus.*" Whether this commemorates an expedition by some priest to the shore of Lake Michigan, which perhaps he gazed upon from the site of Chicago, or a visit to the little river flowing into the Mississippi, by which dwelt the Mitchagamias, who gave their name to both lake and river, we cannot tell. But it indicates an event which to some one seemed of importance enough to be recorded in the archives of the mission as carefully as were the ceremonies of the church. In 1707, first appears the name of the Father P. J. Mermet, who came from the great village of the Peorias, after the death of Pinet and Bineteau, to join Marest, with whom he was happily associated for many years. The latter, writing of their life at Kaskaskia, says: "Mermet remains at the village for the instruction of the Indians who stay there, the delicacy of his constitution placing it entirely out of his power to sustain the fatigues of the long journeys. Nevertheless, in spite of his feeble health, I can say that he is the soul of this mission. For myself, who am so constituted that I can run on the snow with the rapidity with which a paddle is worked in a canoe, and who have, thanks to God, the strength necessary to endure all these toils, I roam through the forests with the rest of our Indians, much the greater part of whom pass a portion of the winter in the chase."

April 26, 1707, Mermet performs the baptismal ceremony for the daughter of Tinice Outauticoue, (godmother Maria Oucanicoue), and George Thorel, commonly called *the Parisian*. It is strange to think that there should have been at that early day in the western wilderness, one so having so much of the airs and graces of the gay capital of France, as to be known distinctively as its citizen. The subsequent baptisms at the mission seem all to have been by Mermet and Marest, and the names of the women are usually Indian, including such remarkable ones as Martha Merounouetamoucoue and Domitilla Tehuigouanakigaboucoue. Occasionally, however, both parents are French. Thus, March 3d, 1715, was baptized Joannes son of Jean Baptiste Potier and Francoise Le Brise, who officiated as godmother at a ceremony in November of the same year. These are the earliest appearances of one of the matrons of the hamlet,

who seems from subsequent notices to have afterwards become a perennial godmother. She figures in that capacity on two occasions in 1717, having also presented a child of her own for baptism in that year, and on one of the only two chronicled in 1718, and we find her at the font again in 1719. With an entry made October 2d of the latter year, the baptismal register of the mission proper seems to end; although a very few entries in 1732-3 and 1735 are appended, but these seem to belong rather to the parish.

For the parish, by this time, had been established; and the next in order of these documents is a quarto of twenty-two pages, written in French, as all the rest of these records are, beginning with the "*Registre Des Baptemes faits dans L'Eglise de la Mission et dans la Paroisse de la Conception de Ne dame. Commencé le 18 Juin, 1719.*" It is evident from this that the mission chapel was still in use, but that a parish had been duly formed. And we learn from the first entry that another element had been added to the population, and that the soldiers of France were at the little village. This is of a baptism performed June 18, 1719, by Le Boullenger of the Society of Jesus, chaplain of the troops, and the godfather is Le Sieur Jacques Bouchart de Verasae, ensign of the troops. We may mention in passing that the infant is the daughter of the marriage of Jean B. Potier and Francoise Le Brise. The priest here named, Joseph Ignatius le Boullenger, is said to have been a man of great missionary tact and wonderful skill in languages. His Illinois catechism, and instructions in the same dialect concerning the mass and the sacraments, were considered to be masterpieces by other missionaries, for whose benefit he prepared a literal French translation. The names of French officers, Charles Legardeur de L'Isle and Claude Charles du Tisé, appear as godfathers in two succeeding entries, and our good friend Francoise Le Brise officiates on both occasions as godmother. We regret to notice that the godmothers as a rule, and she is no exception, declare that they are unable to write, and therefore make their marks. One baptism is of the daughter of a slave woman bearing an Indian name. January 20, 1720, was baptized the son of Charles Danis, a name well known at Kaskaskia as that of one of the first settlers, to whom was made the earliest recorded land-grant in that locality. It was dated May 10, 1722, and executed by Pierre Duque Boisbriant, Knight of the military order of St. Louis, and first king's lieutenant of the province of Louisiana, commanding at the Illinois, and Marc Antoine de la loire des Ursins, principal secretary for the Royal India Company. The godfather for Danis' child was this same Pierre Duque Boisbriant, who was the first military commander

in that region, and in one sense may be called the first governor of Illinois. And about this time we meet with the name of Jean Charles Guymonneau of the Company of Jesus, who was the principal officer of the church at the Illinois, and had special charge of an Indian village six miles inland from the Mississippi.

And now another change takes place, and Kaskaskia is no longer in the pastoral care of a missionary or military chaplain, but has its regular parish priest. Father Nicholas Ignatius de Beaubois, who describes himself as "*curé de cette Paroisse,*" signalizes his accession by opening a new "*Registre des Baptemes faits dans l'église Paroissiale de la Conception de Ne Dame des Cascaskias,*" which he commences July 9, 1720. And this, perhaps, indicates the time of the substitution of a parish church for the earlier mission chapel. The entries preceding this date, made by Boulenger and Guymonneau are, as the manuscript plainly shows, copies, and not the original record, and how this happened we speedily learn. For the precise Beaubois inserts in his register the following statement: "All that which preceeds is an extract which I, Nicholas Ig. de Beaubois, S. J., Curé of the parish of the Conception of our lady of the Cascaskias, certified to be correct and conformed to the original, which I have suppressed because it was not in order, and because it was kept on scattered leaves, and the present extract is signed by two witnesses, who have compared the present copy with the original; the 25th of July, 1720: De Beaubois, S. J." We could wish that this choleric priest had been a little more patent, or his predecessor a little more careful, for the scattered leaves of that suppressed original contained probably the only autograph of Commandant Boisbriant ever written in the parish register, and would have been a little earlier original record than any we know of now in Illinois. But it was not so to be, and we must content ourselves with the fact that this register which Beaubois began is an undoubted original, containing perhaps the earliest existing manuscript penned in what is now the State of Illinois. And its opening entry of July 9th. 1720. has a special interest of its own, for the godfather at that baptism was "Le Sieur Pierre D'Artaguiette," captain of a company, and his signature is appended. He was a gallant young officer of good family in France, who some years later distinguished himself greatly in the wars with the Natchez Indians, and won promotion thereby, and the position of Commandant at the Illinois. From his station there, in 1736, he marched against the Chickasaws, under the orders of the royal governor of Louisiana, and bravely met a tragic death in the campaign. Next we have an entry of a child baptized by a soldier, because it was in danger of death before it could be

brought to a priest, but Beaubois, nevertheless, performs the ceremony over again. In the year 1720, le Sieur Girardot, ensign of the troops, appears as godfather, and from this time on regularly officiates in that capacity, vieing with Francoise Le Brise in frequency of attendance at the baptismal rite in the character of sponsor. His name was long known in Kaskaskia and its neighborhood, where he spent many years, and it is probably borne to-day by the town of Cape Girardeau in Missouri. In 1721, Le Sieur Nicholas Michel Chassin, Commissary of the Company of the West in the country of the Illinois, signs the register. He was one of the representatives of John Law's famous Mississippi Company, or Company of the West, afterwards merged in the Company of the Indies. In the same year, a child was re-baptized, over whom the ceremony had been once performed, on account of the risk and danger of the voyage up the Mississippi, by le Sieur Noyent, Major de la Place, at New Orleans, September 10, 1720, which seems to show that the date of 1723, usually given for the founding of New Orleans, is incorrect. So too a child, born at the Natchez in December, 1720, and baptized there by a *voyageur*, Pierre La Violette, probably a son of the soldier named in the mission records, was again baptized at Kaskaskia in May, 1721. And in the following June, that worthy woman, Francoise Le Brise, comes once more to the front in her favorite rôle of godmother, and unhesitatingly asserts that she is not able to sign her name, and is permitted to make her mark, which she does with a vigor and emphasis, which indicates that she was a woman of weight and influence in the community. By this time she has a competitor in one Catharine Juillet, who almost divides the honors with her, and who about this period officiates at the baptism of the son of a Pawnee slave, in company with le Sieur Philippe de la Renaudière, *directeur des mines pour la Compagnie d'Occident*, who signs his name to the register. And the succeeding entry is that of the baptism of the son born of the marriage of this Renaudière, who was a great man in the new colony, and the lady Perrine Pivet. This affair was one of state, and to the record of it are affixed the signatures, not only of the parents and the godfather, Le Gardeur de L'Isle, but of D'Artaguiette, Chassin, St. Jean Tonty—perhaps a relative of the great Tonti—Jean Baptiste Girardot and others. The last entry of a baptism in this book is on July 28th, 1721, and no baptismal register between that date and the year 1759 can now be found.

But next in order of time comes the *Registre des Decedes dans la Paroisse de la Conception de Notre Dame des Cascaskias, Commencé le 4e de Janvier 1721*, which begins with "the death in the parish on that day, at two hours after midnight, of Adrien

Robillard, aged about forty-one years, an inhabitant of the parish, married the preceding night to Domitilla Sacatchioucoua. He had made confession and received the viaticum and the sacrament of extreme unction. His body was buried with the accustomed ceremonies in the cemetery of the parish, upon the high ground near the church, the same day of the month and year aforesaid. In witness whereof I have signed. N. Ig. de Beaubois, S. J." In 1721, appears the death of the wife of Francois Freuil, called the Good-Hearted One, of the King's Brigade of Miners; and also a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the deceased Sieur Louis Tessier, church-warden of the said parish, who died at Natchez the third of the month of June. In 1722, an entry is made, which strikingly illustrates the perils which beset the people of that little village on the great river, which was their only means of communication with the nearest settlements, hundreds of miles away. It reads as follows: "The news has come here this day of the death of Alexis Blaye and Laurent Bransart, who were slain upon the Mississippi by the Chickasaws. The day of their death is not known." Then, in a different ink, as if written at another time, is added below: "It was the 5th or 6th of March, 1722." And this state of things is sadly emphasized by the entry immediately following. "The same year, on the 22d of June, was celebrated in the parish church of the Kaskaskias a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the lady Michelle Chauvin, wife of Jacques Nepven, merchant of Montreal, aged about 45 years, and of Jean Michelle Nepven, aged twenty years, and Elizabeth Nepven, aged 13 years, and Susanne Nepven, 8 years, her children. They were slain by the savages from 5 to 7 leagues from the Wabash. It is believed that Jaques Nepven was taken prisoner, and carried away with one young boy, aged about nine years, named Prever, and one young slave girl, not baptized." This family, doubtless, was removing from Canada to Kaskaskia, as a number did about this time, and had traveled the long and weary way by the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Miami River, the portage to the Wabash, and the Ohio. From fifteen to twenty miles above the mouth of the latter river, then called the Wabash by the French, or within eighty miles or so of their destination, when they were counting the hours to their glad arrival there, they were waylaid by the merciless savages, the mother, son, and two daughters killed, and the father and two servants taken captives. One daughter appears, from other minutes in these records, to have escaped this catastrophe, and she became the wife of the young ensign, Jean B. Girardot, whose signature becomes so familiar to us as we turn these ancient pages. There

follows another solemn service for Jean B. Robillard, who died and was buried at Point Coupée, upon the Mississippi, the 14th of July of the year 1722, and then the death of Pierre Barel, a married man having wife and children in Canada.

The register is kept entirely by Father Beaubois during these years, except one entry by Boullenger, who states that he made it for Beaubois in his absence, which words are heavily underlined. As he inserts this in the wrong place, by order of dates, and styles it an omission, it is a wonder that Beaubois permitted it to remain. And we can but be thankful that he did not lose his temper on his return, and suppress all that had gone before on this account.

In 1724, the simple relation of what happened in a single day gives us a graphic picture of the sad scenes the infant settlement had sometimes to witness. In that year, "the 12th of April, were slain at break of day by the Fox Indians four men, to-wit: Pierre Du Vaud, a married man about twenty-five years of age, Pierre Bascau dit Beau Soleil, also a married man about 28 or 30 years of age, and two others, of whom one was known by the name of the Bohemian, and the other by the name of L'Etreneusieu, the three last dwelling and employed at Fort de Chartres. Their bodies, having been brought to Cascaskia the same day by the French, were buried at sunset in the cemetery of this parish." From break of day to set of sun! These four, who perhaps had just begun their daily labor in the forest or the fields, were set upon in the early morning by the wily savages, who had come from the far away Fox villages in quest of scalps, and made good their retreat with their trophies, before the sad news was known at the stronghold where the victims dwelt, or at the little village which gave them sepulchre before the evening shades had fallen. It is interesting to notice also that one of these men was called *the Bohemian*, probably the first of that race who came to Illinois, and the earliest use of the name in the annals of the West. September 15, 1725, is mentioned the death of Martha, daughter of M. Girardot, "*officier des troupes*," and of Theresa Nepven, his wife. In 1726, inserted in this burial register are the baptisms of a negress and negro belonging to residents of the village, and in 1727, that of a slave of the Padoucah tribe of Indians. These, with others following, seem to refer to baptisms performed during fatal illness, and hence included in the list of deaths. The attention is attracted by the larger handwriting, and the crosses and heavy lines in the margin of the last entry in this burial register, which reads: "On the 18th of December, 1727, died Zebedeé Le Jeune Donné, of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, having received the sacraments, and was buried in the parish

church, under the second bench from the middle. The same day were transferred from the old chapel to the said church the bodies of the Reverend Fathers Gabriel Marest and Jean Mermet, religious priests of the Company of Jesus, Missionaries to the Illinois, who died at the said mission." Thus we learn that Marest, one of the founders of Kaskaskia, and Mermet, who likewise was most intimately associated with the early history of the place, both labored there until the end, and found there a grave. The good shepherds, who had followed their wandering flock from the banks of the Illinois to a home by the Mississippi, and had seen the roving mission change to a permanent settlement, where they had toiled long and zealously, were buried first in the mission chapel. But when this structure had fallen into decay, and a new edifice had taken its place, loving hands reverently brought thither the precious dust, that the faithful pastors might still sleep in the midst of their own people.

The record of the deaths occurring in the parish, between the termination of this register in 1727 and the commencement of the burial register opened in 1764, has disappeared. After the first burial register, and in the same book, is a portion of the first marriage register of the parish, which begins abruptly in 1724, with the nuptials of Antoine and Marie, slaves of the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits. Among the witnesses who sign, are Girardot, who seems as ready to officiate at a wedding as at a christening, Zebedée Le Jeune, the priest whose death in 1727 is noted in the burial register, and one Francoise, the last name not given, who makes a mark we think we recognize, and who does not seem to be at all deterred from offering her services as a witness by her inability to write her name. The same year was the marriage of the widow of a sergeant of the king's miners, which Girardot witnesses, and that of a Frenchman, a widower, to an Indian woman, the widow of Charles Danis. This seems to have been a notable wedding, and D'Artaguiette and Legardeur de L'Isle sign among the witnesses, and the inevitable Francoise le Brise makes her mark. Then follows the marriage of a native of Brittany with Anne, a female savage of the Nachitoches tribe, which both Girardot and Francoise le Brise grace with their presence; and the next year, that of a Frenchman with a German woman, which seems to have attracted the attention of the Aborigines, as two chiefs, one the head of the Tamaroa tribe, make their marks as witnesses. In 1726, Jacques Hyacinthe, of the Pawnee nation, was married to Therese, a freed savage woman of the Padoucah tribe, and the whole party signed with their marks.

Turn we now to another entry of which the handwriting, clear as copper-plate, and the ink almost as dark as if used but yester-

day, make it well-nigh impossible to realize that more than one hundred and fifty years have passed since the characters were formed, and the event described took place. It tells us that in the year 1727, the twentieth day of the month of October, the nuptial benediction was pronounced over two inhabitants of the parish, Joseph Lorrin and Marie Philippe, and shows that this was a great social event in the early day. Chassin of the Royal India Company, Girardot, Pierre de Franchomme, and others of the gentry of Kaskaskia sign the register as witnesses, and then appear two signatures, distinct and bold as though freshly written, which we have not met with hitherto. These are the names of Vinsenne and St. Ange fils; the Chevalier Vinsenne, commandant of the post by the Wabash, on the site of which the city of Vincennes, in Indiana, bearing a name derived from his, has grown up, and the young St. Ange, one of his officers, a relative doubtless of the sterling soldier, who was to be the last French Commandant of the Illinois. They had come from their distant station, the nearest neighbor of Kaskaskia, a hundred leagues, in bark canoes, or had traversed the prairie and threaded the forest for days together, to greet old friends and new, and to dance gaily at the wedding, all unmindful of the sad fate to which they were doomed; for, ere ten years passed by, these two, with the knightly D'Artaguette and the heroic Jesuit Senat, were to perish at the stake among the savage Chickasaws, who wondered to see the white men die so bravely.

The last entry in this marriage record is under date of June 7th, 1729, and for a space of nearly twelve years, or until January 3d, 1741, there is no register of marriages in this parish extant, and the book containing the intervening entries has probably been destroyed. On the day last mentioned it begins again, with R. Tartarin as Curé, and from that time on it is kept in a folio volume of 220 pages, apparently containing a complete record of the marriages at Kaskaskia, from 1741 to 1835. In November, 1741, is noted the marriage of the widow of Pierre Grosos de Ste. Ange, lieutenant of a company detached from the marine, perhaps the young officer who died with D'Artaguette five years before. September 19th, 1746, Father P. J. Watrin becomes Curé, and about this period the names of natives of Quebec and of Detroit, residing at Kaskaskia, frequently occur in the register. Brother Charles Magendie, of the Company of Jesus, acts as assistant to Father Watrin, and we hear also of Monseigneur Mercier, Vicaire General, who occasionally exercises his authority. Slaves, red and black, and freed men and freed women of both colors, give light and shade to the good father's pages, and are dismissed with brief mention. But when, on Jan.

7th, 1748, the wedding of Monsieur Joseph Buchet, exercising the functions of Principal Secretary of the Marine, Sub-delegate of Monsieur the Commissary Ordonnateur and Judge at the Illinois, once a widower, and Marie Louise Michel, twice a widow, is celebrated, and the Reverend Father Guyenne, Superior of the Missions of the Company of Jesus in Illinois, performs the ceremony, assisted, as we should say, by the priest of the parish, the entry is thrice as long as usual. And the Chevalier de Bertel, Major commanding for the King at Fort Chartres, and Benoist de St. Clair, Captain commanding at Kaskaskia, sign the record, and others of the first circles of Kaskaskia, and all are able to write their names. Then follows the wedding of the daughter of Sieur Leonard Billeront, Royal Notary at the Illinois, with the son of Charles Vallée, another name known long and well at Kaskaskia.

In this year, Father S. L. Meurin, who describes himself as a missionary priest of the Company of Jesus, exercising the functions of Curé, signs one marriage entry; and the next year Father M. T. Fourré officiates at the wedding of two slaves of Mr. de Montchevaux, Captain commanding at the Cascaskias. And January 13th. 1750, Father Watrin performed the ceremony at the union of Jean Baptiste Benoist de St. Claire, Captain of infantry, who had now become commandant at the Illinois, and Marie Bienvenue, daughter of Antoine Bienvenue, Major of militia, who had not long before removed from New Orleans to Kaskaskia, where his descendants still reside. And the same year De Giradot signs once more as a witness. In 1751, there appears the name of St. Gemme, which later was prominent in the history of the place. When the property of the Jesuits in Kaskaskia was sold by the French commandant for the crown, under the royal decree for the suppression of the order, St. Gemme was the purchaser, and he became the richest subject in the village, furnishing to the King's magazines as much as 86,000 weight of flour in a single season, which was only part of one year's harvest. The family came from Beauvais, in France, and its members were often called by the name of that town, but the true patronymic was St. Gemme, which some descendants of that stock to-day write St. James. In 1755, De Girardot's signature greets us again, and for the last time in these records. Aubert, Jesuit, relieves Watrin in 1759, and the succeeding year joins in wedlock Dussault de la Croix, *officier des troupes du Roy*, son of Messire Dessault de la Croix, Chevalier of the military order of St. Louis, and the widow of Antoine de Gruye, Lieutenant of the troops, written permission having been given by Monsieur de Macarty, Major Commandant at the Illinois. One of the wit-

nesses is Neyon de Villier, a bold officer in the old French war, who did much damage on the frontiers of the colonies. He was one of the seven brothers, who all held commissions under King Louis, and was Macarty's successor as Commandant of the Illinois country. April 11th, 1763, the bans of marriage were published for the third time between Messire Philippe Francois de Rastel, "*Chevalier de Rocheblave, officier des troupes de cette colonie, natif de Savournon Diocese de Gap en Dauphiné, fils de Messire Jean Joseph de Rastel, Chevalier Marquis de Rocheblave, Seigneur de Savournon le Bersac place du bourg et de vallée de vitrolles,*" and Michel Marie Dufresne, daughter of Jacques Michel Dufresne, officer of militia of this parish; written permission having been given by Monsieur De Neyon de Villiers, Major Commandant at the country of the Illinois, who signs the register. This Rocheblave, at the transfer of the country by the French to the English, took service under the banner of St. George, and was the last British Commandant of the Illinois, being captured at Fort Gage, on the bluff above Kaskaskia, July 4th, 1778, by the able leader, George Rogers Clark. In 1764, Father Meurin seems to take charge of the parish, which he describes as that of the Immaculate Conception of the holy virgin, Village of Kaskaskias, Country of the Illinois, Province of Louisiana, Diocese of Quebec; and associated with him at times was Brother Luc Collet, Missionary Priest at the Illinois.

The sturdy priest, Pierre Gibault, assumes the functions of Curé des Kaskaskias et Vicaire General des Illinois et Tamarois, in 1768, and his bold signature, with its unique flourish, greets us through these records for fifteen years or more. We should know that the man with such a chirography would have been just the one to render the efficient assistance given to George Rogers Clark, and must have belonged to the church militant. He was very slow to recognize the change in the civil government of the country, when it was ceded by France to England, which was quite distasteful to him, and hardly notices it in these records. But in 1776, when the Vicar-General of the Illinois country, the former curé, S. L. Meurin, officiated, we find this transfer indicated in the mention of Mr. Hugh Lord, Captain commanding for his Britannic Majesty, and his signature and those of some of his officers are subscribed to one entry. In May, 1778, Father Gibault condescends to speak of Mr. De Rocheblave as Commandant-in-Chief in the country of the Illinois, but does not say under which king; and before he made the next entry, 4th August of same year, the hapless Rocheblave, to Gibault's great satisfaction, was on his way to Virginia, a prisoner of war, and Clark and his "Long Knives," as his men were called, held the fort.

Reluctantly we see the last of the handwriting of this friend of the new republic, which is followed in 1785, by that of De Saint Pierre as Curé, and De la Valinière as Vicar-General; and in their time, from 1792 onward, English names begin to appear, such as Archibald McNabb, of Aberdeen, and William St. Clair, son of James St. Clair, captain in the Irish Brigade in the service of France, and John Edgar, once an English officer, and afterward a prominent citizen of Kaskaskia and of Illinois, and Rachel Edgar, his American wife, who persuaded him to forswear the King of Great Britain and all his works; and William Morrison, who emigrated from Philadelphia, in 1790, to establish a mercantile business in the old French town. And with these are the new French names, representing the arrivals from Canada during that period, and noticeable among them that of Pierre Menard, afterwards the first Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, the son of a liberty-loving Canadian, who fought by the side of Montgomery, at Quebec. In 1793, Gabriel Richard takes up the record as parish priest. Later he was stationed at Detroit, and took a leading part in the early history of Michigan, representing that Territory in Congress, and was the only Catholic priest who was ever a member of that body.

The register runs on without a break well into the present century, and we note as we pass the marriage on May 22d, 1806, of Pierre Menard, widower, and Angelique Saucier, granddaughter of Jean B. Saucier, once a French officer at Fort Chartres, who resigned and settled in the Illinois country. Donatien Ollivier was the officiating priest. In 1817, at the wedding of a daughter of William Morrison, Ninian Edwards, then Governor of the Territory of Illinois, afterward third Governor of the State, and Shadrach Bond, first Governor of the State, sign as witnesses. July 11, 1819, at the marriage of a son of Pierre Chouteau to a daughter of Pierre Menard, it is recited that the husband was born at St. Louis in the Missouri Territory, and the wife at Kaskaskia in the State of Illinois, which is the first mention of the State of Illinois in these records. Many members of these two families, both prominent in the early history of the Illinois country, witness this entry. In April, 1820, William Morrison, Eliza, his wife, Governor Shadrach Bond, and William H. Brown, in after years a leading citizen of Chicago, appear as witnesses, and the last entry in this book, commenced in 1741, is made in 1820. A smaller volume in the same cover continues the list of marriages to 1835, and in a clerkly hand, Sidney Breese, late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, affixes his signature to an entry made February 11th, 1822. John Reynolds, afterwards Governor of Illinois, is

a witness in 1824, and two years later, Felix St. Vrain, the Indian agent, murdered by the savages at the outbreak of the Black-Hawk war, signs the record, and with him Nathaniel Pope, delegate to Congress from the Territory of Illinois, and first United States Judge for the District of Illinois—all in the time of Francois Xavier Dahmen, priest of the Congregation.

In a folio volume, imported, as it would appear, from Bordeaux, the Register of Baptisms is resumed in 1759, and continued to 1801, and is carried on in a smaller volume to 1815. One of its many curious entries is of the baptism of "the son of an infidel savage woman of the Choctaw tribe, and a savage man of the Peorias;" and numerous baptisms among negro slaves take place.

In a smaller book, the Burial Register begins again with this statement, "The old register of persons deceased in the Parish of the Immaculate Conception of the Kaskaskias having been filled, I have continued to register in the old book of accounts, of which a large part was blank. The Register of Deaths commencing only at this leaf, the 8th day of September, 1764." Of the old register, thus referred to, which probably filled the gap from Dec. 18th, 1727, to September 8th, 1764, no trace can be discovered, and it is probably destroyed. One of the first entries in 1764, by Father Meurin, is of the death and burial of a poor voyageur, of whom he says: "I know neither the family, nor the parish, nor where or when he was born." Some years later, Father G.'s vault buries a little Illinois savage eight hours after baptism; and in 1779, a negro slave belonging to "Mr. Le Colonel Klark." And the same year, he performs the funeral service over Joseph Brayeau, aged seventy-eight years, slain the night before, by the savages on the Kaskaskia River. He also buries two little Illinois savages, one named Francois and the other Michael, and, shortly after, holds a solemn service for Charles Robbin, native of Canada, aged about thirty-eight years, killed by the savages, at the point of the River of the Kaskaskias; "his body was found and buried on an island of the Mississippi." He next chants a solemn service in memory of Joseph Bineau, a young man from Detroit, slain on the banks of the Beautiful River by the savages with four other Frenchmen in the same canoe. And the following year, one is sung for the repose of the soul of Jean De Noyon, slain by the savages on the Beautiful River, and buried on L'Isle aux Boeufs "by all those who belonged to the barge who have certified that they were present at his death, and at that of Joseph la Fleur, killed and buried with him." It appears that the Indians did not always confine themselves to white victims, for he records the death of one named Pierre, an Illinois indian, killed by his enemies along the River of the Kaskaskias. In 1792, died Archi-

bald McNabb, native of the Shire of Perth, in Scotland, and next is mentioned the killing of two men, from the village of Kaskaskia, who fell by the hand of the savages upon the River Cumberland or Shawanon. In 1827, the death of a slave of Mr. Cain is noted. Probably Elias K. Kane is referred to, one of the first senators from Illinois. And we learn, at this last date, that Kaskaskia has ceased to be a part of the diocese of Quebec, and now belongs to that of Baltimore.

We might continue thus to cull from these old records things grave and gay, quaint and interesting, but the limits of this paper compel us to forbear, and we must leave the greater part of them untouched. It is pleasant to pour over the brown pages, to decipher the cramped handwriting, and to imagine the long succession of worthy priests making their careful entries, little thinking that they would ever be read beyond the bounds of their own parish, or be of value to any but the dwellers therein, but they made them none the less faithfully. And so these parish records, intended simply to show the births, marriages, and deaths among the people of one little village, for the greater part of its existence an outpost of civilization in the heart of the western wilderness, unconsciously and so most accurately reveal much of the early history of the region which is now a great State.

They tell us of the black-robed missionaries, who made those long and weary journeys to plant the cross among the savages, and toiled to spread their faith with a zeal and devotion unsurpassed; of the bold pioneers, who, for the sake of gain and adventure, traversed the wilds with their lives in their hands and of their merciless foes; of the days of wild speculation, when the streets of Paris were full of eager purchasers of shares in the wonder-working company which was to found an empire on the banks of the Mississippi, and draw endless riches from the mines to be opened there; of the high-born officers, who sought distinction or promotion by service in this far-away colony, and of their soldiers, trained to war across the sea; and, as we read, plumes and banners wave, and sabres clank, and the red men look curiously at the musketeers, and those whose names are written in the pages of these time-worn books pass before us, and the old scenes come back again. They give us glimpses too of the struggle between two mighty nations for the valley of the Beautiful River, and for dominion in the New World, the prelude to the mightier struggle in which the victor in the earlier strife lost its conquests and its ancient possessions as well; and of the part which this early settlement played in those contests. We see the sceptre pass from one nation to another, and when the sound

of war is hushed we note the coming of peace, with commerce and agriculture in its train. And, as the tide of enterprise reaches the old French village, we see its temporary transformation into an American town, and can realize its astonishment at finding its limits extending, its population doubling, its streets thronged, and itself the seat of government of a vast territory and the first capital of a State. And we can appreciate its relief when the wave recedes and the new names disappear, and rejoice with it that this episode is over, and it is left to its ancient ways and its own familiar people, and to a rest which has since been almost undisturbed.

And hence, for one who approaches it to-day, there is little to disturb the impression that it is really the Kaskaskia of the olden time to which he draws near. The way still lies, as of yore, through a forest, in which stands the old residence of Pierre Menard, vacant, and fast going to decay, but with its furniture and books still in place, as if its occupants of long ago had left but yesterday. It is a type of the village itself, once astir with life, now full of stillness. As you cross the Kaskaskia River by the old-fashioned ferry, and are greeted by the ancient ferryman, the illusion is not dispelled. And the wide streets, unmarked by wheel-tracks; the antique French houses, with their high dormer-windows; the old brick buildings, the first erected of that material in Illinois, each with a history—this one the earliest courthouse in the State, and that one the old United States land-office—built of three-inch bricks, brought from Pittsburg in flatboats, in 1792; the priest's house, constructed of materials from the ruins of the nunnery once located there; and the parish church, containing the bell cast at Rochelle, in France, in 1741, for this parish, the first that rang between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi—all give one a mingled impression of antiquity and departed greatness.

You may dine at the village tavern, in the same great room, fully thirty feet square, in which dinner was served to the Marquis de Lafayette, in 1825, when he tarried here on his way down the Mississippi, and note the quaint wood-carving of the high mantelpiece, and of the mouldings of the doors and windows, and see beneath the porch the heavy hewn timbers of which the house is built, justifying the tradition that it is a century and a-quarter old, and was already venerable when Edward Coles, the second Governor of Illinois, made it his residence. You may see part of the foundation of the William Morrison house, at which a reception was given to Lafayette, and the dilapidated framework of the Edgar mansion, where he was a guest. The site of the house of the French commandant, which was afterwards the first

State House of Illinois, will be pointed out to you, and the place where stood the nunnery, and such landmarks as the corner-stone of the property of the Jesuits confiscated by the French Crown, and the post of Cahokia Gate, once giving passage through the fence that bounded the Common Fields, which are still divided and held by the old French measurement and title. And you will learn that the little village, now containing less than three hundred souls, is the owner of some eleven thousand acres of the most fertile land in the Valley of the Mississippi, under the grant to it of Kaskaskia Commons, by his Most Christian Majesty Louis the XV., in 1725, and derives therefrom abundant revenue. The older residents will talk to you of the flood of 1784, of which they have heard their fathers tell; and of Lafayette's visit, which they remember as boys, when, perched on the fence, they saw the stately form, in foreign garb, pass into the Edgar mansion, or peered at him through the windows as he sat at dinner in the large room of the tavern; and of the great flood of 1844, when the water was five feet deep above the floors of their houses, and large steamboats came up the Kaskaskia River and through the streets of the village, and, gathering the terror-stricken inhabitants from trees and roofs, went straight away across the Common Fields to the Mississippi. Of more modern events they have little to say, nor do the later years furnish them topics to take the place of these.

The little community, content to believe itself the first permanent European settlement in the Valley of the Mississippi, sleeps on, dreaming of its early days and of its former importance. It pays little heed to the warnings which the mighty river has already given it, and is seemingly unmindful that the third and last is at hand. The distance from the village centre to the the river bank, once three miles, has been reduced one-half, and the rich farm lands, which once bordered the stream, have gone in its current to the Gulf of Mexico. And now the Mississippi, unsatisfied even with this rapid destruction, in the very wantonness of its strength has cut its way above the town towards the Kaskaskia River, despite the efforts of the Government engineers to check it, until but a space of three hundred yards separates the two. The grave of Illinois' first Governor has been disturbed, and but recently his remains were removed to a safer resting-place. And when the junction is made, the united rivers at the next flood-time will spare nothing of the ancient village, which meanwhile listens idly to the murmur of the approaching waters, and smiles in the shadow of its impending doom, which, before another spring has passed, may be so complete that there will remain no memento of Kaskaskia save its old Parish Records.

OLD FORT CHARTRES.

A Paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, June 16, 1880.

THE marvellous growth of the Great West obscures all relating to it, save what is of recent date. It has a past and a history, but these are hidden by the throng of modern events. Few realize that the territory of Illinois, which seems but yesterday to have passed from the control of the red man to that of our Republic, was once claimed by Spain, occupied by France, and conquered by England. And fewer still, may know that within its boundaries yet remain the ruins of a fortress, in its time the most formidable in America, which filled a large place in the operations of these great powers in the valley of the Mississippi. Above the walls of old Fort Chartres, desolate now, and almost forgotten, have floated, in turn, the flags of two mighty nations, and its story is an epitome of their strife for sovereignty over the New World.

The union of Canada, by a line of forts, with the region of the West and South, was a favorite scheme of the French crown at an early day. It originated in the active brain of the great explorer, LaSalle, whose communications to the ministers of Louis XIV. contain the first suggestions of such a policy. These military stations were intended to be centres of colonization for the vast inland territory, and its protection against rival nations. Spain laid claim to nearly the whole of North America, under the name of Florida, by the right of first discovery, and by virtue of a grant from the Pope, who disposed of a continent which he did not own—with reckless liberality. France relied on the possession taken by LaSalle for her title to the Mississippi Valley; and a long altercation ensued. The ordinary state of feeling between their officers may be inferred from a correspondence which has come down to us from the early part of the eighteenth century. Bernard de la Harpe established a French post on the Red River, and this aroused the ire of Don Martin de la Come, the nearest Spanish commandant. Writes the Spaniard: "I am compelled to say that your arrival surprises me very much.

Your governor could not be ignorant that the post you occupy belongs to my government. I counsel you to give advice of this to him, or you will force me to oblige you to abandon lands that the French have no right to occupy. I have the honor to be, Sir, &c., De la Come." To him replies the courteous Frenchman: "Permit me to inform you that M. de Bienville is perfectly informed of the limits of his government, and is very certain that this post depends not upon the dominions of his catholic majesty. If you will do me the favor to come into this quarter, I will convince you I hold a post I know how to defend. I have the honor to be, Sir, &c., De la Harpe."

Here and elsewhere, the French held their own, and continued to occupy the disputed territory. In the Illinois country, the mission villages of Cahokia and Kaskaskia sprang up and thrived apace. From the latter place, as early as 1715, the good father Mermet reported to the Governor of Canada that the encroaching English were building forts near the Ohio and the Mississippi. So the shadow of the coming power of her old enemy was cast athwart the path of France in the Western wilderness, while Spain watched her progress there with a jealous eye. And the need of guarding the Illinois settlements became more manifest when the discovery of valuable mines in that locality was announced. Such rumors often repeated, and the actual smelting of lead on the west bank of the Mississippi, had their effect in the Mother Country. And when the grant of the province of Louisiana to the merchant Crozat, was surrendered, in 1717, John Law's famous Company of the West, afterward absorbed in that of the Indies, was ready to become his successor, and to dazzle the multitude with the glittering lure of the gold and silver of Illinois. The representatives of this great corporation, in unison with those of the French crown, recognizing the many reasons for a military post in that far-away region, made haste to found it; and thus Fort Chartres arose. It was established as a link in the great chain of strongholds, which was to stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, realizing the dream of LaSalle; a bulwark against Spain and a barrier to England; a protector of the infant colony, and of the church which planted it; a centre for trade, and for the operation of the far-famed mines; and as the chief seat in the New World of the Royal Company of the Indies, which wove a spell so potent that its victims saw, in the near future, crowded cities all along the course of the Mississippi, and stately galleons afloat upon its waters, one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the 9th of February, 1718, there arrived at Mobile, by

ship, from France, Pierre Duqué Boisbriant, a Canadian gentleman, with the commission of Commandant at the Illinois. He was a cousin of Bienville, then Governor of Louisiana, and had already served under him in that province. In October, of the same year, accompanied by several officers and a detachment of troops, he departed for the Illinois country, where he was ordered to construct a fort. The little flotilla, stemming the swift current of the Mississippi, moved slowly on its way, encountering no enemies more troublesome than "the mosquitoes, which," says the worthy priest Poisson, who took the same journey shortly after, "have caused more swearing since the French have been here, than had previously taken place in all the rest of the world." Late in the year, Boisbriant reached Kaskaskia, and selected a site for his post sixteen miles above that village, on the left bank of the Mississippi. Merrily rang the axes of the soldiers in the forest by the mighty river, as they hewed out the ponderous timbers for palisade and bastion. And by degrees the walls arose, and the barracks and commandant's house, and the store-house and great hall of the India Company were built, and the cannon, bearing the insignia of Louis XIV., were placed in position. In the spring of 1720, all was finished, the banner of France was given to the breeze, and the work was named Fort Chartres. An early governor of the State of Illinois, who wrote its pioneer history, has gravely stated that this Fort was so called, because it had a charter from the crown of France for its erection. But it is feared that the same wag who persuaded an Illinois legislature to name the second capital of the State, Vandalia, by reason of the alleged traces of a tribe of Indians named the Vandals in the neighborhood of the site, also victimized a governor. We can hardly accept his derivation, when it seems so much more probable that the name was taken, by way of compliment to the then Regent, from the title of his son, the Duc de Chartres, for whom, about this time, streets were named in New Orleans and Kaskaskia, which are still thus designated.

The first important arrival at the new post was that of Philip Francis Renault, formerly a banker in Paris, the director-general of the mines of the India Company, who reached Fort Chartres before its completion, and made his headquarters there. He brought with him 250 miners and soldiers, and also a large number of slaves from St. Domingo. This was the beginning of negro slavery in Illinois. The practice of enslaving Indian captives was already in vogue, but from this time on, the records of the French settlements there, speak of both black slaves, and red slaves. The Fort was finished not at all too soon. The

tardy Spaniards had at last decided to strike a blow at their neighbor on the Mississippi, and Boisbriant hardly had everything in readiness, when news reached him of the march of a force from Mexico against his stronghold. But this invasion was repelled by the natives on the route, and all concerned in it slain, except the chaplain of the expedition, who was taken prisoner by the Pawnees. He finally escaped in a dexterous manner. While delighting the Indians with feats of horsemanship, he gradually withdrew to a distance, and described a final elaborate figure which had no return curve. Two Indian chiefs, who displayed, as trophies, a Catalonian pistol and a pair of Spanish shoes, gave this account to Father Charlevoix, at Green Bay.

This pleasant old traveler was then making the journey through North America, of which he has left such a charming account. On the 9th of October, 1721, he passed Fort Chartres, which stood a musket-shot from the river, as he tells us, and he further says, "M. Duqué de Boisbriant commands here for the Company to whom the place belongs. The French are now beginning to settle the country between this Fort and Kaskaskia." The leader of Charlevoix' escort was a young Canadian officer, Jean St. Ange de Belle Rive, destined in later years to have a closer acquaintance with Fort Chartres than this passing glimpse of its newly-built walls and structures afforded him. He hardly anticipated then that to him would come the honor of commanding it, and that on him, almost half a century later, would fall the sad duty of finally lowering there his country's flag, which waved so proudly above it on that autumn morning.

No sooner was the Fort erected, than a village began to grow up at its gates, in which the watchful Jesuits forthwith established the parish of Sainte Anne de Fort Chartres. All that remains of the records of this parish, is in the writer's possession. They begin with an ancient document, tattered and worn, written in Quebec, in the year 1716. It is a copy of a curious decree of Louis XV., promulgated in the same year, which seems to be something in the nature of a manual of church etiquette. Reciting that his majesty has considered all the ordinances on the subject of honors in the churches of New France, and wishes to put an end to all the contests on the subject, it proceeds to regulate the whole matter. Twelve articles provide that the governor-general and the intendant shall each have a *prie Dieu* in the cathedrals of Quebec and Montreal, the governor-general on the right, the intendant on the left; the commander of the troops shall have a seat behind the governor-general; in church-

processions, the governor-general shall march at the head of the council, his guards in front, the intendant to the left and behind the council, and the chief notary, first usher, and captain of the guard, with the governor-general, yet behind him, but not on the same line with the council; and similar minute directions cover all contingencies. In all other churches of New France, the same rules of precedence are to be observed according to the rank of those in attendance. Doubtless, copies of this important decree were kept in readiness, that one might be furnished to each new church at its establishment. And probably the one from which we quote was sent from Quebec to Ste. Anne of Fort Chartres some time in 1721, the year in which the first entries seem to have been made in the parish registers. We may presume that Boisbriant followed its instructions strictly, and took care to be on the right hand in the church, and also that the intendant or civil officer should be on the left. That position was filled by Marc Antoine de la Loire des Ursins, principal director for the Company of the Indies. These two, together with Michel Chassin, commissary for the Company, formed the Provincial Council of the Illinois, and speedily made Fort Chartres the centre of the civil government of the colony. To this council applications for land were made, and its members executed the grants upon which many titles rest to this day. Boisbriant, doubtless believing that he that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, had a large tract conveyed to himself, beginning at the little hill behind the Fort. He and his associates dispensed justice, regulated titles, and administered estates, and, in fact, established the court, which, for more than forty years, decided the causes which arose in the Illinois country, according to the civil law. Their largest land grant was made in 1723, to M. Renault, and comprised a tract west of the Mississippi, another, fifteen leagues square, near the site of Peoria, and another above Fort Chartres, one league along the river and two leagues deep, the latter to raise provisions for his settlements among the mines. Of this last tract, a large part was never sold by Renault, and to this day the unconveyed portion is marked upon the maps of Monroe County, Ill., as the property of the Philip Renault heirs.

About this time word came to the Fort that the faithful allies of the French, the Illinois Indians, who dwelt about Peoria Lake, and the Rock of St. Louis, now called Starved Rock, were hard pressed by their ancient enemies, the Foxes. Boisbriant sent a force to their relief which arrived at the close of a contest, in which the Foxes were defeated, but so greatly had the Illinois

suffered that they returned with the French to the shelter of the Fort, leaving the route to the settlements from the north unprotected. In the year 1725, Bienville, the Governor of Louisiana, was summoned to France, and Commandant Boisbriant became acting Governor in his stead, with headquarters at New Orleans. His old position was filled by M. De Siette, a captain in the royal army. In the parish register in his administration, appears the baptism of a female savage of the Padoucah nation, by the chaplain at the Fort, who records with great satisfaction that he performed the ceremony, and gave her the name of Therese, but does not say whether she consented, or what she thought about it. She apparently paid a casual visit to the Fort, and he baptized her at a venture, and made haste to write down another convert. The Fox Indians were a thorn in the side of De Siette. The way by the Illinois River was now open to them, and their war parties swooped upon the settlers, murdering them in their fields, even within a few miles of the Fort. In great wrath, De Siette opened a correspondence on the subject with De Lignerie, the French commandant at Green Bay, and proposed that the Fox tribe should be exterminated at once. The calmer De Lignerie, replies in substance that this would be the best possible expedient, provided the Foxes do not exterminate them in the attempt. And he suggests a postponement of hostilities until De Siette and himself could meet "*at Chickagau or the Rock,*" and better concert their plans. But soon the French authorities adopted the views of the commandant at the Illinois, and the Marquis de Beauharnois, grandfather of the first husband of the Empress Josephine, then commanding in Canada, notified him to join the Canadian forces at Green Bay, in 1728, to make war upon the Foxes. A battle ensued, in which the Illinois Indians, headed by the French, were victorious. But hostilities continued until De Siette's successor, by a masterly piece of strategy, waylaid and destroyed so many of the persistent foemen, that peace reigned for a time.

This officer, M. de St. Ange de Belle Rive, who, as we have seen, first visited the Illinois country with Father Charlevoix, had since been stationed there, and made it his home, for the ancient title records of this region show that in 1729 he purchased a house in the prairie bounding on one side the road leading to Fort Chartres. And in an old package of stained and mouldering papers, but lately disinterred from the dust of at least one century, is the original petition addressed by St. Ange to the proper authorities for the confirmation of his title to certain land, not far from the Fort, acquired "*from a savage named Chicago,*

who is contented and satisfied with the payment made to him." During his term of office, in 1732, the Royal India Company surrendered its charter to the crown, which thenceforward had the exclusive government of the country. A few years before, the French warfare with the Natchez Indians, that strange tribe of sun-worshippers, probably of the Aztec race, had resulted in the dispersion of the natives, some of whom joined the Chickasaws, who, under English influence, kept up the strife. A young officer, Pierre D'Artaguiette, distinguished himself so greatly in the Natchez war, that he was appointed to the Illinois district, in 1734, taking the place of St. Ange, who was transferred to another post. The new commander was a younger brother of Diron D'Artaguiette, a man very prominent in the early history of Louisiana, and his family connections, his services and virtues, his brilliant career and untimely death, have surrounded his name with a halo of romance. With pride and pleasure, he received his promotion to the rank of major, and his orders to take command at Fort Chartres. For two years he ruled his province well, and then the summons to the field came to him again. Bienville had resumed the Governorship and resolved to crush the Chickasaws. In preparation for the campaign he strengthened all the posts, that they might better spare a part of their garrisons for active work. De Coulanges, an officer sent to Fort Chartres with a supply of ammunition, disobeyed orders, transporting merchandise instead, leaving the powder at the Arkansas. A party of D'Artaguiette's men going after it, was routed by the Chickasaws. "For this," Bienville says, "I have ordered D'Artaguiette to imprison De Coulanges for six months in Fort Chartres. I hope this example will moderate the avidity for gain of some of our officers." When everything was in readiness, D'Artaguiette set forth from Fort Chartres with all his force, on a morning in February, making a brave show as the fleet of bateaux and canoes floated down the Mississippi. This first invasion of Southern soil by soldiers from Illinois, comprised nearly all of the garrison of the Fort, a company of volunteers from the French villages, almost the whole of the Kaskaskia tribe, and a throng of Indian warriors who had flocked to the standard even from the far away Detroit. Chicago led the Illinois and the Miamis, and at the mouth of the Ohio, the Chevalier Vinsenne joined the expedition, with the garrison from the post on the Wabash, and a number of Indians, including a party of Iroquois braves. Landing, and marching inland, they reached the Chickasaw villages at the appointed time, but the troops from New Orleans, who were to meet them there, failed to

appear. Compelled to fight or retreat, D'Artaguiette chose the former, and was at first successful, but the tide turned, when he fell, covered with wounds. De Coulanges, released from durance that he might redeem his fame, and many other officers, were slain, most of the Indians fled, and D'Artaguiette, Vinsenne, the Jesuit Senat, and young St. Ange, son of the Illinois commandant, were taken prisoners by the unconquered Chickasaws, who burned them at the stake, and triumphantly marched to the Georgia coast to tell their English allies there of the French defeat. The broken remnants of the little army, under the leadership of a boy of sixteen, pursued by the savages for five and twenty leagues, regained the river, and slowly and sadly returned to the Fort. On the sorrow caused there by the mournful news, the masses that were said in the little church for the repose of the souls of the slain, and the deep grief felt throughout the country of the Illinois, in cabin and wigwam alike, we will not dwell. The impression made by the life and death of D'Artaguiette was so abiding, that his name remained a household word among the French for years; and well into the present century, the favorite song among the negroes along the Mississippi was one, of which the oft-repeated chorus ran,

"In the days of D'Artaguiette, Ho! Ho!
In the days of D'Artaguiette, O ho!"

Three years later, La Buissonière, who succeeded him, led an expedition from Fort Chartres, composed of Frenchmen and natives, to take part in another campaign against the dauntless Chickasaws. Soldiers from Quebec and Montreal, with recruits from all the tribes along their route, overtook him on the way, and the Northern forces joined the troops under Bienville, newly reinforced from Paris, near the site of the city of Memphis. The dominions of the King of France, in the Old World and the New, were laid under contribution to concentrate this army at the rendezvous, but not a blow was struck. White and red men lay in camp for months, apparently unwilling to risk an encounter, and at length a dubious peace was arranged, and all marched home again, without loss or glory. Hardly had the Fort-Chartres detachment returned, when a boat, going from New Orleans to the Illinois, was attacked by the Chickasaws, above the mouth of the Ohio, and all on board were killed, save one young girl. She had recently arrived from France, and was on her way to join her sister, the wife of an officer at the Fort. Escaping by a miracle to the shore, she wandered through the woods for days, living on herbs, until sore spent and ready to die, she chanced to

reach an elevation from which she caught a glimpse of the flag floating over Fort Chartres, and, with new hope and strength, struggled onward, and came safely to the friends who had mourned for her as dead.

Among the few original documents relating to this period which are still preserved, is a deed executed at Fort Chartres by Alphonse de la Buissonnière, commandant at the Illinois, and Madame Theresa Trudeau, his wife. During his governorship were the halcyon days of the French settlers at the Illinois. The Indians were kept in check, the fertile soil yielded bounteous harvests, two convoys laden with grain and provisions, went each year to New Orleans, and Lower Louisiana became almost entirely dependent upon them for supplies. Other villages had grown up near the Fort. Prairie du Rocher, five miles away, was situated upon a grant made by the India Company to Boisbriant, and by him transferred to his nephew, Langlois, who conveyed it by parcels to the settlers, reserving to himself certain seigneurial rights according to the customs of Paris. And Renault, on a portion of his grant above the Fort, established the village of St. Philip, which became a thriving place. These were laid out after the French manner, with Commons and Common Fields, still marked upon the local maps, and in some cases held and used to this day under the provisions of these early grants. In each of the villages was a chapel, under the jurisdiction of the parent church of Ste. Anne of Fort Chartres. To the colony came scions of noble families of France, seeking fame and adventure in that distant land, and their names and titles appear at length in the old records and parish registers. Among them was Benoist St. Claire, captain of a company detached from the marine service, who followed La Buissonnière in the chief command, and held it for a year or more. He found little to do in those piping times of peace, made an occasional grant of land, and sought other service early in 1742.

The Chevalier de Bertel, who describes himself as Major Commanding for the King, took charge in his stead. The parish register of Ste. Anne, in his time, is extant, and the title-page of the volume, then newly opened, bears the following inscription: "Numbered and initialed by us, Principal Secretary of the Marine and Civil Judge at the Illinois, the present book, containing seventy-four leaves, to serve as a Register of the Parish of St. Anne, of Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths. Done at Fort Chartres the first of August, 1743.

"CHEVALIER DE BERTEL,
Major Commandant.

DE LA LOIRE,
FLANCOUR."

The pages which remain, by their careful numbering and joint initials, show how important it was deemed to preserve and identify this register. It was soon to contain the record of the sudden death of Flancour himself, the Civil Judge at the Illinois. One of his last acts was to grant to the village of Prairie du Rocher, a tract of land for Commons, from which it now derives a revenue. And with Bertel he executed a deed to a young man at St. Philip, for the reason that he was the first one born in Illinois to marry and settle himself. And to another, who asked the gift of a farm, because he had seven children, they granted a tract of land for each child. Renault made his last conveyance of a lot at St. Philip by deed, executed in his rooms at Fort Chartres, September 2d, 1740, and, three years later, returned to Paris, after a residence in the Illinois country of nearly a quarter of a century. In the same season, Governor Bienville went to France, finally resigning his trust to the Marquis de Vandreuil. And here a word may be spoken of the first royal governor of the province, of which Illinois was a part, and in whose administration Fort Chartres was constructed. Le Moyne de Bienville, a Canadian born, was one of an illustrious family. His father was killed in battle in the service of his country, seven of his brothers died naval officers, and of the three others, then surviving, one was Governor of Montreal, one captain of a ship of the line, and one a naval ensign. He distinguished himself at the capture of Port Nelson from the English, and in a brilliant naval engagement in Hudson's Bay; was one of the founders of Louisiana; and chose the site of the city of New Orleans. He served as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of the Province for nearly forty years, and won the reputation of being the bravest and best man in the colony. His portrait, which adorns the mansion, at Longueil, in Canada, of Baron Grant, the representative of the family, shows a martial figure, and a noble face, in keeping with his record; and his intimate connection with its early history would make it fitting to preserve a copy of this original in the State of Illinois.

The Chevalier de Bertel had a difficult part to play. France and England were at war, because Frederick the Great and Marie Theresa could not agree, and this disturbed the settlements at the Illinois. Some Englishmen, found on the Mississippi, were arrested as spies, and confined in the dungeon at Fort Chartres, and whispers of an English attack were in the air. The Fort was out of repair, and poorly supplied, and a number of its soldiers, tiring of the confinement of the garrison, deserted, to try the free life of the woods and prairies. The old-time Indian allies were

won over by the British, and agreed to destroy the French post during the moon of the fall of the leaf, but they were thwarted by the skill and address of De Bertel. Many anxious thoughts he had as he paced the enclosure of Fort Chartres, and many an earnest epistle he addressed to his superior officers, assuring them that it was only by great good fortune that he could hold his post, which must be reënforced and strengthened. The abandonment of the Fort was at one time contemplated. This plan, however, was given up when the Marquis de Galissonière, Gov. General of Canada, presented a memorial on the subject to the home government. He says, "The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish. The King must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productivity, and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained." The peace of Aix la Chapelle came in time to give both parties a breathing space, in which to prepare for the sterner contest, soon to follow. Chevalier de Bertel, knowing that his wise counsels had borne fruit, transferred the command again to Benoist St. Clair, who signalized his return by wedding the daughter of a citizen of Kaskaskia, in January, 1750. The same year, De Galissonière once more urged upon the King the importance of preserving and strengthening the post at the Illinois, describing the country as open and ready for the plough, and traversed by an innumerable multitude of buffaloes. "And these animals," he says, "are covered with a species of wool, sufficiently fine to be employed in various manufactories!" And he further suggests, and, doubtless, correctly, that "the buffalo, if caught, and attached to the plow, would move it at a speed superior to that of the domestic ox!"

In the succeeding autumn, the Chevalier de Makarty,* a major of engineers, with a few companies of troops, arrived from France, under orders to rebuild the citadel of the Illinois country. Other detachments followed, until nearly a full regiment of French grenadiers answered to the roll-call at Fort Chartres. They toiled busily to transform it from a fortress of wood to one of stone, under the skilful guidance of the trained officer, whose Irish blood, as well as his French commission, made hostile preparations against Britain, a labor of love to him. You may see, to this day, the place in the bluffs to the eastward of the Fort, where they quarried the huge blocks, which they carried in boats

* This is the same officer whose name is spelled Macarty in the Parish Records of Kaskaskia. The discovery of the records of the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres, containing his name, written by himself, shows the proper spelling to be Makarty.

across the little lake lying between. The finer stone, with which the gateways and buildings were faced, were brought from beyond the Mississippi. A million of crowns seemed to the King of France but a reasonable expense for this work of reconstruction, which was to secure his empire in the West. And hardly was it completed when the contest began, and the garrison of Fort Chartres had a hand in the opening struggle. In May, 1754, the young George Washington, with his Virginia riflemen, surprised the party of Jumonville at the Great Meadows, and slew the French leader. His brother, Neyon de Villiers, one of the captains at Fort Chartres, obtained leave from Makarty to avenge him, and with his company, went by the Mississippi and the Ohio, to Fort du Quesne, where he joined the head of the family, Coulon de Villiers, who was marching on the same errand. Together, with "a force as numerous," said the Indians, "as the pigeons in the woods," they brought to bay "Monsieur de Wachenston," as the French despatches call him, at Fort Necessity, which he surrendered on the 4th of July. The capture of this place by the French, is one of the causes assigned by George the Second, for the declaration of hostilities by Britain; and thus the Old French War began. The little detachment, with its bold leader, returned, flushed with victory, to celebrate, at Fort Chartres, the triumph of Illinois over Virginia. Soon the demands upon this post for supplies and men grew constant, and the veteran Makarty labored steadily to keep pace with them. The commandant at Fort du Quesne, whose communications with Canada were interrupted by the British, writes him: "We are in sad want of provisions. I send to you for flour and pork." The Governor-General of Canada, in an epistle to the Minister of Marine, observes: "I knew the route from the Illinois was as fine as could be desired. Chevalier de Villiers, who commands the escort of provisions from there, came up with a bateaux of 18,000 weight. This makes known a sure communication with the Illinois whence I can derive succor in provisions and men." Nor did our garrison confine itself to commissary work. The tireless De Villiers, hardly resting from his escort duty, crossed the Alleghanies with his men, and captured Fort Granville, on the Juniata. The Marquis de Montcalm, writing to the Minister of War, thus pleasantly alludes to this little attention paid by Illinois to Pennsylvania: "The news from the Beautiful River is excellent. We continue to devastate Pennsylvania. Chevalier de Villiers, brother of Jumonville, who was assassinated by the British, has just burned Fort Granville, sixty miles from Philadelphia." The next year, Aubry, another of the Fort Chartres

captains, was sent by Makarty, with 400 men, to reinforce Fort du Quesne, then threatened by the British. The morning after his arrival, he sallied out and routed Major Grant and his Highlanders, and, a few days later, surprised the British camp forty-five miles away, captured their horses, and brought his party back mounted. Soon, however, the approach of a superior force, with Washington and his riflemen in the van, compelled the abandonment of Fort du Quesne. By the light of its burning stockade, the Illinois troops sailed down the Beautiful River, and sadly returned to their homes.

The British star was now in the ascendant, yet still the French struggled gallantly. Once more the drum beat to arms on the parade-ground at Fort Chartres, at the command to march to raise the siege of Fort Niagara. All the Illinois villages sent volunteers, and Aubry led the expedition by a devious route, joining the detachments from Detroit and Michilimackinac, on Lake Erie. As they entered the Niagara River, Indian scouts reported that they were "like a floating island, so black was the stream with their bateaux and canoes." The desperate charge upon the British lines failed, Aubry, covered with wounds, fell into the hands of the enemy, and the bulletin reads, "Of the French from the Illinois, many were killed and many taken prisoner." Despair and gloom settled upon the Fort and its neighborhood, when the sorrowful news came back. Makarty writes to the Governor-General: "The defeat at Niagara has cost me the flower of my men. My garrison is weaker than ever. The British are building bateaux at Pittsburg. I have made all arrangements, according to my strength, to receive the enemy." And the Governor-General replies, "I strongly recommend you to be on your guard." The surrender, at Montreal, of the Canadas, followed upon the victory on the plains of Abraham, but still the Illinois held out for the King. Neyon de Villiers received his well-earned promotion, and assumed command at Fort Chartres. And the fine old soldier, Makarty, doubtless, regretting that he had not had the opportunity to test the strength of the goodly stone walls he had builded, sheathed his sword, twirled his moustache, made his bow, and departed.

The village at the Fort gate, which, after the rebuilding, was called New Chartres, had become a well-established community. The title records quaintly illustrate its ways of transacting business, as when, for instance, the royal notary at the Illinois declares that he made a certain public sale in the forenoon of Sunday, after the great parochial mass of St. Anne of New

Chartres, at the main door of the church, offering the property in a high and audible voice, while the people were going out in great numbers from said church. And the parish register, which, briefly and drily, notes the marriages of the common people, spares neither space nor words in the record of the weddings in the families of the officers at the Fort. When Jean la Freilé de Vidrinne, officer of a company, is married to Elizabeth de Moncharveaux, daughter of Jean François Liveron de Moncharveaux, captain of a company, and when the Monsieur André Chevalier, royal solicitor and treasurer for the King at the country of the Illinois, weds Madeleine Loisel, names, and titles, and ancestry, are set forth at length, and Makarty, the commandant, Buchet, the principal writer, Du Barry, a lieutenant, all the dignitaries of fort and village, and all the relatives, subscribe the register as witnesses. The ladies sign with a careful deliberation, indicating that penmanship was not one of their recreations: the gentlemen with flourishes so elaborate, that they seem to have been hardly able to bring them to a close. These entries appear in a separate volume, the last in date of the parish books, entitled "Register of the Marriages made in the Parish of St. Anne, containing seventeen sheets, or sixty-eight pages, numbered and initialed by Mr. Buchet, principal writer and judge." (Signed) Buchet. And in the Baptismal register of the chapel of St. Joseph, at Prairie du Rocher, appears an entry which has a strangely familiar sound. For it recites that several persons, adults and children, were baptized together, in the "presence of their parents, brothers, uncles, mutual friends, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts." This, palpably, is the germ of "Pinafore," which Illinois may therefore take the credit of originating, long before our era!

New Chartres, and the other villages in the neighborhood, and the Fort, rested secure in the belief that, although Canada had surrendered, Louisiana, with the Illinois country, would still be preserved by the King, who might thence reconquer his lost possessions. Hence, like a thunder-clap, came the news that on the 10th of Feb., 1763, Louis XV. had ratified the treaty transferring them to the British Government. The aged Bienville, then living in Paris, with tears in his eyes, begged that the colony, to which he had given the best years of his life, might be spared to France, but in vain. With a stroke of his pen, the weak King ceded to Great Britain the Canadas, the Illinois, and all the valley of the Mississippi east of the river. While at Fort Chartres they were in daily expectation of news of the coming of British troops to take possession, an expedition arrived from New Orleans to settle at the Illinois. It was headed by Pierre Laclède, the repre-

sentative of a company of merchants engaged in the fur trade. Learning here of the treaty of cession, he at once decided to establish a new post in the territory, west of the Mississippi, supposed to be still French ground. Neyon de Villiers permitted him to store his goods and quarter his company at the Fort, and Laclède, after an exploring tour, selected a fine bluff, sixty miles to the northward, for the site of his colony. He foresaw something of its future importance, and, returning to Fort Chartres for the winter, discoursed with enthusiasm upon its prospects, and took possession in the spring. This was the beginning of the city of St. Louis. Many of the French from the Illinois followed him, even transporting their houses to the other shore, so great was their desire to live under their own flag. And terrible was their disappointment, when the secret treaty with Spain was made known, by which their faithless King ceded all his dominions beyond the Mississippi to the nation which had so long disputed with France her foothold there. Their last estate seemed worse than their first, for much as they detested the defiant banner of Britain, with a deeper hatred they regarded the gloomy ensign of Spain. Many more of the unhappy colonists descended the Mississippi, with Neyon de Villiers, in the belief that lower Louisiana was to remain under French control, and that their condition would be bettered there, only to be bitterly disappointed. Those who remained felt their hopes revive, as time passed on and the red-coats came not.

The veteran St. Ange, who had returned from Vincennes to play the last sad act of the drama, with a little garrison of forty men, still held the Fort, although it was the only place in North America at which the white flag of the Bourbons was flying. All else had been ceded and surrendered, but the way to the west was not yet open, for Pontiac was a lion in the path. The British victory was not complete until that flag was lowered, and repeated efforts to accomplish this were made. Again and again were they thwarted by the Forest Chieftain. Major Loftus, ascending the Mississippi with a force to take possession of Fort Chartres, was greeted with a volley at the bluffs, still called Loftus Heights, and retreated to Pensacola. Captain Pitman, seeking to find his way from Mobile in the guise of a trader, gave up the attempt as too hazardous. Captain Morris, sent from Detroit to arrange for the surrender of the Fort, was met by Pontiac, who, squatting in front of him, opened the interview by observing that the British were liars, and asked if he had come to lie to them like the rest. Attentions much less courteous were received from individuals of

the Kickapoo persuasion, and Morris turned back, while still several hundred miles from his destination. Lieutenant Frazer, pushing down the Ohio, reached Kaskaskia, where he fell into Pontiac's hands, who kept him all one night in dread of being boiled alive, and at daybreak shipped him to New Orleans by canoe express, with the cheerful information that the kettle was boiling over a large fire to receive any other Englishmen who came that way. Frazer could only console himself, for his otherwise fruitless voyage down both the Ohio and the Mississippi, with the thought that he had been nearer to the objective point than any other officer, and had seen a great deal of the country. George Croghan, Sir William Johnson's interpreter, following Frazer on the same errand, was waylaid by the Shawnees on the Ohio and sent to the Indian villages on the Wabash, whence he took Morris' route to Detroit. The French and Spanish officers in Louisiana, laughed at the British failures to reach a fort they claimed to own, and suggested that an important party had been omitted in the treaty of cession, and that a new one should be made with King Pontiac. Meanwhile that sovereign was ordering into service some Illinois Indians, assembled near Fort Chartres, and when they showed a reluctance to engage in hostilities against their new rulers, said to them: "Hesitate not, or I destroy you as fire does the prairie grass. Listen, and recollect these are the words of Pontiac!" Their scruples vanished with amazing rapidity, and they did his bidding. Then with his retinue of dusky warriors, he led the way through the tall gateway of Fort Chartres, and greeting St. Ange, as he sat in the government house, said "Father, I have long wished to see thee, to recall the battles which we fought together against the misguided Indians and the English dogs. I love the French, and I have come here with my warriors to avenge their wrongs." But St. Ange plainly told him that all was over; Onontio, their great French father could do no more for his red children; he was beyond the sea and could not hear their voices; and they must make peace with the English. Pontiac, at last convinced, gave up the contest, and made no opposition to the approach from Fort Pitt, by the Ohio, of a detachment of the 42d Highlanders, the famous Black Watch, under Captain Sterling, to whom St. Ange formally surrendered the Fort on the 10th of October, 1765. The lilies of France gave place to the red cross of St. George, and the long struggle was ended. At Fort Chartres the great empire of France in the New World ceased forever.

The minute of the surrender of Fort Chartres to M. Sterling,

appointed by M. de Gage, Governor of New York, Commander of His Britannic Majesty's troops in North America, is preserved in the French archives at Paris. The Fort is carefully described in it, with its arched gateway, fifteen feet high; a cut-stone platform above the gate, with a stair of nineteen stone steps, having a stone balustrade, leading to it; its walls of stone eighteen feet in height; and its four bastions, each with forty-eight loop-holes, eight embrasures, and a sentry-box, the whole in cut stone. And within, the great store-house, ninety feet long by thirty wide, two stories high, and gable-roofed; the guard-house having two rooms above for the chapel and missionary quarters; the government-house 84 x 32, with iron gates and a stone porch, a coach-house and pigeon-house adjoining, and a large stone well inside; the intendant's house of stone and iron, with a portico; the two rows of barracks, each 128 feet long; the magazine thirty-five feet wide, thirty-eight feet long, and thirteen feet high above the ground, with a doorway of cut stone, and two doors, one of wood and one of iron; the bake-house with two ovens, and a stone well in front; the prison with four cells of cut stone, and iron doors; and one large relief gate to the north; the whole enclosing an area of more than four acres. The English had insisted that, under the treaty of cession, the guns in all the forts belonged to them. The French Governor, of Louisiana, disputed the claim, but consented to leave those at the Illinois, with a promise of their restoration, if his view proved correct. Hence the cannon of Fort Chartres were transferred with it, for the time at least.

St. Ange and his men took boat for St. Louis, where, feeling that their sovereign had utterly deserted them, they soon decided to exchange the service of his Most Christian Majesty of France, for that of his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. They were speedily enrolled in the garrison of St. Louis, of which St. Ange was appointed to the command, to the great satisfaction of his comrades and his old neighbors from the Illinois. One tragedy signalized the accession of the new government at Fort Chartres. Two young officers, one French and the other English, were rival suitors for the hand of a young lady in the neighborhood, and a quarrel arose which led to a duel. They fought with small-swords early on a Sunday morning, near the Fort, the Englishman was slain, and the Frenchman made haste to descend the river to New Orleans. The story of this, no doubt the first duel fought in Illinois, was related, nearly forty years after its occurrence, by an aged Frenchman, who was an eye-witness of the combat, to the chronicler who has preserved the account. With the depart-

ture of the French soldiers, the last spark of life in the village of New Chartres went out. On the register, then in use in the church of St. Anne, was written, "The above-mentioned church (parochial of St. Anne of New Chartres) having been abolished, the rest of the paper which was in this book has been taken for the service of the church at Kaskaskia." And the Mississippi, as if bent upon destroying every vestige of the once happy and prosperous village, encroached upon its site until a large portion of it was swept away. Shortly after its abandonment, the parish register of Prairie du Rocher, which place continued to be occupied by the French, records the removal of the bodies of the Reverend Fathers Gagnon and Collet, priests of St. Anne of New Chartres, from the ruined cemetery near that church on the point in the river, and their burial in the chapel of St. Joseph, at Prairie du Rocher.

The Illinois had now become an British colony, "in the days when George the Third was King." The simple French inhabitants with difficulty accustomed themselves to the change, and longed for the paternal sway of the commanders of their own race. It is said that soon after the British occupation, the officer, in authority at Fort Chartres, died suddenly, and there being no one competent to succeed him, the wheels of government stopped. And that St. Ange, hearing, at St. Louis, of the confusion in his old province, repaired to Fort Chartres, restored order, and remained there until another British officer could reach the spot. The story is typical of the man, who deserves a wider fame than he has won. For he was a fine exemplar of the fidelity, the courage, and the true gentleness, which are worthy of the highest honor. He spent a long life in the arduous duties of a frontier officer, commanding escorts through the wilderness, stationed at the different posts in the North-West in turn, and for more than fifty years associated with the Illinois country, which became the home of his family. Born in Canada, and entering the French army as a boy, he grew gray in the service, and when surrendered to the foeman, he had so long opposed, by the unworthy King, who made no provision for the men who had stood so steadfastly for him, he was more faithful to France than Louis XV. had been. For his removal to St. Louis, and acceptance of a Spanish commission, were in the interest and for the protection of his misled countrymen, who had settled at that place solely that they might still be French subjects. There he remained, the patriarch of the infant settlement, beloved and honored by all, until his death, at the age of seventy-six, in the year of the commencement of our revolution. And all who

knew him, friends and foes, countrymen and foreigners, white men and red, alike bear testimony to the uprightness, the steady fortitude, the unshrinking courage, the kindliness and nobility of Louis St. Ange de Belle Rive, the last French Commandant of the Illinois.

In December of the year of the surrender, Major Farmer, with a strong detachment of the 34th British Foot, arrived at the Fort from Mobile, and took command. The following year he was relieved by Colonel Edward Cole, a native of Rhode Island, an officer in the Old French War, who commanded a regiment under General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec, and was at the capture of Havana by the Earl of Albemarle. In letters written from the Fort, in 1766 to 1768, to his old comrade and partner in business, Colonel Henry Van Schaick, he says, "This country is far from answering my expectations in any other point than the soil. I have enjoyed but a small share of health since I arrived. I have been much deceived in the description of this country, and am determined to quit it as soon as I can. No comfort. Indians eternally about me." During his term of office, Captain Philip Pitman, a British engineer officer, the same who had unsuccessfully endeavored to reach the Illinois during Pontiac's rule, visited the Fort in pursuance of his orders to examine the British posts in the Mississippi Valley. In his report he says: "The walls of Fort Chartres are two feet two inches thick, and the entrance is through a very handsome gate." He describes the works and buildings very fully, and concludes as follows: "It is generally believed that this is the most convenient and best built Fort in North America." In 1768, Col. Cole was followed by a Col. Reed, who became so notorious for his oppression of the people, that he was speedily relieved by John Wilkins, Lieut.-Colonel of the 18th or Royal Irish, the former commander of Fort Niagara, who reached the Illinois, with seven companies of his regiment, from Philadelphia, by way of Pittsburg, in Sept., 1768. From the correspondence of Ensign George Butricke, an officer in this expedition, we learn that, on their way down the Ohio, they killed so many buffalo that they commonly served out one a day to each company, and they were forty-three days on the way, from Pittsburg to Kaskaskia. Speaking of Fort Chartres as "built of stone, with bastions at each angle, and very good barracks of stone," he describes the land around it as the finest in the known world, and gives his opinion to the effect that "it is a shocking unhealthy country." Col. Wilkins, under a proclamation from General Gage, established a court of law, with seven judges, to sit at Fort Chartres, and administer the law of England, the

first court of common-law jurisdiction, west of the Alleghanies. The old French court of the royal jurisdiction of the Illinois, with its single judge, governed by the civil law, had ceased with the surrender. Its records for many years were preserved at Kaskaskia, where the late Judge Breese saw and made extracts from them. When the county-seat was removed, less care was taken of them, and within a few years past, these documents, so interesting and valuable to the antiquarian and the historian, have been used by veritable Illinois Vandals to light the fires in a country court-house, and but a solitary fragment now remains. In Wilkins' time, that famous warrior, Pontiac, was basely slain at Cahokia, by an Illinois Indian. St. Ange, then commanding at St. Louis, honoring the noble red man, whom he had known long and well, brought the body to his fort, and gave it solemn burial. The friends of Pontiac, avenging his death, pursued one fragment of the Illinois tribe to the walls of Fort Chartres, and slew many there, the British refusing them admission. At Prairie du Rocher, about this period, is recorded the marriage of a French soldier, of the garrison of St. Louis, with the written permission of M. de St. Ange, his commander, to an Englishwoman from Salisbury, in Wiltshire, which the good priest writes, "Solbary, in the province of Wuilser." It is significant of the different races, and the varying sovereignties in that portion of our country, that a French soldier, from the Spanish city of St. Louis, should be married to an Englishwoman by a French priest, in the British colony of Illinois.

The occupation of Fort Chartres, however, by the soldiers of any nation, was drawing to a close. For seven years only the British ruled there, though, doubtless, believing it to be their permanent headquarters for the whole North-West. But the Mississippi had ever been a French river, and could not bide the presence of the rival nation on its banks. Its waters murmured the names of Marquette and Joliet, of LaSalle and Tonti, and their memories would not suffer it to rest contented with successors of another race. So it rose in its might and assailed the Fort, and on a stormy night in spring-time its resistless flood tore away a bastion, and a part of the river wall. The British in all haste fled across the submerged meadows, taking refuge on the hills above Kaskaskia; and from the year 1772, Fort Chartres was never occupied again.

The capricious Mississippi, as if satisfied with this recognition of its power, now devoted itself to the reparation of the damage it had wrought. The channel between the Fort and the island in front of it, once forty feet deep, began to fill up, and, ultimately,

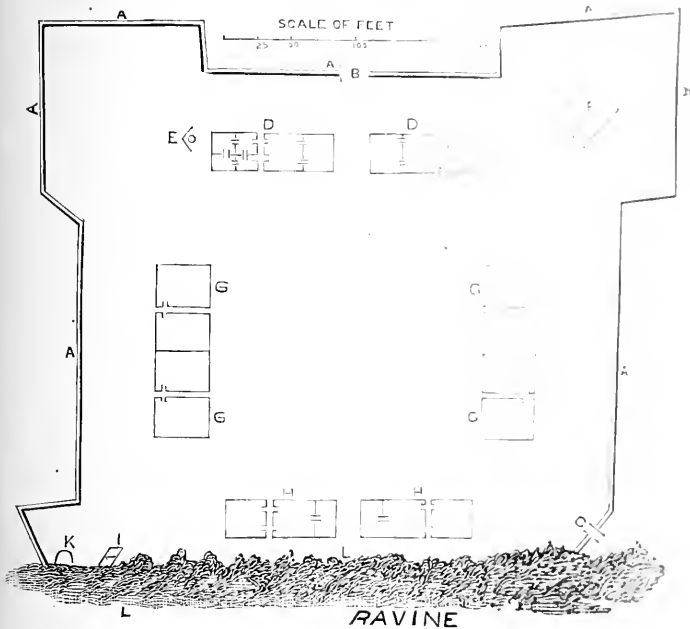
the main shore and the island were united, leaving the Fort a mile or more inland. A thick growth of trees speedily concealed it from the view of those passing upon the river, and the high road from Cahokia to Kaskaskia, which at first ran between the Fort and the river, was soon after located at the foot of the bluffs, three miles to the eastward. These changes, which left the Fort completely isolated and hidden, together with the accounts of the British evacuation, gave rise to the reports of its total destruction by the river. Parkman, alluding to it as it was in 1764, says, "The encroaching Mississippi was destined before many years to engulf curtain and bastion in its ravenous abyss." A work relating to the history of the North-West, published only last year, informs us that "the spot on which Fort Chartres stood became the channel of the river," and even some who have lived for years in its neighborhood will tell you that it is entirely swept away. But this is entirely erroneous; the ruins still remain; and had man treated it as kindly as the elements, the old Fort would be nearly perfect to-day.

After the British departed, an occasional band of Indians found shelter for a little time in the lonely buildings, but otherwise, the solitude which claimed for its own the once busy fortress, remained unbroken for many a year to come. Congress, in 1788, reserved to our government a tract of land one mile square, on the Mississippi, extending as far above as below Fort Chartres, including the said Fort, the buildings, and improvements adjoining the same. It would have been well to provide for the preservation of this monument of the romantic era of our history, but, of course, nothing of the sort was done. The enactment simply prevented any settlement upon the reservation, and left the Fort to become more and more a part of the wilderness, and its structures a prey to the spoiler. Now and then an adventurous traveler found his way thither. Quaint old Gov. Reynolds, who saw it in 1802, says, "It is an object of antiquarian curiosity. The trees, undergrowth, and brush are mixed and interwoven with the old walls. It presented the most striking contrast between a savage wilderness, filled with wild beasts and reptiles, and the remains of one of the largest and strongest fortifications on the continent. Large trees were growing in the houses which once contained the elegant and accomplished French officers and soldiers." And then, with a hazy idea of rivalling the prophecy of the lion and the lamb, he adds, "Cannon, snakes, and bats were sleeping together in peace in and around this fort." Major Amos Stoddard, of the U.S. Engineers, who took possession of Upper Louisiana for our government

under the treaty of cession, in 1804, visited Fort Chartres and thus describes it, "Its figure is quadrilateral with four bastions, the whole of lime-stone, well cemented. The walls are still entire. A spacious square of barracks and a capacious magazine are in good preservation. The enclosure is covered with trees from seven to twelve inches in diameter. In fine this work exhibits a splendid ruin. The inhabitants have taken away great quantities of material to adorn their own buildings." Brackenridge, U.S. Judge for the District of Louisiana, in a work published in 1817, has this passage, "Fort de Chartres is a noble ruin, and is visited by strangers as a great curiosity. I was one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who ascended in a barge from Ste. Genevieve, nine miles below. The outward wall, barracks, and magazine are still standing. There are a number of cannon lying half buried in the earth with their trunnions broken off. In visiting the various parts, we started a flock of wild turkeys, which had concealed themselves in this hiding-place. I remarked a kind of enclosure near, which, according to tradition, was fitted up by the officers as a kind of arbor where they could sit and converse in the heat of the day." In 1820, Beck, the publisher of a *Gazeteer* of Illinois and Missouri, made a careful survey of the remains of the Fort. He speaks of it then as a splendid ruin, "the walls in some places perfect, the buildings in ruins, except the magazine, and in the hall of one of the houses an oak growing, eighteen inches in diameter." Hall, the author of a book entitled *Romance of the West*, was at Fort Chartres, in 1829. "Although the spot was familiar to my companion," he says, "it was with some difficulty that we found the ruins, which are covered with a vigorous growth of forest trees and a dense undergrowth of bushes and vines. Even the crumbling pile itself is thus overgrown, the tall trees rearing their stems from piles of stone, and the vines creeping over the tottering walls. The buildings were all razed to the ground, but the lines of the foundations could be easily traced. A large vaulted powder-magazine remained in good preservation. The exterior wall was thrown down in some places, but in others retained something like its original height and form. And it was curious to see in the gloom of a wild forest these remnants of the architecture of a past age." The Fort Chartres Reservation was opened to entry in 1849, no provision being made concerning what remained of the Fort. The land was taken up by settlers, the area of the works cleared of trees, and a cabin built within it, and the process of demolition hastened by the increasing number of those who resorted there for building material. Governor Reynolds

PLAN OF FORT CHARTRES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Drawn from a survey made by N. Hansen, Esq., of Illinois, and J. Beck, in 1820.



A A A The exterior wall—1447 feet.

B The gate or entrance to the fort.

C A small gate.

D D The two houses formerly occupied by the commandant and commissary, each 96 feet in length and 30 in breadth.

E The well.

F The magazine.

G G G Houses formerly occupied as barracks, 135 feet in length, 30 in breadth.

H H Formerly occupied as a storehouse and guard-house, 60 feet by 24.

I The remains of small magazine.

K The remains of a furnace.

L L L A ravine, which in the spring is filled with water. Between this and the river, which is about half-a-mile, is a thick growth of cotton wood.

The area of the fort is about four square acres

came again in 1854, and found "Fort Chartres a pile of mouldering ruins, and the walls torn away almost even with the surface."

To one visiting the site but a year ago, the excursion afforded as strong a contrast between the past and the present as may readily be found. Leaving the railway at the nearest point to the ruins, the brisk new town of Red Bud, twenty miles distant, the greater part of the drive over the prairie and through the forest which intervene, is as monotonous as a ride anywhere in Illinois may properly be. But when you reach the bluff, far overlooking the lordly Mississippi, and its lowlands to the Missouri hills beyond, and wind down the road cut deeply into its face to the little village of Prairie du Rocher, lying at its foot, a change comes over the scene. The wide and shaded village streets with the French names above the little stores, the houses built as in Canada, with dormer-windows and piazzas facing to the south, the mill bearing the name the Jesuits gave the site, the foreign accent and appearance of the people, the very atmosphere, so full of rest and quiet, to which hurry is unknown, all combine to make one feel as if in another time and another land than ours. It is as though a little piece of old France had been transplanted to the Mississippi, a century since, and forgotten; or as if a stratum of the early French settlements at the Illinois, a hundred years ago or more, had sunk down below the reach of time and change, with its ways and customs and people intact, and still pursued its former life unmindful of the busy nineteenth century on the uplands above its head. It was not surprising to be told that at the house of the village priest some ancient relics were to be seen, and that some ancient documents had once been there. In such a place such things should always be. But it was a surprise, when shown into a room adorned with portraits of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and expecting to see a venerable man with black robes, and, perhaps, the tonsure, to be suddenly greeted by a joyous youth, in German student costume, with a mighty meerschaum in his hand, who introduced himself as the priest in charge of the parish of St. Joseph of Prairie du Rocher. Arrived but six months before from the old country, he had been stationed here because of his knowledge of French, which is spoken by nearly all of the 250 families in the parish, including a number of colored people, the descendants of the slaves of the early settlers. He led the way to his sanctum, where he displayed, with pride, three chalices and a monstrance, or receptacle for the wafer, very old and of quaint workmanship, made of solid silver, and a tabernacle of inlaid wood, all supposed to have belonged to the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres. He had

also a solid silver table-castor, marked 1680, the property of his parish, the history of which is unknown. At an inquiry for old manuscripts, he produced, from a lumber-room, a bundle of discolored papers, fast going to decay, which he had found in the house when he took possession, but of which he knew but little. Almost the first inspection revealed a marriage register of the church of St. Anne, with the autographs of Makarty and De Villiers, and subsequent examination showed that these papers comprised a large part of the registers of that parish, as well as the early records of St. Joseph of Prairie du Rocher.

Such an experience was a fitting prelude to the sight of the old Fort itself, though this was, indeed, difficult to find. In the early day all roads in the Illinois country led to Fort Chartres. Highways thither are the most prominent feature of the old village plats and ancient maps of the region. Now, not even a path leads to it. The simple French people along the way could not believe that any one could really wish to visit the old Fort, and with kindly earnestness insisted that the intended destination must be the river landing, which takes its name from the Fort, but is some miles away from it. By dint of repeated inquiries, a course was found which led to the goal after a five-mile drive from Prairie du Rocher. The ruins were approached by a farm-road across a beautiful level field, green with winter wheat, and the first sight of the low bank, which marks the position of the walls, and of the old magazine standing bravely up against the forest background, was a sufficient reward for the journey. Entering the enclosure through a rude farm-gate, which stands just in the place of its lofty predecessor of carved stone, the line of the walls and the corner bastions can be readily traced by the mounds of earth covered with scattered fragments of stone, beneath which, doubtless, the heavy foundations remain, except at the corner swept away by the river. On two sides the outline of the ditch can be seen, and the cellars of the commandant's and intendant's houses, and of the barracks, are plainly visible, half filled with débris, under which, perhaps, the old cannon of Louis XIV. are still lying. Time has settled the question of title to them, and they belong neither to France nor Britain now. One angle of the main wall remains, and is utilized as the substructure of a stable. Two rude houses, occupied by farm tenants, are within the enclosure, which has been cleared of trees, save a few tall ones near the magazine and alongside the ditch. In front, the ground is open and under cultivation, and, looking from the old gateway, you have before you the prospect which must often have pleased the eyes of the officers of France and

Britain, gazing from the cut-stone platform above the arch the little knoll in front where Boisbriant's land-grant to himself commenced, the level plateau dotted with clumps of forest trees, the gleam of the little lake in the lowland and beyond, the beautiful buttresses of rock, rounded and shaped as if by the hand of man, supporting the upland which bounds the view. Of the vanished village of St. Anne, scarcely a vestige remains, save a few garden-plants growing wild on the plain. Occasionally a well belonging to one of its houses is found, but there is no sign of the church, where "sales were made in a high and audible voice, while the people went in and out in great numbers." The site of St. Philip is covered by a farm, but to this day a part of its long line of fields is known as "the King's Highway," though there is no road there, and it is supposed that this was the route along which Renault brought the supplies from his grant to the river for transfer to his mines.

Yet, though so much has gone of the ancient surroundings and of the Fort itself, it was an exceeding pleasure to find the old magazine, still almost complete, and bearing itself as sturdily as if conscious that it alone is left of all the vast domain of France in America, and resolute to preserve its memory for the ages to come. It stands within the area of the south-eastern bastion, solidly built of stone, its walls four feet in thickness, sloping upward to perhaps twelve feet from the ground, and rounded at the top. It is partially covered with vines and moss, and one might travel far and wide in our land to find an object so picturesque and so venerable. But for the loss of its iron doors, and the cut stone about the doorway, it is well-nigh as perfect as the day it was built. Within, a few steps lead to the solid stone floor, some feet below the surface, and the interior, nearly thirty feet square, is entirely uninjured. You may note the arched stone roof, the careful construction of the heavy walls, and the few small apertures for light and air, curiously protected against injury from without. Here one may invoke the shades of Makarty, and De Villiers, and St. Ange, and easily bring back the past. For, as it is to-day, it has seen them all, as they went to and fro before it, or examined its store of shot and shell; it has heard the word of command as the grenadiers drilled on the parade-ground hard by; it has watched the tawny chieftains and their followers trooping in single file through the adjacent gateway; and past its moss-grown walls the bridal processions of Madeleine Loisel and Elizabeth Montcharveaux, and the other fair ladies from the Fort, have gone to the little church of St. Anne. And gazing at it in such a mood, until all about was

peopled with "the airy shapes of long ago," and one beheld again the gallant company which laid the foundations of this fortress with such high hope and purpose, the hurrying scouts passing through its portals with tidings of Indian foray or Spanish march, the valiant leaders setting forth from its walls on distant expeditions against savage or civilized foe, the colonists flocking to its store-house or council-chamber, the dusky warriors thronging its enclosure with Chicago or Pontiac at their head, the gathering there of those who founded a great city, the happy village at its gates, and the scenes of its momentous surrender, which sealed the loss of an empire to France; it seemed not unreasonable to wish that the State of Illinois might, while yet there is time, take measures to permanently preserve, for the sake of the memories, the romance, and the history interwoven in its fabric, what still remains of Old Fort Chartres.

COL. JOHN TODD'S RECORD-BOOK.

THE early records of "the Illinois," as the region including our State was formerly called, unfortunately, have not been preserved. Those of its civil and judicial administration, during the sixty years of its organized government as a royal province, and the subsequent period of its existence as a county of Virginia, would be of exceeding value to him who shall properly write the history of Illinois. A large collection of such papers remained at Kaskaskia, once the capital, successively, of province, territory, and state, until the day came when the ancient village was obliged to yield even the honor of being a county seat to the neighboring city of Chester. To the latter place, several boxes filled with these papers were then removed, and stood for years in the hall of its court-house, until, by neglect or wanton misuse, their contents were lost or destroyed. One, however, of these mementos of the past, and not the least in worth among them, was recently found in an office of this court-house, in a receptacle for fuel, just in time to save it from the fiery fate of many of its companions, and is now in the custody of the Chicago Historical Society. This is the original Record or Minute-Book of Colonel John Todd, the first civil governor of the Illinois country.

When George Rogers Clark had captured the British posts beyond the Ohio, under the authority of Virginia, that State was quick to act for the preservation of the rights thus acquired. Kaskaskia was taken on the 4th of July, 1778; the first surrender of Vincennes, or St. Vincent, as it was sometimes called, occurred soon after; and in October, of the same year, the General Assembly of Virginia passed "An Act for establishing the County of Illinois, and for the more effectual protection and defence thereof." The young Commonwealth, only in the third year of its own independent existence, and then with the other revolted colonies, engaged in a death-struggle with the Mother Country, did not shrink from the duty of providing a suitable

government for the immense territory thus added to its domain. The Act recites the successful expedition of the Virginia militia-men in the country adjacent to the Mississippi, and that good faith and safety require that the citizens thereof, who have acknowledged the Commonwealth, shall be supported and protected. and that some temporary form of government, adapted to their circumstances, shall be established. It provides that all the citizens of Virginia, settled on the western side of the Ohio, shall be included in a distinct county, to be called Illinois County. The vast area, afterwards ceded to the United States under the name of the North-West Territory, and now divided into five States, then composed a single county of Virginia. Of this county the governor of the State was authorized to appoint a county-lieutenant, or commandant, who could appoint and commission deputy-commandants, militia-officers, and commissaries. The religion and customs of the inhabitants were to be respected, and all civil officers were to be chosen by a majority of the inhabitants of the respective districts. The County-Lieutenant had power to pardon all offenders, except murder and treason. The Governor was authorized to levy five hundred men to garrison and protect the county, and keep up communications with Virginia, and with the Spanish settlements, and to take measures to supply goods to the inhabitants and friendly Indians. Such was the first Bill of Rights of Illinois.

The Governor of the State of Virginia, upon whom devolved the duty of selecting the commandant of the country of Illinois, was the first who ever held that office, the immortal patriot, Patrick Henry; and the man whom he chose for this difficult and responsible position was John Todd. He was not unknown on the frontier nor at the capital. Born in Pennsylvania, and educated in Virginia, he had practised law in the latter colony for several years. when, in 1775, he removed to the Kentucky country. He was one of those who met at Boonesboro', in the spring of that year, under the great elm tree, near the fort, to establish the proprietary government of the so-called colony of Transylvania, comprising more than half of the modern State of Kentucky, and he was very prominent in the counsels of its House of Delegates or Representatives, the first legislative body organized west of the Alleghanies. He preëmpted large tracts of land near the present city of Lexington, and is said to have been one of the band of pioneers, who, while encamped on its site, heard of the opening battle of the Revolution in the far East, and named their infant settlement in its honor. When the agents of the Kentucky settlers had obtained a gift of powder from Virginia

for the defence of the frontier, in the following year, and had brought it down the Ohio to the Three Islands. Todd led a small party through the forests to transport it to one of the forts, but was beaten back, after a bloody contest with the Indians. Early in 1777, the first court in Kentucky opened its sessions at Harrisburg, and he was one of the justices. Shortly after, he was chosen one of the representatives of Kentucky in the legislature of Virginia, and went to the capital to fulfil this duty. The following year he accompanied George Rogers Clarke in his expedition to the Illinois, and was the first man to enter Fort Gage, at Kaskaskia, when it was taken from the British, and was present at the final capture of Vincennes.

Meanwhile the Act, above mentioned, had been passed, and the Governor had no difficulty in deciding whom to appoint County-Lieutenant of Illinois. At Williamsburg, then the capital of the Old Dominion, in the former mansion of the royal rulers of the whilom colony, Patrick Henry, on the 12th of December, 1778, indited his letter of appointment to John Todd, Esq., and entered it in the very book now before us. It occupies the first five pages, and probably is in Patrick Henry's handwriting. At all events his own signature is subscribed thereto. This letter is not such a one as territorial governors would be likely to receive in these later days. It deals with higher things than those which occupy the modern politician. The opening paragraph informs John Todd, Esq., that by virtue of the Act of the General Assembly, which establishes the County of Illinois, he is appointed County-Lieutenant, or Commandant, there, and refers him to the law for the general tenor of his conduct. It continues as follows: "The grand objects which are disclosed to the view of your countrymen will prove beneficial, or otherwise, according to the value and abilities of those who are called to direct the affairs of that remote country. The present crisis, rendered favorable by the good disposition of the French and Indians, may be improved to great purposes, but if, unhappily, it should be lost, a return of the same attachments to us may never happen. Considering, therefore, that early prejudices are so hard to wear out, you will take care to cultivate and conciliate the affections of the French and Indians." * * * "Although great reliance is placed on your prudence in managing the people you are to reside among, yet considering you as unacquainted in some degree with their genius, usages, and manners, as well as the geography of the country, I recommend it to you to consult and advise with the most intelligent and upright persons who may fall in your way."

His relations to the military, under Col. Clark, are next considered: the necessity of coöperation with and aid to them, in defence against, or attack upon, hostile British and Indians, summing up with the general direction, to consider himself "at the head of the civil department, and as such, having the command of the militia who are not to be under the command of the military, until ordered out by the civil authority, and to act in conjunction with them." He is advised "on all occasions to inculcate on the people the value of liberty, and the difference between the state of free citizens of this Commonwealth, and that of slavery, to which the Illinois was destined, and that they are to have a free and equal representation, and an improved jurisprudence." His care must be to remove "the grievances that obstruct the happiness, increase, and prosperity of that country, and his constant attention to see that the inhabitants have justice administered." He is to discountenance and punish every attempt to violate the property of the Indians, particularly in their land. To the Spanish commandant, near Kaskaskia, he is to tender friendship and services, and cultivate the strictest connection with him and his people, and a letter to him, from Governor Henry, Todd is to deliver in person. And he is warned that the matters given him in charge "are singular in their nature and weighty in their consequences to the people immediately concerned, and to the whole State. They require the fullest exertion of ability and unwearied diligence." Then with that high sense of justice and humanity which distinguished the man, Henry turns from State affairs to right the wrongs of the helpless wife and children of his country's enemy. The family of Mr. Rocheblave, the late British commandant at Kaskaskia, had been left among the hostile people there, while the husband and father was a prisoner in Virginia, and their possessions had been confiscated. Todd is informed "that they must not suffer for want of that property of which they had been bereft by our troops: it is to be restored to them, if possible; if this can not be done, the public must support them." And the letter concludes with a direction to send an express once in three months, bringing a general account of affairs, and with the mention of a contemplated plan for the appointment of an agent to supply the Illinois with goods on public account.

Conciliation of the newly enfranchised inhabitants, selection of competent advisers, defence against foreign and native enemies, subordination of the military to the civil arm of the government, establishment of Republican institutions, administration of equal justice to all, an alliance with friendly neighbors, encouragement

of trade, and the exertion by the commandant of unwearied ability, diligence, and zeal, in behalf of his people; such are the principal heads of this able and, for its time, extraordinary State paper. It shows us that the man who had taken the grave responsibility of the secret instructions which led to the capture of the Illinois country, was competent to direct the next step in its career. He could wisely govern what had been bravely won. With all the cares of a new State engaged in a war for its independence resting upon his shoulders, proscribed as a traitor to the Mother Country, and writing almost within sound of the guns of the British fleet upon the James, he looked with calm vision into the future, and laid well the foundations of another Commonwealth beyond the Ohio.

This book, made precious by his pen, was entrusted to a faithful messenger, who carried it from tidewater across the mountains to Fort Pitt, thence down the Ohio, until he met with his destined recipient, and delivered to him his credentials. It is supposed that Todd received it at Vincennes, then known to Virginians as St. Vincent, not long after the surrender of that place, on February 24th, 1779, and thereupon returned to the Kentucky country to make some necessary preparations for his new duties, and possibly to enlist some of the soldiers authorized to be raised by the Act under which he was appointed. At all events, he did not reach the Illinois country until the spring of 1779, as we learn from the journal of Colonel George Rogers Clark, who says, "The civil department in the Illinois had heretofore robbed me of too much of my time that ought to be spent in military reflection. I was now likely to be relieved by Col. John Todd, appointed by Government for that purpose. I was anxious for his arrival, and happy in his appointment, as the greatest intimacy and friendship subsisted between us; and on the — day of May, (1779), had the pleasure of seeing him safely landed at Kaskaskias, to the joy of every person. I now saw myself happily rid of a piece of trouble that I had no delight in."

So came the new governor to his post, the bearer of Republican institutions to a land and a people but just freed from the rule of a foreign king. And with him he brought this very book containing in the memorable letter inscribed in its pages his own credentials, as well as the best evidence these new citizens could have that they were subjects no longer. This was no ordinary arrival at the goodly French village of Kaskaskia. In the eighty years of its existence, it had seen explorers and missionaries, priests and soldiers, famous travelers and men of high degree, come and go, but never before one sent to administer the laws

of a peoples' government for the benefit of the governed. We may imagine its inhabitants gathered at the river side to watch the slow approach of a heavy boat, flying a flag still strange to them, as it toils against the current to the end of its long voyage down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. And when there lands from it one with the mien of authority, (having, perchance, this book under his arm), they are ready to render him the homage exacted by royal governors, and here and there a voice even cries, "Vive le Roi." And, as they are reminded that they are under a free government now, and learn that the new comer is their own County-Lieutenant, on their way back to the village, we may hear Francois and Baptiste say to one another, "Who is it that rules over us now?" and, "What is this free government of which they speak?" "Is it a good thing, think you?" Small blame to them if their wits were puzzled. Less than fourteen years before they had been loyal liegemen to King Louis of France; then came a detachment of kilted Highlanders and presto! they were under the sway of King George of Great Britain; a few years passed, and one July morning, a band with long beards and rifles looked down from the heights of Fort Gage and raised a new banner over them, and now there was yet another arrival, which, though seemingly peaceful, might mean more than appeared. Perhaps the very last solution of the mystery which occurred to them, was that thenceforth they were to take part in their own government.

Whether Todd regarded his department as such "a piece of trouble," as Clark found it, we have no means of knowing, but certainly he addressed himself at once to his work. Under the clause of the statute which authorized him to appoint and commission deputy-commandants and militia-officers, he took action, probably as soon as he arrived, and recorded it in his book. At page 6 is the first entry in Todd's handwriting, which reads as follows:

"Made out the military commissions for the District of Kaskaskia, dated May 14th, 1779:

RICHARD WINSTON, Commandant, as Capt.

NICHOLAS JANIS, First Co. Capt.

BAPTISTE CHARLEVILLE, 1 Lieut.

CHARLES CHARLEVILLE, 2 Lieut.

MICHAEL GODIS, Ensign.

JOSEPH DUPLASSY, 2d Capt.

NICHOLAS LE CHANIE, 1 Lieut.

CHARLES DANEE, 2 Lieut.

BATISTE JANIS, Ensign."

"17th May, sent a Com. of Command of Prairie du Rocher, and Capt. of the Militia to Jean B. Barbeau.

The District of Kohokia:

FRANCOIS TROTTER, Commd't.

TOURANGEAU, Capt. 1.

BEAULIEU, Capt. 2.

GURADIN, Lieut.

P. MARTHIR, Lieut.

SANFARON, Ensign.

Comms dated 14th May, 1779, 3d year of the Commonwealth.

This was the earliest organization of a militia force proper, in this region, and these officers were the first of the long line, adorned by many brilliant names, of those who have held Illinois commissions. There was significance, too, in the concluding of this entry with the words, "Third year of the Commonwealth." It meant that in this "remote country," as Patrick Henry called it, men felt the change from subjects to freemen then being wrought by the great Revolution, and that they were playing a part in it.

And this is emphasized in the succeeding minute.

Todd appears to have next put in force the statutory provision that all civil officers were to be chosen by a majority of the citizens in each district, and on pages 7 and 8 he records the "List of the Court of Kaskaskia, the Court of Kohokias, and the Court of St. Vincennes," and adds, "*as elected by the people.*" As elected by the people, and not as appointed by a king—as chosen by the citizens of each district, and not by the whim of some royal minister, thousands of miles away, across the sea. This was indeed a change. For more than half a century the settlements at the Illinois had known a court and a judge. But the laws, and the administrators thereof, had been imported from a distant kingdom, and with the framing of the one or the selection of the other, they had had nothing whatever to do. And, without doubt, the election here recorded was their first exercise of the rights of citizens of a republic, and the first exercise of such rights within the territory of Illinois. In these lists appear a number of names of more or less note in the old time, and some of those already recited in the militia appointments. Richard Winston, Deputy-Commandant at Kaskaskia, filled also the office of Sheriff of that district, and Jean B. Barbeau found no inconsistency between his duties as Deputy-Commandant at Prairie du Rocher, and those of one of the judges of the court of his district. Nicholas Janis and Charles Charleville were also liable to be called from the Kaskaskia bench to do military duty.

and at Cahokia, five of the seven judges held officers' commissions. This state of things may have been occasioned by the scarcity of men to take the new positions, so that "there were offices enough to go around" and to give some public-spirited citizens two apiece. If so, the modern office-seeker might well sigh for those good old times. An unusual circumstance appears in connection with the court of Vincennes. Against the name of one Cardinal, elected by the people as a judge, Todd has written "refused to serve." This is believed to be the only instance in our annals of a refusal to take an office. And it is feared that this unique individual left no descendants. No other of the name appears in any subsequent record of the territory, so far as known. It is possible that we ought to share the glory of this *rara avis* with the citizens of Indiana, since Vincennes is within the limits of that State. But, as he was at the time of this unexampled refusal a citizen of Illinois, we should strenuously claim him as one whose like will ne'er be seen again. After the list of the court of Vincennes, Todd notes his militia appointments at that place, the Chief-Justice P. Legras being also appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and the first Associate-Justice, Major. Opposite two of the names is written, "rank not settled," as if already that jealousy, which is the bane of the profession of arms, had sprung up. And a number of blanks are left, apparently to await the determination of that controversy, which seem never to have been filled.

Having organized the military and judicial departments of his government, the new commandant appears next to have given his attention to the encouragement of business. On page 11 of this book, appears a License for Trade, permitting "Richard M'Carthy, Gentleman, to traffick and merchandize, with all the liege subjects and Friends of the United States of America, of what nation soever they be, and to erect Factories and Stores at any convenient place or places he shall think proper within the Commonwealth." A careful proviso is made that "by virtue hereof no pretence shall be made to trespass upon the effects or property of individuals"; and the license is given under the hand and seal of John Todd, at Kaskaskia, the 5th June, 1779, in the 3rd year of the Commonwealth.

The financial question was the next to claim the attention of the busy County-Lieutenant, and he grappled with it sturdily. It was now the fourth year of the Revolutionary war, and the peculiar disadvantages of the continental currency, which had been severely felt at the East, began to be appreciated at the West as well. But John Todd did not hesitate to confront this

evil, and, at any rate, devised a plan for its correction. Within a month of his arrival at Kaskaskia, on the 11th of June, 1779, he addressed a letter to the court of Kaskaskia, which appears on page 12 of his Record-Book. He informs it that "the only method America has to support the present just war is by her credit, which credit consists of her bills emitted from the different treasuries by which she engages to pay the bearer, at a certain time, gold and silver in exchange; that there is no friend to American Independence, who has any judgment, but soon expects to see it equal to gold and silver, but that merely from its uncommon quantity, and in proportion to it, arises the complaint of its want of credit. And one only remedy remains within his power, which is to receive, on behalf of government, such sums as the people shall be induced to lend upon a sure fund, and thereby decrease the quantity." He states that the mode of doing this is already planned, and requests the concurrence and assistance of the judges. His zeal for the cause led him slightly astray when he predicted that these bills would soon be equal to gold and silver, since, in the following year, continental money was worth just two cents on the dollar, and never became more valuable. But in other respects his scheme was not so erroneous. He did not indulge in the delusion that all troubles could be removed by an unlimited issue of paper money. On the contrary, he favored the retirement of a portion of that in circulation, and of a kind of redemption of the public promises to pay. On page 14 is set forth at length, "Plan for borrowing 33333 $\frac{1}{3}$ dollars of Treasury notes, both belonging to this State and the United States." The preamble recites that owing to no other reason than the prodigious quantity of treasury notes, now in circulation, the value of almost every commodity has risen to most enormous prices, the preserving the credit of the said bills by reducing the quantity, requires some immediate remedy. And it is therefore declared that 21,000 acres of land, belonging to the Commonwealth, shall be laid off on the bank of the Mississippi in the district of Cahokia, 1000 acres to be reserved for a town, and the remainder to constitute a fund: and that the lender of money shall take a certificate for the sum, entitling him to demand, within two years, a title to his proportion of the land in said fund, or the sum originally advanced in gold and silver, with five per cent interest per annum. It is prudently provided that the State shall have the option of giving land or money, and to further protect a paternal government against any undue advantage being taken of it by its sons, notice is given that a deduction shall be made for all money

hereafter discovered to be counterfeited. Then follow the commencement of a French translation of the plan, a copy of the instructions to the Commissioner for borrowing money upon this fund, which direct him to keep every man's money by itself, and the form of receipt to be issued. Henry H. Crutcher appears to have been appointed such Commissioner, and his bond, with George Slaughter and John Roberts as sureties to Mr. John Todd, Commander-in-Chief of the County of Illinois, in the penalty of \$33,333 $\frac{1}{3}$ for the safe keeping of the money, is next recorded under date of June 14th, 1779.

On the same date, this energetic "Commander-in-Chief" addresses himself to the subject of the land under his jurisdiction, and the title thereto. He issues a proclamation strictly enjoining all persons from making any new settlements on the flat lands within one league of the rivers Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, and Wabash, except in the manner and form of settlements as heretofore made by the French inhabitants; and every inhabitant is required to lay before the persons appointed in each district for that purpose a memorandum of his or her land with their vouchers for the same. Warning is given that the number of adventurers who will soon run over this country, renders the above method necessary, as well as to ascertain the vacant land as to guard against trespasses which will be committed on land not of record. The object of this step evidently was not to discourage actual settlers, but to prevent the taking up of large tracts of land by speculators; and it shows both wisdom and foresight on the part of the head of the Government.

The graver duties associated with that position were quickly to devolve upon John Todd, and on page 18 of his Record-Book is inscribed an entry, which reads very strangely at the present day. It is *verbatim* as follows:

"Illinois, to wit: To Richard Winston, Esq., Sheriff in chief of the District of Kaskaskia.

Negro Manuel, a Slave, in your custody, is condemned by the Court of Kaskaskia, after having made honorable Fine at the Door of the Church, to be chained to a post at the Water Side and there to be burnt alive and his ashes scattered, as appears to me by Record. This Sentence you are hereby required to put in execution on tuesday next at 9 o'clock in the morning, and this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand and seal at Kaskaskia the 13th day of June in the third year of the Commonwealth."

This is a grim record, and reveals a dark chapter in the early history of Illinois. It is not surprising that some one has drawn

heavy lines across it as if to efface it forever. It is startling to reflect that barely one hundred years ago, within the territory now composing our State, a court of law deliberately sentenced a human being to be burned alive! It is possible that the attempted cancellation of the entry may mean that the warrant was revoked. And so let us hope for the sake of humanity. No other evidence, so far as known, of this peculiar case exists. But it is palpable that this inhuman penalty was actually fixed by the court, and as the statute deprived the commandant of the power to pardon in such cases, it is more probable that the sentence was actually executed. The cruel form of death, the color of the unfortunate victim, and the scattering of the ashes, all seem to indicate that this was one of the instances of the imagined crime of Voudouism or Negro Witchcraft, for which it is known that some persons suffered in the Illinois country about this time. Reynolds, in his Pioneer History, says, "In Cahokia about the year 1790, this superstition got the upperhand of reason, and several poor African slaves were immolated at the shrine of ignorance for this imaginary offence. An African negro, called Moreau, was hung for this crime on a tree not far southeast of Cahokia. It is stated that he had said he poisoned his master, but his mistress was too strong for his necromancy." There is no doubt that this is a correct statement of the facts, although the date of their occurrence is erroneously given. For on the next page of this Record-Book appears Todd's order for the detail of a guard for this very negro Moreau to the place of execution, dated June 15th, 1779, which, of course goes to show the probability of the infliction of the penalty above mentioned in the case of the negro, Manuel. This order in regard to Moreau, is as follows:

"To Capt. Nicholas Janis.

You are hereby required to call upon a party of your militia to guard Moreau, a slave condemned to execution, up to the town of Kohos. Put them under an officer. They shall be entitled pay rations and refreshment during the Time they shall be upon Duty to be certified hereafter by you.

I am sir your hble servant.

JNO. TODD.

15th June 1779.

I recommend 4 or 5 from your Compy and as many from Capt. Placey and consult Mr. Lacroix about the time necessary.

J. T."

Nicholas Janis was, as we have seen, Captain of the first Com

pany of Militia at Kaskaskia, and the Captain Placey mentioned is, undoubtedly, Joseph Duplessis, Captain of the second Company at the same place. Kohos. was the familiar abbreviation of Cahokia, and the Mr. Le Croix, who was to be consulted, must have been J. B. L. Croix, first sheriff of the Cahokia district, by whom, no doubt, the execution of Moreau was conducted. These two entries, therefore, confirm Reynold's account of this matter, the accuracy of which has sometimes been questioned, and give to old Cahokia the sad distinction of having been a Western Salem.

The different subjects thus far included in this interesting Record-Book, were all dealt with by Todd between May 14th and June 15th, 1779. He certainly was not idle, nor did he lack for important business during the first month of his administration. His duties appear then to have called him away from Kaskaskia, probably to Vincennes, to make the appointments there already noticed. And as he was about to leave, he addressed a letter to his deputy-commandant, Richard Winston, which is sufficiently interesting to be quoted entire.

“Sir: During my absence the command will devolve upon you as commander of Kaskaskia.—if Colo. Clark should want anything more for his expedition, consult the members of the court upon the best mode of proceeding, if the people will not spare willingly, if in their power, you must press it, valuing the property by Two men upon Oath.—let the military have no pretext for forcing property—When you order it and the people will not find it, then it will be Time for them to Interfere.—by all means Keep up a Good Understanding with Colo. Clark and the Officers.—if this is not the Case you will be unhappy. I am sir

Yr Hble Servt JOHN TODD

June 15, 1779.”

The expedition of Colonel Clark, referred to in this letter, is supposed to have been that planned against the British at Detroit, which he and Governor Henry were very anxious to undertake. They were ultimately prevented by lack of means. Todd's determination to keep the military in subordination to the civil power is very plain, but at the same time his doubt of his success, and his appreciation of Clark's peculiarities, are curiously shown by the concluding paragraph of this letter. When he tells Richard Winston by all means to keep up a good understanding with Colo. Clark, and that, if this is not the case, he will be unhappy, he evidently is speaking of that of which he knows by personal experience.

Upon his return to Kaskaskia, July 27th, 1779, the resolutions

of Congress concerning the issues of the continental money, dated May 20th, 1777, and April 11th, 1778, engaged his attention. And he put forth a short proclamation in French and English, both copies being duly transcribed in his Record at pages 19 and 20, notifying persons having money of those issues that unless they shall as soon as possible pay the same into some continental treasury, the money must sink on their hands, and that the vouchers must be certified by himself or some deputy-commandant of this county, and have reference to the bundle of money numbered and sealed. Whether this Congressional plan superseded that of Todd's own devising, we do not know, but at all events we hear nothing further of his land fund.

It would appear that during his brief absence, the newly-appointed court at Kaskaskia had not transacted business with the diligence and celerity required by John Todd. The judges were all elected from among the French settlers, and we may assume that their easy-going ways did not find favor with the busy man from beyond the Ohio. They seem to have adjourned court to what appeared to him to be too long a day, and his consequent action savors somewhat of a direct interference of the executive with the judiciary, but, doubtless, was effective. On page 21 we read the following document:

"To Gabriel Cerre &c. Esqrs. Judges of the Court for the District of Kaskaskia:

You are hereby authorized and required to hold and constitute a court on Saterdag, the 21st of July at the usual place of holding court within yr District, any adjournment to the contrary notwithstanding. Provided that no suitor or party be compeled to answer any process upon said Day unless properly summoned by the Clark and Sheriff. Given under my hand and seal at Kaskaskia July 31st 1779. JOHN TODD."

He was tender of the rights of parties, but proposed that the judges should attend to their work. Doubtless, Gabriel and his associates grumbled not a little at this interference with their comfort, and insisted, the one to the other, that they had not accepted the judicial office upon any such understanding. Pleasure first and business afterwards, had always been the rule at Kaskaskia, and to compel a man to hold court when he preferred to smoke his pipe in the sun, or go fishing, was an unprecedented hardship. But all the same, we may be very sure that they did "hold and constitute a court on Saterdag the 21st of July, any adjournment to the contrary notwithstanding."

Mindful of Governor Henry's advice to cultivate a connection with the Spanish commandant, near Kaskaskia, Commandant

Todd sends a letter, in French, on August 9th, 1779, to Monsieur Cartabonne, commanding at St. Genevieve, and a letter to same effect to Monsieur Leyba, at St. Louis. It will be remembered that all the region west of the Mississippi then belonged to Spain, at that time at war with Britian, and was garrisoned by her troops. In these letters he proposes an arrangement concerning the commerce of the Illinois country, for the mutual advantage of their respective governments, his Catholic Majesty on the one hand, and the State of Virginia on the other, and for the disadvantage of their common enemy, the British. He informs the Spaniards that Colonel Clark has not yet departed from Post Vincennes, and further states that, if they are attacked by any enemies, and he can be of service to them, he is ordered by the Governor of Virginia to give aid to them.

The slow-moving French settlers seem to have been in other ways a trial, and probably were dilatory in providing supplies for the troops, which were soon expected from Virginia. And on Aug. 11th, Todd enters, on page 22 of his Book, a brief address, in which the inhabitants of Kaskaskia are, for the last time, invited to contract with the persons appointed for provision, especially "Flower," for the troops who will shortly arrive. He says, "I hope they will use properly the Indulgence of a mild Government. If I shall be obliged to give the military permission to press It will be a disadvantage, and what ought more to influence Freemen, it will be a dishonor to the people." It is evident that Baptiste, Francois, and the rest, while willing enough to be "Freemen," on their money still preferred a king. And the supplies which they would have readily furnished in exchange for coins stamped with the head of George III. or Louis XV., were not forthcoming when continental currency was offered in return, despite all of Todd's efforts in that behalf. It is said that the early French inhabitants were so puzzled by the machinery of free government, that they longed for the return of the despotic authority of their military commandants. If so, there must have been a familiar sound about this brief address which might have made them think their good old times had come again. After this he copies an order upon the Governor of Virginia, in favor of J. B. La Croix, the Sheriff of Cahokia, in payment of supplies furnished, probably one of the few, if not the only one who paid any attention to the address.

The Commandant found it necessary to resort to more stringent measures. And on August 22d, he issued another proclamation laying an embargo upon the exportation of any provisions whatsoever, by land or water, for sixty days, unless he has

assurances before that time that a sufficient stock is laid up for the troops, or sufficient security is given to the contractors for its delivery when required. And the offender is to be subjected to imprisonment for one month and forfeit value of such exported provision. This he records in English and in French, apparently having special reference to those of the latter race. And seemingly becoming weary of the delay of the people as to the surrender of the continental money, he gives notice, in both languages, that after August 23d, 1779, no more certificates will be granted at Kaskaskia to persons producing the called-in emissions. It does not appear whether this delay was due to the fact that the prudent French settlers really had no continental money on hand, or to their wish to get some return for what little they did own, and they were unable to see any such outcome from a deposit in a continental treasury.

October 7th, 1779, he makes a note of an order given to Patrick M'Crosky on the Gov't for 140 Dollars being No. 2 issued "by a certificate from Mr. Helm." This Mr. Helm was one of Clark's trusty lieutenants, and was, probably, then commanding the fort at Vincennes.

A short and simple method of forfeiting realty to the State, is illustrated in the proceedings set forth on pages 25 and 26. On the 4th of October, 1779, a notification was given at the door of the church of Kaskaskia, that the half-a-lot above the church, joining Picard on the east, and Langlois on the west, unless some person should appear and support their claim to the said lot within three days, would be condemned to the use of the Commonwealth. On the 13th day of October, 1779, accordingly, John Todd, under his hand and seal, at Kaskaskia, proclaimed that after publicly calling any person or persons to shew any claim they might have to said lot, and no one appearing to claim the same as against the Commonwealth of Virginia, he declares and adjudges the said lot to belong to the said Commonwealth, and that all persons, whatsoever, be thenceforth debarred and precluded forever from any claim thereto.

The heading of the following entry in this book is, "Copy of a Grant to Colonel Montgomery," but the remainder of that page, and one or two more, have been deliberately torn out. The explanation of this mutilation may be found in a report made, in 1810, by the Commissioners appointed by Congress to examine the claims of persons claiming lands in the district of Kaskaskia, from which it appears that many of the ancient evidences of title had been deliberately destroyed in the interest of speculators claiming under forged deeds or perjured testimony.

Some one, interested in opposition to this grant, may have had access to this book years after the entry, when the land had become valuable, and attempted to defeat the title in this way. The Colonel Montgomery, named in it, was probably the Captain Montgomery who came to the Illinois with Clark, and rendered good service on that expedition. He is described as a jovial Irishman, whom Clark fell in with at the Falls of the Ohio, on his way down the river, and who readily joined in the perilous adventure, from pure love of fighting. He commanded the garrison of Fort Gage, at Kaskaskia, after its surrender by the British.

This is the last entry in the book in Todd's handwriting.

We know that he continued to hold his position as Commandant and County-Lieutenant at the Illinois for some three years more, devoting most of his time to its affairs. And in that period he made the difficult and often dangerous journey between his distant post and the Kentucky settlements, or Virginia, two or more times in every year. In 1779, Virginia ordered two regiments to be raised for service in its western counties, and it is supposed that Todd was appointed Colonel of one of them. In the spring of 1780, he was elected a delegate from the county of Kentucky to the Legislature of Virginia, and was married while attending its session of that year. In the fall, he returned to Kentucky, and, having established his bride in the fort at Lexington, resumed his journey to Illinois. It is worthy of remark that the foundation of Transylvania University, the first institution of learning west of the mountains, is attributed to the State aid obtained from the Virginia Legislature by his exertions in its behalf. In November, 1780, the county of Kentucky was divided into the three counties of Fayette, Lincoln, and Jefferson, and in the summer of 1781, Governor Thomas Jefferson appointed Todd, Colonel of Fayette County, Daniel Boone, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Thomas Marshall, (father of Chief-Justice Marshall), Surveyor. In December, 1781, Todd secured a town lot at Lexington, and in May, 1782, he was made one of the trustees of Lexington by Act of Virginia. In the summer of that year he visited Richmond, on the business of the Illinois country, where it is said he had concluded to permanently reside, and stopped at Lexington on his return. While here, an Indian attack upon a frontier station summoned the militia to arms, and he, as Senior Colonel, took command of the little force of 180 men who went in pursuit of the retreating savages. It included Daniel Boone and many other pioneers of note, sixty of their number being commissioned officers. At the Blue Licks, on the

18th of August, 1782, the enemy was overtaken, and the headlong courage of those who would not observe the prudent counsels of Todd and Boone, precipitated an action which was very disastrous to the whites. One-third of those who went into battle were killed, a number wounded and several made prisoners. And among the heroes who laid down their lives that day was Colonel John Todd. He was shot through the body while gallantly fighting at the head of his men, and, says an eye-witness, "When last seen he was reeling in his saddle, while the blood gushed in profusion from his wounds."

A few other minutes were made in this book in Colonel Todd's life-time, which are not in his handwriting. On two pages, near the end, is kept his "Peltry Account," which is charged with his drafts on the Virginia Government, in favor of Monsieur Beauregarde, to the amount of \$30,000, dated at St. Louis, September 14th, 1779, the value thereof having, apparently, been received, one-third in paper currency and two-thirds in peltries. The account is credited with payments made for supplies for the garrison at Kaskaskia, purchased by Colonel John Montgomery, and for the garrison at Cahokia, purchased by Capt. M'Carthy, probably that Richard M'Carthy, gentleman, to whom a "License for Trade" was granted, as we have seen. The principal item in these supplies seems to have been a beverage called "Taffia," which was laid in by the hogshead. On page 28 is an oath of allegiance taken by one James Moore, at Kaskaskia, to the United States of America, on July 10th, 1872, while the States were still under the articles of confederation, showing the form then used. He renounces all fidelity to King George the Third, King of Great Britain, his heirs and successors, and agrees to make known to some one Justice of the Peace for the United States, all treasonous, all traitorous conspiracies which may come to his knowledge to be formed against said United States, or any one of them.

During Todd's later absences from his government, a French gentleman named Demunbrunt, appears to have been his deputy and acting-commandant in his place. And it is curious to notice on the inside of one of the covers of this book a little penmanship, which may indicate that this individual was rather proud of his temporary dignity. It reads "Nota bene, Nous Thimothé Demunbrunt Lt. Comdt Par interim &c &c;" and it seems as if Thimothé could not resist the temptation to see how his name and title would look, and so wrote it out in a fine, bold hand for all men to see for a hundred years to come. On the last page are two memoranda, apparently in the same bold hand.

which, in pencil underneath, are said to be by Thimothé Demunbrunt Lt. Comdt par interim, and, doubtless, this is correct. They read: "February 1782, Arived a small tribe of the Wabash Indians Imploring the paternal succour of their Father the Bostonians, having their patent from Major Linctot, in consequence I did on Behalf of the Commonwealth give them Six Bushell Indian Corn, Fifty Pounds of Bread, four Pounds of Gun Powder, Ten Pounds of Ball and One Gallon of Taffia, from Carbonneaux." And, "March 22d, Came here Deputys from the Delawars, Shawanoes and Cherokee nations of Indians Begging that the Americans wold grant them Pease, as likewise the French and Spanish, and after hearing their Talk, Smoaking the pipe of peace and friendship with them, and from their conduct while here as well as many marks they gave us of their Sincerity I could not avoid giving them on Behalf of the Americans the Following articles, vizt.

10 Bushells Indian Corn, 100 lb. Flour and 100 lb. Bisquit, 6 lb. Tobacco, one Gallon Tafia, 5 qts wampum and Canoe which cost me 20 Dollars."

' The use of the word "Bostonians" by the Wabash Indians, to indicate the whites, is interesting, and may, perhaps, show that this tribe contained or was made up of fragments of tribes of New England Indians, who would naturally use this phrase. The evidence furnished by these memoranda of the weakness and destitution of once powerful Indian nations, is very striking, although their real condition may have been slightly exaggerated, in order to obtain larger supplies of Tafia. Probably they fared better at the hands of the simple Frenchman, from the good-will of his race to the red man, than if Colonel Todd had been at the helm.

But, it may be asked, what had become of Richard Winston, who was Deputy-Commandant in the early part of Todd's administration, and how came he to be superseded by this soft-hearted Thimothé?

We should have been utterly unable to answer these questions but for a paragraph written upon the inside of the front cover of this book, which is as follows:

"Kaskaskias in the Illinois 29th April 1782. This day 10 o'clock A.M. I was taken out of my house by J. Neal Dodge on an order given by Jno. Dodge in despite of the Civil authority disregarding the laws, and on the malicious alugation of Jno. Williams and Michel Pevante as may appear by their deposition. I was confined by tyrannick military force without making any legal application to the Civil Magistrates—30th The Attorney for the

State, La Buinieux, presented a petition to the court against Richard Winston, State Prisoner in their custody the contents of which he (the Attorney for the State) ought to have communicated to me or my attorney, if any I had." It will be remembered that when Todd first went away from Kaskaskia, leaving Winston in command, he advised him, by letter, by all means to keep up a good understanding with Colonel Clark and the officers, telling him if this was not the case he would be unhappy. We can only conclude that the unlucky Winston had at this time neglected this injunction, as his trouble seems to have been with the military, and in consequence was very unhappy. At all events he had fallen into disgrace, of course had lost his office, and was imprisoned, doubtless, in the old French commandant's house, which served as the headquarters of the successive governments of the Illinois country, even down to the organization of our State when it became the first State House. Here shut up, perhaps in the governor's room, he found this Record-Book, and wrote his sorrowful tale within it. And so it preserves to us, a century after, poor Richard Winston's protest against "tyrannick military force."

The remaining pages of this book are occupied with a brief record in the French language of the proceedings of the Court of Kaskaskia, from June 5th, 1787, to February 15th, 1788. During this period it seems to be pretty much in the hands of one family, as three of the five justices are named Beauvais. Antoine Beauvais is the presiding justice, and Vital Beauvais, and St. Gemme Beauvais, are two of his four associates. For a long time they apparently do nothing but meet one month and adjourn to the next, as if determined in this way to regain the dignity of which the court was deprived by Col. Todd's peremptory order to their predecessors to hold a session, despite their order of adjournment. On October 25th, 1787, they settle down to business, at what they call an extraordinary session, to try a case between our good friend Demunbrunt, and one Francis Carboneaux. It will be remembered that Thimothé bought the Tafia he gave to the Indians from Carboneaux, and perhaps he had forgotten to pay for it. The details, and the result of the cause, are not given. The court pursues the even tenor of its way with commendable regularity, meeting once a month, in the morning, and immediately adjourning to the next month, but holding an extraordinary session whenever it had a case to try, (and it had two, all told), until January 15th, 1788. At this date, it, for the first time, seemingly, has to deal with the subject of jurymen, and solemnly determines that each juror from Prairie du Rocher

shall have twenty-five francs, and thereupon adjourns. It meets in the afternoon and impanels a jury to try a cause in which John Edgar is plaintiff, and Thomas Green, defendant, and with a few similar minutes its record ceases, and this book comes to an end.

Its own story is curious enough to entitle it to preservation, if only for its age and the vicissitudes through which it has passed. Made in Virginia more than one hundred years ago, brought the long journey thence to Illinois, at that day exceeding in risk and time a modern trip around the world, in use here in the infancy of the Republic, then cast aside and forgotten for almost a century, and lately rescued by the merest chance from destruction, it has now, by the formal vote of the Board of Commissioners of Randolph County, Illinois, the lineal successors of our first County-Lieutenant, been placed, we hope permanently, in the custody of the Chicago Historical Society. And when we consider that its opening pages were inscribed by the first Governor of the State of Virginia, who was one of the foremost men of the Revolution, that it is mainly filled with the handiwork of the first County-Lieutenant of the great North-West Territory, that it contains the record of one of the first courts of common law in Illinois, and above all, that it is a summary of the beginning of Republican institutions here, and, in fact, the record of the origin of our State, this common-looking book, with its coarse paper and few pages of faded handwriting, becomes a unique historical memorial, worthy to be treasured by the people of Illinois with reverent care for all time to come.

And with it too should be treasured the memory of that brave and able man, John Todd, a pioneer of progress, education, and liberty, and the real founder of this Commonwealth, who served his countrymen long and well, and died a noble death, fighting for their homes and firesides against a savage enemy, and giving his life, as he had given the best of his years and strength, for the cause of civilization and free government in the Western World.

The foregoing Paper was read before the Chicago Historical Society, Feb. 15, 1881.





F. Hoffmann

A WINTER IN THE WEST:

LETTERS DESCRIPTIVE
OF
CHICAGO AND VICINITY
IN
1833-4.

BY
CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

AUTHOR OF

"WILD SCENES IN FOREST AND PRAIRIE;" "GRAYS LAER;" "THE LIFE OF JAMES
LEISLER;" "THE VIGIL OF FAITH; AND OTHER POEMS;" "LOVE'S CALENDAR"
"THE ECHO; OR BORROWED NOTES FOR HOME CIRCULATION;" &c.

EDITOR OF

"KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE;" "AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE;" AND "NEW-YORK MIRROR."

REPRINT, WITH THE ORIGINAL AND NEW NOTES.

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P R E F A C E.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, an American author, born in New York, 1806. Son of Judge J. Ogden Hoffman. Sent to Academy at Poughkeepsie, and ran away to escape harsh treatment. In 1817, his leg was crushed between a steamboat and the wharf, and had to be amputated. This did not prevent his becoming proficient in manly sports, for which, in Columbia College where he was educated, he was more noted than for scholarship. Was admitted to the bar at the age of 21, practised three years, during which time he made contributions to literature, and became associated with Charles King in the editorship of the *New-York American*. In 1833, he went West for his health, and published a series of letters entitled "A Winter in the West," 1835; also, "Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie," 1837; his only novel, "Grayslaer," in 1840; "The Life of Jacob Leisler;" and numerous essays which have never been collected. He was a lover of nature and the natural, and spent most of his leisure in excursions on the Hudson and into the Adirondacks, at that time a trackless wilderness. Of these wild haunts he was passionately fond, and took great interest in the hunters and Indians, at that time the only inhabitants.

In Dec., 1832, Hoffman established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of which he edited several numbers. He afterward edited the *American Monthly Magazine* and the *New-York Mirror*. In 1842, a volume of his lyrics was published, entitled "The Vigil of Faith; and other Poems." A more complete edition appeared in 1845, entitled "Love's Calendar." "The Echo; or Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation," was the title of a second volume of poetry. In 1846-8, he edited the *Literary World*, and, after leaving that journal, contributed to it a number of essays and stories, entitled "Sketches of Society." A mental disorder has, since 1850, kept him in complete retirement from the world; his writings have been for many years out of print; and his reputation has been only kept alive by "Monterey," "Sparkling and Bright," "Rosalie Clare," and other of his most popular songs which have found their way into

the various compendiums of American literature. He possessed fine social qualities, conversational powers of a high order, taste, scholarship, and a chivalrous personal character which made him a favorite with all.

A new edition of his poems, edited by his nephew, Edward Fenno Hoffman, was published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, 1873.—*Appleton, etc.*

A WINTER IN THE WEST.

NILES, BERRIEN CO., MICH., Dec. 28, 1833.

* * * * *

My journey through Michigan is now nearly finished, as it began, entirely alone. At White Pigeon, where I found quite a pretty village of four years' growth, I seemed, in getting upon the post-route from Detroit to Chicago, to get back once more to an old country. I found a good inn and attendance at Savary's, and discovered, by the travelers going north and south, that traveling was not as yet completely frozen up. There are a great many English emigrants settled upon this prairie, who, I am told, are successfully introducing here the use of live hedges instead of fences in farming. They are generally of a respectable class, and seem to be quite popular with the American settlers.

The morning was fine when I left White Pigeon to-day: and as the sun shot down through the tall woods, nothing could be more cheering than my ride among the beautiful hills of Cass County. The road, which is remarkably good, meanders through ravines for a distance of many miles, the conical hills resting upon the plain in such a manner as barely to leave a wheel-track between them, except when at times some pretty lake or broad meadow pushes its friths far within their embrace. A prairie of some extent was to be traversed on this side of these eminences, and the floating ice on the St. Joseph's was glistening beneath its shadowy banks in the rays of the cold winter moon when I reached its borders, and arrived at the stage-house in this flourishing town of Niles. Mine host, who does not seem to be the most accommodating person in the world, has refused to provide supper for myself and two other gentlemen at so late an hour, assigning as a reason, that "his women are not made of steel."—an instance of cause and effect which I merely put upon record as being the only one of the kind I have met with in all Michigan. My

* A Winter in the Far West; by Charles Fenno Hoffman, of New York
2 Volumes. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1835.

fellow-sufferers appear to be both agreeable men; and as we are to travel in company to Chicago, the sympathy arising from our present melancholy condition may ensure a pleasant intercourse under happier auspices.

The county of Cass, through which I have passed to-day, has a population of more than two thousand; and contains seven prairies, of six or eight miles in diameter, besides many smaller ones. They produce, when cultivated, from thirty to eighty bushels of new corn, or forty of wheat, to the acre. The mode of planting the former is to run a furrow, drop the corn in, and cover it with a succeeding furrow, which is planted in a similar way, and the field is rarely either plowed or hoed after planting. There are several pretty lakes in this county; but it is not so well watered as St. Joseph's, through which I passed yesterday; which, for local advantages of every kind, as well as fertility of soil, is generally considered one of the best in the peninsula. I like Kalamazoo County, however, as much as any part of Michigan I have seen. I am now within eight or ten miles of the Indiana boundary, and some twenty or thirty only from the shores of Lake Michigan, having described nearly a semicircle in my tour through the peninsula, including, with some deviations, the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Lenawee, and Washtenaw on the east, Jackson in the centre, and Calhoun, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph's, Cass, and Berrien on the west; and I have not met a resident in that whole range but what was pleased with the country, and, I may almost say, attached to its soil. The females, indeed, will sometimes murmur; and in some remote places I have heard those whose conversation indicated that they had not been brought up with the most ordinary advantages complain of "the want of society!" But even these would love to dilate upon the beauties of the country when the flowers were in bloom. Others, again, who had been more gently nurtured, would sigh at one moment for the comforts and elegancies of their maternal homes, while their eyes would kindle with enthusiasm the next, when speaking of the appearance which the woods around their new dwellings wore in summer. Small communities form but slowly in a country where the settlers, instead of gradually pushing their way together into the depths of the forest, as at the eastward, drive their wagons in any direction a hundred miles through the openings, and plant themselves down a day's journey apart, just where their fancy prompts them. This will account for my so often lighting upon a pleasant hamlet, after a day's travel through a perfect wilderness.

The River St. Joseph debouches into Lake Michigan in this

county; and as a steam-boat will probably run the next season from the town rapidly growing at its mouth to Chicago, a railroad from Detroit to this steam-boat harbor is only wanting to bring the visitor of Niagara within a few days' travel of Chicago, and carry him through the flowery groves of Michigan to one of the most important points in the Union, and what may be termed the central head of the Mississippi Valley. Delmonico may then stock his larder with grouse from the meadows of Michigan, and Cassin try his skill upon the delicious fish that swarm her lakes and rivers; (would that I could at this moment witness some of their curious orgies!) while sportsmen will think no more of a trip hither than they do now of an excursion to Islip, Rayner-South, or Patchogue. In the meantime, I have secured you the seeds of more than twenty varieties of wild flowers, which I shall send to their destination as soon as possible, lest, from the rapid increase of internal communication, they may lose half their value from ceasing to be a rarity.

DOOR PRAIRIE, INDIANA, *Dec. 29, 1833.*

BEING now on the mail-route between Detroit and Chicago, I am traveling very comfortably in a four-horse wagon, with the gentlemen mentioned in my last. I found my horse's back so chafed at White Pigeon, that it was unpleasant to use him longer under the saddle; and having met with my trunk at Niles, which was forwarded from Monroe by a friend, I am in a measure compelled to adopt what is certainly the most agreeable mode of traveling at this season through a bleak prairie country.

The cold winter moon was still riding high in the heavens as we ferried over the St. Joseph's at Niles this morning. A low-sided scow was the means of conveyance; and, after breaking the solid ice near the shore to loose us from our moorings, it required some pains to shun the detached cakes which came driving down the centre of the dark-rolling river; while, near the opposite shore, they had become so wedged and frozen together, that it required considerable exertion to break a way with our long poles, and make good our landing. At length, ascending the bank, a beautiful plain, with a clump of trees here and there upon its surface, opened to our view. The establishment of the Carey Mission,* a long, low, white building, could be distinguished afar off

* The Carey Mission-house, so designated in honor of the late Mr. Carey, the indefatigable apostle of India, is situated within about a mile of the river, and twenty-five miles (by land) above its mouth. The ground upon which it is erected is the site of an ancient and extensive Pottawatomie village, now no longer in existence. The establishment was instituted by the Baptist Mis-

faintly in the moonlight; while several winter† lodges of the Pot-

tionary Society in Washington, and is under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. M'Coy; a man whom, from all the reports we heard of him, we should consider as very eminently qualified for the important trust committed to him. The plan adopted in the school proposes to unite a practical with an intellectual education. The boys are instructed in the English language, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They are made to attend to the usual occupations of a farm, and to perform every occupation connected with it—such as plowing, planting, harrowing, etc., in these pursuits they appear to take great delight. The system being well regulated, they find time for everything, not only for study and labor, but also for innocent recreation, in which they are encouraged to indulge. The females receive in the school the same instruction which is given to the boys; and are, in addition to this, taught spinning, weaving, and sewing (both plain and ornamental). They were just beginning to embroider—an occupation which may by some be considered as unsuitable to the situation which they are destined to hold in life, but which appears to us to be very judiciously used as a reward and stimulus: it encourages their taste and natural talent for imitation, which is very great; and, by teaching them that occupation may be connected with amusement, prevents their relapsing into indolence. They are likewise made to attend to the pursuits of the dairy; such as the milking of cows, churning of milk, etc. The establishment is intended to be opened for children from seven to fourteen years old; they very properly receive them at a much earlier age, and even—where a great desire of learning was manifested—older persons have been admitted. All appear to be very happy, and to make as rapid progress as white children of the same age would make. Their principal excellence rests in works of imitation; they write astonishingly well, and many display great natural talent for drawing. The institution receives the countenance of the most respectable among the Indians, who visit the establishment occasionally, appear pleased with it, and show their favor to it by presents of sugar, venison, etc., which they often make to the family of the missionary. The establishment, being sanctioned by the War Department, receives annually one thousand dollars from the United States, for the support of a teacher and blacksmith, according to the conditions of the treaty concluded at Chicago, in 1821, by Governor Cass and Mr. Sibley, commissioners on the part of the United States.

[The above interesting account of the Carey Mission is abridged from that given in the narrative of Long's expedition. The time that has elapsed since it originally appeared has of course diminished its present value; but the author not having had an opportunity of visiting the establishment, and finding from all the inquiries he could make regarding it, that the institution is sustaining itself efficiently upon the plan above detailed, he has thought that it would be more satisfactory to the reader to have this compendium of an official report than to dwell upon any hearsay information which he might have supplied in the text.]

†“They made their winter cabins in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end, to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark; and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this at about twelve feet distance: then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks; and from these walls to the pole they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths, and a cover was made of lynn-bark, which

tawatomies, three or four hundred of which tribe inhabit this fine district, were plainly perceptible over the plain. The moon, indeed, shone with an effulgence such as I have never witnessed except beneath the pearly skies of the West. Morning came at last; still, but excessively cold; our horses' manes and our own clothes being covered with hoar-frost, while each blade of grass that shot its wilted spear above the snow glistened like a diamond's point beneath the uprising sun.

About ten o'clock, we reached a shanty on Terre Coupé prairie, and finding no one at home, we rummaged the establishment to find the materials for a breakfast, which we cooked ourselves, and left payment upon the table. Our next stage carried us over a *rolling prairie* to Laporte. The undulating surface resembled the ground-swell of the sea; and nothing could be more dreary at this season, when the bright sky of the morning became overcast, than moving mile after mile over this frozen lake—for such it appeared—with nothing but its monotonous swell to catch the eye wherever its glances roamed.

It was afternoon when we reached the little settlement of Laporte, which is situated on a pretty lake, in a prairie of the same name, the skirts of which are beautifully timbered. There was just light enough remaining when we reached our present stopping-place, a comfortable log-cabin, to see the opening ahead through the timber, from which this prairie takes its name. It forms a door opening upon an arm of the Grand Prairie, which runs through the States of Indiana and Illinois, and extends afterward, if I mistake not, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I am now in the land of the *Hoosiers*, and find that long-haired race much more civilized than some of their western neighbors are willing to represent them. The term "Hoosier," like that of Yankee, or Buck-eye, first applied contemptuously, has now become a *soubriquet*, that bears nothing invidious with it to the ear of an Indianian. This part of the State is as yet but thinly settled; but the land is rapidly coming into market, and it is calculated to support a dense population. A new town and harbor, called Michigan City, about thirty miles off, on the shore of the

will run (peel) even in the winter season. At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end: at the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place; and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear-skins: from end to end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood; and the holes or open places that appeared the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bear-skin; and, notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than I expected."—*Col. Smith's Narrative*

lake, is fast coming into notice, and giving a spur to the settlements in these parts. The country is, however, still wild enough, and I have a wilder yet to pass before reaching Chicago.

CHICAGO, *Jan. 1, 1834.*

We left the prairie on the east, after passing through "the door," and entering a forest, where the enormous black-walnut and sycamore trees cumbered the soil with trunks from which a comfortable dwelling might be excavated. The road was about as bad as could be imagined; and after riding so long over prairies as smooth as a turnpike, the stumps and fallen trees over which we were compelled to drive, with the deep mud-holes into which our horses continually plunged, were anything but agreeable. Still the stupendous vegetation of the forest interested me sufficiently to make the time, otherwise enlivened by good company, pass with sufficient fleetness, though we made hardly more than two miles an hour throughout the stage. At last, after passing several untenanted sugar-camps* of the Indians, we reached a cabin, prettily situated on the banks of a lively brook winding through the forest. A little Frenchman waited at the door to receive our horses, while a couple of half-intoxicated Indians followed us into the house, in the hope of getting *a'netos* (vulgarly, "a treat") from the newcomers. The usual settlers' dinner of fried bacon, venison cutlets, hot cakes, and wild honey, with some tolerable tea and Indian sugar,—as that made from the maple-tree is called at the West,—was soon placed before us; while our new driver, the frizzly little Frenchman already mentioned, harnessed a fresh team, and hurried us into the wagon as soon as possible. The poor little fellow had thirty miles to drive before dark, on the most difficult part of

* The ordinary appendages of a "sugar camp," and the process of making sugar, are described in the following extract from the work above quoted. "In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm-bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down; and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree; and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made about one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar-tree they cut a notch, and stuck in a tomahawk: in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel to receive it; they also made bark-vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each; they had two brass kettles that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles, in which they boiled the water as fast as it was collected; they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for containing the water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar-season."—*Col. Smith's Narrative.*

the route of the line between Detroit and Chicago. It was easy to see that he knew nothing of driving the moment he took his reins in hand; but when one of my fellow-travelers mentioned that little *Victor* had been preferred to his present situation of trust from the indefatigable manner in which, before the stage-route was established last season, he had for years carried the mail through this lonely country—swimming rivers and sleeping in the woods at all seasons—it was impossible to dash the mixture of boyish glee and official pomposity with which he entered upon his duties, by suggesting any improvement as to the mode of performing them. Away then we went, helter-skelter, through the woods—scrambled through a brook, and galloping over an arm of the prairie, struck again into the forest. A fine stream, called the Calaminc, made our progress here more gentle for a moment. But immediately on the other side of the river was an Indian trading-post, and our little French Phæton—who, to tell the truth, had been repressing his fire for the last half-hour, while winding among the decayed trees and broken branches of the forest—could contain no longer. He shook the reins on his wheel-horses, and cracked up his leaders with an air that would have distinguished him on the Third Avenue, and been envied at Cato's. He rises in his seat as he passes the trading-house; he sweeps by like a whirlwind: but a female peeps from the portal, and it is all over with poor *Victor*.

“Ah, wherefore did he turn to look?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doomed—”

his discomfiture. The infuriate car strikes a stump, and the unlucky youth shoots off at a tangent, as if he were discharged from a mortar. The whole operation was completed with such velocity that the first intimation I had of what was going forward, was on finding myself two or three yards from the shattered wagon, with a tall Indian in a wolf-skin cap standing over me. My two fellow-passengers were dislodged from their seats with the same want of ceremony; but though the *disjecta membra* of our company were thus prodigally scattered about, none of us providentially received injury. Poor *Victor* was terribly crest-fallen; and had he not unpacked his soul by calling upon all the saints in the calendar, in a manner more familiar than respectful, I verily believe that his tight little person would have exploded like a torpedo. A very respectable-looking Indian female, the wife, probably, of the French gentleman who owned the post, came out, and civilly furnished us with basins and towels to clean our hands and faces.

which were sorely bespattered with mud; while the gray old Indian before-mentioned assisted in collecting our scattered baggage.

The spot where our disaster occurred was a sequestered, wild-looking place. The trading establishment consisted of six or eight log-cabins, of a most primitive construction, all of them gray with age, and so grouped on the bank of the river as to present an appearance quite picturesque. There was not much time, however, to be spent in observing its beauties. The sun was low, and we had twenty-five miles yet to travel that night before reaching the only shanty on the lake shore. My companions were compelled to mount two of the stage-horses, while I once more put the saddle on mine; and leaving our trunks to follow a week hence, we slung our saddle-bags across the cruppers and pushed directly ahead.

A few miles' easy riding through the woods brought us to a dangerous morass, where we were compelled to dismount and drive our horses across, one of the party going in advance to catch them on the other side. A mile or two of pine barrens now lay between us and the shore, and winding rapidly among the short hills covered with this stunted growth, we came suddenly upon a mound of white sand at least fifty feet high. Another of these desolate-looking eminences, still higher, lay beyond. We topped it; and there, far away before us, lay the broad bosom of Lake Michigan,—the red disk of the sun just sinking beneath it, and the freshening night-breeze beginning to curl its limpid waters on the shore; and now, having gained their verge, whichever way we turned there was nothing discernible but the blackening lake on one side and these conical hills of shifting white sand on the other. Some of them, as the night advanced, and objects were only discernible by the bright starlight, assumed a most fantastic appearance, and made me regret that I could not visit the "Sleeping Bear," and other singularly-formed mounds, which, many miles farther to the north, swell from two to three hundred feet above the level of the Lake. The deep sand, into which our horses sunk to the fetlocks, was at first most wearisome to the poor brutes; and having twenty miles yet to travel entirely on the lake-shore, we were compelled, in spite of the danger of quicksands, to move as near the water as possible. But though the day had been mild, the night rapidly became so cold that, before we had proceeded thus many miles, the beach twenty yards from the surf was nearly as hard as stone, and the finest macadamized road in the world could not compare with the one over which we now galloped. Nor did we want lamps to guide us on our way. Above, the stars stood out like points of lights; while the resplen-

dent fires of the Aurora Borealis, shooting along the heavens on our right, were mocked by the livid glare of the Kankakee marshes, burning behind the sand-hills on our left. The Lake alone looked dark and lowering; though even its gathering waves would smile when touched with light as they broke upon the shore. The intense cold seemed to invigorate our horses; and dashing the fire from the occasional pebbles, they clattered along the frozen beach at a rate that brought us rapidly to our destination for the night.

It was a rude cabin, built of stems of the scrub pine, standing behind a sandy swell about two hundred yards from the shore. My fingers were numb with cold; and seeing a rough-looking fellow moving from the door toward the horses of my companions, I requested him to take mine also; but, upon his politely rejoining that "he was nobody's servant but his own," I could only wish him "a more civil master," and proceeded to take care of the animal myself. A brake of stunted evergreens near-by supplied the place of a stable; and passing a wisp of dry grass over the reeking limbs of my four-footed friend, I flung my cloak over his back and tethered him for the night. The keeper of the rustic hostelry came up just as I had got through with this necessary task, and explaining to me that the insolent loungeur was a discharged mail-carrier, returned with me to the house for a measure of corn; while I, guided by the light flickering through the crevices of his frail dwelling, rejoined my companions, nestled with two other half-frozen travelers around the grateful fire within. The strangers were both western men; one, I believe, a farmer, for some time settled in Illinois, and the other an Indian trader of long standing in Chicago. Warlike incidents in border story, and the pacific dealings between the whites and Indians, formed the chief subjects of conversation, which soon became general, and was prolonged to a late hour; finally the late treaty held at Chicago—at which, as you have probably seen in the newspapers, several thousand Indians were present—was discussed, and the anecdotes that were told of meanness, rapacity, and highway robbery (in cheating, stealing, and forcibly taking away) from the Indians, exasperated me so that I expressed my indignation and disgust in unmeasured terms. The worthy trader, who was a middle-aged man, of affable, quiet, good manners, seemed to sympathize with me throughout; but the whole current of my feelings was totally changed when, upon my observing shortly afterward to another gentleman, that "I should have liked to have been at Chicago a year ago," my warm coadjutor ejaculated from under the bedclothes, where he had in the meantime bestowed

himself, "Ah, sir, if you had, the way in which you'd have hooked an Indian blanket by this time would be curious." The chivalric knight of La Mancha himself could not have sustained heroics under such a home-thrust, but must have burst into the hearty laugh in which I was joined by all present. The hour of sleep for all at last arrived, and a couple of wooden bunks, swung from the roof, falling to the lot of those who had come in first, I wrapped myself in a buffalo-skin, and placing my saddle under my head for a pillow, soon "slept like a king;" a term which, if

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

be true doctrine, is, probably, *quasi lucus*, etc.

Our transient acquaintances parted from us in a most friendly manner in the morning; and after waiting in vain till near noon to see if by any chance little Victor might not be able to forward our trunks to this point, we mounted once more, and pushed ahead with all speed, to accomplish the remaining twenty or thirty miles between the shanty and Chicago. Our route was still along the shore; and after passing round the end of the Lake and taking a northwardly direction, the way in which the icy blast would come down the bleak shore of the Lake "was a caution." We galloped at full speed, every man choosing his own route along the beach, our horses' hoofs ringing the while as if it were a pavement of flint beneath them. The rough ice piled up on the coast prevented us from watering our beasts; and we did not draw a rein till the rushing current of the Calaminc, which debouches into Lake Michigan some ten miles from Chicago, stayed our course. A cabin on the bank gave us a moment's opportunity to warm, and then, being ferried over the wintry stream, we started with fresh vigor, and crossing about a mile of prairie in the neighborhood of Chicago, reached here in time for an early dinner. Our horses this morning seemed none the worse for this furious riding; their escape from ill consequences being readily attributable to the excellence of the road, and the extreme coldness of the weather while traveling it. For my own part, I never felt better than after this violent burst of exercise.

We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers;* and though my

* During the winter of 1833-4, Chicago, for the first time, was enabled to present a scene of social intercourse and gayety. A large emigration had rushed in from all parts of the country. Chiefly young people, full of vivacity and enthusiasm, mostly strangers to each other. Naturally they sought to cultivate acquaintance and by social intercourse to lay the foundation for what

soiled and travel-worn riding-dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although

might be called society. Frequent gatherings at private houses, where dancing, plays, and charades constituted their amusements, and familiarized them with each other. But beyond this, a number of what might be called public balls were given, to which everybody of respectability were invited. Among the first of these was the one so graphically described in the text. The company could not be called select, in the strict sense of the term, but it was every way respectable. The female population was considerably less than the male, so it was necessary to secure the presence of all to equalize the sexes as far as possible, and to secure respectable numbers. If the servant-girls were invited and danced in the same sets with their mistresses, it must be remembered that those servant-girls were well-educated daughters of respectable families who had lately arrived, with more energy and intelligence than wealth, and who were willing to work at high wages to secure the means for a start in the new place. Indeed, there was no place for drones or luxurious idlers in Chicago then, and industry and frugality were alone respectable. Those girls who were not ashamed to wait upon the table then were destined soon to become the wives and mothers of whom Chicago has ever had cause to be proud. Then were laid the foundations of Chicago society, and the result has shown they were well laid.

A printing-press had lately been established here by John Calhoun, so that ball-tickets could then be printed. We copy one of these tickets issued for a ball, given at the same hall as the one attended by Mr. Hoffman, and a few weeks later, to show how such things were done nearly fifty years ago, and in the very infancy of society in Chicago:

“G R A T U I T Y B A - B A - T T L E.”

Misses H. and L. HARMON are respectfully solicited at Mr. Graves' Assembly Room,* on Wednesday, February 5th, at 6 o'clock P. M.

R. A. KINZIE,	}	Man'g'rs.	{	I. D. HARMON,
G. SPRING,				E. K. SMITH,
J. D. CATON,				M. B. BLAIRS.

Chicago, February 1, 1834.”

[* In the rear part of what is now Nos. 82, 84, 86, and 88 Lake Street.]

It may be interesting to notice that three of the managers whose names

one of the most ancient French trading-posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen months since.* When I add that the population has *quintupled*

appear upon this ball-ticket are still living after the lapse of forty-eight years, viz.: Caton, Harmon, and Beaubien. We may note, too, that at that time it was considered quite the thing to borrow a word from the Pottawatomies, who still had their home here, which signifies a social dance as distinguished from a war-dance.

The month of January had been very cold, and early in February the thaw came and made the streets, or rather the low wet prairie, almost impassable; so that the company had to be taken to the ball in lumber-wagons, or ox-carts, or other similar heavy conveyance. Indeed, there were but few carriages in the town and they could not be used when the mud was deep. For several years after this, in place of carriages, one-horse carts were used by the ladies in making calls, or in attending church, parties, or weddings, and when all did it, it was considered quite the proper thing to do. In truth, in deep mud, it was the most comfortable conveyance that could have been invented. A cart half-filled with prairie-hay, covered with a buffalo-robe, and others for covering, which could be backed up to the door—sidewalks, except a single plank, were then unknown in Chicago—out of which the passengers could step into the house, and was the most comfortable and convenient thing imaginable. As late as 1837 or 1838, and probably later, ladies did their shopping in these horse-carts, and thus met each other wading through the mud with a merry salutation, or at the stores and shops, in front of which their carts were ranged, with a jolly, happy greeting, far more joyous than later, when they could go in their landaus at any season of the year.—JOHN DEAN CATON, Chicago, March 20th, 1882.

* The town of Chicago has become so important a place, and is so rapidly developing its resources, as to call for a more particular notice than it receives in the text. Its sudden strides to prosperity can be best estimated, however, by first perceiving the condition and prospects of Chicago as they presented themselves to Major Long's party when they visited it ten years since. "The village presents no cheering prospect, as, notwithstanding its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians, from whom they are descended. Their log or bark-houses are low, filthy, and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort. Chicago is, perhaps, one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country. A fort is said to have formerly existed there: mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found 'Chicagou' to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centering all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity, indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business, it offers no inducement to the settler; for the whole annual amount of the trade on the Lake did not exceed the cargo of five or six schooners, even at the time when the garrison received its supplies from Mackinac."—*Long's Second Expedition*, vol. i. p. 164.

Contrast this desolate picture—not with the representation made in the text,

last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation, while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable-looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably-sized dancing room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the whitewashed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An orchestra of unplanned boards was raised against the wall in the centre of the room: the band consisted of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military-looking bass drummer from the Fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company; and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manual-like precision with which the soldier dressed to the front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other.

As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, brought together from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at

but—with the existing condition of the place, with the alterations that have taken place since the writer left there, not yet a year ago. He is informed by a gentleman, recently from Illinois, that Chicago, which but eighteen months since contained but two or three frame-buildings and a few miserable huts, has now five hundred houses, four hundred of which have been erected this year, and two thousand two hundred inhabitants. A year ago, there was not a place of public worship in the town; there are now five churches and two school-houses, and numerous brick stores and warehouses. The shipping-lists of daily arrivals and departures show how soon the enterprise and activity of our citizens have discovered and improved the capabilities of that port. There have been three hundred arrivals this year, and more than 50,000 dollars worth of salt has been sold there this season, and of European and domestic merchandise to the amount of 400,000 dollars. A line of four steam-boats, of the largest class of lake-boats, and regular lines of brigs and schooners, are now established between that port and the principal ports of the lower lakes.

It is gratifying to hear of such improvement in the western country, and to have predictions so recently made of the growth and prosperity of this point in particular, thus far more than fulfilled.

dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarities. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille-playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillons. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trousers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon* flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawny neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos à dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate-looking Southern girl: and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would *chassez* cross with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *à la Madonne*, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue mingles with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating way from eyes of heaven's own color over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded *leggins* peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall nut-brown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel.

But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good-humor animated every one present? "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," (as I hear it judiciously observed this side the mountains); and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ballroom as in a legislature? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favorable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the Fort when I last visited Chicago; and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well-dressed people have come from!" I referred him to an old resident of three months

* Dr. Philip Maxwell, born at Guilford, Winham Co., Vt., April 3, 1799; app't Ass't-Surg. U.S.A., 1832; arr'd at Chicago, Mar. 15, 1833; died Nov. 5, 1859.

standing, to whom I had just been introduced, but he could throw no light upon the subject; and we left the matter of peopling Chicago in the same place where philosophers have put the question of the original peopling of the continent. I made several new acquaintances at this new-year's ball, and particularly with the officers of the garrison, from whose society I promise myself much pleasure during my stay.

The geographical position of Chicago is so important, that I must give you a more minute description of the place in my next. Would that in folding this I could enclose you half the warm wishes for your welfare which the season awakens in my bosom!

CHICAGO, ILL., *Jan. 10, 1834.*

I HAVE been here more than ten days, without fulfilling the promise given in my last. It has been so cold, indeed, as almost to render writing impracticable in a place so comfortless. The houses were built with such rapidity, during the summer, as to be mere shells; and the thermometer having ranged as low as 28 below zero during several days, it has been almost impossible, notwithstanding the large fires kept up by an attentive landlord, to prevent the ink from freezing while using it, and one's fingers become so numb in a very few moments when thus exercised, that, after vainly trying to write in gloves, I have thrown by my pen, and joined the group, composed of all the household, around the bar-room fire. This room, which is an old log-cabin aside of the main house, is one of the most comfortable places in town, and is, of course, much frequented; business being, so far as one can judge from the concourse that throng it, nearly at a standstill. Several persons have been severely frost-bitten in passing from door to door; and not to mention the quantity of poultry and pigs that have been frozen, an ox, I am told, has perished from cold in the streets at noonday. An occasional Indian.*

* The Indians that frequent the neighborhood of Chicago (pronounced *Tshicawago*), though not so numerous, are composed of the same mixture of different tribes which Major Long noticed ten years since. They are chiefly Pottawatomies and Ottawas, with a few Chippewas (*ô-ché-pe-wag*), and a straggling Kickapoo or Miami; and a great admixture of the different languages (or rather dialects, for they are radically the same,) of the three first prevails there. Among them are many who have borne arms against the Americans; and some who doubtless took a part in the massacre at the fall of the place in 1812. The particulars of that bloody affair are yet mentioned with horror by the old settlers. They may be briefly summed up as follows:

It was soon after* the infamous surrender of Gen. Hull at Detroit, when, in pursuance of the terms entered into with the enemy by that officer, who was commandant-in-chief upon the North-west frontier, Capt. Heald, the commandant at Chicago, prepared to surrender† his post to the British. The Pot-

wrapped in his blanket, and dodging about from store to store after a dram of whiskey; or a muffled-up Frenchman, driving furiously in his cariole on the river, are almost the only human beings abroad; while the wolves, driven in by the deep snows which preceded this severe weather, troop through the town after nightfall, and may be heard howling continually in the midst of it.

The situation of Chicago, on the edge of the Grand Prairie, with the whole expanse of Lake Michigan before it, gives the freezing winds from the Rocky Mountains prodigious effect, and renders a degree of temperature, which in sheltered situations is but little felt, almost painful here.

“The bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many a mile about,
There’s scarce a bush.”

The town lies upon a dead level, along the banks of a narrow forked river, and is spread over a wide extent of surface to the shores of the Lake, while vessels of considerable draught of water can, by means of the river, unload in the centre of the place. I believe I have already mentioned that four-fifths of the population have come in since last spring: the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although

tawatomies and other hostile Indians in the vicinity were on the watch for the movement; and on the morning when the garrison evacuated the place, they had so completely succeeded in duping Capt. Wells, the credulous and unfortunate Indian agent, that the fatal march of the 15th October,* 1812, was precipitated by his advice. The Americans were about seventy in number, with several women and children; and they were escorted from the shelter of the Fort by a band of about thirty Miamis. The road led along the beach of the Lake, with those short sand-hills, spoken of in a previous letter, extending along the route between the Lake and the open prairie. Behind these the British Indians lay concealed; and when the Americans had proceeded about a mile from the Fort, the wily enemy sprang from his lair, and poured down a murderous fire from the beach. Capt. Heald immediately brought his men to a charge, and drove the Indians from the nearest sand-hill; but their numbers were so great that they formed instantly again upon his flank. His party was surrounded; and while the Miamis in a manner withdrew their protection, and helped to swell the number of his opponents, the little force of Captain Heald was completely cut off from the women and children, who were cowering beneath the baggage on the lake-shore. The Americans fought with desperation: but such a handful of men was soon cut to pieces; and scarcely a man survived to witness the atrocities that were practised upon the helpless creatures upon the beach. There were four officers killed upon the spot; Capt. Heald and his wife were both badly wounded; and twelve children were butchered on the shore, or shared the fate of their mothers, who ran shrieking over the prairie. The unhappy Indian agent, who was among the slain, is said to have had his breast cut open, and his heart roasted and eaten by the savage foe.

* August 15th, 1812.

† Captain Heald’s Letter, dated Pittsburg, October 23, 1812.

a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little solid improvement in the way of building, yet contracts have been made for the ensuing season which must soon give Chicago much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume. As a place of business, its situation at the central head of the Mississippi Valley will make it the New Orleans of the North; and its easy and close intercourse with the most flourishing Eastern cities will give it the advantage, as its capital increases, of all their improvements in the mode of living.

There is one improvement to be made, however, in this section of the country, which will greatly influence the permanent value of property in Chicago. I allude to a canal from the head of Lake Michigan to the head of the steam navigation on the Illinois, the route of which has been long since surveyed. The distance to be overcome is something like ninety miles; and when you remember that the head-waters of the Illinois rise within eleven miles of Chicago River,* and that a level plain of not more than eight feet elevation above the latter is the only intervening obstacle, you can conceive how easy it would be to drain Lake Michigan into the Mississippi by this route: boats of eigh-

* "The Chicago River, is about two [one] hundred and fifty feet wide, has sufficient depth of water for lake-vessels to where it forks in the centre of the town. The southern and principal branch takes its rise about six miles from the Fort, in a swamp, which communicates also with Desplaines, one of the head branches of the Illinois. This swamp, which is designated by the Canadian voyageurs as *Le Petit Lac*, is navigable at certain seasons of the year: it has been frequently traveled by traders in their pirogues; and a bateau from St. Louis, loaded with provisions for the garrison at Chicago, has through this medium passed from the Mississippi into Lake Michigan. Major Long observes, upon passing through this marsh in a canoe, "We were delighted at beholding for the first time a feature so interesting in itself, but which we had afterward an opportunity of observing frequently on the route; viz.: the division of waters starting from the same source and running in two different directions, so as to become the feeders of streams that discharge themselves into the ocean at immense distances apart. * * * When we consider the facts above stated, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that an elevation of the Lakes a few feet (not exceeding ten or twelve) above their present level would cause them to discharge their waters, partly at least, into the Gulf of Mexico. That such a discharge has at one time existed, every one conversant with the nature of the country must admit; and it is equally apparent that an expenditure trifling in comparison to the importance of the object would again render Lake Michigan a tributary of the Mexican Gulf."

"In July, 1833, Giles Spring and myself went in a large canoe from Chicago to Riverside, passing through Mud-Lake. At the dividing part of the waters we paused, and diverted ourselves by sending the water either into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of St. Lawrence by a single motion of the paddle.

JOHN DEAN CATON, Chicago, April 7, 1882.

teen tons have actually passed over the intervening prairie at high water. Lake Michigan, which is several feet above Lake Erie, would afford such a never-failing body of water, that it would keep steam-boats afloat on the route in the dryest season. St. Louis would then be brought comparatively near to New York; while two-thirds of the Mississippi Valley would be supplied by this route immediately from the markets of the latter. This canal is the only remaining link wanting to complete the most stupendous chain of inland communication in the world. I had a long conversation this morning on the subject with Major H.,* the

* Henry S. Handy, born about 1804, and educated at Pontiac, N. Y.

Practised law and edited a newspaper at Salem, *Indiana Annotator*, for three years, about 1827. He was afterward, for a time, in the Pension Office at Washington. Came to Chicago June 17, 1833, as Assistant-Superintendent of Chicago Harbor; appointed by President Jackson.

Died at Byfield, Mich., in 1846.

CHICAGO, ILL., *April 7th, 1882.*

Dear Sir:—Complying with request contained in your note of the 23d ult.. I have made investigation in relation to the "Major H." referred to in "Hoffman's Winter in the West, 1834," and am satisfied that through some mistake, probably in copying from the original manuscript, the letter "H" has been substituted for "A."

In 1834, the construction of the pier was in charge of Lieut. JAMES ALLEN, 1st-Dragoons, U. S. Army, serving on Engineer duty at this place from January 10, 1834, to October 15, 1836. A synopsis of his military record, taken from "Cullom's Register of the Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy," is as follows:

JAMES ALLEN. *Graduate No. 575. Class Rank, 35.*

Born in Ohio. Appointed from Indiana.

Military History: Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from July 1, 1825, to July 1, 1829, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to Bvt.-2d-Lieut., 5th Infantry, July 1, 1829. 2d-Lieut., 5th Infantry, July 1, 1829. Served on frontier duty at Fort Brady, Mich., 1829-33, and Fort Dearborn, Ill., (2d-Lieut., 1st-Dragoons, March 4, 1833,) 1833-34. On Engineer duty, Jan. 10, 1834, to Oct. 15, 1836. On Frontier duty, (1st-Lieut., 1st-Dragoons, May 31, 1835,) at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., 1837. On Engineer duty, April 10, 1837, to Dec. 28 (Captain, 1st-Dragoons, June 30, 1837), 1838. On Frontier duty at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., 1839 and '40. Pottawatomie country, 1840. Fort Leavenworth, Kan., 1840-42. Fort Gibson, I. T., 1842. March to Fort Atkinson, Io., 1842. Fort Sanford, Io., 1842. Raccoon Fork, Io., 1843. Fort DesMoines, Io., 1843-44. Raccoon Fork, Io., 1844. Fort DesMoines, Io., 1844-45. Expedition to Lac qui parle, 1845. Fort DesMoines, Io., 1845-46; and in the War with Mexico, 1846, as Lieut.-

United States' engineer, who is engaged in superintending the construction of a pier at this place.* He was polite enough to sketch the main features of the route with his pencil, in such a manner as to make its feasibility very apparent. The canal would pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its

Colonel, commanding Mormon Battalion of Missouri Volunteers, on the march to New Mexico, July 16 to August 23, 1846.

Died, August 23, 1846, at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Aged 40.

In addition to the above, it may be of interest to note in this connection that while on duty at Fort Brady, Mich. (Sault Ste. Marie), in 1832, being then a lieutenant of the 5th Infantry, he accompanied Schoolcraft on an expedition to, and beyond, the sources of the Mississippi River, and on his return, submitted a very interesting report and map of the expedition, which were printed in Ex. Doc. No. 323; H. R., 1st Sess., 23d Congress.

Referring to his death at Fort Leavenworth, while in command of the Mormon Battalion *en route* to Mexico, Capt. T. J. Lee, a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, in the Class of 1830, speaks of it as "A great loss to the Service."

Respectfully yours,

G. J. LYDECKER, Major of Engineers, U. S. A.

* CHICAGO HARBOR.—The following figures, giving the amounts appropriated in the years named by Congress for the Improvement of the Harbor at this Port, will prove interesting. The work done by the Government includes the straightening at the mouth of the river, and the building of the outer harbor south of the piers, and the work already done under Maj. G. J. Lydecker's supervision north of the entrance to the river. When the completion and placing in position of the cribs for the outer breakwater north of the lighthouse, a safe harbor of refuge will be afforded for all the vessels that arrive at the port. The following are the appropriations and the years in which they were made:

1833	-----	\$25,000	1870	-----	100,000
1834	-----	32,801	1871	-----	100,000
1835	-----	32,800	1872	-----	90,000
1836	-----	32,000	1873	-----	90,000
1837	-----	40,000	1874	-----	75,000
1838	-----	30,000	1875	-----	75,000
1843	-----	25,000	1876	-----	5,000
1844	-----	30,000	1878	-----	75,000
1852	-----	20,000	1879	-----	75,000
1866	-----	88,704	1880	-----	145,000
1868	-----	35,000	1881	-----	150,000
1869	-----	29,700	Total	-----	\$1,494,005

—*Daily Chicago Tribune*, March 30, 1882.

bosom. The most effectual mode of making this canal would be to give the lands along its banks to an incorporated company, who should construct the work within a certain time. The matter is now merely agitated at elections as a political handle.

January 13.

I have got thus far in a letter to you, when several officers of the garrison, to whom I am indebted for much hospitable attention and many agreeable hours, stopped opposite the door with a train of carioles, in one of which I was offered a seat, to witness a pacing-match on the ice. There were several ladies with gentlemen in attendance already on the river, all muffled up, after the Canadian fashion, in fur robes, whose gay trimmings presented a rich as well as most comfortable appearance. The horses, from which the most sport was expected, were a black pony bred in the country, and a tall roan nag from the lower Mississippi. They paced at the rate of a mile in something less than three minutes. I rode behind the winning horse one heat, and the velocity with which he made our cariole fly over the smooth ice was almost startling. The Southern horse won the race; but I was told that in nine cases out of ten, the nags from his part of the country could not stand against a French pony.

In the middle of the chase, a wolf, probably roused by the sleigh-bells from his lair on the river's bank, trotted along the prairie above, within gunshot, calmly surveying the sport. The uninvited presence of this long-haired amateur at once suggested a hunt for the morrow, and arrangements were accordingly made, by the several gentlemen present, for that most exciting of sports, a wolf-chase on horseback.

It was a fine bracing morning, with the sun shining cheerily through the still cold atmosphere far over the snow-covered prairie, when the party assembled in front of my lodgings, to the number of ten horsemen, all well mounted and eager for the sport. The hunt was divided into two squads; one of which was to follow the windings of the river on the ice, and the other to make a circuit on the prairie. A pack of dogs, consisting of a greyhound or two for running the game, with several of a heavier and fiercer breed for pulling it down, accompanied each party. I was attached to that which took the river; and it was a beautiful sight, as our friends trotted off in the prairie, to see their different colored capotes and gayly equipped horses contrasted with the bright carpet of spotless white over which they rode, while the sound of their voices was soon lost to our ears, as we descended to the channel of the river, and their lessening figures were hid

from our view by the low brush which in some places skirted the banks. The brisk trot in which we now broke, brought us rapidly to the place of meeting; where, to the disappointment of each party, it was found that neither had started any game. We now spread ourselves into a broad line, about gunshot apart from each other, and began thus advancing into the prairie. We had not swept it thus more than a mile, when a shout on the extreme left, with the accelerated pace of the two furthest riders in that direction, told that they had roused a wolf. "The devil take the hindermost," was now the motto of the company, and each one spurred for the spot with all eagerness. Unhappily, however, the land along the bank of the river, on the right, was so broken by ravines, choked up with snow, that it was impossible for us, who were half-a-mile from the game when started, to come up at all with the two or three horsemen who led the pursuit. Our horses sunk to their cruppers in the deep snow-drift. Some were repeatedly thrown; and one or two, breaking their saddle-girths, from the desperate struggles their horses made in the snow-banks, were compelled to abandon the chase entirely. My stout roan carried me bravely through all; but when I emerged from the last ravine on the open plain, the two horsemen who led the chase, from some inequality in the surface of the prairie, were not visible; while the third, a fleet rider, whose tall figure and Indian head-dress had hitherto guided me, had been just unhorsed, and, abandoning the game afoot, was now wheeling off apparently with some other object in view. Following on the same course, we soon encountered a couple of officers in a train, who were just coming from a mission of charity in visiting the half-starved orphans of a poor woman,* who was frozen to death on the prairie, a day or two since—the wolves having already picked her bones before her fate became known. One by one, our whole party collected around to make inquiries about the poor children.

It was now about eleven o'clock; we were only twelve miles from Chicago; and though we had kept up a pretty round pace, considering the depth of the snow, in coursing backward and forward since eight, our horses generally were yet in good condition, and we scattered once more over the prairie, with the hope of rousing more game.

* "Mrs. Smith, wife of a Mr. Smith residing at Blue Island, who left this place 2d of January (which was the coldest day we have experienced this winter) for her home, and when within a mile and a half of her dwelling, she sank benumbed and exhausted to rise no more. When found, she was dreadfully mangled and torn to pieces by the wolves. She has left a husband and five children to mourn her untimely end."—*Chicago Democrat*, Jan. 28, 1834

Not ten minutes elapsed before a wolf, breaking from the dead weeds which, shooting eight or ten feet above the level of the snow, indicated the banks of a deep ravine, dashed off into the prairie, pursued by a horseman on the right. He made instantly for the deep banks of the river, one of whose windings was within a few hundred yards. He had a bold rider behind him, however, in the gentleman who led the chase (a young educated half-blood, of prepossessing manners, and well connected at Chicago*). The precipitous bank of the stream did not retard this hunter for a moment; but, dashing down to the bed of the river, he was hard upon the wolf before he could ascend the elevation on the opposite side. Four of us only reached the open prairie beyond in time to take part in the chase. Nothing could be more beautiful. There was not an obstacle to oppose us in the open plain; and all our dogs having long since given out, nothing remained but to drive the wolf to death on horseback. Away, then, we went, shouting on his track; the hotly-pursued beast gaining on us whenever the crust of a deep snow-drift gave him an advantage over the horse, and we in our turn nearly riding over him when we came to ground comparatively bare. The sagacious animal became at last aware that his course would soon be up at this rate, and turning rapidly in his tracks as we were scattered over the prairie, he passed through our line, and made at once again for the river. He was cut off and turned in a moment by a horseman on the left, who happened to be a little behind the rest; and now came the keenest part of the sport. The wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while each horseman in succession would make

* Madore Benjamin Beaubien was born at Grand River, Mich., July 15, 1809, and is the second and oldest living son of the late Gen. Jean Baptiste Beaubien, whose grandfather was a Frenchman, and Mah-naw-bun-no-quah, his first wife, a Pottawatomie woman. His early days were spent in Chicago and vicinity. When about fourteen, he was sent to school at Carey Mission, near Niles, Mich., then in charge of Rev. Isaac McCoy, where he was prepared for and sent to Hamilton College, Madison Co., N. Y., being there four years—his elder brother, Charles H., who died about 1858, was educated at Princeton College, N. J.—he was a member of the first Board of Trustees of the Town of Chicago; was a merchant and did business on the S.-W. cor. of South Water and Dearborn Streets, and his old-time partner was our well-known citizen, Dr. Valentine A. Boyer, whose sister was Mr. Beaubien's first wife. He left Chicago for his Western home, in the fall of 1840, with his Pottawatomie friends, whose business agent he has been, as well as the Mayor of the city near where they now reside, Silver Lake, Shawnee Co., Kansas.—GEO. H. FERGUS, Chicago, April 12, 1882.

a dash at and turn him in a different direction. Twice I was near enough to strike him with a horsewhip, and once he was under my horse's feet; while so furiously did each rider push at him, that as we brushed by each other and confronted horse to horse, while riding from different quarters at full speed, it required one somewhat used "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus" to maintain his seat at all. The rascal, who would now and then look over his shoulder and gnash his teeth, seemed at last as if he was about to succumb; when, after running a few hundred yards in an oblique direction from the river, he suddenly veered his course, at a moment when every one thought his strength was spent, and gaining the bank before he could be turned, he disappeared in an instant. The rider nearest to his heels became entangled in the low boughs of a tree which grew near the spot: while I, who followed next, was thrown out sufficiently to give the wolf time to get out of view by my horse bolting as he reached the sudden edge of the river. The rest of the hunt were consequently at fault when they came up to us; and after trying in vain to track our lost quarry over the smooth ice for half an hour, we were most vexatiously compelled to abandon the pursuit as fruitless, and proceed to join the other squad of our party, who could now be seen at some distance, apparently making for the same point to which our route was leading. A thicket on the bank soon hid them from our view; and we then moved more leisurely along in order to breathe our horses. But suddenly the distant cry of hounds gave intimation that new game was a-foot; and, on topping a slight elevation, we discerned a party of horsemen far away, with three wolves running apparently about a pistol-shot ahead of them. Our squad was dispersed in an instant. Some struck off at once in the prairie, in a direct line for their object, and were soon brought to in the deep snow-banks: others, taking a more circuitous course, proceeded to double the ravines that were filled with the treacherous drift; and some, more fortunate, took to the frozen river, where the clatter of their hoofs on the hard ice seemed to inspirit their horses anew. I chanced to be one of the latter, and was moreover the first to catch sight again of one of the animals we were pursuing, and find myself nearer to him than any of our party. The wolf was of the large gray kind. But one of the hunters had been able to keep up with him; and him I could distinguish far off in the prairie, turning and winding his foaming horse as the wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while half-a-dozen dogs, embarrassed in the deep snow, were slowly coming up. I reached the spot just as the wolf first stood at bay. His bristling back, glaring eyes, and ferociously

distended jaws might have appalled the dogs for a moment; when an impetuous greyhound, who had been for some time pushing through the snow-drifts with unabated industry, having now attained a comparatively clear spot of ground, leaped with such force against the flank of the wolf as to upset him in an instant, while the greyhound shot far ahead of the quarry. He recovered himself instantly, but not before a fierce, powerful hound, whose thick neck and broad muzzle indicated a cross of the bull-dog blood with that of a nobler strain, had struck him first upon the haunch, and was now trying to grapple him by the throat. Down again he went, rolling over and over in the deep snow, while the *clicking* of his jaws, as he snapped eagerly at each member of the pack that by turns beset him, was distinctly audible. The powerful dog, already mentioned, secured him at last by fixing his muzzle deeply into the breast of the prostrate animal. This, however, did not prevent the wolf giving some fearful wounds to the other dogs which beset him; and, accordingly, with the permission of the gentleman who had led the chase, I threw myself from my horse, and gave the game the *coup-de-grace* with a dirk-knife which I had about me. Two of our party soon after joined us, each with a prairie-wolf hanging to his saddle-bow; and the others gradually collecting, we returned to Chicago, contented at last with the result of our morning's sport.

It was with no enviable feelings, I assure you, that, on making my arrangements an hour ago to start in the new line of stage-coaches which has just been established between this point and St. Louis, I found myself compelled to part with the friend to whom I was chiefly indebted for my share in the glorious sports I have just attempted to describe to you—the four-footed companion of my last six weeks' rambles. I remember being once struck with the remark of an ingenious writer in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, when, in discussing the real and the relative value of horses, he observes that the commonest hackney, if in every respect suiting his owner, is priceless to the possessor. A favorite horse, in fact, though his estimation may only depend upon the whim of his master, is one of this world's goods which can never be thoroughly replaced. It is not, however, when the charge of such property falls exclusively to grooms and others from one end of the year to another that you feel its value: the stall-fed palfrey, which you drive along a turnpike from one hotel to another, and abandon when he falls sick for some other means of conveyance, with as little concern as you would exchange your trunk for a portmanteau, or *vice versa*, has but little hold on one's feelings in comparison with the hearty animal with which you

wander away, where he meets with no care but such as you bestow upon him; and when you in turn become wholly dependent upon him for overcoming distances and difficulties between places so remote from each other, that not only your comfort, but sometimes your personal safety, depend upon accomplishing the intervals within certain periods; when you push ahead through falling sleet, ford rivers, plunge through snow-banks, or cross morasses, where the matted grass, spreading its carpet over the shaking slough, embarrasses and wearies the step of your sagacious quadruped, while it prevents his feet from sinking into the dangerous quagmire beneath. Three weeks of such intercourse between man and brute are like three rainy days when one is shut up in a country-house with strangers: they cherish a fellowship more cordial than years of ordinary intercourse could engender. It is no little consolation to me that I leave my Bucephalus in excellent hands; nor does this necessary separation so engross my sympathies that I have none to spare for other partings. Upon these however, I shall not dilate here; though you must not be surprised to find me returning more than once hereafter to characters, scenes, and incidents at Chicago, which I have hitherto left untouched.

BANKS OF THE AU SABLE. ILLINOIS. *Jan. 15.*

It was about eight o'clock, and a bright, cold morning, when a handsome four-horse stage-coach, built in New York, and placed with more liberality than judgment on a route where a broad-tired, low-hung, and light wagon would be much more appropriate,—drove up to my quarters at Chicago; and, having received my luggage, crossed the river on the ice, and was, a few moments after, traveling through the deep snow over the Grand Prairie. My fellow-passengers were, a respectable, middle-aged female and a smartly-dressed young man of amiable appearance, whose handsome broadcloth suit, worn as a traveling-dress, bespoke the favored beau of some country village, or possibly a thriving young clerk from the city, engaged upon some agency business, and traveling in the style which he thought would best comport with the dignity of his employers. The driver was also accompanied on the box by a well-made young half-blood Chippewa, of about five-and-twenty, who had come down from Mackinac to seek employment, and was now going further south for the same object. The air being rather sharp on the prairie, the lady took her seat between the young gentleman and myself, and thus wedged us together, we contrived to keep very comfortable: though our near neighborhood did not render us more communicative than people

generally are after an early breakfast. We merely exchanged the ordinary commonplaces which custom exacts from people thus thrown together; and then, unless when a wolf passing near our track, or a particularly large pack of grouse rising before us, called forth some exclamation, but few words were spoken by any of the company. At length, after having counted six wolves within twice as many miles, we approached a grove of timber, where, while the trees grew quite densely in the centre, a few thin rows shot out like a reef of rocks from the shadowy island far into the prairie. Here, on the edge of a deep gully, through which winds the River Au Plaine, was the log-tavern at which the first stage of our day's journey, being twelve miles, concluded. The horses were in a complete foam with their exertions in getting through the deep snow-drifts across the prairie, and I easily persuaded the driver to abandon the comfortable but cumbersome vehicle which had brought us so far, and hitch his smoking team, which had still twelve miles to go, to a rough but strongly-built sled before the door. My fellow-passengers approved the arrangement, and subsequent events proved it a very fortunate one; for so deep was the snow on many parts of the road afterward traversed, that it would have been impracticable to get a wheel-carriage forward, and it must have been deserted on the prairie. There was much to do, however, about our new equipage, before we could get started; and while our driver looked after his horses, one of the passengers had to shovel the snow out of the sleigh, another, to drive a pin through the tongue, in order to fasten on the leaders; and a third, after filling the bottom with hay, to adjust the baggage, etc. All this, with the aid of the stout Chipewa and the active young eastern traveler, was soon effected; and the former, taking his seat with the driver on a board in front, while the latter shared half of my buffalo robes, and stowed himself upon the hay with me in the rear: *madame* was well accommodated, with the cushions taken from the stage, on a trunk placed in the middle; and some heated stones being brought from the house and placed beneath her feet, just as we started, no grandmother could sit more comfortably in her cushioned pew in old Trinity. A fast drive of twelve miles brought us at noon to another island of timber, where a little piquant girl of sixteen, with sloe-black eyes and glossy locks as dark as night, arranged a plain but neat meal for us, and gave a relish to the entertainment by loosing one of the most vivacious tongues I had heard wag in the last three months. Here we changed horses, and a ride of sixteen miles more brought us about nightfall to a place called "Walker's Grove," where two or three log-huts were sheltered

from the north wind under an island of tall timber, and in one of which we have established ourselves for the night. A pile of bur oak, which makes a capital fire, flames up the enormous wooden chimney before me, and a number of stout yeomen around it, engaged in discussing the price of horses on the Wabash, prevent me, while handling a matter of such moment, from enlarging more upon the few objects of interest which have presented themselves today.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, *January 16.*

I was hardly dressed this morning, when my only remaining fellow-traveler—the lady and the half-blood having parted company last evening—called me to the door to “see the cloud of *prairie hens* before it.” I looked out, and there indeed, true enough, the oaks within gun-shot of the porch were so loaded with grouse, that they showed more like a flock of pigeons than a covey of game birds. Having broken my gun, however, it was intolerably vexatious to see such capital shots thrown away; while these fine birds, in those districts where I was prepared to bag them, were too wild to approach within shooting distance at all.

The sleigh soon after came to the door, our driver having diminished his team by two horses, to meet probably the reduction of passengers already mentioned; and about a hundred yards from the house, we crossed a broad brook, known as the Au Sable River, and commenced ascending the bank beyond. But the snow was deep, and the heavy drift having had its surface frozen over during the preceding night, our single pair of horses were unable to drag through it the clumsy sled behind them. They plunged in up to their chests. “Go ahead, Sam! gie up, Major” shouted the driver. But *Sam* was thoroughly planted; while the *Major*, in trying to sustain his military character by obeying orders, gave one spring, and, floundering over the traces, was buried in the snow up to his crupper, and placed, *volens nolens*, in full as quiescent a condition as the already settled *Sam*. For all of us to get out and take hold of the bits was the next move, but it wouldn't do. *Sam*, indeed, seemed a little inclined to make a retrograde movement, by kicking out the footboard with his heels; while the *Major*, having gathered new energy for another charge, wasted his fire in lifting up his knees as high as his mouth, and ineffectually throwing his fore hoofs in advance on the crusted snow; handling his feet the while much after the manner of the rampant unicorn on a calico stamp, who, unmindful of the mottoed garter he treads under his foot, so bravely paws the crown which the complaisant lion is pushing toward him

The driver at last became convinced of the necessity of returning for another pair of horses; and a young colt called Blackhawk, with a hoary old plough-horse named Judge, were, after a little delay, procured, and placed in advance of Sam and the Major on the top of the bank. Poor Sam seemed to dislike having the Judge's fetlocks brought so immediately in contact with his nose, they being nearly on a horizontal line; and he was accordingly inclined to retreat upon his haunches, beneath which the snow formed so easy a cushion; but a single crack from the driver's whip sent the Major charging so vigorously upon Blackhawk, that the sable young chief gave a bound which carried us through the difficulty in a trice, and sent our vehicle skimming far over the prairie.

The grove in which we had passed the night soon vanished from sight, and a boundless expanse of snow-covered surface lay like an ocean before us. The arch of the clear blue sky seemed to spring at once from the silvered earth, which shown under the bright January sun with an intensity almost painful to the eye. The blue vault above, and the white plain below, were the only objects that met its glances as they roamed for miles around; yet no one could complain of sameness in the tints of a picture so vast, a scene so illimitable. The immensity of the prospect seemed to exclude the idea of monotony, and perfect solitude was only wanting in such a scene to make one feel its grandeur. The lively rattle of my companion, however, whose society, after traveling so long entirely alone, I found no slight acquisition, prevented me from realizing its full effect; and when, after riding for about twelve miles, an island of timber hove in sight, while the beautiful sky of the morning clouded over, and the cold wind, which began to set in from the west, indicated that the twelve miles we had yet to travel before we should reach the first house across this arm of the prairie would be anything but agreeable,—I was contented to wrap myself as closely as possible in my buffalo robe, and join him in a game of *prairie loo*. Lest you might search vainly in Hoyle for this pastime, I must inform you that the game consists merely in betting upon the number of wild animals seen by either party toward the side of the vehicle on which he is riding, a wolf or deer counting ten, and a grouse one. The game is a hundred; and you may judge of the abundance of these animals from our getting through several games before dinner,—my companion looting me with eleven wolves. Some of these fellows would stand looking at us within half-gunshot, as we rode by them; while the grouse would rise continually from under our very horses' feet.

Before we had got through the twenty-four miles, the scene enacted at starting was to be repeated with improvement; for on coming to the edge of a frozen gully, our two leaders, in their anxiety to avoid former difficulties, gave such a spring that they sunk through the ice to their shoulders on the opposite side, while the wheel-horses, being thrown down, were driven by the runners of the sleigh against the sharp edges of the ice thus exposed, and one of them was terribly lacerated. It was the unfortunate Sam, who, poor fellow, not having been watered since the morning, lay quietly on his side in the traces, with his fore legs up the slope, and his hinder ones in the pool, eating the snow thus brought in contact with his mouth, apparently perfectly unconscious of his wounds. Blackhawk and the Judge, of course, came to an anchor when they found such an accumulated weight dragging behind them; while the spirited Major seemed to be thoroughly dejected at this second discomfiture, and allowed us to turn him over and put him on his feet with scarcely the interposition of a struggle. Not far from the scene of this catastrophe, we crossed the Au Page, a narrow stream, with smooth banks, utterly divested of shrubbery; and after, in the next eight miles, encountering two or three tremendous snow-banks, where our horses were frequently immersed to their cruppers, and whence nothing but the leaders, from their firm footing beyond, dragging the wheel-horses through the heavy drift, could have extricated us, we reached a beautiful grove of elms and oaks, and stopped to change our worn-out team.

Entering a log-cabin, not at all differing from the usual dwellings of the frontier settlers, I found a choice collection of books in one corner,—a volume, a fine old edition, of Algernon Sidney's works being the first book I took up; and, upon entering into conversation with the occupants of the cabin, I found that degree of general cultivation which, though not unfrequently met with on the frontier, still always strikes a stranger with novelty; and yet I know no reason while the fullest expanding of the intellect is incompatible with the handling of an axe, or the most luxuriant development of the imagination with following the plough. The farmer, of all operatives, has, perhaps, the most time for improvement; and when he dwells in a land where, while Nature showers her choicest bounties, man passes toward it from every side, and contributes on his new coming to the general stock of ideas, keeping, by this lively interchange, those already afloat in active circulation, there is everything in his circumstances to make him acute and reflective, and to liberalize his mind, if not to polish his manners.

It would be giving you a wrong impression, however, did I allow you to gather from this that the oldest western settlers of this country are by any means so familiar with books as the emigrants from the East; for among the latter there are many persons of altered circumstances, who, having once enjoyed better opportunities for literary culture, carry the traces of their old habits with them into the new scenes to which they so readily adapt themselves. Fluency of language, with an ease and power of expression which sometimes swells to the dignity of eloquence, and often displays itself in terms of originality at once humorous and forcible, constitute the conversational resources of the western man; but as his knowledge is gathered almost altogether from conversation, he wants that exact acquaintance with facts and things which enriches the intellectual armory of his eastern brother in a similar situation of life. My opportunities as yet of forming an opinion might, perhaps, be questioned by one who did not know that the southern part of Michigan, and the northern sections of Illinois, are settled by people from almost every State in the Union. Having now traversed them both, I may venture the above observation, at least with you.

A dinner of grouse at this place came very opportunely after our keen ride of twenty-four miles over the prairie without once stopping; and, by way of varying our customary fare of bacon and corn-bread along the road, we purchased a few brace of these fine birds for a mere trifle, there being at hand a coopful of them just caught alive upon the premises.

It was just sunset when, after riding about thirteen miles over a dreary-looking prairie, we came suddenly to one of those *steppes* into which these singular plains sometimes break so beautifully; and, looking down over two broad platforms, which successively projected their flat surfaces and angular edges below us, beheld the Illinois River winding through the lowest meadow, and receiving its tributary, the Fox River, opposite the little village of Ottawa. It seemed to repose upon a rich alluvial flat, with the rocky bluffs of the Illinois rising in a regular line to the height of seventy or eighty feet immediately in the rear; while their rugged and varying outline, both above and below, towered opposite to a much greater height. The warm light of the setting sun resting upon their mossy edges, and touching with freshness an evergreen that sprouted here and there among the cliffs, while the rising mists of evening imparted a bluish tint to the distant windings of the smooth valley below, gave an Italian softness to the landscape but little in unison with the icy rigors that enchained the streams to which in summer it must owe its greatest beauty. A mile or

two farther brought us over the frozen river to the comfortable frame-house from which this letter is dated.

Ottawa, which is situated a few miles above the head of steam-boat navigation on the Illinois, is, from its central situation, gradually becoming a place of some commercial importance, though still a mere hamlet in size. It was within six miles of this place that the worst of the Indian horrors were perpetrated during the difficulties with the Sacs and Foxes in 1832. You must remember the newspaper accounts of every member of two families being butchered, except two young girls, who were carried into captivity, and afterward recovered from the Indians.* There was a singular fatality attending this melancholy affair, which makes it worth while to recall some of the particulars. According to my informant, the heads of both families, who lived in the same or adjoining houses, had more than once removed their wives and children into Ottawa, upon false alarms of the approach of the Indians; and one of them, from some new warning on the very day on which the event took place, was again moving the united establishment in wagons to the same place of security, when he met the other, who so opposed and ridiculed the idea, that they returned together. An hour or two after, they were at work within a few yards of the door, when a band of Indians appeared, and with a triumphant yell surrounded the house in an instant. Armed only with their tools of husbandry, they did not hesitate to make an attack upon an enemy that outnumbered them so as to make the attempt to get into the house and reach their rifles perfect madness. It is needless to add that they were shot down, tomahawked, and scalped in an instant; not, however, as some say, before they had witnessed some of the atrocities practised upon

* Mr. Schoolcraft says that no female captive is ever saved by the Indians from base motives, or need fear the violation of her honor: "The whole history of their wars may be challenged for a solitary instance of the violation of female chastity. When they resolve to spare life, they also resolve to spare that reputation without which life is not worth possessing. They treat them with kindness and attention, carrying them dry across rivers, and directing what with them is accounted an act of distinguished attention—that their hair shall be combed every morning. The precise reason for this trait of their character has never been fully explained. Innate principles of virtue can hardly be supposed to be sufficient to produce so universal an effect, though it would be uncharitable to deny that they have their share. It is asserted that the Indians believe that the taking of such a dishonorable advantage of their female prisoners would have the effect to destroy their luck in hunting. It would be considered as a trait of weakness and effeminacy in a warrior, unworthy of his fame and reputation for manly achievement. It would excite the ridicule of his companions, and, as they believe, be displeasing to the Great Spirit."—*Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley*, p. 307.

the feebler members of their families. These, before and after death, are too shocking to mention.

"Why, sir," said an Illinois man to me, who was on the spot shortly afterward, "those Indians behaved most *ridiculous*. They dashed children's brains against the door-posts; they cut off their heads: they tore—;" but the detail to which my informant applied so quaint an epithet is one that I would not think for a moment of giving you. I must not forget to add, that the two surviving females, after losing every near blood-relative in this horrible manner, have lately found legal protectors, and are now settled in life as respectable married woman. I had previously, even as far north as the borders of Michigan in Indiana, seen stockades erected in the open prairie as a place of refuge for the settlers, with other similar marks of the late border-strife, but had no idea, till this evening, that I was approaching the seat of the bloodiest acts of the unhappy contest. The neutral Indians, who disappeared from this part of the country at the time, are now, I am told, dispersed again in large numbers over the neighborhood. They are perfectly harmless; but, thou treated with great kindness, by the new emigrants, there will probably never again be much confidence between them and the old settlers. The latter somehow seem to have long regarded the Indians as hereditary enemies; and the events of 1832 have given new vigor to dislikes which seemed to be gradually losing their rancor. A man who has to plough with a heavy rifle, ready-loaded, slung to his back, day after day, while he fears even to send his child to the spring for a pail of water, may be well excused for being warm upon a subject which must thus fill his thoughts and harass his mind throughout each hour of the day. It is therefore useless to argue with an Illinois "Indian-hater." What cares he for the "lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," which you tell him often beset the red man's wigwam before his ancestors made good their footing on another's land. He thinks but of the frantic outrages he has witnessed in his own day. He thinks of his often-abandoned husbandry, "while that the coulter rusts" corrupting in its own fertility. He thinks of his butchered friends and neighbors,—of his wife and offspring slaughtered upon his hearth-stone,—and asks bitterly how you could

"Look to see

The blind and bloody savage with his foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds."

An accumulation of horrid images, which shows with what tearful fidelity Shakspeare would have painted Indian warfare, had these wild tragedies of our day been acted in his.

BOYD'S GROVE, ILLINOIS, *Jan. 25th, 1834.*

It was so long since I had seen a stone at all deserving the name of a rock, that I took a good deal of satisfaction in scaling the bluffs of the Illinois, and traversing the adjacent ravines, before getting out on the prairie, the morning that I left Ottawa. In one of these rocky gullies,—which run generally at right angles to the river, and with their precipitous walls in one place, and cavernous passages beneath the jutting limestone in another, often form some picturesque dell, or afford a romantic glimpse of the open country beyond,—I saw the first cascade I have met with since leaving Pennsylvania. The fall was not more than ten feet; but the column of water, being frozen in a solid sheet, as white as the purest porcelain, presented a very singular appearance as it raised its pale glistening front beneath a canopy of stunted cedars, whose green branches impended from the rocks above. Our sleigh, after winding for some time among this broken ground, and passing over one or two small but beautiful pieces of bottom land laying among the ravines, reached at last the top of the bluff, where, instead of descending on the other side, the level prairie extended as far as the eye could reach beyond. A few hours' drive brought us to a log-cabin, which was our place for dining and changing horses, and here we found that, owing to the newness of the route, arrangements were not yet completed for the public conveyances going farther. Hearing a stranger speaking in terms of enthusiasm of the fine view from "Starved Rock,"*—a detached crag some 250 feet high, on the banks of the Illinois, where one band of Indians was surrounded and starved to death by another (I refer you to "Flint's Valley of the Mississippi" for the legend),*—I made arrangements to visit the spot in the morning.

A chill north-easter swept over the bleak prairie as my traveling companion and myself, mounted upon two miserable nags, neither of which was shod, struck on an Indian trail, that brought us in an hour's ride to the craggy and precipitous banks of the Vermilion River, which it was necessary to cross. A sickly-looking but rather interesting woman came out of a miserable log-hut—beside which, housed under a few boards, stood a handsome barouche—to direct us where to descend the bank; and my friend

* See Fergus' Historical Series, No. 3. "The Last of the Illinois." By John Dean Caton, LL.D.

on foot leading his horse, mine followed trembling after him; and, notwithstanding the steep path was glazed with ice, we descended the first pitch in safety.

Pausing for a moment, the confused masses of rock, with trees and shrubs of all kinds growing in their crevices, reminded me, as I looked around, of more than one scene of the kind in the river counties of my native State. It was now my turn to lead down the next pitch, which led to the frozen bed of the river. Upon gaining the edge, I perceived that the descent was a perfect glare of ice; and pausing a moment to hand a loaded gun, which I carried, to my companion, lest it might be discharged in the accident which I anticipated, my horse lost his footing even as I turned in the saddle, and falling flat over upon me, down we slid together. I had not gone two yards, however, before a small jutting rock brought me, but little bruised, to an anchorage, while my unfortunate consort, after sliding over a part of my person, went, though struggling fearfully to regain his feet, slipping to the bottom. He landed at last erect, with his face up the ascent, and though now on the level ice of the river, the poor brute seemed to think he was still midway on the declivity he had been hurried over so roughly; for without looking at all behind him, he stood trembling for an instant, and then, in spite of all the outcry we could raise to keep him back, commenced ascending to where we stood, and actually persevered till he had gained the place from whence he had started. The only way now to effect our purpose was for one to go below, and the other to drive the horses down to him. This we indeed did, and I do not know when I have been more amused, than upon seeing my worthy Rozinante, as if taught by past experience, quietly—when he found he must go—placing himself upon his haunches, and sliding down the little hill with a degree of coolness and skill that would have been envied by the boldest schoolboy on *Flattenbarrack*.

Crossing the Vermilion, we were compelled to drive our horses in the same way up the bank on the opposite side; and by catching hold of the branches of trees, drag ourselves after them as we best could. Once on the height, nothing but a level plain of rich prairie land lay between us and the bluffs of the Illinois. It was crossed here and there at intervals of a few miles with Indian trails, about a foot in width, and worn as deep as if they had been trod for centuries. They ran in various directions, and were generally as straight as the flight of an arrow. A heavy rain throughout the previous night had swept all the snow from the prairie, and these black lines drawn over its brown surface were

now perceptible at a great distance. A long reach of woodland immediately before us indicated our approach to the Illinois bottoms; but on entering the timbered ground, where the snow still lingered in considerable quantities, we found ourselves on the slippery bluffs, a hundred feet above the level of the river opposite, without the possibility of descending to its bed. These bluffs were divided at intervals by the romantic ravines already described; having now discovered that we had entirely missed the road to "The Starved Rock," it only remained for us to attempt descending through these passages, and find the place by a route of our own. We led the way by turns, and urging our unwilling horses down the frozen beds of the little streams which impart their coolness in autumn to these sequestered dells, we tried three ravines in succession, without attaining our object. One would bring us up against a dead wall of limestone, in the crevices of whose base the rill we had been following suddenly disappeared; a second carried us to the abrupt edge of a precipice, about fifty feet above the river, whose rich bottoms, extending far away below, reminded me, with the occasional copses and detached clumps of trees which studded them, of points of views in the valley of the Mohawk. Nothing, on so small a scale, could be more picturesque than the nook to which the third ravine led us. It was to the upper edge of a double cascade, over the second fall of which an arch of rock projected, so as to shut out from view the basin into which the water finally fell below. The passage through which we reached the spot was a mere fissure in the side-hill; and when, not wishing to get my feet wet, I urged my horse to the brink of the little cascade, the long icicles pendent from the hanging rock above were almost within reach of my riding-whip. A number of gnarled and stunted cedars, "moist trees, that have outlived the eagle," fling their dusky branches over the chasm, and when summer foilage glitters on the tall stems whose naked boughs project above them, the sun must be wholly excluded from this cool retreat.

Our horses were so fagged out when we extricated ourselves from this ravine, that we did not think it well to try another; and my companion being afraid of freezing his feet, which were wet from his having dismounted at the most difficult parts of the descent, I was sorry to be compelled to give up the search and return to our lodgings, after an eight hours' ride, without having seen the interesting point we had taken so much trouble to attain.*

* An unknown correspondent has politely furnished the author with the following account of this interesting point, as given in "a letter from a friend still roaming over the beautiful prairies of Illinois."

The mail-contractor, resident at Chicago, had arrived at the farm-house during our absence; and hearing that two gentlemen were detained upon the road, had, with great politeness, at once taken measures to send us on the next morning. The room, too,

"I climbed the Indian path until I reached the summit of Starved Rock. This celebrated rock is said to be two hundred and fifty feet high. It is a stupendous pile, nearly as large at the top as at the base, and is accessible at one place only; in every other direction it is nearly perpendicular, and more than half of its base is washed by the Illinois, which is here from three to four feet deep.

"The summit is circular and almost level, containing about an acre; and now has on it a thick growth of young timber. There is still lying a great quantity of the bones of the Indians who were starved to death by a hostile tribe. I picked up on the side of the pass, and dug out of the earth, several arrow-points. At one place, where there appears a possibility of scaling the rock, an intrenchment is dug and breastwork thrown up. After passing an hour on the summit, we descended to our boat at the foot of the rock, and proceeded on our journey."

"*Starved Rock.*"—This remarkable isolated hill, termed by the French *voyageurs* Le Rocher, or Rockfort, as Mr. Schoolcraft calls it, is described by that accurate traveler as an elevated cliff on the left bank of the Illinois, consisting of parallel layers of white sandstone. It is not less than two hundred and fifty feet high, perpendicular on three sides, and washed at its base by the river. On the fourth side it is connected with the adjacent range of bluffs by a narrow peninsular ledge, which can only be ascended by a precipitous winding path. The summit of the rock is level, and contains about three-fourths of an acre. It is covered with a soil of several feet in depth, bearing a growth of young trees. Strong and almost inaccessible by nature, this natural battlement was the scene of a desperate conflict between the fierce and haughty Potawatomies and one band of the Illinois Indians; the latter fled to this place for refuge from the fury of their enemies. The post could not be carried by assault, and tradition says that the besiegers finally attempted, after many repulses, to reduce it by starvation. This siege, as is remarked by a popular writer, is singularly characteristic on either side of those remarkable traits of savage character, undaunted resolution, and insatiable and ever vigilant thirst for vengeance. Its result is well told in "Tales of the Border," the newly-published work of Judge Hall. The pangs of hunger, the tortures of thirst, pressed upon the besieged; but they maintained their post with invincible courage, determined rather to die of exhaustion than to afford their enemies the triumph of killing them in battle or exposing them at the stake. Every stratagem which they attempted was discovered and defeated. The scorching sun that beat upon their towering hold maddened them to taste the cool stream that glided beneath it; but when they endeavored to procure water during the night by lowering vessels attached to cords of bark into the river, the vigilant besiegers detected the design, and placed a guard in canoes to prevent its execution. They all perished—one, and one only excepted. The last surviving warriors defended the entrance so well that the enemy could neither enter nor discover the fatal progress of the work of death; and when at last, all show of resistance having ceased, and all signs of life disappeared, the victors ventured cautiously to approach, they found but one survivor—a squaw, whom they adopted into their own tribe, and who was yet living when the first white man penetrated this region.*

* Charlevoix, Schoolcraft, Hall.

in which we had slept before—four in two beds and three on the floor—had now been vacated by five of its occupants, and my companion and I each appropriated a couch to himself. We were hardly warm under the cover, however, before the tramping of horses, with the sound of travelers' voices, was heard without, and the good dame thrust her head into the room, in the vain expectation of showing them an unoccupied bed. My companion pretended to be in a sound sleep; and I intimated that I should betake myself to my buffalo-robe and the floor, in case a bedfellow were thrust in upon me: whereat the kind lady was exceedingly miffed; and we could hear her through the board partition, a moment afterward, expressing herself after this amiable fashion: "Ugh! great people truly!—a bed to themselves, the hogs! They travel together—and they eat together—and they eat enough, too.—and yet they can't sleep together!" Here the husband, a respectable, middle-aged man, who did everything to make our situation comfortable during the thirty-six hours we spent at his cabin, interposed, and silenced his better half; and, the newcomers wrapping themselves in their cloaks before the fire, in a few minutes all became still about the establishment.

The good dame, who must have been a fine-looking woman in her day, and was, I believe, in spite of her scolding ways, really well-disposed toward us at heart, gave us a capital cup of coffee and a kind farewell in the morning. A four-horse wagon, with an active driver, quickly accomplished a mile of rough road through the grove, and brought us once more to the edge of the smooth prairie. I can conceive nothing more desolate than the appearance of that boundless plain. The fires had traversed it in the autumn as far as the eye could reach, and the snow having now disappeared entirely from the upland, the black and charred surface was all that met our vision wherever it wandered: a dark sullen sky which lowered overhead added not a little to the gloominess of the prospect; and the day being excessively cold, our ride for the next fifteen miles over this dreary plain was anything but agreeable. At last we came to some broken ground, dotted here and there with a handful of shrubbery, from which every moment a pack of grouse, and occasionally a bevy of quail, would rise. The little village of Hennepin—called after Father Hennepin—next hove in sight; though it lay so sheltered along the banks of the Illinois that we were nearly upon the hamlet before its vicinity was discoverable.

After stopping an hour or two to dine and feed our horses, we left the driver to take a circuitous route down the steep bank, which, though not rocky, is about sixty feet high, and very precipi-

tous on that side of the river; while my friend and I descended to the ice, and walked over the river, which was here a broad and noble stream, with some beautiful alluvial islands on its bosom. The difference of temperature here and on the bleak prairie above was astonishing; and when I sat down upon a fallen tree among the tangled vines of the rich bottom opposite to Hennepin, and watched a flock of green parroquets fluttering among the wych-elds which here and there skirted the shore, while the sun, for a moment piercing his murky veil, touched with gold the icicles that glazed their drooping branches, I could fancy myself transported to a different climate. The driver overtook us at last, and then we commenced making our way through a timbered bottom, which, for appearance of rank fertility, excelled any spot I have ever beheld. The trees were of enormous size, and seemed chained together at every point by huge vines, which clambered to their very summits, locking the stately stems in their ponderous embrace, and clasping each outer bough with some twining tendril. Having thus secured its prey on one tree, the vine would seem, like a living animal, to have bounded to another, and fastened its eager grasp upon some limb as yet untouched. Beneath the whole an interminable growth of underwood, protected by the woven canopy above, and flourishing rankly in its living fetters,

“Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs.”

A half-hour's ride carried us through this teeming region to the foot of a steep and open-wooded hill, which ascending with some difficulty, we came out once more upon the prairie, and the change of temperature instantaneous. The road over the dry grassy plain was very good, however, for the first six or eight miles; and as the evening began to close in intensely cold, we rattled them off in a very short time. At last we came to a deep frozen gully, in crossing which our leaders bruised themselves so badly by breaking through the ice, that when we reached a spot of the same kind, but rather worse, a mile or two in advance, the frightened animals recoiled from the place, and refused to cross it. Our driver, a doughty little chap, about four feet eleven, who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and was a capital whip by-the-by, after using every exertion to get his whole team over, was at last compelled to give up the point, and proceed to detach the leaders from the wheel-horses. This, with our aid, was soon done; and my companion remaining with the leaders on one side, Samson and I made a dash at the frozen brook, and, breaking through in the midst, the horses gave such a spring to free them-

selves from the wagon, that the swingletree-bolt snapped, and had not the heroic little champion held on to the reins as tenaciously as did his namesake to the gates of Gaza, we might have been left a prey to the next drove of Philistinean wolves that should rove the prairie in quest of a supper.

Samson, however, was true to his name; and with a mighty arm bringing up his foaming steeds all standing, we crawled over the head of the rampant wagon, (the hind-wheels only had gone through the ice), and sprang to the firm ground. The swingletree was soon tinkered fast again; but now came the difficulty of getting the unwilling leaders over, who, it is presumed, had been no uninterested spectators of what had just been going forward: coaxing and whipping availed nothing; and we at last succeeded only by buckling two pair of reins together and passing them over the brook, two of us pulling on the horses' mouths, while the third applied a smart castigation behind. One of the poor animals again broke in, and floundered dreadfully before he reached a firm footing on the other side. But this was not the worst: our poor little Samson, in attempting to jump, floundered in up to his knees, and suffered much inconvenience from it afterward. The evening was indeed so cold, that our wheel-horses, who were coated with ice, their long tails being actually frozen solid, were in danger of freezing to death, had we been compelled to delay much longer. But, placing now the leaders on the firm ground beyond them, one smart pull served to extricate the wagon from the hole and deliver us from our quandary.

We had five or six miles still to go before reaching a house; and feeling some anxiety about Samson's wet feet, we urged him to put the horses—nothing loath when once started—to the top of their speed. He did indeed drive furiously; but when we arrived at the house whence I write, the poor fellow's feet were frozen. Rushing at once to the fire, he would undoubtedly have lost them, had there not chanced to be a physician present, who directed us what to do. The good-humored little patient was removed without delay to the back part of the room; and we commenced pouring water into his boots until they melted from his feet, the temperature of the water being gradually heightened until it became blood-warm, while a bucket of ice-water stood by for the sufferer to thrust his feet in, whenever the returning circulation became too violent for him to endure. In the morning, though his feet were dreadfully swollen, he was enabled, by tying them up in thick horse-blankets, to move about, and even return with his team. To the simple and judicious suggestions of the traveling physician present, our little hero was, in all probability,

indebted for escaping a most awful calamity; a settler in this neighborhood having lost both legs a few days since by an exposure similar to Samson's.

I am now staying at the house of a flourishing farmer, whose sturdy frame, bold features, and thick long black hair, would, with his frank address, afford as fine a specimen of the western borderer as one could meet with, and never allow you to suspect that ten or fifteen years ago he was a New-York tradesman. He lives, like all other people of this country, in a log-cabin, which has many comforts about it, however, not usually found in these primitive domicils. Having a large family, with no neighbors nearer than ten miles on one side and twenty on the other, he maintains a schoolmaster to instruct his children: the room I occupy at night being fitted up with desks and benches as a school-room. His farm, which lies along the edge of a beautiful and well-watered grove, supplies him with almost everything he wants; and having once pursued a different mode of life, he seems now to realize the full independence of his situation, more even than those who have always been brought up as farmers. I told him this morning, as he sallied out to cut wood, with his two sons, axe in hand, all clad in their belted capotes and white woollen hoods, that I should like to meet his sun-burnt features and independent step in Broadway, to see how many of his old acquaintances would recognize the pale mechanic in the brown backwoodsman. He promised me, if he came in winter, to appear with the guise in which I then beheld him; adding, in western phraseology, "The way in which folks'll stare, squire, will be a *caution*."

After being detained here some days waiting for the St. Louis mail-wagon, and losing my traveling-companion, who, having bought a horse, has gone on by himself, I have concluded that it would never do to go out of this country without visiting Galena and the mining country; and, as there is now a public conveyance thither, I shall take the first opportunity to go with it. I have amused myself for the last three nights in watching for wolves by moonlight, at the edge of the wood, a few hundred yards from the house. They come howling round the house after nightfall, and if one is "in luck" at all, are easily shot. But last night, after leaving my position but for five minutes, I heard the report of a rifle; and hastening to the spot, where a lad stayed to fill my place for a moment, I found that a gray and a black wolf, of the largest kind, had approached suddenly within two or three yards of the muzzle of his gun, and startled him so that he missed them both. In the confident hope of their return—for the bait that we had thrown about the place was still there—I took the little fel-

low's place, and wrapping myself in a buffalo-skin, lay watching on the ground till nearly daybreak; and the enemy then not making his appearance, I was glad to creep shivering to bed.

Upon entering my room, which contained two beds, I observed, after striking a light, that the one opposite to mine was occupied by some newcomers; while a sheet suspended from the ceiling near the pillow, and concealing the phrenology of its occupants from view, was evidently meant as a *caveat* against reconnoitring that part of the apartment. I had some piquant reflections when a respectable-looking traveler and a pretty young woman, who I was told was a bride on her way to St. Louis, breakfasted with us the next morning.

You shall hear from me next at Galena. Till then, farewell!

GALENA, UPPER MISSISSIPPI. *Pib. 1.*

A FURIOUS squall of snow, which would have rendered it impossible to keep a given road in crossing the prairie, subsided before nightfall, on the day that I left Boyd's Grove, bound for the Upper Mississippi; and as the calm clear sky of evening succeeded, our sleigh glided over the open plain at a rate which soon made the cabins behind us disappear in the distance; while four fleet horses, with a good driver, and but one passenger, swiftly accomplished the short stage of twelve miles, and brought us to the room where we were to pass the night. The intervening prairie, for the first six miles, was high and level, with not a stick of timber,—one broad snow-covered plain, where you could see the dark figure of a wolf for miles off, as it stood in relief against the white unbroken surface. A prospect more bleak and lonely, when night is closing in, and you press toward some distant grove, whose treetops can not yet be discovered above the monotonous plains, is inconceivable. Presently, however, you come to a break in the prairie; a slight descent next shelters you somewhat from the wind, and now you can discover a wood, which hitherto had appeared many miles off, or perhaps was not perceptible at all, that has pushed a scattered clump of trees here and there, like an advanced guard under cover of the ravine. You come to the brink of another platform, and you are on the edge of a grove, while for twenty miles ahead the eye ranges over what looks like a shallow basin of immense extent, broken occasionally by dusky masses, which seem rather to repose upon than to spring out of its surface; such was the view in advance, from a point about six miles from Boyd's Grove. The elevation from which we descended was not more than twenty feet, and it commanded a prospect of as many miles. It was like looking from the edge of

a snow-covered desert upon a frozen lake, with its isles, headlands, and scattered rocks, and its waters riveted as fast as they. The rosy rays of the setting sun still lingered over the scene, as on one they longed to set free from the icy chains which bound it; while the calm pale moon grew momentarily more bright, as if her cold beams borrowed lustre from the extent of pure white surface over which they shone.

A single room, miserably built of logs,—the interstices of which were so unskillfully filled up with mud that I could hear the night-wind whistling through them as we drove up to the door,—was to be our lodging for the night. A couple of rifles, with a powder-horn and a pair of Indian blankets, lay without, and two painted Pottawatomies were crouched on the hearth, as I entered the cabin. One of them, a slight but elegantly-formed youth of twenty, sprang at once to his feet; while the other, a dark ill-looking negro-faced fellow, retained his squatting posture. They were dressed in complete suits of buckskin; both having their ears bored in several places, with long drops of silver pendent in thick bunches therefrom; while broad plates suspended over their chests, with armlets of the same metal, made quite a rich display. Their dress* was, however, the only point in which they resem-

* "The usual dress of the men (among the northern tribes) at the present day consists of a figured cotton shirt; a blanket, or French capote of blue cloth; a pair of blue, green, or red cloth metasses or leggings; an azeaaun or breech cloth, and moccasins of dressed deer-skin. The metasses are generally ornamented, and a garter of colored worsted tied around the knee. The front fold of the azeaaun is also ornamented around the edges. A necklace of wampum, or a silver crescent, or both, are often worn together with silver arm-bands and wrist-bands. The latter are not exclusively confined to chiefs, so far as we have observed, but their use depends rather upon the ability of the individual to purchase them. Ear-rings are common to both sexes. A knife is commonly worn in a scabbard confined under the string or narrow belt which sustains both the azeaaun and the metasses. The head is ornamented with a band of skin, dressed with the hair or pelt on, surmounted with feathers. In this respect there seems to be less uniformity than in any other part of their costume. Often the headpiece is wanting. Long hair is prevalent: it is sometimes braided and ornamented with silver brooches. Paints are still used for the face, both for the purposes of dress and mourning. Each Indian youth, from the time he is acknowledged as a hunter capable of supporting himself, ordinarily carries a pipe, and a skipetagan, or tobacco-pouch. This pouch is commonly the entire skin of an otter, lynx, or other small animal, dressed with the pelt on; and drawing an aperture upon the throat, this sack, besides the usual quantity of tobacco and smoking-weed (kinnekinic), commonly contains a fire-steel, flint, and bit of spunk, and sometimes a knife. But this appendage is not to be confounded with the sacred metawiiiaun, or medicine-sack, which is the consecrated repository, not only of his medicines, but also of his personal manitos and relics."—*Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley.*

bled each other; and the acquiline nose, keen eyes, and beautifully-arched brows of the one contrasted as strongly with the heavy inexpressive look and thick lips of the other, as did the closely-fitting hunting-frock of the first, which a black belt, sown thick with studs of brass, secured to his erect form, with the loose shirt that crumpled around the crouching person of the other. A hard-featured borderer, with long sandy hair flowing from under a cap of wolf-skin, and dressed in a bright-green capote with an orange-colored sash, sat smoking a pipe on the other side of the fireplace; while one foot dangled from the bed on which he had placed himself, and another rested on a Spanish saddle, whose holsters were brought so near to the fire, as it lay thus carelessly thrown in a corner, that the brazen butts of a pair of heavy pistols were continually exposed to view by the flickering light. A pale, sickly-looking woman, with an infant in her arms, and two small children clinging around her lap, sat in the centre, and completed the group. Her husband and another, a hanger-on of the establishment, had stepped out to look after our horses, as we drove up to the door. The apartment, which was not more than twenty feet square, was cumbered up with four beds; and when I thought how many there were to occupy them, and observed a thin, cotton curtain flapping against a wide unglazed opening, which formed the only window of this forlorn chamber, I thought that the prospect of comfortable accommodation for the night was any thing but promising. Presently, however, the landlord entered, with an armful of burr-oak and split hickory, which crackled and sputtered at a rate that made the Indians withdraw from the ashes. The goodwoman placed her child in a rude cradle, and bestirred herself with activity and good-humor in getting supper; while the frontiers-man, knocking the ashes from his tomahawk-pipe, passed me a flask of Ohio whisky, which, after my cold ride, had all the virtue of Monongahela. Some coarse fried pork, with a bowl of stewed hominy, hot rolls, and wild honey, did not come amiss, especially when backed by a cup of capital coffee from the lower country; though the right good-will with which we all bent to this important business of eating did not prevent me from noticing the Frenchman-like particularity with which the Indians ate from but one dish at a time, though tasting every thing upon the table.

The best-looking of the two, though daubed with paint to a degree that made him look perfectly savage, was almost the only Indian I had yet found who could talk English at all; and he seemed both amused and interested while I read over to him a

slight vocabulary of words in his own language, as I had taken down the terms occasionally in my pocket-book, and was evidently gratified when I added to their number from his lips. He spoke the language, indeed, with a clearness and distinctness of enunciation such as I have only heard before from a female tongue; and the words thus pronounced had a delicacy and music in their sound entirely wanting in the usual slovenly utterance of Indians. You would have been struck, too, in the midst of our philological task, to see the grim-looking savage bend over and rock the cradle, as the shivering infant would commence crying behind us. In this way, the evening passed rapidly enough; and then the good dame, with her husband and children taking one bed, the green rider and I took each another, while the stage-driver and remaining white man shared the fourth together. The Indians brought in their guns and blankets from without, and, making a mattress of my buffalo-skin, they placed their feet to the fire, and, after a chirping conversation of a few minutes beneath their woollen toggery, sunk to slumber.

The moon was still shining brightly above, as I sallied out an hour before dawn to wash in the snow, and finish in the open air the toilet commenced in the crowded shanty. Our sleigh, a low, clumsy pine box on a pair of ox-runners, was soon after at the door; and covering up my extremities as well as I could in the wild hay which filled the bottom (for the morning was intensely cold), I wound my fur robe around my head to keep my face from freezing, and soon found myself gliding at a prodigious rate over the smooth prairie. The sun was several hours high when we struck a fine grove of timber, through which the small but rapid River Huron takes its way; and thrashing through the wintry stream, we merely paused long enough at a shanty on the opposite side to adjust some of our harness which was broken while fording the torrent, and reached a comfortable log-cabin, in which we breakfasted at noon. There was an Indian encampment within gun-shot of the house; and seeing a melancholy-looking squaw with an infant in her arms hanging about the farm-house, I left my landlady turning some venison cutlets and grilled grouse, to see how the aborigines fared in this cold weather. A pretty Indian girl of fourteen, driving a couple of half-starved ponies, indicated the camp of her friends. They proved to be a very inferior band, having but two hunters, and those inefficient-looking fellows, to a score of women and children. Sheer necessity had compelled them to encamp near the settlement; and a more squalid, miserable-looking set of creatures I never beheld. The chief of the

party, contrary to the usual Indian custom, had let his beard* grow till it stood out in small tufts from every part of his sinister-looking, smoke-dried face; and the thong of leather which sustained his scalping-knife seemed to answer the double purpose of binding the fragments of his greasy and tattered capote to his body, and of keeping the loosely-hung component parts of the body itself together. A bluff-faced, English-looking white youth of eighteen, with a shock head of reddish curly hair, and wearing a hunting-frock of some coarse material, striped like a bed-ticking, secured to his body with a red belt, from which a hatchet was suspended, was assisting him in "spancellor" a refractory pony. The young gentleman, as I afterward learned, *belonged* to the tribe—some runaway apprentice, perhaps, who thought he was playing Rolla. The rest of the mongrel concern dodged like beavers beneath the mats of their smoky wigwams, as I approached their common fire to warm myself.

Returning to the farm-house, I found a little girl playing on the floor with several strings of beads, which the squaw first mentioned had just parted with to purchase food for her starving infant. The family, however, though they suffered the child to retain the ornaments, supplied the poor woman with food and comforts to ten times their value. The Indian mother, I was told, though nearly fainting from exhaustion, asked for nothing except for her child; and seemed deeply affected when, after by signs apprizing the whites of her situation, she obtained the required sustenance.

Upon emerging from this grove and getting out once more on the prairie, I could distinguish a solitary horseman, followed by his dog, coming toward us, at least a mile off; and remarking, that as they approached us the distance between the man and his canine companion increased at a very unusual rate, I was induced to scan the appearance of the latter as he passed within rifle shot of our sleigh after his master was out of hail. It proved to be

* Robertson, Charlevoix, and other European writers, mention that the American Indians have naturally no beards. Mr. Schoolcraft, in observing that a beard is less common to our aborigines than to the natives of Europe or Asia, ascribes its absence chiefly to the fashion of plucking it out in early life. "It is esteemed necessary to the decency of appearance among the young and middle-aged to remove the beard; and, as the razor is unknown to them, they employ the only means at command to eradicate it. Hence it is more common to see beards upon old men, who become careless and neglectful of personal appearance. Of the Indians of the Algonquin stock, the Chippewas are perhaps the most exempted from beards, the Ottawas less so, and the Potawatomies still less. Among the two last tribes there is a custom sufficiently frequent, though not universal, of letting the beard grow only upon the under lip, or upon the chin, from which it depends in a compact lock, or a kind of bunch."—*Travels in the Mississippi Valley.*

an enormous wolf; and we actually tracked the fellow for eighteen miles, to a thick brake on the banks of a frozen stream, from which he had first leaped into the traveler's tracks, and steadily followed on in his horse's steps to the point where he passed us. The cowardly rascal, being hard pushed with hunger, though he could have no idea of attacking the traveler by himself, had probably just trudged along mile after mile in hope of raising a *posse comitatus* of his long-haired brethren along the road, or of availing himself after nightfall of some accident that might overtake the horseman, who was so unconscious of his volunteer escort. Had the man but turned his horse and run the wolf a hundred yards, he would have rid himself of a companion that circumstances might possibly have rendered inconvenient.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the banks of Rock River, whose broad and limpid current was, of course, congealed by the rigors of winter. The enterprising and intelligent settler from the city of New York, who, though repeatedly driven off by the Indians, has been for fifteen years established at "Dixon's Ferry," detained me some time at dinner in expatiating upon the healthfulness of the adjacent country, and the abundance of fish and game of all kinds which frequent the waters of the fine stream upon which he resides. The river, which is navigable for boats of fifty tons nearly a hundred miles above the Mississippi, flows through a gentle valley, with the prairie sloping to its edge upon either side, except when a group of bold rocks, forming a cave, whose entrance has a perfect Gothic arch of some twenty feet high, rear their sudden pinnacles above the farther bank. The smoothness of the adjacent ground is broken here and there by an open grove: while an occasional thicket, with one or two rankly overgrown alluvial islands in the river, must constitute a beautiful landscape in summer. This spot was Gen. Atkinson's headquarters during the Black-Hawk war, and may be considered about the centre of operations during the recent Indian difficulties. A sharp ride of twelve miles over the open prairie brought us after dark to Buffalo Grove, the scene of some of the most melancholy incidents that attended those commotions.

A party of four or five mounted travelers, bound from Galena for the lower country, were obliged to pass the grove on their route just after the difficulties with the Indians commenced. They had reached the edge of the grove, when one of the number, conceiving that it might harbor an ambush, suggested the expediency of deviating from the usual path, and taking a somewhat circuitous course. He was opposed, however, by his companions; and one of them, taunting him with an unnecessary regard to prudence,

spurred his horse, and advanced first into the fatal wood. His horse could have made but a few bounds— I have seen his grave, just within the edge of the grove— when an Indian bullet brought him to the ground: and his companions, wheeling on their track, for the present escaped farther mischief. On arriving at Dixon's Ferry, it was proposed the next day to return and bury the poor fellow, who had thus fallen a victim to his own rashness. Eight persons, among whom was Mr. Savary, the Indian agent for the hostile tribes, volunteered upon the kind office, which was performed without molestation: and the agent, with the greater part of those present, then kept on his way to the upper country: the rest, among whom was my informant, returning to their home on Rock River. A confused account is given of what followed: as four of Mr. Savary's party, including himself, were slain in another ambush; and those who escaped by the speed of their horses had but little opportunity, after the first surprise, to observe how their companions met their fate. It is agreed, however, that the unfortunate agent, turning in his saddle after the first fire, was shot in the act of appealing to the Indians as their friend and "father,"—the reply being a disclaimer of his official character, and the words, "We have no longer any white father," accompanying the discharge of the piece whose bullet pierced his brain. The head of the ill-fated gentleman, carried off by the Indians, is said to have been afterward recognized and recovered from the savage band. The Indians fired the house of the settler (an old New Yorker) at Buffalo Grove: and the half-burnt timbers and lonely doorposts contrasted strangely, as I viewed them, in passing, by the morning sun, with the neat new log dwelling a few paces off, in which I had most comfortably spent the night before.

But these traces of savage war soon, by their frequency, become familiar.

The aspect of the country changes considerably soon after passing Rock River. The prairie is frequently broken by sudden ravines; the number of groves increases; the streams run more rapidly over their pebbly beds; and huge masses of crumbling rock rise like the ruined walls of old castles along the mimic vales through which they take their way. In these secluded dells, a number of settlers had ventured to fix themselves along the Galena route; and though many have now returned to their precarious homes, the humble dwellings and various little improvements of others remain as they left them when fleeing with their families before the dreaded savage. With the appearance of one of these cottages I was struck particularly. The roots of a large tree, whose branches brushed a wall of rock opposite to it, had caused

a sparkling brook to describe the form of a horse-shoe in winding through a small alluvial bottom, while a row of wild plum-trees across the little peninsula thus formed divided it from the rest of the valley, and just left room enough for the cabin of the settler, with a few acres for a garden around his door. A few acres more along the margin of the brook supplies another enclosure; and the fences and fixtures exhibited a degree of care and arrangement by no means common in this region. But the exiled owner had never returned to his tasteful though humble home. The open door swung loose upon a single hinge: the snow lay far within the threshold; and a solitary raven, perched upon the roof, seemed to consider the abode of desolation so much his own, that, heedless of a flock of his brothers which rose from some carrion near as we approached the place, he only moved sideways along the rafter, and gave a solitary croak as we drove by.

Approaching Galena, the country becomes still more broken and rocky, until at last a few short hills, here called "knobs," indicated our approach to Fever River: the river itself at once became visible when we had wound round the last of these, and got among the broken ravines that seam the declivity, sloping down for nearly a mile to its margin. Short sudden hills, the bluffs of the prairie beyond, partly wooded and partly faced with rock, formed the opposite shore: while the town of Galena lay scattered along their broken outline, as if some giant had pitched a handful of houses against the hill-side, and the slimy mud (for which the streets of Galena are celebrated) had caused them to stick there. We crossed on the ice, and I am now once more in a frame-house.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, UPPER MISSISSIPPI, *Feb. 5th.*

I HAD only been in Galena a few hours, when I learned that a mail-carrier was to start in the morning for Fort Crawford on the Upper Mississippi, and determined at once to accompany him; deferring an examination of the country around Galena till my return. It was about eleven o'clock of a fine, clear, cold day, when my *compagnon de voyage*, a bluff-faced, curly-pated fellow, in a green blanket coat, drove up to the door in a better sleigh than I had seen on any of the post-routes below; and wrapping myself up in a couple of buffalo-ropes and sundry blankets, I found myself, after ascending the rugged bluffs of Fever River, armed at all points to encounter the biting wind which swept the open plain beyond. And here I may remark, that although the cold winds in this prairie country have a power that I had no idea of till I experienced it, yet the people dress so much more rationally than

they do at the north on the sea-board, that health and even comfort are but little invaded.

I remember, when first overtaken by the cold weather on the prairies, I was traveling with a simple furred wrapper as an overcoat and a pair of carpet socks over my boots: the last of which, from their clumsy and effeminate appearance, I long neglected to put on. But on arriving one night at a lonely shanty, I found an old Indian trader just disencumbering himself of his traveling gear, and the lesson has not been readily forgotten. His disrobing reminded me of the grave-digger in Hamlet with his sixteen jackets, (a stale joke, by the by, which is now rarely practised upon the stage,)—and a man-at-arms of the fifteenth century, with his armor of plate and triple coat of twisted mail, was not cased in better proof than was my Indian trader. Among the articles of dress that I recollect, were a blanket-coat over an ordinary surtout, a plaid cloak upon that, and a buffalo-robe trumping the whole; while three pair of woollen socks, buckskin moccasins, and long boots of buffalo-skin with the fur inside, assisted his leggins of green baize in keeping his extremities warm; and a huge hood and visor of fur set Jack Frost at defiance should he assail from above. I do not by any means mention all these defences as constituting the ordinary apparel of the country; for every one on the frontier dresses just as he pleases, and whether he has his blankets and skins made up into coats and boots, or wears them loose about his person, no one comments upon it. The utmost freedom of dress prevails; and you may see the same person three days in succession with a leather hunting-shirt, a surtout of scarlet woollen, or a coat of superfine broadcloth just from St. Louis, all worn in any company with the same air of independence; and while several colors and textures frequently combine in the same dress, the result is of course an outrageous violation of taste in individual instances, but great picturesqueness of costume upon the whole: the very figure whose apparel is most obnoxious to the laws of good taste as last enacted by fashion, being often that which, of all others, a painter would introduce into a landscape to relieve its colors, or copy for some romantic charm of its own.

The country through which we now drove, though only interspersed here and there with woodland, presented a very different appearance from the open prairie below. In the vicinity of Galena it was much broken by rocky ravines and deep gullies, which, in the spring of the year, must afford a ready passage for the water created by the melting of large bodies of snow; and far away toward the Mississippi, the inequalities of the surface showed

like a distant range of mountains, that on nearer approach resolved themselves into three or four distinct hills, which again on reaching their banks proved to be only rocky eminences, of a few hundred feet elevation—standing isolated on the vast plain, like excrescences thrown up by some eruption from its surface. Beyond these, again, the country became beautifully undulating; and when the warm light of sunset glanced along the tall yellow grass which raised its tapering spears above the snowy surface, and the purple light of evening deepened in the scattered groves that rested on its bosom, it required no exercise of fancy to conceive that these were sloping lawns, and smooth meadows, and open parks, which the gathering shades of night were stealing from the eye. But at last, just where the landscape was becoming almost too broken to keep up these associations of high cultivation, a distant light appeared glimmering at the bottom of a rocky valley: and slipping and floundering through the snow which partially smoothed the rugged descent, we entered a small hamlet of log-huts, and drove up to the door of a frame-building, which proved to be the public-house of “Mineral Point.”

A portly Tennessean, of some six feet high, received us warmly at the door, and hurried me into a room where a large fire of bur-oak, and a smoking supper of venison and hot corn-cakes, were alike welcome. Half a dozen miners in leather shirts or belted coats of Kentucky jean were lounging about the establishment; while a tall backwoodsman, in a fringed hunting-frock, was stretched on several chairs, with a pipe in one hand, and the other resting on a Pelham novel, which, with a volume of Shakespeare, an old bible, and the “Western Songster,” formed a pyramid beneath his brawny arm. “Whirling Thunder,” the Winnebago chief, had, as I was informed, just left the establishment, or our party would have been perfect. The old fellow, who, I presume, is superannuated, had been breathing revenge and slaughter against the Sauks and Foxes, who, he says, have killed a number of his tribe, and he avows a determination to come down upon the enemy with seven hundred warriors;* though I believe it is

* The animosity existing between these warlike tribes, it would seem, has lately manifested itself beneath the very guns of Fort Crawford. In an article which appeared in the St. Louis papers, while these pages were passing through the press, it is stated, under date of November 18th, that “The Indians in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien have again been engaged in hostile acts, which portend a serious termination. A party of Sauks and Foxes, after killing several Menomones on Grant River, attacked a lodge of Winnebagoes on an island about three miles above Prairie du Chien. It was occupied at the time by women and children only, the warriors being absent on a hunting excursion. Suddenly the Sauk-and-Fox party made their appearance before

well known that there are not at present half the number in his tribe, and they scattered far and wide on their hunting expeditions. As it was, however, I found the company into which I was thrown in more than one way agreeable. They were civil and conversable; and when a cigar was handed me by a well-dressed gentleman engaged in the mines, who had sat down to supper with us, I stretched my legs before the fire, and soon felt myself perfectly at home. The rumors of Indian wars, with the incidents in those already gone by, being thoroughly discussed, feats of strength and activity were next introduced; whereat, a burly, broad-shouldered fellow, with a head of hair like a boat's swab, jumped on his feet, and shaking the flaps of his rough kersey doublet like pair of wings, he crowed and swore that he could throw any man of his weight in the mines. "Why, Bill Armstrong," cried a little old man, who I was assured was nearly eighty years of age, shaking the ashes from his pipe the while, "I could double up two such fellows as you in my time; and I think as it is (slowly rising and collaring the puissant Bill), I'll whip one of them now for a treat; they grappled at once, and Armstrong good-naturedly allowing the old man to put him down, a laugh was raised at his expense. But Bill was too much a cock-of-the-walk to mind it; and, striding up to the bar, he called out, "Come here, old fellow, and take your treat—your a steamboat: but who couldn't be beat by a fellow that had forty years the advantage of him!"

The next day's sun found us, when a few hours high, in a country which, though not a house was to be seen for miles, I can

the lodge, fired into it, tomahawked and scalped *en* of the inmates. But one of the Sauk warriors lost his life, and that was by the hand of a Winnebago boy, about fifteen years of age. The youth was standing at the door of the lodge, between a younger brother and sister, when two of the warriors made their appearance and fired upon them. Recollecting instantly that an old gun remained in the lodge loaded, he procured it, and awaited the return of the foe, who had retreated for the purpose of reloading their guns. As soon as they appeared before him, he took deliberate aim at one of them, fired, and the bullet went through the heart of his enemy. He then escaped at the interior of the lodge, made his way for the river, swam it, and gave information of the massacre at Fort Crawford. A detachment of troops was immediately ordered out in pursuit of the murderers, but, as far as known, without success. The Winnebagoes, it is said, had determined on retaliation, and their warriors were already collecting. Their foe, it is also known, are ready to receive them; having been recently arming and equipping themselves for fight. Toward the Winnebagoes all parties of the Sauks and Foxes have an unyielding hatred. They view them as having been the cause, by their bad counsels, of all the calamities brought upon them by the late war, and as having acted a treacherous and infamous part at the termination of it. Many circumstances concur to make it more than probable that, should a conflict take place, it will be a long and bloody one."

only compare, with its intermingling of prairies and groves, rocky ravines and rapid brooks of sparkling water, to the appearance which the beautiful cultivated districts along the Hudson would present if the fences and farm-houses were taken away. Its varied aspect was far more pleasing to my eye than the immense plains of table-land below, where the sound of a waterfall is never to be heard, and a stone larger than a pebble is (unless on the banks of the Illinois) rarely met with. The soil, indeed, is not so rich, but the country is unquestionably more healthy; and though the climate is actually more severe in winter, yet the wind is so much broken by the numerous groves and the general inequalities of surface, that one suffers much less from cold. A great error is committed by Government in keeping the wild land of this region out of market; for the patches of woodland, though frequent, are not so dense as those below; and the number of smelting-furnaces of lead-ore, which are scattered over the whole country between Rock River and the Ouisconsin, tends to diminish them so rapidly, that a dozen years hence wood enough will hardly be left for the ordinary purposes of the farmer. Whatever measures are adopted, however—and I believe there is a bill in relation to these lands now pending in Congress—the pre-emption rights of the first settlers should be secured in the most liberal manner. Their sufferings from three Indian wars within ten years, and their endurance of every risk and privation, are almost incredible; and, considering that it will take them some time now to recover from the last affair of Black Hawk, Government ought to give them several years' credit; but the early sale of the lands I believe to be indispensable to the future welfare of one of the finest regions in the world. The truth is, that no smelting should be done in the interior; but the mineral should be transported to points where fuel is more abundant, and the timber now growing upon the spot left for the use of the farmers and miners, to whom it is indispensable for the prosecution of their labors. Such will hardly be the case until a property in lands is established, and individuals are no longer permitted to sweep grove after grove from the soil, till the country begins to assimilate in some places to those leaf-tracks in Illinois, which will probably remain unsettled prairie for a century to come.

I was particularly struck with the bold life which these miners have long led—the chief dangers of which, it is presumed, are now over—by observing a strong block-house erected among a cluster of small shanties, where two brothers lived, with whom we stopped to take some refreshment at noon. They were miners and farmers

together; and carrying on their business remote from any other house or settlement, they probably sent the mineral and vegetable productions of their favored soil to market at Galena in the same car. They had struck the vein of ore which they were working in badger-hunting—the habits of that animal being of great assistance to the miner in exploring for mineral. I saw at the same place a fine dog terribly gored by a wild boar—the descendant of the domestic hog, which runs wild in this region, and sometimes makes a good hunt.

Our route hither, which was by no means direct, carried us through a broken savage country, where a thousand clear streams seemed to have their birth among the rocks, singing away, though the earth was wrapped

“In sap-consuming winter’s drizzled snow,”

as if the leaves of June quivered over their crystal currents. At one time, these crisped fountains were the only objects that gave life to a burnt forest through which we rode, where the tall, branchless, and charred trees stood motionless on the steep hill-side, or lay in wild disorder as they had tumbled from the rocky heights into a ravine below. Emerging from this desolate region, where the tracks of bears and other wild animals were to be seen on every side, we launched out on one of the loveliest prairies I ever beheld. It was about a mile wide, and not more than four or five in length, and smooth as a billiard-table, with two small islets of wood in the centre. Our horses, which had seemed almost fagged out by slipping and stumbling among the rocks and fallen trees in the timbered land, now pricked up their ears and snorted with animation as they made our light sleigh skim over the smooth plain.

It was afternoon on the third day after leaving Galena, that on descending an abrupt *steppe* of about fifty yards, we came to a small tributary of the Ouisconsin, winding through a narrow valley below. Following down the slender rill, whose banks exhibited no shrubbery save a few dwarf willows, we crossed a wooded bottom, where the long grass among the trees shot above the snow to the height of our horses’ shoulders, and reached at last the Ouisconsin, where the stream might be near a-quarter of a mile wide. After trying the ice in several places with long poles, we ventured at last to cross; and, scaling a bold bluff at the opposite side, paused a moment at a trading-house, owned by a Frenchman, to let our horses blow. A band of Winnebagoes were standing at the door; and as they were all in mourning for some

recently-deceased relations,* their broad blunt features, blackened as they were, made them look like Hottentots. A ride of six miles, through a high rolling prairie interspersed with open groves of oak, brought us at last in view of the bluffs of the Upper Mississippi, rising in rocky masses to the height of four or five hundred feet above the bed of that beautiful river, whose iron-bound banks and gentle crystalline current bear but little affinity to the marshy shores and turbid tide which are distinguished by the same name, after the Missouri gives a new character to its waters. Never shall I forget the first view of "The Father of Rivers," as a reach of several miles—shut in, partly by its own bluffs, and partly by those of the Ouisconsin, with its numerous islets smiling in the light of the setting sun—stretched like some comely lake of the west before my eye. It was girdled, apparently, by inaccessible cliffs on three sides, and fringed by a broad meadow, which, in its turn, was bounded and sheltered by lofty bluffs, on the fourth. That meadow lay now beneath me, and it was Prairie du Chien.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, UPPER MISS., *Feb. 12th, 1834.*

THE shadows of its western bluffs had deepened far over the broad surface of the ice-bound Mississippi, though a flood of yellow light still bathed the gray walls of Fort Crawford, as its exten-

* The Winnebagoes, as they are the most savage-looking, are among the haughtiest of the tribesmen. They differ in many respects from the neighboring clans; and Carver says, that in his time there was a tradition in the country that the nation sprung from "some strolling bands from the Mexican countries." In "Long's Expedition" they are mentioned as being of distinct origin from the Algonquin tribes, and their language is said to present greater difficulties than any of the northern dialects. "It abounds," says that work, "in harsh and guttural sounds, and in the letter *r*, which does not appear to be common in the Algonquin languages. It is difficult to obtain correct information concerning the manners and characters of the Winnebagoes, as a strong prejudice appears to prevail against them. They are considered unfriendly to white men, and this, instead of being viewed in the light of a favorable trait of their character, as indicative of a high spirit which can resent injustice and oppression, and which will not crouch before the aggressor, has been the occasion of much ill-wind toward them."—*Long's Expedition*, page 216.

The custom of blacking the face by way of mourning, as mentioned in the text, is by no means peculiar to the Winnebagoes:—

"The Indians are particular in their demonstrations of grief for departed friends; they consist in darkening their faces with charcoal, fasting, abstaining from the use of vermilion and other ornaments in dress, etc.; they also make incisions in their arms, legs, and other parts of the body. These are not made for the purposes of mortification, or to create a pain which shall, by dividing their attention, efface the recollection of their loss; but entirely from a belief that their grief is internal, and that the only way of dispelling it is to give it a vent through which to escape."—*Ibid.*, page 226.

sive barracks lay in the form of an isolated square on the level meadow beneath us; while, farther to the north, a number of dingy-wooden buildings, which looked like a fishing haul-out, on the immediate bank of the river, were momentarily growing more indistinct in the advancing twilight as we approached their purlieus, and drove up to a cabaret about half a mile from the garrison.

It was within pistol-shot of the river; a comfortable frame building, with a stockade-fence around it, made with pickets, some ten or fifteen feet high; a *voyageur* or two, with a few half-breed looking residents, were loitering about the door; and a tall Menomone Indian, with a tuft of drooping feathers on his crown, was standing with folded arms apart from the rest.

A portly soldier-like German, who had formerly been a non-commissioned officer in the infantry, proved to be the landlord, and bowed me, like a master of his business, into a room heated to suffocation by a large Canadian stove, placing at the same time a strip of newly-written paper in my hands. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it to be a play-bill! "The *public*" were respectfully informed, that the sterling English comedy of

* CARVER, who visited Prairie du Chien in 1766, describes it, under the name of "The Lower Town of the Ottagaumies," as a large place, "containing three hundred families. The houses," he adds, "are well built, after the Indian manner, and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raise every necessary of life in abundance. This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders." The aspect of the village is very different at present. It consists, exclusive of two or three frame-built stores, of some five-and-twenty rude and ruinous dwelling-houses, which are almost black with age, and the population can hardly amount to two hundred souls. The situation of the hamlet and the features of the country adjacent are thus described in "Long's Second Expedition:"—"The village of Prairie du Chien is situated four or five miles above the mouth of the Wisconsin, on a beautiful prairie, which extends along the eastern bank of the river for about ten miles in length, and which is limited to the east by a range of steep hills, rising to a height of about four hundred and thirty-five feet, and running parallel with the course of the river about a mile and a-half. On the western bank are bluffs which rise to the same elevation, and are washed at their base by the river. 'Pike's Hill,' which is on the west bank, immediately opposite to the mouth of the Wisconsin, is about five hundred and fifty feet high. The hill has no particular limits in regard to its extent, being merely a part of the river's bluffs, which stretch along the margin of the river on the west, and retain pretty nearly the same elevation above the water. In general the ascendency toward the river is made up of precipices ranged one above another, some of which are one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet high. From the top there is a fine view of the two rivers which mingle their waters at the base of this majestic hill."—*Expedition to the Sources of St. Peter's River*, Vol. I., page 238.

“Who Wants a Guinea?” and Fielding’s afterpiece of “Don Quixote in England,” with songs, recitations, etc., would be presented this evening, by the soldiers of the First Regiment at Fort Crawford. Nothing could be more *apropos*. I had just ascertained that on account of the present deep snows, with the prospect of an early thaw, it would be almost impossible to get up to the Falls of St. Anthony, whither my ambition led me, at this season; and having now no further plans to arrange during the evening, and being wholly unprovided with letters to the officers of the garrison, I was really rejoiced at such an opportunity of entering its walls incognito.

The sleigh in which I had come carried me in a few minutes within the sally-port, and handing the ticket with which mine host had provided me to a soldier who acted as door-keeper, I entered a large barrack-room, fitted up very neatly as a theatre by the soldiers themselves; the scenery, quite cleverly done, being all painted by them, and the lights, ingeniously placed in bayonets, prettily arranged,—a contrivance suggested by their own taste. The seats, rising like the pit of a theatre, were so adjusted as to separate the audience into three divisions: the officers with their families furnished one, the soldiers another, and “gumboes,” Indians, and a negro servant or two made up the third. A superb-looking squaw of the Sauk-and-Fox* tribe attracted my attention as I entered the room, and prevented me from advancing beyond the worshipful part of the assemblage last mentioned, as she sat between two pretty but plainly-dressed Menomone† girls, in a more rich and beautiful costume than I ever saw at a fancy ball. The curtain rose while I was studying her noble features and tasteful finery, and contrasting the striking and somewhat voluptuous character of both with the simple attire and less mature charms of the two nut-brown beauties beside her. Every eye was then directed to the stage, and I remained standing

* “The united bands of the Saukies and Ottigaumies, the French nicknamed, according to their wonted custom, Des Sacs and Des Renards—the Sacks and the Foxes.”—*Carver*.

† The Mè-nó-mò-nè, or wild-rice-eaters, is a broken band that served with effect against the Sauks and Foxes in the Indian difficulties of 1832. They are a finely-shaped people, of a much lighter complexion than the other north-western tribes, and exhibit a great deal of taste in preparing, and neatness in wearing, the various articles of Indian dress—ornamented belts, gaiters, sheaths for knives, moccasins, etc. In Long’s Expedition they are mentioned as “The White Indians,” and are supposed not to belong to the Algonquin stock. It is said that few white men have ever been able to learn their language; and in their intercourse they use the melange of the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatomie dialects, which is the common medium of communication on the frontier.—*See Long’s Expedition, Charlevoix, etc.*

against the door-post till the act was concluded: and then, just as I was wishing for some one to whom to express my surprise at the degree of skill and judgment with which the soldiers played, considering they were but amateurs, an officer made his way up to me, and very politely insisted upon my taking his seat in the more favored part of the house. The ordinary interchange of commonplaces between gentlemen who are strangers to each other ensued, and then, without his knowing my name or the slightest circumstance in relation to me, an invitation to take up my quarters in the garrison followed. I declined the invitation, but we exchanged cards; and I had hardly got through breakfast in the morning, when my new acquaintance, accompanied by Colonel T., the commandant, and a young subaltern, called to repeat the invitation of the evening before: bringing a soldier with a sled to transport my baggage, and a led horse to carry myself over to the garrison. It would have been absurd to meet such cordial proffers of hospitality with further ceremony: and an hour after found me with a handsomely-furnished room of my own, a fine saddle-horse placed at my disposal, and a servant at my call, sitting down to the mess with as fine a set of young fellows as I ever met with. I have been particular in describing my initiation into this agreeable and accomplished circle, merely to give you some idea of the gentleman-like courtesy and frank hospitality which distinguish the officers of the army, wherever I have been fortunate enough to meet with them.

I have now been here nearly two weeks. The weather has been mild and beautiful, and my time, in such congenial society, passes delightfully; so much so, indeed, that when I wake each morn at *reveille*, it is with a kind of sad feeling I remember that the twenty-four hours just passed brings me nearer to the time when I must start again on my solitary tour, through a region where fortune can hardly throw me a second time among such companions.

The garrison here consists of five companies of infantry, under the command of a lieutenant-colonel. They are well quartered in very handsome barracks, built by the soldiers themselves of cut stone; the buildings being arranged in the form of a square, and enclosing an area large enough for a battalion to drill in. The parade is nicely graveled, and a colonnade, which extends round three sides of the parade, gives a cheerful aspect to the whole. The hospital stands by itself on a slight knoll about a hundred yards from the barracks, and both are pleasantly situated near the banks of the Mississippi. The place, as it now stands, would be easily tenable against hordes of Indians, should they be

mad enough to assail it. There is not a tree around it, and it is furnished with a park of artillery, which, from an open interval left at each angle of the parallelogram, could sweep the whole prairie. But these openings, which are flanked by no works whatsoever, by breaking the unity of the square, destroy even the appearance of a fortification; and the place, if not carried by an assault from a regular force, would easily fall before its formal approaches. Such an attack was indeed never contemplated when Fort Crawford—which was only intended to overawe the Indians—was erected; but even in a collection of barracks, one likes to see them so disposed as to preserve a military air. There is a small but well-chosen library belonging to the post, and several of the companies have quite good miscellaneous libraries of their own,—a fact exceedingly creditable to the private soldiers. The amusements of the place, so far as society is concerned, are of course limited. The officers' families do indeed make a small circle; and for those who like to study life in all its phases, there is the little village of Prairie du Chien about half a mile from the garrison, with its antique-looking timber-built houses, containing an amphibious population of *voyageurs* and hunters, half-French and half-Indian. Here the officers sometimes amuse themselves in getting up what is called a gumbo ball, which, from the descriptions I have had of them, must be a kind of harlequinade I should very much like to see. Sporting, however,—when the resources of the library are exhausted, or a pipe of kinnekinic ceases to charm,—is the great source of amusement at Prairie du Chien. The grouse now keep in large packs near the garrison; snipe, too, I am told, are abundant when in season, and of ducks I am assured it is easy to kill a canoe-load, when they begin to fly along the Mississippi. Elk, bear, and wolves are the game of those who are more ambitious in their sport, and choose to go farther to seek it. The meat of the first I have not yet tasted, but I made a capital dinner yesterday from a sirloin of the second, at the commandant's quarters. Bruin was served up in handsome style, and some old wine from Colonel T.'s hospitable cellar relished in this latitude.

The scenery round Prairie du Chien would please you much. The snow has now entirely left the bosom of the prairie, though it still hangs like flakes of morning mist round the rocky brows of the adjacent bluffs. The singular landscape created by these bold heights has been called monotonous; but I do not find it so. Not a day, not an hour passes, but they present some new appearance. Each shifting cloud brings out some new angle of the gigantic blocks; and, whether the rosy tints of dawn warm their

steep sullen brows, or the glare of noon settles on their round summits, and tries to pierce the deep ravines which block them out from each other, or sunset, with its mellow hues, lingers among the long grass which paints their "umbered face," where they first swell from the plain,—to me they are always lovely, grand, and peculiar. I ascended one of them, accompanied by an officer on horseback, the other day, by winding up a ravine in the rear, which brought us on a round, bold, grassy height, about one hundred feet above the prairie: to which the bluff descended by two sheer precipices of rock, of about a hundred feet each, with alternate slopes of soil, covered with long yellow grass—the whole having the appearance of some vast fortress—an enormous bastion thrown up in huge layers of earth and stone. On the very summit was one of those ancient fortifications, the mysterious mementoes of an unknown race, whose gigantic and enduring works are scattered over thousands of leagues of this continent, to puzzle the curious and set at naught the surmises of the antiquary.* I trod each winding of the turf-covered rampart, and counted what appeared to be the embrasures for artillery, as my military friend commented upon the position, and described a number of similar remains which he had examined in different parts of the Western country: while we alike dissented from the unsatisfactory conclusions of those closet theorists who would attribute the fortified appearance of this tall elevation,—the enormous mounds in the vicinity of St. Louis,—the sunken remains on the alluvial bottoms of Illinois,—the perfect forms which give its name to Circleville in Ohio, and the deep intrenchments which channel the rocky hills of eastern Kentucky, alike to the action of water: suppositions upon a par for ingenuity with those which

* These curious remains are very numerous in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, and extend alike along the bluffs which face the Mississippi and those which run parallel to the Ouisconsin (or Wisconsin, as it is sometimes written). The former, which are the works alluded to in the text, are thus described by Major Long, in his journal of 1817:—

"The remains of ancient works, constructed probably for military purposes, were found more numerous and of greater extent on the highlands, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin, than any of which a description has been made public, or that have as yet been discovered in the western country. There the parapets and mounds were found connected in one series of works. Wherever there was an angle in the principal lines, a mound of the largest size was erected at the angle; the parapets were terminated by mounds at each extremity, and also at the gateways. No ditch was observed on either side of the parapet. In many places the lines were composed of parapets and mounds in conjunction, the mounds being arranged along the parapets at their usual distance from each other, and operating as flank defences to the lines.

"The Indians in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien can give no account of

account for the existence of the prairies by the sudden withdrawal of the same element from what was formerly the beds of a chain of vast inland lakes. The same prairies, in every instance that I have yet seen, except the single one of Prairie du Chien, being high table-land, some sixty or a hundred feet above the streams and groves which occasionally chequer them. I forget whether I have before mentioned that the Indian name for prairie (scutay) which means also *fire*, would account for their origin with any one who had had an opportunity of observing how the action of that element extends these grassy domains every season in one direction, while it leaves them to shoot up into a luxuriant growth of young forest in another.*

But turn with me to yonder view of the Mississippi, where a hundred wooded islets of every possible form repose upon the glistening ice that silvers its broad bosom. How grandly does the bold promontory of "Pike's Hill," interlocked as it seems with the gray crags of the Ouisconsin, shut in the lordly stream on the south; and there, where the blue water has broken its white fetters, and those diminutive figures are leaping from one ice-cake to another, as they sparkle in the sun along the smooth eastern shore, how beautifully the tall, brown grass bends over the pebbly margin! You may look now, though it is two miles off, into the very centre of Fort Crawford, where the gleam of arms flashing over the sanded parade tells of troops in motion, though the sound of their drums can hardly reach your ears. What a point would this be from which to view the meeting of hostile forces! The armies of Europe might manœuvre on the smooth prairie below, and not a guide could indicate a position without its being manifest to your eye long before a battalion could attain it.

these ancient works, and their only mode of explaining their existence is by supposing that the country was inhabited, at a period anterior to the most remote traditions, by a race of white men similar to those of European origin, and that they were cut off by their forefathers. 'It is said that tomahawks of brass and other metals, differing from those in use among the present Indians, have been found under the surface of the ground.'—[*Keating*.] And stories are told of gigantic skeletons being often disinterred in the neighborhood. Mr. Brisbois, who has been for a long time a resident of Prairie du Chien, informed me that he saw the skeletons of eight persons that were found in digging a cellar near his house, lying side by side. They were of a gigantic size, measuring about eight feet from head to foot. He added, that he took a leg-bone of one of them and placed it by the side of his own leg, in order to compare the length of the two; the bone of the skeleton extended six inches above his knee. None of these bones could be preserved, as they crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the atmosphere."—[*Major Long's MS. as quoted in his Second Expedition.*]

* See Fergus' Historical Series, No. 3. "Origin of the Prairies." By Hon. John Dean Caton, LL.D., late Chief-Justice of Illinois.

FERGUS' HISTORICAL SERIES, No. 37

THE
ILLINOIS AND INDIANA INDIANS

BY

HIRAM W. BECKWITH.

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LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR.

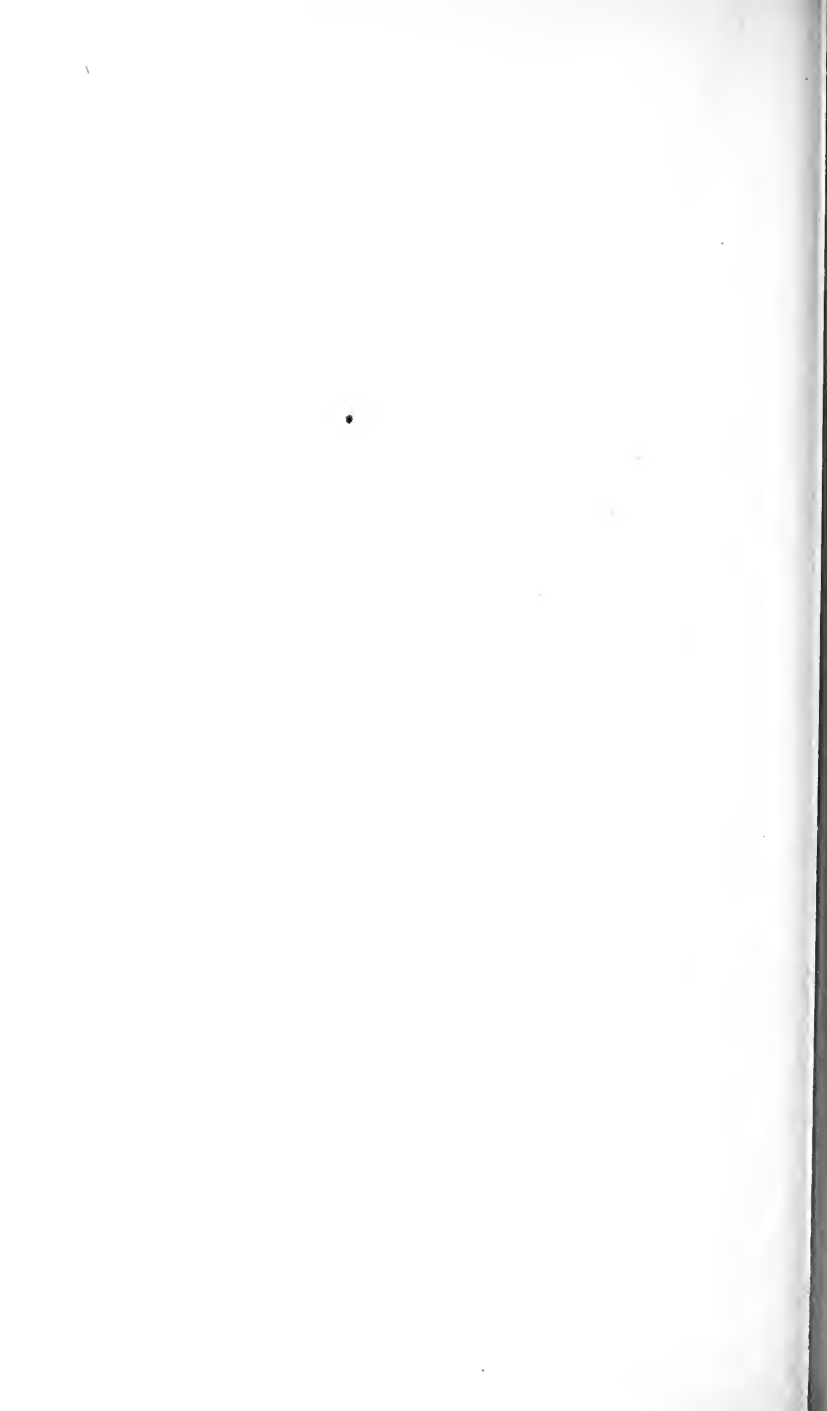
DANVILLE, ILL., Nov. 5, 1883.

MY DEAR FERGUS:—Herewith is the wind-up. The Introductory to the chapter on "Illinois and Indiana Indians", also a foot-note on Judge Hall, to be put as marked. I could find no other place where I could place it with any propriety. It cost me more time and labor to clip it out than any other side-spur I have undertaken. I have one of the very few complete sets of his publications extant, which I have been years in collecting, and they contain "lots of good things." I revised and condensed the note two or three times and have, for brevity's sake, squeezed everything out of it except dry facts. Yet I hope that even these may revive or keep in memory the debt Illinois and the West owe to Judge Hall. The statute of limitations has run too long against him, John M. Peck, and a few others who might be named; while semi-annual dividends of praise have been regularly, often in advance, to much less deserving men.

The proof-slips I return O. K.'d with corrections of my own and the adoption, with thanks, of those queried by the proof-reader, whom I take to be your father. I will be obliged if you will lay away the proof-slips and page-proofs for me to have when I come up, which will be about the 21st instant, when I expect to remain two or three days.

I hope the work will now soon be out, and that you will get back more than your money and labor on the venture. I feel that the matter is as reliable as to facts, dates, names, places, etc., as painstaking research can well make it. Every statement has been compared and verified with all *original* authorities, as well as the several *collators* upon the same subject that I could command for reference. Nothing has been retained that would not bear these tests; and, as a sequence, many pleasing fictions have been discarded. Should you ever subsoil in this field of inquiry, you will be amazed at the carelessness and the discrepancies, the prejudices, and the pure fancies of writers upon our aboriginal history that you will unearth on every hand, until, in the course of your investigations, you will come to doubt if much true history is to be found for your pains at last. Yours truly,

H. W. BUCKWOLD.



INTRODUCTORY.

THE account given of the Indians, in the following chapters, is condensed from a volume prepared by the writer four years ago, with some new matter added in the revision. It is mostly the result of his gleanings over a wide field of antiquated books of travel and maps long since out of print, or copies of manuscript correspondence of a private or official character, little of which is accessible to the general reader.

Our knowledge of the aboriginal occupants of this country is fragmentary, at best. They kept no records and had no historians. The little we know of them is to be found in the writings of persons who, if not their natural enemies, had little interest in doing them justice. As a rule, early travelers and observers have alluded to their capabilities, their manners and customs, only in an incidental way. We know but very little of the Indians who formerly occupied the territory between the Alleghanies and Mississippi; and the little information that has been preserved concerning them is so scattered through the volumes of authors who wrote from other motives, or at different dates, or of different nations, without taking thought to discriminate, that no satisfactory account of any particular tribe is now attainable. The best that may be done is to select such of these disjointed scraps as bear evidence of being the most reliable, and arrange them in something like chronological order. In his endeavor to do this, the writer has had no theories to bolster up or morbid sentiments to gratify. He has only quoted or condensed from authorities regarded as standard; and this without prejudice in favor of or against the people whose history he has attempted to briefly give.

The mental and physical training of the two races, their habits and purposes of life were so radically different that they could not peaceably occupy the same territory in common. Either the red hunter must quit the chase and give up his nomadic life, or the civilized white must degenerate into a savage. Hence the Indian, being the weaker party, gave away before the operation of an inexorable law, the severity of which could, at best, have been only tempered. It was but obeying a natural law, inherent in humanity everywhere, that he defended his country against the encroachments of another race; and the strife between the two

for its possession, furnishes material for many thrilling events connected with its history.

In spite of whatever official injunctions to the contrary, the Indians were as systematically debauched with whisky, contaminated with vices, and as persistently overreached by the servants of Count Frontenac, governor of New France, over two centuries ago, as they have been, from that time until now, by the agents and traders of every successive executive in charge, whether French or British, dictating at Quebec or New York, or American, directing from Washington City. And the complaints of the early Jesuit priests against these wrongs were as unavailing in correcting them as the protests of President Jefferson, Gov. Harrison, Gen. Cass, Judge Hall,* and other good-minded men

* The writer feels it a duty to recur to the obligation the West, and particularly Illinois, owes to the memory of the late Judge James Hall, the pioneer of our early literature, who was born at Philadelphia, Penn., Aug. 19, 1793; served in the war of 1812, on the Niagara frontier; was with Com. Stephen Decatur in the expedition against Algiers in 1815; re-suming his law studies at Pittsburg in 1818; and in 1820, located at Shawneetown, Ill., and began to practise. The next year, he was made States attorney for the judicial circuit, embracing some ten counties in Southeastern Illinois. This section was at that time overrun with horse-thieves, slave-stealers, counterfeiters, and desperadoes, many of whom had fled hither from other States to escape punishment for their crimes. By their numbers and organized bold actions, they set all law at defiance, and terrorized over honest citizens. Mr. Hall, aided by the law-abiding, prosecuted these criminals with such unrelenting vigor that he broke up their gangs, and restored security to life and property. In 1825, he was elected judge of the same circuit—hence the prefix to his name. The honor was all the more creditable to his abilities and moral worth, when it is remembered that the legislature (of 1824-5) conferring it, was largely “anti-convention”, while he was classed with the “convention-party”, as those were designated who had favored the call of a convention to so amend the constitution as to convert Illinois into a slave-state. [*I*de “Ford’s History of Illinois.”] His term was short; for the next legislative session of 1826-7, repealed the law creating the office and turned out all of the judges holding commissions under it. Within the next two or three years, he removed to Vandalia, then the State capital, where he early associated with Robt. Blackwell, State-printer, in publishing *The Illinois Intelligencer*. The legislature of 1830-1 elected him State treasurer. In the meantime, he and Mr. Blackwell arranged to bring out “The Illinois Monthly Magazine”, it being the first attempt at periodical literature in the State.

Judge Hall’s reputation as a writer was already established. Beginning in 1820, many of his contributions, descriptive of the West and its people,

in later times. The chronic "Indian Question" is no nearer a settlement now than it was in colonial days, and it never will be until either the unfortunate subjects of it are all dead, or we shall have abandoned the prolonged attempt to reconcile the indulgences of a remorseless greed with the ways of justice and humanity.

The remnants of tribes, who formerly owned the country east of the Missouri, were sent beyond that river to live, mostly, by hunting in competition with other natives in regions where game had already become scarce. The lapse of time has neutralized

appeared in "The Portfolio", a monthly, conducted by his brother, John F. Hall, at Philadelphia, from which they were copied by papers in America and England, and received a wide circulation. A residence, afterward, of several years in the country described, so enlarged his opportunities that, to a number of the original articles was added much new matter, and the whole was published in 1828 in London, England, in a volume entitled "Letters from the West. Containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, Customs, and Anecdotes connected with the First Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States", etc.

The first number of the "Illinois Magazine" appeared for October, 1830. It ran for two years. The second volume was published in part at St. Louis and part at Cincinnati; owing to the difficulty of getting material and labor at Vandalia, which, at that time, stood on the verge of a primitive population, isolated from the literary world, and not possessing even the conveniences of country-roads that were passable for more than a few months during the year. Commencing with January, 1833, Judge Hall resumed his periodical at Cincinnati under the name of "The Western Monthly Magazine. A Continuation of the Illinois Monthly Magazine", remaining with it here for three years. In 1833, he went to Cincinnati and resided there until his death, July 5, 1868. His other principal literary labors are as follows: "Legends of the West", 1832; second edition the next year; "The Soldier's Epic", 1833; "The Harp's Head, a Legend of Kentucky", 1833; "Fables of the Border", 1835; "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West", 1835; "Statistics of the West", etc., 1836. This last was reissued in 1838 (1839) the same plates, with a few pages of *addenda* relating to steamboat navigation), under the better title of "Notes on the Western States. Containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery"; substantially the same matter appeared in 1848, under the name of "The West, its Commerce and Navigation"; "Romance of Western History", 1857, republished in 1871, by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O., with fine portrait of author; "The Wilderness and the War-Path", 1845; republished in London in 1846. The last two run into previous volumes, embracing much of the same matter; while the whole are largely made up of papers drawn from

the bitterness of the conquest that ended with their final removal from our midst; so that now we ought to accord them the even-handed justice to which they are historically entitled.

When attainable, the writer has preserved the aboriginal names of lakes, rivers, Indian villages, and other historical localities coming within range of the subjects treated. In the choice of material he has also endeavored to make such selections as will best serve the double purpose of sketches of the several tribes named, and illustrate characteristics common to them all.

H. W. BECKWITH.

DANVILLE, ILL., November, 1883.

"The Letters from the West", "The Illinois Monthly Magazine", and its continuation, where many of the originals may be found, or the germs can be traced from which elaborations were subsequently made. The whole, aside from their acknowledged literary merits, possess great historical value, as they present while they preserve a faithful picture of the early West.

Besides the above, in 1836, he published a life of Gov. Wm. H. Harrison, which, for perspicuity, fidelity, and elegance of diction, is the best of the many that have appeared. In 1848, he prepared a "Memoir of Thos. Posey, Major-General and Governor of Indiana", published in "Sparks' American Biographical Series". He also wrote the "History of the Indian Tribes of North America", aided by Col. Thomas L. McKenney of the Indian Department; published 1838-44 and 1858, in three large volumes, with 120 Indian portraits, taken mainly from the Indian Gallery, formerly in the Department of War at Washington. Judge Hall early became identified with our State, and aided its material and intellectual progress with all the warmth of his ardent nature. His pen was busy in praise of its climate, its soil, and its capabilities; and prompt and trenchant in defence of the sterling traits of its pioneer people, by whose successors he ought to be remembered. The writer has collated this note, mainly from the above volumes, in his library with such other scraps of information as he could gather elsewhere. The biographical sketch in the American Cyclopedia, to which the writer is likewise indebted, is in error as to the date of publication of the "Letters from the West", as well, also, in alleging the existence of a "uniform edition of Judge Hall's works"; and is defective in that it omits his "Sketches of the West" (the two volumes possessing more historical value than any of the others), and makes no mention of "The Illinois Monthly Magazine" and its continuation, which, with the "Letters from the West", are measurably the fountains of them all.

His writings, except, perhaps, "The Romance of Western History", and a reprint of "The Legends of the West", by Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati, in 1871 and 1874, respectively, are long since out of print. Many of them are quite rare, and appear only at long intervals in the catalogues of dealers in "Americana".

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
INDIAN TRIBES
FORMERLY INHABITING
INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.

BY HIRAM W. BECKWITH, DANVILLE, ILL.



THE ILLINOIS AND INDIANA INDIANS.

THE ILLINOIS.

THE several Indian tribes, which from time to time occupied parts of Illinois, so far as we have written accounts of them, were the Miamis, Illinois, Winnebagos, Sacs and Foxes, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, and, at short intervals, the Winnebagos and Shawnees. They, with the exception of the Winnebagos, who were of the Dakota or Sioux stock, were classed among the Algonquin-Lenape nations on account of the similarity of their dialects and to distinguish them from the Iroquois tribes on the east, the Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and others south of the Ohio River, and the Dakotas west of the Mississippi. The different tribes living in Illinois will be referred to in the order of priority of time in which written accounts refer to their respective names.

The Illinois Indians were composed of five subdivisions: Kaskaskias, Cahokias, Tamaroas, Peorias, and Metchigamis, the last being a foreign tribe residing west of the Mississippi River, who being reduced to small numbers by wars with their neighbors, abandoned their former hunting-grounds and became incorporated with the Illinois. The first historical mention of this tribe is found in the "Jesuit Relations for the year 1675-6," prepared by Father Claude Dablon, from the letters of priests stationed at LaPointe on the southwest of Lake Superior.* At this place

* A more detailed account of these tribes, together with a narration of their manners, customs, and implements (illustrated) will be found in Beveland's "Historic Notes on the Northwest."

† "The point" of land extending out into Lake Superior and beyond which are the Apostle Islands, so named by the early Jesuits, because there then were twelve of them in number. The construction of the mission church, the "Holy Ghost" was begun at the Pointe by Father Claudius Alloué in 1665; and the place was afterward known by the Jesuits as "La-pointe du Saint"

prior to 1670, the French had a trading-post, to which the Indians came for many miles, to barter their peltries for knives, hatchets, kettles, guns, ammunition, clothes, paints, trinkets, and other articles of European manufacture; and as the Indians that first came to LaPointe from the south called themselves Illinois, the French called them ever afterward by this name. Father Dablon states in the "Relations for the year 1670": "As we have given the name of Ottawas to all the savages of these countries, although of different nations, because the first who have appeared among the French were Ottawas, so also it is with the name Illinois, very numerous, and dwelling toward the south, because the first who came to the Pointe of the Holy Ghost for commerce, called themselves Illinois." In the Jesuit Relations and in the writings of other French authors, the name Illinois is variously spelled as "Illi-mouek", "Ill-i-no-u-es", "Ill-i-ne-wek", "Allini-wek", and "Lin-i-wek". The terminations *oues*, *wek*, *ois*, and *ouck* were almost identical in pronunciation. Lewis Evans, the great geographer in colonial days, spelled the name Will-i-nis. Major Thomas Forsyth, for many years trader and Indian-agent in the Illinois Territory, and stationed at the then French village of Peoria, says the "Illinois confederation call themselves Linni-wek, and by others they were called Min-ne-way." Father James Marquette, who, with Louis Joliet, came up the Illinois River in 1673, and Father Louis Hennepin, who descended the same stream in 1679, and both coming in direct contact with the natives dwelling upon the borders of its waters, giving them opportunities of knowing whereof they wrote, in their journals of their respective voyages spell the name Illinois.* Father Marquette, as well as Father Hennepin, give in their journals the signification that the Illinois Indians gave to their name. The former in his narrative journal observes: "To say Illinois is, in their language, to say 'the men', as if other Indians compared to them were mere beasts." "The word Illinois," says Father Hennepin, "signifies a man of full age in the vigor of his strength. This word Illinois comes, as has already been observed, from Illini, which in that language signifies a

Esprit" [the point of the Holy Ghost]. By the Algonquin tribes and the ungodly fur-traders, who seriously interfered with the good father's mission work, the locality was called "Che-goi-me-gon", or [the place of] "*The Sandy Point*", which, as is usual with aboriginal names, is highly descriptive, and characterizes its physical features in contrast with prevailing rugged shores of Lake Superior. Upon this tongue of land, in modern atlases, is shown the City of Bayfield, county-seat of Bayfield County, Wisconsin.

* Pronounced Ill-i-noi, the terminal s being silent.

perfect and accomplished man." Originally the word Illinewek, or Linnewek, had only a general meaning, and was a word used boastfully by other tribes of the great Algonquin family when speaking of themselves. The Delawares, considered the oldest branch of this family, called themselves "Lenno-Lenape", which, says Albert Gallatin, in his synopsis of Indians tribes of North America, "means original or 'unmixed men'; perhaps, originally, 'manly men'." In the Delaware language *Lenno* means a man and *Nape* means a male. Again, the tribes that occupied the country about the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, and who belonged to this same family of aboriginals, says Dr. Robertson: "call themselves, as many other Indian tribes do, 'men', *Eith in-yoo*, or 'In-ir-i-wrik', prefixing occasionally the name of their several tribes. Thus the true name of the 'Mon-so-nies' or Swamp Indians who inhabited Moose River is 'Mon-so-a Eith yu yook', or 'Moose-deer-men.'" Later, and, as it were, by the universal concurrence of nearly all writers, when referring to the original occupants of this country, the name Ill-i-mouck, Ill-i-ne wek, Len-i-wek, and Ill-i-ni was applied only to the Illinois Confederation.

From the earliest accounts we have, the principal stream of this State was called "The River of the Illinois"; and a wide region of country, lying north of the mouth of the Ohio and upon both sides of the Mississippi, was called "The Country of the Illinois", and "The Illinois". These designations appear in the records and official letters under the administrations and ownership of this region under both the French and Spanish Governments. For example, letters, deeds, and other official documents bore date at "Kaskaskia of the Illinois", "St. Louis of the Illinois", "Chicago of the Illinois", "Vincennes of the Illinois", etc.

While the Revolutionary war was in progress, Gen. George Rogers Clark of Virginia (though a resident of Kentucky, which was then a county of that colony) wrested the territory, now embraced within the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, from the British Government. Afterward and in the spring of 1779, Col. John Todd, commissioned by Virginia as its lieutenant, went to Vincennes and Kaskaskia and organized Gen. Clark's conquest into a county of Virginia, to which was given the name of "Illinois County". Later this domain became the property, by cession of the several states claiming interest, of the United States. On the 4th of July, 1801, the Act of Congress for the division of the Northwest Territory went into effect, by the terms of which all that part lying to the westward of the west boundary line of the State of Ohio was constituted a separate territory, under name of "Indiana Territory", and so remained

until when by Act of Congress, February 3, 1809, all that part of it lying west of the Wabash River, and a line drawn due north from Vincennes to the British possessions, was organized into a separate territory, to be called the "Illinois Territory". Still later, October 5, 1818, was passed an Act for the admission of the Illinois Territory as a state into the Federal Union, to be designated as the "State of Illinois". Such, agreeably to approved authorities, is the origin of the word Illinois; and such are the various uses it has served. A great State perpetuates the name, in memory of a populous and powerful race of redmen, once living in its borders, but now utterly perished from the earth.

From all accounts, it seems the Illinois Confederation claimed the extensive country bounded on the east by the ridge that divides the waters flowing into the Illinois from the streams that drain into the Wabash, between the headwaters of Saline Creek and a point as far north on the Illinois as the Desplaines, reaching still northward to the debatable ground between themselves, the Winnebagoes, the Sacs and Foxes, and the Kickapoos; and extending westward of the Mississippi. Their favorite and most populous villages were upon the Illinois and its two principal branches, the Desplaines and the Kankakee.

The area of the original country of the Illinois was soon reduced by continuous wars with their neighbors. The Sioux (Da-ko-ta) pressed them from the west: the Sacs and Foxes and Kickapoos, confederates, encroached upon their territory from the north; while war parties of the fierce Iroquois, coming from the east, rapidly decimated their numbers. These destructive influences were doing their fatal work, and the power of the Illinois was waning when they first came in contact with the French. Their sufferings rendered them pliable to the voice of the missionary; and, in their weakness, they hailed with delight the coming of the Frenchmen, with his promise of protection assured with gifts of guns and powder. The Illinois drew so kindly to the priests, the *coureurs des bois*, and soldiers that the friendship between the two races never abated; and when, in the order of events, the sons of France had departed from Illinois, the love of the natives for the departed Gaul was handed down as a precious memory to their children.

The military establishments at Detroit, Mich., and at Starved Rock, Ill.,* for a while checked the incursions of the Iroquois

* Under his letters patent, granted by the king of France to the seigniory of "The Country of the Illinois," *LaSalle* [so called after the name of the landed estate, near Rouen, France, belonging to his family, but whose primal

and stayed the calamity that was to befall the Illinois. We give a condensed account of some of these campaigns of the Iroquois into the Illinois country, as embraced in extracts which are taken from a Memoir on Western Indians, by M. DuChesneau, Intendent of Canada, and successor to Jean Tallon, dated at Quebec, September 13, 1681: "To convey a correct idea, says this French officer, "of the present state of all those Indian nations it is necessary to explain the cause of the cruel war waged by the Iroquois for these three years past against the Illinois. The former are great warriors, can not remain idle, and pretend to subject all other nations to themselves, and never want a pretext for commencing hostilities. The following is their assumed excuse for the present war: going about twenty years ago to attack the Foxes, they met the Illinois, and killed a considerable number of them. This continued during the succeeding years, and finally having destroyed a great many, they forced them to abandon their country and seek refuge in very distant parts. The Iroquois, having got rid of the Illinois, took no more trouble with them, but went to war against another nation called the 'Andostagues,' [the Eries or Cats, so-called, and who were entirely destroyed by the Iroquois]. Pending this war, the Illinois returned to their country, and the Iroquois complained that they had killed forty of their people while on their way to hunt beaver in the Illinois country. To obtain satisfaction, the Iroquois resolved to make war upon them. Their true motive, however, was to gratify the British at 'Ma-nat-te' [New York] and 'Orange' [Albany], of whom they are too near neighbors, and who, by means of presents, engaged the Iroquois in this expedition, the object of which was to force the Illinois to bring their beaver to them, so that they may go and trade it afterward to the British, also to intimidate the other Indians, and constrain them to do the same thing.

name was René—Robert Cavelire] erected a fort and trading-post on the eminence of this rocky height, situated on the south side of, and overlooking the Illinois River, some eight miles below Ottawa. The fort was called "Fort St. Louis", in honor of his patron *Louis II*, and the place *Le Rocher* [the Rock]. The now generally received name of "Starvel Rock" is derived from an alleged starving to death of a party of Indians corraled there by a merciless enemy of besiegers. The occurrence is without authority to support, other than several vague (though charming) traditions drawn from the "wonder-stories" of as many different tribes. One of the most interesting of these, both in matter and the manner of treating it, is preserved in a paper on "The Last of the Illinois," from the able pen of Hon. Judge Caton, and published in Number Three of FERGUS' HISTORICAL SERIES.

“The improper conduct of Sieur de LaSalle, governor of Ft. Frontenac, has contributed considerably to cause the latter to adopt this proceeding; for after he had obtained permission to discover the great river Mississippi, and had, as he alleged, the grant of the [country of the] Illinois, he no longer observed any terms with the Iroquois, and avowed that he would convey arms and ammunition to the Illinois, and would die assisting them.” We break the thread of Chesneau’s official letter to say to the reader that it must be remembered that LaSalle was not exempt from the attacks of that jealousy and envy which is inspired in the souls of little men toward those who plan and execute great undertakings. We see this spirit manifested in this letter. La Salle could not have done otherwise than supply fire-arms to the Illinois Indians: they were his friends and the owners of the country, the trade of which he had opened up at great hardship and expense to himself.

Proceeding with Chesneau’s letter: “The Iroquois despatched in the month of April, of last year, an army consisting of between five and six hundred men, who approached an Illinois village [near the present site of Utica, LaSalle Co., Ill.], where Sieur Henry de Tonty, LaSalle’s principal officer, happened to be with some Frenchmen and two Recollect Fathers [the catholic priests, Fathers Gabriel Ribourde and Zenobe Membre, whom the Iroquois left unharmed]. One of these, a most holy man [Father Ribourde] has since been killed by the Indians. But they would listen to no terms of peace proposed to them by Tonty, who was slightly wounded at the beginning of the attack; the Illinois, having fled a hundred leagues, were pursued by the Iroquois, who killed and captured as many as twelve hundred of them, including women and children, having lost only thirty men.* The victory achieved by the Iroquois rendered them so insolent that they have continued ever since that time to send out divers war parties. The success of the last is not yet known, but it is not doubted they have been successful, because they are very warlike, while the Illinois are but indifferently so. Indeed, there is no doubt, and it is the universal opinion, that if the Iroquois are allowed to proceed, they will subdue the Illinois, and in a short time render themselves masters of all the Ottawa tribes, and direct the trade to the British, so that it is absolutely essential to make them our friends or to destroy them.”

The building of Fort St. Louis upon the heights of Starved Rock by LaSalle, in 1682, gave confidence to the Illinois and

* In this foray, the Iroquois drove the fugitive Illinois beyond the Mississippi.

their scattered remnants who had again returned to their favorite village. They were followed by bands of Weas, Piankeshaws, and Mi-am-ies, near kinsmen of the Illinois, and by the Shawnees and other tribes of remoter affinity; and soon a cordon of populous towns arose about the fort. The military forces of these villages at the colony of LaSalle, in 1684, was estimated at three thousand six hundred and eighty fighting men, the Illinois furnishing more than one-third of this number. Thus were the Iroquois barred out of the country of the Illinois, who, for a season, enjoyed a respite from their old enemies. The abandonment of Fort St. Louis as a military post, in 1702, was followed by a dispersion of the tribes and fragments of tribes, except at the Illinois village, where a straggling population retained possession. The Kaskaskias learning, in the year 1700, that France was making a military establishment and colony near the mouth of the Mississippi, started thither. They were intercepted on the way, and persuaded to halt above the mouth of the Ohio, and soon thereafter made themselves a permanent home on the banks of a stream which since then has borne their name, the Kaskaskia.

The Iroquois came no more, having war enough on their hands nearer home; but the Illinois were constantly harrassed by other enemies, the Sacs and Foxes, the Kickapoos, and the Pottawatomies. Their villages at Starved Rock and at Peoria Lake were besieged by the Foxes in 1722, and a detachment of a hundred men, commanded by Chevalier de Artaguette and Sieur de Fistic, was sent from Fort Chartres to their assistance. The Foxes having lost more than a hundred of their men, abandoned the siege before the reinforcements arrived. "This success [says Charlevoix, the great French historian] did not, however, prevent the Illinois, although they had lost only twenty men, with some women and children, from leaving the Rock and Pimmitoey [Peoria Lake] where they were kept in constant alarm, and to proceeding to unite with those of their brethren [the Kaskaskias, who had settled upon the Mississippi. This was a stroke of grace for most of them, the small number of missionaries preventing their supplying so many towns scattered far apart; but, on the other side, as there was nothing to check the raids of the Foxes along the Illinois River, communication between Louisiana and New France [Canada] became much less practicable.

The next fifteen years show a further decline in their numbers. In an enumeration of the Indian tribes connected with the Government of Canada, prepared in the year 1736, the name, location, and number of fighting-men of the Illinois are set down as follows: "Mitchigamias, near Fort Chartres, two hundred and

fifty; Kaskaskies, six leagues below, one hundred; Peorias, and the Rock, fifty; the Cahokias and Tamarois, two hundred;" making a total of six hundred warriors. The killing of Pontiac, some thirty years later, at Cahokia, whither he had retired after the failure of his bold efforts to rescue the country from the British, was laid upon the Illinois, a charge which, whether true or false, hastened their destruction. In an official letter to the secretary of war, of date March 22, 1814, Gen. Wm. H. Harrison says, "When I was first appointed governor of the Indiana Territory [May, 1800], these once powerful tribes were reduced to about thirty warriors, of whom twenty-five were Kaskaskias, four Peorias, and a single Mitchigamian. A furious war between them and the Sacs and Kickapoos reduced them to that miserable remnant which had taken refuge among the white people in the towns of Kaskaskia and St. Genieve." Since 1800, by successive treaties, they ceded their lands to the United States, and were removed to reservations, lying southwest of Kansas City, where, in 1872, they had dwindled to forty persons—men, women, and children, all told.

Thus have wasted away the original occupants of the larger part of Illinois, and portions of Iowa and Missouri. In their single village near Starved Rock, says Father Membre, who was there in 1680, "there were seven or eight thousand souls;" and, in 1684, their warriors were set down at twelve hundred. In the days of their power, they nearly exterminated the Win-ne-ba-goes. Their war-parties penetrated the towns of the Iroquois in the valleys of the Mohawk and the Genesee. They took the Mitchigamies under their protection, giving them security against enemies with whom they were unable to contend. They assisted the French in their wars against the Cherokees and the Chickasaws; and, in the bitter struggle between the American colonies and the mother country on the one side, and Canada and France on the other, the Illinois tribes gave bountifully of their braves, who fought heroically and to the last in the losing cause of their Father O-ni-to [the king], across the great water.

This people who had dominated over surrounding tribes, claiming for themselves the name of Illini or Linneway, to distinguish their superior manhood, have disappeared from the earth; another race, representing a higher civilization, occupy their former domains; and, already, even the origin of their name and the places of their villages have become the subjects of antiquarian research.

THE MIAMIS.

THE people known to us as the Miamis formerly lived beyond the Mississippi. Their migration from thence eastward through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, around the southern bend of Lake Michigan to Detroit, thence up the Maumee, and down the Wabash, and eastward through Indiana into Ohio, as far as the Great Miami, can be followed through the writings of officers, missionaries, and travelers connected with the French. Referring to the mixed village of Mascoutins and others upon Fox River, near its mouth, in Wisconsin, Father Claude Dablon, who was there in 1670, says the village "is joined in the circle of the same barriers of another people named Ou-nu-a-mi, which is one of the Illinois nations, which is, as it were, dismembered from the others, in order to dwell in these quarters." "It is beyond this great river [the Mississippi, of which the father had been speaking in the paragraph preceding that quoted] that are placed the Illinois of whom we speak, and from whom are detached those who dwell here with the Five Nations [Mascoutins, or Kickapoos to form here a transplanted colony:"

From these quotations, there remains little doubt but that the Miamis were a branch of the great Ill-i-ni. This theory is not only declared by all French authorities, but is sustained by many British and American writers, among the latter of whom may be named Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, whose long acquaintance and official relations with the Northwestern Indians, especially the several sub-divisions of the Miami and Illinois tribes, gave him opportunities of which he availed himself to acquire an intimate knowledge concerning them. He says, "Although the language, manners, and customs of the Kaskaskias make it sufficiently certain that they derive their origin from the same source with the Miamis; the connection had been dissolved before the French had penetrated from Canada to the Mississippi." This assertion of Gen. Harrison that the tribal relations between the Illinois and Miamis had been broken prior to the exploration of the Mississippi Valley is sustained with great unanimity by all other authorities, and is illustrated in the long and disastrous wars waged upon the Illinois by the Iroquois, Sacs and Foxes, Kickapoos, and other enemies, in which there is no instance given where the Miamis ever offered assistance to their ancient kinsmen; on the contrary, they often lifted the bloody hatchet against them.

The Miami confederation was subdivided into four principal bands, since known under the name of Miamis, Eel Rivers, Weas-

and Piankeshaws. French writers, and some of the colonial traders, have given names of two or three other subdivisions of the bands named; their identity, however, can not be clearly traced, and they figure so little in the accounts which we have of the Miamis that it is not necessary to specify their obsolete names. The Miamis, proper, have by different writers been called "Ou-mi-a-mi", "Ou-mi-am-wek", "Mau-meas", "Au-mi-am-i" (which has been contracted to Au-mi and to "O-mee"), and "Min-am-i". The Weas, whose name more properly is "We-we-hah", is called "Sy-a-ta-nous", "Oui-at-a-rions", and "Ou-i-as" by the French, and in whose orthography the "Sy" and "Ou" are equivalent in sound nearly to the letter of the English W. The British and colonial officers and traders spelled the word "Oui-ca-ta-non", "Way-ough-ta-nies", "Waw i-ach-tens", and "We-hahs". The name Piankeshaws, in early accounts, figure as "Pou-an-ke-ki-as", "Pe-an-gui-chias", "Pi-an-gui-shaws", "Py-an-ke-shaws", and "Pi-an-qui-shaws". The Miami tribes were known to the Iroquois of New York as the Twigh-twees, a name generally used by the British as well as by the American colonists when referring to any of the Miami tribes.

In the year 1684, at LaSalle's Colony, at Starved Rock, the Miamis had populous villages, where the Miamis, proper, counted thirteen hundred warriors, the Weas five hundred, and the Piankeshaw band one hundred and fifty. At a later day, 1718, the Weas had a village "at Chicago, but, being afraid of the canoe-people [the Chippeways and Pottawatomies], left it, and passing around the head of Lake Michigan to be nearer their brethren farther to the east." Father Charlevoix, writing from this vicinity, in 1721, says: "Fifty years ago, the Miamis [*i. e.* the Wea band] were settled on the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, in a place called *Chicago*, from the name of a small river which runs into the lake, the source of which is not far distant from that of the river of the Illinois [meaning the Desplaines, which is the name by which it was often called in French authorities]. They are at present divided into three villages, one of which stands on River St. Joseph, the second on another river [the Maumee] which bears their name and runs into Lake Erie, and a third upon the River Ouabache, which empties its waters into the Mississippi. The last are better known by the appellation of Ouyatanons." In 1694, the governor of New France, in a conference with the Western Indians, requested the Miamis of the Pe-pe-ko-ki-a band who resided upon the Maramek [Kalamazoo River, in Michigan] to remove and join their tribe located on the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan; the governor giving it as his reason that he wished the

several Miami bands to unite, "so as to be able to execute with greater facility the commands which he might issue." At that time the Iroquois were making war upon Canada, and the French were trying to induce the western tribes to take up the tomahawk in their behalf. The Miamis promised to comply with the governor's wishes; and "late in August, 1696, they started to join their brethren on the St. Joseph. On their way they were attacked by the Sioux, and lost several men. The Miamis of the St. Joseph learning this hostility, resolved to avenge their slaughter. They pursued the Sioux to their own country, and found them entrenched in a fort with some Frenchmen of the class known as *courants des bois* [bush-lopers.] They nevertheless attacked them repeatedly, but were repulsed and were compelled to retire after losing several of their braves. On their way home, meeting other Frenchmen carrying arms and ammunition to the Sioux, they seized all they had, but did them no harm."

The Miamis were greatly enraged with the French for supplying the Sioux with fire-arms. It took all the address of Gov. Frontenac to persuade them from joining the Iroquois. Indeed, they seized Nicolas Perrot, the French trader, who had been commissioned to lead the Maramek band to the River St. Joseph, and would have burned him alive had it not been for the intercession of the Foxes in his behalf. This was the beginning of an alienation of kindly feeling of the Miamis toward the French, which was never restored; and from this period, the movements of the tribe were observed by the French with jealous suspicion.

The country of the Miamis extended west to the watershed between the Illinois and Wabash Rivers, which separated their possessions from those of their brethren, the Illinois. On the north were the Pottawatomies, who were slowly but persistently pushing their line southward through Wisconsin and around the west shore of Lake Michigan, as we shall see when coming to treat of them in a subsequent chapter.

Unlike the Illinois, the Miamis held their own until placed on an equal footing with tribes eastward of them, by obtaining possession of fire-arms. Their superior numbers and bravery enabled them to extend the limits of their hunting-grounds eastward into Ohio, far within the territory claimed by the Iroquois; and says Gov. Harrison, they "were the undoubted proprietors of all that beautiful country watered by the Wabash and its tributaries, and there remains as little doubt that their claim extended as far east as the Scioto." With implements of civilized warfare in their hands, they maintained their tribal integrity and independence, and they traded with and fought against the French, British, and

Americans by turns, as their interests or passions inclined; and made peace with or declared war against other nations of their own race as policy or caprice moved them. More than once they compelled the arrogant Iroquois to beg from the governors of the American colonies that protection which they themselves had failed to secure by their own prowess. Bold, independent, and flushed with success, the Miamis afforded a poor field for missionary work, and the Jesuit Relations and pastoral letters of the French priesthood have less to say of the Miamis than of any other westward tribe, the Kickapoos alone excepted. Referring to their military powers, Gen. Harrison says of them that, "saving the ten years preceding the Treaty of Greenville [1795], the Miamis alone could have brought more than three thousand warriors in the field: that they composed a body of the finest light troops in the world, and had they been under an efficient system of discipline, or possessed enterprise equal to their valor, the settlement of the country would have been attended with much more difficulty than was encountered in accomplishing it and their final subjugation would have for years been delayed. But constant wars with our frontier had deprived them of many of their warriors, the ravages of the small-pox, however, was the principal cause of the great decrease in their numbers."

It was only the Piankeshaw band of the Miamis, however, that occupied portions of Illinois subsequent to the dispersion of La Salle's colony about Starved Rock. The principal villages of the latter were upon the Vermilion River, and at and in the vicinity of Vincennes, Ind.

Their territory extended eastward to the Ohio River and westward to the ridge that divides the waters flowing respectively into the Kaskaskia and the Wabash. They were found by French officers in populous towns upon the Vermilion as early as 1718; later, they pushed the degenerating Illinois bands to the vicinity of Kaskaskia and neighboring villages, and hunted and dominated over the territory to the Mississippi, as high up, nearly, as the mouth of the Illinois.

After the conquest of the Northwest Territory by the colonies and the mother country, and the subsequent overthrow of Pontiac, the British Government sent out George Croghan to obtain the consent of the Indians to the occupation of Kaskaskia and other forts erected by the French in the western country. Croghan was captured by a war-party of Kickapoos, near the mouth of the Wabash, and taken prisoner to Vincennes; from thence he came overland, following the Great Trail leading to Detroit, through the prairies, along the crest of the dividing ridge before named,

crossing the Vermilion River west of Danville. He describes that part of the hunting-ground of the Piankeshaws between Vincennes and the Vermilion of the Wabash. That the reader may know how the Illinois country appeared to an eye-witness in 1765, who wrote down his observations at the time, we quote the following extracts from Col. Croghan's daily journal, of June 18th to the 22d, inclusive:

"We traveled through a prodigious large meadow [prairie] called the Piankeshaw's hunting-ground. Here is no wood to be seen, and the country appears like an ocean. The ground is exceedingly rich and partially overgrown with wild hemp. The land is well watered and full of buffalo, deer, bears, and all kinds of wild game. * * * We passed through some very large meadows, part of which belongs to the Piankeshaws on the Vermilion River. The country and soil were much the same as that we traveled over for these three days past. Wild hemp grows here in abundance. Game is very plenty. At any time, in a half an hour, we could kill as much as we wanted.* * * We passed through a part of the same meadow mentioned yesterday; then came to a high woodland, and arrived at Vermilion River, so called from a fine *red earth* found there by the Indians, with which they paint themselves. About a half of a mile from where we crossed this river is a village of Piankeshaws, distinguished by the addition of name of the river."

Next to the Illinois, the Piankeshaws were the most peacefully inclined toward the whites. Early intermarriages of their daughters with French traders, at Vincennes, and elsewhere, and with whom this tribe lived on terms of social equality, begat a generation that united them all in a common interest. It was, therefore, that General Clark, in his conquest of the Illinois country, found little trouble in transferring this friendliness of the Piankeshaws at Vincennes and the Vermilion towns to the American cause, the same as he had previously done at Kaskaskia and the neighboring mixed French and Indian villages upon the Mississippi. The Piankeshaws, barring individual exceptions, took no part in those bloody wars against the whites that followed the Revolutionary struggle. It was not they, but war-parties of the Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, and other northwestern tribes that terrorized over

* There must have been more than one hundred persons in this village to provide food for; as the party alone by whom Croghan and his associates were captured, numbered eighty warriors. Hence, it would require a great deal of meat, doubtless their only means of sustenance, to supply their daily wants.

the white settlements, crystalizing along the Ohio, the Wabash, and their tributaries, and in southwestern Illinois. In the retaliatory raids of the Americans into the Indian territory, the innocent Piankeshaws often suffered avenging blows that should have fallen upon the guilty ones. The pioneer, burning with a sense of his wrongs, only considered that all redskins were Indians, and, without stopping to inquire whether they were of a friendly tribe or not, remorselessly slew upon sight any one of them whom he discovered. This state of affairs grew so bad that the Piankeshaws appealed to the Government, and General Washington issued his proclamation, especially forbidding the Piankeshaws from being harmed by the white people.

The capital of the Miami tribe, from earliest times, was at Ft. Wayne. As far back as the year 1700 they were there, and shortly before had assisted Canadians in making the "Portage"—the land carriage from the St. Marys across to Little River, a tributary of the Wabash. The near proximity of the headwaters of the Maumee, flowing eastwardly into Lake Erie, and Little River and the Wabash, flowing westward and south into the Mississippi, gave great importance to this Portage, making it the key to and giving it control of the communication between the vast area of country lying upon either side. The Miamis well knew this, and held possession until forced, at last, to yield it to the United States, in 1795, by the terms of the treaty at Greenville. At that treaty, Little Turtle, the great orator of the Miamis, protesting against its surrender, said: "Elder brother [meaning Gen. Wayne], when our forefathers saw the French and the English at the Miami village [as Ft. Wayne was then known], that *glorious gate* which your younger brothers [the Miamis] had the happiness to own, and through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass [that is, messages between the several tribes], from north to south, and east to west, the French and the English never told us they wished to purchase our lands from us." "The next place you pointed out to us was the Little River, and said you wanted two miles square at that place. This is a request that our fathers, the French or British, never made of us; *it was always ours*. This carrying place has heretofore proved, in a great degree, the subsistence of your brothers. That place has brought us, in the course of one day, the amount of twelve hundred dollars. Let us both own this place, and enjoy in common the advantages it affords." Gen. Wayne was inexorable; and, by the terms of the treaty, a piece of land six miles square, near the confluence of the Rivers St. Marys and St. Joseph, at Ft. Wayne, and a piece two miles square at the confluence of Little River with the Wabash, was ceded to the United States.

The Miamis at Ft. Wayne were regarded as the senior band of the tribe, from their superior intelligence and numbers; and to whom the other bands, except the Piankeshaws, at a later day, deferred in all matters of peace or war or affairs affecting the common-interests of the tribe. The other branches of the great Miami family had extensive villages and cultivated fields on the Mississineway, near and above Peru, Indiana; along Eel River, near Logansport and above; upon the Wea plains, below Latayette; upon Sugar Creek; and upon the beautiful prairie strip in the neighborhood of Terre Haute.

Subsequent to the Treaty of Greenville, their demoralization was rapid in its progress and terrible in its consequences. So much so, that when the Baptist missionary, the Rev. Isaac McCoy, was among them between the years 1817 and 1822, and drawing his conclusions from his own observation, he declared that the Miamis were not a warlike people. At the villages on Sugar Creek, Eel River, and the Mississineway, and particularly at Ft. Wayne, it was a continuous round of drunken debauchery whenever whisky could be obtained, of which men, women, and children partook alike; and life was often sacrificed in personal broils, or by exposure of the debauchees to the inclemency of the weather.

By treaties, entered into at various times from 1795 to 1845, the Miamis ceded their lands in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and removed west of the Mississippi; going in villages or by detachments from time to time. In 1838, at a single cession, they sold the U. S. Government 177,000 acres of land in Indiana, which was only a fragment of their former possessions, still retaining large tracts. Thus they alienated their heritage piece by piece to make room for the incoming white population, while they gradually disappeared from the valleys of the Wabash and Maumee. Few of them clung to their reservations, adapted themselves to the ways of the Americans, and their descendants are now to be met with in or about the cities that have sprung up in the localities named. The money received from the sales of their lands proved a calamity, as the proceeds were wasted for whisky.

The last of the Miamis to go westward was the Mississineway band. This remnant, comprising in all about 350 persons, in charge of Christmas Dazney,* left their old homes, where many of

* His name was also spelled Dazney, Dashney, and Daynett, the latter being the French orthography. He was born Dec. 25, 1799, at the so-called "Lower Wea Village", or "Old Orchard Town", or "*Wea-town*", [The Rising Sun], within the southern suburbs of the present City of Terre Haute.

them had farm houses and had made considerable progress in agriculture, in the fall of 1846, going to Cincinnati. Here they were placed on a steamboat, taken down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and Missouri, and landed, late in the season, at Westport, near Kansas City. Ragged men and nearly naked women and

Ind. His father, Ambroise Dagney, was a native Frenchman, of Kaskaskia, and served throughout the Tippecanoe campaign, in Capt. Scott's Company of Militia, raised at Vincennes. He received a severe flesh wound at the battle near the Prophet's Town; lived for many years with his daughter, Mary Cott, formerly Mary Shields, on a reservation secured to her by the Treaty of St. Mary's, Oct. 2, 1818, and situated at the ancient Indian village near the "Vermilion Salines", some four miles west of Danville, Ill., where he died and was buried, in 1848. He was well known to the early citizens of Danville, and of the Wabash Valley from Danville to Vincennes. Upon all convivial occasions, which were by no means infrequent, he indulged his fondness for telling over the many thrilling incidents and dangerous experiences of his wild nomadic life, as hunter, trapper, boatsman, guide, and soldier. He boasted the fact of a personal acquaintance with Gov. Harrison, whose memory he held in the highest esteem; and anathematized with valuable profanity, all "bad Inguns", as he called those who were unfriendly to the whites.

Ambroise Dagney's wife—the only one he ever had, and the mother of Christmas Dagney and Mary Cott, was Me-chin-quam-e-sha, [The Beautiful Shade Tree], a sister of Jocco, or Jack-ke-kee-kah, [The Tall Oak], head chief of the Wea Band of Miamis, whose old and principal village was the one we have named near Terre Haute. Later, this band went higher up the Wabash to a secondary village near the mouth of Sugar Creek.

Under the instruction of Catholic teachers, the son, Christmas Dagnay received a good education. He spoke the English and French languages with great fluency, and was master of the dialects of the several Indiana and Illinois Indians. He served for many years at Fort Harrison [on the east bank of the Wabash, near and above Terre Haute], and elsewhere, as Government interpreter and Indian agent, filling these various positions of confidence and trust efficiently and honestly. Feb. 16, 1819, he was married to Mary Ann Isaacs, an educated Christian woman, of the Brothertown, N. Y. [Mohegan] Indians, whose acquaintance he had made while she was spending a few weeks on a visit at the Mission House of Rev. Isaac McCoy, then situated on Raccoon Creek, near Rosedale, Park Co., Ind. Mr. McCoy performed the marriage ceremony, as he says, "in the presence of our Indian neighbors, who were invited to attend; and we had the happiness to have twenty-three of the natives partake of a meal prepared for the occasion."

Christmas Dagney died in 1848, at Cold Water Grove, Kansas, and his widow subsequently married, Baptiste Peoria, mentioned in a note further on.

children, forming a motley group, were huddled upon the shore of a strange land, without food or friends to relieve their wants and exposed to the bitter December winds that blew from the chilly plains of Kansas.

From Westport the Mississineways were conducted to a place near the present village of Lewisburg, Kansas, in the county since named Miami. They suffered greatly and nearly one-third of their number died the first year. Mrs. Mary Baptiste Peoria, then wife of Christmas Dazney, the agent having these unfortunate people in charge, and who accompanied her husband in this work, stated to the writer "that strong men would actually cry when they thought about their old homes in Indiana, to which many of them would make journeys bare-footed, begging their way and submitting to the imprecations hurled upon them from the door of the white man as they asked for a crust of bread. I saw fathers and mothers give their little children away to others of the tribe for adoption, and then singing their funeral songs and joining in the solemn dance of death. Afterward go calmly away from the assemblage, never again to be seen alive."

In 1670, the Jesuit father, Claude Dablon, introduces to our notice the Miamis at the village of Maskoutench; where, as we have already shown, the chief was surrounded by his officers of state in all the routine of barbaric display, to whom the natives of other tribes paid the greatest deference. Advancing eastward, in the rear line of their valorous warriors, the Miamis pushed their villages through Illinois into Michigan and Indiana, and as far into Ohio as the river still bearing their name. Coming in collision with the French, the British, and the Americans; reduced by constant wars; and decimated, more than all, by vices contracted by intercourse with a superior race, whose virtues they failed to emulate, they make a westward turn; and having in the progress of time described the round of a most singular journey, we at last behold the miserable remnant on the same side of the Mississippi from whence their warlike progenitors had come nearly two centuries before.

The Wea and Piankeshaw band had preceded the Mississineway to the westward; they too had become reduced to about two hundred and fifty persons. They, with the Miamis and remaining fragments of the Kaskaskias, the latter containing under that name what yet remained of the several subdivisions of the old Illini confederacy, were collected by Baptiste Peoria and consolidated under the title of The Confederated Tribes.* This tribe

* This remarkable man was the son of a daughter of a sub-chieftain of the

confederation sold out their reservations in Miami County, Kansas, and retired to a tract of reduced dimensions within the Indian

Peoria Tribe, and was born, according to the best information, in 1793, near the confluence of the Kankakee and Maple, as the DesPlaines River was called by the Illinois Indians. His reputed father's name was Baptiste, a French Canadian and trader, among the Peoria Band. Young Peoria was called Batticy, by his mother; later in life, he was known as Baptise "*the Peoria*", and finally, as Baptiste Peoria. The people of his tribe gave the name a liquid sound, pronouncing the name as if it were spelled Paola. The county-seat of Miami Co., Kansas, is named after him. He was a man of large stature, and possessed of great strength, activity, and courage; and, like Keokuk, the great chief of the Sac-and-Fox Indians, a fearless and expert horseman. Having a ready command of the French and English languages, and being familiar, as well, with the several dialects of the Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Delawares, Miamis, Illinois, and Kickapoos; these qualifications as a linguist soon brought him into prominence among the Indians, while his known integrity as readily commended his services to the United States. From the year 1821 to 1838, he was employed in assisting the removal of the above tribes from Indiana and Illinois to their respective reservations westward of the Missouri. His duties in these relations brought him in contact with many of the early settlers on the Illinois, the Kaskaskia, and the Wabash Rivers and their constituent streams. He represented his tribe at the Treaty of Edwardsville, Ill., September 25, 1818. By this treaty, at which there were present representatives from each of the five Tribes comprising the Illinois or Illini nation, it appears that for a period of years anterior to that time, the Peoria band had lived and were then living separate and apart from the others.

Baptiste Peoria was in the service of the General Government for nearly thirty years, in the Indian Department; and in 1867, became head chief of the consolidated Miami and Illinois tribes, and went with them to their newly-assigned reservation in the north-east part of the Indian Territory, where he died at an advanced age, Sept. 13, 1873. Some years before, he married Mrs. Mary Dagny, widow of Christmas Dagny, and to this lady is the author indebted for copies of the "*Western Spirit*", and the "*Fort Scott Monitor*", newspapers published at Paola and Ft. Scott, Kansas, respectively, containing biographical sketches and obituary notices of her late husband, from which this note has, in the main, been collated.

It may well be said that Baptiste was "*The Last of the Peorias*". By precept and example he spent the better portion of a busy life in persistent efforts to save the fragment of the Illinois and Miamis by encouraging them to adopt the ways of civilized life. His widow, Mary Baptiste, *nee* Dagny, survives, and is living in her elegant homestead at Paoli, Kansas, in comfortable circumstances.

Territory. Since this last change of location, in 1867, they have made but little progress toward a higher civilization. Those that remain of the once numerous Illini and Miami tribes are now reduced to less than two hundred persons, and for the most part are a listless, idle people, possessing none of the spirit that had inspired the breasts of their ancestors.

THE KICKAPOOS.

THE Kickapoos and Mascoutins are treated here as but one tribe, for the difference between them was only nominal at best. The name is found written in French authorities as "Kickapoux", "Kick-a-poux", "Kik-a-poux", "Kik-a-bou", "Quickapoux", and "Kick-a-pous". Some authors claim the name to have been derived from the Algonquin word *Nægig* [the otter, or the spirit of an otter]. Prof. Henry R. Schoolcraft, a recognized authority on the ethnology of the northwestern tribes, alluding to the Kickapoos, says, they are "an erratic race, who, under various names, in connection with the Sacs and Foxes, have, in good keeping with one of their many names, which is said, by one interpretation, to mean 'Rabbits-Ghost' [Wal-boos, with little variation in dialect, being the word for rabbit], skipped over half the continent, to the manifest discomfort of both German and American philologists and ethnographers, who, in searching for the so-called 'Mascontens', have followed, so far as their results are concerned, an *ignis fatuus*".

This tribe has been long connected with the history of the Northwest, in which they acquired great notoriety, as well for the wars in which they were engaged with other tribes, as for their persistent hostility to the white race throughout a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years. They are first noticed by the French explorer, Samuel Champlain, who, in 1612, discovered the "Mascoutins residing near the place called Sak-in-ua . . .", rather, Sac-e-nong, meaning, in Chippeway, the country of the Sacs, which, at this time, comprised that part of the State of Michigan, lying between the head of Lake Erie and Saginaw Bay, on Lake Huron. In 1669-70, as seen in an extract from Father Allouez, quoted in the chapter relating to the Miamis, the Kickapoos and Mascoutins were found in connection with the Miamis, near the mouth of Fox River, Wisconsin. In the same letter, Father Allouez says that "four leagues from this

mixed village are the Kickabou, who speak the same language with the Mascoutench".*

This people were not pliant material in the hands of the missionaries. In fact, they appear to have acquired early notoriety in history by seizing Father Gabriel Ribourde as he was walking near the banks of the Illinois River, absorbed in religious meditation, and whom they "carried away, and broke his head", as Henry de Tonti quaintly expresses it, in referring to this ruthless murder. Again, in 1728, as Father Ignatius Guignas, compelled to abandon his mission among the Sioux, on account of a victory which the Foxes had obtained over the French, was attempting to reach the Illinois, he, too, fell into the hands of the Kickapoo and Mascoutens, and for five months was held a captive, and constantly exposed to death. During this time he was condemned to be burned, and was only saved through the kindly intervention of an old man in the tribe, who adopted him as a son. While a prisoner, his brother missionaries of the Illinois relieved his necessities by sending timely supplies, which Father

* The Mascoutins, in the works of French authors, appear as "Mascoutench", "Mackkoutench", "Machkouteng", "Masquins", and "Maskoutens". English and American called them "Masquattimies", "Mascoutins", "Musquitos", "Musquitos", a corruption used by American colonial traders, and "Meaws", which was the English synonym for the French word *prairie*, before the latter had become naturalized into the English language.

The derivation of the name was a subject of discussion among the early French missionaries. Father Marquette, with some others who followed the Huron Indian rendition of it, says, "Maskoutens in Algonquin may mean Fire Nation", and this is the "name given them"; while Fathers Allouez and Charlevoix (whose opportunities to know were better), together with the still more recent American authors, claims that the word signifies a prairie or "a land bare of trees". The Ojebway word for prairie is "*Mush-koo-da*". Bands of the same tribe on the upper Mississippi, on the authority of Dr. James, call it *Mus-ko-tia*. Its derivative or root is *Ish-koo-ta*, skoutay, or scote (ethnologists differ as to its orthography), and which is the algonquin word for *fire*. The great plains westward of the Wabash and the lakes, was truly "a land barren of trees", kept so by the annually recurring fires that swept over through the tall grass in billows of flame and smoke; and this distinguishing feature is aptly preserved in the name the Indians gave it. Major Forsyth, long a trader at Peoria, in his manuscript account of the Indian tribes of his acquaintance, quoted by Dr. Drake in his *Life of Black Hawk*, says, "The Mascos or Mascoutins were, by French traders of a more recent day, called *gens des prairies* [men of the prairie], and lived and hunted on the great prairies between the Wabash and Illinois Rivers".

Guignas used to gain over the good will of his captors. Having induced them to make peace, he was taken to one of the Illinois missions, where he was suffered to remain on parole until Nov. 1729, when his captors returned and took him back to their own country; since which it seems nothing has ever been heard of him.

The Kickapoos early incurred the displeasure of the French by depredations south of Detroit. In 1712, a band of them, living in a village near the mouth of the Maumee River, in company with about thirty Mascoutens, were about to make war upon the French Post at Detroit. They took prisoner one Langlois, a messenger, on his return from the Miami country, whither he was bringing many letters from the Jesuit fathers of the several Illinois villages, as well, also, despatches from Louisiana. The marauders destroyed the letters and despatches, which gave much uneasiness to M. Du Boisson, commandant at Detroit. As a result of this act, a canoe, laden with Kickapoos on their way to the villages near Detroit, was captured by the Hurons and Ottawas, residing near by, and who were allies of the French. Among the slain was the principal Kickapoo chief, whose head, with three others of the same tribe, were brought to Du Boisson, who informs us "that the Hurons and Ottawas committed this act for the alleged reason, that the previous winter the Kickapoos had taken some of the Hurons and Iroquois prisoners, and also because they had considered the Kickapoo chief a "true Outtagamis"; that is, they regarded him as one of the Fox nation.

From the village of Machkoutench, on Fox River, Wis., the Kickapoos seemed to have passed to the south, extending their right flank in the direction of Rock River, and their left toward the southern trend of Lake Michigan. Prior to 1718, they had villages on Rock River and in the vicinity of Chicago. Indeed, Rock River appears as Kickapoo River on cotemporaneous French maps.

In 1712, the Mascoutins entered the plot formed for the capture of the post of Detroit: their associates repaired to the neighborhood, and, whereas they were awaiting the arrival of the Kickapoos, they were attacked by a confederation of Indians, who were friendly to the French and had hastened to the relief of the garrison. The destruction that followed this attempt against Detroit, was, perhaps, one of the most remorseless, in which white men took a part, of which we have an account in the annals of Indian warfare. The French and Indian forces, after protracted efforts, compelled the enemy to abandon their position and flee to Presque Isle, opposite Hog Island, near

Lake St. Clair, some distance above the fort. Here they held out for four days; their women and children, in the meantime, actually starving, numbers of whom were dying every day from hunger. Messengers were sent to the French commander, begging for quarter, and offering to surrender at discretion, only craving that the remaining survivors might be spared the horrors of a general massacre. Perpetual servitude as the slaves of victors; anything rather than a wholesale destruction. The Indian allies of the French would listen to no terms. "At the end of fourth day", says the French commander, "after fighting with much courage, and not being able to resist further the Muscotins surrendered at discretion to our people, who gave them no quarter. Our Indians lost sixty men, killed and wounded. The enemy lost a thousand souls—men, women, and children. All our allies returned to our fort [at Detroit] with their slaves [captives], and their amusement was to shoot four or five of them every day. The Hurons did not spare a single one of theirs".

From references given, it is apparent that this people, like the Miamis and Pottawatomies, were progressing south and eastward. This movement was probably caused by the Sioux, whose fierce warriors were pressing them from the northwest. As early as 1695, the Foxes, with the Kickapoos and Mascoutins, were meditating a migration toward the Wabash as a place of security. From an official document sent from Quebec, relating to the occurrences in Canada during that year, the department at Paris is advised "that the Sioux, who have mustered some two thousand warriors for the purpose, would come in large numbers and seize *their* village. This has caused the Outagamies to quit their country and disperse themselves for a season, and afterward to return and save their harvest. They are then to retire toward the Wabash and form a settlement so much the more permanent, as they will be removed from the incursions of the Sioux, and in a position to easily effect a junction with the Iroquois and English, without the French being able to present it. Should this project be realized, it is very apparent that the Mascotins and the Kickapoos will be of the party, and that the three tribes, forming a new village of fourteen or fifteen hundred men, would experience no difficulty in considerably increasing it by attracting other nations thither, which would be of most pernicious consequences". That the Mascotins, at least, did go soon after this toward the lower Wabash, is shown by the fact of their presence about Juchereau's trading-post, which erected near the mouth of the Ohio, in the year 1700. It is questionable, however, if either the Foxes or Kickapoos followed the Muscotins

to the Wabash country, and it is evident that the Mascoutins, who survived the epidemic that broke out among them while at Juchereau's post, returned to the north. The French having effected a conciliation with the Sioux, we find that, for a number of years subsequent to 1705, the Mascoutins were again back among their affinities, the Foxes and Kickapoos upon their common hunting grounds in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin.

Later, and by progressive approaches, the Kickapoos worked further southward, and established themselves in the territory lying between the Illinois and Wabash Rivers, and south of the Kankakee. This migration was not accomplished without opposition and blood shed in punishing the Piankeshaws east and south to the Wabash, and the Illinois tribes south and west upon the lower waters of the Kaskaskia. We are without authentic *data* as to the period of the time when this conquest was consummated. At the treaty, concluded at Edwardsville, Ill., July 30, 1819, between Augusta Chouteau and Benjamin Stephenson, commissioners on the part of the United States, and the principal chiefs and warriors of the Kickapoo tribe, the latter ceded the following lands, residue of their domain until then undisposed of, *viz.*: "Beginning on the Wabash, at the *upper* point of their cession made by the second Article of their Treaty at Vincennes, on the 9th day of December, 1809;* running thence northwestwardly to the dividing line between the State of Illinois and Indiana; thence north along said line to the Kankakee; thence with said river to the Illinois River: thence down the latter to its mouth; thence with a direct line to the *northwest corner* of the *Vincennes tract*, as recognized in the Treaty with the Piankashaw tribe of Indians at Vincennes, on the 30th day of December, 1805;† and thence with the western and northern

* The beginning point here referred to is "on the Wabash", at the mouth of the Big Vermilion River. By previous cessions it appears that the acknowledged territory of the Kickapoos extended down the Wabash nearly as far as Vincennes. *Vide* 9th Article of the Treaty of September 30, 1800, concluded at Ft. Wayne, between the United States and the Delaware, Pottawatomies, Miami, and Eel River tribes; Treaty of Vincennes of Dec. 9, 1809, between the United States and the Kickapoos.

† The boundaries of "the Vincennes tract" were settled by the terms of the treaty at Ft. Wayne, July 7, 1803, between Gov. Harrison of the Indiana Territory (which, at that time, embraced all of the present States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin), and the several Delaware, Shawnee, Pottawatomie, Miami, Eel River, Wea, Piankeshaw, Kickapoo, and Kaskaskia tribes within his jurisdiction. The first Article of this treaty also explains

boundaries of the cessions heretofore made by the said Kickapoo tribe of Indians,* to the beginning. *Of which last described tract of land, the said Kickapoo tribe claim a large portion by descent from their ancestors, and the balance by conquest from the Illinois nation, and uninterrupted possession for more than half a century*". The claim of the Kickapoos to the country referred to does not rest alone upon the assertion of the Kickapoos, but is supported by officers of the French, English, and American governments, when they respectively asserted dominion over it. Under date of April 21st, 1752, M. de Longueil, commandant at Detroit, incorporates in an official report upon the condition of Indian affairs in his department, that he had received advices from "M. de Lingeris, commandant at the Oy-a-ta-nons,† who believes that great reliance is not to be placed on the Mascoutens, and

the reasons that led to its consumation. It is as follows: "Whereas, it is declared by the 4th Article of the Treaty of Greenville, that the United States reserve for their use the post of Vincennes, and all the lands adjacent, to which the Indian titles have been extinguished. And, whereas, it has been found difficult to determine the precise limits of said tract as held by the French and British Governments; it is hereby agreed, that the boundaries of said tract shall be as follows: Beginning at *Point Coupee* ["cut-off" or noted bend in the river some eighteen miles above Vincennes], on the Wabash, and running thence, by a north seventy-eight degrees west, twelve miles [into Illinois]; thence [south by west] by a line parallel to the general course of the Wabash, until it shall be intersected by a line at right angles to the same, passing through the mouth of White River [about eighteen miles below Vincennes]; thence, by the last mentioned line [east by south], across the Wabash and toward the Ohio River, seventy-two miles; thence by a line north twelve degrees west, until it shall be intersected by a line at right angles with the same, passing through *Point Coupee*, and, by the last mentioned line, to the place of beginning." The boundaries of "the Vincennes tract", as thus defined, appear on many of the early maps, and displays a tract of land in the shape of a parallelogram, some thirty-six miles wide, by seventy-two long, lying, for the most part, on the east side of the Wabash and in Indiana, an average width of about ten miles, only, off of the west end of it being in Illinois, the northwest corner of which, referred to in the text, is about twenty miles north, and some ten miles west of Vincennes.

* By previous treaties, the Kickapoos had ceded to the United States their claims to the territory from "the Vincennes tract" as high up the Wabash as the mouth of Pine Creek, Warren Co., Ind., and extending west of the same stream an average width of thirty miles.

† Fort Ouiatanon situated on the west bank of the Wabash River, a few miles above Attica, Ind.

that their remaining neutral is all that is to be expected from them and the Kickapoos." Later, and after the northwest territory had been lost to France and ceded to Great Britain as the fruit of the French colonial war, and after the failure of the Indian confederation under Pontiac to reconquer the same territory, Sir William Johnson, having in charge the Indian affairs of the western nations, sent his deputy, George Croghan, to the Illinois to pacify the Indians "to soften their antipathy to the English, to expose the falsehood of the French, to distribute presents, and prepare a way for the passage of troops"* who were preceding westward to take possession of Fort Chartes and other military establishments within the ceded territory. Croghan left Fort Pitt on May 17th, 1765, starting down the Ohio in two batteaux, having with him several white persons, and a number of Delaware, Iroquois, and Shawnee Indians, as deputies of tribes inhabiting the upper waters of the Ohio, with whom Croghan had already concluded treaties of reconciliation toward the British. On the evening of the 6th of June, Croghan reached the mouth of the Wabash. They dropped down the river six miles, "and came to a place called the old Shawnee village, some of that nation having previously lived there". He remained here the next day, occupying his time in preparing and sending despatches to Fort Chartes. We quote from his journal: "On the 8th, at daybreak, we were attacked by a party of Indians, consisting of eighty warriors of the Kickapoos and Musquaticms, who killed two of my men and three Indians, wounded myself and all the rest of my party, except two white men and one Indian; then made myself and all the white men prisoners, plundering us of everything we had. A deputy of the Shawnees, who was shot through the thigh, having concealed himself in the woods for a few minutes after he was shot—not knowing but that they were southern Indians, who were always at war with the northward Indians—after discovering what nation they were, came up to them and made a very bold speech, telling them that the whole northward Indians would join in taking revenge for the insult and murder of their people. This alarmed those savages very much, who began to excuse themselves, saying, their fathers, the French, had spirited them up, telling them that the Indians were coming with a large body of southern Indians to take their country from them and enslave them; that it was this that induced them to commit this outrage. After dividing the plunder (they left a great part of the heaviest effects behind), they set off with us to *their village* of *Ou-at-to-non* in a great hurry,

* *Vide* Parkman's History Conspiracy of Pontiac.

being in dread of a large party of Indians, which they suspected were coming after me. Our course was through a thick woody country, crossing a great many swamps, morrasses, and beaver ponds.* From the *data* given, taken with the well-established historical fact that the Kickapoos approached the Wabash from the northwest, it is evident that, prior to 1752, they had driven the Illinois tribes from the hunting grounds lying eastward and south of the Illinois River. In this conquest they were assisted

* The war party continued up the river the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th; and on the 15th reached Vincennes. "On my arrival there", says Croghan, "I found a village of eighty or ninety French families, seated on the east side of the river, being the one of the finest situations that can be found. The country is level and clear, the soil very rich, producing wheat and tobacco. I think the latter preferable to that of Maryland or Virginia. The French inhabitants hereabouts are an idle, lazy people, a parcel of renegades from Canada, and much worse than the Indians. They took a secret pleasure at our misfortunes, and the moment we arrived they came to the Indians, exchanging trifles for their valuable plunder. As the savages took from me a considerable quantity of gold and silver, the French traders extorted ten half Johnies from them for one pound of Vermilion. Here is likewise an Indian village of the Pyan-ke-shaws [in their language called 'Chip-kaw-kay', rendered the town of Brushwood. Dillon's History of Indiana,] who were much displeased with the party that took me, telling them that 'our and your chiefs are gone to make peace, and you have begun a war for which our women and children will have reason to cry.' * * * Port Vincent is a place of great consequence for trade, being a fine hunting country along the Wabash, and too far for the Indians, which reside hereabouts, to go enter to the Illinois, or elsewhere, to fetch their necessaries." On the 17th, Croghan and his captors crossed the Wabash, and came up through the prairies referred to in the chapter on the Miamis, and on the 23d entered a large bottom on the Wabash, within six miles of Fort Oui-a-ta-non, Croghan further says: "The Kickapoos and Musquatamies, whose warriors had taken us live nigh the fort, on the same side of the river, where they have two villages." Croghan's Journal continues a daily account of his movements up the Wabash to Ft. Wayne, down the Maumee, and up the lakes to Detroit, and from thence to Niagara Falls; and gives a fair insight into the appearance and topography of the extensive country he traversed as it then appeared, and illustrates the temper of the Indians who inhabited it. The original manuscript diary was obtained by Mr. Featherstonhough, and first published in his "American Journal of Geology", and in December, 1831, a reprint of 100 copies was issued in pamphlet form. It may also be found in the appendix of Mann Butler's valuable History of Kentucky, in either of the editions of 1834 or 1836.

by the Sacs and Foxes, and Pottawatomies, who made a common cause of warfare upon the Illinois tribes. "Tradition (says the Pioneer Historian of Illinois, the Rev. John M. Peck) tells us of many a hard fought battle between the original owners of the country and these intruders. *Battle Ground Creek* is well known on the road from Kaskaskia to Shawneetown, twenty five miles from the former place, where the Kaskaskias and their allies were dreadfully slaughtered by the united forces of the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies."*

Within the limits of the territory defined by the treaty at Edwardsville in 1819, the Kickapoos, for generations before that time, had many villages. The principal of these were Kickapogo-oui, on the west bank of the Wabash, near Hudsonville, Crawford Co., Ill., and known, in the early days of the Northwest Territory, as Musquiton [Mascoutine]; another on both sides of the Vermilion River, at its confluence with the Wabash. This last village was destroyed by Maj. John F. Hamtramck, in Oct. 1790, whose military forces moved up the river from Vincennes to create a diversion in favor of Gen. Harmer, then leading the main attack against the Miami town at Fort Wayne and other Indian villages in that vicinity. Higher up the Vermilion were other Kickapoo towns, particularly the one some four miles west of Danville, and near the mouth of the Middle Fork. The remains of one of the most extensive burial-grounds in the Wabash Valley, still attest the magnitude of this once populous Indian city; and, although the village site has been in cultivation for over fifty years, every recurring year the ploughshare turns up flint arrow-points, stone-axes, gun-flints, gun-locks, knives, silver brooches, or other mementoes of its former inhabitants. These people were greatly attached to the country watered by the Vermilion and its tributaries: and Gov. Harrison found a difficult task to reconcile them to ceding it away. In his letter to the secretary of war, of Dec. 10, 1809, referring to his efforts to induce the Kickapoos to part with it, the governor says he "was extremely anxious that the extinguishment of title should extend as high up as the Vermilion River, but it was objected to because

* "An Historical Sketch of the early American settlements in Illinois, from 1780 to 1800. Read before the Illinois State Lyceum, at its Anniversary, August 16, 1832. By J. M. Peck." Published in No. 2 of Vol. 1, of *The Western Monthly Magazine* for February, 1833. Other accounts fix the date of this last great battle about the year 1800, and ascribe its planing and execution to the great Pottawatomie warrior and medicine man known as Wah-bun-ou We-ne-ne or "*The Juggler*".

it would include a Kickapoo village. This small tract of about twenty miles square* is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, and is, moreover, believed to contain a very rich copper mine. I have myself frequently seen specimens of the copper; one of which I sent to Mr. Jefferson in 1802. The Indians were so extremely jealous of any search being made for this mine, that traders were always cautioned not to approach the hills which were supposed to contain the mine."†

The Kickapoos had other villages on the Embarras, some miles west of Charlestown, and still others about the headwaters of the Kaskaskia. During the period when the territory west of the Mississippi belonged to Spain, her subjects residing at St. Louis "carried on a considerable trade among the Indians eastward of the Mississippi, particularly the Kickapoos near the headwaters of the Kaskaskia."‡ Further northward they had still other villages, among them one toward the headwaters of Sugar Creek, a tributary of the Sangamon River, near the southwest corner of McLean County.§ The Kickapoos had, besides, villages west of Logansport and Lafayette, in the groves upon the prairies, and finally, a great or capital village near what is well-known as "*Old Town*" timber, in West Township, McLean Co., Ill. These last were especially obnoxious to the pioneer settlers of Kentucky, because the Indians living or finding a refuge in them, made frequent and exasperating raids across the Ohio, where they would murder men and women, and carry off captive children, to say nothing of the lesser crimes of burning houses and stealing horses. So annoying did these offences become, that several expeditions were sent out in retaliation. That, com-

* It extended up the Vermilion River a distance of twenty miles in a direct line from its mouth.

† The specimens referred to were doubtless "drift copper", now supposed to have drifted in from their native beds in the neighborhood of Lake Superior. Since the settlement of the Vermilion county by the whites, many similar specimens have been found. Only within the present year, 1883, some workmen, while engaged in digging a cellar in Danville, unearthed, from near the surface of the ground, a piece of pure copper, weighing eighty-seven pounds. It was secured by Dr. J. C. Winslow of Danville, for Prof. John Collett, state geologist of Indiana, who has deposited it in the State Cabinet at Indianapolis.

‡ Sketches of Louisiana, by Maj. Amos Stodard.

§ This village was burned in the fall of 1812, by a part of Gov. Edwards' forces, while on their march from Camp Russell to Peoria Lake. *Vide* Gov. Reynolds' My Own Times.

manded by Gen. Chas. Scott, in the month of May, 1791, destroyed the Kickapoo town near Oui-a-ta-non [referred to in connection with the capture of Croghan]. In the month of August of the same year, a second expedition, lead by Gen. Jas. Wilkinson, left Kentucky on a similar mission. In the instructions given by Gov. St. Clair (then the executive head of the military as well as of the civil affairs of the Northwest Territory) to Gen. Wilkinson, we find the following: "Should the success attend you at L'Anguille,* which I wish and hope, you may find yourself equal to the attacking the Kickapoo town situated in the prairie not far from Sangamon River, which empties itself into the Illinois River. By information, that town is not distant from L'Anguille more than three easy days' marches. A visit to that place will be totally unexpected, and most probably attended with decided good consequences; neither will it be hazardous, for the men, at this season, are generally out hunting beyond the Illinois country. Should it seem feasible from circumstances, I recommend the attempt in preference to the towns higher up the Wabash, and success there would be followed by great eclat." The general did not reach the great Kickapoo town. His troops, jaded by forced marches, and the effectual destruction of the Eel River village, and encumbered with prisoners,† "launched westward through the boundless prairies", only to become "environed on all sides with morasses, which forbade his advancing". They were compelled, toward the end of the day, to return. On their way back, however, they struck the Kickapoo town west of Lafayette, and destroyed it.

The people of Kentucky were not the only sufferers from depredations of this tribe. From their towns near the Wabash, the Kickapoo war parties lurked upon the skirts of the settlements on the American Bottom from Kaskaskia to Cahokia, bent on the murder or capture of any unprotected person that fell in their way, excepting alone those of French blood, who, with their property, were, with rare exceptions, exempt from molestation. So strong was the regard of the Kickapoos, in common with all other Algonquin tribes, for the Frenchman.

* The Eel River town on Eel River, some six miles above Logansport, Ind., and which was to be attacked.

† His prisoners consisted mostly of women and children, and numbered thirty-four in all. His instructions, like those issued to Gen. Scott, required him to take all women and children they could, and turn them over to the officer in command at Ft. Washington (now Cincinnati), in the hope that by thus paying the Indians back in kind, they would cease their cruel forays upon helpless and unoffending non-combatants.

Mr. Peck's historical sketch of the early American settlements in Illinois, before quoted, is largely taken up with narrations of the killing and capture of white settlers in the neighborhoods named, and the destruction or the plunder of their property. We summarize a few paragraphs from his address, by way of illustration:

"The Kickapoos were numerous and warlike, and had their principal towns on the Illinois and the Vermilion of the Wabash. They were the most formidable and dangerous neighbors to the whites, and, for a number of years, kept the settlements [on the American Bottom] in continual alarm." The address then takes up a narration of yearly events from 1783 to 1795, showing the sufferings and dangers to which the white population was exposed on account of Indian depredations, inflicted in the main by Kickapoos.

Among the most notable captures was that of Wm. Biggs, in 1788. On the morning of March 28 of that year, while he, in company with young John Vallis, was going from Bellefontaine to Kahokia, they were surprised by a war party of sixteen Kickapoo Indians. Vallis was wounded in the thigh, and, being mounted on a fine horse, was soon beyond reach of the flying balls, and made his escape only to die, however, of his wounds. Four bullets were shot into Biggs' horse: and the animal became so frantic with pain, and frightened, more than all, with the yells of the savages, that it became unmanageable: Biggs' "gun was thrown from his shoulder, and twisted out of his hands"; in trying to recover his gun, and being incumbered "with a large bag of beaver fur, which prevented him from recovering his saddle, which had neither 'girth or crupper', it turned and fell off of the horse, and Biggs 'fell with it'." The rider held on to the horse's mane, and was soon upon his feet, making ineffectual attempts to remount, as his terrified horse dragged him along for some "twenty or thirty yards", when his "hold broke, and he fell on his hands and knees, and stumbled along four or five steps before he could recover himself." "By the time I got fairly on my feet", continues the narrator, "the Indians were about eight or ten yards off me. I saw there was no other way to make my escape but by fast running, and I was determined to try it, and had but little hopes at first of being able to escape, I ran about one hundred yards before I looked back—I thought almost every step I could feel the scalping-knife cutting my scalp off. I found that I was gaining ground on them, I felt encouraged, and ran about three hundred yards further, and looking back, saw that I had gained about one hundred yards, and considered myself

quite out of danger." Biggs' hopes, however, were not well grounded. The morning was cold, and before setting out from home on his journey, he had clothed himself in a heavy undercoat, over which was a greatcoat, securely tied about the waist with a large, well-worn silk handkerchief, tied, in the hurry of the moment, in a double hard knot. Anticipating a long race, he endeavored to divest himself of all surplus garments; the knotted handkerchief would not untie; he pulled his arms out of the sleeves of his greatcoat, which, trailing on the ground, would "wrap around his legs and throw him down", so that he "made no headway at running". His pursuers, seeing his predicament, renewed the chase with more vigor, and soon overtook and secured him. His captor, says Biggs, "took the handle of his tomahawk, and rubbed it on my shoulder and down my arm, which was a token that he would not kill me, and that I was his prisoner."

At the risk of "traveling further out of the record" of the general scope of this chapter, we quote a few more extracts from Mr. Biggs' Narrative, as they admirably illustrate some of the caprices and traits of Indian character. At the first evening's encampment, and the Indians having finished their eating, one of them sat, "with his back against a tree, with his knife between his legs. I, says Biggs, was sitting, facing him with my feet nearly touching his. He began to inquire of me what nation I belonged to. I was determined to pretend that I was ignorant and could not understand him. I did not wish them to know that I could speak some Indian languages, and understood them better than I could speak. He first asked me, in Indian, if I was Mat-to-cush (that is, in Indian, a Frenchman); I told him no. He then asked me if I was a Sag-e-nash (an Englishman); I told him no. He again asked if I was a She-mol-sea (that is, a long knife or Virginian); I told him no. He then asked me if I was a Bostonely* (that is an American); I told him no. About a minute afterward, he asked me the same questions over again, and I answered him *yes*.' He then spoke English, and caught up his knife, and said, 'You are one d— son of a b——'. I really thought he intended stabbing me with his knife. I knew it would not do to show cowardice. I, being pretty well acquainted with their manners and ways, jumped up on my feet, and spoke in Indian, and said, '*Man-e-t-wa, Kien-de-pa-zway*' (in English it is, 'No! I am very good'); and clapped my hands on my breast

* Mr. Biggs' interpretation is a little too broad. *Boston-ely* was an epithet obtained by the Indians from the Canadian French, who applied it to the New Englanders or Yankies.

when I spoke, and looked very bold. The other Indians all set up such a ha! ha! and laughter, that it made him look very foolish, and he sat still and became quite sulky."

The Kickapoos took their prisoner across the prairies of Illinois, reaching their village on the west bank of the Wabash, near old Fort Weaoatanon (which, at the time of this occurrence, was merely a trading-post), on the tenth day of his capture. Remaining several weeks with the Kickapoos and at the trading-post, Mr. Biggs effected his release through the kindly interference of the traders at the latter place, prominent among whom was an Englishman, Mr. McCauslin, and Mr. Bazedone, a Spaniard, with whom Biggs "had an acquaintance in the Illinois country", and who paid the Indians in trade an equivalent of \$260 for his ransom, for which sum Biggs "gave his note, payable in the Illinois country." Later, he passed down the Wabash, and the Ohio, and up the Mississippi, in a pirogue or large canoe, and safely reached his family.

Mr. Biggs was greatly liked by his captors and their kinsmen, who complimented for his bravery, his fleetness of foot, his shapely limbs, long and beautiful hair, and handsome physique. They adopted him into their tribe, giving him the name of *Moh-cos-se-a*, after the name of a chief who had been killed by the whites the year before. After which he "was to be considered one of that Kickapoo family, in place of their [slain] father." He was also offered, in marriage, a handsome Indian girl, a relation of the same family, who, encouraged by her parents, exhausted her arts, in a manner of becoming modesty, to win his consent; Mr. Biggs protesting that he was already a married man, the father of three children, whose mother was his wife, and that it was against the laws of his country for a man to have more than one wife at a time. This Indian girl had prepared his first regular meal after his arrival at the Wabash. Says Biggs, "it was hominy, beat in a mortar, as white as snow, and handsome as I ever saw, and very well cooked. She fried some dried meat, pounded very fine in a mortar, in oil, and sprinkled it with sugar. She prepared a very good bed for me, with bear-skins and blankets." She brought him "hot water in a tin cup, and shaving soap, and more clean water in a basin", and a cloth to wipe his hands and face after the process of shaving was done with. "She then told me to sit down on a bench. I did so. She got two very good combs—a coarse and a fine one. It was then the fashion to wear long hair. Mine was very long and thick, and much tangled and matted—I traveled without any hat or anything else on my head, and that was the tenth day it had not

been combed. She combed out my hair very tenderly, and then took the fine one and combed and looked my head nearly one hour. She went to a trunk and got a ribbon, and greased my hair very nicely. The old chief [father of the girl, as we learn elsewhere] gave me a fine regimental blue cloth coat, faced with yellow buff cloth; the son-in-law gave me a very good beaver Mackinaw hat. These they had taken from some officers they had killed. Then the widow squaw took me into her cabin and gave me a new ruffled shirt and a very good blanket." All these he put on, and, at the request of the donors, he walked the floor to their delight. The girl followed him to the abode of the widowed and orphaned family to whom he had been given, and which was in another neighborhood, where she took her place at his cabin door, silently waiting, in the hope he would relent and invite her in. "She stood by my door for sometime after dark--I did not know when she went away. She stayed two days and three nights before she returned home. I never spoke to her while she was there. She was a very handsome girl, about 18 years of age, a beautiful full figure, and handsomely featured, and very white for a squaw. She was almost as white as dark complexioned women generally are; and her father and mother were very white skinned Indians."*

To resume. In the desperate plans of Tecumthe, the Kickapoos took an active part. This tribe caught the infection at an early day of those troubles; and in 1806, Gov. Harrison sent Capt. Wm. Prince to the Vermilion towns with a speech addressed to all the warriors and chiefs of the Kickapoo tribe; giving Capt. Prince further instructions to proceed to the villages of the prai-

* Mr. Biggs had been one of Gen. Clark's soldiers in the conquest of the Illinois, and liking the country, early after the close of the Revolutionary War, he returned and settled at the Bellefontaine, the name of an early settlement in Monroe Co., Ill., ten miles north of Kaskaskia. He held several territorial and state offices, and filled them with honor and ability. In 1820, shortly before his death, he published "a narrative" of his capture by and his experience while with the Kickapoos. It is a pamphlet of twenty-three pages, printed with poor type on very common paper. But few copies were issued, and scarcely any of these seem to have been preserved. It was only after a search of several years that the writer was so fortunate as to get sight of one. Gov. Reynolds, in his *Pioneer History of Illinois*, gives a fair sketch of Mr. Biggs. That given in the text is condensed or quoted directly from the "Narrative", and differs from J. M. Peck's, as it makes no mention, whatever, of the Ogle Brothers being in company with Biggs and Vallis at the time of the capture.

rie bands, if, after having delivered the speech at the Vermilion towns, he discovered there would be no danger to himself in proceeding beyond. The speech, which was full of good words and precautionary advice, had little effect; and "shortly after the mission of Capt. Prince, the Prophet found means to bring the whole of the Kickapoos entirely under his influence." [*Vide* Memoirs of Gen. Harrison. We produce extracts of Gov. Harrison's "talk", referred to, to show the style of such addresses. Gen. Harrison, being an adept in this kind of literature, could suit such papers to the occasion, and draft them within the range and to the understanding of the people for whom they were intended, better, perhaps, than any other agent the Government ever had in the troublesome field of Indian diplomacy. "Wm. H. Harrison, Gov., etc., Supt. of Indian affairs, etc., etc., to his children, the chiefs and warriors of the Kickapoo tribe." My children: I lately sent you a message by one of your warriors, but I have not yet received an answer. The head chief of the We-as has, however, been with me, and has assured me that you still keep hold of the chain of friendship, which has bound you to your father since the treaty made with Gen. Wayne [referring to the Treaty of Greenville, of 1795].

"My children, this information has given me great pleasure, because I had heard that you had suffered bad thoughts to get possession of your minds.

"My children, what is it you wish for? Have I not often told you that you should inform me of all your grievances, and that you should never apply to your father in vain.

"My children: Be wise, do not follow the advise of those who would lead you to destruction; what is it they would persuade you to?—to make war upon your fathers, the Seventeen Fires? [The United States, then seventeen in number.]—What injury has your father done you?—If he has done any, why do you not complain to him and ask redress?—Will he turn a deaf ear to your complaints? He has always listened to you, and will listen to you still; you will certainly not raise your arm against him.

"My children, you have a number of young warriors, but when compared to the warriors of the United States, you know they are but as a handful. My children, can you count the leaves on the trees, or the grains of sand in the river banks? So numerous are the warriors of the Seventeen Fires.

"My children, it would grieve your father to let loose his warriors upon his red children; nor will he do it, unless you compell him: he had rather that they would stay at home and make corn for their women and children; but he is not afraid to make war he knows that they are brave.

“My children, he has men armed with all kinds of weapons: those who live on the big waters [the sea coast] and in the big towns, understand the use of muskets and bayonets [of which last the Indians had become very much afraid since their disastrous encounter with Gen. Wayne in the engagement on the Maumee, in 1794, where the bayonet was used with terrible effect], and those who live on this side the mountains [the Alleghanies] use the same arms that you do [long range rifles].

“My children: The Great Spirit has taught your fathers to make all the arms and ammunition which they use; but you do not understand this art; if you should go to war with your fathers, who would supply you with those things? The British can not; we have driven them beyond the lakes, and they can not send a trader to you without our permission.

“My children, open your eyes to your true interest; your father wishes you to be happy. If you wish to have your minds set at ease, come and speak to him. My children, the young man [Capt. Prince] who carries this is my friend, and he will speak to you in my name; listen to him as if I were to address you, and treat him with kindness and hospitality.”

The Kickapoos fought in great numbers and with frenzied courage at the battle of Tippecanoe. They early sided with the British in the war that was declared between that power and the United States the following June; and sent out many war parties, that kept the settlements in Indiana and Illinois in constant peril; while other warriors of their tribe participated in almost every battle fought during this war along the western frontier.

As a military people, the Kickapoos were inferior to the Miamis, Delawares, and Shawnees, in movements requiring large bodies of men: but they were preëminent in predatory warfare. Small parties, consisting of from five to twenty or more, were the usual number comprising their war parties. These would push out hundreds of miles from their villages, and swoop down upon a feeble settlement, or an isolated pioneer cabin, and burn the property, kill the cattle, steal the horses, capture the women and children, and be off again before an alarm could be given.

While the Pottawatomies and other tribes, in alliance with the British, laid siege to Ft. Wayne, the Kickapoos, assisted by the Winnebagoes, were assigned to the capture of Ft. Harrison.*

* Finished Oct. 28, 1811, and situated on the east bank of the Wabash, about two miles above the lower Wea Town of “Wa-au-ta-no”, and a mile or more above the present City of Terre Haute, Ind. It was erected by the forces under Gov. Harrison, while on their way from Vincennes to the Proph-

They nearly succeeded, and would have taken it but for the most heroic and determined defence, that gave its commander, Capt. Zachary Taylor, a national renown.

The plan of the attack was matured by the Kickapoo war chief, Pa-koi-shee-can,* who, in person, undertook the execution of the most difficult and dangerous part of it. First the Indians loitered about the fort, having a few of their women and children with them, to induce a belief that their presence was friendly, while the main body of warriors were secreted at a distance waiting for favorable developments. Pretending they were in want of provisions, the men and women were allowed to approach near the fort, and were thus given opportunity to inspect the fort and its defences. A dark night, giving the appearance of rain, favored the plan which was at once executed. The warriors were brought to the front, and women and children sent to the rear. Pa-koi-shee-can, with a large butcher knife in each hand, threw himself at length upon the ground. He drove a knife, held in one hand, into the ground, and drew his body up against it; then reached forward with the knife in the other hand, and driving that into the ground, again drew himself along. In this way, like a snake in the grass, he approached the lower block-house. He heard the sentinels on their rounds on the inside of the palisade. As the guards advanced toward that part of the works where the lower block-house was situated, Pa-koi-shee-can would lie still; and when the guards made the turn and moved in the opposite direction, he again crawled nearer. In this way the crafty savage gained the very walls of the block-house. There was a crack between the logs of the block-house,† and through this opening the Kickapoo placed a quantity of dry grass, bits of wood, and other combustibles, brought for the purpose in a blanket, tied pouch fashion upon his back. While the preparation for this incendiarism was in progress, the sentinels, in their

et's Town, during the memorable Tippecanoe campaign; and, by unanimous request of all the officers, christened after the name of their commander. It was enclosed with palisades, and officers and soldiers barracks, and defended at two angles with two block-houses, similar to that seen in illustrations of old Forts Wayne and Dearborn.

* The *Blackbury Flower*, abbreviated by the French to *La Farine* [The Flower], the name by which he was generally known among the white people.

† Gen. Harrison also mentions this fact, and adds that this building was used for the storage of whisky and salt; that the cattle had licked the chinking out to get at the salt, and that the opening between the logs was made in this way.

rounds on the opposite side of the block-house, passed within a few feet of the place where the fire was about to be lighted. All being in readiness, and the sentinels at the further side of the enclosure, Pa-koi-shee-can struck a fire with his flint, and thrust it within, and threw his blanket quickly over the opening, to prevent the blaze from flashing outside, alarming the garrison before the building was well on fire. When assured that the fire was well under way, he fell back and gave the signal, when the attack was immediately begun by the Indians at the opposite extremity of the fort with great fury. The lower block-house burned down in spite of all the efforts of the garrison to prevent it; and, for a while, the Indians were exultant, feeling assured of a complete victory. Capt. Taylor constructed a barricade with material taken from another building; and, by the time the block-house had consumed, the Indians, to their great disappointment, discovered a new line of defence, closing the breach through which they had expected to effect an entrance. [The Indian account of the attack on Ft. Harrison, as above given, was first published in 1879, in the writer's "Historic Notes", etc. It is in harmony with official reports, except that the latter, for want of information on the part of those who wrote them, contain nothing as to plans of the Indians, nor how the block-house was fired. The account given in the text was narrated to the writer by Mrs. Mary A. Baptiste, as it was told to her by Pa-koi-shee-can himself. This lady, with Christmas Dagney, her first husband, were at Ft. Harrison in 1821, where the latter was assisting in the disbursement of annuities to the Indians then assembled there to receive them. The business and spree that followed, occupied two or three days. Pa-koi-shee-can was present with some of his people, to receive their share of the annuities; and the old chief, having leisure, edified Mr. Dagney and his wife with a minute account of his attempt to take the fort, pointing out the positions and movements of himself and his warriors. As he related the story, he warmed up, and indulged in a great deal of pantomime, which gave force to, as it heightened the effect of, the narration. The particulars are given substantially as Mrs. Baptiste repeated them to the writer. She had never read an account of the engagement.]

We find no instance in which the Kickapoos were allied with either the French or the British, in any of the intrigues or wars for the control of the fur trade, or the acquisition of disputed territory, in the Northwest. They did not mix or mingle their blood with French or other white people; and, as compared in this regard with other tribes, in the voluminous treaties with the Federal Government, there is a singular absence of land reserva-

tions in favor of half-breed Kickapoos. Unlike, the Illinois, the Miamis, and other tribes living upon the lines of the early commerce of the country, or whose villages were marts of the fur trade, the Kickapoos kept at a distance, and escaped the demoralization which this trade, and a contact with its unscrupulous emissaries, inflicted upon the tribes coming within their baneful influence.* As compared with other Indians, the Kickapoos were industrious, intelligent, and cleanly in their habits, and were better armed and clothed. As a rule, the men were tall, sinewy, and active: the women lithe, and many of them by no means lacking in beauty.† Their dialect is soft and liquid when contrasted with rough, guttural language of the Pottawatomies.

With the close of the war of 1812, the Kickapoos ceased their hostilities toward the whites, and a few years later, disposed of the residue of their lands in Illinois and Indiana, and, with the exception of a few bands, emigrated west of the Mississippi. Gov. Reynolds says of them, "They disliked the United States so much, that they decided when they left Illinois, that they would not reside within the limits of our Government, but would settle in Texas."† A large body of them *did* go to Texas; and when the Lone Star Republic became a member of the Federal Union, these Kickapoos retired to New Mexico: and later, some of them went even to old Mexico. Here, on these frontier borders, these wild bands have, for years, maintained the reputation of their sires, and enterprising race. Col. R. B. Marcy, in 1854, found one of their bands upon the Choctaw reservation, near the Wichita River. He says of them, "They, like the Delawares and Shawnees, are well armed with good rifles, in the use of which they are very expert, and there are no better hunters or warriors upon the borders. They hunt together on horseback, and after a party of them have passed through a section of country, it is seldom that any game is left in their trace. They are intelligent, active, and brave, and frequently visit and traffic with

* Says Maj. Stoddard, in his Sketches of Louisiana, "There is a striking difference between those Indians who live in the neighborhood of the whites and those who reside at a distance from them. The former, especially if accustomed to a long intercourse, have wonderfully degenerated. They have gradually imbibed all the vices of the whites, and forgotten their own virtues. They are drunkards and thieves, and act on all occasions with the most consummate duplicity." The observations of Maj. Stoddard are corroborated by Gov. Harrison, Judge Jacob Barnett, and other eminent men, speaking from their own experience.

† Gov. Reynolds' Pioneer History of Illinois.

the prairie Indians, and have no fear of meeting those people in battle, providing the odds are not more than six to one against them."^{*}

The Kickapoos of the Vermilion, comprising the bands of Mac-ca-naw, or Mash-e-naw (*The Elk-Horn*), Ka-an-a-kuck, and Pa-koi-shee-can, were the last to emigrate. They lingered in Illinois upon the waters of the Embarrass, the Vermilion, and its northwest tributaries, until 1832 and 1833; when they joined a body of their people upon a reservation set apart for their use west of Fort Leavenworth, and within the limits of Brown and Jackson Counties, Kansas, where the survivors and the descendants of those who have died now reside upon their farms. Their good conduct, comfortable homes, and well-cultivated fields, attest their steady progress in the ways of civilized life. The wild bands have always been troublesome along the southwestern borders; every now and then their depredations form the subject of some item of current newspaper notices. For years the Government failed in its efforts to induce these bands to remove to some place within the Indian Territory, where they might be restrained from annoying the border settlements of Texas and New Mexico. Some years ago, a part of the semi-civilized Kickapoos in Kansas, preferring their old, wild life, left their reservations, and joined the bands to the Southwest. After years' wanderings in quest of plunder, they were persuaded to return, and in 1875, settled in the Indian Territory, and supplied with the necessary implements and provisions, to enable them to go to work and earn an honest living. In this effort toward reform, they are now making commendable progress.[†] In 1875, the civilized Kickapoos in the Kansas Agency numbered 385; while the wild or Mexican band numbered 420, as appears from the official report on Indian affairs for that year. Their numbers were never great, as compared with the Miamis, or Pottawatomies; however, they made up for this deficiency by the energy of their movements. In language, manners, and customs, the Kickapoos bear a very close resemblance to the Sac and Fox Indians, whose allies they generally were, and with whom they have, by some writers, been confounded.[‡]

* Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border."

† Report of Commrs. on Indian Affairs.

‡ Corroborative of this, Geo. Catlin, in his admirable work on the North American Indians, says, "The Kickapoos had long lived in alliance with Sacs and Foxes, and their language was so similar, that the two seemed to be almost one family." Dr. Jediah Morse, Albert Gallatin, and other American authorities could be cited to the same effect, were it at all necessary.

THE WINNEBAGOS.

IN "The Jesuit Relations", for the years 1653 to 1670, inclusive, this tribe are alluded to under various names, as Ouimbegouc, Ouimpegouec, and Ouinibegoutz—the French "Ou" being nearly synonymous in the sound of its pronunciation with the English letter W,—and was a name given them by the Algonquins, with whom the meaning was *Fetid*, translated by the French as *Puants*. The Algonquin tribes called the Winnebagoes, say the missionary fathers, by this name because the latter came from the westward ocean, or salt water, which the Indians designated as the "Fetid Water".* The Winnebagoes called themselves Hochungara [O-chun-ga-ra], or Ochungarand, which is to say, on the authority of Dr. Schoolcraft, "the trout nation, or Horoji [fish eaters]." They were of the Dacota, or Sioux stock, to whose language their own assimilated as nearly as it differed radically from that of their Algonquin neighbors. Their incursion into the ancient territory of the Illinois was strenuously opposed by the latter; and the disputed boundary line between the two shifted north or south, as the fortune of war favored the one or the other. The final chances, however, were with the Illinois, whose greater numbers and equal bravery were more than a match for their adversaries, who, for the most part, were driven well back within the present limits of Wisconsin, and where, in more modern times, they have been regarded as a tribe

* The Winnebagoes were first met with by the Jesuit fathers, near the mouth of Fox River—originally called the Kan-kan-lin—at the head of Green Bay, Wis. Their presence here gave to the waters of Green Bay the first name, by which it was designated in the Jesuit Relations, and the early maps, "*Lac-des-Puants*", and "*Le Baye des Puants*". As early as 1647 and 1648, it is referred to in "The Relations" as follows: A peninsula, or strip of land, quite small, separates this Superior Lake [referring to Lake Superior] from another third lake, called by us '*the lake of the Puants*', which also discharges itself into our fresh-water sea, about ten leagues more toward the west than the Sault,"—*i. e.*, the Sault de Ste. Marie, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron. "On its shores", continues this "Relation", "dwell a different people, of an unknown language; that is to say, a language that is neither Algonquin nor Huron. These people are called Puants [stinkards], not on account of any unpleasant odor that is peculiar to them, but because they say they came from the shores of a sea far distant toward the West, the waters of which being salt, they call themselves 'the people of the sea'."

of that State. Still, the territorial claims of the contestants was not finally settled until 1825, when, after a nearly continuous warfare of almost two centuries with the Illinois or their successors, it was agreed at a treaty, held at Prairie du Chien, between the United States, the Winnebagoes, the Sacs and Foxes, the Pottawatomies, and other attending tribes, that "the Winnebago country should be bounded as follows: Southeasterly, by Rock River, from its source near the Winnebago Lake [in Central-eastern Wisconsin], to the Winnebago Village, about forty miles above its mouth," etc., etc.; [near the mouth of the Peck-a-tono-kea, Jo Daviess Co., Ill.] A map will indicate what portion of Illinois this boundary describes.

As compared with the Algonquin tribes, history records but few complaints against the Winnebagoes in the predatory warfare upon the white settlements. The bravery of their warriors is fully attested, however, in the several engagements with the forces of Gov. St. Clair and Gen. Wayne, in which they fought with conspicuous courage. The whole tribe were fairly carried by Tecumthe and his brother, the Prophet, and gave hearty support to all the nefarious schemes of these agitators. Naw-kaw, the principle chief of their nation, and Hoo-tshoop-kaw, of lesser note, were two of Tecumthe's personal attendants, and followed him in all his extended missions of proselytism among the nations of the Mississippi Valley. In the war of 1812, these two Winnebagoes were members of the sacred band, that guarded Tecumthe's person; they were near him when he fell, with mortal wounds, at the battle of the Thames, and assisted in bearing his dead body from the field to a place of secure interment.*

* At the Treaty of Prairie du Chien, concluded Aug. 1, 1829, at which the Winnebagoes ceded their lands in Illinois and Wisconsin to the United States, Caleb Atwater, Esq., one of the commissioners acting on the part of the latter, there met Naw-kaw, who, he says, "complained to me that, in all of our accounts of Tecumthe, we had only said of him that, 'Winnebago, who always accompanies Tecumthe', without calling the Winnebago by his name, Naw-kaw Caromaine."—"Atwater's Tour to Prairie du Chien." The same author, in his "History of Ohio", says, in this connection, while at Prairie du Chien, in 1829, "Naw-caw [Wood] and Hoo-tshoop-kaw [Four legs] were with him; and that, from statements of these constant companions of Tecumthe, during nearly twenty years of his life, we proceed to state, that Tecumthe lay with his warriors in a thick underbrush, on the left of the American army; that these Indians were at no period of the battle out of their thick underbrush; that Naw-caw saw no officer between them and the American army; that Tecumthe fell [at] the very first fire of the Kentucky dragoons, pierced by

At the engagement at Tippecanoe, the conduct of the Winnebago braves was a matter of especial mention. We quote from Gen. Harrison's Memoirs: "A Winnebago chief approached the exterior [camp] fire of Capt. Barton's company, where the lines had been considerably drawn in, and pushing up the brands to make a light, squatted down to peck his [gun] flint, or to do something with his gun. He was, however, immediately fired at from Capt. Cook's company, which was not more than twenty yards from him, and fell dead into the fire. One of the men asked the captain's permission to go and scalp him; and, as no attack had been made on that part of the line for some time, he was allowed to go. The Yankee, however, being inexperienced in the business, it took him some time to effect it; he was fired at, and returned to his company with the scalp in his hand, indeed, but with a ball through his body, which caused his death in a few hours after. In the course of the battle, the Indian was taken off, without being observed by Captain Cook, and conveyed to the [Prophet's] town, where his body was found and known by its having been scalped and much burned. The body had been taken away without Capt. Cook's perceiving it, and is an instance of the care with which the Indians remove the dead bodies of their friends in action. At Tippecanoe, they rushed up to the bayonets of our men, and in one instance, related by Capt. Snelling, an Indian adroitly put the bayonet of a soldier aside, and clove his head with a war-club—an instrument on which there is fixed a triangular piece of iron, broad enough to project several inches from the wood." "Their conduct on this occasion, so different from what it usually is, was attributed to a confidence of success, with which their Prophet had inspired them, *and to the distinguished bravery of the Winnebago warriors.*"

The only disturbances with which this people seem to have been connected, subsequent to the war of 1812, was that of the so-called Winnebago War [or scare] of 1827. Several acts of reciprocal hostility had been committed between individual Winnebagoes and whites along the upper Mississippi, which soon defected the whole tribe, and, for a while, threatened the peace of the entire northwestern frontier. Gov. Reynolds, in his "My Own Times", gives the following account of the cause that provoked the breach of the peace: "About the last of July,

thirty bullets, and was carried four or five miles into the thick woods, and there buried by the warriors, who told the story of his fate. This account was repeated to me three several times word for word, and neither of the relaters ever knew the fictions to which Tecumthe's death has given use."

1827,* the Winnebago War occurred in the country around and north of Galena, in this State. The cause of this small speck of war was a great outrage committed by the whites on the Indians, which was of such brutality, that it is painful to record. Two keel-boats, of the contractor to furnish provisions for the troops at the Falls of St. Anthony, stopped at a large camp of the Winnebago Indians, on the river not far above Prairie du Chien. The boatman made the Indians drunk—and, no doubt, were so themselves—when they captured some six or seven squaws, who were also drunk. These squaws were forced on the boat for *corrupt and brutal purposes.* [The words are put in Italics by the Governor.] “But not satisfied with this outrage on female virtue, the boatmen took the squaws with them in the boats to Fort Snelling, and returned with them. When the Indians became sober, and knew the injury done them in this *delicate point*, they mustered all their forces, amounting to several hundreds, and attacked the boats in which the squaws were confined. The boats were forced to approach near the shore in a narrow pass of the river,† and thus the infuriated savages assailed one boat, and permitted the other to pass down in the night. The boatmen were not entirely prepared for the attack, although to some extent they were guarded against it. They had procured some arms, and were on the alert to some degree. The Indians laid down in their canoes, and tried to paddle them to the boat; but the whites, seeing this, fired their muskets on those in the canoes. It was a desperate and furious fight, for a few moments, between a good many Indians exposed in open canoes, and only a few boatmen, protected to some extent by their boats. One boatman, a sailor by profession on the lakes and ocean, who had been in many battles with the British during the war of 1812, saved the boat and those of the crew who were not killed. The man was large and strong, and possessed the courage of an African lion. He seized a part of the setting-pole of the boat, which was about four feet long, and having on the end a piece of iron, which made it weighty, and a powerful weapon in the hands of Saucy Jack, as this champion is called. It is stated that when

* Gov. Reynolds errs as to the time. The attack on the keel-boat, mentioned a little further on, was on the evening of June 26; and the grievances which induced the assault, occurred some days before that. *See* a valuable paper on the “Early Times in Wisconsin”, contributed by Hon. James H. Lockwood, of Prairie du Chien, and published in Vol. 2, Wis. Hist. Col.

† The place was near the mouth of Bad-Ax River; and the attack was made near sunset. Judge Lockwood’s paper, before quoted.

the Indians attempted to board the boat, Jack would knock them back into the river as fast as they approached. The boat got fast on the ground, and the whites seemed doomed, but with great exertion, courage, and hard fighting, the Indians were repelled. The savages killed several white men and wounded many more, leaving barely enough to navigate the boat. It is said that Jack had four Indian scalps, which he took from the same number of Indians that he killed himself. In the battle the squaws escaped to their husbands, and, no doubt, the whites did not try to prevent it. Thus commenced, and thus ended the bloodshed of the Winnebago War."

The effusion of blood would not have ended here, but for the prompt measures taken by Gen. Lewis Cass to prevent it. The latter, with Col. Thos. L. McKenney, as commissioners on behalf of the United States, were at Butte des Morts* on a day fixed for a treaty to be held, in part, to settle some matters as to boundaries that were "left undefined by the treaty of Aug. 19, 1825, at Prairie du Chien", and to establish the boundaries of "the tract claimed by the former French and British Governments" at Green Bay. We quote the following from an article on "Early Times in Wisconsin", written by Hon. H. A. Tenney:† "On the day fixed for the council, not an Indian appeared. Alarmed at this and other hostile signs, Gen. Cass‡ rapidly descended the river [Wisconsin] to Prairie du Chien, where the people had all taken shelter in the garrison,‡ and where he heard of the attack on the government boat. Hastening to Galena, he notified the citizens there of their danger, and advised them to build a block-house for their protection. From Galena Gen. Cass proceeded to Jefferson Barracks [a few miles below St. Louis]. A large force, under Gen. [Henry] Atkinson, immediately came up the

* The "Butte des Morts"—hill of the dead—near the banks of Fox River, in Winnebago Co., Wis.; a large and apparently artificial mound, said to contain the remains of Indian warriors, killed in ancient battles. Its notoriety dates back of all written history, however early, of this part of the Northwest, and gathers about it the charms of many traditions.

† Published in Vol. I, of the "Wisconsin Historical Collections."

‡ Fort Crawford, Wis., on the left bank of the Mississippi, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin, and so named in honor of Wm. H. Crawford, Secretary of War. Previous to this, June, 1814, during the war of 1812, Prairie du Chien was captured, from emissaries of the British, by an expedition sent up the Mississippi by Gov. Wm. Clark of Missouri, under command of Capt. Z. Taylor; and sixty of the latter's men, in charge of Lieut. Perkins, remained there and erected a fort, which they named Fort Shelby.

river in boats as far as the portage at Fort Winnebago,* Generals Dodge and Whitesides, with companies of volunteers, following along each side on land, and scouring out the lurking savages. A force from Green Bay concentrated on the same spot; and the Indians beheld, with dismay, a formidable army in the midst of their country. The result was a treaty of peace, and the giving up of Red Bird [a Winnebago chief], who had, a year previous, massacred a family near Prairie du Chien."

While these events were taking place on the Mississippi and in Wisconsin, then a part of the Territory of Michigan, matters were by no means quiet in northern Illinois. The inhabitants at Fort Dearborn, alarmed at the quite apparent unfriendly demeanor of the Indians frequenting that Post, and from which the United States military forces had been withdrawn, dispatched messengers to the Pottawatomie village of Big-Foot, at Geneva Lake, to learn the purposes of the Winnebagoes, and ascertain if Big-Foot's band intended joining them. The report brought back was not favorable, and the excited citizens, at the suggestion of Gurdon S. Hubbard, looked toward the Wabash for assistance. Accordingly, Mr. Hubbard, leaving Chicago about four o'clock in the evening, following an Indian trail, a distance of a hundred and twenty-seven miles, through an uninhabited country, reaching the settlements two miles south of Danville in the early afternoon of the next day. Within the next twenty-four hours, the Vermilion-County Battalion, as the inhabitants capable of bearing arms

* Erected near the head of Fox River, at the Portage, or land carriage, between it and the Wisconsin, which, at the time referred to, was right in the heart of the "Winnebago country". This "carrying place" is a noted spot in the discovery and exploration of the Northwest. Here Father Marquette and Louis Joliet, on the 10th day of June, 1673, with the assistance of their two friendly Miami guides, transported their canoes a distance of "twenty-seven hundred paces" from the scarcely-discernible channel of Fox River, choked as it was with a rank and tangled growth of wild oats, to the broad current of the Wisconsin; down which they voyaged, says the good father, "alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence"; and we may add, on a journey that immortalized him an unsought fame, and first gave the Mississippi River the name it bears, and (to that part of the stream above the mouth of the Arkansas) a place in geography. Mrs. John H. Kinzie, in her "Wau-Bun"—a volume replete with valuable historical matter entertainingly arranged, relating to "The Early Day in the Northwest"—gives a beautiful sketch of Fort Winnebago, drawn by her own pencil, as it appeared in 1831, while she resided there, her husband having charge of the Indian agency at that station.

were called, were assembled at Butler's Point, the then county-seat; and a volunteer force of fifty men organized; and on the next day—having dispersed, in the meantime, to their homes to cook up five-days' rations—were on their way to Fort Dearborn, where they and Mr. Hubbard arrived on the seventh day after his departure. Several days later, word was received of the success of Gen. Cass' movements, and the termination of hostilities.*

In the so-called Black-Hawk War, in Illinois and Wisconsin in 1832, "it was feared", say Judge Jas. Hall and Col. Thos. L. McKenney, in their History of the Indian Tribes of North America, "that the Winnebagoes, inhabiting the country immediately north of the hostile Indians, would unite with them, and, forming a powerful combination, would devastate the defenceless before our Government could adopt measures for its relief. The opportunity was a tempting one to a savage tribe naturally disposed to war, and always prepared for its most sudden exigencies; and many of the Winnebagoes were eager to rush into the contest. But the policy of Naw-caw was decidedly pacific, and his conduct was consistent with his judgment and his professions. To keep his followers from temptation, as well as to place them under the eye of an agent of our Government, he encamped with them near the agency, under the charge of Mr. [John H.] Kinzie, expressing on all occasions his disapprobation of the war, and his determination to avoid all connection with those engaged in it. The Indian tribes are often divided into parties, having their respective leaders, who alone can control their partisans in times of excitement. So among the Winnebagoes; a few restless and unprincipled individuals, giving loose to their propensity for blood and plunder by joining the war parties, while the great body of the tribe remained at peace, under the influence of their venerable chief."

Immediately on the close of the Black-Hawk War, by a treaty concluded Sept. 15, 1832, at Ft. Armstrong, at Rock Island, Ill., the Winnebagoes ceded to the United States all of their lands lying south and east of the Wisconsin River and the Fox River of Green Bay; and, by a subsequent treaty concluded Nov. 1, 1837, they parted with the residue of their lands lying east of the Mississippi. By the terms of this last treaty, they were to remove beyond the river named within eight months thereafter, an engagement they did not comply with until some three years

* A more detailed account of the Winnebago War, as it manifested itself in the vicinity of Chicago, will be found in Number Ten of Fergus' Historical Series.

after. After being unceremoniously changed about from one reservation to another, by the United States Government, with little regard for its solemn stipulations, to suit caprices and avarice of the ever-encroaching white immigration, we find the Winnebagoes, in 1865, settled (let us trust permanently) on the Omaha Reservation in Nebraska, where the superintendent of Indian affairs, in his report for that year, says of them: "This tribe is characterized by frugality, thrift, and industry to an extent unequaled by any other tribe of Indians in the Northwest. Loyal to the Government, and peaceful toward their neighbors, they are entitled to the fostering care of the General Government." It seems that the shifting of them about for a number of preceding years had been their means of education and religious instruction; for, in December, 1864, we find they addressed the President as follows: "It is our sincere desire to have again established among us such schools as we see in operation among your Omaha children. Father, as soon as you find a permanent home for us, will you not do this for us? And, father, as we would like our children taught the Christian religion as before, we would like our schools placed under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. And last, father, to show you our sincerity, we desire to have set apart for its establishment, erection, and support, all of our school funds, and whatever more is necessary."

Again; the Government agent, in his report for 1866, says, concerning the Winnebagoes: "There has returned to the tribe, within the few past weeks, about one hundred soldiers, who have served, with credit to themselves and to their tribe, in defence of their county. I consider the Winnebagoes one of the best tribes of Indians in the country, and, with proper treatment, they will soon become a self-sustaining, prosperous people." In 1863, their fighting men were estimated at three hundred and sixty. The census report of their numbers in 1865 gave them nineteen hundred, omitting those still remaining in Wisconsin. "They are a vigorous, athletic race, and received from the Sioux the name of *O-ton-ka*, which is said to mean 'the large and strong people.'"^{*} They have given a name to a lake, a fort, a town, and county in Wisconsin, and to a county in northern Illinois.

* Geo. Gale's "Upper Mississippi."

THE FOX AND SACS.

The Foxes called themselves Mosk-wah-ha-kee, a name compounded from the two words in their language, Mosk-wah [red] and Ha-kee [earth], Red Earths, or, they of the Red Earth. Their totem or armorial device was a fox,* and it is, doubtless, from this circumstance that they were called Outagamies (according to French orthography) or Foxes by neighboring tribes, and the signification of which French writers have preserved in the translation "*Les Renards*". Like the Illinois, Miamis, and Kickapoos, already treated of, the Foxes were, also, a subdivision of the great Algonquin family; and their differences in dialect, manners, and customs from those of other tribes of the same stock, were caused by the differences of their surroundings.†

We first hear of the Foxes on the north shore of Lake Ontario, engaged in an unnatural alliance with the Iroquois in the exterminating war then being waged by the latter upon the Hurons; and, "by attempting to keep terms with both parties, pleased neither. They soon drew upon themselves the enmity of their kindred tribes, and the execrations of the French, who heaped upon them and their vacillating policy every term of reproach. And later they were driven from old Toronto through the straits of Niagara to Detroit."‡ From Detroit they seem to have run the gauntlet of neighboring and hostile tribes around the shores of Lake Huron to Mackinac, and from thence to the river which has ever since borne their name, where, near its debouchment with the southern extremity of Green Bay, Wisconsin, they found a refuge from their enemies that was only temporary at best. Here we leave them, for the moment, to notice their brethren, the Sacs, and give the brief account, which meager historical mention has preserved of the latter, down to the period of time

* Official report of M. de la Chauvignerie on the "Indian Tribes connected with the Government of Canada, the Warriors and armorial bearings of each Nation, 1736."

† "The Foxes speak a well-characterized dialect of the Algonquin; a notable difference being the substitution of the letter l wherein the Chippewas use the letter n." Address (and note appended) of Hon. Henry R. Schoolcraft on "The Origin and Character of the North American Indians", etc., etc. Delivered before the Historical Society of Michigan.

‡ Schoolcraft's same Address.

when the two tribes again met, this time upon the waters of Fox River, Wisconsin, and united in a bond of fellowship that was never after broken.

Ousakis; Sakys; Sauks; O-sauk-ies; Ou-sa-ki-nek [the nek giving the plural number to the noun]; O-sau-kee; and, by custom of modern writers, abbreviated to Sacs, are the appellations by which this people were known. The name seems to have originated with the tribe, and to have been derived from two words in their tongue, *viz.*: Os-sa-wah [yellow] and Ha-kee [earth or land]; which is to say, the Yellow Earths, or they of the Yellow Land. French writers have very little to say of the Sacs—and for the matter of that, the Foxes, too—prior to the time when they effected a lodgment in Wisconsin.

The great chief, Black Hawk, distinguished alike as a warrior and a historian, well learned in the traditions of his tribe, in his autobiography gives the following early account of his people:*

“I was”, says Black Hawk, “born at the Sac village, on Rock River, in the year 1767, and am now in my 67th year. My great-grandfather, Na-na-ma-kee, or Thunder (according to the tradition given me by my father, Py-e-oa), was born in the vicinity of Montreal, where the Great Spirit first placed the Sac nation, and inspired him with a belief that, at the end of four years, he would see a *white man* [alluding to the coming of the French] who would be to him a father.” * * * “After a long time, the British overpowered the French (the two nations being at war), drove them away from Quebec, and took possession of it themselves.† The different tribes of Indians around our nation envying our people, united their forces against them, and succeeded, by their great strength, to drive them to Montreal, and from thence to Mackinac. Here our people first met our British father, who furnished them with goods.‡ Their ene-

* The contents of this little book was dictated by Black Hawk himself, in 1833, to Antoine Lé Clair, U. S. Interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes at Rock Island, Illinois, in presence of J. B. Patterson of the same place, and by the latter written down at the time, and by whom it was, the next year, 1834, copyrighted and published.

† Black Hawk doubtless refers here to the surrender of Quebec by M. de Champlain to the British fleet commanded by the brothers Sir David, Louis, and Thomas Kertk, or Kirke, in 1629.

‡ Taken in the sense that the Fox and Sacs *went* to Mackinac for the purposes of barter; Black Hawk's statement as to meeting British traders there is confirmed by official documents, both French and English. Otherwise, and owing to an infirmity common to a race having no written records and giving

mies still pursued them, and drove them to different places on the lake, until they made a village near Green Bay, on what is now called *Sac* River, having derived its name from this circumstance. Here they held a council with the Foxes, and a national treaty of friendship and alliance was concluded upon. The Foxes abandoned their village and joined the Sacs. This arrangement being mutually obligatory upon both parties, as neither was sufficiently strong to meet their enemies with any hope of success, they soon became as one band or nation of people."

On their way up the lakes, the Sacs remained in Northeastern Michigan a sufficient time to give their name to Saginaw Bay, as the word is now spelled: the orthography of early French writers being *Sac-e-nong* [the place of the Sacs]; *Sak-i-nau*; *Sag-i-nau*, in all which its derivation is more nearly preserved. They could not, however, have occupied that vicinity long enough to make it "the principal seat of their power", as affirmed by Judge James Hall and Col. Thos. L. McKinney, in their "History of the Indian Tribes of North America"; elsewise French authorities would contain a more extended mention of them in this connection.*

little care to chronology, there is a confusion as to dates. Traders from the British Colony of New York were at Mackinac with Indian goods in 1685, where they made so profitable a venture as to invite a larger expedition in the fall of 1686. This last, the following year, paddling their canoes up the lakes by way of Niagara, in two detachments, one commanded by Roseboom, an Albany Dutchman, in advance, the other by Gregory, were intercepted and captured by the watchful French and their Indian allies; the former, on Lake Huron, by Durantaye, and Gregory's party by LaSalle's lieutenant, the Chevalier Henry de Tonty, on Lake Erie, "at the distance", says Tonty, "of twenty leagues from Niagara". The immediate building of a fort at the mouth of the Niagara River, and the establishment of a similar defence near Detroit shortly after, effectually barred British subjects out of the Western country. *Vide* "Tonty's Account, etc., of LaSalle", "Francis Parkman's Frontenac", and "New France under Louis XIV.", and authorities there cited. It will be seen further on that the Jesuit fathers make mention of the Foxes and Sacs as living about the upper extremity of Green Bay in 1666, some twenty years *before* the breaking up of the British trade upon the upper lakes.

* Professor Schoolcraft and Dr. E. B. O'Callyhan—the able editor of the *Documentary*, as well "The Colonial History of New York"—both adepts in this special field of enquiry, concur with the traditions given by Black Hawk of his people as having formerly lived along the north shore of Lake Ontario. Dr. John Gilmary Shea—of equal high standard authority in the

The years 1669-1670 bring the Fox and Sac fairly within the range of reliable historical mention, although they had been referred to, two years before, in definite terms in the "Jesuit Relations" of 1666 and 1667. Father Claude Allouez, who had already, early in December, 1666, established a mission at the mixed village of Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Foxes and Sacs, near the site of the present city of Green Bay, calling it "The Mission of St. Francis Xavier", for the reason that he said his first mass there on the festival day of that saint.* In a pastoral letter sent from this mission to his rev'd father superior, says: "The 16th of April [1670], I embarked to go and commence the mission of the *Outagamis*, a people well known in all these parts.† We were lying at the head of the bay, at the entrance of River of the Puants [Fox River], which we have named the

whole department of aboriginal history—on the contrary, dissents and says he "can find nothing in early French writers to support the assertion." And that "the Sacs certainly were never much to the eastward of Lake St. Clair." *Vide* a valuable paper on "The Indian Tribes of Wisconsin", contributed by him to and published in Vol. III., of the "Historical Collections of that State". This conflict of opinion may be readily reconciled on the theory that the absence of mention of the Foxes and Sacs as dwelling along Lake Ontario, by early French writers, may be owing to the fact that they may have been referred to under some other name, as was the case with the Ojebways or Chippeways about Lake Superior. It is notorious that the Jesuit fathers, whose principal missions were in that quarter, in their many enumerations of the surrounding Indian nations, say the "Chippeways are never once mentioned by *that* name," although they were the most numerous, and the tribe with which the fathers had most to do, and in the very heart of whose country their sacred altars were erected. *Vide* Albert Gallatin's "Synopsis of the Indian Tribes of North America".

* Father Claude Allouez's Journal and Dr. Shea's Catholic Missions.

† Hall and McKinney, in their "History of N. A. Indians", not having access to reliable *data*, erroneously state that *after* their defeat and almost destruction near Detroit, already referred to in the chapter on the Kickapoos, "the remainder of the Foxes, with the Sauks, migrated to the country between Green Bay and the Mississippi, and established themselves upon Fox River." The official report of the officer, Buisson, who commanded the French and their Indian allies, shows that this attack upon Detroit took place in 1712; while, as is clearly seen from Father Allouez's letter, the Foxes and Sacs were "a people well known" about Green Bay and up Fox River nearly a half of a century before the time assigned by Hall and McKinney as the date of their migration thither.

St. Francis; in passing we saw clouds of swans, bastards, and ducks: the savages take them in nets at the head of the bay, where they catch as many as fifty in a night: this game in the autumn seek the wild-rice that the wind has shaken off in the month of September. The seventeenth, we went up the River *St. Francis*, which is two and sometimes three arpents wide.* After having advanced four leagues, we found the village of the savages named *Saki*, who began a work that merits well to have its place here. From one side of the river to the other, they have made a barricade, planting great stakes, two fathoms from the water, in such a manner that it is, as it were, a bridge above [the stream] for the fishers, who, by the aid of a little bow-net, easily take sturgeons and all other kinds of fish which this barricade stops, while it permits the water to flow between the stakes. They call this device *Mitch-i-can*, and make use of it in the spring and a part of the summer. The eighteenth, we made the portage which they call *Ke-kal-ing* [the first or little rapids of *Fox River*]: our sailors drew the canoe through the rapids; while I walked along the bank of the river, where I found appletrees and vine-stocks in abundance.

“The nineteenth, our sailors ascended the [second] rapids, by using poles, for two leagues. I went by land as far as the other portage, which they call *Ou-ko-ci-ti-ming*, which is to say, the highway. We observed this day the eclipse of the sun predicted by the astrologers, which lasted from mid-day until two o'clock. The third, or near it, of the body of the sun appeared eclipsed: the other two-thirds formed a crescent. We arrived in the evening at the entrance of the Lake of the Puants [*Lake Winnebago*], which we have called *Lake Francis*; it is about twelve leagues long and four wide; it is situated from northeast to southwest, and abounds in fish: but is uninhabited on account of the *Nad-oue-cis* [*Sioux*] who are here dreaded.† The twentieth, which

* The arpent is, primarily, a French acre of land, the sides of which are in length one hundred and eighty Paris feet, equal to one hundred and ninety-two feet and nearly three inches English measurement.

† This fact, stated by Father Allouez, illustrates the extent to which the *Dak-co-tas* pushed their incursions, for game and scalps, eastward. Indeed, they claimed as their exclusive hunting-grounds the territory clear up to the shores of *Lake Superior* and *Green Bay*; and the history of the *Ojebways*, not within the scope of this volume, and who made common cause with the *Fox* and *Sac*, is but the story of a continuous warfare of nearly one hundred and fifty years duration against the *Sioux*, which resulted finally in driving them permanently westward beyond the *Mississippi*.

was on Sunday, I said mass, after having navigated five or six leagues in the lake; after which we arrived in a river that comes from a lake [Pahwaikan Lake] of wild-rice, into which we came, and at the foot of which we found the river [Fox] which leads, on the one side, to the Outagamis, and on the other, the stream [Wolf River] that leads to the Machkoutenck [Mascoutins]. We entered the former, which comes from a lake where we saw two wild turkeys perched on a tree, male and female, exactly like, in size, color, and cry, those of France. The bustards, ducks, swans, and geese are of great numbers in all these lakes and rivers, attracted thither by the wild-rice, which is their food. There is also to be found here large and small deer, bears, and beavers in sufficient numbers. The twenty-fourth, after many turns and windings in the different lakes and rivers,* we arrived at the village of the Outagamis.

"This nation is renowned for being numerous. They have more than four hundred men bearing arms. The number of women and children is greater on account of polygamy which exists among them—each man having commonly four wives, some of them six, and others as high as ten. * * * These savages have retreated to these parts to escape the Iroquois: they are settled in an excellent country; the soil, which is here black, yields them Indian-corn in abundance. In the winter, they live by the chase; about the end of it they return to their cabins, and there live on Indian-corn, which they had put in *cache* [the name of pits prepared in the ground for that purpose] in autumn, and which they season with fish. They have a fort in the midst of their forest, where their cabins of thick bark are, to resist all kinds of attacks. In traveling they lodge themselves with mats. They are at war with the Nadiouecious, their neighbors.† They

* For many miles below the portage to the Wisconsin, Fox River expands into several little lakes; and the crooked meanders of the stream through the prairies well justifies the tradition of the Winnebagoes, related by Mrs. Kinzie in her "Wau-bun", concerning its origin. A great serpent, living in the waters of the Mississippi, took a notion to visit the lakes; he left his trail where he crossed over the prairie, which, collecting the rains as they fell from heaven, in time became Fox River! And, that lady adds, "the little lakes along its course were, probably, the places where he flourished about at night in his uneasy slumbers."

† Nadiou-cious, or Nadous-sioux, was in general terms a word signifying enemies, and was especially applied, by all the westward tribes, to the Dakotas (as the latter have always called themselves); and by common custom of writers in later times, only the terminal part of the word, *Sioux*, is used.

do not make use of canoes; for this reason they do not make war upon the Iroquois, although they are often killed by them. They are very much disparaged, and reputed by other nations as penurious, avaricious, thievish, and quarrelsome. They have a small idea of the French since two traders in beaver-skins have appeared among them. If they had conducted themselves there as they ought, I would have had less trouble to give these poor people other ideas of the French nation, whom they began to esteem since I explained to them the principal and only motive which brought me among them.*

The Foxes and Sacs had no more than secured a firm lodgment in their fortified villages in Wisconsin, until we find their marauding parties stirring up mischief in every direction. One of these, October 28, 1679, struck LaSalle, who, on his voyage of exploration of the Mississippi, had navigated the western shore of Lake Michigan, and, reaching its southern extremity, was compelled, by stress of weather, to land his canoes upon the sand-hills not a great way east of South-Chicago. LaSalle, seeing a footprint, enjoined his men to be on their guard and to make no noise. Says Father Hennepin (who is the historian of this expedition—from the time of its organization at Fort Frontenac, as Toronto, Canada, was then called, in the fall of 1678, until the time of its abandonment at the foot of Peoria Lake, Illinois, early in January, 1680): "All of our men obeyed for a time, but one of them, perceiving a bear, could not restrain himself from firing his gun at the animal, which, being killed, rolled from top to bottom of the mountain [as he calls the sand-hill] to the very foot of our cabins. The report of the gun discovered to us one hundred and twenty-five Indians of the nation of the Outonagamies, living near the extremity of the Bay of the Puants, and who were cabined in our vicinity." That LaSalle, to guard against surprises, placed a sentinel over his upturned canoes, under which he had sheltered his goods against the rain. Not-

* It is difficult to locate, with any degree of certainty, the site of the fortified village of the Foxes, visited by Father Allouez. From the statement in his journal of his having passed through several of the lakes or expansions of Fox River before reaching the town, it may be assumed that it was situated not a great way northeast of Portage City, and probably in Marquette County, Wisconsin. It could not have been in the near vicinity of the Portage; or else the Father's journal—so replete with details of the topography of the country through which he traveled, as well that laying adjacent to his route—would have contained some reference to the Portage, and, more than all, to the Wisconsin River flashing its broad current onward to the Mississippi.

withstanding these precautions, thirty of these Foxes, under the dark cover of a rainy night, sneaked along on their bellies, one behind the other, making, as it were, a chain from their comrades stationed at a safe distance to the canoes, from which they passed their stolen plunder backward from hand to hand. The negligent sentinel finally aroused the camp to arms: which stopped further depletion of the canoes. The rogues, finding themselves discovered, their spokesman called out that "he was a friend." In answer he was told "that it was an unseasonable hour, and that people did not come in that way by night except to steal or kill those who were not on their guard." He replied that, in truth, the shot that had been fired had made his countrymen all think that it was a party of Iroquois, their enemies, as the other Indians, their neighbors, did not use such fire-arms, and that they had accordingly advanced with the intent of killing them: but having discovered that they were Frenchmen, whom they regarded as their brethren, the impatience which they felt to see them had prevented their waiting for daylight to visit us and to smoke in our calumet with us, which is the ordinary complement of these Indians and the greatest mark of affection." Nothing short of LaSalle's skilful, prompt, and daring measures would have saved his party from wholesale robbery and total destruction. Feigning assurance of the Foxes' friendly intentions, until morning, when, with pistol in hand, he seized one of their braves, and—through another whom he captured and released—notified the band that he would kill him unless restitution of the stolen property was made. The Foxes would have complied on the spot, but for the dilemma they found themselves in from the circumstance that among the property taken was the coat of LaSalle's attendant, which they, in making a fair division of the spoils, had torn in pieces and cut off the buttons. Therefore they resolved to rescue their comrade at the hazard of a fight. They advanced in full force upon the camp of LaSalle, who boldly went out to meet them, his men having blankets half rolled about their left arms as a shield against their enemies' arrows. The savages wavered; and having no stomach for an encounter upon a fair field in the glare of daylight, a parley ensued. They agreed to give back all except the coat, and to pay for that.

The bad name of the Foxes among their neighbors clung to them in later times: and Judge James Hall, drawing his conclusions from sources reviewed while preparing his volumes on the North American Indians, fitly characterizes them as "always [the] restless and discontented Ishmaelites of the lakes; their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." Of all

the Western Algonquin tribes they alone (and their immediate kinsman, the Kickapoos) were the solitary exception, in their irreconcilable enmity toward the French, who—barring the single instance during a brief interval of the French Colonial War, where twenty Foxes and thirty-three Sacs, influenced, probably, out of motives of plunder, or a personal regard for the Canadian traders who recruited them, assisted in the capture of Forts George and William Henry—had no permanent peace and never any alliance with them. The fur-trade with tribes along the upper Mississippi had no more than been fairly established, until the Foxes effectually blockaded its passage through their country by way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, by far the most feasible route, and compelled the *coureurs de bois* to take the more circuitous and difficult one around the south and western shore of Lake Superior.*

We have seen from official documents referred to in the chapter on the Kickapoos† that, in 1694, the Foxes, fearing the Sioux would come and seize their village, meditated a migration to the Wabash. Three years later, Aug. 29th, 1697, M. de la Motte Cadillac—illustrious for eminent services other than that of being the layer of the foundation of Fort Ponchartrain, in 1701, in the present city of Detroit—arrived at Montreal with several canoes of French traders, and a large delegation of Indians from the upper lakes, whose several tribes the intendant (as the French provincial governor was called) was trying to induce to cease their warfare upon each other, and join the French in a grand effort to break the power of the Iroquois, the dreaded enemy of all. Four days later, Cadillac repaired to Quebec with the principal chiefs, and appeared with them before the intendant, Count Frontenac. Among the deputation was a Fox, who, on behalf of

* In a lengthy resume of the occurrences in Canada in 1692-3 (and of which the whole of the Northwest was then a part), the crown is officially advised that "Le Sueur, another voyager [*coureur de bois* or trader], is to remain at Chagouamigon, and to endeavor to maintain the peace lately concluded between the Saulteurs [*i. e.*, the Ottawas and others living at the Sault de Sainte Marie] and the Scioux." "This is of the greatest consequence, as it is now the *sole pass* by which access can be had to the latter nation, whose trade is very profitable, the country to the south being occupied by the Foxes and the Masscoustins, who have already, several times, plundered the French under pretence that they were carrying ammunition to the Scioux, their ancient enemies. These frequent interruptions would have been punished ere this, had we not been occupied elsewhere."

† Page 117.

his tribe, addresses the intendant thus: "What shall I say to my father? I have come all naked to see him; I can give no assistance; the Sioux ties my arms; I kill him because he began; father, be not angry with me for doing so. I have come here only to hear you and execute your will." To which Count Frontenac replies: "Fox! I now speak to you. Your young men have no sense. You have a bad heart, and mine was beginning to be worse disposed than yours, had you not come to hear my word and do my will. I had resolved to send M. de la Motte [Cadillac] with a party of my young men on a visit to your village; and that would have been unfortunate, for, no doubt, your women and children would have been frightened by them. * * * I am not willing you should return home naked, as you would have probably done if you had not come to see me. * * * Here are some guns, powder, and ball that I give you. Make good use of them; not in killing your allies; not in killing buffalo or deer; but in killing the Iroquois, who is in much greater want of powder and iron [meaning guns, hatchets, knives, and other implements manufactured from this metal]. Remember, it is *war* alone that causes true men to be distinguished; and that it is *owing to war* that I, this day, know *you* by your name. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see the face of a warrior. Here is what I give you, and you can now depart as soon as you please." After the presents had been distributed, Frontenac added: "No more powder and iron will be conveyed to the Sioux; and if my young men [*i. e.*, subordinates, traders] carry any thither, I will punish them severely."*

The Fox and Sacs were blamed as being the principals who induced British traders to come up the lakes; and their hatred was the more inflamed toward the French because the latter, in 1701, erected a permanent garrison on the Detroit River in order,

* In the diplomacy of words, uttered to disguise rather than to express, the true sentiments of the speakers, the honors between the Indian and the Frenchman were even. There was no sincerity in either. Indeed, we are informed, further on in the document from which these speeches are taken, that Frontenac, expecting no peace with them, was merely talking to gain time to withdraw his traders out of the reach of the Foxes, having already resolved not to send any more goods to their country. The war with the Sioux was a circumstance from which the spokesman of the Foxes could frame a pretext for their declining to let their enemies nearer home, alone, to join in a war upon the Iroquois; and had there been no war at his cabin doors, the wiley speaker would have as readily framed some other excuse, for the conduct of his people, in its stead.

among other reasons, to shut those traders out. For several years after, their busy marauding bands infested the coast line of northern Ohio and eastern Michigan, from the Maumee to Lake Huron; intercepting the postal-route communication with "the Illinois country;" plundering French traders; and harassing the French settlement, then crystallizing about the fort at Detroit. Affairs went on at this rate for ten or eleven years, until 1712, when the Foxes and their brethren, the Kickapoos and emboldened Mascoutins, by the war between England and France, massed their warriors for the purpose of capturing Detroit and driving the French out of the country. And they would have succeeded but for the timely arrival of Indian allies, who hastened to the succor of the beleaguered garrison. What terrible retribution befell the aggressors in this attack is shown in that part of the French commander's report already quoted. Father Charlevoix, in his "History of New France",* says: "They [the Iroquois] had shortly before [1711] raised up against us a new enemy as brave as themselves, less politic, much fiercer, whom we have never been able to tame or subdue; and who, like those insects that seem to have as many lives as parts of their body, spring to life again, so to say, after their defeat, and reduced almost to a handful of brigands, appear everywhere, aroused the hatred of all the nations on this continent, and, for the last twenty-five years and more, have interrupted commerce, and rendered the roads almost impracticable for more than five hundred leagues around. These are the Outagamis, or commonly called the Foxes. * * * They had recently confederated with Iroquois, and had apparently, through them, just formed an alliance with the British. They had promised the latter to burn the fort of Detroit, to massacre all the French, and introduce British troops into the fort," etc. Charlevoix then describes the siege and its results, after which he says: "However, the Outagamis incensed rather than subdued by the severe loss sustained at Detroit in 1712, infested with robberies and filled with murders not only the neighborhood of *The Bay* [Green Bay], their natural territory, but almost all the routes communicating with the remote colonial posts, as well as those leading from Canada to Louisiana. Except the Sioux, who often joined them, and the

* We quote from this most extended and authentic history of the colonization of the French upon the North American continent ever published, and only recently (in 1871) translated into the English language by Prof. John Gilmary Shea, whose addition of copious foot-notes to the text has greatly enhanced its value.

Iroquois, with whom they had formed an alliance but who did not seem to help them, at least openly, all the nations in commerce with us suffered greatly from their hostilities; and there was reason to fear that, unless a remedy was promptly applied, most of them would make terms with these Indians to our detriment. This induced the Marquis de Vaudreuil [governor-general of New France] to propose to the neighboring tribes that they should join him in exterminating the common enemy. All consented, and the general raised a party of Frenchmen, assigning the command to Louvigny, who was then the king's lieutenant at Quebec. Many Indians joined this commandant on the route, and he soon found himself at the head of eight hundred men, firmly resolved not to lay down their arms as long as an Outagamie was left in Canada. All supposed that tribe on the brink of utter destruction; and the tribe itself judged so too, when it saw the storm gathering against it, and they only thought of selling their lives as dearly as possible."

We here leave off Charlevoix's account, and quote from M. de Louvigny's official report of the action, which, for the first time, appears printed in a late volume of the "Wisconsin Historical Collections".

On reaching the principal fortified town of the Foxes—a stronghold on Fox River, Wisconsin, and located, according to Judge Wm. H. Smith of that State, at *Butte des Morts*, or hill of the dead—a theory, too, that is supported by several traditions of the Foxes themselves; and, says Louvigny, "after three days of open trenches, sustained by a continuous fire of fusileers, with two pieces of cannon and a grenade mortar, they were reduced to ask for peace, although they had five hundred warriors in the fort, who fired briskly, and more than three thousand women; they also expected shortly a reinforcement of three hundred men. But the promptness with which my officers pushed forward the trenches that I had opened at only seventy yards from the fort, made the enemy fear, the third night, that they would be taken. As I was now only twenty-four yards from their fort, my aim was to reach their triple-oak stakes by a ditch of a foot and a-half in the rear. Perceiving very well that my balls had not the effect I anticipated, I decided to take the place at the first outset, and to explode two mines under their curtains. The boxes being in place for this purpose, I did not listen to the enemies' first proposition. They having made a second one, I submitted it to my allies, who consented to it on the conditions: that the Foxes and *their* allies would make peace with all Indians who are submissive to the king, and with whom the French are

engaged in trade. That they would return to me all the French prisoners that they have, and those captured during the war from all our allies (all which was complied with immediately). That they would take slaves from distant nations and deliver them to our allies to replace their dead. That they would hunt to pay the expenses of this war. And, as a security for keeping their word, they were required to deliver me six of their chiefs, or children of chiefs, as hostages, until the entire execution of our treaty; which they did, and I took them with me to Quebec."

Having already occupied more space than is allotted to the Fox and Sacs, we forbear further quotations from authorities and copies of official manuscripts at hand to show the troublesome relations between them and the French colonies for the following fifty years; but from these sources of information we summarize the statement that the Foxes and Sacs were far from being either subdued or exterminated; that, in 1718, they had gained a firm footing upon Rock River, Illinois; and four years later, without yielding their hold of the territory conquered in Wisconsin, they and the Kickapoos and Mascoutins had driven the last remnants of the Illinois tribes south beyond the Illinois, leaving nothing to check their raids along that river, and rendering communication between the lower-Mississippi settlements and those of Canada almost impracticable. Black Hawk says the Sacs and Foxes "were driven, by the combined forces of their enemies, to the Wisconsin. They remained there some time, until a party of their young men (who had descended Rock River to its mouth) returned and made a favorable report of the country; when they all descended Rock River,* drove the Kas-kas-kias from the country, and commenced the erection of a village [shortly above Rock Island] determined never to leave it; and at this village I was born," etc.

It may be inquired how the Foxes and Sacs repaired the incessant drain on their numbers caused by their constant wars east, west, and south against neighboring tribes, who always had the moral support and often the direct assistance of the French. Their polygamous practices would aid only in a degree; while the real explanation will be found in their custom—borrowed, perhaps, from their friends, the Iroquois—of adopting their prisoners of war, and incorporating them into their tribe, instead of killing

* In the Algonquin Usin-e [stony] See-be [river], meaning the rocky river, and designated on early French maps as "*Rivière de la Roch*", which has the same signification.

or making women [slaves] of them, as was the general rule among other Indians.*

Having taken no hand in the border wars that began westward of the Alleghany with the near close of the Revolutionary War, and ended with Gen. Wayne's victory over the confederated tribes at Maumee rapids in 1794, the Sacs and Foxes were not represented at the resulting treaty of Greenville the following year. Previous to this, they had subdued the Iowas, and incorporated them in their own tribe, and extended their domain up the Des Moines River in the present State of Iowa: thence northwestwardly, says Judge Hall, "beyond Council Bluffs and into the immense prairies periodically visited by the buffalo." They claimed the country for a distance on both sides of the Mississippi from Rock River up to Prairie-du-Chien, which included all the valuable mines of lead ore in that region. The principal village of the Foxes was at Dubuque's mine, some seventy-five miles below the former place. They had another at Rock-River rapids; while, on the east bank of the Mississippi, near the foot of the island (known as Rock Island), was a village of "Foxes and Sacs, living promiscuously together; it being (says Schoolcraft, writing in 1820) one of the largest and most populous Indian villages on the continent."

From these villages the Foxes and Sacs warred upon the nations to the west, particularly the Great and Little Osages, against whom they waged a contest that would have been one of extermination had not the United States authorities, through Gov. Wm. H. Harrison, interfered and put a stop to it. In 1811, when the Indian disturbances, egged on by Tecumthe and his followers, foreshadowed the war declared by the United States against Great Britain the following year, the Foxes and Sacs sent a committee of their chiefs to Washington City to offer the services of their tribe to President Madison; and when the war had actually begun, they sent a second delegation to St. Louis, and again tendered their warriors to the Government. While these offers were politely declined, as it was decided, at that time, not

* Wan-e-bea Na-mo-eta (Spinning Top), a Sac, whose village, in 1823, was upon the Pek-tan-non (meaning, in the Sac dialect, muddy), as the Peek-a-ton-o-kee River, a tributary of Rock River, was called by the Foxes and Sacs, stated to Maj. Long that in his estimate his tribe enumerated nearly* one thousand able-bodied and middle-aged men; that not more than two hundred of these were, in his opinion, of pure Sac extraction; while the others were principally of a foreign stock obtained in the way we have stated. *Vide* "Long's Expedition to the Source of the St. Peters River."

to employ such auxiliaries, the Foxes and Sacs were sorely puzzled to comprehend how a fight should be going on without their taking a hand in it. Divided councils ensued: a majority, mainly Foxes, remained neutral, while a brigade estimated at from two to four hundred, mostly Sacs, easily seduced by the presents and promises of Robt. Dickson,* went over to the British. They were commanded by the Sac chief, Ma-ka-tia-me-she Kia-kiak,—the Black Sparrow-Hawk, abbreviated, through common consent, to Black Hawk—whom Col. Dickson commissioned as a general in the military services of his king. From these circumstances this division of the Foxes and Sacs were afterward known as the "*British band*".

The writer has neither the space or desire now or here to narrate occurrences relating to the so-called Black-Hawk War of 1832. That war and the events that lead up to it are given by several authors, whose volumes are easily accessible to the inquiring reader.† At the conclusion of this war, the Foxes and Sacs,

* A subject of Great Britain, and a fur-trader, whose depot of supplies was at Prairie du Chien. For many years before, without warrant or authority, he trafficked within the acknowledged boundaries of the United States along the upper Mississippi, where, it seems, he was as industriously engaged, all the while, in distributing British flags and medals of King George III. among the Indians as he was in collecting peltries. This pernicious practice kept alive in their untutored breasts their love for their "British father across the big water", and fanned their hatred of the "Americans who had thrown him on his back." The seed of his teachings was all too ripe for the harvest when the war broke out. He visited all the tribes on the Mississippi and Illinois rivers and their tributaries, from Prairie du Chien to Green Bay; and, early in June, 1813, had collected, at the ruins of Fort Dearborn (now Chicago), a horde numbering nearly one thousand of the most cruel and abandoned desperadoes he could find. From Chicago he led them in separate bodies to Detroit and Malden, and turned them over to Gen. Proctor; and the latter sought in vain to find a gap in Gov. Harrison's lines through which he might hurl these fiends upon our border settlements. Instead of finding the promised cabins to burn, children to brain, and women to disembowel, they were confronted everywhere by *men* armed with guns and bayonets. A few months' campaigning against such implements of war, and their thirst for the blood of defenceless victims waned; they deserted in squads of from three to a score in number, and started back to their several countries, cursing, as they journeyed, the name of Dickson, who had so woefully deceived them.

† Brown's and Ford's "History of Illinois", Gale's "Upper Mississippi", and Dr. Benj. Drake's "Life of Black Hawk". The more rare, miscellane-

by the treaty made Sept. 21st, 1832, at Rock Island, ceded all their lands along the Mississippi, covering nearly the whole eastern half of Iowa and a large tract of country on the east side of that river not embraced in previous treaties; further agreeing to leave them and to quit hunting and fishing upon them after the June then next following. This treaty opened the door to a press of emigration, whose daily swelling volume quickly poured itself across the Mississippi into Iowa, and spread the newly-acquired domain with golden fields, fragrant orchards, happy cottage-homes, nestled amid shady groves, churches, and school-houses, and other evidences of the highest type of civilization. Still the hardy emigrant from the elder States* required more room; and by subsequent treaties, in 1837 and 1842, the Foxes and Sacs, and other tribes that may have claimed any title, the whole country to the Missouri River was given up to him. The sounding axe is again heard everywhere; everywhere is seen the straining team turning up the tough prairie-sod; and on March 3d. 1845, Iowa, said to mean in the Algonquin language, "*the beautiful land*", became a State, the fifteenth of the sisterhood admitted under the federal constitution.

After the treaty of 1842, the Mississippi bands of the Foxes and Sacs were placed on a reservation of 435,200 acres located on the Osage River; while the Missouri band was placed on the south side of Ne-ma-ha River, near the northeast corner of Kansas. They of the Kansas agency, in 1865, raised 7500 bushels of corn, and owned 1700 horses; and the estimated value of their personal effects was \$71,910. By the enumeration of their

ous and historical writings of Judge Jas. Hall; the statements of Col. Thos. Forsyth (preserved in Mrs. Kinzie's "Wau-bun", and who, for many years prior to 1830, was a trader or United States Indian agent among the Foxes and Sacs) contain many interesting facts, as does Black Hawk's account of his own life; while the publications of the Wisconsin Historical Society of Wisconsin abound with crude material upon the same subject. When the varient biases and prejudices of the respective writers shall have been eliminated from these and other sources of information, and a fair average of truth is formed from the residuum, it will show that the manner in which the treaty of 1804, for the cession of a large body of lands of the Foxes and Sacs east of the Mississippi, including Black Hawk's ancient village, was negotiated, reflects little credit for fair dealing on the part of the dominant race; while the manner in which the war was conducted, that arose out of conflicting constructions of this treaty, reflects still less upon their military fame.

* There was little of the foreign element in the early settlement of Iowa as compared with the native.

numbers taken the same year, there were 364 men and 441 women of the Mississippi band in Kansas, and only 44 men and 51 women of the Missouri band remaining on the Nemaha. If the census taker had gone further west out upon the great plains toward the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, he would, doubtless, have found many more, engaged there in hunting and fighting, the employment of men, instead of hoeing corn, a drudgery, according to their ethics, fit only to be endured by women.

Judge Hall, who enjoyed a long and extended personal acquaintance with this people, says: "The Foxes and Sacs are remarkable for the symmetry of their form and fine personal appearance. Few of the tribes resemble them in these particulars; still fewer equal their intrepidity. They are, physically and morally, among the most striking of their race. Their history abounds with daring and desperate adventures and romantic incidents far beyond the usual course of Indian exertion."

THE POTTAWATOMIES.

THIS people was one of the three subdivisions of the Ojibbeways, a numerous family of the Algonquin tribes, the other two members, and of whom it is not the present purpose to write, being the Chippeways, or Ojibbeways, who retained the family name, and the Ottaways. From causes, not here necessary to name, they early became separated; and, in the progress of time, the Chippeways extended themselves westward and south of Lake Superior to the eastward sources of the Upper Mississippi River. The Ottaways spread south to Grand River, in the State of Michigan, down the western extremity of Lake Erie, and for quite a distance up the Maumee River (one of the early names by which that stream was known was the Ottaway); while the Pottawatomies advanced by way of the islands at the entrance of Green Bay to the south into the country along the west shore of Lake Michigan. That these three tribes were originally one people is evidenced, says Mr. Schoolcraft, in that one of his journals entitled, "The Central Mississippi Valley," derives additional "weight from their general resemblance in person, manners, customs, and dress, but, above all, by their having one council-fire and speaking one language. Still there are obvious characteristics which will induce an observer, after a general acquaintance, to pronounce

the Pottawatomies tall, fierce, haughty; the Ottaways thick-set, good-natured, industrious; the Chippeways war-like, daring, etc. But the general lineaments, or to borrow a phrase from natural history, 'the suite features are identical.' Confirmatory of the above statement, we have the speeches of distinguished chiefs of each of the three sub-tribes, at the treaty of Chicago, August 29th, 1821, when the question of ownership of a large domain, south of Grand River, sought to be purchased, was under discussion. Kee-way-goosh-kum, a learned man among the Ottaways, said:

"The Chippeways, the Pottawatomies, and the Ottaways were *originally* one nation. We separated from each other near Michilimackinac. We were related by the ties of blood, language, and interest; but in the course of a long time these things have been forgotten."

After which Michel, an aged chief of the Chippeways, arose and, among other things, said:

"My Brethren—you have heard the man who has just spoken. We are all descended from the same stock, the Pottawatomies and the Chippeways. We consider ourselves as one. Why should we not always act in concert?"

Metea, the orator and historian of the Pottawatomies, and a chieftain renowned for his knowledge of the traditions of his tribe, gave his assent to these declarations in this language:

"Brothers, Chippeways and Ottaways, we consider ourselves as one people, which you know, as also does our father here (alluding to Gov. Lewis Cass, the principal commissioner in the negotiations of this treaty), who has travelled over our country."

The declaration of Metea carries more weight from the fact that his tribe alone had been the occupants of by far the greater portion of the territory about to be purchased, the Chippeways, so far as is known, never having lived upon it, while the Ottaways never resided upon but a small part of it, in common with the Pottawatomies, in the vicinity of Detroit and about the head of the Maumee Bay.*

* To the same effect was the speech of the Chippeway chief Mas-sass at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, who, as the journal of that council states, "arose and spoke in behalf of the *Three Fires*, the Ottaways, Chippeways, and Pottawatomies." In his speech he constantly alludes to the Ottaways, Chippeways, and Pottawatomies, as "We the Three Fires." Later on he is followed by the great Kesis (the sun), who lived upon the Wabash, a day's journey below old Fort Ouiatenon, and who said to Gen. Wayne:

"Elder Brother, if my old chiefs were living, I would not presume to speak in this assembly, but as they are dead, I now address you in the name of the

In the writings left by early French authors, the word Pottawatomes was spelled, as is the case with the names of other tribes, to suit the arbitrary tastes of the various authors. Some of the forms are Poutouatimi, Pouotatamis, Poutouamies, Poutewatamis, Pautawattamies, Poutteawatamies, Pottawattamies, and Poux. The tribe was divided into four clans: the golden-carp, the frog, the crab, and the tortoise.

Unlike the Illinois, Miamis, and several others, the Pottawatomes were not divided into separate tribes, but their different bands would separate and unite according to the abundance or scarcity of game, or the emergencies of war. The name Pottawatomie, in their own language signifies *we are making a fire*; and for the origin of which Joseph Barron, Gov. Harrison's Indian interpreter, related to Prof. W. H. Keating, at Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1824, this tradition: "A Miami, having wandered out from his cabin, met three Indians whose language was unintelligible to him; by signs and motions he invited them to follow him to his cabin, where they were hospitably entertained, and where they remained until dark. During the night, two of the strange Indians stole from the hut, while their comrade and the host were asleep. They took a few embers from the cabin, and placing these near the door of the hut, they made a fire, which, being afterward seen by the Miami and his remaining guest, was understood to imply a council-fire between the two nations. From this circumstance the Miami called them, in his language, Wa-ho-na-ha, or fire-makers, which, being translated into the other language, produced the term by which the Pottawatomes have ever since been distinguished, and the pronunciation of which, as spoken by themselves, is Po-ta-wa-to-me, in their language, *We are making a fire*.*

Pottawatomes, as Massas has spoken in the name of the Three Fires, of which we are one. * * * It is two years since I assisted at the treaty of Vincennes (referring to the treaty concluded at that place by Gen. Rufus Putnam, and the several Wabash River and Illinois tribes, Sept. 27th, 1792, nearly three instead of two years before the treaty at Greenville); my voice then represented the *Three Fires*."

* "Major Long's Expedition to the Sources of the St. Peter's River". Prof. Keating adds a foot-note to the effect that the above tradition was narrated to him by the Indian "agent's interpreter, Mr. Joseph Barron, a man whose long residence among the Indians, extensive acquaintance with their character, together with his unimpeachable veracity, confer much value upon all the information obtained from him." Joseph Barron for many years was the interpreter, friend, and constant companion of Gen. Harrison during all his

The first mention we find of the Pottawatomies is in the "Jesuit Relations" for the years 1639-40; where they are referred to as a tribe dwelling beyond the River St. Lawrence, and to the north of Lake Huron. Twenty-six or seven years later, in 1666, in the journal of Father Allouez, as preserved in the "Jesuit Relations", they are described as "a people whose country is about the lake of the Ill-i-mouek, a great lake that has not come to our knowledge, adjoining the lake of the Hurons and that of the Puants [Green Bay], between the east and the south." * "They are a warlike people, hunters and fishers. Their country is good for Indian-corn, of which they plant fields, and to which they repair to avoid the famines that are too frequent in these quarters. They are in the highest degree idolaters, attached to ridiculous fables, and devoted to polygamy. * * * Of all the people that I have associated with in these countries, they are the most docile and affectionate toward the French. Their wives and daughters are more reserved than those of other nations. They have a kind of civility among them, and make it quite apparent to strangers, which is very rare among our barbarians."

The Pottawatomies formed an early attachment to the French official career, as Governor of the Indiana Territory and Commander of the military forces of the Northwest, in the war of 1812, assisting, as interpreter, at all of the treaties conducted by Gov. Harrison, and acting as spy, guide, and confidential messenger in the many perilous movements of his principal, during these times of troublesome Indian difficulties. He was a native Frenchman, of Detroit, and died July 31, 1843, at the home of his son, on the Wabash, near Logansport, Indiana.

* In the "Relations", for the same year, Lake Michigan is again referred to as "Lake Ill-e-aouers," and "Lake Ill-i-ni-oues, as yet unexplored; * * and that the Fox Indians call it Match-i-bi-gan-ing." Father Hennepin, writing at a period some thirteen years later, in 1679, when its general coastline had become better ascertained, says: "The lake is called by the Indians Ill-i-nouck, and by the French Illinois, and adds in the same paragraph that 'it is called by the Miamis Misch-i-gon-ong, that is, the Great Lake.' Father Marest, in his letter written from Kaskaskia, Illinois, Nov. 9, 1712, and which has become famous on account of the valuable historical matter it contains, drops the *oug* (the place of) and contracts the word to *Michigan*, and is, perhaps, the first writer who ever spelled it in the way that has become universal. He naively says that "on the maps this lake has the name, without any authority, of the 'Lake of the Illinois,' since the Illinois do not dwell in its neighborhood." The name is derived from the two Algonquin words, *Michi* (Missi or Missi), which signifies great, as it does also several or many; and *Sagay-i-gan*, a lake.—*Vide* "Henry's Travels."

that remained unbroken through all the vicissitudes of good and bad fortune attendant upon their exploration and attempted holding of the great Northwest. This friendship was so uniform and reliable that the Pottawatomies figure much less in official documents than the Miamies, the Foxes, or other erratic tribes with whom the French had to do. Whatever speculations might arise as to what these latter might do, no concern was had as to the Pottawatomie; he was always ready to bloody his hatchet on the enemies of his Father's children, the French, be they white Britishers, or red natives of his own race. While Nicholas Perrot was on his way from Saulte de Ste. Mary to the head of Green Bay, in 1671, engaged in notifying the several nations to meet St. Lussou, the king's deputy at the former place, and hear the king's will, and give their assent to the act of taking formal possession of the country, the Pottawatomies supplied Perrot with an escort of their braves, as he passed one of their villages on the east shore of Green Bay, to ensure his safety, the route being considered dangerous on account of a threatened war between the Sioux and the Mascoutins. As Perrot approached the village of the Miamis, he sent forward a troop of young men from his escort to announce his arrival. The great Miami chief, Te-tin-choua, wished to "give the envoy of the general of the French a reception that would attest his own power. He sent out a detachment to meet him, giving it orders to receive him in military style. The detachment advanced in battle order, all the braves adorned with feathers, armed at all points, uttering war-cries, from time to time. The Pouteouatamis who escorted Perrot, seeing them come in this guise, prepared to receive them in the same manner, and Perrot put himself at their head. When the two troops were in face of each other, they stopped as if to take breath, then all at once Perrot's took the right, the Miamis the left, all running in Indian file, as though they wished to gain an advantage to charge. But the Miamis, wheeling in the form of an arc, the Pouteouatamis were invested on all sides. Then both uttered loud yells, which were the signal for a kind of a combat. The Miamis fired a volley from their guns, which were loaded only with powder, and the Pouteouatamis returned it in the same way; after this they closed, tomahawk in hand, all the blows being received on the tomahawk. Peace was then made; the Miamis presented the calumet to Perrot, and led him with all his escort into the chief town, where the great chief assigned him a guard of fifty men, and regaled him splendidly after the custom of the country."*

* Charlevoix's "New France."

Prior to 1670, the Pottawatomes had collected upon the islands in Lake Michigan lying westward of the Straits of Mackinac and on those near the entrance of Green Bay; dwelling there, as appears from a letter written that year by Father Claude Dablon from the mission of St. Francis Xavier, at Green Bay, "but as *strangers*, the fear of the Iroquois having driven them from their lands, which are between the Lake of the Hurons and that of the Illinois"; [*i.e.*, the Peninsula of Michigan.]

From these islands they advanced southward between the shores of Green Bay and Lake Michigan, populating both with their villages. Father Hennepin's narrative of La Salle's voyage mentions the fact, that, the year prior to LaSalle's coming westward, 1678, he had sent out a party of traders in advance: who, having bartered successfully with the Pottawatomes at the islands named, were anxiously waiting for La Salle at the time of his arrival there in the *Griffon*. The same author notes the further fact that LaSalle's party, as they coasted southward, traded at another village of the same tribe, situated, probably, at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, certainly not south of Milwaukee. When LaSalle reached the St. Josephs of Lake Michigan there were no Pottawatomes in that vicinity. Shortly after this time, 1678, they seem to have swarmed from their prolific hives on the islands named, and advanced southward to the head of the lake, from which, in time, they spread out like a great fan; their left extreme covering that part of the State of Michigan lying south of Grand River and a line drawn from its source to the mouth of Lake Huron; their right extending over that portion of Illinois lying north of the Kankakee and Illinois rivers, as far west as the territory claimed by the Winnebagoes and the Sacs and Foxes; while their front was pushed eastward into the country of the Miamis to the banks of the Wabash and the Maumee. Father Charlevoix who visited the localities in 1721 says, "the Pottawatomes possessed only one of the small islands at the mouth of Green Bay, but had two other villages, one on the St. Joseph * [of Lake Michigan] and the other at 'the Narrows'" [Detroit.]

Concerning the village near Detroit, and also some of the customs of its occupants, we have the following account, taken

* The Pottawatomie villages were on the west side of the river, in the near vicinity of Niles. Old Fort St. Joseph and the Jesuite Mission from which the stream and the fort were named, stood on the same shore, while the great Miami's town, for whom the river was originally called, was upon the opposite bank.

from an official "Memoir, prepared in 1718, on the Indians between Lake Erie and the Mississippi: "The port of Detroit is south [west] of the river. The village of the Pottawatomies adjoins the fort; they lodge partly under apaquois* which are made of mat-grass."

"The women do all the work. The men belonging to that nation are well clothed, like our domiciliated Indians at Montreal. Their entire occupation is hunting and dress. They make use of a great deal of vermilion, and in winter wear buffalo robes richly painted, and in summer either blue or red cloth. They play a good deal at LaCrosse† in summer, twenty or more on a side."

* *Uh-puh-quáy*, in the Ojebway dialect, meaning a mat for the floor or covering of a wigwam; made by plaiting or weaving reeds together, like a carpet. The cat-tail flag furnished a popular material for this purpose; and they were so skilfully fastened together by the women, who made them, that when new, the rain would "not penetrate them."—*Vide* Father Marest. The frame of the wigwam was made with poles fastened in the ground, in a circular form, the tops drawn together in a cone, and over these the mattings were placed.

† The Indian game of ball, or cricket, known among the Algonquin tribes by the name of *Bag-gat-i-way*, called by the Canadians *le jeu de la crosse*, (the game of the bat) from the bat used in the play. It was popular among the aborigines as base-ball is with the whites at the present day, and is still played among them substantially as described nearly two centuries ago by the author quoted in the text. George Catlin, the great Indian portrait painter, in his interesting and finely illustrated "History of the North American Indians," says, "I made it an uniform rule while in the Indian country to attend every ball-play I could hear of, if I could do it by riding a distance of twenty or thirty miles. * * * It is no uncommon occurrence for six or eight hundred or a thousand young men to engage in a game of ball, with more than that number of spectators—men, women, and children—surrounding the ground and looking on. * * * In the game every player is dressed alike, that is, *divested* of all dress, except the girdle, etc. And in the desperate struggles for the ball when it is *up*, where hundreds are running together and leaping, actually over each others head, and darting between their adversaries legs, tripping and throwing, and foiling each other in every possible manner, and every voice raised to the highest key, in shrill yelps and barks, there are rapid successions of feats and of incidents, that astonish and amaze far beyond the conception of any one who has not had the singular good luck to witness them." In Pontiac's war, the capture of the British garrison at Mackinac was assigned to the Ojebways, who effected an entrance to the fort through the stratagem of a game of bag-gat-i-way. Notice was

“Their bat is a sort of a little racket,* and the ball with which they play is made of very heavy wood, somewhat larger than the balls used at tennis. They are entirely naked except a breech cloth, and moccasins on their feet. Their bodies are completely painted with all sorts of colors. Some, with white clay, trace white lace on their bodies, as if on all the seams of a coat, and, at a distance, it would be taken for silver lace. They play very deep and often the bets sometimes amounting to more than eight hundred livres. They set up two poles, and commence the game from the centre; one party propels the ball from one side, and the others from the opposite; and whichever reaches the goal wins. It is a fine recreation well worth seeing. They often play village against village. The Poux [a nickname for the Pottawatomies] against the Ottawas, or Hurons, and at heavy stakes. Sometimes the French join in the game with them.

“The women cultivate Indian-corn, beans, squashes, and melons, which come up very fine. The women and girls dance at night. They adorn themselves considerably: grease their hair, paint their faces with vermilion, put on a white chemise, wear whatever wampum they possess, and are very tidy in their way. They dance to the sound of the drum and *si-si-quoi*, which is a sort of gourd containing some grains of shot. Four or five young men sing and beat time with the drum and rattle, and the women keep time, and do not lose a step. It is very interesting, and lasts almost the entire night.”

“The old men often dance the medicine. [The medicine or sorcerer’s dance.] They resemble a set of demons; and all this takes place during the night. The young men often dance in a circle, and strike posts. It is then they recount their achievements, and dance, at the same time, the war-dance; and whenever they act thus they are highly ornamented. It is altogether

given that on King George’s birthday, June 4, 1763, the Chippewas would play against the Sacs for a high wager. And when the excitement of the game was at its height, the ball, as if by chance, was thrown over the palisade; the players, as if only eagerly intent on the game, rushed, pell-mell, by the unsuspecting soldiers, through the open gate, and, dropping their bats, seized the knives and tomahawks concealed under the blankets of their squaws, who were already within the fort, and at once, says Alexander Henry, an eye-witness, “began cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found.”—*Idem* Henry’s “Travels and Adventures in Canada.”

* The sticks are bent into an oblong hoop at the end, with a sort of sleight web of small thongs tied across to prevent the ball from passing through.

—CATLIN.

very curious. They often perform these things for tobacco. When they go hunting, which is every fall, they carry their apauois with them, to hut under at night. Everybody follows—men, women, and children. They winter in the forest and return in the spring.”

In all the broils, growing out of the bitter competition for the fur-trade, between French and British adventurers, and in the intrigues of the respective executives of New France and the British colonies to win over the Indian tribes, or incite them to acts of hostility against the other, and in which neither the French nor the British ever once consulted the welfare of the Indians themselves, the Pottawatomies maintained an unswerving alliance with the French. When these troubles in the American provinces, with many years of accumulated grievances, at length provoked a formal declaration of hostilities between France and Great Britain, and the French Colonial War was begun, the Pottawatomies fought it through to the end under the flag of their old friends. After the Northwest, with its military establishments, was turned over to the victor, they were ready to join the chief (and their own kinsman), Pontiac, in his bold attempt to capture these posts and drive the British from the country.* Fort St. Joseph being in the country of the Pottawatomies, it was given over for them to take. Ensign Schlosser was in command at the time, with only fourteen soldiers to support him. He was confronted on the 25th of May, 1763, by a horde of Pottawato-

* Pontiac was the great chief of the Ottawas. “His plans were matured, and late in 1762, his messengers carried black wampum belts and red tomahawks”—ensigns of war—“to the villages of the Ottawas, Ojibwas, Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, Menomonies, Illinois, Miamis, Shawnees, Delawares, Wayandots [Hurons], Senecas,” etc. On a certain day, in the next year, said the messengers, all the tribes were to rise, seize all the British posts and at once attack the whole British border.”—*Ibid* “Western Annals.” Accordingly, the several forts were nearly simultaneously attacked. Fort St. Joseph, on the river of that name in Michigan; Fort Ouatanon, on the Wabash, near La Fayette, Indiana; Miamis, at Ft. Wayne, in the same State; Sandusky, near the city of the same name in Ohio; Presque Isle, at Erie, Penn.; Forts Le Bœuf and Venango, on the water route between Erie and Pittsburg; and Fort Mackinac, as stated in a previous note, were all surprised and captured. The forces at the Saulte de Ste. Mary, at the outlet of Lake Superior, had been withdrawn and were among the massacred at Mackinac; while the garrison at Green Bay, through the conciliatory and brave conduct of their commanding officer, Lieut. James Gorrell, escaped to a place of safety; leaving both these places to fall into the hands of the enemy. Only three of the

mies from Detroit, ostensibly on a friendly visit to their kinsman living on the St. Joseph. The commandant was apprised that the fort was surrounded by hostile Indians. At this, Schlosser ran out of his apartment, and crossed the parade grounds, which were full of Canadians and Indians. He entered the barracks, and these were also crowded with disorderly and insolent savages. He called his sergeant to get the soldiers under arms: and, hurrying back again to the parade, endeavored to muster the unwilling Canadians. All at once a wild cry came from within the barracks, when the Indians in the fort rushed to the gate, where they killed the sentinel, and opened the gate for ingress to their friends without. In less than two minutes, as the officer declares, the fort was plundered, eleven men were killed, and himself, with the three survivors, made prisoners and bound fast.*

In the border troubles preceding the Revolutionary War: during the latter contest, and throughout the Indian difficulties that followed it, down to the close of Gen. Wayne's successful campaign against the confederated Indian tribes in 1794, war-parties of the Pottawatomies made frequent and destructive raids along the lines of the settlements in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. However, those of this tribe living upon the Wabash and in near communication with Vincennes, were much less annoying in this regard: and several of their chiefs and bands manifested an early friendship for the Americans, whom they called their brother, the *Big-Knife*.†

thirteen posts were saved. Forts Detroit and Pitt, after withstanding severe sieges, were relieved by forces timely sent to their succor; while the remaining one, Fort Niagara, at the mouth of Niagara River, was assailed by the Senecas, who shortly, after abandoned the attempt, fearing the hostility of the other tribes of their own nation, the Iroquois, whose sympathies were always with the British.

* *Vide* Parkmen's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," from which the foregoing details are taken: Ensign John Joseph Schlosser, a native German, capt.-lieut. 60 Reg't Royal Americans, May 12, 1750; capt. July 20, 1758; at the siege of Ft. Niagara in 1759; after its surrender, commanded a post on American side of the river about a mile above the Falls and below the mouth of Gill Creek, which, in honor of him, has since borne the name of "Old Fort Schlosser." In command of and taken prisoner at Ft. St. Joseph, Michigan, May 25, 1763; taken to Detroit shortly after, and exchanged; was serving with same regiment at Philadelphia in 1772.—"Army Lists"; "Penn. Archives"; "Parkman's Pontiac"; Military Map of Niagara frontier in Wm. James' (British) "Account of Occurrences of the Late War (of 1812) between Great Britain and the United States."

† The Virginians, Kentuckians, and other early border-men usually carried

They were greatly influenced, for a while, by the schemes of Tecumthe and his brother, the Prophet, in a much less prolonged degree, however, than the Kickapoos and several of the other tribes; and a fair representation of their warriors took part in the battle of Tippecanoe.*

very large knives, and Gen. Geo. Rogers Clark's campaigners were notably equipped in this way. From this circumstance the Western hunters and fighters were called, in the Miami-Illini dialect, *She-mol-sea*, meaning the big-knife. At a later day, the same name under the Chippewayan word *Che-mo-ko-mon* was extended by kindred tribes to the white people generally—always excepting the Englishmen proper, whom they called the "*Sag-e-nash*", and the New Englanders, whom they styled "*Bos-to-ne-ly*", i. e., the Bostonians. The term is derived from the Miami word, *Mal-shea*, or *Mol-sea*, a knife, or the Ojebway *Moo-ko-man*, which means the same thing; while the prefix *she* or *che* seems to emphasize the character of the instrument as a huge or long knife. Such is the origin of the expression "long-knives" and "big-knife", frequently met with in Indian discourses, and in books where Indian characters appear.

* Wa-bun-see, *The Looking-glass*, principal war-chief of the prairie band of Pottawatomies, residing on the Kankakee River in Illinois, distinguished himself, the last of October, 1811, by leaping aboard of one of Gov. Harrison's supply boats, loaded with corn, as it was ascending the Wabash, five miles above Terre Haute, and killing a man, and making his escape ashore without injury.—Official letter of Gov. Harrison; Reynolds' "My Own Times." This chief's name is notably connected with the massacre at Chicago. While he approved and participated in the deed, through the stronger regards of personal friendship, he tried to save the wounded and heroic Capt. Wm. Wells from a pursuing savage of his own nation by whom the death-stab was given; and he was one of the five Indians who stood at the door of Kinzie's house, at the peril of their lives, guarding its inmates from a terrible fate that would have surely followed but for their timely intervention. He and his band were embraced in the treaty of peace concluded at Greenville, July 22, 1814; and ever after were on terms of friendship with the people of the United States. In the so-called Black-Hawk War of 1832, he and his warriors volunteered their services to the whites, and campaigned and fought by the side of the Illinois militia. The chief bore conspicuous parts in the several treaties conducted at Chicago, and was well known and is still remembered by many of its early citizens. In 1836, his people, having ceded all their lands in Indiana and Illinois, he went with them to their reservation near Council Bluffs. A fine portrait of him is preserved in the Indian gallery at Washington. A copy of it would be appropriate in the collections of the Historical Society of the great city of the West, whose aboriginal reminiscences this society, besides a wide field of other meritable labor, is engaged in gathering and storing for future reference.

The official letters of the governors of the Indiana and Illinois Territories; the current news items of the day, published in the *Vincennes Sun*, the *Missouri Gazette* at St. Louis, and Niles' *Weekly Register* at Washington, sufficiently illustrate the threatening attitude of the Pottawatomies (along with other tribes) before and subsequent to the collision of arms at the Prophet's Town; and show that subjects of Great Britain, or from its Province of Canada, engaged in the Indian trade within our borders, were but so many busy and influential agents in supplying the Indians with munitions of war, and stirring up a discontent among them that would burst into aggressive hostility as soon as war should be declared between the two powers. And when the war was declared, the Pottawatomies went over to the standard of Great Britain in a body. Their first blood was that of innocent victims, mingled with the slaughter of a body of brave soldiers, whose too-confiding officer, against the admonitions of those better acquainted with the treacherous ways of Indians, left the fortress and exposed his men, and the women and children under his care to their savage fury. The horrors of the massacre at Chicago, August 15, 1812, have been so often told and published in so many books, as to render their repetition wholly unnecessary here. It was Pottawatomies (assisted probably by a few Winnebaoges) who did it; and their several bands from the Illinois and Kankakee rivers; from the St. Joseph of the Lake, and the St. Joseph of the Maumee, and those of the Wabash and its tributaries were all represented in the despicable act.*

Their hostility ceased with the war of 1812, after which their relations were uniformly peaceable; and they endured the many impositions and grievances put upon them by not a few of their unprincipled and unfeeling white neighbors, with a forbearance that ought to have aroused public sympathy.

* The statement in the text as to the participants in the Chicago massacre, is given in harmony with all contemporaneous and subsequent accounts, the single exception being the version of Walter Jordan, who (in a letter to his wife, dated at Ft. Wayne, Oct. 19, 1812, and which appeared in Niles' *Weekly Register* for May 8, 1813) says the retreating garrison "were attacked by 600 Kickapoo and Wynabago Indians." He is as clearly mistaken in this as he is in several other statements in his letter. He says Capt. Wells had with him *one hundred* confute [Miami] Indians, and that these *joined* the enemy. Capt. Heald, the commanding officer, says Wells had about thirty Miamis, a part of whom were placed in front, while the remainder brought up in the rear as an escort; and that they refused assistance when the fight came on. Samuel R. Brown, in his valuable history, published in 1815, concurs; while Mrs. John H. Kinzie (in "Wau-Bun"), drawing her material from several

After their migration from the islands near the outflow of Green Bay southward, they seem to have multiplied with wonderful fecundity. The time of this movement is not definitely known. Their advance line had reached the St. Joseph as early, probably, as the year 1700. The same writer whose description of the Pottawatomies of the village at Detroit in 1718 we have quoted, says they came from the St. Joseph River, their former residence. They were the most populous tribe between the lakes and the Ohio, the Wabash and the Mississippi; they claimed Southeastern Wisconsin from long occupation, and crowded themselves into the ancient territory of the Miamis, "their younger brothers," in Southern Michigan and Northwestern Indiana, taking possession through sheer force of superior numbers, rather than by gage of battle. Always on friendly terms with the Kickapoos, with whom they frequently lived in mixed villages, they joined the latter and the Sacs and Foxes in the exterminating war upon the Illinois tribes, and afterward obtained their allotment of the despoiled domain. By other tribes the Pottawatomies were called "squatters", charged with never having had any lands of their own, and being mere intruders upon the prior estates of others. "They were foremost at all treaties where lands were to be ceded, clamoring for a lion's share of the presents and annuities, particularly where these last was the price paid for the sale of others' lands rather than their own."* Between the years 1789 and 1837, they, by themselves, or in connection with other tribes, made no less than thirty-eight treaties with the United States, all of which, excepting two or three, which were treaties of peace only, were for alienations of lands claimed wholly by them or in common with other tribes. These cessions embraced territory extending from Cleveland, Ohio, westward to the Mississippi; portions of Wisconsin and Michigan east of Green Bay and south of Mil-

eye-witnesses, and whose opportunities for acquiring the details in all their *minutiae* were better, perhaps, than those of any other person who has ever written on the subject, says: Capt. Wells had only fifteen Miamis, who fled at the outset; and that their chief "rode up to the Pottawatomies and said: 'You have deceived the Americans and us. You have done a bad action and (brandishing his tomahawk) I will be the first to head a party of Americans to return and punish your treachery.' So saying, he galloped after companions who were now scouring across the prairies." Mr. Jordan says he went from Ft. Wayne to Chicago with Capt. Wells, was taken prisoner, and made his escape. His whole letter is colored with exaggeration, and those parts of it that stand contradicted by writers more competent than he to know the facts, are not to be relied on.

* Schoolcraft's "Central Mississippi Valley."

waukee; the mouth of Grand River and the south end of Lake Huron; and covering a large part of the valleys of the Illinois, the Wabash, the Maumee, and their tributary waters. Contemporaneous maps and government surveys display their numerous villages, and indicate their many reservations throughout this vast area of country.*

The Indians themselves were not blind to the ultimate result of the relentless demands of the white people for more and more of their lands. On several occasions when they confronted the agents of the general government, who had invited them to council for the purpose of buying still another part of their possessions, they protested, as best they could, against making further sales. A notable instance of this occurred at the treaty concluded Aug. 29, 1821, at Chicago, Ill., with the Pottawatomie, Ottawa, and Chippeway tribes. By this treaty the United States proposed to extinguish the Indian title to, substantially, all that country lying south of Grand River, from its source to its mouth; and east of Lake Michigan, between its southern extremity and Grand River; bounded on the south by a line drawn from the south end of the lake east, through Northern Indiana, to the

* Besides the villages already referred to in this volume, the Pottawatomies had others of historical interest, namely: a large settlement on the "Mil-le-wac-kie" (as they called the Milwaukee) River; on the "Schip-i-co-ten", or Root River, at the confluence of which with the lake is the city of Racine; at "Wah-kuh-e-gun" (the fort), or Waukegan; a scattering village upon both the north and south branches of the "Chicago", the name of the stream signifying a skunk in its primary, and a wild onion in its secondary sense; others, on the "She-shick-ma-o-shi-ke" (the tree from which the water flows), or the River des Plaines, from French-Canadian word *Plaine* or *Plein*, meaning a variety of maple growing along its borders; and still other towns upon the *DuPage*, so called from a Frenchman who formerly lived and died on its banks, and the Pottawatomie name for which was "O-to-ka-ke-nog" (the uncovered breast). Westward of these was the village of "Shaw-way-ne-be-nay" (contracted to Shab-eh-nay and Shau-be-nay), at "As-sim-in-eh-kon", or Pawpaw Grove. On the Illinois River and its northern tributaries above Peoria were still others; among them *Como* or *Gomo's* town, near the head of the lake; "Wabunsee's", or "Wau-pon-eh-see", near the mouth of "Pish-ta-ka", or "Poish-tah-te-koosh" (antelope), as the Natives called the Fox River of the Illinois; while "Muck-e-te-po-kee's" (the black partridge) town was near the mouth of the "Au Sable" (French for Sandy Creek), three miles below the junction of the des Plaines and the Kankakee. Higher up the last-named river, some twenty miles, stood the town of the notorious "Main-poc", "Mai-pock", or "Mai-po", as his name is variously spelled. At the mouth of Rock Creek,

mouth of the Au Glaze River at Defiance, Ohio, and thence north by the west boundary-line of a previous cession to the source of Grand River in Michigan. As the proceedings of this treaty fairly illustrate the manner in which such affairs are conducted, a portion of them are given here, as taken down at the time by Hon. Henry R. Schoolcraft, who was officially connected with the commission, and preserved in one of the more scarce volumes of his several narrative journals.*

"Aug. 14, 1821. * * * On crossing the Desplaines, we found the opposite shore thronged with Indians, whose loud and obtrusive salutations caused us to make a few moments' halt. From this point we were scarcely ever out of sight of straggling parties, all proceeding to the same place. Most commonly they were mounted on horses, and apparelled in their best manner, decorated with medals, silver bands, and feathers. The gaudy and showy dresses of these troops of Indians, with the jingling caused by the striking of their ornaments, and their spirited manner of riding, created a scene as novel as it was interesting. Proceeding from all parts of a very extensive circle of country,

at Kankakee City, and Yellow-Heads Point, a few miles north of Momence, were the respective villages of "Shaw-waw-nay-see" (the Shawnee); "She-mar-ger" (the soldier); and "Min-ne-mung" (the yellow head). The latter's sister was the wife of Billy Caldwell, whose name is so intimately connected with early Chicago.—*Vide* paper by the Hon. Wm. Hickling, published in No. 10 of the FERGUS HISTORICAL SERIES. Reservations at the three last-named villages were secured to the above presiding chiefs by the Treaty of Camp Tippecanoe, held near Logansport, Ind., October 20, 1832; and, with other reserves in those neighborhoods, were surveyed off in the presence of the beneficiaries and Gen. Tipton, Indian agent, by the writer's father, Major Dan. W. Beckwith, U. S. Deputy Surveyor, in May, 1834.

More numerous and populous villages of the Pottawatomies were in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, on the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo (these Indians called it *Kek-a-la-ma-zoo*, signifying a "boiling pot"), and the several streams flowing into the Detroit River and Maumee Bay, between Detroit and Toledo. Of these may be named that of "To-pen-ne-bee", their great hereditary chief, at "Parc aux Vaches" (the cow-pen), as the Canadian-French traders facetiously nick-named the vicinity of old Fort St. Joseph; "Chip-pe-outi-pé", at South Bend; and the villages of the Five Medals and "Wap-peme-me" (the white pigeon), higher up the river. North and westward of the Wabash were others; "Chit-cha-kos" on the Tippecanoe, and "Chip-poy", twenty-five miles below the mouth of the latter stream. Others might be named, but enough have been given to illustrate the assertion of the text.

* His "Travels, etc., in the Central Mississippi Valley."

like rays converging to a *focus*, the nearer we approached, the more compact and concentrated the body became; and we found our cavalcade rapidly augmented. Consequently, the dust, confusion, and noise increased at every by-path that intersected our way. After crossing the south-fork of the Chicago, and emerging from the forest that skirts it, nearly the whole number of those who had preceded us appeared on the extensive and level plain that stretches along the shore of the lake, while the refreshing and noble spectacle of the lake itself, with 'vast and sullen swell', appeared beyond. We found, on reaching the post, that between two and three thousand Indians were assembled—chiefly Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Chippeways. Many arrived on the following days; and provisions were daily issued by the Indian department, to about three thousand, daily, during the treaty. To accommodate the large assemblage mentioned, an open bower, provided with seats for the principal chiefs and headmen, had been put up on the green, extending along the north bank of Chicago Creek. [Near the old John Kinzie house.] This site, being at some distance from the principal encampments, and directly under the guns of the fort, ensured both safety and order for the occasion. The formalities which custom has prescribed in negotiations of this kind, occupied the first two or three days after our arrival, during which the number of Indians was constantly augmenting. It was not until the 17th that they were formally met in council, when Governor [Lewis] Cass, on behalf of the commissioners [Solomon Sibley was then the associate-commissioner], stated to them the following proposition:—

"Your father [referring to the president of the United States] has observed that you possess an extensive country about the St. Joseph, which you do not cultivate nor appear to want. He has instructed us to come here for the purpose of making a purchase of a part of that land, and to pay you a liberal price for it, which we shall agree upon. The quantity of game you now kill in that part of the country is very little—almost nothing: and we can give you for it that which will be more valuable and serviceable to yourselves. We have brought with us a large amount of goods to be distributed among you; and we shall also stipulate to pay you a certain sum of money annually. It was agreed by the Treaty of St. Marys to pay you an annuity of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, and by the Treaty of ———, one thousand dollars; both of which sums of money are now here and ready to be paid to you.* Should we conclude an agreement for the

* The St. Marys referred to was a stockade erected in 1794 by Gen. Wayne as a depot for his military supplies, at the Portage of the St. Marys' River,

purchase of the lands on the St. Joseph, we feel willing that such reservations shall be made as may be proper. It will be many years before the country will be settled by the Americans; during all that time you will retain possession of the lands, at the same time that you are drawing your annuities for them. * * * You can take time to consider the proposition we have now made. Counsel among yourselves, and deliver your answer as soon as you can agree. Above all, let me entreat you to refrain from whisky during the treaty, that you may be able to see justice done to yourselves. * * *

Each sentence, being distinctly translated, was received with a *Ho-ah!*—a term that on these occasions merely indicates attention. The interjection (subjoins Mr. Schoolcraft in a foot-note), when strongly emphasized and responded by many voices, also denotes approbation—and is nearly equivalent to our “hear him!” and it is an easy matter to perceive by the *manner* of its enunciation whether the matter spoken excites pleasure, indifference, or disapprobation.

A short pause ensued, during which the customary presents were issued, when Me-te-a, a Pottawatomie chief from the Wabash,* made the following laconic reply:—

“MY FATHER:—We have listened to what you have said. We will now return to our camps and consult upon it. You will hear nothing more from us at present.”

The council being again convened on the 19th, the same Pot-

Mercer Co., Ohio; and last commanded by Capt. John Whistler, who successively commanded at Forts St. Mary, Wayne, and old Fort Dearborn at Chicago; the latter he built in 1803.

The blank space in Gen. Cass' address before the words “one thousand dollars”, should be supplied by inserting the “Treaty of Edwardsville”, Ill., Aug. 24, 1816, by which the United States, for the purpose of controlling the *water communication*, since improved as the “Illinois and Michigan Canal”, purchased from the united Pottawatomie, Ottawa, and Chippeway tribes, “residing on the Illinois and Milwaukee rivers and their waters, and the southwestern parts of Lake Michigan”, a strip of land ten miles wide on both sides of *the same*, and extending from the mouth of Fox River at Ottawa, Ill., easterly to the confluence of Chicago Creek with Lake Michigan.

* Mus-qua Was-e-peo-tan (the old town of Redwood or Cedar Creek), of which Me-te-a was presiding war and civil chief, was situated near the confluence of that stream with the St. Joseph of the Maumee, some nine miles northeast of Ft. Wayne, Ind.—“Long's Second Expedition”; other accounts; and contemporaneous maps, etc.

awatomie was delegated by the three tribes to deliver their reply to Gen. Cass' speech. Me-te-a arose and said:—

“My Father:—We meet you here today, because we had promised it, to tell you our mind and what we have agreed among ourselves. You will listen to us with a good mind, and believe what we say. My father, you know that we first came to this country a long time ago, and sat ourselves down upon it; we met with a great many hardships and difficulties [referring to their wars with its former occupants]. Our country was then very large; but it has dwindled away to a small spot; and you wish to purchase *that!* This has caused us to reflect much upon what you have told us; and we have, therefore, brought along all the chiefs and warriors, and the young men, and women, and children of our tribe, that one part may not do what the others object to; and that all may be witnesses of what is going forward.

“My Father:—You know your children. Since you first came among them,* they have always hearkened to your councils. Whenever you have had a proposal to make us—whenever you have had a favor to ask of us, we have always lent a favorable ear; and our invariable answer has been ‘Yes.’ This you know.

“My Father:—A long time has passed since we first came upon our lands; and our old people have all sunk into their graves. *They* had sense. *We* are all young and *foolish*, and do not wish to do anything that they would not approve, were they living. We are fearful we shall offend *their* spirits if we *sell* our lands; and we are fearful we shall offend *you* if we *don't* sell them. This has caused us great perplexity of thought, because we have counselled among ourselves, and do not know how we can part with the land. My Father:—Our country was given us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon; to make our corn-fields upon; to live upon; and to make down our beds upon when we die. And he would never forgive us, should we now bargain it away. When you first spoke to us for lands at St. Marys,† we said we had a little, and agreed to sell you a piece of

* Gen. Cass had been in charge of government affairs over these tribes for many years, and acquired an extensive acquaintance; had conducted a number of treaties with them; and was highly esteemed by them for his uniformly kind and honorable treatment in all official and social relations with them.

† At St. Marys, Ohio, mentioned in a previous note, where, Oct. 2, 1818, Gen. Cass, with Jonathan Jennings and Capt. Benj. Park of Indiana, concluded a treaty with the Pottawatomie tribe for the purchase of a large tract

it; but we told you we could spare no more. Now you ask us *again!* You are never satisfied!

“My Father:—We have sold you a great tract of land* already; but it is not enough! We sold it to you for the benefit of your children, to farm and to live upon. We have now but little left; and we shall want it for ourselves. We know not how long we may live, and we wish to have some lands for our children to hunt upon. You are gradually taking away our hunting-grounds. Your children are driving us before them. We are growing uneasy. What lands you have you may retain forever; but we shall sell no more.

“My Father:—You think, perhaps, that I speak in anger; but my heart is good toward you. I speak like one of your children. I am an Indian—a red-skin, and live by hunting and fishing. My country is already too small; and I do not know how to bring up my children if I give it all away. We sold you a fine tract of land at St. Marys.† We said then to you, it was enough to satisfy your children, and the last we would sell; and we thought it would be the last you would ask for.

“My Father:—We have now told you what we had to say. It was determined on in council among ourselves; and what I have spoken is the voice of my nation. On this account all of our people have come here to listen to me; but do not think we have a bad opinion of you. Where should we get a bad opinion of you? We speak to you with a good heart and the feelings of a friend.

“My Father:—You are acquainted with this piece of land—the country we live in.‡ Shall we give it up? Take notice, it is

of country lying in Central-western Indiana and Eastern Illinois, fronting on the Wabash from the mouth of the Tippecanoe to the mouth of the Vermilion, and extending westward to a line drawn as nearly parallel with the Wabash as practicable, so as to strike the two latter streams twenty-five miles from their respective confluence with the Wabash; and now embraced in parts of Tippecanoe, White, Benton, all of Warren, the north half of Vermilion counties in Indiana, and the greater portion of Vermilion County in Illinois.

* Referring to the several other treaties at which extensive tracts of land claimed by them had been ceded.

† Me-te-a participated at the Treaty of St. Marys, and his name appears among the signers of the treaty.

‡ Through the war of 1812, and during his long relations as governor of Michigan Territory, and at the head of the Western Indian Department, there was, perhaps, no one better acquainted with this suburb country in question than Gen. Cass.

a small piece of land, and if we give it up, what will become of us? The Great Spirit, who has provided it for our use, allows us to keep it to bring up our young men and support our families. We shall incur his anger if we barter it away. If we had more land, you should get more; but our land has been wasting away ever since the white people became our neighbors, until now we have hardly enough left to cover the bones of our tribe.

“My Father:—You are in the midst of your red children. What is due to us in money, we wish and will receive it at this place.*

“My Father:—We all shake hands with you.† Behold our warriors, our women and children. Take pity on us and on our words.”

Mr. Schoolcraft says in a note at this place: “I wish it to be distinctly understood, that in my reports of these speeches I have adhered, literally, to the spirit *and* form of expression of the interpreters, and have seldom ventured to change the particular phraseology. This will be apparent on perusal, and will account for the familiar cast of many of the sentences. Authenticity was deemed a paramount object, and to the attainment of this, I have sacrificed all attempt at ornament or embellishment. By this course, undoubtedly, great injustice is done to the spirit of the original; but it must be recollected that it is not the original, but the verbal interpretation that I have undertaken to preserve.” The foot-notes of the writer to Me-te-a’s speech, are supplied to give clearness to passages or allusions that, to the reader of today, might otherwise seem vague or lacking in force. Considered as a categorical reply to Gen. Cass’ address, and as a résumé of the relations of the white people toward the red man on the North American Continent, particularly the tribes in question, involving the ultimate destruction of the latter, as the inexorable result of the contact; the speech of Me-te-a, mangled as it was and shorn of its strength and imagery in rendering it into English, is logical, persuasive, pithy, and to the point; and shows that this uneducated savage, like many others of his race, possessed a capacity of mind and gifts of oratory not inferior to those of the white people.‡

* By the terms of the treaty at Edwardsville, the annuity was to be paid at some place on the Illinois River not lower down than Peoria; while the moneys agreed to be given yearly, under the provisions of the Treaty of St. Marys, were to be paid half at Detroit and the residue at Chicago. Me-te-a accepts Gen. Cass’ offer to receive it at Chicago, instead.

† “A figurative expression”, says Schoolcraft, “much used.”

‡ Chicago was familiar ground to Me-te-a, and his hands were stained with

The Pottawatomies were among the last to close out their reservations and retire beyond the Mississippi. They were loth to give up their old homes; and for years mingled on friendly terms with the early white settlers. The final emigration from the Wabash and St. Joseph was deferred until 1838. Coercive measures were required in the removal of the bands from the latter river. The Kankakee and some of the other Illinois bands, as stated in a former foot-note, went westward some two years before.

In 1846, the scattered families of the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Chippeways were united to be thereafter known as the *Pottawatomic Nation*. For \$850,000, to be paid them by the United States, they released all claims to their several reservations in Iowa, Missouri, or in any other place whatever. In lieu of \$87,000 of the above sum, they took 576,000 acres of land of the general government, situated on both sides of the Kansas River, Topeka, Kansas, being very nearly in the centre of the tract. While Kansas was going through its territorial stages, the so-called "squatter sovereigns" intruded upon these lands, sold the Pottawatomies whisky and spread a general demoralization among them. The white trespassers killed the stock of the farmer Indians, burned some of their habitations, and resorted to all the well-known methods practised on the borders, time out of mind, to make it unpleasant for the Indians who were here struggling up successfully from barbarism to the ways of civilized society. The usual result, a dismemberment of the reservation, followed. The farmer Indians, so desiring, had their portions set off in severalty; the wilder members of the tribe had their share allotted in common. For the most part, the squatters got the lands of the first, while an alleged needy railroad corporation* was subsidized with the latter.

From the several reports of the commissioners of Indian affairs the blood of the massacre there in 1812. The same autumn, his right arm was shattered, and ever after hung a withered limb at his side, from a bullet wound received, near Ft. Wayne, from a skirmisher in advance of Gov. Harrison's forces marching to the relief of that place. The last council he attended, says Gen. John Lipton of Indiana, was at Ft. Wayne in 1827, where the dignity and propriety of his conduct was a subject of remark. The business at an end, he remarked that he must have a frolic. He got drunk, and roamed the village in a frenzy, demanding more liquor. At last, as was supposed, he took a bottle of *aqua fortis* from a shop-window, and drank it, and died from its effects within half-an-hour afterward.

* The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R. R. Co.

for the year 1863, it appears that there was 2274 in the tribe, all told; that the farmers among them raised 3720 bushels of wheat; 45,000 of corn; 1200 of oats; and 1000 tons of hay; and that they owned 1000 cattle, 1200 horses, and 2000 hogs. The same year, there were ninety-five boys and seventy-five girls; and in 1866 a total of two hundred and forty scholars attending the Catholic school at St. Marys, a few miles north of Topeka, where they were making gratifying progress.

Some seventy-five of their young warriors volunteered on the union side during the late civil war, and faithfully served "their country." There was no way of computing their numbers accurately—so many of the young and adventurous having strayed away in quest a more exciting life;—still, in 1867, out of a population of 2400, 1400 elected to become citizens of the United States under an enabling act passed by Congress. Some did well by the change; while others squandered their lands, and went away and joined the wild bands or mixed with other tribes out upon the plains. There are still a few left in Indiana and Michigan, and over a hundred in Wisconsin.



THE
LAST OF THE ILLINOIS

AND

A Sketch of the Pottawatomies.

— — —
READ BEFORE THE

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

DECEMBER 13, 1870,

BY

JOHN DEAN CATON, LL.D.

— • • —

CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY
144-3 ILLINOIS STREET,
1870.

ON the evening of December 13, 1870, the Honorable JOHN D. CATON, LL. D., late of the Supreme Court of Illinois, read before the Chicago Historical Society a paper entitled "The Last of the Illinois, and a Sketch of the Pottawatomies." Upon the conclusion of which, on motion of Mr. Arnold, seconded by Jas. L. Stark, Esq., it was unanimously—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are tendered to the Hon. John Dean Caton for the able and interesting paper he has read, and that he be requested to place the same among the archives of the Society and furnish a copy for publication.

THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS.

Of the ancient civilizations we know but little. The beginnings of the Egyptians, the Etrurians, the Grecians, the Romans, and even the Milesians, are either entirely shrouded in the dark shadows of the far distant past, or are only lit up by the feeble rays afforded by uncertain fables or mythical traditions. Even far beyond these, great peoples lived, whose existence and civilization are testified to, by broken monuments and ruined architecture, widely scattered, especially over Arabia, and some parts of Africa, while in our own country and particularly in Yucatan, we see by their works that nations have lived of whom we know absolutely nothing as to whence they came or whither they have gone.

Geologists tell us of older peoples who occupied many portions of our globe, whose times they have divided into different ages, as the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age, because of the materials which they used in their arts, but of their coming and their going they can tell us nothing, except that they existed one after another and ceased to be. Whence came the mound-builders of our own land, or those who worked the copper mines of Lake Superior, or those whose old inscriptions are found on the great stones of New Mexico, or when they disappeared, none can tell; they lived, made their record, and are gone, all else is as silent and as dark as the tomb that covers them. Yet, in all these records history is written, dim and shadowy though it be, still it is history, and we seize upon each sentence of it as upon a precious treasure, and we ponder it and strain our eyes to find more than it really tells, but the misty veil of antiquity hangs over it, and finally we turn away unsatisfied.

When America was first visited by Europeans, at least those who recorded what they saw, it was occupied by barbarous

tribes, some much more advanced than others, but still all were barbarians. Tradition, among the more advanced, pretended to tell how their ancestors had come from more northern climes, till finally they settled in the milder countries of Mexico or Peru, where they attained a sort of semi-civilization far in advance of the wilder nations, either to the north or south of them, but whether their ancestors were the mound-builders or the copper-workers, who once lived where we live, and were driven away by fierce northern hordes, more athletic than they, or peacefully left the land in search of a climate less rigorous, we can never know, nor can we satisfy ourselves of the degree of credence which we should place in their own traditions as told by their old men to the first Europeans who saw them, and by whom their stories have been handed down to us.

We do know, certainly, that when the Atlantic coast was first visited by white men, who have transmitted to us accounts of what they saw, they found here tribes of Indians who subsisted principally by fishing and the chase, although they practised agriculture to a limited extent, for they supplied the first immigrants to New England with corn from their hidden stores. The early explorers occasionally found the same grain cultivated in the valley of the Mississippi, and Lewis and Clarke procured supplies of it on the Upper Missouri. Still their agriculture was too limited to have had much influence on the density of population; and without the cultivated products of the soil no country can sustain a large population of men, if we except some tropical countries where spontaneous fruits are in perpetual season, and even there the aboriginal population was found to be very sparse as compared with countries where agriculture furnishes the principal sustenance to man.

From the changes which had recently taken place among the original inhabitants of this country, when they were first discovered, as told by their old men, and also from the changes which occurred after their discovery, but before the exterminating influence of civilization bore upon them, we may safely assume that national and even tribal formations had been quite recent, yet recent as they no doubt were, we know almost nothing of them. While we know that some nations became totally extinct by reason of aboriginal warfare alone, we cannot point to a single instance of the birth and growth of any native

tribe, unless the uniting of the remnants of several broken tribes into one, may be so considered.

At last we are forced back to the conclusion that it is only comparatively in modern times and of civilized communities that history, whether written in books or among the rocks, tells us of the origin of nations. To this we can mention one notable exception. By divine interposition, we are told of the beginning and of the progress, and by profane history of the final extinction of one of the great ancient nations of the earth. There we are told of its founder, Abraham, of its struggles, of its triumphs and its misfortunes, of its victories and its defeats, of its pure worship and its gross idolatry, and of its final extinction as a nation under the Roman Empire.

Necessarily, the history of the aborigines of this country is confined to the period since their first discovery by the educated man, and to the few uncertain traditions told by them of their comparatively very recent times, and most of these traditions as handed down to us are purely of a mythological character, and serve to teach us of the nature of the imagination or mental condition of the native rather than of actual facts that had gone before. Nor do those who have made the study of the native American a specialty seem to have given that study the form of connected history to any large degree, and he that would inform himself of such history must gather it from a thousand different sources, picking up a grain here and there, as he can find it.

More than thirty-seven years ago, when I first became a citizen of Chicago, I found this whole country occupied as the hunting grounds of the Pottawatomie Indians. I soon formed the acquaintance of many of their chiefs, and this acquaintance ripened into a cordial friendship. I found them really intelligent and possessed of much information resulting from their careful observation of natural objects. I traveled with them over the prairies, I hunted and I fished with them, I camped with them in the groves, I drank with them at the native springs, of which they were never at a loss to find one, and I partook of their hospitality around their camp fires.

Wild scenes have always had a charm for me. I have ever been a lover of nature, and the enjoyment of those scenes when prairie and woodland, lake shore and river were almost every-

where as nature made them, have left behind a pleasing memory which sometimes makes me almost wish that I could live over again my younger days. Since nature's handiwork has been defaced all around us by the hand of civilized man, I love to hie away to distant shores and the far-off mountains, and with a few friends of tastes similar to my own, enjoy the wild scenery among the rock-bound islands of Puget's Sound, or the still solitude of the high Sierras. Who would have thought, at the time of which I speak, that he who then here enjoyed the charms which nature throws over all her works, would ever seek the far-off scenes of the Pacific slopes in which to indulge his favorite reveries? There are some who hear me now, who remember the lake beach, with its conical sand-hills covered over by the evergreen juniper, whose fragrance loaded with a rich aroma the soft breeze as it quietly crept in from the rippling waters of the lake.

That old lake shore, fashioned as God had made it by his winds and waves for ten thousand years before, had more charms for me, than since the defacing hand of man has builded there broad avenues and great marble palaces, which are as far beneath the works of nature's Architect, as man himself is beneath Him who made all things well.

I thought that then a romantic place fit for the meeting of native lovers, in which to say soft words, and I felt assured that it was so thought by them when once I was called upon to unite in wedlock there a happy pair, whose ambition it was to conform to the white man's mode in that solemn rite, and, as the dusky bride explained, that it might last forever.

As might have been anticipated, neither history nor tradition pretends to go back to the origin of any of the native tribes who occupied this land when first explored by civilized man. At that time, the country where we live was principally occupied by the Illinois Indians, who were an important people, who ranged from the Wabash to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio even to Lake Superior, although there were a great many other tribes occupying the same territory. Their chief location was in Northern Illinois. Here was their home, and their great metropolis was where Utica now stands, in LaSalle county. There then stood the largest city ever built by northern natives. It was a delightful place, in the bosom of a beau-

tiful valley, and the city occupied all the intervening space between the river and the bluff, nearly a mile in extent. Their great cemeteries there testify to the populousness of the place, even were the testimony of the first discoverers wanting. If we do not know of the beginning of any native nation, we are credibly told of the extinction of this great people, and that, too, within a century after they were found so populous and so prosperous by the enterprising explorers.

Soon after their discovery by LaSalle, the great Iroquois-confederation, whose battle fields were strewn with their victims almost from the Atlantic coast to the Wabash, and from the Great Lakes, and even north of them, to the Alleghanies and the Ohio, finally extended their enterprises to the Illinois. With a great slaughter they defeated this hitherto invincible people, laid waste their great city, and scattered them in broken bands over their wide domain. From this terrible blow they never recovered. For a century later they struggled with waning fortunes against northern encroachments, till finally they were exterminated by the Pottawatomies and the Ottawas, at Starved Rock, the Fort St. Louis of LaSalle, which overlooks the site of their great city and the scene of their first great defeat and slaughter by the conquering Iroquois, as I shall presently relate. There still stands this high isolated rock as it has stood for thousands of years gone by, the swift current of the river bathing its feet on one side, its summit overlooking the broad valley and the many wood-clad islands for many miles above and below it, fit monument to the great departed who had, during many long years of peace and security, looked upon its impregnable heights as a secure refuge in case of disaster. Alas! if it was secure against the approach of human hands, gaunt famine could scale its ascents and do its deadly work. There is, and ever will be, a charm about the place both from its own romantic surroundings and the melancholy story of the bloody scenes it has looked down upon. While the visitor stands upon its native battlements, silently pondering what has been told him, insensibly his imagination carries him back to ages long ago, and he thinks he hears the wail of woe, oft and oftentimes repeated, and then again the song of revelry and joy sung by those departed long before the white

man saw it. The ancestors of my ancient friends were responsible for the last sad catastrophe.

The Pottawatomies were a tribe of the great Algonquin confederation, whose power was so severely felt by the British forces when at war with France, in the middle of the last century, though we do not know the story of their individual prowess in that sanguinary warfare.

When Fathers Alloues and Doblou first visited Green Bay, and there established a mission, just two hundred years ago, they found the Pottawatomies established on those verdant shores, and this is the first mention I can find of them in history. That was then their settled home, though they roamed far away, for they were in the habit of extending their visits to the shores of Lake Superior. In 1671, they are mentioned as met with at LaPoint, on that Lake, by the missionary fathers, not as residents, but as visitors. At that time they were not known south of the lakes, for when Joliet and Marquette returned from their discovery of the Mississippi, by way of the Illinois river, in 1674, they met none of the Pottawatomies here.

In 1675, Marquette, no doubt by invitation of the Illinois Indians, whom he had met the year before on his return with LaSalle from the Mississippi, came from Green Bay to establish a Mission here. In this journey he was attended by a party of Illinois Indians, and also by a band of the Pottawatomies. So far as we know, these were the first of the tribe who ever saw the country south of Lake Michigan. They coasted the west side of the lake in open boats or canoes, in the latter part of the season, when the lake is boisterous and forbidding. It was a perilous and fatiguing voyage of four months' duration, and sorely tried the endurance of the zealous missionary. They at last reached Chicago, just as winter was closing in, and proceeded up the South Branch of the river to where Bridgeport now stands, and there built a hut, in which the missionary wintered. After the lonely and tedious winter was passed, he proceeded down the Illinois river to the great city of the Illinois, below Starved Rock, and there established the first Mission ever founded in the Illinois country, and named it Kaskaskia.

How soon after this the Pottawatomes left their old home on Green Bay, and sought more hospitable regions further south, we are not informed; nor can we tell whether the emigration was gradual, or if they broke up altogether, but as we find them in their southern homes in different bands, the probabilities are that they left in parties. A portion settled on the Saginaw Bay, in Michigan, who were subsequently known as the Pottawatomes of Saginaw, or of Huron. Others descended as far as Detroit, and settled in that neighborhood. Others found their way to the St. Joseph River, on the east side of Lake Michigan; and others, it may be presumed, came directly to Northern Illinois, though it is possible they spread from Michigan into Illinois. The precise date of these several migrations we cannot give, but Cragon and Bonquet found them, in the middle of the last century, occupying the country about Detroit and Fort St. Joseph; and we find no account of them within the last hundred years and more at Green Bay. From these explorers we get the first intimation of their numbers, and yet this is of the most unsatisfactory kind. They set them down at three hundred and fifty; and Dodge, a quarter of a century later, places them at four hundred and fifty, while Hutchins places them at a still lower number than the first. Upon these numbers we can place but little reliance: at best, it could have been but imperfect estimates, including no doubt only those bands whom they met at Fort St. Joseph and Detroit, without taking into account those at Saginaw or in Illinois. We may safely assume, also, that these figures are designed only to express the number of their warriors, for Sir William Johnson, who assembled the Algonquin confederation at Niagara, in 1763, informs us, that of the nineteen hundred and thirty warriors there assembled, four hundred and fifty were Pottawatomes, or, according to the old orthography, *Poutwatomes*. With them and their associate warriors, General Bradstreet there concluded a treaty, which pacified all the Indian tribes bordering the upper lakes, who had hitherto been such inveterate enemies to the British Government and the English immigrant. A reasonably conciliatory course with them since, and a moderate share of good faith towards them, have enabled the Canadas to live with those who resided on the north shores, in amity in times of peace, and depend upon them as allies in

time of war. The number of warriors representing the Pottawatomies at the Algonquin convocation at Niagara, shows that the whole tribe must have been largely in excess of the numbers given by Bouquet and others, and their report so nearly approximates to the number of warriors at Niagara, as to convince us at once that they spoke only of their able-bodied men. Nor is it very probable that all the warriors which the several bands of that tribe could furnish, made the long journey to Niagara to attend the council. The fact that the Pottawatomies furnished nearly one-fourth of the representatives in that council of the whole Algonquin confederation, should convince us of the commanding importance of this tribe in that powerful association of the Indians, and so were they the last, south of the lakes, as we shall see, to yield up their place to the irresistible advance of civilization.

The fraternal relations existing between the Pottawatomies and the Ottawas, were of the most harmonious character. They lived together almost as one people, and were joint owners of their hunting grounds. Their relations were quite as intimate and friendly as among different bands of the same tribe. Nor were the Chippewas scarcely more strangers to the Pottawatomies and the Ottawas than the latter were to each other. They too claimed an interest in the lands occupied, to a certain extent by all jointly, so that all three tribes joined in the first treaty for the sale of their lands ever made to the United States.

Chicago was ever an important point in the estimation of the Pottawatomies and their associates, and here was the council held which resulted in that first treaty in 1821, when the three tribes named ceded to the United States five millions of acres in Michigan.

* Since their emigration from the north, a sort of distinction had grown up among the different bands of the Pottawatomies, arising from their several locations, which seem to have stamped upon their tenants distinct characteristics. Those occupying the forest lands of Michigan and Indiana were called by themselves and by the traders the Indians of the Woods, while those who roamed these great grassy plains were called the Prairie Indians.

The former were much more susceptible to the influence of

civilization than the latter. They devoted themselves, in a very appreciable degree, to agriculture, and so supplemented the fruits of the chase very largely in their support. They welcomed the missionary among them with a warm cordiality. They listened to his teachings, and meekly submitted to his admonitions. They learned by heart the story of our crucified Redeemer, and with trembling voices recounted to each other the sufferings of the cross. They bent the knee and bowed the head reverently in prayer, and raised their melodious voices in sacred songs taught them by the holy fathers. They received the sprinklings with holy waters, and partook of the consecrated elements, believing devoutly in their saving grace. They went to the confessional with downcast looks, and with deep contrition told the story of their sins, and with a radiant joy received the absolution, which in their estimation blotted them out forever. Here indeed was a bright field of promise to those devoted missionaries, who deeply felt that to save one heathen soul from the awful doom, which they believed awaited all those who died without the bosom of the church, was a rich reward for a whole life of pinching privation and of severe suffering; and their great ambition was to gather as many redeemed souls as possible to their account, each of which should appear as a bright jewel in the crown which awaited them in that future state, to which we are all so rapidly hastening.

It was very different, however, with the Prairie Indians. They despised the cultivation of the soil as too mean even for their women and children, and deemed the captures of the chase as the only fit food for a valorous people. The corn which grew like grass from the earth which they trod beneath their feet, was not proper meat to feed their greatness. Nor did they open their ears to the lessons of love and religion tendered them by those who came among them and sought to do them good. If they tolerated their presence they did not receive them with the cordiality evinced by their more eastern brethren. If they listened to their sermons in respectful silence they did not receive the truths they taught with eager gladness. Even if they believed for the moment what they were told, it made no permanent impression on their thoughts and actions. If they understood something of the principles of the Christian relig-

ion which were told them, they listened to it as a sort of theory which might be well adapted to the white man's condition, but was not fitted for them, nor they for it. They enjoyed the wild roving life of the prairie, and in common with almost all other native Americans, were vain of their prowess and manhood, both in war and in the chase. They did not settle down for a great length of time in a given place, but roamed across the broad prairies, from one grove or belt of timber to another, either in single families or in small bands, packing their few effects, their children and infirm on their little Indian ponies. They always traveled in Indian file upon well beaten trails, connecting, by the most direct routes, prominent points and trading posts. These native highways served as guides to our early settlers, who followed them with as much confidence as we now do the roads laid out and worked by civilized man.

Northern Illinois was more particularly the possession of the Pottawatomies, but, as before stated, I have sought in vain for some satisfactory data, to fix the time when they first settled here. They undoubtedly came in by degrees, and by degrees established themselves, encroaching at first upon the Illinois tribe, advancing more and more, sometimes by good-natured tolerance, and sometimes by actual violence. I have the means of approximating the time when they came into exclusive possession here. That occurred upon the total extinction of the Illinois, which must have been sometime between 1766 and 1770. Meachelle, the oldest Pottawatomie chief, when I became acquainted with them, thirty-seven years ago, associated his earliest recollection with their occupancy of the country. His recollection extended back to that great event in Indian history, the siege of Starved Rock, and the final extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians, which left his people the sole possessors of the land. He was present at the siege and the final catastrophe, and, although a boy at the time, the terrible event made such an impression on his young mind, that it ever remained fresh and vivid. I am indebted to Mr. William Hickling for assisting my memory on a point so important.

The death of Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, occurred in 1766. He was the idol of his own people, and was beloved and obeyed scarcely less by the Pottawatomies. They believed

that the Illinois Indians were at least accessory to his murder, and so held them responsible, and consequently the Ottawas and Pottawatomies united all their forces in an attack upon those whose deadly enemies they had now become. I am not satisfied that their previous relations had been those of cordial friendship, but if the peace had not been broken by open war there was that bad blood existing between them which must have arisen between those who were making and those who were suffering encroachments.

The Illinois Indians never fully recovered from the great calamity, which they had suffered a century before at the hands of the Iroquois. By that their spirit and their courage seemed broken, and they submitted to encroachments from the north, by their more enterprising neighbors, with an ill grace, no doubt, but without protecting their rights by force of arms, as they would have done in former times, and sought to revenge themselves upon those upon whom they looked as their actual enemies in an underhand and treacherous way.

In the war thus waged by the allies against the Illinois, the latter suffered disaster after disaster till the sole remnants of that once proud nation, whose name had been mentioned with respect from Lake Superior to the mouth of the Ohio, and from the Mississippi to the Wabash, now found sufficient space upon the half acre of ground which crowns the summit of Starved Rock. As its sides are perpendicular, except on the south where it may be ascended with difficulty by a sort of natural stairway, where some of the steps are a yard high and but a few inches wide, and not more than two can ascend abreast, ten men could repel ten thousand with the means of warfare then at their command. The allies made no attempt to take the fort by storm, but closely besieged it on every side. On the north or river side, the upper rock overhangs the water somewhat, and tradition tells us how the confederates placed themselves in canoes under the shelving rock and cut the thongs of the besieged when they lowered their vessels to obtain water from the river, and so reduced them by thirst, but Meachelle, so far as I know, never mentioned this as one of the means resorted to by the confederates to reduce their enemies, nor from an examination of the ground do I think this probable, but they depended upon a lack of provisions, which we

can readily appreciate must soon occur to a savage people, who rarely anticipate the future in storing up supplies. No improvident people could have subsisted long in such a place. How long they did hold out Meachelle did not, and probably could not, tell us; but at last the time came when the unfortunate remnant could hold out no longer. They awaited but a favorable opportunity to attempt their escape. This was at last afforded by a dark and stormy night, when, led by their few remaining warriors, all stole in profound silence down the steep and narrow declivity to be met by a solid wall of their enemies surrounding the point, where alone a sortie could be made, and which had been confidently expected. The horrid scene that ensued can be better imagined than described. No quarter was asked or given. For a time the howlings of the tempest were drowned by the yells of the combatants and the shrieks of the victims.

Desperation lends strength to even enfeebled arms, but no efforts of valor could resist the overwhelming numbers, actuated by the direst hate. The braves fell one by one, fighting like very fiends, and terribly did they revenge themselves upon their enemies. The few women and children, whom famine had left but enfeebled skeletons, fell easy victims to the war-clubs of the terrible savages, who deemed it as much a duty, and almost as great a glory, to slaughter the emaciated women and the helpless children as to strike down the men who were able to make resistance with arms in their hands. They were bent upon the utter extermination of their hated enemies, and most successfully did they bend their savage energies to the bloody task.

Soon the victims were stretched upon the sloping ground south and west of the impregnable rock, their bodies lying stark upon the sand which had been thrown up by the prairie winds. The wails of the feeble and the strong had ceased to fret the night winds, whose mournful sighs through the neighboring pines sounded like a requiem. Here was enacted the fitting finale to that work of death which had been commenced, scarcely a mile away, a century before by the still more savage and terrible Iroquois.

Still, all were not destroyed. Eleven of the most athletic warriors, in the darkness and confusion of the fight, broke

through the besieging lines. They had marked well from their high perch on the isolated rock, the little nook below, where their enemies had moored at least a part of their canoes, and to these they rushed with headlong speed, unnoticed by their foes. Into these they threw themselves, and hurried down the rapids below. They had been trained to the use of the paddle and the canoe, and knew well every intricacy of the channel, so that they could safely thread it, even in the dark and boisterous night. They knew their deadly enemies would soon be in their wake, and that there was no safe refuge for them short of St. Louis. They had no provisions to sustain their waning strength, and yet it was certain death to stop by the way. Their only hope was in pressing forward by night and by day, without a moment's pause, scarcely looking back, yet ever fearing that their pursuers would make their appearance around the point they had last left behind. It was truly a race for life. If they could reach St. Louis, they were safe; if overtaken, there was no hope. We must leave to the imagination the details of a race where the stake was so momentous to the contestants. As life is sweeter even than revenge, we may safely assume that the pursued were impelled to even greater exertions than the pursuers. Those who ran for life won the race. They reached St. Louis before their enemies came in sight, and told their appalling tale to the commandant of the fort, from whom they received assurances of protection, and were generously supplied with food, which their famished condition so much required. This had barely been done when their enemies arrived, and fiercely demanded their victims, that no drop of blood of their hated enemies might longer circulate in human veins. This was refused, when they retired with impotent threats of future vengeance, which they never had the means of executing.

After their enemies had gone, the Illinois, who never after even claimed that name, thanked their entertainers, and, full of sorrow which no words can express, slowly paddled their way across the river, to seek new friends among the tribes who then occupied the southern part of this State, and who would listen with sympathy to the sad tale they had to relate. They alone remained the broken remnant and last representatives of their once great nation. Their name, even, now must

be blotted out from among the names of the aboriginal tribes. Henceforth they must cease to be of the present, and could only be remembered as a part of the past. This is the last we know of the last of the Illinois. They were once a great and a prosperous people, as advanced and as humane as any of the aborigines around them; we do not know that a drop of their blood now animates a human being, but their name is perpetuated in this great State, of whose record of the past all of us feel so proud, and of whose future the hopes of us all are so sanguine.

Till the morning light revealed that the canoes were gone the confederates believed that their sanguinary work had been so thoroughly done that not a living soul remained. So soon as the escape was discovered, the pursuit was commenced, but as we have seen, without success. The pursuers returned disappointed and dejected that their enemies' scalps were not hanging from their belts. But surely blood enough had been spilled—vengeance should have been more than satisfied.

I have failed, no doubt, to properly render Meachelle's account of this sad drama, for I have been obliged to use my own language, without the inspiration awakened in him by the memory of the scene which served as his first baptism in blood. Who can wonder that it made a lasting impression on his youthful mind? Still, he was not fond of relating it, nor would he speak of it except to those who had acquired his confidence and intimacy. It is probably the only account to be had related by an eye-witness, and we may presume that it is the most authentic, and may well deserve preservation, and so may be worthy of a place in the archives of this Society, whose proper mission it is to gather up and bring to light whatever still remains to be gathered from the memories of those who are fast fading away, of scenes whose theatre was the land we live in, and of peoples who once occupied this territory. The few dim lights still remaining will soon be put out, and darkness and oblivion must shroud forever all that is then unrecorded.

This great event in Indian history scoured to the Pottawatomies all the territory then belonging to the Illinois, and the exclusive right to which was undisputed by other tribes. It extended their possessions to the lands of the Peorias on Peoria

lake. They occupied to the Wabash as far south as Danville and even beyond. On the other side they occupied to the Rock river, though their right to a strip of land on the east side of that river was disputed by the Sac and Fox Indians who ranged the prairies west of there and beyond the Mississippi. They extended north into Wisconsin as far as Milwaukee, though their northern boundary was never well defined, but their friendly relations with the Chippewas prevented this from ever becoming a source of disagreement between them. After the extermination of the Illinois, their general condition was that of peace, and I have learned of few incidents since worthy of record. As before intimated, they had a perpetual difficulty with the Sacs and Foxes about the lands bordering on the east side of Rock river, and when the braves of the contestants met on the disputed territory they fought it out, but I have not learned that the war was often carried beyond the contested grounds, though the eastern boundary of these was quite undefined.

As a tribe, the Pottawatomies may not have taken an active part against the United States in the war of 1812, yet it is certain that many of their young chiefs and braves did so. On this subject they were extremely reticent. At one time, when riding over the prairie south of Blue Island, in 1833, with Billy Caldwell, when the old chief as usual was answering my questions about the past and what portion of the country he had visited, as it seemed inadvertently, he commenced giving an account of an expedition of the British from Canada across to Ohio, of which he and a number of his warriors formed a part, but he had hardly got them landed on our shores, when he seemed to remember that I was an American and that it was better not to enlighten me further on the subject, and he broke off suddenly, nor could I by any means prevail upon him to return to the subject.

During the Black Hawk war, as it was called, in 1832, as a people they remained loyal to the United States, but it was with great difficulty that many of the young men were kept from participating in the affray with the Sacs and Foxes. But the part they acted in that affair may be found in the written history of the times.

Chicago was ever a favorite resort of the Pottawatomies

Here they chose to hold their great councils, and here they concluded the last treaty with our Government as they had the first, as I have already stated, twelve years before. This last treaty was made in 1833, and I was a daily attendant upon the deliberations of the council. By this time the Ottawas and the Pottawatomies had become so blended and intermixed that they had become practically one people, and were generally designated by the latter name. I do not remember the number of Indians in town at the time of the treaty, but the assemblage was by no means confined to the chiefs who participated in the deliberations. There were certainly several thousand natives here, who were supplied with regular rations of beef and flour by the Government, and it was manifest that they were quite willing to protract the conference so long as these should last.

At the close of each important deliberation, especially if much progress seemed to have been made, a keg of twisted plug tobacco was rolled into the council house, the staves cut in the middle with an ax, and the chiefs told to help themselves. This was accompanied with a box of white clay pipes. They helped themselves with great decorum, and even some ceremony.

By this last treaty, concluded at Chicago, in 1833, the Indians disposed of all their remaining lands to the United States, except some specific reservations to some of their chiefs, and agreed to remove to a limited location assigned them west of the Missouri river. When the treaty was finally concluded and the presents all distributed, and no more rations served out, they gradually dispersed till only those who resided in and about Chicago remained. For two years longer this people continued among us, subsisting as they had done before, nothing worthy of note, so far as I know, occurring in the meantime.

In 1835, and for the last time, the whole assembled at Chicago, to receive their annuity from the Government, and to make their final start for their new home. I was absent at the time of their assemblage, and have no means of stating at what date they began to make their appearance in the town, for now Chicago had really begun to present an appearance which would well justify the name. Here for the first time, many who had through their whole lives been in the habit of

visiting this favorite location, when the rank grass grew waist-high where the Tremont and the Sherman houses now stand, must have been deeply impressed with the marks of civilization vastly more extensive than any they had ever seen before or been able to comprehend. It assured them, and they comprehended it, that they were already strangers in their native land. That a mightier race had come, so far their superior that they must fade away before it. It is emphatically true of all our American Indians, that they cannot exist, multiply, and prosper in the light of civilization. Here their physical vigor fails, their reproductive powers diminish, their spirit and their very vitality dwindle out, and no philanthropy, no kindness, no fostering care, of government, of societies, or of individuals, can save them from an inevitable doom. They are plainly the sick man of America; with careful nursing and the kindest care, we may prolong his stay among us for a few years, but he is sick of a disease which can never be cured except by isolating him from civilization, and remanding him to nature's wildness, which in truth has more charms in many cases for even the white man, than the refinements and the restraints of the white man's mode of life. Our tastes for these are the results of artificial training, and our tendency is constantly to relapse to a wilder life in the woods and in the mountains. The bivouac of the soldier has a charm to which he often recurs with animated pleasure. The camp-fire of the hunter has a fascination which he who has enjoyed it can never forget. And in our earliest childhood we showed our natural tastes and inclinations by listening to stories of these, with more avidity than any other. Mayne Reid built his hopes on this juvenile taste, which he knew was stronger than any other, when he wrote his charming stories which have made his name so popular, yes, and so dear, too, to the rising generation. Accounts of huntings and fishings, of living in the woods and in the plains, or in some sweet little nook at the foot of the mountain, down which the babbling brook comes from the melted snows far above, and where nature in her unbroken beauty and her sublimity reigns around her supreme silence, and there is no mark and no sound of civilization near,—these have fascinations for even the white race as well, which are entirely wanting in the most glowing accounts of cathedrals, and palaces,

and pictures, descriptions of which fail to interest those whose tastes have not been cultivated up to their full appreciation. If a love of nature in her wildest moods and scenes be a relic of barbaric taste, which civilization has failed to eradicate, then to that extent, at least, I am a savage still.

This tendency in the white race to revert to what we may term the natural tastes, is strongly manifested, whenever we see one taken in infancy and brought up among savages. Almost always he is the greatest savage of them all, notwithstanding the hereditary influence through many generations of those cultivated tastes and habits which distinguish the civilized man from the savage. This observation may not be confined to the case cited, although that is perhaps the most convincing of this tendency to revert to the savage state. We often see cases where men have grown to maturity in the midst of civilized society, uniting themselves with the native tribes, and enjoying that life better than the former, and choosing to spend their days with their new found friends, although it involves a sacrifice of all those ties which so strongly bind us to friends and kindred and early associations. In such cases we rarely find them practicing those arts which they had early learned, or those habits of industry which is the distinguishing characteristic of civilized man. It is undoubtedly true, in these latter cases, that he who becomes a savage after puberty, has an exceptional inclination to revert to the wild state; still the number is so considerable as to show us that civilization has not been so long continued as to wholly change our natures, and that it is almost, if not entirely, artificial.

I think the facts will warrant the conclusion that this tendency to reversion is much stronger in the male than the female. In the few instances where the white female has been reared in savage life, and has then been reclaimed, she has more readily conformed to civilized habits, and has shown less longing for the wild scenes among which she was reared; and when she has been introduced to savage life after maturity, she seems always happy to escape it. In observing this fact, however, we ought not to forget that the harder lot of the female among savage peoples may tend to make her more willing to escape from what is really a state of bondage and servitude, than with the man, who is in every sense an equal, or, from

his higher intellectual endowments, may most likely occupy a superior position.

Reverse the state of things, and how rarely do we find the savage ever civilized. In the numerous instances where the savage infant has been removed from the influences and allurements of his ancestors, and reared entirely among us, and taught all that civilization and Christianity could teach him, but very few have been wholly weaned from the tastes and inclinations which they have inherited from their savage ancestors. Some notable and brilliant exceptions are no doubt to be met with, but they are so rare as to inspire rather our remark and admiration than a well grounded hope that we can ever succeed in reclaiming them as a people.

The native American is in some respects a proud and a sensitive being, and is not wanting in reflective powers. When brought in contact with civilization, he recognizes his inferiority, and appreciates his inability ever to overcome it. He feels that he cannot live with the stranger, except as an inferior, and, inspired by his native pride, he would rather cease to be than to do this. He appreciates his inevitable doom. He ceases to hope, and then comes despair, which contributes more than all else to hasten the result which he foresees. While all have seen from the beginning that the aborigines melt away and die out before the advance of civilization, in spite of the most humane efforts to produce a different result, we may not have appreciated all the causes which have contributed to this end. Those which have been the most readily understood, because the most patent, are the vices and diseases and poisonous drinks which the white race has introduced among them from the very first. If these were the only causes we might deem it possible, by municipal regulations, to remove them. While this would be a great boon which civilization undoubtedly owes to the original owners of the soil where we are so rapidly expanding into a great nation, I am satisfied it would not secure the great end which philanthropy must most ardently desire. Still they would not amalgamate with civilization, nor become civilized as a separate people. They can only live and prosper and multiply by continuing as their ancestors have lived, in a wild state, roaming over large areas sparsely populated, depending upon what they can secure of

nature's raising, and when their numbers become too great for subsistence upon such supplies, they must become reduced by wars, disease, or famine.

The views I have suggested, of the effect upon the mind and the sensibilities of the Indian, which is produced by his observations of advancing civilization as it intrudes upon him, and its reflected influence upon his physical organization, I think well illustrated and confirmed by the observations of Mr. Sproat in his "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life." He employed a large number of natives about his saw-mills at Barclay Sound, on Vancouver's Island. Here the natives were settled around him in comfortable dwellings with their families, and worked promiscuously with the white laborers. The strictest temperance was enforced throughout the settlement, and no violence was permitted toward the natives, but they were treated with the utmost kindness and fairness. They were well fed, well clothed, and carefully taught. Here they were surrounded with all the best influences of civilization, and as few of the vices as we may expect to find, when the red man is brought in contact with the white.

For a time, all seemed to go on well, and the experiment promised a success. At length, however, a change became observable, especially among the Indians who lived nearest the white settlements. A few of the sharpest of the young natives had become offensively European, as he calls it, but the mass of the Indians had ceased to visit the settlement in their free, easy, and independent way, but lived listlessly in their villages, brooding seemingly over heavy thoughts. They seemed to have acquired a distrust, nay, almost a disgust for themselves. At first they had looked upon mills and machinery, upon steamships and upon great houses, indeed upon all the wonderful works of the new comer, with curiosity and interest, but now, with distrust, with disgust, and even with despair; the effect of this despair was now manifest. They even began to abandon their old tribal habits, practices, and ceremonies. Presently, without any apparent cause, an unusual amount of sickness was observed among them, and the death-rate was largely increased, and so continued during the five years that our author remained among them. Nobody molested them.

Notwithstanding all their comforts and all the care bestowed upon them, they sunk into a gradual but sure decay.

The light of civilization instead of warming them into new life seemed to bring a blight upon them, they felt that they were an inferior race. They lacked the energy, and therefore the ability, to become and live as civilized men, and their proud hearts were crushed at the thoughts of living with the white race as inferiors and therefore a degraded race, and then necessarily followed disgust and despair, and then came disease and death.

Had they lacked that lofty pride and that love of independence which are so marked a characteristic of our Indians, they might have enjoyed the comforts which civilization brought them, without mortification at the consciousness of living as inferiors among a superior race. But no kindness, no assistance, no proffered recognition of equality, could hide from their view that they were and must be inferiors, while they could in contentment brook no superiors in fact.

In several cases advanced aboriginal Indian tribes, have by act of Congress been declared citizens and endowed with all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Still they were conscious of their inability to properly exercise and enjoy those rights and privileges. They knew they could not exercise the franchise side by side with the white man, with the same degree of intelligence and judgment, and so they scorned to use it. Perhaps it would have been better for them could they have ignored the real distinction which existed between them and the white race, and persuaded themselves, or been persuaded by others, that they were the equals of any. They had too much shrewdness to be thus blinded, and so they recognized a truth which another disposition would have concealed from them, and submitted to what seemed to be a fate in a sort of reckless, sullen silence, at least till a possible opportunity should occur for a striking blow, though it might be an expiring one, for what they believed existence; and if not for existence then for revenge—if not for the future then for the past.

Laying aside what all must recognize as palpable evils introduced among them, as fraud, whisky, and demoralization, there is, upon a deeper look beneath the surface, a fatal difficulty

which all the kindness and service which civilization, philanthropy, and Christianity can render them cannot overcome.

The proud and haughty chieftian clearly sees in the coming of the stranger, and in his proffered kindness, the unavoidable degradation of his people from that lofty estate of proud independence which his forefathers maintained, and that at last, after being driven from their envied inheritance, and finding no place of rest but in the grave itself, their final extinction from the face of the earth. It is a sad picture, and yet it stands out before us in the light of the past as if painted on the wall before us by the Divine finger. We may not deny that the sacrifice is necessary to promote the greatest good to the greatest number, but surely we may heave a sigh of sympathy for the victim whose immolation is necessary to carry out even a Divine plan. And so may we have some compassion for him if in his death-throes he manifests his savage and untamable nature. If it was his misfortune to be born a savage, with no rights which the white man is bound to respect, then it was his misfortune also to be born with a nature which renders him incapable of civilization, a lofty desire for independence, a profound detestation for everything like servitude, a deep-seated sentiment of revenge, and, above all, a total inability to appreciate how it is that he has no rights which he may call his own, and which even a superior race should regard.

We must admit that even our boasted civilization has its strange phases, and sometimes its manifest inconsistencies. We repeat the maxim that might makes right always with reproach, and yet act upon it whenever the public weal is supposed to require it. Perhaps the truest and the best justification which we can plead for insisting upon taking the lands of the aborigines whenever we wish them, using no more force than is necessary to accomplish what we deem necessary—whether the owner is willing to sell them or not—is that a few useless savages, who can do no good for the world at large, and little good even for themselves, must not stand in the way of the march of civilization; that God made the earth and all that is upon it for His own honor and glory, and that both they and we are but tenants at His will; and that it is His undoubted right, whenever in His good pleasure He sees fit, to eject those who in His estimation do Him no honor, and replace

them by those who may contribute more to His glory, and that thus He is working out His great scheme conceived from the beginning of all time. I say if we can but thus console ourselves that in what, to the superficial observer seems to be spoliations of the weak by the strong, we are but instruments in the hands of the Almighty to work out His great purposes and to execute His solemn decrees, then, indeed, we may feel that we have washed our hands in innocency. For myself, I have never been a very ardent believer in what is sometimes called special missions, and merely suggest this as the most plausible justification which I have ever been able to contrive. Still, I do believe that my old friends did not see it exactly in that light when they turned their backs upon Chicago, the scene of so many of their grave councils and of their happy gatherings—when they looked for the last time upon the ever bright waters of the lake, and bent their slow and reluctant steps to a land of which they knew not, and in which they would be strangers; and yet there were old men among them who could have told them that their fathers had with bloodier hands expelled another nation who had occupied the land before them, and that no doubt the title had been thus transferred many times, the conveyance always sealed by the blood of the last owner.

At this last gathering of the tribe at Chicago the total number of souls was about five thousand. While here they were well fed by the Government; and when they went they were removed by the Government under the charge of the late Capt. J. B. F. Russell. By him they were transported to their new home on a reservation assigned them by the Government in Clay county, Missouri, opposite Fort Leavenworth. Almost from the beginning a feeling of hostility was manifested toward them by the citizens of Missouri, which finally resulted, at the end of two years, in another removal by the Government, when they were located in Iowa, near Council Bluffs. Here, again, their home was of short duration, and they were removed a third time by the Government to their present location in Kansas, where they have remained for over thirty years. This reservation, however, they have now sold, and are about to remove for a fourth time within little more than a third of a century. Their new location is in the Indian country south

and west of Kansas. How long it will be before the pressure of advancing civilization will again push them on in search of a new home, we cannot certainly predict. We may safely say, however, that it cannot be very long. We may scarcely hope that they will ever find a quiet resting-place above the earth.

In their Kansas home, the Indians of the woods have continued to manifest their greater adaptability to conform to the habits of civilized life. They have there subsisted to a large extent by agriculture. Some progress has been made in teaching them in schools, and the influence of religion still exerts its sway over them, or at least their religious teachers still command their attention and respect. Out of seventeen hundred and fifty of which this band still consisted, according to the last report which I have seen, sixteen hundred are represented as subsisting by agriculture.

The prairie Indians yet remain as wild and untamable as ever. They are still averse to the labors of the field, and enjoy the life of indolence or else the excitement of the chase, by which and their annuities from the Government they eke out a scanty subsistence. The finger of fate seems to be pointed alike at the most civilized and the most savage. Final extinction is the end of the way down which all are swiftly rushing, and it would seem almost practicable to calculate with mathematical certainty, the day when they will live only in memory and in history.

They left Illinois thirty-five years ago with five thousand souls. At the date of the last report they had dwindled down to three thousand five hundred, and at this moment their numbers can scarcely exceed three thousand. From this each one may calculate for himself when the last day shall have passed—when there will be no living representative of that powerful people who but a century ago exterminated a nation at a single blow at Starved Rock. The last of the Pottawatomies will then have ceased to be.

I shall close this paper with an account of the great war dance which was performed by all the braves which could be mustered among the five thousand Indians here assembled. The number who joined in the dance was probably about eight

hundred. Although I cannot give the precise day, it must have occurred about the last of August, 1835. It was the last war dance ever performed by the natives on the ground where now stands this great city, though how many thousands had preceded it no one can tell. They appreciated that it was the last on their native soil—that it was a sort of funeral ceremony of old associations and memories, and nothing was omitted to lend to it all the grandeur and solemnity possible. Truly I thought it an impressive scene of which it is quite impossible to give an adequate idea by words alone.

They assembled at the council-house, near where the Lake House now stands,* on the north side of the river. All were entirely naked, except a strip of cloth around the loins. Their bodies were covered all over with a great variety of brilliant paints. On their faces, particularly, they seemed to have exhausted their art of hideous decoration. Foreheads, cheeks, and noses were covered with curved stripes of red or vermilion, which were edged with black points, and gave the appearance of a horrid grin over the entire countenance. The long, coarse, black hair was gathered into scalp-locks on the tops of their heads, and decorated with a profusion of hawk's and eagle's feathers, some strung together so as to extend down the back nearly to the ground. They were principally armed with tomahawks and war clubs. They were led by what answered for a band of music, which created what may be termed a discordant din of hideous noises produced by beating on hollow vessels and striking sticks and clubs together. They advanced, not with a regular march, but a continued dance. Their actual progress was quite slow. They proceeded up and along the bank of the river, on the north side, stopping in front of every house they passed, where they performed some extra exploits. They crossed the North Branch on the old bridge, which stood near where the railroad bridge now stands, and thence proceeded south along the west side to the bridge across the South Branch, which stood south of where Lake street bridge is now located, which was nearly in front and in full view from the parlor windows of the Sauganash Hotel. At that time, this was the rival hotel to the Tremont, and stood upon the same ground lately occupied by the great Republican wigwam where Mr

* North-east corner of North Water and Rush Streets.

Lincoln was nominated for the presidency—80 feet south of the S.E. corner of Lake and Market streets. It was then a fashionable boarding-house, and quite a number of young married people had rooms there. The parlor was in the second story fronting west, from the windows of which the best view of the dance was to be obtained, and these were filled with ladies so soon as the dance commenced. From this point of view my own observations were principally made. Although the din and clatter had been heard for a considerable time, they did not come into view from this point of observation till they had proceeded so far west as to come on a line with the house, which was before they had reached the North Branch bridge. From that time on, they were in full view all the way to the South Branch bridge, which was nearly before us, the wild band, which was in front as they came upon the bridge, redoubling their blows to increase the noise, closely followed by the warriors, who had now wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy.

The morning was very warm, and the perspiration was pouring from them almost in streams. Their eyes were wild and bloodshot. Their countenances had assumed an expression of all the worst passions which can find a place in the breast of a savage—fierce anger, terrible hate, dire revenge, remorseless cruelty—all were expressed in their terrible features. Their muscles stood out in great hard knots, as if wrought to a tension which must burst them. Their tomahawks and clubs were thrown and brandished about in every direction, with the most terrible ferocity, and with a force and energy which could only result from the highest excitement, and with every step and every gesture, they uttered the most frightful yells, in every imaginable key and note, though generally the highest and shrillest possible. The dance, which was ever continued, consisted of leaps and spasmodic steps, now forward and now back or sideways, with the whole body distorted into every imaginable unnatural position, most generally stooping forward, with the head and face thrown up, the back arched down, first one foot thrown far forward and then withdrawn, and the other similarly thrust out, frequently squatting quite to the ground, and all with a movement almost as quick as lightning. Their weapons were brandished as if they would slay a thousand

enemies at every blow, while the yells and screams they uttered were broken up and multiplied and rendered all the more hideous by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the palm of the hand.

To see such an exhibition by a single individual would have been sufficient to excite a sense of fear in a person not over nervous. Eight hundred such, all under the influence of the strongest and wildest excitement, constituting a raging sea of dusky, painted, naked fiends, presented a spectacle absolutely appalling.

When the head of the column had reached the front of the hotel, leaping, dancing, gesticulating, and screaming, while they looked up at the windows with hell itself depicted on their faces, at the "chemokoman squaws" with which they were filled, and brandishing their weapons as if they were about to make a real attack in deadly earnest, the rear was still on the other side of the river, two hundred yards off; and all the intervening space, including the bridge and its approaches, was covered with this raging savagery glistening in the sun, reeking with streamy sweat, fairly frothing at the mouths as with unaffected rage, it seemed as if we had a picture of hell itself before us, and a carnival of the damned spirits their confined, whose pastimes we may suppose should present some such scenes as this.

At this stage of the spectacle, I was interested to observe the effect it had upon the different ladies who occupied the windows almost within reach of the war clubs in the hands of the excited savages just below them. Most of them had become accustomed to the sight of the naked savages during the several weeks they had occupied the town, and had even seen them in the dance before, for several minor dances had been previously performed, but this far excelled in the horrid anything which they had previously witnessed. Others, however, had but just arrived in town, and had never seen an Indian before the last few days, and knew nothing of our wild western Indians but what they had learned of their savage butcheries and tortures in legends and in histories. To those most familiar with them, the scenes seemed actually appalling, and but few stood it through and met the fierce glare of the savage eyes below them without shrinking. It was a place to try the

human nerves of even the stoutest, and all felt that one such sight was enough for a lifetime. The question forced itself on even those who had seen them most, what if they should, in their maddened frenzy, turn this sham warfare into a real attack? how easy it would be for them to massacre us all, and leave not a living soul to tell the story. Some such remark as this was often heard, and it was not strange if the cheeks of all paled at the thought of such a possibility. However, most of them stood it bravely, and saw the sight to the very end; but I think all felt relieved when the last had disappeared around the corner as they passed down Lake street, and only those horrid sounds which reached them told that the war dance was still progressing. They paused in their progress, for extra exploits, in front of Dr. John T. Temple's house, near the north-east corner of Lake and Franklin streets, then in front of the Exchange Coffee House, a little further east on Lake street; and then again in front of the Tremont, then situated on the north-west corner of Lake and Dearborn streets, where the appearance of the ladies in the windows again inspired them with new life and energy. From thence they passed down to Fort Dearborn, where they concluded their performance in the presence of the officers and soldiers of the garrison, where we will take a final leave of my old friends, with more good wishes for their future welfare than I really dare hope will be realized.

ORIGIN OF THE PRAIRIES

READ BEFORE THE

OTTAWA ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES,

DECEMBER 30TH, 1869.

BY

Hon. JOHN DEAN CATON, LL.D.,

LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ILLINOIS.

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ORIGIN OF THE PRAIRIES.

I PROPOSE to offer some observations on the Origin of the Prairies, though it may seem like presumption in me to attempt the discussion of a subject which that greatest of nature's students, the immortal Humboldt, seems studiously to have avoided. He describes to us all the prairies of the world, a great portion of which he had personally examined. He gives us their area, their geography, their topography, their surrounding, their components, and their products, but gives us no word of suggestion or explanation why they are destitute of trees when surrounded and interspersed everywhere by forests. This, indeed, seems very remarkable in one who was, perhaps, the most extraordinary man that ever lived for observing, studying, and explaining every interesting phenomenon in nature. Why has not he, the most able of all men to discuss it, favored us with his views on this subject? We are hardly at liberty to suppose it was a mere oversight, and are loth to believe that he considered the inquiry of so little importance as to be unworthy of his notice. This would be too severe a reflection upon all those who have since considered the inquiry worthy of the most serious consideration. Since his time it has been the subject of much study and of many and conflicting theories. Although he, whom of all others we should listen to with the greatest interest, in answer to his inquiry, has, so far as I know, not chosen to enlighten us with his views, yet the origin of the Prairies is a theme which has commanded the attention of many, both of those whose eminent attainments entitle them to the appellation of learned, and those who dwell upon them but make no pretensions to such distinction. By the former, theories have been advanced, and elaborated, and

placed on record, some of which are quite inconsistent with others, so that all of them, at least, cannot be true; and probably we should not be very far out of the way should we conclude that some errors have crept into all, and also that none of them are entirely destitute of truth. Indeed, we are sometimes inclined to the belief that each one has written as if called upon to advance something entirely original, and this may have led some to the very borders of absurdity, and would almost induce the belief that their authors had never seen a prairie. Upon this, as upon all other subjects where we must depend upon evidence to lead us to correct conclusions, it is indispensable that we proceed upon *facts* and, so far as possible, *all* the facts which can enlighten our judgments upon the subject. The very moment we proceed upon assumed facts which in truth do not exist, then most likely the first step will be error, and so we shall be led by false lights to the very end, and it will be remarkable if our conclusions are not erroneous.

All men, and especially the learned, are, perhaps, too prone to theorizing, and such is the weakness of human nature that when a theory is once formed and announced, it is our child, our offspring, our fondling, and we seem to feel the obligation of a parent to ever after maintain and support it. Though, as it grows up, it may become deformed and ugly, and unworthy of our further care, it requires the stoicism of the Roman father to discard it and order its execution. All manner of violence is done to facts to win support and sustenance for the bantling, and every grain of proof in its defense is made to weigh a pound.

Each of the theories which have been advanced on this subject undoubtedly has some facts for its support, and possibly may account for the formation of some prairies; but neither is capable of accounting for all prairies. Hence I conclude that various causes have contributed to the formation of the prairies. It may be that some prairies have been formed by processes entirely different from processes which have formed others.

But, first of all, in the discussion of this subject, and so it is of all others, it is necessary to have a distinct understanding of the subject to be discussed. We must know precisely what particular facts are to be explained—what phenomena are to be accounted for. There are two distinct elements to be consid-

ered in the discussion of this subject. The one is the deposition of the soils and the configuration of the surfaces of the prairies; and the other is the absence of arborescent vegetation upon them, in what may be termed their natural state, while they are clothed with a rich coat of herbaceous vegetation. So it will be seen that I only propose to discuss what may be called the fertile prairies, laying entirely out of view those arid deserts formed in many portions of the globe where rains are so seldom that few varieties of the vegetable kingdom can exist without artificial irrigation.

My attention has been lately recalled to this subject by the re-persual of a paper prepared by Professor Leo Lesquereaux for the report of the Geological Survey of Illinois, and published in that Report, Vol. 1, page 238. Hence has it become the property of our State, and invites the criticism of all her citizens, thousands of whom have devoted much study to the subject, with better means of understanding it than is possible to one whose observations are confined to a mere superficial examination of them, as was evidently the case with the learned author of this paper, as I think I shall show before I conclude, although I attempt it with the greatest deference and respect for such high authority.

The theory of the learned Professor may be briefly stated thus: Prairies were originally formed in the shallow margins of agitated waters, either lakes or running streams. By the agitation of the waters of lakes drifting material is thrown up at a greater or less distance from the shores, forming dams or dykes, which serve to cut off shallow sections of water from the main body. These shallow ponds of water, being protected from the agitations of the main body, become the habitat of aquatic plants, which in successive crops decay and are reproduced, thus contributing to fill up the shallow pools, which end is also promoted by atmospheric deposits and the growth and decay of animal aquatic life, until finally the bottom of the pent up waters is raised above the surface, and a prairie is formed. The same process is repeated along the margins of rivers, where similar deposits are made in the still waters on either side of the active current, which cuts off sections of shallow water into quiet ponds along the river bottoms, which become filled up and are converted into prairies in the same

way. The paper says: "This peculiarity of formation explains, first, the peculiar nature of the soil of the prairies. It is neither peat nor humus, but a black, soft mould, impregnated with a large proportion of ulmic acid, produced by the slow decomposition, mostly under water, of aquatic plants, and thus partaking as much of the nature of peat as true humus. In all the depressions of the prairies, where water is permanent and unmingled with mineral matter, the ground is true peat. It is easy to understand why trees cannot grow on such kind of ground."

Now, the first criticism which the consideration of this theory invites is, that it assumes that all prairie soils are of the same character and constituents, and hence the conclusion that they are all formed in the same way and are alike unfitted to the growth of trees.

All familiar with the prairies, even the most superficial observers, know that this is not the case. There is almost, if not quite, as great a variety of prairie soils as of woodland soils. Scarcely one acre in the thousand of the great prairies of Illinois and Iowa would be recognized by this description. Peat bogs, as described by our author, are frequently met with, and sometimes bordering them the kind of soil he describes where ponds have been filled up and converted into marshes, and these, by a continuance of the same process, have finally become dry prairies; but a very large proportion of our dry prairies abound in true humus, while many are scantily furnished with vegetable matter. Such is the character of all our sandy prairies, a striking example of which is found near Pekin, in this State, stretching clear away to the banks of the Mackinaw, and even beyond it. Of the same character, also, are the prairies at Peoria, at Chillicothe, at Lacon, at Hennepin, and at Henry, and twenty others which I could name in Illinois. This soil is as permeable to the atmosphere, is as accessible to oxygen as any soil capable of sustaining vegetable life.

Surely these prairies are not treeless because the seeds of arborescent plants deposited on or in them are not accessible to the oxygen necessary to their development, which is, in fact, the only reason which the writer assigns for the absence of trees on the prairies. He says, immediately after my last quotation: "The germination of seeds of arborescent plants needs

the free access of oxygen for its developments, and the trees, especially in their youth, absorb by their roots a great amount of air, and demand a solid point of attachment to fix themselves. Moreover, the acid of this, by its particularly antiseptic properties, promotes the vegetation of a peculiar group of plants principally herbaceous." The truth is, all the vegetation found on the high prairies requires the accessibility of oxygen to its roots for its proper nutrition—nay, its vitality. Transfer the grasses on the rolling prairies into the swamps, or even the humid soil of the swales, and they will die as if burned with fire. The vegetation upon the prairies changes as they become dryer, no matter from what cause. Artificial draining produces this effect with appreciable rapidity. This, no doubt, is not entirely owing to the absence of stagnant water in the soil, but also to the absence of certain salts, which have been washed out by affording a passage to the water percolating through the soil. Although I cannot assert from actual analysis that this change takes place in the constituents of the soil by the process of draining, I think it is not a hazardous conjecture to suppose so, nor is it more unreasonable to suppose that the pores left vacant by draining off the water are directly filled by air, and so is the soil at once supplied with an abundance of oxygen necessary to the vitality of a new class of vegetation, which succeeds the old. The difference in the vegetation found on the different prairies, or on different parts of the same prairies, testifies to the different constituents in their soils. So soon as the soil is raised above the water, atmospheric air will penetrate it, more and more, in almost the exact ratio that it becomes dryer. Both mechanical and chemical changes are thence continually going on, and so are the constituents of the soil continually changing, and so does the character of the vegetation found upon them change, so that the soil will always be covered with some class of vegetation to which it is adapted. But it does not follow that all the kinds of vegetation which the soil is adapted to sustain, will be found there. Indeed, but a very few may be looked for. The selection of those that are found, and the exclusion of those absent, are determined by causes quite independent of the constituents of the soil. They are dependent upon accidental causes.

The theory under consideration also assumes that the subsoil

of the prairies is uniformly clay. A more intimate acquaintance with the prairies would have corrected this misapprehension. The super-soil of the prairies sometimes rests upon gravel and sometimes upon rock, and sometimes this gravel subsoil, at a greater or less depth, rests upon either a stratum of clay or upon rock. An example of the former may be found on the east side of the DuPage river, above Plainfield, in this State,—where we have the exceptional case of the entire absence of timber along the borders of a considerable river for many miles,—and in many places along the Fox river. Also, near Lisbon and at Joliet, we find the soil resting upon rock, with no clay interposed. Near Lisbon, particularly, this is found on the high, rolling prairie, far away from the river bottoms and from timber. I might cite many similar examples, but it is unnecessary. The vegetation covering all these, when not controlled by the humidity of the soil, is substantially the same, but neither the surface or the subsoil has in general anything to do with absence of arborescent vegetation.

That the prairies—that is, the land itself—have been formed under water, except the very limited portion of the surface which has been added from decomposed animal and vegetable matter since their emergence, will not be questioned by any one of the least observation; but that is not the main question involved in the present inquiry. Why are they not covered with forests? It is the cause of this feature which Prof. Lesquereaux undertakes to explain. His theory of the territorial formation is introduced solely for the purpose of explaining this phenomenon, and which it fails to explain, at least to my satisfaction.

If the Grand Prairie of Illinois was formed under water, from which it emerged by a slow process of elevation or by a subsidence of the waters, a theory to which I am prepared to assent, or if it was formed piecemeal by having one section of shallow water, and then another, cut off from the main body by the accumulation of deposits by the agitated waters, as described in the theory under consideration, then the lands now covered by the immense forests lying north and east of us, in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, and of the same general altitude, were formed in the same way; and if this process of formation is the true cause why trees are not found

on our prairies, then the same cause should have produced the same effect there. But more, if this theory be correct, then the latest formations of land should be nearest the great bodies of water from which they have been detached, and less congenial to the growth of trees, and we should expect to find the forests most remote from the waters. Now, the very reverse of this is found, in fact, to be the case. At one single point alone does the Grand Prairie abut on Lake Michigan, and that for the short distance of four miles south of the mouth of the Chicago river. The great forests of Indiana are in the north part of that State, and we must go south of those forests to find her large and luxuriant prairies. In Northwestern Indiana we find those large swamps, which may have been cut off from the waters of the lakes in the manner supposed by Prof. Lesquereaux, and which are now in the process of being filled up; but it is a remarkable and interesting fact, that, wherever a point, no matter how small, in any of these great marshes has been raised above high water, it is covered with trees. No traveler can pass over the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, for instance, without having his attention arrested by the innumerable islands, all covered with trees, rising everywhere out of this great marsh, all with surfaces but a very few feet above the water. If he has ever passed down the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands, he is at once reminded of the fact by the similarity of the relative location, size, and number of the islands. I have in vain sought among these marshes for a dry place devoid of trees, except on the dykes themselves, portions of which may be found quite destitute of any vegetation, where the dry sand will afford sustenance to none.

That these marshes once formed a portion of the body of the lake, and have been cut off from it by dykes thrown up by agitated waters, may be true. Indeed, these dykes are as readily traced to-day as are the shores of the lake or the borders of the marshes themselves; but they are not uniformly overgrown with trees, as is supposed by the author of the theory under consideration. More than thirty-five years ago I examined one of the most remarkable of these ridges, south of where the village of Thornton now stands. It is composed principally of compact gravels, as straight as possible, nearly north and south; I should think, perhaps, three hundred feet

wide, and elevated, probably, ten feet above the marshes on each side. It is as regular in its grade as if thrown up by the hand of man, under the direction of a skillful engineer, and constitutes the most beautiful natural drive I ever saw, and, I understand, is now used as a public road. Not a tree was standing on it, nor the evidence that there had ever been one. The soil was light, but sufficient to sustain the pine or the black oak.

Although it is reasonable to suppose that this dyke cut off the waters to the west long before the waters to the east of it were separated from the lake by a similar process, yet the marsh on the west was not, and I venture to say is not now, elevated appreciably more than that on the east. This may serve to teach us how extremely slow is the filling up process of these marshes, even after they have been elevated so as to become passable to animals, and are annually covered with a heavy growth of grass—so slow, indeed, that it is inappreciable from one generation of men to another. I accept this as an evidence of the formation of some prairies in the manner supposed by our author, but not as a reason why they are destitute of trees. It seems to me that he does not sufficiently appreciate the effect of the chemical and mechanical action of the elements upon all things above the waters even in a short period, as reckoned by geological time, in which the life of man is so short as to be hardly an appreciable moment, and the entire historic period is scarcely long enough for a single breath. Although, geologically speaking, we can consider this a new country, yet time enough has elapsed since these high prairies were first elevated, or rather, I will say, were last elevated above the waters, to add to them something, at least, from animal and vegetable deposits and particles floating in the atmosphere, though slow indeed has been and will be this accumulation upon the surface, accelerated or retarded by human industry where civilization directs its energies.

Through the changes of accumulating ages, the soils of our prairies and woodlands have, no doubt, at different times, been adapted to the healthy growth of almost every variety of vegetation of the temperate zone, both herbaceous and arborescent, nor do I think it unreasonable to suppose that not only our present prairies, but the great forest land covering the

plains which spread away clear to the foot of the mountains east of us, may have been many times clothed with heavy forests, and these again denuded to naked prairies. It is a familiar fact, that places have been found covered with what appeared a primeval forest of hard wood, showing abundant remains of a growth of pine, which must once have occupied the same place. No fact is better settled in agricultural science, than that any particular crop of vegetation, if long continued, will in time exhaust the element necessary to its vigorous growth, when, if vegetation requiring a different element be substituted, it will grow with peculiar luxuriance. Hence the necessity for rotation of crops, which has been thus enforced by the laws of nature herself long before man appreciated its utility or adopted it in practice.

When the vegetation is not taken from the ground, but is allowed to return to it, the process of exhaustion is, no doubt, retarded to a certain extent, but is not entirely arrested, and hence we see this rotation of crops wrought out by the hand of nature itself, although at longer intervals than is required for the husbandman.

I entirely concur in the popular opinion, that among the most important of the causes which have produced this interesting result is fire, while the exhaustion and replenishing the soil with particular elements have, no doubt, had their influence.

The opinions of the first settlers on the prairies, who are often good observers of many phenomena, are entitled to respect, and, so far as I am aware, they universally attribute the absence of trees from the prairies to the periodical fires which swept over them, overlooking, no doubt, many minor causes. The hard, impenetrable character of the sward, formed by most of the herbaceous vegetation of the prairies, forms a serious impediment to the germination of seeds of trees, when, by accident, they fall upon it. It is not the composition of the soil that prevents the germination of this class of seeds, but whatever difficulty is experienced in this regard arises from the mechanical cause above suggested. The herbaceous vegetation which covers the prairies is furnished with an immense number of very strong roots,—far more so than any of the tame or cultivated grasses. In general, these form a complete mat

on the surface and penetrate to a great depth. They are often met with of a considerable size at a depth of six or eight feet. The extraordinary system of capillary roots with which they are furnished enables them to remain green and vigorous during the long droughts, which much more frequently occur on the prairies than in the timbered lands and in mountainous countries, during which the cultivated grasses, and even the clover, with its long tap-roots, greatly suffer. These long droughts, no doubt, also exert their influence to prevent the germination of arborescent seeds on the prairies, or to destroy the young plants, or, at least, to prepare them for certain destruction when the autumnal fires shall sweep over them.

It is a familiar fact to all careful observers that fire is much more destructive to the vitality of arborescent than to herbaceous plants, *cæteris paribus*. A fire that will destroy the last vestige of life in a tree of considerable size will leave the roots of the grasses surrounding it unharmed, from which will spring a more luxuriant growth the succeeding season. Indeed, it is a most interesting fact, familiar to all the early settlers who depended upon the prairie grasses for pasturage and for hay, that a much more luxuriant growth is produced on the prairies where the old grass is burned off than where it is allowed to remain and decay upon the ground. I have in person often made careful observations on this subject, and uniformly with the same result. The farmer does not burn off the old grass in the fall solely that it may not obstruct the scythe when mowing the next year's crop, but the most casual observation will show one that the actual growth of grass is, ordinarily, at least, one-third greater where the old grass has been burned off in the fall. I shall not stop now to explain why this is so, although I think it susceptible of a most satisfactory solution, but at present content myself with the fact that the roots of the prairie herbage are not injured by a very considerable degree of heat where even large trees would be liable to be destroyed. What, then, must be the fate of the tree of but a few months' growth? Utter annihilation seems absolutely inevitable. So long as the prairies are subject to the annual conflagrations, to which they are so much exposed in a state of nature, there is a manifest cause why trees get a lodgment on them with so much difficulty.

While I will make no question with Prof. Lesquereaux as to the process by which the marshes or swamps in the vicinity of some of our lakes and rivers have been formed, or the reasons why trees do not grow in them, conceding that perpetual stagnant water is destructive of arboraceous vitality, the error, I conceive, consists in carrying the proposition too far, and applying it where the existing conditions render it inapplicable,—in extending it from the marshes perpetually covered with water to the high, rolling prairies, where none of the conditions exist which prevent the growth of trees in the stagnant waters of the marshes. The cause of the absence of trees on the upland prairies is the problem most important to the agricultural interests of our State, and it is the inquiry which alone I propose to consider, but I cannot resist the remark that wherever we do find timber throughout this broad field of prairie, it is always in or near the humid portions of it,—as along the margins of streams, or upon or near the springy uplands. Many most luxuriant groves are found on the highest portions of the uplands, but always in the neighborhood of water. For a remarkable example, I may refer to that great chain of groves, extending from and including the AuSable Grove on the east and Holderman's Grove on the west, in Kendall county, occupying the high divide between the waters of the Illinois and the Fox rivers. In and around all the groves flowing springs abound, and some of them are separated by marshes, to the very borders of which the great trees approach, as if the forest were ready to seize upon each yard of ground as soon as it is elevated above the swamps. Indeed, all our groves seem to be located where water is so disposed as to protect them, to a great or less extent, from the prairie fire, although not so situated as to irrigate them. If the head waters of the streams on the prairies are most frequently without timber, so soon as they have attained sufficient volume to impede the progress of the fires, with very few exceptions, we find forests on their borders, becoming broader and more vigorous as the magnitude of the streams increase. It is manifest that land located on the borders of streams which the fire cannot pass are only exposed to one-half the fires to which they would be exposed but for such protection. This tends to show, at least, that if but one-half the fires that have occurred had been kindled, the arboraceous

growth could have withstood their destructive influences, and the whole surface of what is now prairie would be forest. Another confirmatory fact, patent to all observers, is, that the prevailing winds upon the prairies, especially in the autumn, are from the west, and these give direction to the prairie fires. Consequently, the lands on the westerly sides of the streams are the most exposed to the fires and, as might be expected, we find much the most timber on the easterly sides of the streams.

Another fact, always a subject of remark among the dwellers on the prairies, I regard as conclusive evidence that the prairie soils are peculiarly adapted to the growth of trees is, that wherever the fires have been kept from the groves by the settlers, they have rapidly encroached upon the prairies, unless closely depastured by the farmer's stock or prevented by cultivation. This fact I regard as established by careful observation of more than thirty-five years, during which I have been an interested witness of the settlement of this country,—from the time when a few log cabins, many miles apart, built in the borders of the groves, alone were met with, till now nearly the whole of the great prairies, in our State at least, are brought under cultivation by the industry of the husbandman. Indeed, this is a fact as well recognized by the settlers as that corn will grow upon the prairies when properly cultivated. Ten years ago I heard the observation made, by intelligent and observing men, that within the preceding twenty-five years the area of the timber in the prairie portions of the State had actually doubled by the spontaneous extension of the natural groves. However this may be, certain it is that the encroachments of the timber upon the prairies have been universal and rapid, wherever not impeded by fire or other physical causes, without regard to the constituents of the soil.

The manner and progress of the encroachments are familiar to all. The hazel is the usual pioneer in these encroachments, though sometimes even this is preceded by the wild apple. No one can at this day travel two hours on any of the railroads through our prairies without passing some grove of timber bordered by considerable belts of hazel, among which, not far from the outer edge, young forest trees will appear, and these will be observed larger and larger as they are farther and farther from the edge of the grass, and are found nearer and

nearer the original forest, and this where there has been no cultivation. This is the usual though not universal appearance of the surroundings of the groves at the present day. Sometimes, no doubt, large trees will be found as advance sentinels, standing out quite in the prairie, but how they have been able to maintain their ground there we may not at all times be able to explain. Such instances are rare exceptions. The general rule is, that the hazel is in the advance, and from this we may safely conclude that this shrub can maintain the struggle for life with the prairie grass better than forest trees, while in turn it succumbs to the latter. In the hazel rough the seeds of the trees find an accessible soil, where the young plants are indifferent to or are benefited by the shade. In time they rise above the hazel, and at length grow to sufficient size to constitute a forest, and shade the ground, which destroys the hazel, which was their protecting nurse in infancy. The facts stated, I think, clearly warrant the conclusion drawn.

In the paper under consideration, the author, in answer to some, I think, well-considered remarks of Prof. Winchell, says: "The second assertion, that *trees will grow on the prairies when introduced* or planted, is certainly true. But we should take care to make a distinction between the results of an artificial process and a natural one. When trees are planted on the prairie the soil is conveniently prepared. The clayey subsoil mixed with the black mould forms a compound which combines density of certain parts with lightness of others, and contains a great proportion of nutritive elements. If the clay of the subsoil is not too thick to be impermeable to water, and thus to retain it around the roots, this prepared or artificial ground is very appropriate to the growth of trees. But has ever anybody seen oaks or hickories, or any other kind of trees, grow in the prairies from a bushel of acorns or of nuts thrown upon their surface? Why, then, if trees will grow on the prairies, do we not see those isolated and far-between clusters of trees which appear here and there on the borders of ancient lakes cover a wider area and by and by invade the whole prairies? Some of those trees have lived there for ages, their trunks are strong and thick, and their branches, widely expanded, are shaken and their fruits swept away by the impetuosity of the autumnal storms: and, nevertheless, their domain

is restricted by the nature of the ground to limits which they have never surpassed."

Now, the observations already stated, and about which I cannot be mistaken, and in support of which thousands of witnesses who have dwelt upon the prairies for many years, and have been in the constant habit of observing the various phenomena which they present, can be met with everywhere in this prairie country, fully answer the suggestions contained in the full extract which I have made. Arboreous seeds, when thrown upon the unbroken prairie, do germinate and grow to trees, but with difficulty, no doubt, on account of the sward on which they fall, and the great danger to which they are exposed, especially from fires. Where they have no protection from these their destruction is almost certain, no matter how readily the seed may germinate or how vigorously the young plants may grow. It does not require the cultivation of the soil, the mixing of the clayey subsoil with the black mould of the surface, to insure the successful growth of trees upon the prairies. Indeed, I have already shown that not all the prairies have a clayey subsoil, and, as is elsewhere shown in the paper under consideration, in but few instances does the clay approach the surface to within the reach of the plow. The whole theory under consideration is based on the fatal error that the prairie soils are not adapted to the growth of trees. I do not speak from mere conjecture, but from carefully observed and well attested facts, when I say that the exact reverse is the case.

We have, then, obvious reasons why the scattered clusters of trees referred to, the isolated groves upon the prairies, have not extended their domain so as to embrace the whole field. The prairie fires, the matted, tough sward, the grazing of wild animals in the neighborhood of the groves to which they resorted, the aboriginal encampments usually located around the borders of the groves would seem to present sufficient explanation why the groves have not extended, independently of the quality of the soil. That the cultivation of the prairie soils improves their condition for the growth of trees is proved by the more vigorous growth of those where the ground is cultivated than those which spring from seeds accidentally scattered on the

prairie along the borders of the groves; but this is true of herbaceous vegetation as well.

Who that is intimately acquainted with and has carefully studied the prairies will dispute that the soil of the groves has been formed by the same process that has formed the soil of the treeless prairies? The theory that these groves mark out the places where the agitated waters have thrown up embankments, which cut off the shallow waters where the naked prairies have been formed, is not sustained by either the topography or the geography of the ground. If this theory were true, we should find the groves in continuous lines, upon elevated ridges, composed of sand and gravel, such as we uniformly find to comprise those dykes, which, undoubtedly, have been formed as supposed, and have performed the office assigned them. Such, however, is not the case. In very few instances do we find the groves occupying continuous, unbroken ridges of any considerable extent. We find them scattered over the prairies, without law or order, excepting only the condition of water in some form in their vicinity, which may serve to protect them from the conflagrations of the prairies. This water need not charge the soil itself with humidity in order to secure the growth of trees, for it is not uncommon to find the groves occupying the highest and driest knolls, but at their feet, or at least so near as to serve as a protection, water is sure to be found. In former times, when the traveler, in crossing the great, wild prairies, saw a grove in the distance, he shaped his course to it, with the absolute certainty of finding water there, no matter how dry or parched the prairie might be.

The soil, too, gives no evidence of an accumulation of material, such as is usually thrown up by agitated waters. When we penetrate the soil of the woodlands, even to great depths, as in digging wells, and the like, we find the same formations which are met with in the surrounding prairies. I have already alluded to the fact that whenever we find a chain of groves occupying the high divides of the water sheds of the prairies, they are generally separated by deep depressions, which would have destroyed them as dykes for the separation of the waters.

As I have already stated, I am prepared to admit, as almost a demonstrated fact, that not only our great prairies, but also our great forest lands and the desert plains, filling all the space

between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains, were originally formed or deposited under water, from which they have emerged by some process of nature, probably very slow; but this elevation has not been dependent, to any considerable degree, upon additional deposits, but upon the actual upheaval of the mass of matter originally submerged, or the subsidence of the waters by the removal of barriers which once restrained them. And yet, if all prairies have been formed as supposed by the theory which I have taken the liberty of criticising, they have been formed by deposits in the water till, by successive accumulations, they have finally emerged above the waters.

To me the evidence that this is not so is absolutely conclusive, as well as that the deposits have been very insignificant, since they were deeply buried under the waters. I will state some of the facts, within the observation of all men, which have led me to this conclusion.

I think it is universally accepted, at least among scientific men, that the rocks (called boulders) scattered over most of our prairies, at least east of the Missouri river and north of latitude forty, have been transported from their original beds in the north to their present places by means of floating ice. Apart from the admitted fact that this is not their native place, or that they did not grow here, and hence must have been transported by some agency, and of our absolute inability to conceive of any other capable of producing such results, many of the masses, especially in the Iowa prairies, weighing hundreds of tons each, and the additional fact that their rounded form has been acquired by abrasion, by which their sharp angles have been worn away since they were detached from their original beds, and we can conceive of no other adequate agency to produce this result but moving water and ice,—I say, aside from all this evidence, within two miles of where I now write, the most convincing evidence exists that these boulders were brought by icebergs. To the north, but more especially to the west, of the city of Ottawa, and almost within its limits, it is easy to trace the exact size and form of the masses of ice, where they grounded and deposited their freight of boulders. There one may walk over a quarter of an acre, a half an acre, or several acres, according to the size of the mass, always stepping on these stones, thus deposited close together as they were when

embraced by the congealing waters, and outside of the borders not a single stone can be found till another similar collection is met with. The borders of these collections are as sharply defined as if marked with a wall. Here, too, another interesting fact may be observed, which shows that they were not transported in one voyage from their original homes to their present resting place. We observe a single collection composed of a great variety of rocks—several kinds of granite, trap gneiss, sienite, and perhaps a dozen others, which we know, from their far distant beds, had been drifted or rolled together from long distances, and worn to their present form, before they were picked up for their last voyage.

The rock-bound shores of Lake Superior show us how these boulders were formed. There, in many places, we may see before us the lately-detached blocks of rock, with all their angles sharp, and, as we pass down from the top of the cliff over the broken masses to the very edge of the water, and even look beneath it, we find the angles of the blocks more and more worn, and the masses themselves smaller, till at last, when we reach the water and look into it, we see before us the smooth, rounded boulders, as we see them on our prairies; and if we will stand there when a heavy sea is rolling in, we shall see the great blocks of stone jostled together and the process of abrasion going on before our eyes. It may take a thousand great storms to wear away an ounce from a single block, yet enough millions of such storms will at least do the work, and that effectually. Perhaps the most accessible point where this manufacturing of boulders can be witnessed is on the mainland west of Partridge Island, a few miles above Marquette. I cannot forbear to mention one other interesting evidence of the transportation of these boulders. A few miles south of Waterloo, in Black Hawk county, Iowa, is the fragment of an immense boulder, which must weigh many hundred tons, showing on one side a distant face of a comparatively recent fracture, and I was credibly informed that many miles distant a similar fragment existed, with a face the counterpart of this, showing that at one time both had constituted one mass.

Now, assuming that our prairie boulders were transported by icebergs to their present places, and that we are, in some cases at least, enabled to determine the minimum sizes of the bergs

which brought them, we are forced to the conclusion that the prairies were covered by deep waters at the time of their transportation. We may safely assume that ancient bergs resembled those now seen floating from the frigid zones into lower latitudes, where they often ground and are melted away, depositing whatever heavy material they have brought with them from their starting point, which we are told by arctic navigators is always at or near the shore. If this be so, we know they must have required a great depth of water to float them. Bergs are now frequently met with projecting hundreds of feet above the water; and, as they float with at least five sixths of the mass under water, we may form an approximate idea of the depth of the water here when these boulders were deposited. At least, we may assume that it was very considerable. Had there been any considerable deposit after these boulders were dropped where we now see them, while they were being elevated above the waters, they must have been deeply buried beneath this deposit, and we should not have this clear evidence, at least, of the former submergence and of the very insignificant deposition during the process of elevation from beneath the waters.

I claim no originality in these suggestions. I have only stated what I believe to be the accepted theory by the most observing and reflecting men in accounting for the presence of the prairie boulders; but what I claim is, that the patent facts stated are inconsistent with the theory that the great body of our prairies have been built up by accumulations and deposits in shallow water till they were raised above it, and then finally till they have attained their present altitudes. I say the boulders alone absolutely forbid this, unless they, too, were deposited in very shallow water, or in most cases long after the emergence. But few facts have ever been established by circumstantial evidence more conclusively than this.

But even admitting the shallow pond theory as fully established, and clearly showing how all the soil of the prairies has been formed, and it by no means affords as satisfactory a solution of the problem presented by the absence of trees upon the prairies as I have attempted to show in a previous portion of this paper.

Indeed, we venture upon very much whenever we assume to explain all the laws by which nature works out her great

results, or to state all the causes which may have tended to produce this one result. One cause or set of causes, if I may use the expression, may have produced it in another place. While we may have clear proofs of the existence and operation of some of these causes, we may not deny that others, and many of them, have been operating for ages since the prairies became dry land, first to promote the growth of one kind of vegetation which by other causes has been destroyed and replaced by another, and, for aught we know, this process may have been many times repeated. In contemplating these works of nature we are too apt to confine our reflections to yesterday. When we pause, and let the mind run back through the vista of time till it becomes bewildered and lost in the contemplation of distance without end, we are then prepared, when we return to complete consciousness, to appreciate that the growth of the oldest tree of the forest, when considered in relation to past time, has been as rapid as is that of the eastern magician, who plants the seed of the orange before your eyes, and while you yet look the tender plant springs from the ground and grows up to a full sized tree, bears blossoms, which fade and fall, and the green fruit appears in their places, which immediately grows to its full size, matures and ripens, and you are invited to pluck and eat, and you find in your hands a veritable orange, rich, juicy, and nourishing. I say this is but the history of our oldest forest trees, when contemplated with reference to the ages that must have elapsed since this land emerged from the bosom of the waters. During all these rolling years surely there has been time enough for the prairies to have been clothed with forests, and again denuded of their trees, and for the process to have been many times repeated, by agencies not beyond our comprehension of nature's laws. But because this may have been, I have no warrant for saying that it has been, for the want of tangible proof of the fact. I may even assert its probability, or my belief that it has been so, but at last it is but conjecture, and as such alone may be suggested. Still we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the study of the geology of this country, in some of its departments at least, is yet in its earliest infancy. May we not reasonably hope that its maturity will develop facts which will dispel the obscurity which now veils many subjects of most interesting inquiry,

and enable us to read the past in a clear and convincing light? For instance, the prairies abound in beds of peat, of greater or less extent, some of vast proportions. As yet these are comparatively sealed volumes of history, which, when they shall be opened and read, as they have been in what we call the older countries of the world, will reveal the record of bygone ages. What treasures of truths have been revealed by the examinations of the peat-beds of Denmark, to which reference may be made as quite appropriate to the present inquiry! These are of depths varying only from ten to thirty feet, formed like ours, in basins in the drift. They tell us as plainly as if written in a book, of the different successive forests which there have lived and flourished, and finally disappeared, and been succeeded by others. The oldest which they reveal is the Scotch Fir, (*pinus sylvestris*,) which is not now found in Denmark, and cannot even be domesticated there. Then succeed several varieties of the oak, one after another, and so on, until finally at the last the beech is found, which is still the common forest tree of Denmark, and so it was two thousand years ago, as we learn from written history. How admirably do we here find united into a long chain of history the various links which we see deposited in these beds of peat, the last of which, being united with and interpreted by written history enable us to read all the rest, with almost as much confidence as if the written history extended back to the time when the first layer of peat was deposited. How shall we restrain our impatience till the seal shall be broken to similar volumes of history, which lie profusely scattered all over prairie land, waiting to be opened and read by the discriminating geologist? There we may reasonably hope to find facts which will throw a flood of light on the subject of our present inquiry. There alone may we hope to learn, with a reasonable degree of certainty, what kinds of vegetation have grown on these great plains in the long gone ages of the far distant past.

But the supposition of igneous agency in producing the effect under consideration is not a mere speculation or conjecture. It is an established fact, proved by such evidence as leaves no room for controversy. So that, whatever else may also have contributed to the same result, fire at least has done its share. In almost every year, in some part of the country, whole

forests are consumed by fire. In a majority of instances, no doubt, a new growth of trees takes the place of the old, but such is not always the case. Mr. Daniel Ebersol, of this city, who is a good observer, and of undoubted veracity, informs me that many years ago, on the Vermilion River, a fire occurred, under his own observation, which utterly destroyed, root and branch, an entire hard-wood forest, and that the entire burnt district was directly taken possession of by the herbaceous plants peculiar to the prairies, and that in a very few years it could not be distinguished from the adjoining prairie, except by its greater luxuriance. The testimony of Mr. J. E. Shaw, who has resided upon the prairies of Illinois for more than fifty, and upon his farm, within two miles of Ottawa, for more than forty years, is equally to the point. He assures me that he has known many forest districts entirely burned over and every living thing upon them destroyed. Generally they were replaced with trees similar to the former growth; but that sometimes the prairie herbage takes and maintains possession. He cites an instance on his own farm, where, forty years ago, when he took possession, there was a forest of large trees, which was destroyed by a fire, when a part of the burned district was again covered with trees, and a part was taken possession of by the prairie grass, and in a comparatively short time could not be distinguished from the adjoining prairie. He mentions another occurrence of the same kind, within his own observation, in Putnam county. All who know Mr. Shaw, as I have for a third of a century, will place implicit confidence in the truth of his statements and the accuracy of his observations. Indeed, the character of the latter is such as scarcely to admit of mistake. But corroborating testimony is abundant. I have conversed with many old settlers in different parts of the prairie regions, who mention similar occurrences. I venture the assertion, that a thousand witnesses may be found still living who can state particular instances of the same kind. In my early wanderings over the wild prairies it several times occurred, when approaching a body of timber, that I met in the prairie grass charred remains of forest trees, perhaps half a mile or more from the edge of the wood, and I have in no instance inquired of one who had similar facilities for observation who did not remember having observed the same thing.

In a former part of this paper I have shown, by evidence which may be seen and comprehended at this day by every observer, how prairies have been and are still being converted into forests. I have now stated, with considerable particularity, evidence satisfactorily showing how forests have been converted into prairies. This seems to me of the very essence of the inquiry, which can alone be solved by evidence of authenticated facts, one ounce of which should be entitled to more weight than a pound of ingenious conjecture.

How vain, then, are the most plausible theories and fine-spun speculations, when we have this palpable, tangible proof of the actual process by which the result has been produced, and that by a simple cause adequate to the result. If the thousand witnesses who have observed this process going on before their very eyes had been in the habit of writing and publishing their observations for the last half century, the question would have been long since so conclusively settled, both among the learned and the unlearned, that all men would be surprised that it was ever a subject of dispute. The great danger to truth would have been that too much effect would have been attributed to igneous agency. For myself, while I am prepared to believe that this has been the most potent of all the causes contributing to the result, I am also prepared to admit that there have been many minor auxiliary causes aiding the principal one, which may have escaped the attention of observers. Least of all of these are the facts, which may be considered established as such, and which tend to support what may be termed the shallow pond theory. Those which are invoked in support of what may be termed the arid theory may have had a considerable influence in aid of the prairie fires on what may be termed the fertile prairie, and even the most controlling cause on the desert plains, where both herbs and trees are nearly wanting for the lack of moisture to sustain them, even if once there planted. Where there is not sufficient rainfall to sustain trees when planted, we may reasonably assume that that is the cause of their absence; but I am slow to believe that this, or the peculiar constituents of the soil, is the principal cause where trees grow and flourish vigorously when once introduced. The same cause which keeps them away should kill them when present, if still operating. If there is less annual rainfall in prairie

than in timber districts, we may appreciate that fires, from that cause, may have been more frequent and more destructive, while our daily observation proves that the limited quantity of rains does not render the soil or the atmosphere unadapted to the growth of trees, at least on the prairies east of the Missouri River.

In grouping together some of the facts in support of what may be denominated the igneous theory, I but state a theory which is as old as the first white settlements upon the prairies; but because it has been universally accepted by those who have had the greatest opportunities for observing the facts bearing upon the question, although they make no pretensions to scientific attainments,—for that reason I do not feel called upon to reject it, and with it a great volume of facts which seem to conclusively establish it. At least till some one else shall produce other tangible facts, as well supported by proof as these, in support of some other theory, and tending to prove the fallacy of the conclusions deduced from these, I must believe that the popular opinion of the country is in the main correct.

Perhaps I have too little respect for mere theories, and too much reverence for facts. I cannot be content with general observations of facts without descending to their minute details, which in my view become of immense importance as qualifying or explaining more general observation. If without the careful study of well-established facts, mere theories may be draped in the tinsel glitter of learned speculations, they can never satisfy that wholesome craving for exact knowledge, which alone forms a sure basis for definite conclusions. Science has sometimes suffered grievous wrong from some of her votaries, who have felt called upon to explain everything, whether explicable or not by ascertained facts; and, indeed, the more occult the explanation, the more profound would their learning appear. If it so happen that manifest facts are opposed to their theories, why—so, much the worse for the facts!

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